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The True Witness

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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For the True Witness.

A. SQUIB.
BY FAGAN.

Could it be Sir Gall
Was tipping the malt
When writing his miserable pun;
And Huntington, too,
Was more than half blue
When firing the Argenteuil gun.
Those gentlemen both
Appended to be wroth
At something they did not explain,
But both are in dread
Of breakers ahead—
Their troubles are Ultramontane.
If Bishop Bourget
Would only forget
His duty as Pastor of souls,
Those sceptical boys,
Would soon banish God from our schools.
Poor Chiquiqu's ruse
Is raiment and shoes
To comfort the creatures who come;
Two hundred are there,
All hungry and bare,
Denouncing the errors of Rome.
When branches decay,
We lop them away,
The canker might spread and do harm;
But while the main stock
Draws life from the Rock,
We care not for hell's blackest storms.

WINIFRED, COUNTESS OF NITHSDALE.

A TALE OF THE JACOBITE WARS.

BY LADY DACRE.

CHAPTER XI.

There's some say that we wan,
Some say that they wan,
Some say that none wan
At a man!

But one thing I'm sure,
That at Sheriff Muir,
A battle there was,
Which I saw, man.

And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran, and we ran,
And we ran, and they ran,
Awa, man.

Battle of Sheriff Muir.

The Duke of Argyll had not yet been reinforced by the Irish or the Dutch troops. This would indeed have been the moment for the insurgents to make themselves masters of all the West of Scotland; but, as Lord Nithsdale informed his wife, the English counsels prevailed.

Letters were confidently asserted to have been received from Lancashire, declaring that twenty thousand men would immediately join the army upon its appearance in that county; and the various advantages attending a speedy march into England were urged with much vehemence, that the troops most in advance were suddenly recalled, and appointed to meet the main body at Langtown in Cumberland.

But the Highlanders, under the influence of the young Earl of Wintoun, who was intimately convinced of the difficulties into which they were heedlessly plunging themselves, and the favorable occasion they were throwing away, halted a second time. Many then deserted, and chose rather to surrender themselves prisoners, than to go forward to what they looked upon as a certain destruction.

The Earl of Wintoun himself, finding that all his efforts to alter the destination of the army were fruitless, returned to the main body; but from that time he was never called to assist in a council of war; indeed, a reckless levity was henceforth visible in his whole demeanor, and he seized upon every opportunity of idle amusement, which chance

threw in his way, in a manner scarce befitting one engaged in an important and perilous enterprise.

Not so Lord Nithsdale; for, having little hope that the most prudent course could bring the undertaking to a successful termination, he felt less keen disappointment at the rejection of any of his counsels. In sad but conscientious devotedness, with out anger or personal mortification, he patiently strove to smooth ruffled feelings, to accommodate jarring interests. It was principally through his influence that the ardent and intemperate young Earl of Wintoun had been induced to rejoin his companions in arms; and it was he who prevailed on some of the Highland troops to accompany them, upon the condition of receiving sixpence per day from the time they crossed the border.

The task of tracing the progress of the insurgents through Carlisle, Penrith, Appleby, Lancaster, &c., is relinquished to those who are more capable of describing the military movements and the political intrigues of such stirring times. It is enough for us that the next advices which the Countess of Nithsdale received from her husband were somewhat less gloomy in their tenor. Although the expected risings in England had not proved so numerous or so general as the Scottish leaders had been taught to expect, still they met with no serious opposition. They had proclaimed King James at Lancaster; they had levied the public revenue in his name, and they were rapidly advancing towards Preston.

Mar, meanwhile, had established his headquarters at Perth; and he made some attempts to fortify that city, as a place of defence in which the chevalier might be received upon his expected landing.

The decisive morning of the thirteenth of November approached; the day on which the battle of Sheriff Muir was fought in Scotland, and on which the Jacobites surrendered at Preston in Lancashire.

In the battle of Sheriff Muir the Earl of Mar displayed that energy and that decision which are requisite qualifications for the head of an insurrection. His eloquent and animated address to the Chieftains in council awakened a corresponding ardor in the bosoms of all, except, perhaps, Huntley and Sinclair; and when he wound up his appeal by briefly stating the question in the words, "Fight or not?" the whole assembly answered at once with a universal shout, "Fight!"

This resolution, reaching the lines as they were drawn up in order of battle, was welcomed by loud and continued huzzas, and a general tossing up of hats and bonnets.

Such demonstrations of eagerness for the onset promised well for the result, and for a time the insurgents bore down all before them. But though the left wing of the Duke of Argyll's army was routed, his right wing in its turn, put to flight the left wing of the Earl of Mar's; and to the English remained the solid fruits of victory, inasmuch as they retained the position by which they defended the Lowlands. Both generals, however, claimed the advantage; and to a party which had struggled with so many adverse circumstances, the fact of having withstood the royal forces in a pitched battle gave some confidence for the future.

To Lady Nithsdale's hopeful heart the battle of Sheriff Muir appeared a glorious victory, which was to change the aspect of affairs. With the buoyancy of youth and loyalty, she exulted in the idea that her husband and the Scottish army were marching triumphantly through England while the English army was sustaining a defeat in Scotland. She dwelt with pride and delight on the individual acts of prowess which came to her knowledge; and Amy hastened to her lady with every fresh piece of intelligence she could collect from chance corners to the castle gates, thus endeavoring to beguile the tedious hours of sickening expectation, and hope deferred, in which her mistress wore away her days.

"Did you hear, my lady, how the McLeans, with one accord, joined their old chief the moment he set foot among them? for all the Isle of Mull belongs now to the Duke of Argyll himself."

"Indeed, Amy! And so the tie of clanship was stronger than interest, or than duty to their new landlord. And, moreover, Sir John McLean has been living for many years in France, and on an allowance, too, granted him by Queen Anne."

"However that may be, he soon raised a regiment of eight hundred men; and when they were prepared for battle, all the speech he made to them was, 'Gentlemen, yonder stands MacCallummore for King George, and here stands McLen for King James. God bless McLean and King James! Charge, gentlemen!' And on that rush-like wild creatures it was in that very charge the gallant young Clanronald was killed by the heavy fire of the regulars. But Glengarry would not give them time to be disheartened, but cried out, 'Revenge! revenge!—to-day for revenge, and to-morrow for mourning!'"

"Yes, yes! there is some of the true spirit left!" exclaimed Lady Nithsdale, exultingly; then, with a changed voice, she added, "But, alas for young Clanronald! he was a brave youth, and I have heard my lord say, a complete soldier; he had been trained in the French guards. When he received the Earl of Mar's summons, he replied, 'That his family had ever been the first on the field, and the last to leave it!' and he has proved but too well that he was a worthy scion of that noble house!"

"Yes, my lady; and they say that as he fell out of the ranks, after he had got his death wound, the Earl of Mar met him, and asked him why he was not in front. 'I have had my share,' said the poor young man, and dropped dead at the Earl's feet. Oh, my lady! a battle is a shocking thing! and though one is so glad to hear of a victory, and one thinks nothing of hundreds of the enemy being killed, yet when one pictures to one's self, one fair and gallant youth lying pale, and stiff, and cold, and bloody, on the bare ground, oh! one's heart sickens within one, and one wonders how one could ever wish the king should come back among us, to cause bloodshed and slaughter!"

Lady Nithsdale answered not. The words "pale, and stiff, and cold, and bloody, on the bare ground," had conjured up an image to her mind which seemed to curdle the very life-blood in her veins. She clasped her hands closely, and pressing them

tightly on her knee, she sat with fixed eyes, and lips compressed striving to exclude from her mind thoughts which would rush into it.

"Oh, say no more, dear Amy; I cannot, must not think. Each day, each hour, may bring us news of a battle in England. How do we know what may be the result? Alas! if it were not for the blood which runs in my veins—if I were not a Herbert—if I were not married to a Maxwell, I too might wish that— But no, I will not utter what would be in me, a dereliction of duty—treason to the cause my lord upholds. I will remember that my lord has done that which he deemed his duty to do; and for the event, we must leave it to Providence. We must submit, and only pray for strength to perform the part [that may be allotted to us, whatever that part may be. It is but two days since I received such a letter from my dear sister, the abbess, as should teach me to trust and to submit. Oh! if I could but look, as she does, on all earthly and temporal concerns! but, alas! how can one wear one's self so entirely from this world, when it contains one's soul's treasures? Lucy has no husband! Lucy has no children! Alas! these things hold me down so tight to earth, that not all Father Albert's ghostly advice, are enough to detach my heart from it; I cannot fix my thoughts as they bid me, on Heaven, and Heaven alone."

"Nay, my lady, nor is it fitting you should. It is for priests and nuns to be much better than other people: it would never do for those who have to wrestle with the world as it is, not to have their thoughts somewhat in it."

"Yes; but, Amy, the more our affections are set upon things which are not of this world, the more thoroughly we shall be enabled to do our duty here."

"I am sure, my lady, there is no need for anybody to her duty better than you do; and whichever way your heart is set, it must be the right way," replied Amy, whose devoted attachment was such that she did not like to hear it implied, even from her lady's own lips, she was capable of improvement.

"I must not value myself according to your estimate, Amy," replied Lady Nithsdale, smiling, "or I shall be sadly lacking in that first of Christian virtues—humility."

It was not many days after the battle, or as the Jacobites termed it, the victory of Sheriff Muir, that vague rumors reached Torreagles of disaster and defeat at Preston.

Lady Nithsdale was struck with the pale countenance of Amy when she had summoned her, ostensibly to assist in arranging some household matters, but more in fact, that she might hear a friendly voice, and look on an affectionate countenance. She was still more struck with the haste in which Amy wished to depart, instead of gladly lingering, pleased and honored at being admitted to share the counsels and the feelings of her mistress.

"Think you not, Amy, that these demask hangings will make my lord's apartment look exceeding handsome? and to my mind the old pictures which adorn his study will show well upon the deep crimson. He will be pleased, when Heaven vouchsafes him a safe return, to find we have been mindful of his comfort. I would gladly turn these hangings to so good account. What think you, Amy?" and Lady Nithsdale gazed inquiringly in her face.

"Yes, madam, in sooth they are as good as new," replied Amy, with a hurried voice; and her eye avoided that of her lady; her fingers trembled as she smoothed the fringe, and kept her head bent low, as though examining the texture of the damask.

"Amy, you have heard ill news that you fear to communicate," said Lady Nithsdale, laying her hand firmly on Amy's trembling arm, and looking in at her fixedly. "Speak! I charge you, speak! I can bear anything but suspense. Let me know the worst!" and she grasped her, almost convulsively.

"Oh, my lady, do not look thus at me; truly, you fright me. In every truth, I know nothing, nothing for certain."

"Amy, Amy, this is not like yourself; you are trifling with me!"

"We must not heed every silly report that comes from so far off, my lady."

"Then it is of the army in England?" and Lady Nithsdale dropped into a seat. "Speak! speak! tell me all!"

"Indeed, I have but little to tell. They said there had been an engagement; but we have often heard that before, my lady; and people make so much of a little thing; and the news comes through Dumfries, and the people they tell every thing their own way."

"And they say, then, that we have been defeated?" continued Lady Nithsdale, striving to appear perfectly tranquil. "Tell me, Amy; you see I am quite calm."

"Why, yes; I suppose it is as your ladyship says, for they seem marvelously well pleased."

"And are King James's forces retreating?"

"Not that I know of, my lady."

"What do they still hold Preston, then?"

"Why no, my lady. I believe what they call the Royalists have possession of it now."

"Then where is our army?"

"Alas! dearest madam, I cannot justly say. Indeed, indeed, my lady, those who told me do not seem to know themselves, and I dare swear it is not half true."

"Amy, you have heard more; I am sure you have! Is my lord—Have they told you anything? I cannot, cannot ask. Oh, Amy! answer me, and answer the truth, or I think I shall die!"

"Nothing, my lady! They never mentioned my lord's name one way nor another; indeed indeed they did not."

"Thank Heaven so far!" and Lady Nithsdale closed her eyes for a moment, as if to regain composure and resolution.

"And you know, my lady, ill news travels fast enough, and everybody hereabout would be curious enough about my lord; so pray set your mind at rest."

Lady Nithsdale looked at Amy with a sad, withering smile. "At rest, Amy! at rest!" and pressing her hand upon her bosom, "it is long since this heart has been at rest, and I am much mistaken if it will be so for many a long day yet. If there

is any truth in what the people of this country call second-sight, I have much to suffer yet; but I will despair. I place my reliance above; I will confide in Him who will not abandon the humble, even when all human succors fail."

CHAPTER XII.

When the day is gone, an' night is come,
An' a' folk bound to sleep,
I think on him that's far awa,
The lee-lang night an' weep, my dear,
The lee-lang night, an' weep.

It is singular how the first vague rumor of a great event travels faster than can almost be accounted for by human means, and how much time sometimes elapses before the real and authentic account is received! Two nights and a day of dread and uncertainty did Lady Nithsdale endure before any further details reached Torreagles.

The honest Amy's face soon betrayed that fresh intelligence had arrived, and that intelligence unfavorable. Almost before her lady could question her, she said—

"My lord is well, madam, my lord is safe!"

"Oh, dearest Amy, thanks!" and her eyes flashed with joy. "But why this sad countenance, then? Look cheerful, girl, for your face belies your words. You are not deceiving me?"

"No, no, indeed, madam. He is unhurt; not a wound, nor a scratch, as I believe."

"Then why can you not smile? Oh, Amy! at this moment I felt how weak a sentiment is royalty to one's king, when put in the balance with love for one's husband! Still no smile! Why, we have changed characters, Amy, and you are going to school me into my due allegiance."

"Oh, my sweet lady! I joy to see a smile upon your lips; and I dare not flinch my tale, for I shall banish it more quickly than I have called it up."

"You said he was unhurt; nor a scratch, you said? 'I did, my lady! but oh! can you not guess what other misfortune may have befallen him, and all of us?—oh, my lady!'"

"I am dull of comprehension; but I cannot picture any great evil, now my lord is safe!"

"He is safe, now, madam, unhurt, unvoused;—but—"

"But what, Amy? Speak—you distract me!"

"But, madam—dear madam—be and all the other lord—are—prisoners, madam—all prisoners to King George!"

"Prisoners!" and she seemed to awake as from a trance. "Prisoners to King George! then rebels! traitors! Fool that I have been! and my thought never glanced towards this! Oh! to whom can I apply for advice, or for assistance? Alas! alas! what can a poor, weak, helpless woman do? If I had wings to fly to my lord, then he would tell me how I might assist him;—then, at least, I should be near to soothe and to support him! But here, alone, and helpless," she added, wringing her hands, "what can I effect? But you know more, Amy, you can tell me more!"

"No more, madam, than that the Scots were the last to come to terms and to surrender."

"And they surrendered! yielded themselves up to the Whigs! Oh, my dear, dear lord! what must thy noble spirit have endured ere it was bowed to this! How must thy counsels have been scorned, thy hopes blasted, thy heart crushed! I know thy lofty nature well, and truly my woman's soul almost refuses itself to picture what thine must have undergone!"

Amy stood for some moments bewildered, and unable to offer consolations which she felt must be unavailing. "Then, resuming her self-possession, she urged: "Think, madam, how much worse it might have been! You forget that my lord is safe in prison."

"But, Amy, what must he have suffered in mind! And what are bodily sufferings to the tortures such a mind is capable of enduring!"

"There is one thing, my lady, for which we cannot be too grateful. He is now safe from the dangers of battle: think how you felt when we were talking of young Clanronald, so fresh, so blooming, on the bloody soil!"

