

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.

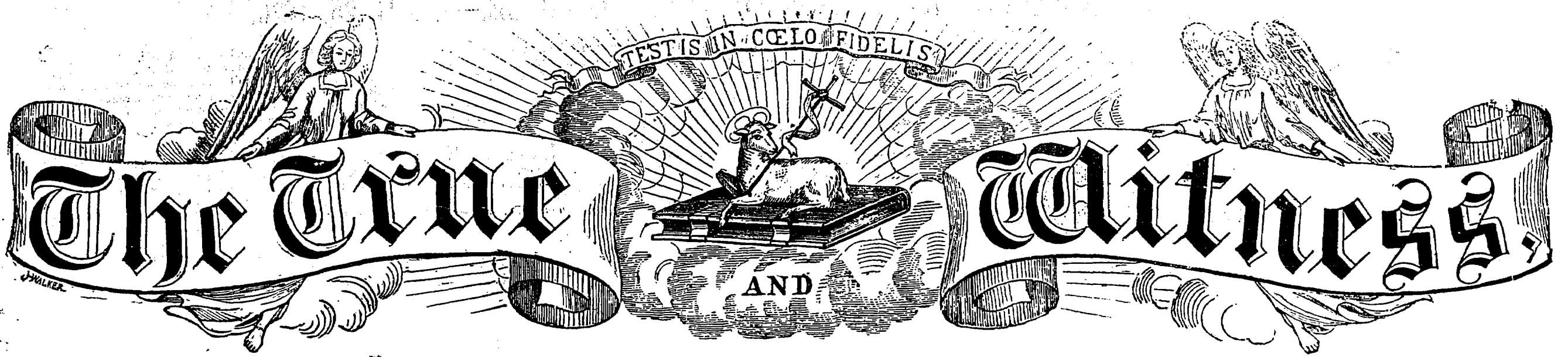
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed /
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression

- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire

- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXVI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1876.

NO. 28.

AGENTS for the DOMINION. CATHOLIC PERIODICALS.

Table listing various Catholic periodicals such as 'New York Tablet', 'Boston Pilot', and 'Catholic Review' with their respective prices.

Subscriptions to the above ends on January 1st of each year, except Catholic World which ends on April 1st.

Table listing subscription rates for various Catholic directories and almanacs, such as 'Sadtler's Catholic Directory' and 'Irish American Almanac'.

All Subscriptions are payable in advance. Union with Our Lord Jesus Christ in His Principal Mysteries for All Seasons of the Year.

PERISHABLE JOYS.

I once had a pet bird, a bird of my own. Its plumage was bright, and winning its tone, I cared very little for all else beside it.

THE MERCHANT'S CLERK;

A Legend of the Old Time in London.

Dining some time back with a friend, whose house is situated in one of those out of the way courts in the City, where one would hardly think of searching for anything picturesque or beautiful but which, nevertheless, abound with various rich memorials of the past; while seated with him at his window, overlooking a small yard containing two mulberry trees at least a century old, I observed with no small sorrow, that an old stone wall the rounded gable of which was pregnant with recollections of the reigns of Elizabeth and the first James, was being removed in all probability to be succeeded by a piece of modern uninteresting brick-work.

"By the way," observed he, "the spot which has attracted your observation, I believe even that very shadow, was once the scene of a murder, the perpetration and discovery of which were attended by some very singular circumstances."

This information, of course, led to an inquiry on my part; and that in its turn, elicited the following Legend of London:—

Towards the middle of the second half of the seventeenth century, or, in plainer English, about the year of grace, 1672, there lived in London, a very rich, and there very respectable merchant, who, having come to the rare resolution that he had made money enough, and having, as he said, no kith or kin, tackled to this said resolution one of more frequent occurrence, namely, that he would take a wife, to be the superintendant of his household affairs, the sharer of his fortune, the soother of his sorrows, if ever he should have any, and so forth. And to a man of so much importance as was Master Edward Edwards, there were very few obstacles in the way of his accomplishing such a purpose, as he might easily pick and choose among the maidens or widows of his ward, who would all be but too proud of an alliance with so honourable and substantial a citizen. He did not, however, deliberate so long on the matter as might perhaps have been expected, seeing how wide a field he had wherein to exercise his speculations; for at the same time that he informed those friends, whom he chose to consult on the occasion, of his before-named intention, he gave them to understand that his choice had already fallen on Dorothy Langton, the daughter of a poor Goldsmith, and reputed papist; but nevertheless, a maiden of good fame, seemingly

bearing, and twenty six years of age. She was tall, fair, and well made, but with nothing striking about her face that would call for particular description, unless one may advert to—that indeed was no part of her face—an unusual breadth at the back part of her head, behind her ears, which seemed to give her features an appearance of being too small. The lady was, truth to confess, not very much admired in the neighbourhood; and, to continue the confession, she was as little liked. She was said by those who knew her best, or rather as it might seem worst, to be of a sullen temper, and yet, withal, violent; and the death of one young man was laid at her door, all the way from the East Indies, whither he had gone in despair, after having been for eleven months her accepted suitor, and then discharged in a fit of peevishness. How far this incident, which happened before she was twenty might have formed her after character; how far even her earlier character might have been moulded from the fact of her having been left motherless while yet an infant, and bred up afterwards under the sole care of her father, a harsh and severe man, it is not for me to determine; and much less so how or why Master Edward Edwards came to fix on her as his partner. Master Edwards himself, at the time we are speaking of, was in the very prime and vigour of life—that is, in his own opinion; it may be stated, however, that he was in his five-and-fiftieth year; rather corpulent and very grey; but the former fact he asserted, and not without truth, was a proof of his stoutness; some men he observed quite young men too, (that is, younger than himself,) had contracted a bad habit of stooping, which showed their walk through life had not been upright; then, as to his grey hairs, he boasted that they were once the veriest black, but that thought and honourable labour had blanched them; besides, his worst foes could not say he was bald. For the rest, Master Edwards was a man of tolerable parts, as times went, of an easy and good temper, and one who loved to crack his bottle and his joke as well as any man living, either now or then.

For some time, say thirteen months after the marriage, they lived together in all seeming harmony. I say seeming of course speaking only of what met the eyes of others; for far be it from me to intrude any unnecessary inquiry into the discomforts or discrepancies (if any such existed) of the domestic circle—a rather small one, to be sure, seeing it consisted of only two individuals, unless, as a third segment thereof, may be reckoned Master Edwards' clerk, a young man, an orphan, of the name of Simon, who had lived with him from his childhood. He was a youth of good favour, but did not seem to find it in his mistress's eyes; or rather, latterly, he did not: for at her first coming she had behaved with great kindness to him, while he on the other hand, always treated her with that distant respect, so becoming in an inferior, but so mortifying to a superior, who may happen, for some purpose or other, to wish to be on more familiar terms. After a little time, Mistress Edwards evidently took a great dislike to poor Simon, and by the exercise of a little domestic despotism she made his life sufficiently uncomfortable. Master Edwards seldom interfered in the matter; and to do his wife justice, she concealed the alteration she had caused in the lad's comforts, as much as she could from his master; and if ever he did happen to make any reference to the subject, she was pat with a complaint against Simon for being so often away from the house which was no more than truth as she frequently made it too hot to hold him; and also that during his absence, he was continually seen to be in very bad company—at which his master would sigh; and which I am sorry to say was also no less than the truth, and probably the consequence of her harsh treatment. Various little trifles and other nic-nacs were also said by Mistress Edwards to be from time to time missing—and her lamentations and anger on such subjects were always uttered in Simon's hearing plentifully interlarded with expressions of wonder, "who the thief could be,"—and assertions, "that such things could not walk off without hands;" whereas her factious husband never failed to remark, "Yes, deary, they might, they might if they had feet." And this as regularly put her in a passion, and made her vow that, "for her part, she could not see what use there was in keeping about the house such lazy, loitering, good-for-nothing vagabonds;" with various other such ungentle epithets, all of which were quite plainly launched at the unfortunate Simon.

At the end of these thirteen months, Simon together with several articles of plate, was found missing in real earnest—all mere suspicion on the subject being removed by the following note, which Master Edwards found on his breakfast table:—

"Even in the very commission of a deed of wrong and villainy, can I not refrain from bidding you farewell—my kind, my honoured, my loved master!—even while I am doing wrong to you. But I am driven to it, and away from your wife; beware of her, master of mine for she is evil. Whither I go, God knows—I care not—nor will He; for I have abandoned his ways, and broken his commands—but I am forced to it—forced to rob, that I may not starve of hunger—to rob you, to whom I owe every thing—but indeed, indeed, I would not so do, knew I not that what I take from you can be little missed, and that if I spoke to you, you would not let me quit your house; and sure I am, that if I did so without means of living, you would sorrow that the child of your fostering—the boy of your rearing—whom you have ever treated more as a son than a servant should be."

former, to use a homely word, took on greatly about the matter, was evidently much hurt, became silent and abstracted and went so far as to shed tears; a thing which his oldest friends—those who had been his school fellows—declared they had never known him do in all his life—not even when under the infliction of Dr. Everard's cane—the right-reverend high master of Saint Paul's School, where Master Edwards had learned Latin and peg-top. Mistress Edwards, on the other hand, showed a great share of rejoicing on the occasion, declaring she thought his room cheaply purchased at the loss of the trumpety he had taken with him. That same afternoon, during dinner, she hinted that she had already a young man in her eye, as the successor of Simon; at which observation, her husband merely sighed, and made no inquiries—and yet he probably had no conception whom his wife had in her eye, though if some of their neighbours had been present, they might, if they had liked it, have helped him to an innuendo concerning a handsome young man, of whom no one knew anything, except that he was frequently seen walking with Mistress Edwards of evenings under the tall elms in Goodman's Fields. There was some hint of a yet more scandalous nature—but these shall be omitted.

The stranger however came after the situation, and a handsome young man he was—his name was Lambert Smith—but as for his qualifications for the new place, which Mistress Edwards really seemed uncommonly anxious he should obtain, as little as best he said as may be; and the less need be said as Master Edwards was decidedly of opinion that he was utterly unfitted for the office; for the expression of which opinion he was downright scolded by his wife, and indeed fairly warned that she would have her own way after all.

A few nights after Simon's departure—a dark and stormy November night it was—Mistress Edwards was seen—no matter yet by whom—to cross the cloistered court-yard, at the back of her husband's house, bearing a lantern in her hand, which she partially covered over with the large cloak wherein she was muffled, probably with the intention of concealing its light—perhaps only to prevent its being extinguished by the gustful wind and rain. She approached a low postern gate, which gave into a passage leading to Cripple-gate Church—she unlocked it—opened it hesitatingly—looked out, as though for some one—came back again—re-locked the door—placed the lantern in one of the angles of the cloister, and began slowly pacing up and down under its shelter. In a few moments, she stopped, and listened—her body and head slightly bent rightward, towards the postern: a low whistle was heard without—she flew to the gate—opened it, and let in a man also muffled in a cloak: she addressed him, by exclaiming, "I hate, Sir!"

The stranger began some excuse probably, but was at once stopped by a sharp "hush!" and they conversed in whispers. At length they shifted their position, and advanced towards the house, Mistress Edwards having taken up her light, and leading her companion forward with the other hand. Of a sudden the man stopped, and she also. He sighed, and said, though still in a whisper, "I cannot do it."

"God, give me patience!" she cried, impatiently, and in a much louder tone; then in a lower, added—"Come, Lambert, dearest Lambert, take heart."

"I cannot, indeed I cannot—any thing but that!" "Any thing but that! Why, what else is there to be done? Will you not be master of all?—of me? Nay, come, dear Lambert."

The man passed on. As he turned a second angle close to the house door, a sharp pointed weapon was driven into his breast, by some one standing behind one of the thick stone pillars, and with such force, that the point pierced one of the ribs, which prevented the wound from being mortal. The young man shrieked with agony; and grasping towards the spot whence the blow came, seized hold of part of the assassin's dress, who struggled, and extricated himself from his grasp, but left behind him part of a chain, with a watch hung to it; at the same time he wrenched the dagger from the lacerated bone, and with a surer blow, drove it into his victim's heart.

All this was the work of little more than a moment; during which Mistress Edwards, who at first had been struck with a stupor of surprise and horror, rushed forward, screaming "Murder! murder!" and fell, swooning, within a few paces of the body. When she recovered, she found several of her neighbors and of the watch standing round, and among them her alarmed husband. She looked round wildly for a moment, fixed her eyes on him for another, then shrieked wildly—"Ah! I see—I see—him—him! Seize him—the murderer, and again fell senseless. Edwards was accordingly seized, though few could understand why or wherefore; but when he protested he knew nothing about the matter, people began to think him guilty, especially as some declared the murdered man was the same youth with whom his wife had been often seen walking under the tall elms in Goodman's Fields; and upon her second recovery, Mistress Edwards confirmed this declaration by clinging round the young man's body, and calling for vengeance on the murderer of her Love. Edwards was carried before a justice of the peace, and after a short examination, committed to Newgate to take his trial in the Court-House, there at the next sessions, which were to take place within a week. The day came, and the trial commenced. At the very outset an argument arose between the counsel for the prosecution and the defense, whether the exclamations used by the wife on the night of the murder, accusing her husband, could be given as evidence by those who had heard them. For the defence it was urged, that as a wife could not appear as a witness either against or for her husband, so neither could any expression of hers, tending to criminate him, be admissible; on the other hand, it was contended, that as confessions were admissible in evidence against a party, so a husband and wife, being as one in the eye of the law, such expressions, as these were in the nature of confessions by the party himself, and therefore should be admitted—and so the Recorder decided they should be. In addition to this, other—circumstantial—evidence

was produced against the prisoner; the poniard, with which Lambert had been stabbed, and which in falling he had borne down out of his slayer's hand, was a jewelled Turkish one, known by many to be the property of the prisoner, and to have been in his possession many years; he having brought it home with him from one of his voyages to the Morea; the watch also was produced, which, with part of the chain, the deceased had held in his clenched hands: it was a small silver one, shaped like a tulip, and chequered in alternate squares of dead and bright metal; its dial-plate of dead silver, figured, with a bright circle, containing black Roman figures; in the interior, on the works, it bore the inscription—"Thomas Hooke, in Pope's-head-alley," the brother to the celebrated Hooke, who had recently invented the spring-pocket watches. This watch was proved to have also been the property of the prisoner, to have been given to him by his wife, and lately to have been returned by her to him in order to be repaired. These circumstances, together with the natural imputation that was cast upon him by the consideration of who the murdered man was, were all that were adduced against Edwards; and he was called on for his defence in person, being, by the mild mercy of the English law, denied the assistance of counsel for that purpose; it was wisely considered, that though a man in the nice intricacies of a civil cause may need technical aid, he cannot possibly do so in a case where the fact of his life being dependent on the success of his pleading, must necessarily induce and assist him to have all his wits about him. The prisoner's situation, however, in this instance, seemed, unaccountably, to have the contrary effect on him, and he appeared quite embarrassed and confused; he averred he could not explain the cause of his wife's extraordinary error; but that an error it certainly had been. For the poniard's being in the man's hand he was equally at a loss to account; and as for the watch, he admitted all that had been proved, but declared that he had put it by about a week before the murder in a cabinet, which he had never since opened, and how it had been removed he was unable to tell. Of course this defence, if such it could be termed, availed him very little, in fact simply nothing. The jury found him guilty; and the Recorder called on him to say why judgment should not be pronounced against him.

The prisoner seemed suddenly to have recovered his old, or gained new powers; he broke out into a strong and passionate appeal, calling on the judge to believe his word, as that of a dying man, that he was innocent, and concluded by solemnly calling upon God so to help him, as he spoke the truth.

He was condemned; the prisoner hid his face in his hand, and sobbed aloud; he was removed from the bar to his solitary cell.

About half past ten that night, as the Recorder was sitting alone dozing in his easy chair over the fire and a tumbler of mulled claret, he was suddenly startled by a loud knock at the door, followed up by the announcement of a stranger, who would brook no delay. He was admitted—a young man, whose features were fearfully haggard and drawn, as though with some intense inward struggle; in fact, the good magistrate did not half like his looks, and intimated to his servant that as his clerk was gone home he had better stay in the room—which was on the whole a confused remark, as, in the first place, he knew his servant could not write; and in the second, he did not know whether any writing was required; but the youth relieved the worthy Recorder from his dilemma, by peremptorily stating that the communication he had to make must be made to him alone. The servant therefore withdrew, the Recorder put on his spectacles, and the youth began.

"I come to tell you, Sir, that you have this day unjustly condemned an innocent man to death."

"But! but! And pray how know you that he is innocent?"

"By this token, Sir, that I know who did the deed for which you have condemned Master Edwards to suffer. Lambert's murderer stands before you."

The Recorder, horror-stricken at the notion of being so close to a murderer at large, gabbled out an inarticulate ejaculation, something of an equivocal nature between an oath and a prayer, and stretched out his hand towards the silver hand-bell which stood before him on the table; and still more horrified he was when the youth caught his hand, and said—"No; with your leave, Sir."

"No; with my leave, Sir! What mean ye to murder me, with my leave, Sir?"

"I will do you no harm, Sir. But my confession shall be a willing and free one." He removed the hand-bell beyond the Recorder's reach, let go his arm, and retired again to a respectful distance. He then proceeded to relate that his name was Simon Johnson, that he was an orphan, and had been bred up with great kindness by Master Edwards. In detailing his story, he hinted at an unlawful passion which his mistress had endeavoured to excite in his mind towards her; and to his resistance or carelessness of her wiles he partly attributed her hatred and persecution of him; his home made wretchedly thereby, he had sought relief in society; unfortunately for him, he had fallen in with some young men of bad character—among others with this very Lambert, who had been among his most strenuous advisers that he should from time to time purloin some of his master's superfluous wealth, for the purpose of supplying himself and companions with the means of more luxurious living; he had, however, for a long while rejected this advice, until at length goaded by the continual unjust accusations of his mistress, charging him with the very crime he was thus tempted to commit, he had, in truth, done so, and had absconded with several articles of value; but his companions instead of receiving him with praise, as he had expected, had loaded him with invectives for not bringing them a richer prize. Investigated by their reproaches, and by a mingled sense of shame and anger, he had intended, by means of a secret key which he had kept, to rob Master Edwards's house on the very night when the murder was committed. Having gained access to the court-yard, he was just about to open the house door, when he heard footsteps; he retired, and concealed himself. From his place of concealment, he had seen, and heard Mrs. Edwards encouraging Lambert, by many fond and endearing professions of love for him and

of hatred of his master, to the murder of her husband; and as Lambert, conquered by her threats and entreaties, was passing him within arm's length an irresistible impulse had urged him to save his master's life by sacrificing Lambert's; and having done the deed of death, he had leaped the yard wall and fled. The poniard and watch were part of the property he had stolen when he left the house. He ended thus—

"After I had left the spot, Sir, I fled, I know not whither; for days and days I wandered about in the fields, sleeping in sheds, numbed with cold and half starved, never daring to approach the dwellings of men to relieve my wants, till dark, and then ever feeling as though every eye scowled upon me; and when I left them again, and was again alone in the fields, I would suddenly start and run, with the feeling that I had been followed, and was about to be taken. In vain I strove to overcome these feelings—in vain I struggled to reconcile myself to the deed I had done—in vain I represented it to my heart as one of good, as one which had saved a life infinitely more valuable than his whom I had slain; it was all in vain, a something within tortured me with unnatural and undefinable terror; and even when I sometimes partially succeeded in allaying this feeling, and half convinced myself that I had done for the best, it seemed as if I heard a voice whisper in my own soul, 'What brought thee to thy master's court yard that night?' and this set me raving again. Unable longer to bear this torture, I made up my mind to self-slaughter, for the thoughts of delivering myself into the hands of justice drove me almost mad; my heart was hardened against making this even late atonement, and with a reckless daring I resolved on self-slaughter, but how, how to do this, I knew not; drowning was fearful to me, I should have time perhaps to repent; and so with starving, even if nature would allow that trial I returned to the suburbs—it was this very evening—a lantern hanging on the end of a barber's pole caught my sight I hastened into the shop, with the intention of destroying myself with the first razor I could lay my hands on; but the shop was quit full. I sat down in a corner, doggedly waiting for my time, and paying no heed to the conversation that was going on, till my master's name struck on my ear. I listened—his trial, condemnation, and coming execution, were the general talk, I started up, and with a feeling of thankfulness to God that there was something yet to live for—I think I cried out so—I rushed out of the shop, hurried hither—I am not too late—to supply my master's place to-morrow."

The young man exhausted in a chair, and dropped his head on the table. The astonished magistrate lent forward, cautiously extended his hand, seized his hand-bell, and rang, loud and long beginning at the same time to call over the names of all the servants he had ever had from the first time of his keeping house.

But at the first jingle of the bell Simon started up from the chair, and said, "Aye, I am your prisoner now."

"Yes, Sir, yes," said the Recorder. "Godfrey! Williams! very true, Sir—by your leave, Sir—Godwin! Ralph!—there's your prisoner, Sir," he added to the one wondering servant, who answered this multitudinous call.

The sequel may be told in a few lines. A reprieve for Edwards was immediately sent to Newgate, which was followed up by a pardon; for having been found guilty, of course he could not be declared innocent. The wretched wife of the merchant did of her own hand, on the morning of her husband's reprieve. Simon was tried for Lambert's murder, of course found guilty and sentenced to death; in consideration of the extraordinary circumstances attending his case, this sentence was changed into transportation for life. My Lord Chief Justice Hale delivered a very voluminous judgment on the occasion; the main ground on which he proceeded, seems to have been, that as Simon had not been legally discharged by Edwards, he might still be considered in the light of his servant, and that he was therefore, to a certain degree, justifiable in defending his master's life.

Simon died on his passage, Edwards, from the time of his release, became a drivelling idiot; he lived several years. It was not till the death of the old man that a secret was discovered—it was ascertained that Simon was a natural son; and that in preventing the intended assassination of the Merchant he had unconsciously saved the life of his father.

A POLITE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.—A gentleman had a remarkably fine Newfoundland dog which was so innately gallant and polite, that unless ordered to remain at home, he invariably, unbidden, preceded his master's wife and sister when they walked abroad if they were unattended by a gentleman. He compelled every person he met, by a significant look or growl, to make way for them, but, when a gentleman accompanied them he always walked behind. When with him by night or by day they were safe, for his courage was equal to his sagacity, and, on the least signal from them of alarm he was ready to give battle.

