

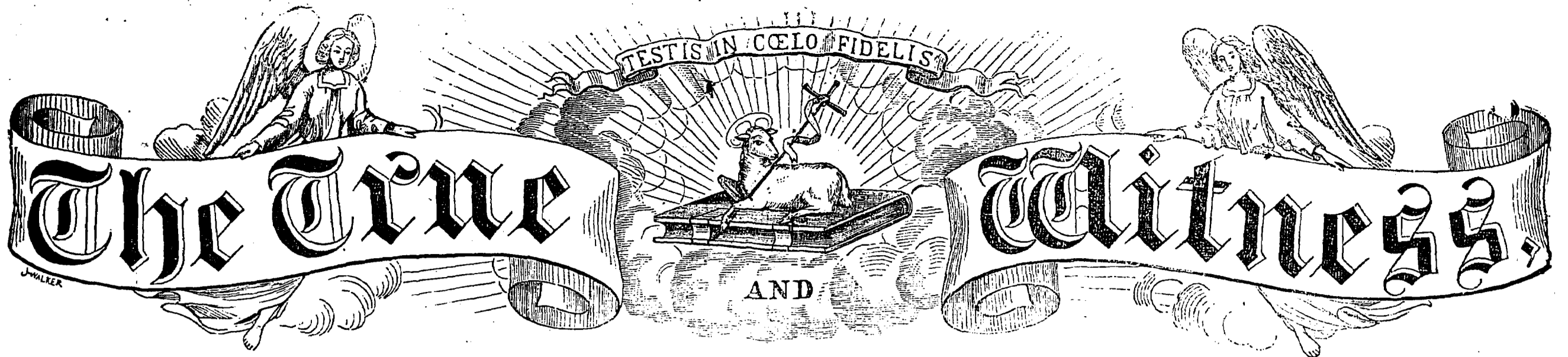
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# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXIV.

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NO. 16

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## THE IRISH LEGEND OF M'DONNELL, AND THE NORMAN DE BORGOS.

A BIOGRAPHICAL TALE. BY ARCHIBALD M'SPARRAN.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

The sentinel was M'Ivnanan, who bawled out, as soon as he knew him, "Arrah, thunderanous, Mister M'Quellan, is that you? May I never heat sheet or blanket with Sheelah, my own callen Roe, but we have been lucken for you those two stricken hours, and your father is as mad as buck or bear, thinking, as I believe, that he will never see you; but I told him twenty times, so I did, that dowl a morsel of fear there was of yes, so long as you had a slashing broadsword at your side, dangling down to the heel of your brogue, by the powers. Och, mannann, yes, did you see the ould cappul bawn any where on your tramp, for I'm somehow or other afraid that she'll be starved with hunger, achree? Musha, good luck to yourself, my bochiel more, you have a crawling clarenagh of maddy big with yes. May I ax where you have found that blood-thirsty animal, or that starved winder of a dog that I see creeping after yes like a whiteret? By the tether-stake of Bacon na Bo,\* I wouldn't give Driver for nineteen dozen of him, so I wouldn't, a halligh. Do you know does he hunt by the heels or the nose, far I don't see that he has the coley marks on him? But dowl a heel or nose we have to hunt, jewel."

The arrival of Finn M'Quellan at the fortification created universal joy; every individual, from the lowest in rank to the highest, loved him, and under no other banner would they wish to encounter a dangerous enemy sooner than his. He was cool in the midst of danger, and merciful to his most inveterate foes, as was magnanimously shown that night.

In battle his eye was that of an eagle in choosing the most advantageous ground for his men; but he was not possessed of all that bodily strength of which his younger brother was, although few swordsmen could meet him with any safety in the field. Daniel, the second son, had been, from a boy, employed in studying the dead languages, and while an intelligent scholar, he was also an able commander; indeed, it was evident that these young men retained something of their great ancestors, but were not without their common share of alloy and human failings any more than their fellow-brethren of mankind.

