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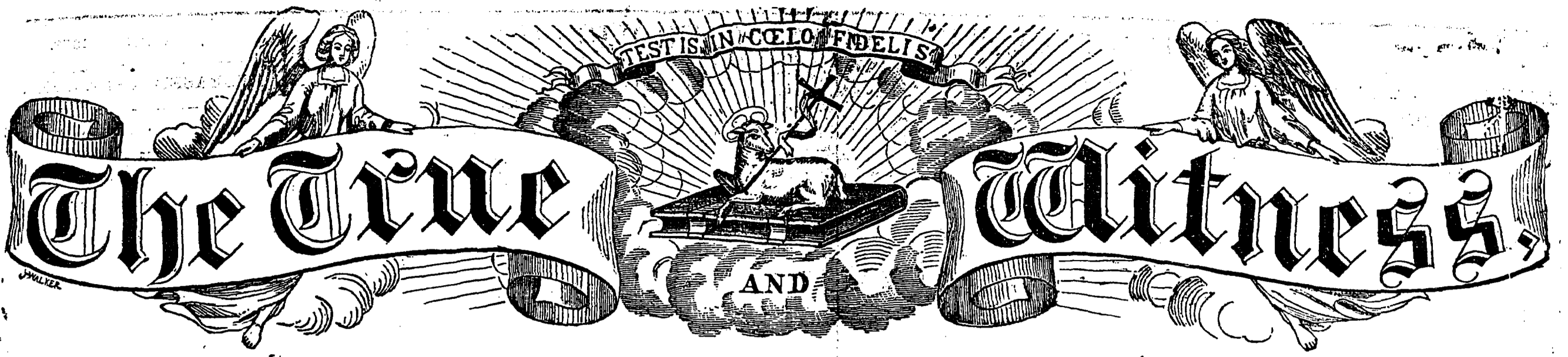
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXVIII.—NO. 36.

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TERMS:—\$2 per annum in advance.

AGENTS.

Mr. Patrick Costello is authorized to collect monies, solicit subscriptions and advertisements for this office. He will, this week, call upon those of our subscribers who are in arrears.

Mr. Farquhar McLeod has kindly consented to act as our agent for Dalhousie Mills.

Mr. Michael Cleary has been appointed as one of our travelling agents. He shall shortly call on our friends in the county of Glengarry.

Mr. J. W. Kennedy, of Richmond, is our authorized agent for the counties of Richmond and Sherbrooke. We trust that our friends in these counties will receive him kindly.

Mr. James J. Kelly has kindly consented to act as our agent in St. Stanislaus de Kostka.

HORRORS OF THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.

Horrible as the Russo-Turkish war has been, the following from a Hungarian newspaper, the *Hon*, would seem incredible if its correctness was not vouched for by a member of the British Consular service. The *Hon's* correspondent writing from Fratesti, says:—

"I saw from 500 to 600 bodies of starved Turks lying heaped one upon the other. On a visit to a hospital there I had an opportunity of convincing myself how terrible even the poor wounded Turks were treated. As I entered, about a thousand wounded prisoners raised themselves slightly in their wet, cold beds, and stretching out their hands asked me bread in the name of Allah. Moved by the sight of so much misery, I distributed one hundred francs among the sufferers, when the Russian guard overwhelmed me with curses, and took the money from them. When they again began to cry out for bread, the hospital guard struck several of them dead with the butt end of his musket, where upon the others were silent. Here at every step one sees the bodies frozen and starved Turks lying about, a prey for the dogs."

PROTESTANT MISSIONARIES IN ITALY.

It is well known that all the principal Protestant sects are spending money without stint in supporting "missionaries" in Italy and especially in Rome. Their ostensible object is to disseminate Protestantism, the real motive of all their efforts is hatred of Catholicity. What they have accomplished, so far as they accomplished anything, may be inferred from some remarks in a letter recently published by the *London Times*, from its special correspondent. He says:

"The Evangelical chapels which for the last seven years have been freely opened in Rome, and for thirty years in the North of Italy, cannot boast one bona fide convert. The Italians may or may not be Christians, but they never will be Protestant."

The writer then goes on to show that so far as Protestants are able to exert any influence whatever over the minds of those with whom they come into contact, that influence is powerless to create any belief in Protestantism, and works entirely in the interests of infidelity.

There is nothing new or original in this statement, but it is of importance, as furnishing confirmatory evidence of the fruitlessness of Protestant missions and that they have no power whatever to build up even their own religion. So far as they are at all effective it is only in strengthening infidelity.—*Catholic Standard*.

PRUSSIAN PROTESTANTISM.

Whilst the Protestants of London have been talking intolerable nonsense over the commemoration of the arch-heretic Wicliffe, their brethren in Berlin have put forth a general protest against Protestantism. The mass meeting held in the Prussian capital, and attended by thousands, was rather a startling proof of what heresy has come to in the birthplace of modern error.

A "formula of renunciation" of the Established Evangelical Church in Germany is receiving the signatures of the whole Berlin population. And why should it not be so? For many years German Protestantism has been precisely what we in England call pure infidelity, and there is no earthly reason why whole sections of reasonable beings should continue the dishonourable farce of pretending to be followers of the heresiarch of Wittenberg when in reality they are the followers of nothing but their own whim and fancy.

If, as a religion, Protestantism in England is dead, in Germany it has ceased to exist even as a private opinion. There is only one end possible to all heresy, and in the Prussian empire this has already been attained.—*London Paper*.

THE LATE LORD LEITRIM.

A TERRIBLE CHARACTER GIVEN TO HIM BY THE NEW YORK TIMES.

Lord Leitrim is the first peer that has been murdered in Ireland since Lord Norbury was assassinated. Lord Norbury was the descendant of one of Cromwell's soldiers who settled in Ireland: Lord Leitrim was the descendant of a man who received a grant of land at the time of the Plantation of Ulster. The *New York Times* says:—

"As he rose in riches he fell in reputation, and there was not in the whole country a man more despised by those of his own rank, more loathed by those below it. His arbitrariness and want of kindly consideration were by no means the worst of his offenses in the eyes of his dependants. He further took advantage of their helplessness to make it subservient to his own gross immorality, and fathers and brothers knew that the compliance of those dearest to them was the price which must be paid for a roof above their heads. The Irish, whatever their faults, are the most moral of people; and many a so-called 'agrarian outrage' really has its origin to a widely-different cause.

Such, then, was the hoary-headed reprobate who has just been sent to his account. For years he had been a social pariah, living on his wild remote properties, on which he scarcely dared to move unless guarded by two fully armed constables; and there are thousands of men in Ireland to day who, although they would ordinarily strain every muscle to seize an assassin, would not go a yard out of their way to convict the killers of the Earl of Leitrim. It is now many years since an accident revealed to society the painful meanness of this miserable man. The late Earl of Carlisle, then Viceroy, while travelling in the west, bespoke rooms at a certain hotel. The landlord then expressed his great regret that he was compelled to refuse his excellency. When pressed, he admitted that Lord Leitrim, his landlord, had given stringent orders to that effect, because the Irish Government had felt compelled to refuse such unreasonable request which Lord Leitrim had made. Had the insult been to Lord Carlisle, merely as Lord Carlisle, no one would have been more sublimely indifferent to it, as one of the most popular men among those of all parties and creeds, he could well afford to be; but as representative of the very person of the sovereign, it could not be passed over, and a stroke of the Viceroyal pen erased his insulter's name from all public employments. We have adverted to these points to show that while it is, of course, greatly to be deplored that Lynch law should be in vogue in Ireland, or anywhere else, there has been in the present instance a degree of provocation that removes the case from the ordinary category of agrarian offences, which have happily been, of late, extremely unfrequent. Lord Leitrim has for forty years been provoking vengeance. He has had ample warning, and has only met his death by persisting in running in the very teeth of danger.

THE POPES—THE PROPHECY OF ST. MALACHI.

The Prophecy of St. Malachi is a curious old legend associated with the Irish Primate, who flourished in the twelfth century, and was Archbishop of Armagh in 1127. This world-famous prediction is given in Neale's "Essays on Liturgiology of Church History." Dr. Neale suggested as an interpretation of the motto applying to the late ever-lamented Pontiff Pius IX., "Crux de cruce," that the troubles referred to were those brought upon him by the House of Savoy, the arms of which are a cross. The prophecy in its later portion runs as follows:—

"The prophecy of St. Malachi, first printed in 1595 by Arnold Wynon in his 'Lignum Vitæ':
 "Pius VII.—Aquila rapax.
 "Leo XII.—Canis et Coluber.
 "Pius VIII.—Vir religiosus.
 "Gregory XVI.—De Balneis Etruriæ.
 "Pius IX.—Crux de cruce."

The remaining eleven Pontiffs—for according to this prophecy there will be eleven more—are thus characterized:—1. Lumen in celo; 2. Ignis ardens; 3. Religio depopulata; 4. Fides intrepida; 5. Pastor Angelicus; 6. Pastor et naua; 7. Flos florum; 8. De medietate lune; 9. De labore solis; 10. Gloria Olivæ; 11. In peccatione extrema sacre Romanæ Ecclesiæ sedebit Petrus Romanus qui pascet oves in multis tribulationibus; quibus transactis, civitas septecollis diruetur et Judex tremendus judicabit populum." It now remains only to watch the rise of the "Lumen in celo, visible in the election of His Holiness Pope Leo the Thirteenth.

A STINGING REBUKE.

The following are strange words to come from a Protestant paper. They appeared in last week's issue of the *N. Y. Independent*:

We are not unwilling as Protestants to hope for good things from a good and wise Pope, and we are willing to regard it, in this day, at least, as one of the corruptions of Protestantism that so large a portion of its churches to-day fling their insults in the face of Leo XIII, and call him in their solemn creeds "that Man of Sin and Son of Perdition." When these Protestants taunt the Roman Church with its unchangeableness, and declare that what it was in its most corrupt days that it is now and always must be, because it is infallible and cannot change, they let them recall the fetid sanctity which they put upon their own strange creeds, and let them believe that both, unrepealed, are yet growing obsolete together.

THE EARL OF LEITRIM.

TESTIMONY OF A MAN WHO KNEW HIM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *N. Y. Sun*.—Sir: I ask the *Sun* to give publication to a few ideas on the late Earl of Leitrim. A dispatch from Dublin says: "His Lordship was kind and liberal to the poor." Now, it so happens that I belong to the county where his ruthless cruelty was most enacted. The north part of Donegal county is where he held his largest estate, called Gweedore. His career in Ireland as an oppressive tyrant stands to-day unparalleled in the annals of Irish history. Twenty years ago I chanced to be a spectator of one day's diabolical work—the burning of the homes of 500 families. Before he retired from his pillage and work of destruction he had the relentless deviltry to rent these homes to three adventurers, who wanted pasture for the raising of their horned sheep. People who had lived on the lands, which had belonged to their ancestors since the days of Milestius, a thousand years before Christ, were turned adrift upon a merciless world. He surveyed the doings of that day with as keen an eye as the Prussians did the storming and surrender of Sedan. He had for his assistants during the day a sheriff named Greerson (long since dead), and a crowbar brigade, which was backed by 500 mounted policemen, who nobly did their duty in seeing his mandates fulfilled without hindrance. I have said nothing that I cannot verify by referring you to the Irish papers, and to hundreds of victims in this city who partook of his Lordship's infernal generosity. In justice to the people of Gweedore, whom he was the cause of driving to the shores of America in search of a home, I ask this publication.

DANIEL FRANCIS McDEVITT.

THE MURDER OF LORD LEITRIM.

There can be no justification of the work of the assassin. In the present case, it is downright and wholesale murder, and of a kind that can hardly even be palliated. But the causes which led to it must be considered. The Earl of Leitrim was an embodiment of English misrule in Ireland. In his treatment of an unfortunate tenantry he represented exactly the system whereby English power has been asserted and maintained in Ireland since it first appeared there. He was, moreover, a descendant of one of the English families saddled upon Ireland over three hundred years ago, and enriched by spoliation of the Irish people. The estates owned by him, and held with an iron hand, were taken from Irishmen by force and fraud. His title to them was perfect in English law; but the moral right of such landlords to hold such estates in Ireland is never more than half conceded by the people. The Leitrim family had always been against the people who were robbed for its aggrandizement. It was against them exactly as the English government was and is against Ireland. It recognized them simply as sources of tribute to itself and treated them accordingly. It never thought of aiding them to a better condition, but considered only what it could get out of them for its own advantage. This has been the case with many other families foisted upon Ireland by England and maintained there at the point of the bayonet. They are simply the representatives of English power, and the people whom they oppress hate them at the same time that they are obliged to fear them. The shot that killed the Earl of Leitrim was aimed no less at the system he represented than at the heart it pierced. That system was primarily responsible for the order to turn eighty-nine families out of their homes, and send them "to hell or America"—a favorite phrase, it is said, with the dead Earl.—*Pilot*.

RUSSIA.

The vast territory of Russia contains not less than 6,750,000 square miles, or more than one-sixth part of all the land on the globe. Russia is connected with the commerce of the world by the Baltic sea with Europe and all the countries bordering on the Atlantic; eastward to Japan, China, the Pacific Islands, and the entire western shores of our continent. Her vast territory is traversed by rivers, lakes and inland seas, through which the commerce of the outer world may be transported into the heart of the country. A distinguished writer has said, "It is apparent that nothing more is wanting but the possession of Constantinople, and the control of the Dardanelles, to complete a territorial outline of the most imposing character that earth has ever seen in possession of a single power."

She now sustains a population of 100,000,000. In an interesting calculation of Sir Archibald Alison, in which he rejects two-thirds of Asiatic Russia as unproductive, he proceeds to show that if Russia in Europe were peopled as Germany now is, it would contain 150,000,000 souls; if as dense as Great Britain, the number would be 311,000,000. That portion of Asiatic Russia which is capable of cultivation, if populated as densely as Great Britain will sustain a population of 500,000,000. Thus there is sufficient good territory in Russia to sustain a population, if as densely settled as Great Britain, of more than 800,000,000. Her vast forests and mines will furnish timber for her ships, and iron to bind them together, and fuel for her population for generations to come. The Muscovite empire is in the hands of one dominant race, whose social affinities are strong enough to produce one compact national unity.—Russia's military and naval power, her educational institutions and her rapidly advancing civilization present the spectacle of an empire hardly equalled by ancient or modern times.

ROYAL RELATIVES.

THEY ARE RELATED, YET THEY MAY FIGHT.

The marriages between the royal houses of Europe would seem to ensure kindly political relations between the various Powers; but such connections seldom make any difference if "interests are supposed to be jeopardized. For instance, Prince Friedrich Wilhelm, heir apparent to the German Empire, is married to Victoria, the Princess-Royal of Great Britain; Prince Albert Edward, heir apparent of the British Empire, is married to the Princess Alexandra, eldest daughter of King Christian IX., of Denmark; Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, is married to the Grand Duchess Marie, daughter of the Czar Alexander II., of Russia; the Princess Helena, of the British Royal family, is married to Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg; and the Princess Alice married Louis of Hesse, King George I. of Greece (Prince Wilhelm, son of the King of Denmark, is married to Olga, daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, brother of the Czar. The Empress Maria of Russia is the daughter of the Grand Duke Louis II. of Hesse-Darmstadt. The Grand Duchess Olga, sister of the Czar Alexander, is the wife of the King of Württemberg; the Grand Duke Constantine, brother of the Czar, married the Princess Alexandra of Saxe-Altenburg; the Grand Duke Nicholas is married to the Princess Alexandra of Oldenburg; and the Grand Duke Michael married the Princess Cecilia of Baden.

The connection of the Royal families of England, Germany, Russia, Denmark and Greece is very close. The Czar's brothers have taken unto themselves German wives, and the Czar's mother was the Princess Charlotte of Prussia, so that Germany's friendly attitude toward Russia may be based somewhat upon reasons of consanguinity, as well as upon Russia's services in 1806 and 1870 as a neutral. The Duchess of Edinburgh, it is said, never could endure her English mother-in-law, sister-in-law, and brothers-in-law, so that in the event of a war between Russia and England, she may retire to St. Petersburg while the Duke of Edinburgh is fighting her father's navy.