"True! true! and she looked up for a moment.—"But," and she lowered her voice, "there are other, and more inevitable perils than those which are met with in battle. If, indeed, the usurper keep the throne—if the new dynasty prevail,—then loyalty is treason, and treason, Amy!—Even King James spared not his own nephew; can we expect more mercy in the soul of a stranger than in one of our own royal blood? Oh, Heaven, be pitiful!"

"Nay, madam, but the Duke of Monmouth was the usurper himself. This case is quite different. And then there are so many of them. Mr. Forster, and the Earl of Derwentwater and his brother, and the Lords Wintoun, Carnwath, Kenmore, Nairne, and many, many more of noble and of gentle blood. King George, if indeed he is to be our king, must show mercy. He could not have the heart—"

"Amy dared not finish the sentence—she could not have uttered, her lady could not have listened to, the termination their imaginations but too well supplied."

Lady Nithsdale bowed her head in silence, and Amy feared to break in upon the sad solemnity of her thoughts. After a pause, the countess slowly rose: "I will to my closet, Amy, and there tell my beads, till I have regained composure enough to think. But fail not to let me know should further intelligence reach the castle."

Amy opened the door for her lady, and as she passed, she kissed her hand in token of obedience to her injunctions. Lady Nithsdale pressed hers, and slowly, steadily withdrew. Amy watched the closing door, and then giving a full vent to her own repressed feelings, she wept and sobbed in freedom.

Every hour now brought fresh reports, each more distressing than the last. One told how fourteen hundred men were enclosed in one of the churches, where they suffered both hardships and indignities from the soldiery; how they were stripped, not only of every article of value which they might have about them, but almost of necessary clothing.

These were principally Scotch, who, having been the last to surrender, were treated with the greatest rigor; and Lady Nithsdale shrank with almost equal horror from the idea of her noble husband being exposed to the insults of the low-born and the mean,

as from the more tremendous vengeance of the law. Another report reached Scotland that the rebels were to be tried by martial law, and shot upon the spot. But the alarm which such a report was calculated to excite, was in some measure allayed by learning that this summary punishment was only to be inflicted upon those who had actually held commissions under the government against which they had borne arms. Lady Nithsdale was further reassured, when the name of Lord Charles Murray was the first mentioned as likely to suffer, for she knew well that her husband's never could have been omitted had he been in danger of such a fate.

But still she heard not from herself, and these varying and often contradictory rumors almost wore away her soul in feverish anxiety.

The town of Dumfries was in the hands of the royalists, and it was a matter of difficulty for the prisoners to transmit any communication to their friends which was not subject to the revision of those who were in power. There was time for each hope in which she had formerly indulged to be successively crushed. That which she had fondly imagined to be a victory at Sheriff Muir, proved in its consequences to be no better than a defeat.—Dutch reinforcements joined the royal army, while scarcely a day elapsed in which some of the Lowland chieftains did not desert the standard of the Earl of Mar.

Still no succour arrived from France. It became known that the regent, Duke of Orleans, had proscribed the chevalier, and still the chevalier's arrival was delayed.

Lady Nithsdale roamed about the vast and deserted halls; the unruled book dropped from her hands; the once-loved spinnet remained unopened; the needle which she used to ply so rapidly and so dexterously, was still resorted to for occupation; but the flowers no longer grew under her fairy fingers, and the falling tears would often tarnish the colors of the silks before the loof had yet assumed its form. She started at every noise: the changing cheek, the fluttering heart, the trembling finger, the faltering voice, all spoke the heart ill at ease.—The long, long days wore wearily away; it seemed to her that each dismal winter evening closed in more slowly than the last.

Her children wore far away: she could not visit their couches, listen to their tranquil breathings, and beguile the hours in watching their unconscious slumbers. Her existence would have been less irksome had there been any duty for her to perform, any exertion to be made; but in this forced inactivity of body, while the mind was distracted with doubts and fears, she endured, not so much the pangs of hope deferred, as those of protracted disappointment.

Watching the blazing logs on the hearth, and listening to the incessant whistling of the December blast, only varied by the rattling of a dry and withered stray leaf against the casement, she had sat through the early, and lengthened twilight of a Scottish winter's evening. Glad of the excuse of fading light to indulge in the ideeness of vague, dreamy, but most sad meditation, she had allowed the night to steal upon her unawares, till all without was darkness that might be felt, and the stone mullions of the oriel windows alone shone white in the fitful blaze of the wood fire.

She was startled from her reverie by the sound of men's voices, and the tread of a strange and heavy foot. The attendants entering, explained that a peasant was without, who insisted upon seeing the countess.

"It is the countess herself that my business is with," said the stout and rosy boor, who forced his way past the serving-man; "I was to come to the speech of the lady herself; and if you can certify to me that yonder she is, why I am ready enough to give up my packet; but I shan't let it go to any of you. How do I know what sort of jackanapes you may be?" and the peasant grinned good-humoredly, with a twinkling eye, which led to the conclusion that he had not journeyed so rapidly but that he had taken time to refresh himself on the way. He held a packet in his hand: "If it is true that you are that rebel lord's lawful wife, why, here's the letter I was to deliver safe into her own fair hands—that is, when she gave me the reward I have earned by a journey of some hundred and fifty miles."

"Oh, give it me! in mercy give it me!" exclaimed Lady Nithsdale; and, starting from her seat, she would have snatched it at once.

"Softly, fair lady," cried the peasant, withholding it; "where is the reward the gentleman promised me?"

"Oh! you shall have anything you will, only give it—for pity, give it me!" Amy! she cried to Amy Evans, who, never far from her lady's side, had by this time made her appearance; "fetch my casket; nay, here, take the key, and bring hither my purse; it is in the embossed casket, and give the fellow what he will. And now, my friend, the letter—the letter."

"I think the lady's one that loves him; but nobody has yet assured me that she is his lordship's wife," continued the undaunted boor, with a knowing glance round the room; "all wives are not in such a taking about their husbands," he added; wishing, with a sort of low craft which he deemed prudence, to delay delivering the letter till he had made sure of the money.

"Oh, trifle not with me! Give it me, as you hope to meet with mercy yourself?"

"Well, then, here it is; the poor soul shall have the letter any how." She snatched it quickly from his hand, and throwing herself upon her knees before the fire, she hastened to devour its contents—her eyes, blinded by tears, could not decipher the lines as fast as her wishes prompted.

"Bring lights?" she exclaimed; "why are there no lights?"

"The servant hastened to fetch the tapers; and the peasant remained near the door, watching the lady with an expression half compassionate, half comic.

"Sure enough, the poor soul loves that dark-browed fellow," he muttered; "she tucks back her hair as if she could tear off the curl that falls between the freighth and the paper, and she thinks no more of me! But I shall not depart without the pay I have been promised, I can tell her."

Amy re-entered with the purse at the same moment that the serving-man returned with lights;

and Amy, showering into the hands of the messenger several gold pieces, led the way into the hall, that her lady might be left to peruse her packet in privacy.

"The peasant clinked the money in his hard palm; then looking cunningly at Amy, 'Your lady said I should have what I would.'

"Well, and have I not rewarded you handsomely?"

"Why, pretty fairly, pretty fairly; but I should not mind another gold piece or so. You must bear in mind that my journey has been somewhat perilous, all through the royal armies and the loyal inhabitants, with a letter in my pouch from a rebel lord to a rebel lady."

"Nay, you are unreasonable; you should not be covetous; but here are a couple more, for my dear mistress will not think any thing can be too much for one who brings her news from her husband."

"Thanks, fair mistress! I am one who always keep the eleventh commandment, even if I keep no other."

"The eleventh, follow! Why, Protestant and Catholic agree there are no more than ten!"

"Ah, but I know the eleventh, and I know it best of all, and so do most people; and if they all kept the ten others as strictly as they do that one, why the world would be a better world than it is, —that's all!"

"You speak in riddles, friend; explain yourself!"

"Get all you can, and keep all you get! Did you never hear that before, mistress? if you have not heard it you have practised it, I warrant me. — But where's your buttery-hatch? I am spent with hunger, and specially with thirst."

While Dickon, the Lancashire ploughman, was restoring the strength, which did not seem to be much impaired, the countess was absorbed in the long-wished-for epistle.

The letter was sad, almost hopeless; but it was from herself, and she gazed with delight on every line traced by that loved hand. The first impulse was that of joy; it was not till upon consideration and reflection, that she found in it matter for deep sorrow and despondency.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

MARTIN LUTHER'S CONFESSIONS.

A correspondent of the Ulster Examiner supplies that journal with the following authenticated copy of Martin Luther's confessions, and allows that apostate to tell his own story:

"I did not turn monk voluntarily. Terrified by a sudden apparition, surrounded by death, and conceiving myself summoned by heaven, I made an inconsiderate and forced vow. When I told my father of this he was at first irritated, when he was pacified, he exclaimed, 'God grant that it be not a trick of Satan,' a saying which has struck such deep root in my heart that I have never heard anything from his mouth which I remember more tenaciously. Methinks God spoke by his lips. However, at that time I was so obstinate in my devotional intent that I shut my heart as much as I could against his words, as being only a man."

"When I said my first Mass at Erfurt I was all but dead, for I was without faith; it was unjust and too great forbearance in God that the earth did not at the time open and swallow up both myself and the Bishop who ordained me."

"I hardly knew what indulgences were at that time—(when he opposed them). To the Pope—"Most Holy Father, I throw myself at the feet of your Holiness, and give myself up to you with all that I am or have. May your Holiness dispose of me at your pleasure. It rests with your Holiness to promote or prevent my undertaking, to declare it right or wrong. Whatever happens I desire nothing more than to know that the voice of your Holiness is the voice of Christ who speaks and acts through you."

"I call God and man to witness that I have never wished, and do not now desire, to touch the Roman Church or the Pope's sacred authority, and that I acknowledge most explicitly, that this Church rules over all, that nothing in heaven or on earth is superior to it, save only Jesus Christ our Lord."

"I command you" (the peasants in arms) "to submit with patience, because it is forbidden in the Holy Scriptures to oppose force by force, for the wonderful time has arrived when a Prince can more easily gain Heaven by shedding blood than others by saying prayers. I am of opinion that all the peasants must perish since they take up the sword without divine authority. They deserve no mercy, no toleration, but the indignation of God and man. They are under the law of God and the Emperor, and may be treated as mad dogs."

"I confess that under the Papacy are many good things, nay, all that is good in Christianity, true Scripture, true baptism, the true Sacrament of the altar, true keys to the remission of sins, true office of preaching; nay, I say that in Popery is true Christianity."

"I confess that I am not prepared to say that polygamy (or having many wives) is contrary to the Holy Scriptures; yet I would not have the practice introduced among Christians, because they ought to abstain from even what is lawful in order to avoid scandal, and maintain the decorum which St. Paul requires under all circumstances."

"Polygamy is not allowable among Christians, except in case of absolute necessity as when a man is forced to separate from a leprosy wife. To the Landgrave—"Your Highness must be aware of the difference between establishing a universal and exceptional law. We cannot publicly sanction a plurality of wives. We pray your Highness to consider the danger in which a man would stand that should introduce a law (such as that of polygamy) that would disunite families and plunge them into endless lawsuits."

"As to what your Highness says, that it is not possible for you to abstain from adulteries and an impure life, as long as you shall have but one wife, we wish that you were in a better state before God. But, after all, if your Highness is fully resolved to marry a second wife, we judge that it ought to be done secretly."

MARTIN LUTHER.

IRELAND A SOURCE OF WEAKNESS TO ENGLAND.

The weakest part of a chain is the measure of its strength. England would be a far stronger country than she is, politically or in a military sense, if Ireland were not a source of weakness to her. We do not mean to discuss the later part of the question just now. The disadvantage at this moment which the Empire suffers in a military sense is chiefly of a negative kind, the result of that distrust which prevents Government from availing itself of the martial enthusiasm of a population confessedly unsurpassed in aptitude for soldiering. The political weakness resulting from the present condition of things is, perhaps, one of the most striking features in the constitution of England. Ireland is a constant focus of political motion; it is the creator of anomalies; it is the cradle of new and disturbing ideas; it is a battery of action and reaction. It was on account of Ireland the corn laws were repealed, and that English Catholics received the boon of religious equality. It is on account of Ireland also that the principles of freedom are set at naught. Seven centuries after the signing of Magna Charta the Habeas Corpus is still habitually suspended under the authority of the British Constitution. This is only one of many discrepancies. In England where Protestantism is the rule, but where, nevertheless, the population is divided into two pretty nearly equal sections, differing from and almost hostile to each other, denominational education is the law. In Ireland where four-fifths of the people are of one creed, mixed

education is forced upon them in order to gratify the remaining one-fifth. The English Radical becomes a Tory when he comes to Ireland. All political principles are in fact confused when we compare their application to the two countries. Amongst the other distinctions which Ireland enjoys is that of being the corpus vile upon which legislative experiments are to be tried. Things that could not be attempted in England are carried out here, sometimes with advantage, sometimes the contrary. Our Grand Jury system is one of those legislative experiments whose result hardly ensures its limitation in England. The constabulary was tried here long before its adoption at the other side. The Irish National Education system was the first attempt in a direction into which English radicalism is endeavouring to force all the teaching of that country. Perhaps, the inconsistency of its practice with its theory may not only show how false and unstatesmanlike is the idea, but afford an irresistible argument in the hands of those Englishmen who wish to save their country from an unmitigated secularism. Sir Robert Peel established the Queen's Colleges in Ireland as a first step towards dissociating the higher education from the knowledge of God. England is humbly following suit. The abolition of tests in the Universities is, probably, the first step towards the entire secularization of these great institutions. The process of experimentalizing does not seem to have yet come to an end. Ireland is still the animal destined for vivisection. An essay in legislation on municipal corporations is, it seems, to be made, and it is to commence here. The Irish members have recently made a claim to equality of municipal franchise with England—to have the same qualification adopted in two countries. The answer was not a denial of the right of Ireland to equality, but a suggestion that the system which we claimed to be admitted to had not worked so well in England that it was desirable to transfer it to this country, and that an entirely new one must be devised. The Times credits Sir Michael Beach with an intention of counteracting the effects of an extended franchise by the cumulative vote, and seems to be expecting from that right honorable baronet some comprehensive scheme of reform in which Ireland will be made, as it were, the jackal for her big neighbour. It would be premature to judge a question in such an initiatory stage or a project of whose nature we have only got such trifling hints. But if the scheme be marked with the wisdom which has characterized the other measures for which Ireland is indebted to the present Secretary, we rather think we shall have it all to ourselves, and that its success will not lead to any covetousness for its possession on the part of a country which has taken far better care of herself than ever she did of that island of whose custody she is so jealous. It would be a pretty piece of poetic justice, though, if England were compelled to accept for herself a legislative measure framed for Ireland by the remarkable statesman she has placed over us.—Cork Examiner.

WHAT IS THE USE OF NATIONAL SENTIMENT?

