

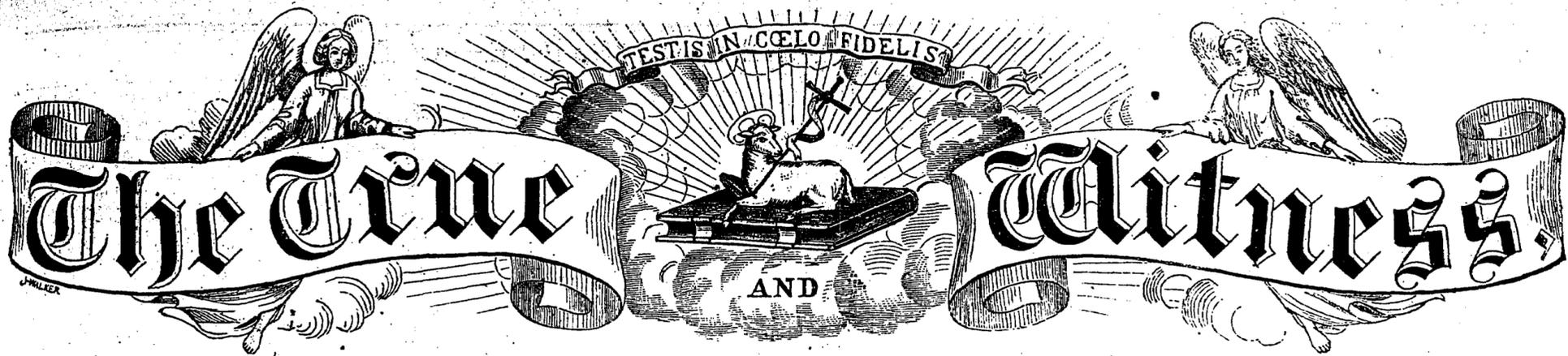
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXIII.

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NO. 10.

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FATHER BURKE'S LECTURE

"St. Laurence O'Toole, the Last Canonized Saint of Ireland."

(From the N. Y. Irish American.)

The following lecture was delivered by the Rev. Father Burke, in the Brooklyn Academy of Music:

My friends, — Coming over to Brooklyn this evening, I confess I did not expect to find so large a house as this which I have now the honor of addressing. I thought to myself that, perhaps, the subject might not be sufficiently interesting to many amongst you; for in this nineteenth century of ours, saints are rather out of fashion, and people don't take much interest in them. But your presence here, in such numbers, this evening, cheers me, and gives me another argument, if such were necessary, to be proud of my fellow-countrymen and countrywomen, who find, amidst the varied attractions of these two great cities in which they live, nothing more attractive to bring them together than the record of a saint of the Catholic Church—as true a saint and as true a patriot as ever the Island of Saints and of martyrs produced (applause).

I have had, before now, the honor to address you in this hall; but never, either here or elsewhere, have I been furnished with a nobler theme than that upon which I propose to speak to you this evening. It comes home, my friends, to your hearts and to mine; for there are two blessings for which we all thank God. The first of these is the blessing of that Catholic faith in which we live and which we enjoy; and the second is the blessing of that Irish blood which flows in our veins and throbs around our hearts (applause). When, therefore, I mention to you the name of Lawrence O'Toole, the last canonized saint of Ireland's children, I name one of the grandest figures that rises up registered upon the annals of the Catholic Church, and one of the grandest figures that passes before the historian's eye when he contemplates the great men and the great glories that make up the history of Ireland (applause). Interesting to you as Catholics, I shall endeavor to describe the saint; interesting to you as Irishmen, I shall endeavor to describe the patriot; and I shall invite you to reflect upon the great lesson that this man's name and history teaches us, namely, that the highest sanctity, upon which the Catholic Church sets the crown of her canonization, is compatible with the purest and strongest love of fatherland; and that the Catholic Church never refuses to crown the patriot in the saint, and the saint in the patriot (applause). The subject will, necessarily, oblige me to touch upon the most lamentable and dolorous part of our history. The historical muse, in tracing the record of other nations, writes with a pen dipped in characters of gold; the historical muse in writing the history of Ireland, dips her pen in tears and in blood.

Lawrence O'Toole lived in the day that witnessed his country's downfall; and he went down to his grave a young man,—only forty-five years of age. The physicians could not tell what was the malady that terminated that

glorious life; but his Irish attendants, who surrounded his death bed, in a foreign land, said to each other that he died of a broken heart. In his veins flowed the blood of Ireland's royalty. It may be new to some of you,—to many amongst you, I am sure, it is no novelty,—to tell you that the ancient form of government in Ireland subdivided the Island into four distinct kingdoms, and that the ancient Brethnael, or Celtic Constitution, recognized one supreme monarch, elected at stated periods to govern all. These kingdoms were Ulster, Leinster, Connaught, and Munster, and although each province was governed by its own chief or ruler, the king,—still under these again there were several independent chiefs, or petty sovereigns, who governed the powerful clans into which the nation was divided. The beautiful mountains and glens of Wicklow, which the traveller of to-day loves to visit, and where he beholds scenery as lovely in its pastoral beauty as any he can find upon the earth's surface,—this beautiful land of Wicklow was subject to a chieftain of the name of O'Byrne,—in possession of his sept or clan, who were all men of his own name. Even to this day, after more than a thousand years, a few of the name of O'Byrne still hold freehold property in Wicklow. Never will I forget how, in one of my trips on foot through that romantic land, there was a man pointed out to me, working in the field, as the last lineal descendant of the ancient sept, or clan of O'Byrne, who once ruled and possessed the county of Wicklow. I went over to speak to him. He was 86 years of age, tall, erect, majestic; his hair, white as silver, and combed back, fell in venerable locks upon his shoulders; his blue eye still retained somewhat of the chieftain's fire of the ages long past; and, at the age of 86, he was doing a hard day's work, suited to a young and able-bodied man. But he had the privilege,—so rare to the Irish peasant,—he was digging his own soil, the land that belonged to himself (applause). He leaned upon his spade, when I spoke to him. I asked him his name. Drawing himself up to his full height,—which was considerably more than six feet,—he answered like a hero: "My name is O'Byrne; and I am the last of them." "Of whom," I said, "do you rent your land?"—"This little spot," he answered, "into which I send this spade, was my father's before me; was his father's before him; and so on, until we go up to the time when the first of the O'Byrnes sat upon his chair in the Hall of Tara, and heard from Patrick's voice the name of Jesus Christ" (applause). The simple, poorly clad, royal peasant, in a few words, flung back his ancestry and genealogy through generations of heroes, until he reached the very fountain head of Ireland's religion and Ireland's history. Where is there a nation on the face of the earth, where the peasant, laboring in the field, can make such an answer to the casual inquirer,—tell of ancestors who wore royal crowns fifteen hundred years ago (immense applause)? Adjoining the possessions of these clans, and the mountains of Wicklow, lay, surrounding them,—the fertile plains of historic Kildare. The traveller threading down his way from the summits of the mountains of Kippure—called in the Irish language *Cearn Bawn*, or "White Head," because of the snow which almost perpetually rests upon its summit,—beholds before him the verdant plains of Kildare, in slightly-swelling, undulating hill and dale,—the richest land in Ireland, save and except the "Golden Vale" of glorious Tipperary (great applause). Through this beautiful plain, winding in and out, he sees, like a thread of silver, the river Liffey, from its rising in the mountains of Wicklow; until, after many windings and murmurings, it passes through the glens, and the romantic scenery of *Pou-na-Phouca*, finds its way to the city of Dublin, and mingles with the sea where it was reddened with the blood and covered with the corpses of the Danish invaders, when the sword of Ireland gleamed in the hand of Brian Boru (applause). These plains of Kildare were owned by an Irish chieftain named O'Toole; and, as his territories lay adjoining the septs of Wicklow, it happened that early in the twelfth century, about the year 1100, Maurice O'Toole, prince of Kildare, took as his wife a princess of the house of O'Byrne of Wicklow. God blessed their union with many children; and amongst them a fair child was born to the Kildare chieftain; and by Divine inspiration revealed by a man of God,—a holy man that travelled through the land, the child, at the baptismal font, received the name of Laurence, or, as it is in the Irish language, *Lorchan*. He was baptized before the shrine of St. Bridget, in Kildare. He was born in his father's palace, near the spot whereon now stands the town of Castledermot. In accordance with the tradition of his royal family he was sent to the shrine of Ireland's first virgin-saint. There he received the sign of his Christianity—his Christian name and his adoption into the children of God. Thence, taken once more to his fa-

ther's house, the child was reared there by his Irish mother, drawing from her breasts the pure, untainted, maternal nourishment that the mothers of Ireland have given to so many holy priests and bishops of the Church of God, that have sprung from them for fifteen hundred years (applause). Never from that mother's lips did he hear a word save what might form his young spirit,—his young heart,—in the love of Jesus Christ, his Lord (loud applause). Never did he see under that mother's roof a sight that might for an instant taint his young virgin soul. So he grew up under that mother's hand, even, with reverence be it said, as the Child of Nazareth grew under the hand of His Virgin Mother, Mary, until, when he was ten years old, the young Laurence was the delight of his father's house, the joy of that Irish father's heart, and the very idol of his pure and holy mother's bosom. When the child was ten years old, a scene occurred, alas! too frequent in the history of Ireland! War was declared against Prince Maurice O'Toole, of Kildare. His territories were invaded; his people were put to the sword; his royal palace destroyed; and he was obliged to fly with his princess wife and her child. Who was the invader? Out of this heart, consecrated to God,—out of this heart, filled with the love of Ireland,—I send my curse back seven hundred years upon the head of that invader, who was no other than the thrice accursed Dermot MacMurrough, the traitor that sold Ireland (applause). He was the king of Leinster, born in an hour accused of God and of the genius of Irish history. He was that Dermot MacMurrough who stole away the wife of O'Rourke, prince of Bretni. And, when Ireland arose, like one man, and declared that no adulterer should be allowed to live in the Island of Saints, he was that Dermot MacMurrough who fled over to England, knelt down before Henry II., and asked him to help him in Ireland, and he would lay his country enslaved and enchained at his feet. MacMurrough invaded the glens of Wicklow and the plains of Kildare in the year 1142. The Prince Maurice, unable to contend against so powerful an enemy, was obliged to come to terms of peace with him; and the very first thing that the accursed Dermot MacMurrough asked was that he should obtain possession of the young child Laurence, to be held by him as a hostage for his father. The child of ten years,—the child who had never seen evil,—the child, covered with the blessings of God, was handed over into the hands of the king of Leinster, to be treated by him as became his lineage and degree as a royal prince. For two years he remained in that captivity; and history tells us that no sooner had MacMurrough got hold of the young prince of the house of O'Toole, than he sent him into a desert part of his kingdom; the child was only allowed as much food as would keep him alive; only allowed a covering of rags sufficient to keep life in him; and for two years the young prince lived the life of a slave. It seemed as if he who was to be the last great saint of Irish blood was to go through the same probation of suffering which the Almighty God permitted to fall upon Patrick, the first great saint of Ireland's adoption.

Two years were thus spent in misery and slavery; two years in starvation, cold and want; and, during these two years, the child learned, in the school of sorrow and suffering, to despise the world; to despise his royal dignity and his royal name; to despise everything except two things; and these two things he learned to love—namely, Jesus Christ, his God, and Ireland, his country (loud applause). Oh! my friends, it is not prosperity that teaches a man the true, deep love either of his God or of his fatherland. The test of this twofold love is in suffering. The Church honors her martyrs, because they suffered for her; and I honor the man,—I do not care how different his views are from mine;—I do not care how mistaken, how rash he may have been. I honor, from my inmost soul, the man that has shown his love for his native land by suffering in her cause (enthusiastic applause). Meantime, word was brought to Prince Maurice, the father, of the treatment his son was receiving. And, now, mark here again,—for, remember, that, this evening, I am not come so much to speak of this saintly man as an individual; I am come to speak of him with all his surroundings, all his associations, as the very epitome and essence of Irish genius, Irish character and Irish history;—no sooner did the Irish father hear of the sufferings of his son, than he rose up, unprepared as he was,—unfit to make war against his powerful adversary,—he rose up; he drew his sword; he rallied the men of his name around him; and he declared war against Dermot, king of Leinster, for the recovery of the young prince. The Irish father went out like a man; went out with the embrace of his pure Irish wife; went out with his soul in his hands, to stake his life, in the day he drew his sword, for his child (enthusi-

astic applause.) He was not one of those forgetful of his own offspring, heedless of the education they receive, not caring for their sufferings,—provided he himself enjoyed his own bread and his own peace. No! He was an Irish father. He was what Irish fathers and mothers have been in every age of her chequered and sorrowful history. He was prepared to lay down his life,—to sacrifice himself and shed his blood,—rather than suffer his young child to be brought up in ignorance, in misery and in sin (applause.) He forced the unwilling tyrant to restore him his boy. The graceful, beautiful child appeared before his father's eyes. He was led to that home blessed by his loving mother. O how changed from the darling child who two years before had won every heart, in all the grace, in all the beauty, in all the comeliness of a young prince, arrayed as became his dignity, with every sign of the tenderest care and the most zealous guardianship around him. How did they find him? Grown, through misery, beyond his years, he had attained almost to the stature of a man, with all the signs of suffering—the signs of emaciation, of misery and of hunger upon him; his eyes sunken in his head; his pallid face expressing only all the trials he had gone through; his head bowed down as that of a man old before his time; his beautiful figure all wasted away to a mere anatomy of man, and clad in unprincipally rags. So he appeared to them. But the Irish father, who was a man of faith, discerned the inner beauty that had come upon his son,—recognized in his dear son the sign of predestination, the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. Accordingly, he took him to the Abbey of Glendalough; and there he consigned him to the care of the Bishop of that ancient see. Let me say a word about this place whither the young man went to enter upon his studies at twelve years of age.

High up in the heart of the hills of Wicklow, surrounded by those towering mountains that throw their shapes in fantastic forms far up into the clouds; high up in the heart of these hills, there is a valley enclosing a deep lake surrounded by beetling rocks. There, upon the borders of that lake, there still remains an ancient round tower, and the ruins of seven churches,—nothing more. Silence reigns around. No voice is heard save the voice of the singing bird upon the hawthorn tree, or the bleating of the cattle on the sides of the distant hills; but when there was a day, a year, a century when, for many ages, that deep valley resounded to the voice of praise, from the morning watch even until night, and from the setting of the sun until the stars fled before his coming splendor in the East. Morning and night; at the midnight hour; at the rising of the sun; at the preclaiming of high-noon; at the sinking of the orb of day to his golden home in the West,—every hour was marked by the voice of praise, of benediction and of prayer, sounding forth from hundreds of Irish lips and Irish bosoms, in those happy days, when the glens and valleys of the surrounding hills were filled with the monks of old, and when from the choirs of Glendalough,—numbering from 500 to 800 monks,—the voice of praise was never silent upon the lips of the servants of God. They dwelt in their little cells, each man living in a little hut, made by his own hands, upon the mountain sides around; they came forth at stated times to public prayer in some one or another of the seven churches. They were all skilled musicians; for, as the ancient chronicler of Ireland's monasticism tells us, "It is a poor church, indeed, that is without a choir." They were skilled musicians; and, therefore, as one group finished their utterances in the divine offices of praise to God, there was another ready to take up the note and perpetuate the glorious praise. The rest of the time not given to prayer was spent in study; for the solitaries of Glendalough were not only the holiest of men, but were also the most learned men in the world, for three hundred years; and, during that time, gairied for Ireland, amongst the nations, the singular title of the "mother of saints and of scholars" (cheers.) The founder of this famous seat of anchorites was the great monastic father St. Kevin; and the place where he retired to study and to pray is still pointed out,—one of the caves imbedded high up in the face of the mountains, amid the poplar forests. And the traditions of holiness and learning which St. Kevin established were perpetuated in Glendalough, not only for the three hundred years of Danish invasion and bloodshed and war. The land was desolated; but Glendalough flourished. The cathedral was in ruins; but the choir of Glendalough was vocal as before. The scholar and student fled from every sacred receptacle in the land; but the monks of Glendalough, even in the darkest hour of the Danish war, still upheld the glorious purity of Ireland's learning and of Ireland's holiness (applause.) And thus, for five hundred years, the valley in the heart of the Wicklow hills was the home of the servants of God, and resounded to His

perpetual praise. So great was the importance of this monastic seat, that it was erected into an Episcopal See; and there was a Bishop of Glendalough.

