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THE IRISH CANADIAN PILGRIMS. ARRIVAL OF THE CITY OF BRUSSELS.

OVIATION IN LIVERPOOL.

POPULAR ENTHUSIASM—THE PILGRIMS SAFE, SOUND, AND SATISFIED—ADDRESS OF WELCOME AND CONGRATULATION—RECEPTION AND ENTERTAINMENT BY THE CATHOLIC CLUB, &c.—

The heart was almost sick with hope deferred, so weary was the vigil for the good ship City of Brussels. Ever since the ominous silence which foretold disaster at sea, there has been patient, anxious watching. News came at intervals, as luckier vessels spoke her, and brought to land the intelligence that she was struggling bravely against the most adverse influences to discharge the grave responsibility her gallant and able commander had undertaken when he sailed out of New York harbor on the 21st of April, amid the thunder of guns and the echoing cheers of a fervent multitude. Expectation rose to fever heat on Friday last, when the telegraph informed us that one of her officers had landed near Queenstown, from the Russia, in search of tugs, and had reported his steamer to be only 270 miles west. The Challenger and another immediately started in quest. From the following day, therefore, eyes were strained over the ocean, sweeping the western horizon for the first uprising of her spars. Sunday passed, and then Monday, without a sign appearing, and disappointment began to overspread all minds. It did not occur to the many that the rough weather which prevailed during the period when she would have reached Queenstown would not only prevent her facing the harbour, but hide her from the view of those on shore. Yet this was what actually occurred. Captain Watkins, the efficient commander, decided to push on to his goal, and gave no hint to the Queenstonians that the object of their watch was passing at last.

HOW SHE WAS DISCOVERED.

There was every likelihood that the City of Brussels was about to steal a march on England as well as Ireland. She rounded the Irish coast, and swept a long way up the channel before discovery was made. On Tuesday morning the Waterford steamer Zephyr (Capt. O'Donnell) passed her, recognized her, and gave her greeting. When Mr. O'Donnell reached Liverpool he reported the meeting, and the news flashed through the town like wild fire. Curiously enough her owner was the first inhabitant of Liverpool to sight her. He had arrived from America on the previous day, per the City of Richmond, and was eagerly waiting for the City of Brussels. Early on Tuesday morning he swept the sea with his glass, from his elevated residence at Upton, and was gladdened when his gaze was interrupted by the familiar bulk of the City of Brussels. She was gliding slowly, and the distinct lines of smoke falling into her wake proved that there were tugs doing duty. Information was immediately transmitted to the office, ere long the Toller was sent down the river to assist the truant home.

MEETING OF KINDRED HEARTS.

At halfpast eleven the tug Spindrift got under weigh, carrying some officials of the company, a detachment of pressmen, and two gentlemen representing Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son, tourist managers. About four miles from the point of departure we came up with the great steamer, and she at once opened her hospitable ports to receive us. The pilgrims crowded the decks and leaned over the bulwarks, full of gladness that they had at length a substantial prospect of stretching themselves on firm earth, and they gave hearty greeting to all who came on board. Shortly afterwards the tug Knight Templar rushed alongside, bearing on her deck a deputation from the Liverpool Catholic Club including Mr. J. J. Yates, the president, Mr. T. Martin, Mr. J. Stannanoght, Mr. W. A. Matheson, Mr. J. Martin Rankin, Mr. J. Prendiville, Mr. T. W. Hughes, Mr. W. Adair, Mr. J. Berry, Mr. J. J. Byrne, &c. Cheers, hearty and prolonged, echoed from vessel to vessel when the function of the newcomers was discovered; and immediately afterwards there was a second and equally enthusiastic demonstration when the tug Wonder was despatched, with Father Nugent on the bridge. An enthusiastic Canadian, with a long memory, roared out the name of the rev. gentlemen the moment he saw him, and the whole body of pilgrims instantly raised a series of thundering hurrahs, which did not cease until the whole party were handshaking. Father Nugent came to welcome many old friends, but he was also representative of his great Total Abstinence League, and he was accompanied by Father Ring, Mr. Charles McArdle, Mr. Bernard Hannin, and Mr. J. J. Fitzpatrick. The good Father Dowd, "guide, philosopher, and friend" of the pilgrims, was the centre of interest, and he gave dignified greeting to all who approached him. The other priests and several of the laymen particularly the worthy standard-bearer, Mr. Bernard Tansy, came in for their due share of individual congratulation and inquiry. Invitations were issued for a short sojourn in Liverpool, and no opposition being offered on behalf of Messrs. Cook frankly accepted.

COMING OF THE RIVER.

Transfer was speedily made of pilgrims, "bag and baggage," to the tug Spindrift, and the following was the muster:—From Montreal: Rev. P. Dowd, Rev. W. Crombleholme, Rev. John Egan, Mr. F. H. McKenna, Mrs. McKenna, Alderman Mullin, Mrs. M. C. Mullarkey, Miss Lizzie Mullarkey, Miss Nellie Mullarkey, Master Mullarkey, Mr. W. Brennan, Mrs. Brennan, Mr. James Sheridan, Miss Sheridan, Mrs. Joseph Cloran, Miss Austin, Miss Alice Austin, Mrs. D. Reese, Mr. Bernard Tansy, and Mr. Farmer. From Toronto: Hon. Mrs. Frank Smith, Mrs. Smith (3), Masters Smith (2), Paris (Ontario): Rev. T. J. Dowling. Thoralid (Ontario): Mr. David Battle, St. Basile, N.B.: Rev. T. F. Barry. Chatham, N.B.: Rev. T. J. Bannan. New York: Major-General Newton, Hon. William Walsh, Miss Jane Carroll, Miss Mary L. Rice, Rev. Thomas Paaffe, Mr. Robert Mellor, Brooklyn: Rev. Joseph Hanlon, and Mr. P. F. O'Brien. Detroit: Mr. O. F. Rabault, and Mrs. Rabault. Philadelphia: Rev. M. Meagher. Pittston: Mr. Thomas Mangin. Lynn: Miss A. Mahon. Total, 47. As the tug swung loose from the steamer, the vocal demonstrations rose again. The crew of the City of Brussels lined the bulwarks in a mass,

cheering and waving their caps, and the crowded tug gave forth responsive thunders. A call for a farewell to Captain Watkins was honoured with three times three, and the last hurrah was given to the brave master of the Challenger, who had faced the Atlantic, hunted by the steamer, and come home as her consort. Then Mr. Tansy unfurled his splendid flag of green to the breeze, and the Papal arms wrought in gold, glittered over the waves of the Mersey. A proud look came into his eyes—a look ominous to transgressors—as he hoisted the historic colours, and kept erect the emblem of faith and nationality. The tug sped on her way in bright sunshine, past the massive walls, colossal docks, and stately warehouses on one side, and the green of fields relieved by the white of countless villas on the other. As we neared the landing stage we saw that our arrival was awaited—that some mysterious magnetic current had heralded the event. The northern portion of the stage was densely covered with eager people, while hundreds of racing figures lilted along the dock piers, converging on the common centre. Here was an ovation, but for one moment a silent one. The next the mass heaved and throbbed, and as the tug swung opposite and disclosed the waving standard, one great shout of welcome and triumph pealed out from thousands of lusty throats, and echoed along the river. The pilgrims answered as lustily, and the cheering became louder and more resonant till it grew hoarse in frantic exultation as Mr. Tansy swept the flag in circles round his head. The police had to make way for the landing so indiscriminately enthusiastic was the pressure of the warm-hearted throng.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

The whole party, on escaping from necessary customs' inquisition, drove directly to the Adelphi Hotel, under the arms of Mr. Yates, whose thoughtful attentions were simply above all praise. On assembling in the building, the following address was read and presented by Father Nugent:—"REVEREND SIR, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—We offer you our hearty congratulations upon your safe arrival, after a long and anxious voyage across the ocean. Throughout this kingdom an intense anxiety was manifested regarding the fate of the City of Brussels. Men of every shade of opinion now rejoice, and thank God—the one Father of all—that you have been delivered from the perils and dangers of the deep. We, Catholics, welcome you to our shores, and congratulate you upon the heroism and loyalty which have drawn you from your distant homes to celebrate in the eternal City of Rome the Pontifical jubilee of our Holy Father Pius IX. Animated with the same love and veneration to the Supreme Pontiff which has inspired you to cross an ocean and a continent, to offer the homage of a great people to his august person, we seize this opportunity to honour your self-sacrificing devotion, which has ever been the heroic characteristic of our ancient race. The Irish people have throughout their chequered history set an example of loyalty to the See of Peter which neither time nor latitude can impair, and which justifies the statement of a distinguished prelate that the Emerald Isle is the brightest gem in the Papal tiara. You, our kindred in blood, whose fortunes are cast so far away from the cradle of our race, by joining in this great pilgrimage—to form one of the two thousand streams of faith now rolling to Rome—have shown that you are true to the imperishable traditions of our ancestry. We hail you then, as most worthy brothers, and while bidding you welcome, we pray you God-speed on your holy mission."

Father Dowd said he had not expected so hearty a welcome. They had met with difficulties and delays, but they had confidence in God as their safeguard. They cheered themselves with exercises that lightened the way. They had their mass on every morning except three. The roll of the sea prevented it on the 23rd of April, and then the falling of their altar wine deprived them of the consolation on two days. From the beginning of the month of May regular exercises were held in honour of our Blessed Mother. He might almost say they were to be envied by those on land for the manner in which they were able to go through their devotions. They went through them fervently, and with the solemnity of a full choir of vocal music. All the passengers took part in chanting the Litany to the Virgin. Thus were they enabled to bear their disappointment, and confirmed in the impression that, though they had something to bear, they were under the protection of God and through His guidance would reach the end they sought. He thought it but justice to say that the captain of the ship, the officers, and the entire crew vied with each other in showing them kindness (hear, hear), in trying to alleviate the disappointment to the utmost of their power. It was impossible, under the circumstances, to have got on better. He thanked his Liverpool friends for their warm manifestation of feeling. They knew it was not intended for them personally, but was inspired by the common cause in which they were enlisted. It would ultimately reach the Holy Father. The object of the pilgrimage was to take part in his celebration, and their Liverpool friends participated by their kindness and sympathy. He thanked them once again very sincerely (applause).

Father Nugent (who was much moved) said that if Liverpool only expressed its real feelings the reception would have been very different. They saw how the poor people greeted them, and every Catholic of position in the town would be as pleased to take part. The uncertainty they had been in as to the arrival of the vessel and the opportunity for doing anything, had defeated the kindest intentions, and the spirit that had been displayed by the gentlemen around must be taken as characteristic of Liverpool generally (hear, hear). They wished to show gratitude to God and hearty sympathy with the pilgrims. He was under particular obligations to Father Dowd and the people of Canada for what they had done for him in the past. He never could forget it, and anything he had put into the words of the address was but a poor expression of his grateful feelings towards Father Dowd personally and the Canadian people in every part of the country he had visited (applause).

THE LUNCHEON.

There was then an adjournment to the great banquet hall of the hotel, where Mr. Ludlow, the

manager, had served up, on exceedingly brief notice, an elegant luncheon. Mr. J. J. Yates, as chief host, occupied the chair, and Mr. T. Martin the vice-chair. On either side of the chairman sat Revs. P. Dowd, M. Donnelly, F. J. Lynch, W. Spencer, and Bradley; Major General Newton, &c. Amongst the local guests not already named were Mr. Sweeney, Mr. Madden, Mr. P. J. McAdam, Mr. J. Twomey, Mr. Johnson, &c. After luncheon,

The Chairman said one toast stood out as pre-eminently belonging to all Catholic gatherings, and it was the toast of him in whose cause, and to honour whom, their guests were there on their way to Rome (applause). Therefore that was a peculiarly fitting occasion on which to propose the health of the head of the Church, and the members of the Catholic Club and some of the clergy of Liverpool were assembled to welcome those who for five or six weeks had been, as it were, martyrs in the Pope's cause (applause). The health of the Holy Father was one that was always received by Catholics with the utmost enthusiasm; and he (the speaker) was sure that the Pope would look upon, as one of the brightest jewels in his crown, the tributes of affection that were brought to him on the occasion of his jubilee by pilgrims from all parts of the world (loud applause).

The toast was warmly honoured. The Chairman next proposed the toast of "The Queen." He said that the majority of the American pilgrims who were on their way to Rome were, like the Liverpool gentlemen present, subjects of her Majesty the Queen (loud applause). There were no more devoted subjects of her Majesty than the Catholics of England, Ireland, and Canada; and whenever they had been called upon to do so, they had shown in the strongest possible sense their affection to the throne (applause).

The toast was heartily drunk. Mr. Thomas Martin proposed "The Health of the Pilgrims." He expressed regret that the task had not been placed in able hands, but said that no gentleman in that assemblage or in Liverpool felt a greater respect than he did for those who had that day arrived amongst them (applause). The pilgrims on their way to pay their devout tribute of respect to the Holy Father, and he might tell them—but that fact they were no doubt already aware—that the long prolongation of their voyage to England had caused a deal of anxiety (applause). Day after day prayers had been offered up for their happy deliverance, and when it was announced to them that morning that the noble ship in which they had sailed from America had succeeded in reaching the shores of England, there was not a man in Liverpool—he might venture to say in the whole country—who was not pleased and gratified beyond measure (loud applause). The pilgrims were not by any means to measure the hospitality of the Catholics of Liverpool by the meagre entertainment which had been offered them (hear, hear). Their arrival had taken the club by surprise, and they had to make their arrangements on a very short notice (applause). In conclusion, Mr. Martin coupled with the toast of "The Pilgrims" the name of Father Dowd, their pioneer (loud applause). The toast having been honoured with enthusiasm,

The Rev. Father Dowd, who was cordially greeted, responded. He said that he must correct his friend's description of him as the pioneer of the pilgrimage. The idea of the pilgrimage originated with one Catholic society, which well represented the Catholic feeling of the Irish inhabitants of Montreal. Perhaps it was not to much to say that the project originated with the president of that society, who thought it would be a becoming and welcome thing that there should be a pilgrimage of the Irish Catholics to Rome. The welcome which had been given to them they received not as intended for themselves, but as an evidence of the fervour in the cause in which they were all engaged, (applause). The pilgrims thought that their journey to Rome from such a distant country as Canada would convince some people that Catholics loved the Holy Father whom they had seen persecuted and robbed; and were willing, as was shown by even their small offerings, to replace that of which he had been deprived, so that men might be convinced that Pius IX. was enthroned in the hearts of his people throughout the whole habitable world (loud applause). When upon their journey they reached New York they received a similar display of kindness. But as they had arrived at the early hour of eight o'clock, the reception did not show that magnificent display of numbers which they had witnessed that day. The hardships which they were said to have gone through did not deserve such name. In fact, to tell the truth, he thought they never had so much fun in their lives, (laughter). If they had been called upon to undergo hardships he hoped they would have been willing to do so, even to the extent of shipwreck; if needs be, he hoped they would be willing to give up their lives in the holy cause (applause). In again thanking them, he reminded them that seven years of his own ministry had been spent in Drogheda, and he had then an opportunity of knowing something of what the spirit of the Catholics of Liverpool was, and he hoped they would not think him ungrateful if he said he was prepared to see that they were willing to do something to show their respect for the Holy Father (applause).

There were now loud calls for General Newton, and the gallant officer rose in response. He said he was surprised at being brought to his feet. He was not an Irishman, but simply a Catholic. He did not know his nationality. He defied anybody to live in America twenty years and not forget that he belonged to any particular nation (hear, hear). America was made up of all nations, and he hoped and thought they got the best of all nations (applause). It seemed to him that of all inventions nationality was the worst, and upon it human system of interference with education and everything they held sacred. It was only for demagogues to appeal to something connected with nationality—some whim or caprice or influence—and they carried the people away with them (hear, hear). Therefore, he was again nationality. He was Catholic in religion, in country, and in everything else (applause). The General proceeded to say that there had been some little difference be-

tween the captain and one or two of the passengers, who thought it better to return to New York. For himself, he must say simply that there was one rule both for war and the sea,—and that was never to turn back until obliged (cheers). This was the first time he had visited the old country from whence his fathers had come—so he had heard, for he knew nothing of it himself (laughter),—and he was very well pleased and thanked them heartily (cheers).

The toast of "The Ladies" was given with captivating eloquence by Mr. W. Madden, and acknowledged by Father Dowd who spoke as general father of them all, and paid them a high tribute for their courage under every trial. The proceedings then concluded.

AT THE CATHEDRAL.

As became good Catholics, grateful to God for bringing them through all perils, the pilgrims then proceeded to the Pro-Cathedral, which was brilliantly lighted and prepared for Benediction. His lordship the bishop had purposed meeting them, and assisting in the solemn service of thanksgiving, but was unavoidably detained out of town. A full congregation assembled in the spacious church, and joined devoutly in prayer and praise. Father Spencer was the officiating priest. Before the close of the ceremonial, Father McLoughlin, Redemptorist, delivered a brief discourse. He said he welcomed a thousand times his fellow Catholics from America, and he felt sure that he expressed the feelings of the lord bishop of the diocese and the clergy and the people when he said that they were extremely delighted to see them assembled within the walls of that church. From the day that the Catholics of this country heard that the pilgrims had received the blessing of the Cardinal-Archbishop of New York, that the pilgrim ship hoisted the Papal colours, and that the other ships in the Bay of New York fell back to give them the honour of precedence, the Catholic priests and people felt deeply interested in their voyage over the Atlantic. When news reached England of the accident that had happened to the City of Brussels, the anxiety was intense; but now they had arrived in safety. The anxiety of some of the passengers on board the ship during those long tedious weeks on the ocean must have been something like the anxiety of Columbus and those whom his historic ship carried to discover that great country from which the pilgrims came. In their peril the pilgrims had their best prayers and warmest sympathies, and that day, thank God, they had their heartiest congratulations. Though the Catholics of Liverpool could not go with the pilgrims to Rome, their hearts' best affections would be with them, and he asked them to lay them at the feet of the great Pontiff of Rome, and to tell him that, while they were assembled in that church to celebrate a Te Deum for their safe arrival, there was also being celebrated there, and in every other Catholic church in Liverpool, a novena in honour of the Pope's jubilee. He hoped the blessing of God would accompany them to their journey's end.

BACK TO THE HOTEL.

On returning to the hotel there were a couple of hours to spare before resuming the journey. A large crowd had assembled in the vicinity of the cathedral, and the Canadians were made the objects of a warm demonstration as they came forth. Round the hotel, too, there were many people equally sympathetic. The interval was spent in pleasant converse, and every moment deepened the liking which had sprung up between the visitors and their friends. Father Dowd made eyes light up when he moved or spoke. General Newton charmed everyone by his frank and unaffected courtesy. Father Sheehy awoke admiration for his stalwart figure and jovial manner. Father Dowling was the essence of quiet politeness. Alderman Mullin was sought out, because he expressed his opinions with American brevity and point. Mr. Tansy was ever a centre of gossip and interest, and he refused to grow tired pleasing all round. Some of the Liverpool gentlemen, with a thoughtfulness that did them credit, were assiduous in waiting upon the ladies. It was a happy family, nearly one hundred strong and the happiness made each unit feel as if acquaintance had been perpetual, not merely scraped up a few hours before.

AU REVOIR.