This is a question which we frequently hear put and as this is an utilitarian age, it ought to be answered. Not that those who ask it deserve so much consideration, as that the question is in itself a very interesting one at any time, but particularly at a time of the year when displays of that sentiment are unusually frequent. Before answering the question, we will distinguish, as the logicians say. National sentiment may be of use to particular individuals, or it may be of use to the nation to which it pertains. As to the first of these, he must be a very superficial observer who cannot see its utility, and point out proofs and examples of the fact by the score. Probably there is no nationality in the universe so decried by those not belonging to it as the Irish, and no national feeling that sooner evokes a hostile one in those not sympathising with it than it does, and yet see what it can do for individuals—always, provided that those individuals do not really share it themselves, but only sham it and play upon it in their dupes. What, for instance, made a "lord" of O'Faggin, a baronet of McNaggin, a knight of O'Neil, and a judge of McFlail, a lord of the treasury of Mr. Skey Daddler, and a governor of an island of Mr. Sanchope Hansey? The manner in which patriots of this class utilise national sentiment is so simple that a child can comprehend it. They are all for faith and fatherland (the faith particularly), and they so win the simple faith of the people to a trust in them. The national sentiment which "they gather in the dew" (as Mr. Gladstone says) they bring down upon their own heads in a shower of titles, place, and gold, and so they illustrate one of the uses of national sentiment. But everybody can't be a member of Parliament and thus get these big prizes through shamming nationality, and so there are many other ways known of turning it to account. There is the patriotic newspaper, for instance, in which national sentiment is vended, wholesale and retail. Of course a newspaper proprietor must sell his newspaper to live, and it is no more necessary that he should participate in the glowing patriotism he writes or sells than that an apothecary should swallow a dose of every portion he mixes. He may be a Nagle or a Birch—no matter, he illustrates one of the uses of national sentiment all the same. There is another way of utilising national sentiment—at least, Irish national sentiment which, if less striking in its result, is yet, on the whole, very satisfactory to the practitioners of it. There is a class of men, both in Ireland and here, who never miss an opportunity of making glowing national speeches, who "spread themselves out," as the Yankees say, on the "glories of Brian the Brave," "the fidelity of the Irish race," "the harp that once," and "the Irish Brigade." In this way they "gather up the dew"—to them the manna—of Irish sentiment. Acquire the credit of being "influential men," "leaders of the Irish," and so become men of consideration, get into Town Councils, Vestries, School Boards, organise volunteer corps, and perhaps, in the end, illustrate on the bench, amidst the unpaid, another of the uses of national sentiment. But of the whole of this class who exploit national sentiment for their own profit, perhaps the most objectionable to the Irish nationalist is the Barnum of Nationality. The man who gets up "national" shows, concerts and entertainments, and such like, and appeals to his "patriotic countrymen" to support him because of their nationality. "The Barnum" generally figures in Great Britain, and very frequently is not an Irishman himself, but that does not matter. He sees in Irish national sentiment a good field for enterprise, and he determines to cultivate it. He is particularly active about St. Patrick's Day, and imports hundreds weight of shamrocks, with which to bait his traps for national sentiment. If you look at the walls about that time, you will see them adorned by enormous green posters, announcing the affair, and having his (the Barnum's) own name the most prominent thing upon them in letters at least two inches long. But go to one of those "national" entertainments, and what do you find? The Irishman represented in the worst style of the London stage (before Boucicault showed it something better) with caubeen, duleen, triehens, elogh-a-peen, and brogues. He comes out with an idiotic leer, hitches up his breeches, twirls his kippeen, cries wheeugh, and dances something surprising to be a jig, compared to which a Lancashire clog dance or a nigger breakdown would be graceful itself. But that is nothing to the acting (if there is any), and worst of all is the singing. One or two of Moore's melodies may be found by way of seasoning, but the rest are simply the refuse

of the London and Dublin music halls, things which disgrace national taste, belie national feeling, misrepresent national manners, caricature national character, ignore national aspirations, and represent the "mere" Irish man and woman as a kind of half-reclaimed savages and whole slaves, playing the fool to please their lords and masters. We hope, however, that the days of this kind of thing in England are well nigh closed, and that if any enterprising speculator in Irish feeling and Irish good nature should again "try it on," his efforts will be allowed to perform "Lannigan's Ball" and "Finnegan's Wake," to "mocking echoes," and to empty benches. We have done with the men who traffic in national feelings, and the base uses to which they make them subservient, and turn with pleasure to contemplate the advantage of national sentiment to a nation. The world is governed by feeling more than by reason, and the healthiest, the purest, the noblest feeling which has ever moulded its Government (we speak only of its civil government), is the sentiment of nationality. The development of the principle of nationality. Says Goldwin Smith, is the high water mark of modern civilization, and he is right. In nothing else has the spirit of modern times so clearly advanced beyond that of those who have gone before. Men banded together by races see in each other only enemies to be conquered and plundered; peoples forced into union by conquest only hate each other less than they do their common "Imperator," and the ties of even a common religion have so far scarcely modified, much less prevented the suspicious jealousies or ambitions of governments, the aggressions of rulers or the wars of dynasties. But the spirit of nationality, ignoring as it does all the other distinctions which hitherto have divided mankind into hostile camps, gives a ground upon which all meet upon an equality, and where liberty to each may co-exist with fraternity amongst all.

Lives, there, a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own native land.

And the men who have that pride in his native land which the poet praises, is more likely to be sensible of the obligations which his own nationality imposes, and of the rights of that of others, and so nationality amongst the nations themselves tend to produce peace and goodwill amongst men. It is the sentiment of nationality which in reality constitutes a nation, and so long as that remains a nation will survive defeat, annexation, and conquest—that is, if a nation can ever be said to be conquered, whilst the sentiment of nationality remains. It takes centuries to make a nation, but once made, once instinct with that fire from heaven, the sentiment of nationality, it will take as long again to kill it, as Ireland's history testifies. The same testimony justifies us in saying that so long as a nation conserves its national sentiment uncorrupted, no external power can destroy it. It may be overcome by superior might for a time, the inundation of empire may flow above it; but centuries are but as days in its life, and in time those external forces exhaust themselves, the imperial deluge subsides, and the nation emerges only the more glorious for the peril it has gone through. But national sentiment not only restores freedom when it is lost, it is its strongest bulwark where it exists. We need not go so far back for examples. We have seen it in our own time restore the independence of Greece, Hungary, and Belgium, and make of the latter the garden of Europe; we have seen it fling "the barbarian" out from the fair fields of Italy, and preserve the United States to be the refuge for the oppressed of other nations, in despite of the almost superhuman efforts of the holders of slaves at home, backed by the makers of slaves, and the abettors of slavery abroad, to break that union and destroy that freedom which with all its shortcomings was a standing reproach to themselves. We have also had examples of how much more the might of a nation depends upon the intensity of national sentiment than upon the magnitude of its territory, or the multitude of its soldiers—the victors of Sadowa and the conquerors of Sedan dare not risk the encounter which they so much seem to desire with a handful of mountain warriors, the heroic inheritors of the nationality of Tell. But a strong national sentiment will not only accomplish the freedom of the people possessing it, and thenceforth make them respected abroad and secure at home; it will also, when endowed with the blessing of freedom, be the best nurse of the political, social, and domestic virtues, the highest stimulant of industry, the truest inspiration of genius, and the surest guarantee of progress. That it can and will be all this, Irishmen may learn by merely reflecting on what was achieved in eighteen memorable years of their own history, and what followed after that too brief gleam of the light of freedom was past. However, the memory of it still remains, and in the confidence which it gives we are bold to say, Irishmen, cling to your nationality as your highest possession on earth. It is the ark of your covenant which has brought your fathers safe through the desert, with the instincts, virtues, and the fortunes of a nation. Let it be touched by no unholy hand. In it you have a common religion, undivided by creeds—a faith only less sacred than that which you owe to your God. Thus will you best honor the names of your heroes, the memories of your martyrs, and if only true to the trust consigned by their sacrifices and handed down to you through so many misfortunes, the day cannot be far distant when you will realize the words of the seer that—

Your sun is but rising when others have set,
And tho' slavery's clouds o'er your morning have hung,
The full noon of freedom will beam round you yet.
—United Irishman.

FREEMASONRY.

The Nation (Dublin) this reviews two works recently published on the above subject.—Secret oath-bound societies have fallen under the emphatic condemnation of the Catholic Church, Pope Clement XII., as early as the year 1733, issued a bull pronouncing against all such bodies the severest spiritual penalties. His menace was confirmed and renewed by Benedict XIV., in 1751. Seventy years later Pius VII. raised his voice in an unmistakable manner against the Carbonari. Leo XII. denounced the Freemasons. Gregory XVI. did the same, and Pius IX. has several times during his long pontificate repeated his predecessors' warnings to the Christian world. We need hardly add that the bishops have followed the example of their spiritual chief, and refused to see only a convivial club or a society for administering out-door relief in a body spoken of by so many Popes as seriously endangering the very foundations not only of the Church but of civil society. And though at the present day the civil governments of the world would almost all seem either to be afraid to prohibit the anomaly of an imperium in imperio, or to be in tacit league with the Freemasons and their allies, it was otherwise in former times. The great Secret League was proscribed in 1735 by the States-General of Holland, by Louis XVI. a few years later in France, by the great Council of Berno in 1748, by Bavaria on two occasions, by the Regency of Milan and the Government of Venice in 1814, by Portugal early in the present century, by Russia in

—The Secret Warfare of Freemasonry against Church and State. Translated from the German. With an introduction. London: Burns, Oates, and Co.
—A Study of Freemasonry. By Monsigneur Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans. London: Burns, Oates, and Co.

the time of Alexander V., who banished the Freemason order from the whole Russian empire. Even in Prussia, about fifty years ago, several Freemason lodges were closed because of political intrigues; and Spain has also more than once discountenanced "the brethren" in a very practical and summary manner. Nor is this all: the list of condemnations is yet far from being exhausted. Some Protestant nowadays, seem to feel bound in honour to defend Freemasonry, but in the year 1745 the Protestant Consistory in Hanover forbade the clergy under its control, to join the society, and decreed that any of its preachers who were already Freemasons should be compelled to resign their membership; and a similar injunction was issued by a Lutheran congress at Kammin. And now for all these denunciations what is the justification? It is to answer this question the two volumes under notice have been written, and we cannot see how any intelligent person who reads them can help being convinced that, serious as is the indictment which they lay, the evidence produced in support of it is quite as weighty, as serious, and as startling. One point should be made specially clear at the outset. We are not here asked to take "the ghost's word" for the authors' allegations. The French prelate writes with all the terseness and brilliancy so characteristic of the best French authors of the day, and the German assailant of the order analyses facts with no small power of logical disquisition; but neither the epigrammatic brilliancy of the one nor the acute criticism of the other is nearly as well calculated to arrest attention as the extracts, ludicrous and shocking by turns, which both produce from the ritual of the craft, from Masonic newspapers, from records of lodges, from speeches and writings of high Masonic officials. We propose to give here an idea of the general character of these revelations.

And, first, there are some reasons (apart from those to be found in the essential character and tendency of Freemasonry) which should be sufficient of themselves to warn off from even the threshold of the Craft all men of common sense. What, for instance, can be so absurd, so childish, so contemptible as the various Masonic rites? We are not unmindful of, and we do not desire to depreciate, the innate disposition of the human mind towards ritual. That attribute may be used as a lever to ennoble man and sublimate his existence. But this is only the case when the ritual represents some divine reality. "If the worship and sacraments of Christians be august and venerable," says the Bishop of Orleans, "know that it is because of that something which God has put into them, and which God alone could give." But the most charitable interpretation of Freemasonry is that it is a "much ado about nothing." What laughable conceptions then of the ancients ever approached in grotesqueness the doings of these heroes of the trowel and plumb-line—these "Knights of the Brazen Serpent" and "Sublime Princes of the Royal Secret," these "Brethren of the Shining Circle" and "Supreme Commanders of the Stars," these "Brother Inspectors" and "Very Respectables," and "Great Experts"—with their "temples," their "altars," and their "baptism"—their "bis of architecture," their "cannons," their "tiles," their "planks," their "outlines," their "batteries," their "volleys," their "shovels," and their "pickaxes"—their "trials by fire" and "purifications by water"? What goat-hoofed satyr ever played such "fantastic tricks before high heaven" as fathers of families, merchants, lawyers, magistrates, legislators, ay, and princes now-a-days indulge in when, in the Masonic lodges, they put on the "apron" and the "gold sun," or go about with bare heads and only half their bodies in their shirts, or "stride" as if about to leap over a ditch, or get on a sea-saw, or stand to order "with the right hand flat under the throat, the body thrown lightly back, the right foot forward, the left brought across, heel to heel, in a square"? Is it not hard to imagine a grown-up man, with a wife and family and work to do, talking of his dinner-napkin as his "banner," of his knife as his "sword," and of his gassias as his "weapon"? Is it not difficult to picture such a man drinking to a toast, and saying all the time that he is "saluting with the sword," "presenting arms," and "firing" "good" and "most brilliant volleys"? But we must pass on to another of the preliminary objections to Freemasonry, namely, that it is a violation of the natural law essentially immoral for any man to take an oath in the dark, to yield up his moral liberty unconditionally into the hands of an unknown and self-constituted authority, under the sanction of a most fearful oath to promise silence with regard to teaching and a course of action, of which he as yet knows nothing. This is a proposition which requires no demonstration. It is almost as needless to prove that such restraint of liberty is also, in very truth, the most wretched of all kinds of slavery; for may it not come even to this—so far as the uninitiated know—that the person restrained will be, some time or another, reduced to the terrible alternative of obeying his superiors and going so far as to take the life of a fellow being, or disobeying them and imperilling his own? Even should the object and means of the society turn out to be innocent, there would still be a fettering of the will highly calculated to deprave the moral sense. Can we not well believe that many a generous and noble-minded youth, for whom the mystery of a secret society proved an irresistible attraction, has had, by the fact of initiation, his hopes dashed to pieces and his conscience smitten with remorse, and yet, unable to shake himself free of the Nessus-shirt of bad companionship, has become at the very least a liar and trickster given to mean habits and crooked ways? And then there is the danger to the State of turning men into conspirators. This danger was admitted by such an authority as M. Louis Blanc. "Darkness," he says, speaking of Freemasonry, "mystery, an awful oath to pronounce, a secret to learn for each trial courageously borne, a secret to keep under pain of excommunication and death, particular signs whereby the Brothers recognize one another at the uttermost ends of the earth, ceremonies referring to the history of a murder and seeming to hatch and foster ideas of vengeance—what more fit to form conspirators?" Our own Lord Plunkett considered any association bound by a secret oath to be "extremely dangerous on the principles of the common law." Finally, Freemasonry is, as we should say of an individual man, badly connected. It was the parent of Illuminatism, and it lent to Carbonarism the aid of all its organization, its symbolical ceremonies, and its mystic nomenclature. It is a significant fact that Freemasonry were admitted into the society of the Carbonari without having undergone the initiation and probation to which ordinary candidates were subjected. On the principle, therefore, of noscitur a sociis, it seems pretty plain that Freemasonry cannot be a thing to be admired and embraced by virtuous men.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

A TRUE STORY.

Count Skolinski, a Polish noble, had taken part in one of the last insurrections of Poland. Beaten and made prisoner, he was soon condemned to death. He had a wife, and a son ten years old, whose name was Stanislaus. At the terrible news that her husband was about to die, the countess, overwhelmed with grief, takes her poor child by the hand, and retiring to her oratory, kneels with him before a statue of our Lady of Sorrows. "Blessed Virgin Mary!" exclaims she in a voice broken with emotion, "pray for us! protect us! save us! restore a husband to his wife, a father to his child! Thou oughtest to take pity on our tears, thou whom none have ever invoked in vain!—thou who lovest so tenderly thy divine Son!—thou who hast also suf-

fered so much! Soon after Stanislaus and his mother rise from their prayer. A secret hope has calmed their grief. The countess, escorted by a manservant and accompanied by her son, leaves the house and repairs to the prison where the count was detained. By the help of a few pieces of gold, slipped into the jailer's hand, she succeeds in obtaining admission into the dreary dungeon. What took place during the agonizing interview is not given to tell. But three quarters of an hour afterwards, the unfortunate countess, hiding her tears in her handkerchief, with her face further concealed under the immense hood she had adopted for the occasion, and her figure bowed down with sorrow, passed again before the jailer, dragging along with her, by her side, her weeping child. The cell of the condemned man was not reopened until the night. The jailer then made his inspection; on doing so he uttered a loud cry, called for help, and vociferated treason. . . . In the place of the man condemned to death he beheld the countess, his wife! . . . Count Skolinski had escaped, taking with him Stanislaus.