A PALATIAL RESIDENCE.—Mr. Wm. S. O'Brien, of the firm of Flood & O'Brien, the Irish-American bankers, has purchased the residence of Senator Sharon, on Sutter street, San Francisco, Cal., for \$312,500. The house became somewhat remarkable a year and a half ago as the scene of a festive event known all over the country as the "Sharon wedding." It is the most luxurious on the Pacific Coast, and the price named probably covers all the elegant furniture put into it when it was enlarged. The several articles are all costly. The three chandeliers of the drawing-room cost \$2,100 each; the three in the library, \$1,800 each. The large Axminster carpets, woven in a single piece for the drawing-room and library, cost from \$3,500 to \$5,000 each. The library fireplace, with its appointments, cost not less than \$3,000. Each of the windows of the dining-room was upholstered at an expense of \$2,000. The sleeping apartments show similar elegance, with corresponding expenditures. The entire furnishing of the new part was done at the expense of \$65,000; making the house and furniture together worth about \$125,000. The real estate includes several lots besides the grounds immediately about the house, which are very valuable.

A GLIMPSE AT "MERRIE" ENGLAND.

What I saw in "Merrie" England, 'Twas sad enough to see; The workhouse and the jail appeared Most prominent to me!

O'CONNOR POWER.

HIS LECTURE AT MECHANICS HALL, MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 15th.

"THE POLICY OF IRISH PATRIOTS AT HOME & ABROAD." A LARGE AND ENTHUSIASTIC AUDIENCE.

O'Connor Power must have felt complimented in a high degree last night. In the midst of a blinding storm, which it would be hard to describe, save in the terse phrase of the Limerick watchman, when he had to speak of the elemental combination of snow, sleet, rain and wind.

Circumstances to which we need not here advert, had caused some doubts as to the quality of O'Connor Power's political theories, and some hesitation as to the character of his reception; but the disappointment last night was as abundant as it was agreeable. The learned gentleman uttered no phrase which the most ardent of patriots might not adopt as his own, and to which the most zealous of constitutionalists could take reasonable exception.

We surrender as much of our space as we can well afford to our abstract of the lecture. The desires are many and earnest that opportunity may be given of hearing here again the eloquent Irish orator. We are afraid to hold out any hopes in that regard. Mr. O'Connor Power returns to Ireland from New York on the 4th March; next week he has engagements in New England which cannot be broken, and we fear this time there would not be opportunity for organizing a second appearance.

The Chairman thanked the audience for their appreciation—as shown by their numbers—of the services of the Society, and took occasion to state that during the year it had attached to itself a benefit branch, which might fairly be considered a life insurance agency in which any member who contributed one dollar only his family in case of his death was entitled to receive a dollar for each and every member in the Benefit Branch. He trusted the time was not far distant when the Society would number 3,000 members. He asked for the influence and example of the audience on behalf of the Society, and expressed a hope that the time was not far distant when every man, woman and child, in the Dominion, would be enrolled under the banner of Temperance.

The lecturer, who was received with deafening cheers, commenced by giving a rapid sketch of Irish history and of the Irish race, how they originally held possession of the land of Ireland, of which they now own but a tenth; how they became alienated from the land and were expatriated; how England refused to acknowledge them as a nation, though the field of freedom for four hundred years was crimsoned with the blood of their best and bravest. Then came a time when the Irish became hewers of wood and drawers of water to the Anglo-Saxon, and English literature and English history threw obstacles in the way of knowledge of Irish history.

It was only when such names as Fontenoy (cheers), were mentioned in European history, and when Antietam thrilled the hearts of the great American Republic that foreigners were startled into admiration and astonishment at the bravery of such a nation.

It is only this bravery and this indistructible love of nationality that has preserved Ireland since the days of Strongbow. The time had at length arrived when the Irish race would rise above humiliation, and take the true position which is theirs by inalienable right (great cheers). If, in glancing at the condition of Ireland brought about by the Imperial policy which it was their duty to oppose, he should be met with the same protest as the Imperial conspirators used who destroyed the Irish Parliament, "It is necessary in the first place to secure the peace and prosperity of Ireland, and it is necessary in the second place to secure the integrity of the British Empire," he would answer, "we have tried your policy seventy years, and it has neither secured the peace of Ireland nor the integrity of the Empire" (applause). Three years had scarcely elapsed after the Union when the blood of a gallant young Irish patriot sprinkled the pavement of Thomas street, Dublin. Who were they who have stamped their names on the brightest page of Irish history? They were the men who stood on the scaffold and trod the deck of the emigrant ship, because God had endowed them with the glorious spirit which dwells not in the hearts of slaves (applause). John Bright declares the system has not succeeded, for whenever an Irishman has planted his foot on a foreign shore there was at once an avowed enemy to the

INTEGRITY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE. (a bouquet was here thrown upon the stage, and the orator was enthusiastically cheered.) They were to-day face to face with the political problem which not only concerned Ireland, but the life and integrity of the British Empire. (Applause.) There was never a period when the love of nationality was so rooted in the Irish heart as at present, not even in 1782 when Grattan had 40,000 volunteers at his back with their swords and artillery, for then the Catholics were excluded from all share in the Government, not in '48 when the genius of the Young Ireland Party (turning to Mr. Meany amid great cheering) kindled anew the sacred fires of nationality, for then the love of country had passed from the Protestant to the Catholic. The patriots of 1876 knew no national creed or class. Their policy was to collect in the ranks of their organization for Ireland's regeneration the courage and intellect of Ireland, (applause), and in their struggle against Imperial power to bring about the grand and glorious union which the poets and orators of by-gone days sighed for in vain, which has already brought the sun peeping above the horizon, which will one day burst in the noonday of glory into the blaze of liberty. (Loud cheers.) Ireland's national rights are precisely the same as those of England, Scotland, or Canada, the same as those of the people the world over; God given, self-dependent, self-defending, without consulting any party outside the

FOUR SHORES OF IRELAND, (cheers.) If England did not meet Ireland's advances and offers of conciliation and reconciliation he would say he was sorry for England, for Ireland will never recede from her position (applause). He had been told that the attitude of the Home Rulers was too moderate, but he would answer, Ireland's policy during the past five years was as bold as she could maintain. Just let them forget their petty jealousies and sectional differences, and separate the English masses from the English oligarchy, and they need never recede until Ireland speaks through her representatives on the floor of an Irish house of Parliament. There has taken place in Ireland within the last two years a constitutional revolution. It took place in February, 1874, when the electors for the first time voted according to their conscience under protection of the ballot, and what was the result? Why that in one hour of free voting power was forever

WRESTED FROM THE HANDS of an Irish oligarchy, and placed in those of men like himself, who sprang from the people, and while life lasted he would be true to the trust then reposed in him. (Loud cheers.) Never till then had England dared to submit their destiny to the people of Ireland on a question of Imperial policy, and Ireland took advantage of the occasion by electing sixty men to use their influence in defeating every Imperial party which denied them legislative independence. At one time voting was a deliberate farce, but the ballot allowed the elector, notwithstanding the pressure of the land law, to revenge his conscience, and vote for the candidate of his choice. There were those who took a mere revolutionary stand as regards Irish politics than he had charged him with being too moderate, while others styled him a radical Revolutionist. Although he was addressing the citizens of one of the most loyal cities (laughter) in her Majesty's Dominions he was not afraid of the term radical Revolutionist. George Washington was called a radical Revolutionist by that Imperial party which drove America out of the Empire, and would have driven Canada as well were it not for good statesmanship. Well, that same Imperial party was about to send a deputation to the Philadelphia Centennial to bow down before

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE. (Applause.) Forty independent States would come to do the same. Bloodletting was only a question of expedience or not, according to the state of the patient's health (laughter.) He was not afraid of Revolution. Some Revolutions were bad, and deserved to be, while the actors in others would for all time influence the opinions of mankind. A mere party cannot effect a permanent revolution. France did not succeed permanently in 1793 because it was a party that inaugurated it, and Oliver Cromwell's republic lasted but three years for the same reason. When he passed away the republic which he had created by the force of his genius and with his strong right arm, and carried in the hollow of his hand passed with him. He would welcome independence whether it came with the golden links of a crown, or in the garb of republicanism. Irish patriots abroad should look to those at home and help them to produce a Union which would be instrumental in altering Imperial policy. He saw no

HOPE IN ENTHUSIASM. He saw, so far as he was concerned, his hopes dashed to the ground, and nothing but defeat and disaster attending enthusiasm. The strength of a cause is not in the number of its representatives, but in its justice. Daniel O'Connell was in 1829 in the English Parliament one against 657, but he triumphed, and they (the House Rulers) would triumph, though they were only 70 against 500. He was hopeful of the future, and his hopes were based on the Union of the Irish people, and the people were the true source of political power. No prison walls could enclose a whole nation. He believed the assertion of Republican principles would guide France to bright destiny, and he believed that Ireland, which understood national brotherhood, deserved to have its children free and equal. She had committed no crime to deprive her of liberty.

For oh, it were a glorious deed To show before mankind, How every class and every creed Should be by love combined. Should be combined—but not forgot The fountains whence they rose, As swelled by many a rivulet The stately Shannon flows. There yet lived a spirit in their country which lifts her far above common influences and leaves

her heart still filled with national aspirations. Protestant and Catholics were united, and though aware they could not agree on all points, he was sure they could all unite in this sincere love for the dear old land, and a wish to place her in the position she deserved.

The eloquent lecturer concluded amidst the deafening cheers of his audience, again and again repeated, after which a vote of thanks, moved by Mr. Edward Murphy, and seconded by Mr. J. J. Curran, was carried unanimously. Mr. O'Connor Power returned thanks in graceful terms, and concluded by proposing a vote of thanks seconded by Mr. Meany, to the Chairman of the evening, which was adopted by acclamation.

Vociferous calls amidst cheers for The Sun were made for Mr. Meany and Mr. Devlin respectively. After some time, Mr. Meany rose, amidst renewed cheers, and said: I present myself, simply in courtesy to your call—for I have nothing to say—have not been left anything to say, by my old time and eloquent friend, O'Connor Power. Besides I suppose you already know all I could or would say to you (cheers). But I could not help feeling, as he eloquently descanted on the misgovernment of Ireland by her Imperial task-masters that the time had come when no Irishman could be indifferent to any effort that aimed at a remedial action, (hear, hear); and when he spoke of the altered sentiment in respect of treasonable practices evidenced by England sending out from amongst her best men representatives to the Centennial to do homage to the achievement of American Independence, I could not help feeling that, as "time at length makes all things even," the day might come when representatives from that nation too would give sanction to the accomplishment of Irish liberty. (Prolonged cheering.) I agree with all that has been so eloquently said by my eloquent friend. Will he pardon me if I say—"and a little more along with it?"—(Cheers and laughter.) I believe in constitutional effort, but I do not pin my faith to it as a finality—for I hold that every wrong redressed is a limb unbound—and every limb unbound can be made effective for the attainment of further right. (Cheers.) When sir, (turning to O'Connor Power,) you spoke of the liberty wrested from England by the Revolutionary Colonies, and the self-government conceded by England to Canada, I began to think, what should be the English policy for Ireland. Does England fear to communicate to Ireland the liberties she has given to this Dominion, or does she seek in Ireland's supposed weakness a security for her subjection (cheers). Here, in the full right of citizenship, England has dissolved the association of dependency and antagonistic interests, and obliterated the bitter recollections of misgovernment: For Ireland the taste so depraved or so exhausted that to enjoy the political banquet England must be stimulated by the prospect of contrasted suffering? (Cheers.) Oh, sir, I repeat, I am for constitutional amelioration so far as it goes (hear, hear), or will be permitted by constitutionalists to go (cheers), I could hope in my heart of hearts that better counsels should prevail and that England would yield to Ireland her just demands while she can yet do it with becoming dignity and grace; that she should concede to Ireland what she has given to Canada, before the affectionate instincts of the Irish character be replaced by the antagonism of an associated feeling—the deliberate sense of wrong which treasures up its hatred and waits its opportunity. (Vehement cheering.)

Mr. Devlin, M.P., then presented himself, after repeated demands, and amidst loud cheering he made a few eloquent and witty remarks, in which he congratulated the lecturer for his splendid discourse and prided himself not only on being an Irishman, but a Connachtman at that. He hoped that the legislative independence which Ireland had struggled for so long was at last within their reach, and that before long she would enjoy the blessing of self-government. Mr. Devlin concluded amidst renewed cheers and the vast assemblage separated, full of the question of "Ireland for the Irish."

THE ROUND TOWERS. The Round Towers of Ireland have been a puzzle for our archaeologists. When, by whom, and for what purpose they were built, are questions which have given rise almost to as many theories as there are structures of this class remaining. On the one hand, very able men have contended for their Christian origin; and on the other, not the main, argument in support of this view is derived from the fact that a great number of them are found in connection with leading ecclesiastical establishments. But this might reasonably enough be accounted for without destroying the theory which assigns their erection to the Pagan period, by keeping in mind the principle which is alleged to have guided St. Patrick in relation to them. We have read somewhere that it was the custom of the Apostles of Ireland to plant a Christian church on the spot where Pagan rites were celebrated, and to indicate the change by inscribing a cross on some of the upright stones existing in connection with the worship of our heathen ancestors. He made a clean sweep of the books, the faith, the ceremonial, and all connected with Paganism in Ireland. The Round Towers, however, were too many for him. He could not burn them, as he burned the books or writings; but he made the best use of them. They were good enough as keeps of the sacred vessels; and, though not exactly suitable, they might have accommodated bells; while, as "times and seasons" were of importance to the early Irish Christians, they may have contributed to astronomical observation—one that we know, in a lovely, "lonely isle" has the cardinal points distinctly defined. A Pagan origin and Christian usage do not, therefore, militate so much against those who hold the former opinion.

The theory that they are of Danish origin is just as sound as that the Danes were the builders of the great raths in our country, such as Rath-Keltair, at Downpatrick, which was the stronghold of an Irish Pagan King, raised by his own people, and is an abiding evidence of their energy, industry, and perseverance. The Danes had something more interesting to them on hands than the building of towers. They came to Ireland for plunder, and the Four Masters have told us how well they succeeded in their unholy mission. They never made any general settlement in Ireland; and in those places wherein they did settle they had quite enough to do to defend themselves. As has been so pertinently observed by the Very Rev. U. J. Canon Bourke, President of St. Jarlath's College, in his learned work on "The Aryan Origin of the Gaelic Race and Language," if the Danes were so fond of building towers, why did they not erect round towers in England, where they once had regal power? Why did they not build them in Normandy and Belgium? Why not in their own land, in Jutland, or Denmark, or Scandinavia? And why not in the countries they made their own in Ireland, in which are found a few of those relics of the remote past? The towers may be of Pagan or of Christian origin; but nothing could be clearer than that the Danes were not the builders.

As to their Christian origin, the late Dr. Petrie is the great authority, and his views are adopted by eminent ecclesiastics, Protestant and Roman Catholic; but Canon Bourke contends that Dr. Petrie's proofs in support of the thesis "that the round towers were erected at various periods between the fifth and the thirteenth centuries," have no convincing force, "because, in reality, it was simply an impossibility that such works of architectural art could have been built by the Christian population of Ireland, from the years A.D. 432 to 1172, when Henry the Second landed on the coast of Wexford." Dr. Petrie himself admits that towers of

such architectural excellence could not have been erected from the days of St. Patrick to the time of St. Eugene; of Cildes; they could not have been erected while the Danes were cruising along the Irish coast, making descents on churches here and there, or settling themselves on certain parts of the island. "The only conclusion," therefore, at which Canon Bourke could arrive is, that the towers are of Pagan origin, which is the opinion of Vallancey, Lanigan, O'Connor, O'Brien, and others, including Giraldus, who found them in Ireland when he came with King John.

The opinion of Dr. Lanigan is "that it can scarcely be doubted that the original models, according to which the towers were constructed, belong to the times of Paganism, and that the singular style of architecture which we observe in them was brought from the East." In other words, that they were built by the immigrants of the Aryan race who settled in Ireland, and who erected in their new home pillar-towers similar to those found in India, of whose origin the present inhabitants do not seem to know anything positively.

If it were possible to connect the building of these "old majestic temples of our own dear isle" with the Christian period, no one would be more willing to do so than Canon Bourke, who is a distinguished archaeologist, and evidently anxious to bring all he can into the service of his own Church, at the same time that he writes in a liberal spirit which has given us much pleasure; but he cannot make them Christian in their origin. His study of the science of comparative philology has enabled him to identify the early Irish with the Aryan race, which he proves was possessed of sufficient skill and power to erect these towers. In this respect his argument is very interesting. It is briefly, that "sameness of architectural features points to identity of origin," and this sameness in the slanting doorway, the style of arch, the material used, the cement, the shape and size of the stones, and the manner in which they are laid, is nowhere to be found except in the Cyclopean buildings of the East, in Persopolis, Ecbatana, in Babylon as far as can be known, in Thebes, and in the Pyramids along the Nile. The palaces of Macha, at Emmanis, of Madbh, at Cruachan, and of Aileach, in Derry, as well as the architectural piles at Tara, were, admittedly, of Pagan origin; and Canon Bourke's contention is that the men who built the palaces and the House of Tara were sufficiently skilled to build the towers. They may have been constructed from the motive which actuated the builders of Babel, or they may have been used as keeps for hostages, or as places of refuge, which last-named is Sir William Wilde's idea; but these considerations do not affect the question at issue, as to the period when, and the people by whom, they were built.

Canon Bourke has given the subject much attention, and he says: "It is certain . . . that the Round Towers had been the work of men skilled in the art of building; and we have seen that mankind possessed greater knowledge some two thousand years before the Christian era than they possessed at a later period. The Round Towers must, therefore have been built at the time when men were best skilled in science and in the art of building. The records in stone in Egypt, in Syria, and in Persia, tell us that this was the earliest period after the Deluge, when men were Co-opian, if not in stature at least in power of mind. Comparative philology proves this truth; and it is quite in accord with all that civil and sacred history testifies."

Such is Mr. Bourke's conclusion, and he has urged it out learnedly and logically. We refer to the matter in the hope of exciting a taste for the study of Irish antiquities. Of course, in a worldly point of view there is nothing to be made of it; but life is poorly spent if worldly gain be its only object. The more Irishmen know of the real history of Ireland the less they will be disposed to think of the baubles too often produced under that name, with the view of exciting animosity to England or any other country. Canon Bourke, a Roman Catholic priest, says we are all children of the great Aryan family, be our modern name what it may; and this fact of common brotherhood between the people of the United Kingdom ought to make it the more easy to reconcile these peoples and induce them to work harmoniously for the promotion of our common good.—Belfast News Letter.

WESTERN SCENES.

ROMANO'S REVENGE.

It was during a stay of some weeks in New Mexico, during the summer of 1873.

About a camp fire at the bottom of a deep canon, or gorge, in the heart of the Sierra Madre, were seated four persons. Their attire was rough, and the various implements scattered around showed them to be miners.

The red light, flashing out full upon their swarthy skin, coal black hair and eyes, gave testimony that three of them, at least, were Spaniards by descent, and, doubtless, Mexicans by birth, while the fourth gave unmistakable evidence of his being from England.

He looked strange near that Mexican trio; he was like a stray sheep in the flock, and I wondered how he came to be among them. It could not be by choice he was there sharing their camp fire, their piece of *carnera* and their *tortillas*. And it was not, indeed, by choice.

A week before, he had appeared there sick and wan, hungry and lame, from a fall he had received, he said, in the mountains, crossing on foot the Sierra Madre. He begged the favor of staying with them until such time as he would go on his way.

They at once granted his request, although with a great deal of reluctance. The reason for this was twofold: the Mexican is generally on his guard with strangers, and of late they had met with considerable good luck in their diggings for silver, and their *placer* commenced to attract attention, and several *gringos*, as they call strangers, had been seen of late lurking in their neighborhood. No wonder then that they did not wish to confide their secret to anyone, and less still to a *gringo*. However, none of the three had the heart to turn him away to see him perish before he could reach another shelter.

Romano Fernandez, usually the most suspicious one of the trio, had been the first to welcome him. From the first sight Romano had got of him, he seemed to be attracted towards him in the most wonderful manner. His two companions could not account for it. It seemed strange to them that he should be thus taken by the stranger, he the most suspicious among suspicious Mexicans.

shoulders and answered not. Soon we forgot all about the Mexicans and their guest, and slept soundly. In the morning, we got up before daylight—our horses were brought, saddled, and mounting them we went fifteen miles further, to another place in the neighborhood of Gallisco. There we took our breakfast, and starting off again, we forgot all about the silver miners and their strange guest. Things went on with Romano and his companions as they had gone on for a week. The stranger was now getting better, and it was time for him to go on his way, wherever this might be, for the Mexicans had not asked him, and he had not thought proper to tell. But on the second night after our departure, things took another turn, and thus were the facts related to me, by a man who had learned all the particulars.

The four were seated around the camp fire when Romano cast his eyes upon the Englishman. "You know I was once in business with a partner, *hambres*," said he, addressing his two Mexican friends, rather than the one on whom he cast his glance.

Both nodded their assent to this fact, which they had often heard him mention before. "It was before I went into partnership with you, *hambres*, as you know. It is now over a year since I lost him. You have heard me tell that he was murdered by a *gringo*, and that we lost all we had. But I don't know that you ever heard me tell the particulars.

"They had not. "Then I will tell you to-night; we have lots of time; and, *hambres*; don't lose a word of what I say."

"Two years ago, I went into partnership with Guadalupe Romero, whom, for short, we called Lupe. He was from Sonora, the same State I was born in, and we made a bargain to stand by one another as long as we should stay in New Mexico. We got our outfit together, and then started for the San Juan mine, then but very little known, with our minds made up not to return to Sonora until we had made our pile. As good luck would have it, we hit upon rich diggings, and for a couple of months we worked very hard. It was a lovely spot. We had no neighbors; only now and then the Ute Indians on whose lands we were, would visit us, threatening sometimes to kill us, but a little tobacco or some trifles would quiet them, and we were happy. We did not see any other man's face but Indians, until a couple of months after our arrival. During that time we had worked well, and had amassed much. We, then, had a visitor."

Here the Englishman gave a start, which drew all eyes upon him. He muttered something like feeling a sharp pain in his side, and Romano, without losing sight of him, went on:

"He was an Englishman," he said, and from the first I did not like his looks. He said he was ill, and begged to stay with us until he should be better. He did not look well. However, I should not have received him but for Lupe. I protested in vain. He said I was a hard hearted man, and we should give him a welcome. And so I gave in, and he had his own way. Poor Lupe! Poor fellow! He little knew what he was doing. One day I went into the mine alone; Lupe was unwell, and said he would stay in our little hut until he was better. The Englishman went with me, but after a little while started back for the camp. At noon, I left work and went for my dinner. As I came in sight of the hut, I heard no sound, nor saw any sign of life about it. I hurried on; thousand thoughts rushed on my mind; I soon reached the door, and pushed it open. My blood chilled to my heart! There lay the lifeless body of Lupe, wettering in its blood. A dagger thrust, dealt by a hand strong and true, had reached his heart. *Hambres*, believe me for a moment all seemed dark around me, and I felt so faint that I had to lean against the wall, but, by a mighty effort, I recovered myself and entered. All was gone, the Englishman and our savings. It was he, the craven coward, who had struck the blow; it was he who had killed poor, sick Lupe, and fled with our all. *Hambres!* there and then I vowed vengeance.