Now, it was to this man that Maurice O'Toole brought his child of twelve years old. He had, besides him, several other sons, tall, strapping, brave and pious Irish youths, full of love for Ireland; full of love for its ancient, glorious history; full of love for their honored, royal name; full of love,—as every true Irishman shall be until the end of time,—full of love for their holy religion and for the Catholic Church of Ireland (applause.) These young princes came with their father to Glendalough; and, as all stood around the Bishop, the warrior prince said to him: "My Lord, here are my sons. I want to give one of them to God. They are all willing; and I must cast lots to find which of them the Lord will choose for His own service in the sacerdotal state." While the father was deliberating, out stepped the young but chastened and sanctified Laurence. "Oh, father!" he said, "the lot is already cast in Heaven; and it has fallen upon me. I, Laurence, belong to God, and to Him alone. I have known His support in the days of my misery and my exile. I have fed upon His love in the days of my wretchedness and my hunger. I have separated my heart from all other love, save that of my God in Heaven and my fellow-countrymen upon the earth. To that God and to Ireland will I devote myself. Let me be the Priest" (applause). And, my friends, right well did he express, in this determination, and in this choice, the true love of a true-hearted man,—for God and for his country. Let no man deceive you; the best lover of God and of his country is the Priest. The man who, in the days of his youth, in the days of his awakening passions, in the days when nature makes her loud demand for enjoyment,—the man who then says, "I will sacrifice my heart, my affections, my life, my body, and my soul," for whom? For God alone? No; for he does not go into the desert; he goes out amongst his fellow-men; he grasps every man by the hand with a loving grasp, and he says, "I belong to God and to you" (applause.) No man is so consecrated to his fellow-men as the Priest; because he comes to them with a consecration from God. There is no man upon whom the people can fall back, as they can upon the Priest; for no matter what angel of pestilence may stalk in the midst of them,—no matter what demon may scatter death or destruction around them,—every man may fly; the Priest alone must not, dare not, cannot fly, because he is sold to God and to his neighbor (applause).

In the day, therefore, that the young prince said, "I renounce my principality; I renounce the prospect of reigning amongst my people; I renounce the glory of the battle, the praise of the minstrel, and the luxury of the palace; all I ask is the hut upon the mountain side in Glendalough,—my God above me, and my country around me;"—in the day that he said that, he gave proof that, amongst the sons of the Kildare chieftain there was not one that loved his God and Ireland as he did (applause.) How well that love was tested we shall see.

The father, like an Irish father, gave up, willingly, the son whom he loved best of all; for it is the peculiarity of Irish parents to give to God the best that they have, and give it cheerfully; because "God loveth a cheerful giver." I have seen in other lands, in France and Italy, young men asking to be admitted to the priesthood, and the father and mother saying, "How can we give him up? How can we sacrifice our child?"—trying to keep him back, with tears and entreaties. Oh, my friends! when I witnessed that, I thought of the old woman, in Galway, who had no one but me,—her only son; I thought of the old man, bending down towards the grave, with the weight of years upon him; and I thought of the poverty that might stare them in the face when their only boy was gone; and yet no tear was shed; no word of sorrow was uttered; but, with joy and with pride, the Irish father and the Irish mother knew how to give up their only son to the God that made him (great applause—renewed again and again.)

Laurence bade adieu to his father and his brothers; they bent their steps down the slopes of the neighboring hills unto their own principality; and he took possession of the Monk's cell, at Glendalough. For thirteen years he remained, a model of the most exalted sanctity, even to the aged ones who were versed in sanctity. They knew what was demanded of the Monk and the consecrated Priest; they knew by old-time experience—the experience of years,—how complete the sacrifice of the heart must be. But the presence of the young prince amongst them as he came forth in his monastic habit, with his eyes cast to the ground, and his face radiating and shining with the love of God, that, borne forth from his heart, came like rays from the brightness of Heaven falling in light around him;—they saw in that

holy youth, kneeling, hour after hour, before the presence of God, upon the altar;—they heard in that voice, ringing clear and high, in its tones of praise, above and beyond the chorus of voices of those who praised the Lord, as if it were an angel, from Heaven in the midst of them striving to uplift his angelic spirit, totally and entirely, upon the wings of song;—they saw, in all this and more, an ideal of sanctity, an embodiment of holiness, a whole pentecost of love of God such as they had never conceived before; and they all declared that God had sent them a saint in the young Irish prince (applause). Silent as the grave, he spoke only with God or of God. Hour after hour, spent in prayer and study, made him grow in every knowledge of the age, even as he grew in divine love. His food, a morsel of brown bread, with a cup of water from the lake; his bed, the bare earth; his pillow, a stone,—he mortified his body until he impressed upon every sense and upon his whole frame the mortification of the Cross of the God whom he learned to love. And, so, in his twenty-fifth year, Laurence,—the Monk Laurence,—was recognized as the most enlightened and the most holy man in the island, which still claimed the title of the "mother of saints and of scholars."

The Abbot died, and the young monk, was elected Abbot of Glendalough, and placed at the head of his brethren. There he remained for five years; and the old Irish chroniclers tell how every poor, stricken creature in the land, even to the furthest ends of Ireland, made his way to the glens of Wicklow, that he might get relief, food, and clothing from his bounty, and the blessing of God from the touch of his sacred hand. We are told that, while he was Abbot of Glendalough, there came, through the visitation of God, a terrible famine upon the land. Lawrence arose, gathered, together all that the monasteries possessed of clothing and of food; he took all the sacred implements of the altar,—the very chalices of the sacred service; he opened the treasures his fathers had deposited with them; away went everything to feed and clothe the poor and the naked. So, in that year of famine, when the angel of death had spread himself in desolation over the land, the people, in these years, were fed and clothed and saved through the wonderful charity of the Abbot of Glendalough. O, saint in Heaven! where wert thou in '46 and '47? O, Irish heart! O, Irish sainted soul! where, then, were thy hands? Why didst thou not burst the cereants of the tomb, and rise out of thy far distant grave in Normandy, to break bread for thy countrymen in the year of their dire trial? Alas! no saint was there. If Glendalough had been, the people would not have died. But Glendalough was swept away, and the infernal spirit of Henry VIII., and of England's supremacy, was upon the land, to let us perish (applause).

Now, after five years of this glorious rule of the Abbot of Glendalough, in the year 1161, the Archbishop of Dublin died. The people, long accustomed to the sanctity and the glory of their great Abbot of Glendalough,—long accustomed to contemplate the shining light that was before them;—all, with one accord, cried,—and their voice rung from end to end of the land,—“We must have the Prince and Abbot, Laurence, for our Archbishop.” One man only was grieved; one man only refused; and for twelve long months he fought against this dignity sought to be forced upon him with so much energy and success, that it was only in the following year,—1162, that, by main force he was obliged to allow himself to be consecrated Archbishop of Dublin. Archbishop of Dublin!—Laurence O'Toole, in whose veins flowed the royal blood of two of Ireland's chief houses; Laurence O'Toole, was the last man of the Irish race who sat,—recognized,—upon that glorious throne. For, 700 years have passed away; and from the day that St. Laurence died, there has been no man of Irish blood, or Irish race, recognized as Archbishop of Dublin. For three hundred years after the death of St. Laurence, the Archbishops were Catholics; but they were all Englishmen. For 300 years after that,—for the last 300 years, the Archbishops,—the so-called Archbishops of Dublin,—were all Protestants; and they all Englishmen, too.

Now, my friends, we come to contemplate the monk in the Archbishop. He entered the city of Dublin, and took possession of Christ Church, in the year 1162. How did he find his people? I am grieved to be obliged to tell the tale. It was now sixty years since the Danes were banished from Ireland, after they had remained in the country for three hundred long years. During those three hundred years there never had been a day's peace throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, but constant war. Every year brought its campaign, every month—every week—its pitched battle, between the soldiers of Ireland and the Danish invaders. Let this sink into your minds. Consider it well. There is not a nation on the face of the earth that can stand three hundred years of constant war without being destroyed. The churches are burned, the priests put to the sword, everything in confusion; the sacraments neglected, the schools shut up. A people compelled to fight for their lives, begin to forget God the moment the demon of war comes to them. You have had the proof of it in the four years' war from which you have just come forth. Now, realize all this if you can. For three hundred years,—a term nearly as long as from the day Columbus discovered America to the present hour,—there was not a hill-side nor a valley in Ireland that did not resound, year after year, to the various war-cries of the Dane and the Celt. Their bodies covered the land. Six thousand of these Danish invaders were left dead upon the field in the glorious day when Malachi the Second drew the sword of Ireland and smote them in the valley of Glendalough, near the Vale of Avoca. The sea around the coast of Ireland for many a day and year, was covered with the corpses, and the rivers ran red with the blood of the Celt and

the Dane. Thus it was for three hundred years. What wonder, my dear friends,—what wonder is it, that the history of our land tells that, by the time Ireland finally conquered her Danish enemies, after three hundred years, every vestige almost of holiness, learning and piety had disappeared from the land. Nothing remained except the faith which the Irish race still hold dear as their life, and that love, for Ireland that had nerved their arms during these three hundred years of bloodshed and war (applause). But the moment that the Danish invasion was ended, and that the Irish nation breathed freely for a time, that moment the bishops and priests and the people put head, heart, and hands together, to build up the ancient edifice of Ireland's learning and Ireland's sanctity. It is a well-known fact, that although disorder, confusion and iniquity had crept into the land and abounded,—that neither the priesthood nor the people reconciled themselves to it; but, immediately upon the departure of the Danes, set to work. The bishops and priests met in council; the schools and colleges were reopened; and Ireland's sanctity and holiness was fast returning, at the very time that St. Laurence O'Toole took possession of the See of Dublin. Still he found the chieftains of Ireland divided amongst themselves. He found every province in the land, every sept or clan in the land, fighting amongst themselves and disputing. Not content with having shed their blood generously for Ireland, during three hundred years, they would now stain the land again with Irish blood shed in domestic broils and contentions, unworthy of a people who had passed through such an ordeal, such a trial. And then, moreover, amongst the people incorporated in his own city of Dublin, the marriage-tie was not sufficiently regarded. And I verily believe that the reason of this was that the greater part of the people of Dublin at the time were descendants of the Danes, and not pure Irish; for I can scarcely imagine the pure stock of Ireland renouncing under any pressure the virtue which the Almighty God endowed them at the hands of Patrick, both men and women. That virtue,—the virtue of purity, crowned by sacramental love, and through it alone, crowned by their conjugal fidelity,—has been the first and grandest boast of the Irish (great applause).

Grieved and excited to indignation by what he beheld, the solitary from Glendalough, accustomed to silence, retirement and communion with God, as soon as he came, a mitred Archbishop, to his people, ascended the pulpit of Christ Church, in Dublin; and there in the Irish language,—so grand, so poetic, so vigorous and so majestic in its expression,—he hurled out his denunciations against every form of impiety and of iniquity around him. He sent forth his voice as a prince as well as an archbishop unto the ends of the land, and said to the chieftains of Ireland: “Unless you cease your unworthy contentions, I tell you, in the name of the Lord God, that God will punish this bloodshed and this unworthy contention by sacrificing the liberty of our country” (applause). Clear and terrific was the voice. Clear as the angel's trumpet announcing judgment, the voice of the great Irish prince-archbishop went out upon the land, and fell upon the unfortunately heedless and unwilling ears of the Irish chieftains. The kings of Ulster, retreating into their own kingdom, took no share in the affairs of the rest of Ireland. The clans of Munster made war, under the leadership of the O'Briens, against the royal house of O'Conor in Connaught; while Ulster itself was divided by a hundred different feuds which separated the whole country into so many battle fields. Thus was Ireland in the day when the news was brought the Archbishop of Dublin that the Norman forces had come upon the shores of Ireland,—that the invader's accursed foot was once more upon the soil of Erin. It came to him as though it was the knell of his own doom; it came to him as though it was the judgment of God, which he had foreseen, for the sins and dissensions of his own people. And yet, even thus coming, it roused within him all the zeal of the prelate, and all the fire of the prince of Irish royal blood. It roused the lion spirit in the chaste bosom of the Archbishop; and when Laurence came forth amongst the people, they scarcely knew him. There seemed to be a new spirit in the indignation which came from him. The eye accustomed to be cast down upon the earth, with virginal modesty, now glared around with a fiery glance, because the sacred cause of Ireland was in danger, and the invader was upon her soil (applause). The voice that was accustomed to speak only words of peace and benediction, now sounded forth in its clarion notes, “War! War! Let slip the spirit and the dogs of war! Draw the sword of Erin! Let your blood flow as rivers in the land, until the accursed and detested invader shall be driven into the sea” (applause). He went out from Dublin; he left his city, his cathedral, his people behind him; he went straight down into Connaught, the seat of Ireland's monarch; and he said, “Ob, my high King, arise; gather up the forces of Ireland, and march with me to Dublin. I will be in the front ranks in the day when we do to the invaders, what Brian did upon the plain of Clontarf, when he swept them into the sea (tremendous applause). His voice went out in Ulster, and called O'Melaghlin, king of Ulster, from his ignoble repose, to arise, gird on his sword, and draw it for Ireland. His voice penetrated into the South, re-echoed upon the shores of the Shannon, and swept like a trumpet-blast through the ruined halls of Kincora, rousing the McCarthy Mor and the O'Brien. They rallied; they came together; they stood between the Norman and the walls of Dublin, the Archbishop in the midst of them. With all his power, with all his love of his country, with all his spirit of devotion, he was unable to keep them together. Domestic feuds and dissensions sprang up amongst them. Oh! the accursed spirit of dissension, that has kept us divided for so many years, and that keeps us divided to-day! We have heard of united Ireland; we have heard of those brave hearts who took that name; but when were Irishmen united? The very last time that Irishmen

were united was on that Good Friday morning, eight hundred years ago, when the plain of Clontarf was covered with the dead bodies of the Danes, and when Dublin Bay was filled with their floating corpses. From that day to this, our united Ireland is but the dream of the poet and the inspiration of the lover of his native land (applause).

Dublin was taken. Roderick O'Conor, King of Connaught, retired into his own kingdom; the Ulster men went home across the Boyne; the septs of Leinster were obliged to make their submission.—Two or three years later, the English monarch himself arrived; and every prince in Ireland made a nominal submission to him, save and except the glorious, the immortal O'Neil, who still upheld the oriflamme of Ireland—the national flag of Erin (applause). When Dublin was taken, the Archbishop Laurence interceded for his people in this fashion. When the Normans laid siege to the city the first time, the people felt that resistance would be useless; so they called on their Archbishop to go out and meet Dermot MacMurrough, the adulterous traitor, and the celebrated Richard, Earl of Pembroke, surnamed “Strongbow.” The Archbishop went out to make terms for his people; and whilst he was thus engaged Miles de Cogan, entered the city on the other side and began to slaughter the people. Their cry of horror reached the Archbishop's ears as he stood in the presence of the Norman victors. The moment he heard the cry of his people, which resounded in his ear as the cry of the first-born babe in danger resounds in the heart of the mother that bore it, he fled from their presence and rushed forth, and found that the blood of his people actually flowed in the streets of the city. Then, forgetful of his safety or his life, he threw himself between them and the assailing army, and to the invaders he said: “Hold! hold! Not another son of Ireland shall be slain. Not another drop of my people's blood shall be shed until you have first pierced my heart; for I am their father and their bishop” (applause). The city was surrendered. Now, what did the Archbishop do? Did he give up the cause of Ireland, like a faint-hearted man? He saw the Irish kings actually fighting with each other,—shedding each other's blood at the very time the invader took possession of their capital. He saw that no two of them could agree to obey one common head or adopt one common line of policy. He had labored in vain. Did he give up the cause? No! No faithful Irish bishop or priest ever did or ever will give up the cause of Ireland (great applause). He went out from Dublin once more; he went again to the court of King Roderick, shook him once more into courage and hope for Ireland, and rallied his people.—He called the Ulster men again from their fastnesses, rallied the men of Munster, the McCarthy Mor, the O'Donnells, and the O'Briens; he roused all Ireland. And the Archbishop marched at the head of 60,000 men, in order to lay siege to Dublin, vowing that as long as an English invader remained on Irish soil, he could never know a moment's rest (renewed and enthusiastic applause). Dublin was besieged. The Irish forces to the number of sixty thousand lay around it. O'Melaghlin, of Ulster, took possession of the Hill of Howth; on the plain of Clontarf Roderick O'Conor, with his large army, spread over to the site of the Phoenix Park. On the other side, east of the hill, lay the O'Briens of Munster; the passes by the coast of Dalkey and Dunleary were held by the O'Tooles and the O'Byrnes of Wicklow. They pressed the siege until the Norman knights were almost famished in the city; and driven by desperation made one desperate ally, broke through one portion of the line of the king of Connaught's army, and so liberated themselves. The Irish host, instead of closing around them and destroying them, lost courage and heart. Divided for so many years, they separated once more. The O'Conor withdrew into his western province; the O'Neil and the O'Donnell withdrew again from the town; and once more, despite the tears, the prayers and the devotion of Laurence, the land of Ireland was left at the mercy of its ruthless and tyrannical conquerors. If we credit the evidence of the Irish historian, Leland,—one of the most ancient and respectable of our historians,—he tells us that, in that siege of Dublin, the Archbishop was seen passing from rank to rank animating the men, speaking to them in the ringing tones of their native Irish language, appealing to them by all that they held most sacred upon earth, and by their hopes of Heaven, to do battle, like men, for their native land, and to destroy its invaders. Leland goes further. He tells us, upon what authority I know not, that so carried away was the Irish prince-archbishop—when he saw the day darkening for Ireland, that he laid aside his Episcopal station for an hour, girded on the sword, and led on the Irish forces, charging into the midst of their enemies as became a prince (applause).

