

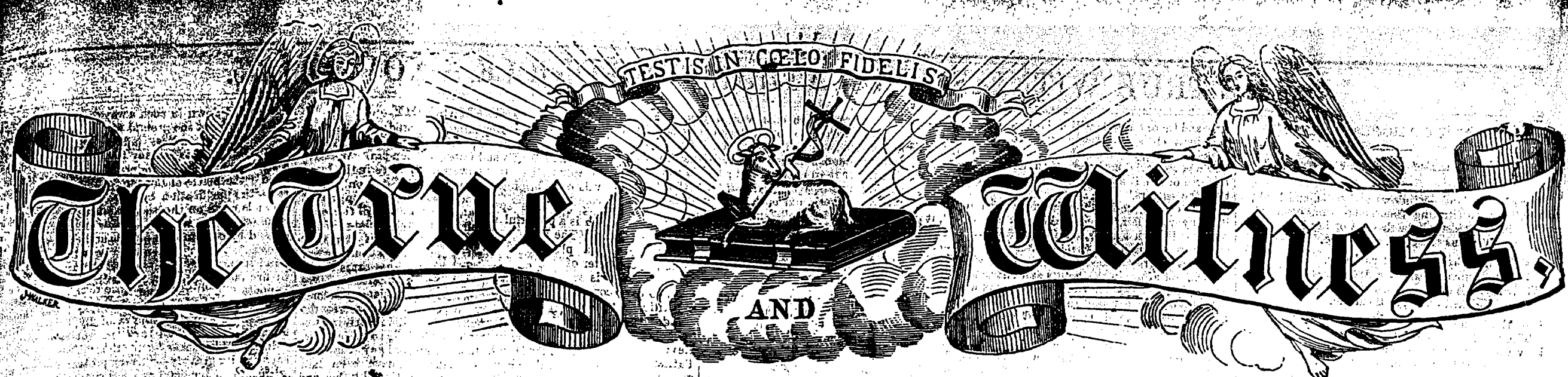
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VOL. XXVI. MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1875. NO. 14.

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**LOOK NOT UPON THE WINE.**  
Look not upon the wine-cup's ray,  
Look not upon the wine;  
Though temptingly its bright waves play  
And o'er the margin shine;  
For though enchantment's siren smile  
The gleam of joy may wear,  
Let not its rosy light beguile—  
Wild frenzy lurketh there.  
Look not upon the wine-cup's light,  
Look not upon the wine;  
For not more falsely to the sight  
Those mimic fountains shine,  
That o'er the desert's burning waste  
Weave their light showers in air,  
To cheat the eye, to mock the taste,  
And turn hope to despair.  
Look not upon the wine-cup's hue,  
Look not upon the wine;  
Though sparkling its rays gleam through  
The wreaths that round it twine;  
Oh! shun the phantom floating there,  
A void its perfumed breath,  
And flee the stings its serpents bear  
Of frenzy and of death.

**KATE O'NEILL**  
BY ELLEN E. GALLAGHAN.  
CHAPTER I.

A quiet, shady lane away from the small bustle of a country town; on either side low ditches, fringed with thorn trees; between their roots fringed bushes had pushed their prickly shoots, covered with rich golden blossoms, contrasting finely with the white sprigs of the thorny blossom. The mingled perfume loaded the still, soft air with fragrance. The clean, hilly road was bordered on each side by a broad band of green turf, where daisies raised their humble white and pink cups alongside the yellow buttercups, cowslips, pale primroses, and delicate harebell. Clusters of ferns, with broad fringed leaves, thrived under the shade of the thick hedge on the low green ditch. Just over the tiny stream which hurried noisily over the white gravelly bed, through the fringe of dark green water-cresses, the chirping sparrow fluttered in and out among the ferns; pretty robins perched contentedly on the thorn branches; a family of thrushes from a neighboring grove poured out a tide of melody which lent the lonely road a pleasant sort of life. The road had been hewn through rocky ground, and as it ended a steep rock rose high above the hedge; its sides were covered with patches of moss, and the mound at the base was a pleasant resting place. Here a young man was seated reading. From time to time his eyes were strayed from his book across the pleasant country to where the broad steeples of the gray old church lifted themselves above the roofs of the clean town, its bell sending soothing, solemn chimes over hill and dale. He was dressed in a plain suit, a gun rested beside him, and a game bag was slung carelessly at his feet. A wild cry, shrill and piercing, broke the stillness. A young girl stood for an instant on the summit of the rocky ledge, or rather flung herself from it, striking against the young man in her fall. He started to his feet with a look of intense surprise, and looked upward for an explanation. Just as a huge bull-dog, with fierce, red eyes, and foam-covered mouth, had scrambled to where the young girl had stood a few moments before. With a low fierce growl, he was preparing for a spring when a bright rider barrel leaped in the sunlight, a flash, a quick report, and the fierce brute tumbled backward dead. The young girl lay perfectly motionless. He looked at her with a perplexed expression, then up, and down the road in search of help, but no one was in sight—not a house near. Then he brought some water in a flask from the stream, and kneeling on one knee, raised her head on his arm and threw some water over her face. He was long before she showed a sign of life, and he was beginning to feel alarmed when, with a low moan, she opened her eyes. A crimson flush passed over the white face as she found herself supported by a stranger. She made an effort to lift

herself from his arm, but with a sharp cry of pain fell back again.  
"Oh, my foot pains so, it must be sprained. How am I to get home? That dog, where has he gone to?"  
She lifted her dark gray eyes to the stranger's face, with a look of fear still in their liquid depths, as she asked this question. He shook his head and pointed to his mouth, with a grave smile. He laid her gently against the bank, and taking a set of tablets from his pocket, wrote something and handed them to her, with the pencil. She read:  
"I am deaf and dumb. You must rest quietly until I get some means of conveying you to your home."  
"Deaf and dumb! Can it be possible? Such a handsome, kind face, too," she exclaimed, with a look of surprise, quickly changed to one half of pity, half sympathy, flitted over her expressive face; but she wrote:  
"I am grateful for your assistance, sir. I fear my foot is sprained. It was an awful leap, but it was for life. That dog chased me as I crossed the field between the lower road and this. I am sure he was rabid. Where has he gone to?"  
"I shot him. You had a narrow escape; but I fear your foot is seriously hurt. Will you permit me to examine it?"  
"No. When I get home a doctor will see to it, unless you are one—are you?"  
"I know something of surgery, but I am not a practitioner. Is your home far away?"  
"Yes, it is a good way from this; near the entrance to C—y. I don't see how I am to get there."  
"If you will allow me to take you to the lower road, we might meet a car."  
"There is no way, sir, unless you go to the road and hail a car while I remain here."  
"As you please, young lady."  
When he was out of sight she would have recalled him, if possible; she felt so lonely. He was gone some time when she heard the sound of wheels, and a handsome brougham came slowly up the hill. With a tender ease he lifted her in, and piled the cushions under the injured foot; then seating himself beside her, somewhat to her surprise, he handed her the tablet.  
"Please to direct the man where to drive to."  
She did as he desired, and they drove slowly on. Again a question was written:  
"What is your name?"  
"Kate O'Neill."  
"You don't know me?"  
"I do not. What is your name?"  
"Henry."  
"Lord C—y was the surprised ejaculation, and she gave a timid glance at her companion, who evidently understood and enjoyed her astonishment. He touched her shoulder kindly, and smiled at the constrained look on her face.  
Kate's thoughts ran thus: "Lord C—y! Who could have thought that he of all others should have done me a service. The son of my father's hereditary enemy! I am in his debt at all events. But how will my father take it? This man's ancestors sent mine homeless wanderers. Well, it can't be helped now. I don't think he would do so. What a pity he is so afflicted—so amiable he appears to be, I like him. If I thought I would meet him again I would learn his language. But, as I am what am I thinking of. That isn't probable."  
Her companion was thinking also, and thinking of her. What a perfect lady she is—so graceful and natural—yet she belongs to the working class. Her hands are small, but not white enough for an idler. What a pleasing, happy face she has. Not a lady in the circle of my acquaintance could compare with her; she is very proud, too; she has a high bred air, which the son of many an aristocratic family lacks. I am fortunate in having met her; I must cultivate her acquaintance. This is her home then, a pretty cottage, indeed.  
He lifted her from the carriage, and was advancing to the house, when two young men appeared at the door, and coming quickly towards them, offered to relieve him of his burden; he did not choose to give her hand to them, but kept on towards the house.  
"What has happened, Kate?" exclaimed both in the same breath.  
"Wait awhile; show the way in, Frank. If you had come with me this evening, this might not have happened. Go fetch a doctor; my foot pains me so."  
By this time they were in the house, and she was laid on a lounge in the pleasant parlor. Frank had gone off for the doctor, and the younger brother listened to his sister's account of the accident.  
You are in this gentleman's debt, Kate. It was fortunate he was near, or the consequences might have been serious. He is very silent; I thanked him, but he didn't heed me.  
"Hush, Willie, he did not hear you; he is deaf and dumb."  
"Deaf and dumb! Nonsense, Kate, you wish to fool me; that cannot be."  
"I wish you did not stare him so, Willie; see, he feels we are speaking of him. Did you notice the look of pain in his eyes? I am not jesting; it is as I say. Isn't it a pity he is afflicted so?"  
"Poor fellow, it is sad. Do you know who he is?"  
"Yes, I know who he is. Stay, he wishes to know something."  
Lord C—y had been watching the brother and sister, and a shadow had fallen on his face. He came close to the lounge, and handed her the tablet.  
"Who is this gentleman?"  
"My brother, Willie; come and shake hands with him."  
A look of relief crossed his face as he read the reply, and he returned the warm grasp of Willie's hand. She saw the expression, and crimson flush rose to her face. She did not look up again, until his hand was laid lightly on hers. She caught the pleading look as he handed her the question:  
"Will you allow me to wait until the doctor comes, Miss O'Neill?" "Anxious to hear his opinion."  
"Certainly, my lord, you are quite welcome to stay here, if you choose, but here comes the doctor."  
"Why, Miss Kate, what has happened to you?"

What have you been doing to break your foot? What will the boys do without you at the—Oh, bless my soul, Lord C—y; how do you do, my lord? There, am I not a fool; I always forget that that young man is dumb. 'Twas he helped you, then; very romantic, by Jove. Take care you have broken nothing more than your foot, my dear; don't blush that way; let me see your foot."  
The talkative little doctor looked grave when he had examined the foot. He went to work to set it. She bore the pain bravely.  
"Will I be lame, do you think sir?"  
"Kate don't ask such questions; I cannot tell at present."  
"But you think it may be; I know you do, doctor."  
A grave look was the reply she got. A shadow clouded the bright young face, pale with pain; a tremor of the rosy lips showed she understood his silence, but her voice was firm as she said:  
"I am sorry, but lameness is preferable to death and such a death."  
Shortly after the doctor left, Lord C—y came into the room. He knew the foot was badly hurt, but he did not think it so serious.  
"I have seen the doctor, and heard his opinion. Don't look so sad; he may be wrong. You must allow me to call and see you; I will be anxious about you."  
Kate's eyes filled with tears as she read. She bowed her permission, and reached him her hand. He held it a few moments tenderly, with a lingering pressure, while his eyes told Kate more than could be spoken of sympathy.