THE HOLY SEE AND RUSSIA.

The *Official Messenger* of St. Petersburg publishes the letter of his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. to the Emperor of Russia, with his Imperial Majesty's reply, and the telegraph brings us the following extracts from this important correspondence, which, if the official version be correct, is, it will be seen, couched in the most conciliatory terms. The letter of the Holy Father is dated March 4, the day after the coronation, and begins thus:—

"Regretting as We do that the mutual relations which formerly subsisted between the Holy See and your Majesty subsist no longer, We turn to the generous heart of your Imperial Majesty to obtain peace and tranquillity for certain Catholic Russian subjects. The latter will not fail, in accordance with the teaching of their faith, to prove themselves by the most conscientious submission, to be true and devoted to your Majesty. Relying entirely upon your Imperial justice, we pray God to grant you in the fullest measure the gifts of Heaven, and We beseech Him to unite your Majesty to us in the closest bonds of Christian charity."

The answer of the Emperor, which is dated March 18, says:—

We share in the desire expressed by your Holiness for the re-establishment of good relations. Religious tolerance is in Russia a principle hallowed by political traditions and national customs. It is in no way dependent upon us to remove any existing difficulties, so as to enable the Roman Catholic Church, equally with all other Churches existing in our dominions under the protection of the law, to fulfil its mission of edifying and enabling the people—a mission which is altogether foreign to political influence. Your Holiness may rest assured that in this country every means of protection which may be reconciled with the cardinal laws of the State, to maintain which we are called, will be afforded to the Church of which you are the Spiritual Head, and that we will with perfect readiness support all your efforts for the religious good of our Roman Catholic subjects."

It will be observed that this account of the correspondence which has passed between the Holy Father and the Emperor Alexander is not very consistent with the telegram from St. Petersburg, quoted by us last week, in which that correspondence was stated to be limited to a courteous reply. As regards the Emperor's letter, in the version now presented to us, if the assurances contained in the last paragraph were faithfully acted upon, we should not feel disposed to criticise the accuracy of the statements which precede them.

UNPOPULARITY OF THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

The Duke of Edinburgh (writes a correspondent) is very unpopular in the fleet. His Russian proclivities manifest themselves in such a way that his brother officers treat him with marked coldness. The fleet to a ship and a man, anti-Russian in sentiment and feeling, it is certainly a mistake for the Duke to flaunt in the face of his officers the sentiments of his wife. They wouldn't stand it if the Duke were forty times a Prince of the blood. They say it was purely to spite the Duke and Duchess at Malta that a Russian bass singer at the opera there was hissed.—*Pilot*.

AN IRISH BISHOP SPEAKING IN NEW ZEALAND.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Moran, of New Zealand, writing to the *New Zealand Times*, in reply to an article in that paper on Catholic education, says: "As usual, you lug in Ireland as a stalking horse, and ask,—Is life more secure in Ireland than in Protestant countries? Our answer is emphatically,—Yes. The returns of the Assizes for a long series of years prove this. True, occasionally bad landlords have been murdered in Ireland, but this does not prove a greater insecurity of life there than elsewhere. In our poor opinion one man's life is as precious in itself as another's, and it is as criminal to murder one's wife or husband, for example, as it is to kill an Irish landlord, though the contrary, we know, is the theory prevailing in certain quarters.

Examine the original statistics of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and you will find that for a long series of years there have been more murders committed in London in a month than in Ireland in twelve months. Then take the returns of illegitimate births, and see how the case stands as regards Ireland. Why, Ireland stands at the head of the nations as regards female virtue, the best test of the morality of a people; and in Ireland itself you will find that the more Catholic the locality the purer its morals in this respect.

I do not deny the crimes of Irishmen and Catholics. On the contrary, I acknowledge, deplore, and denounce them. But I must say it comes badly from an advocate of Protestant ascendancy in Ireland, to taunt its people with crimes which are the direct issue of the cruel and insane legislation of their persecutors and tyrants. If Irish Catholics have been guilty of the crimes and sparingly laid to their charge it has been in spite of their religion, and in consequence of penal laws imposed upon them by English Protestants, which made the education of Irish Catholics a crime of high treason, and which even to the present hour denies them justice in education—legislation which designedly reduced them to beggary and ignorance, in order to demoralise and degrade them.

THE ORANGE ROUGHS AT DERRY.

Various definitions have been from time to time given of what constitutes "the height of impudence," but we doubt if any better illustration of it could be produced than is supplied by the conduct of the Derry "Apprentice Boys" in passing a resolution of censure on the local stipendiary magistrates for not allowing them to make a riotous attack on the national procession which took place in that town on the 18th instant. Here are the terms of the resolution:—"That the action of the stipendiary magistrates this day in protecting the display of treasonable banners and emblems within this city from the indignation of a loyal population, by the bayonets of her Majesty's troops, demands full and searching investigation." Now we need hardly point out that if the "display" referred to was illegal, the Government authorities were the proper persons to deal with it. They could forbid it, prevent it, or, if they chose, allow it to proceed and prosecute those who took part in it. To enforce the law, or punish the violators of the law, if any violation took place, was unquestionably their business. The Government have not delegated their functions in that respect to any party, club, confederation, or association; and to attempt to usurp those functions is a crime against the State. If, on the other hand, the procession was a legal one, violent interference with it by hostile parties would be equally an offence against the State. So, that, whether the Derry procession was lawful or unlawful, an attack on it by the Derry Apprentice Boys would be clearly illegal. These facts are so plain and obvious that any human being possessed of any reasoning powers at all can understand and appreciate them. The "Apprentice Boys," however, take no account of such considerations. They assume to themselves the right to assault with clubs, pistols, knives, stones, pokers, old swords, and all sorts of weapons and missiles, any public processions or assemblages the character of which is displeasing to them; and now they have the audacity to pass resolutions of censure on the magistrates and Government officers who dare to interfere with their freedom to create by such means riots and disturbances. This is astounding impudence, no doubt; but for it the Government themselves, by the pampering of that faction in times not long past, are largely responsible.

The Paris Commune Coming Home To Roost.

One of the most unreasonably ferocious acts committed by the Paris Communists in 1871, was the double murder with which they began their criminal orgy. General Lecomte was a good soldier of the regular army, and that was his offence. General Thomas was not soldier enough for that to hurt him, as he was only a National Guard general; but he was a republican, though not a red republican. Moderation was his offence. By the wanton murder of these two men the Communists began their defiance of law and humanity. Despite all the "executions" that followed the fall of the Commune, the first butchery was never fully expiated; but now, seven years later, one of the perpetrators is in the hands of justice: Captain Garçon, who escaped from France, was condemned in contumacy; but he has been foolish enough to return; and caught. They have no sentimental humanity in France on points of this nature. Eras of good feeling are unknown. Garçon will be shot. There are some executions that are the more effective for coming very late; and this is one of them.

THE DEVIL IN THE COUNTY WICKLOW.

BY DR. J. T. CAMPION.

Now, this is a story in so veritable a hobgoblinism that I am able to produce two witnesses to vouch for its authenticity. Indeed, the whole details are so circumstantial and occurred in so commonplace a way, that they must force conviction upon the most incredulous and sceptical reader.

So much by way of preface, always a very necessary preliminary, when a writer undertakes to pling upon the precincts of the spiritual world, or rather, the world of spirits.

There were three of us: Duncan, an ecclesiastical student; Darwin, neophyte in medicine; and the author, an artist and odd-fellow, a privileged incognito, known only to the publisher and printer, and always admitted to be an exceptional literary promulgator.

Then there were three of us (not reckoning the ghost), and the site of the scene of action was "Cherry Orchard," Enniskerry, in the county of Wicklow, Ireland, within a pistol shot of "Teonihinch," and in the immediate vicinity of "The Dargle."

Darwin's mother had taken the cottage of Cherry Orchard at the close of the summer, for change of air, and remained in it until the east winds of October drove her back into Dublin, a full week before the completion of her stipulated occupancy.

So young Darwin stayed behind and held possession, and, like "Willie's peck o' maut," "I and Duncan went to see," and maybe we did not make a glorious week of it.

No, it was not all roistering and dissipation. Nothing of the kind! On the contrary, our days were spent in the most rational manner possible, considering that we were three young plants, fresh from the hotbed of the metropolis.

For example, we knew that Teonihinch was sacred to the memory of Gratian; we knew that the bright silvery stream flowing before this suburban mansion of his was the favorite spot where he lolloped, and along whose verdant banks he strayed, whilst composing some of those grand patriotic orations which were to live forever.

To be sure, Darwin essayed to personate the illustrious orator of Ireland, by folding his arms, looking sternly into the water, and stamping out a dozen of daisies with his irate heel—whilst Duncan, pointing to the "arrogant impostor," assured me that patriotism was a contentious link with religion, a truism which we had all just read that very morning from a funeral oration over a French celebrity.

Then, after repeating Byron's lines, in honour and remembrance of the glorious dead, we retired into an adjoining grove, and proceeded to engrave our several names on the banks of the most inviting trees. Darwin gave his signature in Arabic letters, a language in which he had begun to tamper. Darwin contented himself with three modest initials, whilst I inscribed a monogram, intended to act as future trade-mark to an infinity of future triumphs.

Those inscriptions lived a few years at least, when we three met again, and curiously looked for their existence. The growing bark was just beginning gradually to fill them up, and reject their further presence, shuffling us off their mortal coil in the gentlest and oiliest of manners possible.

Then we haunted the Dargle, and intruded into its very minutest beauties, launching upon a tri-shouldered rock decorated with mosses and trailers, and affording a liquid mirror at the foot of molten light and silver, and dining down in a cool and delicious alcove formed of huge boulders in the bed of a dried-up mountain torrent, and or-plumed and shaded by wild ash, sumachs and willows.

After our banquet, we usually sought the plane of a muscled torrent, which, after hurrying down through rocks and brushwood and hazel copses, with rapid carol and noisy glee, at length expended itself in an articulate cascade, supplemented by a running brook, which, in the shade of drooping boughs, and the framing of an emerald sward, looked like the drainings from the golden cups of the noon-day dainties, which the pagan poets loved so graphically to portray.

In such a foreground we frequently sought to be the prominent figures, stretched at our ease, and either reading some of Longfellow's delicious poems, or repeating them from memory, or a fiery ballad of Thomas Davis, a sweet song of the poet, Williams, a mystic chant from "Mangan," a national outburst from "The Belfast Man," or a sweet lyric from some of the young Irish poetesses of the day.

"Play!" cried out a party in suspense; like, as Byron writes:—"Some strong swimmer in his agony." "Play first and think after," gibed another performer, who had the game in his hand.

"A shilling to sixpence," betted a third, "that Duncan plays the wrong card, and then perspires in proving that if he did anything else that he would have violated the most sacred spirit of the game."

"If nobody will play," changed in Darwin, "I'll draw the money." "Strike, but hear me," expostulated the dilatory player.

"Twelve is striking," observed the artist, "and you're a promising ecclesiastic to run us into Sunday morning." "Have you the knave?" asked the hesitating limb of theology in a most anxious and supplicating tone.

"Don't you wish?" was the ironical rejoinder. "Play, and be damned to you!" swore a youth with cards of hopeless surface. "Was it the hour? Was it the oath? Was it the general profanation?—or was it but the freak of some peeping juveniles on the watch, that a loud tap was distinctly heard upon the window-pane."

The cottage was far away from any other dwelling, and stood in the midst of a large field, flanked by a deep-running stream, with a dense grove in the background. It was the hour of midnight, and the sudden tap started our whole party.

The key was prudently and silently turned in the hall-door, and Darwin, in a sweet conciliatory tone, asked through the key-hole—"Who's there?" "No reply."

Again and again was the hospitable query repeated, but only with the same result. "I vote that we sit down and finish the game." "I second the motion."

And down we sat accordingly—a little sobered, to be sure, by the strange interruption, but still ashamed to admit anything like a scare on account of a mere peck at the window.

All agreed to deal the cards anew and begin the game afresh, and a modicum of grog was introduced to equalize the general circulation.

This threw a new spirit into the party, and the cards began again to come down, with a will, upon the sounding board. The trump was openly announced in the frankest and fairest fellowship, the game became alive, and the players laughed, and joked, and gambled, and sipped, and sipped again until a great crisis arrived when all depended upon the cast of a last and single card.

There was a momentary pause—all held their breaths and opened their eyes, and bent their bodies forward in anxious expectation of the coming event whilst the player, holding the final card aloft, kept them in impatient suspense, until, at last, he slid the important missive, face downward, across the table, to be turned up by his opponents, to their own confusion or enchantment.

At this critical juncture, and before a hand could be stretched forth to solve the exciting mystery, another and a louder tap sounded from the window-pane.

All eyes were instantly strained in the direction, and then upon one another. "It's a sell!" pronounced Darwin. "Palpable lark!" added Duncan.

The artist compressed his lips, and was silent. "Dog, or devil, or Dane!" cried the medious, emptying his glass, "I'll challenge him!" So saying, he sprang forward, unlocked the door, and flung it wide open.

Darwin was, sooth to say, a little—very little—screwed, and so he blustered out, as he stepped abroad under a bright moon as a blustery sky—"If you think we're frightened, Mr. Kaickner bocker knocker, you're damnably mistaken. Ha, ha, ho!"

next coming of his diaphanous monitor. Accordingly, he stood on guard alone, advising the game to be continued within as a mockery, a delusion, and a snare.

But the whole affair began to wear so lugubrious an aspect—in the midnight, the sullen silence, and the gloom—that there was no heart to second the adventurous ghost-setter. Duncan and the artist spoke beneath their breath, deprecating the useless daring and bravado of their friend, who, to their further dismay and disgust, whistled upon his watch but in a marvellously low key, a rather profane but fashionable ditty.

The wind began to sigh heavily, the fire in the apartment went out, and the soot began to fall with a startling noise down into the empty grate, as if—as if—as if—the discomfited ghost was creeping surreptitiously, headlong, into the black chimney-flue; but they did not interchange their dismal surprise. Full ten minutes passed away in this horrible suspense, when a loud, long, well sustained snore informed the tremblers that the watchman was traitor to his trust.

"Pull him in," suggested Duncan, "and let us go to bed at once; it really is not right to profane the Sabbath, and to defy a palpable warning."

"Will you go?" demanded the artist, "the fellow is so headstrong in his liquor that—" "No doubt," assented the divine, "but I fancy I have the key to him in his stormiest hour."

But his reverence was a trifle mistaken in his placatory powers, for no sooner did Darwin hear his magnetic voice in his ear, and felt his electric fingers upon his shoulders than he darted at him like a hawk upon a heron, and after whirling him about for a moment like a teetotum, shot him out into the night, and clapping his knee against the door turned the key—actually despite of the most frantic protestation.

"Ah! let him in—let him in," cried out the artist compassionately. Darwin, most obstinately, put his back against the door, and positively refused to accede to any such opposition.

In the meantime, the only candle on the premises was beginning to burn very low, not to say, suspiciously blue. The fire was out; the table was slobbered with drink and littered with greasy cards; an ale-house smell pervaded the whole apartment, whilst the melancholy sigh of the winds and the woods abroad made everything so cheerless and so sad, that any further attempt at a joke or a stroke of merriment was like tickling a skeleton or playing dice upon a tombstone.

All this time Duncan was knocking piteously for admission, and in so earnest and tremulous a tone, too, that the artist urgently entreated the janitor not to keep him abroad any longer.

"My good sir, I refuse your petition with costs," exclaimed Darwin, in quite a forensic style. "I refuse it also on principle. What does the moralist say?—Bring up a child in the way he should go, and when—you know the rest. Very well. Bring up a parson same way from the egg—set him at the devil in his youth—like training a Tauridor to kill a bull, or a hedge-hog to gobble a beetle—and I'd warrant you we'd have less of Messieurs Lucifers, except in fast brats' fuses, and variegated sulphur matches."

"If you will not let me in out of this horrid pitch darkness," whined the voice, outside. "Are you afraid?" demanded Darwin. "Am I?"