And, now, the heart of the man was broken; his high hopes were crushed for ever. Perhaps, with his prophetic eye, illumined by the spirit of sanctity that was within him, perhaps he foresaw and caught a glimpse of the ages that were to come; perhaps he saw his country, year after year, century after century, until her very name went out amongst the peoples of the earth as “the Niobe of nations,” the most stricken, heart-broken of peoples. Certain it is that the heart of the man was broken within him. In the year 1171, all the princes of Ireland, excepting Ulster, having made their submission, nothing remained for the holy prince-archbishop but to do all he could for his people. One of Henry's pretexts for conquering Ireland was that they were so wicked a people, and he was so good and holy it was necessary that he should conquer the country to preserve the faith (laughter). How did he begin to make himself so good and holy. He shed the blood of St. Thomas of Canterbury. That blood was upon his hand,—the blood of a holy archbishop, slaughtered at the foot of the altar, in the very presence of Jesus Christ, by the order of the tyrant! That blood was red upon the hands of the man who came to teach the Irish people their religion! Before him came the Archbishop of Dublin fearless although his fellow-prelate had been slaughtered. He demanded terms for his people. He spoke as a prince of the people that spoke with authority, and in the name of God. He frightened the tyrannical English monarch of that race of which St. Bernard said: “They came from the devil, and to the devil they will go.” These were the words of St. Bernard of that very house of Plantagenet of whom Henry the Second was one of the great founders,—the man who invaded Ireland. Now, my friends, twice did the Saint cross the sea to intercede for the Irish people, to make treaties of peace for the Irish kings with the English monarch; and to obtain the recognition of Ireland's freedom and Ireland's nationality. And history tells us that it is to the last of Ireland's Saints we owe that treaty of peace which was concluded between O'Conor, King of Connaught, and Henry II, King of England, and which recognized Ireland's nationality, Ireland's existence as a distinct nation, embodied in the person of her monarch. You may say to me it was a small thing for him to recognize Ireland's nationality when he had his foot upon her neck; but I say it was a great thing that, for 760 years of war and persecution, through the action and the spirit of the last of Ireland's Saints, we are—I thank my God in Heaven—we are a nation still (thunders of applause). We are not a Province; Ireland was never a Province of the British Empire (renewed applause). To-day, the Queen of England calls herself “Queen of Great Britain and Ireland” (applause). To this day she sends to Ireland her Viceroy, which means one who takes the place of the King. A Viceroy is not sent to a Province, but to a nation. But you will ask what does all this serve? I answer, a noble idea, always serves; a noble idea, maintained and upheld by the hand of priest and layman, and upheld by the hand

of the martyr;—a noble idea, upheld by a worship recognized for ages as the rallying point of a people, when the hour of their destiny arrives,—such shall Ireland's nationality be for Irishmen (enthusiastic applause). You have all often heard that, when the English King invaded Ireland, he came in virtue of a Bull which he received from the Pope. Writers of English history assert this, and many amongst them bring their proofs of it. Now, I have my doubts whether he got that receipt at all. I have studied this question as well as I could, and I don't believe that the Pope ever gave the English Monarch a commission to invade Ireland. It is singular that of Irish archeologists, the greatest now living,—the present respected Bishop of Ossory—Dr. Moran—who has studied for years at the fountain-head, in Rome, gives his conclusion, deliberate and calm, that he does not believe one word of the story of Adrian IV, making a present of Ireland to the English King. It may be so. It may be that such representations were made to the people that inferred this; it may be that the English Monarch sent his ministers there, who told the Holy Father that the Irish were such terrible people, and had given up legitimate marriage all together; and their priests were a bad lot; and it he would give him leave to go over, he would set everything to rights; for English historians tell us that was the case; and that, when Henry II, came to Ireland, he had in his hand a letter from the Pope, authorizing him to go and take possession of the Island. Now, I answer, if he had that letter, why did he not show it? He never showed it. When he came to Ireland he never said one word about that letter,—that permission from the Pope (laughter). He called all the Irish together (St. Laurence O'Toole was there), at Cashel, in 1171; he had them all, except a few from Connaught, and some of the Ulster Bishops, who held aloof because they were not yet conquered; and when all the Bishops and priests were there, Henry came and said to them: “Now you must make laws and set everything to rights.” He never said one word about the letter of the Pope. When Henry II, came to Ireland, all the historians tell us, the only man in Ireland of whom he was really afraid was St. Laurence O'Toole; because there was no man in Ireland who had such power to bind the people together; no man that loved Ireland as he did; not a braver man on that battle-field of Clontarf, than that man whose Irish heart beat beneath the cope of the Archbishop of Dublin. The English King was so much afraid of him that he endeavored by the use of every means in his power to gain him over. Now, the English King knew well that if St. Laurence O'Toole knew he had a letter from the Pope, like an humble and obedient man, he would cease his opposition; he would not be bringing 60,000 men against him; and yet he never showed that letter to St. Laurence O'Toole. He waited until Pope Adrian IV, was ten years dead and in his grave, and then he produced the letter. And so I say that, although there be grave and weighty arguments on one side, I have such doubts as to the authenticity of that Bull of Adrian IV, that I don't believe one word of it. Nay more, seven years later, when St. Laurence went to Rome to the Council of Lateran, Alexander was then Pope; and of all the Bishops that came to that Council there was not a single man that received so much honor as the Archbishop of Dublin did, from the Pope, because of his sanctity. He put him in the highest place, gave him the pallium of Archbishop, ordered the Bishops of Ossory, and Gallatin, and others, to be subject to him, made him his own Legate-Apostolic, and crowned with glory sent him back to Ireland. Now, if the Pope had really given permission to Henry the Second to go and take Ireland and the Archbishop should in the face of that, have as it were taken Henry II, by the throat,—if that Bull of Adrian IV, was shown you, Laurence O'Toole, Saint in Heaven to-night, you would have gone to Rome as a man upon a cloud, a man who forgot where he owed his obedience, a man who dared to excite the people after the head of the Church had declared they should submit. But he did not go to Rome in that capacity; he went to receive more honor than any other Bishop; therefore, I conclude that he never saw this letter of the Pope, because I believe the Pope never wrote it.

In the year 1180, Roderick O'Conor, king of Ireland, was again in trouble with the English monarch; and he had to send one of his sons as a hostage to Henry. St. Laurence took charge of the boy, and brought him over to England to put him into the hands of the English monarch, thinking, perhaps, with sorrow of the day when he himself, a young prince, was put into the hands of a cruel, heartless tyrant. The king of England was not in the land, he was in France at the time; but before he went to France he left orders that if Laurence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin, was to come over to England he was to be kept prisoner, and not to be allowed back any more. This was the man who came to reform the Irish Church and teach the people how to be good! No Irish king was ever known to lay hand on a Bishop. The first English monarch that came, as Cromwell came in after years, with the words of God's holy Scripture on his lips; he who had shed the blood of St. Thomas a Becket,—laid hands upon and bound the Irish Archbishop in England. But the Irish blood, the spirit that can never be broken though it may be broken, revolted against this treatment. When he found he was going to be detained as a prisoner, he instantly arose, took the young prince and went over to France to stand before the English monarch and beard him to his face. He arrived in France; and as soon as he touched the soil of Normandy, you can easily imagine how he turned around, saw the white cliffs of Dover,—the English coast,—and lifting up his hands left his last curse upon it. Travelling a little into the country, the heart-sorrow that weighed upon him became too great. What! An Irish prince, an Irish Archbishop, the son of an unconquered race, of a people that had never known serfdom or slavery,—has the eldest son of Ireland's monarch, Roderick O'Conor, and is bringing him, a prisoner, to put him into the hands of the tyrant that had shed the blood of his people! It was too much for him, because he thought of Ireland. He saw his country invaded, and enslaved the chieftains divided, the holy work in which he was engaged broken and ruined the sanctuaries of St. Mel, at Armagh, in flames, the churches destroyed. Columbus's saintly monasteries sacked and ruined. His heart was broken within him. He turned aside to the Abbey of Yew, in Normandy, and entering in he said to the Abbot: “Give a dying man a place whereon he may lie down and die.” Because of his high dignity as Archbishop of Dublin, they received him with all honor. Now, the angel of death was approaching. With his dying breath he commissioned his secretary, the Irish priest that was with him, to take the young prince and carry him to Henry, and tell him that “When the agonies of death were upon me, I charged him, in the name of the God, before whom I am about to appear, with my last words I charged him, in the name of Almighty God, to treat this prince as the son of a king; not to forget that this prince's father is a king, and that the people are still a nation having a king at their head” (applause). Then, as he lay upon his humble bed, the monks came around him, and they heard him pouring forth his soul to God in prayer; and they said to each other: “This man must be very rich; he is Archbishop of the richest diocese in the world; perhaps he has not made his will.” They did not know St. Laurence. When he was Archbishop of Dublin he fed five hundred poor people every day at his own table, and he clothed and fed four hundred others outside, and constantly provided for two hundred orphans. And when they came and said to him: “Will you not make your will?” he looked up and said: “I declare to my God that I have not a single coin in this world to leave behind me.” Then

the agonies of death came upon him. There he lay commending with his Divine Lord. And, now, at last, in this last moment, the patriot must be lost in the saint, the prince forgotten in the dying Christian. No thought can come between the man of God and that God whom he is about to meet. “Hark to his word: ‘Into Thy hands, O Jesus Christ, I resign my spirit. O strong Son of God, take me. I have now known I will see Thy face in paradise forever.’” Then the French monks, praying around him, heard strange words from his lips; they did not understand them, for they were spoken in the Irish language. His last words were: “O foolish and senseless people! what will now become of you? Who now will relieve your miseries? who will heal you now that I am going away?” With these words he died. He is canonized by the Church of God; his Christian soul passed straight to the high throne, which he had earned, in Heaven; and his last words upon earth proved that the most sacred love for country that ever filled the heart of man, next to the love of his God, was his love for the land that bore him, and the people of his own blood (applause).

This was the last of Ireland's canonized saints. He was canonized in Rome by Pope Honorius III, in the year 1226. His body is enshrined in the Abbey church in which he died; and his name has gone forth,—Saint Laurence O'Toole,—as the last of the great prelates the Irish Church produced; and she was the mother of many saints and of great prelates (applause). The spirit that animated his love for home,—the love that broke his heart,—has survived in the hearts of those who came after him inheriting his priesthood. It was the spirit of Laurence that kept the Irish people faithful to their priests, and the Irish priests faithful to their people, when every power of earth and of hell was raised up against them. When all the might of England declared that it must separate that priesthood from that people,—corrupt that priesthood and destroy the Catholic faith in Ireland,—the priest, animated by the spirit of Laurence, the Irish people animated by the spirit of their holy faith, joined hands in that day and answered: “Those whom God hath joined together no man can sever” (cheers). Never did the Irish people separate themselves from their clergy, nor the Irish priesthood from their faithful, loving people. When the Prophet Elias was taken up to Heaven Elias cried out to him: “Let me have thy two-fold spirit. Leave thy spirit upon me.” And he who was borne along on the chariot of fire, let fall his mantle, and with it his two-fold spirit upon him. Laurence, ascending to Heaven, must have heard some great, some faithful bishop in Ireland:—“Oh, chariot of Israel and its charioteer, leave behind thee thy two-fold spirit,—the love of God and of thy country. Leave that two-fold love to be the inheritance of Irish priests and Irish bishops.” The prayer was answered, the mystic mantle has fallen. Ireland is bound to-day, as of old, as one man, the priests to the people and the people to the priests, by the golden fillet of a common faith, and the silver cord of a common love for their motherland (tremendous applause). Let me conclude. O, may the spirit of Laurence be still upon us,—at home and abroad. Thousands of miles of ocean lie between me and the land of my birth; between you and the land of your best recollections, your truest aspirations and your strongest love. But, whether at home or abroad, whether upon the green hillside, with its shamrocks covering the graves of the saints, or upon the splendid shores of this mighty Continent, O, may the spirit of Laurence be still your inheritance and mine, and that we may sanctify ourselves in our love for our religion and for our faith, and that we may sanctify ourselves before God and the world, in our love for the green land that bore us, and that holy religion handed down to us,—the most magnificent history that ever yet was the heritage of an afflicted people.

Father Burke concluded amid reiterated and enthusiastic applause.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE TWENTYETH OF SEPTEMBER.—According to announcement, says the *Catholic Opinion*, the solemn Mass of Requiem was sung at the Jesuit Church in Gardiner-street, Dublin, on Friday, the 20th of September, for the soldiers who died in defence of the Holy Father; but, with reference to the contemplated demonstration in the Rotundo, the following notice appeared in the *Freeman* of the previous day:—“We have been requested to state that the public meeting, advertised under the auspices of the League of St. Sebastian, to take place to-morrow, will not be held.” But even if there are no stirring words spoken on the anniversary of the blackest deed in modern history, to recall the incidents of the brave stand made by a few hundreds of Papal troops against the impious invader, surely the Catholic world will not let die the memory of the heroes who stood in the gap to die if they could not conquer, eight thousand strong against sixty-five thousand of the brutal hirlings of Italy. These men fought against such odds, and would have fought on to the last drop, but for the command of the monarch whose cause they were defending, and who, knowing both their courage and the fruitlessness of further resistance, ordered them to lay down their arms and submit to the invasion! Soon afterwards they received a parting blessing from the Holy Father, and went, some homewards, and others to the battlefields of France, where, under the banner of the heroic De Charatte, they proved of what metal the “Papal mercenaries” are made, extorting even the admiration of foes by their devoted courage. Scattered as the survivors are they live on in the Catholic hope that the day of the Pope's victory cannot be long delayed. *The Nation*, of September 21st, contained the following *Memorandum*:

- I.  
Wail for the dead? Why wail for them? With tears you stain their glory?  
Calmly in Roman dust they lie, in cerecloths damp and gory;  
The years are dials to their fame, and chimes to their story.
- II.  
No; let a nobler tribute wrap their grass-blown graves with splendour;  
The gallant hearts, the fiery souls, brimmed high with passion tender,  
Who faced the death hail for the Pope, and never would surrender.
- III.  
Safe with the Saints and safe with Christ, they need not our lamenting;  
Ah, rather let us weep for him, the scorned, the unrelenting,  
Who, crowned and robed, treads straight to hell, unhouseled, unrepenting.
- IV.  
Their blood is frozen on his hands—the Heavens brook no denial;  
O crimson testament to burn at God's great bar of trial!  
When the last Seal shall crack, and the Angel pours the Vial.
- V.  
No plea shall serve him in that hour, when Earth shall gape asunder,  
And in the skies the Cross shall flame, to all the stars a wonder,  
When rocks shall melt, and chaos quake with God's foretelling thunder.
- VI.  
Then shall your triumph be, you Saints—rward past earthly gauges;  
A throne above the deep abyss in which the chained fiend rages—  
The crown of those who fought and fell around the Rock of Ages. [J. F. O'D.]

A HIDDEN TREASURE.—The Director of the Geological Survey of Ireland has published some statistics which are at least as interesting as those which the Registrar-General periodically furnishes us with. The subject is the quantity of coal lying concealed under the soil of this country, whence crops are being raised. There are very few persons, indeed, who have any just idea of the considerable resources of Ireland in this matter of coal. To enlighten them, we shall quote the figures which show what an enormous quantity of wealth lies entombed by chill neglect within this Irish land. There are 16,000,000 tons (net) available for use in the county Antrim. Tyrone offers nearly 33,000,000 tons. The Leitrim district, which includes the counties of Kilkenny, Carlow, and Queen's County, offers more than 77,000,000 tons. Tipperary offers 25,000,000 tons. The south-western district, which includes Clare, Limerick and Cork, offers 20,000,000 tons, and finally the Arigna district in Connaught offers nearly 11,000,000 tons. The whole net tonnage available for use amounts exactly to 182,800,000 tons whilst the whole of the unworked tonnage rises to some 23,000,000 more. Now, we think these are figures which must appeal to all those who are now forced to pay the enormous price of thirty-six shillings a ton for coals, landed at Dublin quay. If these Irish coals were simply brought into the market the money would not, at least, go out of the country—it would remain to make the land fruitful, and all classes of its people more prosperous. What is the value of this hidden treasure? The Registrar-General is fond of telling us the value of cattle, as that shows an increase—he does not tell us the value of coals, as compared with last year. It does not, perhaps, come in his way to tell us the value of the coal we import, and the coal we might produce. Let us be moderate in our estimate and only say thirty shillings a ton for this Irish coal. In that case, the quantity of coal we would have represented the enormous sum of TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-TWO MILLIONS STERLING. This tremendous treasure, officially reported as "available for us"—now lies buried away unused in the soil of Ireland! Suppose we were more diligent still and estimated the value at a little over a pound a ton—still that would give us the vast amount of two hundred millions sterling—all reported "available for use"—but all entombed and unused. Is not this consideration one which must amaze and astound the people. Various persons have spoken of Ireland as a "poor country"—but what poor country ever submitted to be called "prosperous" when it had lost two millions in crops during one year? And what other country on earth would be called poor when of the most important element of national wealth, it possessed two hundred millions worth, conveniently distributed in the four parts of its territory? What shall call this vast wealth from obscurity? Who shall rescue this enormous treasure from the Dragon of Neglect? As under the Union, nothing has been done—it would appear that nothing can be hoped for without Home Rule. If Ireland managed her domestic affairs, she would not leave this treasure close locked up.—Dublin Freeman.