We will allow a year and a half to pass by—the count is in Paris, without any news of his wife. Have the Russians revenged themselves on her for the flight of her husband? Is she dead, or a prisoner in the frightful wilds of Siberia? The count is ignorant of these things, and to the eager questioning of Stanislaus, who repeats incessantly, "Oh, when will mamma come back?" he answers only by vague words, which ill conceal the ever-increasing anxiety of his heart.

The child had been placed in a school under ecclesiastical management, and he grew there in learning, in piety, in good sentiments. The period assigned for making his first communion approached. The count took advantage of this circumstance to inspire his son with ideas of patience and resignation with regard to his absent mother. "I will," said the child, "I will have her to come back for my first Communion, and she will come back."

Preoccupied with the desire of seeing his mother again, Stanislaus, one evening during study time, drew from his desk a sheet of paper, mended his pen, made the sign of the cross, and wrote the following letter to Peter, the countess's servant, who had remained in Varsovia to be near to her:—

"Peter—Will you please tell my mother that I am to make my first Communion in a month, and that she really must come to Paris to be present at it? I do not write to her because all our letters are stopped; but I trust to you, while using every precaution, to make known to her my wish. I kiss you with sincere affection."

"P.S.—Tell mama I am staying at my school in D—Street."

Having written this letter, the child put in a picture of the Blessed Virgin for luck, closed it, sealed it, and put it into the post. Alas! while this was taking place, Count Skolinski received from an unknown hand a dirty scrap of paper which contained only these lines:—"No longer any hope—departure for Siberia—resignation. Peter is to make one last effort, but it is said that on the first attempt at evasion the countess will be massacred. We love you, and we pity you still more."

The day appointed for the first Communion was approaching. Stanislaus had not mentioned his letter either to his father or his masters; he had spoken much about to God; he had counted the days and the hours; he had said to himself "Before my first Communion, I will make a novena to the Blessed Virgin; I will so time it that it shall finish just as I am about to receive absolution, and I will pray so hard and so well that our Blessed Lady will be obliged to give me back my mother." The eve of the "great day" had arrived. According to pious custom, the parents of the children had been requested to come and give their sons the blessings they deserved. Count Skolinski came with the others. Stanislaus ran to him and embraced him; then devoutly kneeling he received the paternal benediction.

"I have now your blessing," said the child, "but I hope also to have my mother's."

The father said nothing.

"You know mama is to come back," continued Stanislaus. The count only sighed. "I want her to be present at my first Communion, and she will be there. And now I must tell you all about it, father dear. Do you see, I have made a novena to the Blessed Virgin; it finishes at five o'clock; I shall receive absolution at four; then I shall be as pure as the angels, and I will entreat the Mother of our good God to give me back my mother this evening, or at least to-morrow without fail."

"Ah!" sighed the count, interrupting, and trying to smile; but being unable any longer to endure the conversation, he went away.

It was five o'clock in the evening; Stanislaus was going to the porter's lodge, when he was met by one of the priests belonging to the house.

"Where are you going, child?"

"To see if anybody has called for me."

"But your father came this morning."

"Ah, sir, I am expecting some one else: I expected mama."

"But your mother is not in Paris."

"She is coming back, I am sure."

"My dear child, I quite understand your desire and your prayers, but let us have no distractions to-night; my dear boy, the hour for receiving visitors is gone by, and so return to your companions."

The novena was finished, and the child imagined that the proper thing for the Queen of Heaven to do was to give him back his mother there and then. Not to go to the porter was therefore an immense sacrifice; he made it, however generously. "After all," said he to himself, "when my mother arrives she will ask for me." Six o'clock strikes, then seven then eight . . . no one. Supper is over, and all the boys are preparing to go to their dormitories. Stanislaus was a little discouraged. . . . While all this was going on, the countess had entered, looking worn and haggard, had addressed the porter's lodge and asked to see young Skolinski. The porter, taking her for an impostor, and being, moreover, suspicious on account of the lateness of the hour, refused point-blank to call the child. At last, however, overcome by her importunity, he consented to allow the countess (for it was she) to go to the window, and just look at the pupils as they crossed the yard. Stanislaus, who still hoped for his mother's return, stepped a little out of the ranks to cast a glance up at the porters. The mother had only time to exclaim: "There he is—there! there!" and, uttering a cry, fell fainting.

But how did the countess arrive just at the time appointed by the child? She had escaped from the men who were taking her to Siberia; she had fled towards France, and in disguise, without resources, without money, she had reached Paris. Where was she to go in this vast city? Happily in his letter to Peter, which the countess had received, Stanislaus had put the address of his school; and thus it was that the countess had gone straight to her son.

The next day the Count and the Countess Skolinski, reunited, happy and transported with joy, were present together at the first Communion of Stanislaus, their only child.

A distinguished gentleman whose nose and chin were both very long, and who had lost his teeth, whereby the nose and chin were brought near together, was told, "I am afraid your nose and chin will fight before long; they approach each other very menacingly." "I am afraid of myself," replied the gentleman; "for a great many words have passed between them already."

THE NAMES OF OUR LADY.

Through the wide world thy children raise
Their prayers, and still we see
Calm are the night and bright the days
Of those who trust in thee.

On the 11th ult., Mr. John Hinton, auctioneer, sold by auction Mr. John Sheppard's interest in a farm at Phillipstown, near Taghmon, containing eighty-seven acres, at £1 per acre, held from Major Sheppard.

LAST YEAR'S CROPS IN IRELAND.—Last year appears to have been an unusually successful one in Ireland, so far as agriculture is concerned, the crops being very much larger than for several years.

A correspondent writing to the Dublin Freeman, from Ballinasloe, on the 11th ult., says:—“From Killaloe to Athlone, along the banks of the Shannon, and again from Shannonbridge to Ballyforan, is one sheet of water, as well as the interior of a country.”

The Tipperary Free Press says:—“The Sisters of Mercy, Clonmel, acknowledge the receipt from Arthur Moore, Esq., M.P., of the munificent donation of five hundred pounds towards the erection of their new Industrial Schools. It has been intimated to the community that the Government grant will be withdrawn if a large school be not forthwith erected.”

The Catholic clergy of Mullingar are determined to all in their power to check the increase of intoxication complained of by Baron Dowse in his charge to the Grand Jury of the county. At the different Masses on Sunday, March 11th, it was announced that in the future Christian burial would be refused in all cases where it could not be clearly and unquestionably shown that the excessive use of intoxicating drink has nothing to do with the death of the deceased person.

Early on the 15th ult., the large and extensive, flour mills of Messrs. Lawrence Bros., Coleraine were completely burned to the ground. Nothing is known with regard to the manner in which the fire originated. The mills had been working up to half-past ten o'clock the previous night, and shortly after twelve the watchman on duty observed fire issuing from the grain separating loft, on the third story. He at once gave the alarm, the factory bell was rung, as well as the fire bell.

On Sunday, the 12th ult., a great demonstration on the part of the confraternities of the Holy Family, of Cork, took place. Some five thousand men with bands and sacred banners, marched through the streets in procession, and were addressed in the Cathedral by the Bishop, who exhorted them to persevere in their splendid career of sobriety and goodness.

Mr. Butt, M.P., delivered an important speech at a meeting of the Home Rule League on the 11th ult., on the Parliamentary position of the Home Rule party. He emphatically denied that there was any compact in existence between the Home Rulers and the English Liberals for an exchange of votes on critical occasions, as has been alleged, adding that he and his followers were perfectly free to act independently of all political parties on whatever questions might arise in the future in the House of Commons.

The Irish Times of the 15th ult., says:—“The supply of pigs having greatly increased last week Limerick has again taken its place as the greatest pork and bacon market in the kingdom. The number killed there last week was 6,625; Waterford, 2,861; Cork, 1,202. Hams, 1s. per lb.; per cwt, 108s. 112s.; ordinary bacon, 9d. to 10d.”

The following sale was made in the Landed Estates Court, on the 10th ult.: Estate of Henry G. L'Estrange, owner; Christopher L'Estrange, petitioner.—Part of the lands of Owen Galles, containing 37a 2r 16p statute measure, in the barony of Tullyhaw, under fee farm grant of 1875, in lieu of agreement for lease of 2d May, 1875, for 31 years (expired), or for three lives renewable for ever, at a pepper corn fine, producing a net rental of £269 1s 1d; Ordinance valuation, £123 9d. Sold at £5,000 to Mr. Thomas Kiernan, in trust for Mr. James O'Rourke, of Philadelphia, U.S.

On the 15th ult., the dead body of a young woman named Sarah Mulloy, aged about twenty years, was found floating in the Liffey. It appears that the deceased, was going home from her em-

political status quo.—We give the principal portion of the declaration.—“Of the utter neglect by Whig and Tory Governments of Irish interests, the condition of Connemara affords abundant proof. Vast tracts of reclaimable mountain land left in the same condition in which they were when the waters of the Deluge were withdrawn. In this district of Connemara there are about 300,000 acres of this description of neglected land. These mountain districts might be turned into vast sources of employment, and consequent support of man and beast. This may be clearly seen from the successful efforts made by some exceptional landlords. For instance, Mitchell Henry, Esq., M.P., has given a noble example on this subject; hundreds of acres have been reclaimed by him. Corn crops are growing now on tracts on which, so to speak, a snipe could hardly find rooting. Yet, strange to say, neither personal interest, nor benevolence, nor regard for the wants of the tenantry has stimulated the attention of a numerous class of landed proprietors, who own so much of the vast waste, which Young, a hundred years ago, designated—“A howling wilderness.”

The numerous spots of green sward cultivated by industrious tenantry, but from which they have been evicted, and thus robbed of the fruits of their labour; and, above all, by fair encouragement on the part of the proprietors to the occupants, personal interests might be greatly enhanced, remunerative employment given, and the people redeemed from the bondage of a harassing and impoverishing condition. We are convinced, by the present condition of Ireland as well as by the past, that neither prosperity nor contentment can be enjoyed by our country until our domestic affairs are managed by the Queen, the Lords, and Commons of this nation. We therefore renew our adhesion to the Home Rule organization, and state that we shall use every legitimate means to ensure the cordial co-operation of our respective flocks in the sacred cause. We are not animated by any sectarian, nor poisoned by Communistic, plottings; we, together with our truly Christian people, hold in horror such infamous and destructive sentiments. We can hardly believe that anti-Irish self-assertion will persevere in maintaining that all Ireland has not as much capacity as is necessary to manage her internal affairs. Insignificant islands and dependencies have won their Parliamentary independence; we ask, therefore, shall Ireland be ever degraded, or, as O'Connell said, “allowed to remain for ever a pitiful, pelted province”? As no people ever won or regained legitimate freedom without making resolute efforts and necessary sacrifices, we are resolved, together with our people, to co-operate with our fellow-countrymen, in sustaining the glorious leader, Mr. Butt.”

GREAT BRITAIN.

A young girl, 17 years of age, was convicted of bigamy, at Dundee, a few days ago.

The woolen mill of Mr. Edward Ashworth, at Coupe, near Bury, has been destroyed by fire.

Last year the Probate Duty yielded an increase of £38,587 on the preceding year, the amount being £2,153,797.

ANOTHER QUESTION FOR LORD PENZANCE.—A letter has been received from the Dean of Bristol, from Nicedirecting that certain work connected with the restoration and the new nave of the Bristol Cathedral shall be suspended till his return. The present action of the Dean arises from attention being called to the fact that a figure of Pope Gregory wearing the triple crown is being placed among the statues adorning the porch of the new nave. This prompt action has caused considerable comment.

LISTS WITH THE PAST.—The Rev. Charles J. Betham, M.A., rector of Bettingham, Suffolk, writes to the Times:—“Your review of ‘Prince Charles Stuart,’ says the Highlanders under Lord George Murray, marching by Penrith, Shap, Kendal, and Lancaster, reached Preston on the 27th of November. Perhaps the following brief narrative may interest some students of history and tradition:—My grandfather, Brian Betham (son of Christopher) of Burton, near Kendal, where he was born in 1732, well remembered walking about four miles to see Prince Charles at the head of his army, and that the night before about 80 men (chiefly Highlanders, who took much snuff), were quartered on his father's premises—the officers in the house, the men in the stables, &c.—and that one of the officers left a dirk of value, but sent back for it the next day. Christopher Betham, whose ancestors long lived at Burton and Betham or Beetham, near Kendal, had a small estate and buried the tidleeds and other things on the approach of the Stuart party; but the latter behaved very well, and did no harm beyond taking quarters. Lest it should seem strange that one not much beyond middle life should have only one generation between him and a spectator of the rising in 1745, I had these dates:—Brian Betham vizit 1732-1808, buried in Townchurch, Peterborough; his son Edward, my father, vizit 1777-1861, buried at Lincoln.”

SCORCH BIGNY.—The session of the Protestant Institute of Scotland devoted its closing day to a consideration of letters from Bismarck, Gladstone and Von Moltke, on an essay written by one of the students in defence of the German persecution. The statesman out of place expressed his delight that so much attention should be given in Scotland to what he curiously enough calls “an unattractive subject.” It must be gratifying to him to find himself once more en rapport with the bigots of North Britain, who persecuted him, during his premiership, with incessant reflections on his fidelity to Protestantism, and would have sacrificed him ruthlessly had their suspicions turned out accurate. Of course, the Prussian notables approve of a pamphlet, which, as Bismarck observes, has “so well mastered, and so correctly expressed, the bearings of our defence against Ultramontane aggression.” The companionship is altogether congenial. Gladstone may sow the vilest slanders against the Church, and Bismarck may outrage every law, human and divine, in his insane rage against her—we expect little sympathy for her sufferings from those who worship John Knox. While the Church is the victim, they are ready to commend the most intolerable violations of civil and religious rights. They would be equally fanatical in persecuting Catholicity, or in defending their own system from attack, as though one mission was equally as laudable as the other.—Catholic Times.

THE WEAKNESS OF NUMBERS.—The dexterity of Protestants in torturing figures, when their object is to prove anything intended to be derogatory to Catholicity, must be accounted one of the features of the age. At this game a professional statistician would stand no chance against them. Last week we directed attention to the statement of a parson that the Catholic population of the kingdom had decreased by 5,000,000 since 1853, and now we have to trip up another rev. gentleman for an assertion only a trifle less astonishing. During a clerical conference at Southport, the Rev. R. G. Cather thanked God there are only ten million of Catholics amongst the seventy millions of people who speak the English tongue. Let us examine the returns and see how the proportion really stands. Ireland has 4,500,000; the United States, 6,000,000; Great Britain, 2,000,000; and Canada, 1,500,000. Here then, we have 14,000,000 accounted for, though we have not included Australia, or any of the other dependencies. Mr. Cather might consider that he had reason to thank God so long as Catholicity remained in a minority at all, but will either be or any other light of Protestantism tell us that there is any other body of religionists; under the crown

as homogeneous as these 14,000,000? What is the use of a preponderance in numbers, when the bulky majority is split into hundreds of fragments, each forming a little world of its own? The greatest, most wealthy, most numerous, and influential sect of all is internally rent by warring schools of thought, which will coalesce in nothing but in scrambling for all the loaves and fishes available. The Catholic Church alone is one in heart, spirit, worship, and belief, just as it is one in tongue and, therefore, it alone possesses true and lasting strength.—Catholic Times.

