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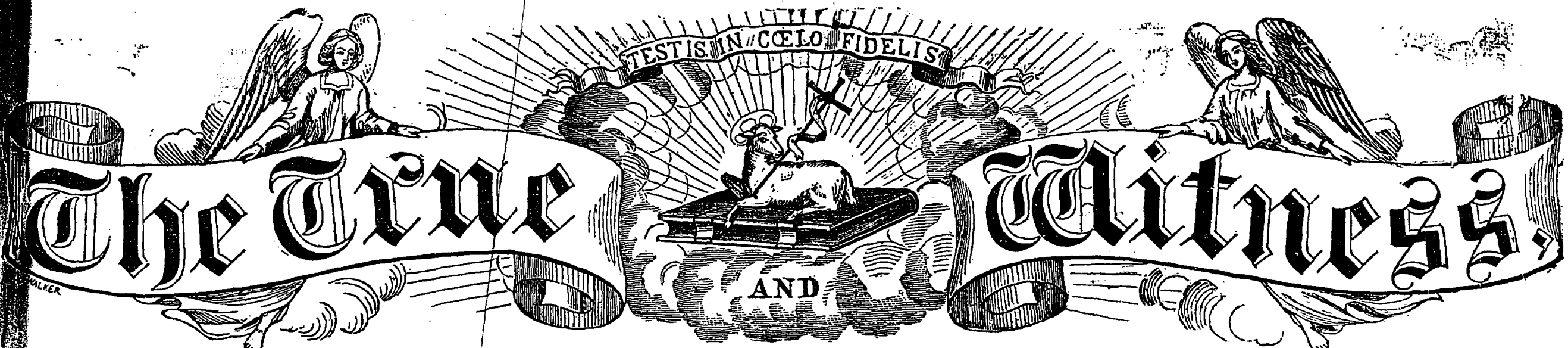
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXVIII.—NO. 22. MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1878. TERMS:—\$2 per annum in advance.

THE EDITOR.

The editor who wills to please Must humbly crawl upon his knees, And kiss the hands that beat him; Or, if he dare attempt to walk, Must to the mark that others chalk, And cringe to all that meet him.

because the Ministers of the Crown have a message to deliver that cannot be delayed. Money must be wanted to support some step which her Majesty, in the exercise of her royal prerogative, has taken upon the advice of her Ministers. This is the Constitution process.

under discussion. There can be no valid reason for a change in this policy, except the near prospect that the territory specified will be occupied by the Russians, and either annexed to their dominion or disposed of in some way prejudicial to our interests and rights.

THE MEXICAN TROUBLES.

THE DIFFICULTY EXPLAINED.

During the ten years since Marshal Bazaine embarked for his return voyage to France, and Maximilian was shot, nothing of a political character has occurred in or emanated from Mexico which has given or should occasion ill-feeling on the part of the Government or people of the United States.

his imprisonment commenced has been treated with exceptional severity. Most of his applications to see visitors, in accordance with the rules, were peremptorily refused, without any reason being given, and on one occasion, for some trifling breach of discipline, he was violently seized by several warders, and every hair on his face cut off.

INCIDENTS OF THE SIEGE OF PLEVNA.

Skobloff's wound was not dangerous, but would have been were it not that on both occasions when he was struck he was wearing a thick double sheepskin coat, which turned the rifle ball and prevented the fragment of shell doing more than rip the flesh.

THE IRISH HOME RULE LEAGUE.

A meeting of the Conference Committee was held at the offices of the League, 24, D'Offier Street, on Tuesday, 18th December, at four o'clock p.m.—Rev. Joseph A. Galbraith, F.T.C.D., in the chair. Also present—John O. Blunden, P. Callen, M.P.; William Dillon, B.L.; Patrick Egan, A. J. Kettle, T. D. Sullivan, and T. H. Webb.

WILLIAM THE THIRD NOT AN ORANGEMAN.

There was an extensive celebration of the 187th anniversary of the battle of the Boyne by the Orangemen of Ireland. They should change their name, for there was nothing in the ideas or the conduct of William the Third, King of England, and Prince of Orange Nassau, that is expressed by their designation.

ONE LIFE FOR FIVE.

SISTER S., of the Order of Trojes, needs no adjectives. It would be a waste of breath to call her a woman of sublime courage and superhuman heroism. The Paris papers do not even publish her name; but that is well, for it would not look well in columns that are stained and blurred with the names of miserable sinners.

ENGLAND AND THE WAR

The present Governments have more than once suffered under the serious misfortune of being misunderstood. They do something to which a particular significance is at once attached by the public at home and abroad—a significance which, it is proper to add, would in ordinary circumstances be rightly so attached—

and the Ministers of the Crown have a message to deliver that cannot be delayed. Money must be wanted to support some step which her Majesty, in the exercise of her royal prerogative, has taken upon the advice of her Ministers. This is the Constitution process.

MICHAEL DAVITT'S LIFE IN PRISON.

The London correspondent of the Freeman gives the following particulars of the treatment in prison of Michael Davitt, the political prisoner whose release was announced the other day. Mr. Davitt was, as will be recollected, tried for what is called treason-felony, and during the seven years and five months which have elapsed since

SHEMUS DHU, THE BLACK PEDLAR OF GALWAY.

A TALE OF THE PENAL TIMES.

CHAPTER XVII.

The loud voice of the town clock announced the hour of midnight just as Fergus and O'Reilly came up to the guide. There was a sudden change in Murrough's position. He stood erect, raised his cap of felt a little off his head, and with eyes fixed in an earnest gaze towards heaven, he muttered the "Angelus Domini," that formula of prayer used by his countrymen in reverence for the mystery of Christ's incarnation. The young men, as good Catholics, stood silent, in respect for his devotion. When he again drew his cap over his brow, and noticed them, he said:

"Young men, do well, to commence the holy Sabbath with prayer. Let us pray that its sun may rise, as it has set, upon our good will, with regard to our present undertaking."

Before either of the young men could reply, their attention was called to the approach of steps from the upper part of Cross-street. Two figures, completely disguised, approached them:

"Good night, friends!" said Murrough, meeting them. "God's blessing be with you!"

"God's blessing, and the Virgin's!" was the only answer.

A sudden rush was made, and O'Reilly, before he could think what had happened, was blindfolded, and in the hold of powerful men.

"Villains! what is this? On your lives, desert! Fergus, strike one blow! Murrough—ah, traitor!" were the exclamations of O'Reilly, whilst he strove but uselessly, to free himself.

A kerchief was bound over his mouth, his arms were pinioned, and he was held on each side by a strong hand. Fergus' surprise was as quick as his companion's; he was withheld by Murrough from giving any assistance, and in the suddenness of the seizure, he lost the power to struggle against the guide.

"Young men, fear not; no evil is intended you," said this mysterious man. "Be silent and you are safe."

Frank would have answered, if he could. The voice of his captor fell upon his ear with a change, bringing a thought that its owner was one whom he knew for years, yet he could not say whose it was. He was hurried along, whither he knew not, without hearing another word; but he had the satisfaction of knowing that Fergus and Murrough followed him. Frank's whole attention was directed to the turns of the streets; he hoped, from his knowledge of the town, to be able to guess the way by which he was led. At first, it seemed to him that he had passed the whole length of Back-street; then, that he turned to the left, and continued, during some of the time, in a direct line, which must have brought him to the neighbourhood of the North Gate. Here his conductors halted, and, by the only sense which was allowed him to judge—now doubly acute from his situation—he could detect an addition to his captors. It was a moment of hope to him. Fear, from the beginning, had not entered his heart, for he was satisfied from the attention of the men to his ease, in unlightening the cords, which, in his struggle with them, gave him pain, that he was seized, more with the intention of securing him for some ulterior purpose, connected with others, than of doing him any personal injury. Moreover, though it may appear strange, he had now a greater confidence in the faith and protection of Murrough; he could not say why, unless it was caused by the recent change of voice which he had noticed. Still he was detained against his will, and he hoped that now there would be a termination of an adventure, which, under other circumstances, would have given pleasure instead of pain to such a disposition as his for uncommon situations. A few words in a low key, that he could not catch, passed between the newcomers and Murrough, and then he thought he was brought back upon the same track; that he entered another street, whose situation he could not guess, and passed into a flagged entry, whose heavy gates were closed quickly, when the last of his companions followed.

"These precautions were necessary, Mr. Frank. We feared some evil consequence from your spirit, had we acted in an ordinary way. You did not know that you were among your friends. I will not ask you to promise to keep secret what you shall see and hear: I know you well, though you know not me. You are now at liberty," whispered Murrough.

The gag was immediately taken from his mouth, and the bandages and the cords were unloosed. O'Reilly's first impulse, after his release, was to speak to the guide. He had disappeared through a folding-door, which opened on the entry. He then sought Fergus among a dozen of dark figures, variously disguised. Fergus was not there. He had not time to inquire for him, when the figure nearest to him said in a voice differing from the common:

"I follow your companion, sir, through this door."

Frank, with his director, entered the folding-door through which Murrough had passed. A light from the first lobby showed them up a double flight of broad marble steps; thence they were directed, by another disguised person, to a long narrow corridor, at the end of which a faint light was seen, as coming through a half-opened door, from a solitary candle, or lamp, in a large room. They approached the light, and were met by Murrough, at the entrance of the room, who cautioned them to step lightly across the floor.

"Thank God!" he said, with solemn feeling, "we are in time. She slumbers now; but her sand is run; her death-agony will come on before the next sun."

"They entered the chamber of the dying. It was a large room, without furniture, except the pallet of the sick, a few old oak chairs, and one table. A venerable looking person, whose hair was white as snow, sat near the head of the sufferer. He raised a mild blue eye from a small thick volume at the entrance of the strangers. O'Reilly recognized an acquaintance, and bowed to him. He returned the salute of Frank, and was again engaged with his book. The other persons in the room were Fergus, who leaned upon the broken mantlepiece, and an elderly female, who was preparing some drink for the patient. One tallow candle threw a dim light, suited to its desolation, through the apartment. Murrough went to the bed, examined the features of the sick woman, and then said to the white-haired man:

"I fear, father, she will pass away without awaking."

The priest shook his head mournfully, as he replied:

"Her sufferings are not yet over. It is a grace that is given to her. May the Almighty Father of mercy receive them as a substitute for those of the next world!"

"Did she speak, father for the last few hours?" asked Murrough, earnestly.

"She spoke, my son, but as usual, in delirium," said the priest. "Shade the light—she awakes."

The sick woman stirred in her bed. She opened her glazed eyes, on which death had fixed its mark; her bosom heaved with the struggle of giving forth a deep, heavy moan; again she slumbered, with a thick breathing. Her sleep was the mockery of

health, with which disease often treats its victims before it hurries them to their last eternal sleep. "Father, I fear she will pass away without speech," said Murrough, bringing the light again upon the ghastly features of the dying.

"No, no," said the priest; "I have watched her during the day; she has had these fits often. She will speak just now."

It happened as the old man told. The sufferer groaned again, and opened her unmeaning eyes upon the muffled form of Murrough, which hung over her. Her age was near fifty; and it was disease, not time, which had the greater share in her wreck of beauty. A clammy moisture covered her wrinkled forehead; her cheeks were livid and sunken; and her discoloured lips were parted far asunder. Her eyes, fixed without speculation upon Murrough, by degrees received animation; then a wilder expression lighted them up. She looked from the sick figure to his companions, and from them back again to him. Her eyes started; her lips were quickly compressed. It was the intancy of memory. Recollections, dark and terrible, seemed to flit across her brain. Her whole frame shook; a cold sweat flowed from every pore. The faculties of the immortal spirit within rallied in their last struggle for supremacy over disease. They succeeded. She spoke with reason.

"It is to mock me with the hopes of another world that you are here?" she said, in a hollow voice, which became sharper as it uttered the passion of her thoughts; "or is it to exult over the misery of my fall?"

"In the name of the Redeemer, who died for all, woman, listen to words of consolation," said the priest. "We come in the name of the Man-God crucified, who calleth not the just, but sinners to repentance, to give you hope—a strong hope of pardon through His merits—"

"Man, mention not His name!—speak not of pardon to me!" she cried. "Pardon!—hope! I have long ceased to hope. O heavens! if his blood were of my soul! It is burning into my heart! It is boiling with the fire of hell in my brain! God! God! there is no God for my hope!" She swooned in the excess of her despair.

After some attention from the nurse, the patient recovered from her fit. She looked around her with more meaning, though still her eyes and her whole countenance betrayed the wildness of her thoughts. It seemed as if the first storm of passion had passed, but that there remained symptoms enough to fear its return. During the recovery of the sick woman, Murrough was engaged in deep conversation with the cloaked stranger who had introduced O'Reilly.

"You know my motives, Burke. What counsel do you give me?" said Murrough, in a tone scarcely audible to him whom he addressed.

"Speak boldly to her," said the cloaked person. "If you hear but a word, it is better than nothing."

"But, then, the soul—the immortal soul!" said Murrough, feelingly, and looking towards the bed.

"It is awful to disturb her in her last moments. Let her give what remains of sense to her priest and to her God."

"Pooh!" said Burke, in a tone of indifference. "Her priest can do her little good now. My time wears. I must be gone immediately—you know the danger of delay."

"Be it so," said Murrough, turning, with suppressed feelings of disgust, from the selfish person. He spoke some words to the priest; the old man nodded his consent. He approached the bed, holding the candle in his hand; and throwing back the muffled from his head, looked fixedly upon the features of the dying woman. Their eyes met—the expression of the guide kindled a corresponding sense in the orbs of the sick woman. She returned the same riveted look, steady and long; and then made one effort to shade her eyes with her hands. She looked from him to his companions, who were crowded around him; again she looked to the guide. There was the same calm, but penetrating gaze. She wanted but the words which followed to unshelve the thoughts which heaved her breast.

"Do you know me, Winifred?" said Murrough, with a thrilling emphasis, which caused not only the sick woman to start, but even Fergus and O'Reilly, who were leaning at the time upon the railing that united the lower posts of the bedstead. They both looked to the guide, but could not see his features; and then, with breathless anxiety awaited the answer. The first effort of the sick woman was to raise her hand to her forehead, and then her features relaxed. This was not the effect of satisfaction; the rigidity of her countenance sank into apathy.

"It is he!" she said, in a low, sullen voice, turning from the guide. "He is come to witness these last moments of his cousin's shame!"

she continued, with more vehemence, "are you come with witnesses to rob God of His vengeance? You shall not! I am His! He will be avenged! Leave me, James—leave me!"

"Winifred!" said the guide, with the tenderness of a child's entreaty. His voice was weakened by sorrow; it was stifled by the sobs of his grief. "Winifred! hear me say but this word—I loved you once, I love you still. I forgive you, Winifred; I wish not to torture you with recollections of the past. God is merciful! I trust, I pray, that He too will forgive you. But, Winifred, leave not the world with a secret on your soul, the disclosure of which can give peace and happiness to many, and may merit God's forgiveness for yourself."

O'Reilly started again he fancied it was the voice of a man whom he knew.

The guide then lowered his mouth to the ear of the sick woman, and asked: "Dear Winifred, who was O'Grady's murderer?"

"Just heavens!" exclaimed the unfortunate woman, clasping her hands in agony. "It is known to all! they all know it! they are come to torture me before I die!" She paused for a moment; then she arose to a sitting posture, and pointing with a maniac look to Fergus and his companions, she cried: "Send them out, James—send them out! I will tell you all—I feel it—send my heart; but send them out; my shame must not go before the world."

"Father," she exclaimed, turning to the priest, who she perceived had arisen from his seat, and was going, at a nod from the guide, with Fergus and O'Reilly, to a distant part of the room, where they could not hear the sequel, unless when a voice was raised—"Father, leave me not, I beseech you! You have given me the only little hope of pardon that has come to me—leave me not now. The terrible vision will come again, if you depart. I want your help, to tell my guilt and shame. O God! if anything could wash away the blood that is on my soul! If shame, if misery in this world, if suffering—the greatest—in the next, could do it, I would bear it! But not now! It cannot be washed out! I am a wretch devoted to eternal misery without hope!"

Again she was silent: it was not the silence of exhaustion of mind or of body, it was the settled silence of despair.

"Daughter," said the aged priest, in a calm and solemnly deep voice, "your last sin will be the worst, if you despair. Whatever your crimes be, be they numberless as the grains of sand upon the vast shore, or in guilt as red as scarlet, one drop of our Saviour's blood is of value to blot them out, and make you white as snow. Despair not, then my child; God is merciful to forgive. He has pledged his word in the Holy Scriptures to receive the sinner to peace, even in his last moments, if he sincerely repent." "I know what you say is true, father," she replied, with at first a weak and calm voice; "but I cannot feel it. There is a fiend within me which whispers to me that I shall not be forgiven. When your words sometimes make

me think of mercy with some feeling of hope, all the unrepented guilt of my past life comes suddenly before my view, red and glaring, and with a dark fiery hand blots out every form of hope; and blood comes creeping, drop by drop, towards me, and it smells about me, and it swells about me, and it enters into my very mouth to choke me! And I feel—O heavens!—the torments of the damned! Father, speak not of hope to me! I must despair!"

"Child, say not the terrifying word!" said the priest, with moistened eyes, and in a voice of deep entreaty. "Unburden your soul of the secrets which hang heavy upon it. You shall still have peace."

"Peace for me? Aye, I know to well that the sinner can have no peace. The Lord has said it. But I will tell my guilt—I will tell it, though the words blister my tongue as it says them. It is some relief to me to proclaim to the world—through a passing one—that I was the cause—the sole cause of the disgrace, the exile, and the death—I have heard he died in want, in a foreign country—the kindest of masters—aye, of our benefactor, Godfrey O'Halloran. You start not, James! Why do you not call upon the earth to swallow me alive? Why do you not invoke Heaven to blast me? Oh, you would give me hope—it is a vain hope! I am doomed to destruction! Well, I will tell you, father, the crimes I have committed. My time is short—I feel the cold hand of death upon my heart. I speak the truth. I was once beautiful. James had loved me, I once loved him. He was my first love. O God! if I kept to that love! But no! I was taught the notion of a higher conquest. For two years I was the associate of the high and of the rich—I was ruined!"

