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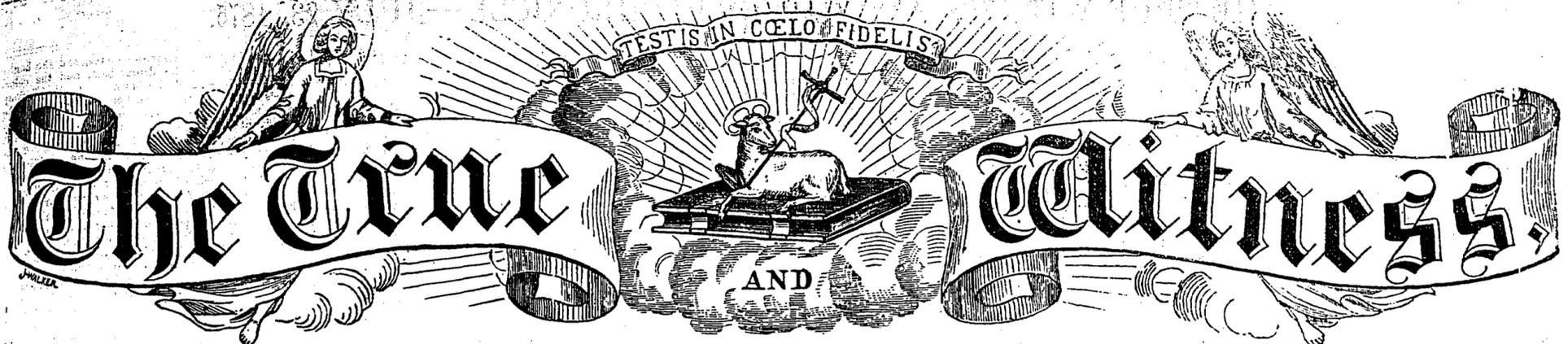
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The True Witness

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXV.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1875.

NO. 49.

JUBILEE BOOK,
CONTAINING
INSTRUCTION ON THE JUBILEE,
AND PRAYERS RECOMMENDED TO BE SAID IN THE
STATION CHURCHES;
To which is prefixed the Encyclical of
His Holiness POPE PIUS IX.,
For the ARCHDIOCESE of TORONTO, containing the
PASTORAL of HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP
LYNCH.
For the DIOCESE of LONDON, containing the
PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP
WALSH.
For the DIOCESE of HAMILTON, containing the
PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP
CRINNON.
For the DIOCESE of OTTAWA, containing the
PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP
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MURTHAS MISCHIEF'S:
OR,
THE MATCH-MAKER'S BARGAIN.
BY THOMAS SHERLOCK.
(From the Nation.)

CHAPTER I.

About forty years ago, in a district among the western Kerry hills, which we shall call Ballycorra, there lived and flourished a rather notable personage, by name Mary Murtha. She was a woman of great penetration and shrewdness; had a wonderful flow of high animal spirits; and liberal powers of graphic narration; was always brimful of news, had the art of dressing up like a born American reporter; and was mistress of an unctious compound of flattery, with which, whenever she chose, she could smooth down the roughness of the most sturdy and angular natures—or, to put it in the strong fashion of the place, "wheddle the birds off the bushes."

Obviously Mrs. Murtha had no special occupation, though she frequently bore a little flat basket on her arm, in which eggs and poultry were supposed to be for sale, but much more often was seen nimbly working a pair of knitting needles through the loops of her worsted thread, which grew into socks and stockings under her hands with a speed that was almost a challenge to the loom. However, Moll Murtha, as she was invariably called, had an occupation which was the real business of her life, and to which her huxtering and knitting were merely masks. In the present day, and in higher grades than that of the peasant, she would be called a matrimonial agent; in her own time and sphere, she was sometimes, though rarely, spoken of as a "matchmaker."

On account of one or other of her many engaging qualities she was a welcome guest to both males and females by every farmer's hearth within three or four adjacent baronies. There would have been nothing surprising to a spectator, therefore, in the fact that one Summer's evening, as she approached the lone cabin of Dinny Horan, even that well-known miser—of whom it need be said that "he would skin a flea for the sake of the hide and fat"—came running down the breen in haste to meet her.

"What news have you for me, Moll?" was his first salute, squeaked out in a shrill, rasping tone.

Dinny Horan was a small meagre, wiry-looking, saffron-faced man of about forty years of age. His appearance seemed to proclaim that he fed on nothing but three potatoes a day, and that even those three did not agree with him.

Mrs. Murtha drew up her well-padded, ample form stately, as she heard his question, and flung a glance of scorn at the little farmer as with a toss of her head she returned:

"Musha, better manners to you, Dinny Horan! That's all I'll say, since I know you're a decent father an' mother's son. Couldn't you bid me the time o' day itself?"

"Arrah, what's the use o' tormentin' me?" he whined back. "Don't you know I'm dyin' be inches about the girl; an' she won't even look at the side o' the road I'm on."

The mobile features of Moll Murtha's big, soft face expressed a sovereign contempt for the miserable specimen of the lords of creation who stood before her. She regarded him in silence for a while, and at last said slowly:

"I've a great mind to leave you to yourself."

"Whisht, Moll! whisht! don't say that," he replied, with a trembling earnestness which was grotesquely pitiful to behold. "If you lave me, I dunno what I'll do at all."

"Why can't you have a little sperrit?" she questioned back, scornfully. "You're more like a mouse than a man."

"Moll, Moll!" he piped out testily, "isn't it enough to have her breakin' me heart, without you helpin' her? Sure you see yourself the way I am, an' how I see, it is plain as Knockcorra forrest us, an' she returned, "but why can't you be a man, an' have some sperrit, I ax, again."

"What do you want me to do? Didn't I promise

you ten yellow guineas if you'd get her to have me, and do you think I won't be as good as my word? I'll give you wan now as earnest," he said, fumbling in one of his breeches pockets, from which he dug up a chamois leather purse, confined at the neck by numerous coils of whip-cord, which fastening he undid as slowly as if he were turning a winch having twenty tons weight depending from the chain, and with as much cheerfulness as Jemmy O'Brien displayed on the day the populace of Dublin had the pleasure of seeing him "brought to his own funeral."

"There!" exclaimed Dinny Horan, as he laid a guinea in her palm, "that's showin' sperrit, I believe, an' you doin' so little for me to boot."

Moll Murtha threw up her eyes and shook her head complacently, as if inviting some spirit whom she saw floating in the air far above her to take notice of the ill treatment she was receiving. Then suddenly reverting to the being before her, she began with indignation:

"To think of you sayin' that, Dinny Horan! You above all men! On'y I wouldn't insult you, I'd throw your dirty guinea back at you. Me doin' so little inagh! Do yez hear that?" she exclaimed, looking all around, as if the whole hillside swarmed with witnesses of the interview, and she was appealing to them for judgment.

"Musha, Moll," whined Dinny Horan in great distress, "what ails you at all, this evenin'? Can't you be easy? You know yourself I don't know what I do be sayin' when I'm thinkin' of her. You're doin' your best for me I'm sure."

"Best," she exclaimed; "best is no name for it. I never done as much for any livin' mortal before—man, woman, or child."

"I know, I know," he replied, gloomily. "But it's all no use as long as your own son Dan Murtha, is to the fo' e. It's him she's sett on. That's why she thrates me like a dog."

The brow of Mrs. Murtha clouded.

"Lave him to me, Dinny Horan," she said; "he'll not stand in your way for long. A lone widow woman, like me isn't goin' to let her only son pick up with a girl that hasn't a shillin' that'd jingle on a tombstone."

"That's right, Moll," Dinny Horan squeaked in ecstasy; "stick to that; tell her that. An' tell her, too, that I have thirty acres that's now as good as any hand round for as many miles, though it was little more than bare mountain when I got it over fifteen years ago. An' tell her that I have it at a fair rent under a good landlord, who doesn't ask to rise too often. An' tell her I have cows an' sheep an' pigs, an' a horse an' a couple o' poules, an' maybe I'd get a jaundin' car, an' improve the cabin, if she'll only say she'll have me. You'll tell her that, Moll, won't you?"

"An' more," she replied with emphasis. "Tell her! ow-ow! Lave the tellin' part to Moll Murtha."

"An' see here, Moll," the little man went on, while his voice sank to an ecstatic whisper; "if you get her to have me, I'll give you fifteen-ay, twenty guineas! Twenty yellow guineas—do you hear that, Moll Murtha?"

"It's a bargain, Dinny Horan," she answered, spitting slightly into her palm, and offering it for his grasp. "It's a bargain," she repeated; "take me hand on it."

Dinny Horan spat solemnly into his open hand, and with equal solemnity grasped hers.

"The bargain's closed," he piped out. "Do you keep your part; I'll keep mine. I haven't one in the world belongin' to me," he went on—"not wan; not a stiner that cures whether I'll be dead or alive tomorrow. The boys all about jeer at me, an' call me a naygur to my face, because I'm not big enough to bate them for d'nt it; and the girls jeer me worse, and laugh at me to boot! The on'y wan that ever said a kind word to me was Kitty Donohoe want; an' though she won't look at me now, I never saw a girl I could care for but herself. If Dan Murtha wouldn't go statherin' her with his soft talk she'd be civil to me agen, I think."

"Lave Dan Murtha to me I tell you. I'll see him in half an hour," Moll replied, "an' you'll either see or hear from me to-night if I have good news. It won't be my fault," she added grimly, "if I haven't."

In justice to Mrs. Murtha it must be said that the promised bribe had but little to do with her desire to put an end to the courtship between her son and Kitty Donohoe. The former was but a "laborin' boy," the latter a servant in the "big house" of the district; and Moll's experience as a "matchmaker" had made her as firm an opponent as Malibus himself of marriage under circumstances which did not reveal, at least in prospect, sufficient means of support for a possible family. It cannot be wondered at, then, if she strove to prevent her only child from "leppin' into misery for life." But while her desire in this matter was one that would meet with approval from many, the same cannot be said of the means she employed to give effect to it.

When she entered her little home, and found lusty young Dan at his frugal supper, cheerful in spite of hard work and meagre fare, she began a series of strange manoeuvres. She moved about the room as if intent on domestic concerns, but pausing often to give a mournful look at the young man, and heaving sighs of pathetic sound at each such glance. At length Dan stopped a piece of potato in its passage to his mouth, to ask with a look of real concern:

"What ails you, mother? Is there anything the matter?"

Moll Murtha flung down her duster, ran over beside him, caught his head between her hands, kissed him again and again on the forehead, then throwing her arms about his neck, rocked him a little to and fro, murmuring in her most soothing tones:

"My poor boy! my poor boy! my brave Dan! Then, a little louder: "Ochone! Kitty Donohoe, you'll have a great dale to answer for."

"Mother, mother, what do you mane?" the startled young man exclaimed, endeavoring to free himself. Rising to his feet, in spite of her efforts to keep him seated, he held her at arm's length while with pale face he asked: "In the name of goodness, mother, what's this all about?"

"O avic machree, it's bad news I have for you, an' a sorry day it is for you to have to hear it. Oh! vo! vo! I a cushla machree! But sure you have your poor old mother left."

"I can't make out what you mane, mother," he said; and in spite of a brave effort to be firm his voice trembled. "What's wrong with Kitty Donohoe?"

"O my poor boy! my brave Dan! Hould up your heart! There's as good in the country as ever she was—an' better."

"Do you want to thrive me mad?" he asked with some impatience. "You've tow'd me nothing."

"Thrus for you, my son, I was afraid to tell you all at first. How will you be able to bear it at all, my poor fellow?"

The agitation of the young man overmastered him in spite of his efforts to command self-control. He sank into his seat, asking huskily:

"What's wrong with Kitty Donohoe? Tell me that."

The appearance of Moll Murtha was that of a woman wholly distracted. Without giving a direct return to her son's question she yet contrived to answer it with effect by pouring out rhapsodically:

"Ochone! ochone! to think that the girl my brave Dan thought so much about!"

She broke off artfully.

"Spake! spake!" he said hoarsely.

She leant over until her mouth touched his ear, and whispered a few words rapidly.

"What!" he thundered, leaping to his feet once more.

"My poor Dan!" she said mournfully.

The blood flamed up to his temples.

"I'll go over this mornin' to the big house, an' ask herself!" he said.

"What!" she shrieked. "Is it a Murtha demane himself that way? Go, then, Dan Murtha, ax it's plainst to you; but you're the first of your name that ever done like that."

The young man sat down once more, and rested his head between his hands on the deal table.

"Mother," he said, in choking tones, "if it was anyone but yourself that told me that I wouldn't believe it—no, not if they took an oath on the vestments."

"Avic machree," she said, while her voice seemed melting in sympathy, "my only child! my brave Dan? good reason I had to tell you to hould up your heart. Go to your bed, ovic, an' rest. You want it."

The young man remained motionless, and said never a word.

"I can't stay in the house an' see you that way," she whimpered snatching up bounet and shawl, and rushing through the door.

Though satisfied with her success so far, a lingering fear that her son might yet take it into his head to go straight to Kitty Donohoe—a movement on which she had never calculated until the moment when she heard him propose it—kept her from going to announce to Dinny Horan the good news she had instructed him to expect. She therefore stayed in the near neighborhood of her home—keeping strict watch the while on her own door—in the hope that some chance passer by would offer to convey the intelligence she wished to send.

Not long was her eye scanning the road when a lad riding one of the famous Kerry mountain ponies came into view. His spirited little steed was bearing not only its rider but a couple of wicker baskets stuffed with hay, as it ambled easily up the ascent of the road.

CHAPTER II.

No sooner had Moll Murtha caught sight of the pony than she strained her eyes in the hope of discovering in the rider some one who might be trusted with the message to Dinny Horan.

"It's Lanty Quinn, I declare," she thought; "an' he's the very gorsoun that'll do. Hi, Lanty! Lanty Quinn, I say! Make haste!" she cried, when the lad had come within hailing distance.

"Do you want me, Moll?" he shouted back.

"Yes."

Half a minute brought Lanty Quinn to her side.

"Lanty," Moll Murtha began, "would you like to get a shillin' for as good as nothin'?"

"Av course," he answered with an incredulous grin.

"Well, ride hot-fut up to Dinny Horan's, an' tell him I sent you with good news."

"Who's to give me the shillin'?" Lanty asked.

"Dinny will."

"Is it Dinny the naygur? You're jokin'!" the lad returned with a stare of incredulity.

"I'm not," she replied seriously. "Say I sent you, an' you'll get it—two if you ask for it."

"Well, begorra, a shillin' from Dinny will be worth a guinea from any one else, so here goes to thry for the fun of the thing," said Lanty, with a face brimming over with amusement. "Hoo-up, Pauden," he exclaimed, giving the sturdy little animal a smart thwack; "stir your heels, you divil, till we see the color of the naygur's money."

As pony and rider went clattering up the road, Moll Murtha, relieved in mind, returned to her cabin. She found her son still with his face lying on the table.

"Poor Dan," she exclaimed. "I couldn't stay out with thinkin' of the sorrow you were in. Come, avic, show the brave heart of the Murthas—don't give in that way. Come, mo cushla," she continued, putting her brawny arms around him, and half lifting him up from his stooping posture, "come to your bed; you'll be better after you get a sleep."

Thus adjured, the young man rose silently, and allowed himself to be led to the door of his bedroom. At the threshold the mother once more flung her arms around his neck and kissed him, murmuring: "Never forget, avic, that you have your poor old mother left yet that loves you."

"There's no love like the mother's, after all, I b'ieve," he returned in a desponding tone, as he passed into his little chamber.

While he lay groaning on his pallet, the mother sat on the edge of her bed, pondering and planning. The task to which she had set herself was a hard one, she thought, but not impossible. The first step had been taken, at all events, and she felt a peculiar pleasure as she dwelt on that. True, it had crushed her son more heavily than she had foreseen, and her heart yearned strangely to lighten his sorrow, even by retracting the calumny which had caused it. But no. Dan Murtha and Kitty Donohoe must be parted: it was the best thing that could happen to themselves, poor creatures; and they ought to bless her for their dying day for saving them both from the life-long misery that must follow an imprudent marriage. Truth to tell, her conscience was not wholly easy in regard to the course she had taken to reach her object; but Moll

Murtha was not the woman to falter in a crooked way if it promised to disclose a pleasing prospect at the end. The thing was hard on poor Dan, no doubt—much harder than she had before supposed; but he was young and soft, poor boy; he would get over it in a few days; and then may be he wouldn't be thankful to his old mother for saving him from folly! O-ow! Besides, the twenty guineas she was to get from Dinny Horan! Why, it was a fortune! It was impossible just then to calculate all that could be done with so much money; but at any rate Dan could buy a couple of Kerry cows to begin with, and they could sell milk and butter; they would have manure for their little patch of land; they could buy by something every week, and who could tell but that in a few years Dan might be able to take and stock a small farm, and hold up his head among the "saug" men of the parish, and marry at last into comfort? As for Kitty Donohoe she had no ill-will to the girl as long as she kept her place; but she was no fit match for Dan Murtha; and, besides, what better could she do for herself than marry Dinny Horan, who was clean gone out of his seven senses about her, had "lashin' an' Javins" of money and was ready and willing to do anything in the world if only she would become Lis wife?

In this manner Moll Murtha lulled her conscience to sleep as she sat on the edge of her bed that night; with such success that not the faintest fukking came to her of the explosion which were to be caused by the evil train she was laying in darkness with so much care. But one thing distressed her, and that was a fear lest Dan and Kitty Donohoe should meet before the next step in the plan of operations had been taken. Moll Murtha felt confident enough that her son would never dream of seeking the girl's presence so long as he believed his mother's word; the high-toned pride of the Irish peasant in all that concerns female virtue was sufficient guard in that direction; but if by chance a meeting took place, explanation might possibly ensue, and then not only would the whole scheme be at an end, but Dan Murtha's respect for the mother who bore him would be gone for ever. Her heart beat wildly at the thought of such an issue; like many another, she was more anxious to appear worthy than to be so; but in a little while she regained composure, and smiled in derision of her fear as she murmured:

"Hut! I'd only have to tell him I was misled. What a fool I was to be so frightened!"

Nevertheless, she deemed it essential to set Kitty Donohoe against Dan at the earliest moment—firstly, to part them effectually; and secondly, to pave the way for Dinny Horan; and she sought her couch full of the resolve that the next day should not pass away until the blow had been struck which should turn Kitty's love for Dan Murtha into hate. The astute old woman knew well every mood of the Irish heart; and felt as certain that the means she was about to employ would have the desired effect on Kitty Donohoe as if the girl had just repudiated her lover at the foot of the altar.

Although it was long beyond her usual hour for retiring to rest when Moll Murtha laid her head on her pillow, sleep was tardy in visiting her that night. The schemes which she had been weaving would not be laid aside at her wish; and in spite of repeated efforts to compose herself to slumber, her brain still kept on plotting and planning in a wild, purposeless way, just as an excited steed plunges and curvets when the rider has lost control. Now and again, too, she caught a sigh or a groan from Dan's chamber, and the knowledge thus conveyed of his continued unhappiness by no means helped to put her under the influence of the drowsy god. Dawn was striving to peer through the little window opposite Moll Murtha's bed before tired nature gave way.