Finn M'Quellan was asked by his father on what business he had been that detained him so long out? "Indeed," said he, "I consider

it was in the highest degree impolitic, while we are in the neighborhood of our enemy, that you should hazard your life, and not only your own, but still more, the lives of your countrymen, by going out unattended in the night, for when we had such difficulty to stand our ground to-day, with all our commanders, what must have been the consequence had one of them been taken off?" When his sword was examined, which he brought in with him, some spots of blood were seen on it near the handle, but this, on recollection, was from his own hand, and plainly told where he had been, and also that he had had a re-encounter with one of the above family. His sword had nothing more particular, save that it was remarkably rusty, as if it had been brought from some temple dedicated to the double-faced god that was unopened for five centuries. In throwing off his cloak he observed that the gold clasp was gone, on which the arms of his own family were engraved, and also the likeness of his grandfather in miniature, for whom he was called, and whom he resembled in a most striking manner. "Have I lost it in the struggle," said he to himself, "or has Baldearg wrenched it off? he has not had hold of me, and, therefore, it was impossible." It occurred to him now where possibly it might be, "and if so," said he to himself, "it is only where I could always wish to be."

Having given strict orders to the sentinels that they should have a sharp look out for the enemy toward morning, as he expected they would endeavor to come upon the camp by surprise, he walked out again; but directed his course rather toward the mountain, all the while ruminating on the disastrous events that must happen the ensuing day. The sharp and vigilant voice of the wolf-dog, as he kept guard over his helpless charge, was audible to him, and also the howling of wolves that, disappointed of their prey, were forced to keep the depth of the wood, and express their rage by yells, adding horror to the darkness of nature. "Well," said he to himself, "I find that every being, whether rational or irrational, has its enemies, some, indeed, through necessity, and some only from wantonness and cruelty; but they who have been the unprovoked cause of our late distresses are certainly culpable in the eyes of all just men, and, I would suppose, are unfitting to enter the field of battle, either now, or at any other time."

But Nathos was on Erin's shore surrounded by night. He heard the voice of the foe amidst the roar of tumbling waves—silent he heard their voice and rested on his spear. Morning rose with its beams, the sons of Erin appear like grey rocks with all their trees. They spread along the coast. Cair-bar stood in the midst; he grimly stood when he saw the foe.—Oss.

Hesperus, the evening star, was now verging above the western horizon, and, from its twinkling beams, seemed sinking to rest; but soon it dipped from his sight, and left the sleeping world sunk in silent night. The whistling sound of the goshawk's wings, roused from its eyrie by some surprise, and swooping over his head, was one of his nocturnal companions. But although these scenes were agreeable to his mind at any other time, yet, in the disposition in which he then was, they passed by almost unobserved. As he had by this time got a considerable distance across the country, leaving the indistinct hum of the camp, he turned to look back toward the place where his enemies were, and saw the light of torches passing backward and forward, as if in the act of some hasty preparation. He immediately conjectured what all this bustle meant, being partly apprised of it, where he lay concealed in the graveyard. He had no other alternative than hurry back and get the garrison in a position of defence as soon as possible, which was not easily or speedily accomplished, for one half of them being appointed to stand in readiness while the other rested, so that they might not be taken by surprise, even should the foe wish to steal a march on them, had just retired to sleep. He did not wish to throw them into a panic by shouting or running furiously into the entrenchment, but, slaking his pace as he entered it, walked coolly up to his two brothers and whispered to them to get out the men and have them under arms as soon as they could, for he feared that O'Donnell had an intention of taking them by surprise. Accordingly, all being made sensible of what they supposed as the intention of the enemy, they were ordered to line the brakes and ditches for more than a furlong in advance of the station which they occupied.

Old Daniel M'Quellan was left in the camp with some of the troops, his son Daniel commanded the advance guard, and each of the others, Finn and Garry, took a right and left, extending their detachments in advance of the central ambuscade. They were not long posted in this direction, waiting in profound silence, when they heard the trampling of horses and men making directly for the entrenchment they so lately had evacuated, and in which there was kindled a large fire of timber that cast a