The hands of the clock flew round, and the golden minutes were passing. Messrs. Cook and Son, living embodiments of punctuality and steam, were inexorable. The Pullman train was timed to leave at 10.40 p.m., and a move must be made. What a pity that the wicked sea should have despotically absorbed the long weeks, and left affectionate friends but the minutes. A month of weary watching, hoping, praying,—and in the end but a half day to enjoy the triumph. But repining is vain. The travellers take up their bundles and depart. The Central Station was thronged. One hundred men of the Total Abstinence League, with insignia, occupied the platform, relieving police and railway officials of duty. A limited number of non-pilgrims pass the cordon. The station is hung with gay bunting, American and British. The files of pilgrims pass in, and up the avenue between lines of carriages, and the lofty roof of the station vibrates with the cheers. Then all is confusion. Ladies are securely packed in the luxurious cars, and luggage stowed away by the ton. Final moments are made most of for fresh adieux. The pilgrims mass together while they wait, and sing "Tara's Hall," "Faith of our Fathers," and a hymn to the Pope. The time for departure arrives, yet still the train is motionless. There is another interval of grace, utilised for fresh demonstrations, fresh vocalising. At length the moment comes when engines will wait no longer, the voyagers take their places, the whistle sounds, and the line of cars is in motion. Then the cheers go up anew, the pilgrims give echo from their enclosures, one long, last, ringing shout splits the air, and the next instant the train has thundered out of sight.

REMINISCENCES OF THE SEA.

On questioning Father Dowling, Father Sheehy, and several other passengers, some interesting reminiscences of the voyage were elicited. The first Sunday on Sea, which was the following day, was marked by no less than seven Masses. They

began at five o'clock, and priests had their first experience of offering the tremendous sacrifice on the ocean. Father Dowd, most loving and impressive of spiritual parents, said the Mass of the community at seven o'clock. Father Crombleholme had come provided with a perfect marvel in the way of an altar. It was a small rosewood box, like a dressing-case. When the lid was raised a cross appeared on the inner side. Beneath was a compartment for the sacred vestments. In other divisions reposed the chalice, Missal-stand, lights, flask for wine and altar breads. The altar stone was in the centre. On either side there were wings to unfold for the Epistle and Gospel sides. The cover had hooks on which were suspended sockets for candles. Everything was complete and in amazingly small compass. Mary, Star of the Sea, was naturally the object of spiritual exercises, and the Ave Maria Stella was daily sung after Rosary. Evening brought renewed exercises. On Monday morning there was Mass at seven o'clock. The wind was heavy, and no more could be celebrated. Shortly afterwards there was a noise like smothering thunder from below, and a violent shivering of the vessel. She seemed to have run upon an iron-bound reef and rent herself. Passengers looked at each other and wondered. Doubt prevailed for a moment, and then it was found that the shaft of the screw had snapped, and that the driving wheel was whirling at three hundred revolutions a minute. By-and-by the vessel came to a halt. Consultation succeeded. The captain found that they were only 500 miles from New York; there were no adverse winds, and as his charges did not object, he resolved to hoist sail and push onward with his voyage. During the afternoon the breeze fell, and progress was slow, tedious, and tiring. But the pilgrims found occupation and recreation in their devotions, and they recked nothing of the speed. Tuesday came and brought with it a French steamer which, however did not answer the signal hung out. Other vessels also passed, notably the barque Danube, on the 27th, which reported the meeting afterwards. The 28th had no Mass, because of the wild winds and waves, but Sunday, the 29th was fully observed. The City of Berlin came in view on the 30th. Tuesday opened the Month of May, and the pilgrims instituted appropriate exercises in honour of our Holy Mother. The captain gave the ship's flowers for altar decoration, and a statue of Mary was reared in their midst. All the passengers are touched by the associations in which they move, and the pilgrims are overflowing with gratitude to Capt. Watkins. They held a meeting in the evening, drew up an address embodying their admiration and confidence, and presented it to him. On May 8th the City of Richmond came up, en route to New York, and not only supplied whatever was necessary, but took charge of all letters, and one passenger whose business did not allow him to risk delay if he could avoid it. There was great excitement when the City of Richmond was sighted, and much curiosity when the little boat was towed to her. Cheers were exchanged at the parting. Ascension Thursday brought a general Communion, and an immense lighting of spirits in consequence. Men and women felt stronger than ever. The day following witnessed the discharge of the deep of 120 tons of beef forming part of the cargo. No ice remained to devote to its preservation, and the sacrifice became necessary. On Saturday, the 12th, a sailing ship was spoken. It became evident about this that the removal of the meat had affected the equilibrium of the steamer, and thereby rendered the rudder scarcely controllable. This necessitated a redistribution of cargo, and 80 tons had to be brought aft. From thence signals were regularly exchanged with outward-bound steamers, until the 24th, when the Cunard liner Russia, on her homeward voyage, overtook them about 270 miles west of the Irish coast. The Queen's birthday had been honoured by a salute that morning. Captain Watkins sent his fourth officer, Mr. Cummings, on board the Russia, and he was landed at Crookhaven. His object was to obtain the aid of a tug. The Challenger at once put to sea, provided with exact charts of the whereabouts of the City of Brussels, but in the meantime the wind became favourable and when she was reached was only 150 miles from Queenstown, and going at 8½ knots an hour. Consequently the tug did not get a cable, but steamed alongside. On Saturday night something like a storm set in, and much difficulty was experienced in covering the knots. Queenstown became out of the question, and the captain gave up the idea, heading on for Liverpool. The haziness of the weather rendered futile the look-out in that quarter. On Sunday morning the Challenger fastened a hawser and began to tow, and from thence till the home arrival there was nothing worthy of mention. We may state that the leisure hours on board were spent agreeably, in quills, cards, chess, and other games, and in rowing round the steamer during calms.

A GRAVE IN THE CAVERNS OF THE DEEP.

One of the ordinary passengers was an old man—a centenarian, according to his own account—named Peter Fagan, a native of Dundalk, who had spent thirty-five years in America, and was returning home with the savings of his exile—about 1,000 dollars. He wanted to close his eyes, and sleep his last sleep, in the "Old Land." But God willed otherwise. He fell ill on the way, and there was no hope of recovery. The lamp was on the point of going out. Father Crombleholme attended him, and saw him die on the 15th inst. On the next day his coffin was wrapped in the Union Jack, and the burial service performed by his last spiritual adviser. The bells of the ship tolled, and a sadness fell over the entire vessel, and the coffin, heavily weighed, was cast into the deep.

ARRIVAL IN LONDON.

Our London correspondent writes that the pilgrims arrived in London at six o'clock Wednesday morning, and put up at the Midland Hotel. They started again by the southern train at 5.30, and it is their intention to spend Saturday and Sunday in Paris, and a similar period at Lourdes, where the flag will be deposited. They do not expect to reach Rome before the 11th inst. Father Dowd telegraphed from London to the Vatican, requesting a special audience.—Catholic Times, June 15.

KATHERINA:

A STORY OF IRISH VALOUR AND CATHOLIC VIRTUE IN THE MAORI WAR.

BY M. W. KIRWAN,

Author of "La Compagnie Irlandaise."

CHAPTER V.

That God's most dreaded instrument In working out a pure intent In man—arrayed for mutual slaughter— Yes, carnage is his daughter.

WORDSWORTH.

It was a lovely moon-lit night when George Bellow commanded the outpost of the grand guard in front of the Maori position on the shores of Lake Taupo. Along the tops of the deep-set bush before him the moon beams play in easy gambols, while the entire forest is bathed in a flood of genial brightness. The star-spangled heavens add additional lustre to the brilliant canopy above, and a path of light traverses the surface of the water, and seems to penetrate to the dark unfathomed caves of the ocean. The firmament over head is indeed unknown to his senses, the sky is, perhaps, blacker than it is in his native Ireland, and impresses a feeling of boundless immensity on his mind. But the Belt of Orion is visible, and it connects the new heavens bending over him with the spotted vault beneath which he was born. It is still December, and a glimpse of a portion of the Greater Bear recalls the memory of home, while the position of the Southern Cross indicates, like a sun-dial in the heavens, that the midnight hour is passed. Beyond the open space in front of the position a belt of timber cuts the rolling plain in two, and looks to his experienced eye as a likely place to conceal a wary foe. The sentinels patrol their beats in quiet solitude, and George Bellow is making the midnight rounds. He is accompanied by the usual escort, and he cautiously approaches the outer posts of the guard to see that all is well. Along the margin of a quickset hedge, where the luxuriant flax plants dot the marshy ground below, where the tender shoots of the solitary palm have been appropriated by some epicurean New Zealander, the "rounds" march on, until at last the familiar "who goes there" of the last of the sentinels brings the group promptly to a halt. The brilliancy of the moonlit landscape, the English troops behind, the Maories, perhaps, in, front, the resolute, yet the quiet attitude of the sentinel, as he stands firmly at the "charge bayonets," and the easy position of the "rounds," as they halt for the usual formalities to be gone through, make up a scene singularly attractive. But it was only for a moment, and as George Bellow looked steadily away in the direction of where he thought the enemy lay, he heard something rustling along the hidden portion of the fence before him. In an instant the revolver that hung from his belt was drawn from its case, followed by his escort, he stealthily advanced towards the scrub whence the noise had proceeded. The moon's rays penetrated through the interwoven saplings, and still the noise continued, as if the origin of the cause proceeded from the very roots of the bush. Every crevice along the quickset ditch was carefully examined, and still the unaccountable noise continued to advance before the officer and his escort, while the soldiers became excited with the singular incident which still prompted them on. The outposts had all been passed, before they lay the suspicious belt of timber, while the patrol still cautiously followed the tearing through the scrub, until at last a ravine stopped their further progress and the mystery was still unsolved. The moon still threw her brilliant rays over the scene, and lit up every dark nook upon the open country around, and even penetrated through the dense foliage of the bush, and bathed the rank vegetation beneath with her softening brilliancy.

Where the fence merged into the bush beyond the ravine, deep crouched, under the dense fern trees, and the broad shadows of the Necow, well concealed under a canopy of leaves, a group of tattooed warriors were gazing with distended eyes at the English patrol beyond. There could not have been less than thirty rifles pointed towards George Bellow and his escort, and but for the well-directed prudence of the officer in seeking cover for his men among the list of casualties on the opening of the Waikato campaign, would have been the names of Lieutenant George Bellow and his patrol. The Maories were evidently somewhat disconcerted at precautionary measures of the English officer, and held hurried conversations as to how they could best circumvent their wary foe.

"Iwika," whispered a young man of faultless mould to an aged warrior at his side, "now is the time to see the young Pakeha, for whom you have the token from the fair girl at Auckland; it must be he who commands yonder soldiers, for our spies have told us that that same Pakeha officer would be an outpost duty for the English to-night."

"Heki," said Iwika, addressing his son, "this is a mission full of danger, and if I am suspected remember your father's blood will swell the gulf of your revenge upon the Pakeha."

"Fear not for the son of Iwika," replied Heki. "I have many reasons to prompt me on to vengeance. I am not likely to forget our Maori creed; the blood of the father shall be avenged by the son, and the son's son, for the seventh generation."

"Yes, yes, Heki, remember, this war must be prosecuted if we expect to hold even what is left of the land of our fathers. Remember this is not the everlasting abode of the spirit, but here I see the gloomiest prospects for the descendants of Maui. I had a vision not two moons ago, in which I saw my people drying up like a river where there is no rain, and the missionaries will soon toll their bell when there will be none to answer it," and Iwika looked vaguely into the open space beyond him, almost forgetting the exciting position in which he was placed. He appeared to think that his end was at hand, that his sands were run, and that the vision he had seen was the precursor of his death. Like Hinawata, he beheld in that vision—

All the secrets of the future, All the land was full of people, Restless, struggling, toiling, striving, In the woodlands rang the axes, Smoked their towns in all the valleys. Over all the lakes and rivers Rushed their great canoes of thunder.

Then a darker, drearier vision Passed before me, vague and cloudlike, I beheld our nations scattered All forgetful of my counsels, Weakened, warring with each other. Saw the remnants of our people Sweeping westward wild and woful Like the cloud rack of a tempest Like the withered leaves in autumn.

The head of Iwika sank upon his breast, he breathed as if, in anguish, and "not until the sharp crack of a rifle sounded upon the calm still air did he move from an attitude of deep melancholy thought. A Maori had fired the first gun of the campaign. The shot had cut through the shako of one of the patrol that accompanied George Bellow upon his rounds.

"Curse on the fool," hissed Heki, "we could have brought them quite within our grasp only for that silly shot. Now, son of Iwika, to avenge the blood of a generation of sires," and the fierce young man almost became imprudent in his desire to encounter the detached troops before him. Towards the edge of the timber, beneath which the Maories were concealed, the shrub became almost impenetrable, and the pliable supple-jack made a perfect network of elastic cane, through which the Maories writhed with snake-like movements. Every motion brought them nearer their enemy, between whom and themselves, however, there was a broad stretch of open fern land. They knew that whatever was to be done should be done quickly, for the English company already showed signs of activity. The posts were all alarmed, and along the line of advanced guard everything indicated a state of preparedness for which the Maories were quite ready. The almost inaudible "coo-ee, coo-ee," of the New Zealanders occasionally sounded upon the air, and kept up a well-sustained line of communication between the tattooed natives as they directed their movements towards the well-sheltered men in their direct front. Lieutenant Bellow had meantime carefully disposed his men so as to guard against surprise, and knowing that retreat along the sheltered side of the quickset bush was at all times secure, he held to his position with calm persistency. Supports had, indeed, come to his assistance, and he had ordered one of his own men to discharge his gun in order to show the troops that the first shot was not a mere accident. His position overlooked the ravine, and swept the open spaces that divided him from the foe. For either to cross the open ground would have been rashness, and as the Maories had now no hope of cutting off the retreat of the patrol, they set up a yell of defiance. Heki began a song heaping contempt upon the prowess of the English—

An attack! an attack! E ha! A battle! a battle! E ha! A fight on the shores of the lake. It is completely swept and emptied. O you would fight, you would fight. You had better stay at home in Europe. You have suffered a repulse on Lake Taupo. We have driven you back to your god. You must cast your religion on the ground. An attack! an attack! E ha! A battle! a battle! E ha!

Along the stretch of timber in front of the English position the wild chant was tauntingly sung, and gradually died away through the bush as the natives retired to their stronghold at Okaihu, where a formidable pah had been erected, and where the difficulties of the marshy country and impenetrable scrub rendered artillery useless. It was here Potatau had erected his standard, and had surrounded himself with the choice spirits of his people, and it was here Katherina was still under the bright heavens in front of her father's whare, thinking of her protector, George Bellow, who at that same moment was facing a hostile group of her father's people. The village was almost quiet, except here and there some one more anxious than the rest sat through the weary hours of the night regardless of repose. An occasional dog prowled about the place, or some stray animal rooted among the fences that surrounded the small clearings belonging to the proprietors of the respective whares. The moon had become overcast, and the clouds were scudding over the tops of the giant trees that skirted the Maori village. Katherina sat listlessly thinking of the past, of Auckland and its associations, of the sainted Father O'Reilly who had baptised her, and the hours had stolen on, one by one, until her weary eyelids closed in repose. The clouds deepened overhead, and the wind whistled through the branches of the tortora and kauri trees, and moaned a dirge over the faded leaves that were blown in scattered profusion from off their forest stem, still Katherina slept on. Her native hardihood had not been weakened by a residence among the Pakeha, no more than the free-born colour of her cheek had faded under the shelter of an European abode. Katherina was still Maori in physique, and all the native endurance of her race was developed in her beautifully moulded frame. But even she shuddered under the influence of the sudden and penetrating blast that chilled her person. One of these sudden and often severe squalls for which the climate of New Zealand is remarkable had agitated the atmosphere, and had changed the temperature from that of a summer's evening to that of a cold autumn night. But still Katherina slept on, and it was something more than the pressure of the summer gale that caused her to start in alarm from her posture and look wildly into the face of the youthful warrior who stood frowningly before her.

"Heki," said Katherina, drawing back in alarm from the tattooed countenance of the young New Zealander. "What does the son of Iwika want with the daughter of Potatau so long before the sun has risen to spread its all-repeating rays upon the land of Maui, 'or," she added, looking in terrified alarm at the form and countenance of the young man before her, "are you really Heki, or that spirit of his departed sire who comes with the moons to work some mischief upon his head?"

"Katherina," replied the youth, "it is not my grandfather's spirit but it is I, Heki, the man whom you have refused for your lover, into whose whare you have refused to enter, and for whom you have refused to work baskets and mats."

"Then why abroad at this early time, when the moon indicates that the dawn is still far off, and the dark enveloping night covers the children of Tane Mahuta?"

"Whence I come is for warrior ears, not for yours," answered Heki; "the daughter of Potatau might, however, wish to know something of the Pakeha soldier of whom she dreams when sleep dwells upon her frame."

"Heki," answered Katherina, in an accent of alarm, while her shrinking form and wildly distended eyes showed how deeply interested she had become, as if the tattooed semi-savage before her had struck the key-note of her very being.

"Yes," continued Heki; "the gods inspire those who sleep soundly, and often have the spirits of Maui, Tangaroro, and Tane Mahuta spoken through the whispered slumbers of their sleeping people."

"You speak in wild riddles, Heki, riddles as unreadable as the incantations of your god of winds and storms, Tawhiri-ma-tea."

"Has Katherina returned to the faith of her fathers, or are her words as 'dangerous as the fearful goddess of death of our people, the terrible Hine Nui-te-poo," asked Heki, peering into the face of Katherina with an expression akin to hatred impressed upon his swarthy lineaments.

"Katherina does not lie," said the proud girl, a feeling of indignation coursing through her veins, and a slight blush of shame mounting to her brows, and shedding the faintest of blushes through her deeply coloured face. She moved somewhat uneasily, and the Maori advanced towards her now slightly cowering form, and hissed into her ears:

"Katherina, the Atua of the Maori has deserted you, and the evil spirit of our race, the Whiro of the Maori has taken possession of the once fair form of the daughter of Potatau. Yes, Katherina, I speak truly, for the spirit of Uenuku, whose voice is the thunder, and who lives in the rainbow, has not left the son of Iwika. Not long ago I stood by your side while the shadow of our god of sleep had passed over your eyes, and when your spirit had left its frame and had wandered away over the fields and through the forests of our native bush. Your spirit could not lie, although your tongue has, when the spirit returned from its wanderings,

and you were once more the Pakeha. Katherina. You do not remember speaking of 'Auckland' a few short minutes ago, of a 'Pakeha officer,' and of a brave and handsome 'protector.' You spoke, too, of 'Church' and 'Missionary Fathers,' and even said your 'Faith, your Hope, and your Charity,' were with the Pakeha. This was the truthful reflex of your spirit as it wandered over the fair fields of Waikato, there was no lie in the words uttered by your second self as it left your body while your frame slumbered, but now you lie, Katherina, lie as darkly as ever did your false swearing missionaries when they came full of 'peace and good will,' and swallowed up our lands, and left the children of Maui wanderers over the fair country of their fathers' people. I tell you, daughter of the Maori King, that you are no true friend of our cause, and that the spirit of my grandfather came to you for some reason which I must interpret as a warning, and not as an evil for our race."

"Heki, the voice Tawhiri-ma-tea gives you my reply, you hear the winds are hushed, and they no longer move through the leafy covering of our forest, so I, Katherina, daughter of Potatau, refuse to answer so gross a charge, and shall hush my voice until the time shall come when, like the God of the winds, can prove my influence upon the enemies of my father's tribe," and Katherina closed the door of the whare, and left Heki in a world of doubt, to follow the footsteps of the group of men who with him had returned from reconnoitring the English position in front of Lake Taupo.