Noon was nigh ere she woke. Before she was fully dressed she pushed open the door of Dan's little bedroom and glanced into it, as if half-expecting to see him there, although it was hours past his time for going to his labors. Dan was away.

"Gone to his work, av course, poor boy," she thought. "He'll get over his trouble in a day or two—God bless him and mark him with grace!"

She set about preparing her frugal breakfast; and when it had been leisurely despatched she turned her attention to what she called "tydin' up the place." To say the truth, her ideas on this subject were of the crudest kind; a push here, a shove there, a puff of her lips to blow away dust where it had settled very thickly, or a rough scrape of a dusting cloth on something whose purity had been scandalously outraged—when these operations had been lastly gone through "the place was tidied up," and she could throw a glance of satisfaction around her apartment. Nevertheless, when we think of the tovels so many poor Irish women are compelled to regard as their homes—when we think of their essential squalor, their total lack of conveniences, their absolute unfitness for human habitation—and when we think, besides, of the abject, grinding poverty which weighs on those poor people from cradle to grave, we should be wanting in even the rudest notions of justice if we allowed words of blame to be called to our lips by the careless and uncleanly habits which are developed as naturally from such surroundings as the oak is from the acorn.

Her domestic duties being done, Moll Murtha tied her handkerchief upon her head, put a shawl around her shoulder, took up her knitting-needles and worked, and sallied forth from her home. Her design was to descend to the adjacent village of Kilbrandon, quarter herself there for some hours on a "neighbor," and thence proceed to the "big house" at a convenient time for securing an interview with Kitty Donohoe. However, she had barely arrived within view of the scattered cabins which made up Kilbrandon, when she heard a clatter behind her, from the midst of which her own name was lustily shouted out. Turning, she beheld Lanty Quinn riding furiously towards her, the little pony covered with foam, the rider in a state of great excitement. She waited his approach, and, as he came nigh, she began:

"Musha Lanty avic, what on earth ails you? You're killin' the poor beast—that's what you're doin', you hard-hearted creature you."

"As she spoke she forced the points of her needles through the worsted ball, and, thus protected, put her work away in her pocket.

Lanty pulled up suddenly, and sprang down beside her.

"It's you I want, Moll," he said abruptly; "Dan Murtha tow'd me to tell you."

"Then he paused for breath.

"The cross o' Christ about us!" she exclaimed, turning pale, the while she signed herself piously, with an instinctive fear of dead intelligence.—"What is it, Lanty?" she gasped. "I can hardly spake."

"Dan said I was to tell you he was goin' away from here for a while."

"Where to?" she asked sharply.

"The so'ra wan o' me knows," Lanty answered, scratching the side of his head feebly. "He woke me up early this mornin', an' his bundle on his back, an' tow'd me to call on you in the course o' the day, an' to tell you he was goin' away for a while."

She sat down on the roadside. Her limbs refused to support her; her head grew dizzy; her eyes swam. Mastering her weakness with a great effort, she fixed her gaze beseechingly on the lad.

"Lanty," she said, "did you never ax him what he was going to do wud himself?"

"I did, but he said he didn't know yit. Maybe he'd list, he said, and maybe he wouldn't."

"An' you dunno which road he took?"

"No. Didn't I tell you I was in bed when he woke me?"

She began rocking herself to and fro as she sat on the roadside; but not a tear came from her eyes, and not a word from her lips. Unskilled as Lanty Quinn was in the signs of female woe, he began to think it would have been more natural if she had wept and howled aloud. Sympathetic moisture gathered in his eyes as he gazed.

"Don't, Moll," he snivelled, passing the cuff of his coat across his face, "don't take on that way. He'll come back. He said it was on'y for a while."

"Help me up, Lanty," she said. "Me heart's broke."

Lanty assisted her to rise.

"Where are you goin'?" he asked.

"I dunno, Lanty, I dunno." Then pressing her temples with both hands, she went on, after a short pause, "I'll go to Kilbrandon. I couldn't face home now."

"Are you able to walk?"

"Ayeh, why wouldn't I?" she replied drearly, as she turned towards the village. "God be wud you, Lanty."

Lanty, taking this as a hint that his companionship was no longer required, remounted his pony, and moving slowly up the hill, sang out: "God be wud you, Moll. Keep up your heart. He'll come back soon. He said it was on'y for a while."

Moll Murtha wended her way into Kilbrandon.—In spite of her wretched preoccupation of mind, an unusual commotion about one of the cabins caught her glance, and she gladly welcomed the passing distraction.

"The widow Driscoll must be dead," she thought. "Poor woman! she lasted a long time with the decline on her."

Pushing up to the house, she was at once surrounded by a group of women, who confirmed her surmise, and tried altogether to narrate every detail in connection with the widow's decease. But Moll's eyes fixed on a boy, not two years old, who was held in the arms of a strong and good-natured looking young woman, and who kept turning a pair of big brown eyes about, as he lipped in half-wailing tones: "Where's mammy? where's mammy?"

"Gi' me the child, Biddy Heerlaby," Moll said abruptly. "You have enough o' your own." And she stretched out her arms.

"If I have I've enough to feed them, too, thank God," Biddy Heerlaby returned somewhat tartly, retiring a pace.

"Give him to me, Biddy a cushla," Moll Murtha entreated. "I'll take him an' do for him the same as his mother. Dan Murtha is gone away from me, an' I'm lonesome now," she explained, still with outstretched arms.

"What med Dan leave you, Moll?" came in a chorus from the women.

"Ayeh, how would I know?" she returned without bitterness. "To seek his fortune, I b'ieve."

Exclamations that meant either commiseration with her or indignation against Dan poured on Moll from all sides; but her eyes still remained fixed hungrily on the orphan child.

"Here, then, Moll, take him an' welcome," Biddy Heerlaby said; "I meant to do for him myself, but you have a better right to him than I have."

Moll Murtha clasped the youngster to her breast, wrapped him in a corner of her shawl, and with an inclusive salute of "God be wud yez all," left the cabin. She turned towards her mountain home, talking tenderly to the child until he fell asleep in her arms; and then mechanically, and from sheer habit, she resumed her knitting, while her mind listlessly wandered to and fro between the child of her own flesh and the child of her adoption, drifting helplessly before the first fury of the storm she had herself invoked.

It was thus that Dinny Horan beheld her, when, after waiting in the neighborhood of her cabin for half an hour, he moved down the road towards the village in the hope of meeting with his able ally.

CHAPTER III.

From the moment that Lanty Quinn had borne him the promised message of "good news," the little miser was in a fever of anxiety to learn the extent and nature of Moll Murtha's success. When, therefore, he beheld her advancing slowly up the mountain road, he ran forward to hasten the moment of meeting. But the matchmaker was not just then in the mood to receive him amiably.—Above all other men's presence was unwelcome.—The very sight of him was irritating. As he came near, panting and well-nigh breathless with exertion, his small, lean figure seemed to her more utterly insignificant than ever; and a rush of scornful feeling surged over her at the thought that this poorly-favored, middle-aged creature dared to dream of wedding a girl who had won the regard of her young, lusty, and handsome son. So, when Dinny Horan, having come up with her, gasped out in a voice more thin and harsh than ever, "What's the good news, Moll? Tell me all about it; I'm dyin' to hear," her reply was of a nature to exhaust the little breath left in his lungs.

"Whether misfortune for ever attend the day I

first clapped eyes on your dirty, yella, wizened face" she exclaimed, "an' sweet had luck to the hour I listened to your corn-croaks voice, you spars-lookin', maygurly, shrivel-headed, gonimuck! Maybe it's news you want from Moll Murtha?"

"An' in a series of disavowing views, Dinny Horan's face exhibited blank amazement, helpless bewilderment, hopeless inability to comprehend, and finally a sense of injury undeserved."

"Musha, Moll," he whined when the power of speech returned, "you're as unsartin as mountain weather; there's no dependin' on you. What did I do wrong now, eh? Tell me that."

"What did you do, you spalpeen? What did you do, is it? Did you see Dan Murtha would be comin' home to-night to his old mother, in place of wandhorin' the wide world all alone, without wan to say avic or acushla to him. Isn't that enough? Isn't it, I say?"

Dinny Horan paid no heed to the questions with which she concluded. He had fastened on the tidings conveyed by his rival's departure, and, heedless of all else, wanted only confirmation and assurance of the fact.

"You don't tell me that for thrue?" he questioned, "you don't mane he's gone away?"

"What else would I mane?" she asked indignantly. "Gone away entirely?" he still questioned. The news, he feared, was too good to be true.

"Whethen, bad manners to you, you — She broke suddenly, but only to vary the style of her attack; for she resumed instantly with a mockery in tone and mien that even Dinny Horan felt it hard to bear in patience: "But what am I sayin'?"

"Whishin' bad manners to you, that has none at all! It's folly I'm talkin' so, it is, Misther Horan—ha! ha!"

She laughed vehemently, while the face of the little man assumed a paler yellow, and expressed a timid vindictiveness, as he writhed in silence under her galling raillery.

The child nestling in her arms awoke from its slumbers. Lifting his head, and knocking his eyes strenuously, he broke into a cry, from the midst of which he wailed out:

"Mamma! mamma! Where's mamma? Where's mamma?"

All the tenderness in Moll Murtha's nature was recalled on the instant.

"Whish! avic, whish!" she murmured in most soothing tones; "there now me poor sony; there, there! We'll bring you to mamma. Won't you come wud Moll Murtha?"

As she stood before Dinny with her head bent over the child, and her lips again and again pressed to his, and with her voice melting in tenderness, there was something in the picture that touched the better feelings that lay at the bottom of the little miser's nature. There are better feelings in the depths of every human heart, though too many allow them to lie torpid at the bottom so long that they never warm up into active life, never blossom into virtue, never scatter the fragrance of goodness around.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE POPE.

POSITION OF THE CHURCH ON THE CONTINENT.

At the Annual Dinner of the Catholic Club held at the Club House, 55 Market-street, Manchester, on the 16th ult., the Lord Bishop of Salford presided. There were about sixty of the members present.

His Lordship the Bishop proposed the first toast, "The health of Pope Pius IX." His Lordship said he had had the advantage of having come within a few days from the very side of His Holiness and therefore he could report from personal observation and knowledge upon his general health.

Last month the Pope celebrated what the world called his 85th birthday, but His Holiness himself called it his 83rd. He said that a few years ago he was doctored of two of his years, and that he had remained two years younger ever since.—(Laughter) However, whether he be 83 or 85, as he (the Bishop) supposed was the case, he was at all events an aged Pontiff, of great mental and still of great physical vigour.

His ordinary life, if he were to give a mere sketch of it, would be at once pointed out that he was by no means the feeble old man that he had been sometimes represented to be. For instance he rose every morning at half-past five, and after meditation and prayers he prepared for Mass at half-past seven.

Mass and thanksgiving were said by one of the chaplains, and an hour after that he began to receive the cardinals and prefects of the different congregations or their secretaries, with whom he transacted business; and the working of the Church was brought before him in all its details and particulars.

The whole of the morning was occupied by giving audiences to persons who went on business requiring the closest attention, or who went to pay him their homage. At about half-past twelve o'clock His Holiness took a short walk. Three years ago, he remembered, he used to walk in the garden of the Vatican very frequently; but owing probably to his increasing age and to his not being quite so strong as he used to be, he now very seldom walked in the garden, but he walked along the great corridors of the Vatican, and there conversed with the cardinals and prelates who might accompany him.

Either in the Vatican library, or in the saloon of the Countess Matilda, or in some other room, he sat and chatted with those around him in the most affable and familiar manner. On returning from his walk, he took leave of those who accompanied him, and had a frugal meal. He might say that the whole of the Pope's expenses at the table amounted to about 5s. per day—so that they might judge of the frugality and simplicity of his life.

He had his dinner about two o'clock, and about an hour after that he began his work again. He said an office, and received again the different prefects or secretaries, and transacted all the business that came before him, and worked on till eleven o'clock at night, when he went to bed, to rise again at half-past five in the morning. He (the Bishop) found that His Holiness's mind was perfectly clear, that his memory was exceedingly accurate, remembering things that had happened years and years ago, and that he took the keenest and most intelligent interest in everything that came before him, doing the greater part of the work himself.

When the prelates and the cardinals did business with him it was by no means a matter of routine, but every document was brought clearly before his mind. In proposing the health of the Holy Father, he was, therefore, glad to tell them that he was still in very vigorous health, and although he might from time to time have suffered from the little infirmities of old age, which of course must beset him, yet he was at the present moment free from anything serious. He might suffer occasionally from attacks of lumbago, rheumatism, or colds arising from changes in the atmosphere, and requiring that he should lay up for a few hours; and forwith the busy correspondents telegraphed to England that the Pope was in a dying state.—(laughter)—and the whole world was thrown into a state of anxiety on account of the fears which were cherished through the over zeal that sometimes animated some of the busy correspondents of the various papers in different parts of Europe.

Passing from this subject to the general state of the Church, especially in Italy, there was very little that was encouraging in the news. It must say that nothing could be more deplorable. There was very little that was encouraging in the news. It must say that nothing could be more deplorable. There was very little that was encouraging in the news. It must say that nothing could be more deplorable.

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be liable to conscription and levy for the army.—(Shame.) Twenty-two years ago, in the Piedmont Chamber, a proposition was made by one of the liberal members that the clergy of Italy should be liable to enlistment and conscription, but the idea was rejected by an overwhelming majority. It was brought forward again and again, year after year, by men of the same Liberal opinions; and finally, after 23 years, it was passed into law by the Italian Chambers, so that at the present moment the priesthood of Italy was liable to conscription, and every seminarian studying his theology, whether he was in Holy Orders or not, might be called up to shoulder the musket and lead the life of a soldier in the army.

He believed that King Victor Emmanuel had not yet absolutely put his signature to that law, but it had passed the two Chambers. The King, it was said, was anxious to escape the necessity of putting his signature to such a law, which in his heart he condemned, and which he would be exceedingly glad, somehow or other, to evade; but he had been given to understand by his minister that he was but a constitutional King, that sign he must, and that his crown would depend upon his doing the behests of his Parliament. It was not simply that the clergy were liable to conscription, but the State now had its hand upon the whole of the Church of Italy. We heard a good deal a few years ago as to how the Italian Government intended to leave the Pope perfectly free, and to leave the Church unmolested, simply perhaps to suppress certain Orders, or to take possession of a certain amount of property which the Church was supposed to possess in too large a quantity, and to make certain necessary reforms touching public administration. We were told that the Pope was to be guaranteed his liberty, that the Church was to be a free Church in a free State; and the advantages enjoyed by the people of England were pictured as the very advantages that were to be enjoyed by the Italians in Italy. But what had been the case? So far from this programme, which was put forward in order to delude the mind of foreigners—Englishmen and others—and to allay the agitation which was beginning to make itself felt in Italy—so far from this programme being carried out, the State was now the complete possessor of the whole of the Church property, and what the Church actually held in its own hands was administered by the State. And not only was it the property of the Church that the State claimed to possess and administer, but the rights and liberties of the people were subject to the will of the civil power; and thus no public processions were permitted independently of the civil power. The civil power had the authority now to prevent Mass being said in church. The Church, so far as the State was concerned, had become the slave of the State. That was the state of things in Italy; and if they went further abroad what did they see? What was the state of the prisons? Quite recently a return had been made to the Italian Parliament stating that two years ago the prisons of Italy contained 103,000 persons, over 90,000 of whom were dismissed by the judges without trial, because there was no plea whatever for taking them up; and an Italian statesman had admitted that there had been in prison 193,000 persons, nearly the whole of whom had been taken merely on what was called suspicion. The complaint had therefore been made by one of the ministers of State that whereas 193,000 persons were put in prison in the course of one year, the prisons of Italy themselves had not accommodation for more than 46,000. It might, then, be imagined how people were huddled together, and also the atrocious state of prison administration in Italy, calling no doubt for the zealous comments of those who were so anxious for the reformation of Italy (laughter, and cries of "Mr. Gladstone.") In Germany it was very much the same thing. But one thing had struck him very much in conversations which he had had in Italy, and also in a few conversations which he had had with Germans and Belgians while passing through their respective countries—not that they thought England was about to become Catholic. He himself had no idea of England becoming Catholic in a few years.—(hear, and laughter)—therefore, it was with no suspicion that the English people were about to become Catholic that those with whom he conversed spoke, but in the various countries which he had visited—Italy, Germany, France, and Belgium the people were looking to England as having exceedingly great weight in the affairs of foreign countries.—(Hear, hear, and applause.) No doubt a few years ago, there was a certain feeling in this country. A great Protestant prejudice was raised, and people thought that the putting down of Popery was a very salutary thing for the world at large. The English people were not at all displeased to see that certain changes were taking place in Italy and Germany, but they had now got to understand that those changes were not such as were favourable to human liberty.—(Hear, hear, and loud applause.) There was in the English nation, however troubled, distracted, and torn it might be by various religious sects, and however divided it might be with regard to religious doctrine a universal feeling that every man ought to enjoy full national liberty. In that respect the English people was in this simple straight-forward love of liberty and freedom, for each person to follow the instincts of his own conscience.—(Applause.) Certainly this freedom which was enjoyed in this country Englishmen would like to see people enjoying elsewhere.—(hear, hear, and renewed applause);—and therefore, the Italian and German Governments, when they thought they had the complete sympathy of the great English people in setting out on their work of reformation and destruction, had altogether overshot their mark (applause). John Bull did first look rather pleased at the steps that were being taken, but when he was examined a little more deeply, and saw in what direction the Italian and German Governments were going, he said "No, no; I cannot follow in that direction. That is not my way at all." The consequence was that the people of Germany, Italy, and Belgium were looking to the support of England, and they considered that if they were to obtain their liberties in those countries it would be in a great measure through the moral influence of England and the encouragement which they would receive from the people of this country. He might mention that within a period of four months in the present year, in Germany, 240 of 250 priests had been fined or put in prison for the exercise of their religious duties, and in the same time 150 editors of newspapers had been fined or imprisoned for the exercise of their duties (oh oh). He should like to see a picture drawn of a learned editor walking, with a priest on each arm, either to prison or to pay his heavy fine (laughter). He thought that the people of this country, if they would simply look at facts as they really were, and at what was proved by those facts, would see that both the liberty of the press and the liberty of worship had ceased to exist in Italy. The two things the people of England loved so well were being stamped out in these countries, and the English people, therefore, in spite of the anti-Catholic feeling and the little bigotry that belonged to the country, could have very little sympathy with the doings of Germany and Italy. He had been speaking to a number of Belgians, and they said, "If we are not annexed to Germany to day it is because of the vigorous conduct of England, and her determination to keep Germany within certain limits; at all events her determination that Germany should not take possession of Belgium." It was on that account that the Belgians felt a certain sense of security, for they knew that Prince Bismarck—(groans)—had a large mouth and quick swallow.—(laughter)—and that Belgium, would be a luscious morsel. Belgium, however, felt that England was her friend—the friend of liberty and of straight-forward honesty and justice—and would stand by her; and the feeling in Belgium, Germany, and Italy was becoming

more and more apparent that though the English people were slow to move, the English press did move and the English papers were read with great interest throughout the world. On the Continent no man knew what paper was not bought.—(Hear, hear.) In respect to every paper there were fears that it was under Government influence, and the people, therefore, did not trust the papers of the Continent; but they knew perfectly well that however the English papers might disagree with their own politics and religion, they were not bought by any Government.—(Hear, hear.) The English press was thoroughly independent, and though it spoke out, perhaps, not the whole of its mind, a great portion of it did fairly represent the mind of the people of this country. Therefore, the press of this country was looked upon with the greatest interest by the people of every other country in Europe, and the work which it was doing in condemning the policy of Prince Bismarck, and, to a certain extent, that of Italy, was producing its effect. The Bishop concluded by proposing the health of Pope Pius IX., which was received with loud cheers.