reflection to the adjacent hills. This caused O'Donnell to believe that they were only keeping watch within the fosse, and, by no means, expecting him at such an early hour, although the morning was advancing with hasty strides. Before he left the old church he had sent his daughter, Laura, with a small detachment to occupy the post below the place which she had done the day before. This was the last of the three crosses, past which had they been able to bring the property of their enemies, the feudal laws then prevailing in Ireland confirmed them in the possession of it; and, in order to encourage them in this last effort, he proposed her to him who should first bring to that station the head of any of the M'Quillans. At this place was erected a large cross, with a bough of holly bound to the top, and, beside it, under a branch of the same, with her two maids, was seated, pale and wan, young Laura O'Donnell, more like a corpse than the bridal prize of a conqueror. Perhaps many females would have been proud of this distinction, being considered as even exciting the troops to victory; but it was much otherwise with her, for she knew that to whatsoever side the victory went, it must wring her heart, being bought by those lives which she esteemed more precious than her own. But how could she endure the sight should the victor come to demand her as his reward? Yes, the exulting victor, having his hands stained in the blood of him who wrapped her in his cloak the preceding night, and purposed, even at the risk of his life, to convey her to the door of the chapel. "No," said she, "before I survive the sight, before I be insulted by the murderer of you, brave M'Quellan, may I lie low and forgotten as the remains of the poor soldier whose interment both you and I witnessed last night."

But a mournful cry from the mountain came, And echoed through the glen; It told a tale to Laura's ear, Yes, told it again and again.

'Twas the hollow moan of the death Banshee, That arose on every blast, It lamented the fate of many a youth Whose final die was cast.

This day with the rosy dawn of morn, You gallantly stride along, But ere the sun will kiss the west, I shall howl your funeral song.

The maiden sits in Tyrconnell's hall, With a spark of hope in her breast, But this night I shall shriek at her lattice pane, Your lover is sunk to rest.

No tender bosom received his head, When the crimson current flowed, But the gravely sod whereon he trod, Was his last and bloody abode.

The patient mother at dark Dunluce Sits sighing for her son; But a dismal yell to her ear shall tell, His final race is run.

Now gentle spouse, ah, hush your babes, And commend them to Him on high, For your William is laid in his gory bed, I have heard his latest sigh.

Daniel M'Quellan, being posted in the way directly through which O'Donnell intended to pass, and aided by the dark of the night, fell furiously upon him, sword in hand. Their eyes being dazzled by the light before them, he drove all into confusion, forcing their front back upon their rear; but as they saw now that he had but a few men, they rallied with double vigor, charging him both front and flank, which shock, he sustained with great intrepidity, until he saw by the light that preceded the rising sun, his two brothers hemming them closely in behind. A dreadful carnage here ensued, just as the glorious lamp of day surmounted the peaks of those mountains lying easterly from the country of O'Canan, with all the serenity and beauty of a winter morning, returning to cheer the drooping earth, and renew the promise made to fallen man by the world's great architect—that promise of the return of day and night. As the watchful sentinel darts upon the nightly robber, or on him engaged in unlawful acts, so darted upon them the harbinger of day, about to report at even to his mighty Author, these scenes of bloodshed, slaughter, and rapine. Each leader strode over the bodies of his fallen friends and enemies, lying indiscriminately together, urging forward his men, and manifesting an example in his deeds, that the most labored oratory could not pourtray to those around him.

The war-cry of Baldearg was reverberated from hill to hill—"Stand to the colors—support the flag—maintain your ground to an inch—remember the honor of great Tyrconnell and Owen Roe O'Donnell." On the other side, "Stand to the eagle of De Borgo; she spreads her wings to defend you—remember the battle of Hastings, and the invincible sword of William the Norman." "Vengeance! vengeance!" shouted old Daniel M'Quellan, "vengeance, and the redress of our wrongs!" as he rushed forward brandishing a weighty Baile na sluadh around his head, and waving his arm aloft, called aloud to his gallogglags—"Come on, come on; my brave fellows, and witness the deeds of an old man." All the forces of M'

Quellan were now engaged to a man, hand to hand with the enemy; and as the immortal Homer says:—

"So helm to helm, so crest to crest they throng, Shield urged on shield, and man drove man along."

The actions of this veteran inspired all who saw him, dealing death on every side with the terrific weapon, until he met with a stout opponent in Owen Roe, who, with a spring, seized on the instrument of death, and grappling each other by the gorge, both fell to the ground, when O'Donnell, who was rather the younger and more vigorous of the two, rolled uppermost, and drawing a skeon-fadd,\* which hung in a scabbard at his side, was about to end the contest, but three fingers of his sword hand that instant was carried away by the blow of a sabre, and hearing a cry—the flag of Baldearg is down, he sprang to his feet, and defended himself bravely in his retreat; but his helmet, by the stroke of a sword aimed at his head, was divided in two, where it lay on the ground.