"Well, conquer your fear and do your duty, like a true son of the Church." "You won't open the door?" "No, certainly not."

"Then open it a bit, and hand me the glass of grog I left on the table, and the pipe, and a few matches." "Yes, I think I'll do that, but I will not open the door. Go to the window, and I'll transfer them into your possession."

"I'd prefer the door." "And I'd prefer the window. I'll just lift it a bit, and let you have the viands." The viands were accordingly transferred, but the moment the transfer was perfected, the young divine at once announced his determination not to stay there to be scared to death, but that he would forthwith proceed to Enniskerry and put up at the hotel until morning.

"See here," cried Darwin, in a sonorous and rueful voice through the keyhole "you have but one demon to face in Cherry Orchard, but if you go out on the dark road, with the black trees and the blacker shadows all around you, and the wind moaning and groaning, and the moon blood-red over your head, and the murderous woods all—" "Ah, let me in, let me in," sobbed the terrified outsider.

"Not a toe, Duncan, my man," was the hard-hearted rejoinder. "I leave you my dying curse," wailed the disconsolate petitioner. "And a look of your hair on a bramble. I'll look out for it at daybreak. Don't forget it in your hurry."

worst and hope for the best, so, our forsaken friend first finished the grog at a single gulp, and then was about lighting his chibouque, preparatory to a tramp to Enniskerry, when, lo, immediately above his head "tap," "tap," "tap!" went the mysterious knocking on the glass.

He felt a choking gasp within his throat, his heart beat violently, and his knees began to tremble and weaken; in fact, he was gently going off into a swoon, when his eye suddenly alit upon the cause of all this night-long alarm.

A tall, lank cherry-tree grew close up by the cottage, its bony branches leaning against its walls, the lower ones touching the lattices, so that when the wind blew in gusty blasts from the south-west these branches were sure to rattle away upon the window-panes, as they accordingly did on the eventful night in question.

"Well, well," muttered poor Duncan, wonderfully relieved, and very soon wonderfully amused. "I see I have exercised the Wicklow devil. Let me see how I can exercise the two imps inside. Here goes."

He seized the mischievous tree with both hands, and gave it a tremendous shake. The tattoo on the glass was tremendous; then, igniting a bunch of the fuses, he seized the safe ends between his teeth, and as they blazed away he pasted his face against the window-panes as closely as he possibly could, and waited for the result.

The tattoo brought Darwin instantly to the spot, and the white face and lucifer flames of the outsider perfected the catastrophe. Darwin's terrified roar was a triumph in itself, but his tumble on the floor was akin to the Russian indemnity. Yet Duncan was not satisfied—his wrath was not thoroughly satiated; he shot up the window-sash, scrambled into the room, and completed the ilder demolition of the artist, who sank helplessly into a chair at the demon's palpable approach, and, with a weak and imbecile smile upon his lips, patiently awaited to be incontinently gobbled.

The demon danced a saraband over the body of his prostrate friend, made a series of salams to the thawing artist, and, finally, gave himself the greatest credit possible for his first but most undeniable success in the art and mystery of spiritual exorcism.

Darwin endeavoured to pretend and impress his ecclesiastical friend with the fiction that it was all a mistake, and that he himself was only taking a snooze, and the artist another; but the attempt was made in such a sickly and trembling manner, and with such serious faces, that it was quite clear that the two young men were sold, and the parson was master of the situation.

Ah, me—many years have passed since those juvenile freaks, but Darwin is not a doctor yet; Duncan has levanted to Australia; and the artist is the writer of this very true sketch of "The Devil in the County Wicklow."—From the St. Patrick's Day Number of the "Shamrock."

ENGLAND'S GAOLERS SELF-CONDEMNED.

The whole world heard some short time ago that Color-Sergeant MacCarthy was declared by a Dublin jury (mostly Protestant) to have died in consequence of the cruelly harsh treatment which he received from his relentless English gaolers.

As soon as this verdict was returned proceedings were taken in Parliament to have the case fully investigated. Government promised a complete and public inquiry.

But what did government do? It (being afraid) appointed a London official of its own, a police magistrate, to hold a secret inquiry and to report thereon. Everyone who understands public affairs is well aware that this meant "whitewash every official."

The London official went to work, heard his witnesses (not in public, not on oath, and not cross-examined), and of course, he has brought in a verdict which clears them all, and may get him a baronetcy, for he is still only a knight.

The examination was secret, one-sided and uncontrolled. There never was a more complete attempt to blind the public as to the real points at issue. The system of prison cruelty was on its defence, and how has it been defended? It has been defended by an unworthy attempt to screen prison officials. All the evidence is on the one side. It is all interested testimony, secretly extracted, and is without any, even the slightest, claim to be recognized as of any weight with those whose only object is to arrive at a full knowledge of the truth.

The whole thing would fitly be called a farce were it not for the painful fact that the victim of all the alleged cruelty has been "done to death." The accusations in Dublin at the inquest were made in open court, on oath, by several witnesses, supported by two well known and experienced doctors, and all the witnesses were cross-examined.

The defence is—contrary to solemn government promise—secret, not on oath, and not cross-examined. Did Sir James Ingham, Knight (soon to be baronet, perhaps), for a moment think that the truth would be told by prison officials accused—and it is not yet legally proved to be a wrong accusation—of gross cruelty to men whom it was their duty merely to detain—no more? He is not such a fool.

Color-Sergeant MacCarthy's death was caused (as was proven) by the terrible cruelties to which he was subjected in prison; and the poor, shabby attempt to shift the blame on the Dublin procession (though we admit that that was injudicious) must fall. The poor man was deprived of all the comforts he would have had in an ordinary hospital.

THE RELEASED PRISONERS.

MR J. P. O'BRIEN IN CORK.

The Cork Examiner of Tuesday the 26th. March says:

At an early hour yesterday evening bands and tar-barrils passed through the city. About eight o'clock a torchlight procession went through the principal streets and stopped before the Victoria Hotel. These bands, &c., turned out for the purpose of giving welcome to Mr. John Patrick O'Brien, a released Fenian Prisoner, who is at present in this city. When Mr. O'Brien appeared at one of the windows of the Chamber of Commerce, cheer after cheer burst from the excited crowd thronging Patrick street. Mr. O'Brien was introduced by Mr. Denis Florence McCarthy. He thanked the crowd for the very hearty welcome they accorded him. He then spoke at some length of the cruel treatment which the Fenian prisoners had received in the Government prisons. He spoke of the death of Sergeant McCarthy as nothing else than a cruel and brutal murder. He said Sir James Ingham, who was at present holding an enquiry into the conduct of jail officials, was doing his best to whitewash the authorities from their slow and malignant murder. When the speaker mentioned the names of certain Government officials the crowd hissed fiercely and several times gave vent to their feelings in loud groans. At the conclusion of his speech Mr. O'Brien called on the assembled Corkmen to demand from the Government the release of all the Fenian prisoners. A resolution to this effect having been passed, the crowd dispersed.

A NEW CLIMATE FOR LOWER CANADA.

The proposal, which was first ventilated in the columns of the Daily Post twelve months ago, to block up the straits of Belle Isle with a view of producing an alteration in the climate of Lower Canada is being discussed with considerable spirit, not only in the Dominion of Canada itself, but throughout the States of America. At first the project, which, from its gigantic proportions appeared somewhat startling, was met with some opposition, on the ground, first, that it was impossible of being carried out, and second, that even if the work were executed, it would not produce the desired effect. The first ground of objection amounts to very little in as much as high engineering authorities on both sides of the Atlantic have stated that although the work is a stupendous one, and would require a vast expenditure of time and money, it is one quite capable of accomplishment. The proposal, we may repeat here, is to block up the entrance to the straits, through which a vast force of Arctic water makes its way into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, bringing with it huge accumulations of ice, which have the effect of withering all manner of vegetation along the northeastern shore of the gulf, the chilling influences of this ice being felt far inland in the lower portions of the Dominion. On the other hand, the influence of the Gulf Stream are from time to time felt on the eastern side of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, but the influx of the northern waters and the icebergs from Baffin's Bay more than neutralises the genial effects of the Gulf Stream, and makes the winter longer and vastly more severe than it otherwise would be. It is this northern winter which carries blight and blast along with it even as far as Montreal, protracts the winter, and gives to the climate of Lower Canada that Arctic tone which is so detrimental to the interests of the country and its people. With the Straits of Belle Isle blocked, we have shown before that in all probability this state of things would be altered, and that the climate would be more in accord with our own, because the Arctic current would be left to pursue its natural south-easterly course into the Atlantic Ocean. The experience of the present winter goes far to prove what we have been contending for. There was a remarkable absence of ice about the straits and along the eastern shores of Newfoundland and Labrador during the summer, and at the fall of last year, and the result has been a winter of an almost unprecedentedly mild and open nature. Captain Graham, of the Allan line of steamers, who has studied this question deeply, and has had large experience in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, is confident that if the ice remains away during the remainder of this winter, the Gulf will remain comparatively open, whilst the summer will be unusually early. As there is hardly anything which more effects the climate of a country than the temperature of the sea water surrounding it, this fact goes a good way to indicate that if not only the ice but the Arctic waters could be perpetually kept out of the straits, the climate of Lower Canada would undergo a modification which would be of immense advantage. Moreover the full benefit of whatever portion of the Gulf Stream which would be driven into the Gulf of St. Lawrence would operate in raising the temperature of the water now washing the north east shores of that portion of the Dominion, and vast tracts of country which are now barren and unproductive would be as fertile as is Prince Edward Island, which receives considerable benefit from the Gulf Stream, and is but little influenced by the ice and water which find their way through Belle Isle Straits. The proposal, we have said, has been freely discussed, and the Press of Canada and the States has given it the fullest publicity, whilst no one has met it with anything like well defined opposition, except that it will involve great cost. Canada, however, has large resources, and a project which is calculated to result in so much good, costly though it may be, is not likely to be allowed to lie dormant for want of enterprise, more especially when its object is to remove, or at all events modify, that from which Canada suffers so much—an immoderately cold and rigorous climate.

THE DEBT OF TURKEY.

Turkey is, perhaps, the most interesting country in the world. Why so? A few figures published recently give a very conclusive answer. Turkey, it appears from these figures, is in debt to the extent of £260,000,000, and has successfully managed to make nearly all the powers of Europe her creditors. Her floating debt is 1,500,000,000 francs, and her consolidated 500,700,000 francs. Of this she owes to England 200,000,000 francs, to France, 100,000,000, to Germany and Austria 500,000,000, to Italy 375,000,000, and to Belgium and Holland 250,000,000. No wonder that Turkey should excite such interest throughout Europe.

HOME RULE IN NEWRY.

From the action the Home Rule organisation of Newry has taken for the purpose of recruiting its ranks the movement in that stirring town is considerably reviving, and several persons who have hitherto held back, or have been apathetic on the matter, are now enrolling themselves as members. The committee met on last Friday at the Home Rule Hall, Castle street, when those who were previously appointed to canvass the town gave in their returns, which were of a very encouraging and satisfactory character. As nearly as can be estimated for so far, about 600 additional members have been secured, most of whom paid cheerfully the usual initiation fees.—Correspondent of Ulster Examiner.

A DISTINGUISHED IRISHMAN.

A. M. Sullivan, the distinguished orator and writer, is fast gaining public acknowledgments from aspiring nationalities. Recently he was thanked by the Poles for the advocacy of their cause, and since then he has received a letter from Greece expressing gratitude for his sympathy with those who are seeking independence. Mr. Sullivan is one of the very few patriots who are consistent enough in conduct that what is good for their own country is good for every other.

THE BRITISH NAVY IN 1878.

The naval power of the United Kingdom is just now invested with such peculiar interest, that it becomes worth while to define the extent and character of that fleet, which must always constitute the main factor of England's fighting strength, promising that a large share of the recent supplemental credit has been devoted to naval purposes, although the regular appropriation for 1877 exceeded 650,000,000.

At the 1st date covered by official reports—Dec. 31, 1875—the British war fleet composed of 241 vessels in commission. The number of men employed in the service was not less than 60,000, including upwards of 33,000 sailors and 14,000 marines. We need not say that the most important division of the force is made up of armored ships. Of these at the date mentioned there were fifty-eight, from which aggregate, however, should be deducted three constructed specially for colonial defence, and eight considered too old or too badly built to put to sea, leaving, therefore, a net total of forty-seven ironclads.

Such was the state of things at the beginning of last year. Let us now see what progress was made during the last twelve months. According to the programme put forward by the first Lord of the Admiralty, six ironclads were to be finished during 1877, and all the unarmored vessels then on the stocks were to be brought nigh to completion. It was promised, moreover, that a new ironclad of the first class should be begun, together with a ram of sufficient power to cope with certain redoubtable engines of war said to be building in continental harbors, and, in addition, an unarmored corvette, a sloop, and two sailing vessels. In a word, the Minister undertook that during the financial term of 1877-78 the national yards should add to the fleet more than 14,000 tons, while private contractors were to build for Government account almost half as much again.

Notwithstanding its inability to completely fulfill the above programme, the English Government has added a good deal to the veritable solidity of its naval force. Four colossal ironclads were finished and sent to sea in 1877, namely, the Thunderer, the Dreadnaught, the Alexandra, and the Temeraire. One of these, the Thunderer, ought to have been ready for service much earlier, but on the day when it was to make a trial trip one of its boilers exploded, causing an amount of damage which it required six months to repair. Besides the two engines of 6,000 horse power which move its screw, there are on board this vessel twenty-six other steam engines, and a hydraulic machine for the management of the helm, the revolving turrets, and other parts of the apparatus. The Thunderer is covered with plates about 14 inches thick, and carries four cannon, each weighing 38 tons. Its mean speed is said to be thirteen and a half knots. Besides armored ships of the same character, the English Admiralty has lately constructed a number of vessels not plated, and furnished with a relatively light armament, but designed to show exceptional fast-going qualities. Some distinguished specialists have severely criticised these experiments, and the controversy on the subject is far from being ended. It is said, for instance, that the new vessels are too powerful for simple cruisers and too weak to engage with ironclads. It is certain that one of the finest types, the Shah, was constrained after a few minutes to renounce the idea of coping with the Peruvian ship Huascar.

The remarkable results obtained by the Russians from torpedoes on the Danube and in the Black sea could not fail to awaken the attention of the English Admiralty. Numerous experiments have been made in the way of making extremely light steam vessels destined to lodge torpedoes under the flank of armored ships, or to launch that species of explosive provided with means of automatic movement. Essential conditions to the efficiency of such craft are unusual speed and a peculiar facility of evolution. After numerous tests, the English shipwrights have fixed upon a model eighty-four feet in length, and only eleven feet wide. So far but a single example of the type has been completed, but this with its powerful engines has attained a speed of nineteen and a half knots. It is reported, moreover, that fifteen others are now on the stocks, and that the builders have guaranteed a minimum speed of twenty-five knots. And here we may mention a curious fact bearing on the usefulness of such vessels, and demonstrated by recent experiments namely, that where their hulls are pierced below the water line, very little water penetrates provided the speed be as high as ten knots, and almost none if it exceed eighteen. We may add that the Admiralty have lately undertaken the construction of a submarine vessel intended to fix torpedoes under the keel of hostile ships. Naval artillery seems to have made but little progress in 1877. Hitherto, England has contented herself with the Armstrong guns of eighty tons, which are regularly adopted for the armament of her ironclads. Up to the present time Italy alone has gone a little further in this direction, having furnished some of her armored ships with 100-ton cannon. We understand, however, that the famous English engineer is now constructing for Government account a cannon of 150 tons.

WINTER SPORTS IN RUSSIA.

BEWITCHING BEAUTY IN FURS AND SNOW BANKS ON "BUTTER WEEK."