THE MURDER OF GERALD.

THE LAST EARL OF DESMOND, A.D. 1583.

The following interesting details of the death of Gerald of Desmond, the last of the Geraldines of that branch, who we (United Irishman) must own, in justice to the historical accuracy of our fair and talented expositor, died very unlike a hero, is from the *Tralce Chronicle*. To make the record understood, it may be necessary to explain that the writer of these *anz* had published a poem on the death of Gerald, the historical accuracy of which had been questioned by a correspondent. The public, we are sure, will be glad of the cause that led to these details of the tragic fate of the last of the Earls of Desmond, the incidents of which are scarcely known—or if they are, so magnified or distorted in the semi-transparent medium of tradition as to leave one in doubt in the commingling of fact and fiction, where one begins and other ends. We think, however, that the light thrown on the subject by "Nannie H. H." shows the tragedy in that aspect, which, if not true, looks most like it. In that age one of the "adventurers" spoke the truth, so that we must take the evidence as we find it, and judge accordingly.—

"In writing an historic poem or ballad," says Nannie, "a writer must follow the recorded facts of the subject, and in the absence of these, tradition must be accepted. The death of the last Earl of Desmond is a subject that almost every historian has dwelt on, and they are unanimous in making him say the words that 'A Subscriber' thinks unworthy of a great man, the last of the Earls. But brave men have their moments of weakness, and we find Gerald, in a fit of weakness and despondency, after his Countess had deserted him, and when the meshes of his implacable enemy had closed around him in the Kerry mountains with no hope of escape, except surrender, writing to his detested foe, Ormond, the following letter:—

"DESMOND TO ORMOND, 5th June 1583.

"My Lord,—Great is my grief when I think how heathen her majesty is bent to dishonor me and how loit I carry that name of an undaunted subject, yet God knoweth that my hearte and minde are most lowlie inclined to serve my most loving prince, so it may please her highness to remove her heavy displeasure from me.

"As I may not condemn myself of disloyalty to her majesty, so can I not express myself, but must confess that I have incurred her majesty's indignation, yet when the cause and means which were found, and which caused me to commit folly, shall be known to her highness, I rest in assured hope that her most gracious majesty will both think of me as my heart deserveth, and also of those that wronge me into undutifulness as their cunning devices meritteth. From my hearte I am sorrie, that folly, bad council, straits of any other thing hath made me to forget my duty, and therefore I am desirous to have conference with your Lordship, to the end that I may declare to you how tyrannouslie I was used.

"Humbly craving that you will please appoint some place and time where I may attend your honor, and then I doubt not to make it appear how dutifull I carry,—how faithfully I have at myne owne charge served her majesty before I was proclaimed,—how sorrowfull I am for mine offenders,—and how faithful I am affected, even hereafter to serve her majesty.

"And so I commit your Lordship to God, the fifth of June, 1583.

"GEROET DESMOND."

This interview was never granted, evidently from a wish on the part of Ormond to hound him on to death. Had it been granted, Glen-n-Ghinuigh might have spared the tragedy enacted there. "A Subscriber" is wrong when he names Dr. Rowan as the author of the account of the Earl's death published in the *Kerry Magazine*. That account was published in a work called "A Scourge for Rebels," written by Thomas Churchyard the year after the Earl's death, and printed in the *Kerry Magazine* in '54. In the same work we read the depositions of Owen MacDonnell, O'Moriarty, sworn before the Earl of Ormond, the Bishop of Ossory, and the Sovereign of Kilkenny, on the 26th of the same month of November, fifteen days after the Earl's death.—At the dawn of day, Owen, and Donnell O'Moriarty, with Daniel Kelly, a soldier who had served in England, and who took the lead of the band on this occasion, with the Kerne and soldiers, rushed with a shout into the cabin where the Earl lay. At the first sound of the enemies' approach the two retainers fled; Kelly, who entered first struck a blow that lay the old Earl at his feet disabled. The Earl then cried, "I'm the Earl of Desmond! spare my life!" The poor prostrate Desmond was more likely to say this, in a moment of supreme agony and wanting strength, than to write the foregoing letter to his implacable and detested foe, Ormond, when he was in a wretched condition it is true, but when he enjoyed comparative freedom. I object to your correspondent calling the words used "a whine." I think the expression was full of a simple dignity; he made no concessions, offered no compromise, but simply announced the hitherto talismanic name.

The *Witnesse*, a work written by M. Carey, and published in Philadelphia in 1837, we read this description of the Earl's death:—"When they entered the hut they found only one venerable old man, feeble and languid, stretched before the fire. Kelly brutally attacked and wounded him, without knowing who he was. The helpless old man invoked the ruffian to spare his life; and supposing, as was natural, that the revelation of his name would inspire pity and reverence, and insure his life, cried out, 'Spare me—I am the Earl of Desmond.' He was miserably deceived. The disclosure produced an effect diametrically opposite to his expectations. It hastened his end. Kelly chopped off his head and conveyed it to Ormond, who forwarded it to Elizabeth."

The writer, whose object was to refute the aspersions and prejudiced reports of the whole host of anti-Irish historians, accepts the account of the death of Desmond given by Moriarty in his depositions, sees nothing undignified in the exclamation, "I'm Desmond, spare my life."

In Smith's History of Cork we read:—"Upon entering the cabin they found only an old man, the others being fled, when one, Daniel Kelly, (who was afterwards hanged at Tyburn, but for the present rewarded by Queen Elizabeth), almost cut off his arm with his sword, and repeating the blow over his head, the old man cried out, desiring them to spare

his life, for that he was the Earl of Desmond. Kelly upon this desisted; but the effusion of blood causing him to grow faint, and being unable to travel he struck of his head."

I agree with "A Subscriber" in wishing that the lion who kept the foe at bay so long had died with proud defiance on his lips; but we must follow history even against our own wishes. We know that the "Four Masters" awarded to the tastes of their patron, Farrell Garra, and to the English readers; in writing of the Geraldines. Their example was followed by the other anti-Irish historians and analysts of the day; hence we have prejudged accounts of the motives and actions of the "hydra" race of Desmond. We may, and do, demur to this, but in the absence of other authentic record, we must accept the facts as they stand.

The other point is: "Who really killed Desmond, Kelly, or Moriarty?" Ormond, in writing to the Privy Council a few days after the Earl's death, says:—

"In my way now from Dublin I received letters of the killing of the traitors Goroeh M'Swinye (Captain of the Gallowglass) the only man that relieved the Earl of Desmond in his extreme misery; and the next day after my coming hither to Kilkenny I received certain word that Donnell MacMoriarty (of whom, at my last being in Kerry, I take assurance to serve against Desmond) being accompanied by twenty-five kerne of his owne sept, and six of the ward of Castlemaine, the 11th of this month at night the Earl in his cabin in a place called Glanegentye, nere the river of the Maigne, and slew him, whose head I have sent for, and appointed his body to be hanged in chains at Cork.

"Kilkenny, 15th Nov. 1583.

"THOMAS ORMOND ET OR."

Against this we read in the annals of Doctor Dudley Loftus that Queen Elizabeth, by her letter, dated 14th Dec. 1583—

"Ordered that her well-beloved subject and soldier, Daniel Kelly, who slew the late traitor Desmond, for his very good service therein, should have at least thirty years without fine so much of her lands, spiritual and temporal, as should amount to thirty pounds sterling per annum."

Kelly was the more needy of the two, being but an adventurer and a soldier by trade. He struck the first blow, and we are assured by Moriarty, the final one that severed the head from the body. He got the reward. If Moriarty earned it, why did he not claim it, especially at that time of wholesale wrong and fraud, niceties of conscience did not trouble the invaders or invaded, and public opinion was unheeded?

I hope "A Subscriber" will acquit me of any intention to make a coward of the great last Earl of Desmond—"ingens rebellibus exemplar"—whose memory is so dear to us Southerners.—Yours truly, NANNIE H. H.

Tralce, June 20th, 1875.

THE FRENCH ARMY.

Those interested in the European war-cloud "no bigger than a man's hand" will find food for reflection and gossip in the following letter to the *New York Times*:—

PARIS, France, Monday June 14, 1875.

Yesterday there was a review of all the troops comprising the garrisons of Paris and Versailles, including the adjoining forts and villages. It was in many respects a memorable event, being the grandest review held since the election of Marshal MacMahon to the Presidency. Besides, it was the sixty-eighth birthday of the Marshal-President. As a matter of course the display took place at Longchamps adjacent to the Bois de Boulogne, and it is safe to say it was witnessed by 100,000 spectators. I am quite certain there were not so many present, exclusive of the boys in uniform, as were in attendance the Sunday previous, when the Grand Prize of Paris was run for by French and English thoroughbreds. The grand stands, or tribunes, were occupied with those who had been fortunate enough to receive tickets from the War Department, while those who had not the necessary post-boards were fain to content themselves with positions on the lawn and hill-sides. Owing to the nature of the "long field," it was no difficult matter for one to see some part of the moving mass of men, and I dare say most of the spectators were entirely satisfied with the review. It was a lovely day until after the review was concluded; a great bank of clouds obscured the sun's rays, while a gentle breeze cooled the atmosphere. But when the soldiers had passed in review and were on their way to Paris, and when the civilians had just started in the same direction, the rain came down in torrents, and many magnificent toilets were irrevocably ruined; and yet everybody seemed in a great good humor, and though the water was wetting us through and through we laughed, and shouted, and cheered the soldiers as we passed them, for all the world as if we were very happy.

The political movements of Europe, and the unusual attention directed towards the French Republic nowadays, makes her standing Army a subject of comment among all foreign powers. She has ever been a nation of soldiers, and as it was known that since the evacuation of 1871 she has been "in time of peace preparing for war," such anxiety was manifested in this review. Consequently the foreign powers were represented on the staff of Marshal MacMahon in unusual numbers. He had been pleased to invite all the military attaches, as well as the Ambassadors and Secretaries of Legation, to accompany him to Longchamps, and for the most part the legations were well represented. I failed, however, to recognize upon his staff any officer, or ex-officer, or representative of the United States Government.

This absence of representation was particularly noticeable among Americans, as there are to-day an unusual number of ex-officers in Paris. Perhaps they were minus their uniforms, or worse still, lacking in horsemanship, and dared not accept the kind invitation I have already mentioned. My long service in the late rebellion, and my natural love for the service of arms, prompted me to go out to Longchamps at an earlier hour than did most of the spectators, and as I was accompanied by an ex-Captain in the French Army, I was in a much better position to see and to learn than I expected to be. However, before commenting upon the display from a military standpoint, it is perhaps necessary to mention the number of troops, and the way in which the review was brought to a successful termination.

THE LINES PASSING IN REVIEW.

There were on parade 105 battalions of Infantry, 55 squadrons of cavalry, and 20 batteries of artillery. This was a pretty good-sized army—much larger, in fact, than Gen. Rosecrans had at Manassas when he defeated Gen. Bragg, and won for a victory as enabled the Northern forces to ever afterward point with pride to the words "Stone River" inscribed in letters of gold upon the regimental colors. And it was a larger force than was engaged at Pittsburg Landing, or at Chickamauga, when "Old Pap" Thomas stemmed the tide fast ebbing toward defeat, and with his famous Fourteenth Corps held the victorious Confederates in check until those forts and rifle-pits at Chattanooga could be erected. Indeed, it was a much larger army than any of those we had engaged either in the East or Western departments in the earlier history of our unhappy war. The time announced for MacMahon's arrival was 3 o'clock, and promptly on the hour the booming cannon announced the arrival of himself and suite upon the course. There was considerable cheering as the Marshal galloped swiftly along the several lines, not by the troops, but by the many thousands of spectators. Stern had been the orders issued to rank and file not to follow so unsoldierly a fashion, and the rule was observed with disciplinary precision. But if the soldiers could not huzza

they could present arms and abres, and the bugles could sound and the drums beat, and the colors could be dipped and the horses prance, and every one's heart could throb and his blood warm just the same as though there were no discipline. After the President had galloped over the field, passing first the artillery, then the cavalry, and then the infantry, he drew up in front of the tribune, doubtless to the great joy of the inexperienced ones who were close to the heels of his chequered charger. Then a handsome aid galloped down the course toward the head of the column of the infantry division, and presently the troops were passing in review before the President of France. It was a grand picture to look upon. Marshal MacMahon sat astride his horse a living hero. In his brilliant uniform, with his sparkling eyes, his ruddy cheeks, and gray mustache and imperial, he looked every inch a soldier. Back of him were mounted men, Generals, diplomats, foreign officers, members of the French Assembly, and a few orderlies. In front of him an open space, along which the troops were to pass, and further on the tribunes. Here were collected a vast array of loveliness and bravery. The Duchess Magenta, wife of the Marshal-President, was conspicuously prominent, as was M. Thiers, ex-President of the Republic. Minister Deschamps, Secretary of Legation were also pointed out or noticed by your correspondent. To the right of the President the woods of Boulogne, with the wind-mills and the handsome houses, while away beyond the river stood Mount Valerien, with its massive fort looking grimly down through its many port-holes upon the scene. To the left the moving men of war, with nodding clean uniforms, soul-stirring music, and steady ward tramp. First came the Commander in Chief of the army about Paris, Gen. L'Amiral, with the crimson sash of a Marshal of France about his body. He had a numerous retinue of officers and escort, as did all the other Generals. Preceding him marched the band of the Garde Republicaine, the same which visited the United States in 1872. After him came a battalion of the Cadets of St. Cyr, the West Point of the nation. Though young in years they marched like veterans, and by their military bearing drew forth the admiration of all present. Following the cadets came the Legion of the Guard of the Republic, heroes, every one of them, each individual soldier, whether in front or rear rank, wearing one or more decorations stamping him as such. They were great, strong, hearty men were the members of the Guards, and it is no wonder they are proud to be members of the Legion. They were followed by the sappers-pompiers, or firemen of Paris, each with a glittering helmet on his head and a hatchet on his back. The firemen marched with commendable precision, and were well aligned when they passed as in columns of company front. These were succeeded by the Thirtieth Battalion of Chasseurs on foot, the Legion of Gendarmes Mobile, and the First Regiment of Engineers—and these comprised the first line.

The second line of the review was composed of the Third Division of Infantry, comprising the Eighty-seventh, Fifty-first, and Seventy-second Regiments of the line; the Fifth Division of Infantry, comprising the Thirty-ninth, Seventy-fourth, Thirty-sixth, and One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Regiments of the line; the Seventh Division of Infantry, comprising the One Hundred and First, One Hundred and Second, One Hundred and Third, and One Hundred and Fourth Regiments of the line; the Eighth Division of Infantry, comprising the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth, One Hundred and Thirtieth, One Hundred and Fifteenth, and One Hundred and Seventeenth Battalions of the marines; the Ninth Division of Infantry, comprising the Eighty-second, Eighty-fifth, One Hundred and Thirtieth, and One Hundred and Thirty-first Regiments of the line; and the Tenth Division of Infantry, comprising the Forty-sixth, Eighty-ninth, and Seventy-sixth Regiments of the line. The third line was composed of the Seventeenth Division of Infantry, comprising the Sixty-eighth, ninetieth, One Hundred and Fourteenth, and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Regiments of the line; the Thirty-sixth Brigade of Infantry, comprising the Seventy-seventh and One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Regiments of the line; the Nineteenth Division of Infantry, comprising the Forty-eighth, Seventy-first, Forty-first, and Seventieth Regiments of the line; the Fortieth Brigade of Infantry, comprising the Second and One Hundred and Thirty-sixth Regiments of the line; the Twenty-fourth Division, comprising the Sixty-fourth, Sixty-fifth, One Hundred and sixteenth, and One Hundred and Eighteenth Regiments of the line; and the Forty-sixth Brigade of Infantry, comprising the Seventy-eighth and Eightieth Regiments of the line. These composed the infantry forces. In each regiment there were two and in some cases three battalions; in each battalion there were four companies. The troops marched in columns of company front, guide right, the average being about forty-eight files. Each division was commanded by a General, who was accompanied by a staff and escort, moderate in numbers. The red trousered soldiers—"doughboys," as we used to call them in the army—"doughboys," as they are called here—with their white gaiters worn over white boots, and the greenest of bayonets which shone and shook over their heads, presented a really beautiful sight. There was no confusion whatever, and only at rare intervals could we hear a command given. Away down the line we could see the sea of bayonets bobbing up and down in irregular cadence, and we surmised that they were indulging in a sort of "route step," but as they neared the reviewing officer there was noticeable a change of gait, and then, as the drums rolled, and the colors dipped, and the soldiers came to a carry arms, and the officers saluted, there was seemingly but one man marching, so uniform was their step. Having passed the Marshal-President, the arms were brought to a left shoulder, (left shoulder shift we used to call it, and then making a right wheel up at the end of the field near by the wind-mill, the regiments were ordered by their back to barracks.

Then came the artillery under command of Gen. LaFalle, two regiments from the Third Brigade, and two from the Forty-ninth Brigade of Artillery. The infantry had been permitted to get out of the way and the artillery passed in review on the trot. There were in all twenty batteries. The guns are of various kinds and sizes. There were parrot guns, 10 pounders, mitrailleuses, and some of a late invention. The guns were invariably drawn by six dark-colored horses, and the caissons by as many white ones. The contrast was very marked, and particularly pleasing to the eye. Besides, the system has its advantages, which will at once commend themselves to a soldier. The artillery horses were for the most part in excellent condition, and were strong active animals. The gun-carriages, as well as the caissons, are built of the strongest material, iron being predominant in the composition of the reviewing gear. I noticed particularly that the gunners and caisson attendants each carried a breast-plate of rifle wood across his back. There were two batteries of flying or light artillery. In these guns and ammunition-servers did not ride on the boxes of animals brought up the rear of each battery.