The Home Rule movement received unbounded approval a few days since in Limerick and Glasgow. In the latter city three clergymen—representing the Catholic, the Protestant and Presbyterian Churches in Ireland—addressed a large assemblage, contending triumphantly that England as well as Ireland would be materially served by the establishment of a parliament in Dublin; and they also declared that Scotland would be benefited by local legislation. Their arguments appeared to have carried conviction to all who were present, for no one stood up to dispute them. These deputations from the Dublin Home Rule Association are calculated to be of great service to the Irish national cause. The members who compose them explain the nature of Ireland's demands, and show how this country would be the strength of the empire, instead of its weakness, as she is to-day, if she were governed by her own sons. The want of Home Rule has been the cause of numerous evils. It led to vast turbulence and disorder during the first quarter of this century. It led to the outbreak of '48, and it was the chief agency in impelling the Fenians of '67 to raise the flag of rebellion. No man living would like to see his house taken possession of by another person, and its rule and direction taken out of his own hands. And it is similar with nations. Greece rose against Turkey, Belgium against Holland, Hungary against Austria, Poland against Russia, and Canada against England because they were deprived of native rule; and now all, with the exception of Poland, are orderly and peaceable because the hand of the tyrant was obliged to relax its hold, and surrender to them the natural rights which every country possesses, that of directing and managing its own affairs.

But physical force is not necessary to achieve a federal parliament for Ireland. All we have lost in the past was forfeited by the use of physical force; and all we have won has been gained by peaceable means. Let us be truthful, firm and unswerving in our labours for our country's welfare, and we are certain to be successful. Along with these grand qualities we must join a firm determination to be united, and to discard all sectarian contentions. These contentions are generally fomented by English statesmen, for the purpose of weakening our powers; but we must make up our minds not to be divided by any artifices England may use in the future to keep up a civil war in this country.—Dundalk Democrat.

COAL.—SAD DISAPPOINTMENT.—We stated last week that men had been employed to search for coal at Lurganekel, a couple of miles north-west of Dundalk. Great expectations were entertained that success would crown the efforts of the men who were digging deep into the earth, as tradition had announced that there was a coal mine in the locality; and the people for miles around were hopeful that they would soon obtain a supply of fuel at a reasonable price. Mr. Robson, J.P., agent to Lord Roden, visited the place, and took a deep interest in the undertaking. The men having been working for several days without success, it was deemed prudent to send to Belfast for a person of much geological knowledge, in order to give an opinion from the earth taken up as to whether it was likely that coal lay underneath. This scientific gentleman examined the place, and at once pronounced that there was no likelihood of coal being found in it, and said that any further attempts to discover coal would be fruitless. After this expression of opinion from a person deeply versed in matters of the kind, it was thought useless to proceed further, and the search was abandoned. A letter on the subject which we publish in another column, states that Mr. Robson was loudly cheered when he expressed his determination to continue the search, if the men were not successful where they were at work; but the feelings of the people around became completely changed when the laborers were ordered to give up working; and they seemed to expect the work should be continued. This was unreasonable. Mr. Robson is the very person who would have pushed on the enterprise if any reasonable hope could be entertained of success; for there is a lead mine not far from the Dundalk workhouse, and some years since he was one of a few who endeavored to form a company to open the mine and work it. But no blame attaches to him for having given up the search for coal, when he found on excellent authority that it was useless to continue it. The truth is, that without a native parliament to vote a large sum of money for opening mines and providing machinery and all the necessary implements, very little coal we fear, will be brought to the surface. These gigantic exertions cannot be performed in a day. It will take time and the expenditure of large capital to accomplish the

task. The best thing that could be done would be to work our bogs. There are hundreds of acres of them within seven or eight miles of Dundalk, and if men were set to work there would be no scarcity of fuel. Some one should look to it even now, for we are likely to have a severe winter, and if the fuel continues scarce there will be dreadful suffering amongst the working classes in town and country.—Dundalk Democrat.

A BROKEN BRIDAL.—An incident says the Freeman occurred on Sunday at a southern suburban church, and furnishes one more proof of the mischance which attends the office and affairs of love. Such of the congregation as lingered in the sacred edifice after last Mass were distracted from celestial meditations by the sudden entrance of a bridal party, including the young and interesting principal herself, with a couple of bridesmaids and a gentleman or two. They took post at the rails next the sanctuary, and waited. Intelligence of the event to be sure spread, and a section of the neighbourhood soon gathered to witness the most interesting form of annexation which human agency can effect. But half an hour passed by and no Benedict appeared. There was a hitch somewhere, evidently. The young lady and her friends displayed uneasiness, turning at every fresh footfall which entered. All this while the organist stood by her instrument in the choir, ready to perform the epithalamium, the clerk bustled in and out, and a ragged deputation collected outside in the hope of gleaning the first bounties of the wedded pair. The time grew to an hour, and surmise thickened with the situation. Opinion was divided as to whether the bridegroom were merely bashful or deliberately backward. At the expiration of about an hour and a half a young man of depressed and anxious expression entered, whom the elder and married among the spectators immediately pronounced to be the wanted party. He seemed, however, to be only the bearer of a message, and after a hurried conference the young lady and her friends rose and left the church, carrying themselves as composedly as they could through the guntlet of strange faces, sympathetic or otherwise, which lined their path to the doorway. They entered the vehicles in waiting, and drove away. Against a statement—which for the honour of mankind we hope to be unfounded—that the gentleman shrunk at the last moment from the prospect of his future felicity, must be set another explanation, according to which the unpleasantness was caused, not by any unwillingness on the part of Barkis, but solely by the omission, which it was too late to remedy, to duly notify the clergyman of the ceremony to be performed.

A CUNNING DISCOVERY.—That the Prophet Jeremiah was an Irishman is neither generally known nor is the affirmation likely to win any considerable assent. We find in a contemporary whose sobriety we have no reason to doubt—the Jewish Chronicle—that Mr. B. Barnett, a Hebrew scholar, contends that the Prophet with the remnant of the tribe of Judah, migrated to Ireland, and was no other than the celebrated Irish reformer and lawgiver Ollam Fodha. The prophet brought with him the Eia-Fail, or Stone of Destiny, which was subsequently conveyed by an Irish prince to Scotland for coronation purposes, and centuries afterwards removed to Westminster Abbey by King Edward the First, since which time all the Kings and Queens of England down to Victoria have been crowned upon it. This stone Mr. Barnett says, was that which was originally kept in the sanctuary of the first temple at Jerusalem, and was known as 'Jacob's Stone,' being none other than the stone directly apostrophised by King David as 'the stone which the builders rejected,' but which was destined for peculiar honours. Mr. Barnett's essay, says the Chronicle, has at least the merit of being very curious and very learned. We have no doubt it is very curious, and to say that it is 'very learned' is often synonymous with saying that nobody understands what the writer is at. The Stone of Destiny used to be in Fingal's Cave or thereabouts; and if there were nothing else to throw doubt upon the discovery now announced by Mr. Barnett this would be sufficient. The dementia which in recent times has bored the world about particular stones and cockle shells had no place in the fables of the ancients; and that a boulder should be carried by any man from Judah to Ireland is on the face of it, a most improbable suggestion.

THE NEW LICENSING ACT.—A difficulty having arisen in the interpretation of the New Licensing Act, the following circular letter was issued from the Under Secretary:—Dublin Castle, 14th Sept., 1872. GENTLEMEN.—Doubts having arisen with regard to the construction of the 12th and 78th sections of "the Licensing Act, 1872," a copy of which was recently forwarded to you, I am directed by the Lords Justices to state for your information that the law officers of the Crown have given their opinion, that if a person convicted in a penalty, under the first clause of the 12th section, as found drunk, and does not thereupon pay the penalty, it is recoverable by distress and sale of the goods of such person, and imprisonment is to be awarded only in default of distress; also that under the 78th section, on every day except Sunday, Christmas Day, Good Friday, or any day appointed for a public fast or thanksgiving, all public-houses must be closed in a city or town, the population of which, according to the last Parliamentary census, exceeds 5,000 at 11 o'clock p.m.; and elsewhere at 10 o'clock p.m.—I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant, T. H. BRAKE.

The Magistrates in Petty Sessions. It appears from the Irish Agricultural Statistics published this week that still the tendency is towards turning tillage into grass land, and so making more and more room for cattle, and consequently less and less room for human beings. The first great fact is that there are fewer acres by 134,915 under crops this year than there were in 1871, and the decrease is observable in exactly those crops which do not go to the support of cattle—namely, in wheat, oats, barley, rye, potatoes, and flax; there being an increase in turnips, mangel wurtzel and beet root, cabbages, parsnips, and other green crops. The second great fact is that there is an increase of tens of thousands in the number of horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs this year showing an increase of £282,781 when compared with that of 1871. The third fact is almost a corollary of the other two. It is that the emigration returns for the first seven months of this year show an increase of 5,340 persons over those of the corresponding period of 1871. Ireland, to all appearance, is rapidly becoming a vast sheep walk.—Nation.

A largely-attended meeting to protest against the recent Warnings to the Irishmen and Flag of Ireland was held in the Mechanics' Institute. Mr. Butt, M.P., and Mr. Smyth, M.P., were present. Mr. Martin sent a letter of apology. Mr. Smyth said the act contemplated the personal responsibility of the Lord Lieutenant in seizing journals for alleged seditious writings. Mr. Butt described the act as a piece of the most arbitrary tyranny that ever disgraced the worst Government in the world. Resolutions in accordance with the object of the meeting were adopted.

A MELANCHOLY CASE OF DROWNING.—Another melancholy case of drowning has just occurred in the Suir a few yards from Waterford. A man named Carroll, accompanied by his son, went to bathe on Tuesday near Biliberry. Shortly after entering the water, the older Carroll suddenly sank. His son dived after him, but did not succeed in catching him. Decent leaves a large family behind him. The river was dragged for the body, but up to the time of telegraphing it has not been recovered. The condemnation of the Rev. Mr. Maturin for Ritualistic practices drew a large congregation on Sunday to Craggeganon Church where the reverend

gentleman was expected to officiate. It was rumoured that a demonstration was to be made by an anti-Ritualistic party and a large force of police was in attendance, but the service was permitted to pass off without any attempt at disturbance. The Rev. Mr. Maturin was not present, but it was observed that the service was carried out in exactly the same manner as before, not one of the practices condemned by the Archbishop having been abandoned.

THE CALLAN SCANDAL.—The Rev. R. O'Keefe, who had been represented as telling his audience at Callan that he had an interview with Mr. Gladstone, and was very shortly to be reinstated in the management of the schools and the chaplaincy to the workhouse, writes to the papers to explain that this was not at all what he said. His confidence was not founded upon any assurance given him by the Prime Minister, but on the eternal necessity of things. He must be reinstated, because the commissioners had "no right" to remove him; and they had no right to remove him because he was not even "prima facie" suspended; and he was not "prima facie" suspended because he was charged with no crime and cited to no court. The confusion of ideas between "prima facie" suspension and just suspension is curious; the notification of a sentence by the authority which passed it would, in one would have thought, sufficient prima facie evidence that that sentence had been passed.

THE RINDERPEST.—The Dublin Gazette contains an Order in Council with reference to the rinderpest. It forbids the landing in Ireland of cattle, goats, kid, or swine from Germany or Great Britain. It also forbids the landing of sheep, rams, or lambs from Germany or England, or from Scotland, unless the Scotch importer makes a declaration that the sheep are Scotch sheep, and have never been out of Scotland. The landing of undressed or raw skins, hides, horns, hoofs, &c., from Germany, or Great Britain, or South America hides, horns, &c. An outrage, believed to be agrarian in its character, occurred on Sunday night, when John Houraghan, the owner of a farm near Dunmanway, was fired at from behind a fence, and wounded in the back so severely that he is not expected to recover. Three of his relations have been arrested on suspicion. One of them was formerly in possession of the farm, and was evicted from it, and the present man put into it.—Times Curr. Sept. 23rd.

The quantity of coal in Irish coalfields available for use was estimated by the Royal Commission at 182,200,000 tons, of which about 16 millions tons are at Ballycassett, County Antrim, 32 millions in Tyrone, 77 millions in the Carlow, Kilkenny, and Queen's County district, 25 millions in Tipperary, 20 millions in Clare, Limerick, and Cork, and 10,800,000 in Connaught (Arigna district). The value of tenant-right in County Londonderry is illustrated by the fact that the tenant's interest in a farm on the Somerton estate, a few miles from Coleraine, and containing 47 acres, the rent being £26. 3s. per annum was sold last week for £630.

IRISH COAL.—The mail steamers between Holyhead and Dublin have now commenced to use Irish coal. GEORGE F. TRAIN.—This notable is at present in Cork. He threatens Liverpool with a visit.

GREAT BRITAIN.

PROTESTANT HORROR OF PERSECUTION.—The recent outbreak of the Times and its correspondents on the subject of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew is but a new proof that Protestantism is still what it was in its beginning, and that it is in vain to look for truth or candour from its popular champions. Of Dean Stanley we desire to speak with all possible respect; but when he suggests that the leaders of the Protestant Churches have generally condemned the persecution of Catholics, we must be excused if we can hardly regard the idea in a serious light. It is true, and we thankfully acknowledge the fact, that there are many noble exceptions; men who really feel that horror of persecution which all Protestants so loudly profess. But it is equally true that no single disability has ever been removed from Catholics quite spontaneously; and that there has not been a single act of persecution directed against the Catholic Church in our day which has not been received with delight, and defended with every artifice of ingenuity by the immense majority of the organs of British Protestantism; and simple indeed must be who imagines that if the leaders of the Protestant Churches were once thoroughly alarmed by any great number of conversions to the Catholic faith, they would hesitate for one moment to imitate their "spiritual ancestors," and employ whatever means might be necessary to stop the movement. We need not add that they would persecute under some false pretence—that is of course.

On one point Dr. Stanley and the Times are at direct issue; the one asserts that the massacre and the Papal sanction are things of the past, while the other suggests that both might be repeated to-morrow. We will put a question. Who are they who at this hour give most honour to great persecutors? Certainly not the Catholics. Neither Simon de Montfort, nor Torquemada, nor Queen Mary's Ministers, nor Philip of Spain, nor the Duke of Alva, nor Charles IX., nor the Guises, nor Louvois, nor even Pope Gregory XIII., are held in any exceptional honour among Catholics. But the Protestant persecutors are the heroes and saints of Protestantism the men who are supposed to have been specially called by Almighty God to reform the world. Cranmer and Latimer, Elizabeth and Cecil, Coligny and Knox, Cromwell and Milton, Lord Russell and William III., are almost idolized to this day. Latimer, in a letter still extant, described his own preaching at the burning of a fellow priest, as "playing the fool after my customable manner when Forest shall burn;" but this and other like trinitis does not prevent his being held in the highest reverence, even now. Elizabeth, also in a letter still on record proposed the assassination of the Catholic Queen of Scotland; yet, because she violently overturned the Catholic religion in England, her name is glorified to this day. Oliver Cromwell, after massacring every priest who had taken refuge in Drogheda, gleefully wrote:—"All their friars are knocked on the head"; but if any Catholic should suggest this fact as a reason why Cromwell should not have a statue, who would listen to the objection?—Tablet.