At this period of her history the unfortunate woman uttered a wild scream, and sank back upon the bed. In a few moments she resumed, with a weaker voice—

"I know I have but a few moments to live. I feel the coldness of my limbs creeping towards my heart. Listen, then, whilst I am able to tell you. There was one among my acquaintances for whom I had a deep affection. He was not of rank or of fortune. I loved him better and more sincerely on this account; because I thought he would not be prevented by notions of birth or false honor, from loving me tenderly and truly. I was deceived. He loved another. I was slighted by him. As woman's feelings are more sensitive of injury than man's, so woman's perceptions are quicker in finding out the means of redressing her wrongs. I resolved to be revenged; and to the full I tasted of the damning draught. James gave me some water—my heart is burning! I need not tell you—you know what followed. You know that our best benefactor end master was condemned for the murder of O'Grady! He was innocent! It was I! Oh, it was I! maddened by fury and drink, on that fatal night, and attended by his son, though the reputed son of D'Arcy—it was I who struck the blow that deprived him of life! I am the guilty one, from whose soul his blood shall never be washed! I am the wretch?" she continued, with dilated eye and raised hand, and in a voice of fierceness, which caused her hearers to tremble—"I am the wicked one, who first murdered my lover, and then solemnly swore that he was my best master—O'Halloran! It was I who brought ruin upon his house—destroyed the hopes of his family—sent him disgraced into a foreign land, to die the death of a heartbroken wanderer! To the first crime my own wicked passion urged me; to the second, and the worse crime, I was incited by two of the most wicked of men—one, the brother of O'Halloran; the other, his own unnatural son, called Reginald D'Arcy. Can I be forgotten, father? I have no hopes I am the murderer of O'Halloran, too! I cannot be forgiven that crime!"

"Daughter, you are well-instructed. You told me that you believed Christ to be the Son of God, and that his death was of value to save a thousand sinful worlds," said the priest: "why, then, should you despair? It was for you, and such as you, He expired in torments upon a gibbet of infamy. Hope, then, in Him, your Saviour; ask Him, through his merits, and by His sacred blood, to pardon you. He will hear you, and you will be forgiven."

"I cannot presume to ask Him," she replied, in a low, sullen tone. "I will not pray—I dare not! The grace is not given me! I cannot expect pardon!"

It was now evident to the priest, who became experienced, during his attendance upon her, in the signs of the many and sudden changes of her mind, that the sick woman was again relapsing into a state of unreason. She remained for some minutes in a sitting posture, her eyes fixed rigidly upon a raised figure of worsted work on the cover of her bed; no person, at a sign from the priest, venturing to disturb her. She then raised, slowly and unmeaningly, her clammy eyes, and looked vacantly around her. She drew up the covering from her body, flabbergasted arms, and viewing them without sense, began to rub one over the other, at the same time muttering some low, melancholy murmurings. The witnesses of this scene were too much affected even to speak in whispers. Frank O'Reilly was the only one who gave notice of his presence, by the sobs which now and then he uttered. The man, called Burke, who was concealed near the bed from the observation of the dying, and who was busily employed during the time in writing down all that she said, when he perceived the change which had come on her, quietly left the room, without speaking. A few moments after his departure, Winifred Haughton became fainter and fainter. She fell back through weakness upon the bed. Before assistance reached her, she made an exertion to arise. She cried aloud:

"See! he is coming in his blood to be revenged! I go—I go with you!—but wash the blood from my face! I go with you, O'Grady!—oh, choke me not!"

And with a wild scream, which struck terror to the hearts of all present, she clasped her hands, and fell a corpse upon the couch.

"It is over with her!" said the priest. "Let us hope that she repented of her crimes before she lost her reason. It is our duty now to pray that God have mercy on her soul."

He knelt by the bed, and said a short prayer. He left the corpse to the care of the old woman, and desired Fergus and his companions to follow him.

CHAPTER XIX.

The room to which Father Thomas led them, was a ground-floor or vault at the farthest angle of the yard. Fergus and O'Reilly followed the priest and the guide through a crowd of forms. Some—the fewer number—entirely muffled, stood apart from each other, and the rest spoke in low voices, in groups of three or four. It seemed to Fergus that there were some females among the groups; for, as he passed, a soft voice more than once caught his ear; but, when he looked, he could see nothing, in the appearance of the speaker to strengthen his suspicion, unless a slighter and lower form, disguised with cloak and cap, like the other forms around. There was a sudden though respectful rush towards the priest. Fergus was separated from his companions by the strong yet gentle pressure of the crowd. He wondered how so many people were concealed in this small enclosure; for, now, every corner and door gave some addition to their number. He was borne easily onward, and he descended into the vault. Just as he rested upon the lower step, a sweet voice from behind whispered to him: "Young stranger, there is treachery in this night! Beware! you are marked! He strove to turn, but

he was borne onward; and when he did turn, the persons nearest to him were muffled forms of the sterner sex, to whom he could neither refer the warning or the voice. Had Fergus not other subjects more painfully interesting to engage his thoughts, he would be struck with wonder at the scene which presented itself in the vaulted chapel, for such it was. Entering among the foremost, he was hurried forward to the slight railing of timber which divided the sanctuary, or place of the officiating priest, from the outer worshippers. The chapel was formed by three wine vaults, divided from each other by round arches of heavy stone, forming as near an approach to ecclesiastical architecture as circumstances admitted. These vaults had been the necessary appurtenances of a wine merchant, in the first rank of business; but he being a Catholic, gratuitously bestowed his vaults and houses upon the priests of his religion, and for the purpose of their worship. This was the report of some, and they were Catholics; but other said that Father Thomas possessed these tenements in his own right of inheritance, or else as agent for some proprietor whose right was undoubted. However, Father Thomas was allowed peaceful possession by the powers then being; and as he neither appeared in public, or interfered with the severe laws against his creed, he was allowed by the city council to be "a peaceful citizen," and a "passive"—the word was thus qualified—"well-wisher of the corporation," though on more occasions than one he was accused before the honorable corporation as disaffected, and for holding nightly meetings, whose purpose was unknown. These accusations, made by evil-minded persons; went, however, for nothing; for there was no evidence of outrage committed, or of evil purpose, either against the priest, or against those who attended his meetings. The fact was, Father Thomas was the only one of his brotherhood thus far tolerated in the city, he being connected by relationship with some of the corporators, and with other citizens of influence.

At the farther end from the door, a temporary altar of wood was raised upon a platform of planed boards. This was separated from the benches, which ran crosswise through the aisles or vaults, by the railing above-mentioned. The altar was unadorned, except by a large gilded crucifix, arising from a plain oak tabernacle; six heavy silver candlesticks, the offering of some rich and devout Catholic; a few white linen cloths, that covered the altar; and the illuminated charts, or cards, which helped the priest's memory in the office of the Mass. The chalice was on the altar, covered with the veil, the silver or golden cloth which surrounds the chalice and the bread from the sight of the profane or curious, before they become an oblation; the amice, the alb, the maniple, stole, and chasuble—those vestments, whose use and name tradition or ecclesiastical command have appropriated to the Roman clergy—were placed upon the left corner of the altar. All things were prepared for the celebration of that rite, the most solemn in the liturgy of Catholics. The six large wax candles threw out a full and clear light around the altar, and half way through the vaults. Where the glare was dimmed in the distance by some wooden or stone abutment, sconces, hanging from the walls and arches, gave light enough to distinguish the forms and the features of the congregation, if they were not purposely concealed. Fergus did not remark all the little details that we have told, though the scene should be new and surprising in every circumstance to him. Neither did he remark that O'Reilly and himself, both whose forms and features were unobscured, were objects of observation to those around them. It is not to be wondered at; for Fergus was young in suppressing other thoughts, to be free for observation. Any one of the circumstances which followed his visit to Galway, was enough to cause an exclusive anxiety of thought to a young man, for the first time brought into difficulties that required an experience of the world in order to be avoided; and, if not thrown upon his own exertions, to escape them. How much perplexed and surprised he must have been, by the many wonderful occurrences which followed each other so quickly! However, Fergus had no anxiety for himself; in the ardour of his youthful mind, his spirit arose with danger and difficulty. He was even glad that they existed; he was glad, because their endurance, and the victory over them, which he had no doubt, would prove his love for Eveleen, for his father, and for his father's friend. But still he was thoughtful, and without observance of the things around. There was one feeling which he could not suppress, and which unnerved him more effectually than fear for himself, than desire of success, than anxiety for home. He was sick at heart after the scene in the dying woman's chamber. I doubt not that Fergus would have stood unmoved at the death of thousands in the battle-field—that he would have felt his courage and his pleasure increase in proportion to the number of foes he had killed; yet, here, one old woman's death created a melancholy and awe which he could not overcome. But, then, it was such a death, attended with curses of despair, that it will not be wondered at, if, lost in deep reflection, he stood in the low chapel, regardless of the interest which he excited. He was only aroused from his thoughts when the psalm, with which the ceremonies of the Mass begin, was recited by the priest at the foot of the altar. He looked around for O'Reilly and Murrough, but could not discover them. On entering, he had been separated from them; and he saw that the persons nearest to him were strangers. He recollected the warning he received; he hoped to hear again the sweet voice which uttered it. He was disappointed. He heard nothing during the Mass but the sobs of some, and the muttered prayers of others of the muffled forms bent in worship around him. The Mass advanced. There was no interruption or noise to denote danger. The collects and gospel were read; the offertory was made; the canon or the most part of the Mass, was attended with a dead silence; the Agnus Dei was said, and the priest took the communion. It was only then, after the ablution or purification ceremony, when the priest began to speak, that Fergus feared the warning given to him was true. The congregation had now arisen, and moved with a gentle force towards the railings of the sanctuary. Fergus was not surprised at this, for he knew it was the time of the Mass appointed for giving spiritual instruction or worldly advice to the people. But as he arose from his kneeling posture no gentle hand seized his arm; and when he turned round, a countenance of a fierce and malign character, upon which the light from the altar fell full, scowled at him from out a high collar of frieze. The place was not fitted for any remark or question much less for a scene, which Fergus' feelings would have urged him, in other circumstances, to act. He therefore moved towards the railing, placing, by his exertion, two or more persons between him and the scowler. However, he felt for his pistols; and his attention was unequally divided between expectation of noise or motion from behind, and the exhortation of the priest.

"My beloved children in Christ!" It was thus the old priest began to speak; and as he stood upon the altar of the poor and lowly chapel, at that solemn time of night, at that moment of devotion, most solemn to his hearers; and as his mild eye brightened, and his countenance beamed good will, but with enthusiasm; and as he held forth his hand, and the light fell upon his silvered head, and upon his snow-white alb, and his gold-spangled crimson vestments—it would not be much exaggerated to fancy him an embodied spirit of a better world, come on earth to teach peace and happiness to unhappy man. "My beloved children in Christ! I had intended to instruct you on the gospel read for this day; but I must change my subject; for she, who an hour back was one of your

congregation, is now no more on earth; she has appeared, with her virtues and with her faults, before her great Judge, and her sentence stands unchangeable, for misery or for happiness, throughout eternity—eternity!"

A low murmur of feeling arose throughout the crowd, as the old man dwelt with a falling, lengthened cadence upon the last word. But the solemn feeling which the words, or rather the manner, of the priest excited, was not long to last; for a stern voice, not far from Fergus, arose over the low sounds, and said aloud:

"Villain priest! thou liest! She is not dead? You dare not do it whilst I was away! Show me proofs of it? What said she? Bring me to her? The curses of hell be upon you and her, if it be the case!"

The old man stood as unmoved upon the altar as if he expected the interruption. He raised his hands in entreaty to the congregation, when he perceived that all threw back the covering from their faces, and threateningly looked to the place whence the voice came. He knew that, if he bade them, they would destroy upon the very spot the wretch who dared to offer insult to their minister, and in such a sacred place.

"Peace, my children?" he said, aloud; and the passions of the crowd were suspended in the anxiety to hear the opinion of the priest.

"Who are you, wretched man," said the priest, "who dares to interrupt the service of religion, and to offer insult, not only to your fellow-man, but to your God? If you believe not with us, go from us in peace. But do not blaspheme God in cursing our belief; for our belief is the firm dictate of the conscience He gave us."

The effect of Father Thomas' words was evident. At first there was a dead silence, and then there was a sound of satisfaction, or of triumph, for their priest's dignified firmness, running through the congregation. It was not loud—the sacredness of the place forbade it—but it was sufficiently loud to evidence the disposition of the people to interfere if further interruption was offered. It might be that the intruder felt suddenly the danger of his situation, and did not wish to incur the roused anger of so many men by a continued outrage of their dearest feelings. But it is certain from what followed, that he had no serious apprehension, if any, for his own safety. His silence was more from the shame than the fear of a man incautiously moved to express a feeling which it was his greatest wish to conceal. He held his head down for some time, and allowed the priest to resume his instruction. It was but for a minute. He stepped upon the bench or form near him; and in a loud and firm voice, but with less of warmth than at first, he said:

"I proclaim this meeting unlawful. It is against the laws of our corporation. It is opposed to the laws of the English constitution. Under the cloak of religion, it is held for traitorous purposes. There are at this moment proved traitors and rebels among you."

Law was then, more than now, a powerful catholicic word to allay the spirit evoked by any passion. The people shrunk from the neighbourhood of the speaker, for they recognized, as he threw off all disguise, a person having authority, and an avowed enemy to their religion. There were none between Fergus and the accuser. Fergus did not move, except to confront his enemy; for he thought that he himself was the person to whom the speaker referred in his last words. He prepared to speak boldly, yet cautiously, when his cause was taken up by Frank O'Reilly, who, followed by the guide, still closely muffled, forced his way from an opposite part of the chapel, and stood between Fergus and the stranger.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed out Frank, with whose brain the effects of the port of the good landlady of the "Salmon" were still working, notwithstanding that he had taken a draught of strong ale from the nurse—a long one, to be sure, proportionate to his grief, to steady his nerves, shaken (as he said) by the death-scene he had witnessed. "By Jove! it is a good one. Who would have expected it? Saul among the prophets! Well, at any other time I would have forgiven you all you owe me, for this laugh against you. Ha! ha! ha! But come, my lad; I have you now! Follow me, if you be a gentleman; and I shall soon prove that you, yourself, are the architect!"

"Peace, fool!" said D'Arcy—it was he. "I will answer you again. You will bring yourself into danger, against my will. It is not of you I speak."

"Well, of whom speak you, my once good comrade? Ah! villain, I know your turns well. You shall not escape me now."

It cannot be doubted that O'Reilly, in his passion, would have used force, and thus have implicated himself and his friends, if Father Thomas had not raised his voice to a tone of stern command.

"Hold, gentlemen! this is not the place to meet for your private quarrels. If you respect our religion as Christians, you must respect our rights as citizens. We will suffer no annoyance in our own houses. If you suspect any here of treason, on to-morrow accuse them publicly before proper judges. I promise that each of us will stand the accusation."

"I suppose I must obey," said D'Arcy casting a haughty look at the priest, and descending from the form. "You know that you and your meetings are merely connived at; but you exceed all licence when you lounge yourself with traitors. To-morrow you must answer the consequence. As for you, young man," he said, with his hand raised towards Fergus, "by—!" you shall not escape my vengeance, if you persist in your present purpose."

"False villain!" arose on Fergus' lips; but before he could utter the words, D'Arcy rushed out, the crowd suddenly giving way. He would have been followed by O'Reilly, if Murrough, who foresaw Frank's intention, did not hold him with a strong arm. O'Reilly would have been merely in any other place; but, as he saw there was no possibility of escaping from Murrough through the crowd, without much confusion, he remained comparatively quiet, though avowing to be avenged both of Murrough and D'Arcy. The priest did not resume his discourse. He told the congregation not to fear for his safety, or for that of others; he exhorted them to go peacefully and cautiously to their homes; and he desired Murrough and his companions to remain for him. The communion and last prayers were read without interruption; the benediction was given to the people, and they were sprinkled with the consecrated water. One by one they left the chapel in silence; and in a few minutes, Fergus found that O'Reilly, the guide, the priest, engaged in his thanksgiving prayer after Mass, and a few devotees, bent in devotion upon the damp pavement, were the only persons who remained.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

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149 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET. May 30, '77.

THE NEW CATHOLIC DAILY.

The following subscriptions have been received by the Rev. Father Brown towards the new Daily newspaper project. With reference to this fund we make no promises about starting the paper. All we can say is that the prospects of such an undertaking are more encouraging now than they ever were before. Independent of the printing and folding machines, which are now set up on these premises, we are otherwise in a position to assure our friends that the chances of success are very hopeful. However, we cannot say for certainty that we shall succeed, but we can say for certainty that if we do not it will not be because we have not tried to do our best. The Rev. Father Brown, of St. Ann's, is the treasurer of this fund, and anyone who desires to contribute to the undertaking can forward their subscriptions to him. He will be very glad to give any information that subscribers may desire:—

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"IRELAND'S CAPABILITIES."

LECTURE BY THE VERY REV. FATHER PIUS.