Then came the cavalry, commanded by Gen. de Viscount de Bonnemais. First a squadron of mounted cadets from St. Cyr, next a squadron of mounted gendarmes, and then the mounted members of the Guard Republic. Following these in succession came the Twelfth Hussars, the Seventeenth Chasseurs, the Ninth and Thirtieth Dragoons, the Fifty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Dragons, the Seventh and Eighteenth Dragoons, and finally the Fourth and Ninth Cuirassiers. The precision and general ensemble of the cavalry were especially cheered by the vast crowd. Like the artillery, they

could present arms and abres, and the bugles could sound and the drums beat, and the colors could be dipped and the horses prance, and every one's heart could throb and his blood warm just the same as though there were no discipline. After the President had galloped over the field, passing first the artillery, then the cavalry, and then the infantry, he drew up in front of the tribune, doubtless to the great joy of the inexperienced ones who were close to the heels of his chequered charger. Then a handsome aid galloped down the course toward the head of the column of the infantry division, and presently the troops were passing in review before the President of France. It was a grand picture to look upon. Marshal MacMahon sat astride his horse a living hero. In his brilliant uniform, with his sparkling eyes, his ruddy cheeks, and gray mustache and imperial, he looked every inch a soldier. Back of him were mounted men, Generals, diplomats, foreign officers, members of the French Assembly, and a few orderlies. In front of him an open space, along which the troops were to pass, and further on the tribunes. Here were collected a vast array of loveliness and bravery. The Duchess Magenta, wife of the Marshal-President, was conspicuously prominent, as was M. Thiers, ex-President of the Republic. Minister Deschamps, Secretary of Legation were also pointed out or noticed by your correspondent. To the right of the President the woods of Boulogne, with the wind-mills and the handsome houses, while away beyond the river stood Mount Valerien, with its massive fort looking grimly down through its many port-holes upon the scene. To the left the moving men of war, with nodding clean uniforms, soul-stirring music, and steady ward tramp. First came the Commander in Chief of the army about Paris, Gen. L'Amiral, with the crimson sash of a Marshal of France about his body. He had a numerous retinue of officers and escort, as did all the other Generals. Preceding him marched the band of the Garde Republicaine, the same which visited the United States in 1872. After him came a battalion of the Cadets of St. Cyr, the West Point of the nation. Though young in years they marched like veterans, and by their military bearing drew forth the admiration of all present. Following the cadets came the Legion of the Guard of the Republic, heroes, every one of them, each individual soldier, whether in front or rear rank, wearing one or more decorations stamping him as such. They were great, strong, hearty men were the members of the Guards, and it is no wonder they are proud to be members of the Legion. They were followed by the sappers-pompiers, or firemen of Paris, each with a glittering helmet on his head and a hatchet on his back. The firemen marched with commendable precision, and were well aligned when they passed as in columns of company front. These were succeeded by the Thirtieth Battalion of Chasseurs on foot, the Legion of Gendarmes Mobile, and the First Regiment of Engineers—and these comprised the first line.

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trooped past the Marshal, and while the alignment was far from being accurate as that of the infantry, this is not to be wondered at. Some of the horses were quite unruly, and more than one man was thrown from his saddle. It was particularly pleased with the chassours, or light horse troops. They were dressed in sky-blue jackets, red trousers, with top boots and shakos, and appeared to me to be more like mounted riflemen than anything else. Their horses were smaller and of quicker movements than those besided by the Dracons or cuirassiers. I was told by my friend, the ex-Captain, that the chassours always ride a species of mustang, and I have no doubt such is the case. But the honors of the day were for the cuirassiers, the veritable regiment which made the famous charge at Reichshoffen, and these were the heroes who dashed so grandly upon the enemy at Gravelotte, they galloped by, with faces bronzed and sabres in the hand, the cry of "Vive les Cuirassiers" rent the air, and swelling louder and louder was soon heard from all parts of the field. Each horseman wore a helmet of shining metal like unto silver, a helmet of like material, with a horse's tail pendant, red and high-top boots. They were great, powerful, and strong, tall fellows, they rode very earth trembled, they cantered over the turf the very earth trembled. There was a sort of hallelujah to the sound of bugles and brass horns when the mounted musicians of the cuirassiers wheeled to the right and then faced about, they reached MacMahon. For there was just before they played a stirring story of war, of the air they played a stirring story of war, of the devotion, of glory, and of bloody battles. The bugles rang out their brazen huzzas, the Duke de Meung, he who now so kindly rules these people, lifted his gold-laced hat and bowed his acknowledgments. Officers and men, comrades all, decorations in the way of medals and decorations in the way of everlasting scars, saluted their chief as they galloped past, the great crowd cheered, then the President turned away, and the review was a thing of the past.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. W. J. Devlin, J. P., has been re-elected chairman of the Cookstown Commissioners for the ensuing year. A fund for the relief of the poor people whose houses were burned down in Dublin, has been organized by the Lord Mayor and Cardinal Cullen. A shower of sprat-herrings fell on an uninhabited island in Clew Bay, known as Inishgowlid, June 3. The phenomenon created much speculation and sensation. The agricultural stock and household effects of John Kealy, bankrupt, at Ballinasally, near Llanectown and Tinahely Railway Station, were sold by auction, June 30. New potatoes were sold at the Belfast market June 3 at from 15d. to 18d. per stone, which is cheaper than they have been at this season of the year for a number of years past. On the 22nd ult., at the meeting of the Cavan Town Commissioners, Mr. P. Maguire tendered his resignation as Clerk to the Commissioners. At the Cork butter market, June 17, the following prices were received: Ordinary—First, 123s; second, 118s; thirds, 106s; fourths, 87s; fifths, 61s. Lard—First, 123s; second, 119s; thirds, 8s. 3 1/2 sticks in market. There were five ejectments disposed of at the eighth quarter sessions, June 18, in four of which the usual terms were granted, and in one (Armitage v. Charles) there was a dismissal without prejudice. My two out of the five were defended. Mr. James Budd, an eminent agriculturist, living in Ramore, sent into market, June 16, a quantity of potatoes of the floundry species. They were of excellent quality, large firm, and quite dry, and were bought at once at 2s. a stone. Mr. J. O'Sullivan, teacher of Newcastle Poor Law National school, has been awarded a first-class diploma of £3 by the Commissioners of National Education, for cleanliness, discipline and general efficiency of pupils. The Town Commissioners of Coochill have, for the fifth successive time, unanimously re-elected Philip Carney, Esq., as their chairman for the ensuing year. Mary McCann, a middle-aged woman, was fined 5s. or a month's imprisonment, a few weeks ago, at the Belfast police court, for crying out "hurray for the Green flag and Home Rule," to the utter disgust of her Orange neighbors. At the Derry June fair the following prices were realized: Store cattle from £2 to £13; fat, for the bulls, at 80s. per cow. Milch cows from £16 to £22; sheep for the butcher from 7d. to 8d. per lb.; lambs, 1s. per lb. Pigs (young) from 16s. to 25s. each, according to quality. Blanche May, Lady Fitzgerald, daughter of the late Hon. Philip Stourton, by his wife Catherine, daughter of the late Mr. Henry Howard, died June 7, at a Convent of the Sisters of Charity, Harold's Cross. Her husband's death, Sir James G. D. Fitzgerald, she had devoted herself to a religious life. Joseph Hilton, a milkman, was charged before Felix McCarthy, R.M., June 14, at Limerick, for having wantonly assaulted a respectable woman striking her with his belt on the head. Head constable Brien said the conduct of militia men on duty was most outrageous. Hilton was sentenced six months' imprisonment. Low Native Genius and Talent is Discouraged. The Corrib Rowing Club, in view of the aquatic sports in Limerick, July 15 and 16, have engaged the services of a London trainer. We believe many accomplishments, if not more so, in the "profession" had been found at home, for we maintain that whatever an Englishman is capable of doing, an Irishman is master of. At a meeting of the Guardians, Newtownards, held on 14, J. Sherman Crawford's in the chair, he announced that 692 persons during the week received relief. An application being read from the Rev. Mr. Wm. Hutton, asking an increase of 100, on the motion of Dr. Richer, it was raised £60 to £80. Mr. Edward Blacker, an official holding a reposition in the Bank of Ireland has been apprehended by detectives Doyle and Carey for the embezzlement of £3,400 worth of New South Wales gold, the property of one Peter Smith. The unfortunate gentleman, who has a large grown-up family, was a short time ago chief cashier of the bank, at a salary of £800 per annum, but for some time his income was reduced to £600. At the Omagh market, June 2, oats fetched from 12s 1/2 per stone; butter, 12 1/2 to 13d butts, 12d to 12 1/2d lumps; potatoes, 5d to 6d per stone; 1s 2d to 2s 4d each; turkeys, 4s to 6s each; 8d to 13d each; geese, 3s to 5s each. Hen 7d per dozen; 5s 10d per 12; duck eggs, 8d per dozen; 6s 8d per 12; turkey eggs, 1s 2d per 12. Miscellaneous—Hides 10s to 18s 6d each; skins, 3s to 4s 6d; turf, per load, 2s to 3s 6d; pigs, 18s to 30s each. A correspondent, writing from Down under date 17, says: The crops during the past week have been greatly benefited by the heavy showers of which have fallen almost daily. The appearance of the crops is excellent. They look vigorous and healthy. The flax has been particularly benefited, and promises a better yield than we have had for many years. The wheat crop will be a fine one, but the corn and potatoes continue to be a very favorable prospect.

The Rev. P. Quaid, for many years the Parish Priest of O'Callaghan's Mills, has resigned in consequence of ill health. He intends residing in the milder parts of England for the benefit of his health. As the mail car from Kilkee to Carrigrohane was proceeding to the latter town on the 21st ult., the driver was knocked off the seat by a blow of a stone, thrown by a man named Mahony. Signor Nigra, the representative of Italy at Paris and Professor Ascoli, are both about to publish works on the Irish Manuscript, lately discovered in Milan. These MSS. belong to the sixth century of the Christian era, and were originally deposited in the monastery of Bollio, from which they were taken by St. Charles Borromeo to the Ambrosian Library, at Milan. The suspension of Messrs. Handy & Sons, extensive millers at Gore's Bridge, county Kilkenny, was announced on the 14th ult., with liabilities estimated variously at from £15,000 to £20,000, a large portion of which falls on corn merchants in Waterford. The assets, it is expected, will be something considerable. On the 20th ult., a farm containing 136 acres, in the townland of Allerboro, and on the Geashill estate of Lord Digby, was sold to Mr. James Sullivan, Tullamore, for £1,000. The farm is subject to a pretty high rent, and is held under a lease for an unexpired term of fifteen years. One of the largest military funerals that ever took place in Cavan occurred on the 21st ult., at the interment of Wm. Lytle, a member of the Royal Irish Constabulary Band, Dublin, and formerly of the Militia Staff. The coffin was borne alternately on the shoulders of the staff sergeants and men of the Royal Irish Constabulary, the brass band performing the Dead March in Saul, and was followed by nearly the entire regiment and a number of the general public. In the townland of Leitrim, near Killeel, a number of miners have been engaged for some time past sinking a shaft, and recently came on a strata of iron ore; sinking further, they came on another of lead; and a little deeper they discovered silver ore. Should the quantity of the several metals prove so abundant as to enable the workmen to carry on operations, it will prove a new source of wealth to the kingdom of Mourne. On the 20th ult., as an excursion train was returning to Limerick, from Castleconnell, one of the passengers, a young man named William Hynes, a clerk in the Limerick Railway, attempted to enter one of the compartments, when the train was in motion, but missed his footing, and falling across the roadway, two of the carriages passed over both his legs, breaking them, and injuring him so severely that his life is despaired of. A correspondent, writing from Birr under date June 17, says: During the week the weather has been rather adverse to the growing crops; a cold westerly breeze, with heavy showers of hail, retarded vegetation considerably. In fact, the temperature resembled that of spring more than midsummer. A considerable quantity of rain fell daily; and, notwithstanding that it was so badly wanted, the farmers are already exclaiming that we have too much of it. However, the general appearance of the crops throughout this district is very promising, and the early mowings are almost fit for the scythe. A HEARTLESS EVICTION.—At a recent meeting of the Shillelagh Guardians, Mr. John Rice brought under their notice a case of inhumanity perpetrated by his son. He purchased some lands it appears on which lived a poor helpless woman, with a house full of little children. He had her immediately dispossessed, and not caring to leave the scene of old recollections, she erected a miserable "shanty" almost opposite—not on his premises; but the whole parish despot could not permit her to dwell even here, and he sought to eject her on the ground of public obstruction. A full meeting of the Home Rule members was held in London on the 25th ult., and after some discussion it was resolved unanimously that the Home Rule question should be brought on for discussion this year in the shape of a resolution, asserting that the experience of affairs in the Session now drawing to a close affords new grounds for the conviction that the Imperial Parliament is incompetent to legislate for the domestic affairs of Ireland. The meeting adjourned to an early day the following week, when Mr. Butt was to have framed the exact terms of the motion for which it was decided a call of the party should be made. The Killamey correspondent of the Cork Examiner says, in the issue of the 23d ult.: "A few days since Mr. John F. Dillon, United States Circuit Judge, eighth circuit, called at my residence and left his card with the following complaint respecting the tolls imposed on tourists by Mr. Herbert, M.P.—'Judge Dillon, one of the Circuit Judges of the United States Government, with his party, refused to submit to the demands of Mr. Herbert, M.P., of a fee for seeing Torc Cascade, and openly expressed his indignation and left the town in consequence.'" ST. PATRICK'S COLLEGE, THURLES.—At the close of the academic year the following students were invested with Holy Orders:—Messrs. Patrick W. Ryan, Michael Hackett, Martin O'Connell, Timothy Burke, Denis Ryan, John Dunne, Thomas Ryan, Philip Ryan, all of Cashel; James Clancy, Maitland, Sub-Deaconship—Messrs. Nicholas Duggan, Michael O'Sullivan, Daniel Kerby, Cashel. Deaconship—Messrs. James O'Brien, Thomas O'Connell, James Comerford, Martin T. Hayes, and Hugh J. Mochler, all of Cashel; Thomas A'Corrack, Andrew M'Grath, Pierre Corcoran, Maitland; Patrick Leahy, and Thomas Mull, Dubuque; William O'Brien, Killaloe. Priesthood—Rev. Michael Cleary, Rev. Patrick J. Harvey, and Rev. John Corcoran, all of Cashel. DISGRACEFUL CONDUCT OF SOLDIERS AT WATERFORD.—A number of the 34th Regiment, on the evening of June 15, conducted themselves in the most disorderly and ruffianly manner possible, by pushing respectable married and single women off the footpath, at the same time indulging in filthy language, and when remonstrated with, struck their interrogators. Constables Sheehy and Higgins pursued the ruffians, who halted and drew their belts. By this time upwards of 200 civilians had assembled, and were it not for the timely arrival of the picket, they would have caused to repeat their cowardice. This is strong grounds in support of Lord Beresford's movement respecting Waterford's alleged claim as a military headquarters. The Summer Sessions for the Mullingar division of the county Westmeath commenced on the 24th ult., before Matthew O'Donnell, Esq., Q.C., Chairman of the county. The following were sworn the grand jury:—Nicholas McNabb (foreman), Thomas Weir, Thomas Woods, James Branagan, John Connell, James Holmes, Matthew Kennedy, Thomas Nugent, Owen Salmon, John Branagan, Walter Connell, Patrick Dermody, Chas. Fox, Wm. Kernan, Patrick Murlahan, James Seery, Cornelius Byrne, Will Gleason, Michael Hope and James Killen. His Worship, addressing the grand jury, congratulated them on the business they had to transact being so extremely light, there being only one bill to go before them. Coroner De Courcy held an inquest at the Limerick District Lunatic Asylum, on the 25th ult., on the body of a patient named Sheehy, who had died rather suddenly. It appeared from the evidence that the deceased was admitted to the asylum on the 1st of May last, when it was found that he was suffering not only from the effects of the malady under which he was laboring, but that portions of his body were much lacerated by the measures which had been taken to keep him under restraint before

admission to the asylum, and the medical evidence showed that they were contributory to his death. A verdict in accordance with these facts was returned. STATE OF THE CROPS IN CARLOW.—Never before, perhaps, have the crops looked to better advantage than at present, nor has there been for years such a good prospect of an abundant harvest. The drought, which prevailed to an almost alarming extent in May, has been more than counterbalanced by the copious rains which have since fallen, the result being that vegetation has received a most beneficial impetus, the grain crops and meadows thriving apace, although it had been feared that the latter would have been an unusually light crop. Farmers, however, are now beginning to look anxiously forward for sunshine to mature the crops, which now stand in such need of it; and should it be the will of Providence to grant it, the brightest hopes of the tiller of the soil cannot fail to become realized. On the 18th ult., at the residence of M. Pigott, Esq., Portlannington, an old man-servant of Mr. Pigott's, who had been 25 years in his employment, was found lying frightfully burned on the floor of his room, which was found to be on fire. The unfortunate man died in a few hours from the injuries which he had received. It appears that the unfortunate man was in the habit of smoking, and it is supposed that he accidentally set fire to some inflammable materials lying about the place. The fire was soon extinguished by the exertions of Sergeant Dobbyn, assisted by Mr. Pigott. On the 24th ult., Joshua Clark, Esq., Q.C., opened the Queen's County Quarter Sessions, at Maryborough. The following gentlemen were sworn on the grand jury:—Messrs. Geo. Clarke (foreman), James Dobson, John Gaze, Thos. Johnson, John Lalor, Henry Odlum, Wm. Robson, Edward G. Seale, John W. Clarke, Arthur Peacocke, Thomas Conroy, John G. Peacocke, Andrew Carter, Wm. Delaney, Peter Fitzpatrick, John Kenna, Joseph McEvoy, and Edward Dunne. His Worship addressed them, and congratulated them on the peaceable state of the county, there being only five trivial cases to go before them. At the Quarter Sessions of Kildush, on the 23rd ult., Mr. John O'Hagan, Q.C., presided, and congratulated the magistrates and jury on the peaceable state of the county. In the case of John Molony, charged with having assaulted a farm bailiff, and rescued a cow taken on a decree, the jury disagreed. His Worship suggested that the defendant should pay the amount of the decree, and ask the Crown Solicitor to enter a *nolo prosequi*. Morgan Greene was sent to the Assizes for trial on a charge of perjury. THE REV. MR. CROFTON AND HIS TENANTS.—The Dundalk Democrat says, we are rejoiced to learn from our report of the meeting of the Executive Committee of the Louth Tenants' Defence Association, differences that have arisen between the Rev. Mr. Crofton and his tenants in Westmeath, are about being amicably settled. The tenants who have been served with notice to quit, in consequence of their refusal to comply with a demand for increased rent, have consented to abide by the decision of a fair and impartial tribunal, as to the amount of rent they should pay in the future. The Rev. Mr. Crofton has also given his consent to have the amount of rent fixed by arbitration, so that there is every reason to hope that these unhappy disputes will be finally and satisfactorily settled. The Chairman of the county Armagh (Thomas Lefroy, Esq., Q.C.) opened the Ballybot Quarter Sessions on the 23rd ultimo. The following gentlemen were sworn on the Grand Jury:—Messrs. Robert Lucas (foreman), Robert Hillis, Jas. Murphy, James Fennell, William Green, Hugh Kilpatrick, Robert Woods, Samuel Briers, Robert Dempster, H. Greenan, J. W. Green, J. Moody, James Williamson, William Gillespie, and Thomas Maginnis. His Worship briefly congratulated the jury on the fact that, while this was the principal town in the county, only one case was to be laid before them. At the Dublin Commission Court, on the 18th ult., a man named Hall, a laborer, was indicted for the wilful murder of a woman named Betty McManis, of Glencullen, county Dublin, on the 16th of February, 1869. Mr. White who was assigned by the Crown to defend the prisoner, applied to have the trial postponed till next Commission, as he had only received instructions the previous night; and, in as much as the offence was alleged to have been committed fifteen years ago, he would like to have a little more time to prepare the defence, especially as the prisoner had been in Liverpool since 1860. Mr. Murphy, on behalf of the Crown, did not oppose the application, which was granted. According to the census of 1871, it would appear that the number of persons in the County of Galway that were registered as only capable of speaking Irish was proportionately large. They are thus scattered through the baronies. In Arran we have 835 persons who can only speak Irish; 1,924 who can speak Irish and English. In Athlery barony, 228 and 2,318. In Ballymoe, 1,016 and 7,126. In Ballinacinch, 4,712 and 13,950. In Clare, 2,342 and 14,038. In Dunmore, 1,411 and 10,492. In Longshrou, 367 and 4,531. In Galway town, 2,434 registered as only able to speak Irish and English. For the whole county we have in 1871, 30,322 persons who can only speak Irish, and 109,474 who can speak both English and Irish, as against 41,512 and 124,392 in 1861. These statistics indicate the tenacity with which the race cling to the grand old tongue of their forefathers, and this in spite of many inducements to the contrary. At the Longford Quarter Sessions, on the 24th ult., before Charles Kelly, Esq., Q.C., Bridget Fox was sentenced to seven years penal servitude for stealing a shawl from a woman named Moran, in Granard, on the 29th of April last. There were 65 previous convictions recorded against the prisoner. John Clements was sentenced to five years' penal servitude, for a grievous assault on a man at Granard, on the 29th of April. There were 15 previous convictions recorded against the prisoner. Francis Duval and Thomas Brophy were sentenced to four months' imprisonment each for attempted arson in Ballymahon workhouse. Margaret Flynn was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for stealing a dress, and Pat Carney to six months' for stealing harness, on the 1st of May, in Longford. At Roscrea fair, on the 21st ult., the attendance both of stock and buyers was only moderate for the June fair. The quality was good. Three year old heifers ranged from £11 10s. to £14; two year olds, £8 10s. to £8 15s.; yearlings, £4 to £5 10s. Fat cattle, which were in large supply and good demand sold at from 75s. to 80s. per cwt. Mutton, 7d per lb. to 9d. for top; hoggets, 40s. to 45s. each. At the pig fair the attendance of the buyers were very meagre, and the few pigs exhibited were not sold. Light fat pigs sold at 55s. to 60s. per cwt. for the Limerick and Waterford trade. Heavy pigs no demand. Two things mark—the one positively, the other negatively—the condition and the civilization of a people. The one is the measure of their intelligence; the other, the absence of force in the direction of internal affairs. After seven centuries of English rule and 75 years of union by force, it is curious to observe how Ireland stands to-day when judged by these standards. The materials for judging are at hand. They are furnished in the printed statement of the estimates for Education in Ireland and England, and for the maintenance of the police force in Ireland. The figures stand thus:—England receives annually, for all educational purposes, about £2,000,000, while Ireland receives, £430,000. The latter represent nine-tenths of the amount spent on education in Ireland, while the former represents only