The zeal of Catholics for an organization of their numbers is being gradually kindled throughout the country. Such displays of the Protestant spirit of intolerance and persecution as are being exhibited in Germany must stimulate the Catholics of this country to draw together in peace and charity for self-protection. England has always been a borrower from the German school of thought, and we have abundant evidence that she will continue to be so. Only a few days ago Mr. A. Kinnaird, M.P., presented an address of congratulation to Prince Bismarck upon his persecution of the Catholic Church. That address was signed by the Bishops of Worcester and Ripon, the President of the Wesleyans, and a number of other ministers who are in full agreement on the subject of persecuting Catholics. These gentlemen are our countrymen. The views they express in Germany they would carry out in England—if they could. Thorough Protestants as they are, and professing upon their lips, when it suits them to do so, the doctrine of religious liberty, they do not hesitate to invoke penal laws against Catholics and to exterminate their creed and their worship by the employment of physical force. We do not say that England will follow in the steps of Germany, and persecute Catholics in this country. But we know with certainty that there are not wanting those who are ready to tie and light our faggots. The party which can go over to Germany to applaud the per-

secution of a religion there, could not be averse, under favourable circumstances, to persecuting the same religion here. On the contrary, they would be so much the more desirous of persecuting the Catholic religion in England, as we may suppose them to feel a greater tenderness and love for the welfare of their own country. Indeed, in their address they thank the German persecutor for "the encouragement" which they find in his example. The Times too has been endeavouring to fan a flame by its monstrous articles on the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. These articles were not written without a purpose. Though they may have been indited in the interest of Prince Bismarck with a view to justify his persecution of German Catholics in the eyes of the English public, they were, nevertheless, directed to kindle religious hatred at home.—Tablet.

HOT-WATER ORDNANCE.—It is astonishing what beneficial effect a good, steady flow of water has upon an armed crowd of political agitators. During the Chartist rows in England a heavy summer rain cleared Trafalgar square in a surprisingly short space of time. Fire engines and a good supply of water are excellent weapons to use on shore; but until lately we had never heard of water—hot water—being used for defensive purposes at sea. The Indian Daily News, however, assures us that a steamer has been lately turned out by the government steam factory at Kidderpore, to do special duty at the Andamans, supplied with this rough and ready means of defending itself against waterthieves. The engine-room space, which takes off considerably from the cargo-carrying capacity of a steamer, has in this instance by a simple but ingenious arrangement of the boiler been reduced to a minimum. By another novel contrivance the jet of hot water rejected by the boilers and jerked out at short intervals from the sides of all screw steamers can in the case of this vessel be utilized for the purpose of giving a warm reception to any wild men of desperate convictions who might be tempted to visit her unannounced. The change of this new piece of ordnance is, of course, scalding hot, and a continuous shower can be kept up ad libitum, calculated to tell severely on any suspicious bare back or bald pate that may have the misfortune to be near enough to come within its range. "Had the 'Cashmere,'" reflects the Indian Daily News, that was recently attacked by the Arab pirates, been armed with two or three of these hot-water mitrailleurs—one on the break of the poop, for instance—the breaking open of the quarter hatch, etc., would not have been proceeded with as coolly as it appears to have been. Even when the vessels were "shoving off" with their plunder, a liberal and well directed charge from a gun of this description would at least have made their subsequent identification a very simple matter indeed.

The following amusing correspondence has just passed between the acting managers respectively of an eminent London west-end theatre and an eminent London west-end milliner.—"Sir.—If you are now issuing any complimentary orders for your theatre, may I ask you to circulate a few through me for the ladies and gentlemen of our house? By doing so, you may rely upon them being used by fashionable and well-dressed persons. I hope you will pardon the liberty I have taken by writing to you, and trusting the suggestion may meet with your approbation. I am, sir, yours obediently." The following answer was forwarded by return of post:—"Sir.—If you are now issuing any complimentary black silk dresses may I ask you to circulate a few through me for the ladies of this theatre? By doing so, you may rely on their being made up fashionably, and worn by ladies of good appearance and figure. I hope you will pardon the liberty, but, trusting the suggestion may meet with your approval, I am, Sir, yours obediently."

We are now raising from our English coal-pits nearly one hundred and ten millions of tons of coal annually. Of this quantity we are exporting to our colonial possessions and foreign parts about ten million tons, reserving nearly a hundred million tons for our home consumption. Not many less than one hundred thousand steam boilers are in constant use in these islands, producing steam—to blow the blast for smelting the iron ore—to urge the mills for rolling, crushing, and cutting with giant power—to twirl the spindle—and to urge the shuttle. For every purpose, from rolling cyclopaedia masses of metal into form, to weaving the silky textures of the most filmy fineness, steam is used, and this steam is an exact representative of the coal employed, a large allowance being made for the imperfections of human machinery.—Robert Hunt, F.R.S.

The London Times, in view of the great increase of drinking in England, exclaims: "Among all the writers, all the talkers, all the preachers, all the workers, all the names we see daily blazoned in the roll of English fame, are there none that will set about to abate this nuisance and scandal—our national drunkenness?" Canon Trevor, writing in the Record on the controversy between the Archbishop of Canterbury and "the heathen," says—"I learn from Professor Gardin de Tassy's 'Revue Annuelle' of Hindustani Literature for 1871, that there is actually a subscription on foot in Bombay to build a pagoda in London for the worship of Vishnu and Siva."

Mr. Mechi sums up the result of the harvest in a letter to the Times. He says he is no alarmist, but he believes the people of Britain will have to pay for foreign corn, in quantity and price, fifteen to twenty millions sterling more than in good wheat seasons. The price of coal has again advanced. The mining companies of Belgium are not able to execute the orders they have received to send coal to this country, in consequence of the scarcity of miners in that country. Acts of incendiarism are become so frequent in various parts of the English agricultural regions that the farmers have been obliged to form themselves into vigilance committees for the detection and summary punishment of the offenders.

"Conscience money" amounted last year to £7,132, nearly double the sum received by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the previous twelve-month. A so-called "converted Romanist" of the name of McCort has lately been gaining admission into pulpits, in Stirling "on false pretences."

UNITED STATES.

"UNSECTARIANISM."—SOME OF THE DIFFICULTIES OF A TEACHER IN A MIXED SCHOOL.—We find the following, says the New Orleans Morning Star, in our San Francisco contemporary, the Pacific Churchman, taken originally from the London Church Review, an organ of the Church of England. The editor of the Churchman remarks, that "with some changes it will equally apply to some of our un-sectarian schools." As far as the Churchman goes against un-sectarian schools in this country, we are with it. This seems to be one scene taken from others. Considering that it conveys a good argument for us, our readers will excuse the term "Romanism" thrown in as a reproach. We quote: The schoolroom of a board school. Time: the hour of religious instruction. Bible to be read and explained without inculcating the dogmas of any particular denomination. Teacher certificated, un-sectarian, highly conscientious. Class consisting of children from thirteen down to six or seven, and of various grades, from respectable poor to gutter children. School room and teacher span new. Teacher a little nervous; children—some looking curiously about them, some disposed to loll and idle, some attentive. Teacher opens the great Bible and begins to read St. Matthew II., as being a narrative likely to interest the auditory, and easy to explain in an un-denominational sense. First, however, a little preliminary explanation is necessary. Teacher—"You must know, my dear children, that

Joseph and Mary were two very good people, who lived far away from London, and I am going to read to you about their son (reads slowly verse I. of the chapter).

Ragged Arab (not accustomed to observe much ceremony)—Please sir, who's that?

Teacher (aghast, and wishing to gain time)—Who do you mean, my boy?

Arab—That there Jesus.

Teacher (aside)—[How can this question be answered in an un-denominational sense? This is the religious difficulty, full blown. If I say "a good man," that will hardly do, for I know several of the boys are the children of the Church people and Romanists, and if I say "the son of God," that won't do, for Tommy Markham is a Unitarian, or, at any rate, his parents are; besides, such a dogmatic statement is sectarian.] (Aloud.) I will explain all about Him when I have finished the chapter.

Continues to read. The class listens with various degrees of attention until the 11th verse is finished, and then—

A Boy—Please, sir, who's Mary? The mother of the little baby, wasn't she?

Teacher—Yes, she was His Mother.

Boy—Oh! and what does "washedup" mean?

Teacher—It means paying great respect, kneeling down and bowing, as we should to God.

Another Boy (better taught than Boy No. 1, and jumping at once to a sectarian conclusion)—Then that there baby was God, sir?

Tommy Markham (stoutly)—No, that he wasn't?

Teacher—Silence, boys, the lesson cannot go on if you talk and quarrel. (Struck by a bright idea): You know that a great many people believe that He was God; but some do not; but we must not quarrel because we do not all think alike.

First Boy (disagreeably curious)—Well, but what do you think, master?

[Terrible dilemma! Teacher hesitates. At length, desperately]—

I think He was God.

Boy—Don't yer know it?

Teacher (aside)—[Perverse youth! Post take his questions and him too! If I'd known what "un-sectarian" teaching involved I'd sooner have swept a crossing. What will the Board say? Why, the very essence of our principle is to know nothing and think anything. But you can't make the boys reason.] (Aloud.)—My dear boy, it is very difficult to say what we know. I can only teach you what I think, and teach you how to be good and do what is right, and obey all that God tells you to do in this Holy Book.

A boy (interrupting, same ceremony)—Did God write that there book?

Teacher—Yes, and He tells us what we are to do to get to Heaven; and His Son came, as you see as a little child, and when He grew up He preached and told us how we ought to love one another, and all we ought to do to lead a good life.

Boy (interested)—And was he a very good chap?

Teacher (a little shocked)—Yes, of course, you know He was—[pauses; his hate had almost betrayed him into a dogmatic explanation, and the forbidden word "know" had actually passed his lips].

Another Boy (with vexatiously retentive memory)—You said afore, master, that He was God, and the gent'lemen wusshipped Him—was He really God?

Teacher (boldly, taking the bull by the horns)—Yes.

Boy—And did God's mother wusshipp Him, too, master?

Teacher—You must not call her the Mother of—[interrupts himself; recollects that it is as sectarian to deny to the Blessed Virgin the title of Mother of God as to bestow it upon her; continues:] yes, she wusshipped Him too; but I want you to learn about the things that He told us to do.

Another Boy (doggedly)—But we wants to know first who He be, 'cause we ain't to do what just a nobody tells us; only if that there gentleman be God, there's somethin' in it, 'cause I've 'eard parson say, at old school, where I was once, that what God said was all right.

Teacher (aside)—[Certainly, that poor Arab has got the root of denominational education. It is, I begin to think, a failure to attempt the teaching of morality without first making manifest what that morality is based upon, and the moment you come to that you are in for denominationalism at once.] (Wipes his brow and continues)—

Of course, my boy, you must know why it is right to tell the truth and do what is right, but if I tell you God commanded all this and read to you what His Son said about it, there is no need for troubling so much about—about—

Boy (interrupting)—Oh! but I likes to ax questions, and it ain't no sort of use you telling us it's wrong to lie—nobody at 'ome ever told me that—if yer don't say who said it, 'cause I ain't bound to mind what you say, is it?

[Teacher checks the indignant, "indeed you are" that rises to his lips, arrested by the terrible and conscientious thought whether it be not a new and strange form of denominationalism for the teacher to make his own dictum infallible in matters of morality. Would not this be to elevate into a living, personal dogma, an unsectarian teacher?—a singular clash, surely. Teacher shivers at the bare idea. Soliloquizes: How can I meet this knock-down reasoning? These Arabs are so rebellious, so perverse; why must they ask so many questions, and require to know the why and the wherefore of everything? (Glances at the clock.) Ah! thank my stars, the time is almost up! but this dodge won't do every time. I'm afraid I shall have to give up the whole things as a bad job.] (Aloud.) We have only five minutes more to-day, boys, so you must let me finish the chapter without asking any more questions.

(Boys relapse into indifferent silence. Curtain falls.)

STOP MY PAPER.—Every publisher of a newspaper has heard this tremendous order from offended subscribers, imagined by the offended to be as dangerous as a stroke of lightning, but in reality more harmless than a mosquito bite. A good story is told by the Philadelphia Post of Mr. Swain, the former proprietor of the Daily Ledger. By his course on some public question, on which different persons had different opinions, Mr. Swain had offended a number of readers, one of whom met him on Chestnut street, and thus accosted him:—

"Mr. Swain, I've stopped the Ledger."

"What is that, sir?"

"I've stopped the Ledger," was the stern reply.

"Is it possible?" said Mr. Swain, "my dear sir, what do you mean? Come with me to the office." And, taking the man with him, he entered the office at Third and Chestnut streets. There they found the clerks busy at their desks; then they ascended to the editorial rooms and composing rooms, where everything was going on as usual; finally they descended to the press rooms, where the engines were at work.

"I thought you told me you had stopped the Ledger," said Mr. Swain.

"So I have," said the offended subscriber.

"I don't see the stoppage. The Ledger seems to be going on."

"Oh! I mean to say—that is that I—ah—had stopped taking it."

"Is that all?" exclaimed Mr. Swain. "Why, my dear sir, you don't know you alarmed me."

CHESTNUT, Oct. 7.—A riot occurred about ten o'clock to-night on the corner of Fifth St. and Broadway, between a Fourth ward Greeley torchlight procession, and a lot of colored people, in which fifty to seventy-five shots were fired, and several persons wounded, but none so far as heard of killed. The accounts of the affair by eye-witnesses are very conflicting, and it is almost impossible to obtain reliable particulars.

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

At No. 210, St. James Street, by J. GILLIES.

G. E. CLERK, Editor.

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The figures for each Subscriber's Address every week shows the date to which he has paid up. Thus "John Jones, Aug. '71," shows that he has paid up to August '71, and owes his Subscription from THAT DATE.

S. M. PETERSON & Co., 37 Park Row, and Geo. Rowell & Co., 41 Park Row, are our only authorized Advertising Agents in New York.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1872.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

OCTOBER—1872.

Friday, 18—St. Luke, Ev.  
Saturday, 19—St. Peter of Alcantara, C.  
Sunday, 20—Twenty-second after Pentecost.  
Monday, 21—St. John Cantius, C. (Oct. 20.)  
Tuesday, 22—Of the Feria.  
Wednesday, 23—Of the Feria.  
Thursday, 24—St. Raphael, Arch.

ST. PATRICK'S ORPHANS' BAZAAR.

St. Patrick's Orphans' Bazaar will be held in the Mechanics' Hall, on the 24th inst. A Band will be in attendance. Entrance fee, 10 cts; Season Tickets 25 cts.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Everything has been very quiet on the other side of the Atlantic during the past week; we have not so much as a single revolution to record. The only exception to this general peaceful state of affairs has been in Spain—the intrusive King having got himself pelted with mud in the streets of Madrid.

On this Continent the event of chief importance has been the elections in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana. These on the whole have gone strongly in favor of the republican party, as that the re-election of Gen. Grant, and the defeat of Mr. Greeley are now looked upon as certain. Mr. Seward died suddenly in the morning of the 10th inst. "Troubles," so they are delicately called, form as usual the chief items in United States telegrams; but as the details are not pleasant and pall moreover by their monotonousness—we need not insist upon them.

A meeting of the members of the St. Patrick's Society, and other Irishmen was held on Friday evening, to discuss the affairs of the St. Patrick's Hall Association. The general sense of the meeting was strongly in favor of re-building and upon the old site, a plan which we hope may be carried out. The lot on which the Hall was built consists of about 14,000 feet for which \$35,000 was paid. Seven dollars and a-half per foot have already been offered for it.

An insurrection, of a serious character, is reported as having broken out in the North Western district of Spain. From Rome we learn that His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin, is at present in that City, and has had several interviews with the Sovereign Pontiff.

"A fair field and no favor."—English maxim.

On a fair field it is impossible for Dissent to battle successfully against Catholicity. Protestantism knows it and trembles. "Protestantism in danger" has been the craven cry of the Great Apostasy ever since its inception. It was this cry that plied the rack so persistently under Edward, Elizabeth, the brutal Cromwell, and which enriched the soil of Tyburn with torrents of popish blood. It was this cry, that excluded Catholics from all positions of trust, as well under Tudor as under Stuart rule. It was this cry, that took away the abbey lands and monasteries of Catholic England; which drove the Catholic Bishops from their cathedral revenues and robbed the Catholic people of their churches. "A fair field and no favor" was never meant to be a condition of the warfare which the Reformers waged against Catholicity. They felt and acknowledged it, that on a fair field their case was hopeless. That "Protestantism could not exist without the Test Act" was the unanimous decision of the Lords spiritual and temporal under the second James; as it was the deliberate opinion of that Great Glorious and Immortal Dutchman and Usurper of the British Throne, William the Third, to wit.

"However their majesties might be hostile to persecution, yet they would never give their consent to the repeal of the Test Act, because that act was necessary for the preservation of the Protestant faith."

That all this is a lamentable confession of weakness we must admit; but it is as true as it is lamentable. Dissent cannot hold its own

with Catholicity. Protestantism and toleration cannot co-exist.

Nor is this a truth only of past ages. It is equally true at the present day. Now, when the "Glorious Reformation" backed by "thunder, bayonets, promunies" and all the powers of an unscrupulous Caesarism, has had full sway over the minds of men for upwards of three hundred years, the impotency of dissent is as fully recognized as under Tudor or Stuart rule.