A lecture was delivered in St. Mary's Hall, Belfast, by the Very Rev. Father Pius, Passionist, in aid of the funds of the Holy Cross Conference, Society of St. Vincent de Paul, the subject being "Ireland's Capabilities." Father Pius, on rising to deliver his lecture, was received with prolonged applause. He said the idea of this lecture came into his head a long time ago, upon the shores of Canada, when he saw a nation finding its way to celebrity and riches, and power, and to a place amongst the nations of the earth—when he saw their colonies, similarly circumstanced, and when, gazing upon their prosperity, and upon the opportunities they enjoyed, without one to interfere with them, he looked back upon the country to which then he was an exile, and to the powers that were allowed to grow fellow at home, and with sadness began to find out how, as far as his experience could help him to find, the cause for the dissimilarity between two peoples, both born upon the same soil; one crushed, fettered, confined; another with its fetters thrown off, expanded by salubrious air, by a generous Government, and gloriating in riches, power, and in freedom (Applause.) We have in Ireland 24,000,000 of acres of land, and allowing eight millions for waste—for mountain, rock, and water—there remained fourteen millions of acres in this country of fine, good, arable land; and, according to the calculation of some great philosophers, such as Allison, Sir Robt. Keane, and others, these sixteen millions of acres would support forty-eight millions of human beings, which calculation fell short of Goldsmith's, when he said "every rood of ground maintained its man." These philosophers would say that every acre ought to maintain three men. The land in Ireland ought to sustain forty-eight millions respectively, and give them a decent means of subsistence. What have we? Five millions, and a great many of them verging upon the borders of starvation. And yet they find everywhere their countrymen ready to spend their powers upon the soil, but they had not the opportunity because the country is possessed by an alien aristocracy, because toil and sweat and labour were rung out of them on an alien land in foreign countries to be squandered in sin and folly and debauchery. (Applause.) They had seen an explanation of this truth a few days ago in the papers—(applause)—when a fine, hardy, intelligent race of men, as they could see from their evidence of a court of justice, displayed their natural talent that God gifted them with though crushed down by the want of education. There was breaking through their want of knowledge of the English language a fine picturesque description of their suffering that told of the powers they possessed. When he saw in the valley of the Nile the poor Arabs living in miserable cabins, while their masters lived in luxury, he pitied their state, and when he returned to Ireland to find the same state of things, and to find not Mohammedans but Christians lording it over their slaves, he felt that he could not allow himself to speak of it, and that the very thoughts of it curdled one's blood and almost made one become a rebel. (Cheers.) They found in Ireland that when a man did take the waste mountain, and dig and toil till it became arable, and when he had built a little hut upon it, that some foreign lordling, with money in his pocket, could come over and buy him out, and cast him upon the roadside in starvation. This was done by law, done by what was called the "British Constitution," and then they were blamed for not falling down upon their knees and worshipping that same "British Constitution" that had worked their misery and brought them starvation. (Applause.) The rev. lecturer passed over the various counties in Ireland which he considered the most fertile, and asked what did all their fertility end in? There were to be found on them fine grass and splendid bullocks, and the latter were shipped over to England to make a trade for us and feed John Bull. He heartily wished that such another law would be put into operation as that which existed in the past—that we should not ship our cattle, but should kill and eat them all ourselves. (Loud applause.) The next branch of industry that he took as an illustration was mining, which he considered was undeveloped in this country. Our mines, he said, were not immense, but they were moderate and quiet, such as would suit our own wants, and had only to be worked. But they were prevented from being worked by a deadly kind of enterprise. There was the want of courage, the want of a capital, and there was, he should acknowledge, a want in some cases of energy in ourselves. These mines were lying dormant because other interests besides our own were concerned in these hidden treasures. Another capability was the water of the country. If the splendid rivers that we have in the country were in America or in England they would have upon their banks factories, which would enrich the country; but because they happen to be in this country they lie useless, and are only utilised for the inspiration of our poets. Again, there were sixty-five bays in Ireland, in fourteen of which the largest ships in the English navy could float and anchor with perfect ease, and yet they were put to no use. The learned and rev. lecturer described a passage he made from Waterford to Bristol on one occasion, and detailed the thoughts it gave rise to when he found on the one side a beautiful harbour, easily approachable, but little utilised, and on the other, at the end of an intricate stream, a busy hive of industry, with splendid quays and docks. The cause of this was a law passed by William III. which crippled and confined our trade. (Applause.) He referred to Galway harbour as another instance where an attempt to take advantage of its favourable position was destroyed recently by English capitalists. There were around our coast the finest fisheries that existed in the Three Kingdoms, and yet they never could have good deep sea fisheries, because we never could have the means, while the Scotch and English fisheries were subsidised. So we are compelled to import herrings from Scotland and England, while there were plenty around our shores if we could only have the means of catching them. (Applause.) The fisheries were all utterly useless, because the resources of the country were taken away, and because those who had them would not give us the means to help ourselves. Though there might be too many manufactories in a country, yet he believed that those of Ireland should be extended. It was said, and with some argument, that we are not a manufacturing people, and that we were more inclined for green fields and the beauties of nature. He did not consider tall chimneys, which the Scotch and English so much boasted of, as manufactories, but he reckoned it by the amount of skill and tact which were expended in it. What the Irish did manufacture was the best in the world, and no other country could compete with it. He enumerated the various industries of Ireland, which showed that in what they did manufacture they produced the best articles in the world. The best linen in the world was made in Belfast, the best whiskey in the world was in Dublin—(laughter)—the best freize in the world was manufactured in Blarney, the best poplin in Dublin, the most beautiful pottery in Belleek—and the rest of the world could not make an article like it—and the best stockings ever worn were made in Balbriggan. (Laughter and applause.) The lecturer next dwelt with literature and learning, and said that, with regard to these two branches the capabilities of the country were not properly developed. He detailed the causes for their decline in our country, and compared the art of painting of the

early Catholic times with that of the present day, remarking that the former, in all the old masters, found expression in the grandest ideas of Heaven and the Divinity while the painting of modern times was represented by, say, two pigs feeding out of a trough or a cow scratching herself against a hedge by the wayside. In our literature we have truth, and virtue, and purity, and are free from the infidelity that prevailed the literature of England. No matter how the Irishmen might be represented by his enemies, no matter how he might scoff at by his ignorance—and an ignorance that he laboured under could not be accounted for he was compelled to adopt in early days the English language, and was hanged or exiled if he learnt it—but no matter how great his ignorance, the Irishman was a boine gentleman. (Applause.) The only part of Ireland in which he met savages was Belfast. There was here a spirit of rudeness, a dogged party spirit inspired by some infernal thing which was not born of Christianity. And if it were exhibited in our own ranks at times it was only called up in a spirit of self defence for such a spirit was not begotten of Catholicity, nor was it of native growth. In conclusion, he said if we were all able to control ourselves and rule ourselves we would do something to make ourselves worthy of our own nature—worthy of our former history and of our future destiny. (Loud and continued cheering.) He hoped the day would come when we would see all the capabilities of Ireland thoroughly developed, when they would rejoice in the full acquisition of all that they wished, and when they rest in the shade of peace and happiness that their own industry and energy had procured for them. (Loud and repeated applause.) His Lordship said he was quite satisfied that it was unnecessary there should be any special vote of thanks proposed to the Rev. lecturer. The lecture had been a rich treat to his lordship, and he was glad he had the opportunity of hearing it, as it had brought back to his mind some things which he had in part forgotten. His lordship hoped that the result of the lecture would be to make them wise and prudent, and to prompt them to give any encouragement they could to the development of the trade of the country. He trusted that those who had power to do so would give us some encouragement, and that before many years we would see Ireland as "glorious and free" as the poet wished her to be. (Applause.)

THE ANTONELLI WILL CASE.

THE ARGUMENTS OF COUNSEL ON BOTH SIDES.

ROME, Dec. 7, 1877.—This long-expected and repeatedly adjourned cause *celebra* was yesterday brought before the Civil Tribunal, presided over by Signor Pio Teodorini, a former member of the Italian Government, and attended by two Judges, Antonio Spaziani and Luigi Otavii. The plaintiff, Countess Loretta Lambertini, was represented by Diego Tadjani, a Deputy, and the ablest advocate in Naples. The counsel of the defendants—Counts Gregorio, Angelo, and Luigi Antonelli, and the Countesses Rosalia Antonelli-Sanguini, and Innocentia Borzazzoli-Borghana, co-heirs of the late Cardinal—was Adriano Mari, a Deputy, and former President of the Chamber, and former Minister of Grace and Justice, a Florentine advocate of the highest reputation, assisted by Antonio Bacchettoni, a Roman advocate.

THE CLAIMANT'S CASE.

The plaintiff's counsel based his argument on the fact that the Cardinal's natural daughter was born in 1855, and that matters relating to her birth must be settled according to the laws then in vigor, i.e., to the old Roman and canon law; and the *Regolamento*, or code based on both, and published in the Pontificate of Gregory XVI. These laws, says Tadjani, admit the testimony of witnesses in cases of this nature, in contradiction to the present Italian law, which forbids all inquiry as to the paternity of children born in wedlock, as the Countess Lambertini was on the old principle, "*Pater est qui nuptias demonstrat*." Signor Tadjani argued that although the plaintiff was baptized as daughter of Angelo Marconi, by his lawful wife, Antonia Balzerini, and lived with her mother as her daughter till the day of her mother's death, and although she was married as Loretta Marconi, a legitimate daughter of the Marconis, and bore no other name, she was always known to be a natural daughter of Cardinal Antonelli, and her mother, as it would be proved, was not Antonia Marconi, but a foreign lady whose child was secretly entrusted to the care of the said Marconi, to be brought up as her own child. Tadjani wound up by an appeal to the Court, from whom "in a great cause great justice was expected."

THE SNEECHES FOR THE DEFENCE.

He was answered by Bacchettoni, who, as an old advocate accustomed to Papal Courts, where only written pleadings were admitted, endeavored, not with much success, to demolish the argument which the plaintiff's counsel had built on the authority of old Roman and Canon jurists and commentators. Then followe Mari, quite a match for Tadjani, now startling the Court by the thunders of his earnest delivery, now edifying it by the extent of his professional erudition, now beguiling it by the variety of his forensic subtlety, but more often amusing it by sallies of genuine wit, and even of less allowable Florentine drollery, contrasting not unpleasantly with the broader humor of his Neapolitan adversary.

Mari established the principle that no man has a right to pass from a legitimate to an illegitimate condition. He contended that the Countess Lambertini was born of lawfully wedded parents; that she was baptized as the daughter of Angelo and Antonia Marconi; that the *fe de di battesimo* was at the time of her birth the only public register; and that her name was always given in that capacity when the officers of the census, both in Papal and Italian times, applied to her mother for the names of the members of her family and of the inmates of her house. Under that name she was married, and she has even now no other maiden name. She is Countess Marconi Lambertini, or she is nothing.

From this condition, established in her favor by all these documents, and by the *possesto di stato*—i.e., from the fact that she has always been held and shown by her parents as their own, well cared for by them, well brought up, lapped in luxury, and at last advantageously married—she would now, by her own act, and from interested and immoral motives, pass herself off for an illegitimate, an adulterous, and a sacrilegious child. To this, Mari declared, the law objects on principle, because, were such pleas admitted, there would be no end to the claimants who, for sordid objects, and with a view to "better themselves" upon wealthy and noble persons. Upon that ground the learned counsel thought the Court should not proceed to the examination of the plaintiff's witnesses. There would be no means to prove that the plaintiff was not the daughter of Angelo Marconi; no means of establishing the absence or impotence of the latter. Much less would it be practicable to trace the maternity of the foreign. The evidence alluded to by the plaintiff's lawyers was utterly worthless, and so much so that the plaintiff's advocate, Signor Tadjani himself, had no hand in drawing it up, and had not deemed it expedient to insist upon it. Signor Mari, of course, adverted to the contradiction involved in the argument of his adversary, who would, according as it suited his purpose, abide now by the old Papal, now by the present Italian law; but Signor Mari thought both laws were against the

claimant, for neither admitted the evidence of witnesses towards the establishment of the illegitimacy of a legitimate child, nothing being more difficult, nothing more delicate, nothing more liable to deception and abuse. Signor Mari set aside the argument that the Countess Lambertini was called Loretta because this was the name of the Cardinals mother. Loretta, he proved, was equally the name of the Antonia Marconi's mother. The wealth lavished by the Cardinal on the plaintiff's mother proved nothing, or, at the utmost, it only showed that he might have been brought to believe facts which could never have been substantiated even to his own full satisfaction. Paternity, except as established by law in legitimate wedlock, was always a matter of doubt. What could easily be based on proofs was the maternity, for *mater semper est* but here the mother could not be produced. Before the law the Countess Lambertini was either Antonia Marconi's daughter, or she was nobody's child.

The correspondent of the *London Times*, who has proved himself to be a virulent hater of everything Catholic, has to admit as follows:—

The Court reserved judgment, but the cause is apparently at an end, for the impression made on a very large and attentive audience, among whom the lawyers were numerous, was that in point of law the plaintiff had no cause; and such may needs be the conclusion of the Court. Signor Tadjani, indeed, expressed his determination to bring the foreign lady into lady, who was, and would always remain, a mere myth, or to prove the substitution of her child as that of the Marconi Court if her presence was necessary, and no one could say to what extent the present aspect of the case might be altered by such an incident. But, as it now stands, there seems to be no question as to the plaintiff being the legitimate daughter of Angelo and Antonia Marconi, any presumption of Cardinal Antonelli's paternity, however fully based on his own conviction, and corroborated by his acts and conduct, not being reducible to tangible legal proof. Sentence is expected to be given before the end of the present month.

CATHOLIC INVENTORS AND PIONEERS.

Dean Swift in a sarcastic mood observed—"If a man makes me keep my distance, I have the satisfaction of knowing that he must in consequence keep his own;" and we Catholics would have an equal satisfaction if bigots in striving to ostracise us could do so thoroughly as to cut off all the blessings they enjoy through Catholic work and genius. Then they might realize that they owe to the Papist they affect to despise almost everything they best, from the grand institutions that accompany their civilization, down to the humblest contrivances that minister to their wants.

It was the Papists that founded all the great universities of Europe, and established the first free schools for the people. To Papists the world is indebted for the Bible, the Greek and Latin classics, and for the preservation and cultivation of the sciences.

Nicholas, the Cusan, taught that the earth moved, and not the sun, about one hundred years before Galileo; i.e., in 1431, and was created a Cardinal for his learning. Copernicus, a priest, taught the same in 1500, under the protection of Pope Paul III., and the Bishop of Ermland. An Irish Catholic Bishop named Virgilius, first formed the correct theory of the rotundity of the earth. A Papist first read the field of the heavens through a telescope. A Papist (and a Pope) first regulated the clock of time. Father Secchi, the greatest living astronomer, and highest authority on solar phenomena, is a Jesuit priest residing in Rome.

A Papist discovered galvanism; another discovered the compass. The variation of the compass was discovered by a Papist (Sebastian Cabot). Barometers are the invention of a Papist (Forcielli). A Papist invented gunpowder. A Papist from Spain drove the first steam engine (see life of Alvarez). A Papist built St. Peter's. Father Dum, S. J., first discovered and utilized the properties of gas. In 1794 he introduced it at Stonyhurst College, England, and in 1815 lighted with gas the village of Preston. The portrait of this Jesuit still hangs in the main room of the Preston Town Hall. Spectacles were invented by a monk of Pisa. The knife and fork that you use at dinner are Papist by descent (Italian inventions); and the toothpick after them is Papist in origin. That humble but useful article, the wheelbarrow, was constructed by no less a person than the renowned artist and author, Leonardo da Vinci.

A Papist (Chaucer) was the father of English poetry. Two of the greatest poets of England, Pope and Dryden, were Papists. Dante, Ariosto, and Tasso were Papists. Cervantes, the great novelist, was a Papist. The first reviewer (Doanlic) was a Papist. Dr. Neil Arnott, F. R. S., 1798 to 1874, author of the celebrated work "Elements of Physics," and Physician Extraordinary to the Queen, was a Catholic. The first treatise on Algebra was given by Lucas Pacioli, a Franciscan monk. The Arabian system of arithmetic was introduced into Europe by Gerbert, afterwards by Pope Sylvester II. In our own age the Papists have the greatest sculptor (Canova), the greatest political economist (Adam Miller), the greatest moral philosopher (Schlegel), the most learned Biblical critic (Wiseman), the Papist orators of the French pulpit are the grand fount whence all preachers drink their ideas. All that is grand in the architecture of England, York, Minster, and Westminster, are the relics of Catholic services, and were built by Papists.

Raphael and Corregio were Papists. Papists almost monopolized singing, painting, and architecture. The oldest example known of harmony in music is in the treatise of a learned monk, Hucbold of St. Amand in Flanders, who lived between 804 and 930, and was an earnest student of Greek music. His art was to add to the tenor a second part like it, but four or five notes higher, or add a third to run with the upper melody in the octave beneath. This invention was called the organum. It was Guy, a Catholic, and a monk of Arezzo, in Italy, that introduced the scale of musical notes into church singing; the church inventor of the organ was also a Catholic. Most of the great music composers have been Catholics—Mozart, Haydn, Clementi, Pergolesi, Beethoven, Carl Maria von Weber, Donizetti, Bellini, Verdi, Gounod, etc., and nearly all musical artists.

Engraving was invented by the Catholic, Albrecht Durer. Printing was invented by Gutenberg or Fastus, both Catholics, living in Catholic times. Paper was also invented by Catholics. The publishers of the first volume of the Bible, and the editors of the first classical works, as well as the founders of the first newspaper, were Catholics. The first almanac printed appeared in 1474. The first printing-press ever set up in England was placed in Westminster Abbey by William Caxton (died 1492), the same year in which another Catholic, Columbus, discovered America), under the patronage of its abbot and monks. The followers of Faustus fled to Italy, where they set up the first Italian press, under the protection of the Pope. The first book printed in the new world was the "Spiritual Ladder of St. John Climacus, printed at Mexico in 1535, by John Fablos.