The conflict near to the colors of O'Donnell had been doubtful for a long time, and was bravely supported on both sides until Roderick O'Donnell fell covered with wounds. This having dispirited his followers, and the flag being lowered, the entire line that had obstinately and sullenly maintained their ground inch by inch, now gave way, and a general rout ensued from right to left, the M'Quillans pursuing, and hacking and slaughtering, until the flying and scattered wings of Baldearg's men formed themselves into a solid body near the old chapel, where the cattle were defended by a strong guard; these they called forth, and also the detachment at the last cross, which was but a few veterans; and now they stood all together prepared for the last engagement, and determinedly awaiting the approach of their enemies. The success of the last conflict was greatly owing to the manner in which Finn M'Quellan organized his men, taking the assailants in their own net, although no soldiers could maintain their ground more heroically in the moment of doubt, than they did. However, the troops having breathed a few minutes, Finn M'Quellan, having mounted a little eminence that rose in the centre, called aloud,— "My brave countrymen, you have not deceived me to-day. I was personally a witness to the deeds of each individual. We have taken vengeance in part for the ills which undeservedly we have suffered; and, I doubt not, but our formidable enemy would, at this moment, be happy that he had neither crossed the Bann nor the Foyle. Before you, on the bloody turf, lies a noble young soldier, Roderick O'Donnell; he fought like a lion against us, and when he fell, he fell in the bed of glory, being covered by the standard-bearer and flag. We will, in honor of himself, inter him as a soldier of his rank ought to be interred; for, my brave fellows, the struggle not being finished, we know not who may return the humane act to us in the evening. As there remains part of the work yet to be done, and perhaps as difficult a part as that which we achieved, I call upon you all, in the name of your country, your parents, your wives, and tender infants, to strike the blow, and not have it told by future generations, that Baldearg victoriously carried off our spoils, or that the walls of this old cemetery witnessed the eagle of De Borgo crouching to the bloody flag of Owen Roe Baldearg."

"By the cave of Dunkerry," said M'Ivnanan, "I see the ould cappul baan, and some ugly hangman rasal riding upon her; bad luck to the shambling cullion. Och, Mr. Macqueelen, will you let me go down and knock the brains out of the imperant scavenger, and I'll be back before yes would bless yourself three times in Irish, jewel." "We shall accompany you," said M'Quellan, smiling, and waving his sword around his head, called, "Now for the cattle and M'Ivnanan's cappul baan." From right to left, and from van to rear, the war-cry, Farah, farah, farah, was uttered, and that, assisted by the brazen-lunged trumpets, and ancient cornua, rattled like a peal of thunder through the old building, then entering the tall oaks of Dreenagh, travelled up the streams of the Curlyf to its source. Little Dunn, (I mean the dog that almost unaccountably had attached himself to him the former night,) kept as closely by him through the day; and, notwithstanding all the difficulties with which he was surrounded, remained unhurt, even when many a brave man fell both on right and left. The O'Donnells, with their allies, commanded by Cahir Roe O'Dougherty, awaited them with all the coolness and determination

\* The skeon-fadd, or long knife, was a weapon in form of a carving-knife, but two-edged like a lance, and was used by the Irish when in short holds.

† The Curly is a little stream having its source in the back part of that hill now called the Kady. On the northern bank was a large fort called Dunmore, erected by the Danes. It gets its name, I believe, from the roughness of its current occasioned by the beds of gravel, basalt, and sandstone over which it passes; if then, after some windings, pays its tribute to the Roe by mingling its waters with his.

of an enemy, resolved either to conquer or fall on the field.