**CHAPTER II.**  
For many weeks Kate was confined to her room; Lord C—y called daily to inquire about her; baskets of rare fruit and bouquets of choice flowers, with always a tiny note hidden away among them came to her, but she could not see him until she could sit in the parlor; yet she kept looking for these little notes, and treasured them; but then she thought of them all the oftener.  
The bright summer had passed away and golden autumn was at hand when she left her room. It was a pleasant morning as she sat by the window of the pretty sitting room, with roses and fuschias peeping from among the glistening ivy leaves, among which numberless birds had built their tiny nests and were caroling gleefully in the trees at either side of the pretty flower garden.  
A quick gallop along the dusty road was ended at the wooden pailings, and a quick step sounded on the narrow gravelled walk. Kate knew the step and her heart beat more quickly, and a rich glow mantled on her face as Lord C—y stood before her.  
He took her hand in both of his and seated himself beside her. How beautiful she looked! The rich, dark brown hair falling in heavy ringlets over the plain white wrapper. The broad face so powerful in health, looked even more beautiful with the air of languor inseparable from illness, about it. She was thinner and paler than when he first saw her but he thought her even more attractive than before. He wrote:  
"How glad I am to see you. Why did you not write to me all this time? I felt very dull and lonely since."  
Kate smiled, and closing the tablet, lifted her small white hands, and said:  
"I have learned your language since, my lord. I am glad to see you also, I did not choose to write to you."  
A flush of pleasure glowed on his face as he found she had learned his language. He laid his hand softly on her head and stroked the rich hair tenderly. Presently he put the question:  
"Shall you be lame?"  
"I cannot say just yet. Dr. Peters thinks not and I hope not."  
"And I hope you shall."  
She raised her glorious gray eyes to his with a look for the meaning of his strange admission. What she read there caused her to lower them quickly. She toyed nervously with the tassels of her dress.  
"Why do you hope for such an unfortunate result as that would be to me?"  
"Because you would then be nearer to me, dear Kate. There would be something lost to you, and I want you to be every thing to me. Thank you for learning my language. I know you do not look down on me for my misfortune, beautiful as you are; but will you tell me so Kate? Then I may hope."  
"Why should I do so? No, I respect you the more for it. Why should I bid you hope. You forget my father is but a business man—not well off either—and you are Lord—"  
"I do not forget; I may have no chance otherwise."  
"You are mistaken in that; were you one in my position your chances would be better. Do you know that your father's father sent my father's family adrift on the world? My father hates you. He is the descendant of a proud old family, and has to work for his daily bread, while you and yours revel on what is his by every moral right. He will not forgive, cannot forget."  
"But you, Kate, do you bear malice for what was not done by me?"  
"I know you would not have done so. I trust you."  
With a beaming look, grateful with a shade of tender feeling in it, she laid her hand in his frankly. Presently came the question:  
"Will you be my wife, darling? You are all the world to me."  
"No reply."  
"Won't you answer me? Will you send me from you?"  
Suddenly he lifted her face and looked into the eyes that tried to avoid his. He read his answer there and the proud head rested on his shoulder this time. The shades of evening had fallen before Lord C—y left his affianced bride. She begged of him to keep their engagement secret, and promised to be his wife in three months. He agreed to her proposal, and she promised to meet him often at the rock where she met him first, lest his coming to the house might lead to questioning from her father.  
She met him daily, but none suspected their en-

agement. Mr. O'Neill congratulated himself on his absence from the house. He had desired Kate not to encourage his visits. Two months flew by rapidly, but all was not to be as they wished, trouble was looming up in the distance.  
Blithe and gay Kate O'Neill felt that pleasant autumn afternoon as she tripped gaily to the trying place. She met her lover, tender, and kind as usual. He reminded her that the next month would see her his bride. Very happy she returned homeward. She had given the first love of her warm young life to her affianced husband. She knew he loved her, and life looked radiant before her. She came slowly up the garden path, her broad white hat dangling from her arm, the heavy curls swept back from the pure face, which shone with a sort of subdued happiness; a sprig of scarlet geranium gleamed against the light muslin dress, a bouquet of flowers in her hand—slowly and gracefully she came, unconscious of being watched. She slipped in through the low window, humming a scrap of an old song. With an exclamation of astonishment the song came to an end. Before her stood a lady, proud and disdainful looking, regarding her with an expression of dislike mingled with admiration. She was not one half so stately as queenly Kate O'Neill, but she had the easy air which good society gives and the manner of one accustomed to be obeyed. She had watched Kate coming up the garden path, and had noted her graceful movement. She looked at her now with a sort of insolent look, as she gave a quick nod in return for Kate's polite bow, which sent the hot blood coursing indignantly through the young girl's veins. She drew herself to her full height, arched her proud neck with a haughty movement, as she said in a cold but courteous tone:  
"I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, madame. To what am I to attribute the honor of this visit?"  
"You are the girl called Kate O'Neill?"  
"Madame, you appear to be a lady; while speaking to me please act as one."  
"The lady bit her lips as she looked at her, and asked:  
"Don't you know me?"  
"I have not the honor."  
"I am Lady C—y."  
Had a thunderbolt fallen on her she could not have seemed more astonished. Her lover's mother, and to meet her like this. But her manner altered nothing; she did not show a sign of the astonishment she felt, she merely said:  
"Indeed?"  
"You don't seem to be surprised, young lady, though it seems you have managed to entrap my son."  
"Madame!"  
The luminous gray eyes flashed and the small hands clinched of themselves at this insult.  
"Does not my son visit you?"  
"He does."  
"You receive him kindly and walk with him?"  
"I do."  
"Why do you do so? Is it meet for a young girl, so far beneath him, to meet him so?"  
"How do people generally meet their lovers, madame?—is it not just as I meet him?"  
"Yes; but what can his love mean to you?"  
"It means that I am your son's affianced wife?"  
"Girl, that can never be!"  
"I beg your pardon. I don't see it in that light. Even against my father's wish, I'll be his wife."  
"Your father's wish! This is unbearable. Know if my son marries without my consent he will be a beggar with a title. Even with my consent he will be poor. This arrangement was made in consequence of his infirmity. So you see you have been foolish to reckon on his wealth."  
"I would wish he were a beggar, minus the title. I care nothing for his title, still less for his wealth. You have said nothing to prevent me from marrying him as yet."  
"What could you do for a living? He can do nothing. On you this burden must fall. Women cannot do much. Would he be the same to you when deprived of all the luxuries of life, which have become necessary to him from habit, as he is now? You know very little of men if you think he would."  
"Why have you sought me, Lady C—y?"  
"To see you; to place the matter before you in a sensible light, and to hear your decision."  
"What would you have me do? I yield not alone for his sake, madame. I know your influence can ruin my father's business, and I feel you would not scruple to do so."  
"You are right I wish you to send him from you."  
"Oh, no, no. I could not tell such an untruth—could not send him away."  
Lady C—y looked at her steadily for a few moments, and her voice was gentler, as she said:  
"You do love him then. I did not believe you did. I love him—God knows how dearly. I would not cross him in this did I not know it would be the worse thing that could happen for you and him. Keep away from him, then."  
"Yes, I can do that. Promise me that no word of what passed shall escape your lips, that you will not under value me to Henry. Speak of me justly; and lastly, that you use your influence to help my father's business. If you do this I will leave the country, and give no trace to him of where I can be found. But should it happen that he seeks and finds me, I will hold myself free to marry him. Do you agree to this?"  
"I do, and give you my solemn promise of doing what you ask."  
"Thanks. Now go away; I would be alone; I want to think."  
"Tell me you don't hate me; that you bear me no ill-will."  
"You are his mother. I could not. Besides I think you are right."  
Lady C—y stooped and touched her cheek with her lips. She felt sorry for the girl, so crushed looking now, so bright half an hour before. But her point was gained.  
Later in the evening, when the tea-table was removed, Kate rose from the piano, declaring she was too tired to play for her father, as was her custom.  
"Good night, father," as she kissed him tenderly. "Wont you give me your blessing."  
He blessed her fervently, and she kissed her brother also, and left the room.  
Next morning, Kate was absent from the break-

fast table. Judy, the old serving woman, went to call her. She returned with a white, scared face, holding a note in her hand. Mr. O'Neill took it from her in silence, read it, and with a low moan, sank into a chair, and covered his face with both hands. It ran thus:  
"My dear father: circumstance have occurred which would make it painful for me to remain in Ireland. I know more of your business than you or the boys suspect. In Ireland I would only be a burden on you; in Australia I may be a help. This morning I got a letter from Aunt Ellen, enclosing a passage warrant by a ship that leaves Cork tomorrow. I am to travel with some friends of hers. I made up my mind to leave, but I knew you would not consent to my doing so. I will try what I can do. I don't like the country I can return. Forgive me, father, I have done what I think is right. Trust me, I know you will. Let all, save my brothers, believe I left with your permission. My love to Frank and Willie; I know they won't forgive me. Tell Judy to pray for me. Give my regards to Lord C—y when you see him. Say to him that I can never forget the service he rendered to me. Trusting to your love for your self-willed Kate for forgiveness I remain  
"Your affectionate daughter."  
Stunned and grieved beyond measure at her sudden flight, Mr. O'Neill followed her advice in allowing others to believe she emigrated with his consent; he bore it better than he fancied he could at first. The house was so lonely without Kate, he looked forward to her return cheerfully, firmly persuaded she would come back.

**CHAPTER III.**  
Deep in a pleasant glade in the backwoods of Australia, rose the pretty farmhouse of Kate O'Neill's aunt. In the centre of the open space which commanded a view of the narrow path which led to the house, a great forest tree stood. On the sward at its foot a young girl was seated. It was a pleasant afternoon in early spring, just one year after the events above related had occurred, yet few would have recognized the dashing, buoyant Kate O'Neill in the stately, quiet girl, with a shade of sadness in the grey eyes who sat beneath the shade, her fingers lying nimbly over the robe she was embroidering. She was beautiful as ever, but it was the beauty of a woman. Experience had banished the carelessness of old times, but had given another gift in its place. Her life in her new home had been very pleasant. The deep solitude pleased her; active and energetic, she had ample occupation. Her aunt having no children of her own, lavished all the love of an affectionate nature on her. She had not expected to see her so grave and still, remembering her as a mischief-loving girl. She knew sorrow of some kind had thrown its shadow over her life, but Kate never spoke of that which had wrought the change, and Mrs. Carroll was too delicate to seek her confidence. She tried by kindness to make her forget her sorrow, and Kate knew this, and was grateful.  
This evening she felt homesick, being sad all day long. She had struggled against the feeling, but in vain. Presently the sewing fell from her hands, and her thoughts went across the great ocean to the small town, encircled by tall green hills, in the sunny south of Ireland, where she first saw light. The old house was before her; her soul yearned for one glimpse of the dear home faces. She knew how much they missed her, for many long letters had come from the old country urging her to return. Then came the thought of another—of him who had won the love of her heart, and who waited, she firmly believed, for her return. She trusted him with unswerving faith; she felt sure he waited for her, though no line from him had ever come to her in her voluntary exile. Her eyes were misty with fears as she looked at the diamond betrothal ring, never worn at home, but always on her finger now. How well she remembered the evening he placed it there. Oh, for one glimpse of that dear kind face, always beside her.  
"Why did he never write? Why has he not come for me? I must go home again. I would die here away from those I love."  
A shadow on the sward before her made her look up with a half-startled look. In an instant she was on her feet; the next with a cry of joy, she was in Lord C—y's arms.  
Her confidence had not been misplaced. He had sought her, as she knew he would. Sobbing and crying, but not with sorrow, she clung to him, hardly believing herself awake. And he held her closely.  
At length another person stepped from the shade of the tree and a well-remembered voice said:  
"Kate, my sister, have you no word of welcome for me?"  
"Frank my own dear Frank! This is too much happiness."  
That evening Kate had learned all that had happened since her departure. Frank spoke of her lover's wild despair when he found her gone. He went to Mr. O'Neill at once and told him of his engagement. There was a mystery he could not solve, but he suspected his mother of having some hand in it. His horse, a spirited animal, took fright at something on the road, as he returned home to seek an explanation from his mother. He was flung from his saddle and severely hurt. His anxiety of mind brought on a brain fever, and his life was despaired of. At length he recovered; but before he felt strong enough to request an explanation from his mother, she also was taken ill. On her dying bed she wrote to her son an account of her interview with Kate, and bade him seek her and beg her forgiveness for her. Many things had delayed him until now, when, free to come, he and Frank had arrived to bring her back to Ireland again.  
One week after, the betrothal ring was changed for a wedding ring, and Kate O'Neill became Lady C—y. As soon as they could do so they sailed for Ireland, Mr. and Mrs. Carroll accompanying them. Friendly hands were extended to them on their arrival there.  
Kate's story had leaked out somehow, and the young Lady C—y was warmly welcomed to her new home; and even the proud aristocrats, who at first refused to recognize Lord C—y's plebeian wife, are now amongst her warmest admirers.