The first voyage around the world was performed by the ship of a Papist (Magellan). Nunex de Balboa, a Catholic, discovered the Ocean; and Nasco de Gama was the first who doubled the Cape of Good Hope; Jacques Cartier, a Catholic, discovered the St. Lawrence; De Soto, a Catholic, first explored the Mississippi; and Champlain, a

Catholic, was the first to explore the great Northwest. A Franciscan priest praised God beside the great cataract of Niagara before Europe dreamed of its existence. Mount Desert, Maine, was settled by a colony of Catholics in 1605, and the first religious service ever performed by Europeans in New England, was by the Jesuit Fathers of this colony. The discoverer of the Salt Springs at Onondaga, N. Y., was the Jesuit Father, Simon le Moyne, in 1654. Marquette is well known as the missionary and discoverer to necessitate our saying that he was a Catholic priest. Father De Smet, the great Indian missionary did more to civilize the American savage than all the ministers of other denominations combined. All the Catholic missions of the Northwest stand as monuments of advancing civilization. The first who called attention to the mineral oil near Lake Erie, was the Franciscan Father Joseph de la Roche d'Allion, in 1627. The first who worked the coppermines on Lake Superior, was a Jesuit lay-brother. The first cargo of wheat sent down the Mississippi from Illinois, was raised at a Jesuit mission. The first sugarcane was raised by the Jesuits at New Orleans. In the library of Major Ben: Perley Poor, at Indian Hill Farm, Nass., we have seen several large and elaborate volumes, constituting a minutely perfect report of the New England coast, written and sketched by Jesuits, and printed in Paris sixteen years before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. Without attempting to enumerate all their services to the Republic, it is sufficient to note that Catholics erected the first college in North America, and first established civil and religious liberty in the United States.—*Pilot*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The *Detroit News* reports that that city contains 35,000 Catholics, 10,500 Protestants, and 69,500 infidels.

THE QUEEN AND THE PRINCESS BEATRICE paid their hastily-arranged visit to the Premier at Blythenend Manor on Saturday last, and after remaining some time returned to Windsor.

THE HOME RULE CONFERENCE.—A meeting of the Home Rule Conference Committee was held in Dublin recently, when a resolution was passed that the National Conference should be postponed from the 22nd inst., the day for which it was originally fixed, to the 29th of January, for the latter convenience of the delegates.

ANOTHER OLD AND HONORED PRIEST of the Archdiocese of Armagh passed away on Tuesday the 18th Dec., in the person of the Very Rev. Canon M'Crystal, P. P., Cookstown. The deceased clergyman was born in the year 1803, and at the time of his death had been the long period of forty-four years in the ministry. The funeral obsequies will take place to-morrow.

DEATH FROM INHALING LIGHTED PARAFFIN OIL.—LUGGAN, FRIDAY.—A girl named Rooney, aged 13, and living in Carbett, Derrymonagh, came to her death on Thursday by accidentally inhaling the flame of a burning lamp which she had attempted to extinguish by blowing out. The flame burned her face; and after suffering much agony, she succumbed to the effect of the injuries received.

A MEETING UNDER THE AUSPICES of the Ballyclare Tenant Right Association was held in Ballyclare, on Wednesday the 19th Dec. Resolutions were passed advocating an amendment of the Act of 1870, so as to restore the ancient custom of Ireland, and to have it made a presumption of law that every holding in Ulster is subject to tenant-right. A resolution was also passed proposing the extension of the custom to the rest of Ireland, and Grand Jury law reform, was the subject of one of the subsequent motions.

RETURN OF AN EXILED ARCHBISHOP.—The heroic and persecuted Archbishop of Caracas and Venezuela, Mgr. Antonio Ponte, has returned to his diocese after seven years of exile in the island of Trinidad, taking advantage of a general amnesty accorded by General Alcantara, the present ruler of Venezuela. Mgr. Ponte has been received with demonstrations of enthusiastic affection by both clergy and laity of his diocese. The archbishop, on landing, was borne in triumph by the multitude from Guaira to Caracas.

FLOODS ALONG THE BARR AND LOUGH NEAGH.—LUGGAN, FRIDAY.—I regret to be obliged to report that the inundations at the mouth of the Upper Barr, at Portadown, are already nearly as great as they were last winter

The True Witness

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT 761 CRAIG STREET.

M. W. KIRWAN—EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Terms—\$2.00 per annum—in Advance

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 9.

CALENDAR—JANUARY, 1878. WEDNESDAY, 9—Of the Octave. Trinity College, Dublin, opened 1859. Battle of Sunbury, Ga., 1778. THURSDAY, 10—Of the Octave. Father O'Leary died, 1802. Penny Post commenced, 1840. FRIDAY, 11—Of the Octave. St. Hygenus, Pope and Martyr. Numerous deaths from starvation in Ireland reported an every day occurrence in 1848. SATURDAY, 12—Of the Octave. Major Sirr, the assassin of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, died, 1841. SUNDAY, 13—OCTAVE OF THE EMPHANY. Opening of the Irish Confederation in Dublin, 1847. MONDAY, 14—St. Hilary, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor of the Church. St. Felix, Martyr. Bishop Berkley died, 1753. TUESDAY, 15—St. Paul, First Hermit. St. Maur, Abbot. Trial of O'Connell and the Repealers commenced 1844. The last Session of the Irish Parliament opened 1800.

THE VOICE OF THE HOLY FATHER.

"We urgently beseech of you to assist, with all good will and favor, those men who, animated with a Catholic spirit, and possessed with sufficient learning, are laboring in writing and publishing books and journals for the defense and propagation of Catholic doctrine."—Encyclical letter of Pope Pius IX., in 1853. "Fervidly seems to have given, in our day, a great mission to the Catholic Press. It is for it to preserve the principles of order and faith, where they prevail, and to propagate them where impiety and cold indifference have raised them to be forgotten."—Letter from Pope Pius IX., in 1855.

The Voice of the Bishops of Quebec.

The Bishops of this Province, in the fourth Council of Quebec, urged the reading of good books and good journals as an antidote against the poisonous books and papers ever at hand. The words of the Holy Council are these:—

"Therefore, that pastors may, more easily and efficaciously, remove their flock from bad and forbidden books, as well as from wicked journals, let them be careful to supply them with good books, nor let them omit to induce such as wish to read journals to subscribe to some paper of sound principles and truly Catholic."

The Holy Father Pius IX said:—"Flood the world with good reading."

To this we have the satisfaction of adding the special encouragement of his Lordship the Bishop of Montreal, and we present it to our readers as credentials which do us too much honour:—

DEAR CAPTAIN KIRWAN, We hear with pleasure the progress of your project of a Catholic Daily. Confident that in matters of faith and moral, you will ever be submissive to the Pastors of the Church, we encourage you, and do most cordially bless all generous Catholics who contribute to the success of your undertaking. EDWARD CHARLES, Bishop of Montreal.

LECTURE, "IRISH SOLDIERS FOREIGN LANDS."

A LECTURE WILL BE GIVEN ON THE ABOVE SUBJECT BY M. W. KIRWAN, IN THE MECHANICS HALL, ON Tuesday Evening, 29th Jan., '78.

Proceeds to be devoted to patriotic objects. TICKETS—25cts; RESERVED SEATS, 50cts. TO BE HAD AT THIS OFFICE.

THE VOLUNTEERS. ST. JEAN BAPTISTE VILLAGE INFANTRY COMPANY.

The members of the above Company will assemble at the QUEBEC GATE BARRACKS, Dalhousie Square, THIS (WEDNESDAY) EVENING at 7.30, CHURCH PARADE.

The members of the above Company will assemble at same place, on Sunday morning next, at 8.45 sharp, for the usual monthly Church Parade.

The fife and drum band of the Company will attend. M. W. KIRWAN, Captain Commanding.

ST. JEAN BAPTISTE VILLAGE INFANTRY COMPANY.

The following appeared in the Official Gazette of Saturday:

St. Jean Baptiste Village Infantry Company.—To be Lieutenant, provisionally: D. Barry, gentleman, vice Battersby; transferred to 6th Battalion. To be Enseign, provisionally: P C Warren, gentleman, vice Gaudry, left limits.

TO OUR READERS.

At last our new offices are in order. For the past three weeks, painters, carpenters and machinists have been constantly employed putting the various departments of our new premises in a presentable shape. We need hardly say that during that time we have been unable to attend to our editorial duties with that care which those duties demanded. We must have neglected to chronicle and to notice many important events which were of interest to our readers, but we hope the facilities now afforded us, by the offices we occupy, will be of such a nature that this derangement will not occur again. The manager, editor, and reporters, offices are now in order, and the press room is receiving such additions as warrant us, in saying that the project for the new daily is progressing.

ST. PATRICK'S CONCERT.

The concert given by the St. Patrick's Society was a brilliant success. The selections were choice, and the artists were exceptionally good. It has, unfortunately, been too much the custom to lower rather than to elevate the standard of Irish national songs by the "stage" characteristics of our people. Those things had a tendency to demoralize Irish character and to ridicule our people, to whom was attributed coarse utterances and brutal customs. These side attacks upon Irish character are now becoming rare, although in England and in the States they are not yet extinct. But the St. Patrick's Concert was of a character which gives us all cause for congratulation, and most heartily do we congratulate the Society upon the success its members have achieved.

A STOLEN MARCH.

The orangemen had an after midnight march on New Year's morning. During the march we are informed that they played "The Protestant Boys," and otherwise sought to quarrel with the Catholics of the city. One report, evidently furnished by one of themselves, tells how the orangemen "knocked a carter down" because the carter challenged "the best man among them to fight" him. This we are informed is a pure fiction. The truth appears to be that when the orangemen's band was playing "The Protestant Boys," a man who stood near throw off his coat and challenged the best of the Orangemen to fight him. The result was that the man who gave this challenge was not knocked down, but that the band immediately ceased playing the insulting air. It is said, too, that one of the orangemen said something about "Cutting up the Papists," or words to that effect, but that after the challenge to fight all was quiet. It is a pity that the authorities do not stop the playing of offensive airs in the public thoroughfares. If they will not they may be sure that trouble will sometime or other be the result. It is hard for men to coolly listen to—

Holy water, sleet and slaughter, We'll trample the Catholics every one; Cut them asunder, we'll make them lie under; The Protestant Boys will carry their own.

God forbid that Catholics should ever insult their Protestant neighbours by such language.

THE "SPECTATOR."

The first number of the Canadian Spectator has appeared. The editor, the Rev. Mr. Bray, has introduced some novelties with the venture. The articles are all signed, and it is expected that this will prevent the use of offensive personalities. Mr. Thomas White of the Gazette occupies a little over two columns in discussing "A Canadian National Policy," while "J. A. Allen" has a filing at the "Romish mind," in three quarters of a column. Mr. Allan insinuates that the church opposed Columbus when about to set sail on his successful enterprise to this continent, because of something done by the "Romish Council of Salamanca." It is odd to hear anyone advance such a theory now-a-days, when all the world knows that the enterprise of Columbus was blessed by the Pope, and that it was Catholic Spain furnished the necessary ships and men. Mr. Allan assails the "slavish" Church in many forms, and he does it with some vigour, but with no great effect. After this we have a "preliminary" of the "story of the Oka Indians" from the pen of Dr. W. G. Beers. The papers on this question ought to be interesting—that is if Dr. Beers can be impartial. Dr. Clark Murray has a filing at the "clerical absolutism of Quebec" in "The Philosophy of Politics," while Professor Bovey, of McGill University, commences an interesting series of papers on "Practical Science." "The Soul

and Future Life" is the positivist philosophy theory of the Soul. Mr. Bray himself gives an instalment of his lecture on the "Roman Catholic Church in Canada, viewed in its civil aspect." On the whole the Canadian Spectator promises to be more temperate than we expected. If the Rev. Mr. Bray will not allow offensive matter to creep in, he will benefit the community at large by his venture. We always rejoice at free and educated dissertation, and we expect that the Canadian Spectator will give us occasional employment in that respect. Meanwhile let us welcome this last addition to the press, and let us hope that it will fight a fair fight, hitting hard and being hit hard in return, but doing nothing to inflame the minds of our Protestant friends against the unfortunate "Papists."

THE HEALTH OF THE POPE.

The following official communication from the Vatican has been published in the Osservatore Romano:—

It is really difficult to understand the persistency of the Liberal newspapers in disseminating grave news in reference to the health of the Pope, which was calculated to cause the most serious apprehensions in the hearts of the faithful. We can assure our readers that those statements are without foundation. It is true, beyond doubt, that the Holy Father, on account of a cold, which was followed by a slight fever, was obliged some time ago to remain in his bed. However, the fever did not last long, and presented no disquieting symptoms, as the physical state of the august Pontiff had not previously given cause for anxiety. Thanks to the rest which he has had, the pains in his legs from which his Holiness has been suffering have been sensibly mitigated. If, on account of this prolonged repose, there has been a certain diminution of the strength of the Holy Father, it has not been such as to interrupt his usual occupations or the receptions of the cardinals and chiefs of the congregations. It has been merely necessary to multiply the cares and precautions around his holy person which have been taken on account of the bad season and the variations of temperature. Owing to these special attentions, the health of the Holy Father is daily becoming better, and everything tends to the hope that his cure will soon be complete, especially if the weather should become finer.

The Roman correspondent of the Union of Paris writes:—

It is with a heart full of gratitude and joy that I confirm the happy news of an amelioration in the health of our well-beloved Pontiff, who is now as well as we could wish. The swelling in his legs has entirely disappeared, his rheumatic pains have lost a good deal of their intensity, his cough is almost gone, and the weakness caused by his long confinement to his bed has given place to a daily increasing vigour. To his former sleeplessness have succeeded nights of refreshing rest, and it is not at all rare to find that his Holiness has slept the entire night through without once calling the faithful attendant who watches near his chamber. His Holiness hears Mass every morning. The celebrant consecrates two Hosts, and the Holy Father communicates seated in his bed. Later on he receives, as usual, the visits of the Cardinal Secretary of State and the prefects of the different congregations, who are often astonished at the freshness of his memory and the acuteness of his intellect. This illness of the Pope, which had so justly alarmed the hearts of all Catholics, has been, it may be affirmed, quite providential, as it compelled the Sovereign Pontiff to take a rest and accept attentions which his zeal had led him previously to decline. By removing him for a time from the rigours of winter and the pernicious effects of damp and changeable weather, as well as preventing the fatigue of continual public receptions, his forced repose will have the effect of giving him new life and keeping him still longer for the love of his devoted children. The Holy Father is still confined to his bed, but the first day of sunshine he will leave it. There is, however, no longer any fear of his convalescence, and he will soon be as well as can be expected in one of his age.

His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin has received, within the last couple days, letters from Rome which fully confirm the statements published by us recently from the Osservatore Romano and the Union of Paris. The latest of these letters was written last Friday, and mentioned that the Holy Father has been suffering severely from a prolonged rheumatic attack, that the sore in his leg has been more troublesome than usual, but that no other unfavourable symptoms have made themselves manifest. He receives the Cardinals of the various Congregations and the State officials as usual, but is obliged to remain in his bed during the audiences. His intellect is as clear as ever, and his interest in all the serious and solemn offices requiring his attention is undiminished. The writers conclude by assuring his Eminence that there is no occasion for apprehending anything like immediate danger.

CATHOLIC SPAIN.

Are the inhabitants of Catholic countries, more especially of Spain, blind idolaters, and given over to superstition of the lowest kind? Ask the first New England school-marm you meet and the answer will be, Yes. Ask a travelled, educated and observant American gentleman, and although he is not a Catholic the answer will be an indignant No. A recent answer to this question is supplied by the special correspondent of the New York Times—which is an anti-Catholic paper if it is anything. This gentleman, writing from Barcelona, says:—

There is a prevailing opinion in America that the Spaniards, since the revolution of 1808, have lost that religious enthusiasm which has hitherto distinguished them, and which certainly was the governing impulse in their long and arduous conflict with the Moors. While it is undoubtedly true that many of the laboring classes, members of the International and poisoned with French atheism, did in various phases of the civil war show hostility to the priesthood, it is utterly false to suppose that the same feelings of enmity and indifference pervade the great Spanish cities. In Barcelona, generally, one finds the same warmth of religious observance, which are so noticeable in America in these communities where Presbyterian influences are especially strong. The practice of private family devotion, and of returning thanks after meals, is hardly one which the Protestant traveler would expect to find in Spain.

We have been accustomed to believe that such behavior could not exist in countries where there is not a Puritan observance of the Sabbath. That

the land where the bull fights were reserved for Sunday could be religious according to our idea of the word and our understanding of the thing, seemed impossible. We, therefore, believe that the religion in Spain was at best a gloomy fanaticism, and it was natural to rejoice when we thought that a more cheerful state of things was at hand. We have been deceived in both facts. There is undoubtedly in Spain a hearty religious feeling in the best sense of the word, and this civil war has been powerless to effect. And it is fortunate that this is so. For, while the merit of other communities is not to be denied, it is also certain that there is an excellence of principle and a charm of religious conviction in the stout-hearted Presbyterian centres of New England and New York special to themselves, and, as they would decidedly lose their salt and savor if they were to throw off and abandon these practices and observances for which we so respect and admire them, so, also, it is natural to infer that the Spanish communities, filled with the same spirit, though expressed externally far differently, would simply be utterly spoiled, wrecked and ruined if they had made that change which some writers in America have represented, and have so falsely named progress. These ideas have constantly filled my mind when I have visited the great Cathedral of Barcelona and that has been almost daily. Though I was there to admire the architectural beauties of this most magnificent structure, to ponder over the bold, high-reaching spirit of the architect who designed it, and to wander silently and noiselessly around in search of those details that charm alike the artist and the archaeologist, yet I felt warmest sympathy for the circling crowds whose observant gaze was fixed so steadily upon the high altar in expectation of the elevation of the Host. All religious feelings are akin, and though I was profoundly ignorant of the sense in which the worshippers understood the ceremony, to me it had a meaning and a pathos which every one calling himself a Christian was bound to comprehend and to share.