A writer reports from St. Petersburg in Russia, during what is called "Masselintza" or Butter Week, the week immediately preceding Lent. He writes that it is devoted to popular rejoicing. A kind of fair is held at the Admiralty Place in St. Petersburg, and one of its main features is a couple of huge katoks facing each other. They are at least 15 feet high, and very steep, and as a continuous stream of sleds furiously dashes down the glassy side, the spectators wonder why serious accidents are of such rare occurrence. Here ladies are seldom seen, or females of any class; the sport is too rough and only now and then one of the fair sex will intrude herself to a professional coaster, many of whom hang around to initiate unsuspecting strangers into the bewildering mysteries of the sport. A favorite mode of coasting with the Russians is lying stretched out on the stomach but it takes considerable nerve to face the mad turmoil in that way. My own experience in this national amusement was gained at a private party, at a house in the suburbs of St. Petersburg, with a spacious garden attached to it.

The evening had been passed in social games and occasional dances, but all the fun was evidently regarded as merely preliminary or introductory to something better in store. Occasionally I caught a phrase, which pointed to something which everybody looked forward to, but I was entirely ignorant of its nature, and presumed it to be tableaux or theatricals. Finally, at about the hour of ten, a general call for furs and wrappings arose, and in a few minutes the whole company had passed into the garden. The moon had just risen, and its pale beams revealed the unsightly form of snow-covered trees and shrubs, the tops only of the latter protruding over the thick bed of snow with its glittering crust. In the center of the garden I soon discovered the attraction which had caused us to forsake the warm and lighted rooms—two katoks of moderate height loomed up before us, and a number of sleds were strewn about, ready for use. A general pairing off took place immediately, and in a few moments the sport was in full blast.

The two platforms faced each other, and the tracks ran side by side, so that the parties would dash past each other amid laughter and shouting. I looked around for a vacant sled in order to try my hand at the game, but just as I was climbing the steps to one of the platforms I was informed that no gentleman could be permitted to ride alone on such an occasion, and I was quickly provided with a passenger—a young lady from the country, endowed with considerable bonpoint. Without possessing the least confidence in my skill as a steersman, I was somewhat comforted by the thought that the well rounded form of my passenger, made still rounder by an ample fox skin robe, would not be liable to suffer any serious damage in case of mishap. With utmost nonchalance I adjusted my sled at the very edge of the dazzling, shining and glittering incline. It is necessary that the steersman should seat himself first, etiquette being entirely waived on the katok, but when the fair Anna Ivanovna dropped down in front of me with the grace and ease of a snowflake, though a trifle heavier, and, to use the slang phrase, "cuddled up" to my manly breast with a glance full of charming confidence, my innate modesty and diffidence caused me to recede a little, and, as I was already seated on the extreme edge, there was a fall, a scream and a laugh, and the whole delightful performance had to be gone through with again.

At last we were both seated, and the sled adjusted, as I imagined, with the utmost mathematical precision, so as to run a straight course to the end of the track. Full of confidence, I gave the start, and, with an impetus that almost took my breath away, we dashed ahead—to land in the snow bank on one side, only half way down the incline. The force with which the sled struck the snow caused it to overturn, and my fare and I rolled down the snowbank to the level. My profuse apologies seemed to be altogether superfluous; the partner of my disaster was none the worse for it, and only remarked that it was very naughty of me to play that trick the first time. The innocent little bundle of furs thought I had upset us on purpose. With some misgivings on my part the experiment was repeated, with nearly the same result, and by that time it dawned upon the other participants in the fun that they had a "greenhorn" among them, and plans for mischief were concocted accordingly. One of the gentlemen approached me and observed that I seemed to be bewildered by the crowd dashing down before me and beside me, and that they would give me a chance of descending alone ahead of them all.

The company accordingly assembled on one of the platforms, and I took my place once more on the brink with my fearless passenger before me. The suppressed laughter and the mischief sparkling in everybody's eye might have warned me that some plot was afoot, but unsuspectingly and carefully I launched my sled exactly what followed I cannot tell, and would not care to enlarge upon if I could. In less than a second we had reached the level, and there my sled struck a broom-handle, or something of the sort and with a jump seemed to fly from under us, while we glided a piece down the track on our own responsibility my companion clinging to me for dear life; and then there came a shock, and then another and I don't know how many more, until the whole scene was exceedingly shocking; for as each succeeding sled dumped its load over us, the confused mass of laughing and quivering bodies became more bewildering, and the placid moon grinned down upon a sight it is to be hoped not often enjoyed by the chaste Diana's symbol.

At last everybody succeeded in extricating his or her own robes and furs and overshoes and limbs, and something like order and propriety was once more restored; but the mere consciousness of my spots innocence did not save me from being accused by all parties as the author of what they pleased to call "shocking mishap." Though very much bewildered and confused, I had in my mind one clear idea—that I was not destined to shine in that peculiar institution of Russian society, the "katok."

CATHOLIC PROGRESS IN 1877.

England and Wales, as compared with last year, show an increase of 64 priests and 19 churches. New churches have been opened in the following dioceses: Nottingham, 10; Salford, 4; Liverpool, 2; Hexham 1; Northampton, 1; and Plymouth, 1. Liverpool has gained 10 priests, Southwark 12, Westminster 8, and others in lesser proportion. The hierarchy, we need hardly say, remains unchanged. Scotland shows an increase of only five priests—from 280 to 285; but her churches have increased by 14—from 239 to 253. The Eastern District has added seven priests, and the Northern lost 2. The Western District has had 8 new churches, and the other two divisions 3 each, which is an evidence that buildings have gone up faster than pastors could be secured. The obituary for the year contains the names of 43 clergymen—28 seculars and 15 regulars—and consequently there are gaps made each twelvemonth which require a steady supply of new candidates to fill up. —N. Y. Tablet.

WHO ARE THE HOME RULERS?

IS THE IRISH MOVEMENT GROWING IN PARLIAMENT.

Considerable misunderstanding seems to prevail as to the position of the Irish Home Rule party. The abuse heaped upon the Irish by the English press leads unwary persons to think that the Irish party is a disreputable lot. But an examination of the position and character of the leaders of the Irish party shows that they are as much entitled to public respect, as the leaders of the English and Scotch. We will briefly describe a few of them. The much-abused Mr. Parnell is grandson of Sir Henry Parnell, the last Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer. He is, we believe, a Justice of the Peace, Deputy Lieutenant, and Sheriff of Wicklow. On his mother's side he is grandson of the American Admiral Stewart, a distinguished commander. Mr. Butt, Q. C., the leader of the party, is also the leader of the Irish bar, and has sat in Parliament for twenty-five years. The whips of the party are Lord Francis Conyngham, the second son of the Marquis of Conyngham, and Sir Richard Power, whose grandfather sat in Parliament before him. At the election of 1874, the patriotic county of Tipperary returned Captain the Hon. Charles White, son of the Earl of Bantry, and the Hon. Wilfred O'Callaghan, son of Viscount Lismore, both Home Rulers. The Home Rule member for Westmeath is Lord Robert Montagu, son of the Duke of Manchester. Sir George Bowyer, Baronet, is Home Rule member for Wexford. To the same Home Rule party belong Mr. Maurice Brooks, Lord Mayor of Dublin; Mr. Kenelm Digby, cousin of Lord Digby; Sir Joseph Neale McKenna, a wealthy banker; Mr. Mitchell Henry, of Kilmorock Castle, probably the wealthiest commoner in Ireland; Major Nolan, Royal Artillery, a large landed proprietor; Major O'Garra, Sir Michael O'Loughlin Mr. E. Sueli, son of Sir Justice Shell, and grandson of Chief Baron Woulfe. Major Myes O'Reilly, of Knock Abbey, a large landowner; Captain O'Byrne, of the 2nd Dragoon Guards; the O'Connor Don, the lineal descendant of Roderick O'Connor, King of Ireland at the time of the English conquest; Sir Patrick O'Brien, Bart., a barrister; Mr. Morris, brother of the Chief Baron of the Common Pleas; and Mr. Dwyer Gray, the son of Sir John Gray, M.P. for Kilkenny. Amongst Home Rule members connected with the peerage we had almost forgotten the Hon. Charles French, member for Roscommon, and Son of Lord de Freyne, and Captain King-Harman, grandson of Viscount Lorton and first cousin of the late Earl of Kingston. The legal profession is ordinarily recruited from the higher middle class and is always conspicuous in Ireland for ability and eloquence, if not wealth. In the Home Rule ranks it is represented by Messrs. Callan, Downing, Dunbar, Fay, McCarthy, Martin, Meldon, O'Donnell (an accomplished and impassionate speaker), Murphy, the Chevalier O'Clery (also a brave officer), Sullivan the author of "New Ireland", O'Connor (the brother of the O'Connor Don), Sherlock, Q. C.; O'Shaughnessy, Synan and Smyth (whom the Times singled out as having made the most eloquent speech of last session). Mr. Biggar is a very wealthy merchant and inherited a large fortune from his father, the chairman of the directors of the Ulster Bank; Mr., or properly Sir G. Errington, is a Knight of Malta, and Mr. Shaw, the Home Rule member for Cork, is Chairman of the Munster Bank. Such are the men who compose the Irish party. They have a vital stake in their country, and their aggregate talents and abilities would do honor to any civilized nation. The Newcastle Chronicle had lately an able and impartial review of the Irish party in Parliament generally, attributed to the pen of Mr. J. Cowen, M.P. The writer says:—

"The Irish members have done what the English Radicals have often talked about and often attempted—they have formed a distinct party in the House of Commons; they have a recognized leader and two duly appointed whips; they hold weekly meetings, and regularly issue circulars summoning their adherents to support their measures; they have an office at Westminster, where all information respecting Irish questions can be obtained; and they keep a secretary to act as the means of communication amongst themselves. The party numbers when all told fifty-eight men three of them sitting on the Conservative side, and fifty-five on the Liberal side. Notwithstanding the differences that have recently developed, and the repeated declarations of the English press about a split in the party the proceedings of the session show that on all Irish matters they vote with remarkable unanimity and steadiness. They answer the appeals of their 'whips' on important occasions with as much willingness as the followers of Lord Hartington or Sir Stafford Northcote do summonses issued by Sir W. Hart Dyke or Mr. Adam."

The Irish party, we may say, now holds the balance of power in Parliament. Unaided the Irish cannot, of course, carry any measure, but by lending their strength to any party they may decide the fate of any question. As Mr. Cowen points out:—

"The Tory majority in English counties and boroughs to day is 110. There are 289 Conservatives and 179 Liberals. The Liberal majority in the House of Commons during the last forty-five years have always been drawn from Scotland, Ireland and Wales. The relative position of parties in Scotland remains substantially the same. In Wales the Liberals have gained, but in Ireland the members, who were ordinarily the supporters of the Liberal party, have dissociated themselves from that body, and set up an independent organization of their own."

The increasing strength of the Irish party is noteworthy; the influence of Irish electors resident in England has secured "Glad's Baby," Jenkins, member for Dundee; Mr. Barren, member for Leeds; Mr. Butt, member for Morpeth; Mr. Macdonald, member for Stafford; Mr. Corbett, member for Oldham; and Mr. Jacob Bright, member for Manchester. The following members of Parliament have also spoken more or less in its favor:—Lord Randolph Churchill, son of the Duke of Marlborough; Lord Godolphin Osborne, son of the Duke of Leeds; and lastly, by far the most important, Mr. Gladstone. The Irish cause is thus a winning one. When it is remembered that the election of 1874 was the first at which Home Rule was made the political test of Irish members, the strength of the party is very conspicuous. It numbers fifty-five votes, which mean 130 on a division. At the present time the Irish electors are being most carefully registered in Ireland and England, and it is expected that in 1879 over seventy Home Rulers will be returned from Ireland, whilst in England, Irish electors will be able to turn the scale in favor of Liberals or Conservatives in forty or fifty English towns.—Pilot

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

At the Viceregal Ball in the Castle in celebration of St. Patrick's Day her Grace the Duchess of Marlborough wore a sprig of real shamrock gathered on the Rock of Cashel, adjacent to the historic ruins of King Cormac's chapel, sent to her grace for the occasion by the nuns of the Presentation Convent at Cashel. The dress which the Duchess wore had flourishes of Irish point lace made to her special order at the convent schools at Youghal. Her gloves were embroidered with shamrocks and harps in gold by the Sisters of Mercy, Convent of St. John the Evangelist, Blir.

THE FUTURE OF THE CIRCASSIANS.

REMARKS ON THEIR HISTORY AND HABITS.

An occasional correspondent of the Nation, writing from Pera, sends us the following remarks on the history and habits of those Circassians who are at present located in European Turkey, and whose future treatment is one of the puzzles with which those who are undertaking to settle the Eastern question will have to deal:—

Of the many perplexing questions to be considered at the conclusion of the war, there is one which though of considerable importance, seems to have been lost sight of altogether, and yet it is one which will yet obtrude itself, perhaps in a very disagreeable manner, on the notice of Europe—it is the future disposal of the Circassians in Turkey. When the Turks offered an asylum to these victims of Russia's lust for territory, Europe was loud in its praises of their humanity and philanthropy. It is not, however, generally known how Turkey, encumbered by debt as she was, managed to accommodate such a host of nomads. They were simply landed at various ports in Bulgaria and Armenia, in a starving, destitute condition, and told to shift for themselves. The effect of this order on such a horde of lawless marauders is better imagined than described. They speedily spread themselves through the Christian communities, and at first gratefully accepted the presents of land and cattle which were freely offered them; but as soon as they found their position in the country secured, the worldly wealth of their neighbours aroused their predatory instincts and robberies and outrages became of frequent occurrence. They plundered Christian and Turk alike, with a charming impartiality which speaks highly for their liberal tendencies. Finding cattle lifting amongst a timid and law-abiding people very easy and profitable, they gave up all pretence of husbandry, and soon waxed rich in flocks and herds. The Government, with its "douce far niente" policy exempted them from most taxes, and from compulsory military service, thus losing the services of a body of men which, with rigid discipline, could have been made as useful in the present struggle as the Uhlans were in the Franco-German war. They are a cold-blooded, calculating race, never influenced by the fanatical tendencies which so powerfully sway Oriental peoples. The highest compliment that can be paid a young Circassian is to accuse him of systematic theft. He generally repies, with modest ingenueness, and a sigh, "that he will never be such an expert horse-stealer as his father." They rarely shed blood unless resistance is offered, simply because it causes trouble afterwards. A glance at their cold, sinister faces shows a lack of the usual virtues possessed by the most savage races; this is evidenced by the heartless sale of their daughters to the Turks. Their knowing look, and generally horsey get-up, with fur caps, long-skirted coats, and tight trousers, gives one more the impression of a Yorkshire horse-coper than of an Eastern brigand. At the outbreak of the war the Government distributed Winchester repeating rifles in an indiscriminate manner amongst them; and having a wholesome respect for the "Moscovite" they tried their new weapons on their neighbours' cattle, and occasionally on the neighbours themselves. Communications with the front have been interrupted for days, the Circassians having blazed away from passing trains at little birds which had alighted on the telegraph wires, the result of this fusillade being to bring down and cut the wires. They followed the armies, but only for purposes of plunder, and sneered at the notion that they would obey the commands of a Turk. During the month of September last I saw one of them at a station on the Philippopolis line, armed with repeating rifle and revolver. He was asked by bystanders why he did not go to the war. He gave the following characteristic reply: "Why should I fight is for religion? I care for none. Is it for the Padishah? I don't acknowledge his authority. I came for loot, and having got it I am going to sell it in Stamboul, and enjoy myself on the proceeds." During this war all semblance of restraint has been abandoned, and they have become veritable scourges. Since the rapid advance of the Russians on the side of the Balkans they forwarded their families and household goods to Constantinople, and remained behind themselves. Their custom was to fire off several volleys a short distance from a Turkish village, and soon afterwards gallop in, declaring that the enemy was upon them. This was usually answered only too well, the villagers flying terror-stricken, whilst they, having completed the pillage of the place, gave it to the flames—afterwards averting that it was done by the Russians. Some scores who were caught in the very act were brought down here, ironed a few days since. During the last fortnight they have poured in here armed to the teeth, driving pack horses laden with booty. They have established a regular fair and market in Stamboul for the disposal of their ill-gotten goods. Their demeanor is so insolent, and swagger so overbearing that the Turks now hate them as heartily as they do the Gipsies. Some feeble efforts were made to disarm them on their arrival here, but such resistance was offered to this that the authorities desisted, and have since contented themselves with shipping them off as rapidly as possible to the Asiatic side. They take the greatest pride in their weapons, and have an almost supernatural reverence for good fire-arms. A friend of mine, who has been on many sporting expeditions through the Dobrujska, generally carried a pretty little "Express" rifle. His feats with this weapon called forth enthusiastic encomiums from the Circassians. He was once very chagrined by a Circassian, with whom he had been on very friendly terms, saying—"I like your little gun, and would have taken it long since, but knew that I could not get cartridges to fit it." Although we in Constantinople have, for the moment, diverted the evil from our own doors, it is dreadful to contemplate the inevitable result of letting loose these untamable savages on the people of Asia Minor. It must also be considered that 70,000 of them were landed last Autumn in Armenia, no doubt to repeat the occurrences which have outraged humanity here.