"The villain hid his trail well; for months I sought him to avenge Lupe, but all in vain. I went to work with you, but kept my eyes open for Lupe's murderer, and have not watched in vain. "Black-hearted villain," he screamed, through his set teeth, and piercing the Englishman with his fierce glance, "where have you got the knife I saw in your hands? It was the knife of Lupe Romero. Where did you get it, infernal villain? I know you, you are Lupe's murderer."

Romano sprang to his feet as he uttered those words, and stood confronting the *gringo*, who had also risen up, with a look of livid fear upon his countenance, and each of the started group could read there, as plainly as in so many words, the guilt of the accused. For a moment, the villain stood as one turned into a stone. The next, he drew a pistol from beneath his outer garment, and discharged it at the heart of his accuser.

The ball pierced the clothes and tore some of the flesh in the side of the miner, but this served only to excite him into fury. As a wounded lion, he rushed on his enemy. The whole group uttered a cry of vengeance. Seeing he had failed, the villain started on a run, and, unmindful of his late sickness, fled over the rocks into the wilderness.

But too long had Romano sought for vengeance to be foiled now. In a minute's time he had caught up and grappled with the *gringo*. For a moment the struggle was a fierce one, and then the miner triumphed. Down upon the rocks he threw the murderer, with a force like that of a giant.

"Mercy," cried the villain. "What mercy had you for Lupe? Die!" The blow he dealt was as true as it was strong, and the life of the Englishman, as well as his deeds of blood, were at an end.

In a narrow valley, at the lower end of the canon of the Apaches, not far from the Rio Pecos, is a mound of rocks which the trio heaped upon him, where he fell, and this was all the burial they gave him.

All three felt that narrow had been their escape, for they doubted not but that his errand had been to rob, and, perhaps, murder them, not knowing that there he should find Romano Fernandez, who had sworn to avenge the death of his friend, Lupe Romero.

They were safe, and, although forgetful of their Christian duties, heartily was their prayer that night in thanksgiving for their escape.

A MOUSE CATCHING INFANT.—A singular phenomenon is creating quite a sensation a few miles from Erie Pennsylvania, in the shape of a mouse-catching infant, surpassing in expertness the agility of the best cat, or even the mouse in the country. The little girl in question is about a year old and can just begin to run about. The moment she sees a mouse and gets out of her crib she goes to the old kitchen fireplace, which is infested with a species of small house mice, and sits down by a hole in the corner very much like a cat, with her eyes intently fixed on the burrow. She sometimes occupies this position for an hour without moving, till a mouse makes its appearance when by a sudden start apparently without any effort she seizes her victim by the neck. As soon as her prize is secured she seems to be electrified with joy, and trembles from head to foot uttering a kind of wild murmur or growl resembling the half-suppressed snarl of a wild cat. It seems as if the mouse, when once out of its hole becomes charmed or magnetized, and has no power, or at least shows no disposition, to escape, until caught, when it is too late. If any one approaches the child to take the mouse away from her, she will utter a shrill scream and then try to conceal her prize by putting it into her mouth.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE

Henry F. Deignan, of Sligo, draper, was, on the 18th ult., adjudged a bankrupt.

James Power, of Middleton, in the co. of Cork, merchant, has been adjudged a bankrupt.

The whole of the county Wicklow has been exempted from the operation of the Peace Preservation Act.

Patrick Hooke, of Moore street, in the city of Dublin, provision dealer, has been adjudged a bankrupt.

Ambrose Eole, Esq., Park Place, Tashiny, has been appointed High Sheriff for the county of Longford.

James McConnell, of Terew, near Clogher, in the county of Tyrone, cattle dealer, has been adjudged a bankrupt.

John McNeill, of Ballymeda, in the county of Antrim, grocer, was, on the 26th ult., adjudged a bankrupt.

The Lord Lieutenant has revoked the proclamation placing the county Kildare under the terms of the Peace Preservation Act.

The barony or lordship of Newry, and parishes of Warrenpoint and Clonallen, county Down, have been relieved, from the enactments of the Peace Preservation Act.

A proclamation has been issued which revokes the order placing the barony of Knockniny, county Fermanagh, under the terms of the Peace Preservation Act.

Patrick J. Forde, Esq., J. P., was on the 24th ult., sworn in High Sheriff of the county of Cork, for the current year, and M. Gallwey, Esq., was re-sworn Sub-Sheriff.

Ex-Lord Mayor McSwiney has written a letter from Rome repudiating the claim of his brother-in-law, Mr. Michael Angelo Hayes, for £300 against the O'Connell Centenary Committee.

Henry Grant Geoghegan, of Henrietta street, Wexford, and Odessa Cottage, Chahircurr road, in the county of Wexford, malster, was, on the 21st of January, adjudged a bankrupt.

On the 26th ult., Mervyn Pratt, Esq., Cabra Castle, Kingscourt, was sworn in as High Sheriff and Harcourt Lightburne, Esq., Trim, was sworn in Sheriff for the county Meath.

The Central Tenants Defence Committee, which was lately formed at the suggestion of Mr. Butt, held its first meeting in Dublin, on the 25th ult., when the secretary stated that he had received promises of co-operation from nearly all parts of the country.

The total number of students on the books of Trinity College, Dublin, not including those who have received the degree of M.A., is 1,158. In 1857 it was 1,039, and the number steadily increased until 1867, when it had attained the highest point, 1,293.

Alderman Patrick Casey, J.P., has been sworn in as High Sheriff for the county of Drogheda. George Buttery, Esq., T.C., being reappointed, was sworn in as deputy Sheriff at the same time; and Michael Verdon, Esq., solicitor, of Drogheda and Dublin, was reappointed as Returning Officer.

The following sales took place in the Landed Estates Court, on the 21st ult.: Estate of the assignees of James Lynn, a bankrupt, owner; James Madden, petitioner. The lands of Kilcooly, containing 105a 2r. 22p. held under lease dated 13th March, 1862; poor law valuation, £95. Sold at £2,500 to Mr. Madden.

Miss Kate Madden, in religion Sister Mary de Sales, the eldest daughter of Mr. John Madden, Prospect, Cultra, county Galway, and the sister of the Rev. Jas. C. Madden, C.C., Castlereagh, received the white veil at the convent of Mercy, Westport, on the 25th ult. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. Canfield, A.D.M., Westport, and the sermon preached by the Rev. Patrick Lynskey, C.C.

EXEMPTION FROM THE CORROSION ACT.—The Gazette has a proclamation revoking certain provisions of the Peace Preservation Act in Kildare and in the barony of Knockniny, Fermanagh, and the parishes of Warrenpoint and Clonallen, Down. The proclamation also revokes provisions of the Act in the whole of the County Wicklow.

THE CALLAN MAGISTRACY AND FATHER O'KEEFE.—After a hearing of three days the Callan magistrates have unanimously declined to receive information against Mr. Hearne, postmaster of Callan, in reference to his alleged aiding and abetting the demolition of the Rev. Mr. O'Keefe's dwelling-house last October. The inhabitants of Callan made a public rejoicing after the decision.

The anniversary of the death of the late Archbishop of Cashel, the Most Rev. Dr. Patrick Leahy, was celebrated in the Cathedral of Thurles, on the 25th ult., with all the magnificence befitting the sacred celebration. Nearly all the clergy of the Archdiocese were present. His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Croke, successor to the late Most Rev. Prelate, presided.

On the 22d ult., a fire broke out in the stables of Mr. Sullivan's repository, Mullingar, which for some time threatened to become general. There being, as usual in cases of fire in Mullingar, a scarcity of water and no engine, all that could be done was to cut off the fire from the adjoining premises, and to this task the constabulary devoted themselves with success.

IRELAND AND THE CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS.—Ireland again shows well in the Civil Service examinations. Of the 60 successful candidates, the competition being open to England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, 32 came from England and Wales, 22 from Ireland, and 6 from Scotland. An Irish candidate is the first in the order of merit. The numbers for the different localities of examination are—In Dublin, 7; Belfast, 5; Cork, 4; Limerick, 3; Galway, 2; Omagh, 1.

An inquest was held on the 21st ult., on the body of a boy named Maurice Leen, who died at Mullin, Tralee, on the 18th ult. It appeared that the deceased was burnt by the explosion of a quantity of paraffin oil contained in a lamp which he was about to light. The jury found a verdict accordingly.

An aunt of the deceased, who was present on the occasion, was severely injured by the explosion, from the effects of which she is seriously ill.

The Derry Journal says:—"Few Irish readers are unacquainted with the novel of 'Shandy McGuire,' the scenes of which he around Donegal town and Barmenore. The hero of that thorough Irish story died near Mountcharles the other day, at the advanced age of 110 years. The news of the death of the old man was received through all the neighborhood with much pain and regret; and a large concourse of friends accompanied his remains to their last resting-place, at Frosses chapel on Sunday last."

THE CATHOLIC UNION AND BISMARCK.—At the annual meeting of the Catholic Union in Dublin, Lord Granard, who occupied the chair, announced that the institution was making rapid progress in Ireland, and recommended that its influence should be used to obtain a solution of the education question. Cardinal Cullen, who moved the adoption of the annual report, alluded to the persecution of Catholics on the Continent, and commended the Duke of Norfolk's project to raise collections for the German Catholics as a protest against the violence of Prince Bismarck.

The following sale was made on the 18th ult., in the Landed Estates Court.—Estate of Beauchamp, Frederick Bogdan, owner and petitioner.—Part of

the lands of Scorthen and Clonagoose, 122a. 2r. 21p., barony of Lower St. Mallina, held in fee; net profit rent, £108 4s. 2d.; and ordnance valuation, £83 5s. Sold to Mr. Arthur Boyd, solicitor, in trust, for Christopher Hughes, of Gaigiau, county Kilkenny, for £2,500. Lot 2.—Part of the lands of Ballynaskage, barony of Idrome East, 88a. 3r. 27p., held in fee; net profit rent, £70 7s. 10d.; and ordnance valuation, £63 10s. Sold to the purchaser of previous lot at £1,875.

On the 23rd ult., a deputation from the Maryborough Catholic Young Men's Society, consisting of Mr. Patrick A. Mehan, hon. secretary; Mr. Wm. Whelan, Mr. John Dunne, and Mr. Wm. Cusack, waited on their late President, Rev. Thomas Morrin, C.C., at his residence, Abbeyleix, for the purpose of presenting him with an address from the society on the occasion of his lamented removal from amongst them. Father Morrin who had invited a select number of friends for the occasion, received the deputation with the utmost kindness and cordiality, and Mr. Mehan read the address, to which Father Morrin appropriately replied.

There is in the Killarney Workhouse an inmate—a man named Daniel Mahony—who has attained the patriarchal age of 101 years and is in the full enjoyment of his faculties. He was born at Paulsgour, midway between Killarney and Kenmare. He details with much precision the arrival of the French fleet at Bantry Bay, and describes very minutely one incident in which himself and family removed seventeen firkins of butter to a cave in the mountain adjacent. He remembers to have seen the English army at the time of the arrival of the French in Bantry Bay passing his residence, which was then on the principal route between Limerick and Bantry.

So great is the competition for land about Listowel that when the leasehold interest of a farm is offered for sale, well-to-do farmers, anxious to make a match of a son or daughter are found to bid for it the most extraordinary sums, sometimes more than might have been paid for its fee simple some years ago. A striking instance of this was witnessed recently, when a farm consisting of 79 statute acres, yearly rent £70, and valuation £31 10s., was sold by order of the Landed Estates Court, at the Listowel Arms Hotel. It was purchased by a farmer named Coughlan, from Astee, for £1,020, exclusive of auctioneer's fees. The farm is part of the property of P. Donovan, Esq., of Tralee, and the occupying tenant held a lease of it at the rent specified for a term of 28 years yet unexpired. The high value now put upon this farm will seem still more extraordinary when it is mentioned, that its fee simple when purchased by Mr. Donovan, at some 12 or 13 years ago, only cost £950.

RACK-RENTING.—Mr. E. W. O'Brien has addressed a letter to the Times in answer to an Irish land agent, who professed not to be able to understand how the landlord can appropriate a tenant's improvements by screwing up the rent. Mr. O'Brien says the answer is simple. It is because the tenant can be awarded to the tenant will be inadequate in almost all cases to compensate him for the loss of his farm; consequently, he will submit to an increase of rent amounting to a partial confiscation of his improvements rather than attempt to maintain his rights at law, but he proves this by two examples. Mr. O'Brien observes that as judges of value the chairman do not seem to give satisfaction to landlord or tenant, and he thinks that questions of fact should be left to two arbitrators chosen by the parties subject to the Chairman's approval with an umpire selected by ballot from amongst large farmers.

BURIAL OF A CENTENARIAN DANCING-MASTER.—A correspondent, writing to the Dublin Freeman of Jan. 24th, says:—"On last Friday I happened to be passing through the south of Kerry, and heard that on the same day a rather curious funeral was to take place near Kenmare. Curiosity prompted me to stay and see it. I went about two o'clock to the house where the corpse was washed, and arrived just as the funeral was proceeding to the burial ground. The coffin was borne on the shoulders of six stout farmers. Crowds of neighboring farmers and laborers followed: 'There were also present the doctor of the district, F. G. Mayberry, and the curate. So far I saw nothing beyond what ordinarily occurs at an Irish funeral. Just then I heard the strain of music, and on approaching I saw two fiddlers dressed up fantastically, and playing in a most vigorous manner. When two hundred yards or more from the house of the deceased the coffin was laid down, the people stood in silence around and the rude musicians struck up the enlivening airs of Patrick's day and Garry-owen. With a little difficulty I got nigh to the coffin and learned from the inscription upon it that Patrick O'Sullivan, aged 101, lay within. Some minutes were spent thus, the coffin was taken up again, and the cortege marched to the churchyard, whilst the musicians played Brian Boroi'mbe's march. I was struck by this whole proceeding, which was conducted with the utmost decorum. I afterwards learned that this was the burial of an old dancing-master. It was a condition of his will that it should be carried out thus. A fortnight previous to his death I was told that he felt quite active—that last June he danced an Irish jig. It was his fondest boast that he took part in the rebellion of 1798. So I have learned."

THE WEST INDIAN DETECTIVES DO NOT ACCEPT the theory of some of the New York police, that Tweed is hiding some place in the Fourth Ward or on Brooklyn Heights or in Greenwich, Connecticut. On the contrary, they are making an active search for him at Kingston, in the Island of Jamaica. One person has been arrested, and another has been vexatiously "shadowed," upon the supposition of their identity with the fugitive robber.

Senator Conover's Bill for a uniform duty on sugar has attracted considerable attention among American sugar merchants, the majority of whom disapprove of the Act. The Bill provides that on and after the 30th June next, in lieu of duties now imposed by law on sugars, a uniform duty of cents per pound be levied and collected on all sugars imported from foreign countries, without regard to grades or standards.

A returned missionary, at the recent anniversary in Indianapolis, made the suggestive statement that in all his travels round the world he never saw a new heathen temple; all the Pagan worship he had witnessed had been in old dilapidated structures.

A well-known bank president of Worcester remarked on hearing of the bank robbery at Northampton:—"I'm sick of this rascally world. Don't rather be an old farmer, living on a cross-road, four miles from the sight of everybody, with a barrel of cider and two hogs, than to have anything to do with banks, money, or men."

Livingston (Ky.) Era:—"How often have we seen the blooming maiden upon whose face smiles danced like sunbeams upon the bosom of the sea, and whose life gave promise of happiness unalloyed and hope unrequited, sitting with a huge wad of gum in her mouth and her beautiful chin rising and falling like a wave upon the ocean, while the meek pastor endeavored to point her to the New Jerusalem."

The mangled body of a boy was found by a party of hunters in the woods near Wilson, Miss., life being barely extinct. The hunters supposed that the murderer would return to hide the corpse, and they hid near by. A negro soon came, and when accused, confessed that he had shot the boy's dog and then killed the boy for fear that the death of the dog might get him in trouble. The hunters decided unanimously by ballot that he ought to die, and at once hanged him to a tree.

In the South, especially in Texas, the theory is gaining credence that the destruction of the steamship Waco, in Galveston harbor was the result of dynamite explosion, perhaps the successful demolition of a plot like that of Thomsen at Bremerhaven. It will be remembered that the mate

and crew of a neighboring vessel heard an explosion in the direction of the Waco, and on looking the steamship was seen in one mass of flames. The vessel soon disappeared, and no one of the crew or passengers survived to tell the tale.

The British Government has consented to defray the expense of transporting works of painting and sculpture contributed by British artists to the Exhibition, and the Committee of British artists write to the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts that "there is now reason to hope that artists and owners of pictures in England will send contributions to the Philadelphia which shall present a fair and worthy idea of the state of British art, and enable it to take its due and proper place in the estimation of the American public."

For a straightforward plea to the question of "Guilty, or not guilty?" commend us to that Missouri chap, on trial for murder:—"If your Honour please, I am guilty. I killed the man, because he took my gal from me. She was about the only thing I had, an' I didn't want to live after she went, an' I didn't want him to live either. An' I should be much obliged to your Honour if you would hang me as soon as possible."

This is how they pack butter in California: They take a sack made to fit loosely in the barrel half barrel, or other package, as the case may be pressed into little oblong sacks, something like those in which table salt is sold. It is then packed within the sack in the barrel, headed up, and the package is then filled with strong pure brine. Thus it may be carried long distances by sea, and will come out sweet and good.

R. G. Dalton, a wealthy Englishman who owns a stock ranche on Horse Creek, a few miles from Cheyenne, has a trusty servant whom he brought with him when he settled there in the wilds. Dalton was absent the other night when a man rode up to the corral and hitched his horse and entered the house. He found nobody at home. He tied up the legs of a pair of Dalton's unoccupied drawers, and filled the improvised sack with all the valuables he could lay his hands on, including some costly diamond jewellery. The servant had slipped from the house, and was waiting for the visitor on the outside. When he came, loaded with plunder, the servant gave him a broadside of buckshot, and followed it with five shots of Sharps' rifle. The robber dropped everything, ran light for his horse, mounted and rode off; and the next morning at the end of a blood trail over the snow there was an unknown dead man full of buckshot and rifle balls. The horse and rider had parted company only a few hundred yards away.

Jonathan Case, of Hoosic, N. Y., is wealthy, and eighty years old. A bright young widow charmed him, and he married her slyly. His wedding present was \$1,000 in cash. Now, go home, said the new wife, get all your bonds, mortgages, and money, and bring them here. I will take good care of them, and you. He went, but his family having heard of the marriage, imprisoned him in his house, declaring that he should not rejoin his wife. He had made a will giving them his property, and they did not want to be fooled out of it. Mrs. Case sent a carriage and a stout driver to get the old man, but the effort failed. Then she went herself, and aided by a hired man, besieged the house, and the doors of which were locked. Her husband shouted encouragement to her from a window, and pistols were brandished by both parties, but she had to go away without him. The courts will decide.

The Insurance Chronicle makes an interesting compilation of the losses sustained by fires in the United States during the past year, from which it appears that we managed to burn up during the year property to the value of \$88,328,035, of which loss \$43,651,700 was distributed by means of insurance, and the remainder (a nearly equal amount) fell exclusively upon the owners. The tax we have paid to the "fire fiend" amounts on the average to about \$10 per annum for each productive life in the country; and of this tax 75 per cent, at a moderate computation, was inflicted by causes entirely preventable—chiefly by carelessness and incendiarism. October bravely maintained its reputation as the most disastrous month being \$12,953,095. Strangely enough, the months of March and September, notorious as months of turbulent winds, show the least loss—\$4,095,400 and \$4,876,760 respectively. An interesting feature of the report is the statement as to the comparative liability of certain kinds of property to be destroyed by fire. First in the number come hotels, of which no less than 237 were burned during the year. Next on the list come saw-mills, of which 261 were burned.

USEFUL READING. WATER FOR DAIRY COWS.—No animal should be required to drink water which the owner himself would refuse, and especially so if the cow from which you hope to make good butter. It is sufficient on this point to say that pure water is an indispensable article to the success of the dairyman, for good butter or cheese cannot be made where good water cannot be obtained.—Canada Farmer.

PRESERVING EGGS.—Mr. Joseph K. Boone, of Booneville, Mo., is the inventor of a new process for preserving eggs. It is said to consist of a compound of alum and lime, in equal proportions, dissolved in hot water, in which the eggs are dropped, and allowed to remain for ten seconds. A cement is formed on the egg-shell, producing an air tight polished surface.

PRESERVING FRUIT.—Fruit is preserved in Russia by the following process: Lime is slaked in water in which a little creosote has been dissolved. It is then allowed to fall to powder, which is spread over the bottom of a deal box to about one inch in thickness. A sheet of paper is laid above, and then the fruit. Over the fruit is another sheet of paper, then more lime, and so on till the box is full when finely powdered charcoal is packed in the corners and the lid tightly closed. Fruit thus inclosed will, it is said, remain good for a year.

A ROBBER DISCOVERED BY A CAT.—A family residing at Newcastle-on-Tyne went one Summer to Tynemouth, leaving their house in care of two female servants. One evening when the servants were sitting together, their attention was attracted by a cat, which went up into a laundry over the kitchen, and then returned to them and mewed. The cat did this so often, that the servants were induced to go up stairs to see what she wanted. When they got up into the laundry they found a man, concealed in the chimney. One of the maids fainted, and the other gave the alarm to their neighbours, but in the meantime the man made his escape out of the window and over the roof of the adjoining house.

POWDER BEETLES IN WINTER QUARTERS.—On passing through a potato stubble recently, we saw a large flock of crows very busy on the loose ground. The owner of the field had before stated that the Colorado beetles had descended upon his crop in immense numbers, but being too late to do any damage, he had not disturbed them. On examination we found a good many of the beetles lying dormant in the loose soil, and numberless places where the crows had dug up the ground. Evidently the crows were feasting upon the beetles, and it would doubtless be an excellent thing to give the crows ample opportunity to feast all they want to. As a help we would suggest a light plowing of potato ground this season, to expose the beetles.—American Agriculturist.

GRASS CULTURE.—No one who rides through New York State, after an absence of a few years, can fail to notice the increased proportion of land in grass as compared with the amount of former years. As

sociated dairies and cheap corn and wheat in the West have wrought a marvellous change. The whole country has become or is rapidly becoming pastoral. Flocks, herds and the fruits of the vine and orchard are taking the place of the corn, wheat and potato fields—although the last named crop is extensively grown. But all this suggests an improved system in the management of grass lands. On some farms the periodical ploughing continues to be done, although the reseeded follows with the second crop—first corn or potatoes, then wheat, barley, oats and grass seed. But there must be a better way of treating grass lands. Who has found it out?—Rural New Yorker.