a third of what is spent for the same purpose in England. But this is not the chief thing to which we desire to direct public attention. While education in Ireland withers on starvation allowance, the educators of the people have to exist on what is barely sufficient to maintain life, while the paid spies of the Government live in luxury and utter idleness. "This," says the Freeman, "is a striking and significant commentary on the administration of the country that at a period of profound tranquility an army of policemen is mounted, so huge that the entire expense of all other departments of the public service is all but balanced by the sum set aside for their support." The Freeman is no red revolutionist; but it cannot shut its eyes to this. But then it forgets that the landlords need emissaries, and the Government a garrison, to exemplify the beauties of civilization, and these are things for which an enlightened nation ought to pay, though propriety withers and learning is lost.—United Irishman. MR. BUTT, M.P., ON THE ROYAL RESIDENCE.—The following passage from the speech of the hon. member for Limerick, shows his views of the Royal residence. Mr. Butt said that he would not detain the house many minutes while he briefly stated the reasons which would influence his vote upon the question before the house. He could not vote for the proposed address to her Majesty. He did not think it consistent with the dignity of that house, nor, let him add, consistent with the dignity of the Irish nation, to be importuning royalty to take up its abode in Ireland. (Hear, hear.) Neither did he think that this was a matter upon which that house ought to attempt by advice to put any constraint upon the personal feelings and pleasure of the Sovereign. (Hear, hear.) Her Majesty had chosen her residence, and there was an end of it (hear, hear). But he (Mr. Butt) must say that he was quite prepared to vote against the motion, were it only as a protest against the exaggerated language that had been used upon this subject. He did not know of any one upon which more nonsense had been talked. Language had been used more suited to the exaggerations of Oriental adulation than to the sober realities of European life. They had heard and read rhapsodies that resembled some stories in the "Arabian Nights Entertainments," in which diamonds and pearls would be scattered wherever they trod and flowers spring up in their footsteps (hear, hear, and a laugh). Such language was not simply ridiculous—it was mischievous. Nothing could convey a more false idea of the nature and causes of Irish discontent than any language that fostered the delusion that it could be removed by the fact that one of the Royal Princes had come to reside in Ireland. Such language he (Mr. Butt) took leave to say ought not to be held by freemen—it was inconsistent with national self-respect (hear, hear). Most persons have a craze upon some subject or other, and he (Mr. Butt) hoped he said nothing inconsistent with Parliamentary usage, as he was sure he said nothing inconsistent with the respect which he felt for his friend the member for Ennis, if he said that this subject of a royal residence was the one upon which the hon. and gallant gentlemen had his craze (hear, hear, and a laugh). He (Mr. Butt) had been anxious to state his reasons for voting against this motion, because he did not entirely concur in everything that had been said by his friend the member for Louth. He did not think this was a matter in which the House of Commons ought to interfere—it must be left to such advice as the confidential advisers of her Majesty might feel themselves warranted, in offering on a matter so immediately personal to herself (hear, hear). But he (Mr. Butt) must end as he began, by saying that neither in that House nor out of that House would he, as an Irishman, beg for a royal visit. As a member of that house he would be no party to a proceeding which sought to put a restriction upon the Sovereign in a matter like this, which ought to be left entirely to herself; above all, he would be no party to the absurd delusion that Irish grievances would be redressed if only a Royal Prince would take up his residence on their soil (hear, hear). If the hon. and gallant member was ill advised enough to press for a division he (Mr. Butt) would have no hesitation in supporting the motion that the Speaker leave the chair, a vote which, according to Parliamentary usage, would simply imply that the motion of the member for Ennis was not one that ought to be submitted to the House (hear, hear).

that time contributions have been flowing steadily in, and when the list was closed a sum of £6,400 had been contributed. This amount was privately presented to the Cardinal a few days ago, and I understand that the subscriptions were headed by £1,000 from the Duke of Norfolk.—Correspondent of Freeman. LOCK-OUT OF COFFIN OPERATORS.—London, July 14.—The masters of the coffin mills in Ashton, Staleybridge, Dukinfield, and Mossy have decided to give notice of the commencement of a lock out on the 24th inst., because the work people employed in certain departments refuse to accept disputes in regard to their wages to arbitration, and other employees have quit work. ONE OF THE GREAT CAUSES OF SO MUCH RUFFIANISM AT BLACKBURN.—"B.S." writes to a contemporary:—"As formerly a resident in Blackburn, I have read with regret, though I admit not with surprise, the report of a large number of instances of brutality occurring in that town within a few hours. The cause is not difficult to discover. One house in every eighteen or nineteen throughout the borough is a house where alcoholic drinks are sold. The licensing of these houses is in the hands of the magistrates, a considerable portion of whom are brewers—of persons, that is, who have a direct interest in increasing the consumption of beer. Crimes of a ruffianly order are, as a rule, the direct result of a drinking bout; or they are the outcome of a man whose moral and intellectual force has been deprived by long and habitual soaking." There has been a royal water party at Virginia Water, in Windsor Park, to wind up the festivities of Ascot week. On this joyful occasion the two eldest sons of the Prince of Wales were inducted into the mysteries of angling. Thus an enthusiastic historian of the Standard describes the event:—"Their Royal Highnesses Prince Albert Victor and Prince George Frederick, together with their tutor, drove down, and were received by Captain Welch, R.N., who transferred them to the fish-pond to receive their first lessons in the gentle craft. The place having been well baited beforehand, an immense shoal of roach and other fish had congregated, and the rods and lines being in readiness, sport began. The young princes quickly managed their tackle with dexterity even approaching skill; and, what with the fish being extremely loyal and biting well and the favourable aspect of the weather, a large take of small fish resulted as evening drew on. With every manifestation of delight as each shining trophy lay panting on the grass, their royal highnesses smiled away the afternoon. The italics are ours. Samuel Lover, in his capital song of the Widow Macbride, tells us that "The name little fishes— They though they don't speak—they wishes." But this is the first time we have heard of roach and dace developing symptoms of loyalty, and choking themselves on princely hooks, from positive fidelity to the throne. The wonder is this imaginative reporter did not inform us that the fish might be fancied addressing their little royal highnesses in the language of gladiators, *Avae, Caesar, morituri te salutamus*—"Hail, Caesar, about to die we salute thee!" There has been a great deal of talk recently about the cruelty of vivisection; but what are we to think of the humanity of children who go out to the agonies of loyal fish butchered to make a royal holiday, and exhibit "every manifestation of delight as each shining trophy lies panting on the grass"? The picture is not pleasant. We suppose it would be useless to send the Standard historian a copy of Caute's reproof to his countrymen.—The London University. There is nothing that English Protestants boast so much about as their religious liberty and their exercise of private judgement. Yet, when they come to exercise that liberty and that judgment, it turns out that they are about the most "prejudiced" or rather the most parliamentary-ridden, slaves that ever existed. Need it be pointed out that no sooner does a clergyman or a layman attempt to act on the strength of his private judgment and his conscientious convictions, than he is pounced upon and extinguished in the most speedy and rigorous manner possible. There are at present two noticeable cases in point before the public. Because Mr. Machonochie thought it well to introduce something in the shape of life and faith into the exercise of the service of St. Alban's, Holborn, he has been, in spite of the protestations of his congregation, "suspended." Because a Mr. Cook, of Clifton, did not agree with his vicar as to certain parts of the Bible, which we are so often told Protestants are at full liberty to study and construe for themselves, he has been positively excommunicated. Yet foreign nations are industriously taught to believe that England is a model of civil and religious liberty. What an international imposition!—/s. UNITED STATES. The Assessors for the State of New York report the total assessments of real and personal property for 1874 at \$2,366,780,102, an increase since the previous year of \$197,472,229, or a little over 9 per cent. No less than 21 murder cases which occurred in the Indian territory have just been disposed of by the United States Circuit Court at Fort Smith, Ark. Out of this number, eight were convicted of murder in the first degree, seven of whom, including two boys, one aged 17 and the other 19, will be hanged together on the 3rd of September next. A WOMAN KICKED TO DEATH BY HER HUSBAND.—Lowell, Mass., July 13.—Mrs. Dunn, wife of a laborer in this city, was kicked to death this afternoon by her husband during a drunken fit. He wanted money from her, but was refused. Dunn is under arrest. IMPRISONMENT FOR LIFE.—PLYMOUTH, July 13.—Christopher Stoddard, who shot and killed officer Baxter while the latter was attempting to arrest him on the 3rd of May, was to-day sentenced to imprisonment for life. The balancing of the books at the Treasury Department for the fiscal year shows, in brief, that the customs receipts have fallen nearly \$5,000,000 below the estimate for the year, while the internal revenue receipts have exceeded the estimate of Secretary Bisw' \$4,700,000, and the estimate of the Internal Revenue Commissioner by over \$2,000,000. This increase in the latter is owing in the main to the increase of the tax on whiskey. O'CONNELL CENTENARY.—At a meeting of St. Peter's church, Baltimore, Md., to make arrangements for celebrating O'Connell's Centenary, Father McColgan in the chair, the following societies were represented: Knights of St. Patrick, Immaculate Conception Society, Temperance Union, Father Mathew's, St. John's, No. 2. Hibernian, Immaculate Conception Beneficial, Knights of St. Peter, United Irishmen, Irish-American, St. Peter's Beneficial, St. Peter's Temperance, Confraternity of the Sacred Third, St. Patrick's Beneficial, and St. Paul's societies. Hon. W. E. Robinson will deliver the oration and Governor Broome has been invited to preside. Reports from numerous points in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan, Nebraska, Iowa, Missouri and Southern Illinois indicate that the storm which passed over that section, lasting from Saturday June 25, till Monday night, June 28, in most localities did great damage, killing a considerable amount of live stock, tearing down houses, barns, and fences, inundating whole farms, and injuring the crops to some extent. Railroad bridges and culverts were swept away in some places, and many persons injured, and several are reported to have been killed.

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G. E. CLERK, Editor.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1875

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

JULY—1875.

Friday, 23—St. Apollinaris, B. M. Saturday, 24—Vigil of St. James. Sunday, 25—St. James the Greater, Ap. Monday, 26—St. Anne, Mother of Blessed Virgin. Tuesday, 27—Of the Octave. Wednesday, 28—St. Nazarius, etc., MM. Thursday, 29—St. Martha, V.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Russian papers are not very enthusiastic about the alliance with Germany. The Colon which recently contained an article pointing to an alliance with England as the most advantageous for Russian interests, now publishes another in which it states that the French indemnity is being used by Germany to erect fortifications along the Russian frontier, and contends that this is a display of German distrust in Russian friendship. The league of the Emperors may however, it observes, exist alongside the Anglo-Russian alliance if Germany earnestly wishes the maintenance of peace. Russia has abandoned the idea of endeavoring to induce the other powers to conclude a formal treaty at the St. Petersburg Conference. From a circular which Prince Gortschakoff has issued, it is concluded that Russia will be satisfied if a protocol is drawn up enumerating the principles of International law. A leading paper in Moscow protests against Russia entering into intimate relations with England so long as the latter insists upon the central Asian States being placed under the protection of European international law. The Russian War Minister is adopting measures for making a conscription of horses in war times.

The Parisian papers are extracting a good deal of comfort from a despatch from Berlin, stating that Prince Bismarck has taken a protracted leave of absence for the purpose of recruiting his health, and that before his departure he assured the foreign ambassadors at Berlin that nothing could be more pacific than the intentions of Germany. The Paris correspondent of the Standard states, however, that in official quarters a good deal of uneasiness continues to prevail.

The sympathy expressed by the King of Sweden in Berlin for the German Government in its conflict with the Catholic Church seems to have produced dissatisfaction in Denmark. The organ of the Danish National Liberals says that the Danes, among whom the most unrestricted religious tolerance prevails, and who, though Protestants, therefore sympathize with the German Catholics, can hardly understand how King Oscar, at the very time when his mother was doing homage to the Pope in the Vatican, could have expressed his approval of Prince Bismarck's religious policy, which is condemned by all Europe. It should not be forgotten, however, the Danish journal continues to observe, that only a few years have passed since the advocates of humanity and spiritual enlightenment in Sweden have succeeded in introducing the principle of religious toleration in the Swedish law, and that the great mass of the Swedish people still cherish a hatred for Catholicism which is unknown in Denmark.

A note has been forwarded by the German Government to the Belgian Minister for Foreign Affairs, thanking Belgium for the friendly sentiments conveyed in her last reply on the subject of the dispute between the two countries. This is regarded as putting a very satisfactory end to the late unpleasant proceedings.

The Socialists of Berne (Volks-Verein) have issued a formal manifesto declaring their hatred of Catholicity, and encouraging the Government in their measures of persecution. The Communists of Paris were also of that way of thinking during their brief but devilish reign.

The Prince-Bishop of Breslau has been condemned to a fine of £100, or nine months imprisonment, for having pronounced sentence of excommunication against the priest Kick, who arbitrarily left his own diocese to intrude himself into that of Posen. The accusation was founded upon two letters; in one of them he threatened the apostate priest with excommunication, should he not return to his own diocese; in the other, the Bishop pointed out that Kick had incurred excommunication, ipso facto, by intruding himself into another diocese. We publish the letters on our sixth page.

guarantee, but the banishment of a Spaniard from his country is prohibited. Under the title of Freemasonry, and the Jesuits, Mgr. d'Oliveira, bishop of Olanda, and now in a dungeon of the Brazilian fortress of St. John, has published a splendid Pastoral of 204 pages. He examines Brazilian Freemasonry down to the very root, and has thrown more light on the subject than ever before was known.

A meeting of English Catholics, presided over by the Duke of Norfolk, has been held in London, to consider a proposal to erect a Church near Tower Hill, in memory of the martyrs who suffered on Tower Hill, in the reign of Henry VIII. A resolution adopting the proposal was carried. It is estimated that the building will cost £10,000, half of which is in hand.

THE LATE BISHOP LAROCQUE.

The death of Mgr. Charles Larocque, Bishop of St. Hyacinthe, on Thursday, July 15, was not unexpected as he had been seriously ill for several weeks. With the deepest sorrow has the intelligence of this sad event been received throughout the Diocese of which he was the distinguished head, and we are sure that in other parts of the Province the public grief will be no less intense.

The deceased prelate was born at Chambly on Nov. 15, 1809. While still young—in his nineteenth year—he began the study of Theology, and was ordained priest on July 29, 1832. Immediately afterwards he was appointed Curate of St. Roch de l'Acadigan, and thence transferred to Bertier in 1833. Two years later he was elected Director of the College of Chambly which office he retained until 1836, when he received the charge of the parish of St. Pie. After four years' residence in the latter place and four in Blairfinnie he was appointed pastor of the more important parish of St. Jean Dorchester in 1844. He accompanied Bishop Bonnet as chaplain to Rome in 1854 to assist at the imposing ceremony of the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. In 1860 he was the unanimous choice of the Bishops of the Province as successor in the see of St. Hyacinthe of his cousin Mgr. Joseph Larocque, who resigned on account of ill-health but still lives. The ceremony of consecration took place in the church of St. Jean Dorchester on July 29, 1866, and was performed by his Lordship the Administrator of Quebec, assisted by their Lordships of Montreal and Ottawa. Mgr. Larocque was present in Rome on the occasion of the Vatican Council, and recorded his placet in favor of the dogma of Papal Infallibility, of which he was always an able exponent. During the nine years of his episcopate his zeal was prudent and constant, and when preparing to meet death he had the consolation of bequeathing a flourishing diocese to his successor.

His funeral took place on Wednesday, July 21, and was attended by the hierarchy and a large number of clergy. Requiecat in pace.

THE LATE VERY REV. DR. MORIARTY

It is also our mournful duty to chronicle the death of the Very Rev. Patrick Eugene Moriarty, O. S. A., the well-known contributor to the Catholic Record, a distinguished orator and beloved priest, which sad event took place at Villanova College, Pa., U. S., on Saturday morning, July 10. He was a lineal descendant of the Moriarty's of Kerry, and was born in Dublin on July 4, 1804. He studied first in Carlow College, then in the Augustinian Novitiate, Callan, and afterwards in the College of the same order in Rome, where he was ordained in 1827. In 1834 he accompanied Bishop O'Connor as a missionary to India, and was appointed Vicar-General of Madras where he remained ten years. Returning to Rome, the College of the Propaganda conferred upon him the degree of Doctor Divinitatis, and His Holiness the Pope named him Bishop of a See in India, but he refused to accept the bulls, emigrated to America in 1849, and assumed the pastorate of St. Augustine's Church, Philadelphia. His labors were not confined to that city alone, and the zealous missionary and earnest advocate of Truth and Right has left a name as familiar and as dear as Household Words. May he rest in peace.