The moon gradually sank away towards the horizon, and the darkest hour quickly preceded the coming dawn. The air had become somewhat keener, although its gentle pressure scarcely rippled the surface of the placid waters of Lake Taupo. There is something immeasurably impressive in the solemn stillness of the hour, and the now dark bending vault above gives a funeral shadow to the murky landscape beneath. At last, the smallest tinge of the coming day dots the ink sky, like a thread of gold over a mourning veil, and soon a perfect cloud of daylight bursts out of the dense atmosphere, and sheds its brilliant and enervating influence upon the dew-covered earth. Again the clouds are tinged with colours of varied hues, blending into each other with a harmony that nature alone can accomplish. Turreted castles of fleecy clouds are quickly demolished by advancing hosts of beleaguering armies, while the fancy can see the combat between the hostile masses deepen into closer quarters, and then all vanishes, and in their stead an open expanse of ocean, dotted here and there with the snow-like sail of frigates running before the breeze, appeals to the strained senses of an imaginative looker-on. Beholding a gorgeous sunrise or sunset, man must, indeed, feel the greatness of nature and the littleness of art. The Alps are "grand," Niagara is "splendid," the Rhine and Killarney are "beautiful," the Vale of Avoca is "pretty," but sunset or sunrise is alone "magnificent." In warm latitudes the effect is singularly impressive. Even men who are by habit accustomed to see nature in her varied mood, stand in wondrous awe at the sublime spectacle of the sun sinking or rising through a tropical atmosphere. To see sunrise or sunset about the Line is worth a journey to the Antipodes alone. In New Zealand, indeed, it does not possess such charms; but even there it is always a gorgeous sight to see the blending colours, harmonising so beautifully in all the shaded splendour of the coming or the parting day. Even Katherina was affected that bright December morning, and as she stood thinking of the events of the last few hours, thinking of Heki, of George Bellow, and of the coming war, she could scarcely help contrasting the changing hues of the brilliant coloured clouds to the varied incidents of her somewhat eventful life. How was it all to end, she asked herself over and over again, as she dwelt in anxious forebodings upon the circumstances of the last few days. Her people at war with the Pakeha, her father's life hanging in the balance, her unspoken but unrequited love praying like a canker-worm upon her sensitive nature, and the painful importunities of Heki—a man whom she had learned to seriously dislike—all weighed upon her mind, and covered the once bright intellect with the shadows of dark funeral clouds, and which Katherina in her simplicity interpreted as the coming events of her career. But Katherina was a woman of action as well as a child of sentiment; indeed the two qualities blended with the happiest results, and left her a creature of nature, toned with the experience of semi-savage and civilised life. She appeared to have absorbed all that was good in European thought, and to have rejected all that was bad. Unlike the vast majority of semi-savage people, Katherina had taken only the gems of civilised customs, into her keeping, and had, too, at an early stage of her intercourse with the Pakeha found out the dross from the real gold of the every-day life of the colonists. Thanks to the tuition of some missionaries, Katherina had been well instructed in the dangers that surround the entry of rude people like her own into the harbour of civilised life. As she looked at the gathering warriors of her father's people assembling around the chiefs of the nation at sunrise that morning she knew that more than one anxious eye was cast upon the whare of Potatau, and that, too, in no pleasant nor friendly glance. The women were preparing the morning meal, while the slaves were polishing the accoutrements of the Maori chiefs. Universal activity was everywhere to be seen in and around the group of huts, as through the interwoven branches of the forest the familiar "coo-ee," "coo-ee," proclaimed that all was well in front of the native posts. Already the people began to move towards the pah with their goods and chattels, and it appeared as if everything but the huts themselves were about to be transported within the stockade. In front of the English position the ground became more difficult every inch of the way the bush became almost impenetrable in density, while the troops had to adopt a method of irregular warfare to which they were unaccustomed. Every step was a false one, and amidst the tangled vines of the New Zealand forest the English troop stumbled at every stride. There was, too, that lurking fear of a hidden foe, which is so demoralizing to the soldier on active service. The troops were, however, early on foot, and pushed on through the intricate timber with as much speed as prudence would allow. The outposts had pushed on, and Lieutenant Bellow was still in the advance, feeling his way through the dangerous bush with all the keen experience of a man who was by intuition a soldier. As the troops halted upon the margin of a ravine, where the bubbling waters beneath course on to the outlet that opens into Lake Taupo an orderly arrives from the colonel commanding with orders to Lieutenant Bellow to fall back under cover of an adjoining wood that skirted the ravine and commanded all its approaches.

Away upon the furthest end of the bush a solitary Maori was hid in the deepest gloom that the surrounding timber could afford to his swarthy form, and the wild and passionate expression that passed over his countenance told of the deep anxiety that filled his untutored mind. His face was deeply tattooed, and the curvatures that were traced over his countenance indicated that he was a man of rank amongst his native race. He had neither rifle nor tomahawk, and a simple sheath knife, so indispensable in the bush, was the only weapon he wore. Detection was hardly possible, for his place of concealment was not an objective point to gain, for it could neither flank nor trouble the English position, and the Maori observed all that passed in security. His eyes appeared to follow every movement of George Bellow, and when at last the officer fell back he drew a deep sigh of relief, and audibly said—"Now is my time."

"Coo-ee—coo-ee" came in gentle yet firm accents from his tattooed lips. In an instant the soldiers were under cover, not a shako was to be seen through the matted saplings, while every rifle was at full cock, and every finger was playing around the trigger guards.

"Coo-ee, coo-ee," again came from the concealed Maori, who appeared desirous of drawing the attention of the British troops upon his place of concealment, as the reverberation of "coo-ee, coo-ee," sounded again through the forest and caused that anxious thrill to course through the veins of men who believed they stood in danger.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

THE PILGRIMS' LOG.

THE CANADIAN-AMERICAN PILGRIMS ON BOARD THE CITY OF BRUSSELS—FROM THE "CATHOLIC REVIEW" CORRESPONDENT.

We received on Wednesday, May 30, the following notes, torn from the log of our correspondent on the "City of Brussels." They were sent as were his former notes, by a steamer which they spoke at sea and which arrived here after our last number had gone to press. The Brussels, we know by cable, has already reached port, but the voyage of the pilgrims is still of sufficient interest to us to make us anxious to follow their daily life.

At SEA, CITY OF BRUSSELS, 4:15 P.M. Lat. 46 deg., long. 41 deg., 20 min.—On the 8th of May, it blows freshly. The sea rolls high. "About 3 o'clock P.M., the captain sighted a steamer nine miles distant. Immediately all rush for their writing materials and prepare letters; we are told it is the steamer City of Richmond; the purser places all the letters in a bag; she approaches nearer, entirely out of her course, and at full speed. We all rush to the port side and see the boat No. 6 pinnaque swinging over the side to the leeward; the first officer is at the helm; five seamen look as pleasant as possible. One of our passengers an optician of Union Square, New York, resolves to return; the captain tells him he goes at his own risk; the sea is rough. The Richmond comes within 150 yards, and the little boat is lowered into the sea. It dances over the waves and is soon lost to sight to leeward of the Richmond. The Richmond is a beautiful ship, fifty feet longer than the Brussels; her passengers are all on deck; the cheering is wild, and the waving of handkerchiefs enthusiastic. The stewards of the Richmond shake napkins from the stern. She comes close and is but 200 feet away. We see each other distinctly. I speak across to a portly priest whom I do not know. It is a truly pleasant episode of the sea. We are 220 miles from Sandy Hook. They fill our little boat with barrels of those provisions we need, and the late Liverpool and Dublin papers. Anticipations are realized. There is war in Europe. General gaiety at the prospect of our friends knowing that we are well. For men with families at home, it is the happiest day of a lifetime. "People say that companionship of two vessels at sea is the most enjoyable treat imaginable."

At six o'clock, p.m., the little boat shot past the Richmond's bow rolling and dashing. The Richmond reverses engines, turns and after a last cheer goes New Yorkward.

9th—Gale; not very favorable, South-east; not far out of our course. Confessions at intervals from 1 p.m. to 10.

Ascension Day.—Calm and beautiful. The pilgrims are dressed in their best; community mass at 7 o'clock; every pilgrim communicates; the priests who did not say mass communicate in cassock and white stole. The ladies take one side of the saloon; deities through the centre of the saloon to the altar and receive, two by two. Light to moderate variable winds and ten hours calm.

Friday.—Becalmed and monotonous; many ladies cry. No wind; lying in the trough of the sea. Light variable winds and fifteen hours calm. At 6 p.m., a nice west breeze springs up; concert; violin, piano, accordion and vocal accompaniment; sweet music, "Haste to the Wedding," "Marsellaise," "Erin go Bragh," "Auld Lang Syne" and the Welsh national air, "March of the Men of Harlech." Many say our friends at home do not know what happy folks they fret about. All religious exercises as usual, and punctually attended.

Saturday.—Light to fresh breeze and cloudy, 3:25 p.m., a full-rigged ship is a mile away, bearing down on our port quarter. Signalled to come close; she nears us. Her white sails look handsome; she signals her name by the flag—"Glenfiart." The captain looks in the "International Commercial Code of signals." He finds she is from Glasgow to Montreal, 1,530 tons burden. In the last 24 hours we have thrown 110 tons of meat overboard consigned for the English market. It is worth in Liverpool \$40,000. Changing cargo from forward to aft to trim the keel, till eighty tons of cargo replaces the tainted meat. The ship will not answer her helm; we are going out of our course.

Sunday, May 13th.—Egual with a high northerly swell. Masses as usual. Sailors at work, except during the Anglican service. Ship steadier. Terrible rolling all night. Even the timid praying for a storm. Nothing frightful now, but calm.

Monday morning in our course. All well. Helms answering. Quick sailing. Direct western breeze. Enthusiasm.

2:10 p.m. Lat. 48 deg., 52 min., N. Long 32 deg., 17 min., W. 880 miles from Fastnet Lighthouse. Meet the steamer Celtic of the White Star Line. We go eight knots an hour. Gentle breeze directly west. Celtic no sails set. Wind ahead. Four masts. Four hundred yards to leeward. We put up three small flags, B. Q. C., of Commercial Code. Meaning, Please report us. All well.

They hoist the answering pennant, dip their ensign, waving adieu and hurrahing we part; 6 p.m., great rain; westerly wind, a half gale it seems; we run faster; good cheer. We hope to see the South coast of Ireland in six days.

We had a regular wind all night; nobody slept; we ran before the wind on our course ten knots an hour; many were afraid. Most of us felt glorious.

This morning mass was said under difficulties by Father Dowd; the wind continued; occasional squalls. Passed a steamer at 9 a.m.; she did not seem to see us till half-past; she turns and pursues us. We ask him to report us well. Still he pursues and we fly. We would not lose a moment for any one; we all think the captain of the coming ship must be a good natured man; 750 miles from New York. He bears down on our starboard quarter. She has two masts and red funnel, and belongs to the Keystone Company of Philadelphia. We are delighted with her kindness. At ten minutes to 11 she bade us adieu. Terrible stroke of a wave. The steamer shivers, the broken screw quivers; a little fight all around. Afternoon moderate; strong breeze with a high following sea; gale squalls.

A DEATH AT SEA.

A death in the steerage. John Fay fortified by the Catholic sacraments, and anxiously and patiently awaiting for the fulfilment of God's will, departed at 2 o'clock, Father Crombleholme present. The deceased was 76 years of age.

Wednesday, 16.—Steady progress; funeral at 10 o'clock a.m. The ensign flag hangs at half mast from the mizzen peak. The bell tolls mournfully. The main gangway of the forward portside is opened, and the coffin covered with a large union (British) flag is laid on a plank to which a rope is attached. All the priests are present and also all the officers with heads uncovered, and all the passengers. Father Crombleholme, in sniplice and stole per-

forms the full ceremonial. He blessed the tumbling. The Benedictus was most feelingly sung by the pilgrim choir.

The woman who took care of him with filial tenderness ere he died, began to cry. A splash and all is over. The procession of priests reciting the *De profundis*, return to midships. The flag is hoisted to the peak. Fresh to moderate and cloudy.

17th.—Fair progress. Light to moderate breeze and fine; greater part calm.

18th.—The ship "in irons." The broken fan counteracts the rudder when calm prevails, and the prow drifted round by degrees to westward. The captain lowers the boat No. 5 pinnaque on starboard side, to give some passengers a sail. The priests Fathers Tasse, Dowling and Sheehy and some pilgrims go down the ladder by the side, after some difficulty get off. We sailed a circle round the ship, radius one mile. We faced the sun as he went down, and thought of New York. Our ship drifted considerably to the east by a lateral motion, which kept us actually towards Eastnet.

At two o'clock a.m. 19th she turns. South-east light air bears her along at 2½ knots an hour. At half past eight a bark passes us. Full sail, fair breeze. Cheering.

The following is the abstract of the log of the City of Brussels, Frederick Watkins Commander: (The nautical day commences at twelve o'clock and ends at twelve next day.)

Saturday 21st, noon, to Sunday 22nd, noon—272 miles; Monday 23rd—236 m.; (shaft broken) Tuesday 24th—28 m.; Wednesday 25th—28 m.; Thursday 26th—79 m.; Friday 27th—29 m.; Saturday 28—148 m.; Sunday 29th—117 m.; Monday 30th—45 m.

Tuesday, May 1st—19 m.; Wednesday 2nd—71 m.; Thursday 3rd—73 m.; Friday 4th—105 m.; Saturday 5th—28 m.; Sunday 6th—155 m.; Monday 7th—183 m.; Tuesday 8th—33 m.; Wednesday 9th—101 m.; Thursday 10th—49 m.; Friday 11th—20 m.; Saturday 12th—89 m.; Sunday 13th—60 m.; Monday 14th—114 m.; Tuesday 15th—179 m.; Wednesday 16th—174 m.; Thursday 17th—110 m.; Friday 18th—61 m.; Saturday 19th—22 m.; (These figures speak for all the distance travelled on or off her course by the ship) Sunday—22 m.; Monday—27 miles.

THE CANADIAN PILGRIMS.

The French Canadian pilgrims were admitted to special audience on the 11th of May, in company with those of the Diocese of Rodez. The latter were among the French pilgrims who had been received on the 6th. Mgr. Racine, Bishop of Sherbrooke, read an affecting address which shows how lively is the faith of those who inhabit the banks of the St. Lawrence. He then banded over to the Sovereign Pontiff the Peter's Pence of the ecclesiastical Province of Quebec, which amounted to \$17,000. Other particular offerings were equally presented, among which were particularly noticeable a sum of \$250 from Mr. Poulcot, M. P., a chalice of enamelled gold from the Canadian contingent of the Pontifical Zoaves, vermilion cruets from M. Globensky Esq., of Saint Eustache, and the sum of \$150 from the Catholic Union of Montreal. The poor also sent their contributions. A Mr. Fournier, who is in the service of Mgr. Racine, sent \$8, and a poor man from Rimonski gave \$4. The Abbe Bosquet read the address from the Rodez pilgrims. The Holy Father replied to both addresses by a beautiful improvisation in French. He told them with considerable emotion, how much he was consoled in his captivity by this great pilgrimage movement. He praised in particular the zeal of the Canadians who went across the ocean to strengthen their faith. Those who had a shorter journey to make, said the Holy Father alluding to the Rodez pilgrims, profess as lively a faith and equal devotedness, and that was the reason why he was so much consoled. He then recommended them to pray constantly and confidently. He here made several allusions to Scripture, to show the power of prayer which, in a certain sense, puts the omnipotence of God at the disposal of the Christian. Referring to the conversion of sinners as one of the principal objects, the Pope enumerated the evils which are now tormenting society. He called these evils *Jeers*, nor could he better characterize the absolute folly of the evil passions. Returning then to the efficacy of prayer he said that it appears very difficult, for example, to convert such and such a minister who now presides over public affairs. This, he added, would be a great miracle, and yet we must despair of nothing when we are armed with prayer.

THE POISONING OF THE ARCH-BISHOP OF QUITO.

Full details have at length reached us of the appalling crime committed in the Cathedral of Quito on Good Friday. When the Archbishop had almost completed the sacred ceremonies, he felt himself attacked by a very acute pain which he attributed to the wine served to him at the mass. He at once made haste to reach his residence. Two physicians were sent for immediately who arrived only in time to see him dead, and dead evidently from the effects of poisoning. The crime was committed in the church. The assassin, or assassins, had poured strychnine into the chalice containing the wine, at the time when the Archbishop and his clergy were engaged in the adoration of the cross. The cathedral was immediately closed and, as is stated, remains closed since. The funeral services were held in the Jesuits' church amid the deepest emotion of an enormous multitude of the faithful. From the feeling which pervades all the people it would not be unnatural to expect a fresh revolution and a religious war similar to that which has so lately desolated the United States of Columbia, and most probably with an entirely different result. Everyone knows who were responsible for that national crime, and it is much easier fixing the responsibility of what may occur now in a State which was once peaceful and prosperous under a purely Catholic Government, and that the government of Garcia Moreno, the Christian hero who was basely assassinated in this same city of Quito on the 6th of August 1875. This is the mere statement of the event as it happened and the effect which it has produced on the minds of the people. How it was brought about, and who perpetrated it or urged its perpetration, are the next questions to be investigated and answered.

Mgr. Jose Ignacio Checa, as the martyred prelate was called, had, a short time previously, protested in a pastoral letter against a circular, dated March 12, addressed by the Minister of the Interior to the governors of the various departments. The real criminal has been discovered there in hardly any room to doubt. He is an officer in Veintimilla's army, and for the dastardly act which he has committed he received no less than \$6,000 from some of the highest personages in the State. This discovery puts an end to the calumnious insinuations of the President himself and his subordinates.

THERE'S MILLIONS IN IT.

The Paris *Patrie* gives some particulars about the "treasures of Islam." It says that all the pilgrims who visit Mecca cast an offering into the three sepulchres for the defence of Islam. The writer calculates that not less than \$3,000,000 a year are thus contributed and adds that from one of the sepulchres, which was opened in 1829 immense sums were drawn. Another sepulchre was opened during the Crimean war and now the Sheikh-ul-Islam has gone to Mecca to draw funds from the third, which has not been opened since 1415. Taking the three sepulchres together, it is computed that they must contain about \$120,000,000.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

PAPAL JUBILEE.—The Bishops of Galway, Elphin, and Achonry have gone to Rome.

ROME.—The receipts from the Pope's Jubilee were six and a half million lire, gold, exclusive of valuable presents.

THE JESUITS.—The Jesuits have established themselves in Providence, R. I., and taken possession of St. Joseph's Church.

A DENIAL.—The *Voice del Verita* denies the report that the Pope has conferred an Order on President MacMahon.

BIRMINGHAM ADDRESS.—A special address was presented by the Duke of Norfolk to the venerable Bishop of Birmingham.

THE JUBILEE IN IRELAND.—The Pope's jubilee was celebrated in Ireland with great solemnity. Religious processions passed through the streets in several cities.

PROGRESSES.—The Pope on Thursday received several deputations of pilgrims, including one from New York; he praised the faith displayed by the pilgrims in this sceptical age.

CATHOLIC UNION ADDRESS.—The Duke of Norfolk presented among the other addresses on the 10th, the address of the Catholic Union, written in excellent Latin by Mr. Allies.

A CATHOLIC CHURCH STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.—A Catholic church in Wieschen, Grand Duchy of Posen, was struck by lightning on Sunday, May 27, during service. Six persons were killed and about seventy seriously injured.

ST. EDMUND'S COLLEGE, WARE.—The address of St. Edmund's College, Ware, dated May 1, 1877, and beautifully engrossed, was signed by Monsignor James Laird Patterson, Rector; John Rouse, D. D., vice-Rector; Clement Dunn, Decanus Clericorum, and James Lund, Decanus Lalorum.

CONVERSION.—Five converts from Protestantism, having been previously instructed, were baptized in the church at Whitworth in the Diocese of Salford, England, on the eve of the festival of Pentecost, and three received their First Communion on the following day.

THE PAPAL DELEGATE.—His Excellency Bishop Conroy visited the different Catholic educational establishments in Ottawa on Thursday. It is said that he is going to Toronto to consult with Archbishop Lynch. There is no truth in the rumor that he was formerly a class-mate of Lord Dufferin.