MEASUREMENTS OF AN ACRE, &c.—To aid farmers in arriving at accuracy in estimating the amount of land in different fields under cultivation, the following table is given:—5 yards wide by 968 long contain one acre; 10 yards wide by 484 long contain one acre; 20 yards wide by 242 long contain one acre; 40 yards wide by 121 long contain one acre; 80 yards wide by 60½ long contain one acre; 70 yards wide by 63½ long contain one acre; 60 feet wide by 726 long contain one acre; 110 feet wide by 369 long contain one acre; 120 feet wide by 363 long contain one acre; 440 feet wide by 99 long contain one acre. A box 24x16 inches 22 deep contain one barrel. A box 16x16 inches 8 deep, contain one bushel. A box 8½x8 inches 8 deep, contain one peck. A box 4x4 inches 4½ deep, contains a half peck.

ASIES FOR CATTLE.—The Live Stock Journal has a correspondent who found his cattle given to the habit of eating wool, chewing bones etc. They became thin in flesh, refused to eat hay, and presented a sickly appearance. He had no impression that their food lacked the constituents for making bone and his neighbors used bone meal without noticing any good results whatever. At last he put about four bushels of leached ashes in his barnyard and threw out to them about a shovelful each day. They all ate with evident relish. After turning them out to pasture he put one peck of dry ashes per week on the ground in the pasture. They ate it all and gnawed off the grass where it had been lying. The cattle began to improve gaining flesh and looking better than they had for several years. He says this morbid appearance was unnoticed years ago from the fact that the ground was new and ashly from the burning of the woods and land clearings. Since this discovery he gives one quart of ashes mixed with one quart of salt to twelve head of cattle about once a week.

EXPERIMENTS WITH HONEY.—A correspondent of the Scientific American says:—"I put up six one-pound cans of beautiful Linden honey, being careful to make it one homogeneous mass by stirring. It was thrown from the combs by an extractor, July 30, and put into cans on August 1. The cans were placed respectively as follows: One in a dark, dry cellar, one each under shades of red, yellow, green, and blue glass, and the sixth can in full light. On November 8 the honey in the cellar candied to a white. November 22 to December 10, honey under colored shades candied, first in the red, next in the yellow, green and blue; while the honey in full light remained transparent until January, when it soon candied after exposure to intensely cold weather. From my experience an equal temperature would preserve certain kinds of honey, while other kinds would candy under almost any circumstances. I think that candied honey, instead of being looked upon with disfavour, should be recognized as evidently pure. I hope, however, that the above experiments will lead others to follow up the light theory with beneficial results."

POTATOES FOR HORSES.—I once came near losing a very valuable horse from feeding him dry hay and oats with nothing loosening. I never believed in dosing a horse with medicine, but something is actually necessary to keep a horse in the right condition. Many use powders, but potatoes are better, and safer, and cheaper, if fed judiciously. If those who are not in the habit of feeding potatoes to horses, will try them, they will be astonished at the result. I have known a horse change from a lazy dumpling one, to a quick active headstrong animal, in five days, by simply adding two quarts of potatoes to his food daily. If very much clear corn meal is fed, they do not need so many potatoes. Two many potatoes are weakening, and so are too many apples. When I was a lad, I was away from home at school one winter, and had the care of one horse, and one yoke of oxen, and one cow, every one of which I had to card or curry every day. The horse had three pails of water, four quarts of oats, two quarts small potatoes, and two quarts of corn extra every day he worked, with what hay he wanted, and a stronger, and more active horse of his inches, I have never yet seen.—Country Gentleman.

HEALTH OF FARMERS.—The Massachusetts Board of Health is out with its fourth annual report, in which it is to be found an interesting paper on the longevity of the farmer's life. It says the evidence collected from country physicians throughout the State for the last 28 years shows that the average length of the life of a farmer in that State is 55½ years. This is much longer than that of any other class of citizens. The class most nearly approaching farmers, viz: outdoor mechanics live only 52½ years on an average. The almost unanimous belief of those physicians and the compiler of the paper is that farmers might live much longer than they do, by exercising more care in choosing, cooking, and eating their food, in avoiding overwork and exposure to change of weather, and the use of foul drinking water. Their food consists too much of pork pies and salted bread and cakes. The cookery is bad, and the meals are eaten too quickly for digestion, when work hurries. More vegetables and fruit should be eaten, and more rest taken. More cleanliness as regards outhouses, sinks and back-yards, must be observed and more taken to avoid leaving cess-pools, sinks, etc., nearer to a well than thirty feet at least.

ORNAMENTS FOR HOMES.—For the benefit of ladies interested in such matters, we give a description of various pretty ornaments that may be made of forest leaves. A frame made of common wire or hoop-skirt wire made in the shape of a shield, covered with green silk, and then with lace stretched over it, and sewed neatly to the wire, makes a foundation on which leaves in fancy shapes may be sewed. These frames suspended by spool cotton across a window-shade look very pretty. A tack each side of the window gives support to them and permits the shade to be moved up and down without disturbing the leaves. Another very pretty ornament to hang under a gas fixture or over a window is in imitation of a bird-cage. It may be made of hoop skirt wire, and consists of a circle eight or ten inches in diameter covered with silk of some light color, and a smaller circle, five or six inches in diameter the two fastened together by three wires eight inches in length, at equal distances from each other and covered with fine moss. This makes the framework. Around the upper and lower circles forest leaves are sewed, and if pastedboard sewed on to form the bottom of the cage, a trailing vine might grow from a small pot resting on the pastboard. Three or four cords tied at equal intervals from each other on the top circle, then knotted together and covered with leaves form the cupola of the cage, and give a place to hang it up by. Pictures framed in leaves and hung by a cord to the wall are a great deal better than no frames at all. There should be a pastboard back to the picture to give it firmness and make it hang nicely. Cornices may be made of stiff paper or thin pastboard, ornamented with leaves, and placed over the windows. The leaves should be thoroughly dry before being made into these various ornaments, or they will curl up and get out of shape.

UNITED STATES. The West Indian detectives do not accept the theory of some of the New York police, that Tweed is hiding some place in the Fourth Ward or on Brooklyn Heights or in Greenwich, Connecticut. On the contrary, they are making an active search for him at Kingston, in the Island of Jamaica. One person has been arrested, and another has been vexatiously "shadowed," upon the supposition of their identity with the fugitive robber.

Senator Conover's Bill for a uniform duty on sugar has attracted considerable attention among American sugar merchants, the majority of whom disapprove of the Act. The Bill provides that on and after the 30th June next, in lieu of duties now imposed by law on sugars, a uniform duty of cents per pound be levied and collected on all sugars imported from foreign countries, without regard to grades or standards.

A returned missionary, at the recent anniversary in Indianapolis, made the suggestive statement that in all his travels round the world he never saw a new heathen temple; all the Pagan worship he had witnessed had been in old dilapidated structures.

A well-known bank president of Worcester remarked on hearing of the bank robbery at Northampton:—"I'm sick of this rascally world. Don't rather be an old farmer, living on a cross-road, four miles from the sight of everybody, with a barrel of cider and two hogs, than to have anything to do with banks, money, or men."

Livingston (Ky.) Era:—"How often have we seen the blooming maiden upon whose face smiles danced like sunbeams upon the bosom of the sea, and whose life gave promise of happiness unalloyed and hope unrequited, sitting with a huge wad of gum in her mouth and her beautiful chin rising and falling like a wave upon the ocean, while the meek pastor endeavored to point her to the New Jerusalem."

The mangled body of a boy was found by a party of hunters in the woods near Wilson, Miss., life being barely extinct. The hunters supposed that the murderer would return to hide the corpse, and they hid near by. A negro soon came, and when accused, confessed that he had shot the boy's dog and then killed the boy for fear that the death of the dog might get him in trouble. The hunters decided unanimously by ballot that he ought to die, and at once hanged him to a tree.

In the South, especially in Texas, the theory is gaining credence that the destruction of the steamship Waco, in Galveston harbor was the result of dynamite explosion, perhaps the successful demolition of a plot like that of Thomsen at Bremerhaven. It will be remembered that the mate

and crew of a neighboring vessel heard an explosion in the direction of the Waco, and on looking the steamship was seen in one mass of flames. The vessel soon disappeared, and no one of the crew or passengers survived to tell the tale.

The British Government has consented to defray the expense of transporting works of painting and sculpture contributed by British artists to the Exhibition, and the Committee of British artists write to the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts that "there is now reason to hope that artists and owners of pictures in England will send contributions to the Philadelphia which shall present a fair and worthy idea of the state of British art, and enable it to take its due and proper place in the estimation of the American public."

For a straightforward plea to the question of "Guilty, or not guilty?" commend us to that Missouri chap, on trial for murder:—"If your Honour please, I am guilty. I killed the man, because he took my gal from me. She was about the only thing I had, an' I didn't want to live after she went, an' I didn't want him to live either. An' I should be much obliged to your Honour if you would hang me as soon as possible."

This is how they pack butter in California: They take a sack made to fit loosely in the barrel half barrel, or other package, as the case may be pressed into little oblong sacks, something like those in which table salt is sold. It is then packed within the sack in the barrel, headed up, and the package is then filled with strong pure brine. Thus it may be carried long distances by sea, and will come out sweet and good.

R. G. Dalton, a wealthy Englishman who owns a stock ranche on Horse Creek, a few miles from Cheyenne, has a trusty servant whom he brought with him when he settled there in the wilds. Dalton was absent the other night when a man rode up to the corral and hitched his horse and entered the house. He found nobody at home. He tied up the legs of a pair of Dalton's unoccupied drawers, and filled the improvised sack with all the valuables he could lay his hands on, including some costly diamond jewellery. The servant had slipped from the house, and was waiting for the visitor on the outside. When he came, loaded with plunder, the servant gave him a broadside of buckshot, and followed it with five shots of Sharps' rifle. The robber dropped everything, ran light for his horse, mounted and rode off; and the next morning at the end of a blood trail over the snow there was an unknown dead man full of buckshot and rifle balls. The horse and rider had parted company only a few hundred yards away.

Jonathan Case, of Hoosic, N. Y., is wealthy, and eighty years old. A bright young widow charmed him, and he married her slyly. His wedding present was \$1,000 in cash. Now, go home, said the new wife, get all your bonds, mortgages, and money, and bring them here. I will take good care of them, and you. He went, but his family having heard of the marriage, imprisoned him in his house, declaring that he should not rejoin his wife. He had made a will giving them his property, and they did not want to be fooled out of it. Mrs. Case sent a carriage and a stout driver to get the old man, but the effort failed. Then she went herself, and aided by a hired man, besieged the house, and the doors of which were locked. Her husband shouted encouragement to her from a window, and pistols were brandished by both parties, but she had to go away without him. The courts will decide.

The Insurance Chronicle makes an interesting compilation of the losses sustained by fires in the United States during the past year, from which it appears that we managed to burn up during the year property to the value of \$88,328,035, of which loss \$43,651,700 was distributed by means of insurance, and the remainder (a nearly equal amount) fell exclusively upon the owners. The tax we have paid to the "fire fiend" amounts on the average to about \$10 per annum for each productive life in the country; and of this tax 75 per cent, at a moderate computation, was inflicted by causes entirely preventable—chiefly by carelessness and incendiarism. October bravely maintained its reputation as the most disastrous month being \$12,953,095. Strangely enough, the months of March and September, notorious as months of turbulent winds, show the least loss—\$4,095,400 and \$4,876,760 respectively. An interesting feature of the report is the statement as to the comparative liability of certain kinds of property to be destroyed by fire. First in the number come hotels, of which no less than 237 were burned during the year. Next on the list come saw-mills, of which 261 were burned.

USEFUL READING. WATER FOR DAIRY COWS.—No animal should be required to drink water which the owner himself would refuse, and especially so if the cow from which you hope to make good butter. It is sufficient on this point to say that pure water is an indispensable article to the success of the dairyman, for good butter or cheese cannot be made where good water cannot be obtained.—Canada Farmer.

PRESERVING EGGS.—Mr. Joseph K. Boone, of Booneville, Mo., is the inventor of a new process for preserving eggs. It is said to consist of a compound of alum and lime, in equal proportions, dissolved in hot water, in which the eggs are dropped, and allowed to remain for ten seconds. A cement is formed on the egg-shell, producing an air tight polished surface.

PRESERVING FRUIT.—Fruit is preserved in Russia by the following process: Lime is slaked in water in which a little creosote has been dissolved. It is then allowed to fall to powder, which is spread over the bottom of a deal box to about one inch in thickness. A sheet of paper is laid above, and then the fruit. Over the fruit is another sheet of paper, then more lime, and so on till the box is full when finely powdered charcoal is packed in the corners and the lid tightly closed. Fruit thus inclosed will, it is said, remain good for a year.

A ROBBER DISCOVERED BY A CAT.—A family residing at Newcastle-on-Tyne went one Summer to Tynemouth, leaving their house in care of two female servants. One evening when the servants were sitting together, their attention was attracted by a cat, which went up into a laundry over the kitchen, and then returned to them and mewed. The cat did this so often, that the servants were induced to go up stairs to see what she wanted. When they got up into the laundry they found a man, concealed in the chimney. One of the maids fainted, and the other gave the alarm to their neighbours, but in the meantime the man made his escape out of the window and over the roof of the adjoining house.

POWDER BEETLES IN WINTER QUARTERS.—On passing through a potato stubble recently, we saw a large flock of crows very busy on the loose ground. The owner of the field had before stated that the Colorado beetles had descended upon his crop in immense numbers, but being too late to do any damage, he had not disturbed them. On examination we found a good many of the beetles lying dormant in the loose soil, and numberless places where the crows had dug up the ground. Evidently the crows were feasting upon the beetles, and it would doubtless be an excellent thing to give the crows ample opportunity to feast all they want to. As a help we would suggest a light plowing of potato ground this season, to expose the beetles.—American Agriculturist.

GRASS CULTURE.—No one who rides through New York State, after an absence of a few years, can fail to notice the increased proportion of land in grass as compared with the amount of former years. As

GREAT BRITAIN.

The importation of butter last year in quantity was 1,467,183 cwt., and in value £8,498,299; and in the preceding year, 1,520,674 cwt., and £9,063,157.

The gowns and bands worn by Dr. Kenely during the Tichborne trial have been presented to the proprietors of a wax-work menagerie and museum in

The True Witness

AND
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
BY THE PROPRIETOR,
JOHN GILLIES,
AT NO. 195 FORTIFICATION LANE.

Editor—Rev. Dr. O'REILLY, Miss. Ap.

TERMS YEARLY IN ADVANCE:
To all-country Subscribers, Two Dollars.
To all City Subscribers whose papers are delivered
by carriers, Two Dollars and a half.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, Feb. 25, 1876.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

FEBRUARY, 1876.
Friday, 25—St. MATTHIAS, APOSTLE.
Saturday, 26—Office of the Immaculate Conception.
Sunday, 27—QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.
Monday, 28—Of the Feria.
Tuesday, 29—Of the Feria.
MARCH, 1876.
Wednesday, 1—ASH WEDNESDAY; beginning of Lent.
Thursday, 2—Of the Feria.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Whilst Italy is proving itself each day more and more unworthy of the position assigned to it by the Christian ages, from all other parts of the world deputations and addresses are flocking in to the Supreme Pontiff, testifying to the reverence and fidelity felt for him and for his see by all, except by the traitors of his own race and his own States. Even Russia appears to advantage, when her conduct towards the Holy Father is placed side by side with Italian falsehood. Pius IX. has once more borne witness to the steadfastness of the Irish people to the Church of God and to their undying fidelity to the see of Peter. This is the chief glory of the Emerald Isle, and one that her most deadly enemy has labored in vain for centuries to take from her. "For God and fatherland" has a truer and a nobler ring about it than the modern sycophantic scream of "an Englishman in the first place." We may be certain, at all events, of this—that the former will outlive the latter, and will be heard among Christian nations long after Lord Macaulay's New Zealander shall have finished his clever sketches of the ruins of London. To settle the whole question of a successor to Pius IX., how he shall be elected and where, who he shall be, and who shall be his rulers, has been thought a not unbecoming subject for discussion in one of the London daily papers. It seemed so natural to these men at the commencement of another year to reckon up the chances, and to take the "long odds" for or against (as the case may be) certain eventualities. Its course is altogether a matter beyond the possible reach of their thoughts. The Catholics of Brazil have forwarded to the Holy Father a most fervent address full of loyal sentiments.

The law regulating the administration of the Church property is supposed to be now in full operation throughout the Prussian dominions. This law reserves to the Bishop of each diocese the supervision and control of the proceedings of the several Church boards within his ecclesiastical jurisdiction. But how about the three Dioceses of Gnesen-Posen, Paderborn, Breslau, the prelates of which have been "deposed"? Who is to be presumed to be legally invested with the right of diocesan control in these cases? The law itself seems to have foreseen eventualities, assigning in the case of vacant dioceses some portions of the general control to the Minister for Ecclesiastical Affairs, others to the Governor-General (*Oberpräsident*) of the province. And it further defined a vacant diocese to be one which had lost its Bishop through death, resignation, or legal sentence, and in which there was no Vicar-Capitular, or a new Bishop had not been appointed within the legally fixed limit of time, viz., one year from the vacancy of the see. This latter provision brings the Diocese of Fulda within the net. The late Bishop of Fulda died in August, 1873. A Vicar-Capitular, Herr Laberenz, was canonically chosen, and is since dead. His successor, as Vicar-Capitular, is the present administrator of the diocese, Dr. Hahne. The provisions applicable to ordinarily vacant sees would not apply to this case. But a clause enacts "if a vacant episcopal see has not been within a year from the vacancy provided with a Bishop recognized by the State, the clauses referring to the appointment of a Commissary for the administration of the temporalities, as well as to the sequestration of the same, shall be applied." Under this clause a Commissary, Herr Cornelius, has assumed the temporalities of the See of Fulda. Dr. Hahne is not only permitted to exercise the ordinary functions of a Vicar-Capitular—*gratis*, however, without any compensation out of the sequestered revenues—but, further he is called to account severely, under the May laws, for any omissions of legal duties, for the performance of which he is not paid. In this way there are Royal Commissaries, administering the temporalities in each of the divisions of the united dioceses Gnesen-Posen, in Paderborn, Fulda, and Breslau. The Commissaries for Posen, Fulda, and Paderborn have all claimed the right of *ex-officio* exercising the episcopal control over the respective diocesan Church boards. The Commissary for Breslau, Herr Schuckmann, is keeping quiet, and has not advanced the slightest pretension to any such right of control. The Paderborn administrator, Herr Himly, seems to have given rise to a feeling of more than passive resistance among the Westphalians. He has been more active than he need be in carrying out his odious task. So his attempt to usurp the episcopal control over the administration of the parochial property throughout the diocese of Paderborn has aroused the most active opposition.

Senor Canovas Del Castillo read in the Cortes on Saturday a despatch announcing that Estella, the Carlist stronghold, had surrendered unconditionally and that the Carlists, routed at Penaplata, and Vers

were fleeing to France. Despatches also state that King Alfonso has arrived at Vergau. Don Carlos has dismissed his Ministers, and confided the direction of his affairs to the military authorities. Advice from Hondaye state that reports of alleged Carlist victories lack confirmation. The Carlists claim a victory in repulsing the Alfonsoist attack on Estella and Santa Barbara along the whole line; inflicting great losses and taking 1,008 prisoners. It is asserted that the Carlists have recaptured Sarauz and the coast. It is officially reported that at the capture of Fort Mont Jurra, near Estelle, on Friday, the Carlist leader, Gen. Calderan, was taken prisoner. The Carlist loss is heavy. The Alfonsoists lost 300 men. The *Times* publishes a private letter from a Carlist General who fought in the recent engagement at Elguita, in which he says:—"The battle lasted all day. We lost our position which was an important one, being the key to the country leading to Azeplaita. The Alfonsoists numbered eight or nine times our forces, but we would have defeated them nevertheless, if our ammunition had not become exhausted. For hours some men had no cartridges. I cannot say where we shall be able to establish our lines. My own opinion is that the enemy will reach Azeplaita, and perhaps we shall have a struggle to keep him out of Tolosa. King Carlos went to Tolosa last night." The letter is dated the 14th.

The elections in France of members of the Chamber of Deputies, have resulted in favor of the Gambetta party.

In the British House of Commons Mr. Disraeli moved a Bill enabling the Queen to take the style and title of "Empress of India." The *Morning Standard* says that telegraphic instructions have been sent to Wade, British Minister to China, to support Germany's claim against China, for plundering the German schooner *Anna of Foo Chow* last September. A portion of the detached squadron has been ordered to China for the purpose of strengthening Mr. Wade's hands, but there is no reason to believe that any cause for a hostile demonstration will arise.

A committee from the Workingmen's Independent Labor party waited last Friday upon Peter Cooper, the venerable philanthropist, and tendered him their nomination and support for Presidency of the United States at the coming election, but he declined, on the ground of being too feeble and old to fulfill the duties of office.

The Canadian display at the Centennial Exhibition promises to be creditable to the Dominion. Every foot of the space allotted to us will be occupied.

THE DISPERSION OF THE IRISH RACE.
Scattering is a principle of nature. The flower grows for a while and refreshes the eye with its beauty and the breeze with its perfumes; then the rich bulb bends with golden seed; the grateful breeze carries them to other gardens; they are scattered through the land, and another year finds a thousand for the one that charmed nature's field.

Thus the Irish race has grown to a flower of great moral worth; rich in the odours of the virtues most pleasing to heaven—purity and patient suffering. A beneficent Providence bade the storm to waft the seed to other lands, and behold in the Irish race to-day, the prolific increase of a favorite stem.

The details of the dispersion of the Irish are the most harrowing in the annals of human misery.—Before the exodus of '48 and succeeding years, not only were all hopes of redress blighted in the failure of the promises of O'Connell, but Heaven, all-wise in its designs, rained down a disastrous and decimating famine. Whilst the felon's cells of English prisons were filled with political prisoners whose greatest crime was to shout "Hurrah for Ireland," the ditches and the roadsides were the death-beds of the evicted tenants of some tyrant English landlord. Oh! God! We remember with a thrill the scenes of the famine of '47; we remember bringing bread at the injunction of a pious father, to the poor man's cabin; the cold winter blast howled through the dismantled roof; the smouldering embers of a turf fire were dying on the hearth; the children were naked and lying on straw, and the old man whose hair was whitened with the snows of many winters, had no curse for the authors of his misery—no blasphemy for the author of his being, but from his chattering lips murmured the sweet prayer of thanksgiving and resignation. His wife and the mother of his little ones, had long since sunk in her sorrows and slept in peace under the green grass of the graveyard, and his son already shattered by want in his manly constitution, lay in a horse-rug in the forecastle of some squalid emigrant ship, whose sails were the plumes of a hearse that bore thousands of our countrymen to a watery grave.