It may be that my enthusiasm for the architectural grandeur of the building, and a half poetic sense of the historic romance and glamor of the place enabled me to entertain feelings of reverential regard for rites of which I knew so little. But I did entertain them, and from out of the emotions I then felt, I do protest against the epithets which English and American travellers have so constantly launched against the worshippers of the Roman Catholic faith. Having been admitted into their families, having shared their private devotions, having heard them express their sentiments, I cannot allow that the Catholics of Spain should be accused of groveling superstition or blinded idolatry. They have, as I think, from an artistic nature, preserved emblems and symbols which we have discarded. But these are but the bark, and underneath one finds the same heart of pine, sound and stout and wholesome, that distinguishes the true-blue Presbyterians.—Catholic Review.

THE POPE'S LOVE STORY.

WHAT A LONDON CORRESPONDENT FINDS IN THE PAGES OF A FORTHCOMING BOOK.

From manuscript of a forthcoming volume, the work of a pious Catholic lady, the daughter of one of the oldest Roman Catholic citizens of Baltimore, the late David Williamson, of Lexington Manor," the London correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer relates the only true love story of Pius IX. as related by the Baroness de Kinsky, the Holy Father's intimate friend. The young Count Giovanni Mastai Ferretti, the story says, a native of Sinigaglia, met and loved at Rome Camilla Deroti, the lovely and accomplished daughter of a widow lady, and to whom he had been especially drawn by her marvelous singing. They read the poets together, and it came to pass that the young nobleman desired to be a soldier, to be more worthy of his promised bride. He applied to Prince Barberini, Commander of the Papal Body-Guard, and was rewarded somewhat rudely with the remark that his slender frame was better fitted for a priest's garb than a dragon's. The young Count appealed to the Pope, Pius VII., who promised his commission and spent a happy evening with Camilla. The next day he did not visit her, nor the next. Weeks passed and he seemed to have disappeared from the city. She fell sick of fever at last, and on the same day the Count knelt before the Pope and told his story. He had been stricken with epilepsy in the street. With this disease hanging over him he dared not marry. The Holy Father bade him interpret the affliction as a token of the will of God directing his thoughts heavenward and his life to the Church. He sent the young Count a pilgrim to the shrine of Loretto to learn God's will. No tidings came to Camilla and after some little time, knowing that a hidden yet a good and proper reason for this seeming desertion must exist, and yielding to the earnest persuasions of her mother, she consented to listen to the solicitations of the Baron Camucini, who sought her hand in marriage. It strangely happened on that same, while Camilla and her mother were sitting together in their quiet and comfortable home talking over the past and the future events, the door was suddenly opened and the figure of a young man clad in black stood before them. The mother of Camilla looking up immediately recognized the face as that of Count Mastai and gave a cry of joy, but he remained perfectly silent and motionless. Camilla's heart at once sank, for she quickly discerned that he was dressed in the garb of a priest. She now saw that all was ended between them. The Signora Devoti, not noticing in the darkness of the evening the priestly robes he wore, asked quickly: "Where have you been all this time, and why have you so deserted us?" "I have been on a pilgrimage to Loretto," he quietly replied, "and subsequently to the Convent of St. Agnes, where I was anointed priest." The Signora Devoti nearly fainted on hearing these words, so unexpected by her; but Camilla, remained perfectly calm, and forcing a smile, said, in her gentle voice: "It is well that you have come to me; heaven has sent you in my hour of need to give me counsel and support. My brother is absent and I have none other; will you take his place, as his old friend and companion, and advise me?" The Baron Camucini seeks my hand in marriage; my mother earnestly wishes it; what shall I do? Will you now counsel me how to act?" "I would strongly advise that you accept him as your husband," said the young priest, "for I know him well as being the most amiable and honorable, having every quality to insure your future happiness. I will unite you in holy wedlock to the man you will love and who will prove a true and tender husband to you, but let it be soon for I cannot tarry long; I have my mission to accomplish and have come but to say farewell. In a few days I leave for the Convent of Sinigaglia, the city of my early childhood, there to prepare myself before leaving Italy on a long journey, as I intend to prepare for and devote myself to a monastic life." A few days later Camilla Devoti knelt before the altar by the side of the Baron Camucini and the holy rites were performed by the young priest, Mastai Ferretti, who, after joining their hands, fervently prayed that God would bless them and theirs forever.

Years after, when time in its many changes had placed Count Mastai on the Papal throne as Pius IX., at one of the usual Thursday, receptions at the Vatican, when ladies of rank are presented to His Holiness, the Baroness de Kinsky, an old friend of Cardinal Antonelli's, presented a plain and venerable-looking matron, whose features still bore traces of great beauty. She happened to be among the

last presented, and on her name being mentioned an emotion was visible in the expressive face of the Pope. The lady bent her knee for his benediction, and, looking quietly in his face, said with a voice full of the sweetness and melody of other days: "Holy Father, I have come to beg of you a great favour—that you receive my grandson into your Garde d'Elite. They hesitate to receive him because of his delicate appearance; but he is well and strong, and most eager to devote his life to the Holy Father." Having thus expressed her desire, she showed a slight emotion, but casting her eyes upon the ground awaited quietly his reply. Pius IX. well understood how she felt from his own past experience, so kindly laying his hand upon her white head in benediction, said in gentle tones: "I know too well the pain and mortification of such a refusal, having once experienced it. Your wish shall be fulfilled, and your grandson shall at once enter into my Garde d'Elite." After speaking he then quickly walked towards one of the side-walks, and intimated to one of the Camerieri, who prepared to follow him, that he wished to be alone.

The following day, meeting the Baroness de Kinsky, he said to her: "I know that you are an old and dear friend of the Baroness Camucini, and that she has spoken to you of the days gone by, and I will also tell you, my daughter, of a secret that until now has long lain hidden in my heart, but which now the old man may release from its prison and consecrate as a last salute to his early friend." He then recounted the reason why he had taken the priestly vows, following, as he believed, a direct call from God. "Tell her now," he said, "it was a trial the Holy Father imposed upon me that I was to keep silence and give no explanation of my actions; that at the time I suffered, but God, in his great mercy, ordained it all wisely and well for our good, and that Pius IX. was no longer indulgent in earthly illusions, sends her this last message as a memory of the happy evenings spent with Camilla Devoti."

"Se non e vero e ben trovato," with the possible exception of the silence enjoined.

REV. FATHER BURKE. CHARITY SERMON.

The Very Rev. T. N. Burke, O.P., preached a charity sermon in aid of the Dominican Nuns of Leicester, at St. Saviour's Church, on Sunday, November 28th.

Having read the Gospel for the last Sunday after Pentecost.

Father Burke said:—And St. John in the Apocalypse, describing the scene which our Blessed Saviour alluded to in the words of to day's Gospel, says, "And I saw a great white throne and One sitting upon it from whose face the earth and heaven fled away, and there was no place found for them. And I saw the dead, great and small, standing in the presence of the throne, and the books were opened, and another book was opened, which is the Book of Life, and the dead were judged by these things which were written in the books according to their works." This is the last Sunday of the ecclesiastical year, the Church closes on to-day her grand perennial commemoration of the life of Him by whom she loves, and next Sunday which will be the first Sunday of Advent, is the first Sunday of the ecclesiastical year, and it is worthy of remark that both on her last Sunday and on her first the Church of God puts before the minds of her faithful children the self-same subject of judgment. To-day it is Christ speaking awful and mysterious words—telling us what signs and wonders and terrors shall accompany the final dissolution of the earthly frame of this world of ours and our creation—what signs shall usher in the Son of Man when in great glory with the sign of the cross borne aloft all men. And next Sunday you will hear almost the same Gospel, revealing the some dread future truths, and calling you with equal solemnity to the great lesson which they convey. Dearly beloved, the Scriptures of God tells us of two distinct judgments. The first is that which takes place on the death of every child of Adam, be he saint or sinner, when he stands alone before the tribunal of God confronted with his own thoughts, his own words, his own actions, performed or thought, or spoken by himself personally during the brief span of his mortal career, and according to which his fate for all eternity for weal or woe is decided.

But independent of and in addition to this first final judgment there is the universal judgment which will close the history of this world and of all time, and which will be the opening chapter of the history of eternity. Now, if we consider how completely God Almighty does His work in regard to every individual amongst us, that He will not allow a single deliberate thought of our minds, a single word fallen from our lips, a single act of our hearts to escape His judgment, that He will take a poor, solitary, trembling, helpless soul that stands before Him, that He will take it to task, searching with such a glance as the eye of God alone can give—clear, judicial, stern, comprehensive—every single thought, word, and act of that poor soul's existence, when we consider this, and that this will extend to every single individual that ever was born into this world, we may ask ourselves, then, where is the necessity or what is the reason for the universal judgment which God will pass not merely upon the individuals who compose the vast throng that shall assemble round the great white throne, when the grave shall open and give up its dead; when the sea shall render from out its hidden depths all who lie dead there; when hell itself will yield up its dead, that they stand for a moment living before the face of God, to be damned and withered by the voice of His anger and the voice of His indignation? when, on the other hand, other graves will open and the dead will arise with joyful eyes and changed and glorified bodies—transformed and wrapt from one into another form of glory, with the grace of God on them, and that grace changed into glory, with hope eternal secured for them forever—joyful bodies rising from the grave to meet the joyful souls that will come down from their place of glory to re-animate them once more, that in all the integrity of his being the glorified man may live for his God; and just and unjust, saint and sinner alike shall be summoned by the blast of the angel's trumpet to confront their God in His last final judgment—you may ask me, I say, is not this a superfluous and unnecessary act on the part of God?

Answer, no. Because, dearly beloved, the personal and individual judgment that awaits you and me at the hour of our death, when we shall stand before Almighty God alone, there to answer and give a reason for every thought, word, and act, of our lives—that individual and primary judgment is a personal matter between God and the soul, a private and personal matter—it is a weighing and testing of the gold and silver of our virtue to see whether it be worthy of the treasury of heaven—it is a stern inflexible, awful investigation into the tares, the straw, the evil of our lives, to see whether it be bad enough to feed the all-consuming and eternal flames of hell. But it is a personal matter, and if Almighty God had never created man in the present condition of his beings—if He had never given any other than mere individual grades—if he had never given to man the power and the faculty to form himself into society, into nations, into their national life, their social life, their literary life, their spiritual as well as intellectual one, then, perhaps, the universal judgment even the Almighty Himself might have dispensed with. But there is besides the individual life which every man

among us leads—there is a national and social, a literary and intellectual, a spiritual, but a public life, throughout which the world leads as human society and as formed into nations.

Do we not know that history itself—the record of our race—deals far more with the life of nations than with the life of individuals? Do we not know that the public action of this world is determined and carried on far more by the action of nations than of individuals? Have not the nations a public conscience—are they not responsible for every episode of the public life as well as the individual? Ah! certainly; and therefore, besides the judgment which awaits the individual personal man, in which he has to render an account of himself to God, there is the other more terrible judgment that awaits the world as a whole—that awaits society, that awaits nations as nations, and it is necessary that such a judgment should be public, most solemn and full.

There are the public crimes, these are the national apostacies that the world will have to give an account for at the day of final judgment. Come to our own age and look at the literary life of the world and public society at the present day. What have we? We have the awful, the almost incredible fact that outside of the Catholic Church today in the whole civilized world there can scarcely be found a man of commanding genius who is prepared to say, "I believe in Jesus Christ." The scientists of our day, the men who span the earth, the men who sound the depths of the sea and weigh the air, are analysts, are philosophers of light—they are not content when they make some great discovery of nature in explaining this, in commanding the admiration of the world, that every man of them seems as if he were bound immediately to try by some perversed argument, or by entering into the arena of abstract theology and philosophy, to turn his invention or discovery as an argument against Jesus Christ and His Church—aye, and in our day against the very name and existence of God. And to what a depth of degradation have we fallen, when outside the Catholic Church, the chief philosophers scientists of our age find no better origin for man than a brute, and some of the greatest historians and philosophers of our day tell us there is no God, no conscience, no immortality, no soul in man, and no future reward. For all this the world will be called to judgment, not merely individually but socially, not intellectually, but nationally, not as a society, but spiritually; and for these public crimes must they give an account publicly before the judgment seat of God. Oh, dearly beloved, what a meeting will that be for the world! Oh, what a meeting for those nations that prefer Mahomet to Jesus, when in the dread Valley of Jehoshaphat, and in that hour of universal judgment, they shall behold with amazed and frightened eyes the body of Mahomet animated by devils from hell. Oh, what a meeting for those nations who will behold the bloated form the besotted reprobate Luther, from whom they gave up the Judge sitting upon His throne when He was seated in His Blessed Sacrament.

Oh, what a meeting for those nations, and for those literary societies and public bodies, aye, and for those armies that draw the sword in an unjust cause and for these Kings and Emperors who are the tyrants of an afflicted humanity, when they shall see the Lord God on His throne, and recognize at once that this was the God against whom and whose eternal justice and mercy they dared to make open war. Joseph was sold by his brethren, as we read in the Old Testament—he was sold for a few pounds, the young innocent child. When he had grown up to be a man, he whom they supposed to be either a slave or dead, his brethren came into Egypt, and he met them and said, "I am Joseph your brother." The moment they heard his voice the strongest amongst them fell to the earth, thunderstruck at the awful judgment that brought them face to face again with him whom they had so falsely treated. When the son of God in the hour of his sorrow arose from his sweat of blood in Gethsemane, exhausted and weakened by His body, with languid eyes and scarcely able to stand, He turned and met the Jews who came in crowds to arrest Him and He said in meek accents, "Whom seek ye?" And they answered "Jesus of Nazareth, where is he?" And He calmly answered "I am He." The moment they were conscious of His presence down they fell as if struck dead. And if the sight of an injured man so confounded the brothers of Joseph, and if the sight of a God disguised, and in that weak, fainting, bleeding form, with many a sign of blood on his face and hands, struck to the ground that ferocious crowd who came to arrest Him and do Him to death, think of the prostration the terror that will come upon those enemies of Christ when they behold Him no longer as in Gethsemane with blood upon His hands but armed with the thunderbolts of His justice and the sighs of His majesty and His cross blazing before Him.

What is the crime that the world will be convicted of in that hour, what is the crime for which the world will be destroyed in that hour? I answer, the main sign that will be alleged against the world is they gave up the faith of Jesus Christ. When the Apostle St. Paul was drawing to the close of his magnificent career of apostleship and was giving thanks to God for all the graces that he had received, the one grace that he had selected amongst them all the burden of his thanksgiving, was, "Oh God I have kept the faith." There is the crime for which the world will be judged, to give up the one sanctifying faith that is only found in her sanctuaries; and dearly beloved, when the nations whose fleets cover the seas and whose soldiers cover the hills and fill the valleys of the world, when the nations whose statesmen who dictate laws to the universal earth, shall come trooping into the valley of Jehoshaphat, and ascending each into his own place, shall give answer for his national sin, there is one nation, one race, one people who will also give their record. The tale which they have to unfold will be no great recital of earthly glory, for what avail should such a record be at that moment when time is at an end and eternity come? No, but there is one people, one race, one nation that will be able to stand up in the valley of Jehoshaphat and before the Son of God in judgment will be able to say with St. Paul—"Lord we have kept the faith, we did the one essential thing, we fought the good fight, we finished our course, we kept our faith." Blessed be the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, blessed be Patrick and Bridget, that race and that nation, that voice which shall be heard will be the voice of the Irish people.

Oh, let not the abomination of desolation ever be seen in the holy places of our native land, the holy places for which our fathers died, the holy places whose first and earliest sanction of consecration was no less sacred than the blood of the martyrs that was shed on the altar steps of Ireland! Let us keep the faith; let not the abomination of desolation be seen in her holy places—namely in the minds and hearts of the people. In the mind it is infidelity, it is sin, impurity, drunkenness, or any form of corruption. Ireland has kept the faith, but Ireland has been driven from her parent isle in a great measure, her people have gone forth into the ends of the earth. *Queregrejo in terra non plena nostris laboris*. Where is the people that has not heard the voice of our desolation? Where is the land that has not at some time or other received the footsteps of the poor exiles of this sacred island? They have gone forth from their Jerusalem, their home, and they have borne the message of the faith with them wherever they went. They have been the apostolic nation of the world. Their destruction at home by famine, pestilence, and death has been the keynote for all nations that they were coming who bore the light, but whilst going forth on this apostolic career founding in other lands Catholic churches and Catholic colleges, do not for a moment imagine that Ireland is in the main rather the loser than the gainer.

Russia, Denmark, Sweden, once of the home of Christianity, and the pure form of Catholic truth which they received from the apostolic messengers of Rome, the centre and the source of all guidance and government for the Church of Christ. Behold them today sunk into the form of heresy which, although it may pretend to preserve a few truths of Christ, is a paralysing hand upon the Christian spirit, and wherever Luther has touched with his finger there the sanctity, the purity, the humility, the obedience of the Christian character has perished. In vain did the martyred Teutonic knight in heaven lift up his hand to plead for the land he won by his courage and life—Germany fell. In vain did the Saxon saints of old and the earlier martyrs cry out for England: in vain did St. Edmund the Confessor and St. Edward, the Martyr put up their voices—and all failed by a national apostacy.

They go forth, and their little one amongst them but they fell amongst thieves—they fell amongst a state of society for which they were not prepared in the earliest days of their Catholic faith. They are weaned away by a thousand stratagems and means, all to assimilate them with the peoples amongst whom they have gone and to make them also give up their faith—first the children fall away, the orphans are caught up into Protestant asylums the poor find no refuge but in Protestant workhouses, where the very first and primary consolations of their faith are denied them. The little children, baptized by Irish Catholic parents, belonging by sacramental claims and history to one Holy Catholic Church, which alone can save them, they are led away to Protestant colleges, until, as they grow up, the sight is seen of Irish minds refusing to believe and Irish lips blaspheming the name of the Lord. But the Catholic Church follows them in their exile, seeks to save them abroad as well as at home; the priest, the monk, the nun, are at their work. Unguarded, indeed, is the task when not only has the child to be saved by instruction, education, and care, but this work has to be done in the face and in spite of an hostile society, and with the sad and terrible weight of utter and absolute poverty.