DEATH OF ROBESPIERRE

When the wicked perish, there is shouting. Here let us stand—windows, and roofs, and leads. All with aching thousands—what a scene! And in the midst above that sea of heads—

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF REV. FATHER ARNOLD DAMEN, THE GREAT JESUIT MISSIONARY.

The following Biographical Sketch of the Rev. Father Arnold Damen, S. J., from the Chicago Times, will be read with interest, not only by those who had the pleasure of seeing and hearing this great champion of the Cross and Catholicity, but by every Catholic in the land, where the name of this great priest, on account of his stupendous missionary labors, is becoming a household word.

here and there on the still unbroken prairie, occupied by a class of citizens not then held in the highest repute; popularly known as "squatters." Nor was the neighborhood then embraced within the area of the Tenth ward in any greater esteem than the settlers.

and every rough open world, greatly aid the better comprehension of military operations. Here and there, too, we had those of the Faith described as Ultramontane rather than as Catholics—scarcely more than ultras, and in at least one part there is something of the same kind.

FREEMASONRY. Monseigneur Dupanloup's Study of Freemasonry has just been published in an English translation by Messrs. Burns and Oates, of London. We have already noticed this powerful exposure in the intervals of our original appearance, and it only remains to be said that the study is full of interest and importance.

led up and down in such a way that he cannot judge of the nature of the ground which he is taken over. He goes up the endless ladder, then on to a see-saw, during the journey the noise made by the stones, half and half, all produce their effect, and the bottle of Lyeon.



the noise of thunder is heard, accompanied by lightning, and the walls seem about to crumble with a great crash. "The noise and the crash you have heard," says the "Venerable," "ordinarily accompany the first steps of those who begin to walk in the Masonic career."

The Bishop proceeds to examine a little closely into the Masonic grades, and, among the rest, the grade of "Knight Kadosech," "whose doctrines," says one of the brethren, "form the essential complement of true Freemasonry."

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Chairman of Armagh county has refused the request of a deputation of solicitors to rescind his order against an attorney practicing on each side of the same case.

An unusual case of longevity is reported from county Donegal. An old woman named Boyle has died at her grandson's residence, near Dunluce, at the advanced age of 125 years.

DIOCESEAN.—Synod. On Oct. 26, the diocesan synod of Down, Connor and Dromore commenced its annual sittings in Belfast.

On the 11th ult., at the Presentation Convent, Carrick on Suir, Miss O'Keefe, choir nun, in religion Sister Bridget, daughter to the late Mr. O'Keefe, of that town, and Miss Minnough, lay sister, in religion Sister Anne, were invested with the white veil by the Right Rev. Dr. Power, Bishop of Waterford.

The late Mr. Thomas Cantwell, J. P., of Clonmel, has, by his will, dated April 3, 1875, bequeathed to the Catholic Orphanage, Clonmel, under the care of the Sisters of Charity, the sum of £500; to the St. Vincent de Paul Society, £100; and to the Christian Brothers of the parish of St. Peter and Paul, Clonmel, the sum of £20 for the benefit of their schools.

A GIRL SCALPED BY MACHINERY.—At the Lurgan Quarter Sessions, a girl named Palmer sued the liquidator of the Portadown Linen Company for compensation for injuries received. While working in the factory the machinery caught her by the hair, and before she could be extricated she was scalped. The Chairman awarded her £18.

NO PARTY TUNES IN BELFAST.—In a recent case in the Belfast Police Court, the magistrate said, with regard to the important question at issue—whether bands should be allowed to play through the streets of Belfast—it had been decided that no trade procession should be interfered with, provided they played no party tunes, but the magistrates could not allow other bands to come out and parade the streets, as they would, no doubt, lead to a breach of the peace.

On the 14th ult., the beautiful and impressive ceremony of a religious reception took place in St. Patrick's Convent, Downpatrick. The young lady who received the holy habit of religion from the hands of the Bishop of the diocese, the Most Rev. Dr. Dorrnan, was Miss Kate, in religion, Sister Mary Alacoque Joseph, daughter of Patrick, Shields, Esq., Altmore, county Tyrone, and niece to the distinguished American General Shields.

TWO MANY LICENSES.—At the Bandon Quarter Sessions, the magistrates passed a resolution, declaring that the number of licenses for the sale of beer and spirits is far too great, arising out of causes that were in operation many years ago, before the riding was divided into separate Quarter Sessions districts. He recommended that the renewal of licenses be limited by Act of Parliament.

The Most Rev. Dr. McCarty has appointed the Rev. P. A. O'Keefe, P.P. of Shingag, to the pastorate of Donaghmore, in the place of the late Rev. Canon Pope, and has also made the following changes:—Rev. Mr. Murphy, C.C., has been changed from Ballycotton to Queenstown, in the place of the late Rev. W. Foley, Rev. Mr. Hennessy, C.C., Ballinacorney, has been changed to Ballycough, and has been replaced by the Rev. Mr. Murphy, C.C. of Belfast.

On the 15th ult., the beautiful and imposing ceremony of Reception took place in the convent chapel of Ballymacnab, in the presence of a large and select congregation. The lady received was Miss O'Connor, sister of the Very Rev. John O'Connell, P.P. of Donaghmore, and she delivered a beautiful and eloquent discourse on the solemn obligations of the

life of a religious and the great rewards that Heaven bestow on those who faithfully fulfil their obligations.

DISEASES OF CRIME.—It appears from the criminal and judicial statistics of Ireland for 1874, compiled by Dr. Neilson Hancock, which has just been issued, that the amount of serious crime in Ireland has been diminishing for the past few years, and the number of indictable offences in 1874, which was 6,692, is less than in any other year since 1864. There is a remarkable decrease in agrarian offences, which have fallen from 324, the average in 1862-3, to 233, the average for the past two years.

DEATH OF THE HON. MRS. M'DONNELL.—October 14th, at Glenariffe, after a painful and lengthened illness, the Hon. Madeleine M'Donnell, wife of Lieutenant-Colonel M'Donnell, of Glenariffe, in the county of Antrim, and eldest surviving daughter of the Right Hon. Lord O'Hagan. The death of this amiable lady will be deeply mourned by the poor of Glenariffe, and by many friends to whom her gentleness and goodness had made her very dear.—Freeman.

The funeral of the late Hon. L. H. King-Harman, who died at Bray, on the 10th ult., as is always the case with every member of this family, took place by torch light, and was an imposing spectacle. The family mansion is fully three miles from Boyle, and all the space was crowded from end to end. A long continuous line of carriages followed the hearse from the house, and the thousands of tenants and labourers of the estate wearing scarfs and hat bands and bearing torches, took part in the procession. The interment took place in the family vault in Boyle Church. He is succeeded by his eldest son, Captain E. R. King-Harman.

IRELAND SINCE THE UNION.—On Oct. 26, at a meeting of the Home Rule Association in Dublin, Mitchell Henry M. P., read a paper showing the financial results of the Union. Sixteen years after the Union, "poor Ireland," said Mr. Henry, "was ruined." She owed 112 millions, and her Exchequer was then joined to that of England, a country which owed 754 millions. Mr. Mitchell Henry showed that the Act of Union stipulated that England and Ireland should contribute to the future expenses in the strict measure of their "relative ability," that in the last 20 years £45,000,000 of extra taxes had been wrung from Ireland by the English Legislature; that of the £7,000,000 a year contributed by Ireland to the national finances, only 3,000,000 were spent in Ireland, the rest being expended on English interests and mostly on English ground.

On the night of the 15th ult., several parties from the village of Ross, Kibbaha, near Carrigaholt, some pilots and others, went out fishing, and among them was a canoe manned by Simon Scallan, Michael Fennell, and John O'Neill well-to-do persons. All went well during the night, but on returning in the morning they were overtaken by a storm. All the crews reached the shore in safety, except the crew we have given above, who happened to be the farthest to seaward when the storm commenced, and when within two miles of the beach were overtaken by a sea which engulfed them. Scallan and Fennell went down at once, but O'Neill was fished up by a crew who went to their assistance. The men who were drowned leave large and helpless families.

The following changes have been made in the Archdiocese of Cashel:—The Rev. L. J. Ryan, C.C., from Hospital to Holycross; Rev. Thomas Meagher, P.P., of Ballybricken, to Newport; the Very Rev. and Venerable Father Redmond Bourke, on superannuation; the Rev. Patrick Fennelly, C.C., Killeenau, has been appointed Administrator of the parishes of Templebredin and Nicker, consequent on the death of the Rev. James Ryan, P.P.; the Rev. Dr. Corrigan, C.C., of Boherlahan, has been C.C. of Killeenau; Rev. James Howard is appointed to the curacy of Ballina and Boher, in the room of the Rev. Mr. O'Sullivan, C.C., translated to Cappamore. The Rev. Mr. McGrath, C.C., Newport, is appointed to Golden; Rev. Mr. Maher, C.C., Holycross, is removed to Hospital; Rev. John Cahill, C.C., Loughmore, is removed to Caherconlish, in Emly, and Rev. J. Hackett, C.C., from Caherconlish to Loughmore.

From a return made in answer to a motion by Mr. McLaren, we learn some curious facts in connection with the revenue depending on the consumption of spirituous liquors in the United Kingdom. The total net receipts from customs and excise duties on spirits, malt, wine, beer, and sugar used in brewing, and from excise license, amounted during the year ended on the 31st of March, 1875, to £32,336,196. The revenue from spirits in England was £13,206,641; against £4,941,419 in Scotland, and £3,238,752 in Ireland. The total revenue income from tobacco, for the United Kingdom was £7,421,315, being £5,778,445 in England, £848,285 in Ireland, and £294,584 in Scotland. Duty on wines imported to Ireland for consumption amounted to £169,864, and on beer, to the sum of one pound sterling.

"NOTICES TO QUIT" IN MAYO.—We are informed, on apparently reliable authority, that the favourite weapon of the landlords of Mayo is being extensively used on a large property in this county other than Lord Sligo's. If we are to credit the information placed at our disposal, and we see no reason to question its reliability, the system pursued in the instance we allude to is a singularly ingenious one in order to avoid existing public attention by ejections on a wholesale scale, the landlord and his agent—neither of whom, we believe, resides on the property—ask each tenant successively for a considerable increase of rent, and should he refuse to consent, he is at once served with a "Notice to Quit." The object of this line of policy is very probably to prevent his tenants from coming to an understanding between themselves or organizing a definite plan of resistance. The tenant whose turn has yet to come, fears to compromise himself by expressing sympathy with his doomed neighbour, and dares not raise his voice while the latter is ejected from his holding.—Mayo Telegraph.

The handsome new Catholic Church built by the Dominican Order at the Ballybot side of Newry was solemnly blessed, on the 17th ult., and dedicated to the Sacred Heart and to St. Catherine of Sienna by the Most Rev. Dr. Deany, Bishop of Dromore. The sacred edifice is built in the "poor town," as the name Ballybot signifies, and is a very pretty structure of the French Gothic order, highly creditable to Mr. G. O. Ahlin, the architect. The Church is built of local granite, and consists of nave, chancel, aisles, and tower, which last is to be surmounted by a spire. The internal dimensions of the building are as follows:—Width of nave, 28 feet; width of aisle, 14 feet; total width from north to south, 56 feet; extreme length from east to west, 135 feet. On the left-hand side is the high altar, which is dedicated to the Sacred Heart, and on the right hand side stands the "Virgin's altar." The Church is capable of accommodating 1,000 persons, and is fitted with comfortable and beautifully finished seats of suitable ecclesiastical design. It will cost when finished about £10,000. The Most Rev. Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, preached the dedication sermon. At the conclusion of the sermon, a collection was made, when £250 was subscribed. At the evening service the Rev. Dr. O'Carroll preached.