MISSION.—The mission of Bornish, in the Island of South Uist, Western district of Scotland, has been divided into two, the southern portion, including Daliborg and the island of Erlska, having been erected into a separate mission. The new mission has been placed under the charge of the Rev. Alexander Forbes, whilst Rev. A. Campbell continues in charge of Bornish.

RELIGIOUS RECEPTION.—On May 14th, at the Convent of St. John of God, Wexford, the Most Rev. Dr. Warrin, Bishop of Ferns, celebrated Mass, and received the solemn vows of Sister Mary Agnes Pearson, Sister M. Evangelist Kavanagh, Sister M. Austin Doyle, Miss Barry, Rollin house, county Wexford, called in religion Sister M. de Sales, received the white veil and habit.

PICNIX AND THE LITTLE SCOTCH BOY.—At the reception by his Holiness of the Scotch pilgrims on the 2nd June, among those presented was a bonnie little boy of about seven, dressed in the Highland plaid and kilt. The Holy Father stooping down, drew him to his breast, encircling him with his arms, and then, laying his sacred hand on the child's head, said: "Dio ti benedica, mio caro figlio Scozzese" (God bless you, my dear Scotch son).

NEW CHURCH AT GOVAN.—A new church for the mission of Govan, near Glasgow, has just been commenced. Up to the present the accommodation provided for this large and flourishing congregation was extremely inadequate. The site of the proposed church is one of the best in the town, being situated on the principal thoroughfare, and in the centre of the congregation. The number of sittings provided being 1,200, or over, whilst the contracts do not exceed £6,000.

JUBILEE PRESENTS TO THE POPE.—The nuns of St. Catherine's Convent, (Eastern District of Scotland) sent to Rome a box containing an address to his Holiness, tastefully illuminated upon vellum, a brass bookstand, candlesticks, bell, and other ecclesiastical furniture selected from Hardman's, Birmingham; portable boxes containing all requisites for the administration of the sacraments to the sick and dying; holy water font; also altar linen, embroidered altar cloth, lace alb, bourse, and a number of other articles worked by the sisters and young ladies under their charge.

SYMPATHY WITH THE POPE IN IRELAND.—GREAT LIMERICK MEETING.—On the 17th ult., the diocese of Limerick held its meeting for the purpose of addressing the Holy Father on the occasion of his attaining his jubilee. The meeting was held in St. John's Cathedral, Limerick, and was in character and composition most influential and representative. Ladies and gentlemen filled the sanctuary; behind in the nave thronged the humbler classes of the city, and the altar was crowded with representatives of the clergy and gentry. On the motion of the city high sheriff (Mr. T. E. O'Brien), seconded by Mr. H. Connelidie, D.L., the chair was taken by the Most Rev. Geo. Butler, D.D., Lord Bishop of Limerick.

BIRTHDAY OF PIUS IX.—On Sunday, May 13th, at St. John Lateran, a *Te Deum* was chanted in celebration of the birthday of Pius IX., who completed his eighty-fifth year, having been born on May 13th, 1792. Twenty Pontiffs have attained or passed the age of eighty-six, among those who have passed the age of eighty-six may be named Gregory IX., who died aged nearly one hundred, in 1241, after a reign of fourteen years. John XXII. died in 1334, aged ninety years, after a reign of eighteen years. Celestine II., also reigned his ninety-second year. It is customary to remind each Pontiff at his election that there is little chance of his Pontificate lasting twenty-five years. *Non videtur annos Petri.* Indeed, of the 259 Popes eight only have retained it for a longer period than twenty years. It is singular that the Popes who have reigned the longest were Pius VI. and Pius VII., the first twenty-four and the second twenty-three years.

THE BENEDETTINE ORDER.—The Benedictine Order is restored to Scotland after an exile of three hundred years. From the far north Dom Jerome Vaughan, O. S. B., had travelled to Rome to represent the new college and Monastery now in course of erection at Fort Augustus, and associated with him were Dom Basil Hurworth and Dom Wolstan Richards. The elevations of these noble buildings were inspected by the Holy Father shortly before his entrance into the great audience hall. He admired them exceedingly. The sight of them filled his heart with joy, while he had blessed a thousand times all who had been co-operators in this great undertaking. The Holy Father, in spite of the many claims upon his sacred person, has deigned to express a wish to receive to special private audience Dom Jerome Vaughan, Dom Wolstan Canon Richards, Dom Romuald Canon Riley, Dom Ambrose Cotham, Dom Basil Hurworth, Dom Placid Whittle and Dom Francis Fleming—all members of the English Benedictine Congregation—who will present the Holy Father with an address in the name of the English monks, together with a purse of some £200. Bishops Scarsbrick, O. S. B., of Port Louis, and Bishop Hedley, O. S. B., of Newport and Milnoia, are also in Rome.

IRISH NEWS.

BOILER EXPLOSION.—Three men were killed and several injured by a boiler explosion, near Belfast, recently.

THE BUTT TESTIMONIAL.—The diocese of Limerick has already contributed £1,500 to the Butt Testimonial fund.

ACCIDENT TO DR. RUSSELL.—On May 16th, Very Rev. Dr. Russell, President of Maynooth College, whilst riding, was thrown from his horse, receiving a severe shock thereby and some slight scratches, but was not seriously injured.

NEW MAGISTRATES.—The following gentlemen have been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the county Wicklow:—John MacDonnell, Esq., J.P., Aubrey House, Loughlinstown; Robert Howard Brooke, Esq., of Castle Howard, Avoca.

THE POTATO CROP IN ARMAICH.—In some parts of both Armaigh and Down the potato rot is assuming very extensive proportions. This is attributable to the wet weather, and in one farm, in the County Armaigh, no less than three acres of potatoes will have to be re-planted.

DEATH OF THE EARL OF ORKNEY.—At two o'clock on the 10th ult. the Earl of Orkney died at Glenmore, Templeberry, where he had a picturesque fishery residence. He was in the seventy-fourth year of his age. He will be succeeded by his eldest son, Viscount Kirkwall, born 6th of May, 1827.

INFORMATION WANTED.—Information wanted of Daniel Ryan, a native of Keeper Hill, County Tipperary, late of the British navy, and discharged in 1862. Any information will be thankfully received in care of Mr. Lee, Newport, county Tipperary, for Con Ryan, his brother.

PRESENTATION.—On May 17th, the Fermoys friends of the Rev. Wm. Canon Fitzgerald, P. P., Conna, proceeded to his residence, where they read for him an address expressive of their friendship and regard, and presented him with a purse containing 155 sovereigns.

A POINT-BLANK DECISION.—The Court of Common Pleas in Dublin, has decided that any Catholic priest making charges from the altar against members of his own congregation was not in any way privileged, but, on the contrary, he was violating alike the law of England and the law of his own Church.

PARTY EXPRESSIONS AND ASSAULT.—On the 10th ult., Alexander McAlister, of Antrim, a middle aged man, was charged with having made use of party expressions by cursing the Pope, and also with having assaulted Sub-Constable O'Brien, who took him into custody in Boundary Street. The prisoner was consigned to the charge of Captain Keogh for three months.

DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN.—Michael Butler, of Mullaunbrack, near Thurles, died on May 13th, having arrived at the extraordinary age of 105 years. Strange to say, he never became bald, nor even partially so, nor did his hair ever lose its original black color. He was an honest, upright farmer, a sound practical Catholic, and died full of virtue as he was of years. He was from youth a staunch teetotaler.

RESTORED TO PROFESSIONAL STATUS.—Through the exertions of Mr. Butt who appeared as their counsel before the Medical Council of the United Kingdom, at the annual conference in London, Drs. Meehan and Sheehy, of Limerick, convicted nearly three years ago of a conspiracy to defraud an American Insurance Company, and sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment, which they suffered, and whose names were struck of the list of qualified practitioners, have been by the unanimous vote of the Council, restored to their professional status.

HIRING LABOURERS.—On May 10th, the great annual hiring fair of Cavan took place, and the town was thronged throughout the day with servants of both sexes engaging with new employers for the ensuing half-year. Able-bodied men-servants received from £7 to £9, with board till November next; lads from £3 to £4 10s.; and females from £3 to £5. This class has greatly improved of late, and many of those at the fair were already re-engaged in their old places, and merely came in to enjoy the fair.

RESCUED FROM DROWNING.—On the evening of the 11th ult., as the Dublin steamer was leaving for Holyhead, a man named Michael Corcoran, who had been standing on board, fell into the water and sank immediately, as he rose, a life-buoy and a rope were thrown to him, but in vain, for he was too drunk to avail himself of the assistance offered. As he was sinking for the third time, Police Constable Thomas Hegarty gallantly sprang into the water, and brought the man ashore, amid the cheers of the large crowd that assembled.

SALE OF DISEASED CATTLE.—Mr. Christopher Newman, diseased cattle valuator under the Board of Guardians of the North Dublin Union, was prosecuted at Blanchardstown Petty Sessions on the 30th ult., for having sold a diseased cow to a Patrick Street butcher, to be sold again to the public as food. Dr. Cameron, the city analyst, pronounced the disease to have been so far advanced in the animal before death, was the worst he had ever seen. The defence was that the diseased cattle inspector, Mr. Murphy, had verbally told the defendant that the animal was fit to eat, but Mr. Murphy not being present, the case was adjourned.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE.—The Secretaries of the Society for the preservation of the Irish Language request insertion of the following:—

CRAIGMOORE, CO. CLARE. SIRS—Would you kindly inform me if the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language is regularly formed—that is, are subscriptions received by it? If so, I shall be glad to become a subscriber and will send the amount immediately. I think after a little time we could establish in this locality following the laudable example of Father White, of Milltown-Malbay. There is scarcely any one of the peasantry of 16 years and upwards who cannot speak Irish, so there will be little difficulty in working the thing here. I am sure if an Irish paper were established, as well as supporting it myself I could get many to become subscribers. I believe fifty years ago there were no such thing as a Welsh periodical, and now they are as numerous as English ones. Why can't we in Ireland do the same for our mother tongue? Yours faithfully, J. W. SPODDETT.

TRAXORS, CO. WATERFORD. GENTLEMEN—I hail with enthusiastic gratitude your praiseworthy and most patriotic project of forming a society for the better preservation, cultivation, and expansion of the Irish tongue—that grand, copious, and magnificent form of human speech used by our fathers for so many centuries and by ourselves till within a recent period within the islands. I gladly avail myself of this opportunity to assure you not only of my cordial sympathy but of my earnest co-operation with the objects of your undertaking, to which as a true Irishman I feel that all due assistance should be afforded from every part. I have the immense advantage of living in a Gaelic-speaking county and I have patiently acquired a knowledge of that time-honored language, which is in some measure similar to what is practised in Wales, ought to become part of some future day the written and spoken and on some future day the written and spoken of Ireland. I remain with fervent hope for ultimate and durable success, your obedient servant, NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE WYSE.

GENERAL NEWS.

THE BISHOP OF BRISLAU.—The Prince Bishop of Breslau, Dr. Forster, has from his exile at Johannesburg, Momvia, issued a Pastoral to his flock on the Pope's Jubilee. Like everything that comes from his pen it is most eloquent, although short.

CONVERSION OF A FORMER HANOVERIAN CHAMBERLAIN.—The Baron von Weghe, formerly Chamberlain of the King of Hanover, has been received into the Church by Mgr. Jirsik, Bishop of Budweis, Bohemia.

PRESS PERSECUTION.—The Silesian Paper the *Katholik* has at present the whole of its editorial staff in prison, on account of various offences against the Press laws, in connection with Catholic affairs.

REPUBLICAN ROMANCE.—In consequence of President MacMahon's recent action Italian republicans have placarded the streets of Rome with notices of a great demonstration at the Apollo Theatre, to declare that Rome can never again become the Rome of the Popes.

EMIGRATION.—Sir Julius Vogel, the Agent General in London, has been instructed by the New Zealand Government to send out 5,000 emigrants during the next five months, consisting of domestic servants, ploughmen, farm labourers, shepherds, bricklayers, and carpenters.

CONVERSION OF A GERMAN HISTORIAN.—The *Univers* states that Otto Klopp, the eminent German historian, has become a convert to the Catholic faith. Herr Klopp was received into the Church by Mgr. Jacobini, the Austrian Nuncio Apostolic, at the Archiepiscopal Palace, Vienna.

PRESIDENT MACMAHON TO THE POPE.—It is stated that President MacMahon has sent an autograph letter to the Pope expressing confidence that in the serious position in which France now stands His Holiness would continue that benevolence he had always manifested.

DISBURSED SPANISH CHURCH.—This church, which still retains a circular Gothic window, is in the Piazza Navona, Rome, and attempts have recently been made on the part of some Protestant sect to get possession of it. It is dedicated to St. James of Compostella. The Holy Father himself has become the purchaser of it to prevent the intended desecration.

SPAIN'S RELIGIOUS DIFFICULTIES.—The Spanish government has decided to forbid pilgrimages or religious manifestations which may form a pretext for Carlist propaganda, and in view of the antagonistic attitude shown by a section of the Episcopal clergy toward it have made representations to the Vatican to use its authority to dissuade the recalcitrants from creating embarrassments.

VOYAGE OF CONFIDENCE IN THE ENGLISH CABINET.—A resolution expressing unabated confidence in the foreign policy of her Majesty's Government, and stating that their conduct of the diplomatic negotiations on the Eastern question had been decided and consistent, and such as deserved the approbation, support, and admiration of the whole of the English-speaking race was carried at a meeting of the Dewsbury Conservatives recently.

VICTOR EMMANUEL WRITES TO THE HOLY FATHER.—The *Times* special states that King Victor Emmanuel has written to the Pope congratulating him on the anniversary of his episcopate. The Pope has sent a reply thanking the King, and taking occasion to beg him not to permit the Italian government to despoil parishes and confraternities of their property; stating that otherwise he should be constrained to protest. The King has made no reply to the Pope's missive.

DEATH BY TRANSFUSION OF BLOOD.—An inquest at Liverpool on the body of a man who died after having had some of his blood transfused to another person, has resulted in a verdict of "Death by misadventure," to which was added an expression of opinion by the jury that sufficient inquiry had not been made by the medical men who performed the operation as to the deceased's habits and physical condition, and that he had not been sufficiently cautioned as to the risk he ran.

A DELICATE ATTENTION.—It may be remembered that Mgr. Baudri, the assistant Bishop of Cologne, celebrated lately the jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood. The Government, with a delicacy which is fully appreciated by the Catholics of Cologne, selected the vigil of the celebration for his examination before the police magistrates, in order to give an account of the alleged disappearance of some books and documents belonging to the office of the Vicar-General of the diocese.

A SLANDEROUS CHARGE.—The parish priest Heintzen, of Leidingen, in the district of Treves, has been summoned before the police court of Saarbrücken, on a charge of making away with monies received by him in his official capacity. The fact is, that the parish priest made a collection for the Pope and transmitted the proceeds to a central committee at Treves. He did this contrary to the desire and direction of the Landrath, who ordered him to disburse the amount into the parochial coffers. There have been legal decisions upholding the legality of a collection for the Pope; but no one can ever be sure with regard to such matters in Prussia.

CHINESE TREATMENT OF PLAGUE.—Mr. A. Davenport in his account of the recent Yunnan Mission, states that the ancient city of Yunnan-fu and also Tai-li-fu have also, since the Tai-ping rebellion and invasion, been cursed with an endemic disease resembling the plague. It is called the symptom disease, in consequence of the critical enlargements of the lymphatic glands at the armpits. Sometimes it attacks one side only of a street. It first kills animals, and then the population, if they have not profited by that warning. The treatment consists in supplying the patient with a jar full of water to drink, and leaving him quiet in his state of stupor, only rousing him once a day by poking him with a long pole through the window. But, notwithstanding "treatment," the people say that this and other similar novel diseases have caused as great a loss of life as the rebellion itself.

THE CRISIS IN FRANCE.—The situation writes the Paris Correspondent of the London *Tablet* does not look quite cheerful. Marshal MacMahon is preparing to play a game that may have extensive results. In five months, and perhaps sooner, it may happen that the chief of the State may be compelled to quit his post by enemies who are laboring night and day to accomplish his fall. The Paris residence of M. Thiers is the focus of this agitation, and it is confidently stated that the late President would have no objection to return to power. Another rumour is that M. Gambetta will very shortly be proposed for chief of the State. M. Thiers has however, by far the best chance of success should such a competition arise—a contingency perhaps too remote to enter into our present calculations. Thanks to the energetic attitude taken up by Marshal MacMahon we hope to be very soon liberated from the night-mare of Revolutionary ascendancy, which has weighed upon the country for this long time past. In explanation of what I remarked above, about administrative reform I observe that the *Journal Officiel* publishes a list of 63 Departments in which that reform is already at work; 38 Republican prefects, recently appointed by Jules Simon, have been removed, and the Conservative officials, their predecessors, have been restored to office. It thus appears that the Duo de Broglie and his Cabinet are resolved to lose no time in carrying out those measures which they believe to be imperatively called for in the interests of the country.

WAR NEWS.

ARCHAISIANS CUT TO PIECES.—A special despatch received in Paris from Constantinople asserts that 1,000 Abchasians have been surprised and cut to pieces by the Russians.

CIRCASSIAN INEBRIDINATION INCREASING.—Later despatches from Vienna state that the revolt among the Circassian regiments in Roumania is spreading and threatens to assume serious proportions.

THE TURKISH ARMY.—The Turkish army along the river line of defence consists of 172,500 infantry, and 7,200 cavalry the total force, including fortresses artillery and engineers, being estimated at close upon 200,000.

THE SULTAN IN ARMS.—It is now stated that the head of the faithful will join the army sometime next month and take part in the field operations, so that both the Crescent and the Cross will be defended by their natural champions.

PROFITING AUSTRIA.—In order to avoid hurting the susceptibilities of Austria the proposed interview between Prince Milan and the Emperor Alexander, which was to have taken place at Plocejesti, has been abandoned.

ANOTHER TURKISH VICTORY CLAIMED.—An official report received at Constantinople Wednesday from the Governor General of Herzegovina confirms the reported defeat of the Montenegrins and Herzegovines on the 4th inst., in the defiles of the Krivotoes, with heavy loss, by Suleiman Pacha.

PUNISHING MUTINEERS.—A court martial is about to try the Circassian regiments in the Russian service who mutinied and refused to serve against their Moslem co-religionists. It is expected that a severe example will be made of the Circassians as a lesson to other possible mutineers.

THE DANUBE FALLING.—The water in the Danube is rapidly falling, and at the present rate the river will soon have fallen to its normal level. The Russians will then be able to attempt the crossing with good prospects of success, if they intend crossing, about which there is some doubt.

GERMANY WANTS TO KNOW.—The German officers attached to the Russian headquarters have received orders to report fully on the condition of the Russian army and the operations of the campaign. They are also to give the Russian views on the progress of the operations.

AUSTRIAN PREPARATIONS.—The military commander at Agram has issued orders forbidding any man belonging to the reserve from leaving his district. This is looked on as an indication of a warlike policy on the part of the Austrian Government. Large trains of ammunition are reported to have passed through Pesth on the way to the frontier.

THE CZAR WITH THE ARMY.—The arrival of the Emperor Alexander at the headquarters of the Russian army caused the greatest enthusiasm among the troops. In the evening the town of Plocejesti was brilliantly illuminated and whenever his Majesty appeared he was tendered an enthusiastic reception. His Majesty was accompanied by Prince Gortschakoff, Baron Jomini and Privy Councillor Hamburg.

PATRIOTIC GREECE.—All Greece is united in support of the government for the first time in the history of the country. There is no opposition and all parties are united under one strong Ministry, at the head of which is Canaris, a veteran of the war of independence. There is great exultation among the people over this happy condition of affairs, for it is looked upon as a good omen of the complete regeneration of Greece. The soldiers and sailors especially are in high spirits, as there is a general belief that Greece will take part in the war.