GERMAN GUILT AND GUILT.

Open tyranny may be respected from its boldness; the stealthy intrigue of win men from their allegiance can only be regarded in one light by all right minded peoples. Germany has become a wonderful adept in the Machiavellian policy, failing to subdue by force it resorts to division by fraud, and having failed to any great success in securing the submission of the Clergy to the new rules for their humiliation, it comes in now with the bribe and the assurance of concealment—in a word offering, that the priests may submit and still act in the hypocrisy of recalcitrant defiance, first undermining faith and then holding out the inducement to fraud. Yes, this is the meaning of the telegraphic news, "that the German Government has ordered that declarations of submission by Catholic clergymen to the new laws shall be kept perfectly secret, the purpose being to secure them from persecution by Ultramontanes."

In all this we trace the brutality of Bismarckian bigotry; not only Bismarck's pupils, but his masters, are closely his anti-Catholic tactics—he is regarded as a sort of political Thaumaturgus and his admirers conclude that the surest and shortest road to world-wide renown is to follow the Prince Chancellor's footsteps. Since the termination of the Franco-Prussian war this Teuton has swollen to the proportions of a Titan. The superficial area of the German empire is altogether too small for the play of his great designs and stupendous projects. Standing on the apex of his Berlin watch tower, this gigantic figure surveys the continent of Europe, even to its remotest boundaries; and wherever a deed is done that does not harmonize with his pet, themes he instantly admonishes the doer to mend his ways or take the consequences of reprisal. If a French bishop issues a pastoral to his flock commending patriotic duty to the people, the grim sentinel on the Spree shakes his fist at the French government, and orders it to muzzle the bishop. If a congregation of Belgian Catholics express sympathy with those who are enduring

persecution for their attachment to Catholic teaching and discipline, the Brussels Cabinet is temporarily ordered to squelch such utterances—and if an English premier at a country gathering makes distant allusion to the domestic policy of the German Emperor, quick as a courier can carry it comes a message from Wilhelm's alter ego ordering the indiscreet minister to retract his words and cry peccavi for having uttered them.

It is needless to say that this officious and insolent intermeddling in the internal affairs of other nations is anything but relished by the governments thus interdicted. But the German bully does not care about their anger. If they fail to comply with his modest requirements, a diplomatic note, with deaths' head and cross bones traced upon it, is sent them. Thus, day after day, Bismarckian censorship goes on, and as we have said at the opening, German guile goes hand in hand with German guilt. We have already in our news columns, given the details of Count Munster's attempt to indoctrinate a London audience with German ideas; and were the penal laws that existed in the reign of Queen Anne still in force, it is plain from this German Ambassador's allusion to Ireland, that their short execution would give "mighty great pleasure" to His Excellency. The Curfew Law was not at all sufficient to meet the emergency in the opinion of this descendant of the blood-thirsty Hessians. The pitchfork and triangle, confiscation and banishment are the remedies needed—"You had better look out in time" is the intimation given by Count Munster to the English.

And thus we see the guile supplementing the guilt—drawing away attention from their own tyrannies by the stealthy attempt to arouse the antagonistic temper in other lands, or to keep down opposition to German policy by the implied threats of European complications.

The latest attempt to divide by deception and conquer by cupidity is the rarest stretch of Bismarckian policy yet attempted. The suppression of religious establishments would be as nothing compared to the suppression of all faith and principle in their inmates, and the persecution and prostration of the Church would not have half the triumphs of the purchase of the fidelity of the priests. But it won't work.

THE CONFLICT.

During the fiery days of the first revolution, a number of the cities of France resounded with the cry of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity." As a dark cloud sometimes obscures the light of the sun from the earth, so did Satan darken the understanding of men and caused them to construe or interpret these words into a signification the most hellish. Men, women, and even children were charmed with the illusion, and with the prospect held out to their view; there was Liberty, Equality and Fraternity to be gained by following the torch which was fed into a flame by the Evil Spirit, which was not to be quenched except by the blood of those who followed its alluring glare.—These were dark days and dark nights, and Satan held high carnival in high and low places, for men believed that death was an eternal sleep.—When we reflect on the monstrous acts committed during those sanguinary days, and consider how intoxicated with rage and with fury all classes of society became under the potent charms of this battle-cry. Well may we ask whether the like shall ever be seen again.

To-day we look to the past and compare it with the present, and fondly imagine that the peace, the happiness, and the fear of God which reigns about and around shall continue, that no more shall such dark days be seen again in the world.—But this is a delusion; darker days and darker nights will overshadow this fair world again; the battle cries may change, and have changed, and will change again, and he who tempted Eve saying "For God doth know that in what day soever you shall eat thereof, your eyes shall be open; and you shall be as Gods knowing good and evil." That same Evil Spirit is tempting us now with as luring a bait. Already has the tocsin of war sounded; men and women are imperceptibly ranging themselves on either side, and preparing for the conflict. There are mighty influences at work. Already have the enemies of God and of religion forged their battle-cry; and that cry is not "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity"; this cry has served its turn, and has seen its principles "baptised in fire and in blood." The cry that "the State is supreme," or the Church must be subservient to the State. These are the cries which we hear from afar, and are heard at home. What a terrible principle is clothed in this cry.—It amounts to this, that when the Almighty, in the midst of thunder and in lightning, gave His Law to the Israelites from Mount Sinai, Moses should have assembled his people for the purpose of confirming or rejecting these laws. The Israelites, at this time, though in the wilderness, had a civil Government of their own, but did Moses assemble his people to consider whether the law which the Almighty had given should be accepted or not? No. The Israelites, although they were the chosen people of God, and guided in their wanderings through the wilderness during a period of forty years by a pillar of fire by night, and a cloud by day, they did not impudently suppose that any collective or legislative act which they could perform could alter in one iota the obligations which this law had imposed upon them. But in this age of enlightenment it would be considered reprehensible that even the Almighty should take upon Himself the liberty of promulgating a law in that Prussian territory ruled by Kaiser William, and Chancellor Bismarck. But we shall be told that the significance of the words "The State is supreme" has not such a wide signification as the meaning we attach to it. But we must bear in mind that it is the war-cry of the enemy, and a wide latitude must be given in order to interpret its fearful import. What was the meaning of the words "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity?"—What was the meaning of that which we have quoted in full from the third chapter and fifth verse of Genesis. The "State Supreme" is a watchword more dangerous than even "Liberty,

Equality and Fraternity." Already confiscations, fines and imprisonment have been inflicted upon our clergy. The same things which the mob did in its fury in France during the days of the first revolution, the Chancellor does calmly in Germany under the specious pretext that the exigencies of State require it. Darker acts and darker deeds will yet be enacted, which will dwarf the horrors of the first revolution into insignificance. We have already remarked that it may be objected that the cry that the State is supreme does not possess such a terrible significance as that which we attach to it. Then what does it mean? Bismarck will tell us that the Church must be subject to the State. Well, in what? Simply that the Divine Commission which the Church received to "teach all nations" should be modified to the extent of teaching simply Bismarckian ideas! or in other words, to refrain from teaching that which the State would prohibit, and teach that which the State would command. In the Divine Commission there is authority given "to teach," and by natural inference it should be presumed that where authority is given to teach, an obedience to this teaching must be inferred. Let the Church teach what Bismarck wants, and Bismarck will enforce the obedience. It must be confessed that the conflict is approaching, and nearer at hand than many may imagine. We are slumbering on the margin of a mighty volcano which will soon emit its lava, its flame and its smoke; and however tempestuous the waves may be, the Church shall ride in safety through the storm. Already has the Church seen the birth and the death of nations, and she will be in the vigor of youth when the Empire of Germany will be a thing of the past. Bismarck is not the first, nor probably will he be the last tyrant who will persecute the Church; he may under the cry that the State is supreme, imprison our clergy, confiscate the property of the Church and demolish its altars; but let him take heed. History furnishes us with numerous instances where the Divine wrath had overtaken them in their impieties. Josephus tells us that Herod who attempted to destroy Jesus Christ, had long and grievous sufferings, a burning fever, ulcers within and without breeding vermin; Claudius Herminianus, a cruel persecutor of the Christians in the second century, was eaten of worms while he lived. Decius who persecuted the Church about the year 250, was killed in battle; Gallus succeeded him in his persecutions and was killed the year following; Ameliam, governor of Egypt in 263, was another persecutor, and was soon after strangled by order of the Emperor Aurelian, who afterwards himself persecuted the Christians, and died a violent death; Dioclesian persecuted the Church in 303, his senses became impaired and he quitted the Empire; Severus, another persecutor of the Church, was put to death in the year 307; Urbanus, governor of Palestine, also persecuted the Church. He was slain by the same hand which raised him to the post of governor, Hunic, the vandal, a christian, persecuted the Church in 484, died with all the marks of Divine indignation; Julian with Felix and Elpidius, had orders to seize the effects of the Church at Antioch and carry them to the Treasury, they threw the sacred vessels on the ground and sat upon them in an impious manner; so soon as Julian had profaned the sacred vessels he fell into an unknown disease, cast out his liver and excrements not from the ordinary passages, but from his mouth; he threw up worms without ceasing; Felix, burst suddenly in the middle of his body and died of an effusion of blood in one day; Elpidius was stripped of his effects and died in prison. Hundreds of instances could be collected where the Divine wrath had overtaken those who persecuted the Church, and in the words of the psalmist, we too may say: "Be wise, now therefore, O ye kings; be instructed, ye judges of the earth, serve the Lord with fear and rejoice with trembling.

"CANADA FIRST."

There is a powerful charm in a name. The most atrocious tyranny is admired as "Liberalism"; the most arrant nonsense respected as "science"; a return to Paganism vaunted as "Progress"; and our old acquaintance Know Nothingism tries to look harmless and inoffensive as a lamb in the guise of "Canada First."

When, about two years ago, a new party with the above name, but without any clearly defined principles, was started in Toronto, we, guided by the sound, expected that it would go in strong for separation from Great Britain, and a purely Canadian nationality, and be led by those few prominent public men who were supposed to be in favor of such a departure.

In a short time, however, we dropped that suspicion, perceiving that the accredited spokesmen of the party, instead of advocating the independence of Canada as "Canada First" naturally suggested, were filling the columns of a certain weekly newspaper, conducted by a certain late Professor in a certain American University, with invectives against the Catholic Church—"foreign Church of Rome"—more slanderous and libelous than even the Witness had ever dared. There the cloven foot appeared to us in all its hideousness; in "Canada First" we recognised the Know Nothingism of "Native Americanism." To-day, though still trying to conceal itself in its name, the party opens its journalistic batteries against the "foreign Church," and all "foreigners" who are Catholics hoping to excite the more passions of the Protestant people and unite them in a league of hate against their Catholic fellow-citizens. It would change the existing order of things, do away with all distinctions and differences between the two generally recognised political parties, and create a powerful extreme Protestant faction to repeat Lord Gordon riots, and apply the incendiary's torch as they did at Charlestown.

But we have too much faith in the patriotism and good sense of the great majority of the people of Canada to fear these "Canada First" Know-Nothingism, and would not notice them but to warn young Irish Catholics, who indulge fond dreams of Canadian Independence and a Canadian national spirit, to beware of inducements held out by individual members of the Party; who would entangle

them in its meshes—as they have already entangled a few—teach them to be ashamed of their old fathers and mothers, to disrespect their priests, to laugh at confession, and then—*Amis coronat opus*—to be ready and willing "Liberals" to follow Bismarck or the Commune.

THE O'CONNELL CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

At last, matters have assumed a practical and promising shape in regard of the O'Connell Centennial Celebration in this City. It had been a long time spoken of, but nothing appeared to be achieved; meeting after meeting was held and resolutions were passed, and some attempt to give them effect made, but the matter did not appear to progress, and at length we had begun to despair of success. We never doubted the peoples' inclination; we knew that the great heart of the masses was sound; but we felt that to utilize this sentiment into action, an earnest movement was required on the part of those who assume popular leadership. We care not now for the doubts or despairs of the past—it is none of our duty to rake up shortcomings in any quarter—in view of a popular success we have no right to impair the effect of the promised good by any review of the dangers which impended; and now our only duty is to accept the new spirit displayed at the public meeting on Monday night, and mingle our appeals with those of our brethren of the press to use every effort to make the O'Connell celebration in Montreal worthy of Montreal—worthy of Irish and Catholic sentiment the world over—worthy of the great principle of Civil and Religious Liberty—worthy of O'Connell!

A WELL-MERITED REBUKE.

Lord Justice Christian is well known in Ireland both for anti-Irish and un-Christian views, and there was no little astonishment amongst the people when it was announced in the press a few weeks ago that his lordship had subscribed five pounds to the O'Connell Centenary fund. Men reading it rubbed their eyes and looked again, but there it was in black and white—a resolution of the Centenary Committee thanking the subscriber for his liberality. But—would you believe it?—the Lord Justice was the most astonished man of all, and actually as mad as a hatter, when he read the resolution and the laudatory remarks made by the Lord Mayor of Dublin and other members of the Committee in reference to his donation. He, Lord Justice Christian, subscribe to the O'Connell Centenary fund! What would they think at the Castle! And he took his pen and wrote the following letter to the Lord Mayor:—

"Mount Dillon, Roebuck, July 2.

"My Lord,—About a week ago I had the honour to send you a check for £5 as a contribution to the fund which was being raised for the sufferers by the late fire, that purpose being distinctly expressed upon the inside of the envelope. But this morning I read in a Dublin newspaper (Daily Express), to my no small surprise and amusement, that you had announced at a meeting of some body called the O'Connell Centenary Committee, that I had subscribed £5 to some fund under the control of that body, and that you had done so with some accompanying remarks so diverting as to make me think that the whole thing must be a hoax played off by some one on the newspaper. For precaution's sake, however, though believing it to be quite unnecessary, I write merely to say that I am sure you will see that the subscription shall be placed to the proper credit. I should add that I have sent a contradiction to the newspaper.

"I have the honour to be your Lordship's obedient servant
"The Lord Mayor."

Since there was a mistake, his lordship could have pointed it out in a manner becoming a Lord Justice without going out of his way to offer a gratuitous insult to the Lord Mayor, the gentlemen connected with the Centennial celebration, and the Irish nation at large. His impudence—it was crass ignorance perhaps—richly deserved a rebuke, and the Lord Mayor administered it to him freely and soundly in this reply which it gives us great pleasure to publish:—

"Mansie-n-house, Dublin, July 2.

"My Lord,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your Lordship's letter of this date, and to state in reply that a check signed 'Jonathan Christian' was received here a few days ago, under cover, without note or comment, or the least indication whatever of the object for which the remittance was intended.

"Arriving by the same post with a number of other checks courteously addressed to me for the purpose of aiding in the celebration of the centenary of the birth of a great Irishman, I concluded that your Lordship, following the example of several distinguished Protestant gentlemen, had even at the eleventh hour, recognized the eminent services rendered by a Catholic champion to the sacred cause of civil and religious liberty, without distinction of creed, class, or race.

"Permit me to remind your Lordship that O'Connell was not only the emancipator of the millions who professed his own religion, but also of Jew and Protestant Dissenters. Nor did he ever withhold either his eloquence or influence when the cause of humanity was pleaded in behalf of the down-trodden slaves of Jamaica. In this light I had hoped that the memory of Ireland's greatest son would have been so regarded by all Christians of every denomination. Now, however, I learn for the first time that I have been mistaken in my interpretation of your enclosure, and that your contribution was intended for another purpose. I willingly comply with your Lordship's request, and will forward the donation in accordance with your wishes. At the same time I most emphatically state that neither the envelope, nor the draught, nor the 'virgin page,' in which your gift was enclosed, contained even a line or a word to indicate the purpose of the donor.

"I notice your Lordship's sneer at 'some body' called the O'Connell Centenary Committee, of which 'body' you must be aware that I am a Christian—a body, I respectfully state, that possesses not only the respect and confidence of the Irish people generally, but of many of the highest and most distinguished men in the country.

In conclusion, I am not accustomed to the scant courtesy which your Lordship has deemed proper towards, my Lord, "Your most obedient servant," PERCY PAUL M'SWINEY, Lord Mayor.

"To the Right Hon. the Lord Justice of Appeal."

CAUTION.

We hereby inform our subscribers in Peterborough and vicinity, that JOHN DOHERTY is no longer Agent for the True Witness, and would warn them against paying him their subscription henceforth.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

DEBATE ON BONAPARTISM.—PARIS, July 15.—In the National Assembly to-day Savary, the reporter of the committee upon the election in the Department of Nièvre, delivered a speech of three hours duration, which was attentively listened to. He dwelt upon the necessity of arresting the progress of Bonapartism. He also attacked Mr. Rouher, whom he styled the abettor of a coup d'état. M. Buffet, the President of the Ministerial Council, also spoke. He defended the Prefect of Police from the attacks made upon him yesterday by M. Rouher, and said the Prefect was perfectly right in pointing out the double danger by which the country was threatened by both revolutionists and Bonapartists. The danger from the former was more serious. The Government would keep a watchful eye upon them. The Bonapartists and members of the Right cheered this statement, while the Left protested against it. M. Dufaure, Minister of Justice, said the Government would display vigilance in regard to the Bonapartists. He would not remain a member of any Government which neglected that duty. M. Gambetta called attention to the divergence in the statements of the two Ministers, and with much warmth accused the Government of supporting the Bonapartists, maintaining Bonapartist functionaries in office, and following in the steps of the Broglie Administration. M. Buffet asserted that a perfect agreement prevailed in the cabinet, especially between M. Dufaure and himself. He considered that he was rendering a great service to the country by maintaining old functionaries who were loyal, although they served under the empire. The Left violently protested against the remarks of M. Buffet, while the Right and Bonapartists loudly cheered. After a further animated debate a resolution was passed by a vote of 483 to 3 stating that the Assembly, confiding in the Government declaration, passes to the order of the day. The Bonapartists who had agreed to support the motion were well satisfied with the result. The Left, who had abstained from voting, were proportionately displeased. M. Dufaure subsequently affirmed that there was no divergence between the Ministers. The Government had nothing to add to, or withdraw from, the declarations it had already made.

LONDON July 16.—The Paris correspondent of the Times summarizes the result of yesterday's debate in the Assembly as follows:—The Government, separated from the Left, are thrown back on the Right. The difficulty arising is how can the Government remain in power supported by the majority which is opposed to the Constitutional Bill, as it cannot be supposed that the Government will resign without completing its Constitutional work. Will it rely on the majority of last night, or on that from which it has violently separated itself? The coming sittings must solve this problem. Meanwhile the victory belongs to the Bonapartists.

Several arrests have taken place in Lyons in connection with the operation of a Secret Society. A newspaper editor is amongst those arrested. A MILITARY DRAMA.—Sergeant Petinot, of the 17th Chasseurs, got drunk, at St. Germain, and was ordered by the adjutant to be locked up. The soldiers were about to arrest him, when he ran off to his room and seized his revolver, swearing he would kill the adjutant. A corporal tried to stop him, and received a shot in the arm. Petinot then fired on the adjutant, but missed him. At this moment, the lieutenant rushed up, sword in hand, to cut him down. Petinot cocked his weapon, and said, "Lieutenant, you are a dead man." But, strange to say, Petinot was suddenly seized with remorse, and, instead of firing, dropped the revolver, and fell on his knees, just as the lieutenant was about to cleave his head in two. He then allowed himself to be marched off. He will be tried by court-martial and shot.