EMIGRATION FROM IRELAND.—From a return of the number of emigrants—passive—who left Ireland during the first nine months of the years 1874 and 1875, just issued by the Registrar-General, it appears that there left the country in January, 1874, 23,732; February, 3,370; March, 5,462; April, 6,995; May,

15,584; June, 7,768; July, 6,381; August, 5,568; September, 5,839; total, 63,469. For 1875, the returns are:—January, 1,806; February, 2,631; March, 4,103; April, 2,180; May, 6,364; June, 5,011; July, 4,564; August, 4,243; September, 4,226; total, 44,128. The total net decrease during the first nine months of the year 1875, compared with the first nine months of 1874, is 19,341. The total emigration from Ireland in each year from the 1st of May, 1851, to the 30th of September, 1875, was—1851 (from the 1st May), 152,060; 1852, 190,323; 1853, 173,140; 1854, 140,555; 1855, 9,914; 1856, 94,781; 1857, 95,081; 1858, 64,337; 1859, 80,599; 1860, 84,621; 1861, 64,292; 1862, 76,117; 1863, 117,229; 1864, 114,169; 1865, 161,495; 1866, 99,467; 1867, 86,624; 1868, 61,018; 1869, 66,568; 1870, 74,855; 1871, 71,340; 1872, 78,102; 1873, 99,149; 1874, 73,184; 1875, (30th of September), 44,128; total, 2,370,067.

A STRANGE WILL CASE.—A case in connection with a will, affecting no less a sum of money than £200,000, was brought before the Dublin police magistrates recently. It arises out of the will of Mr. James Egan, a Dublin merchant, who bequeathed the sum named to Catholic charities in Dublin, Cardinal Cullen being named as trustee. Mr. John O'Keefe, of Cabra Villa, was the nearest relative of the deceased, and he alleges that there was another will in existence which is not forthcoming. Considerable investigation took place in the Probate Court, with a view of tracing the will, the existence of which Mr. John O'Keefe relies on. During that investigation the names of a number of people transpired, and against some of these Mr. John O'Keefe has issued a summons, one of the parties summoned being Mr. William Ford, solicitor. The case stands adjourned for a week to accommodate Mr. Ford, who is employed in legal business in the country. The summons against him runs thus:—"To answer the complaint of John O'Keefe, James O'Keefe, Georgina Anne O'Keefe, and Ellen O'Keefe, to show cause why information shall not be taken against you, for that you did feloniously and with a fraudulent purpose cancel, destroy, secrete, or conceal certain wills and drafts of wills and testamentary instruments of James Egan, deceased, against the form of the statutes in such case made and provided."

GREAT HOME RULE MEETING.—A large Home Rule meeting, presided over by Archbishop McHale, was held recently in Tuam. The principal speakers were Mr. Mitchell Henry, Captain Nolan, Mr. A. M. Sullivan, Mr. L. Butt, the Hon. C. French, Mr. Melton, Mr. Ward, and Mr. Parnell. It was resolved:—"That we, the people of Connaught, declare our unaltered and firm adhesion to the cause of Home Rule, as defined by the National Conference, and record our deep and solemn conviction that the management of Irish affairs by an Irish Parliament is essential to the peace, prosperity, and freedom of the country; that no land measure can really protect the Irish farmer from capricious eviction, and secure him in the enjoyment of the property created by his industry, which does not embody the principles of fixity of tenure at a fair rent with the right of free sale; that any system of education not accompanied by religious instruction is insufficient to meet the wishes and satisfy the requirements of the Irish people, and we pledge ourselves never to relax our efforts until we obtain perfect freedom of religious education for our children; that the detention of the political prisoners is calculated to create irritation and discontent, as evidencing an intention to rule Ireland by terror and coercion, and that we pledge ourselves to use every means in our power to obtain their release." A feature in the demonstration was the adoption of a resolution against the exclusion of Irish from schools under Government control, which was proposed by Rev. Ulick Bourke, president of St. Jarlath's, the author of a valuable work on the origin of the Irish language.

HOMES RULE IN LOUTH.—An immense demonstration in favour of Home Rule was lately held in Dundalk, Co. Louth, on which occasion the members for the County Messrs. A. M. Sullivan and Kirk attended to give an account of their stewardship, they were enthusiastically received; the proceedings wound up with a banquet in the evening. The following letter was received from the patriotic Parish priest of Droimiskin—Rev. P. McCulla:—

Whiterath Cottage, 18th Oct., 1875. GENTLEMEN,—I thank you for your invitation to the banquet to be given to Messrs. Sullivan and Kirk. I am sorry it will not be convenient for me to attend. I hope your meeting will be a credit to our county. Our excellent members will be sure to receive the hearty approval of their constituents. Ireland is now, for the first time within my recollection, proud of that noble band of representatives, the Home Rulers, who truly, clearly, and energetically place before Englishmen the mind, the wish, the demand of Ireland. The question of education is of the highest importance of its own nature. But, situated as we are, I deem Home Rule of the first necessity. Are we not weary of demanding and petitioning, session after session for such a measure of education as will satisfy the Catholic conscience of this country? Our representatives say to the foreign masters, the Ultramarines (as the Nation aptly calls them), 'Ireland demands a Catholic system of education for her Catholic people.' The narrow-minded Ultramarines insolently and unjustly reply, 'Gentlemen, you'll not get it.' Like Roboam, who was deaf to the advice of the old men who stood before his father Solomon, they said to him, 'If thou wilt yield to the people to-day and consent to them, and grant their petitions, and will speak gentle words to them, they will be thy servants always.' To this wise counsel he preferred the advice of the haughty stripling—'My father put a heavy yoke upon you, but I will add to your yoke. My father beat you with whips, but I will beat you with scorpions'—that is with Coercion Bills. Isn't that the usual reply of the Ultramarines to our petitions? The frequenters of the Castle think to play the old game of divide et impera. That game is played out. Ireland has been too often beguiled by fair words and specious promises; and now Ireland goes for Home Rule as defined by the grand conference of 1873—Your humble servant,

P. McCULLA, P.P.

GREAT BRITAIN.

GREAT ROBBERY OF JEWELLERY.—It is stated that Lord Truro has been robbed of £10,000 worth of jewellery. The jewels were packed with ladies' clothes in a leather-covered wicker basket, and were, it is supposed, stolen from a cart between the Borough (London) and Woolwich.

THE VANGUARD COURT-MARTIAL.—Vice-Admiral Tarleton, whom the judgment of the Vanguard court-martial placed somewhat under a cloud, is rumored to have sent in his resignation. Whether this is really so is not positively known, but retirement would be the most dignified course for Sir Walker to pursue under the circumstances arising out of that collision.

A MODEL ENGLISH COLLIER.—A collier has just been committed for trial by the magistrates at Tredgar on a charge which, if proved, against him, shows that he is, to say the least, not only deficient in parental affection, but that the true "home feeling" has taken but slender root in his breast. Having quarrelled with his wife and daughter, he took advantage, it is alleged, of their temporary absence from home on a visit to a neighbor to deliberately pile a heap of furniture in the middle of the room and set it on fire. He then went away leaving his infant child, who was asleep in an adjoining apartment, to its fate. The husband's fortune

lately attracted attention, and one of the neighbours, a woman, at the risk of her own life made her way to the room where the child was sleeping and rescued it.

RE-OPENING OF A CATHOLIC CHURCH.—An event of considerable importance to the Catholic world in London took place on Sunday, in the re-opening, after thorough renovation, of the old Church of St. Mary, Moorfields. Cardinal Manning preached the sermon in the morning, when High Mass was celebrated, the Very Rev. Mgr. Capel preached in the evening. On both occasions the edifice was crowded to excess. The re-opening has, in fact, been made in some measure a festival. It was, no doubt, an event to be commemorated. This church was consecrated something like fifty-five years ago, and has been famed for the beauty of its internal adornments, among which the most striking are a rich and very large altar-piece, and two fine wall-paintings of the Assumption and the Crucifixion. The building has been closed for several months, during which it has undergone complete repair in every detail, and the church will now resume its prominent position among the Catholic places of worship in the metropolis. Cardinal Manning delivered an eloquent and powerful address.—Freeman Cor.

Mr. Gladstone has written a repudiation of the statement that he was offered £50,000 by the Sultan of Turkey to set the finances of the Mussulman nation in order. In the present state of the Turkish treasury it is very improbable that the bewildered ruler of Stamboul would think of paying so high a salary to even so eminent a book-keeper as the late Premier. In the same letter Mr. Gladstone denies that he is the author of an article in the Church Quarterly on the English Establishment, but he avows as his own the paper on the "Church and State Question in Italy."

A startling report has been published by the medical officer of health of Marylebone. According to that gentleman, the sanitary condition of that part of the metropolis is positively alarming. He states that the deaths from scarlet fever during the past two months have been five times more than the average during the past nineteen years. There is some consolation in the accompanying assertion, that this high death-rate has not arisen from causes beyond human control. The principal and immediate cause is inexcusable neglect or ignorance of the elementary laws of sanitation. Another cause is, that the sanitary acts are not as perfect as they should be. But the imperfections of the law have really hardly anything to do with the havoc caused by scarlet fever in Marylebone. It is to the non-observance of the law we have to attribute this serious state of things. There is no reason why scarlet fever should not be stamped out, as well as the cattle disease. Is it to be supposed that cattle trade interests are of more value in the eyes of the legislature than human lives?—It must be supposed so, if parliament does not next session summarily deal with human diseases.

The gentleman who had been Protestant Bishop of Brechin, became a good Catholic before he died. We are informed of this conversion by the Church Review, which goes into mourning over the event. Thus our contemporary records the last hours of the well-advised prelate:—"On the 18th Sunday after Trinity, though feeling far from well, he insisted on preaching what proved to be his last discourse. During the ensuing week he was unwell. Though he continued to be very ill, still the report was 'no danger,' and in this opinion the bishop himself apparently shared. By what means called a 'singular coincidence' an English priest to whom the bishop was in the habit of confessing had come on a visit to him, and was in the house. On Thursday night the bishop said he would like to see him, and that he would make his confession. He confessed and was absolved." Here we pause to dwell on the last sentence—he confessed and was absolved. If that does not prove that he was one with us in communion, we do not know what does. But we continue the quotation:—"The end had evidently come, and while his chaplain was reciting the Office for the Commendation of a departing soul he fell asleep in peace. He had succumbed to an attack of gout at the heart. Requiem eternam dona ei Domine." Has the Church Review become Catholic, too, by the grace of God? If so, we welcome the editors with open arms to the fold. Requiem eternam dona ei Domine—"Give him eternal rest, O Lord!" What is this but a prayer for the repose of the soul of the dead. Again the Church Review continues in the same strain:—"On Sunday a scene took place the like of which has certainly not been witnessed in Scotland since the reformation and perhaps not before it. The bishop's remains were laid, dressed in his episcopal robes, in a shell in the library; in his hand lay the pastoral staff; the left was placed on his breast; the mitre was placed near his head. Four large candles burned round the coffin, at the foot of which was crucifix, lights and flowers. During the day at least 6,000 persons visited the body. Many crossed themselves more fell on their knees to pray. If these be not Catholic customs—of this display of crucifix, lights and flowers, this praying and making of the sign of the cross—they are the most insincere and impudent parodies of them that we have ever heard of since the passing of counterfeit became a trade.—London Universe.