SLAUGHTER OF A TURKISH COLEMAN.—A correspondent at the Ostrok, who draws his information from reports sent to the Prince of Montenegro, telegraphs under date of June 5, as follows:—"The Turks today attacked the position of General Metrovics, on Martinizan soil. They fell into a trap and were completely repulsed, leaving over 1,000 dead. The Montenegrins lost about fifty killed. The number of wounded is not yet known. The Ostria black-house, commanding the entrance to the plain of Nicosie, was evacuated this afternoon, most of the garrison escaping to Nicosie."

THE FIGHT AT MALJAT.—A telegram from Ragusa, dated Tuesday afternoon, gives the following account of the fight at Maljat:—"The Turkish attack on Montenegro from the Albanian side has commenced. Ali Saib, with the whole of his forces advanced from Spuz up the Zeta Valley, the object being to reach Danilograd. The Montenegrins met the attack on the hill of Maljat. The fighting is still raging, but up to noon the Turkish assaults were repulsed. Five hundred Turks had been killed. The Montenegrins fight against enormous odds, there being 35,000 regulars and irregulars against them on this side alone."

THE MONTENEGRIN CAMPAIGN.—Perplexing contradictions relative to Ali Saib's operations on the Southern frontier of Montenegro continue to be received. The Vienna *Political Correspondence*, which is usually well informed, publishes a special despatch from Cattaro stating that Ali Saib was defeated at Maljat and lost 700 men. A Ragusa telegram supports this view. Ali Saib, on the other hand, has telegraphed to Constantinople a most circumstantial account of his successes, according to which he has occupied the heights commanding Danilograd.

MUST ENGLAND FIGHT.—The London correspondent of the *Scotman* telegraphs as follows:—"In Ministerial circles there is a renewal of the uneasiness which prevailed when Russia declared war as to the part this country will be called upon to take. The feeling has been strengthened by general conviction of high military authorities that Russia will be completely successful and, so far as Turkey is concerned, be able to dictate her own terms. At one or two regimental dinners last week officers of the highest rank expressed fears that England would be at war and that so far little has been done to prepare for the evil. A belief is also growing that our government will be left to carry out and defend its own policy, that Austria, which is the only probable ally, cannot be depended upon, and therefore it would be wiser and fairer if the Premier and Cabinet will frankly declare what they will do if the Russian troops directly threaten Constantinople either in Europe or Asia."

A RUSSIAN VIEW OF ENGLISH POLICY AND PROSPECTS.—The non-official Russian press is getting rather violent against England. The *Russk Mir* declares that Lord Beaconsfield as Mephistopheles and Lord Derby as Faust are doing their best to ruin "Margaret, the unfortunate Christian martyr of the East." And it adds the following significant warning. "England," it tells us, "ought to remember what passed directly after the Crimean war. The Muslim population of India rose against the English immediately after the services rendered by the latter to the Turks, and the dream of the Muslim mission of England in 1854 was cruelly dispated after the mutiny of the Sepoys in 1857. Lord Derby is committing the blunder of defending the Mahomedan idea at the Bosphorus, and leaving behind him the dangerous fragility of the British idea in India. It is very possible that it will be from India that the fatal warlike signal will come: at the very moment in which the English Ministers are seriously occupying themselves with the destiny of Constantinople."

NATURALISTS' PORTFOLIO.

COAL IN THE POLAR REGIONS.—Excellent tertiary coal was discovered in 82° N. by the recent Polar Expedition, and impressions of leaves were brought back proving that a luxuriant forest, numbering no fewer than fifty or sixty different species of trees, once grew near Disco, and on what is now a sea of ice.

THE VAMPIRE BAT.—This animal has been accused of destroying men and animals by sucking their blood; "but the truth" says Curvier in his *Regne Animal* "appears to be that the vampire inflicts only small wounds which may probably become inflammatory and gangrenous from the influence of climate."

THE VINEYARD.—A vineyard is by no means so pleasing an object as our ideas of beauty and plenty would lead us to imagine. In France the vines are trained upon poles seldom more than three or four feet high, and are a little more pleasing in appearance than raspberry stocks in England. In Greece and Italy their luxuriance is seen to better advantage, but it falls short of the vineyard of poetry and romance.

SALUBRITY OF THE SEA COAST.—Trees, plants, &c., rarely flourish in the vicinity of the sea; but the cause of their decline is little understood. It is attributed to the atmosphere containing a portion of the muriates, or salts of the sea over which it has passed, and which is pernicious to vegetable life. But these properties are favorable to animal life; and it has even been maintained that the air best adapted to vegetation is unpropitious to animal life, and vice versa. It is doubtful however if nature has fixed any general rule; since daily experience proves that different species of animals—even different races of the same species—are variously affected by the same air. On this account the salubrity of the sea air is by no means universal, as it is commonly thought to be.

THE LION AND LIONESS.—Edgar Quinet in his journal tells how one day he went with the naturalist, M. Geoffroi de St. Hilaire, to the *Jardin des Plantes*: "In one of the cages were a lion and lioness together. They were standing up, quite motionless, and seemed not even to see us. Presently the lion lifted up his great paw, placed it slowly and softly on the forehead of the lioness, and both continued in the same attitude as long as we remained before them. What was intended by the gesture? A painter who should have desired to represent calm grief and the deepest compassion could not have invented anything more striking. 'What does it mean?' said I to Geoffroi. 'The lion whelp died this morning,' replied he. 'Then I understood what I saw; pity, good-will, sympathy—all these sentiments might be read in those fierce countenances.'

THE TOBACCO-PYRE FISH.—In the remarkable fishes known to zoologists as *stictolabidae*, the snout is greatly prolonged, as in the centricide or spike-bearing fishes, and it bears the mouth at the end of a long tube. The body is long and snake-like, and there is no long spine to the dorsal fin. One of the most singular members of this family is the tobacco-pipe fish; it is found in many parts of the tropical Atlantic. The body is without scales, and the tale fin is deeply forked, the two central rays being sometimes united and prolonged into a lengthened filament, and at other times being separate, but still elongated. The outer edge of the tube is either smooth or very slightly notched. The colour is greenish-olive, and the upper parts of the body are marked with blue streaks and spots. In some specimens of this curious race, the back takes a reddish-brown hue.

ANIMAL INSTINCT.—It is curious to note what affection animals display for the place of their birth. Cats, it is said, prefer the house to the company; fish will return to the same streams they left when fry; and birds are frequently found to come back to the scenes of their early days years of absence. In the last swan-hopping season on the Thames a curious fact was noted by one of the City swan-keepers. A pair of swans have for many years regularly reared a brood in the London Docks, secure from molestation, amid the great traffic and crowds. In 1874 the female swan was taken away by the men in August to the Thames about Sunbury, and there turned down with several others; but, as springtime came on, she was missed. She turned up, however, in the London Docks to greet her old mate; and they brought up a brood once more. In August last year she was again taken away, this time as far as the City jurisdiction at Staines; but, true to her natural instinct, as the next time came on, she again repaired to the London Docks, and with her old mate brought up a brood.

A MURDEROUS SEA FLOWER.—One of the exquisite wonders of the sea is called the opellet, and is about as large as the German aster, looking indeed very much like one. Imagine a very large double aster, with ever so many long petals of a light green, glossy as satin, and each one tipped with rose colour. These lovely petals do not lie quietly in their places, like the aster in your garden, but wave about in the water, while the opellet clings to a rock. How innocent and lovely it looks on its rocky bed! Who could suspect that it would eat up anything grosser than dew or sunlight? But those beautiful waving arms as you call them, have use besides looking pretty. They have to provide for a large open mouth, which is hidden down deep among them—so hidden that one can scarcely find them. Well do they perform their duty, for the instant a foolish little fish touches one of the rosy tips he is struck with poison as fatal to him as lightning. He immediately becomes numb, and in a moment stops struggling; and then the other beautiful arms wrap themselves around him, and he is drawn into the huge, greedy mouth, and is seen no more. Then the lovely arms unclose and wave again in the water, looking as innocent and harmless as if they had never touched a fish.

EXTRAORDINARY ENCOUNTER BETWEEN A LITTLE GIRL AND A SNAKE.—The *Bullard Courier* relates an extraordinary encounter between a little girl and a large snake. It states that on the 11th March, a little girl, ten years old, daughter of Mr. Twiss, of Blackhill, was leaving her father's farm to go to Haddon a distance of three miles, she espied two large snakes enjoying their dignified leisure under a fence. Native-like, she prepared for battle by arming herself with a stout sapling, and in a short time sent one out of harm's way. The other, however, instead of making tracks, as is usually the case, stood by, as it were, to see fair play, and on seeing his companion in arms bite the dust, prepared for action by standing almost erect on his tail. Our little heroine, nothing daunted, aimed a desperate blow at the spinal cord of his snakehood; but, missing her mark, and seeing the enemy intent on showing fight, she thought herself of the old adage about "discretion" &c., and beat a most orderly retreat. The snake, however, apparently determined on revenging the loss of his comrade, followed up the retreat, and pursued his now discomfited enemy at a tremendous pace, until they reached the vicinity of Fox's public-house, a distance of something over two miles from where the chase began, where he managed to catch hold of the poor little girl's frock. Her pluck never left her till then, and she allowed a scream to escape her, which reached the ears of a bullock driver near the hotel. On seeing her difficulty, he told her to hit it, which she did with stick, with which she had despatched the other, and then held it till the man came up and killed it. It measured six feet long and five inches in girth.

The True Witness

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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, June 13.

CALANDER—JUNE, 1877.

WEDNESDAY, June 13th—St. Anthony of Padua. St. Anthony was born in Lisbon, 1195. He died in 1231. He was of noble parentage, distinguished for his virtues. THURSDAY, 16th—St. Basil the Great. Born in Cappadocia in 329—died 379. The flag of the United States adopted by Congress, 1777. The American Rifle Team in Ireland. FRIDAY, 17th—St. Gregory VII., Confessor and Doctor of the Church. Montreal retaken by the British. SATURDAY, 18th—St. John Francis Regis, Confessor. SUNDAY, 19th—Fourth Sunday after Pentecost. Battle of Bunker Hill, 1775. William Smith O'Brien died 1864. MONDAY, 19th—St. Philip Neri, Confessor. The United States declared War against England, 1812. TUESDAY, 20th—St. Julia Falconieri, Virgin. Henry VIII. crowned King of Ireland, 1541.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISSION IN SHEFFIELD.—Held over. CORRESPONDENCE AND REVIEWS.—Next week. THE DELEGATE APOSTOLIC'S VISIT TO VILLA MARIA, MONTREAL.—We are obliged to hold over the report of the visit of the Apostolic Delegate to the Convent of Villa Maria. "M. R. I. WHEELING"—We shall be very glad to do as you desire. We must, however, ask you to send us a letter from some priest in your locality, as a formal guarantee of security for ourselves. THE ILLUMINATIONS.—In our list of illuminations last week, we omitted to mention the name of St. Patrick's School, which is under the charge of the Sisters of the Congregation. The school was beautifully illuminated, and the many coloured tints threw a singular and mellow colouring around the place. The Coarvent of our Lady of the Sacred Heart was also ablaze, and many other places were illuminated in honour of the auspicious event.

CAUTION.

There is some unauthorised person or persons going about collecting subscriptions for the "TRUE WITNESS." No one should pay money unless to those who are provided with a letter signed by the Editor and Proprietor.

BISHOP FABRE.

His Lordship Bishop Fabre has requested the Catholic press to state that he would exceedingly regret any unnecessary discussion to arise in regard to the part which the City Council took in the reception of the Delegate Apostolic, and relies upon the good sense of the press to stop, by its silence, useless recriminations.

THE REV. DR. McVICAR ON "POPERY."

The Rev. Dr. McVicar of Montreal has been visiting the town of Guelph. He went to enlighten the people of that loyal city on "Our Country's Dangers." To an audience numbering "fully two hundred" as the report said, he held forth, and in trembling tones revealed the "Country's Dangers" in what poetic people call "This Canada of Ours." The farmers' sons were all bad boys, commercial depravity was universal, corrupt politicians were declaiming for a country to sell, an unscrupulous press was a danger to the welfare of the country, and even Ministers of the Gospel were remiss in their duties. Again ambitious and unscrupulous men had access to the pulpits of churches, and their lack of culture in the profound study of theology was wanting so far that they were great stumbling blocks to the cause of religion. The liquor traffic, obscene literature, low play houses,—and above all, far above the rest—"Popery" and "Jesuitism" were the sum and substance of "Our Country's Dangers." The discovery is not a new one, and we cannot credit Dr. McVicar with originality. The Church has been listening to that music for three centuries, and she is not quiet dead yet. Indeed according to the Rev. Dr. McVicar, the Church is very powerful in Quebec. Listen to what he said:—

"He could assure the people of Ontario that Jesuitism in this Dominion was more strongly established than the Protestant portion of the community was aware of. There are a million of people in the Province of Quebec ruled by fifteen dioceses, in which were about 2,000 priests—not at all an inexpensive furnishing; either, over 300 students for the priesthood, 12 seminaries, 29 colleges, 88 academies, 203 convents, 2,509 schools, besides hospitals, infirmaries, etc., all of which are thoroughly equipped. All this array of figures meant more than would be at first supposed. In Quebec the Roman Catholic Church was more firmly established than in France. The Bishops could at any time assess property for the erection of church buildings by law, and if the assessment was not paid, the law allowed the ordinary mode of seizure to be proceeded with. The churches erected were beautifully embellished, costly, and blasphemous. For instance, in a cathedral at Montreal, which was gloriously frescoed, there was near the altar a painting of the Holy Trinity. God the Father was represented as a grey bearded man; God the Son as a comely looking youth; and God the Holy Ghost in the usual form of a dove. The tithing laws were explained by the reverend gentleman. The tithes now collected was one-twenty-sixth of all possessed by the priest-ridden people. By a late act the Quebec Government had exempted \$12,000,000 of the church property from taxation. The Jesuit training in the Colleges was referred to, and described as such as would make demons of the students. The monasteries and churches received incomes from the public, and they all should be thrown open to the inspection of public officers. The doctrines of the church were inimical to civilisation and contrary to British liberty."

And now we may fairly enquire into the truths of all these terrible charges made in the town of Guelph by the Rev. Dr. McVicar of Montreal. We shall not challenge him as to the accuracy of his statements about the strength of the Church in Quebec. We know it is strong and therein lies the secret of the hatred of the Rev. Dr. McVicar. We shall come down to that part of his statement where he says that the "Bishops could at any time assess property for the erection of church buildings by law." This is not true, Rev. Dr. McVicar. The Bishops can do nothing of the kind. The fabriques or Church Wardens can assess property, not the Bishops, whose only power is the power of preventing or sanctioning what the fabriques do. Upon that point the Rev. Dr. McVicar is astray. Again he says that the "churches erected were beautifully embellished, costly, and blasphemous."

As for the "blasphemous," we shall allow that phrase to answer itself. It is quite becoming in the mouth of the Rev. Dr. McVicar of Montreal. But the churches are "costly and beautifully embellished." Just so, and we glory in it all. Let us now tell this ranting cleric that our churches are not embellished half enough to do justice to the worship for which they were erected. And does this "embellishment" cost the Rev. Dr. McVicar or his friends anything to thus "gloriously fresco" the House of God? We love to place our choicest offerings at His feet, and to excite devotion by bringing to the mind's eye the recollection of His suffering and His death, and we do it with the money of the Catholic people, not one cent coming out of the coffers of the Rev. Dr. McVicar and his "private judgment" friends. But we must not do that which all citizens are entitled to—spend our own—if the Rev. Dr. McVicar is to have his way. And then come the terrible "tithes," which we are told is "one-twenty-sixth of all possessed by the priest-ridden people." Not true, Rev. Dr. McVicar, not true! The tithes are not "one-twenty-sixth of all possessed by the priest-ridden people." It is only one-twenty-sixth of cereal crops, which makes a very great difference in a province where cereals are not much grown. Upon this point, too, the benighted bigot is wrong. Again there is another count. We are told that by a late act the Quebec Government had exempted \$12,000,000 of church property from taxation." Why not tell it all when you went about it, Rev. Dr. McVicar? Why not tell that Protestant as well as Catholic Church property was exempted. Nothing could be fairer. The same law is applied to both, and the Rev. Dr. McVicar should have had the manliness to tell the "whole truth" in the matter. But there is still another passage which we have to notice. The Rev. Dr. McVicar said that the monasteries and churches "received incomes from the public, and they all should be thrown open to the inspection of public officers." Whose money do they receive? Is it not the money of the Catholic people, and they are satisfied without "public inspection?" They pay their money, and they take their choice. But it is somewhat pitiable to see this clerical fire brand going down to Guelph to cram these stories into the ears of Orangemen. He simply stated what was not true, but perhaps that may be a habit he has contracted. Here in Montreal he bears the reputation of not being particular as to a shade. "Popery" and "Jesuitism," drive him crazy betimes, particularly when it is so strong—so terribly strong as it is in Quebec. It is very bad—for the Rev. Dr. McVicar, but we fear like the afflicted monkey, he must grin and bear it.

THE POETS AND POETRY OF IRELAND.

At the request of the Irish Catholic Societies of Montreal, Mr. S. J. Meany will deliver a lecture on the "Poets and Poetry of Ireland," in the Mechanics' Hall, on Monday, the 18th inst. This compliment to Mr. Meany is a becoming tribute to his talents, and we may promise all who attend the lecture on the "Poets and Poetry of Ireland," a rich treat. Our genial friend, Mr. Meany, looks a poet himself, and if we mistake not, has tuned his lyre to the melody of Irish song in days gone by.

ORANGEMISM.—ITS HISTORY.

As the 12th of July approaches—Orangemen become restive all the world over. They are good enough fellows during the rest of the year, but they go mad in the dog days. Even as early as the commencement of June, symptoms of the malady are generally observed, and the flutter in the "lodges" and in the "grand lodges" are merely the herald of the coming infection. Like their Armagh predecessors—the "Peep-o'-Day-Boys"—the brethren in Canada appear to think that they are the chosen few who wielding "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon" are destined to extinguish the "papists," as the Midianites were doomed to destruction of old. And so as the dog days approach these Orangemen heroically resolve to do or die, and rather than "shame their boasts," they'll "prove them true" by "sprinkling" the "cropsies lie down," or somewhat kindred airs. The feeble mysticism which surrounds their doings leads an obscurity to their ways, and induces them to attempt to blind the public to the aim which their organization has in view. They occasionally send forth a "part" of their constitution to the world, and hold up their hands in surprise that any one should take exception to their loyal and benevolent order. One of those documents was in the Witness last week, and a more innocuous "Constitution" could not be well conceived. What!—the Orangemen the enemies of peace and order—Nothing of the kind. They are simply loyal men, who are resolved to stand by the Queen and the Constitution. They are apostles of peace, the conservers of order, and the benevolent supporters of the distressed. Their mission is peace on earth and good will towards men. Their only objects—if we are to credit this published portion of their constitution—is to stand by the Throne and to succor the afflicted. Loyalty and Benevolence, are their twin incentives, and what man can object to such laudable mottoes surmounting the Orange coat of arms. So say the brethren. Well what does history say? Let us see! In the first place we hear the Orangemen proclaim their loyalty from the house tops and piously ejaculate their undying attachment to the Queen. Do our "loyal" and "benevolent" "brethren" forget how emphatically that loyalty was declared by Parson Flannigan some time ago, when he said in presence of 50,000 Orangemen that he would "kick the Queen's Crown into the Boyne, if the disestablishment and the disendowment of the Irish Church" became the law of the land. The reports of that meeting tell us that that sentiment was "tremendously cheered," and Orangedom applauded the disloyal sentiment to the echo. Loyal indeed! We think its loyalty doubtful, because it is conditional; it is loyal to the Protestant Church alone, for in the words of its own constitution it is loyal to the Queen only "so long as he [she] or they support the Protestant Ascendancy." Has the Constitution of the Orangemen been altered since this formed a part of the secret articles?