The two lines closed from one extremity to the other, barricading the front of each with heaps of slain. There was no manoeuvring or taking the advantage on either side; but what the arm of flesh, or the all-attempting spirit of man could do, was not wanting. The cattle were now left undefended, or even looked after, for all were engaged in the mortal conflict.— They crowded together and from their lowings testified their innocent dread of the deadly carnage that reigned around. Owen Roe mounted an old bended thorn, that grew in the front of the church, and called aloud to his forces. "The day is our own, I have dyed my sword in the blood of M'Quellan, your enemy; on, on, I say, and bear forward the red glory of Baldearg, that never returned unless victorious from the field of battle." He had wounded Daniel M'Quellan slightly, which, in part, authenticated his sayings, but it only served as a stimulus to him in the sequel. It was now the three brothers against O'Dougherty and the two brothers, and old Daniel against Owen Roe, sword to sword, foot to foot, and shield to shield. The contest had wrought down the hill, the Baldeargs driven by the others, though sullenly urged, and what was still more wonderful, even unknown to themselves. Poor Laura O'Donnell was left alone with only her maids, and could easily, from her station beyond the little brook, see the battle, which, from reasons perfectly known to the reader, was to her of all others the most appalling.— Alas! she had not known of the fall of her brave brother, whose blood lay frozen and clotted on the spot where he fell. No, these doleful tidings were not known to her, and, perhaps, at that crisis it was much better.

The only sight that engaged her attention was the white plume of Finn M'Quellan, waving over all their heads, and forming a signal which the troops followed with as much avidity as the Norman eagle. I will not say, had either her brothers or father been as conspicuous as he, but her attention might have been as much attracted towards them, and perhaps more; however, there was something of pity to be retained in a people's cause, who were contending for their own rights, and those of their country. In regard of the white plume, it was one wrought by her and her fair friend, Arelina, for him during the holidays at Dunluce. They had formed it partly from the feathers of domestic fowl, and partly from those sea-fowl that deposit their eggs in the cliffs overhanging the ocean near to the castle. Finn M'Quellan, at that time, though young, was much older than either his sister or Laura O'Donnell, and was about entering, as a volunteer, the army of great O'Neill of Clanbuoy. The plume was white, as becoming a young soldier, and, being beautiful to the eye, was as well known by its gentle fabricator; but at the time of its construction she little thought it would come forth nodding slaughter and devastation against her father, her brothers, and her country. But it came only in defence of its rights, as I said before, and she from her heart was fully disposed to give all justice in that case; and if there was any other cause why Laura kept her eye so steadfastly fixed on it, I leave it to my readers, who are much better arbiters in such matters than I can pretend to be, to judge what that cause was. The plume of Daniel was green, and that of Garry a mixture of two—white and green. Each wore a weighty target on the left arm, and a brass corslet, having a red cross depicted on the right breast; which cross all the descendants of the De Borgos wore, as representing their alliance to Robert, Duke of Normandy, son to William the Conqueror. Owen Roe Baldearg, and his three sons, wore red plumes, as being characteristic of their name; each of them also was harnessed with weighty helmets and targets, as was also O'Dougherty. It was customary then to wear a sword with a basket hilt, that covered them a considerable length up the arm, and these weapons were so highly tempered, that when the bearer would draw a circle around him on any kind of a pavement, the point of the sword was followed by a train of fire like that proceeding from gunpowder, and with such armor the two rival families were equipped.

It appeared now to both sides that this conflict must end the mortal fray, and the god of

\* The last engagement between the rival clans of O'Donnell and M'Quellan was fought in the field of Gortmore, lying north of the church, and approaching even to the wall of the graveyard. The O'Canans were said honorably to have stood by with all their fierce gallogglags and witnessed the well-contested strife; although they could have turned the scale to whatsoever side they pleased. In the storm of battle, it is told by an old man that the chiming or ringing of the swords against each other gave a horrible grandeur to the scene.

† We often hear of many, and hard-fought battles in the present day, as certainly there are; but in times so far back as those in which I am speaking, when chivalry was in all its glory, and a warrior ever after branded as a coward, should he yield the victory to any force, there is not the least shadow of

war, in dreadful serenity, held the bloody scale poised in equilibrium over their heads nearly to noon. Cahir Roe O'Dougherty brought up a column of fierce mountaineers, and by a vigorous effort penetrated the enemy's lines, which to that moment remained immovable. This bold enterprise was achieved at the expense of many brave men on both sides; the business being carried chiefly by their battle axes. As Finn M'Quillan, at the commencement of the engagement, occupied the right wing, he, together with the detachment which he commanded, was cut off from the main line, and warmly plied until he was driven down nearly to the bank of the river; so that Laura could no longer behold his snowy crest tossed around his head in graceful sublimity. Whether Cahir had an eye on this brave man's head, by producing which to Owen Roe he was to obtain the hand of his daughter, I cannot venture to say, but by a single man of ordinary strength, the task would have been dangerous; and, again, by no other means could he come so unnaturally to her affections as that proposed.