GLADSTONE'S "ANTI-PAPAL FEVER."—Mr. Gladstone is heaping up reasons for hoping that he will never return to power in England. Years since, when yet he had declined little from the utmost height of his popularity, we ventured to prophesy that once fallen he would never again be Prime Minister, and day by day he adds to our hope that the prophecy will come true. The anti-Papal fever which seized upon him at the close of his Ministerial career has now reached such a degree of heat, not to say of delirium, that he really seems willing to plunge England into a religious war. Ultramarine forces, ultramarine plottings, which Prince Bismarck exaggerated in cold blood, and as a matter of policy, have overmastered Mr. Gladstone's imagination to a degree that would make of him a dangerous man if he were in a position of power. His essay in the Church Quarterly Review offers the latest exemplification of a temper which would be almost fatal in a strong and popular Minister. Here, in a few passages, he has contrived to give deep offence to the whole French people, who will henceforth associate English liberalism with Bismarckism, and in whom he has inspired the justifiable dread that if he came into power again (Germany) would have in England an ally against themselves. This, of course, is mere mischief. Already the French papers have singled out these passages for bitter observation, and we are told that they have "caused a great sensation." One of these passages we quote:—"That powerful setting of the current of human motive and inclination, which we ill term fate, seems to determine France toward another deadly contest with Germany for the hegemony of the Continent." No doubt her words, and what is more, her thoughts to day are those of peace; but here, under thought, so to speak, the embryo of her mind in the future, which waits for its development and for an atmosphere to live in, is war; war for recovery, perhaps, more than for supremacy. When the time of that terrible war shall arrive, the very instinct of nature will teach her to strengthen herself by association with all the elements cognate to her purpose. Now, not an association can hardly arise in the normal shape of alliance between State and State. Under this head the may possibly reckon according to general appearances, upon the sympathy of Spain. But a country, which after having risen so high has sunk so low, and which resembles France at present only in its incapacity of self-government, can count for little. The true ally

of France will be an ally without the name; it will be the ultramarine minority which pervades the world, which triumphs in Belgium; which brags in England; which disquiets, though without strength to alarm, Germany and Austria; which is weaker perhaps in Italy than in any of these countries; but which is everywhere coherent, everywhere tenacious of its purpose, everywhere knows its mind, follows its leaders and bids its time. This minority which hates Germany and persecutes Italy will by a fatal and inevitable attraction be the one fast ally of France, if ever France be, again so far overmastered by her own internal foes as to launch again upon a wild career of political ambition wearing the dishonorable and fictitious garb of religious fanaticism. Surely it is unfortunate for the liberal party of England that the man who is supposed abroad to be a leader who has over them complete mastery should publish such offensive matter as this, from which fanaticism has excluded all consideration except those it feeds on.—Pall Mall Gazette.

UNITED STATES.

WHAT A BISHOP DID FOR THE UNION.—The Biographical Encyclopedia of the Nineteenth Century, in a sketch of the Right Rev. Bishop Domenico of Pittsburgh, Pa., states that during the late Rebellion, in 1862, when the Spanish Government was on the point of recognizing the Confederacy, he embarked for Madrid, was granted several interviews with the Queen and her chief minister, and ultimately succeeded in preventing the recognition by Spain of the South as a belligerent and separate government. This highly important mission was undertaken at the instance of the Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes, who had been deputed by the United States to arrange that serious difficulty, but was prevented by sickness. Bishop Domenico of all those who had been sent by the Government of the United States to arrange this matter, was the only one who ever really succeeded in his mission.

A WOMAN'S FEARFUL REVENGE.—A drunken woman performed an extraordinary surgical operation upon her husband in Cincinnati, on Oct. 31. Both were under the influence of liquor at the time and had been on the spree all day, which finally resulted in a terrible fight. The woman received a bad beating, and, infuriated beyond reason by drink planned and executed a most diabolical revenge. She first induced her spouse to go to bed, and then, procuring some chloroform saturated a handkerchief and held it to his nostrils till he was entirely unconscious. She next procured an old carpenter's saw and soon had cut one of the man's legs off a little above the ankle joint. With grim satisfaction she watched his life blood ooze away but was aroused from her reveries by some neighbors who, seeing the situation at a glance tried to bleed the member, the man remaining unconscious all the time. He was taken to an hospital and is not expected to live. The female fiend has been arrested and is now lodged in jail.

LABOR IN CALIFORNIA.—"A mechanic" writes to the Chicago Tribune as follows:—"Common laborers are swarming all over the State, seeking employment in vain; and still the multitude increases every day, from the States and from China. And, as to the trader, there are thousands out of employment to-day, excellent workmen as well as inferior. There are not less than 1000 carpenters who are out of employment in San Francisco alone; and I doubt not that they are as good men as those that are employed. There are, in fact, such an immense number of all kinds of laborers unemployed, who are dependent on the proceeds of their daily labor for a livelihood, and their numbers are daily increasing by accessions from the States and the discharge of every week, that there is considerable apprehension felt for the dull season. Family expenses are very great. A house of five or six rooms rents for from \$25 to \$50 per month. Flour, is \$3.50 per hundred; potatoes, \$1.20 to \$1.75 per bushel; butter, 25 to 55 cents per pound, coal, \$12 to \$20 per ton; and all kinds of fruit and vegetables in proportion. Good board and lodging are \$6 per week."

CATHOLIC SERVICE OF AN AMERICAN WARSHIP.—A short time ago, in a foreign station, the Rev. Dr. O'Connor, a Catholic priest, gave a mission on board the American flagship Franklin, more than half the crew of which were Catholics. The men received Holy Communion; and the greater number of all denominations, took the temperance pledge. The captain and the admiral thanked Dr. O'Connor for his good work; and the Rev. gentleman expresses his gratitude and admiration for the kind treatment he received from the Protestant chaplain of the ship, who assisted the mission in every way he could. The name of this liberal gentleman is the Rev. G. Williamson Smith. The Rev. Dr. O'Connor, who is at present visiting New England, previous to his departure for Europe, is a great traveller. He is a native of Kerry, and was for some five years, Missionary Apostolic in Australia and the Sandwich Islands. He attended the Council of the Vatican, and was invited to preach the Lent following in Nice. He has given missions through Queensland, and preached and lectured in the principal cities and towns of the Australasia from North to South. He visited New Zealand, the Fiji Islands and other Islands of both Pacific Oceans; and recently preached in Honolulu, in presence of King Kalakaua. We see by the California papers that he was hospitably entertained by the Archbishop and Catholic merchants of San Francisco. He also visited and preached in the cities through which he passed. He has been the guest, since he came to New York, of his hospitable Vicar-General. We regret that the sudden change from the sunny tropical island has so affected his chest that he is unwillingly obliged to seek a more genial climate in Europe.—Boston Pilot.

CITY OF DAVID.—Bethlehem was the birthplace of King David (see 1 Sam. xvi. 18); nearly eleven hundred years before it became the birthplace of Jesus, his Lord. On this account it is called (see Luke ii. 4) "The city of David." To Bethlehem, therefore, Joseph went to be enrolled; by order of Caesar Augustus, because he and Mary had descended from King David. To be the birthplace of Jesus was a great honor, and this honor was given to a very small place, not to great and sacred Jerusalem, the home of many kings, but to humble Bethlehem, a place so small that it is not even mentioned by Nehemiah in his list of places. King David never forgot his birthplace. Once, when he was at war with the troublesome Philistines; he had hid himself in a cave of Adullam, hungry, tired and thirsty, he thought of the sweet, clear water he used to drink in Bethlehem, and said, to those about him: "Oh, that one would give me a drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, that is by the gate!" There, when a boy he had many a time quenched his thirst. And if he had played and frolicked with the boys and girls of Bethlehem; and now, in his trouble and thirst, how lovingly and longingly does his heart go back to the home of his youth! "Oh, that one would give me a drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, that is by the gate!" And three of his brave men, that through the illness of the Philistine army, saved Bethlehem, and brought him water. But he could not drink it. Why not? Because, these men brought it at the risk of life, and he could not drink the precious blood. What then should he do? He pondered; before the Lord, and thus offering forth his heroic deeds, he said, "Oh, that one would give me a drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, that is by the gate!"



The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE. PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY THE PROPRIETOR.

JOHN GILLIES, AT NO. 195 MONTREAL LANE. Editor—REV. JAMES J. MURPHY.

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

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, Nov. 19, 1875.

ECCLIESIASTICAL CALENDAR. NOVEMBER, 1875. Friday, 19—St. Elizabeth, Queen of Hungary, Widow. Saturday, 20—St. Felix of Valois, Confessor.

TO OUR CATHOLIC FELLOW-CITIZENS OF CANADA.

(From the True Witness of the 16th August, 1850.)

It has often been the subject of wondering remark, to many of sincere regret, that, whilst our Protestant fellow-citizens, of almost every denomination, have each their avowed organ, through which they can express their wants and feelings, and advocate each their own peculiar views of what they consider truth, the Catholics alone, that is that numerous portion of the community, who professing the Catholic faith, speak the English language should not possess, throughout the entire Province, a single publication, in the columns of which they can give utterance to their indignation, protest, against the illiberal, and often libellous charges with which they stand accused.

As men, as citizens, we are insulted by the meditated invasion upon the sacred right of property, by the cry raised against our religious establishments, and the property of the Clergy: by the cry raised for their destruction; not because it is even pretended that the funds created by the far-seeing piety of former generations have been wasted, or misapplied; not because our religious establishments have been found, by experience, impotent for good, or productive of evil, but because of their very efficacy, but because of the living testimony that they bear to the unity of the true Church of Christ.

As intelligent beings, we are insulted by the taunts of mental blindness, of bigotry, and of superstition—by mental blindness, because, in our researches after truth, we refuse to be guided, by the new light of the conventicle;—of bigotry, because, believing in the unity of truth, we can recognise no Church of God save one; of superstition, because we submit our reason to the teaching of that Church and are content to adore, where we cannot comprehend.

As Christians, our feelings are continually outraged, by the foul charge of idolatry, whilst the most solemn offices of our holy religion, are made the subject of the scoerner's unbalanced mirth.

And, if ever mindful of the precepts of our Divine Master "not to render railing for railing," we have long borne all this in silence, could we hope, by patience, and calm endurance, to disarm, or weary out the malice of our adversaries, we yet could bear.

We will endeavour to show cause why it is not expedient to violate treaties, to infringe upon the sacred rights of property to destroy the establishments for educational purposes, and to annihilate the only provision existing in this country for the relief of the poor and needy.

And, by the help of God, we will no longer tamely submit to have our religion reviled—our holy things profaned—our clergy insulted—and the meek inmates of our religious communities exposed to the ribald taunts, and cowardly insinuations of the infidel or the fanatic.

umna of a weekly periodical too awful and sacred to be irreverently mixed up with accidents and offences; shipping intelligence and police reports. But to explain what are the doctrines of the Catholic Church, and what her teaching to her children,—to declare what as Catholics we hold, and what reject,—to repel the charges of idolatry, and of superstition, brought against us—these will be our object, these the end of all our efforts.

Catholicity is of no nation, of no particular shade of politics. The "True Witness" therefore will not be a political paper, in the ordinary acceptation of the term. Confining ourselves to the discussion of those measures, the effects of which may be advantageous, or prejudicial to the moral and religious well-being of the community—the acts, and not the persons of the members of the Ministry, will alone form the subjects of our censures or of our praise.

Translations from, and notices of, foreign authors, together with extracts from the more amusing portions of the light literature of the day, will here also find their allotted place.

Respectfully, would we solicit the patronage and encouragement of our Ecclesiastical superiors—the benediction of our Bishops—the prayers and good offices of all the Clergy—their approval when right, their reproof and correction when in error—the benefit of their paternal admonitions and ghostly counsels at all times.

Five and twenty years ago the Founder of the True Witness announcing his first entry in the list of Canadian Journalism, addressed to our Catholic Fellow-Citizens of Canada the words which we reproduce and repeat to-day. To their reproduction and repetition we strictly confine ourselves.

Both to the Truth and to the Church there are, of course, almost daily, new enemies arising; and these, adopting as they most frequently do adopt new arms and new modes of fighting, cannot be always satisfactorily encountered according to the rules and customs of old campaigns.

And, at the same time, we will always endeavour to avoid giving any just cause of offence to others. In as far as in us lies, we will endeavour to maintain peace and charity with all men; and in any disputes, in which we may happen to be involved, if we cannot boast of the wisdom of the serpent, we will at least try to emulate the gentle meekness of the dove.

man for the defence of any. He does not know anything," says Goethe, "who knows nothing else;" and "the man of one book" is man to be feared in many more ways than Cicero dreamed of. More especially is this verified of the reciprocal relations between Religion on the one hand and Politics Literature, Social Life on the other where the influence of Religion is so essentially extensive and so essentially inevitable that where the ablest thinkers fall into constant error because of a narrow exclusiveness of education, which begets a narrow exclusiveness of thought and which, making no allowance for influences not the less powerful because they are unseen, sees its calculations falsified and its projects fail.