SPAIN.

The Spanish Government are, it is said, making efforts to capture the robbers who recently seized and held to ransom Mr. Rouse, the superintendent of the Bella Raquel Works in Spain. The robbers first demanded £10,000, and then reduced the amount to £1,000, on sending which sum he was released. Several arrests have already been made.

THE CARLISTS IN CASTILE.—The London Carlist Committee has received the following despatch from Tolosa, dated June 23:—"Mogrovejo has gained a victory in Castile. Important capture of prisoners, arms, and munitions. Nine officers and sixty horses were taken. Alphonse lost 100 men and two chiefs at Monte Video (Guipuzcoa). Eighteen deserters from Victoria have joined the Carlists. Don Carlos has returned from Castile."

THE CARLIST WAR.—The operations of the civil war in Spain are getting a little more lively. The official news is that General Martinez Campos, who is still commanding in Catalonia, and has advanced southwards, has forced the Carlist garrison of Fort Miravet to surrender, and has taken Fort Flix on the left bank of the lower Ebro; while General Montenegro, who is operating against Dorregaray, has routed that General near Ohera, in the centre of the Carlist positions. The Carlist news is that General Mogrovejo, with a strong force of Carlist infantry, cavalry, and artillery has entered Castile, accompanied by Don Carlos's father, Don Juan, the Duke of Parma, and the Count of Caserta, and that he has been "received with the greatest enthusiasm by the Castilians." The struggle has been diversified by an amicable exchange of a large number of prisoners near Viana in presence of the troops drawn up in line in face of each other, when the ceremony was over both the officers and men on either side engaged in friendly conversation with their adversaries. "If something of this kind could be got up oftener—say once a week—there might be more hope of a speedy termination of this fratricidal conflict.—Tablet.

GERMANY.

The Catholic seminary at Bonn, which has provided the Archdiocese of Cologne with so many priests seems to be destined by the Government to become a school for the old-heretic sect.

The Posen correspondent of the Union says that the Holy Father has sent a splendid golden medal, engraved with his own portrait, to Mgr. Conrad, Bishop of Paderborn, who is at present interned at Wesel.

THE GROWTH OF PRUSSIA.—The second centenary of the victory of Fehrbellin, won by the Elector Frederick William over the Swedes, was celebrated in that town on Saturday by laying the foundation stone of a monument to the great Elector. The Crown Prince, who performed the ceremony, made a speech, stating that that monument was destined to testify to posterity the sentiments which always bound the Hohenzollerns to their people, to recall the time when the State was small and hardly known. By trusting in God, the Prince concluded, we have succeeded in always doing our duty for the smaller and wider Fatherland. To-day we have arrived at the point in which we hold the destinies of Germany with a firm hand for the welfare and prosperity of the whole Fatherland.

A LUNATIC HEM-APPARENT.—We extract the following from the columns of the Pall Mall Gazette:—"The German papers have not mentioned a remarkable circumstance which occurred at Munich a few days ago, and which forms the main topic of conversation in the capital of Bavaria. On the day of Corpus Christi—or 'Fronleichnamfest' as the Germans call it—the French call this solemn day—while the Archbishop was officiating in the Frauenkirche, the cathedral of Munich, a young man of from 25 to 30, in a grey coat, entered the church, rushed through the crowd, even through

the barrier of soldiers around the high altar, pushing everybody aside. He placed himself in the choir behind the Archbishop, when the numerous priests present at the ceremony separated him from the Prelate. It was no other than Prince Otto, King Ludwig's only brother and heir-apparent to the throne, who had escaped from his keeper's care, and whose state of mind had hitherto been kept secret in spite of many suspicious inquiries. The Prince began to address the assembled people with a loud voice. He wished, as was the custom in the first centuries of Christianity, to make a public confession of his sins and declare that he had once communicated, while in a state of unworthiness. He desired further to excuse King and Court for not having taken part in the procession. So speaking, he repeatedly fell on his knees, and it was only after long and earnest persuasion on the part of the doctor, and the aide-de-camp, who meanwhile had arrived, that he was ultimately carried off.

At Treves there were until the other day seven convents of nuns and one of men devoting themselves to the attendance of the sick and the education of children. Lately the sisters of Notre Dame left for France; they had during almost two centuries, and nearly gratuitously, provided for the education of girls. The Government is said to have in view to make of their convent a seminary for pupil teachers. The Benedictine nuns have likewise left Treves.

The bishop of Munster lately went to the village of Ameron for the sake of administering the Sacrament of Confirmation. Some one having put over his door the inscription: "Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice sake," the police ordered the inscription to be taken down, alleging as a reason, that the words: "for theirs is the kingdom of heaven" have been omitted, and so the quotation was incomplete.

In some cities on the Rhine wealthy Catholics have held meetings to provide for such funds as may, during the whole time of the persecution, secure for their priests the full amount of their income, and also help poorer congregations to support their priests.

The mayor of a town on the Rhine recently denounced a Capuchin Father for having refused him Sacramental Absolution on account of his adherence to the State's Laws against the Church. The father, in consequence thereof, was summoned before the judge to answer for "the attempt he had made to seduce a citizen to disobey the laws."

THE PROCEEDINGS AGAINST THE PRINCE-BISHOP OF BRESLAU.—The proceedings at the District Court of Birnbaum this month against the Prince-Bishop "for threatening the great excommunication against the parish priest of Kahne, Kick, and for inflicting it," and the judgment of the Court, have attracted very great attention. The Posener Zeitung, the official organ of the Governor-General of the Province, states that "the Bishop sent from Johannesburg a written defence. The Public Prosecutor protested against its being received; and the Court decided that since accused persons who did not appear were not entitled to be represented by a defending counsel, neither could they be permitted to send in a written defence. From the language employed in the judgment of the Court it may be assumed that this document denied the competency of a secular tribunal generally, and of the Birnbaum Court in particular, to take cognizance of the affair. But this last objection was met by observing that Birnbaum was the forum delicti commissi. The following documents were produced as constituting the grounds for the charge against the Bishop, and were read as proofs:—

"To the Reverend Secular Priest, Herr Kick, at Kahne. Breslau, 8th February, 1875. "As the public papers announce, your reverence, after you had left your station at Tarnowitz without our leave and against our express prohibition, has taken possession of the parish of Kahne in the archdiocese of Posen. Twice already, on the 9th and 30th of January, we have episcopally warned you against this proceeding, which is a grievous ecclesiastical offence, because you have not received this parish from the hand of the legitimate Bishop, but from a Secular State official who is incompetent to confer it, and also because you do not possess our permission to leave our diocese. It must be well known to you that you can never in this fashion acquire valid possession of the parish of Kahne, and that even if you had any right to it you would have lost it by having seized upon it in such a way. We, therefore, call upon you, under pain of excommunication, to return immediately upon the receipt of this to your chaplaincy at Tarnowitz. "The Prince-Bishop, † HENRY."

"To the Priest, Herr Kick, at Kahne. Breslau, 20th February, 1875.

"Having in vain called upon you to return to your chaplaincy at Tarnowitz we will not make any further efforts to move you to render the obedience to which you are bound. You have already learned from the Encyclical of his Holiness Pope Pius IX., of the 5th of this month, that by reason of your intrusion into a benefice without the approval of the proper ecclesiastical superior you have incurred the greater excommunication *lata sententia*. Your own conscience must say to you what step it remains for you to take.

"The Prince-Bishop, † HENRY." The accused had already, in the course of proceedings before the City Court at Breslau, acknowledged his signature at the foot of those documents and the sending of them to Kick. Hence it was unnecessary to examine Kick to prove them. The Public Prosecutor demanded that a more sensible punishment should be inflicted on the accused, by reason of his repeated offences against the May Laws. He asked for a fine of 2,000 marks (£100) or nine months imprisonment. The Court, after a very long deliberation, adjudged a fine of 2,000 marks or imprisonment for 133 days. If no appeal be interposed the question which has been so often discussed, as to how those punishments are to be inflicted, seeing that the Prince-Bishop resides in Johannesburg, must be decided. So far the Posener Zeitung. The Germania and other Catholic papers have commented on this. They declare that the judgment of the Court is incomprehensible. Dr. Foerster was the ecclesiastical superior of Kick; he dealt with him solely in respect of an offence against an ecclesiastical law—a thing which even according to the May Laws is still permissible. Moreover the Bishop did not publish his letter threatening excommunication, or in any way make known that Kick had fallen under the censures of the Church. Hence it seems, on the one hand, that the Bishop has not violated the civil law in any way; and, on the other, if a superior cannot threaten, even privately, a disobedient priest with purely ecclesiastical penalties, how can the government of a diocese be carried on?—Tablet.

NOT TO BE SCARED.—A story is told of an old French shoemaker, who boasted that nothing could frighten him. Two young men thought they would test him, so one pretended to be dead and the other induced the shoemaker to sit up with the supposed corpse. As the shoemaker was in a hurry about some work, he took his tools and leather and began working beside the corpse. About midnight a cup of black coffee was brought him to keep him awake. Soon after, the coffee having exhilarated him forgetting he was in the presence of death, he commenced to sing a lovely tune, keeping time with his hammer. Suddenly the corpse arose and exclaimed in a hollow voice: "When a man is in the presence of death he should not sing." The shoemaker started, then suddenly dealt the corpse a blow on the head exclaiming at the same time: "When a man is dead he should not speak." It was the last time they tried to scare the shoemaker.

O'CONNELL'S STATUE.

Addressed to the great Irish Sculptor, Hogan, when commissioned by the Irish nation to execute the statue of the Liberator, now almost hidden away in the Royal Exchange, Dublin.]

Chisel the likeness of the Chief, Not in gaiety, nor grief; Change not by your art to stone, Ireland's laugh, or Ireland's moan. Dark her tale, and none can tell Its fearful chronicle so well. Her frame is bent—her wounds are deep— Who, like him, her woes can weep? He can be gentle as a bride, While none can rule with kingly pride, Calm to hear and wise to prove, Yet gay as lark in soaring love. Well it were posterity Should have some image of his glee; That easy humor, blossoming Like the thousand flowers of spring! Glorious the marble which could show His bursting sympathy for woe, Could catch the pathos, flowing wild, Like mother's milk to craving child, And oh! how princely were the art Could mould his mein, or tell his heart, When sitting sole on Tara's hill! Yet, not in gaiety nor grief, Chisel the image of our Chief; Nor even in that haughty hour When a nation owned his power. But would you by your art unroll His own, and Ireland's secret soul, And give to other times to scan The greatest greatness of a man? Fierce defiance let him be Hurling at our enemy,— From a base as fair and sure As our love is true and pure, Let it statue rise as tall As firm as a castle wall; On his broad brow let there be A type of Ireland's history; Pious, generous, deep, and warm, Strong and changeable as a storm; Let whole centuries of wrong Upon his recollection throng— Strongbow's force, and Henry's wile, Tudor's wrath, and Stuart's guile, And iron Strafford's tiger's jaws, And brutal Brunswick's penal laws; Not forgetting Saxon faith, Not forgetting Norman scath, Not forgetting William's word, Not forgetting Cromwell's sword, Let the Union's fetter vile— The shame and ruin of our isle— Let the blood of 'Ninety-Eight And our present blighted fate— Let the poor mechanic's lot, And the peasant's ruined cot, Plundered wealth and glory flown, Ancient honors overthrown— Let trampled altar, rifled urn, Knit his look to purpose stern. Mould all this into one thought, Like wizard cloud with thunder fraught; Still let our glories through it gleam, Like fair flowers through a flooded stream, Or like a flashing wave at night, Bright,—mid the solemn darkness bright. Let the memory of old days Shine through the statesman's anxious face, Dathi's power, and Brian's fame, And headlong Sarsfield's sword of flame, And the spirit of Red Hugh, And the pride of Eighty-two, And the victories he won. Let whole armies seem to fly From his threatening hand and eye; Be the strength of all the land Like a falchion in his hand, And be his gesture sternly grand. A braggart tyrant swore to smite A people struggling for their right— O'Connell drew him to the field, Content to die, but never yield. Fancy such a soul as his, In a moment such as this, Like cataract, or foaming tide, Or army charging in its pride. Thus he spoke, and thus he stood, Proffering in our cause his blood. Thus his country loves him best— To image this is your best. Chisel thus, and thus alone. If to man you'd change the stone.

UNITED STATES.

Chinch and potato bugs are very plentiful in many places, but as a whole, not so numerous as last year. It is a cause for rejoicing that although there are a few regions in which some crop does not make a poor showing, still in a number of localities the most of the crops look up promisingly, and the general crop prospect, especially in Illinois, Michigan, Iowa, Kansas, Missouri, and Nebraska, is of an aggregate full average yield of the great farm staples.

HONORABLE MURDER.—RALPH, N. C., July 13.—A most inhuman murder committed in this county in March last has just come to light. Scott Parlin, a white man, cut his wife's throat, then cut off her head, unjointed her at every joint, then cut the flesh off her bones, and attempted to burn her up, but did not succeed. Then he murdered his little boy, a child eight months old, in the same manner, and buried the two bodies in a marsh, where they were found last week by the infuriated neighbours. Government has offered a reward for him. Circumstances show that Parlin's father and one of his brothers were accessory to the murder, and if caught in this county Judge Lynch will be invoked. No motive for the murder is known, except that Parlin was tired of his wife and child.

THE CROPS.—REPORTS OF CONDITION AND PROSPECTS IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE NORTHWEST.—The following is a summary of an extended report of the condition and prospects of crops in the Northwest: WHEAT.—The reports clearly indicate that the average of wheat this year in the Western States is much less than it was last year. Thus in Illinois but three reports indicate an increased acreage, whilst twice as many show but one-half as much, or even less, and in Wisconsin no reports show an increase, and but to an equal acreage, while seven show not more than one-half. In Iowa nearly the same condition is shown. In Michigan the acreage was not materially reduced. In some of the newer States an increased acreage is reported. As to condition the reports are not unfavorable, the majority of all indicating, at least, an average condition. Michigan makes a poor showing; Illinois stands well; Wisconsin and Iowa very largely; and the general average is not bad.

reports show a prospect at the middle of June of about four-fifths of an average crop. OATS.—The average in oats is considerably increased over that of last year, and the general prospect is of at least a full average crop. Illinois gives several reports of less than an average condition, but Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, etc., in nearly all cases show good prospects. BARLEY.—Illinois shows a reduced average, Iowa, Wisconsin and Nebraska an increase. The prospect for the crop as a whole is below an average. In very few cases is an increase of injury from insects compared with last year reported. Of course this does not include the grasshopper districts; but there are many more cases in which grasshoppers have done less injury than last year than where they have done more.

MISCELLANEOUS.

At the laying of the corner-stone of the Capitol of Iowa the other day, but one speech was made. It was by a workman who mashed his finger, and was short.

An elderly gentleman, returning home from church, began to extol the merits of the sermon to his son. Said he: "Jack, I have heard one of the most delightful sermons ever delivered before a Christian society. It carried me to the gate of heaven." "Why didn't you dodge in?" replied Jack; "You will never have another such chance."

Some years ago, when it was not an uncommon thing even in Scotland for challenges to be given and accepted for insults, or supposed insults, an English gentleman was entertaining a party at Inverness with an account of the wonders he had seen and the deeds he had performed in India, from whence he had lately arrived. He enlarged particularly upon the size of the tigers, he had met with at different times in his travels, and by way of corroborating his statements, assured the company that he had shot one himself considerably above forty feet long. A Scottish gentleman present, who thought these narratives rather exceeded a traveler's allowed privileges, coolly said that no doubt those were very remarkable tigers; but that he could assure the gentleman there were in that northern part of the country some wonderful animals, and as an example he cited the existence of a skate-fish captured off Thurso, exceeding half-an-acre in extent. The Englishman saw this was intended as a sarcasm against his own story; so he left the room in indignation, and sent his friend to demand satisfaction or an apology from the gentleman who had, he thought, insulted him. The narrator of the skate story coolly replied, "Well, sir, gin yer freen will tak a few feet off the length o' his tiger, we'll see what can be done about the breadth o' the skate."

THE BOYHOOD OF JESUS.—His outward life was the life of all those of his age and station and place of birth. He lived as lived the other children of peasant parents in that quiet town, and in a great measure as they live now. He who has seen the children of Nazareth, their red caftans and bright tunics of silk or cloth, girded with many colored sash, and sometimes covered with a loose outer jacket of white or blue—he who has watched their games and heard their ringing laughter, as they wander about the hills of their little native vale, or play in bands on the hillside between sweet and abundant fountains—may perhaps form some conception of how Jesus looked when he, too, was a child. And the traveler who has followed any of these children—as I have done to their simple homes, and seen the scanty furniture, the plain, but sweet and wholesome food, the uneventful, happy, patriarchal life, may form a vivid conception of the manner in which Jesus lived. Nothing can be more plain than those houses, with the doves sunning themselves on the white roofs, and the vines wreathing about them. The mats or carpets are laid loose along the walls; shoes and sandals are taken off at the threshold; from the centre hangs a lamp, which forms the only ornament of the room; in some recess in the wall is placed the wooden chest, painted in bright colors which contains the books and other possessions of the family; on a ledge that runs along the wall, within easy reach, are neatly rolled up the gay-colored quilts, which serve as beds, and on the same ledge are ranged the earthen vessels for daily use; near the door stand the large common water jars of red clay, with a few twigs and green leaves—often of aromatic shrubs—thrust into their orifices to keep the water cool. At meal-time a painted wooden stool is placed in the centre of the apartment, a large tray is put upon it, and in the middle of the tray stands the dish of rice or wheat, or libban or stewed fruits, from which all help themselves in common. Both before and after the meal, the servant, or the youngest member of the family, pours water over the hands from a brazen ewer into a brazen bowl. So quiet, so simple, so humble, so uneventful, was the outward life of the family of Nazareth.—Little Schoolmate.

COLLEGE OF OTTAWA.

CHARTERED IN 1866. UNIVERSITY COURSE. THE COLLEGE OF OTTAWA, under the Direction of the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate, is situated in one of the most healthy localities of the city. Its central position affords every facility for the speedy and thorough acquisition of the knowledge of English and French. The Programme of Studies comprises:— 1st. Commercial Course. 2nd. Civil Engineering Course. 3rd. Classical Course. The degrees of "B. A." and "M. A." are conferred after due examination. The Scholastic Year is divided into two Terms of five Months each. At the end of each Term a General Examination is held, and reports are forwarded to Parents. The Annual Vacation begins on the last Wednesday of June, and ends on the 1st September. FEES. Tuition and Board, Medical Attendance, Bed and Bedding, Washing and Mending, per Term \$30 00 Day Scholars per Term 12 50 Drawing and Vocal Music extra no extra charge. EXTRAS. Music Lessons on the Piano, per Term \$12 50 Use of Piano, per Term 5 00 Use of Library, per Term 2 50 The Students who wish to enter the College Band make special arrangements with its Superintendent. N.B.—All charges are payable each Term in advance, and in Gold. For further information consult the printed "Prospectus and Course of Study," which will be immediately forwarded on demand. June 11, 1875. 43-14

JOHN CROWE, BLACK AND WHITE SMITH, LOCKSMITH, BELL-RINGER, SAFE-MAKER AND GENERAL JOBBER. Has Removed from 37 Bonaventure Street, to ST. GEORGE, First Door of Craig Street, Montreal.