These are the difficulties that the Church of God has to contend with in our lands, and we need go no further than just across the English Channel and we are in the midst of it. Now, two of these sisters professing the Dominican rules and clothed in the habit of St. Dominick, they ladies as they were, might have lived in happiness and comfort, but they gave up house and home and devoted their lives to the service of the Irish poor in one of the most Protestant parts of England. In this work they have incurred heavy, and I will add, for their condition, enormous debt, and when these debts were heavy upon them they turned with a kind of natural instinct to this mother island, to this island mother of Catholic faith, to this island the mother of sanctity, to this native fountain of charity—and to you and to me these sisters of St. Dominick have appealed—"Enable us to save these children of the poor Irish in England—enable us to preserve for them the only treasure that is left them, the priceless treasure of that faith which will preserve the integral portions of the Irish race, which will give them a right to take their stand amongst the Irish people in their national, literary, and social position in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and to proclaim aloft the glories of Jesus Christ and the holy Church here in time and hereafter on the threshold of eternity and for all eternity in heaven."

When the Jew of old left Jerusalem and turned his face on that fatal journey towards Jericho he fell among thieves, they robbed him, they stripped him of his clothes, and not content with this, they violated and outraged him, and left him bleeding and dying on the road. Then the Samaritan found him and because life was not extinguished in him because he was not utterly dead, the wine and oil of the Samaritan charity brought him back to the fullness of his life, so many an Irish father and mother going forth from this old Jerusalem of ours and driven by sad necessity, turned their faces for some land that was denied the Lord God, to some land and some people that have apostatized as a nation from the faith of Christ.

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CATHOLICS IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

"Now let us come right down to historical facts. When and where have their sacrifices been made? They prate much about what papists accomplished for this country some hundred years ago. What does this claim amount to? . . . Many (Catholics) were desolated, having been taught by the Church to respect the divine right of kings, and to regard the freedom of the masses as downright heresy. When independence had been achieved through Protestant valor and the expenditure of Protestant blood and treasure, the leading religious bodies, such as the Episcopalians and Methodists, severed foreign connections and cut loose from foreign ecclesiasticism."—*Cleveland Leader*.

To give with any exactitude the number of Catholics, either in the Colonial revolutionary service or in the Colonies at the period of the Revolution, is something we have not yet seen attempted by any competent or critical authority. Certain outline facts are matters of history, and they prove that whatever the number of Catholics, their zeal and eminent services made them conspicuous as patriots from the first gun to the Yorktown surrender. There is a book, we understand, about to be published by Mr. Robinson, of Brooklyn, L. I., an member of Congress, which will treat exhaustively upon the Irish race in America; from it Catholics may possibly gain valuable approximate information as to our numbers at the date of the Revolution. That there was a large Celtic immigration (not counting the Presbyterians from Ulster), than most people credit in that early period, we have always believed. The *Maryland Journal* (Baltimore, August 20th, 1773), contains the following item of interest in this connection:—"New York, August 12th.—Within this fortnight thirty-five hundred passengers have arrived at Philadelphia from Ireland."

The above is one single record. Certain it is Irishmen and Catholics figured weightily, and from the first in the Revolutionary struggle. Stark's New Hampshire men who fought at Bunker Hill were largely Irish. Morgan's Riflemen were "Irish to a man." Maryland Catholics loom grandly out in legislation, diplomacy and the field. The famous Pennsylvania Line had an "Irish Brigade"—Wayne, Irvine, Butler and Stewart's regiments. The crack dragoons were commanded by the Irish Catholic Moylan. Washington's favorite aid was Colonel Fitzgerald. The first naval capture—Machias Bay, June, 1775—was achieved by the five sons of Maurice O'Brien of Cork. This while the Irish held England partly in check; their orators in Parliament, their disaffection at home—sympathizers with the Colonies.

To enter into an article descriptive of Catholic revolutionary glories would be beyond our present limits. Suffice it, Chief Orono, a Catholic, held our northeastern frontier; Father Gibault and the Spanish Consul Vigo covered, and saved to us, the Northwestern Territory; Galvez stood "like a stone wall" along our southwestern border, while the French and the Spanish fleets swept the Atlantic and the Gulf—truly the Catholic line was the circling wall of safety that permitted the Colonists to struggle and to conquer. The part France played is too well known and too extended to be more than mentioned here. If any one chooses to read reflectively any history of the United States, that point will be made sufficiently clear. At Valley Forge, the period of our greatest trial, we find the social circle of George Washington in those famous winter quarters almost entirely confined to "foreigners" and to "Papists." Carroll, De Kalb, and Lafayette—these were his constant intimates in their long, dreary and well-nigh hopeless days. Take up the battle of Savannah—we note ("Baron's Centenary History") with the exception of Laurens and Hume, absolutely no mention of prominent participants save Catholics and Irishmen; D'Estaing, Count Dillon, Count Pulaaski (dead on the field of battle clasp the banner the Moravian Nuns had presented him), Lieut. Bush, and the gallant Sergt. Jasper. So on history reads, chapter after chapter, of the Revolutionary struggle. Not alone that; all Catholic Europe embraced the

cause of the Colonies. Spain, notably in diplomacy, by supplies of money, of munitions of war, by opening her ports to our infant navy, and by co-operation in the field. Small wonder, then, that Washington should publicly express the hope that the aid Catholics rendered in establishing our Government should never be forgotten; that he should fraternally accept membership in the "Friendly Sons of St. Patrick," and that he should attend Mass (St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia, 1790) to assist with his faithful allies, Lafayette and Counts Rochambeau and De Grasse, at the solemn chanting of "Te Deum."

We can truly boast no Catholic name is linked to Tory treachery. As for the Methodists, the less said the better. Wesley, Fletcher and Baxter were all ardent (and Biblical) adherents of the Crown. And if one wishes standard and easily accessible authority in corroboration, we refer to Southey's two-volume "Life of Wesley." It can be found in almost any public library. Briefly—for we have neither time nor taste for the rehearsal, even after George Washington was elected President, Wesley showed anger that the Methodists joined in an address of allegiance. He kept up his animosity longer than the Colonists, who after the Revolution tolerated the Methodist sect. During the war, however, prudence made the Americans wary and suspicious. They drove every Methodist preacher out of the country—save one, Asbury; and for years he had to hide in the house of a friend. Indeed, so great was their indignation at the unbecoming conduct of the Methodist ministers, that wherever one was caught, he was summarily tarred and feathered. All this is open matter of history, yet we never unprovokedly taunt our neighbors with it; but why they dash against us in their political religious fury, it is as well to show them what outcasts they were and what baggarts they are.—*Catholic Universe*.

THE POLITICAL PRISONERS.

VISIT TO THOMAS CHAMBERS.

This long suffering and unconquerable Irishman was visited on the 19th of December by his father and mother, accompanied by the honorary treasurers of the Political Prisoners' Visiting Committee—Messrs. Collins and Ryan of London. It will gratify the readers of the *Nation* to hear that Mr. James Chambers, the prisoners' father, is no longer an inmate of the Thomastown Workhouse, thanks to the kind attention and exertions of the Cork Relief Committee. The old gentleman having long expressed his ardent desire to see his son, Messrs. Ryan and Collins made all necessary arrangements not only to enable him, but Mrs. Chambers also, to gratify the yearnings of paternal love with the sight of the son who had been to them as dead for the past twelve years. It is but justice to the prison authorities of Woking to record that every facility was afforded both visitors and visited to render the interview as satisfactory as circumstances would permit. Chambers spoke very highly of his treatment since his arrival in Woking on the 27th of November, and believes his health to be somewhat improved in consequence. He told his father that on his reaching his new quarters the medical officer gave him the option of admission to the infirmary, "whereas," remarked he, "if refused by sickness to the necessity of crawling on my hands and knees, no such offer would ever have been made in Dartmoor." He also intimated that he was located apart from the common malefactors and exempted from many of the indignities which he daily experienced during his ten years' confinement in Dartmoor. He expressed much concern for his friend Michael Davitt's position, and hoped that he also might be removed to Woking. It would have afforded him inexpressible pleasure had he known that Mr. Davitt was at that moment on his way to London, a free man once more—so far as a ticket-of-leave man can be considered free. When next due for a visit, Mr. Chambers expressed a desire to see Mr. O'Donnell, M.P., and I am happy to hear that Dungarvan's patriotic representative has willingly consented to comply with his request. Mr. Chambers also desired to have his warmest thanks conveyed to Mr. J. Boyle O'Reilly, of the *Boston Pilot*, for the letter sent him by that distinguished patriot. Sad as must have been the feelings of a father and mother in beholding the wasted form and premature grey hairs which "humane" England's vengeance had inflicted upon their son, it must have sent a thrill of joy to that mother's heart when, in answer to her query, "But they could not break your spirit, Tom?" she saw his eye flash in proud consciousness of his strength of love for Ireland, and heard him exclaim, "No! Dartmoor with all its horrors, backed by the worst which English torturing skill could inflict, could never effect that!" At the termination of the visit he was allowed to see his sister's photograph. It is hoped by friends here in London that this favorable change in Mr. Chambers' position may be indicative of his speedy liberation. Whether twelve years' inhuman punishment and its undeniably effects upon his health may satisfy English "justice," or whether his removal to Woking and consequent better treatment is but to strengthen him for England's vengeance should not be glighted with the full term of fifteen years' imprisonment, can be only a matter of conjecture.—*Cor. of Nation*.

HORRORS OF THE WAR.

FRIGHTFUL PICTURE OF THE STATE OF THINGS AT PLEVNA.

A correspondent writing from Plevna states that when the Turks made their sortie they left a thousand sick and wounded starving and unattended. Those unfortunates remained in this state three days, and hundreds of them died. Over a thousand have been already buried, and about a hundred corpses come from the hospital daily. Undoubtedly many who were not quite dead have been buried. Those killed in the battle were not buried. Turkish prisoners are encamped among them and are almost starving. Plevna is one vast charnel house, surpassing in horror anything imaginable. Modern warfare has no parallel for it, and its horrors can only be compared to those which followed in the wake of Genghis Khan or Timur, as their savage Tartar hordes swept over and desolated Asia. The famished dogs of which there are always large numbers in every Turkish town, were feeding on the corpses of the dead and the bodies of the still living wounded. The savage howl of the greedy brutes as they tore the putrid flesh of the dead, or crunched the bones between their teeth; the cries and groans of the wounded as they vainly struggled with the dogs, might be heard for miles around, and made the soul sick. Birds were picking at the skulls, hopping from body to body, with beaks and plumage besmeared human blood and screaming with fiendish delight. The dogs fought among themselves, and bit stung with bird for the possession of a morsel of human flesh and the most indescribable horror prevailed. In one house alone thirty-seven dead and fifty three wounded Turks were found, some in a half decomposed and putrid state, and the wounded in a condition that can be more easily imagined than described. Some of the wounded were able to crawl

about a d clutch at morsels of food that were found in the hands of the dead, devouring it with feverish avidity, but thousands of them were utterly helpless and awaited our succor with listless fatalism. Eighteen hundred prisoners were huddled together on the banks of the Vid, and the horrors of their position equalled those of the great plague which ravaged Europe in the fourteenth century.

Living and dead were piled together promiscuously in heaps, like wood and carried away. There were only three carts available for this work, and the confusion was indescribable. Osman's bravery is stained and blackened by treatment of the Russian wounded that fell into his hands. His gallant defence of Plevna for a moment blinded the victors and Europe to the fact that all prisoners were butchered by troops under Osman's command.

IRISH GENIUS ABROAD.

The *London Spectator* some months since asked why it was that an Irishman who would be called a dangerous rafter when in his own country "goes away, and thence-forward makes his way in the world with the energy and the moderation commonly supposed to be the monopoly of Scotchmen." The *Spectator* continued: "Either he makes a fortune, or he becomes a premier of a colony, or he leads a successful army, or he achieves in some way a reputation which makes the most prejudiced Englishman regret that ever he should have been forced to go."

In a recent article we showed that even under the British Government Irish intelligence and force have won many of the highest colonial positions. But leaving the British Dominions and the United States, we can point to distinguished Irishmen in every country where an opportunity has been afforded them for effort. Clancy in a chapter on the Irish in exile, says: O'Sullivan, Lawless, Gardiner, O'Donnell, and O'Reilly, became grandees of Spain; and men yet living can recall the time when O'Donnell was Dictator at Madrid, Lacy and Browne were Marshals of Russia, and won the most brilliant victories of their era. Admiral O'Dwyer commanded the Russian fleet in 1787, Marshal Maurice Kavanagh was Chamberlain of Poland; Colonel Kavall filled a similar position in Bavaria. Patrick Lawless was ambassador from Portugal to France; O'Reilly represented Spain at the Court of Louis XVI.

A newspaper published in Vienna, March 1776, contains an interesting reminiscence, from which we make the following extract:—"On the 17th of this month His Excellency Count O'Mahony Ambassador for Spain to the Court of Vienna, gave a grand entertainment in honor of St. Patrick, to which were invited all persons of distinction that were of Irish descent—being himself descendant of an illustrious Irish family. Among others were present—Count Lacy, President of the Council of War; General McDonnell, General Brown, General McGuire, General Plunkett, General O'Kelly, and General McElligott; four chiefs of the grand cross two governors, several knights military, six stall officers, four privy councillors of Austria, with the principal officers of state—who, to show their respect for the Irish nation, wore crosses in honor of the day, as did the whole court of Vienna." O'Reilly Kavanagh, and Prince Nugent are historic names in Austria, and were Aulic Councillors.

"It is strange," said Napoleon, on his second entry into Vienna (1809), that "now, as in 1805, on entering the Austrian Capital, I find myself in intercourse with Count O'Reilly." Napoleon had good reason to know the Count, for it was he with his hand of exile 98 men, that saved the broken army of Austria after Austerlitz. In that army at that time where over forty Irish names, ranging from the grade of colonel to that of field-marshal; and when Maria Theresa of Hungary instituted fifty crosses of the Legion of Honor, forty-six were worn on the breasts of Irishmen.

Frome is not over partial to Irishmen, and yet he says: "The Irishman of the last century rose to his natural level whenever he was removed from his own unhappy country. In the seven years' war Austria's best generals were Irishmen. Strike the names of Irishmen out of our own public service, and we lose the heroes of our proudest exploits." Sarsfield and O'Brien became Marshals of France; Hamilton, Lally, and McCarthy, Generals; Skidow, Galway, O'Carroll, O'Gara, Fitzgibbon, O'Mahony, O'Neill, Power, MacMahon, Burke, Murphy, Maguire, Dillon, Roche, McDonnell, Lee, McElligott, and a host of others, commanded regiments, many of them founding families whose representative play an important part in French affairs to-day.

The organization and tactics of modern armies in Europe were perfected by a Franco-Irish colonel, named Daniel O'Connell. For this Sir Bernard Burke is authority. Marquis MacMahon (grandson of the Marshal-President) was one of the first agents sent to investigate the condition of the American colonies, and suggest plans for their liberation. In the new Catholic University of Paris we observe that one of the Professors appointed in the Faculty of Law is Monsieur Connelly, a distinguished councillor in the *Cour de Cassation*, or High Court of appeal. Even in Germany Irishmen occupy positions of prominence, and take an active and important part in public affairs. We note by an exchange that the two counsels despatched to confer with the representatives of other great powers on the affairs of Herzegovina and Turkey, one was named O'Rourke. O'Higgins was Captain-General and President of Chili, and his place is now filled by President McKenna; O'Brien, O'Reilly, Devereau were Generals in the Mexican army; McKenna, O'Leary, O'Brien, O'Connor, O'Carroll commanded regiments; in fact most of Bolivar's staff consisted of men who were Irish by birth or descent. Indeed the list might be continued indefinitely of Irish genius distinguished in civil as well as military life in every land where the exiled race has found a foothold.—*Pilot*.

SCOTCH DISESTABLISHMENT.

A statement, published a few days ago by the *Edinburgh Daily Review*, goes to show that the prospects of ecclesiastical disestablishment in Scotland may not be quite so remote as the Conservatives and some timid Liberals suppose. Of the 980 churches of the Disestablishment, very nearly one-ninth (105) are classed as "deserted." These, it will be readily guessed, belong to the Highland counties of Ross, Caithness, Sutherland, and to Orkney and Shetland. Mr. Ramsay, an energetic disestablisher, would include all churches with a congregation of below fifty under the head of deserted, and this, it is supposed, would liberate the 105 already named. Any one acquainted with those parts of Scotland must know that a congregation of fifty is in any, except a "Free" place of worship, is very rare. The position of the Highland "Kirks" is exactly that of the Irish Church in the days of its dependence upon the State. Thus the church of Fortrose, "with a congregation of from six to a dozen," is endowed with £356 a year; Killernan, with seventeen, has £256; Fodderty, with twenty-three, is worth £354; Latheron has £363, with a congregation of thirteen; while Applecross, with only seven, has an income of £193. It is suggested that the income of such churches should, after the death of the present incumbents, be devoted to popular education.

THE MAMMOTH. JOHN RAFTER & CO. 450 NOTRE DAME STREET.

The stock of Dry Goods held at the above address comprises a full assortment of useful and cheap lots, as will prove by the following price list, and for quality and value we defy competition to the trade of Canada. Remember our motto—Value for Value Received.

CATALOGUE OF PRICES: Flannel Department.

Canton Flannels, 10c, 13c, 14c, 15c, 16c, 17c. White Saxony Flannels, 17c, 23c, 25c, 27c, 30c, 32c.

Blankets For Man And Beast. Stock of White Blankets, selling from \$1.75 to \$5.50.