THE CHURCH IN SCOTLAND.—A correspondent of an English paper writes:—I beg leave to send you an account of our Catholic progress in Glasgow, the second city in the empire. It appears to many outside Scotland that the Catholic Church has little or no standing in the country. Such is the bigotry and narrow-minded teaching of John Knox and his followers; but if we only look about us, if we only visit the Catholic churches here, we shall soon find out that it is a great mistake to think for one moment that we are not a most numerous body, that we are on the increase every day. Now I shall confine myself to a few facts—not random stories, but facts which will convince your readers that Catholicity in Glasgow is of some importance; that we are a powerful body, and an orderly, well-conducted portion of this great community. I have had opportunities, for some time past, of noticing in a marked manner the attendance of the faithful Catholics to their respective churches here—more so during the past season of Advent, owing, no doubt, to the Jubilee than any other cause. Be the reason what it may, certain it is that our churches are too small, too inadequate to the fast rising wants of the Catholics. When I say that the churches are not accommodating enough I say also that the priests are not half numerous enough for our wants. In most of the churches we find that three or four more priests should be attached, so as to enable us to avail ourselves of their ministrations. I attended several churches here for some time past, and learned of missions being announced in various parts of the city. At one time I went to St. Patrick's, and another to see and hear the good priests of St. Alphonsus's in Hamilton street. And on some occasions I went to Govan, and assisted at the mission which was held there under what appeared to me most painful circumstances—the church there should be called a “Turkish bath-room” for the past three weeks. Fancy in the middle of winter to see a church so heated, so crowded, so suffocated, that notwithstanding all the windows and doors were opened, yet the officiating clergymen were actually as if in a Turkish bath. I am giving you facts, what I witnessed; and even more, I heard the zealous, good pastor of Govan say that it pained him beyond measure to be obliged to send away so many who could not find even standing room in his church. I am equally certain of what I say regarding the numbers who attend the Confessional. It is the Confessional that increases the numbers, the growth of our Catholic church-going people. Now, the fact is, that in all, or nearly all, of our churches the poor priests have had many long hours of it, hearing confessions for the past Advent. Here is a sample of what I saw in Govan Church on Friday last. The good pastor, Father Dixon, and his assistant (whose name I have heard, but I cannot now remember) were in the Confessional for hours, day after day, for the past three weeks, and on Friday, the Vigil of Christmas Eve, although the poor priests were from 10 a. m. to 12 noon, and from 4 p. m. to 11 at night, even the priests whose name I cannot now recollect when he had celebrated his midnight Mass, immediately after went into his Confessional. Now, Sir, what do you think of that? Let me add that no less than 300 persons had actually to go away who could not get near the over-worked church of Govan on Friday night and Christmas Day. Have I not already said enough to convince you that our churches are too inadequate, that our priests are too few by more than half to meet the growing wants of our good Catholic people in this city? I could say a deal more on positive facts, but fear I have already taken up too much of your valuable paper. It is good, however, that the Catholics outside should know of us in Scotland.

UNITED STATES.

The total value of all the property, real and personal, in the State of Georgia, is 201,420,000 dollars.

There are 1,288 Catholic theological students in the United States. All other denominations have only 2,569 amongst them.

Dowington, Pennsylvania, calls it “an encouragement revival” when three preachers have worked all winter to convert one Alderman and an old woman.

Longevity seems to be an inheritance of the Irish race, and they enjoy it as generally in America as in the temperate air of their native home. During the month of February Mrs. O'Rourke, originally from Kerry, died in Michigan, at the age of 100 years. Stephen Shiel, a native of Ireland, where he was born in the year 1773, is a resident of Philadelphia. He came to America in 1802, and has lived in Newton county since it was first founded in 1818. Miss Sylla Poole, aged 99, is a resident of Sheffield. Having read Father Keenan, reported to be the oldest Catholic priest in the United States, she said, after reading the article throughout without glasses, that if he lived she would hunt for him at Philadelphia in June, and ask him to dance an old-fashioned Centennial reel with her. If the good *sogorth* is still sufficiently active, she is likely to have her wish granted.

DANGERS OF INDIFFERENCE.—The Catholic Review (New York) says, Why is there so much crime abroad to-day? Because our young men and women no longer say their prayers morning and night. Because they no longer go to church. Because they have lost their faith, and believe in nothing but the gratification of their inclinations. The strongest social argument in favour of religion is, we think, to be found in the fact that the man or woman who is truly and sincerely religious, not only obeys the laws of God, but also those of man. When a man is sincerely religious, he is also sincerely virtuous. He may fall seven times a day, but his faith alone has prevented his falling seventy thousand times. Why do we hear just now such terrible stories of vices and crimes, the wickedness of which seems almost beyond belief? Simply because the writers in our papers and books are teaching atheism, and although there may be some apparently excellent citizens who have no faith in God, still we think ourselves pretty correct when we assert that, if we examine closely into their lives, we shall find much to disgust and terrify Christians.

AMERICAN EMIGRATION.—The Catholic Citizen (Newark) opposes immigration to America at present, as the prospect is gloomy. “For years (it says) we have not had time for a thought, but of money. Where is the money now? We dig gold and silver from the bowels of the earth by the million; it might be said that gold and silver grow here, so great is the annual crop. Where is our gold to-day? Instead of current coin we pay for our daily bread and butter in paper, which itself is merely a promise to pay. For our daily labour we are paid in paper promises to pay, and too little even of that. It has come to this pass in this land of freedom, this land supposed to be flowing with milk and honey, that a day of hard labour in a hard climate is repaid with ninety cents per day in paper, of which nearly one half is required to pay rent for three decent rooms.” If the restless will

come, however, an advice is offered:—“Of all the Western States we prefer Minnesota; though cold, it is remarkable for its pure air and healthiness as well as the fertility of its soil. Here settlers are afforded a special opportunity by Right Rev. Bishop Ireland, conductor of St. Paul's, who has secured a whole county for Catholic emigrants, half of railway lands, at \$1.40 per acre, besides Government land, which may be taken up gratis, under the Homestead Law. Bishop Ireland has appointed an experienced priest, Father McDermott, to look after the interests of emigrants, thirty-five of whom have already taken lands; church and schools and practical direction will be provided. Bishop Ireland wishes it understood that each emigrant will require at least \$400 in cash after paying for this land; even with this sum the first year will be a tight fit, and it will be necessary to avail of employment, which can be had on old-settled farms in the neighbourhood.”

PROTESTANTISM AND MARRIAGE.—A Massachusetts gentleman named Parson, a writer of some note, having wedded his own step-daughter, the Catholic Standard (Philadelphia) comments on the occurrence.—“These Protestants who still try to hold on to the truth that the Church of Christ has the right and authority to teach and definitely determine what are, and what are not, Christian doctrines, find themselves constantly in great straits. The marriage relation is an instance in point. In most of the old Evangelical Protestant sects, the teachings of the Catholic Church in regard to the unlawfulness of marriage between near relatives, and of divorced persons contracting a second marriage, whilst the divorced wife or husband is living are still theoretically maintained. Yet these rules are constantly violated by the members and ministers of Protestant sects with impunity. Protestantism has really no settled rule or law regulating the marriage relation. While professing to look to the Holy Scriptures for rule, it really ignores these sacred writings and depends upon civil legislation. If the State allows a man to marry his deceased wife's sister or his own step-daughter, or to violate the Christian law of marriage in other ways, Protestant ministers ignore the plain teachings of the Scripture and officiate at these incestuous marriages; and sects to which they belong wink at the action, get rid of the whole subject as a matter of course. The offender still maintains his previous standing and position in the sect, and the matter is hushed up and forgotten until a new case occurs. Writing on the same subject, the Catholic Journal (Pittsburgh) says:—“The Roman law forbids marriage between parties who are related by affinity in the direct line, e.g. between a man and his step-daughter. The Catholic Church in the first centuries had no need to improve on the Roman law or to extend its provisions to the collateral line. A simple reference on the part of the Church to the law of Moses was more than sufficient to enforce obedience. The Council of Trent has restricted the extent of affinity as taught by the old canonists. The Prussian law has retained affinity in the direct line as an impediment to marriage; the Austrian code gives affinity the same extension as consanguinity; while the civil law of France forbids marriage on account of affinity in the direct line in all degrees, and in the collateral line in the first. Protestant Canonists also are unanimous in upholding this point of discipline, which, according to all, is one of the great means of preventing immorality from corrupting the family, the very fountain head of society. Affinity, or the imputed relationship between a man or wife and the blood-relations of the other, may not rest on natural law, but it surely rests on common decency, and hence it becomes a matter of painful surprise to see a minister sacrilegiously bless what his God abhors, and which if legalised would open a wide avenue to immorality.”

CORN GRIDDLE CAKES.—To one pint of grated corn, add two eggs and a piece of butter half the size of an egg, a little milk, salt and flour; they may be baked on the griddle or dropped into hot lard.

The following is a simple but sure way to tell good from bad eggs.—Put them in water enough to cover them. All that lay flat, as they would on a smooth surface out of water, are good. Those of which the big end rises are bad. The vessel used should have a smooth, level bottom.

PROPOSED UTILIZATION OF FISH BONES.—German manufacturers are continually engaged in purchasing fish bones, gathered along the Norwegian shores near extensive fish curing establishments. These are pulverized and converted into fertilizers. It is suggested that arrangements be made for utilizing the bones from the establishments in Newfoundland, such products of American fishery being estimated at 120,000,000 pounds per year.

Some idea of the tautology of the legal formula may be gathered from the following specimen, wherein, if a man wishes to give another an orange, instead of saying, “I give you that orange,” he must set forth his “act and deed” thus: “I give you all and singular, my estate and interest, right title and claim, and advantage of and in that orange with all its rind, skin, juice, pulp and pips, and all right and advantages therein, with full power to bite, cut, suck, or otherwise eat the same orange, or to give the same away, with or without its rind, skin, juice, pulp or pips, anything heretofore or hereinafter, or in any other deed or deeds, instrument or instruments of what kind or nature soever, to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding.”

How to Acquire a Good Memory.—As a general thing, we read too much, and think about what we read too little; the consequence is that most of the people we meet know something, in a superficial way, about almost everything, and very little in a thorough way about anything. Not a tenth part of what is read is remembered for a month after the book, magazine, or newspaper is laid aside. Daniel Webster, on being asked how he could remember so accurately, replied that it had been his habit for years to reflect for a short time on what he had read, and to fix all facts and ideas worth remembering in his mind. “Any one who does this will be surprised to find how good his memory will become, and how long, after reading a book, or interesting article, the best portion thereof will remain.”

Why BAKERFIELD DIDN'T HAVE A CHURCH.—“Well said the Judge, who is one of the leading citizens of that mining town, ‘I agree with you, and we did make an effort to get up a church, but somehow it did not succeed. My wife and I talked it over; she preferred an Episcopal church, and I called a meeting of the most respectable men of the place to choose a vestry. They voted me in the chair, and I nominated Mr. Johnston as a vestryman. Mr. Johnston declined to serve. He modestly said he thought himself not fit for the office; he liked an occasional game of draw poker, he said; he was given to some other worldly amusements, like dancing when there was a fiddler anywhere around; he couldn't resist a horse race, and unfortunately all the horse racing in Havilah took place on Sunday, which was sure to interfere with his duties as a vestryman, so he would rather not serve. I told him,” continued the Judge, “that men were not expected to be so absolutely perfect in these days; that the chair itself was fond of an occasional little game of poker, and that the office of vestrymen was, in the judgment of the chair, purely ministerial; but somehow he did not see it in that light; he is a modest man, and he wouldn't serve. When he backed out everybody else did, too, and so this effort of ours to get up a church fell through, I've always been sorry for it,” added the Judge frankly, “for I think a church an excellent thing to have.”—From a California Letter.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, April 14, 1876.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.
APRIL, 1876.
Friday, 14—GOOD FRIDAY.
Saturday, 15—HOLY SATURDAY.
Sunday, 16—EASTER SUNDAY.
Monday, 17—EASTER MONDAY.
Tuesday, 18—EASTER TUESDAY.
Wednesday, 19—OF THE OCTAVE.
Thursday, 20—OF THE OCTAVE.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.
The Times in its financial article understands that the capital required for testing the practicability of the Channel Tunnel is being rapidly subscribed. The French Company already has two million francs, half of the requisite amount, and the English Company, if not already equally advanced, doubtless soon will be, and experiments will be in active progress before long.

The fine arts collection to be exhibited at the Centennial by Great Britain, is valued at \$750,000. The insurrection in the north of Bosnia continues to gain headway, and fighting was reported there on Saturday.

The British and American residents in Spain have been asked to pay the arrears of the war taxes, while French, German and Belgian residents are exempted. England has made a claim for the exemption of British residents.

Yellow fever is committing fearful ravages in Rio Janeiro.

GALT AGAIN!

Sir A. T. Galt's change of political creed, enunciated in his manifesto of a few weeks past, drew on him an unmerciful laceration from the party he betrayed. Every paper in the Dominion attacked his turncoat policy. The causes he alleged for his change merged into an uncalculated attack on the Catholic Hierarchy of Lower Canada. For twenty years, Sir A. T. Galt conformed to the Conservative party, and under their support enjoyed the Ministerial smiles; now he finds out that they are grasping despots and designing Papists. In answer to his many accusers, he rushes, with more boldness than prudence, into the domain of controversy, and, under the guise of self-defence, gives us a tissue of assertions, such as we are wont to hear on the platform of the Protestant Defence Alliance, or on the stage of the theatre during a revival meeting.

They say one fool makes many, and Sir A., imitating the mad policy of a baffled statesman across the Atlantic, makes the no popery cry to catch a Protestant constituency in Upper Canada; in keeping with April customs, he pins his pamphlet to the coat-skirts of the English bigot he takes for his model.

We must confess we approached Sir A.'s second letter with a prejudiced feeling, for we remember he was one of those who a few days past, endorsed one of the most flagrant acts of injustice that is recorded in our time—the decision of the Hospital Governors against the Priests of St. Patrick's in the McIntyre case. We are not disabused of the conviction that a partial and sectarian bias, has dictated for his pamphlet, assertions perfectly untenable in the light of candid inquiry.

To summarize the brochure before us, we find it a rehash of the old controversy between the civil and ecclesiastical power; the Guibord case and the Vatican Decrees are twisted to support the assertion "that the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church towards civil society has changed since Confederation; and such change has been signalled in Lower Canada by overt action." He proves his proposition thus:—The Syllabus and the Decrees of Infallibility have been promulgated since Confederation; therefore the attitude of the Church has changed. Let us examine.

Sir A. satisfactorily shows that the Syllabus teaches the doctrine that the spiritual power is superior to the temporal. Does he fancy this is a new theory started in the reign of the present Pontiff; or, with some of his more enlightened apologists, will he cast it amongst the supposed assumptions of the Middle Ages? From the following passages it is evident the doctrine of the Syllabus, which he designates as the Vatican Decrees, is but a modern thought:—

"In France, therefore, it cannot be denied that a mighty change has occurred since 1870 in the attitude of the Church, when we see the cherished liberties of centuries swept away."