We have an acknowledgment of this weakness coming to us from an unexpected quarter—from London, that Capital and Capitol of Ultra-Protestantism. The Guardians of St. George's, Hanover-Square have issued a manifesto to the various boards of London, calling attention to the immigration of foreign ecclesiastics and inviting a protest against their employment in Government schools. Now we ask—is this fair or is it not rather the same old craven cry of—"Protestantism in danger"—we heard so frequently under Stuart rule? England assumes to be a free country; to be governed by just and equitable laws, to give the fullest religious liberty to all. She gives with no small self-commendation, full liberty to the Negro Slave what moment he touches her soil with his weary feet. And yet in the contest of religion for the hearts of men—in this all important race open to all comers, conscious of her inferiority she flings aside the noble maxim "a fair field and no favor," and insists that Catholicity shall carry weight; she shall not use foreign ecclesiastics in the education of her youth. This is disgraceful because unjust.

Nor does your Italian Liberal feel less convinced of his inability to cope with Catholicity on equal terms. Unless he has her bound down with chains—unless he has her hemmed in with bayonets—unless he has her cramped in all her resources by confiscations and sequestrations—unless he has her Chief Head a prisoner in his own Vatican—unless he has at his back all the power of an unscrupulous Caesarism, he feels, that he can never contend with her successfully in the contest for the hearts of men. Why does the Italian Liberal tremble at the name of Universal Suffrage? Because he knows, that the Italian peasant, the heart of Italy, is Catholic to the core; and that his plebiscitum (plops, the common people) if honest would sweep dissent from off the face of the whole peninsula. Is this a fair field and no favor? Is this Italian Chivalry? or is it not rather the work of the stiletto and of the midnight assassin?

Nor does Prussian Protestantism though fresh from her victories over Catholic France, feel less keenly this impotency. She too fears "a fair field and no favor," for has she not banished the Jesuits—those Life Guardsmen of Catholicity from her land? Is not this a confession of weakness? Is not this an act of moral cowardice disgraceful to any cause?

But it is from the realm of letters that the most extraordinary admission comes. The Westminster Review thus writes of the future and prospects of Protestantism.

"In a well known passage of his Essays, Lord Macaulay has remarked that it is by no means sure Roman Catholicism may not be destined to outlive all other ecclesiastical establishments in the world. We think that it is, at any rate, destined to outlive the system known as Protestantism. Speaking broadly, it may be said that it is next to impossible, now-a-days, to convert any one to Protestantism, is as difficult as to turn him into a Jew. Shoals of people give up Catholicism all over Europe, but only a few here and there are attracted by the teaching of Luther and Calvin."

And as to the dissolution of Protestantism, the writer concludes by saying:—  
"We deem not only its eclipse, but its disappearance to be merely a question of time."

This is certainly sufficiently desponding, and shows, that our proposition "A fair field and no favor and Catholicity must win" is beginning to be accepted as the inevitable. SACERDOS.

CITY AND DISTRICT SAVINGS BANK.—A silly run upon this institution, one of the strongest, if not the very strongest monetary institutions in Canada, commenced on or about the 5th of this month, and was continued throughout a part of the following week. How it originated is not known; but the general opinion is that we are indebted for it to the jealousy of the prosperity of the Bank which in certain quarters is said to obtain. False reports as to its ability to meet its liabilities were industriously circulated by malicious persons amongst the poorer and more ignorant classes of the community; and these, panic stricken, rushed blindly to the Bank to withdraw their deposits. It was a sad sight to see the poor creatures, the dupes of the false representations of a few unprincipled scoundrels, crowding round the doors of the Bank, and eagerly striving to force their way to the counter. The Bank faced the run boldly, opening early in the morning, and paying away till late at night. On Wednesday, Father Dowd, having examined the accounts of the Bank, addressed a crowd of anxious depositors on the street, assuring them of the groundless nature of their fears; he was followed by His Honor the Mayor and others, to the same purpose, and this somewhat calmed the excitement. Indeed after Thursday morning the run commenced sensibly to decline.—

The following statement of facts from the Money Article of the Gazette ought of itself to convince the public of the perfect safety of the depositors:—

"About one-half of the liabilities of the City and District Savings Bank is deposited on call in other Banks in this City; one-fourth is invested in Dominion and Corporation Bonds; while the remainder is secured by bank-stocks, on which large margins have been deposited to insure the Bank in case of a depreciation in value, and first-class mortgages."

In a few days no doubt a great part of the money so foolishly withdrawn will again be brought back; still the panic is to be regretted as no doubt it will have been the indirect cause of much foolish waste on drink of money which would otherwise have been left to accumulate in the coffers of the Bank. On the other hand the capacity of the Institution to meet all its liabilities has been fully established, and its credit is higher than ever. We hope that the rascals who set afoot the lying reports as to its insolvency, for which there never was a shadow of a foundation, may be discovered, and brought to justice.

DR. NEWMAN AND PAPAL INFALLIBILITY. Time and again our readers must have seen the learned and justly celebrated Dr. Newman cited as one who did not in his heart admit the doctrine as to Papal Infallibility propounded by the Council of the Vatican; and as one who, even if he appeared to accept it, did so outwardly only, professing to receive what in his heart of hearts he denied. This accusation was made the other day formally, by a Mr. Capes in the Guardian, an organ of the Protestant sect by law established in England: to which Dr. Newman thus conclusively replied by a letter addressed to the editor of the same paper:—

"Sir,—I cannot allow such language as Mr. Capes uses of me in yesterday's Guardian to pass unnoticed, nor can I doubt that you will admit my answer to it. I thank him for having put into print what, doubtless, has often been said behind my back; I do not thank him for the odious words which he has made the vehicle of it.

"I will not dirty my ink by repeating them; but the substance, mildly stated, is this—that I have all along considered the doctrine of the Pope's infallibility to be contradicted by the facts of Church history; and that, though convinced of this, I have in consequence of the Vatican Council forced myself to do a thing that I never, never fancied would befall me when I became a Catholic—viz, forced myself by some unintelligible quibbles to fancy myself believing what really after all in my heart I could not and did not believe. And that this operation and its result have given me a considerable amount of pain.

"I could say much, and quote much from what I have written in comment upon this nasty view of me. But, not to take up too much of your room, I will, in order to pluck it up by the roots (to use his own expression), quote one out of various passages, in which long before the Vatican Council was dreamed of, at least by me, I enunciated absolutely the doctrine of the Pope's Infallibility. It is in my 'Discourse on University Education,' delivered in Dublin in 1852. It runs as follows:—

"Deeply do I feel, ever will I protest, for I can appeal to the ample testimony of history to bear me out, that, in questions of right and wrong, there is nothing decisive and operative, but the voice of him, to whom have been committed the keys of the kingdom and the oversight of Christ's flock. That voice is now, as ever it has been, a real authority, infallible when it teaches, prosperous when it commands, ever taking the lead wisely and distinctly in its own province, adding certainty to what is probable and persuasion to what is certain. Before he speaks, the most saintly may mistake; and after he has spoken, the most gifted must obey. If there ever was a power on earth who had an eye for the times, who has confined himself to the practicable, and has been happy in his anticipations, whose words have been deeds, and whose commands prophecies, such is he in the history of ages who sits on from generation to generation in the Chair of the Apostles as the Vicar of Christ and Doctor of His Church.

Has he failed in his successes up to this hour? Did he in our father's day, fall in his struggle with Joseph of Germany and his confederates; with Napoleon—a greater name—and his dependent kings; that, though in another kind of fight, he should fail in ours? What grey hairs are on the head of Judah, whose youth is renewed like the eagle's, whose feet are like the feet of harts, and underneath the everlasting arms?"—Pp. 22-23.

This passage I suffered Father Cardella in 1867 or 1868 to reprint in a volume which he published at Rome. My reason for selecting it, as I told him, was this—because in an abridged reprint of the Discourses in 1859 I had omitted it, as well as other large portions of the volume, as of only temporary interest, and irrelevant to the subject of university education.

I could quote to the same purpose passages from my Essay on Development, 1845; Loss and Gain, 1847; Discourses to Mixed Congregations, 1849; Position of Catholics, 1851; Church of the Fathers, 1857.

I understand then no change of mind as regards the truth of the doctrine of the Pope's infallibility in consequence of the Council. It is true I was deeply, though not personally, pained both by the fact and by the circumstances of the definition; and, when it was in contemplation, I wrote a most confidential letter, which was surreptitiously gained and published, but of which I have not a word to retract. The feelings of surprise and concern expressed in that letter have nothing to do with a screwing one's conscience to profess what one does not believe, which is Mr. Capes's pleasant account of me. He ought to know better.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

Dr. Newman may have doubted the expediency or opportuneness of defining that which he always held to be true, from the day he was received into the Catholic Church; but every one acquainted with his writings must be aware that he, Dr. Newman, always himself held the doctrine of Papal Infallibility as laid down by the Council of the Vatican, and emphatically insisted upon it in his very earliest writings after he became a Catholic. Of course, as a Protestant, he must have wondered how it was possible that any one should hold such a doctrine; but as a Catholic he must in like manner have wondered how any one professing to be a Catholic could ever have doubted it—so clearly is it implied in all the utterances of the Fathers, in all the teachings of the Church, and in the commission given to Peter by Our Lord Himself.

FATHER DOWD'S SERMON AT OTTAWA.

(From the Ottawa Times.)

We are happy to-day to place before our readers a correct report of the sermon of Father Dowd on the occasion of the benediction of the corner stone of St. Patrick's Church, on Sunday 8th inst.

"If the stranger come from a far country for the sake of thy great name and adore in this place; hear thou from Heaven, thy firm dwelling place, and do all that which that stranger shall call upon thee for."—2nd Book of Paripomenon, ch. 6th, verse 32nd & 33rd.

It was thus Solomon spoke in the presence of assembled Israel. After long ages, whilst the Lord had no chosen city in Israel—no dwelling place amongst his people, whilst the Ark of the Covenant the figure of His presence, and the guarantee of His presence, and the guarantee of his protection, dwelt under tents, and had no place of honor assigned it. At length Jerusalem is fixed upon, and Solomon is raised to the throne of David his father, in order to build a temple in which the Ark should repose, and the name of the Lord God of Israel be invoked.

The holy enthusiasm inspired by this signal occasion brought together all the men of Israel. The Levites and the singing men clothed in fine linen, and the priests congregated before the Altar, sounded with trumpets, and voice, and cymbals and organs, the praises of the Lord, and they said: "Give glory to the Lord for He is good, for His mercy endureth for ever."

It requires no lengthened meditation on this passage to penetrate the kindred feelings of joy that fill your hearts to-day; to understand why the solemn repose of the Lord's day is awakened, in this hitherto unfrequented spot, by the sweet chorus of many voices, and by the swelling tones of musical instruments; to understand why your men crowd into this place carrying with them the emblems of their faith, and of their nationality, which are displayed only to honor their gladdest festivals; to understand why we see before us the Levites and the priests of the new law, having their Pontiff at their head wearing the insignia of his unearthly power; in a word, to understand why a whole people are represented here to-day, by the young and by the old, the rich and the poor, the joyful and the sorrowful, and all have but the one prayer, the one canticle of praise; "Give glory to the Lord for He is good, for His mercy endureth for ever."

If the Israelites were called together from the utmost bounds of their land; if their king, guided by heavenly wisdom, employed all that art could devise, or the wealth of a nation supply, to celebrate the dedication of their temple; is it not right that you too should manifest the feelings of your hearts in prayers of supplication and in canticles of joy. The temple of the Ancients was not like unto ours. Theirs was the figure ours is the reality; theirs was the shadow, ours the substance; theirs contained the tables of the law; ours contains the author of the law His I am; in theirs were offered sacrifices of oxen and of lambs; in ours is daily offered the unending victim whose sacred blood was the abundant ransom that purchased the sins of the world, the sanction of the new and eternal covenant of mercy between God and man; God fitted the old temple with the shadow of His Majesty to command the awe and obedience of His people; in the new and holier temple God resides day and night, not in a cloud, but in person under the sacramental species, not to awe and terrify, but to invite and encourage us to approach near and nearer to Him, to trust Him under the veil of His love, to receive Him, to be nourished and fortified by Him, to become incorporated with Him. "He that eats My flesh and drinks My blood, abides in Me and I in him."

Such is the dignity of the temple that will soon stand in the midst of you. And if Solomon, when he saw the mystic cloud which merely shadowed the presence of the Deity descend upon the ancient temple, cried out in joy and astonishment "It is credible that God should dwell with men on the earth," what limit can the Christian, can you put to your joy and to your gratitude seeing the foundations cast, and the beginnings made, of a temple in which God Himself shall dwell day and night, not only by opening His eyes in mercy upon it, to grant the prayers offered within its sacred walls, but in which He shall dwell by establishing therein His throne, from which to dispense His mercies and His graces with the bounty of a God; where He may be approached at any time, and by any person; where the poor and the humble, and the broken hearted may bring their griefs, and speak as if face to face with the God of all consolation. Thrice happy this spot that God has chosen for His house. Thrice happy you amongst whom He is about to fix His abode. Well may you say; "Give glory to the Lord for He is good, for His mercy endureth for ever."

But these motives of religious joy on an occasion like the present, are common to you with all the children of our holy church. They are awakened in the heart of every Catholic by the bare recollections of his faith.

There is another circumstance connected with this ceremony,—another element of gladness that can apply but to you alone. To-day your venerated Bishop, following the usages of antiquity, invokes the benediction of heaven on the beginnings of the Church of the Stranger. "If the stranger come from a far country for the sake of Thy great name, and adore in this place, hear Thou from heaven, Thy firm dwelling place, and do all that which that stranger shall call upon Thee for." It is then for you in particular that the name of God is to-day invoked upon this house. Here your condition of strangers and exiles from the far country, for the sake of God's name—that is on account of your fidelity to the truth of God—will give to your prayers a new title to be heard. Children of Ireland, it is not in vain that the prayer so ancient, and yet so appropriate to the present circumstance, is offered for you to-day to the God of heaven.

Hitherto, in this young city, your condition has been that of infancy. Notwithstanding the goodwill and the zeal of your pastors, you have been obliged to suffer many of the disadvantages of the mixed system. This was unavoidable here. It is unavoidable in every young community where there is a difference of habits and sentiments.

When the members of neither nationality are numerous enough, or rich enough to have separate religious establishments, they must agree to meet together in the same churches, and by mutual forbearance to diminish, as far as possible, the troubles and disadvantages inherent in the mixed system. This is what has hitherto been done here. This is the spirit of true Catholic charity, and of Catholic sacrifices that has animated both pastors and people in Ottawa up to the present time. And to be able to say so much is no small praise to both pastors and people.

But your wise and zealous Bishop saw what you yourselves had felt, that the time to change this state of things had come; that the time had come for you to pass from the condition of infancy to that of manhood. The increase in your number and in your material means took away the necessity of continuing longer the evils of the mixed system. Your readiness to give, needed no test; and your capacity to give was sufficiently tested by the many calls of charity and religion made on you. Hence your good Bishop, consulting for your spiritual welfare, and in order to consolidate that harmony which he so ardently desires to see reign amongst all the portions of his pastoral charge, cheerfully approved of, and heartily blessed your noble enterprise. And children of Ireland, heaven will confirm the benediction of your Bishop, your patience, and your religion, and your generosity deserve that favor.

Yes, God will bless you in raising a temple to His glory, under the invocation of our blessed father and

patron, St. Patrick. In the church of St. Patrick the stranger and the exile from the far country will find a privileged home; where everything will make him feel that he is in the house of his father; where he will find consolation even in pondering over the sorrows and trials of other days;—where the light of hope will spring up in his soul even from the blackest thoughts of the past;—a hope-inspiring confidence in the goodness and protection of God, and in the inscrutable ways of His divine providence; where he will fully understand his great mission, a mission that makes the Irish people the most privileged people in the Christian world; where he will learn not only to understand, but also to feel that He has been driven from his native land by the injustice of man, in order to be employed by God to carry the name of our great Apostle, and with it the faith he received from Rome, into every civilized nation on the face of the earth. Will not thoughts like these come up in your minds and in the minds of the strangers and exiles who will come after you, when you are recollecting in the calm and light of faith before the altar of God in the Church of St. Patrick? And can such thoughts leave the heart without heavenly consolation? Can such thoughts fail to inspire hope and confidence; hope for the far off land. God cannot forget the generous land that He employed for ages and centuries as the fruitful nursery of His Apostles, His Martyrs, and His Confessors. The day of mercy—of reward—must come—is coming. We have only to await it in hope. These thoughts will also inspire us with confidence for ourselves. There is a special care, a more watchful Providence guiding the steps and governing the actions of the exiles God sends from their home, to propagate His kingdom and to make known His power, His truth, and His love to unbelieving peoples.

Children of Ireland, you are not unmindful of the mission you have received, in common with all your countrymen, who build the temples of the living God, and support His worship over the face of this continent. Your Apostle is not dishonored by you in Ottawa. The house of your Father is worthy of Him, is worthy of His children. To honour Him you are giving to the city a new ornament, to religion a new monument, and to old Ireland a new proof of your filial love. Courage, then, to the end, till your great and good work is complete.