Yes, Orangemen are "loyal," when Catholic questions are not concerned, but as an organization, it would destroy Queen and Constitution, and "kick" both "into the Boyne" rather than proscribe the magic words "No Popery." And then this "benevolent" order of "pious" brethren appear to be surprised that poor "papishes"—the people of "wooden shoes and brass money," should look upon them with any other feeling than one of brotherly love. Perhaps indeed we had better enlighten them as to the cause of our antagonism to their order. Some of them may be innocent as to their origin, and rather than allow them to go on in darkness we shall take a few opinions from Protestant authorities upon the merits of the followers of the "glorious" and "pious" William.

In the first place King William knew nothing whatever about them. The Orange organization was not commenced until more than a century after his death. We learn that the "pious brethren" came into existence in 1795, and the battle of the Boyne was fought in 1690.

Lord Gosford, the Governor of the County of Armagh, Ireland, called the fraternity a "banditti," "had commenced and carried on a persecution of atrocious cruelty; that they spared neither age, nor sex, nor innocence; that neither ancient nor modern history could supply an example of the ruin and misery inflicted by Orangemen;" and he added—"let this be marked well—that the only crime of the wretched objects of this ruthless persecution was, a profession of the Roman Catholic Faith, or an intimate connection with a person of that faith."

This is the testimony of an anti-Catholic nobleman, at the end of the last century. At that time Orangemism was triumphant in Armagh. More than seven hundred families were banished by these "loyal and benevolent" brethren. Murders were frequent, rapine was

the order of the day, and the "pious" champions of Church and State, as Henry Grattan said, "committed murders and massacres in the name of God!" From that day to this the history of Orangemism is written in tears and in blood. Do our "loyal brethren" think we have no record of the Parliamentary inquiry of 1836. The evidence taken at that Committee spread over the occurrences of forty years. The men examined at that inquiry were "grand officers, leading men of the Orange Association—four officers of the police, two lords-lieutenant of counties, three magistrates, two lawyers, a physician and two farmers!" So says the report of proceedings published in the Edinburgh Review for 1836. And what was the result of their labours, which extended over forty-one days? Here is the epitome of the evidence taken from the Review:

"The first Orange Lodge was formed on the 21st September, 1795, at the house of a man named Sloan, in the obscure village of Loughgall. The immediate cause of those disturbances in the north that gave birth to Orangemism, was an attempt to plant colonies of Protestants on the farms or tenements of Catholics who had been forcibly ejected. Numbers of them (the Catholics) were seen wandering about the country, hungry, half naked and infuriated."

"Mr. Christie, a member of the Society of Friends, who appears to have passed 60 or 70 years on his property as quietly as a man may in the neighborhood of such violent neighbors, gives a painful account of the outrages then committed. He says (5573), 'he heard something of 12 or 14 Catholic houses wrecked in a night, and some destroyed.'—(5570). 'That this commenced in the neighborhood of Church-hill, between Portadown and Dungannon, and then it extended over nearly all the northern counties.'"

"In the course of time, after the Catholics were many of them driven from the country, and took refuge in different parts of Ireland, I understand they went to Connaught."

"Some years after, when peace and quietness was in a measure restored, some returned again; probably five or six years afterwards."

"The property which they left was transferred, in most instances, to Protestants: where they had houses, and gardens, and small farms of land, it was generally handed over by the landlords to Protestant tenants. That occurred within my knowledge."

"He further says, 'It continued for two or three years, but was not quite so bad in 1796 and 1797 as it was earlier.'"

And then the Parliamentary report says:— "After this wrecking and the Catholics were driven out, what was called the Break-of-Day party emerged into Orangemism."

"A lawless banditti have constituted themselves judges of this species of delinquency, and the sentences they pronounce is equally concise and terrible; it is nothing less than a confiscation of all property, and immediate banishment."

"These horrors are now acting, and acting with impunity."

"We have carefully examined the documents submitted by the Orange society to the Committee respecting the objects of their institution, the motives of its members, and the qualifications necessary for candidates; and nothing apparently can be more humane, tolerant, moral, and praiseworthy. Certain doubtful features occasionally, however, do peep through this coating of amiable professions. For instance, this society, professing ultra loyalty, enforced on its members an oath of qualified allegiance. 'I, A. B., do solemnly swear,' &c. 'that I will to the utmost of my power support and defend' the king and his heirs, 'so long as he or they support the Protestant ascendancy.' Another suspicious article (No. 5) declares, 'We are not to carry away money, goods, or anything from any person whatever, except arms and ammunition, and those only from an enemy;—enemy, no doubt meaning Catholic.'"

"This holy hatred of Catholics has frequently broken through even restraints of military discipline. In 1810 the Ban and Iveagh Orange corps of yeomanry actually mutinied on parade, because another corps, in which there happened to be five or six Catholics, was drawn up in line to be inspected with them."

These are but a few extracts from the history of Orangemism. We ask if it is likely that the Constitution has changed since 1836, when "nothing apparently" could "be more humane, tolerant, moral, and praiseworthy." Just like the "Constitution" published in the Witness, but beneath this, if these men of the Dominion are loyal to the Constitution framed by their fathers, which we hope they are not, there is, as Henry Grattan said, "a banditti of murderers, prepared" to commit "massacres in the name of God."

Let it, however, not be understood that we charge the Orangemen of to-day with being as violent as their predecessors. In this generation, we know that the Orangemen are fanatics, let us hope that they are not wicked as well.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT)

FRENCH CANADIANS AND IRISH.

A few days ago the *Minerve* printed an editorial article in defence of the Irish people. It combated the fallacious and insulting arguments of the *Globe*, that we were not educated up to the requirements of the age. It endorsed our views as to the paucity of our representation—both in the Parliaments of the Dominion and the Province, and altogether spoke in a tone of courteous recognition of our claims. We welcome this expression of good will from our co-religionist. Men tell us that the French Canadians and the Irish cannot be friends, and we ask the reason why? Our interests ought to be identical. We are of the one old faith, which has stood the storms of nineteen centuries. We are of the one old Celtic stock that has made most of the civilization of the world what it is, and we see no reason why we should not be upon terms of kindly intercourse here in Canada. We, for our part, would rejoice to see some move made in this direction, and, when consistent with the honour and dignity of our Irish fellow-citizens, shall do our best to cultivate a better understanding than that which has hitherto existed. Will the French Canadians meet us half way?

REV. MR. BRAY AND THE PLACARDS "THE ROMISH CHURCH"

A reporter from the *Star* has been interviewing the Rev. Mr. Bray about the offensive placards which were so liberally distributed over the city during the days preceding the Fete Dieu. As we pointed out last week the posters were printed upon Orange tinted paper, and were liberally placarded along the route. "The Romish Church, by the Rev. A. J. Bray to be had at all booksellers." So the placard ran. For our own part we had our doubts as to the Rev. Mr. Bray's complicity in this act. We remember that when he lectured in Ottawa the offensive word was withdrawn and upon other occasions too, the Rev. Mr. Bray expressed regret at having used it.

They are not, said the Rev. Mr. Bray, issued by my authority, knowledge or consent, I disclaim them most unreservedly; I knew nothing of their publication until I saw them, with great regret, upon the walls; when I came here fresh from England I used the word "Romish" in entire ignorance that it was offensive to Roman Catholics; in England, the "Romish Church" is constantly used by the *Times* and all the leading papers, as well as by statesmen in Parliament, like Gladstone and others of equal eminence, who are incapable of insulting any one, to designate the Roman Catholic Church, and I speak from personal knowledge when I say that it is never considered as an offensive expression in England; it is applied there just as "English Church" is used to denote the Anglican Communion; I never heard that Roman Catholics were annoyed at its application until I was about to enter the pulpit in Zion Church to deliver my lecture; I immediately withdrew the word "Romish" and apologised for its use, as any gentleman would who had learned that he had innocently wounded the religious susceptibilities of any portion of his fellow-citizens.

Reporter—How did those offensive placards get out?

Mr. B.—I parted with the copyright of my lecture, and have no further control over it.

R.—Who is the party responsible for the publication?

Mr. B.—The Milton League are the publishers. R.—Are the offensive words on the title page of the pamphlet?

Mr. B.—No, and you are authorised to state that I am in no way responsible for these placards. I greatly regret they have been issued, as I am earnestly opposed to the use of language calculated to excite animosity or ill-will. I think it is ungentlemanly, unchristian and unnecessary.

So far so good. We rejoice to notice these expressions of goodwill, and if the Rev. Mr. Bray continues to pursue his career upon the lines laid down in his interview with the reporter of the *Star*, he may yet atone for the blunders he has made. But it is true that the phrase "Romish Church" is a common one in England? We have been well informed that Mr. Bray is again mistaken. He says the *Times* and all the leading papers, as well as statesmen in Parliament "use the phrase "Romish Church," and that it is "never considered as an offensive expression." We give this a flat contradiction. We say the phrase is never used in Parliament, and seldom used out of it, except by such fanatics as Whalley and Co. In England as well as here the phrase is an insulting one. But the Rev. Mr. Bray lived in a Protestant atmosphere. He might have used the phrase and it might not have been challenged. Surrounded by Protestant communities, the "Romish Church" may have become the habitual way of speaking of the Church in certain localities, but the habit originated in insult, although it may be, in some cases, perpetuated in ignorance. But after all using the phrase "Romish" was a very small insult compared with others used by the Rev. Mr. Bray. It was the least of columns of insult he flung at us. We have no desire now to reopen this question unless we are obliged, but, if the Rev. Mr. Bray is as good as his word and expresses regret for his insulting lecture—if he withdraws the foul phrases he flung at our priesthood—their "immorality"—the "colossus of crime"—"friend of popular ignorance"—"beastly passions &c., &c., &c." if he in fact acts up to the spirit of his language by withdrawing his lecture, then and not till then will he prove that he is "earnestly opposed to the use of language calculated to excite animosity or ill-will."

"THE WEARING OF THE GREEN."

The Orangemen are vexed with the militia authorities just now. They pout because her Majesty's regulations were not broken to suit their wayward fancy. The funeral of gunner Ashplant was not conducted as they wished and hence vengeance is vowed upon the Government that dares stand between them and their darling object—insult to their Catholic fellow-citizens. Meeting after meeting has been held and the "loyal" and "benevolent" Orangemen wax fiercer in their rage.—Some few of them resigned and then the whisper went out to hold on, for if the Orangemen left the ranks the "Papists" would take their place. Then there was a rally, officers harangued their men, and order appeared to be restored. At some of the processions the Catholics engaged a volunteer band, and at a subsequent meeting of the volunteers, who were mostly Orangemen, it was indignantly said that the volunteer band had played "The Wearing of the Green." Astounding news! A heroic and loyal volunteer band dared play "The Wearing of the Green." Why the very stones should rise in mutiny at such an out-

rage." But do our "loyal brethren" know that "The Wearing of the Green" has been played in presence of her Majesty and that very recently in Ireland it was played by one of her Majesty's regimental bands in presence of Prince Arthur? What do our volunteers say to that?

A FANCY SKETCH OF THE EARLY DAYS OF THE POPE.

The papers are treating their readers to a fancy sketch of the early days of the life of Pope Pius IX. He was "handsome" and somewhat gay, "smoked cigars" on the Corso, and flirted with the prettiest girls in all the capital. His society was courted, and the best families in Rome sought an alliance with young Mastai Ferretti. He led the life of a young noble of his time, without, however, any reproach upon his character or his name. And now suppose all this is true, what then? What does it prove? There is no question as to the morality or manly bearing of the future Pius Nono. It merely makes the marvelous discovery that Pius IX. was at one time a young man. It was not even proved that he was a sinner, but he was once upon a time young, smoked cigars, and was handsome. If, like St. Augustine, he had been a sinner, what a howl of delight would he re-echo through the Protestant world; but if not a sinner he was young. Yes, verily, Pius IX. was once a young man who "smoked cigars," and was "handsome." And this is all they can say of Pius IX! Look at home, you critics—look at home! What crowned head in the world will bear so close an examination into his youthful career as will Pope Pius IX? What monarch will come through the investigation into his life, by his enemies throughout the world, and who can only discover the astounding facts that he was at one time young, and "smoked cigars," and was "handsome?"

"THE CATHOLIC LEAGUE."

Mr. O'Donoghue of Toronto has been visiting Ottawa for the purpose of organizing a branch of the "Catholic League" in the capital. On Friday evening a public meeting of the Irish Catholics of Ottawa, was held in St. Patrick's Hall, and Mr. O'Donoghue and Mayor Waller were the principal speakers. Mr. O'Hanly was in the chair. Mr. O'Donoghue spoke strongly in favour of the proposed organization. Mayor Waller spoke against it. Mr. O'Donoghue pointed out that in consequence of the independent attitude taken by the Catholics of Ontario, that they had secured nine members for the Local Legislature and one Catholic member in the Cabinet. Mayor Waller replied, by objecting to a gentleman coming 200 or 300 miles to teach the Irish Catholics of Ottawa what they should do. The meeting was conducted with slight interruptions, and carried a vote in favour of supporting Mr. O'Donoghue in his mission. Another meeting is to be held and the agitation is to be continued.

"TEN THOUSAND VOLUNTEERS."

The English papers are jubilant over the offer of ten thousand volunteers from Canada to serve "anywhere" that the war department may require. Now this fiction has gone far enough. There has been no offer of ten thousand volunteers from Canada! It is a miserable exaggeration. Some unauthorized person, or persons sent a telegram or two offering to "raise men" the fiction was taken up, it spread, and the story of the three black crows was repeated over again. We do not say that it would be impossible to raise ten thousand volunteers for active service but that they have been "offered" is a heroic exaggeration.

THE WITNESS.

The Witness is at its old tricks again. Just when we were complimenting it upon its change of base, it launches out from its old lines. Last week the Witness was offensively jocular, but it might have allowed the Delegate Apostolic to leave the city before it spoke with so much rudeness of his, and our chief—Pius IX. We wanted to measure weapons with the Witness "as Christian gentlemen," and we shall endeavor to do our part of the work, even if our contemporary loses its temper in the effort.

RUMOURED AMNESTY.

The telegrams of last night informs us that "Dourret" who is undergoing fifteen years penal servitude for complicity in the Fenian movement is about to be amnestied. This must be "David" not Dourret. We hope the news is true.

THE PILGRIMS.

The Irish Canadian Pilgrims arrived in Rome on Monday. They are, we believe, to be presented to the Holy Father on Saturday.

LATEST TELEGRAMS.

The English Commons rejected a motion for the abolition of capital punishment by a vote of 155 to 50. An engagement between the Turks and Montenegrins, lasting 55 hours, resulted in the latter being compelled to withdraw, with heavy loss.

LETTER FROM FATHER DOWD.

STEAMSHIP "CITY OF BRUSSELS."

On Board, May 17th, 1877.

DEAR FATHER SINGER—Here we are still afloat about four hundred miles from the coast of Ireland. It is impossible to say when we may land as we are entirely at the mercy of the winds. But we hope to see land on the 20th, and to reach Queenstown next day. However, twenty six days on the Ocean, with fog, and calms, and shifting winds, have taught us a lesson of patience, and the folly of relying too much on our own calculations. So we have made up our minds to land when God wishes. You may well suppose that the disappointment, for which we were so little prepared, is felt intensely. However God has been extremely good to us in every other respect. There has been no sickness amongst the Pilgrims except the inevitable tribute of a little sea sickness, from which I recovered after a few days, except poor Mrs. Wm. Brennan who is even yet weak and suffering. I have not been ill for a moment to the surprise—perhaps disappointment, of all. My good fortune has been shared in by Father Crombleholme, B. Tansey got a regular scouring. Since his recovery he is the life of the whole party. All the others are happy, and in much improved health, having but one fear before their minds,—lest the provisions should give out. This fear is not without some foundation since more than a week past we had to throw over board one hundred and seven tons of what was once fresh beef. The smell could not be longer endured. Now I will tell you how we live on the Ocean. The Pilgrims are 46 in number—32 from Canada, and 14 from the United States, every morning at 7 o'clock we have Mass, which is said in turn by one of the ten priests of our party. At 2 o'clock we have the devotions of the month of May since the beginning of the month. These devotions are—the Beads—the Litany of the Blessed Virgin well sung by a full choir,—next a Canticle varied every day, is chanted—then the prayer of the day taken from your Month of Mary, with prayer of St. Bernard and Act of Consecration; all ending with three Paters and Aves for our Holy Father. We have evening prayers at 8 o'clock, followed by a meditation read out of Challoner. After this the night is passed in a variety of fashions,—no person seeming to be in a hurry to retire to bed. My bed time is about 11 o'clock, so you see you will have hard work to bring me back to rule when I return.

Apart from the delay caused by the breaking of the shaft of the screw of our ship, the Pilgrimage has been up to this moment a complete success. We live together in the most perfect harmony.—All are kind, obliging, and truly charitable. In fact had I the choice of Canada, I could not bring together an equal number of persons more worthy of the noble enterprise in which we are engaged.—The conduct of all is most edifying, and truly religious; and each one has the good name and the honor of the Pilgrimage at heart. All assist regularly at all the exercises with fervent piety, though I never said a word to them about the necessity of assisting regularly. On the feast of the Ascension all without exception approached the Holy Communion. Poor Mrs. Brennan was too sick. You may believe me the nearly four weeks on the Ocean have not appeared long, nor have they been without their consolations. Our Captain is not only respectful; he is exceedingly kind, and obliging. From the beginning of the voyage he has studied in every way to give us pleasure, and to diminish the fatigue of our delay. The rest of the space will be filled when we land, only I forgot to tell you that we buried an old man yesterday morning who died amongst the steerage passengers. He was prepared by receiving all the Sacraments, and the whole burial service was performed by the ten priests. It was affecting, and extremely impressive. Poor man he was returning to leave his bones in the old native soil, but God willed it otherwise.

Dear Father Singer, thank our dear good people for all their prayers; to which I think I may attribute our safety, and the peace and confidence I feel that we are under the protection of God, and the loving care of our Blessed Mother.

May 23th, off Holyhead

Here we are at last preparing to land in Liverpool this evening about 8 o'clock safe and sound, we proceed to-morrow to London, where we pass Corpus Christi, next Sunday at Lourdes—then Rome. Adieu, continue to pray for our safe return—all as gay as larks, love to all.

P. DOWD PRBST.

THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE IN OTTAWA.