"In Germany the conflict created with civil power, through the Vatican Decrees, is still more evident, and pregnant with instruction, to our Hierarchy here, if they will receive the lesson. There, Prince Bismarck has recognized the extent to which the claims of Rome are being enlarged and has met them by the severest measures of repression. The celebrated Falck Laws, which probably go much further than was necessary for the assertion of the civil supremacy of the State, plainly indicate the grave dangers that follow extreme pretensions on either side."

"In Great Britain the profound interest evinced in the controversy between Mr. Gladstone and his opponents, affords sufficient evidence that there also the Vatican Decrees are regarded with apprehension and jealousy."

"It will, therefore, scarcely be questioned—that in Europe—since 1870, a most marked change has taken place in the relations of the Church of Rome towards Civil States."

Now the doctrines of the Syllabus are coeval with Christianity. The Protestant Historian Neander tells us that he has found what he calls the "Hilobrandine principle" (which corresponds to the modern Syllabus) in a work by a Christian Jew of the second century, The Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs, where too, the spiritual power is said to be

as far above the temporal as heaven is above earth. A simile often used by the Fathers. St. Chrysostom has said "As the soul above the body, as heaven above earth, so the Church above the State." And St. Gregory Nazianzen wrote, "We bishops too, addressing the princes of the world, 'have a dominion, and a most exalted and perfect dominion, otherwise the spirit would be subject to the flesh and heavenly to earthly things.' We could heap authorities all through the history of the Church, but space requires of us to be brief.

It is the same with the doctrine of infallibility. The writings of the Fathers, the tradition and practice of the Church recognized it, but not being defined, there was no obligation of professing it; hence before the decision, Montelambert, Dollinger, and Newman might object to it, but if they rejected it after the promulgation of the Bull from the Holy See, they would be heretics.

A decree on matters of faith and morals does not affect or create the truth affirmed. That truth was eternal. Our relations to it only are changed; before the decree we could reject or accept as we wished, after the decree it is obligatory.

Therefore the Church in Quebec has not changed its teaching nor its attitude. We are at a loss to know by what overt action the church has signalized the change of its attitude. Does Sir A. T. Galt fancy the bishops and priests have nothing else to do but assemble in council to plot the ruin and banishment of their Protestant brethren. Here is the old cry of Papal aggression. Have the Bishops of the Province of Quebec ordered any outrages, have they increased taxes on the Protestants and lessened those of their own people? If at times they have raised warning voices at the hustings, or during times of political excitement, was it not when infidel and unprincipled partisans of a lawless mob (men of the Tweed-Belknap stamp) endeavored to seize the reins of Government and drive it to financial ruin? The hierarchy now attacked, were all along the fearless patriots that warned the people of wool-covered wolves, their prudence saved the Government after time, from the paralyzing curse of dishonest officials. And now when a few bigoted enthusiasts, want to hand the faith and morals of the vast majority to the whims of a Protestant few, will the Bishops and priests yield up their sacred trust?

It does not strike Sir A. T. Galt and his admirers, that this very principle of supremacy over temporal governments, has saved the Church in her integrity and in all her power to-day. Where the civil power is permitted to have the care of the church what confusion and what chaos have followed. Witness the condition of the Anglican Church. Her faith, her doctrines are manipulated and decreed by Jews, infidels, and Freemasons. Bossuet in his History of the Variations has counted 750 dogmatic changes in the Church of England up to his time and this without reckoning the 200 sects that have sprung from the principles of free judgment and free thought.

Sir A. T. Galt quotes the names and writings of some leading men in the controversy about Papal infallibility, and he would give us to understand because Montelambert, Newman and Dollinger, found a difficulty in accepting the decree, therefore all Catholics objected to it. The opposition of these men was not so remarkable as the efforts of Mgr. Dupanloup, who had thirty secretaries during the Vatican Council, pouring into the opposition their united efforts and intelligence. Yet here in they exercised a perfect right, and nothing shows more manifestly the freedom of discussion permitted and encouraged on matters not *de fide*. But the moment the decree was passed one only of its remarkable opponents, remained contumacious and he is to-day the heresiarch of a sect that is already sinking into decay and himself the wreck of a great man. Montelambert died in perfect harmony with the Holy See and he had a public funeral service in Rome to confer honor on his name. Newman has again and again publicly accepted the Vatican Decrees—and even the Archbishop of Toronto on whom Sir A. endeavored to pin a sympathy, has written to the *Globe* to disown fellowship in political creed. So far for the individuals who are supposed to support the Quixotic campaign of this self constituted leader of Protestant opinion. We endorse the outspoken sentiments of the *Gazette* which in a few scathing remarks reminds Sir A. of his inability to master abstruse questions of Catholic Theology. Our Contemporary says:—

"With all respect for Sir Alexander Galt, we may be permitted to suggest that able as he is, a subject which has challenged the minutest enquiry of such men as Dr. Dollinger, Dr. Newman, Mr. Gladstone and others, gains but little by his contribution to it. But when he undertakes to prove that the Protestants of Lower Canada have had in the past, or are threatened in the future, with any attack upon their distinctive rights, he utterly and completely fails."

In a presumption equalled only by the arrogant petition of the Protestant Defence Alliance, Sir A. T. Galt, requests Catholics to throw Bishops and priests aside, to shake off what he calls their slavery and in fact become Protestants. If our obedience and love for our Bishops and priests be slavery welcome be its chains! One would scarcely believe that a man of such long standing in liberal politics would sink to the intolerance and infidelity that is breathed in the following:—

"But if it be not so, and this struggle is allowed to extend and intensify, then the day which sees the triumph of the priest will usher in that which will overthrow his power for ever. It is impossible that in a Province of the Protestant Empire of Great Britain, on the continent of America, in the presence of forty millions of Protestants, a slavery should be imposed upon us by the Roman Catholic Hierarchy, which exists no longer even under the Vatican. Free speech, free thought, and a free press, must have the fullest scope in America; and if, in a wild scheme to reduce them to obedience to the will of the Priesthood, they be for the moment repressed, all history tells us that the torrent when it bursts, will sweep away far more than the barrier that arrested its course, and will leave behind the wreck of many noble Catholic institutions to mock the folly of those who make unwilling adversaries of natural and affectionate friends."

Give free scope to an infidel press, give loose rein to every infidel and fanatical tendency, then indeed Catholic institutions, which are the safeguards and the consolations of society, will be swept away in the tide of revolution and ruin, such as have darkened the annals of every country where these principles have triumphed.

CHARGES AGAINST THE GREY NUNS!

Over one hundred years ago the foundress of the Grey Nuns, when going her rounds of charity to the houses of the poor, had to pass over a little creek near the spot where St. Ann's church now stands. Lying in the water, with a dagger wound in her heart, she found a little infant. The sad sight roused all the holy and virtuous sympathies of her tender nature, and she resolved to add to the charities of her spiritual children the inestimable boon of a *crèche*. The good Sisters have ever since endeavored, amongst their overwhelming charities to provide for the helpless waifs cast in such misery and heartlessness on this world of sin. Theirs is the only institution of the kind, not only in Montreal, but in Canada. The charity of our separated brethren, so bountiful in many instances, would provide indeed the heartless comforts of a poor-house for the aged, the imbecile and helpless, but the crying evil of infanticide has no preventive in their charity.

We cannot understand how our contemporaries would lend themselves, through sheer religious bigotry, to attack and cry down this charity of the Grey Nuns. The "Religious Daily" accuses the good Sisters in the plainest terms of "slaughtering the innocents," "baby farming," "kiddnaping," and a host of similar vile insinuations that should cause a blush to the manhood of a candid foe.

A favor was conferred on a stranger from New York to accept a child under the same circumstances as the foundlings. It was sent to some nurse in the country and by the rule for the management in such cases even the father was not allowed to see the child. We will not pause to examine the propriety of this rule, but it was probably the source of the vile accusations that followed. The child was sick, covered with ulcers and died.

A tissue of assertions follow, cloaked and twisted to damage as far as possible the character and charity of the good sisters. We asked for an explanation. Without entering into useless details we are authorized to assert that much of the statements published in the *Daily Witness* are false, and much misrepresented.

Inquest, Government Commission of inquiry, so threateningly called for by the indignant sympathizers with a man who has in a moment of passion accused the institution of villany and infanticide would be what the Grey Nuns desire. They have not a secret institution. The world is permitted to see and know all their movements, there are two Government inspectors appointed for the Foundling Hospital. The *Star* was ignorant of this fact when it joined in the hue and cry of its bigoted contemporary. The large sums given by Government, which is evidently begrudged to the institution, amounts to the miserable pittance of \$10 per head per annum. Enough; we will touch on these charges anon; we will make their accusers swallow with shame the unmanly effort to blacken the fair name of these angels of society,—those self-sacrificing and much-loved friends of the poor!

CHINIQUEY'S RECRUITS.

Some time ago we had occasion to say a few words about the numerous and valuable accessions to Protestantism under the zealous ministrations of the apostate Chiniquy. We were fully convinced at the time that every lue we then wrote must sooner or later come to be realized, even by the deluded victims of the great apostle of proselytism; we confess however, we hardly expected that the confirmation of our statements should be made manifest at so early a day and more particularly through an organ so thoroughly evangelical as our contemporary the *Daily Witness*. Mr. Le Mettaye Masselin, President of the French Protestant Benevolent Society, of this city, has addressed a letter to our contemporary in which amongst other things he says:—

"3rd. With regard to the few actual debts of the Society, incurred in distributing its aid indiscriminately among the needy families of the three congregations, these debts would not have existed, or would have been at least, insignificant, if Mr. Chiniquy had kept word with us; that is to say, that instead of persevering in aiding without discrimination and of his own accord, the large number of persons, our enquiry committee was obliged to erase from the lists of Mr. Chiniquy more than 250 names of families under false names, false addresses, and convicted of drunkenness, bad lives, and flagrant prostitution so called converted; Mr. Chiniquy had remitted into the hands of our Treasurer all the money which he distributed out of our organization. The lack of this sum—or rather this aid upon which we counted—was for me and my colleagues one of our first deceptions. We cannot conceal here the fact that this gentleman (in the eagerness of his bounties) has forgotten doubtless that his subscription to the funds of our Society of \$10 still remains unpaid."

The Italics are our own.

What an unkindly, inconsiderate, and ungenerous gentleman this Mr. Masselin must be. First think for one moment of the shock this exposure of the self-sacrificing Chiniquy will give to the nerves of so many good old ladies of both sexes, who had pinned their faith to his teachings and who had caused the wood cut of that great apostle, as it appeared in the *Daily Witness*, to be framed and hung up amongst the other fathers of the Holy Protestant religion. The allusion to the converts was bad enough. It was too bad when we consider how it bears out what we said about these self same converts not very many weeks ago. But that allusion to the ten dollars still remaining unpaid—Oh fie! why thus expose the little weakness of the great apostle? There will be weeping and wailing in the Conventicle. Some people know the man just as well as we do, but that will not prevent his slanders from finding ample space in the columns of the *Daily Witness*. His triumphs over Catholicity and his numerous conversions will be heralded forth in the future as in the past, despite all the exposures, and, as we said on a former occasion, the race of persons who are easily parted with their money, never being extinct, Mr. Chiniquy will no doubt in days to come as in days of yore, find those who will trust him with hard cash on the strength of the lists of converts which Messrs. Douglal & Sons will publish for the edification of the gullible.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*Tammas*, Nicolet College.—Your communication received, but too old for insertion now. We have already devoted considerable space to the affair, and don't feel disposed to say anything more on the subject.

AVENGING THE DEATH OF ADONIRAM.
INTERESTING PARTICULARS OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF SECRET SOCIETIES.

To some ignorant and prejudiced minds, the very name of a secret society, will harrow up horrible pictures of murder and injustice, such as are wrapt around their fruits in the great revolutions of modern days. Although a long and dark list of crimes can be laid at the doors of many of the Lodges of Europe, yet we wish in this article to look at them in their most innocent aspect—that is in their historical pretensions and convivial celebrations. The claims of the one is as absurd as the other is dangerous.

To outsiders Masonry is a mystery. When masons speak or write of themselves they give the world to understand they are but a harmless union for mutual benefit, and to promote works of benevolence. That such is the belief of many individuals in the lower grades of Masonry, and even of some lodges amongst the thousands scattered over the face of the earth, we have no doubt. But that charity in its varied branches was either the teaching or the fact amongst the great bulk of Freemasons during the last two hundred years, we unhesitatingly deny.

The institution has the romance of an origin far away in the infancy of the world.

In the ceremony of making a Master-mason, and in a dark room, with a coffin in the centre covered with a pall, the brethren standing around in attitudes denoting grief and sorrow, the mysterious official who has the privilege of three stars before his name, gives the aspirant this interesting history of the origin and aim of his office:—

"Over the workmen who were building the temple erected by Solomon's orders, there presided Adoniram! There were about 3,000 workmen.—That each one might receive his due, Adoniram divided them into three classes—apprentices, fellow-craftsmen and masters. He entrusted each class with a word, sign, and a grip by which they might be recognised. Each class was to preserve the greatest secrecy as to these signs and words.—Three of the fellow-crafts, wishing to know the word of the master, and by that means obtain his salary, hid themselves in the temple, and each posted himself at a different gate. At the usual time when Adoniram came to shut the gates of the temple, the first of the three fellow-crafts met him, and demanded the word of the Masters. Adoniram refused to give it, and received a violent blow with a stick on the head. He flies to another gate, is met, challenged, and treated in a similar manner by the second. Flying to the third door, he is killed by the fellow-craft posted there on his refusing to betray the word. His assassins buried him under a heap of ruins, and marked the spot with a branch of acacia."

Adoniram's absence gave great uneasiness to Solomon and the masters. He is sought for everywhere; at length one of the masters discovers a corpse, and taking it by the finger, the finger parted from the hand; he took it by the wrist, and it parted from the arm; when the master, in astonishment, cried out '*Mac Benoc*,' which the craft interprets by the words 'the flesh parts from the bones.'

The history finished, the adept is informed that the object of the decree which he has just received is to recover the word lost by the death of Adoniram, and to revenge this martyr of the Masonic secrecy.

Thousands of years have rolled over since the death of the clerk of works at Solomon's temple, and if the streams of human blood that his would-be avengers have caused to flow, have not satiated this blood-thirsty shade, those that Masons, Communists, Internationals, and other Secret Societies will yet cause to flow in the cities of Europe, will surely avenge the ill-fated Adoniram.

It is also asserted by some Masons of strong powers of imagination, that they take their origin from the Eleusian Mysteries. These were pagan orgies attached to some Grecian Temples. Surrounded by mysterious ceremonies and symbols, and supported by every mythical and allegorical allusion that could inspire awe or confidence, these mysteries were very popular amongst the Greeks. "The mysteries of Eleusis," says the profound German Mythologist, Creuzer, "did not only teach resignation, but, as we see by the verses of Homer to Ceres sung on those occasions, they afforded consoling promises of a better futurity. 'Happy is the mortal,' it is said there, 'who hath been able to contemplate these grand scenes! But he who hath not taken part in these holy ceremonies is for ever deprived of a like lot even when death has drawn him down into its gloomy abodes.'"

Harmless and absurd as these mysteries were in the commencement, they afterwards lapsed into all the immoralities of pagan worship. But to give such a remote and even such a noble origin to the frivolous Deism of modern Masonry is about as absurd as to say that men were at one time all monkeys.