A CHARGE OF POISONING.

For the last couple of days the most intense and wide-spread interest has been centred in a trial for murder by poison, taking place in the assize town of Galway. A young wife, aged seventeen, has been charged with murdering her husband, greatly her senior; the alleged motive for the fearful deed being that she was forced to marry him against her will, and that she was anxious to marry his nephew. The Attorney-General conducted the prosecution for the Crown, and the accused was defended by The M'Dermott Q.C. The case happily closed today, with an intimation from the jury that, in their opinion, the prosecution had utterly failed. They stated that there was no need to enter upon the defence, and the Crown would not proceed any farther. The Judge, Lord Justice Daesy, accepted the intimation of the jury, and bore his testimony to the attention and intelligence which they had devoted to the case. The result is hailed with universal satisfaction, first and chiefly on account of the youthful widow herself (who was an immense favourite with her teachers and companions in school), and secondly, because it lifts from off our national character a stain and a stigma, which had the charge proved to have any foundation, would have been undoubtedly fixed upon it.—Irish Commercial Gazette.

THE POLITICAL PRISONERS

AND THE TULLAMORE BOARD OF GUARDIANS.

At a special meeting of the Tullamore board of guardians held yesterday there was a large attendance to hear Mr. James Lynam's motion that her Majesty's Government be petitioned to release the remaining Fenian prisoners. In moving his motion Mr. Lynam expressed a hope that the board would be unanimous in their opinion that mercy should be extended to men who had already suffered greatly. Mr. Tarleton seconded the adoption of the resolution. Mr. A. M. Berningham supported the motion. Mr. Jonathan Goodbody also supported the motion, which was unanimously adopted. Mr. Adams asked to whom would the petition be sent. Mr. Lynam said, to mark in some way their sense of the bad attendance of their county members during this session, and of Mr. E. Dwyer Gray's unceasing exertions in the cause of Ireland, he would move that the petition be sent to that gentleman. The board agreed in this proposal and the clerk was directed to send the petition to Mr. Gray for presentation.—Freeman.

WILD MEN.

In the island of Rio there are wild men who live in trees, and have no language but cries, and in Sumatra the residents of Palembang said there were men who lived in the forests, with whom not only the Europeans but the Malays could have no intercourse. He himself had never seen one. Yet, strange to say, they have a petty traffic with the outer world, yet not through the medium of speech. They live in the woods and subsist by the chase. They hunt tigers—not with the gun, but with arrows, which they blow out of a tube with such force, and which are so keen of point and touched with such deadly poison, that a wound is almost immediately fatal.

These tiger-skins or elephant-tusks they bring for barter—not for sale, for they never sell anything, for money is about the most useless thing they can have. They cannot eat it or drink it or wear it. But, as they have wants, they exchange; yet they themselves are never seen. They bring what they have to the edge of the forest and leave it there, and the Malays come and place what they have to dispose of and retire. If the offer is satisfactory, when they return again they find what they brought gone, and take what is left and depart. If not, they add a few trifles more to tempt the eyes of those wild men of the woods, and so at last the exchange is effected, yet all the while the sellers keep themselves invisible.

CONFESSION IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Upon the above subject (which is at once grimly ludicrous and most appallingly prosa), the memorial addressed lately to her majesty cannot fail to be read by all Catholics with a mingled feeling of pity and contempt. We give it in full:—

The humble memorial of the undersigned, members of the Church of England, who approach your majesty with the assurance of their devoted attachment to your majesty's person and government. Your memorialists, as sincerely attached to the National Church of their fathers, view with deep alarm the efforts now openly made by a considerable number of the clergy to introduce into the Church of England the teaching and practice of auricular confession, which they regard as contrary to the teaching of the word of God, alien to the doctrine, principles and order of the Church, fraught with peril to its existence as an establishment, and subversive of the principles of morality, social order, and civil and religious liberty. Your memorialists therefore humbly pray that your majesty, unto whom the chief government of all estates of the realm, whether they be ecclesiastical or civil, in all causes doth appertain, will be graciously pleased to use all the influence at your majesty's command to repress the practice of auricular confession which is so repugnant to the conscience and feelings of this Protestant country.

As a kind of additional reason that ought to weigh with the head of the English Church in deciding for the memorialists, her majesty is carefully informed that one of the signatories is no less a personage than the Maharajah Duleep Singh. The "Empress of India" will surely be propitious to him. Admirals, generals, colonels, majors and captains, quite a goodly number, have signed their names to the memorial, in testimony of their extreme reluctance to make known their sins. But, after all, what are these in comparison with the interesting Hindoo, who has in this most public and spirited manner signified his intention of going into the next world unabsolved and

With all his imperfections on his head!

Whatever we may think of the Protestantism of this gentleman, there can be but one opinion as to his taste. But, after all, what is it that these impulsive memorialists would have? They themselves object to Confession. Very well; let them stay away from it. No extra tax will be put upon them for this reason. But let them not, at the same time, try to curb the liberty of conscience of those amongst their fellow-citizens who feel differently from them upon this point.

Of course, the sheer absurdity of disturbing the quiet life at Balmoral or Windsor, by any question of religious differences or contradiction in the Church of England, will be apparent to all except Duleep Singh and the recalcitrant admirals and captains. It is almost a pity that the memorialists did not respectfully suggest to Queen Victoria some way in which she might put forth the exercise of that spiritual power whose aid they invoke, and which (they say) they believe to be residing in her majesty. We should like to see the form of an anti-Confession decree issued by the head of the Anglican hierarchy. How would it possibly commence? "It seemeth good to the Holy Ghost and to us" would not be at all a bad beginning. But, then, it would read as such flat blasphemy, and, moreover, such a title belongs only to decrees which are issued by the Church of Christ. No; if done at all, it must assume the shape of an Act of Parliament, and we know already how much the Spirit of God enters into such things.

We are really afraid that her majesty will not feel at liberty to help her memorialists out of their spiritual difficulty, and we more than half suspect that she will be tempted to indulge in a hearty laugh at the innocent blunder into which they have fallen.

MR. O'DONNELL, M.P., AND THE NEW INSPECTOR OF FISHERIES.

In the House of Commons on Tuesday night, Mr. O'Donnell gave notice that on going into Committee of Supply he should call attention to the appointment to an office of profit under the Crown of a leader of the Orange secret society in Ireland, not otherwise recommended for the said office, and to move that such appointment is calculated to encourage and the expectation of reward, a class of riotous and disorderly persons in Ireland, and is a return to the worst traditions of British misgovernment of Ireland.

The True Witness

AND
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY,

761 CRAIG STREET.

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

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 17.

CALENDAR—APRIL, 1878.

WEDNESDAY, 17—Feast. *Spy Wednesday.*
Benjamin Franklin died 1796.
THURSDAY, 18—MAUNDY THURSDAY.
American Independence acknowledged by Holland, 1782.
FRIDAY, 19—GOOD FRIDAY.
Battle of Lexington, 1775.
SATURDAY, 20—HOLY SATURDAY.
Siege of Derry commenced, 1690.
SUNDAY, 21—EASTER SUNDAY.
Death of David Rothe, celebrated Bishop of Oseoty, 1650.
MONDAY, 22—EASTER MONDAY.
Repeat question introduced into the House of Commons by O'Connell, 1834.
TUESDAY, 23—EASTER TUESDAY.
Battle of Clontarf, 1014.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

ST. JEAN BAPTISTE VILLAGE
INFANTRY COMPANY.

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At 7:30.

There are a few vacancies for recruits. Standard
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Paper, 75 cents; in Cloth, \$1.

Mr. M. Cleary, our travelling agent for the
County of Glengarry, will call upon our sub-
scribers in Cornwall, Williamstown, South
Branch and St. Andrews. We trust that our
subscribers in those places, who are in arrears,
will note this announcement, and be prepared
when Mr. Cleary calls upon them.

"DAY DREAMS DESPELLED"

On To-morrow week there will be a drama
performance in the Academic Hall, Bleury
Street. The drama will be for the benefit
of the fund for the relief of the Diocese of
Chatham, N.B. The characters will be taken
by the students of St. Mary's College, and it
is expected that the Catholics of the city will
liberally patronize the undertaking. The Ca-
tholics of St. John's are entitled to all sym-
pathy and assistance. Their churches were laid
in ashes at the time of the late fire, and it be-
comes us all to do what we can to help them.

ODD.

Spence (Protestant) Cooney (Catholic) were
both found guilty of shooting with "intent to
do grievous bodily harm." In the case of Spence
there was no mistake as to identity, he fired at
and hit John Gunning Bell, and yet the verdict
was "intent to do grievous bodily harm." In
the case of Cooney, the shot he fired took no
effect, and yet he was found guilty on the same
count. It may be said that the *intent* was the
same. But of one thing we are sure, and that
is, that Spence "intended" more than mere
"bodily harm" if ever a man in the world in-
tended it. The verdict was evidently a com-
promise.

THE FRENCH CANADIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

We regret to hear that the French Canadian
Missionary Society is in want of funds. The
meeting which is called to consider the gravity
of the situation, is a matter of consideration
for Catholics generally. There are a few per-
sons connected with the Society who are paid
for "preaching the Gospel." Those persons
are mostly uneducated and illiterate. There
can be no doubt but their efforts have
seriously injured "Evangelizers" in this pro-
vince, and Catholics might consider the pre-
judice of enabling them to continue their
labors by subscribing to their fund. Only they
drag religion in the mire, we might give a
donation ourselves.

THE LONDON TIMES ON ORANGEISM.

The London Times is supposed to be the
most faithful exponent of English public opin-
ion. Whether it is or is not may be a matter
of opinion, but quotations from it usually carry
more weight, than quotations from other papers
carry. There was a time when the Times
looked with no marked favor upon the orange
order. Years ago it almost excused the bar-
barities which disgraced orangeism in the North

of Ireland. For many years past, however, it has
changed its tone, and it now writes of orange-
ism as it finds it. We all know that as late as
last July the Times condemned the idea of hav-
ing an orange parade in the streets of Mont-
real, and later still, after the St. Patrick's Day
procession in Ireland, it wrote of the orangemen
as the "Bashi Bazouks of Ulster." This is
the most severe Nemesis of all.

MR. DEVLIN, M.P.

On Friday night Mr. Devlin, M.P. for
Montreal Centre, made what most impartial
people call "a good speech" on the floor of the
House of Commons. With the policy of that
speech we have nothing to do. It was the
speech of a Reformer, defending the Lieut-
Governor of Quebec. In its political aspect,
we put the speech aside. We are sorry that
it is too long to quote, but we may say that
Mr. Devlin spoke trenchantly and powerfully.
While vigorously slashing his opponents, he did
not outstep the limits of parliamentary usages.
But the Conservative press assailed him with
language unnecessarily coarse, and vituperative.
The *Ottawa Citizen* led the attack—it spoke
of the speech as a "harangue," and that Mr.
Devlin "spoke as a demagogue," that it was all
"buncombe" and "slang." This was the only
reply the *Citizen* gave, and if the Conserva-
tive organs can find no better argument
than that prescribed by the *Citizen* we shall not
be surprised to hear of defections in their
ranks. Why cannot there be enough of polit-
ical honesty to recognize ability where it is
found. Mr. Devlin, made a brilliant speech,
and Irish Catholics of every shade of politics
recognize it, and the petty spleen of rival par-
tizanship cannot rob him of the admiration of
all men who value talent no matter whether it
be Rouge or Blue. With Mr. Devlin's politics,
we repeat, we have nothing to do, nor do we
venture to pose ourselves as the champion of
his honor, but we can resent the insult given
to a public man, and given for no other reason
than that he made a speech under the influence
of which his political enemies appears to
writhe.

And now as we have assailed the Conserva-
tives, we may as well give the Reformers a
turn, and we are furnished with an opportunity
by a letter which appeared in one of the Que-
bec papers this week. The writer of this let-
ter implored the Irishmen of Quebec to "rally
around" the banner of Reform, because the
cause of Ireland has ever been identified with
Liberalism, and because the Home Rulers of
to-day are Reformers in their way. This is
a summary of the reason given why an Irish
Catholic should be a Reformer. Just so—this
gentleman, whoever he may be, attempts to throw
dust in the people's eyes by dragging that green
flag again across their path. It is the achme
of folly to pay serious attention to such rub-
bish. By all means let us retain the spirit of
Irish Nationality; let us resist every attempt
to lower the dignity of our race, and stand up
for the old land under all circumstances; but
every honest man should look with suspicion
upon demagogues who moan and roar about
Ireland, and who do nothing for the welfare or
the advancement of her people. Reform or
Conservative issues in this country have no-
thing to do with the prosperity or happiness of
the Irish people, and he is not an honest politi-
cian who would attempt to make the people be-
lieve that they have.

HOME RULE.

Mr. Butt has given in his resignation as
leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party. This
news is significant, and if true, which we do
not doubt, it must seriously influence the future
of the Home Rule movement. At present it
is hard to guess the effect of Mr. Butt's resig-
nation, but of one thing we are assured that it
will be difficult to find a man to fill his place.
Mr. Butt had all the qualities necessary for
leadership but one—he wanted firmness. Of
good family, giant intellect, a genial disposition,
hospitable and somewhat thrifless Mr. Butt was
the *beau ideal* of an Irish leader; and he succeeded
in obtaining the confidence of the people at
large. He had made many sacrifices in their
interests, and he had proved himself worthy
of the trust they reposed in him. It may be a
very easy matter for Irish American politicians
to criticize his actions, and to censure his policy.
At a distance it is so easy to be heroic and
philosophical, but if some, anyone of the sneer-
ing denouncers of this giant among men, were
placed in his position, we may picture an
undignified end to their short career. He
had to lead a party composed of many ele-
ments. Conservatives, Liberals, Fenians, Con-
stitutionalists, and above all timeservers and
sycophants, and yet he did it with almost fault-
less skill. All he wanted was—we repeat—
a little more firmness. Men who differ
from him should at least remember what he
has done for the National Cause and when
they feel disposed to censure they should try
and realize the difficulties by which he was
surrounded; the sacrifice he made, and the tal-
ent he placed at the service of his country. In

saying this we are not apologizing for Mr.
Butt, for Mr. Butt sends no apologists, but we
merely wish to place on record our tribute of
respect for a man—who—no matter what may
be his future—has done more in his day to
raise the honour of Irish Nationality above the
contending elements of rival partizanships, than
any man now alive.

AN "ESCAPED" MONK TO MATCH THE "ESCAPED NUN."