HIS VISIT TO THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

The reception given to the Most Rev. Dr. Conroy, at the Capital, was of the most enthusiastic and cordial nature. The details having been already published very widely I will not trespass on your valuable space by their repetition. During the few days he remained here, His Excellency was the guest of the Governor General. The courtesy and attention paid by Lord Dufferin, to the Delegate, are only appreciated by the Catholics, not alone of this City, but of the whole Dominion, that the hospitality of Rideau Hall should be extended by the representative of Queen Victoria to the Delegate of the Sovereign Pontiff,—the most venerable Potentate on earth—is no more than could have been expected. Were he as churlish or bigoted as some who occupy similar exalted positions, he might have allowed those feelings to overmaster his sense of propriety. That he did not do this, but contrariwise that he treated his illustrious guest with his characteristic grace and urbanity, is Earl Dufferin's peculiar merit in the estimation of Catholics. On Thursday and Friday, His Excellency visited the Houses of Parliament and Departmental buildings, accompanied by the Most Rev. Dr. Power of St. John, Nfld. Rev. Dr. O'Connor and Hon. R. W. Scott, with which he was highly pleased. He also paid a visit to the various religious institutions of the city, Educational and charitable, in each of which a reception suitable to the exalted dignity of the visitor had been prepared. In the afternoon of Friday, His Excellency held a Levée at the Episcopal Palace, from 4 to 6 o'clock their Lordships the Bishops of Ottawa, St. John and Charlottetown, P.E.I., were present. A large number of leading Catholic and Protestant

citizens called to pay their respects to the Apostolic Delegate. At half past seven o'clock on the evening of the 9th a grand Musical and Literary soiree was given in the outer hall of the College of Ottawa, in honour of His Excellency. From the flagstaff on the roof of the centre building of the imposing pile, the Papal flag floated on the evening breeze, flags, shields and banners, with wreaths and garlands of evergreens ornamented the main entrance. The hall was tastefully decorated for the occasion. Over the door, on the outside, were the arms of the Pope, the Delegate, and the Bishop of Ottawa. The walls of the hall presented a pleasing display of sylvan scenery painted by Bro. Paradis, the Drawing Master of the College. Although hurriedly executed the work bore the evidence of artistic skill. In the centre of a large raised dais immediately inside the door a throne chair was placed for His Excellency on either side of which seats were arranged for distinguished visitors. Taking into consideration the short notice that the Rev. Fathers had of the Delegate's intended visit to the College, their preparations were very admirable and complete. At the appointed hour the Most Rev. Dr. Conroy entered the hall, the audience standing en masse until he took his seat. On his right were Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, Hon. Joseph Cauchon, Minister of Inland Revenue, and Hon. R. Laframme, Minister of Justice; on his left Bishop Duhamel, Mrs. Mackenzie, Bishop Power, Hon. L. S. Huntington, Mrs. Cauchon, Mrs. R. W. Scott, J. W. and Mrs. Currier. Among the clergy were Very Rev. L. J. Jovant, V. G. Ottawa, Very Rev. H. Moreau, V. G. Montreal, Very Rev. J. O'Connor, D.D., Very Rev. J. J. Chisholm, D. D., Pertt, Rev. Messrs. Dawson, Osgood, Foley and Campeau, Cathedral, Sylvain, Rimondi (Cathedral), Whelan, Champagne, Ginnot, Salmon, Montreal, and the Rev. Fathers of Ottawa College. A large number of leading Catholics were present, among whom we noticed Dr. Tache, Dep. Minister of Agriculture, Messrs. Moore A Higgins, J. G. Moylan, M. O'Gara, T. P. French, McCabe, R. Ryan, Low, Plunkett, Peachy, Baskerville, Kearns, J. P. Brophy, D. Ryan, Ballarge, O'Doherty, Brennan, St. Jean, M.P., Leprohon, Henry, Lajoie, Stokel, Goff, Casgrain, C. McCarthy, Lapierre, D. McCarthy Racine, Audy, Dr. Lyon, together with a numerous attendance of ladies. Rossini's overture—L'italienne en Algerie, performed by the College band, in excellent style, opened the programme. At the close of this piece, the Superior of the College, Very Rev. Father Pallier, advanced to the front of the stage, erected at the west end of the hall, and delivered the following address of the College of Ottawa to His Excellency. He said:—

My it please Your Excellency,— Though ere now the joyful acclamations of the professors and students of the College of Ottawa, mingled with those of an enthusiastic population; though our hearts beat in unison with those of the many thousand that bade you welcome to this the Capital of the Canadian Dominion; and but one sentiment animated the breasts of all, young and old, high and low, a sentiment of profound veneration and love. Yet, on this solemn occasion, I beg to approach Your Excellency, and tender in a more definite form the homage which this institution owes to the representative of Christ's Vicar on earth. I deem it no slight honor that I should have the privilege of greeting him whose presence confers on this college a favor that will never be forgotten. Among the few events of high importance which we record with pleasure in our *codex historicus* that of Your Excellency's visit will stand the highest and sweetest to be remembered. I must refrain from all allusion to the eminent qualities that have prompted our glorious Pontiff, Pius IX. to single you out from so many illustrious Prelates to visit our distant shores and fulfil a mission that promises many blessings. But in the name of the inmates of this College, I greet the great Prelate who comes invested with such high dignity, honored with the friendship and confidence of him whom we vainly proclaim the greatest man, the greatest King of the age, and one of the greatest Pontiffs to whom it has been granted to preside over the destinies of God's Holy Church. Scarcely ten trustrams have elapsed since the young city sprang into existence, and our College begins to emerge from its infancy. Thanks to the Catholic spirit that animates the professors and the pupils, a spirit of union in faith and charity—thanks to the benevolent and distinguished patronage of our beloved Bishop. Within these walls live happily together the numerous descendants of the generous sons of Erin, the Isle of the Saints, come hither from the various parts of this grand continent the descendants of those of la belle France, of Bonnie Scotland and Merry England. All vie together to improve in the various branches of useful knowledge, but especially to imbibe those sound Catholic principles that will enable this rising generation to remain steadfast in the faith, and oppose those pernicious and widespread principles which are so subversive of authority, and which, were they to triumph, would undermine society and religion, and leave nothing for the sun to shine upon but heaps of ruins, material and spiritual. Noble is the good, but toilsome is the way. Yet we all fondly hope Your Excellency brings to us, on behalf of our Holy Father, not only words of encouragement, but also ours of those special and so highly prized blessings, which will help us to discharge with courage and joy the arduous but honourable task devolved on us to God's greatest glory and the glory of His Holy Church. (Applause.)

The students followed in a chorus of welcome to the Apostolic Delegate, which was well rendered. Mr. James Burns, one of the students, next read the following:—

Epigramma In Ill. Ardagh Episcopum, D. D. Conroy, Delegatum Apostolicum Collegium Ottawense Invenistem:— Venisti tandem, Praesul sanctissime, salve! Tu tulisti Hibernae, Romaque te rapuit: Egressum Roma te excipit in Canada! Ergo quid superest? Hic mane, Sancte Pater. This was followed by the reading of the subjoined Ode by Mr. B. Anderson another student, who acquitted himself very creditably:—

ODE. TO OUR HOLY FATHER PIUS IX. On occasion of the Visit of His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, the Right Rev. Doctor Conroy, Bishop of Ardagh. And who is he with locks so hoary, Eyes as bright as ever shone, His brow high crowned with triple glory, Sitting captive, on his throne? It is the Holy Father Pius—Let us raise Our voice in sweet and solemn harmony and praise From youth to age, defiled never, Clean of heart, to him was given, The Virgin's claim to fix forever, By the high decree of Heaven. With words inspired he spoke, and smile benign:— Immaculate is she that bore the Child Divine. Around him now in Council meeting, See a thousand mitres shine, Hearts to a thousand bosoms beating, Long to hear the words divine, Hark! Hark! again his voice inspired descends:— Infalible is she that bears the double Keys.

Then, joy to earth! to God be glory! For His Mother, for our Head. Thou, Pius, shalt live long in story, Endless honours on thee shed. Live on, live on, and save a sinking world: Live on, and see thy own fair flag again unfurled. Not yet thy task is done, sweet Father— Teach us still each truth divine: While we thy children round thee gather, Mingling joys and tears with thine. So, when thy head seeks its eternal rest, Oh! may its pillow be our Saviour's loving breast. These compositions, when read, were presented to Dr. Conroy, by Messrs Burns and Anderson. The Ode was received by the audience with well-merited applause. The band rendered very well, indeed "L'air Alerie au Bivouac," Fantasia Militaire. The piece produced great mirth and hearty applause. "Le Coucou et le Rossignol"—The Cuckoo and the Nightingale—by the College choir, fairly drew down the house. The vocalization, the instrumental parts, and the imitation of the sweet warbler of the night, and the mysterious cuckoo was perfect. The gem of the evening was the evolutions and singing of the "Papal Zouaves," a band of worthful warriors well got up for the occasion. Their military manoeuvres, to one like ourselves—who cannot boast any experience in camp or field—appeared to be *au fait*. They elicited enthusiastic and prolonged applause, and were heartily received. The programme closed with "God Save the Pope" admirably sung in chorus, accompanied by the band. The National Anthem was enthusiastically rendered, all standing. At its conclusion, His Excellency proceeded to the front of the dais and amid the wrapt attention of the audience spoke, in silvery tones, such words of eloquence and wisdom as his hearers will not soon forget. Callous indeed must have been the heart upon which Dr. Conroy failed to make a salutary impression, in his beautiful address, at the College of Ottawa on Friday evening last. I am indebted to the *Free Press* for the following report of His Excellency's speech:— "He said that he felt the first visit ever paid by a Delegate Apostolic from the Holy See to the Capital of the Dominion of Canada could not have come to a more fitting conclusion than it had in this hall, sacred to learning, with so many hundred present of the rising hope of the future. (Applause.) The Holy See had seen all the capitals of the old world. She saw Kingdoms come into being, She saw the first Christian empire traced by Constantine; she saw Augustine sent from the Cellian Hill to convert England, and throw her blessing around the Franks who built the cities of Francos been built their lives. As she had seen the old cities rise, so she had continued to see most of them fall into decay. Like him who established her she comes through him to look for the first time on the rising capital of this noble country, as one looks into the features of the child in order to forecast the man, so he would endeavor to forecast the destiny of this country. He had sought to find out the forces prevalent that would operate upon the future, and what was the result? He had found that the first element which made an Empire strong, viz: Religion, was flourishing and triumphant. (Applause.) On his arrival they had first guided his steps to the living Temple of God, which shined their adoration of Him who had made all things. Since then he had been pleased to find that religion was not idle in works of charity, but had become a reality in all that the dreamer might anticipate would be. Institutions had been established to make old age pass easily to the grave; institutions existed where the weak and erring found a refuge from the cold-hearted world, and many were brought back again to the paths of virtue; while little children were not forgotten, but taken care and brought up in the path which leads to usefulness and respectability. There was no form of sorrow and suffering but what religion had tended to bless. (Applause.) These blessed works of charity, standing side by side with the church, made strong the future prospects of the Empire, and from the social system which existed, equal liberty to all, he thought there would come as great and happy a nation as the world had ever seen. (Applause.) In this city, the capital of the Dominion, a perfect unanimity prevailed amongst all classes and creeds and he felt that a great work was going on, that God was building up a great nation. (Applause.) The people working out the natural resources of the country, and while giving obedience to good authority, would eventually amass great wealth. There was one thing needed to make a nation strong and that was education; and as he represented the Holy See, he would say to the Christian Priests, see that you preserve and develop your colleges of learning. The highest attainment was the full development of the human mind, in knowledge of arts and sciences. (Applause.) In this country the Government had perfected a code of laws for the education of the rising generation, a matter which had puzzled the heads of other nations, which were unsurpassed. He was proud that he spent his last evening in the city in a Temple of Learning, where the effort was to make good Christian citizens. He thanked his young friends for the excellent entertainment which they had given him and their superiors for the glorious spectacle presented; he also thanked those who had honored him by their attendance. He had been much gratified with the welcome the people of the city had given him, and the courtesy which they had extended, making his visit a most pleasant one. He had seen Ottawa in its youth, and from what he had observed predicted for it a glorious old age. This is but the substance of what His Excellency said. To realize the full effect the distinguished speaker should have been seen and heard. At the conclusion of his address Dr. Conroy was greeted with rapturous applause. Thus was spent a few delightful hours, which passed with winged speed. For the rare, intellectual repast enjoyed by those who had the good fortune to be present, a deep debt of gratitude is due to the zealous, learned and self-sacrificing Fathers of the College of Ottawa. The Catholics of Canada, especially of Central Canada, should know more of this splendid institution. They ought to become better acquainted with the great work that goes on, day by day, silently but steadily within those sacred walls—that work which His Excellency so much extolled—the higher education of our youth. If our will to do farmers, and merchants could be brought to appreciate properly the great boon a few years' residence in the College of Ottawa would confer upon their sons, they would not be slow to avail of the advantages so abundantly offered. A chartered University as it is, with power to confer degrees in Arts, Law, Medicine and Divinity, it only needs the legitimate encouragement of Catholics to make it a flourishing institution—one in every respect equal to any other in the Dominion, worthy alike of Catholic zeal and spirit. His Excellency accompanied by Bishop Power, Dr. O'Connor, Rev. A. Reddy, Secretary to the Delegate, and Rev. Father Scott, Secretary to Dr. Power left Ottawa this morning at 10.30 for Toronto. Ottawa, June 9th, 1877. SENEX.

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He had sought to find out the forces prevalent that would operate upon the future, and what was the result? He had found that the first element which made an Empire strong, viz: Religion, was flourishing and triumphant. (Applause.) On his arrival they had first guided his steps to the living Temple of God, which shined their adoration of Him who had made all things. Since then he had been pleased to find that religion was not idle in works of charity, but had become a reality in all that the dreamer might anticipate would be. Institutions had been established to make old age pass easily to the grave; institutions existed where the weak and erring found a refuge from the cold-hearted world, and many were brought back again to the paths of virtue; while little children were not forgotten, but taken care and brought up in the path which leads to usefulness and respectability. There was no form of sorrow and suffering but what religion had tended to bless. (Applause.) These blessed works of charity, standing side by side with the church, made strong the future prospects of the Empire, and from the social system which existed, equal liberty to all, he thought there would come as great and happy a nation as the world had ever seen. (Applause.) In this city, the capital of the Dominion, a perfect unanimity prevailed amongst all classes and creeds and he felt that a great work was going on, that God was building up a great nation. (Applause.) The people working out the natural resources of the country, and while giving obedience to good authority, would eventually amass great wealth. There was one thing needed to make a nation strong and that was education; and as he represented the Holy See, he would say to the Christian Priests, see that you preserve and develop your colleges of learning. The highest attainment was the full development of the human mind, in knowledge of arts and sciences. (Applause.) In this country the Government had perfected a code of laws for the education of the rising generation, a matter which had puzzled the heads of other nations, which were unsurpassed. He was proud that he spent his last evening in the city in a Temple of Learning, where the effort was to make good Christian citizens. He thanked his young friends for the excellent entertainment which they had given him and their superiors for the glorious spectacle presented; he also thanked those who had honored him by their attendance. He had been much gratified with the welcome the people of the city had given him, and the courtesy which they had extended, making his visit a most pleasant one. He had seen Ottawa in its youth, and from what he had observed predicted for it a glorious old age. This is but the substance of what His Excellency said. To realize the full effect the distinguished speaker should have been seen and heard. At the conclusion of his address Dr. Conroy was greeted with rapturous applause. Thus was spent a few delightful hours, which passed with winged speed. For the rare, intellectual repast enjoyed by those who had the good fortune to be present, a deep debt of gratitude is due to the zealous, learned and self-sacrificing Fathers of the College of Ottawa. The Catholics of Canada, especially of Central Canada, should know more of this splendid institution. They ought to become better acquainted with the great work that goes on, day by day, silently but steadily within those sacred walls—that work which His Excellency so much extolled—the higher education of our youth. If our will to do farmers, and merchants could be brought to appreciate properly the great boon a few years' residence in the College of Ottawa would confer upon their sons, they would not be slow to avail of the advantages so abundantly offered. A chartered University as it is, with power to confer degrees in Arts, Law, Medicine and Divinity, it only needs the legitimate encouragement of Catholics to make it a flourishing institution—one in every respect equal to any other in the Dominion, worthy alike of Catholic zeal and spirit. His Excellency accompanied by Bishop Power, Dr. O'Connor, Rev. A. Reddy, Secretary to the Delegate, and Rev. Father Scott, Secretary to Dr. Power left Ottawa this morning at 10.30 for Toronto. Ottawa, June 9th, 1877. SENEX.

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MONTHLY TEST.

Number of purchasers served during the month ending May 31st 1877: 20,107. Same month last year: 14,651. Increase: 5,456.

WEEKLY TEST.

Number of purchasers served during week of five days, ending June 2nd, 1877: 5,539. Number of purchasers served during corresponding week of last year: 4,308. Increase 1,236.

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Last week was the second best week we have ever had. This great increase in trade is principally due to our well-assorted stock of goods that the public require.

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Bunting.

Black and Colored Bunting for Summer Dresses.

Prints.

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Cretons.

Two cases new Cretons, beautiful patterns and wide widths, from 11c. to 20c.

Cloths.

To be sold this week, a very large lot of Halifax Tweeds in greys and brown mixtures all at 50c per yard, same as sold last summer at 75c.

Serges! Serges!!

Case Navy Blue Serges for Bathing Dresses and Gentlemen's Suits, from 36c to 75c.

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Devotion to the Sacred Heart, by Secondo Franco, S.J., paper, 30
Catechism of Devotion to the Sacred Heart, Cloth, 35
Manual Sodality of the Sacred Heart, Cloth, 40
Manual of Devotion to the Sacred Heart, containing Devotions for every day in the Month of June, Cloth, gilt edge, 40
Month of the Sacred Heart, with Novena Preparatory to the Festival of the Sacred Heart, Cloth, 50
The Paradise of God, or, The Virtues of the Sacred Heart, Cloth, 90
Glories of the Sacred Heart, by Cardinal Manning, Cloth, 1 00
The New Manual of the Sacred Heart, Cloth, red edges, 60
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CORRESPONDENCE.

We wish it to be remembered that we do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

THE IRISH QUESTION.

MONTREAL, June 4th, 1877. To the Editor of the True Witness. Sir,—A General election for the Dominion Parliament cannot, in the nature of things, be much longer delayed, and in anticipation of such election it may not be out of place to make a few suggestions which if they serve no other purpose will at least set people thinking. Thinking very often leads to acting.

The Irish Catholics of the Dominion have at least come to the conclusion that it is only by a united effort they can assure themselves of a share in the Government of this country. When the Irish Catholics become restive under the exclusion, and throw out a few sparks of discontented fire in the way of letters to newspapers, and an odd speech here and there, their good friend the Toronto Globe, which sometimes has the audacity to put itself forward as their political mentor, assumes a heroic attitude and informs them that politics is after all a contemptible thing and official patronage means of corrupting a chivalrous people like the Irish, who are far better off attending to industrial pursuits and leaving the country to be governed by others [the Scotch for instance.] I do not know whether the Globe, in thus advising, is merely indulging in a fine ironic vein, or if those whom it addresses are soothed by its transparent humbug, but I do know that the Great Government organ entertains a contempt for our intelligence and occasionally does not even wrap its utterances in irony, but tells us straight out we are ignorant and not capable of ruling [vide Globe 12th May 1877 and a hundred other dates as well.] This assertion is an insolent falsehood. If, however, that newspaper really believes what it says about the demoralizing effects of politics, parliamentary representation, and official patronage, let us still have a share in what's going, for God forbid that we should be mean enough to throw the whole responsibility on the shoulders of our friends the Scotch. We pay taxes, we are prepared to defend Canada from attack no matter from what quarter emanating, we enjoy the benefit of her free laws and her glorious constitution and it is therefore our duty to take part in the Government, so that if politics be sinful we also may bear part of the blame.

But what are we to do? How can we put ourselves in a position to take our proper place when Canada is united against us? It may be asked, Canada is not united against us, and if it were, we could not by any possibility be worse off than we are at present. Let us unite as one man, let us make independent nominations where there is the slightest chance of success, and let us stand loyally by those who stand by us and not listen to the denayers who think anything will go down with the Irish Catholics. The Minister of the 30th ult., in an editorial, makes the statement that the 80,000 Frenchmen in the Province of Ontario return but one member to Parliament, the 200,000 Irish Catholics another, while 110,000 English speaking Protestants of Quebec manage to send thirteen of their body to Ottawa! If this sort of thing be allowed to continue the world will imagine the Irish and French celtic are an inferior race. Why the negroes in the South are well represented in Congress and in the State Legislatures.