It will be our endeavour through severe and earnest study to keep ourselves well to the front in the amassing of such knowledge as will make our work not only conscientious but enlightened, not only sincere but scholarly; and while in all cases we shall express our conviction with the most unmistakable decision we shall in no case neglect the labour necessary to make our judgments worthy of our Patrons and worthy of our cause.

In the external shape and seeming of our journal it is our intention to make some important changes. Progress in the mere mechanical departments of newspaper management has during the last twenty years been very decided; and the benefit of that progress we deem it our duty to extend to our Readers. The present proprietor of the True Witness, Mr. John Gillies, will spare no expense necessary to carry out our plans.

Whilst in these opening remarks we address ourselves to all Catholics irrespective of nationality, we should be very untrue to our own nature if we did not direct a specially tender and truthful word to those who, whether by blood or birth, are, like ourselves, children of Ireland. To them our predecessor, knowing, though he was not of them, their natural noblenesses of heart and their long-proved loyalty of soul, made particular appeal.

FALSE WITNESSING. Wise men always Affirm and say That 'tis best for a man Diligently For to apply To the business he can, And in no wise To enterprise Another faculty. A simple better Should not go smatter In philosophy; Nor ought a peddler Become a meddler In theologie.

Before our appointment to the Editorial chair of the True Witness we had written but one article for any Journal of Montreal. That solitary specimen of our Journalistic manner appeared in our issue of 22nd of October. It appeared under the caption "An Unexpected Conversion."

says very "pretty and polite" it still managed to leave behind it in his soft soul, a rather rankling memory. His editorial was certainly a literary curiosity. That the inhabitants of a certain portion of the British Empire are proverbially impervious to a joke except it come through the agency of a surgical operation is what we have often heard but it is what, remembering the "great things" done for humorous literature by the Scottish Race, we have never thought it proper to believe.

Then again his manner of meeting our gentle reference to the respective characters of Dr. Newman and Mr. Chiniquy possesses for us a touching interest. We had said:—"Even the Editor's own aesthetic perfections will hasten his passage to the Catholic Church. He is essentially a man of taste; and, for a man of taste, the company of Dr. Newman must be much more desirable than the companionship of Mr. Chiniquy."

But to these subjects we shall come formally at another time. It is not for their sakes that we are writing now. We write for the sake of the Editor of the Witness. We desire frankly to put him upon his guard, warning him as we hereby warn him that we are very patient and very persistent; that as we "set naught down in malice" so do we "nothing extenuate"; and that while he will uniformly find us much too sincerely Christian to care to practice sophistry or chicanery, he will also find us much too sternly bent on faithfully fulfilling the duties of our office, to let any little trick of his escape exposure.

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structure. Our reply will be to reprint those portions of our article to which in his first notice the Editor made no allusion, but to which he long subsequently alluded and alluded unfairly. Perhaps he may be induced to supplement his former general reply, and to let his patrons read now what he gave them no opportunity of reading before.

After expressing our conviction that the Editor of the Witness is on "the road to Rome," and after assuring him that he has on his journey "our warmest wishes and our best prayers," we, in the article referred to, thus proceed:—

"But he shall have more." It is just possible that on some doctrinal points his mind is not yet completely satisfied. We gather as much from the interesting paragraph with which his little sketch concludes: "The noble faculty of reason was not," he says, "given merely to weigh sugar and tea withal." It was bestowed, he informs us, to have free exercise "in the higher realms of religious enquiry." But the Church of Rome, he announces, restricts the noble faculty to the department of sugar and tea; whence it follows, not only that we Romanists are all grocers; which is our own inference, but that the Editor's inference—we are false to our reason and lose some commodity which he prizes highly and to which he gives the name of "dignity." Being false to our reason and being deprived of our dignity, he argues, believe and disbelieve, with precisely what our tyrant tells us. And that, he proceeds, is the true cause why so many "eminent divines" who formerly opposed the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, "gave into it"—his own excellent expression—"after it was decreed," and thus won for themselves the "pity" of himself and of others who "enjoy freedom of conscience outside the Church of Rome." We gather, therefore, that his points of complaint are reducible to two. He complains, firstly, that when he himself becomes a Catholic he shall be allowed to exercise his noble faculty of reason only in the weighing of sugar and tea; he complains, secondly, that those Catholics who formerly rejecting the Papal Infallibility now accept it, do so in direct disobedience of what their noble faculty clearly commands.

"Let him be comforted. Even if his Catholic Director should counsel him to betake himself in his declining years to the safe employment of keeping a grocery, the loss to himself and to the world may not be severe. We know him now for a long time; we have been always keenly interested in endeavoring to discover his precise natural and supernatural vocation; and we have long been profoundly certain that his allotted calling is more intimately associated with the white apron and the brass scales than with the strong swift wings that waft one to the 'higher realms of religious enquiry.' The exact extent of his fitness for disburdening tea and sugar we have not, indeed, been able to discover. But unless he maliciously take up the trade of public poisoning, mingling Bella Donna with Young Hyson and Aromatic with Double Refined, the vocation to which he is destined cannot but be, both for the public and for himself, much more healthful than was the old. On this matter, however, we far prefer to leave him in his Director's hands.

"But when he passes from commiserating himself to commiserating 'eminent divines,' it is our own happy office to assist in bringing him to a better mind. His noble faculty of reason, (by which alone, he tells us, he is distinguished from the lower animals,) is not just now without its pecuniary, that is, its tea-and-sugar perplexities; and that we presume is the cause of some small inaccuracies into which its nobility has been betrayed. As an instance: for those Catholics who, before the Vatican Council, denied, and, after the Vatican Council, admitted, the Papal Infallibility, he has, he says, a profound 'pity.' We do not think he describes his mind correctly. The sentiment which his nobility entertains towards the magnificent German Bishops who humbly subjected their own private opinion to the public judgment of their 800 brethren, is not mere pity, it is sovereign contempt. That however is only an inaccuracy of expression; and to an inaccuracy of reasoning it is that we would respectfully draw his especial attention.—For, whether he pities or despises 'the eminent divines who,' &c., he, by entertaining either sentiment, does, we fear, his noble faculty a grave injustice. The conduct of those eminent divines, if he only regard it closely will not, we are afraid seem so unreasonable after all. Let him consider it in this way. Suppose him already engaged in the tea and sugar line. He has, suppose, a firm conviction that his employer—what we may call his Head Boss,—is a very fallible judge of tea. But he admits, suppose, that when the Boss Grocers of the universe meet in Council, their decisions on tea and on judges of tea, are infallible. The Boss Grocers of the universe suddenly come together; hold a council; discuss the claims of his own employer; and end by pronouncing that employer so good a judge of tea that he has the same infallibility which they themselves collectively are admitted to enjoy. Can our friend any longer doubt his employer's inerrancy in the matter of tea? It he still persists in his old notion, while the Boss Grocers of the universe (whom he holds to be infallible) pronounce his old notion false, will his persistence not prove that his noble faculty has quite deserted him, and that, being no longer distinguished from the lower animals, a certain brutal obstinacy is, in his character, not quite unnatural. To these questions the Editor, we hope, will be able to give affirmative replies. But observe the consequence. The illustration from the business to which he is called, is very pertinent to the case of the 'eminent divines' Bishop Von Ketteler, for instance, believed before the Vatican Council that the Infallibility of the Pope was a fiction. But he also believed that whatever the Council said on the subject would be infallibly true. The Council declared and defined that the Pope is infallible. After such a declaration was it unreasonable, (and meritorious of the profound pity of the mighty Witness of Montreal), for Bishop Von Ketteler to change his mind? Our noble faculty does not think so. The great brave Bishop had the misfortune to be, after the Council as before, it not quite fit for a place at Longport. And so it did not strike him (as it struck the Editor) that in believing the Papal Infallibility, when a Council, which he held infallible, defined it, he was 'false to his reason.' It only struck him that he was doing a thing which as long as his reason remained he could not help doing; for he was simply renouncing his own private opinion for the collective judgment of 800 of his brethren, who, first of all, were as good as he; and who, secondly, in their collective judgment upon the point at issue were as he himself believed; divinely endowed with the privilege of infallibility. All this we commend to our distinguished convert's most candid consideration.

There is yet another point on which we can lend him a little aid. He states with sufficient plainness that he has some special means of knowing what the Rev. M. Rousselot thinks of the Guibord complication; and he leaves his readers to understand that when privately interviewed on the subject of the Guibord burial, the Rev. 'Cure' finds fault with the Right Reverend Bishop. We assure our dear private proselyte that he is mistaken. It is somewhat hard on the Seminary to have to pay six thousand dollars for doing its duty, and to be doomed perhaps for the same offence to pay some thousands more; and of that M. Rousselot has a right to complain. But of that hardship, as no one knows better than the learned 'Cure of Notre-Dame, the Bishop is not the cause. The Rev. M. Rousselot, we may inform the Editor, along with being 'good



and charitable? In earnest, an eminent divine and being so perfectly well aware that in denying...

desire. Them we leave to adopt their own manner and follow their own line. We offer them only one...

HERE AND THERE.

The great Guibord—at least what of him remains to honor the surface of our poor planet—was on...

But if such things are done in Montreal why were they not done in Toronto? Here, we are mostly Catholic...

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

All communications for insertion in the True Witness, or relating in any way to the news columns...

BUSINESS NOTICE.

All Business Letters, relating to advertisements, supply of Copies, Back Numbers, Subscriptions, &c...

RELIGIOUS TOLERATION.

To the Editor of the True Witness. Sir,—In the issue of the Evening Star of Oct. 9, appearing a paragraph, copied from the London Times...

Had the above been manufactured in the shop of the Montreal Witness it would assuredly have passed unheeded by me; but proceeding from the oracle of English journalism, it may not be out of place to analyse it...

on the charity of the Catholic world? Does not the same destruction overtake her renowned temples and institutions under the sway of Victor Emmanuel...

When the writer in the Times speaks of complete toleration in Rome—at least in Rome under the authority of the Pope—he does not seem to know the meaning of the word; he confounds it with what I suppose he calls complete toleration in England...

The Times—the oracular Times—the Jupiter Tonans of the English press, has had his answer; though his thunder in the present instance might be readily mistaken for the thunder of an ass...

And now one word in conclusion to the Star. That journal, in a few remarks on the paragraph from the Times quoted at the beginning of this letter...

Our Subscribers in Lennoxville are hereby notified that M. L. Connolly, Esq., Mayor, has kindly consented to act as Agent for the True Witness in and his neighbourhood.

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.—The Ontario Legislature has been called to meet for the despatch of business on the 24th of the present month.

The trade returns of Halifax for October show considerable falling off compared with the same month last year; last month the value of imports amounted to \$537,436, against \$773,599 in October, 1874.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

- Cushing, E. W., \$2; Alexandria, Miss C. McD., 2; Lindsey, J. G., 4; St. Raphael, D. McD., 5; Cornwall, D. McK., 6; Violet, J. O'R., 2; Kingston, J. R., 2; Toronto, W. J. McD., 2; St. Joachim de Shefford, Rev. J. B., 2; Laval, Rev. F. X. M., 5; Athelstan, J. D., 1.50; Pleasant Hill, Neb., U. S., P. M., 1.50; Brockville, J. D. K., 2; Tannery West, J. B. L., 2; Souris, P. E., I. M. T., McC., 1; Goderich, J. A. McL., 2; Galt, A. A. B., 2; Brentwood, D. L., 2; Almonte, J. O'H., 4; Ingersoll, G. McC., 5; Uptergrove, A. McD., 2; Marvsville, Rev. M. M., 2; Melrose, J. D., 4; Lachine, W. R., 1; Lindsay, T. E. C., 3; Huntingdon, W. W. Sr., 3; St. Agathe, M. H., 2; Lonsdale, J. M., 4.50; Uptergrove, J. F., 3; Oshawa, C. W., 2; Contrecoeur, Rev. P. O. A., 2; La Guerre, Mrs. Q., 1.50; Cape Cove, D. A., 3; Berthier en haut, A. 2; Eganville, M. J. E., 4; Uptergrove, T. H., 2; Norwood, Mrs. M. S., 2; River Beaudette, L. J. McL., 2; L'Assomption, P. F., 2; Granby, M. G. S.; Brechin, A. McC., 4; Point Edward, R. B., 2; Perth, B. C., 3; Chepato, J. P., 4; Malindud, N. B., Capt. J. F., 2; Cape Canis, N. S., J. C., 2; Glenroy, C. J. McC., 2; St. Pierre du Durham, Rev. H. A., 2; River Beaudette, T. R., 3; Peterborough, P. H., 2; London, Eng., T. G. P., 4.50; Fredericton, N. B., J. D., 2; Rokeby, J. F., 2; Vankleest Hill, B. C., 2; Leeds, J. D., 2; Per. J. Q., Hamilton—K. F., 6; W. M., 2; L. P. B., 1.