The galloglachs of Dalriadagh stood firm to their leader, playing well their weighty axes, and though falling fast, seldom came to the ground before they returned mortal wound to their enemy, but any disinterested spectator might see that they were oppressed, and contending against a superior force. O'Dougherty and his forces followed them hard up, shouting the war-cry of Baldearg, and hemming them into a large precipice that formed the bank of the river; here M'Quillan mounted a little green hillock, seeing that his life was sought by almost every axe or sword that could aim a blow at his head, and being engaged by two pikemen whom he had laid beneath him, he was rushed upon by O'Dougherty, the troops being engaged defending every man himself.—They were permitted to finish the contest between them, the result of which was, that Finn M'Quillan's white plume, together with himself and a bloody sword, broken in two shares, lay prostrate beneath the victor! The crest which had nodded so sublimely over his shoulders since the morning, now lay bedagged in gore, and little Dunn, that sat on an adjoining eminence during the conflict, now came forward whining, and putting its nose to his mouth, howled most piteously. He in the agonies of death, broadly opened his eyes on this faithful animal, then turning his head, closed them for ever.

(To be Continued.)

doubt, but the slaughter must have been greater, as well as the contention more arduous or rather deadly. Gunpowder and the use of firearms were received at this time, but had not become so common that these ferocious chieftains either knew how to use, or had an opportunity of using them. Arrows served them in place of guns, but almost all difficulties were carried by the sword, or war axe. At the commencement of the battle, it is said that an officer, finding that he could not do so much execution mounted, alit, and leading his horse to the bottom of Dreenagh glen, in order that he might there be safe and ready for him after the fight, tied him to a tree that grew beside a deep slough, but he never returned to untie him, and the horse was afterwards found engulfed in the swamp, and bound in the manner in which he had been left.

Cahir Roe O'Dougherty was a man of more than ordinary stature, and a good soldier. He was not the celebrated Cahir, whose ponderous sword is reserved in the court house of Londonderry, and together with the city mace, borne before the judge at every assize, but held the identical name even to appellation of Roe, I must suppose he was nearly alit to him. The reader may judge of the carnage of this battle, when I tell him that the bones collected off the tiled land in after ages, when piled against the wall of the church, reached near to the cave. Before ever I saw Drumcree I have heard of these bones, and the person who informed me, supposing they were the common bones of the yard, imagined as a reason for their being heaped up here, that the earth was of a nature not to decay them soon enough. They were, however, buried afterward, and last season, being something curious regarding so many stories that I had heard told concerning them, I took with me another person with a pick and spade, and being directed by the sexton, we, in the space of two yards square, raised fourteen or fifteen skulls, and a vast number of thigh, arm, and leg bones of a very large size. Some of the skulls were dinged inward as if by stones, others were split right across, and in others I could visibly discern the cuts of a blunt instrument used in those times chiefly by strong men, as some of the foregoing notes show. One of the skulls, on account of its size, I brought home and kept in my bed-chamber a few nights, but by the continual solicitation of a female in the house, was obliged to return it to its companions. I broke it before I sent it away, and at the back part of the head, where it was thickest, found that it measured nearly half an inch in depth. At the opening of the skull, and where they were serrated on each side, I found there was no ossification, but one part separated from the other with ease. A surgeon has since informed me that this was a proof that the men were young, as in old men they become completely ossified and solid. That one which I brought home with me, however, had no appearance of serrature, but was hard as iron. If I am wrong in this remark, or if my terms are inapplicable, I hope those who are connoisseurs will pardon me, as I confess that I am out of my depth when discussing any length on this subject. In the making up of a ditch, about sixty years past, through the field of Gortmore, the laborers came upon a pit of bones some perches in length, which, undoubtedly, were the bones of men who fell in the same battle.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DUBLIN, Nov. 8.—Sunday being the day fixed for the annual collection throughout Ireland in aid of the Catholic University, a pastoral was read from the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin in the Cathedral, Marlborough-street, in which the faithful were urged to contribute generously on the forthcoming occasion. Cardinal Cullen was present. The pastoral states that during the present week an important circular would be addressed to the clergy. Its object was to impress upon them the necessity of upholding religious education in schools, and the importance of solid instruction in the faith of the one Holy Catholic Church, out of which there is no salvation. Unhappily, there was a growing indifference to religion, more especially in the columns of a licentious press. Efforts were being made to banish the name of God, and the Cross, the emblem of redemption, from schools, and to reduce education to a sort of Paganism. If the enemies of God succeeded in their attempts, the world would be reduced to chaos. To this evil spirit of the age religion opposed the maxims of the Divine law and the Word