BREAKFAST—EPPE'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Eppe has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills."—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with Boiling Water or Milk. Sold by Grocers in Packets only, labeled—"James Eppe & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, Euston Road and Camden Town, Piccadilly; MANUFACTURERS OF COCOA.—"We will now give an account of the process adopted by Messrs. James Eppe & Co, manufacturers of dainty articles, at their works in Kuston Road, London."—See article in Cassell's Household Guide.

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COSTELLO BROTHERS, GROCERIES and LIQUORS, WHOLESALE, (Nun's Buildings), 49 St. Peter Street, Montreal, Jan. 15, 1875. 17-22

TO OLD SUBSCRIBERS. The following persons will confer a favor by forwarding their present address to the TRUS WIRKSES Office, as the Publisher is anxious to communicate with them:— P. J. O'Shea, supposed to be heard of St. Thomas. Joseph Kelly, when last heard of was Station Master at Port-Dalhousie. Thomas Duignan, when last heard of was P. M. at Kenagh Co. Grey. Thomas Nelson, when last heard of was at Killibeggs. Robert Kennedy, when last heard of was at Nobleton. Daniel McCarthy, when last heard of was at Hawkesville. D. Shea, Pensioner, removed from Guelph.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of EDWARD SHAW, of the city of Montreal, Coal Merchant, there carrying on business under the name or firm of E. SHAW & Co., Trader, Insolvent. I, the undersigned, L. Jos. Lajoie, of the City of Montreal, have been appointed Assignee in this matter. Creditors are requested to file their claims before me, within one month, and are here notified to meet at my office, No. 97 St. James Street, in the City of Montreal, on Monday the 16th day of August 1875 at 4 o'clock p.m. for the examination of the Insolvent and for the ordering of the affairs of the Estate generally. L. JOS. LAJOIE, Assignee. Montreal, 13 July, 1875. 48-2

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Sir," said an old judge to a young lawyer, "you would do well to pluck some of the feathers from the wings of your imagination and stick them in the tail of your judgment."

A young man in California began to read a paragraph about a mine to his sweetheart, commencing: "Yobs mine"—when she interrupted him with: "I don't care if do, John."

An eccentric old fellow, who lives alongside of a graveyard, was asked if it was not an unpleasant location. "No," said he, "I never jined places in my life with a set of neighbors that minded their own business so stiddy as they do."

"No gentlemen of the jury," thundered an eloquent advocate the other day in a Denver Court, "this matter is for his Honor to decide, who sits there sleeping so beautifully." His honor opened both eyes and his mouth, and said: "All owing to your narcotic speech, sir."

An old lady, on hearing that a young friend had lost his place on account of misdemeanor, exclaimed: "Miss Demeanor? Lost his place on account of Miss Demeanor? Well, well! I'm afeared it's too true that there's a woman at the bottom of a man's difficulties!"

Very stern parent indeed—Come here, sir! What is this complaint the schoolmaster has made against you? Much injured youth—"It's just nothing at all. You see, Jimmy Hughes bent a pin, and I only just left it on the teacher's chair for him to look at, and he came in without his specs and sat right down on the pin, and now he wants to blame me for it."

At a camp-meeting last summer, a venerable sister began the hymn—

"My soul be on thy guard: Ten thousand fous arise." She began in shrill quavers, but it was pitched too high. "Ten thousand—Ten thousand," she screeched, and stopped. "Start her at 5,000!" cried a concerted stock broker present.

It never pays to fret and growl When fortune seems our foe; The better bred will push ahead And strike the braver blow.

For luck is work And those who shirk Should not lament their doom, But yield the play And clear the way, That better men have room.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

See Deuteronomy, xii: 23. The blood being the source from which the system is built up, and from which we derive our mental as well as physical capabilities, how important that it should be kept pure! If it contains vile, festering poisons, all organic functions become enfeebled. Settling on important organs, as the lungs, liver, and kidneys, the effect is most disastrous. Hence it behoves all to keep their blood in a perfectly healthy condition, and more especially does this apply at this particular season of the year than at any other. Now, Dr. Pierce does not wish to place his Golden Medical Discovery in the catalogue of quack patent nostrums, by recommending it to cure every disease, nor does he so recommend it; on the contrary, there are hundreds of diseases he acknowledges it will not cure; but what he does is this: that there is but one form of blood disease it will not cure, and that disease is cancer. He does not recommend his Discovery for that disease, yet he knows it to be the most searching blood-cleanser yet discovered, and that it will free the blood and system of all other blood-poisons, be they animal, vegetable, or mineral. The Golden Medical Discovery is warranted by him to cure the worst forms of Skin Diseases, as all forms of Blisters, Pimples, and Eruptions; also all Granular Swellings, and the worst form of Scrofulous and Ulcerated Sores of the Neck, Legs, or other parts, and all Scrofulous Diseases of the Bones, as White Swellings, Fever Sores, Hip-joint and Spinal Diseases,—all of which belong to Scrofulous diseases.

CONFIRMED.—HIP-JOINT DISEASE CURED.

W. GROVE STATION, Iowa, July 14, 1872. Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—My wife first became lame nine years ago. Swellings would appear and disappear on her hip, and she was gradually becoming reduced, and her whole system rotten with disease. In 1871, a swelling broke on her hip, discharging large quantities, and since that time there are several openings. Have had five doctors, at an expense of \$125, who say nothing will do any good but a surgical operation.

July 16, 1873, he writes thus: My wife has certainly received a great benefit from the use of your Discovery, for she was not able to get off the bed and was not expected to live a week when she commenced using it, a year ago she has been doing most of her work for over six months. Has used twenty bottles, and still using it. Her recovery is considered as almost a miracle, and we attribute it all to the use of your valuable medicine. I can cheerfully recommend it as a blood purifier and strength-restorer. J. M. ROBINSON. Golden Medical Discovery is sold by Druggists.

BRAIN EXHAUSTION.

Mr. JAMES I. FELLOWS, St. John, N.B.: Sir: Having, while at your establishment, carefully examined your prescriptions, and the method of preparing your Compound Syrup, I feel anxious to give it fair trial in my practice. For the last twelve months I have done so, and I find that in Insipient Consumption, and other diseases of the Throat and Lungs, it has done wonders. In restoring persons suffering from the effect of Diphtheria, and the cough following Typhoid Fever, prevalent in this region, it is the best remedial agent I have ever used. But for persons suffering from exhaustion of the powers of the brain and nervous system, from long continued study or teaching, or in those cases of exhaustion from which so many young men suffer, I know of no better medicine for restoration to health than your Compound Syrup. If you think this letter of any service, you are at liberty to use it as you see fit. I remain yours, &c., EDWIN CLAY, M.D. Pugwash, N.S. January, 14, 1868.

Ayer's American Almanac is now ready for delivery by the druggists, and we are free to say that we have read this welcome visitor with satisfaction and profit. It contains an astonishing amount of information which is useful to everybody, and shows how to treat nearly all the diseases from which people suffer. It invariably recommends the best remedies to be employed, is respectful of the Family Medicine, and furnishes, indeed, the best medical advice by which a great majority of ailments can be treated successfully. The anecdotes, witicisms and jokes are the best compilation that comes under our notice and the book is a refreshing contribution to our enjoyments every year.—St. Clair Observer.

Premature loss of hair, which is so common nowadays, may be entirely prevented by the use of Burnett's Coseine. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is at the same time unrivaled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days.

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CONSULTATION HOURS—8 to 10 A.M.; 12 to 2 P.M.—[4

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of PAUL NADON, Insolvent.

I, the undersigned, Georges Hyacinthe Dumesnil, of the City of Montreal, have been appointed Assignee in this matter. Creditors are requested to file their claims before me within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at my Office, No. 212 Notre Dame Street, on the 17th day of August next, at 3 o'clock P.M., for the examination of the Insolvent and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally.

The Insolvent is hereby notified to attend said meeting. G. H. DUMESNIL, Official Assignee. Montreal, 12th July, 1875. 49-2

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of HUBERT GRAVEL, Insolvent.

I, the undersigned, Georges Hyacinthe Dumesnil, of the City of Montreal, have been appointed Assignee in this matter. Creditors are requested to file their claims before me within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at my Office, No. 212 Notre Dame Street, on the 16th day of August next, at 3 o'clock P.M., for the examination of the Insolvent and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally.

The Insolvent is hereby notified to attend said meeting. G. H. DUMESNIL, Official Assignee. Montreal, 13th July 1875. 49-2

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of JOSEPH NORMANDEAU, Insolvent.

I, the undersigned, Georges Hyacinthe Dumesnil, of the City of Montreal, have been appointed Assignee in this matter. Creditors are requested to file their claims before me within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at my Office, No. 212 Notre Dame Street, on the 17th day of August next, at 3 o'clock P.M., for the examination of the Insolvent and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally.

The Insolvent is hereby notified to attend said meeting. G. H. DUMESNIL, Official Assignee. Montreal, 7th July, 1875. 49-2

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of EPHREM LATOUR, Insolvent.

I, the undersigned, Georges Hyacinthe Dumesnil, of the City of Montreal, have been appointed Assignee in this matter. Creditors are requested to file their claims before me within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at my Office, No. 212 Notre Dame Street, on the 3d day of August next, at 3 o'clock P.M., for the examination of the Insolvent and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally.

The Insolvent is hereby notified to attend said meeting. G. H. DUMESNIL, Official Assignee. Montreal, 2d July, 1875. 49-2

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869, AND ITS AMENDMENTS. In the matter of CLEOPHAS QUINET, Insolvent.

I, the undersigned, Charles Albert Vilbon, Esquire, of St. Jean Baptiste Village, District of Montreal, Official Assignee, have been appointed Assignee in this matter. Creditors are requested to file their claims before me within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at my Office, No. 212 Notre Dame Street, on the 2d day of August next, at 2 o'clock p.m., for the examination of the Insolvent and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally.

The Insolvent is hereby notified to attend said meeting. G. H. DUMESNIL, Official Assignee. Montreal, 2d July, 1875. 49-2

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869, AND ITS AMENDMENTS. In the matter of OVILA LANCTOT, Insolvent.

I, the undersigned, Georges Hyacinthe Dumesnil, of the City of Montreal, have been appointed Assignee in this matter. Creditors are requested to file their claims before me within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at my Office, No. 212 Notre Dame Street, on the 2d day of August next, at 2 o'clock p.m., for the examination of the Insolvent, and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally.

The Insolvent is hereby notified to attend said meeting. G. H. DUMESNIL, Official Assignee. Montreal, 3d July, 1875. 48-2

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of CHARLES RENAUD, Insolvent.

I, the undersigned, Georges Hyacinthe Dumesnil, of the City of Montreal, have been appointed Assignee in this matter. Creditors are requested to file their claims before me within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at my Office, No. 212 Notre Dame Street, on the 2d day of August next, at 2 o'clock p.m., for the examination of the Insolvent, and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally.

The Insolvent is hereby notified to attend said meeting. G. H. DUMESNIL, Official Assignee. Montreal, 28th June, 1875. 48-2

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of NAPOLEON GREGOIRE of the City of Montreal, Tinsmith, Plumber, and Trader, Insolvent.

I, the undersigned, Georges Hyacinthe Dumesnil, of the City of Montreal, have been appointed Assignee in this matter. Creditors are requested to file their claims before me within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at my Office, No. 212 Notre Dame Street, on the 30th day of July next, at 3 o'clock p.m., for the examination of the Insolvent, and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally.

The Insolvent is hereby notified to attend said meeting. L. JOS. LAJOIE, Interim Assignee. Montreal, 3rd July, 1875. 47-2

NOTICE. THE Undersigned was duly named, on the twenty-first instant, CURATOR to the vacant succession of the late ALEXANDER HART, Esquire, in his lifetime of the City of Montreal.

ALEXANDER HART. Montreal, 24th June, 1875. 46-

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ORDERS PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO. [47-52

T. J. DOHERTY, B.C.L., ADVOCATE, &c., &c., No. 50 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. [Feb. '74

D. BARRY, B. C. L., ADVOCATE, 12 St. JAMES STREET MONTREAL. January 30, 1874. 24-1

JOHN HATCHETTE & CO., LATE MOORE, SEMPLE & HATCHETTE, (SUCCESSORS TO FITZPATRICK & MOORE), IMPORTERS AND GENERAL WHOLESALE GROCERS, WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS, 54 & 56 COLLEGE STREET, MONTREAL. [37-52

THOMAS H. COX, IMPORTER AND GENERAL DEALER IN GROCERIES, WINES, &c., &c., MOLSON'S BUILDING (NEAR G. T. R. DEPOT), No. 181 BONAVENTURE STREET. July 24, '74] MONTREAL 49-52

WILLIAM H. HODSON, ARCHITECT, No. 5 ST. BONAVENTURE STREET MONTREAL.

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AND ONLY ONE PRICE ASKED. Don't forget the place: BROWN'S, No. 9, CHABOLLEZ SQUARE, opposite the Crossing of the City Cars, and near the G. T. R. Depot Montreal, Jan. 1st, 1875.

BEST VALUE IN WORKMEN'S STRONG SILVER LEVER WATCHES IN MONTREAL, (Warranted Correct Timekeepers.) AT WILLIAM MURRAY'S, 87 and 89 ST. JOSEPH STREET. June 11, 1875 43

GAMPHOR. (GENUINE ENGLISH REFINED), none other sold, from Moths. B. E. MCGALE, Dispensing Chemist, 301 ST. JOSEPH STREET, (Between Murray and Mountain Streets,) Montreal.

SCOTTISH COMMERCIAL Insurance Co FIRE & LIFE CAPITAL, - \$10,000,000 Province of Quebec Branch, 194 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL

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Commercial Risks, Dwelling and Farm Property taken at current rates. THOMAS CRAIG, Res. Sec. Montreal, Feb. 26, 1875. 23-71

FOR GENTLEMEN AND THEIR SONS. J. G. KENNEDY AND COMPANY, 31 St. Lawrence Street, SUPPLY EVERY DESCRIPTION OF ATTIRE, READY-MADE, or to MEASURE, at a few hours' notice. The Material Fit, Fashion and Workmanship are of the most superior description, and legitimate economy is adhered to in the prices charged.

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Hotel and Family Ranges. REFERENCES: St. Lawrence Hall, Ottawa Hotel, St. James's Club, Metropolitan Club, Hochelaga Convent, Providence Nunnery, St. Catherine Street, Mrs. A. Simpson, 1127 Sherbrooke Street, Convent of Sacred Heart, St. Margaret Street, C. Larin, City Hotel, George Winks, Dorchester Street, O. McGarvey, Palace Str.

R. O'Neill, St. Francis de Salle Street, A. Pinsonneault, Janvier Street, M. H. Gault, McTavish Street, James McShane, Jr., Metropolitain Hotel, Notre Dame Street, W. Stephens, Pointe aux Trembles, Alex. Holmes, 252 St. Antoine Street, St. Bridget's Refuge.

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CLUBS. A discount of twenty percent will be allowed to clubs of four or more persons. Thus: four copies of Blackwood or of one Review will be sent to one address for \$12 80; four copies of the four Reviews and Blackwood for \$18, and so on.

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1875—SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS—1875.

This Company's Lines are composed of the underequipped First class, Full-powered, Clyde-built, Double-Engine Iron Steamships:—

Vessels Tons Commanders. SARDINIAN.....4100 Lt. J. E. Dutton, R. N. R. CIRCASSIAN.....3400 Capt. J. Wylie. POLYNESIAN.....4100 Captain Brown. SARMATIAN.....3600 Captain A. D. Aird. HIBERNIAN.....3434 Lt. F. Archer, E. N. R. CASPIAN.....3200 Capt. Trocks. SCANDINAVIAN.....3000 Lt. W. H. Smith, R. N. R. PRUSSIAN.....3000 Lt. Dutton, R. N. R. AUSTRIAN.....2700 Capt. J. Ritchie. NESTORIAN.....2700 Capt. MORAVIAN.....2650 Capt. Graham. PERUVIAN.....2600 Capt. R. S. Watts. MANITOBIAN.....3150 Capt. H. Wylie. NOVA-SCOTIAN.....3300 Capt. Richardson. CANADIAN.....2600 Capt. Millar. CORINTHIAN.....2400 Capt. Jas. Scott. ACADIAN.....1350 Capt. Cabell. WALDENSIAN.....2800 Capt. J. G. Stephen. PRONCIAN.....2600 Capt. Menzies. ST. PATRICK.....1207 NEWFOUNDLAND.....1500 Capt. Mylins.

The Steamers of the LIVERPOOL, MAIL LINE (sailing from Liverpool every THURSDAY, and from Quebec every SATURDAY, calling at Loch Foyle to receive on board and land Mails and Passengers to and from Ireland and Scotland, are intended to be despatched from Quebec:—

PERUVIAN..... June 12 PRUSSIAN..... " 19 NOVA SCOTIAN..... " 26 POLYNESIAN..... July 10 SARDINIAN..... " 13 SARMATIAN..... " 17

Rates of Passage:— Cabin.....\$70 to \$80 Steerage..... 20

The Steamers of the Glasgow Line are intended to sail from the Clyde every Tuesday, and from Quebec about every Thursday:—

Corinthian..... " June 3 Canadian..... " " 10 Manitoban..... " " 24 Phenician..... " July 1 Waldensian..... " " 8

Rates of Passage:— Cabin.....\$60 Intermediate..... 40 Steerage..... 20

An experienced Surgeon carried on each vessel. Berths not secured until paid for.

Corkage will be charged at the rate of 2c per bottle to Cabin Passengers supplying their own Wine or Liquors.

For Freight or other particulars apply to:— In Portland to H. & A. ALLAN or J. L. PARKER; in Bordeaux to LAFFITE & VANDERBOURG or E. DEBAY & Co.; in Quebec to ALLAN, BAY & Co.; in Havre, to JOHN M. CURRIE, 21 Quai D'Orleans; in Paris to GUSTAVE BOSSANGE, Rue du 4 Septembre; in Antwerp to Ave. SOHMYZ & Co., or EDUARD BEERS; in Rotterdam to G. P. IJTHAAN & ROON; in Hamburg, W. GIBSON & HUGO; in Belfast to CHARLEY & MALCOLM; in London to MONTGOMERIE & GREENHORNE, 17 Gracechurch street; in Glasgow to JAMES & ALEX. ALLAN, 70 Great Clyde Street; in Liverpool to ALLAN BROTHERS, James Street; or to

H. & A. ALLAN, Corner of Youville and Common Streets, Montreal. Jan. 15, 1875.

HEARSES! HEARSES!!



MICHAEL FERON, No. 23 ST. ANTOINE STREET.

BEGS to inform the public that he has procured several new, elegant, and handsomely finished HEARSES, which he offers to the use of the public at very moderate charges.

M. Feron will do his best to give satisfaction to the public.

Montreal, March, 1871.