The benighted Puritans of the Western Re-
serve enjoyed another religious sensation last
week. Ordinarily intelligent people have
learned to regard every "escaped priest" as a
fraud and impostor. They have seen this role
played before by penniless tramps, and the de-
nouncement always reveals a cunning knave.
But very little of civilization has penetrated
certain pious places in northern Ohio, the
most noted of which is Oberlin. Its Egyptian
darkness is probably due to its University. All
religious impostors receive at that noted shrine
of Puritanism the warmest welcome. The last
lying hypocrite, who tried to reap a harvest in
that pious region, by representing himself as
"an escaped and converted priest," was Mr.
Harold Percival. The name has quite an aris-
tocratic flavor. Introducing himself under this
title, he told to the horror-stricken Puritans of
Oberlin a wonderful story of his hair-breadth
escape from the prisons of Popery. The tale
was as sensational and quite as truthful as a
dime novel, though not by any means as co-
herent. Though only twenty-one years old, he
claimed to be a priest. Here was a lie, easily
detected, for no one can be ordained at that
age. He claimed also to be a monk of a Fran-
ciscan Convent in Cleveland, and about to be
transported against his will to Brazil or Mexico.
To avoid this compulsory journey and the
violent treatment to which he was subjected,
he ran away. This second lie was also poorly
concocted, as inquiry proved that no such per-
son had ever been an inmate of a monastery at
Cleveland. In giving a history of his wander-
ings, he informed the *very shrewd* President of
Oberlin University, who swallowed the whole
fabrication, that his first place of imprisonment
was in a Franciscan college at Montreal; and still
earlier in life his innocent childhood had been
saddened by years of confinement and
torture at another Franciscan Institution in
Quebec. Had it been necessary he would
have added no doubt that in the days of his
prattling infancy he was chained in some mon-
astery on the coast of Labrador. But he was
dealing with people who would credit anything
this precious priestly convert from Romanism
would assert; so he reserved the further exer-
cise of his inventive talent for other occasions
and a less credulous audience. But his suffer-
ings did not end with his "escape." Plots and
conspiracies were laid to entrap and seize and
return him to the murky dungeon of a foreign
menastery. Several priests tracked him from
place to place with kidnapping or murderous in-
tentions. These thrilling details fired the
hearts of the pious Puritans of Oberlin and its
vicinity, and they pledged their homes, their
honor, and their lives that they would defend
this martyr. They hurried his "baptism"
to make more secure this new accession to the
fold. Correspondents already sent far and
wide to pious journals the glad tidings of this
latest exposure of Popery. This now Amnidab
Sleek was already started on a lecturing tour,
sounding as he went the death-knell of Popish
idolatry and superstition. Then comes a sud-
den halt in the career of Harold Percival.
Truth overtakes at last his swift-footed false-
hoods. The hero and martyr turns out to be,
as usual, a liar of the Munchausen order. The
sensation ends and the knave disappears from
public notice, when the following statement
from Bishop Gilmour of Cleveland. The
Bishop says:—

"I telegraphed last night to Father Lachuer, at
Sherbrooke, who is accused by the pretended monk,
Percival, of uniting with four priests in kidnapping
him at Buffalo. Father Lachuer replied that he
had never seen the so-called Jesuit, and had never
made an attempt to kidnap any body. That cer-
tainly refutes the ridiculous statement of the ad-
venturer who terms himself Father Anselm. He
had better call himself 'Father Solt.' In the second
place, his assertion that he was taken to a Fran-
ciscan College in Montreal is a lie on the face of it,
because I received a dispatch from the Bishop of
Montreal confirming what I previously thought to
be the case—that there is no Franciscan College
whatever in that country.

"Now, that alone is sufficient to prove the man
a rogue. I hear that a party answering in every
particular to the description of Anselm—his left
jaw being broken, weight and manner the same as
Anselm—had been at Warren, Ohio, pretending to
be a priest. To prove him, he was asked to bap-
tize a child. On this request he turned suddenly
pale, and immediately left the church, saying he
had an engagement at the depot, but would soon be
back and go on with the rite. Instead of fulfilling
his promise, he took the first train for Cleveland.
From Cleveland he wrote a letter to an accomplice,
which I bought of the latter for a large sum, saying
that he (Father Anselm) had nearly fooled the Ca-
tholics of Warren until they asked him to perform
the baptismal rite. The following are his exact
words: 'When they asked me to do that I was
very much alarmed, and trembled like a ghost.
Had I not left the church at the moment I did I
would have been in a terrible scrape, perhaps im-
prisoned in a penitentiary as a sharper. I thank
my dear ally, Satan, that he flew to my assistance.'
I have telegraphed for a priest to come at once
from Warren," said the Bishop, "and expect him

by the evening train. He may throw still new
light on the unscrupulous trickster. I think his
father was not a Catholic. His mother was. His
uncle, a priest, placed him in a Roman Catholic
College, with the hope that he might enter our
priesthood, but the young student soon proved him-
self utterly unfit morally, though of brilliant intel-
lectual powers, and we at once expelled him."

Again the comedy of an "escaped" priest,
always the same in all its parts is ended, and
the curtain drops amid the laughter of the rest
of the world at the pious Protestants whom
impostors of this class so easily dupe.

CIVILIZATION—WHAT IS IT?

The question has been very fully answered
by his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. When Arch-
bishop of Perugia, his Holiness addressed a
pastoral to the clergy and laity of his diocese,
defining in the first place what civilization was,
and in the next place what was not civilization.
It may have been difficult to define the negative,
especially as it had no principles, but it was
comparatively easy to define the positive. Negati-
vely, civilization does not mean the emancipa-
tion from the restraints of the supernatural law
nor the getting rid of every natural authority,
nor the indulgence in modern luxuries or com-
forts, nor the putting the present life before
the future. It does not mean the freedom of
the press, if that freedom be made use of for
evil; nor "the curtailing the number of churches
while multiplying the houses of sin;" nor the
introducing into theatres or pleasure places a
deteriorating character of amusements; nor
the impoverishing the workman or the work-
woman, with a view to enriching the employer;
nor the treating human beings as machines, out
of which colossal fortunes are to be made; nor
the substituting the *vox populi* in the place of
the *vox Dei*, whether in matters doctrinal or
moral. Ecclesiastically, civilization does not
mean free thought; nor politically does it mean
revolution; nor domestically does it mean dis-
obedience. It means properly the exact con-
trary of all these. So that the modern popular
theory of civilization,—which involves the
march of intellect beyond control, the freedom
of peoples beyond government, and the freedom
of sons beyond reverence,—is a theory which
does not prove civilization, but a return to the
worst forms of barbarism. Yet modern theorists
have so far misunderstood Catholic teaching as
to suppose that the "Syllabus" was directed
against civilization instead of being directed
against barbarism. That well-known clause of
the "Syllabus" which is interpreted by free-
thinkers as the anathema of all true civiliza-
tion, was on the contrary the anathema
of the greatest fallacies and the greatest
injuries which have ever threatened to under-
mine and destroy it. As well might we say that
the Ten Commandments of the Old Law were
fatal obstacles to the mental progress of the
Jews, as affirm that the divine elements of the
Christian Law are fatal obstacles to a Christian
civilization. Progress and development and en-
lightenment, and all the other words used to de-
note growth, are only so far applicable or rational
as they are consistent with the revealed will of
God. The moment that we say that civiliza-
tion may be independent of even so much as
one known Divine principle, we say that civiliza-
tion is not sound, but only more or less hu-
man or corrupt. The nearness of civilization
to perfection will be in proportion to its near-
ness to God; and this is that truth which Car-
dinal Pecci demonstrated in his admirable
pastoral on this subject. His Eminence showed
that human passion, human vanity, with all
the nursings and culturings of personal ease;
the false refinements which come of natural
sloth, and the unmanly worship of one's self,
are not civilization but impiety, and this too
of a gross carnal kind. Granting that civiliza-
tion involves, to begin with, the progress, of
society, not of one man; that is takes for its
postulate that the greater good of the greater
number is the best possible object of its aspira-
tion, it follows that all selfishness and effemina-
cy, all injustice, overreaching, and worldliness
are the enemies of true civilization. And yet
it must be admitted that in this year 1878 we
are more absorbed in our own personal inter-
ests, in our ease, and our wealth, and our posi-
tion, than we are in the care of our neighbours
or of the community—in short that we think
little about them. It is quite true that mat-
terially we have advanced in civilization, but
we have not done so morally nor Christianly.
"The sum total of physical advantages goes
on increasing in an ever-augmented ratio," and
thus, materially, we are heirs of past inventions;
machinery, and high roads, and locomotion,
and communication, are improved by the heri-
tage of experience; judicial systems, private
justice, social safety, have advanced by the
multiplication of comparisons; even education,
of a certain kind, has become more general,
and newspapers have spread the knowledge of
good and evil; yet if we ask, is there more
happiness in the world, more peace, more per-
sonal dignity and aspiration, we must unhesi-
tatingly reply that there is not. Whatever
civilization can boast, it is material, or physical,
or carnal; and these advantages are confined

to the very few, while the immense majority
have gone back in human life.

The extreme vagueness of the word civi-
zation, as employed by the admirers of the pres-
ent time, makes it difficult to pin a meaning to
its case, or to be sure what it is not meant to
exclude. If we suppose that civilization means
the culture of the fine arts, of Sculpture, of
music, of painting; and if we add political and
commercial prosperity in such a measure as to
benefit the majority; then we must allow that
in Italy—the country of the Holy See—civili-
zation was anterior to the Reformation. Car-
dinal Pecci was very emphatic on this point.
Venice, Genoa, and Pisa, with Lucca and
Florence, so full of monuments of faith and
Christian charity, were politically and com-
mercially full of grandeur—considering the
material accessories of their time; while Bolog-
na and Milan, with Venice and Naples, were
as distinguished for the productions of art as
for the prosperity and happiness of their peoples.
That the love of luxury should have followed
such prosperity was a misfortune as natural as
it was regrettable; but this bane was not a re-
proach to civilization, but to its misuse by the
opulent and the powerful. The point is, that
the Church, while cherishing civilization, al-
ways checked the two consequent indulgence;
and it was only when religion was neglected,
that civilization began to be an evil. Still, the
dignity of labour, the honorableness of poverty,
the rights of the artisan, the fraternity of all
Christians, were principles which the Church
always extolled, and which, but for the Church,
would have been ignored. To gain rest for
the industrious, and sufficiency for the
needy, were objects which the Church first
profoundly honoured; nor had industry or
poverty ever possessed any dignity until the
Catholic religion imparted it. Poverty was
dishonourable in the days of Plato and Aris-
totle; and Cardinal Pecci has quoted Cicero
and Terence as authorities for the contempt of
manly labour. Whereas the Catholic religion
has not only exalted work, but has declared
poverty to be a Divine institution. Monastic-
ism was the mother of all those intellectual
systems, which not only cultivated art and
science, but lifted up the poor to be auxiliaries.
We are too ungrateful to the monks of the
Middle Ages for all the inventions and the
comforts which we owe them. Thirteen cen-
turies ago they planned communities, where
learning and "civilization" were carried to their
highest point; and where agriculture was so
admirably studied that even in these days we
inherit the vast fruits. Contending against
the rudeness of feudalism, the monks first
systematised civilization, made gardens of bat-
tle-fields, and homes of deserts, and taught re-
ligion and industry to all the poor.

One great distinction between such true
civilisation and the spurious kind we possess
now, is that Catholics have never separated—
what is absolutely inseparable—the principles
from the fruits of true progress. For example,
take the Catholic cathedrals, of which a num-
ber still exist; or take the glorious basilicas
which abound throughout Italy; and note the
combination of the Christian instinct with the
most exquisite intellectual development. The
faith was the soul of those buildings; intellect
and culture were the body. No such buildings
could be reared now in England. Just as Car-
lyle says of Shakespeare that he was a product
of the Middle Ages, and could not conceivably
be generated by modernism, so it is true
that the great Catholic monuments could
come only of a true civilization. But the
soul of civilization seems dead; we have
now only a cultured materialism. Railways
and telegraphs are very wonderful indeed—
though not so wonderful as the common fly or
the guat—yet the concentration of pure
thought which could evolve Catholic cathed-
rals, and the sustained labors and patience
which could complete them, suggest to our
mind that the soul of civilization is something
deeper and broader than materialism. After
all, it is object which makes men civilized; it
is not a free press nor silver forks. Temper-
ance leagues show that we wish to cure na-
tional drunkenness, but they are no sort of suc-
cessful protest against asceticism. We may
be civilized perhaps in our wish not to be bar-
barous, but our civilization consists only in re-
turning to the old models, the old maxims, and
aspirations of Catholicism. If man, as Mr.
Herbert Spencer has informed us, is no more
than a concurrence of atoms, acted upon by a
voltaic pile, and emitting sparks of thought, he
may be content with a civilization which gives
him a comfortable arm-chair and provides him
with his *Herald* or *Gazette*. But if he be a
passenger through life, bound for a home in a
better country, he will want a much higher
civilization. And adopting this rational view,
he will think with Montesquieu—whom Car-
dinal Pecci quoted as an unwilling witness—
"Wonderful to relate, the Christian religion,
which seems to have in view no other object
than our bliss in the other life, secures also our
happiness on this earth."

EXIT MISS EDITH O'GORMAN.

"Here comes a very strange beast!"

SHAKESPEARE.

Miss Edith O'Gorman—which her name is Biddy—has come and gone, and the Evangelical world is uplifted with this crowning dispensation.

Come, sweet Evangelicals, tell us what Miss Biddy said! Privately, of course, for there are some things, you know, not for the public ear;—things,—not to put too fine a point on it—are rather tough.

"One wild and windy night At two o'clock in the mornin', Bold Biddy abquatulated, bolted, mizzled, skeddaddled, took her flight, All vows and weather scornin'!"

Really Miss Biddy must be held responsible for our "dropping into poetry" as Silas Wegg was wont to observe. There is something uncommonly epic about Biddy's escapade.

But, "on we to our theme" as Babbington Macaulay says. Let our Evangelical poet select for his model convent, some blood-curdling abode, as, for instance, the Bastille, one of Mrs. Radcliffe's hair-raising castles, or, if it so like him, that ogreous palace from whose accursed turrets "Sister Anne" bawled such discouraging answers to Mrs. Blue-Beard as throw nurseries into consternation and send little heads under the bed-clothes when the light is gone.

Now, let the heroine appear at a lofty casement—don't say "window;" it is unpoetic and vulgar,—She is not a beauty, is Biddy. She has a very open countenance as to the mouth, and her nose lifts its haughty point decidedly skywards.

To descend to every day prose, did Miss Biddy, may we ask, relate to her pious audience her delightful dream of a man to whom she was destined to be married? We judge no one for a good or bad dream, per se, but what a nice specimen of a professed! nun must have Miss Biddy been when she accepted in her waking moments, that devil's temptation as an oracle and,—we have been told by persons perfectly reliable—fainted when the hero of her dream appeared.

The difficulties of Biddy's escape may be appreciated by the non-Evangelical world, when we explain that the religious at Hudson City are now, and always have been, perfectly free to go out from the convent when and whither they please.

Unfortunately determines to go to the devil by the path of pride, lust or self-will, the Catholic Church will never use coercion. One may earn hell at the bottom of a dungeon as well as in the unhalloved precincts of the Thermoe.

Let Evangelicals read the poor, unfortunate woman's despairing letters to the Superior of her convent, and then, perhaps, they may understand the amount of confidence to be placed in the statements of the "Escaped Nun." As to making a heroine of her, it is just as appropriate as to sing poems over the success of an escaped convict.

Is it not astonishing that people pretending to the slightest morality will persist in encouraging any dirty, vile vagabond, male or female, priest or nun, who may throw off the restraints of religion and virtue, and give himself or herself up to the gratifying of the vilest passions.

Now, let us ask those pious Evangelicals one question. Did you ever hear of any Catholic man or woman ascending a public platform for the express purpose of vilifying your belief, your institutions or your ministers? Is it not after forbearance ceases to be a virtue that a Catholic writer will return a blow in pure self-defence?

We know there are thousands of Protestants who have too much common sense and self-respect to be hoodwinked by the peculiar moral school of Miss Biddy O'Gorman, Monsieur Chiquiny and strolling performers of that stripe.

Let us, for a moment, take a glance at the crowd who sit under the ministrations of such luminaries as Miss Biddy & Co. First, there is the elect on the platform, conspicuous in black coat and white "choker." The species is generally fat, flabby and uncouth,—Reverend Chabbands all. They listen with lack lustre eye to Miss Biddy, until she comes to the more filthy and prurient portions of her "outpouring."

Ring down the curtain, put out the lights, let them steal away in the dark, that men and women may not look upon each others faces in their worst and most degraded moment. All this will be denied with loud indignation and

contempt. Keep your temper, pious lambs, bottle up your indignation, and charge us with FALSEHOOD at the last great day. We shall be there as well as you. Be ye patient.