The survivors plunged into the trackless wilds of the new world, and cities now stand where the log shanty of the exile was the only habitation, and a busy and wealthy people revel in mansions of comfort where once the axe that hewed a way through the forest kept time with the ballads of old Ireland. The success that followed the change of climate, makes the Irish almost forget the sorrows that drove them from their native hearth. There was a destiny in the change: not in favor of one nation or continent, but for almost every land under the sun.

Nothing has struck us more in our rambles, than the ubiquity of the Irish race. We have seen them ruling the destinies of nations in the cabinets of Europe; digging with strong arm the wealth of the West, and sweeping the wide waste of waters in the floating homes of the deep, to the uncivilized islands of our antipodes. Driven by destiny, or attracted by wealth, they are found wherever the sun shines or the breezes blow. But the facility with which they accustom themselves to the habits and manners of other nations seems more remarkable than their proverbial ubiquity.

They are digging gold in Australia; doing police duty in Siberia; preaching in Patagonia; whale fishing at the Crosettes; leading the armies of Don Carlos in Spain, and struggling with the Brigands on the Apennines. We have seen them in the liveries of Buckingham palace; and the Vatican; in the turban of the Mussulman; in the

que of the Chinese, and in matrimony with the savage girl of the wild tribes of South Africa.

Once, when on missionary duty in this latter place, we were caught in a thunder storm late at night, in an off-shoot of the wild and rugged range of the Katerberg mountains, about six hundred miles from the Western Coast. The rain was terrible, and the darkness made more palpable by the vivid lightning that now and then, enveloped us in the momentary glance of day-light, and pointed out the dangerous road that skirted the precipice.—When the storm ceased, we saw a welcome gleam of light seeming to proceed from a house further up the mountain. This surprised us as we knew there was no house within a hundred miles. Wet and wearied we pushed on the falling horses. The light came from a temporary hut attached to the rocks. We rapped, and after a few minute's delay, a rough voice with unmistakable accent asked from within:

"Musha, then, who is that that wants to disturb decent people at this hour of the night?"

A few explanations were sufficient. He was one Denis Murphy, from Cork, and had charge of some negroes who were repairing the mountain pass.—Welcome and fortunate was the little hospitality he was able to give.

The following anecdote is, however, more characteristic of the noble and generous Irish heart: One morning after celebrating Mass in a small town on the confines of the civilized districts, a handsome young Irishman came towards me and said he wished to get married. We asked where was the bride, and he told us she was outside, but ashamed to come in. We followed him out of the village and for some distance into the bush.—We came to a young colored girl sitting on the ground, and covered over with a sheepskin kaross which she drew close around her, seeing us approach. Believing the young man was playing a hoax, we commenced to reprove him, but he drew his hands over his eyes to hide some emotion, and leading us aside told us the following touching story:—

He had been travelling amongst the tribes and exchanging beads, trinkets, etc., for ivory and skins. He fell sick with fever in the bush, his servants abandoned him, and unable to move, he saw death staring him in the face. A whole day and night he lay in the bushes under the canopy of heaven, no friendly ear to respond to his groans, not knowing whether disease, the jaws of the lion, or starvation, would first bring death. On the morning of the second day, some black women in their naked state passed by, and taking pity on the young man, made him a little house of the bushes, gave him something to eat and drink, from his own boxes; towards evening he was much revived, and they left with the exception of one who was the youngest.—She remained with him three weeks, nursing him with a tender hand; she got some of her own people to bring fresh meat, which they killed with his rifle, and she made for him daily a delicious dish of herbs which she gathered in the wild. The young man recovered and proceeded on his journey homewards, bringing with him his benefactress. In gratitude to the young negress, he determined to save her soul. This was only possible by keeping her henceforward near him, and near him alone—for he learned she would not remain with a white mistress; he bravely made up his mind to spend the rest of his life with her in the wilderness. In a few days we had her clothed, instructed, and baptised, and united in hymeneal bonds with, perhaps, some descendent of the royal blood of Ireland.

We have since heard from our young friend; he has several thousand sheep, wealth that is no use to him, and a home in the desert, which, as the monks of old used to say, supplies the wants of all things.

Their influence in every land shows the designs heaven has had in the dispersion of the Irish. What would Christianity be in Australia, in New Zealand, were it not for the Irish? What would it be on the parched and shrivelled plains of South Africa, were it not for the Irish? And in this vast continent of America, where we see in every flourishing town of the Union the little church bearing the cross on high and a Catholic people worshipping around altars of gold and marble, we have only to ask the name of the tutelary saint, to find a congregation who have brought with them from old Ireland, the memories of its ancient glories! There are six Cathedrals on the Erie canal that recognize their origin in the Irish emigrant.

ASPIRATIONS OF IRELAND.

There are three things which are desired by honest men all over the world; two hundred-million's of earth's population sigh for them daily; they are wrapt up with the hopes and aspirations of three great nations; they are the restoration of the Holy See; the conversion of England, and the freedom of Ireland. We are convinced, the historians of the future, will have to record the realization of these hopes.

In the whole range of literature there is not a subject that has called forth grander bursts of eloquence and song, than the freedom of Ireland. Scattered over the face of the civilized world, from the Rocky Mountains to the Wall of China, there is not an Irishman but believes in the future greatness of his country. There is scarcely a legend or a prophecy, that has floated down to us on the stream of time, from the days of Ireland's greatness, but is interwoven with the hope of her return to her position amongst the nations of the earth. These hopes that have lived for long years in the heart of nations, have been in the world's history realized, oftener than they have been disappointed.

It is remarkable, the Irish have preserved their nationality in a marked degree in those places whither the winds of destiny have wafted them; like the chosen people of God, they are among the nations but not of them. In the large cities, they have wards for themselves—their own churches, and their own *Soggyark* *aroon*. The national desire is not debased by any sordid selfish consideration. We believe there is not an Irishman in America, Australia, or Canada, who would look forward to the restoration of Ireland, for personal aggrandizement.

Although holding office in the Government or raised to independence by industry you will find the Irishman either secretly or openly, a member of some association that has for its end, the freedom of Ireland.

This sentiment has caught the sympathy of noble and great men outside who know our history and our aspirations. "I look towards a land both old and new—" wrote the venerable Newman some forty years ago, "old in its Christianity, young in its promise of the future—a nation which received grace before the Saxon came to Britain and which has never questioned it, a church which comprehends in its history, the rise and fall of Canterbury and York, which Augustine and Paulinus found, and Pole and Fisher left behind them; I contemplate a people which has had a long night and will have an inevitable day,—I am turning my eyes towards a hundred years to come, and I dimly see the Ireland I am gazing on, become the road of passage and union and the centre of the world."

On one occasion the aged prisoner of the Vatican, receiving a deputation from Ireland, whose hands were weighted with the offerings of the poor, expressed his hope that our country would one day gain the freedom she so ardently desired and so nobly deserved.

There is not, perhaps, under the sun of heaven a sentiment so powerful or so universal, as the future destiny of Ireland to be a free nation. This hidden but powerful current of feeling, rolls from Europe through the pillars of Hercules; increased in volume, by the men of the red uniform on the rock of Gibraltar; from the sentinel camps on the Ashantee territory, it rebounds from the lonely Ascension and the rock-built St. Helena; greeted by a feeble but fervent response from the arid shores of the Cape, it leaps the treacherous Indian ocean, and like the breeze that freshens to the storm, it rolls over Australia and New Zealand; from the shores of Asia, from the cities of China, and Japan, it crosses the Pacific and finds its home in the American Continent. From the peaks of the Rocky Mountains to the Quays of New York, through the large cities of the Union, from millions of the exiled Irish people, there is but one grand irresistible sentiment, the freedom of Ireland.

But this aspiration for freedom, has filled with its martyred victims, many an early tomb; it has crimsoned many an Irish field with the noblest blood of her children; it has widowed many an Irish home and filled many a felon's cell in English prisons with the sigh of blasted hopes. The struggles for freedom pass before us like dark shadows in the picture of Ireland's destiny; these struggles form the history of the last one hundred years.

In 1796, we find Wolfe Tone in the councils of Paris; he has gained the ear of the redoubtable Carnot; the French nations promises for the glory of France the downfall of England and the freedom of Ireland. An expedition was to land on the shores of Ireland, but it never came, and the hopes of Ireland were blasted; a meteor has flitted across her lurid sky and left the night of slavery darker than it found it.

Then came the saddest epoch of Irish history; the maddened children of the soil, urged on by this irresistible destiny that even to-day is desperate in its demand for freedom, rushed with reckless bravery, unarmed and unmarshalled, on the whole power of England. Despair lent force to the first onslaught of battle and for a moment fortune smiled in triumph on their cause.

Oh how I recall the bitter tale,
My aged sire has told
Of foeman's deeds of shame and wrong,
That made the blood run cold.
And when with quivering voice he'd tell,
Of how in field and town,
Before their wild unguided might
The British flag went down,
Till from his heaving chest
I've caught and from his flashing eye,
The madness of that moment
Where our standard waved on high.

But the smoking ruins of Irish homes, the grass covered mounds of Irish dead, are the simple records of failure; for Ireland's destiny was still in the hands of Him who even now bids her wait her time.

Then in 1803 comes the tragic fate of Robert Emmett. Ireland was bleeding but not defeated and this noble youth urged even another struggle, on his hapless countrymen. Banished from the halls of Trinity College for his love of Ireland, he too found favor for his cause in the war councils of the French metropolis. Napoleon, then first consul of the Empire gave him flattering promises of an assistance, as soon as he would take the field in Ireland; deputies from nineteen counties swore their adhesion to his cause; but again stern fate had doomed the patriot to the gallows; he was hung in the streets of Dublin, the saddest but most honored victim of our nation's desire for freedom.

With the exception of a few faint signs of eruption in the volcano of Irish liberties, in '48 and '68, three quarters of a century rolled on in undisturbed plunder of Irish resources, in insult to Irish faith and exile to Irish people; a partial check came in an event of happy memory—the Emancipation of O'Connell. A great deal was then achieved but not all. The aspirations for freedom the longings of the national heart still throbbled, as it does to-day for complete emancipation.

It is not ours to pause over the propriety or prudence of the expression given to the cause of freedom by the patriots of '48, much less those of our own time; we know that every failure tightens the rivets of thralldom; but we also know had the patriots of these desperate efforts succeeded, their names would have been emblazoned in immortal honor on the tablets of our country's history, and a grateful posterity, would celebrate their victory with centennial honors, such as now garland the memories of American independence.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

All Business Letters, relating to Advertisements, Subscriptions, supply of Copies, Back Numbers, &c. &c., should be addressed to the Proprietor, Mr. JOHN GILLIES, TRUE WITNESS, MONTREAL, to whom Post-office Orders, Cheques, &c., should be made payable. Persons asking for receipts should enclose a postage stamp for same.

IF HOME RULE FAILS — WHAT THEN?

A few years ago, the hopes of Ireland were formed by national enthusiasm, into all the prospects of a civil war,—a war the bloodiest in the annals of revenge. But scarcely did that cloud, which portended a disastrous storm to sweep over the land, leave the Irish sky, the nation leaped with some unaccountable rapidity to a policy of conciliation, which comes to us under the favorable auspices of constitutional agitation for Home Rule. But a few days ago, the Mechanics' Hall of this city, rung with enthusiastic approbation of the cause, as pleaded by its eloquent representative, O'Connor Power. Its promoters have pretty fairly gained a verdict of the American people.

In this measure, we recognize the noblest phase of a national humiliation. Ireland sinks to a policy of conciliation, without losing a particle of her honor, or sacrificing her claims on absolute freedom. She has it in her power to tear England to the very heart, with a bloody and endless internal revolution, yet to save our firesides from the desolation of war, to hush the wail of the widow and the orphan, to save the country from merciless bloodshed, they have consented to appeal (although done in vain a thousand times) to a sense of British justice.

We hail thee, rising star of freedom; although thou emittest a fitful gleam in our native sky; thou mayest perhaps guide our baffled patriots to their long sighed for destiny!

Peaceful agitation, gained without the shedding of blood, the Catholic Emancipation, the Church bill, the Land Bill and other important recognitions of our civil rights; it may now too, be the means destined to break up the frigate of English bigotry, which has for centuries, rained death and desolation on our country; agitation may now pull it to pieces plank by plank, until in the calm and the sunshine; it is cast in the miserable fragments of a wreck on the shores of liberated Ireland. Let even legislative independence be gained for Ireland, how many hearts will beat for joy, when the flag of green silk with the gold harp of Ireland, shall float over the house of Parliament in Stephen's Green, to tell a rejoicing people that its own Senate are sitting in the halls beneath; there the Curran, the Shiels, and the Grattans of a rising generation, shall inherit the spirit of their fathers, and legislate in forcible eloquence the weal of their country.

But some spirit of evil is hovering around and bids us pause in our dreams of anticipated glories of Ireland. This last destiny which we have grasped with such eagerness, is perhaps "the baseless fabric of a vision."

Home Rule has not yet been granted; notwithstanding the approbation given it by the loyal citizens of Montreal, notwithstanding that a similar oration greeted its eloquent representative in the cities of the Union, notwithstanding its boasted power of seventy votes in the British Parliament, Home Rule may be another failure added to the long list of injured Ireland's unnumbered wrongs. It has not yet taken hold of the people, the silence of the Hierarchy is ominous; it has nothing to depend upon but the sympathy of the British Parliament, a favor to be granted by our most inveterate enemies.

Planting the horoscope of our political vision on that part of the horizon where looms in the faded splendour of its sunset, the unyielding, the unrelenting British Senate, we have not been able to detect any indications of that sympathy, which will grant Legislative Independence to Ireland. On the contrary, Home Rule has been refused with an overwhelming majority; and the Home Rulers have been sent away sucking their thumbs like school-boys who have been refused a holiday!

There are men of stronger sentiments than we are willing to express, who indignantly reminded us of the historical fact, that England never yet granted anything to Ireland, except through fear; there are men who would tell us, that Home Rule will never succeed except when written in blood, and presented to Parliament on the head of a pike. There are men who can see further into a millstone than their fellows, who will quote with sarcastic glee, the truism of a national poet,

"The very subtlest eloquence,
That injured men can show,
Is the pathos of a pike-head
And the logic of a blow;
Hopes raised upon fine talking
Are like castles built on sand,
But the pleadings of cold iron
Even kings can understand."

In quoting the sentiments of others, we do not endorse them. But suppose the thrilling alternative, that in a few years hence, Home Rule, has really proved a failure; when Ireland on her knees at the British throne, has been spurned; when her cause has been rejected with scorn of the British Parliament; when appeal after appeal, backed up with the eloquence of her gifted sons, is flung into the political waste paper basket; when the blighted hopes of Ireland shall shriek their knell of despair over the last effort of her patriots, who will account for the future?

If Home Rule fails, we see a dark day coming; all the influence of the hierarchy of Ireland, all the eloquence of her leaders, all the muskets and cannon that English wealth could land on her shores, will not allay the popular indignation, which like the pent up fire of a volcano, will burst through its prison and scatter ruin and desolation around; the shock of the revolutionary wave will shake the politics of the world, and nations far away, will be dragged against their will, into the war of retribution.

If Home Rule fails, it may be that heaven has another role of destiny for Ireland—for *Queen Deus unipariter prius demerit*. The maddened children of Ireland will be brought together by some invincible power; then will come a stupendous organization the most marvellous in the history of the world; then will come the realization of the startling assertion of the great O'Connell, once thundered in Westminster with such vehemence, that the whole British Parliament was paralysed, as if their awful doom were written in the blazing letters of Balthasar on the walls of their Senate. "The winds, cried out O'Connell "which block up your fleet in the channel, will waft across the ocean, tens of thousands of the maddened children of exile, who in one

night of woe, will expiate the injustice of three centuries.

There is a warning in the analogies of history, as terrific as the prophecies of the patriot. Babylon and Rome, were mighty capitals in the history of the past, numbering three millions of inhabitants; they persecuted the people of God, and raised the red hand towards heaven. For one, the sentence of destruction was written at midnight in letters of fire in the hall of the sacrilegious feast, for the other a barbarian chief was led on by some irresistible power to destroy the scarlet queen of the seven hills; in both cases the nations they trampled on in their tyranny, were made the scourges of their retribution.

There are many true hearted children of Ireland who in moments of national indignation, would wish that O'Connell's night of woe, would gather its sable darkness around the British throne. Heaven forbid such a catastrophe; but England, in refusing, at least legislative independence for Ireland, may be but paving the way for her ruin.

Ireland has a destiny and no one can yet tell what it is, but it requires no prophetic spirit to declare amongst the vicissitudes of the future, is recorded the triumph of her aspirations for liberty. Whether her freedom will come, like the calm and tranquil change of nature in the spring time or amid the shout and confusion of the storming and capture of the citadel of English bigotry, we must leave for the future historian to record.

If the punishment of England be amongst the destinies of Ireland, then when the sack and plunder of London shall have been decreed, when the glare of petroleum shall have burst through the walls of Westminster, Buckingham and Windsor; when the blood of the citizens shall run six inches deep around Charing Cross; when the green flag shall float from the tower to the scorn of the fallen who cry for pity from the depths of their humiliation; then there will be presented to the startled world, the grandest tableau of history, the maiden of Erin, the symbol of mercy and tenderness, the personification of Christian forgiveness, standing with one foot on the prostrate form of Britannia, will sheath her sword and bid her enemy live, rise, and repent.

LECTURE by REV. DR. O'REILLY on the DESTINY of IRELAND.

On Monday the 21st, the Mechanics' Hall of this city was crowded with a large and enthusiastic audience to hear the Rev. Gentleman lecture on this subject. It was treated with masterly erudition and eloquence, and in a manner keeping with his reputation as a patriot and lecturer on Irish subjects. He treated of ancient Ireland as having a destiny to preserve the literature and science of the world, then the destiny of Ireland in the dispersion of her children and finally the future and hidden destiny to be realized in the aspirations of the Irish race to be, one day, a free nation. In the leading articles this week the principal points of this interesting lecture are given.

LITERARY.

COLLINS' POEMS.—Kennedy, New York.—We are greatly mistaken if this charming little volume does not become a great favorite with the Irish. Its ballads, teem with memories tinged with blood, and faithfully echo the sentiments of a brave unconquered people. The martial strain of the author's verse is peculiarly adapted to the Irish race; next to her faith the military glory of Ireland is untarnished; her sons scattered over the world, remember with a noble and pardonable pride the feats of valour and bravery recorded of the Irish soldier. But the poet in the pearl casket now before us, has selected for his touching ballads, scenes from the dark page of Irish struggles for liberty during the last century. Names of places and incidents of religion familiar to the present generation enhance the attraction of this volume. There are passages in "Rory the Rapparee," "Gerald Barry" and the "Siege of Clonmel," full of fire and vigor that could not flow from any but a patriotic pen. The work is brought out with the taste and neatness that mark all the publications of Kennedy of New York.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, for January, 1876.—The Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York; Montreal, Dawson Bros. The contents are as follows:—The Dilemma.—Part IX.; In my Study Chair.—No. II.; Left-handed Elisa.—Conclusion; Lace and Bric-a-brac; Bee or Beatrix; The First Step in Army Reform; Public Affairs. In this part of "The Dilemma" the scene changes to England, and nearly all the old characters are lost sight of.

The gentleman who sits in his study-chair and talks about old school-books, discourses at length on the advantages of devoting a good deal of time to the study of Greek and Roman classics. He particularly admires Aristophanes. The article ends with an account of and quotations from some of the Oxford prize poems.

"Left-handed Elisa" is finished. It ends with a smash, a death, and a marriage, but fails to account for the mystery of the mirror.

"Bee or Beatrix" is a pretty little story, something in the style of "Nan," which proved to be such pleasant reading for August.

The First Step in Army Reform refers to orders issued to the Horse Guards, concerning the assembling and placing the British Army hastily in case invasion should render such a proceeding necessary. The scheme, which is explained in detail, is considered good, as far as it goes, but "the true defender is a vigorous offensive—a maxim which England has always acted on before." The article on "Public Affairs" treats of the legislation of the last session.

THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW for JANUARY, 1876.—The Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York; Montreal, Dawson Bros. The following are the contents:—Herbert Spencer's Sociology; Among the Prophets; The Hindu woman, real and ideal; Servia; The Stock Exchange and Foreign Loans; Disestablishment in New England; Political Questions in Italy; Contemporary Literature.

His Lordship Bishop O'Brien left Kingston on another tour eastward on last Friday.

LIBERALISM and ULTRAMONTANISM.

To the Editor of the True Witness. Dear Sir,—From the heading of my letter, I fear, many of your readers will be startled. Let them not be frightened. I hope to be able to demonstrate to all Dominion and American subjects, that there is quite a difference between the "Liberalism" of continental Europe and our "Liberalism" in America; and that "Ultramontanism" is not so bad as it is painted—nay more, that it is—"The old Church" (i.e. as it is now conventionally designated, not by its own members; but, by those who know nothing about the unity, the catholicity, the holiness, the apostolicity of the Church founded by Christ and against which "the gates of Hell can never prevail.")

Ultramontanism is, indeed, a strictly conventional term. There was a time in history, (e.g.) in the time of the Plantagenets, when every country North of the Alps was designated by the Italians as Ultramontain.

Tempora mutantur; and, the evil days of Louis XIV. came on the world; and, we had the four Articles, Bossuet and Gallicanism; and then "Ultramontain" meant one who lived North of the Alps. But, let it be strictly understood that Catholics do not care about "Nicknames," and, unless the Church, "The pillar and ground of truth," tells her children to be "Ultramontane," we, her children repudiate the name, and, in the strength of our faith, we cry out, "We are members of the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church—Catholic is our name—Christian is our surname."

The very term "Ultramontane," as far as it gives expression to the religion of Him who was to be great amongst the Gentiles, is a misnomer, for the religion of Christ was to have no circumscription. The ends of the earth was the heritage given Him by His Father; therefore the name "Ultramontane" is false; and should never have any application to "the Holy, Roman, Catholic and Apostolic Church." The Catholic Church pertains to all countries, North and South of the Alps, from East to West, from Pole to Pole; therefore it is that I repudiate the obnoxious term, "Ultramontane," which would imply that, only those living South of the Alps were members of Christ's Church, which is a false position and equally false proposition.