The task is not beyond your strength, for the hands and hearts of all—the young and the old, the rich and the poor—all are engaged in it. The cost, though considerable should not deter you. God has blessed many amongst you with ample means, as well as with generous and religious hearts. And should your ordinary means—what the world would tell you, you can spare—not suffice; what then, are you to stop? No; you are to brace yourselves for the effort. You will go and part with your costly ornaments; you will coin into money your plate, and your rings, and your rich chains. You do not need these trifles; God does; the house of St. Patrick—the home of the stranger and of the exile for all time to come—needs them. You will not refuse to part with these luxuries to relieve the wants of God's house.

Do I ask too much. No, for I speak to Christians, and the life of a Christian must be a life of sacrifice; it is essential. "If any man will come, after Me, let him deny himself." But I speak to you in another capacity too. What has made the Irish people, the most truly Christian people on the face of the earth? This testimony has been more than once given them by foreign and impartial lips. They are the most Christian people, because they are, and because they have been, eminently a people of sacrifice. They have been familiar with the spirit and practice of sacrifice. Year after year, and age after age, and century after century, they have known how to sacrifice, for the sake of God's great name, property, and titles, and home, and family, and country, and life itself. This is history. And is this spirit of sacrifice dead amongst us as a people at the present time. No it is not dead. It is living and at work amongst us. What our friends at home are doing, proves it. What our heroically virtuous servant girls are doing in the neighboring States, where they are the founders of churches, and the mothers and guardian angels of orphan asylums, proves it. What our fellow countrymen have done, and what they are doing through this part of the Dominion, proves it. What you yourselves have done, and what you are prepared to do in order to complete what has been so well commenced, prove, that the spirit of sacrifice, the true spirit of Christianity, is still living and active amongst us. Go on then children of sacrifice, go on all together; have but one body as you have but one spirit;—the spirit of sacrifice,—the spirit of our sainted forefathers. Go on, you are on the right way. God will make your reward exceeding great; and your Apostle, for whom you labor, will bless you, and will watch over you and your children with more than a father's love.

To conclude, I have only to ask you to lift up your hearts to heaven, and join with all fervor in the prayers of the church which your holy Bishop is about to offer to God; that under His blessing, and through His aid, your great work may be speedily brought to a happy issue. And that your prayers may be more acceptable place yourselves as ready instruments in the hands of God, to do that portion of His work which may be given you; not seeking your own glory, nor your own private satisfaction; but the glory of God and the accomplishment of His work.

Work together as one man; all your dearest interests command you to be united. What you undertake with one heart and one mind must succeed. Respect one another, have confidence in one another, join in the prosperity of one another, and your undertakings will have God's blessing, for they will have the genuine stamp of Irish faith, and of Irish charity.

This advice regards not the past. It only anticipates the future. To day you enter upon a new career. To ensure success all your forces will be required. St. Patrick's built, you will have to look to your dear Orphan Asylum. Your infirm old of both sexes cannot be long forgotten. Other wants of charity and religion will make themselves felt from year to year. Will not all this require your united councils, and your united efforts. Do, beloved Brethren, be united; avoid jealousies, and rivalries; or rather let you all enter to-day into a holy rivalry of charity; each doing his best to do to his neighbor in promoting the Glory of God, the welfare of our fellow countrymen, and the honor of our dear father and Apostle, St. Patrick. Pray for me, and from this day forward it shall be my happiness to remember in my poor prayers the good children of St. Patrick in Ottawa.

DOMINION BUILDING SOCIETY.—We notice that the above Society has rented the magnificent buildings, No. 53 and 55, St. James St., and we learn at the same time that the first issue of appropriation stock is now all taken up; such prosperity at its inception bespeaks for the Society a prosperous career.

We are informed that Father Burke, the eloquent orator, will deliver a course of lectures in Montreal at an early day for the benefit of the Jesuits.

A meeting of the St. Patrick's Hall stockholders was held on Monday evening; no resolutions as to re-building were come to.



FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

MARSHAL BAZAINE.—The case against Marshal Bazaine is being pressed with increased activity, which give rise to an unfounded report that the Marshal had attempted or would attempt, suicide.

MARRIAGE OF PRIESTS.—The Abbes Renaud and Guicheteau, whoever they may be, have written to the Journal de Geneve, a Protestant paper, to announce their intention of following M. Loysen's example, an intention which they allege to be entertained by 200 priests.

STRASBOURG, Oct. 8.—An official statement has been made of the result of the nationality option. It shows that of the natives of the new German Provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, 164,633 have declared in favor of retaining their French citizenship.

PARIS, Oct. 11.—Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clotilde, who are in this city, have received notice to leave France. The Prince replied to the agent of the Government who brought the summons, by refusing to quit his native land, insisting on his rights as a citizen, and declaring here would he yield only to force, and the Princess answered that she would only leave France between two gens d'armes.

President Thiers, in the course of his remarks before the Permanent Commission of the Assembly yesterday, used the following words:—"Europe has rendered us justice at Berlin. Our army is recovering, and our credit is excellent."

The population of Paris has, it is reported, decreased 400,000 in six years, and property has depreciated twenty per cent.

A few days since, M. Thiers made a friendly call upon his old rival, M. Guizot. It is appalling to think of the vast years through which these old gentlemen must have groped in conversation, in order to drag forth reminiscences of their early days.

SPAIN.

MADRID, Oct. 8.—In the Cortes the President decided that under the rules of the House the debate on the motion to amend the address to the King by inserting a paragraph asking for the abolition of slavery was out of order.

After the shop keepers' manifestation yesterday, which temporarily subsided on the promise of the Alcade that the tax on show-bills would be reconsidered, crowds again collected on the streets, hissed the members of the City Government who were trying to allay the excitement, and assailed the police with clubs and stones.

Oct. 8.—A special from Madrid to the Soir says:—"Last evening, while His Majesty King Amadeus was walking in the Plaza del Orient, two men who were concealed behind statues, threw several large stones at him, crying at the same time, "Viva le Republica!"

ITALY.

A certain Paganini, head clerk in the Milan post-office, absconded recently with 500,000 francs, stolen from the cash-box. He was captured at Dugano, and brought back to Milan for trial. The money was, fortunately, nearly all recovered, the actual loss being comparatively insignificant.

anti-Catholic, Liberal and ultra-Liberal journals, are down on the fellow with a vengeance. I see in this morning's papers that Paganini has given up every cent that he stole, and people may be gratified that through his crime others of a worse nature have been revealed.

GERMANY.

DOLLINGERISM IN GERMANY.—To the Editor of the Tablet.—Sir,—The new sect of the self-styled "Old Catholics" (Anti-infallibilists) are, in spite of State support from Liberals and Bismarckians, in a sorry plight, dying away like mushrooms.

It will be remembered how Von Dollinger boasted that thousands of the Catholic clergy thought as he did, would follow him, and break with Rome. But it is now a well-known fact that hardly two and a half dozen joined his rebellious banner, and in Bavaria only five.

A Catholic paper of Munich, the Volksbote, calls, in No. 205, upon Dr. Friedrich, one of the most zealous partisans of Dr. Dollinger, and asks partly when he would follow the good example of Charles Loysen, and get united with his "Waldjungfer" (wood-nymph). Further on we read: One of the "Old Catholic" priests, Bernard of Kiefersfelden (a village near Kufstein, Tyrol), petitions now the Bavarian Government to pension him off. He finds himself deserted, as no Catholic will enter the village church when he goes there. The poor man, although aided by the police, and applauded by all the Liberal papers and all the Freethinkers of his place, tried for a long while with all his might to draw the good people of Kiefersfelden into his schism.

As for Dollinger, it is commonly reported that, in spite of a few English Protestant addresses, he is ill at ease, and not in the happiest of moods. One can see his photograph united with that of Huss and Luther on one sheet in many shop-windows; a glorification which he will not accept, the ungrateful man!

The present persecution of the Catholic Church in the German Empire is most certainly one of the consequences of his anti-infallibilistic movement. It will certainly cast a sombre shining halo round his head, but is, after all, a poor tale for future historians to tell, if the mighty Prussian State, under so famous a leader as Bismarck, cannot get up a National Church from among the numerous freemasons, freethinkers, infidels, bad Catholics, and Protestants, without first driving away a few Jesuit Fathers, nuns, and monks, getting up paltry penal laws against the Catholic clergy to restrict their free speech and interdict Catholic teaching in public schools.

The Vaterland says: "The leader of the 'Old Catholics' in Mering, was the landed proprietor, the Baron von Bouville. This man died on the 28th of July, but before his death he refused the ministrations of the schismatical priest, Renfle, called for the episcopal vicar, and died reconciled with the Catholic Church. This event has drawn away forty families from the schismatical congregation. The Old Catholic congregation in Kompen, consisting of railroad functionaries, sent three persons to be confirmed; Kiefersfelden, where the Rector and Austrian Custom-house officers alone constitute the congregation, furnished none whatever; and in the same way Simbach, on the Jun-Tundenhausen has no 'Old Catholics' but the Rector, who is now soliciting his retiring allowance.

BAVARIA.—According to recent news from Munich, the "money question," that fertile source of troubles, was at the bottom of the difficulty experienced at Munich in forming a new Ministry. A Bavarian Minister of State receives but five thousand dollars a year, American money; and it is calculated so frequent are the changes of Ministry in Bavaria, that his tenure of office averages not more than a year and a half. The Cabinet is usually recruited from the class of high government officials, and a seat is sometimes offered to a distinguished university professor. But officials and professors hesitate before giving up a life income for the sake of temporary political eminence and eighteen months' increased revenue, accompanied, as it is sure to be, by increased expenditures. Meanwhile, though it has been positively announced that a reactionary and Ultramontane Cabinet is in course of formation, the law against the Jesuits is being put in force, so that the political stream would seem to be agitated by two conflicting currents. The King, with that sublime indifference to politics which distinguishes him, has retired to the mountains, and it is said that nothing less important than the production of a new work by Wagner could induce him to return to his capital.

PRINCELY JESUITS.—With all its Ultramontane proclivities, and in the face of M. von Garver's Ministerial candidature, Bavaria has dealt far more summarily and energetically with its Jesuits than the rest of Germany, once it made up its mind to turn them out. Prussia allowed them months of grace, Bavaria no more than three days. The act of ejection has, however, revealed a novel and quite unforeseen difficulty in the way of the Bill which is at the present moment puzzling the learned in the law. The Jesuit order includes among its members several, possibly a good many, scions of whilom reigning houses, who by the act of mediatization enjoy certain privileges, among others the right to settle undisturbed in any German State they choose. Count Fugger, one of the privileged few, a Ratisbon Jesuit, has boldly taken his stand on this prerogative, defying the servants of the law to act in opposition to paragraphs 30 and 30 of the German Constitution, which he has at his fingers' ends. The effect has been to baffle for the time the disconcerted police, who have concluded a truce, during which they mean to apply for further instructions to Munich and Berlin. Meanwhile the Crown lawyers are

putting their heads together to devise some way of eluding the inconvenient paragraph.—Pall Mall Gazette.

RUSSIA.

St. Petersburg, 1—13 Sept., 1872.—STATE OF THE COUNTRY.—Somebody's inglorious will perhaps, are long, put us in possession of what our three Emperors are doing and saying at Berlin. Meanwhile I will ask you to take a glance with me at the state of this country. In a material point of view, we are decidedly prospering, in consequence of the great extension of our railways. The price of timber is doubled, and hence land has risen proportionately in value. The peasantry are buying land, and those of the old proprietors who have survived the emancipation of the serfs, are getting good rents; the rouble is now worth 3s. which is more than it has ruled for many years past.

MORALS.—On the other hand, our moral condition is showing a woeful state of declension. Heretofore infidelity was confined to the richer classes, but now the poison has found its way into the cabins of the poor. The popes, or parochial clergy, are regarded with less respect than ever. When a religious procession goes along the street, people throw water upon it out of the window. Peasants now commit suicide, like some grand seigneurs; or else brigandage, as has been the case at Ujatch, a pleasant little town in the province of Smolensk, where you cannot walk abroad at midday without being robbed and murdered. One cause of this terrible state of things is the ungodly state into which women are getting. I am in possession of details about the ladies' public schools (gymnasies) that would shock your readers. Russia is becoming covered with these schools. They are hot-beds of "Nihilism" and, in consequence, of immorality. If Faith in France has been able to withstand the revolutionary tornado, and all that followed in its train, it is owing to the women of France, and the Christian education which they still receive. In our unhappy Russia the women are absolutely more gangrened than the men.

JAPAN.

The recent statistics of Japan disclose the progress of one of the most marvelous changes ever known in the human family. The kingdom has an unbroken record of 2532 years, going back to the time of Nebuchadnezzar. The present Emperor is the 122d of his race. The policy of isolation which with more or less strictness, has been preserved during all this time, is now thrown off, in a moment as it were, and considerable advance has already been made toward constitutional government. The Mikado remains absolute sovereign, but the work of government is done for him by the "Great Council," which is divided into three sections—Centre, Right and Left. An attempt has been made to form a parliament but sufficient progress has not yet been attained away from Asiatic customs to provide a proper sphere for such a body. It will come in time. The local administration in the provinces is in the hands of the prefects, one of them residing in each of the 75 districts into which Japan is now cut up. The financial report of 1872—the first ever issued in Japan—shows a small balance in the Treasury, and is quite encouraging in its several items. In education a good beginning has been made. Public primary schools are increasing rapidly, especially in the towns; but the movement is far more marked in the western provinces and on the coast than in the interior. Private schools are more abundant still; and as anybody can establish them—subject to a permission which is always granted—they spring up with facility wherever they are wanted. As yet there are no statistics on the subject. The army includes 70,200 men, besides about 8000 in the Mikado's body guard. The navy has nineteen vessels. The population of the Japanese islands (of which there are all in 3801) amounted, according to last year's census, to 32,866,161.

LETTER FROM FATHER BURKE.

St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 1st.

To the Editors of the Irish-American:—Gentlemen—I very seldom read the reports of my own lectures, but, fortunately, I threw my eye over the address delivered on Sunday, 22d of Sept., in the Coliseum at Boston, as reported in the Irish-American. The speech was reported with wonderful completeness and accuracy; and yet I was horrified to find what a different impression it creates, when read, to what it made, and was intended to make, when spoken. Since my arrival in America, my position has been a peculiarly hard one. Called upon constantly to speak extempore; yet I find every word of mine reported; and the utterances flung out in the heat and passion of speech reappear in the rigid type, cold and crude. A word or phrase which, perhaps, qualified a whole passage or statement, may escape the ear of the ablest reporter. The expression, intonation, action of the speaker cannot be stereotyped; in fact the living word is not there; and so a thing may read very differently indeed from what it meant when it was spoken. This is really the case with the concluding parts of my Boston lecture, in which I dealt with the faults and shades of the Irish character, and the crimes imputed to us. Nothing was farther from my thoughts than to palliate or excuse, much less to justify, acts of violence, rapine, or bloodshed, and I am quite sure that not one of the multitude who heard me speak took any such meaning out of my words; yet I confess that I rose from the perusal of my own lecture with the horrible impression that it looked like the production of a revolutionist or something worse. I am compelled, therefore, from what I owe to myself personally, as well as to my priestly character, to explain my words.

First of all, then, in speaking of the grievances and wrongs of the Irish people, I meant principally to speak of the past, of how things were some years ago, not forgetting the example of the Roman historian, who prudently declined to record the events of his own day. I thought and spoke of the days when Norbury would send half a dozen Irish peasants to the gallows with a joke, and amid the laughter of the court. In speaking of the Irish father defending the honor and purity of his child, I was only supposing a possible case of wrong committed, and justice denied. In print it looks as if I had been stating a fact which had actually occurred. The mention of the Adorable Trinity at this point escaped me in the heat and indignation of the moment. In speech it might pass for an impassioned utterance, a strong figure of rhetoric (quite too strong and impassioned, I confess); but, verba volant in print it reads perfectly horrible; and I do not exaggerate when I say that I would joyfully wipe out this portion of the record with my heart's blood. I am, moreover, made to say, "if I were not a priest I would say, my blessing on him." Now, if I remember aright, my words were "if I were not a Catholic and a priest, I might be tempted to say, my blessing on him." In this and some following passages there seems to be expressed on my part an admiration of and sympathy with deeds of outrage and bloodshed, and to make myself clearly understood, I am neither a revolutionist nor an admirer of crime. There have been agrarian murders perpetrated and attempted from time to time in Ireland. These are fearful crimes, and as such they must be denounced by every man. The man who applauds or countenances them is in his heart a partaker in the guilt; and, if that man be a priest, he is a traitor to his character to the teachings of the Church, and to the altar which he serves. I pray God that my tongue may cleave to my jaws,—that it may be torn out from the roots,—before it ever utter a single word foreign to the teaching, the discipline, the spirit of the Church, my mother. Whatever she teaches, I teach; whatever she reprobrates, I reprobate and

abjure from my inmost soul. Now, the Catholic Church teaches that it is not lawful for any man to take the law into his own hands, and to shed blood. Such an act is murder; and the murderer will never know one moment's peace in this world; whilst the blood which he has shed, will cry to Heaven for vengeance against him in the next. Heaven forbid, then, that either as a man or a priest, I should be thought to palliate or excuse a crime from which my whole nature recoils. But it is quite a different matter to trace this crime to its cause. I hold that the cause does not lie (as has been stated), in the inherent cruelty and wickedness of the Irish character. The Irish are a combative, but by no means a murderous or bloodthirsty people. The cause of these outrages I believe to be in the provocation and exasperation occasioned by many heartless landlords, and by a system of jurisprudence, which, in too many cases, exacted from the Irish peasant the "summa jus," thereby inflicting on him the "summa injuria." I may be wrong; but, whether right or wrong, let no man think that I sympathize with what is called "the wild justice of revenge."