J. H. SEMPLE,

IMPORTER AND WHOLESALE GROCER, 53 ST. PETER STREET, (Corner of Foundling) MONTREAL

May 1st, 1874. 37-52

WANTED.—For the Separate school at Hemmingford a FEMALE TEACHER. A liberal salary will be paid to an eligible person. Apply to JOHN RYAN, Sec. Treas. 144

CATHOLIC TEACHER WANTED.—MALE OR FEMALE.—A young person possessing either a first or second class certificate, capable of playing an organ and conducting a choir, will find employment at School Section No. 2, Township of Ashfield, Co. Huron. Salary liberal. Apply to MAURICE DALTON, Kintail P. O.

WANTED.—A gentleman, English Professor in one of the first Catholic Colleges of Ireland for three years and a half, and lately Professor of Mathematics in a well known Academy in Dublin, would take charge of a first class Separate or Public School in a grand locality. Preparatory to his being engaged as above he spent a year and a half in a distinguished Training College, completing his studies and acquiring the most approved methods of teaching. None need communicate except those disposed to give a liberal salary. High references given. Address, M. L. R. Box 78, Lindsay, Ont.

ST. ANN'S TOTAL ABSTINENCE and BENEFIT SOCIETY.

LECTURE, Under the Auspices of the above Society, BY REV. FATHER MURPHY, IN THE MECHANICS' HALL, ON Monday Evening, 22d Nov. 1875.

SUBJECT: "HENRY GRATTAN."

TICKETS 25 cents.—RESERVED SEATS, 50 cents. May be obtained from Battle Bros., 21 Bleury Street; John F. Redmond, 316 St. Joseph Street; and at the Door on the Evening of the Lecture. Doors open at 7:30; Lecture to begin at 8 o'clock. T. J. QUINLAN, Secretary.

GRAND BAZAAR.

To be held on the 23rd JANUARY NEXT for the benefit of the POOR of the INSTITUTION of the SISTERS OF MERCY, Montreal. Being their first Bazaar, they hope to meet with the same charity and sympathy, that they always met in their yearly collection.

READ THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE \$1.50 per year. The Harp

Province of Quebec, Superior Court. DAME HUOY L. MARSH, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of JOHN T. LEE, of the same place, Carriage Manufacturer, duly authorized in Justice in this behalf, Plaintiff. The said JOHN T. LEE, Defendant. An action for separation as to property has been instituted in this cause. Montreal, 11th November, 1875. J. DOHERTY, Attorney for Plaintiff.

To this we think nothing at present need be added. Let the Editor of the Witness exercise his noble faculty on whatever subject he considers suitable. His selection of a subject we may consider unwise. His assumption of his own faculty as a high specimen of reasoning ability we may regard as innocent. We may think edged tools very dangerous for the hands of children, and we may remember that not unto all have all gifts been given. But henceforth the Editor's persistence in following his present profession shall be, not even slightly, our affair, but altogether his own. Only, all men, however untruly placed, we expect to reverence what they know to be true. We hope as much even from the Editor of the Witness of Montreal.

PAPAL INFALLIBILITY.

(To the Editor of the Montreal Witness.) Dear Sir,—Since Father Murphy has become the Editor of the True Witness, I, with numerous other Protestants in Montreal, would like, I am sure, to see his answers to the proposition on Papal Infallibility, as contained in your issue of the 6th inst. Hitherto all arguments deduced in favour of Papal Infallibility, have to me appeared senseless and absurd, and I should like, if possible, to see a stronger standpoint taken; as thereby I might be led to see something in it, otherwise not.

I am, &c., ALPHA.

The above letter, addressed to the Editor of the Montreal Witness, puts, clearly and courteously, an apparently sincere request for further elucidation of the great Vatican dogma. The statement that for such elucidation many Protestants of Montreal are, since our entry upon our new office, anxiously looking, is, to ourselves, very abundantly known to be true. It is known to us to be even less than the truth, not only in Montreal, but in the whole extent of the Dominion, and in many parts of the United States, our Lectures on Papal Infallibility have had, with many Protestants, at least the second best of controversial effects. Where they did not convince they shook the bases of old convictions. In our city of Montreal they have been particularly successful. They have there elicited discussions, which, because humanity, especially controversial humanity, is so very imperfect, may have developed some latent rudeness and some latent revenge, but which have not the least satisfactorily shown that the Protestant mind ordinarily so assured of its own infallibility may be disturbed in its serene self-satisfaction. Even the Editor of the Witness has asked us to supply answers to certain special objections. He has indeed threatened us that what we do so he will lay aside, what for our sake notoriously he has long worn, his editorial gloves; but still that he leaving all our arguments unanswered, demands an answer to arguments of his own, in proof that he is become uneasy, and to have made him even uneasy is to have done him, and through him many others, a very important service. Such service we shall continue to render to himself and to all his friends. We may do it through public Lectures; we may do it through the columns of our Journal. But do it we shall even to—the sweetest end.

We, however, regard both the Editor of the Witness and his controversial correspondents, to give us time. In another place we explain, that the changes which we contemplate in our Journal largely occupy us at the present moment, and we may mention here, that engagements to lecture which we could not break and which, for their fulfilment, require considerable labour, have yet to be fulfilled. But Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Artists, the Editor of the Witness and Mr. O'Hanley—all our critics will have their patience tested only for a little time. They shall be answered in the best spirit and with the best ability. We shall do our work with all the logical completeness and with all the Christian courtesy which even people of their distinction can

DEATH OF PATRICK MAHEDY, Esq.

It is with extreme regret that we chronicle the death of Patrick Mahedy, Esq., which took place in Montreal on Tuesday, November 2nd.

Deceased was a native of Longford county, Ireland, where he was born in the year 1814; prompted by ambition, he bade a fond farewell to the land of his birth, and early in life emigrated to Canada.

His home for many years past was in North Shefford, where his decease will be universally mourned. In public affairs he always took a prominent part, his honesty and sterling qualities earning for him many public offices.

Until quite recently his health was excellent, for one who led so active a life, but the late changeable weather caused him to lose rapidly his wonted vigor, and he succumbed at length to hemorrhage of the lungs.

His remains were attended to their last resting place in the Catholic cemetery in Waterloo, on Thursday, the 4th inst., by a large number of sympathizing mourners, who experienced the melancholy satisfaction of paying a last tribute of respect to his earthly remains, and who feel that in his death they have lost a true friend, a prominent citizen and an exemplary Christian.—Requiescat in Pace.

At a meeting of the Board of School Commissioners of the Township of Shefford held on Monday, the 8th inst. at which all the Commissioners were present, the following resolutions were passed regarding the late Patrick Mahedy, Esq., for many years chairman of that body.

"Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in his inscrutable wisdom to call the late Patrick Mahedy, Esq., of North Shefford from this world of toil and trouble; and

"Whereas he has devoted a large portion of his labors during the last twenty years in aiding and promoting the education of the rising youth of this Township; be it therefore

Resolved, "That we the undersigned School Commissioners of this Scholastic Municipality (while we humbly submit to the will of Divine Providence), do sincerely offer our sympathy and condolence to his bereaved widow and family in their sad and irreparable loss of a good husband, kind parent and law abiding citizen, and that a copy of this vote or token of sympathy be forwarded to his affectionate family, and be it further resolved,

"That copies of these resolutions be sent for insertion in the 'Waterloo Advertiser,' The St. Johns News,' the 'Montreal Witness' and 'True Witness,' and the 'Irish Canadian,' Toronto. JOHN CLEARY, Jas. T. BOOTH, W. CHAPMAN, L. E. RICHARDSON, P. DEMARIS.

NEW AGENT.—Mr. Michael J. Kearney of Eganville has kindly consented to act as Agent for the True Witness in his locality. We would therefore, inform our Subscribers there that Mr. Kearney will shortly call on them and we hope they will all be ready to hand him their subscription for which he is empowered to grant receipts.

We would inform our subscribers in Gananoque, that our Agent, Mr. P. Lynch, intends calling on them in the interest of the True Witness on or about the 1st of December next. We bespeak for him a worthy reception.

First Meeting of Supreme Court for the Dominion.—Ottawa, Nov. 12.—The Judges have fixed the first meeting of the Supreme Court for the 17th of January next, provided the Government proclamation fixing the jurisdiction of the Court be published in time.

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FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE.—The return of France.—Paris, Nov. 10.—The Minister of Finance has informed the Committee of the Assembly that the revenues since the commencement of the present year are \$23,000,000 in excess of the estimate.

THE ELECTORAL BILL.—VICTORY FOR THE GOVERNMENT ON THE FRENCH QUESTION.—Paris, Nov. 11.—The lobby, floor and galleries of the Assembly were crowded to-day, and great excitement was manifested over the Electoral Bill.

DISOLUTION.—Paris, November 12.—In consequence of its triumph in the Assembly yesterday, the Conservative party intends to take the lead in the movement in favour of dissolution.

SPAIN AND THE HOLY SEE.—London, Nov. 11.—The note of the Vatican in reply to that of Spain, treats the Spanish question from a standpoint of religion and principles of the Concordat, which it says must not be departed from.

ITALY.—The Vatican reply to the Spanish note was sent to Madrid yesterday; the Vatican accepts the declaration of the Government that it is desirous to come to an understanding, and has given the Papal Nuncio at Madrid instructions to negotiate.

THE NEW MAGGIORDOMO AT THE VATICAN.—Monsignor Ricci-Paracelani, who was lately promoted from the office of Maestro di Camera to the post of Maggiordomo, belongs to an ancient family of Montepulciano, and possesses the title of Marquis of the Paracelani line.

Yelugo and Mogrovielo have all been dismissed from their commands, and "Dorregaray and several other Carlist chiefs have been imprisoned by order of Don Carlos."

CONQUISTING INTELLIGENCE.—The Carlist news is that Don Carlos has appointed a Senor Galludo his Minister of the Interior, and that General Auguste, commanding the first division of the Carlist army in Catalonia, has obtained a great victory over a column of Royal troops numbering 1,200 infantry, two guns, and seventy horse.

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INSULTS TO CATHOLICS AND PILGRIMS.—At Lucca, the other day, would a respected Catholic priest was returning to his house he met in the Piazza di Sta. Maria, forti portam a group of young men, one of whom snatched away the hat from the priest's head and ran off with it amid the applause of his companions.

ANNEXATION.—London, Nov. 10.—The following order, dated November 10, has been addressed to Russian troops in Khokand:—"The territory of the right bank of the Syr Daria, from the Russian frontier to the river Naran, hitherto belonging to Khokand, is annexed to Russia."

postal communications between Russian Central Asia and Kashgare are to be opened immediately.

THE TRIALS OF THE CHURCH IN THE OLD WORLD.—We are indebted to the London Tablet for the following record of the persecution of the Church in certain parts of Europe.

AUSTRIA.—COUNTY ELECTORS.—VIENNA, Oct. 16, 1875.—Amongst the Catholics of Austria, that is to say, amongst the rural population of the country, a tendency has of late been observable which shows how wavering many become when they are seriously confounded with the question whether they will give the preference to the good cause or to their own private interests.