However, as a philosopher, I admit technical terms as useful; and, for argument sake, I accept the word, "Ultramontane." The word means what Pius IX holds, (i.e.) in the Protestant mind; well, tho' the Protestant mind is wrong quoad verbum—it is not at all wrong in esse.—Catholics hold what Peter, Cletus, Clement, &c., down to Pius IX have taught; and they believe, with great faith that whoever comes after Pius IX will teach the very doctrine which our Blessed Lord deposited in the hands of the Apostles. Such is Catholic faith—nothing can change it. (Semper eadem) it was the same yesterday and shall so continue to the end of time. "The gates of Hell cannot prevail against Her." So said our Blessed Lord; and, in vain does Gladstone or others say the contrary. If therefore "Ultramontanism" means the religion which Christ gave to His Apostles and which was to be perpetuated to the end of time—then we accept the name; but on no other condition. If the name be intended for us as an insult, we cast it back on our opponents, and tell them, they are ignorant of History;—and of the very words our Lord used when He established His Church—when He said "the gates of Hell should not prevail against Her." So far for "Ultramontanism"—I shall now discuss the question of

LIBERALISM.

a grand term, with wrong interpretations! Yes, no word has ever been more misinterpreted! The vile men of '93 used it as the word of evil omen; and, like the African locusts—they devoured all that lay in their path, and then devoured one and other. It is out of place to give the names—see Alison and other Historians. I do not presume on the ignorance of your readers, Mr. Editor, and therefore simply state the cause.

LIBERTY

from which the word "Liberalism" is derived, is the finest word in any language: Liberty, properly speaking, means "after you obey God, do what you like," for, when you have obeyed God, you have performed your duties; fulfilled "the Law and the Prophets;" and consequently, in ordinem rerum, you are where you ought to be (i.e.) in consonance with the Divine Will. So far for Liberty which, in a Christian sense, may be summed up "do what God wishes: then do what you like."

Now, I have to take a political view of the term "Liberal." The history of this term would take me too long. I should go back nearly 83 years as far as Ireland is concerned; and, I would find that, in my country, Liberty had its right meaning only when O'Connell forced Catholic Emancipation from Wellington, Peel and George IV. The liberty of O'Connell was in perfect accordance with the axiom I have laid down as the true test of right Liberty.

Sidney Smith, Brougham, Jeffrey, &c., of the Edinburgh Review were, after Gratian, the truest friends of the Catholic cause. They advocated it honestly and sincerely; and they were Liberals—"Liberal" was not their name then yet they were so; and consequently, I conclude—"that English Liberalism" is not necessarily antagonistic to the Catholic Church. Neither do I suppose that, the Liberals of Canada are such as deserve the reprobation of the Church if they be so, then, by all means, let them be put down for there is nothing like knowing our enemies. Knowing them, we can fight them; and this is a great benefit. They cannot beat us: and so far so good.

In Europe, Liberalism, means enmity to the Church. Liberalism is not simply a political party as in England; but is a sworn enemy of Christianity. Its great object is the destruction of the Church of Christ; and it does not go behind one's back to let him know what it is about: we therefore know the Liberals of continental Europe; but, I hold there is not the same application in the British Dominions. The Liberals of England are a political party, nothing more or less.

I remain, Mr. Editor, yours truly, JOHN CANON WOODS. Dartmouth, N. S., Feb. 1876.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON ON ROME.

"HISTORICAL AND PERSONAL REMINISCENCES." Thursday evening, 17th inst., under the auspices of the Father Mathew Temperance Society, and entertainment was given in St. Peter's School House, the principal attraction being a lecture by the Right Rev. Bishop Walsh. Mr. S. Brown presided. The schoolroom was densely crowded, and many were unable to gain admittance.

His Lordship, who was loudly applauded on coming forward, spoke for fully an hour on "Historical and Personal Reminiscences of Rome. At the outset he traced the early history of the great city, in its days of Paganism; spoke of the immense dimensions of its public buildings; and its state, when Claudius Caesar ruled, on the arrival of St. Peter, whose lowly entrance into the future centre of Christianity was next spoken of. He had come to teach that proud city—aye, its great philosophers to teach that proud city to do so had been obtained from Christ himself, to teach the great principles of Christianity, which were destined to spread throughout the whole world. But it was therefrom throughout the whole world; and those thought by the Bismarcks and Gladstones of those days that the Church of God could not live side by side with the interests of the Empire, and St. Peter was crucified there, and his followers persecuted; with the utmost vigor. For 300 years the power of

this mighty empire was exerted to crush the Church of Christ; and the Romans even went so far in struggling against Christians; that in their folly they raised a pillar, on which it was announced that Christianity was unknown; but notwithstanding this, truth prevailed, and Christianity triumphed. The cry of the martyrs had gone up to heaven; and it was answered, as had been foretold by Christ, by the total destruction of the city by the barbarians, who destroyed every institution of civilization in it; and so thorough was the destruction that for 40 days the only inhabitants of the city were wild beasts. It was out of this terrible desolation that Christian Rome arose; that Rome which is the home of the Supreme Pontiff of the Church on earth, the capital of a kingdom on which the sun never sets. The Church will never be overcome, for it was founded by the everlasting God, and would be upheld by Him. His Lordship proceeded to give a graphic account of his arrival in the Holy City in June, 1864, and spoke of the feelings which sprung up in his breast on first setting foot in this city of the Church's martyrs, with its many holy associations. He next dilated on his visit to the Church of St. Peter; spoke of the immense size of that building; and intimated that he had the honor to assist at the Pope's High Mass, in presence of an immense number of people, belonging to all nations of the earth—a ceremony which he described to be the most magnificent and solemnly grand he had ever witnessed, and which when once seen could never be forgotten. Here His Lordship took occasion to remark that from what he saw in Rome he was enabled to refute a calumny—old and antiquated—thrown at the Church of Rome by the Protestant Church, viz., the ignorance of the Church people, and their subservience to the priests, in matters of education. He found Rome was the seat of all the arts and sciences which have dignified, as well as enlightened, the human race. And when a man wants his family to learn—and to learn thoroughly—music, art, sculpture, etc., he sent them to Rome. Why, then, had one college in Rome, where no less than 43 languages were taught, which the youth of all nations come there to hear. The children at school in Rome were one to six to the entire population, whilst in Prussia they are only as one to eight or eight and a half. The great Roman Prison was next spoken of, the lecturer stating that he had placed his hand on the marble to which St. Peter was chained, and drank of the well that mysteriously sprang up to enable the apostle to baptize his jailors. He also stated that he saw the marble stairs down which the Saviour walked on His way to Calvary. People are allowed to go up them on their knees, and are obliged to say prayers in honor of the Lord. He then referred to the church built on the mountain where St. Peter was crucified, and paid a graceful tribute to the memories of the Irish patriots, O'Neill and O'Donnell, whom he said were compelled to flee their country in 1607, and who died broken-hearted in Rome. The Church of St. Isidore, from which so many self-denying priests had gone forth to Ireland, when their appearance in that Island was forbidden, was next spoken of, and the services these pioneers rendered praised. His Lordship next referred to the services rendered Ireland, by the patriotic O'Connell, whose heart, he remarked, was buried in the Irish College, attached to the Church of St. Agatha. That heart, he said, never knew fear, and was ever to be found on the side of right. He prayed that the mantle of O'Connell would fall on some of his brethren, that they might be raised to a true sense of their liberties. His Lordship concluded an eloquent address by a reference to the infallibility of the Church of Rome and trusted that long, long might that great and wondrous city stand to bear witness to the greatness of Christianity. It is true it is now a victim to disgraceful and sacrilegious usurpation. But as sure as God is in heaven, the throne of iniquity will be brought to nought and the Holy Father will once more rule over a happy people, and enjoy that freedom so essential to the Church of God. All good Catholics, his Lordship added, will pray that such may soon be the case. (Applause.)

An excellent programme of vocal and instrumental music, along with readings, was afterwards given by a number of ladies and gentlemen.—London Free Press.

ST. PATRICK'S TOTAL ABSTINENCE AND BENEFIT SOCIETY OF MONTREAL.

On Sunday the 30th January, the annual meeting of this society was held in the Sacristy of St. Patrick's Church, and the following office-bearers for the ensuing year elected:—

REV. L. W. LECHE, President. M. P. RYAN, 1st Vice " M. P. EMERSON, 2nd " " JAMES DILLON, Treasurer. SAMUEL CROSS, Secretary. FRANCIS CONNAUGHTON, Assist. Sec.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—Messrs. Edward Murphy, Chairman; James Connaughton, Professor McKay, William Donnelly, Lawrence Quinlan, Edward Burns, Charles Moffatt, Thomas Carmody, Michael Connell, John Regan, John Walsh, and Gregory Hamilton.

VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.—Jeremiah McCarthy, Denis Murney, John Killoran, Francis Haaton, Andrew Emerson, Hugh O'Neill, John Clarke, John Pigeon, and L. Lavery. Michael Sharkey, Grand Marshal. James Huff, Assist. Marshal.

THE POST OFFICE.

The following table gives a comparative statement of the finances of the Money Order and Savings Bank Department of the Montreal Post Office, for the years ending the 31st December, 1874 and 1875, respectively:

Table with columns: Year, Orders Issued, Commission Received, Orders Paid, Savings Deposits, Withdrawn, Total Increase.

As the above table shows, the operations of the last year have considerably increased. The totals of important transactions in these branch of the service for 1875 were \$1,116,055.22, and for 1874 \$1,078,858.59. This increase is really satisfactory considering that the business is composed of a number of separate transactions; the average amount being, indeed, comparatively small. This table naturally says a good deal in favour of Mr. H. A. Bourret, who, for fifteen years, has been in the postal service of this city, and for eleven years, has not ceased to take the greatest interest in the charge which he holds at present, having made his department one of the best organized in the Dominion.

The Government will not be unmindful of it, we are certain, in any promotion that may be open; in the new office, which would, besides, be only recompensing a person who has long been recognized by the public as deserving of a much higher position in this department.—La Minere.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

All communications for insertion in the True Witness, or relating in any way to the news columns, must be addressed to THE EDITOR, True Witness, Montreal, and must be authenticated with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. The Editor reserves to himself the right of expunging from all such communications whatever matter he may consider objectionable, nor will he be in any way responsible for the opinions of Correspondents. Anonymous communications, or those written on both sides of the paper, will be consigned unread to the waste paper basket. If writers attach any value to their manuscripts they should keep copies of them, for in no case can rejected MSS. be returned.

REQUIEM MASS.—This morning a requiem mass in memory of the late Bishop Moran was performed in St. Mary's Cathedral. The celebrant was Bishop O'Brien; High Priest, Vicar-General Farrelly; Deacon, Rev. T. H. Murray; Sub-Deacon, Rev. I. J. McCarthy; Master of Ceremonies, Rev. C. H. Murray; Assistant Master of Ceremonies, Rev. Mr. Donoghue. There were about thirty other priests of the Diocese in the sanctuary. The choir was in full force and sang beautifully.—Kingston Whig, Feb. 16.

REQUIEM MASS.—Yesterday morning a solemn requiem mass was sung for the repose of the soul of the late Vicar-General Macdonnell. His Lordship the Bishop officiated, and the following priests were present—Vicar-General Farrelly, Dr. Chisholm, of Perth; Fathers Davis, Kieley, McWilliams, McCarthy, Murray, Corbett, Twohey, Higgins, Fox, and Gauthier. There was a large congregation present.—Kingston News, 18th inst.

Already the Irishmen of Hamilton are beginning to ensure the due celebration of their national festival. A general committee, consisting of representatives of the St. Patrick's Benevolent Society, Father Mathew's Temperance Society, and the Emerald Benevolent Association, has been appointed and are actively engaged in making all necessary arrangements for a grand union celebration. It promises to be the most noteworthy celebration ever held in that city.

TEMPERANCE.—The Rev. Father Browne gave a very interesting and instructive lecture in the cause of Temperance in the Hall of Catholic Temperance Society, on the evening of the 10th inst., taking for his text the life and labors of the great apostle of Temperance, Father Mathew. The Rev. Lecturer eloquently described the career and scenes through which Father Mathew passed, until death called him from his mission. After the lecture, the Misses Lydon, Miss Carrie Devaney, Miss Cecilia Devaney, Miss A. McCready, and Miss Katie Foley (of Toronto), favored the audience with music and singing. Mr. J. Devaney, and Mr. B. Devaney, also gave a song each, Mr. Lowery reading, and Mr. M. M. Gorgan, recitations. The hall, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion was filled by a very appreciative audience, who were highly pleased with the lecture and entertainment.—Port Hope Times.

BIRTH. KENNEDY.—At Lindsay, on the 15th inst., the wife of Mr. John Kennedy, Merchant, of a son.

MARRIED. McNEIL—GRAY.—On the 9th instant, at the Chapelle Village, in the Parish Church of St. Alphonse de Ligoury, by the Rev. James C. Lynch, P. P., Neil W. McNeil, Esq., son of Michael McNeil, Esq., Deputy Sheriff of the County of Beaufort, to Teresa C., youngest daughter of W. L. Gray, Merchant, Chapeau Village.

McKENZIE—McEACHERN.—At Georgeville, N. S., on the 25th ult., by the Rev. James Fraser, Mr. Ronald MacInnes to Miss Ann McEachern, Lachlan's daughter, both of Cape George.

McKENZIE—CHISHOLM.—At St. Andrews, N. S., on the 25th ult., by the Rev. J. V. McDonnell, Mr. Lachlan McKenzie of Fraser's Grant, to Miss Catherine Chisholm of Manchester Road.

TRAINOR—McCARVILLE.—On Tuesday the 1st inst., by the Rev. P. Doyle, Mr. Francis Trainor, of Somerset, Lot 27, P. E. I. to Miss Mary McCarville, of the same place.

MULLIGAN—SHRENNAN.—On the same day, by the same, Mr. Patrick Mulligan, to Miss Sarah Shrennan, both of Somerset, Lot 27.

LAWLESS—HUGHES.—At St. Mary's Church, Indian River, P. E. I. on Tuesday, 1st February, by the Rev. C. O'Brien, D. U., Mr. Peter Lawless, to Miss Margaret Hughes, both of Brooklyn Lot 25.

CHISHOLM—McISAAC.—At Antigonish, N. S., on the 8th inst., by the Bishop of Arichat, Mr. Roderick Chisholm of Antigonish Harbor to Miss Ann McIsaac, daughter of the late John McIsaac of the Upper South River.

McISAAC—McDONALD.—By the same, on the 5th inst., Mr. John McIsaac to Miss Mary McDonald, both of Doctor's Brook, Gulf Shore.

BOYD—McGILLIVRAY.—At St. Andrews, N. S., on the 8th inst., by the Rev. J. V. McDonnell, Mr. Alexander Boyd, of the Upper South River, to Miss Mary McGillivray, daughter of Mr. Donald McGillivray, formerly of the South River, now of P. E. Island.

CHISHOLM—CHISHOLM.—At Pomquet Fork, N. S., on the 8th inst., by the Rev. J. J. Chisholm, Mr. Duncan Chisholm, Blacksmith, St. Andrews, to Miss Mary Chisholm, of Black River.

CHISHOLM—CHISHOLM.—At Arichat, N. S., on the 3rd inst., by the Rt. Rev. J. Cameron, Mr. Wm. S. Chisholm, of Summerside, Antigonish Co., to Miss Flora Chisholm, of Antigonish Harbour.

DIED. ROWLAND.—In this city, on Sunday, 20th inst., after a short illness, borne with true Christian resignation to the Will of God, and fortified by the last Sacraments of Holy Mother Church, Patrick Rowland, a native of the Parish of Adragoole, Co. Mayo, Ireland, aged 37 years. Of your charity pray for the repose of his soul.—R.I.P.

HURLEY.—At East Hawkesbury, Ont., on the 13th inst., Catherine Hourahan, the beloved wife of Mr. Denis Hurley, in the 80th year of her age, a native of Cork, Ireland, may her soul rest in peace.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

Huntingdon, D. T. M., \$1.50; Winnipeg, C. W. H., 2; Inverness, M. M., 2; Quebec, F. F., 2; Melbourn, J. P., 2; Portsmouth, J. O. M., 2; Upper Wabeno, Rev. P. M., 2; Herford, M. J. W., 1.25; Fallowfield, T. D., 2; Sorel, N. M. G., 2; Shamrock, P. F., 2; Vyner, J. L., 2; Edmonstone, F. H., 1; Merrickville, P. K., 2; Willowgrove, T. W., 4; London, J. M., 4; Charlottetown, Rev. Dr. M., 5; Lake Temiscamingue, Rev. F. P., 2; L'Assomption, H. M., 2; Three Rivers, Mgr. L., 2; Picton, J. F., 2; Huntingdon, J. F., 1.50; Drysdale, B. S., 2; Conn, M. F., 1; Lombardy, M. D., 2; Arisaig, N. S., Rev. W. B. M., 2; Beauharnois, J. H. S., 2; Caldwell, Rev. J. E., 2; Arnprior, H. G., 2; Quebec, Hon. Mr. A., 13.75; Lismore, Co. Waterford, Ireland, Sister M. F., 2; Smith's Falls, P. M. C., 2; Perth, J. M., 2; St. Justine, Rev. H. de B., 2; Fredericton, Rev. F. X. C., 2; Whalen, D. H., 2; Point St. Charles, E. M. C. L., 1; St. Simon, Rev. F. M. F., 2; North Osnow, P. M. C., 2; Marysville, E. P., 2; Morrisburg, H. B., 2; St. John, N. B., J. C., 2; Per J. F., Brantford, Self, 1; Mrs. C. C., 1; Per J. D., Charlottetown, P. E. I.—Self, 2; J. C., 2; P. K., 2; B. M. C., 2; Per J. O. B., Inverness—J. B. R., 1.50; Rev. J. C., 1.50; T. D., 1.50; M. M., 1.50; J. M., 2; Per P. M., Savage's Mill—St. Joachim de Shefford, J. D., 1; Warden, T. C., 2; Per T. D., Marysville—T. H., 2; Per Rev. W. F., St. Thomas—Self, 2; Iona, J. T., 2; Per F. L. E., Kingsbridge—J. S., 1; Lucknow, R. D., 1; Per F. F., Prescott—M. R., 4; Per P. N., Thurso—J. M. C., 1.50; M. D., 1.50; Per P. M. C., Morrisburg—Self, 2; Chesterville, M. M. C., 2; Per J. Q., South Down—J. A. D., 2; Keene, E. D., 2; J. M. N., Kingston—Mrs. M. K., 1.

Greenbacks bought at 1 1/2 dis. American Silver bought at 10 dis.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.—(Gazette)

Table listing various commodities and their prices, including flour, fancy, spring extra, superfine, extra superfine, fine, strong bakers, middlings, U. C. bag flour, city bags, wheat, oatmeal, corn, oats, peas, barley, lard, cheese, pork, beef, mutton, dressed hogs, beef-prime mess, ashes, pears, butter.

TORONTO FARMERS' MARKET.—(Globe)

Table listing various agricultural products and their prices, including wheat, barley, oats, peas, rye, dressed hogs, beef, mutton, butter, eggs, apples, geese, turkeys, cabbage, onions, turnips, potatoes, hay, straw.

THE KINGSTON MARKET.—(British Whig)

Table listing various commodities and their prices, including flour, grain, rye, peas, wheat, fall wheat, meat, mutton, ham, veal, bacon, pork, hicks, calf skins, dekin skins, lambkins, Tallow, poultry, geese, ducks, fowls, potatoes, butter, eggs, cheese, hay, straw, wool.

J. H. SEMPLE, IMPORTER AND WHOLESALE GROCER, 53 ST. PETER STREET, (Corner of Foundling), MONTREAL. May 1st, 1874. 37-52

WANTED.—A MALE TEACHER holding a second or third class certificate of qualification to teach in the Roman Catholic Separate School in Eganville, County Renfrew, Ont., during the remaining part of the present year. Application; Stating Salary, &c., to be made to REV. M. BYRNE, P. P., or JOHN FOLEY, Trustees. 27-3.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

ANNIVERSARY OF LOUIS XVI.—The anniversary of the death of Louis XVI. the usual Requiem was celebrated at the mortuary chapel of the old cemetery of the Madeleine, or Filles l'Evêque, and was attended by representatives of the Comte de Chambord; by the Duc de Nemours, and the Duchess of Saxe Coburg, representing the Orleans family; by an aide-de-camp of the President; by the Ministers de Cissey, de Montaignac, and Wallon; and by many other celebrities.

THE REPUBLICAN SENATORIAL DELEGATES.—There have been two more meetings of the Republican Senatorial delegates for the department of the Seine. At the first of these held on the 22nd, M. Victor Hugo talked in his usual style about his readiness, "in defence of the people and of the right, to go to death if he were condemned to fight, or to exile if he were condemned to survive."—M. Gambetta attempting to bring his hearers down to a more prosaic level by reminding that what they had to do was to examine into the merits of candidates. The next meeting was held on Sunday afternoon in the hall on the Boulevard des Capucines, and here the split between the Moderate and Irreconcilable Republicans became very marked. M. Laboulaye and M. de Pressense urged the necessity of keeping up the policy of conciliation between the different fractions of Republicans, to which policy they owed the legal establishment of the Republic. It was only in this way that they had succeeded in the Assembly, and it was only by the same union of parties that they could hope to succeed in the country. M. Gambetta again tried to limit the discussion to the examination of candidates, but the extreme Radicals broke loose. M. Cantagrel declared that the tactics adopted in the Assembly for the promotion of a majority were out of place in an appeal to the electors. France was above this kind of maneuvering; she had to look after her own interests, and "no Republicanism that Paris could assert would be too strong." A M. Lesage followed in the same sense, and then M. Laboulaye named the candidates on the list of the Moderates or party of Conciliation.—M. Renouard, "who on the 2nd of December drew up a bill of indictment against the man who had broken his oath, a M. Dietz and a M. Monnin." Then somebody tried to read a letter from some outsider, but M. Gambetta strenuously and successfully protested against any mob influence from without, and on his proposal the meeting adjourned with the intention of hearing the candidates the next time, and then drawing up a programme of "conciliation based on principles of Democracy and Republicanism." M. Gambetta is evidently more than ever impressed with the necessity of winning converts to the Republic from all ranks, being perfectly well aware that, if men like M. M. Cantagrel and Lesage had their own way, they would bring back the Empire in six months. If the mass of Frenchmen are once convinced that the Conservative character of the Republic is a sham, we shall soon hear of another plebiscite. As it is, that Conservative character seems likely to be pretty strongly accentuated by the elections. And the principal merit of the present regime being that all hopes are adjourned, the political machine may go on tolerably smoothly so long as Marshal MacMahon is there as a personification of "the provisional." It may be doubted indeed whether a perpetual "provisional," with a right of legal revision at stated periods, would not now be the most likely system to favour the growth in France of a settled Constitution.

SPAIN.

THE CATALAN BISHOPS AND THE ELECTIONS.—The Archbishop of Tarragona and the Bishops of the Province of Catalonia, having been consulted as to the course to be adopted by Catholics at the elections, have issued a declaration that the liberty of worship is condemned by the Syllabus, and that no Catholic can vote for it or join in sending to the Cortes those who are resolved to establish it in Spain.