Finally, my words may be mistaken as meaning a declaration of war against Irish landlords. It is not so. My religion teaches me to respect the rights of property, and neither to envy nor plunder any man. Bad landlords have been a great curse to Ireland, no doubt; but we all know that there are good landlords, as well as bad. They may have their own peculiar notions as to the obligations of their tenants in the matter of voting at election times. Their theories, on this point, may sound strange in our ears. The elective franchise is no privilege, nor has it even any meaning, unless the exercise of it be perfectly free; consequently, no man, be he priest, landlord, or employer, has a right to coerce or intimidate a voter, seeing that the Constitution opens the House of Commons, not to the choice of the priest or the landlord, but to the elect of the people. But as we can imagine a priest expecting too much subserviency from his parishoners on this point, although in all other respects he may be a most excellent pastor; so we can imagine a landlord falling into the same error, yet, in all other respects, a kind-hearted and most excellent man. Such landlords there are, and many such. Such a one is Sir Thomas Burke, of Marble Hill, Galway, whose name has been so prominent in connexion with the late Galway election. A kinder man, a more indulgent or better landlord does not live. If all the landlords in Ireland were like him (and many others of whom I could speak from personal knowledge, in my native county), Ireland would be more contented and happy than she is to-day. Any man that dreams of a future for Ireland to be attained by confiscation, communism, or injustice, does not understand the genius or character of our people. Non talibus auxiliis. Neither the friends nor the foes of Ireland need fear that our people will ever have recourse to such means as these. The two great enemies of Communism are religion and common sense. The Irish people happen to have both.

I shall be grateful to you for inserting this letter in your valuable paper. I also ask all other newspapers that may reproduce the Boston address to publish this letter, and so relieve me of a very great anxiety.

I am, yours faithfully,  
THOMAS N. BURKE, O. P.

The Rochester Democrat says: When people embrace each other at camp-meetings, it is entirely because they are filled with religious ardour and for the time being have no control over themselves. We do not suppose, to be sure, that a young man wrestling with pious zeal would be very apt to embrace a basswood tree, or that a young woman equally inspired would become a clinging vine to a soulless maple, and therefore it must be that the embracing must be mutual and responsive in order to be satisfactory; but it is Christian love that dictates the embraces, and the purpose in view, if there is any purpose but to manifest happiness and cosmopolitan, or rather comprehensive love, is entirely legitimate. There was a reporter on the Portland Press who was not sufficiently regenerated to appreciate these moral metaphysics. He attended a camp-meeting and spoke mockingly of the outgoings of love that were there manifested. His report traveled a little, and finally found its way, though shorn of its stateliness, to the New York Independent. Two ministers who saw the report denied it in the Independent, and added that the reporter himself admitted its falsity. And now the reporter has his card in the New York paper. "What I stated in the Portland Press," he says, "I witnessed just as I described it. I am amazed beyond expression that these reverend gentlemen should utter so untrue a statement. Why, sir, it was not more than two weeks since that these two gentlemen called at the Press office to see the reporter, and there endeavored to convince him that the women throw their arms around the men's necks only to whisper some parting words in their ears; and, because the reporter 'couldn't see it' in that light, they left quite angry, refusing to shake hands with him." We never saw so unreasonable a reporter. We never knew of one so thoroughly in need of a change of heart. And there is one very singular thing: If the manifestations of fervor at camp-meetings are as he believes them to be, why, let us ask in a voice of thunder, is he still outside the fold? The Independent thinks, however, that the controversy had better stop where it is. "There is," says that sedate journal, "a question of veracity between the ministers and the journalist which it will be unprofitable to discuss any further. In our ministerial capacity we are bound to believe the ministers; in our journalistic capacity we see no reason to doubt the journalist. So we conclude that the difficulty of reconciling their statements is similar to that which subsists between foreordination and free will, and relegate the whole to the realm of mystery. Whether the story be true or false, the publicity which has been given it will be likely to put our gushing confessors of holiness upon their guard, and to discredit the little game of sanctified forfeits which several people have been at the pains of defending."

BLOOMINGDALE ASYLUM.—A reporter on the New York Tribune has adventured into a lunatic asylum with a purpose similar to that which gave us the admirable letters from the "Casual" of the Pall Mall Gazette. He entered the Bloomingdale Asylum had remained for a week, when he found considerable difficulty in getting out. The Bloomingdale Asylum is a private institution, owned and conducted by personal enterprise. It is a speculative institution, and is maintained at a profit at the abuse and expense of the unfortunate boarders. The lowest rate per week charged is \$4. It is evident from the plain statements of the reporter, that the accommodations are not better than can be had in a second-class boarding-house. The food is not particularly nutritious, the supply of the costlier material is small and grudgingly given, the food is not clean, nor is it well cooked, and the attendance at table is "simply bustling." The conversation of the keepers while serving at table is not rarely reported, because their disgusting language cannot be expressed in print, and it is impossible to describe it. The constant punishment of an imbecile youth by forcing him to perform the duties of a menial; the violent hurrying of a harmless idiot half across a room for the offence of not knowing which way to turn; the brutal beating of an old and blind idiot for protesting against rude treatment; the toasting of a poor boy naked in the sun while confined in what is nothing other than an iron cage—these are among the instances of cruelty which the reporter cites as having been witnessed by himself. They appear to have been wanton acts done in moments of passion by the keepers, and were not necessary apparently to the maintenance of any system of discipline, for discipline and classifi-

cation alike seem to have no part in the Bloomingdale management. The wretched residence in the ward for quiet patients undetected under the very eyes of the doctor, remains to be told. The Tribune says:—"We have further to announce that we have obtained an insight into the management of another institution as large as Bloomingdale, and hope to be able to furnish facts which will compel its reformation. From all parts of the country, encouraging letters and addresses reach us, and the cordial support of the great majority of the respectable journals of all parties indicates a deep and widespread interest in this reformatory and humanitarian movement."

We are sorry that the enterprise and activity of the people of Kentucky have led to the production of a new religion. We thought that the market was already overstocked with the commodity of sects, and he would be a benefactor of his race who would cause one to grow where now there are two. The new sect is, of course, a "community," and it calls itself by the name of "Soul Sleepers," the distinguishing article of faith being that the soul slumbers in the grave with the body until a day of general judgment in the far future.

PERE HYACINTHE.—Better than a year ago, when "Pere Hyacinthe" was about coming to America, John Mitchell, in the Irish Citizen, had a characteristic notice of some photographs of the "Pere," which a publisher in New York had got out as a speculation. "Having seen this photograph (said John Mitchell), we at a glance can understand Pere Hyacinthe's situation. We know what the man is at. He is going for a wife, or for half-a-dozen wives, if practicable." The "Pere's" friends were shocked just then at the idea; but the wretched apostate has verified John Mitchell's present judgment by marrying the first of his half-a-dozen.—New Orleans Morning Star.

PREVENTING HEATING IN GRAINSTACKS.—A simple instrument has lately been devised, under the name of the Hay-stack Ventilator, for the purpose of ascertaining and counteracting the heating in the interior of stacks of hay or grain. This consists of a wrought iron tube, about three inches in diameter, which is long enough to reach into the middle of the stack, and, like the Norton well-tube, is provided with a conical point at the tip, and pierced for about two-thirds its length with numerous holes. A screw arrangement is affixed to the posterior extremity, by which it can be connected with an accompanying discharge-pipe.

For use this apparatus is to be driven horizontally into the stack to be investigated, either by means of a mallet or by a screw arrangement, and the temperature ascertained after a short interval by introducing a self-registering thermometer. Should the temperature be too high at any point in the stack, a tin tube is to be affixed vertically on the outer end of the iron tube, and an outward current of air from the interior of the stack produced, by means of which the heat is speedily carried off without any injury to the stack. Hooks may be attached to the tip of the instrument, by which small samples of the central part of the stack can be brought out.

BROWNED TOMATOES.—Take large round tomatoes and halve them; place them, the skin side down, in a frying pan, in which a very small quantity of butter or lard had been previously melted; sprinkle them well with salt and pepper, and dredge them well with flour; place the pan on a hot part of the fire, and let them brown thoroughly; then stir them and let them brown again, and so on until they are quite done. They lose their acidity, and the flavor is superior to stewed tomatoes.

Consumption, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Feeble, Irregular Action of the Heart, and a long list of kindred diseases, are attributed to a low state of the nervous system. Owing to its bracing effects on those centers we may ascribe to Fellows' Compound Hypophosphites the prompt and decided benefit received by patients laboring under these diseases.

BREAKFAST—EPPS'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."—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with Boiling Water or Milk. Each packet is labelled—"James Epps & Co, Homoeopathic Chemists, London." Also, makers of Epps's Milky Cocoa (Cocoa and Condensed Milk.)

Parents lessen your Shoe bills two-thirds by buying only CABLE SCREW WIRE fastened Boots and Shoes. Never rip or leak. All genuine goods bear the Patent Stamp.

WANTED—By a Lady a situation to take the entire charge of a House, the care of a young family, (the best of references given if required) apply 724 Sherbrooke Street, or 300 Mountain Street, any hour before 2 o'clock.

WANTED—A Male Teacher, to teach in the R. C. S. S. Section No. 1, in the Township of Gratton, during the remaining part of the current year—application to be made to, JAMES BONFIELD, B. E. RODDEN, M. J. KEARNEY, Trustees. S. HOWARD, Secretary & Treasurer.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } In the SUPERIOR COURT  
Dist. of Montreal, } for Lower Canada.  
No. 1440.

The Seventeenth Day of June, Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-two.

PRESENT: The Honorable Mr. Justice Berthelot. DAME HENRIETTE MOREAU, of the City and District of Montreal, wife, separated as to property, of HARBOLD LIONAIS, of the same place, Trader, and by him duly authorized to the effect of these presents, and the said HARBOLD LIONAIS for the purpose of authorizing his said wife,

Plaintiff. ELIE LARUE, Stone-cutter, heretofore of the City and District of Montreal, and actually absent from this Province of Quebec,

Defendant.

IT IS ORDERED, on the motion of Messrs. Leblanc, Cassidy & Lacoste, of Counsel for the Plaintiff in as much as it appears by the return of Joseph Octave Paule, one of the Bailiffs of said Superior Court, on the writ of summons in this cause issued, written, that the Defendant has left his domicile in the Province of Quebec in Canada, and cannot be found in the District of Montreal, that the said Defendant in an advertisement to be twice inserted in the French language, in the newspaper of the City of Montreal, called "La Minerve" and twice in the English language, in the newspaper of the said city, called "The True Witness" be notified to appear before this Court, and there to answer the demand of the Plaintiff within two months after the last insertion of such advertisement and upon the neglect of the said Defendant to appear and to answer to such demand within the period aforesaid, the said Plaintiff will be permitted to proceed to trial, and judgment as in a cause by default.

(By the Court) HUBERT, PAPINEAU & HONEY. P. S. C.

**WANTED.**  
TWO FEMALE TEACHERS, capable of teaching French and English in the Separate Schools of the Municipality of Hemmingford, County of Huntingdon, to whom a liberal salary will be paid.  
Address, JOHN RYAN, Sec. Treasurer.  
Hemmingford, Sept. 9th 1872.

**Select School for Young Ladies.**  
ON MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 2ND, the MISSES GRANT will OPEN A SELECT SCHOOL for YOUNG LADIES, in the House formerly occupied by the late Capt. Abbottson, situated near Papineau square. The Course of Instruction will embrace the usual English branches, with French and Music. By unremitting devotion to the moral and mental improvement of those placed under their charge, the Misses Grant hope to merit a share of public patronage.  
Terms made known on application at the premises.

**ACADEMY of the Sacred Heart, SAULT AU RECOLLET.**—This Institution is beautifully and healthfully situated, about six miles from Montreal. Every facility is afforded for acquiring a thorough knowledge of the French language.  
Terms—Board and Tuition for the scholastic year, \$150. Piano, Vocal Music, German, &c., are extras. For further particulars apply to the Rev. Mother Superior.  
School will RE-OPEN on TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3rd.

**MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,**  
NEAR EMMITSBURG, FREDERICK CO., MARYLAND.  
The Scholastic Year is divided into two Sessions of five months each, beginning respectively on the 1st September, and the 1st of February.  
The terms per annum are \$300, i.e. for each Session; \$150 payable in advance. Physician's fee, &c., and pocket-money for each Session \$5 each, which, besides clothing, books, and stationary supplied by the College, must be paid for in advance.  
All the Students are instructed in the doctrines and trained to the practice of the Catholic religion. Applicants for admission, who have studied in other Colleges or Academies, must produce certificates of good standing and character.  
Youths not qualified to enter on the Collegiate Course are admitted to the Preparatory Department. The best route to the College is by the Western Maryland Railroad, from Baltimore to Mechanics-town, near the College.  
Tickets sold through to Emmitsburg.  
Letters of inquiry should be addressed to the President of Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md.

**JOHN CROWE,**  
BLACK AND WHITE SMITH,  
LOCK-SMITH,  
BELL-HANGER, SADDLERY-MAKER  
AND  
GENERAL JOBBER,  
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ALL ORDERS CAREFULLY AND PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO  
**GOOD CABLE SCREW WIRE**  
**BOOTS**  
AND  
**SHOES**  
Last as long again as any other kind.

**MONTREAL HOT-WATER HEATING APPARATUS ESTABLISHMENT.**  
**F. GREENE,**  
574 & 576, CRAIG STREET.  
Undertakes the Warming of Public and Private Buildings, Manufactories, Conservatories, Vineries, &c., by Greene's improved Hot-Water Apparatus, Gold's Low Pressure Steam Apparatus, with latest improvements, and also by High Pressure Steam in Coils or Pipes. Plumbing and Gas-Fitting personally attended to.

**FALL TRADE, 1872.**  
NEW WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE IN MONTREAL.

**J. & R. O'NEIL,**  
Importers of British and Foreign  
DRY-GOODS,  
DOMINION BUILDINGS,  
No. 138 McGill Street, Montreal.

To the DRY GOODS TRADE OF CANADA:  
In presenting to you a notice of our having commenced the business of Wholesale Dry Goods and Importing Merchants, we have much pleasure in informing you that we will have opened out in the above large premises a very full and complete assortment of General Dry Goods, to which we respectfully invite your inspection on your next visit to this market.  
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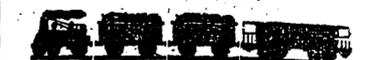
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Day Express leaves Montreal at 9:00 a.m., arriving in Boston via Lowell at 10:00 p.m. Train for Waterloo leaves Montreal at 3:15 p.m. Night Express leaves Montreal at 3:45 p.m., for Boston via Lowell, Lawrence, or Fitchburg, also for New York, via Springfield or Troy, arriving in Boston at 8:40 a.m., and New York at 12:30 p.m. TRAINS GOING NORTH AND WEST. Day Express leaves Boston via Lowell at 8:00 a.m., arriving in Montreal at 9:45 p.m. Night Express leaves New London at 2:45 p.m.; South Vermon at 9:58 p.m., receiving passengers from Connecticut River R.R., leaving New York at 3:00 p.m., and Springfield at 8:10 p.m., connecting at Bellows Falls with train from Cheshire R.R., leaving Boston at 5:30 p.m., connecting at White River Junction with train leaving Boston at 6:00 p.m.; leaves Rutland at 1:50 a.m., connecting with trains over Rensselaer and Saratoga R.R. from Troy and New York, via Hudson River R.R., arriving in Montreal at 9:45 a.m. Sleeping Cars are attached to the Express trains running between Montreal and Boston, and Montreal and Springfield, and St. Albans and Troy. Drawing-Room Cars on Day Express Train between Montreal and Boston. For tickets and freight rates, apply at Vermont Central R. R. Office, No. 136 St. James Street. G. MERRILL, Gen'l Superintendent. St. ALBANS, Dec. 1, 1871.