Table Linen Department. Grey Table Linen, price from 14c to 50c. Unbleached Table Linen, price from 25c to 60c.

Roller Towelling. Heavy stock of Towelling, prices, 5c, 7c, 9c, 10c, 12c.

White and Grey Cottons. Horrockses White Cottons, full stock. Water Twist White Cottons, price from 5c.

Tweeds, Coatings, &c. Large lot of Tweeds for Boys, only 30c. Large lot of all wool Tweeds, only 50c.

Underclothing Department. Men's Canada Shirts and Drawers, prices, 35c, 50c, 65c, 75c, 85c, \$1.00.

Call early and secure the Bargains. Oct 31st-12-ly

JAMES FOLEY, DEALER IN DRY GOODS AND MILLINERY, 213 ST. JOSEPH STREET, Opposite Dow's Brewery.

STILL GOING ON! THE GREAT CHEAP SALE OF DRY GOODS IS STILL GOING ON!

THOMAS BRADYS, 400 ST. JOSEPH STREET. COSTELLO BROTHERS, GROCERIES AND LIQUORS, WHOLESALE, (Nun's Buildings), 49 ST. PETER STREET, MONTREAL.

NEW DAIRY BUTTER. Received daily by Express from the Eastern Townships, very choice, at the EUROPEAN WAREHOUSE.

WEEKLY TEST. Number of purchasers served during the week ending Jan. 5th 1878—4,134. Corresponding week last year—3,022. Increase.....1,112.

THEY ALL DO IT. Although several stores announce cheap sales, yet few, and, indeed, very few, can say that every piece of Flannel is reduced.

S. Carsley's sale prices. The new Snowflake Dress Goods, sold a 55c during the season, is now reduced to 38c per yard. Every piece of Dress Goods is reduced.

Sale of white cotton. We are now offering two special lots of White Cotton, to which we would call Ladies' attention. Lot No. 1 consists of a case of good quality, yard wide, White Cotton, made at Valfield, and marked with blue ink, "Dominion of Canada, St. Lawrence finish."

S. Carsley's sale prices. Good Black Lustrus, reduced to 11c per yard. Every piece of Black Lustrus is reduced.

S. CARSLEY, 393 and 395 Notre Dame Street.

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BOOTS & SHOES. FOGARTY & BRO, BOOT & SHOE MANUFACTURERS, 245 St Lawrence Main Street, CORNER ST. CATHERINE STREET, 6-m

W. E. MULLIN & Co., MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN BOOTS AND SHOES. 14 Chaboulez Square, near G.T.R. Depot, MONTREAL.

ROLLAND, O'BRIEN & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF BOOTS AND SHOES, 333 ST. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL.

RICHARD BURKE, Custom BOOT and SHOE-MAKER, 689 CRAIG STREET, (Between Bleury and Hermine Streets) Montreal.

W. STAFFORD & Co., WHOLESALE MANUFACTURERS OF BOOTS AND SHOES, No. 6 Lemoine Street, MONTREAL, P. Q. May 23, '77. 1-41-y

MULLARKY & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF BOOTS AND SHOES, No. 8 St. Helen Street, MONTREAL. 1-38-y

P. A. MURPHY & Co., IMPORTERS OF ENGLISH AND FOREIGN LEATHERS, INDIA RUBBER GOODS, ELASTIC WEBS, &c., &c., &c., No. 19 ST. HELEN STREET, MONTREAL. May 2, '77. 1-38-y

FARMERS' COLUMN.

THE FARM.—When a farmer can so manage his farm as to make "both ends of the year meet," even if it be with the most rigid economy, he should be contented with his lot. If we take a survey of the business of the men of our villages and cities, we find that only three or four in a hundred realize a competence for old age.

FARM MANAGEMENT.—The great and all-important secret of successful farming is good management. Without it there will be little leaks, that will waste all the profit. If we were to make a cistern to contain water, we should be very particular to make it perfectly tight.

THE COMMON POTATO.—A very practical and sensible communication appears in The American Cultivator, from Wm. J. Fowler, of Pittsford, N.Y., on the subject of potatoes. He says the Peaches have "run out," and thinks the reason may be found in planting unripe seed.

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MISS BALDWIN still continues her Day and Evening School, at No. 38 AVENUE ST. HENRI, where she is prepared to receive pupils as heretofore.

LORETTO ABBEY, WELLINGTON PLACE, TORONTO, CANADA. A Branch of the Ladies of Loretto, Dublin, Ireland.

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CONVENT OF OUR LADY OF ANGELS, Belleville, Ontario. Studies will be resumed at this Institution, for Boarders and Day-Scholars, on the 1st of September.

CONVENT OF THE CONGREGATION DE NOTRE DAME, KINGSTON, ONTARIO. It is well-known that the city of Kingston, built on the shores of Lake Ontario, is one of the healthiest localities in the Dominion.

PRACTICAL GUIDE FOR CONFESION AND COMMUNION. A short treatise on the Sacrament of Penance for the use of Schools and Colleges.

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CATHOLICS OF MONTREAL! Read the list of Books we are offering at twenty-five cents per week: Elegant Family Bibles, "Life of the Blessed Virgin," "Father Burke's Lectures and Sermons," "Lives of the Saints," "Life of Pope Pius IX." and a fine assortment of Mission and other Prayer Books.

JAMES JORDAN'S BOOK STORE, 574 CRAIG STREET, (nearly opposite Cote) Montreal, 11th December, 1877. By dropping a note or a Postal Card we will send samples of the above-named books to any address for examination, free of charge.

FURS AND FACTS

JOB C. THOMPSON & CO., 416 NOTRE DAME STREET, Respectfully informs the public that they have the past season MANUFACTURED A LARGE AND ELEGANT STOCK OF FURS, Which they are now offering at The Very Lowest Possible Prices.

LOOK AT SOME OF OUR PRICES. LADIES' SEAL MUFFS \$2 00 \$3 50 and \$5 00 PERSIAN LAMB \$6 50 and \$10 LADIES' SEAL CAPS \$9 and \$10 up

KANSAS FARMS FREE HOMES. Kansas display of products at Centennial surpassed all other States. KANSAS PACIFIC R. W. CO. offers largest body of good lands in KANSAS at lowest prices and best terms.

THE BAR. D. BARRY, B.C.L., ADVOCATE, 12 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. J. JAMES KEHOE, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &c.

DOHERTY & DOHERTY, ADVOCATES, &c. No. 50 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. T. J. DOHERTY, B.C.L. C. J. DOHERTY, A.B.B.C.L.

JOHN D. PURCELL, A.M., B.C.L., ADVOCATE, &c. No. 15 PLAGE D'ARMES, Near the Jacques Cartier Bank, Montreal. Oct 19, '77. 9-8m

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } In the CIRCUIT COURT District of Montreal. } No. 9711. The fifth day of December one thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven.

IT IS ORDERED, on the motion of the Plaintiff by Messrs. Loranger, Loranger and Pelletier, his attorneys, in as much as it appears by the return of Charles Tarte, one of the Bailiffs of the Superior Court for Lower Canada, acting in the District of Bedford aforesaid written on the writ of Summons in this cause issued, that the Defendant has left his domicile by him heretofore established in the aforesaid place, and that he is absent from the Province of Quebec; and that the said Defendant by an advertisement to be twice inserted in the French language, in the newspaper of this City called Le Franc Parleur, and twice in the English language, in the newspaper of this City called the True Witness, be notified to appear before this Court, and there to answer the demand of the Plaintiff within two months after the last insertion of such advertisement, and upon the neglect of the said Defendant to appear and to answer to such demand within the period aforesaid, the said Plaintiff will be permitted to proceed to trial, and judgment as in a cause by default.

By the Court, CHS. BONACINA, Deputy C. C. Province of Quebec, } SUPERIOR COURT. District of Montreal. } Dame Herminie Arobambault, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Charles Bardette dit Lapierre, Collector, of the same place, judicially authorized to act herein, Plaintiff;

The said Charles Bardette, dit Lapierre, Defendant. An action for separation as to property has been this day instituted, DOUTRE, DOUTRE, ROBDIOUX, HUTCHINSON and WALKER, Attys for Plaintiff.

PUBLIC NOTICE. AT the next Session of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, application will be made for the passing of a bill to erect a portion of the Municipality of the Village of La Cote St. Paul into a separate Municipality. Montreal, 17th Dec. 1877. 20-5 NOTICE is hereby given that Dame Hannah Davidson, wife of Samuel Goldman, of the City of Montreal, in the District of Montreal, Trader, has this day, the eleventh day of December, eighteen hundred and seventy-seven, instituted an action against her said husband for separation as to property. L. N. BENJAMIN, Plaintiffs Attorney. Montreal, 11th December, 1877. 18-6 \$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

CENTRAL CLOTHING HOUSE. MULCAIR BROS., ARTIST TAILORS, No. 87 St. Joseph Street. In Stock—The Newest Spring and Fall Overclothing.

OUR RETAIL ESTABLISHMENTS. THE EXTENSIVE CLOTHING HOUSE OF J. G. KENNEDY & CO. It has been the aim of the Commercial Review, in the exhibits we have made of the various branches of industry with which our city abounds, to mention only those establishments that can be fairly called representatives of their trade.

J. P. NUGENT, MERCHANT TAILOR AND CLOTHIER, 157 ST. JOSEPH STREET (Sign of the Red Ball.)

WALKER, PALLASCIO & CO., DESIGNERS AND ENGRAVERS ON WOOD, -CORNER OF- CRAIG & BLEURY STS., MONTREAL.

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F. B. McNAMEE & CO., GENERAL CONTRACTORS, 444 St. Joseph Street, MONTREAL. F. B. McNAMEE, A. G. NISH, CAPT. JAS. WRIGHT.

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VICTORIA STUDIO. For fine finish and cheapness, go to the new VICTORIA STUDIO, Corner Victoria Square and Craig Street. CARTE DE VISITE—\$2.00 per doz. CABINET SIZES—\$4.00 per doz.

W. P. BARTLEY & CO., ENGINEERS, FOUNDERS AND IRON BOAT BUILDERS. HIGH AND LOW PRESSURE STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS. MANUFACTURERS OF IMPROVED SAW AND GRIST MILL MACHINERY.

M. FERON, Undertaker, 21 ST. ANTOINE STREET, MONTREAL. P. DORAN, UNDERTAKER and CABINET-MAKER 186 & 188 ST. JOSEPH STREET.

ST. LAWRENCE MARBLE WORKS, 91 BLEURY STREET. CUNNINGHAM BROS. Wholesale and Retail. Cemetery Work a Specialty.

OWEN McGARVEY, MANUFACTURER OF EVERY STYLE OF PLAIN AND FANCY FURNITURE, Nos. 7, 9, and 11, ST. JOSEPH STREET, (and Door from McGill Str.) Montreal.

NATURALISTS' PORTFOLIO. APPLS.—It is stated that by a careful analysis it has been found that apples contain a larger amount of phosphorus, or brain food, than any other fruit or vegetable, and on this account they are very important to sedentary men who work with their brain rather than muscles.

ANTS.—Mr. McCook brought recently before the Academy of Natural Science of Philadelphia an account of his investigations on formica rufa. He finds that ants descending the tree-trunks, with abdomens swollen with honey-dew, are arrested at the foot of the tress by workers from the ant-hill.

CHANGE OF CLIMATE IN EUROPE.—A Swedish paper publishes an interesting article under the heading, "Why is the Climate in Europe Growing Colder?" The article states that in the Bay of Komcnok, near Koma, in Greenland, fossil and very characteristic remains of palm and other trees have been discovered lately, which tends to show that in these parts formerly a rich vegetation must have existed.

TRIED BY A BEAR.—Kittie Wayner, a child of thirteen years on a visit from her home in Pittsburgh to an uncle who lives near Porter's Lake, was recently lost in the woods for several days, and when found was clinging to the top of a small tree. She told the following story of her adventures.

STOVES, &c. GREAT REDUCTION. IN THE PRICE OF STOVES AT E. & C. GURNEY & CO'S., 216, 218, and 220 ST. JAMES STREET. DO NOT FAIL TO GIVE THEM A CALL AND ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE.

JODOIN & CO., IRON FOUNDERS, STOVES, MACHINERIES, &c. SALES ROOMS, 309 ST. PAUL STREET, Montreal. FOUNDRY AT LONGUEUIL, Prov. Quebec.

H. R. IVES & CO. MANUFACTURERS OF HARDWARE, STOVES, &c. IRON RAILING of every description A SPECIALTY. Send for cuts and prices. 123 QUEEN STREET, MONTREAL.

THE VERY BEST AMERICAN COOKING RANGES—Price, \$31.50 to \$75 00. REFRIGERATORS, WATER COOLERS, CHURNS; CORNICES, CORNICE POLES AND STAIR RODS, CHEAPER THAN EVER AT L. J. A. SURVEYOR, 524 Craig Street, Montreal.

FIRST PRIZE DIPLOMA QUEBEC PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION, SEPT. 1875. THE IMPERIAL FRENCH COOKING RANGE FOR HOTEL AND FAMILY USE. Over 200 in Use in this City. FOR SALE AT JOHN BURNS, 675 CRAIG STREET.

MR. JOHN BURNS: "CROSS CREEK" LEHIGH Now discharging ex-Blast STOVE, EGG, AND CHESTNUT, For Domestic Purposes the above Coal is unexcelled.

SAWED AND SPLIT WOOD always on hand. FRANK BRENNAN & CO. OFFICES:—135 & 237 Bonaventure Street. YARD:—240 St. Joseph Street.

MATTHEW GAHAN, PRACTICAL PLUMBER, &c., &c., 61-INSPECTOR STREET-61 MONTREAL. TUBING CAREFULLY ATTENDED TO.—[March 16, 12m]

ENGLISH BEDSTEADS AND BRASS FRENCH CURTAIN BED RINGS, and other consignments, Ex Steamship "Ontario," at 652 CRAIG STREET, NEAR BLEURY. MEBILLEUR & CO. NEW DESIGNS AND NEW STYLE WINDOW CORNICES. A large Stock to be sold cheap at 652 CRAIG STREET, NEAR BLEURY. MEBILLEUR & CO. GRANITE TEA AND COFFEE POTS. The real thing. Also Copper-Bottom TEA POTS, at 652 CRAIG STREET, NEAR BLEURY. MEBILLEUR & CO.

PHYSICIANS & CHEMISTS. NOURISHING BLOOD The Blood imparts to the system elements which are ESSENTIAL to its existence. PHOSFOZONE! the effects of which are speedily apparent in a gain of bodily vigor and mental energy. H. R. GRAY, Oct 24-3m St. LAWRENCE STREET.

GRAY'S CASTOR-FLUID, A most pleasant and agreeable Hair-Dressing—cooling, stimulating and cleansing. Promotes the growth of the Hair, keeps the roots in a healthy condition, prevents dandruff, and leaves the Hair soft and glossy. Price 25c per bottle. For sale at all Druggists. HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist, 144 St. Lawrence Street (Established 1859.)

DR. A. C. MACDONELL, 90 CATHEDRAL STREET, MONTREAL. [40-52] NO CURE NO PAY Catarrh, Bronchitis, Consumption, Asthma, Epilepsy, Piles, all Blood Diseases, permanently cured. Sent to any part of the Dominion, post paid on receipt of price—a liberal discount to Clergymen, Physicians and Charitable Institutions. B. E. McGALE, Dispensing Chemist, 361 St. Joseph Street.

J. EMERY CODERRE, M.D. EXPECTORATING SYRUP Of Dr. J. Emery-Coderre, Prof. Materia Med. and Therapeutics. DR. J. EMERY CODERRE'S EXPECTORATING SYRUP is prepared under his direction, and with the approbation of the Professors of the Medical School of Medicine and Surgery, Montreal, Faculty of Victoria College, Quebec. For the last twenty-five years the Expectorating Syrup has been administered with the greatest success in Coughs, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Affections of the Lungs, Hooping-Cough, Whooping-Cough, &c. in the latter case it is necessary to take first a Cathartic.

Infants' Syrup. PREPARED BY DR. CODERRE. "THE INFANTS' SYRUP" is prepared with the approbation of the Professors of the Medical School of Medicine and Surgery, Medical Faculty of Victoria College. This Syrup can be given, in all conditions, to Infants, in cases such as Croup, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Puffed Swellings, Inability to Sleep, Coughs, Colds, &c.

CERTIFICATES. We, the undersigned Physicians, after carefully examining the composition of the Expectorating Syrup of Dr. J. Emery-Coderre, M.D., certify that it is a most valuable medicine for the treatment of diseases requiring the use of expectorants. We, the undersigned Physicians, after having examined the composition of the Infants' Syrup, certify that it is a most valuable medicine for the treatment of diseases requiring the combined use of tonic and alterant agents.

LAWLOR'S CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES. PRICE \$35 with attachments. THE NEW LAWLOR FAMILY MACHINE Is unequalled in light running, beauty and strength of work, stillness of motion and a reputation attained by its own merits. It is the cheapest, handsomest, best technically constructed Machine, most durable and the least liable to get out of order of any Machine now being manufactured. A complete set of Attachments with each Machine. Examine them before you purchase elsewhere. J. D. LAWLOR, MANUFACTURER, AGENT FOR New York & Paris Fashion Co's "REVERUCOUS" PAPER PATTERNS. 365 NOTRE DAME STREET, Montreal.

CAPITAL AND LABOUR.

Capital is simply the savings of previous labour and is useful in sustaining present and future labour.

Capital, therefore, is produced by labour. Labour is simply toilome work, which is generally performed under the direction of bosses or task-masters, and is rewarded by drafts on the fruits of previous labour or Capital.

The custodians of Capital may abuse their position and grind the faces of labourers; and, labourers may form trades-unions and organize strikes; but, labour and capital will not quarrel any more than a man will quarrel with his meals.

New Goods Opening Up Daily.