General Moriones attacked the Carlist lines on Tuesday by Aratzia and Oyarzun, and two letters from Don Carlos, dated on Sunday week, have been published in the *Univers*. In one of these, addressed to the Chaplain General of the Army, Don Carlos directs him to obtain from the chaplains and the parochial clergy prayers for the blessing of Heaven upon his arms "on the eve of sanguinary combat; which may perhaps, prove decisive," and at a moment "when the destinies of the country are about to be decided." The other letter, which is to General Elio, who was confined to a bed of sickness, also speaks of the critical moment which the General's experience had foreseen. Don Carlos assures his veteran soldier that the honour of the flag is safe with him, and that he will carry it triumphantly across Spain in spite of every obstacle. General Elio was not to be discouraged if bad news reached him in his retreat, for "great causes sometimes have to suffer great reverses," and "if it woe a battle we will take ample revenge." A Carlist telegram from Hondaya, received in Paris on Wednesday, announces General Elio's death.

It is officially announced that the Carlists were completely defeated on 13th by Gen. Quesada, in the formidable positions which they held at Elgueta. Don Carlos and his forces fled towards Villa Real and Zumarraga, pursued by Quesada. The latter passed the night at Vergara. Gen. Moriones has occupied the Carlist line of fortifications and entered Stumaya.

The Cortes was opened by the King in person. The King, in addressing the Senators and Deputies from the Throne, said: "The ill-advised Prince who is waging civil war, has been reduced to powerlessness and can obtain no advantages. I shall speedily proceed north to contribute to the restoration of peace. My relations with foreign powers are friendly. Negotiations are being carried on with the United States in a friendly spirit, and they afford reason to hope for a prompt and satisfactory settlement. Representatives of Spain at the Vatican are engaged in regulating pending questions in the manner required by Church and State; my Government will lay before you a statement of the financial condition which has been much impaired. The conclusion of peace, which is fortunately near at hand, can alone enable us to procure the necessary sources of revenue, in order to remedy existing evils. Through your patriotism the budget will be balanced and all public creditors paid as far as may be possible, without neglecting the development of the productive forces of the nation; our honour and rights are threatened and even jeopardized in Cuba whether 32,000 troops has been sent since my accession. The Cuban war has not prevented the emancipation of 76,000 slaves. The speech concludes as follows:—"Inasmuch as the Provinces of Biscay, Alava and the greater part of Navarre have been reduced to obedience; as the Carlists are hemmed in against the Pyrenees, and as the Cuban insurrection daily becomes more feeble, my short but difficult reign, has not been without avail for public good. The efforts of Spain to preserve her place in the world, show what she will accomplish when her strength is no longer wasted in sterile agitations. Heaven grant a speedy recompense for our painful sacrifices."

ITALY.

SALE OF IRISH PROPERTY IN ROME.—The official journals contain advertisements for the sale by auction of the property "belonging to the Irish Fathers of S. Maria in Posterula, subject to conversion according to the law of the 10th of June, 1873."

THE TORLONIA FAMILY.—Don Leopoldo Torlonia,

Duke of Poli, has been nominated Gentleman of Honour to Her Royal Highness Princess Margherita. Don Leopoldo, the eldest son, of the late Don Giulio, is the head of the elder branch of the Torlonia family. Prince Alexander Torlonia, the millionaire, has undertaken the erection of the high altar in the Church of S. Maria della Vittoria, and the expense is estimated at 300,000 lire.

THE RICCI FAMILY.—The daughter of the Marchese Ricci-Peracciani was married this week to Count Vinci. The mother of the bride is an Irish lady of the family of Eustace, of Ballymore-Eustace, the head of which was formerly Viscount Balinglass. The last Viscount was attained in the reign of Elizabeth.

REFUSALS TO SWEAR.—Three of the persons who were summoned as witnesses in the Sonnogno murder case, and who refused to take the oath in the form prescribed by law, have been tried before the Correctional Tribunal of Rome, and were sentenced to imprisonment for the term of six days. These three persons were Filippini, a waiter in a coffee-house; Cataldi, a shopkeeper; and Guglielmi, a shoemaker.

BANKRUPTCIES IN ROME.—It is said that two or three of the leading Roman bankers have suspended payment, and the insolvency of several leading tradesmen is freely spoken of. Rome is becoming too expensive for professional men to live in. Certain American artists of reputation have determined to break up their establishments and seek elsewhere a more convenient home. They find it irksome to be called on to pay taxes on profits which they do not receive. The persons who used to patronise art no longer come to Rome.

THE CARNIVAL.—The programme for the Carnival of 1876 has appeared. There is to be no horse racing in the Corso. During each night of the Carnival dancing-rooms are to be opened near the Piazza Navona, and one ball is to be given, to which all persons may gain admittance without payment. Balls and masked balls are to be held in one or two theatres. The Piazza Navona will be closed to the public, and filled with booths during Carnival. A fee will be charged for entrance. A ball will be given in the Campidoglio. The number of strangers in Rome is much less than usual, and most foreigners will go to Naples for the Carnival.—*London Tablet Correspondence.*

GERMANY.

THE EMPRESS OF GERMANY AND THE PERSECUTED NUNS.—The German Empress, having been recently appealed to for protection by the Sisters of the Poor Child Jesus, at Neuss, whose settlement is threatened with forcible dissolution, has returned a reply to the superior of that Order, which maintains an orphanage at the town mentioned, assuring her of her deepest sympathy and regret. "I have done," continues the Empress, "the only thing that I could do, in transmitting your letter with my warm recommendation to His Majesty the Emperor. As for you, you will ever find the comfort you need in your trust in God."

SCHOOL WORK IN GERMANY.—"He is hammered with arithmetic, pounded with geometry, tortured with algebra, screwed down on the rack of calculus, an intellectual Monkir hauls him up with a two-edged scythe of syntax, while an equivalent Nibir batters him down with a red-hot mace of etymology; he is loaded with living languages and finally discharged with dead ones, shot-short for a quarter of an hour to undergo his arduous 'play' of 'putting' Golb. weights, dragging himself up poles, wriggling up ropes, and dislocating himself on bars; nor is there any remission to the onslaught on his mental and physical constitution until, at eight or nine o'clock he is permitted to retire to rest. Through such a school of Spartan inflexibility does the young Teuton pass before he arrives at an age to act an independent part in the world. Being thus accustomed, as it were, from his earliest childhood, to p. o. acute heavy labors, and to buffet with adversity, as a man he is distinguished by that tenacity of purpose, untiring energy of character, and undaunted force of mind, which have raised the German race to the highest pinnacle of power amongst the modern nations of continental Europe."—*Medical Examiner.*

COMPULSORY MILITARY SERVICE IN BAVARIA.—The *Pfäzler Zeitung* learns that the Bavarian Government has recently given discouraging replies to young theologians in its country who, being of the military age, had applied for information as to their future immunity from service, according to the custom hitherto in force. The Government is reported to have replied that the Minister of War has been stringently admonished from Berlin to discontinue the consideration hitherto exercised in behalf of students of theology and priests, who are to be brought under the conscription the same as other persons. A Capuchin priest is at the next conscription to exchange his cowl for the military tunic, not to mention students of divinity not yet ripe for ordination, who will likewise be made to serve.

TURKEY.

The following official communication is published. The Sultan with the object of ending evils prevailing in Herzegovina and Bosnia and in accordance with the friendly advice of the great powers confirms the provisions of his recent firman and orders the execution of the following special reforms in the insurgent districts.

1st. Complete liberty of worship.
2nd. Reform in system of taxation.
3rd. Sale of waste lands to needy inhabitants with facilities for payment.
Fourth.—Institution of mixed commissions in the capitals of Herzegovina and Bosnia to ensure the prompt execution reform.

Fifth.—Augmentation of sums applied to works of public utility, in a proportion to be fixed by the advice of mixed commissions.

These special reforms are granted for the welfare of those who, having been misled by peridious counsels, desire to return to obedience. For these persons general amnesty is proclaimed.

Haidir Effendi, formerly an ambassador, has been appointed President of the Bosnian Mixed Commission, and the Albanian Vaana Effendi, President of the Commission for Herzegovina. They will assume their posts immediately.

SERVIA AND MONTENEGRO.—Serbia and Montenegro are getting restless, especially the latter State. The Montenegrin Government is said to have declared its inability to restrain the population if provoked by the presence of the Turkish force on the frontier and the war party is gaining strength at Belgrade. There are even rumours of Prince Milan's intention to abdicate, and the Skuptchina is alleged to favour the rival pretender Karagorjevićs.

SWITZERLAND.

THE PERSECUTION AT GENÈVA.—The Abbe Moret, vicar of Chêne, the township close to Geneva, has just been expelled from the territory of the Canton in the most arbitrary manner, owing it is believed to the personal animosity of M. Heridier, the head of the schismatical parochial Council of Chêne, and now a member of the Council of State. The Abbe Moret was summoned by letter to the office of the department of Justice and Police at Geneva, and on his attending the director of the central police read to him a decree of immediate expulsion signed by M. Heridier. The reasons assigned were—first, that he had taken part in "scandalous scenes" which occurred in Chêne in March, 1875; secondly, that he had been condemned in June for infraction of the law prohibiting religious ceremonies in public; thirdly, that he repeated this offence on the 9th inst. and had also taught without authority from the State; and fourthly, that his "attitude and his acts" constituted "a resistance to the execution of the laws" and "a danger for public security." All are equally frivolous. The first charge

refers to a Liberal riot outside the church at Chêne, as to which the legal authorities found at the time that there was no ground for proceeding against M. Moret. The second was grounded on the fact that M. Moret had recited a prayer aloud, which was judged to be "a religious ceremony," the third offence—that of this month—was that he attended a funeral in plain clothes at the request of the parents of the deceased, and that one of the female relatives carried a lighted candle, and a little boy the wooden cross which was to be planted on the grave, both acts being done without M. Moret's knowledge. As to his having given any course of instruction, that is stated to be notoriously false. M. Moret, who is a Frenchman by birth, immediately declared his intention of appealing to the French Consul, but this he was not permitted to do. He was put then and there into a carriage between two policemen and taken across the frontier. And this is a country not only which professes to respect the liberty of the individual and the rights of hospitality, but in which the free exercise of the Catholic religion is solemnly guaranteed by international treaties. In Geneva, as in Bern, it is not good just now to be a Frenchman, unless you happen to be a Communist.

CHIME-BELLS FOR THE CENTENNIAL.—At McShane's bell-foundry, Baltimore, there is being cast a chime of twelve bells, which will probably be completed in about four weeks, to be sent to the Centennial Exposition. The bells will be erected upon a high tower, soon to be constructed especially for their accommodation by the Centennial Commissioners, from whence they will peal forth the national airs of the world. In casting, the closest attention will be given to the operations, and hence plenty of time has been assigned for the work. Their scale, covering a full octave and a third, has been arranged by Professor Widows, of the Metropolitan Church, Washington, D.C.—*American (Balt.)*

EGGS FOR WINTER.—Fresh eggs and plenty of them in winter—what a luxury! And yet every family can have them. But to have them, a few matters must be attended to. The hens must have a comfortable house to stay in on stormy days and cold nights. This house must be kept clean. The hens must be well fed and watered. They must have a variety of food. They should have some scraps of meat, and the waste of the table and some vegetables. Early pullets are better than old hens for laying.

CURING SKINS.—A method of curing skins without removing the hair is given by a correspondent in the *Fanciers Journal*:—"Take soft water about ten gallons, one-half bushel wheat bran, seven pounds of sulphuric acid. Dissolve all together and put the skins in the solution, and allow them to remain twelve hours; take them out and clean them well, and again immerse twelve hours more, or longer, if necessary. The skins may then be taken out, well washed and dried. They can be beaten soft, if desired."

"O had some power the gift to give us,
To see oursel's as others see us."

Behold that pale, emaciated figure, with downcast eye, like some criminal about to meet her fate! See that nervous, distrustful look, as she walks along with a slow and unsteady step. The pink has left her cheeks and the cherry her lips. The once sparkling, dancing eyes are now dull and expressionless. The once warm, dimpled hands are now thin and cold. Her beauty has fled. What has wrought this wondrous change? What is that which is lurking beneath the surface of that once lovely form? Does she realize her terrible condition? Is she aware of the woeful appearance she makes? Woman, from her very nature, is subject to a catalogue of diseases from which man is entirely exempt. Many of these maladies are induced by her own carelessness, or through ignorance of the laws of her being. Again, many Female Diseases, if properly treated, might be arrested in their course, and thereby prove of short duration. They should not be left to an inexperienced physician who does not understand their nature, and is, therefore, incompetent to treat them. The importance of attending to Female Diseases in their earliest stages cannot be too strongly urged. For if neglected, they frequently lead to Consumption, Chronic Debility, and oftentimes to Insanity. In all classes of Female Diseases, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is without a rival. No medicine has ever surpassed it. In "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," of which R. V. Pierce, M.D., of Buffalo, N.Y., is the author and publisher, is an extended treatise on WOMAN AND HER DISEASES. Under this head, the various affections to which woman is incident are carefully considered, accurately portrayed, and a restorative course of treatment suggested. Every woman, as she values her life and health, should possess a copy of this valuable book. If she be diseased, this "Adviser" will show her how she may be restored to health, and also direct her how she may ward off many maladies to which she is constantly being exposed. Let every suffering woman heed this timely advice and see herself as others see her. Price of Adviser, \$1.50 (post paid) to any address.

IS PHOSPHORUS THOUGHT?

The *Medical and Surgical Reporter* publishes the result of the observations of Dr. L. Hodges Wood, wherein that gentleman proves that Phosphates are actually consumed during mental work by the process of thinking. His doctrine would imply the necessity of supplying the material phosphates directly, during the period of great mental toil, be it study, anxiety, the continued contemplation of a single theme, or other labor tending to weary the intellect.

On account of its adaptability, its safety, its quality of being easily administered, and of its causing perfect assimilation of food, and above all of its magnificent toning effect upon the nervous and muscular tissue. Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphates seems destined to supplant not only all other preparations from Phosphorus, but every other tonic, and obtain general use.

We have from the DINGEE & CONARD CO., ROSS-GROWERS, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa., their *New Guide to Rose Culture*, with a catalogue of over 300 elegant varieties, from which they allow purchasers to make their own selections. They are the largest Rose-Growers in America, and send roses by mail to all post-offices in the states and territories, guaranteeing their safe arrival. This company is widely known as one of the most reliable in the country.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—Many have been happy to give their testimony in favor of the use of "Wibor's Pure Cod Liver Oil and Lime." Experience has proved it to be a valuable remedy for Consumption, Asthma, Diphtheria and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Manufactured only by A. R. Wibor, Chemist, Boston. Sold by druggists generally.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE LAST LECTURE DELIVERED BY THE LATE FATHER MURPHY, GRATTAN and the Volunteers of '82, (With a Portrait of the lamented deceased). Price, 10 cents.

For Sale at True Witness Office; D. & J. Sadlier, 275 Notre Dame Street; J. T. Henderson's, 187 St. Peter street, and at Battle Bros., 21 Blary street, Montreal.

EP'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.* Made simply with Boiling Water or Milk.—Sold only in Packets labelled—"JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemist, 48, Threadneedle Street, and 170, Piccadilly; Works, Euston Road and Camden Town, London."

THE MARTYRS OF THE COLISEUM.

By Rev. A. J. O'Reilly, Miss. Ap.

Sixth Edition.—Considerably Enlarged by the Author

THIS WORK has been blessed by his Holiness Pius IX., by letter of 4th March 1874. It is the first and only authentic work on this subject; it has been translated into several languages, has been read publicly in the religious houses at Rome, and is thus spoken of by both Protestant and Catholic Reviews:—

"We do not believe we can recommend to our readers, a more useful, instructive, and entertaining book. The narrative abounds with incidents so picturesque, surprising and delightful, as to equal the richest fancy of the novelist."—*Civiltà Cattolica.*

"We may say without exaggeration, that in interest and value it surpasses *Fabiola*."—*London Tablet.*

"The first really authentic Christian account of the scenes in the Coliseum. The work is evidently the result of most careful study."—*Catholic Opinion.*

Father O'Reilly has given us a collection of narratives as fascinating as they are truthful, and far more thrilling in their intensely interesting incidents than the most sensational of the trash that is so widely, but still so surely, corrupting our modern life. The volume is creditable to his research, and is equally creditable to his scholarship; and we again express our delight that so beautiful and so novel a book should be the work of a young Irish Missionary.—*Freeman's Journal.*

"A well executed work and may well stand side by side with *Fabiola*."—*Literary Churchman.*

"Few books are more likely to enchain the interest of children than this. It is a beautiful record of the triumphs of Christianity."—*Church Review.*

"Fr. O'Reilly deserves the thanks of Catholics for this contribution towards the history of the Coliseum, which is carefully compiled, well printed, and told in an interesting and attractive style."—*Westminster Gazette.*

"The Rev. Mr. O'Reilly's 'Martyrs of the Coliseum,' is one of those books which, when they appear, fill us with wonder why they were not written before. The writer has done his task very well, taking old Acts as his guides and authorities."—*Month.*

"The gracefully written series of biographies."—*Weekly Register.*

For Sale at this Office, Price 75 cents. A Very liberal discount to the Trade.

McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY

Manufacture those celebrated Bells for Churches, Academies, &c. Price List and Circulars sent free. HENRY McSHANE & CO, BALTIMORE, Md. Aug. 27, 1875]

WILLIAM H. HODSON, ARCHITECT,

No. 58 & 61 St. BONAVENTURE STREET, MONTREAL.

Plans of Buildings prepared and Superintendence at Moderate Charges.

Measurements and Valuations Promptly Attended to

J. A. LYNCH,

FROM NEW YORK CITY,

Manager and Cutter of the Tailoring Department at BROWN & CLAGGETT'S,

RECOLLET HOUSE, MONTREAL.

Finest Scotch and English Goods to select from. Fit guaranteed. Orders executed at short notice. Prices moderate, and best work given. [22

CENTRAL MARBLE WORKS,

61 ST. ALEXANDER STREET.

MICHAEL J. O'BRIEN,

SCULPTOR.

MONUMENTS, MANTEL-PIECES,

IN LARGE VARIETY, ALWAYS ON HAND

August 6, 1875. 51-52

PRAYER BOOKS.

The Subscribers have just received from DUBLIN a fine assortment of PRAYER BOOKS, with a large variety of bindings, and at the very lowest prices—say from 10cts to \$8. Always on hand ROSARIES, FONTS, MEDALS, LACE PICTURES, MEDAILLONS, CRUCIFIXES, &c., &c.

Please call and judge for yourselves.

FABRE & GRAVEL,

219 Notre Dame Street.

Jan. 14th, 1876. 22-3-m.

JOHN CROWE,

BLACK AND WHITE SMITH,

LOCKSMITH,

BELL-HANGER, SAFE-MAKER

AND

GENERAL JOBBER

Has Removed from 37 Bonaventure Street, to ST. GEORGE, First Door off Craig Street.

Montreal.

ALL ORDERS CAREFULLY AND PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO

THE MENEELY BELL FOUNDRY,

[ESTABLISHED IN 1826.]

THE Subscribers manufacture and have constantly for sale at their old established Foundry, their Superior Bells for Churches, Academies, Factories, Steamboats, Locomotives, Plantations, &c., mounted in the most approved and substantial manner with their new Patented Yoke and other Improved Mountings, and warranted in every particular. For information in regard to Keys, Dimensions, Mountings, Warranted, &c., send for a Circular Address

MENEELY & CO., West Troy, N. Y.

FOR SALE, an EXCELLENT FARM, known as MOUNT ST. COLUMBA FARM, West Williams, North Middlesex, Ontario, containing 130 acres, all enclosed, of which 110 are well cleared, and in a high state of cultivation, and 20 acres of woodland well timbered, plenty of good water, first class frame buildings, stone wall cellars under dwelling house, large bearing orchard, and well fenced all around, within a quarter of a mile of the Catholic Parish Church and Separate School; four and a half miles from Park Hill Station on G. T. R. Road; thirteen miles from Strathroy, and twenty-eight miles from London; good gravel roads to and from it. Apply (if by letter, post paid) to the Proprietor on the premises, L. O. McINTYRE, Bornish P.O., North Middlesex Ont. 1

FARM

FOR SALE—VALUABLE—Adjoining TOWN of LINDSAY—200 acres—Can be made into two farms—130 acres cleared—in a high state of cultivation—good barn—stable—sheds—terms to suit purchasers.—This farm is within five minutes walk of market, Separate School, and Convent. Address Box 235, Lindsay, Ont. 23.

COSTELLO BROTHERS,

GROCERIES and LIQUORS, WHOLESALE, (Nun's Buildings),

49 St. Peter Street, Montreal,

Jan. 15, 1875.

PHARMACIE,

PLACE D'ARMES,

JAMES HAWKES.

Pharmaceutical Chemist by Examination.

Plate of Messrs. Allan & Hanbury's, London and Dr. Miall's, Paris.

Begs to assure those who intrust him with the dispensing of physicians' prescriptions or family recipes, that the greatest care and attention are bestowed, and the most scrupulous accuracy observed. None but pure drugs and chemicals will be used or sold.

All the leading proprietary and patent medicines in stock. A large assortment of Hair, Tooth, Nail and Shaving Brushes. A quantity of French and English Perfumery and toilet requisites for sale cheap at

Place d'Armes Drug Store,

JAMES HAWKES,

27-3m. Proprietor.



Marcy's Scepticon and Lantern Slides.

New and brilliant effects. Circulars free.

Special OFFER to SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

L. J. MARCY, 1340 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

D. BARRY, B. C. L.,

ADVOCATE,

12 ST. JAMES STREET MONTREAL.

P. N. LECLAIR,

(Late of Alexandria),

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, AND OBSTETRICIAN,

252 GUY STREET.

CONSULTATION HOURS—8 to 10 A.M.; 12 to 2 P.M.—[

JOHN HATCHETTE & CO.,

LATE MOORE, SEMPLE HATCHETTE,

(SUCCESSORS TO FITZPATRICK & MOORE),

IMPORTERS AND GENERAL WHOLESALE

GROCERS,

WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS,

54 & 56 COLLEGE STREET,

MAY 1, '74] MONTREAL. [37-52

ST. GABRIEL ISLAND SAW AND PLANING

MILLS, SASH, DOOR AND BOX FACTORY,

ST. GABRIEL LOCKS, MONTREAL,

McGAUVAN & TUCKER, PROPRIETORS,

(Late J. W. McGauvan & Co.)

Manufacturers of Sawm Lumber, Dressed Flooring,

Doors, Sashes, Blinds, Mouldings, and every description

of house finish. A large and well assorted

stock of Sawm Lumber of the various grades thickness

and kinds, constantly on hand, and for sale on

liberal terms. Orders addressed to the Mills or Box

371 promptly executed. [1v—Aug. 23, 1874

10 DECALOMANIE

or TRANSFER PICTURES, with book of 24 pp., giving full instructions in this new and beautiful art, sent post-paid for 10 cts. Black, Blue, Green, Red, Yellow, Orange, Purple, etc. They can be easily transferred to

ST. SAXBY, OF SKELLINGTHORPE.