The truth is, Freemasonry was never heard of until the latter part of the middle ages. It found its infancy among the works of the great Cathedral of Strasbourg. Erwin of Steinbach, the leading architect employed in the erection of this beautiful and stupendous work of architectural beauty, called around him other noted men from the different cities of Germany, Switzerland and France—he formed the first Lodge. The members became deputies for the formation of lodges in other cities, and thus in 1459 the heads of these lodges assembled at Brixen, and drew up their Act of Incorporation, which instituted in perpetuity the lodge of Strasbourg as the Chief Lodge, and its President as the Grand Master of the Freemasons of Germany.

The masters journeymen and apprentices formed a corporation having special jurisdiction in different localities. In order not to be confounded with the vulgar mechanics who could only use the hammer and the trowel, the Freemasons invented signs of mutual recognition and certain ceremonies of initiation. A traditional secret was handed down, revealed to the initiated and that only according to the degrees they had attained. They adopted for symbols, the square, the level, the compass, and the hammer. In some lodges and in higher grades (for they differ almost in every nation), we find the Bible, Compass and Square only. By the Bible given to the aspirant he is to understand he is to acknowledge no other law but that of Adam—the law

"The substance of this essay is taken from the Abbe Baruel's work entitled 'Memoirs of Jacobinism,' and from Robinson's 'Lectures on Modern History and Biography,' delivered before the Catholic University, Dublin.

which Almighty God had engraved on his heart and which is called the law of Nature—(thereby rejecting the laws of the Church and society.) The compass recalls to his mind that God is the central point of everything from which everything is equally distant and to which everything is equally near. By the square he is to learn that God made everything equal. The drift of these symbolic explanations is obvious.

In the ceremonies of initiation into the various degrees everything was devised that could strike the imagination, awaken curiosity or excite terror. The awful oath that has been administered in some Continental lodges would send a thrill through every right minded person, whilst the lugubrious ceremonies the aspirant has to pass, elicit a smile. Such, for instance, of leading the young mason with bandaged eyes around the inner temple, and in the higher grades presenting him with a dagger which he is to plunge into a manikin stuffed with bladders full of blood and declared that thus he will be avenged of the death of Adoniram! Then he is instructed in the code of secret signals by which he can recognize a brother on the street—the bench, or on the field of battle. Carousing till midnight is a befitting finale to the proceedings of the lodge.

The doctrines or religious code of the mason were, as their symbols supposed to indicate, Deistic and infidel in the highest degree. They openly shake off the control of all religion and pretend to be in possession of a secret to make men better and happier than Christ, His Apostles, and His Church have made them or can make them. "The pretension," says Professor Robertson, "is monstrous!"

How is this exoteric teaching consistent with the full and final revelation of Divine truths? If in the deep midnight of Heathenism the sage had been justified in seeking in the mysteries of Eleusis for a keener apprehension of the truths of primitive religion, how does this justify the mason in the midway effulgence of Christianity, to tell mankind that he has a wonderful secret for advancing them in virtue and happiness—a secret unknown to the incarnate God, and to the Church with which he has promised the Paraclete should abide for ever. And even the Protestant who rejects the teaching of that unerring Church if he admits Christianity to be a final revelation must scout the pretensions of a Society that claims the possession of moral truths unknown to the Christian religion.

Whatever may have been the original caste of the religious views of the Masonic Order, it is certain, in its development, as we find it, wrapt up with the vicissitudes of European History, it became impious and desperate. In the latter part of the seventeenth century the masonic lodges were the hot-beds of sedition and revolution and long before the Popes from their high watch tower of the Vatican had hurled on these secret gatherings the anathema of condemnation, they were interdicted in England by the Government of Queen Elizabeth; they were checked in France by Louis the 14th (1729) they were proscribed in Holland in 1735 and successively in Flanders, in Sweden, in Poland, in Spain, in Portugal, in Hungary and in Switzerland. In Vienna in 1743 a lodge was burst into by soldiers, the Freemasons had to give up their swords and were conducted to prison, but as there were personages of high rank among them they were let free on parole and their assemblies finally prohibited—These facts prove there was something more than mutual benefit associations in masonry. "When we consider" says M. Ficot, "that Freemasonry was born with irreligion; that it grew up with it; that it has kept pace with its progress; that it has never pleased but men either impious or indifferent about religion and that it has always been regarded with disfavor by zealous Catholics; we can only regard it as an institution bad in itself and dangerous in its effects."

Robison of Edinburgh who was a Protestant and at one time a mason himself says. "I believe no ordinary brother will say that the occupation of the lodges are anything better than frivolous very frivolous indeed. The distribution of charity needs to be no secret and it is but a small part of the employment of the meeting. Mere frivolity can never occupy men come to age and accordingly we see in every part of Europe where Freemasonry has been established the lodges have become seed beds of public mischief."

This was particularly true of the lodges of the central cities of Europe in the latter part of the 17th century. They were not only politically obnoxious to Governments, but they became the agents and supporters of all the heretical theories of the day, and their evil effects were felt in the domestic circle. Like animals that hate the light and crawl out from their hiding places when the world is abandoned by man, the members of those impious gatherings passed their nights in mysterious conclave. Fancy can paint the scene; weak minded men of every shade of unbelief, men of dishonest and immoral sentiments, men who if justice had her due, should have swung on the gallows or sked out a miserable existence in some criminal's cell, joined in league to trample on the laws and constitution of order and in the awful callousness of intoxication uttering every blasphemous and improper thought the evil one could suggest. What must have been the character of the homes that received such men after their mid night revels? Many a happy household has been turned into grief through their demoralizing influence; mothers, wives and daughters, have often in the lonely hours of midnight sat up with a scanty light and a dying fire, awaiting the late return of a son, a husband or a brother; with many a sigh they would trace the ruin of their domestic felicity, and the wreck of their family to some lodge of the Secret Societies.

Before appealing to facts and bringing the reader to a scene of domestic misery caused by those societies, forming a sad chapter in history, we will conclude these remarks by quoting one or two verses from a parody on a very popular American Song. We believe the lines representing the poor little child calling in the middle of the night in the cold and wet, at the Masonic Lodge for its father, to be as truthful in the realities of domestic suffering as they are beautiful and touching in poetic sentiment.—
Father, dear Father, stop home with us pray
You never stop home with us now;

"It is always the 'Lodge or Lodge business' you say, that will not have pleasures allow; Poor mother says Benevolence is all very well, And your efforts would yield her delight...

Father, dear Father, stop home with us pray Poor mother's desisted she said, And she wept o'er your absence one night, till away From our home to your 'Lodge room' I sped...

Father, dear Father, come home with me now, You left us before half past seven, Don't say you will come soon with a frown on your brow...

VILLA MARIE.

On the 5th inst., we paid a long promised visit to the famous Convent of the Congregation Nuns at Villa Marie. Fame had wrapped this worthy institution with attractions that were not disappointed.

One hundred and fifty happy, beautiful children lined the benches; smiles of greeting spoke their welcome; the sunlight was not brighter than the beams of innocence reflected from each cheerful countenance.

PRESENTATION AND ADDRESS to the REV. H. BRETTAGH, TRENTON.

On Thursday evening, March 30th the Rev. H. Brettagh, was presented by a deputation of his parishioners, in presence of his Lordship Bishop O'Brien and several clergymen who took part in the dedication of the new Church, with an address and a gift—the portrait of himself, an oil painting by Mr. Buthon of Toronto, which to say the least, is no discredit to that celebrated artist.

Mr. McGuire, who presented the portrait and read the address, apologized for their neglecting to acquaint his Reverence of their intended gift and address, as they wished to enjoy the satisfaction of giving him what they hoped an agreeable surprise.

Stories, anecdotes and adventures made the little ones alternately tremble and laugh, and an hour that appeared but a few minutes was registered amongst the happy memories of the past.

THE VALUE OF A CATHOLIC PRESS.

The Catholic Journal (Pittsburg) tells some truths about Catholic journals.—A Catholic newspaper is an immense help to the priest. In whatever parish it circulates to any extent, there the clergyman's labour will be considerably lightened.

LINDSAY, ONT.—There is less suffering among the poor and fewer applicants for relief in the Town of Lindsay this winter, than there have been during any of the last five winters.

New CATHOLIC CHURCH at TRENTON.

The opening of the new Catholic Church at Trenton took place, as you said in a former number, on Thursday, 3rd March last. The Church is in the Italian style from plans furnished by the Pastor—the Rev. Henry Brettagh—and carried out under the able superintendence of Mr. Michal Gormley.

the continual prayer of your ever devoted and obedient parishioners.

Signed by the wardens on behalf of the congregation of Trenton, March 29th, 1876.

F. J. MCGUIRE, WARDEN. JAS. QUINLAN, WARDEN. ALEX. AUGER, WARDEN.

To which the Rev. H. Brettagh verbally made the following reply: I thank you, sincerely for the valuable present you have brought. It will ever be to me very valuable on many accounts, but on no account more perhaps than because it proves to me that after 22 years labor in your service I still possess your confidence.

FORTY HOURS DEVOTION.

DEAR SIR:—The annual devotion of the "forty hour" in the parish of Prescott took place during the fourth week of Lent, and was attended with more than usual success. Father O'Donnell, the justly beloved and popular priest of the Mission was kindly assisted by the Rev. Dr. Chisholm, of Perth, Rev. M. Stanton, of Westport, Rev. T. J. Spratt, of Wolf Island, Rev. D. J. Casey of Gananoque, and the Rev. Fathers Josuitta, Larose and Normandeau of Ogdensburgh N.Y.

I cannot conclude this communication without alluding to the manly energy and untiring zeal of our devoted pastor. When leaving Westport, a little more than a year since, the highest praises were bestowed upon him by all classes and creeds, and since his advent in Prescott we can see and judge for ourselves that he is justly deserving of our humble tribute of respect and admiration.

In one short year he has erected a schoolhouse, which in any respect is not surpassed in Ontario. He has also built a beautiful Church in the village of Edwardsburgh, nine miles from here.

If energy, tact, unwearying zeal, kindness and courtesy to all, are any criterion to judge the future, the career of our pastor must be one of honor and credit to himself, and a source of untold blessing to all committed to his charge.

HOWE ISLAND.

His Lordship the Bishop of Kingston, accompanied by Rev. Fathers Casey and Twomey, paid an official visit on the 13th ult. to Howe Island, where he lectured in the evening on the doctrines of the Catholic Church. Next morning, after High Mass by Father Twomey, the Bishop delivered a very eloquent address on the Sacrament of Penance, and conferred Confirmation on about sixty persons old and young.

IRISH HOME RULE MEETING.

The usual monthly meeting of the Montreal Branch of the Irish Home Rule League was held on Tuesday, the 4th inst., in St. Patrick's Hall, Edward Murphy, Esq., the President, occupied the chair. After the reading of the minutes, which were approved, the President delivered a very interesting address. He recapitulated the Home Rule news received since the last meeting, this news was of a very cheering and hopeful nature.

He next referred to the Home Rule members in the present Session of Parliament, under the able leadership of Mr. Butt, how they are doing battle nobly for the cause, how although the Irish municipal franchise Bill was lost it was only defeated by a majority of 28 in a full house.

In summing up, the President said they had good reason to congratulate themselves on the prospects and the progress made since the new year, everything looked hopeful, they had only to be united and to persevere and success would crown their efforts (applause).

Mr. Murphy read a letter from Mr. McAlister, the Secretary of the parent Association, informing him that he, their president, had been re-elected for 1876 a member of the Council of the Irish Home Rule League.

The President reminded the members that the annual meeting would be held on the first Tuesday in May, when their subscriptions for 1876 would be due, and he hoped that a sufficient sum would be subscribed to enable the Treasurer to make a handsome remittance to the parent Association (cheers).

MR. McALISTER'S LETTER.

DEAR SIR:—Your letter of the 29th ult. to hand with accompanying resolution, I duly placed both before the Council of the League, when it was resolved:—That we have received Mr. Murphy's letter and enclosure with gratification.

I have great pleasure in conveying the foregoing resolution to you and informally notifying you that at the election for Council for the ensuing year, just held, you were elected.

The cause of Home Rule is steadily progressing; every attack made on it, every obstacle thrown in the way, seems but to add to its strength and to give it new vigor.

Mr. Thomas Mulcahy, Orillia, Ont.—We would direct the attention of business men in Ontario to the advertisement of this gentleman in another column of this paper.

Mr. Richard Devlin has kindly consented to act as Agent for the True Witness in the City of Ottawa.

NEW AGENTS.

It is expected that the Dominion Parliament will have practically finished its labours on Monday next.

EXTRAORDINARY LONGEVITY—Nancy Rooney, a maiden lady, who had reached the extraordinary age of 110 years died at her residence Brussels street, St. John, N. B. last week.

LETTERS HAVE TAKEN FIFTEEN DAYS to reach Quebec from St. Gervais de Rimouski. This will give an idea of the effects the recent snow storm has had on communication with the surrounding parishes.

SAD AND FATAL ACCIDENT.—A Grand Trunk brakeman named Halley, was accidentally killed on Wednesday evening, 5th inst., at Danby, by falling under the cars.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED. Eardley, J. McG., \$2; Alexandria, P. McD., 1 1/2; Hal-loway, S. F. J., 2; Port Lambton, M. C., 7; Collin's Bay, H. McK., 2; St. Alphonse, J. McE., 2; Eastwood, J. S., 2; Marysville, C. S., 2; Grand River, T. C., 1.50; Kingston, A. B. McD., 2; Brinston's Corners, T. H., 2; Eganville, T. P., 2; Keysers, J. L., 2; Quebec, J. R., 2; Chatham, D. F., 2; Ottawa, A. D., 5; Cornwall, D. McD., 4; Peterborough, T. B., 2; West Farnham, Rev. J. B. V., 4; Granby, Miss H., 4; Tignish, S. F. P., 2; Souris, Dr. McE., 2.

Per F. B. Alderville—Self, 2; T. McM., 2. Per P. G. N. Perth—Harper's H. L., 1. Per M. H. Victoria Road Station—Head Lake, E. R., 4; Kemptville, H. L., 1. Per P. L. Escott—J. C., 50 cts. Per J. B. Perth—J. M., 2. Per P. H. Osceola—E. G., 2. Per O. V. G. Gananoque—Self, 75 cts; H. T., 75 cts; J. G., 75 cts.

Per S. K. Almonte—E. B., 50 cts; L. St. J., 50 cts. Per Mrs. S. Lochaber—J. W., 2.

Died.

McKENNA.—In this city, on the 4th inst., Thomas McKenna, aged 49 years and 6 months.—R. I. P.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

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

OPEN STOCK EXCHANGE REPORTS.

(CORRECTED FROM THE MONTREAL "GAZETTE")

Table with columns: STOCKS, Sellers, Buyers. Rows include Montreal, British North America, Ontario, City, People's, Molson's, Toronto, Jacques Cartier, Merchants, Hochelaga, Eastern Townships, Quebec, St. Lawrence, Nationale, St. Hyacinthe, Union, Villa Marie, Mechanics, Royal Canadian, Commerce, Metropolitan, Dominion, Hamilton, Exchange.

Greenbacks bought at 12 dis. American Silver bought at 10 dis.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.—(Gazette)

Table with columns: Commodity, Price. Rows include Flour, Fancy, Spring Extra, Superfine, Extra Superfine, Fine, Strong Bakers, Middlings, U. C. bag flour, City bags, Wheat, Oatmeal, Corn, Oats, Pease, Barley, Lard, Cheese, Pork, Dressed Hogs, Beef, Ashes, Pearls, Butter.