In every constituency of Ontario there is a class of Protestant electors which rises above questions of creed and race and votes for the best man. This class belongs, for the most part, to the Conservative party, as plainly shown by the manner in which it nominated and succeeded in returning four or five Irish Catholics at the last general election for the Ontario Legislature. To this class the French and Irish should ally themselves as against the Scotch gibe, and when the election comes on loyally nominate a French Canadian, or Irish Catholic or an English or Irish Protestant who has the best chance of winning irrespective of creed or race. This course of proceeding will bring the Scotch to their senses and in self-defence they also must nominate Catholics, or if not, as they are numerically weak, they will have to stay at home in their shops, or on their farms, far away from the demoralizing influences of Ottawa politics and patronage, (which corrupt you know.)

In Quebec the Irish Catholics should be able to secure more nominations than they do at present and consequently return more members. They cannot blame the Scotch in this Province, if indeed they can blame any but themselves and their disunion in any Province. Quebec is inhabited by a people who are of kindred race and the same religion as we, whose history runs in almost parallel lines and occasionally blends with our own, whose ancestors fought beside ours on many a proud historic field, at Alma, at Dettingen, at Aughrim, at Cremona and at Fontenoy. And yet we do not expect favors from those our allies, but justice, the same justice they give to our Protestant brethren. Let them remember that John O'Donoghue, our only representative in Ontario lost his seat because he voted amnesty to the French Canadian, Riel, and let them throw aside the little prejudices that have from time to time crept in between and kept the kindred peoples divided. If ever a question of paramount importance affecting their interests and statues in Canada should arise would it not be better to have at their back in Parliament a phalanx of Irish members, however small, which could sympathize with them on matters of religion and ethnology, than aliens in language, religion and race?

But after all, Mr. Editor, the Irish Catholics of the Dominion must mainly depend upon themselves. By a strong union they are in a position to return at least ten members from the Province of Ontario alone, and if this union be not effected the French of Quebec and liberal minded Protestants all over may be excused if they do not come to their assistance, God help those only who help themselves.

AT ITS OLD TRICKS.

To the Editor of the True Witness. MONTREAL, June 7th 1877. Sir,—The well known bigotry of the Daily Witness, which for a short time past remained dormant to some extent, has again shown forth with increased malignity. Since the advent in our midst of the illustrious Ambassador from the Vatican, the columns of that paper have been made the channel of indignant protests against the rights of the Catholic majority of this city to perform those religious ceremonies which are incumbent on them as faithful followers of Christ's Representative on earth. The right of publishing correspondence on the subject cannot be, at all questioned, but when the city item columns are also made the medium of attack, the editor assumes the responsibility and his conduct is open to criticism. The editorial sanction in this case cannot be regarded by the Catholics of this city, otherwise than as an indication of a desire on the part of that journal to arouse all those bitter feelings of religious antagonism which, unfortunately in the past, contributed largely in placing an almost insurmountable barrier between the people of the Dominion professing the Roman Catholic religion, and those worshipping at other shrines. Apart from this general antagonism, we

(Continued on Fourth Column.)

A. LEVEQUE, ARCHITECT, No. 12 PLACE D'ARMES, MONTREAL.

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JOBING CAREFULLY ATTENDED TO.—[March 16, 12m

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(Continued from Second Column.)

have in yesterday's issue of the Witness, a somewhat new departure in journalism for the novelty of which it will certainly be rewarded by the condemnation of the Irish Catholic people. The matter to which I allude appears under the caption "Eye Sore Jack," and in that item the reporter is not satisfied—or probably thinks his masters would not be—with the recital of an immoral avowal from an individual on trial before the Recorder, but gives the public the astounding supplementary information that the accused—who is charged with keeping his yard in an unclean condition—is a Roman Catholic, and comes from Connaught, Ireland. Why make such a distinction in heralding this particular delinquent's nationality and religion before the public? Why are not such full—though unnecessary—particulars given in cases of greater enormity when the transgressors are Protestants? The answer suggests itself at once, that the Witness is determined to use all endeavours, foul as well as fair, to blacken our character, and place the Irish Catholics of this country in an unenviable light before the world, by singling out exceptional crimes for which neither religion nor nationality can be held, in any manner, accountable.

Yours respectfully, "JUSTITIA."

COLLEGE OF THE SACRED HEART.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

DEAR SIR,—The little College of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, hidden amongst the trees at the base of Mount Royal, has lately been the scene of several little fêtes de famille an account of which will, I think prove interesting to yourself and to your many readers. This College is, as you are aware, under the direction of the Fathers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross and is intended exclusively for the education of young boys between the age of 6 and 12 years. It has been in existence for about 7 years; and under the skillful management of its venerable Superior, Rev. A. Gastineau, C.S.C., it has already proved itself a blessing to the many families who have favored it with their patronage. French and English are taught with extreme care; consequently, those children who come from the United States and Canada have a rare chance of becoming, in their early youth, conversant with those two languages which are nowadays so necessary in social and commercial circles.

But to come to the object of my letter. The 21st May, the 50th anniversary of the preconization of Pius IX. to the episcopal dignity was truly a gala-day at Notre Dame. By the indefatigable labors of the Prefect, Rev. H. D. Cormier, C.S.C., preparations on a grand scale had been made for the celebration of the feast. Bro. Alderic, too, had worked with unceasing perseverance; and the successful result of his energy was apparent in the decorations and above all, in the illumination which took place in the evening and of which a word or two by and bye.

The day commenced with the celebration of Grand High Mass; at noon there was a grand dinner and in the afternoon Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given. Of course the boys bade a cordial farewell to all study during the day. In fact, Mr. Editor, the little chaps were but too happy at having the chance to exhibit their unshaken faith in that proverb which, by the way, appears to be the favorite one of school-boys: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." And as there are many "Jacks" (of course you won't interpret the word in its slang sense) amongst the boys of Notre Dame, you can imagine with what gusto they enjoyed their conge.

But it was the illumination in the evening which afforded them the greatest delight. All day they had been on the tip-toe of expectation and when the time came, their anticipations were most fully realized. Being marshalled from the recreation grounds into the avenue before the College, they found the whole building gorgeously decorated and brilliantly illuminated. Yellow, blue, white and red drapery enwreathed the facade of the College and hung from the columns of the portico. Chinese lanterns innumerable glittered amongst the trees and vied with each other as to which would exhibit its vari-colored grandeur to best advantage. From the flag-poles which surmounted the College-buildings, waved the colors of various nations. Each flag could be distinctly distinguished high up in the air as bright and beautiful lights had been suspended at the very top of the masts. Added to all this was a display of fireworks which was unceasingly kept up for several hours. This was, evidently the feature of the entertainment which the boys seemed to enjoy most; for, as rocket upon rocket whizzed through the air and cast its blinding splendor at their feet, cheer after cheer from their tireless lungs showed how keen was their appreciation of the amusement prepared for them. You can imagine then, Mr. Editor, how loth they were to respond to the summons of the bell when it announced to them that sleep desired their presence in the dormitories. This, however, they were finally persuaded to do after having given three rousing cheers for their energetic Prefect and three for the glorious Bishop whose Golden Wedding they had just celebrated.

Thursday the 31st ult. was another grand day at Notre Dame. It was the Feast of Corpus Christi and it was the day on which some 30 of the little boys were to sit as honored guests at the Holy Table, and receive for the first time, their Saviour in the Sacrament of His love. In a word, Mr. Editor, it was the golden day of a First Communion. Of course the boys who were to enjoy this favor had duly prepared themselves by the punctual performance of the exercises of a Retreat which had commenced on the previous Sunday.

During the three days of the Retreat, each one was a model for his companion; and when finally, Thursday morning had arrived, their modesty and recollection were most touching as they entered two by two into the Chapel of the College where Father Marchal of Notre Dame de Grace celebrated Mass and preached a most appropriate instruction in French. An eloquent English sermon was delivered by Rev. Father Meahan, C.S.C., who had largely aided in preparing the Irish boys for that solemn day. I never saw a more touching sight than that presented by the little Chapel of Notre Dame on that day. It was crowded with ladies and gentlemen, parents of the pupils. In the centre of the Chapel and immediately in front of the High Altar, were seated the boys who were to make their First Communion. Around the sides were ranged the rest of the pupils praying for their little companions and some of them sighing for the day when they too, should make their First Communion. Altogether, the ceremony was one calculated to impress one with piety and deep sense of the reverence with which the Catholic Church surrounds her grandest Sacrament.

Now, Mr. Editor, allow me but one moment more and I will tell you of the administration of the Sacrament of Confirmation by the Right Rev. Dr. Power, Bishop of St. John's, Newfoundland, who visited the College on the 1st inst., expressly for that purpose. His Lordship arrived about 10.30 o'clock a.m., accompanied by the Very Rev. Canon Leblanc and several priests. He was received by the Rev. Father Gastineau; after which he was vested in his pontifical robes and then proceeded to the Chapel where he confirmed those who had made their First Communion on the preceding day. When the ceremony was concluded His Lordship partook of a slight lunch and was afterwards presented with addresses by the pupils. The English address was read by little Eddie Murphy of New

York City, and the French one by Horace Duport of Montreal. Ephraim Brouseau then stepped forward and with a most graceful bow, presented Mr. Power with a handsome bouquet which proved very acceptable to His Lordship. When all was over, the good Bishop departed, leaving the Faculty and Pupils of Notre Dame delighted at his visit and heartily desirous of another chance to avow a hearty welcome to His Lordship, the Bishop of St. John's Newfoundland. With many thanks for your courtesy, I am Mr. Editor, Yours &c., B. F.

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District of Montreal } SUPERIOR COURT. Dame Esther Laurent of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Joseph Brunet, of the same place, trader and duly authorized to enter en Justice,

vs. The said Joseph Brunet, Plaintiff, Defendant.

An action for separation of property has been instituted in the cause returnable on the 21st May next. Montreal, 7 May, 1877. ROY & BOUTILLIER, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Province of Quebec } SUPERIOR COURT. District of Montreal } No. 115. DAME MARY JANE BALFOUR, wife of WILLIAM JOHNSON, of Montreal, shoemaker, duly authorized to enter en Justice, Plaintiff,

vs. The said WILLIAM JOHNSON, Defendant.

Notice is hereby given that an action en separation des biens has been instituted by the said Plaintiff, against the said Defendant, her husband, JAMES M. GLASS, Attorney for Plaintiff. Montreal, 18th May, 1877.

Province of Quebec } SUPERIOR COURT. District of Montreal } No. 343. Dame Rose Delima Charest, wife of Edmond Lafamme, trader, of the City and District of Montreal, has instituted an action for separation from him as to property.

ARTEUR DESJARDINS, Attorney for Plaintiff. Montreal, 22nd May, 1871. 5ms-41

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CITY ITEMS.

Good Advice.—As a remedy for the periodical destructive fires in Canada the Journal of Commerce advises the companies to agree mutually to discontinue taking risks on rows of wooden buildings.

NORTHERN COLONIZATION R.R.—The Quebec Government have appointed ex-Alderman Macdonnell, of Ottawa, to settle the disputed land question on the Northern Colonization Railway in the County of Ottawa.

Supreme Business.—The shipping business may not be as brisk as former times, but it is not to be judged by the small amount of business that is now being done opposite the city proper, as the loading and unloading of sea-going vessels is being carried on Hochelaga and along the wharf upwards as far as the mouth of the canal.

PICKPOCKETS.—Several complaints have been made at the Central Station recently that persons have had their pockets picked while at the Bonsecours Market, and on Saturday morning Detective Arcand, who has been keeping a sharp lookout for the thieves, captured a young man named George Kavanagh in the act of picking the pocket of a lady, and brought him to the Police Station.

Y. I. L. AND B. A.—We understand that the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association have decided to hold their second annual excursion and picnic at Ste. Rose, on the Q. M. O. & O. Railway, on Dominion Day.

SHEPHERD ESTATE.—The advertisement of the Bank of England for the heirs of the Shepherd estate, now in the hands of the bank, and amounting to about \$12,000,000, has caused a flutter of excitement in this city.

REORGANIZATION.—A meeting was held on the 1st inst., at the office of the Confederation Life Association, No. 163 St. James street, for the purpose of reorganizing the Provincial Board, consequent upon some changes having taken place by death and otherwise, when Sir Francis Hincks was unanimously elected chairman and Mr. Edward Murphy, of the firm of Messrs. Frothingham & Workman, was elected to fill another vacancy.

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LACROSSE—EMERALD VS MONTREAL.—THE EMERALD VICTORIOUS.—A very pretty and exciting match of Lacrosse came off on Saturday afternoon on the Montreal Lacrosse Grounds between twelve members of the Emerald and twelve members of the Montreal clubs.

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CANADIAN ITEMS.

CHANGES IN THE CABINET.—Hon. Mr. Blake has been sworn in as President of the Council, Hon. Mr. Laflamme as Minister of Justice, and Hon. Mr. Cauchon as Minister of Inland Revenue.

DOMINION DAY.—The Finance Committee of Ottawa has appropriated \$500 for the celebration of Dominion Day. The citizens have supplemented it with \$1,000.

THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S VISIT.—It is rumoured that Hon. D. A. Smith and Family are going to Manitoba, and will entertain Lord Dufferin part of the time during his stay.

THE GOOD EFFECTED BY THE DUNKIN ACT.—The Whig says:—The Dunkin act has been the means of making Napanee such a temperate town that it is now seriously talked of reducing the number of the police force.

THE CATHOLIC LEAGUE.—At the meeting Saturday night, Mayor Waller of Ottawa opposed the resuscitation of the Catholic League contending that it would bring political death to the two thousand thousand Catholics of Ontario.

A FINE BATCH OF HOGS.—GUELPH, June 9.—S. L. Head bought of Mr. Scott Armstrong, of Era, sixty hogs, the weight of which in the aggregate was 12,080 pounds. The price paid was \$5.75 per hundred lbs. These hogs, along with fifty others weighing 44 pounds each, and costing at the Hespeler distillery \$5.25 per hundred pounds, were shipped on Friday by Mr. Head to Montreal.

CAPTURE OF THE MURDERER OF A TORONTO MAN.—Frank Becker, who in 1874, while attempting burglary, shot Joseph Dain, of Toronto, Ont., inflicting wounds from the effects of which Dain died some time after, and for whose apprehension a heavy reward was offered, has been found in the person of Louis Armstrong, a prisoner in the Penitentiary, Indianapolis, for robbery. On Friday he was brought up in the Supreme Court, and as soon as he has been identified to the satisfaction of the Court he will be surrendered to the Canadian authorities under the Extradition Treaty.

MARRIED. SWEENEY—BARRON.—At St. Patrick's Cathedral, Rochester, N. Y., June 6th, by his Lordship Bishop McQuaid, Mr. James Sweeney, of Napanee, Canada, to Tillie, eldest daughter of M. Barron, Esq., Rochester, N. Y.

DIED. MacDONELL.—On the 2nd instant at his residence in Lochiel, Co. Glengarry, after a long and lingering sickness which he had borne with Christian patience and resignation, Allan Roy MacDonell Esq., at the age of fifty-three years.

The deceased, having been extensively engaged at one time, in the lumber trade, and general mercantile business, was well known in his native county, and in many other parts of Canada. He filled for fourteen consecutive years the office of Councillor in his native township of Lochiel, of which he was at one time Reeve. In character he was capable, polite, and hospitable to a fault—an indulgent father, a kind and affectionate husband, and a worthy citizen—was carried with him to the grave, that which he merited and retained, by his noble qualities, during life, the love and esteem of his fellow citizens irrespective of creed or politics. Requiescat in pace.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

Grenville, T M, \$2; Springtown, J F, 4; Point St. Charles, P D, 1.25; Kemptville, L L, 2; St. Agathe, Rev P K, 2; Gandeboye, J L, 2; Newmarket, J K, 2; Point St. Charles, Prof McK, 2; St. Brigid des Saults, Rev A S, 2; Fournierville, E S, 5; St. Johns, J R, 10; Drummondville, Miss A P, 2.50; Ottawa, M D, 3; Lachine, Mrs McC, 1; Point St. Charles, J G, 2.50; Sorel, N F, M C, 2; Quebec, D K, 2; Playfair, J S, Sr, 2; Dundas, Mrs D J, M C, 2; Amport, Rev Mr C, 2; French Village, M L, 2; Alexandria, Mrs McL, 2; Powerscourt, M F, 1.84; Prescott, J S, 2; Brudenell, J G, 2; Stratford, J H, 2; Quebec, F G, 1; Sarnia, D McC, 2; Lindsay, J D, 2; Adamston, J McM, 2; Marysville, Rev M M, 1; Springfield, G F, 2; Ingersoll, J M, 2; Three Rivers, W L, 2; Cape Canse, P McN, 2; Maniwaki, P M, 2; Lindsay, Rev M S, 2; Eganville, Rev M B, 2; Point St. Charles, P C, 2; Cold Springs, J McK, 1; Greenfield, A K, 2; Morrisburg, T D, 1; Sherbrooke, J M, 2; Marmora, M M, 2; Lindsay, F C, 2; Rochester, J H S, 1.17; Venosta, J M, 1; Morrisburg, Rev J R M, 2; Starnesboro, P L, 2; Hawkesbury Mills, D D, 2; Portneuf, Rev F D, 2; Lochiel, R McM, 2; Poplar Point, J H C, 3. Per M J D, Dawson—T M, 2; T McV, 2; N T, 1; P H, 1; T K, 1. Per P O C—Westfield, T O D, 2. Per W D, St. Brigid—Self, 2; Mrs M A M, 2; Rev J S T, 2. Per F F, Ormstown—W F, 1.50; Allan's Corners, D S, 1.50. Per Rev R O C, South Douro—R M, 2. Per E H, St. Anicet—T Q, Sr, 1.50; M Y L, 1.50; La Guerre, M Q, 1.50. Per F H, St. Marthe—J G, 1.50; F H, 1.50; C F, 1.50. Per J Q, Port Dalhousie—S P S, 2; J A Q, 2; O C, 2; R F, 2; J K, 2; J C, 2; J R, 2; M W, 2; B M C, 2; St. Catherine, J H, 2. Per M B, Quebec—J C, 1; J C I, J O D, 1; P H, 1; J F, 1; P C, 1; P M, 1; M H, 1; P O F, 1; Mrs R B, 1; J E, 1. Per F L E, Kingsbridge—Self, 1; C McC, 2; R M G, 1. Per Rev J U C, Adamsville—Farnham Centre, F S, 1.50. Per H K, Montreal—Gaspé Basin, J J K, 2. Per J D, Dartford—Hastings, J B, 2. Per O V G, Gananoque—B H, 1.63. Per S K, Almonte—P B, 4; M D, 2. Per R C, Belleville—W McE, 2. Per A R C, Totogang—Portage La Prairie, M B, 2; Per M MoA, Hallerton—Hemmingford, J B, 4. Per T J D, Guelph—Gourock, J McN, 2. Per Rev P L, St. Agnes—Dundee—Self, 2; Dundee, M B, 4. Per J C H, Read—Albert, M C, 2. Per C E, Chatham—J H, 2. Per J H D, Rawdon—J C, 2. Per F Q, Eganville—J G, 2. Per J C, Sarnia—Self, 2; M B, 2. Per M A E, Woodstock—Goderich, W S & Co, 2; P N, 2; J A McI, 2; Thorold, T S, 7.25; Ponsoby, M C, 2; Woodstock, M S, 3; Belle River, Rev J G, 1; Sandwich, Rev D O C, 4; A B O, 4; Windsor, Rev J T W, 4; Chatham, A B McI, 4. Per M H O R, Sillery—Self, 2; W C, 2; J P T, 1; J S, 1; W C, 1; T M, 2; W M, Jr, 2; T B, 2; Bergersville, T C, 2. Per L W, Ottawa—Self, 2; Maniwaki, P B, 2. Per J H, Newboro—Self, 2; Elgin, Mrs M D, 2.

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