There was a queer, odd kind of character, who lived in the village of Skellingthorpe; he had no...

Saint Saxby, of Skellingthorpe, was christened Saint, without any addition to his surname; for his father, although he resolved that he should be called after the name of some saint, yet when he came to run his eye over the calendar, the great variety he had to pick and choose from caused him to waver in his decision; so one day whilst he was out, his wife went to church with the godmother and they named the baby Saint Saxby, at a venture, although the worthy woman would fain have added Smith, after a distant relation, had not the parson said it would sound oddly after Saint!

Saint Saxby had built the house in which he dwelt; it was his own freehold; the spot of ground he selected was at the very entrance of the village, and at a point where three roads met, so that no one could either come or go without passing by his dwelling. Here, when he was not gossiping in the village, he sat watching the passengers, and who and what was there he did not know? If he was not certain as to what persons had been, he gave to them

"A local habitation and a name" if he knew not where they were going, he set down in his own mind where they should go; if he doubted what they were doing, he imagined what they would, ought, or might do; and as to the future! why there could not be much harm in prophesying and guessing at that!

Let us bring him before our readers in the parlor of the Blue Lion, brimful of what he had seen after a long look out.

"Fine day, neighbor!—saw Mrs. Hawkesley pass to-day with a large bundle—wonder what it was—she seemed to carry it very carefully. Bill Somers was waiting at the corner of the roads to-day—after no good, I wager. Farmer Fletcher stood chatting to Nicholson's wife for above twelve minutes—it don't look well, you know. What's that down-don't look fellow's name, who lives in the back lane looking fellow's name, who lives in the back lane there?—saw him looking hard at Butcher Cave's sheep; hadn't forgot that he missed two or three last winter—thief! no, but he looks much more like a thief than a thrasher! I only name what I see—reports? hate reports. Wonder whose cart it was that went by in the night? good deal like Ash-culiv's—got up to look—fancied they were either lambs or calves; it seems very strange, and at night, too? Don't wish to alarm anybody—but saw marks on Snell's shutters as I passed by; looked as if some housebreaker had been trying to get in—bolt? stuff—lone with a lever; heard a noise no doubt, and got off—mine? often—cased with iron; not a week passes but what they try mine. And who do you think Beckles is after all?—only heard the other day, why his father was a tinker, and his mother kept a mangle before she was married!—fact! had it from one who knew them both well—independent! ask how many years it is ago since he was fined for short weights!—have me before the magistrate? what for?—want to know my authority? trust me for that!—have a dislike to him?—not at all, only tell the truth—meddling!—can't a man talk but what it must be meddling!"

Our readers may imagine how Saint Saxby's house would be besieged on the following day, by those who came to know if he had said so, and what he meant by it—bringing also with them as a return, a good share of unmistakable abuse. The culprit either lay perdu or got out of the way; and Mrs. Saxby, although she admitted all to be true, consoled them with the assurance that "he had no harm in him! that he talked for talking's sake—had no meaning in what he said.—For her own part, what he said went in one ear and out the other. It was a way he had, and words broke no bones. Nobody who knew him believed him, and as to strangers, what did it matter? and this was the greatest comfort after all."

And so the unscrupulous old wretch went on battering, defacing, and taking away characters, which his poor wife vainly endeavored to repair and replace, by these and such like specious and comfortable assertions.

Saint Saxby, however, did not always escape punishment in the pursuit of his laudable enquiries into his neighbor's business. He had once followed a load of corn in the night, for a mile or two, and got horsewhipped by the waggoner, who was conveying it to the neighboring market, for his pains. He sneaked after a butcher, a few weeks after, to see which road he went with his sheep—fell into a ditch, and was left to scramble out of the mud as best he could. Nothing daunted, he next dodged an honest gardener with his load, for which he was rewarded with the loss of his coat tails and a severe rebuke from the gardener's dog. And when his neighbors laughed at him for his pains, he consoled himself with the thought that they were ungrateful, and declared that he had no other motive for his interference than to prevent their being robbed!

But the most important event in Saint Saxby's life, was the witnessing with his own eyes the perpetration of a dreadful murder!

It was late on a still night, when he saw two men turn down a narrow solitary lane, the end of which came out at some distance into the open high road. The Saint knew by their very manner that they meditated some terrible deed, so plucking up a heart, which at the best of times was none of the bravest, he stole across the fields, and skulking along under the cover of the hedges, he was enabled to keep pace with them without being perceived until they reached the end of the lane nearest the high road, when to his great horror, he heard one of the men say, in an audible whisper:

"We had better dig his grave first, here in the ditch; it will be a long while before it is discovered. He will not be here yet this half hour."

Saint Saxby's knees trembled beneath him, and he sank down behind the hedge, unable to move, and covered from head to foot with a cold perspiration.

"I thing about six feet will do for him," said one of the men; and they proceeded to dig in turns; when one was weary the other took up the spade. He heard it crush through the gravel, and out through the damp clay, and his heart sank within him at every stroke, as he thought how soon that cold ball would contain the remains of a murdered man!

And now he began to recall many of his own sins; he regretted the number of lies he had told, the many fair names he had slandered; and the old rascal tried to pray, but could not; for he was afraid lest one of his intended murderers should jump over some gap in the hedge, and bury him deep in the grave they were then digging; so he resolved he would pray when he got home, and never for the remainder of his life speak ill of any one—if he could help it. Then his heart misgave him, and he attempted to get up and run away, but had not the power.

By this time the moon had risen, and he was enabled to distinguish, through an opening in the leafless hedge, the countenances of the men who meditated the murder.

Horror of horrors! there could be no mistaking them! they were his own neighbors! the butcher, the joiner of the village! As he beheld them, all his thoughts of prayer vanished—as he said to himself—

"You villains! I shall see you both hanged! I knew it would come to you at last, for all the bad turns you have done me, at one time and another. Thank heaven, you are going to commit murder at last! and a great blessing and comfort it'll be to me to appear as a witness against you! They will not laugh at me this time. Oh dear! dear! I hear some one coming! I hear some one coming! how dreadful! I should die if I were to see them do it!"

The frightened wretch threw himself flat, his whole length, beneath the hedge, with his face to the ground, for the footsteps of the doomed man drew nearer and nearer.

Then he heard heavy blows struck, as if upon a soft dead substance—a few groans—and all was over, for the spade was soon again at its busy work; and by such time as the groan was completed, he had reached his own home in safety.

He had never run so fast but once in his life, and that was when the old women in the village of Skellingthorpe had pelted him with rotten eggs. Saint Saxby jumped into bed without undressing, covered over head and ears with the blankets and it was only by bites that his wife was enabled to draw from him an account of what he had witnessed. Towards morning he slept, and he soon after daylight arose, feeling himself the most important personage that had ever set foot in the village street of Skellingthorpe! He began at the beginning by causing the butcher and the joiner to be apprehended; and a willing guard was placed over them in the parlor of the Blue Lion. Sudden transition! They were prisoners in the very spot where they had held so many merry makings; and even their own cronies stood sentry over them—one mounting guard with the tongs, another with the poker, a third with the freshovel, a fourth with the long broom.

The culprits hung down their heads, with a guilty look; nevertheless they filled their pipes and smoked them—called for a quart of ale in a feeble voice, drank it up, and had another and another!

The news quickly spread, and a crowd soon assembled outside the inn door, for no one was permitted to enter the room where the prisoners were confined. They indemnified themselves, however, by peeping through the windows at the queer group it contained. Some jeered—some groaned, and dolefully shook their heads—some cried, "who would have thought it!" whilst others laughed outright, as they were always wont to do where Saint Saxby was concerned.

BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING ROSES

Strong Poi Roses, suitable for immediate flowering, sent safely by mail, postpaid. Five splendid varieties, all labeled, \$1.00, 12 do. \$2.00, 19 do. \$3.00, 26 do. \$4.00, 35 do. \$5.00. For 10 cents each, additional, one Magnificent Premium Rose to every dollar's worth ordered. Send for our new GUIDE TO ROSE CULTURE, and choose from over 300 finest sorts. We are the largest Rose-Growers in America, and the only ones allowing purchasers to make their own selections. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., Rose Growers, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

CONVENT OF THE SISTERS OF THE CONGREGATION OF NOTRE DAME, WILLIAMSTOWN, (near Lancaster), Ontario.

The System of education embraces the English and French languages, Music, Drawing, Painting and every kind of useful and ornamental Needle-Work. Scholastic year, ten months, (payable quarterly, in advance.)

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Board and Tuition in French and English (\$6.00), Music and Use of Instrument (\$2.00), Drawing and Painting (1.00), Bed and Bedding (1.00), Washing, &c (1.00), Entrance Fee (3.00).

No deduction made, when the Pupils are withdrawn before the expiration of the term except in case of sickness. Parents wishing their children to be furnished with materials for Drawing and Fancy work, should deposit funds for that purpose in the hands of the Superiores of the Convent.

No Pupil will be admitted without a recommendation. Uniform: Black and Plain. Board during the two months vacation, if spend at the Convent \$10.00. The Scholastic year commences in September and closes at the end of June.

BEST VALUE IN WORKMEN'S STRONG SILVER LEVER WATCHES IN MONTREAL, (Warranted Correct Timekeepers.)

AT WILLIAM MURRAY'S, 66 ST. JOSEPH STREET. June 11, 1875

JOHN BURNS, 675 CRAIG STREET

At length the magistrate, arrived, summoned the informer before him, heard all he had to say, and then bid him lead the way to where the murder had been committed. Our hero strode proudly along, only replying to the various taunting remarks with which he was assailed on all sides, by a contemptuous silence. The constable who accompanied the magistrate most uncharitably observed to the neighbor walking by his side, that "he didn't think the coward had courage enough to commit a murder himself; but if some poor fellow had been found dead by the roadside, he shouldn't at all wonder if Saint Saxby had buried him there, that he might obtain credit for the discovery!"

The procession, which had been now joined by half the inhabitants of the village, reached the end of the lane—a halt was made—the exact spot carefully pointed out by St. Saxby—and two labourers were soon busily employed in uncovering the grave. Breathless was the silence that ensued, and even the scoffers themselves were startled when actually a large sack was gradually laid bare before their sight! Six men at once jumped into the ditch to render their assistance in lifting the body from its hiding place—but it proved that one man only was needed for the task: he laid hold of one end of the sack, and with his single arm flung it on the bank. Through one or two holes from which the contents protruded, it was clear to all as the sun at noonday that they had disinterred a Bag of Shavings!

Fifty hands in an instant were occupied in rifling the sack; and before the informer had time to speak or escape, he was first rolled in the mud, and then amongst the shavings, which stuck to him as if they were glued on, and as he ran off, they streamed out like ribbons! The children ran after him and hooted—every cur in the village was out barking—and he was met by the horrid murderers themselves and their gofers, at the end of the lane, who joined in the loud whoop and halloo.

This was worst of all—he could not endure it—he tried to stop up his ears with his fingers, but all was in vain. The butcher was on one side of him the joiner on the other, each with their interrogations:—

"Were they to be gibbeted on the spot? Would he not come to see them executed?" Never before did any one swear like Saint Saxby; all the oaths in a "Tiastram Shandy" were but jokes compared to what he launched out. He offered to fight, they only laughed the louder; he talked about the law, and they roared outright; he took up stones, and they retailed with mud; they tantalized him with the great reward he would receive for his discovery, the promotion he would be sure to obtain. He showed his teeth, as if he would fain have bitten his tormentors; and right thankful was he to reach his home with sound bones!

Never before had such shouting and buzzing, mingled with peals of loud laughter, rung through the village of Skellingthorpe! It seemed, as the landlord of the Blue Lion said, "as if the devil hissen had broken loose!"

Even Mrs. Saxby, who had been peace-maker a thousand times, was compelled to keep within doors; and, worst of all, papers were printed and cried about the neighborhood, containing the "Wonderful Discovery and Full Particulars of the late Horrid Murder, Committed on the Body of a Sack of Shavings, with a Copy of Verses, written by Saint Saxby, of Skellingthorpe;" and many a random shot of rustic wit was showered around on this occasion.

After that memorable day, Saint Saxby was never again seen in the village. His wife, who was much respected, staid behind, and disposed of their little freehold to Farmer Fletcher; but in what quarter of the world they afterwards resided, we have not hitherto been able to learn. Rumour indeed does say that he assisted in the management of a small country paper in the next county, and the publisher was served with three notices of trials for libels within a month, which is not at all unlikely if our friend was once entrusted to pen a paragraph!

Still there is not half the fun going on in Skellingthorpe as in Saint Saxby's days. His very abuse served to amuse many, and discoveries which he was ever making were generally fraught with matter of merriment; and though a few, who merited the abuse he was wont to shower upon them, were almost ready to dance with joy, yet there were others who sorely mourned the loss of Saint Saxby in Skellingthorpe.

THE LORETTO CONVENT. Of Lindsay, Ontario, IS ADMIRER TO BE THE FINEST IN CANADA.

The Sanitary arrangements are being copied into the New Normal School at Ottawa, the Provincial Architects having preferred them to those adopted in any Educational Institutions in the United States or elsewhere.

Charges, only one hundred dollars a year—including French. Address, LADY SUPERIOR, Lindsay, Ont., Canada.

GRAY'S CASTOR-FLUID, A most pleasant and agreeable Hair-Dressing—cooling, stimulating and cleansing.

Promotes the growth of the Hair, keeps the roots in a healthy condition, prevents dandruff, and leaves the Hair soft and glossy. Price 25c per bottle. For sale at all Druggists. HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist, 144 St. Lawrence Main Street (Established 1859)

AGENTS FOR THE GRAND NEW BOOK. PRESENT CONFLICT OF SCIENCE WITH RELIGION, or, MODERN SKEPTICISM MET ON ITS OWN GROUND.

The grandest theme and most vital question of the day. By the author of "SCIENCE AND THE BIBLE."—Every man, woman, and child wants to read it. It gives the Christian a reason for his Faith, proves the wonderful discoveries of Science in harmony with God's Word, disproves the Tyndall assertions, and destroys the Darwin Theory. It sells beyond all expectation. First agent sold 33, second 17, third 25, first week. First agent 31 second week. Everybody buys it. Avoid the sensational trash advertised by other publishers, and secure territory for this book, that sells because the people need and want it. Send for circular and terms to agents. P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., 518 ARCH ST. Philadelphia, Pa. 21-9

TEETH! MCGOWAN'S DENTIFRICE.

To my Patients and the Public: In transferring the entire manufacture of my "DENTIFRICE" to Mr. B. E. McGALE, Chemist, of this city, I may add that I have used the above in my practice for the past twenty-four years, and conscientiously recommend it as a safe, reliable and efficient cleanser of the Teeth, and a preparation well calculated to arrest decay and render the Gums firm and healthy. It is perfectly free from artificial coloring matter, acids, or other substances deleterious to the Teeth or Gums.

W. B. MCGOWAN, L.D.S. The above is prepared under my direct supervision with the greatest care and accuracy, and strictly according to the original recipe of Dr. W. B. McGowan, Surgeon Dentist, of this city.

B. E. McGALE, Chemist, Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer, 301 St. Joseph Street, Montreal.

CHEAPEST AND BEST CLOTHING STORE IN MONTREAL

P. E. BROWN'S No. 9, CHABOILLETZ SQUARE

Persons from the Country and other Provinces will find this the MOST ECONOMICAL AND SAFEST PLACE to buy Clothing, as goods are marked at the VERY LOWEST FIGURE.

ONLY ONE PRICE ASKED Don't forget the place: BROWN'S, No. 9, CHABOILLETZ SQUARE, opposite the Crossing of the City Cars, and near the G. T. R. Depot

Montreal, Jan. 1st, 1876.

LAWLOR'S CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES.

J. D. LAWLOR, MANUFACTURER OF FIRST CLASS SEWING MACHINES, BOTH FOR FAMILY AND MANUFACTURING PURPOSES. FACTORY 48 and 50 NAZARETH Street.

HEAD OFFICE: 365 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

BRANCH OFFICES: QUEBEC—22 St. JOHN STREET. TORONTO—77 KING STREET. St. JOHN, N. B.—33 KING STREET. HALIFAX N. S.—119 BARBINGTON STREET

SCOTTISH COMMERCIAL Insurance Co FIRE & LIFE

CAPITAL, - \$10,000,000. Province of Quebec Branch, 144 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL

Directors: SIR FRANCOIS HINCKES, C.B., K.O.M.G. A. FREDERICK GAULT, Esq. EDWARD MURPHY, Esq. CHARLES S. BROWN, Jr., Esq. ROBERT DALGLISH, Esq.

Commercial Risks, Dwelling and Farm Property taken at current rates. THOMAS CRAIG, Res. Sec.

Montreal Feb. 28 1876.

HEARSE! HEARSE!!

MICHAEL FERON, No. 23 St. ANTOINE STREET. BEGS to inform the public that he has procured several new, elegant, and handsomely finished HEARSEs, which he offers to the use of the public at very moderate charges. M. Feron will do his best to give satisfaction to the public. Montreal, March, 1876.

GO TO HELLANS BOOT STORE, 242 ST. JOSEPH STREET, MONTREAL.

Be Off Your Shoulders! GO TO HELLANS BOOT STORE, 242 ST. JOSEPH STREET, and get a pair for yourself for almost nothing!!! Pick them up quick!

THE LORRETT CONVENT.

Of Lindsay, Ontario, IS ADMIRER TO BE THE FINEST IN CANADA.

The Sanitary arrangements are being copied into the New Normal School at Ottawa, the Provincial Architects having preferred them to those adopted in any Educational Institutions in the United States or elsewhere.

Charges, only one hundred dollars a year—including French. Address, LADY SUPERIOR, Lindsay, Ont., Canada.

THE LORRETT CONVENT.

Of Lindsay, Ontario, IS ADMIRER TO BE THE FINEST IN CANADA.

The Sanitary arrangements are being copied into the New Normal School at Ottawa, the Provincial Architects having preferred them to those adopted in any Educational Institutions in the United States or elsewhere.

Charges, only one hundred dollars a year—including French. Address, LADY SUPERIOR, Lindsay, Ont., Canada.

T. J. DOHERTY, B.C.L. ADVOCATE, &c., &c., No. 50 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. [Feb.]

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF LIVERPOOL. FIRE AND LIFE.

Capital.....\$10,000,000 Funds Invested..... 12,000,000 Annual Income..... 5,000,000

LIABILITY OF SHAREHOLDERS UNLIMITED, FIRE DEPARTMENT. All classes of Risks Insured at favorable rates. LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Security should be the primary consideration, which is afforded by the large accumulated funds and the unlimited liability of Shareholders. Accounts kept distinct from those of Fire Department. W. E. SCOTT, M.D., Medical Referee. H. L. ROUTH, W. TATLEY, Chief Agents. H. J. MUDGE, Inspector. For the convenience of the Mercantile community, recent London and Liverpool Directories can be seen at this office. Montreal 1st Ma 1876

CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal, INSOLVENT ACT of 1869

In re NISTE VIGEO, Insolvent, and LOUIS JOS. LAJOIE, Assignee.

The undersigned will make application for his Discharge on the Seventeenth day of March next, according to the said Act.

NISTE VIGEO, By PREFONTAINE & POUTRE, His Attorneys ad litem. Montreal, 22nd January, 1876. 26-5

CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal, INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of MISTRESS SCHOLASTIQUE DESMARAIS, of the City of Montreal, public Trader, wife duly separated as to property of FRANCOIS XAVIER LEDOUX, carriage-maker, of the same place, and especially authorized by her said husband, An Insolvent.

The undersigned has filed in the office of this court a deed of composition and discharge executed by her creditors, and on Monday, the sixth day of March next, she will apply to the said Court for the confirmation of the discharge thereby effected.

SCHOLASTIQUE DESMARAIS, Per TRUDEL, TAILLON & VANASSE, Her Attorneys ad litem. Montreal, 31st January, 1876. 25-4

CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal, SUPERIOR COURT.

DAME MARIE LOUISE AUBERTIN, of the parish of "La Pointe aux Trembles," in the District of Montreal, wife of DIDACE BEAUDRY, of the same place, former, duly authorized to enter en justice Plaintiff;

The said DIDACE BEAUDRY, Defendant.

An action for separation as to property has been instituted in this cause the nineteenth day of January, instant.

LACOSTE & DRUMMOND, Attorneys for Plaintiff. Montreal, 19th January, 1876. 21-5

CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal, SUPERIOR COURT.

DAME ODILE DEPOCCA, of the city and District of Montreal, wife of PHILIAS PELLETIER, trader, of the same place, duly authorized a ester en justice, Plaintiff;

The said PHILIAS PELLETIER, Defendant.

An action in separation as to property has been issued in this cause. PREFONTAINE & POUTRE, Attorneys for Plaintiff. Montreal, 22nd January, 1876. 24-5

CHOICE PERIODICALS for 1876 THE LEONARD SCOTT PUBLISHING CO., 41 Barclay Street, New York.

Continue their authorized Reprints of the FOUR LEADING QUARTERLY REVIEWS: EDINBURGH REVIEW (Whig), LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW (Conservative), WESTMINSTER REVIEW (Liberal), BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW (Evangelical), Containing masterly criticisms and summaries of all that is fresh and valuable in Literature, Science, and Art; and BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, The most powerful monthly in the English Language, famous for STORIES, ESSAYS, and SKETCHES, Of the Highest Literary Merit.

These Periodicals are the medium through which the greatest minds, not only of Great Britain and Ireland, but also of Continental Europe, are constantly brought into more or less intimate communication with the world of readers. History, Biography, Science, Philosophy, Art, Religion, the great political questions of the past and of to-day are treated in their pages as the learned alone can treat them. No one who would keep pace with the times can afford to do without these periodicals. Of all the Monthlies Blackwood holds the foremost place.

TERMS (Including Postage): Payable Strictly in Advance.

For any one Review.....\$4 00 per annum; For any two Reviews..... 7 00 " " For any three Reviews..... 10 00 " " For all four Reviews..... 12 00 " " For Blackwood's Magazine..... 4 00 " " For Blackwood and one Review.. 7 00 " " For Blackwood and two Reviews.. 10 00 " " For Blackwood and 3 Reviews... 13 00 " " For Blackwood and the 4 Reviews. 16 00 " "

A discount of twenty per cent will be allowed to clubs of four or more persons: Thus, four copies of Blackwood or of one Review will be sent to one address for \$12.80; four copies of the four Reviews and Blackwood for \$48, and so on.

Circulars with further particulars may be had on application. THE LEONARD SCOTT PUBLISHING CO., 41 BARCLAY STREET, NEW YORK.