TORONTO FARMERS' MARKET.—(Globe)

Table with columns: Commodity, Price. Rows include Wheat, Barley, Oats, Peas, Bys, Dressed hogs, Beef, Mutton, Butter, Eggs, Apples, Geese, Turkeys, Cabbage, Onions, Turnips, Potatoes, Hay, Straw.

THE KINGSTON MARKET.—(British Whig)

Table with columns: Commodity, Price. Rows include Flour, Family, Grain, Rye, Peas, Oats, Wheat, Fall Wheat, Meat, Mutton, Ham, Veal, Bacon, Pork, Hides, Calf Skins, Deka Skins, Lambskins, Tallow, Poultry, Ducks, Fowls, GENERAL—Potatoes, Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Hay, Straw, Wood, Coal, Wool.

J. H. SEMPLE, IMPORTER AND WHOLESALE GROCER, 53 ST. PETER STREET, MONTREAL.

GENERAL STORE BUSINESS FOR SALE in the Town of ORILLIA. Annual Cash Sales from \$60,000 to \$75,000. Wishing to retire from business, will either lease or sell the premises. Apply to THOMAS MULCAHY, Orillia.

TO BE SOLD, at the SISTERS OF THE PROVIDENCE, all the ORNAMENTS, LINEN, and SACRED VASES, belonging to the CHAPEL of LA MARQUISE DE BASSANO.

JOHN MACHALE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.

The Harp that once through Tara's Hall, In our green isle of old renown, From many a by-gone age, Full pure and clear the fame comes down...

T. D. S.

St. Patrick's Day, 1876, -Nation.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Monsignor Vabenziani, Bishop of Fabriano, died lately, surrounded by the whole cathedral chapter, who administered the last sacraments to him according to the ceremonial. The Pope sent him his special blessing.

THESE POSSIBLE PRESIDENTS IN FRANCE.—The Gaulois, speaking of the present situation in France, observes: "What we have before us is not a Chief of the State and two leaders ready in turn to take power at the moment indicated by the fluctuations of the majority, but three Presidents of the Republic."

THE CONFISCATION LAW IN GERMANY.—A return has just been furnished by the Prussian Ministry of Ecclesiastical Affairs of the amounts withdrawn from the Catholic Bishops, clergy, &c., in virtue of the confiscation law of the 22nd April, 1875.

THE SPEECH WHICH BARON von Schorlemer-Alst made, in one of the last sittings of the Prussian Landtag, on the unequal treatment of the Catholic and Liberal press by Prussian public prosecutors, has revealed the sad fact that Prussian courts of justice are tainted with party spirit, and allow their decisions to be influenced by political considerations.

STATISTICS IN ITALY.—It appears from statistical tables lately published by the Government that the total number of suicides in Italy was 890 in the year 1872 and 975 in 1873. Of these total the females who committed suicide were 186 in 1872, and 187 in 1873.

By confiscating all copies, and even the manuscript, of the Lenten Pastoral of the Bishop of Strasburg, the Prussian Government no doubt thought they had done a very clever thing; for after the seizure no counter-proof could be offered, if their press organs spread the belief among the people that the bishop had been guilty of treasonable language in his letter.

L'HEROISME EN SOUTANE.—Heroism in the Cossack is the title of a book just published by Dentu, Paris. The author is General Albert, of the National Guard, who was made a prisoner by the Communists during the siege of Paris, and had to endure some very rough treatment at their hands.

THE BISHOP OF MANTUA EXPELLED FROM HIS SEMINARY.—On the 5th of March a Ministerial decree was served upon Monsignor Rota, Bishop of Mantua, ordering the closing of the Seminary within ten days.

HAPPY ABASCO.—The Germania reports the following act of audacious tyranny from Alsace.—A short time ago the cure of Matzenheim was sentenced to a month's imprisonment for having used his pulpit to find fault with certain changes made in his school contrary to the wishes of the parents of his pupils and the municipal council.

could not read vespers. The teacher of the parish, a detested being who had played the informer on the priest, and convicted him by giving public testimony, had the effrontery to think he should chant the Vespers, but of course the parishioners refused to sanction his conduct, and the course they adopted was to recite their orisons in such loud voice that the accents of the teacher were drowned.

THE SOCIAL CONDITION OF GERMANY.—The Berlin correspondent of the Paris Univers draws a sad picture of the condition of Germany. While the moral and material welfare of the country is diminishing, he says, the number of crimes augment in a shocking degree.

A REMARKABLE CHARACTER has died in an hospital at Milan.—Leon Commene, Prince of Lusignan, was the descendant of a house which had once ruled under the title of Emperors of the East.

Novels are bad and mischievous enough, but there is a worse book than any novel just printed at Rome. It owes its authorship to a lady who does not scruple to give her name. The book is got up in a splendid style, and is written by one of the communal school-mistresses.

The Kreuz-Gazette (German) is publishing a series of able articles in answer to the violent accusations which Prince Bismarck hurled against it in the Reichsrath. The offended paper takes the liberty of asking the Chancellor whether it is a dignified proceeding for the highest State Minister publicly to denounce a newspaper, and advise people not to subscribe to it.

Bismarck's hatred of the Catholic Church makes itself felt far beyond the limits of the German Fatherland. According to the Allgemeine Zeitung, a paper that defends Prussian interests in South Germany, Bismarck carefully nurtures all tendencies hostile to the Catholic Church.

THE CHURCH AND PROGRESS.—A valued correspondent has supplied us (Liverpool Catholic Times) with the following striking communication:—Mr. Kay, a Protestant, and a high authority in matters of education, thus writes:—"In Catholic Germany, in France, and even in Italy, the education of the common people in reading, writing, arithmetic, music, manners, and morals, is at least as generally diffused, and as faithfully promoted, by the clergy, as in Scotland."

A kind old father-in-law wanted to know why the Fijians were called cannibals, to whom Barzum replied, "Because they live off other people." "Then," replied he, unhappy, "my four sons-in-law must be cannibals—they live off me!"

MORE ANTI-CATHOLIC IMPERTINENCE.

Another trait of heretical arrogance is seen in the petition presented to Parliament by a few Protestants to change the constitution of worship and education as granted in a former session to the North West Territories.

The conduct of the Government in this important matter deserved his warmest approval and thanks, and he believed would meet with the approbation of the overwhelming majority of the people of this Dominion.

There was nothing unless they were alarmed because equal rights were secured to all, and displeased because a majority could never be able to out-vote the convictions of a minority as they would like to have the privilege of doing.

What shall I do to get warm? asked a fashionably-attired lady of a Quaker who was riding in her carriage with her, at the same time shivering in her lace shawl and profusion of jewelry.—"I don't know," replied the Quaker, solemnly "unless thee puts on another breast pin!"

A physician, who is somewhat of a wag, called on a colored Baptist minister and propounded a few puzzling questions. "Why is it," said he, "that you are not able to do the same miracles that the apostles did? They were protected against poisons and all kinds of perils; how is it that you are not protected in the same way?"

PURE WATER AND POULTRY.—It is the opinion of a writer in the Fancier's Journal, "that many of the diseases incident to poultry are due to neglect in providing them with pure water; particularly do I believe such to be the case, in the majority of instances where chicken cholera prevails."

TO CURE MEAT.—Those who will carefully adopt our method of curing pork and beef, will be enabled to enjoy as fine hams, tongues, and "dried beef" and rounds, as the Emperor of all the Russias can command, always providing that the meat cured is of the best quality.

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

Persons who are very susceptible to sudden changes of weather would do well to keep GRAV'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM in the house. Its delicious flavor makes it a great favorite with children. Price, 25 cents per bottle. For sale at all Drug Stores. Prepared only by KERRY, WATSON & CO., Wholesale Druggists, Montreal.

EPH'S COCOA—GALVANIC AND COMFORTING.—By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Ephs has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills.

HOMES IN THE WEST!

No matter what part of the West you wish to settle in, read "O'Dowd's Guide to Southwest Missouri," before you do it. We have a mild, healthy climate, plenty of timber, prairie, and pure spring water.

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J. & R. O'NEILL, Have now opened the bulk of their NEW IMPORTATIONS, and will receive weekly additions to their Stock of NEW SPRING GOODS fresh from the manufacturers.

Low, if not Lower, than the same quality of goods have been sold in any Canadian Market at any time during the past 25 years. Grand Opening of New Fancy Dress Goods in Brocades, Matelasse effects, Stripes, Checks, with plain Goods to match.

Prints! Prints!! The largest and best assorted Stock ever before imported, at panic prices.

Staples Department. Well stocked in Canadian and American Grey Cottons of all the leading brands, White Shirtings, Sheetings, Pillow Cotton, Brown Ducks, Denims, Ticking, Cotton, Yarns, Seamless Cotton Bags, at bottom prices.

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS in Curtain Damasks, Repps, Cretonnes, Toilet and other Quilts, Blankets, Napkins, Towels, Hucks, Lace Curtains, Table Covers, Table Linens, &c., in full assortment.

NOVELTIES in Linen and Tasso Costumes, Linens, Marselles, Brilliantes, Brocade Muslins and Piques. New Shades and Designs in Colored Ribbons, Plume Ribbons, Black and Colored Failles, &c.

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FARM FOR SALE—VALUABLE—ADJOINING TOWN of LINDSAY—200 acres—Can be made into two farms—130 acres cleared—in a high state of cultivation—good barn—stable—sheds—terms to suit purchasers.

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

THE MARTYRS OF THE COLISEUM. By Rev. A. J. O'Reilly, D.D., Miss. Ap. Sixth Edition.—Considerably Enlarged by the Author. This WORK has been blessed by his Holiness Pius IX., by letter of 4th March 1874.

AGENTS WANTED for the New Historical Work, OUR WESTERN BORDER. A Complete and Graphic History of American Pioneer Life.

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Lenten Thoughts. By the Bishop of Northampton \$0 75

The Lenten Manual. By Rt. Rev. D. Walsh The Lenten Monitor; or, Moral Reflections, etc. 60

Sermons for Lent. By Fr. Liguori, S.J. 1 50 Feasts and Fasts, and other annual observances of the Catholic Church. By the Rev. Alban Butler, D.D. 2 25

The Office of Holy Week according to the Roman Missal and Breviary; in Latin and English; containing Instructions when to kneel, stand, etc. 60

Easter in Heaven. By Rev. F. X. Weninger, S.J. 75 The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius. 1 00

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" on the Commandments Sacraments. 40 " " Spirit of. 30

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" " On the Love of Our Lord Jesus Christ. 30 " " Jesus Hath Loved Us; or Clock of the Passion of Jesus Christ. 75

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Sacred Heart of Jesus and Mary. 90 Following of Christ. 40

St. Augustine's Confessions. 60 God our Father. 90

Holy Communion It is My Life. 90 The Love of Jesus. 45

Devotions to St. Joseph. For the month of March. 60 Legends of St. Joseph. By Mrs. J. Sadlier. 80

Life of St. Joseph. 60 Month of St. Joseph. 60

Little Crown of St. Joseph. 90 Novena to St. Patrick. 15

Life of St. Patrick. By Rev. M. J. O'Farrell. 25 Our Lady of Lourdes. By Henry Lassare. 1 25

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Music do 2.00 Painting and Drawing do 1.20 Use of the Library do 0.20

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INSOLVENT ACTS OF 1869 and 1875. CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal.

In the matter of DAVID ARTHUR LAFORTUNE An Insolvent.

On the Eighteenth day of May next, the above named Insolvent will apply to the said Court for his discharge under the said Acts. Montreal, 5th April, 1875.

D. A. LAFORTUNE, By AUGÉ & NANTÉL, his Attorneys ad litem.

INSOLVENT ACTS OF 1869 and 1875. CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Quebec.

In the matter of ALEXANDER G. BURNS, of the City of Quebec, Bookseller & Trader, An Insolvent.

On Wednesday the tenth day of May next 1876, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said acts. ALEXANDER G. BURNS, Montreal, 21 March, 1876. 32-6

INSOLVENT ACTS OF 1869 and 1875. CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal.

In the matter of JOHN SIMPSON, of the City of Montreal, Trader, An Insolvent.

On Wednesday the tenth day of May next, 1876 the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under said Act. JOHN SIMPSON, Montreal, 21st March, 1876. 32-6

CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal. SUPERIOR COURT, for the District of Montreal. No. 1087.

DAME JOSEPHINE DE REPENTIGNY, wife of FABIEN RENAUD, gentleman, of the City and District of Montreal, duly authorized a *est en justice*, Plaintiff; vs. The said FABIEN RENAUD, gentleman, formerly of the same place, and now of L'Original, County of Prescott, in the Province of Ontario, Defendant. An action for separation as to property has been instituted in this cause, on the third day of March instant. URGEL A. DENIS, Attorney for Plaintiff. Montreal, 15th March, 1876. 32.4

LETTER FROM REV. JOHN McMURRAY.

JAMES I. FELLOWS, Esq. DEAR SIR,—I have recently heard from an invalid of the great benefit derived from your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, and having in many other instances marked the most beneficial results from its use, I cannot but regard its discovery as a matter of devout thankfulness to a benign Providence.

I have used it considerably myself, and, at intervals during several years past, given it to some members of my family.

I have also recommended it to others, and invariably found it to be of essential benefit in those complaints for which it is especially recommended.

In bronchial and other chest affections, in arresting incipient consumption, and in lessening the distressing symptoms of this disease in its hopeless stages, as well as in cases of nervous debility, in giving tone to the system, it is undoubtedly a valuable remedy.

I am, dear sir, yours truly. JOHN McMURRAY, Methodist Minister. Newport, N.S.

GRAND LOTTERY, TO AID IN THE COMPLETION OF THE HOSPITAL FOR THE AGED AND INFIRM POOR OF THE GREY MUNS OF MONTREAL.

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3. 5 Lots at Point St. Charles (Congregation Street) each valued at \$450. 2,250 00

4. A double action Harp, handsomely gilt, valued at 400 00

5. A beautiful Gold Bracelet, set in diamonds, valued at 100 00

6. "Ecco Homo," a fine Oil Painting, said to be the original work of Carlo Dolce 100 00

7. A strong, useful Horse, valued at 100 00

8. 2 Lots of \$60 each (1 French Mantel Piece Clock, and 1 Gold Watch) 120 00

9. 7 Lots from \$30 to \$50 each (1 Bronze Statue, 1 Winter Carriage, 1 Lace Shawl, and different articles of vertu) 280 00

10. 10 Lots from \$20 to \$30 each, different articles 250 00

11. 20 Lots from \$15 to \$20 each, different articles 350 00

12. 30 Lots from \$10 to \$15 each, different articles 375 00

13. 40 Lots from \$6 to \$10 each, different articles 320 00

14. 50 Lots from \$4 to \$6 each, different articles 250 00

15. 75 Lot of \$3 each, different articles 225 00

16. 150 Lots of \$2 each, different articles 300 00

17. 200 Lots of \$1 each, different articles 200 00

600 Amount of Prizes \$10,120 00

100,000 Tickets. The month, day, hour and place of drawing will be duly announced in the Press. Tickets can be procured at—The Bishop's Palace, from Rev. Canon Dufresne, The Seminary, Notre Dame Street, from Revs. M. Bonnissant, and Tambareau. The General Hospital of the Grey Nuns, Guy Street. Savings Bank of the City and District, 176 St. James Street, and at its different Branches—St. Catherine, 392; 466 St. Joseph, and corner of Wellington and St. Stephen Streets. At Messrs. Devins & Bolton's, 195 Notre Dame Street.