GERMANY.—MAINZ.—The religious conflict has at length made a beginning in the Diocese of Mainz. A little while ago the parish priest of Castel, opposite Mainz, died.

THE PRINCE BISHOP, DR. FOERSTER, has, by a decree dated from his castle of Johannisberg, 12th October, discharged from their functions all the episcopal authorities of the Prussian portions of his diocese, and has ordered that all official transactions and correspondence shall on their part cease on the day of the decree.

THE BISHOP OF SPEYER, willingly concurred. The Bishop of Mainz, whose diocese adjoined, and, in fact, almost surrounded the district, consented to sing the High Mass, and to preach in the evening. In order to manifest their loyalty, the guardian and parish priest informed the government of their arrangements, stating that the Dean of Mainz was to preach at the High Mass.

ACTION OF THE KING OF BAVARIA.—The festival at Oggersheim took place on the 4th October, St. Francis's Day. On the 8th October the newspapers published two letters purporting to have been written by the King to his Minister referring to the celebration.

answer to the newspapers for publication. In this answer the Bishop points out that the only foundation for stating that permission should have been asked for his sermon was a Ministerial ordinance of June, 1851, which prescribes that, in the case of foreign ecclesiastics being invited to take part in extraordinary solemnities, the Government shall be notified of the fact, and that the decision in the matter shall rest with the King.

THE DEBATE ON THE ADDRESS IN THE BAVARIAN CHAMBER.—The debate on the address in the Bavarian Chamber lasted three days. The first paragraph, referring to the deaths which had happened in the royal family, was unanimously adopted.

THE DUTCH JANSENISTS.—The Dutch Jansenists keep up most faithfully a curious usage. When a "bishop" is chosen to play his part in maintaining the existence of the schism, the fact of the election is formally notified to the Pope, and after his consecration the new bishop addresses a letter to His Holiness.

THE FIVE-AND-TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ASSUMPTION OF THE STADT-HOLDERSHIP OF LUXEMBOURG BY PRINCE HENRY, the brother of the King, was celebrated on 5th October, with great popular rejoicings.

SEARCH FOR THE "CITY OF WACO'S" PASSENGERS.—GALVESTON, Texas, Nov. 10.—The steamer Buckhorn was despatched outside again at three o'clock this morning, in search of the missing passengers and crew of the City of Waco.

THE RETURN OF THE PILOT-BOAT AND STEAMER IS ANXIOUSLY LOOKED FOR.—It is thought they will be in time to-night.

THE RETURN OF THE "BUCKHORN," GALVESTON, 9.30 p.m., Nov. 10.—The steam tug Buckhorn has just returned from outside; Captain Irvine saw one of the City of Waco's boats, which had been considerably burned, and some steps and pieces of the after cabin; no trace of any passengers or crew.

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THE STEAMSHIP "PACIFIC" DISASTER.—ADDITION TO THE PASSENGER LIST.—SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 11th.—The following named persons were passengers on the steamship Pacific, not heretofore reported:—J. Foster, J. W. Doyle, J. H. Sullivan, J. Kennedy, Wm. Powell, Geo. Bird, Edward Shepard, Frank McLaughlin, Geo. D. Bryson, Wm. Canfield, Wm. Power, Richard Turnbull, Jac. Kenaly, Nepas Smith, Geo. Perue, A. L. Rainey, G. Journeaux, F. Journeaux, F. Ernest Meyerly, Jas. Haverly and wife, J. Thompson, Dennis Cain, J. C. Roden, P. Early, C. N. Miles, Adam Foster, R. Lyon, J. Pettier, Mr. and Mrs. Keller and child, Mrs. A. Reynolds: 35 Chinamen in stowage, and 6 Chinamen in the cabin. The treasure in private hands amounted to \$100,000.

RETURN OF THE CRUISERS.—RECOVERY OF DEAD BODIES.—VICTORIA, B. C., November 11.—The Steamship Gussie Telfair returned at nine o'clock last evening, from a cruise in the neighborhood of Cape Flattery, for the survivors from the Pacific. She found no living persons, but picked up the body of a woman, identified as that of Mrs. Hellar, of San Francisco; the body of Mr. Vining Stillacom, Washington Territory, and the body of the stoker of the lost ship; all these bodies had life preservers on. The Oliver Walcott picked up the body of the assistant steward, named Richard Jones, dead. Steamers are still searching for more bodies. An inquest on the three will be held to-day. Portions of the wreck are beginning to come ashore near this port.

Charles Warren Stoddard has "done" the town of Killarney. He thus speaks of Innisfallen and Muckross Abbey.—The monks have been at rest these hundred years; the roof has fallen to decay and in the open nave the grass has spread like a carpet under foot, and the ferns hang like ragged tapestries from the chinks in the wall.

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



Tom Moore on the St. Lawrence.—Seventy-two years ago Tom Moore made a trip down the St. Lawrence. There were no steamships in those days, and it took him nearly a week, in his small boat, to traverse a distance that is now accomplished in twelve hours.

Utawas tide! this trembling moon shall see us float o'er thy surges soon. Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers, Oh, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs.

I wrote those words, Moore tells us, "to an air which our boatmen sung to us frequently. The wind was so unfavorable that we were obliged to row all the way; and we were five days in descending the river from Kingston to Montreal, exposed to an intense sun during the day, and at night forced to take shelter from the dews in any miserable hut upon the banks that would receive us."

But the magnificent scenery of the St. Lawrence repays all such difficulties. I ventured to harmonize this air, Moore adds, "and have published it." Without that charm which association gives to every little memorial of scenes of feelings that are past, the melody may, perhaps, be thought common or trifling; but I remember when we entered, at sunset, upon one of those beautiful lakes into which the St. Lawrence so grandly and unexpectedly opens, I heard this simple air with a pleasure which the finest compositions of the first masters have never given me; and now there is not a note of it which does not recall to my memory the dip of our oars in the St. Lawrence, the flight of our boat down the rapids, and all those new and fanciful impressions to which my heart was alive during the whole of this interesting voyage.

BLEEDING FROM LUNGS, CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION. A WONDERFUL CURE. ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 13th, 1874.

Dear Sir—I had suffered from Catarrh in an aggravated form for about twelve years and for several years from Bronchial trouble. I tried many doctors and things with no lasting benefit. In May, '72, becoming nearly worn out with excessive Editorial labors on a paper in New York City, I was attacked with Bronchitis in a severe form, suffering almost a total loss of voice. I returned home here, but had been home only two weeks when I was completely prostrated with Hemorrhage from the Lungs, having four severe bleeding spells within two weeks, and first three inside of nine days.

A friend suggested your remedies. But I was extremely skeptical that they would do me good, as I had lost all heart in remedies, and began to look upon medicine and doctors with disgust. However, I obtained one of your circulars, and read it carefully, from which I came to the conclusion that you understood your business, at least, I finally obtained a quantity of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, your Golden Medical Discovery and Pellets, and commenced their vigorous use according to directions.

Myrcy's Sciopion and Lantern Slides. New and brilliant effects. Circulars free. Special OFFER to SUNDAY-SCHOOLS. L. J. MAROY, 1340 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

WILLIAM H. HODSON, ARCHITECT, No. 5 St. Bonaventure Street MONTREAL. Plans of Buildings prepared and Superintendence at Moderate Charges. Measurements and Valuations Promptly Attended to.

WILLIAM H. SPENCER, P. O. Box 507, Rochester, N. Y.

No organ of thought or action can be employed without the assistance of the blood, and no organ can be employed safely or with impunity without a supply of healthy blood. With healthy blood the exercised organs become well developed, whether they be muscular or intellectual.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, SUPERIOR COURT. DAME CAROLINE SPOONER, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of D. ADALBERT MELVIN, Gentleman, of the same place, duly authorized a *curator ad litem*. Plaintiff.

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.

CHOICE PERIODICALS for 1876 THE LEONARD SCOTT PUBLISHING CO., 41 Barclay Street, New York. Continue their authorized Reprints of the FOUR LEADING QUARTERLY REVIEWS: EDINBURGH REVIEW (Whig), LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW (Conservative), WESTMINSTER REVIEW (Liberal), BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW (Evangelical).

These Periodicals are the medium through which the greatest minds, not only of Great Britain and Ireland, but also of Continental Europe, are constantly brought into more or less intimate communication with the world of readers.

TERMS (Including Postage): Payable Strictly in Advance. For any one Review.....\$4 00 per annum For any two Reviews.....7 00 " " For any three Reviews.....10 00 " " For all four Reviews.....12 00 " " For Blackwood's Magazine.....4 00 " " For Blackwood and one Review.. 7 00 " " For Blackwood and two Reviews. 10 00 " " For Blackwood and 3 Reviews... 13 00 " " For Blackwood and the 4 Reviews. 15 00 " "

CLUBS. A discount of twenty per cent will be allowed to clubs of four or more persons. Thus: four copies of Blackwood or of one Review will be sent to one address for \$12.80; four copies of the four Reviews and Blackwood for \$18, and so on.

MAGIC LANTERNS. THE ARCTIC LIGHT is the most powerful Coal Oil Lantern, especially adapted for Sunday-Schools, Slides, reduced. Catalogues sent on receipt of stamp.

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P. E. BROWN'S No. 9, CHABOLLEZ SQUARE. Persons from this Country and other Provinces will find this the MOST ECONOMICAL AND SAFEST PLACE to buy Clothing, as goods are marked at the VERY LOWEST FIGURE.

(ESTABLISHED 1859.) HENRY R. GRAY, DISPENSING & FAMILY CHEMIST, 144 St. Lawrence Main Street, MONTREAL. Special Attention paid to Physicians' Prescriptions.

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM Highly recommended for COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, AND BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS, HEALING, BALSAMIC, EXPECTORANT, AND TONIC.

TEETH! MCGOWAN'S DENTIFRICE. To my Patients and the Public: In transferring the entire manufacture of my "DENTIFRICE" to Mr. B. E. McGale, Chemist, of this city, I may add that I have used the above in my practice for the past twenty-four years, and conscientiously recommend it as a safe, reliable and efficient cleanser of the Teeth, and a preparation well calculated to arrest decay and render the Gums firm and healthy.

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

BEST VALUE IN WORKMEN'S STRONG SILVER LEVER WATCHES IN MONTREAL, (Warranted Correct Timekeepers.) AT WILLIAM MURRAY'S, 65 ST. JOSEPH STREET. June 11, 1875.

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

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DOMINION BUILDING SOCIETY. Office, 55 St. James Street, MONTREAL. APPROPRIATION BOOK.—Subscribed Capital \$3,000,000. PERMANENT STOCK—\$100,000.—Open for Subscription Shares \$100 00—payable ten per cent quarterly.

J. G. KENNEDY AND COMPANY, 31 St. Lawrence Street, SUPPLY EVERY DESCRIPTION OF ATTIRE, READY-MADE, OR TO MEASURE.

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JOHN BURNS, 675 Craig Street. PLUMBER, GAS and STEAMFITTER, TIN, and SHEET IRON WORKER, HOT AIR FURNACES, &c.

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T. J. DOHERTY, B.C.L., ADVOCATE, &c., &c., No. 50 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. [Feb. 7] D. BARRY, B. C. L., ADVOCATE, 12 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. January 30, 1874.

COSTELLO BROTHERS, GROCERIES and LIQUORS, WHOLESALE, (Nun's Buildings,) 49 St. Peter Street, Montreal, Jan. 15, 1875.

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MICHAEL J. O'BRIEN, SCULPTOR. MONUMENTS, MANTEL-PIECES, IN LARGE VARIETY, ALWAYS ON HAND August 6, 1875. JOHN HATCHETTE & CO., LATE MOORE, SEMPLE & HATCHETTE, (SUCCESSORS TO FITZPATRICK & MOORE,) IMPORTERS and GENERAL WHOLESALE GROCERS, WINE and SPIRIT MERCHANTS, 54 & 56 COLLEGE STREET, MONTREAL. [37-52] THE LORETTO CONVENT, Of Lindsay, Ontario, IS ADMITTED TO BE THE FINEST IN CANADA.

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