New Dress Goods, 12 1/2c. New Dress Poplins, 25c a yard. New Scarlet Flannels, 25, 30, 35, 40.

NEW HOSIERY,

NEW GLOVES, NEW CLOUDS, NEW FANCY WOOLENS.

Mens' Cardigan Jackets. Ladies' Sleeveless Jackets. Ladies' Wool Cuffs. Ladies' Wool Mitts.

Tailoring! Tailoring!! Tailoring!!!

ULSTER TWEEDS.

SCOTCH TWEEDS. ENGLISH TWEEDS. FRENCH COATINGS. GERMAN COATINGS.

Over Coatings in Great Variety.

Mantles made to order. Ladies' Dresses made to order. Ulsters made to order. For stylish Dressmaking Go to CHEAPSIDE.

Scotch Under Clothing!

Ladies' Shetland Wool Under Dresses. Ladies' Lamb's Wool Under Vests and Drawers.

Colored Cashmeres. Seal, Navy, Myrtle, Plum, Prune, Drab, Grey, &c.

Black Silks.

Ponson's Black Silks \$1.25, worth \$1.75. Jaubert's Silks, \$1.25, worth \$1.75.

Colored Silks.

Seal, Navy, Myrtle, Plum, Prune, Drab, Grey, &c. For a well-made Silk Dress go to CHEAPSIDE.

AT CHEAPSIDE!

437 & 439 NOTRE DAME STREET, A. A. MURPHY, PROPRIETOR.

May 2, 77 [Established 1819.] 1.38y

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF THE CITY OF MONTREAL.

At a meeting of this Company, held on the 26th December, inst., Mr. Charles Garth presiding, it was resolved:

That it is the duty of the Directors of this Company to express, in their own name and in that of the Shareholders, their sincere regret at the loss of their President, Jean Baptiste Beaudry, Esq., who died on the 29th of November last, and to offer at the same time, their most sympathetic condolence to his family;

That the late Mr. Beaudry, one of the founders of this Company and, for nine years, one of its Directors, was also its Vice-President when he succeeded, as President, on the 28th of January, 1876, the late Benjamin Comte, Esq., who died on the 22nd of the same month;

That his affability, his experience, his spirit of order and economy rendered him eminently qualified to fulfil the office, the duties of which he discharged with energy and impartiality;

That his great confidence in the system of mutual insurance, when properly administered, had led him to join the number of those whose energy and devotion made of this Canadian company an institution worthy in all respects of the public confidence;

That the Secretary is charged to present the foregoing resolutions to the family of the regretted President;

At the same meeting, R. A. R. Hubert, Esq., Prothonotary, was elected President for the current year, instead of the late J. B. Beaudry, Esq., and Owen McGarvey Esq., Vice-President, Pierre Lamotte, Esq., N. P. was also elected a director instead of the late J. B. Beaudry, Esq.

CANADIAN ITEMS.

IF ANY of our readers know of the address of Mr. M. Cleary, book agent, they will please forward it to this office.

Mr. THOMAS BARRY, Vice-President of the St. Patrick's Society of Richmond, Que., is in this city, and will accompany the Young Irishmen's Dramatic Company, which leaves this city to-night for Richmond to give an entertainment under the auspices of the above Society.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—In behalf of the orphans of St. Patrick's Asylum I acknowledge, with thanks, having received from the following young men, members of the Prince of Wales' Rifles, their annual drill pay:—Chas. Boyle, W. E. Mullin, Wm. Creamer, Thos. Culbano, B. Conaughton, J. A. McDonnell, J. McNamara, T. McCaffrey, J. Cutler, J. McCroly.—L. W. Leclair, priest.

OTTAWA.—Mr. Martin Battle collector of Inland Revenue for the district of Ottawa is a candidate for Separate School Trustee in Ottawa Ward. Mr. Battle would be a valuable acquisition to the Board and the rate payers will consult their best interests by returning him.

FATHER DUNPHY.—The great love which the late Father Dunphy felt for the Catholic people of Carleton and the ardor with which he entered into anything pertaining to their spiritual or temporal welfare, often manifested itself during the time he was amongst them, and the people appreciated his exertions in their behalf, being always willing to co-operate with him in his laudable efforts, and happy to accede to any request he made of them. Notably this was seen five years ago, when, at his invitation in St. Patrick's Hall, two hundred knelt and received the total abstinence pledge. This number increased until the Society numbered eight hundred on the register. Father Dunphy's successor, the Rev. T. Connolly, V. G., and whose name has been known for many years in this Province, as a zealous priest and earnest worker in the Temperance cause continues the good work in Carleton, and purposes on next Sunday evening to administer the pledge to the members of St. Patrick's Society,—the five years for which they had taken it having expired. It is expected that many gentlemen from St. John will attend the grand rally in St. Patrick's Hall on next Sunday evening, and, no doubt, will have cause to be pleased with its success. The members of St. Patrick's T. A. S. has just cause to feel proud of their Society, as, during the past five years, they have only lost, by expulsion for drunkenness, thirty-five members. Such an account speaks well for the stability of the members who compose the Society. During the past five years the Society has done a vast amount of good, by reclaiming some from the path of drunkenness, by the distribution of money to the sick members, and by its influence for good amongst the community at large. At present the Treasurer's account shows a balance in favor of the Society of \$230.—St. John's Herald.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE POPE'S JEST.—At the announcement of the recent death of the Princess Bourghese, Plus the Ninth was deeply moved. "She was younger than I am," he said smiling sadly. He was afterwards told of the death of Field-Marshal Wrangel at the age of ninety-four. The Pope's countenance brightened; his smile lost its sadness. He began to count on his finger, "Hm—88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94—seven years left." We sincerely hope so.—London Examiner.

OSHAWA, CANADA.—At the last monthly meeting of the St. Patrick's Benevolent Society No. 273 I.C.B. U. S., and No 17 of Canada, the election of officers took place, which resulted as follows:—President Henry Howard (re-elected); Vice-President, John Gallagher (re-elected); Secretary, Thomas Byrne (re-elected); Treasurer, Dennis Balf; Chief Marshal, Jas. Gibbons (re-elected); Assistant Marshal, John Hunt (re-elected); Librarian, Lawrence Cayley; Stewards, Henry Howard and Bernard Murphy; Messenger, John Hunt; Hall Committee, Daniel Buckley, Henry Howard, and M. J. Wall; Band Committee, M. P. Warren, M. J. Wall, and Henry Howard; Investigating Committee, Daniel Buckley and Henry Howard.

THE MILITARY RESOURCES OF ENGLAND.—The military resources of England on paper are:—In the United Kingdom, 105,000 regular troops, 134,500 militia, 14,830 yeomanry, 174,241 efficient volunteers, 16,000 first-class, and 21,000 second-class army reserve, making a total of 454,000 men. Of these, the active army, about 80,000 men of the militia reserve, and the first-class reserve, are alone liable to serve out of the country. The British army in India is not to be taken into consideration in the estimates of forces available for a war on the Balkan peninsula, or about the Black Sea, for it has to remain in India for obvious reasons. It is stated from English sources that the paper estimate of 454,000 men would be reduced to about 100,000 men in case of actual war with a foreign power. England's navy, however, is her strength. It numbers 68 iron-clad, 300 steamers, and 170 sailing vessels, all available for war service. The iron-clads are all powerful vessels, some of them registered as high as 12,000 tons. A portion of this fleet is now at B-sika Bay, at the foot of the Dardanelles, and within easy reach of Constantinople. Last summer there was some talk of an English army being landed at Gallipoli, on the straits, 140 miles below Constantinople, and making that point the source of distribution, as it was during the Crimean war.

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRAPEFUL 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 doctor's bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame.—Civil Service Gazette. Sold only in Packets labelled—"James Epps & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, 48 Thredneedle Street, and 170 Piccadilly, London.

MONTREAL MARKET.

Superior Extra, \$6 00 to 6 10 Canada Wheat, 0 00 to 0 00 Extra Superior, 0 00 to 5 80 Curr, 60 lbs 2 20 to 2 25 Flour, 5 35 to 5 40 Onis, 32 lbs 28 c to 30c

TORONTO MARKET.

Wheat, \$1.24 to 1.26 Butter, tub d. best 0.15 to 0.17 Spring, per bu, 1.07 to 1.10 Butter store, Ad 0.12 to 0.13

KINGSTON MARKET.

Flour, per bbl \$7 50 to 8 00 Tallow rendered 0 07 to 0 08 Barley, per bu 2 50 to 3 00 Eggs, fresh, p do 0 12 to 0 13 Family " " 0 00 to 0 10 Chickens, pair 0 30 to 0 40

THE OTTAWA MARKET.

Oats, 31c to 33c Partridge, 10c to 15c Peas, 7 00 to 7 25 Eggs per doz, 18c to 19c Buckwheat, 50c to 55c Butter in print per lb 17c to 18c

J. H. SEMPLE

IMPORTER AND WHOLESALE GROCER, 53 ST. PETER STREET, MONTREAL.

WANTED—A young man from 17 to 20 years of age for a retail grocery store. One well acquainted with his business, and can give security preferred. Apply by letter to "R. W." TRUE WITNESS OFFICE.

WANTED—A Male Teacher, holding at least, a Second Class Certificate, for the Catholic Separate School, Brockville, Ont. Salary liberal. Duties begin 7th JAN., 1878. Apply to Rev. FATHER MCCARTHY, P.P. 194

PIANOS Retail price \$750 only \$235; \$650, \$475. Organs, 16 stops, \$120; 13 \$90; 12 \$85; 9 \$65; 2, \$15—Grand new, warranted, 15 days' test trial. Other bargains, 54-cp. Illustrated Newspaper all about Piano-Organ War, FREE. DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N.J. Nov 14, '77-78

IRISH CATHOLIC UNION.

BRANCH NO. 8. The weekly meeting of the above branch will take place at their Hall, Alexander Street, on Thursday evening, 10th inst., at 8 o'clock sharp, every member should be present, as business of importance will be discussed in reference to the new Constitution and By-Laws.

By Order, P. HUGHES, Secretary.

COAL COMBINATION.

WE ARE OPPOSED TO THEM: They are injurious to both, Retailer and Consumer; and only serve to enrich Wealthy Corporations at the expense of the poor man.

SCOTCH GRATE COAL. "No family should be without it." "CROSS CREEK LEHIGH."

WOOD OF ALL KINDS: LOWEST PRICES. FRANK BRENNAN & CO. 134 & 237 Bonaventure Street.

SOLAINTE MATT AGAD.

J. T. HENDERSON, 191 St. Peter Street, (NEXT TO CRAIG.)

BEGS to call the special attention of the Irish Ladies to his new Irish-Canadian Christmas Card, which he has just published, and is now selling rapidly. The design is emblematic of love of the Old Country and Canada—being a combination of the Shamrock, Autumn Maple Leaves, and Birch Bark, executed by Prang, the well-known Artist.

PRICE: 10 cents each, or \$1.15 a dozen. Dec 12, '77

BURY & MCINTOSH,

ASSIGNEES AND ACCOUNTANTS, MOLSON'S BANK CHAMBERS, Corner St. James and St. Peter Street. Entrance on St. Peter Street.)

GEORGE BURY, Official Assignee. JOHN MCINTOSH, Accountant. 1y

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1875.

AND AMENDING ACT. In the matter of Martin O'Loughlin, of the City and District of Montreal, Grocer and Trader. An Insolvent. The Insolvent has made an assignment of his estate and effects to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at the office of PERKINS, BEAUSOLEIL & PERKINS, 60, St. James Street in Montreal, on Tuesday the 29th day of January, A.D., 1878, at 11 o'clock A.M., to receive statements of his affairs, to appoint an Assignee if they see fit and for the ordering of the affairs of the Estate generally.

ARTHUR M. PERKINS, Assignee. 22-2

RUSSIAN PERSECUTIONS.

The spectacle which Russia is at this moment presenting to the world is a strange one, and no less afflicting than it is strange. When a Nero or a Diocletian persecuted the Christians they did not play a double game by waging bloody wars against hostile nations under the pretext of defending violated rights and oppressed consciences. But whilst Russia is covering the plains and the hillsides of Bulgaria with dead bodies and ruins, and affirming that she is fighting only for the liberty and faith of the Christian people of these countries, the Catholics continue to be persecuted in the interior of the Muscovite Empire with ever increasing severity. We might cite many examples in support of this statement, but we think that the following will suffice:—

In the city of Nieswicz, in Lithuania, the capital of the immense domains of the Radevill family, there formerly existed three Catholic convents founded by the piety of the princes of this house. Two of them were suppressed ten years ago, viz., that of the Benedictines, which has been turned into a schismatic church, and that of the Dominicans, which has become a Russian school. There still remained a convent of Benedictine nuns, who were joined in the year 1868 by the Sisters of the same Order, brought from the suppressed convent of Minsk. A desire was even manifested to compel these Sisters to adopt the Russian ritual. They refused to do so, and their final dispersion was accordingly decided upon. It was the infamous administrator of this diocese, Zylinski, the docile instrument of the government, who went to Nieswicz to put this order into execution. He allowed the Sisters only five hours to make the preparations for their departure. Most of the inhabitants, with the Princess Radevill at their head, supplicated him in vain not to be so relentless in his summary tyranny; he was inflexible. And this conduct has gained for him the decoration of the Cross of St. Ann, for which he has certainly worked very industriously. The Benedictine nuns, however, found time to convey to the castle of Prince Radevill all the most precious articles that were in their church. The Princess and her young daughter accompanied them, serving as their guides. The police did not dare to prevent them from performing this act of kindness, as this princess' father, Prince Anthony Radevill, who is now at Berlin, is a Prussian subject, and a cousin of the Emperor William, a circumstance which had a powerful influence on the police officer and the gendarmes. During the time that this was taking place Zylinski ordered some of the wagons used by the peasantry to be brought along for the purpose of conveying the nuns to the railway station. To convey cloistered nuns in such wagons!—This was an idea worthy of the man who had betrayed his God and sold his conscience. Fortunately, the Princess Radevill did not allow a single outrage to be perpetrated upon those unfortunate Benedictine nuns. She let them all her carriages. The nobility of the neighborhood, who were visiting at her house, followed her example; and even word was sent to others in the immediate neighborhood to send their carriages. And the Sisters were thus able to leave their convent in which they had spent so many long years in prayer. They wept bitterly; and the thing that grieved them most was they had to go so far away from the tomb of a Sister beside which they were accustomed to pray; for they considered her a saint and looked upon her as their special protectress. They even related miracles with which she had answered their prayers. The sight of these poor Sisters hunted from their holy and peaceful home, and weeping over their undeserved misfortune, very deeply affected the people of Nieswicz who flocked to the convent to bid them adieu. The sorrow of the multitude broke out in murmurs and sobs when the agents of the government brought out on a bed which she was never to leave, a Sister over ninety years old, whom the pitiless government would not leave to die inside the gate of the convent in which she had spent her life.

The nuns were conveyed, first to the carriages, and then by railway, ever under the care of the gendarmes, to some convent or other in Vilna. But there was not room enough for all of them, and so some were sent off to Grodno, whither they were escorted by the gendarmes. These odious persecutions of the Latin Catholics are only the first act of the drama of which the United Greeks of Chelm have seen the last. These poor people whom the Government has taken the most barbarous means to drive into schism, and who have faithfully remained Catholic in spite of Muscovite tyranny, no longer to their old churches which have been given to the schismatics, content the popes who have been imposed on them, and live after the manner of the early Christians.—They are always harassed by the persecutions of the Russian authorities, and defend themselves as best they can. Their means of wreaking vengeance and by no means praiseworthy. But yet they give evidence of their ever increasing hatred of the schism, and of the Government of the Czar. On this point a St. Petersburg journal called the *Nevada* furnishes the following facts:—

On the 28th of September, of the present year, the quondam United Greek church of Biala, in Podlachia, which is now in the hands of the schismatics, was opened in the early morning by the beadle for the purpose of ventilation, and that officer who is an old soldier, was sweeping out the court yard. Two unknown persons approached him, exchanged a few words with him, and then entered the church. The beadle was in no way annoyed about this, thinking that they went in to pray. After he had completed his sweeping, he went to close the church door; but no sooner did he look inside than he was appalled. The *icones*, or images of the saints in the Byzantine style, the *setriemnik*, or table which is used for an altar, the *anase*, a pulpit in which the Pope reads the Gospel, the gates of the door leading to the sanctuary, the sacred vessels, and the carpets were all tumbled top-sy-turvy, thrown together in indescribable confusion, broken or spoiled.—The poor beadle ran to tell the pope, the pope made no delay in informing the police, and the police searched everywhere for the culprits, but they could not find them. And this is not an isolated fact. Another schismatic church that formerly belonged to the United Greeks like the one at Biala, which is situated in the little town of Konstantynow, and only a few leagues distant from the one already mentioned, was put in the same state of confusion on the very same day, with this aggravating circumstance that the destroyers returned to accomplish their work, and they twice sent the police hunting for them to no purpose. The first time they found their way in by a window which they broke; but they had not time to do much damage.—They again entered on the night after by breaking the principal door, and smashed to pieces whatever they found inside. The Russian journalist piously exclaims that they "did not even respect the rich presents with which the Czar had deigned to gratify this Church in memory of the return of the United Greeks to orthodoxy."—Catholic Record.

"LE CREDIT FONCIER DU BAS CANADA." The Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of this Company, will take place on Tuesday, the 15th inst., at 2.30 o'clock P.M., in the office of the Company, No. 13 St. Lambert Street, Montreal. M. GUERIN, Cashier.

NEW SCHOOL BOOKS

FOR THE SCHOOL TERM OF 1877-78.

Table listing various school books and their prices. Includes titles like 'The Metropolitan Primer', 'Young Ladies Reader', 'Catholic Catechism', 'French Grammar', 'Latin Grammar', etc. Columns include title, quantity, and price.