In conclusion we have a little question to ask:—Can any Evangelical explain how it happened that Miss Biddy O'Gorman could "escape," alone and unaided, from her tremendous fortress of a convent, while, subsequently, it required the utmost efforts of four stout brakemen to hoist the lone-lorn victim on to the cars at the St. Paul, Minn., depot.

Bye bye Miss Biddy. We hope the receipts—base and filthy lucre,—were satisfactory. Come again, and don't forget the Professor next time. The ladies are anxious about their unprotected husbands, so be sure and bring him on, or "any other man."

SHOOTING OF THE EARL OF LEITRIM, HIS CLERK, AND CAR-DRIVER.

THE CAREER OF THE DECEASED NOBLEMAN AS AN EXTERMINATOR.

FULL PARTICULARS FROM THE IRISH PAPERS.

Lord Leitrim possessed large property in the county Donegal. His Lordship was born in Dublin in 1806, and succeeded his father in 1835. He was M.P. for Leitrim from 1839 to 1847.

The Irish Times correspondent gives the following version of the affair:—

The Earl of Leitrim this morning, about half-past eight o'clock left his house at Manor Vaughan, near Carrigart, en route for Milford, thence to go to Londonderry. He drove on a post car, accompanied by a newly appointed clerk named Mechan, from county Leitrim. A second car was occupied by the earl's valet and a country peasant.

LORD LEITRIM AS AN EXTERMINATOR.

(From the Derry Standard)

William Sydney Clements, third Earl of Leitrim, succeeded his father in 1854, and within a few years of his accession to the title and to the estates in Donegal, Leitrim, and Kildare, his name had become a symbol of terror over his vast possessions, which comprised nearly 90,000 acres of territory.

fish ry would be worth till the crack of doom. His form was as similar in the law courts as that of the chairman of the county, for he was always present to superintend the conducting of his own case.

STATEMENT OF THE EARL'S VALET.

Interviewed by our reporter, Wm. Kincaid, his lordship's valet, stated that about half-past eight o'clock in the morning two cars set out from Manor Vaughan, Lord Leitrim's late residence.

THE INQUEST.

The inquest on the Donegal murder was opened on Wednesday, and adjourned after identification. It seems that Lord Leitrim's revolver had been taken from him and used against himself.

WHAT A REPORTER OF THE FREEMAN SAW.

I have seen the bodies of the murdered men. His lordship is so battered about the left side of the head that it is difficult to say if he has been shot there. His left arm is broken, and he has evidently been shot in the chest.

As far as we remember, the Earl of Leitrim was third Irish Peer who met his death by violence within the present century. The first was Lord Kilwarden, who perished in Emmet's rising. The second the Earl of Norbury, slain under such mysterious circumstances in his own demesne.

PERSONAL.

SERBIA—Serbia has decided on remaining neutral under all circumstances.

TWEED—The judgments against Tweed are said to involve a total of twenty-two million dollars.

ST. LAWRENCE—The inhabitants on the shores of the St. Lawrence, near Cape Rosier, are reported as being in an almost starving condition.

TWEED—The great "Boss" Dr. "ex Boss" died on Friday at the age of 65. He was originally a chairmaker in a very humble way.

FLEMING—The Daily News, a lively little sheet, edited by Mr. Fleming, made its appearance in Montreal last evening.

O'CONNOR—Mass was first celebrated at Listowel, Ont., last week by Father O'Connor, of Stratford. It is proposed to erect a Roman Catholic church.

DUFFERIN—Lord Dufferin was presented with an address from the Senator and members of the House of Commons yesterday afternoon.

MEGG—The ruffian "Citizen Edmond Megg" who commanded the party who murdered the Archbishop of Paris in 1871, is prosecuting his work in New York.

NEWMAN—Dr. Newman has brought out a new edition of his "Essay on Development," which, he says, he must consider at his age the last print or reprint on which he will ever be engaged.

STORER—Professor Storer whose walk of 100 miles was postponed from last Friday, will commence his task in the Victoria Rink Montreal, on Friday evening next at 8 o'clock.

CAMPBELL—The debate in the Senate last night on Hon. Mr. Campbell's motion condemning the action of the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, in dismissing his Ministry, was carried by a vote of 37 to 20.

SICKNESS—The Russians are suffering from sickness. In the camp before Constantinople, and inaction and disappointment at not returning home has created great fretfulness and dissatisfaction at the present situation.

CROSS—Mr. Cross has informed Mr. O'Connor Power, M.P., that the cases of the Fenian prisoners Goudon and Melody will be considered at the expiration of fifteen years from the date of their conviction.

ALEXIS—A sensational despatch comes from Cronstadt, to the effect that a Russian privateering fleet is being organized in the United States, to be manned by sailors of the Russian Baltic fleet, and commanded by the Grand Duke Alexis.

POWER—Mr. O'Connor Power, M.P., called Judge Keogh a religious and political firebrand. Being called to order he apologized for having used the words. However, he only told the truth for all that.

DUFFERIN—L'Acadie says that the Very Rev. Dr. Hamel, Superior of the Quebec Seminary, has received from Lord Dufferin, a copy of the Greek reply made by His Excellency to an address presented to him by a collegiate institution in that language.

O'NEILL—A respectable young woman named O'Neill was found dead in her bed in St. Johns, on the morning which was to see her a bride. It is said that she told a friend that "she would rather die than be married."

BEECHER—TILTON—The great scandal is on the boards again. Mrs. Tilton has written a letter to say that the charges against Beecher are true. There is food for three months scandal in this confession.

BARRY—Mr. Barry, the lawyer who is defending the Catholics in the trials of Cooney and others, has received a threatening letter. If he had received as many as the editor of the True Witness has, he would learn to value them at their worth, which is nothing.

PRINCE CHARLES—of Roumania is joining the headquarters of his army. The whole Roumanian militia has been called out. The feeling against the Russians is intensely bitter and the Government promise to do all in their power to prevent foreign occupation.

MURPHY—We have observed with much satisfaction that the Committee of Investigation have completely exonerated the Mayor of Quebec, Mr. Murphy, from the charges made against him in connection with the loan negotiated by Grant Bros & Co., of London.—Montreal Journal of Commerce.

RIDICULOUS.—We often see ridiculous rumours about Ireland and Irishmen, and the following is one of them:—"Despatches from Glasgow report a threatened serious riot in that city between the Protestants and Catholics. The Irish Ribbon-men threaten to shoot the Protestants for burning the Pope's allocation respecting the Scotch Episcopate."

ORANGISM—The Protestant clergymen of Montreal have requested the Orangemen not to walk in the city on the 12th of July, and the Young Britons of Toronto, have heroically opposed the action of the Protestant clergy. The "Britons are determined "never to be slaves" but they would like to make serfs of every Catholic in the country "Croppies lie down" you know, and the rest.

RUSSIA—It is said Russia will be governed greatly by Austria's attitude. If she is neutral, Russia will undoubtedly seize the Bosphorus; if hostile, it is doubtful whether Russia will hold anything south of Adrianople—probably attacking Austria from Galicia, Roumania and Bosnia. The Turks have 70,000 troops around Constantinople and 17,000 at Gallipoli. Turkey's attitude is expected, and it is thought she will abide by the San Stefano Treaty, observing neutrality and defend it if menaced.

O'DONNELL—Mr. O'Donnell who was, it appears by the telegram, supported by Mr. Gladstone denounced the conduct of the government as "unconstitutional" when they placed the neighbourhood of the murder of the Earl of Leitrim, under the peace preservation act. Mr. O'Donnell is not supported by all the Home Rule M.P.'s forthwith all the papers announce, in large type, a split in the Home Rule Camp. How eagerly the hostile press grasp at a straw. But there is no "split" because Mr. O'Donnell's motion had nothing to do with Home Rule, and the M.P.'s were not expected to be united upon it.

BAKER.—The London correspondent of the Cork Examiner.—says:—I am informed that Miss Dickenson, the young lady whose charge against Colonel Valentine Baker was the cause of that officer's dismissal from the army and imprisonment in jail, has taken an extraordinary step. The colonel, whose military talent and personal bravery in the Sultan's service have made him a social lion in London, has been honored by her Majesty with an invitation to Windsor, while the Prince of Wales has introduced him to the Marlborough Club, and otherwise patronized him. Miss Dickenson has, therefore, returned the Royal portrait sent to her by the Queen as a mark of sympathy at the time of the assault, and requested that her own, which she had the honour by command to present in return, should be sent back."

WEEKLY TEST.

Number of purchasers served during the week ending April 13th, 1878 - 4032. Corresponding week last year - 4489. Decrease - 457.

WILFUL WASTE.

It appears that hundreds of cash buyers have lately been wasting their money by buying Horrocks' Cotton at 9c. per yard, whilst they could have purchased it from us at 8c.

A REPEATER.

We repeat it again, that whatever Credit Stores sell Horrocks' Cottons or any other goods, at our prices will always be lower. Our system of doing business enables us to sell lower than any other firm in Montreal, even if we had to pay as high for our goods.

The old foggy Montreal system of doing business, connected and tainted as it is with the corrupt Mercantile Agency system of deception, is bound to succumb. Fifty cents on the dollar is shadowed over the door of every Mercantile Agency dupes in Montreal. But it pays the Agency men, as firms always bleed easier and oftener after a compromise.

AT S. CARSLY'S

Superb stock of Cushion Tassels, from 90c. to \$1.50.

A good assortment of Blind Tassels and Cord.

AT S. CARSLY'S.

A grand array of Ladies' Fancy Sets from 25c. to \$2.50.

Real Irish Crochet Sets, from \$4.

S. CARSLY'S FRINGES.

Fine assortment of Black Silk Fringes, from 15c to \$2.50.

Wool Fringes, from 2c to 75.

S. CARSLY'S REGATTA SHIRTS.

Beautiful French pattern Regatta Shirts, 38c. Strong Regatta Shirts, heavy make, 45c.

AT S. CARSLY'S.

Fine stock of Tulles and Gossamers.

Good assortment of Real Leases and Nets.

AT S. CARSLY'S.

Misses fine wave Corsets, from 25c per pair. Ladies' fine wave Corsets, from 60c to \$4.50 per pair.

S. CARSLY'S SILK HANDKERCHIEFS. Ladies' beautiful Silk Handkerchief, from 10c to 5c.

Gents' fine Silk Handkerchiefs, from 38c to \$2.

S. CARSLY'S COLLARS AND CUFFS.

Gents' fine 4-ply Linen Cuffs, from 28c to 45c. Gents' fine 4-ply Linen Collars, from 12c to 24c.

AT S. CARSLY'S.

Splendid French Pattern Shirts, beautifully finished with two Collars, for 60c.

AT S. CARSLY'S.

Gents' Underwear in White and Colored Merino. Gents' Cotton Shirts from 35c to \$2 95.

S. CARSLY'S DRIVING.

Strong Useful Driving Gloves, from 50c to \$1 50. Gents' Kid Gloves, from 50c to \$1.50 per pair.

S. CARSLY.

393 and 395 Notre Dame Street.

AGRICULTURE.

CALVES.

By raising the heifers of our best cows, the stock will be improved. Every farmer should aim to keep only the best. A cow yielding only eight quarts of milk a day does not pay for the feed, and should be replaced with a better one.

THE PLOW.

The Plow is already at work in thousands of fields, while a few are yet kept idle by a sodden soil. Caution should be used least the plow be put to use too soon. No furrow should be turned while the soil is wet.

MAKE A NOTE OF IT.

A little note-book for the vest pocket may be made by folding a sheet of paper until it is about 2 inches long and 1 inch wide. Stitch this into a paste-board cover, cut the edges, and keep the book in the vest pocket with a piece of lead pencil.

MEADOWS AND PASTURES.

Need a little stimulating fertilizer. A dressing of 209 pounds per acre of bone-flour, superphosphate, or guano often doubles the yield. Nitrate of soda (159 pounds per acre) gives a rank growth, but the hay is not so nutritious as that from the phosphatic manures.

HORSES.

A regular allowance of grain will now be needed by working teams. It is economical to feed ground grain. Ten quarts a day is a full allowance for a hard working horse.

COWS.

In coming cows should be treated with caution. Good hay is sufficient feed for the month previous to calving. Watch the udder closely and on the first appearance of heat and hardness bathe it with cold water to reduce the inflammation.

THERE IS NO DANGER IN GROWING TOO MUCH.

Great Britain imports eight hundred million of dollars worth of food every year for her 39 million of people. Her farmers only raise 40 per cent of the food consumed in the country; the rest is purchased from abroad.

STRAWBERRIES.

The treatment of the plants when the crop is off will depend upon the system of culture adopted. In fields where alternating beds are made, the spaces that have served for paths are manured and plowed, and the runners allowed to occupy them.

THE CODLING MOTH.

This insect, says the Country Gentleman, is the most formidable enemy of the apple, and the loss from it, ravages amount yearly to millions of dollars. It has for a long time eluded the efforts of orchardists or most of the remedies have been imperfect and unsuccessful.

There is another reason why the sheep remedy should be more especially employed in older orchards. When the trees are young, they must be kept cultivated, and there is then less grazing for the sheep.

NUMBER OF HENS IN ONE YARD.

Fifty hens are the largest number that should be in one flock. The roosts should be low and level, and not one above another, like the rounds of a ladder.

RASPBERRIES.

Raspberries follow close upon strawberries and as they are always biennial, the crop of next year will depend upon the care given to the plants this season.

CURRENTS.

Currents for jelly should be picked as soon as they are fairly red, but for table use they are much better if allowed to get dead-ripe.

TO LET—A Farm of 180 Acres, at Longue Pointe, 3 1/2 miles from Montreal. Very suitable for milk-selling. Possession first of May next.

COSTELLO BROTHERS.

GROCERIES and LIQUORS, WHOLESALE, (Nun's Buildings,) 49 St. Peter Street, MONTREAL.

PERFECT SAFETY.

TOWNSHEND'S BEDDING PATENTED FOR ITS PURITY. CHEAPEST AND BEST. Old Bedding Purified by Patent Process. 39 & 41 BONAVENTURE ST., Montreal.

NEW DAIRY BUTTER.

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

DRIED BEEF, BEEF HAM, SUGAR CURED HAMS, SMOKED TONGUES, PICKLED DO, CAMPBELL'S BACON (in select cuts) AT THE EUROPEAN WAREHOUSE.

APPLES (very choice, for table use,) ORANGES (Algeria, very sweet,) LEMONS, BANANAS, and all kinds of Fresh Fruits and Vegetables, AT THE EUROPEAN WAREHOUSE, THOMAS CRATHERN, 1363 St. Catherine street.

WILLIAM DOW & CO. BREWERS & MALTSTERS Superior Pale and Brown Malt; India Pale and other Ales, Extra Double and single Stout, in wood and bottle.

FAMILIES SUPPLIED. The following Bottlers only are authorized to use our labels viz.: Thos. J. Howard, 173 St. Peter Street; Jas. Virtue, 39 St. Vincent; Thos. Ferguson, 289 St. Constant Street; Jas. Rowan, 152 St. Urbain; Wm. Bishop, 479 LaGauchetiere; Thos. Kinsella, 144 Ottawa Street; C. J. Maisonneuve, 685 St. Dominique Street.

BASKERVILLE & BROS. (OTTAWA CITY.) Previous to their removal first May next to the large Brick Store now occupied as furniture shop, two doors east of their old stand, on Rideau Street, offers their ENTIRE STOCK AT 50% OFF EVERYTHING. All are invited to see the reductions that are being. They also guarantee the choicest Wines, Liquors, Teas, General Groceries and Provisions.

J. G. PARKS, PHOTOGRAPHER, and publisher of STEREOSCOPIC AND OTHER VIEWS, LANTERN SLIDES, &c. 195 1/2 St James Street, Montreal. Catalogue of views sent by post; prompt attention to enlargements. Mr. Parks has the negatives taken by Mr. Inglis for eight years on St. James Street, also the negatives taken by himself for the last twelve years. Photos can be taken on any subject. Every pains are taken to see the reductions that are being. They also guarantee the choicest Wines, Liquors, Teas, General Groceries and Provisions. Their spring importations, now ordered, are the largest yet made, and the premises that they are going into the first May next cannot be surpassed in the Dominion for convenience to themselves and customers. Families desiring supplies don't miss the opportunity. No. 1 LABRADOR HERRINGS, the cheapest in the market. [Feb 30, '78-13ms]

A. BEAUVAIS, WILL SELL TO-DAY, GOOD AND DURABLE

- PANTS for \$1.50
PANTS for \$1.75
PANTS for \$2.00
PANTS for \$2.25
PANTS for \$2.50
PANTS for \$2.75
PANTS for \$3.00

GIVE US A CALL BEFORE Purchasing Elsewhere. 190 St. Joseph Street. March 27, '78-33

MONTREAL WEST. TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF MONTREAL. GENTLEMEN:— Having been honored with the unanimous nomination of the Conservative party to again represent this important Division in the Legislative Assembly of the Province, I accept the candidature, and, if elected, will use my best efforts to do my duty in that as in the other positions of honour in which I have, in the past, been placed by my fellow-citizens.

Your obedient Servant, J. W. MCGAUVRAIN. 44-4

STORE TO LET ONE OF THE FINEST STORES IN THE CITY. CAN BE ARRANGED TO SUIT ONE OR MORE TENANTS. APPLY ON THE PREMISES, H. SHOREY & CO., 23 ST. HELEN STREET. May 30, '77.

EDUCATIONAL, &c. LORETTO ABBEY, WELLINGTON PLACE, TORONTO, CANADA. A Branch of the Ladies of Loretto, Dublin, Ireland. Board and Tuition—\$150 per annum. Send for circular and address to LADY SUPERIOR July 25-1y

LORETTO CONVENT, Niagara Falls, Canada. Two Medals for General proficiency in the different courses will be presented by His Excellency, Lord Dufferin, Governor General of Canada. Board and Tuition per year \$150. For further information and prospectus, address July 15-1y

LADY OF ANGELS, Belleville, Ontario. Conducted by the Ladies of Loretto. Studies will be resumed at this Institution, for Boarders and Day-Schoolers, on the 1st of September.

CONVENT OF THE SISTERS OF THE CONGREGATION OF NOTRE DAME, WILLIAMSTOWN, ONT. The system of education embraces the English and French languages, Music, Drawing, Painting, and every kind of useful and ornamental needle work.

TERMS: Board and Tuition in French and English.....\$8.00 Music and use of Instrument.....2.00 Drawing and Painting.....1.00 Bed and Bedding.....1.00 Washing.....1.00 Entrance Fee.....3.00 The Scholastic year commences in SEPTEMBER, and closes at the end of JUNE. Nov 14, '77-14

PIANOS Another battle on high prices. RAGING War on the monopolist renewed. The Hon. Sec. of the Treasury's latest Newspaper full reply (sent free) before buying HAWK or ORGAN. Read my latest circular. WAG. Lowest prices ever given. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington N.J. Nov 14, '77

Stained Glass For Churches, Etc. A. FITZPATRICK, Artist, Diploma of England, Supplies European Art Glass at the prices charged for the inferior article hitherto used here for Stained Glass. The best Memorial Windows. Send for prices, &c. PRIZES RECEIVED: London 1871. Philadelphia 1876—First Prize Late of London, Eng. Studio and Works, Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y. June 20, '77

CATHOLICS OF MONTREAL! Read the list of Books we are offering at twenty-five cents per week; Elegant Family Bibles, "Life of the Blessed Virgin," "Father Burke's Lectures and Sermons," "Lives of the Saints," "Life of Pope Pius IX.," and a fine assortment of Mission and other Prayer Books. Also McGeehan and Mitchell's "History of Ireland," and "Life of Daniel O'Connell." The above works are all published by the well-known firm of D. & J. Sadler & Co., of New York, and will be delivered in advance on receipt of the first payment at JAMES JORDAN'S BOOK STORE, 574 CRAIG STREET, (nearly opposite Cote) By dropping a note or a Postal Card we will send samples of the above-named books to any address for examination, free of charge. A choice selection of Albums may be had on the same terms. Nov 14 '77

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

MULLARKY & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF BOOTS AND SHOES, No. 8 ST. HELEN STREET, MONTREAL May 2, '77. 1-38-y

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

ROGARTY & BRO., BOOT & SHOE MANUFACTURERS, 245 St Lawrence Main Street, CORNER ST. CATHERINE STREET, Dec 5, '77 6-m

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, In the SUPERIOR COURT for District of Montreal. No. 84. The fifth day of April, eighteen hundred and seventy-eight. Present: The Honorable Mr. JUSTICE DORION.

Joseph Poissant, dit Boileau, residing in the Parish of St. Philippe, District of Montreal, farmer, Plaintiff; vs. Moise Lanctot, heretofore of the Parish of St. Constant, District of Montreal, farmer, and Napoleon Mongeau, heretofore of the Township of Herford, District of St. Francis, farmer, both absent from the Province of Quebec, Dominick of Canada, Defendants.

IT IS ORDERED, on the motion of Phileas Lanctot, Esq., of Counsel for the Plaintiff, in as much as it appears by the return of John Hoolahan, one of the Bailiffs of this Court, on the writ of summons in this cause issued, written, that the Defendants have left their domicile in the Province of Quebec in Canada, and cannot be found in the District of Montreal; that the said Defendants by an advertisement to be twice inserted in the French language, in the newspaper of the City of Montreal, called Le National, and twice in the English language in the newspaper of the said city, called THE TRUE WITNESS, be notified to appear before this Court, and there to answer the demand of the Plaintiff within two months after the last insertion of such advertisement, and upon the neglect of the said Defendants to appear and to answer to such demand within the period aforesaid, the said Plaintiff will be permitted to proceed to trial and judgment as in a cause by default. (By the Court) F. BELANGER, Depy. P. S. C. 35-2

NOTICE. THE COUNTY OF HOCHELAGA BUILDING SOCIETY will apply to the Parliament of Canada, at its next session, to obtain a special act of incorporation, giving it power: 1st. To become an ordinary loan and investment society, with the privileges accorded to Permanent Building Societies according to the laws in force. 2nd. To discontinue and abandon the system of allotments. 3rd. To reduce its capital to twenty per cent of the amount now subscribed, except in so far as respects the holdings of present borrowers who will remain shareholders for the full amount advanced to them. And if they prefer not to retain such shares, power to make arrangements with them for the repayment of what is due on their loans will be asked. 4th. To increase its capital stock from time to time; to create a reserve fund; to continue to issue temporary shares, if thought advisable; to create a lien on the shares for the payment of claims due to the Society; and to invest its moneys in public securities, and to accept personal, in addition to hypothecary guarantees as collateral security for loans made by it. And generally for any other powers necessary for the proper working of the said Society. H. JEANNOTTE, N. P. Sec. Treas. PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, SUPERIOR COURT, District of Montreal. Dame Julie Teller dite Lafortune, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Joseph Narcisse Portelance, trader, of the same place, Plaintiff; vs. The said Joseph Narcisse Portelance, trader, of the same place, Defendant. An action for separation as to property has been this day instituted in this Court, at Montreal, THIBAUT & MCGOWN, Attorneys for Plaintiff. Montreal, 9th March, 1878. 32-5

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, SUPERIOR COURT, District of Montreal. No. 192. Dame Isabella, alias Isabella Berry, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of W. Robert Smith, gentleman, of the said City of Montreal, duly authorized to ester en justice a l'effet des presentes, Plaintiff; vs. The said W. Robert Smith, gentleman, of the same place, Defendant. An action en separation de biens has been issued against the Defendant, returnable on the thirty-first day of January last. L. L. MAILLET, Atty for Plaintiff. Montreal, 1st February, 1878. 35-3

D. LAMONTAGNE, 46 BONSECOUR STREET. Painting, Glazing, Paper-Hanging, White-Washing, Coloring. Done on shortest notice at moderate prices. Leave your orders for HOUSE CLEANING early. March 27, '78-33

RICHARD BURKE, Custom BOOT and SHOE-MAKER, 689 CRAIG STREET, (Between Bleury and Hermine Streets) Montreal. ALL ORDERS AND REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

W. E. MULLIN & Co., MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN BOOTS AND SHOES. 14 Chabouilles Square, near G.T.R. Depot, MONTREAL. WE KEEP IN STOCK and MAKE TO ORDER THE LATEST FRENCH, ENGLISH and AMERICAN STYLES.

ROLLAND, O'BRIEN & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF BOOTS AND SHOES, 333 St. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL. A Large and Well-assorted Stock constantly on hand May 2, '77 1-38-y

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CAPITAL AND LABOUR.

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

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

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

New Goods Opening Up Daily.

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

NEW HOSIERY,

- NEW GLOVES, NEW CLOUDS, NEW FANCY WOOLENS.

- Mens' Cardigan Jackets. Ladies' Sleeveless Jackets. Ladies' Wool Caps. Ladies' Kid Mitts.

Tailoring! Tailoring!! Tailoring!!!

ULSTER TWEEDS.

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

Over Coatings in Great Variety.

- Mantles made to order. Ladies' Dresses made to order. Ulsters made to order.

Scotch Under Clothing!

- Ladies' Sht Band Wool Under Dresses. Ladies' Lamb's Wool Under Vests and Drawers.

Colored Cashmeres.

- Seal, Navy, Myrtle, Drab, Grey, Prune, Plum, &c. 1 case New Dress Goods, 12 1/2c. each.

Black Silks,

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

Colored Silks.

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

AT CHEAPSIDE,

37 & 439 NOTRE DAME STREET,

A. A. MURPHY,

PROPRIETOR.

May 2, 77 Established 1819. 1-367

LA COMPAGNIE IRLANDAISE.

A MILITARY EXECUTION.

"By gad it's cowlid, sir."—"A man to be shot, sir."

CHAPTER XI.

"Hallo, the pipe's gone out—what then we've reached the spot where I'm to die; No bidding—no! Stand back there, men!

"The reveille has sounded, sir," said a familiar voice the following morning, as the owner endeavored to untie the frozen cords which drew the stubborn canvas of my tent door together.

"By gad, it's cowlid, sir!" "So I see," was my reply, as I saw him change his attitude, and for the following moment appeared to have become possessed of the prancing spirit of St. Vitus.

"Andy, you have done it this time," said I, as I caught an expression upon his face which might be interpreted to mean "there is no help for spilt milk."

"That's fine, sir," were the first words he said, when he recovered from the gasping sensation which noxious in the art of drinking from a flask experience.

I thought the contents of my flask might help to thaw the frost from off this remarkable beard, and by the manner Carey accepted the invitation to try its effects, I think he had a somewhat similar belief.

hill and valley, and nestles upon shrub and tree as beautifully delicate as daylight upon the waste of waters.

"Ah, that's the stuff, Captain, for a campaign," said the sergeant, when he had paid the penalty of the drain in the shape of a vigorous shiver.

Just then the regimental call sounded beautifully clear upon the morning air. "That's for the sergeant-major," I said, as the four notes at the end indicated the rank of the man for whom the bugle sounded.

"The company is to parade under the command of an officer, Captain, immediately," said Carey, who had just returned. "A man to be shot, sir."

"All right! muster all the spare men, I'll come myself." And away he rattled, and soon I heard the clash of bayonets as the men unlocked the rifles from the fusils.

It was a solemn moment; it was the first military execution that we had seen in France, and the sickly sensation of a new horror crept over us all.

But the crisis soon approached, as the boy-soldier—I cannot say culprit—took off his military jacket, and threw it gently upon the ground, showing the figure of a firmly-set young man.

St. BRIDGET'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.—At a regular monthly meeting of the St. Bridget's T. A. and Benefit Society, Mr. James Meuk was unanimously elected to the office of Marshal for the remainder of the year.

BIRTH.

HARDING.—At 79 Colborne street, on the 30th ult., the wife of Mr. Thomas Harding, of the Montreal Post-office, of a son.

DIED.

McKERNAN.—In this city, on the 12th instant, Mary Ann McKernan, wife of our respected citizen Mr. P. Carroll.

DUNNE.—On the 20th March, Ellen Dunne, beloved wife of James O'Reilly, of the Township of Percy, Ontario.

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

LIVE STOCK MARKET. FAT CATTLE.—This being the last week in Lent, the supply of superior fat cattle for Easter beef was very large; some of the finest were seen on the market were extra fine animals.

SWEEP.—There was a good supply of choice sheep offered E. B. Morgan sold to Wm. Tozer of Quebec seventy-five sheep at 5 1/2c per lb.

MONTREAL MARKET. Superior Extra, \$8 10 to 9 20 Canada Wheat, 0 00 to 0 00 No. 1 Superfine, 0 75 to 1 00

TORONTO MARKET. Wheat, \$1.22 to 1.25 Butter, large rolls, 0.10 to 0.13

KINGSTON MARKET. Flour, per bbl \$8 25 to 9 30 Duff Skins per lb 0 5 to 1 0

GUELPH MARKETS. Flour, per 100 \$2 50 to 2 75 Eggs, per doz., 0 6 to 0 8

HAMILTON MARKETS. White wheat per bush, \$1.16 to 1.18; Treadwell, \$1.20 to 1.22

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

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE WESTERN DIVISION.

GENTLEMEN, Having received the unanimous nomination of the Reform Party of the City of Montreal, I beg to offer myself as a candidate for suffrages at the approaching election.

In accepting the nomination I do so with the firm purpose of protecting the interests of the city against any efforts that may be made to cripple and embarrass her trade or commercial prosperity.

I shall strenuously oppose those measures in connection with the Railway Bill that have not for their object the strict fulfilment of the original contract between the City of Montreal and the Directors of the Northern Colonization Railway Company.

I shall also oppose strongly all attempts at unnecessary taxation. All measures calculated to further the education of the poorer classes will receive my hearty support.

Your obedient servant, J. McSHANE, JR.

Montreal, 3rd April, 1878. 36

IRISH CATHOLIC BENEFIT SOCIETY.

A Special General Meeting of the above Society will be held in the Hall, TOURNAI'S BLOCK, MCGILL STREET, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, the 24th inst., at 7.30 P. M., for nomination of officers, and business generally.

IRISH CATHOLIC UNION.

The regular weekly meeting of Branch No. 2 which was to take place on MONDAY EVENING APRIL 22nd, will be postponed until MONDAY April 29th, to give the Members an opportunity of attending their Convention.

P. A. CUTLER, President. T. LATTIMORE, Secretary. 36-1

TURN COATS!

THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS CAN BE SAVED. Gentlemen who have faded clothing can have them turned and made like new at the Broadway Tailoring Establishment, 683—CHAIR STREET—683

Prices very low. 36-2

FUND FOR THE RELIEF OF THE DIOCESE OF CHATHAM, N.B.

"DAY DREAMS DISPELLED." Thrilling Drama in Four Acts. Produced before the public for the first time.

NEW SCENERY AND COSTUMES. To be performed in the ACADEMIC HALL, BLEURY STREET, ON THURSDAY EVE., APRIL 25th.

STUDENTS OF ST. MARY'S COLLEGE. Curtain rises at 8 o'clock. Admission 25 Cents. Tickets to be had at College Parlor, Saultier's True Witness Office, &c.

F. B. McNAMEE & CO., GENERAL CONTRACTORS, 444 St. Joseph Street, MONTREAL.

F. B. McNAMEE, A. G. NISH, CAPT. JAS. WRIGHT, MAY 30, '77

JAMES FOLEY. DRY GOODS AND MILLINERY, 113 ST. JOSEPH STREET, Opposite Dow's Brewery.

Ladies' and Childrens' Jackets. In great variety. Also, a large assortment of Gents' Shirts and Drawers.

ape 27, 1877 46-52

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal, SUPERIOR COURT, No. 1649.

Mary Peacock, Plaintiff, vs. William Chester alias William E. Chester, Defendant.

On Saturday the twenty-seventh day of April, instant, 1878, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, at the domicile of the said Defendant, in the City of Montreal, will be read by authority of justice, all the goods and chattels of said Defendant, seized in this cause, consisting of Household Furniture, &c. Terms Cash.

JOHN HOOLAHAN, B.C.C. Montreal, 17th April, 1878. 36-1