of God. Impressed with the maxims of the Gospel, the clergy had always laboured for the cause of religious education, and had made glorious sacrifices to establish a University in which the higher branches of education are accompanied by the hallowed influence of religion. This would always be a credit to this Catholic country. Though much had been done, they must continue their exertions, and, once having put their hand to the plough, they must not turn back. While hoping for help from Heaven, they must depend on their own exertions, for events of the past showed, that so far as their rulers were concerned, they could not expect anything. They gave large grants in aid of ungodly Universities, and endowed colleges with immense revenues arising from confiscated Catholic property and the public taxes of the country, while they would not give a grant to a Catholic college or make any reparation for the daring spoliation the Catholic people suffered in the past. Under these circumstances, the Cardinal deemed it the duty of the clergy to impress upon the people that they should act with generosity towards the Catholic Church. While giving their contributions for the University they assisted in the cause of religion, and forwarded a work which had been blessed by the successor of St. Peter, and was admired by the Catholics of the world. The Pastoral further reminded the clergy that Friday next will be the feast of St. Lawrence O'Toole, which should be celebrated with great solemnity, and that the saint should be asked to preserve this diocese from infidelity, and banish the terrible vice of strong drink. A prayer in honor of St. Lawrence will be added to the Litany of that day. During this service they should not forget to pray for the Holy Father and for the community of Nuns, who in many countries are suffering exile and persecution surpassing even that inflicted on the Christians in the early ages. It was met that while a great neighbouring Catholic country—France—was passing through a great crisis they should offer up prayers to God that there be restored to her a firm and permanent Government, neither despotic nor licentious, but able to restrain the violence of revolution, to maintain liberty in religion and education, to uphold justice, and to preserve all the arts that render a country safe and prosperous. France welcomed St. Lawrence to her shore and preserved his remains with pious care. Let them hope they would obtain great blessings for the country which paid him so much honor, and that the elder daughter of the Catholic Church may again become the right hand of the Holy See, to punish the insults of the successor of St. Peter and to restore His Holiness to his former rights and privileges. They were more than ever called upon to pray for France, for she was now being led by a warrior who was animated by the faith of his forefathers.

THE BISHOP OF LIMERICK ON EDUCATION.—Addressing the clergy of the diocese of Limerick, at the annual conference, the Most Rev. Dr. Butler, Catholic Bishop of Limerick, dwelt at some length on the question of education. He said that recent legislation plainly showed them that the people of Ireland had but little to expect from either of the parties which constituted the English House of Commons, and that public events were rapidly tending to show that it was to Irishmen legislating for Ireland that Irishmen should look for those remedial measures so much needed for the country. His lordship urged on the clergy the necessity of sustaining by their individual exertions the resolutions just adopted by the Catholic Hierarchy.

THE CLERGY AND HOME RULE.—A meeting of the Catholic clergy of the deanery of Ennis, Co. Clare, at which forty were present, was held on the 5th November, and the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—"That it is our conviction that Ireland as a nation has an undeniable right to self-government. That, believing the Act of Union an act of usurpation, fraudulently forced on the people, from which dates the annihilation of trade and the decline of our country's prosperity, we regard with hearty approval every well-directed effort to restore our Irish Parliament. That we will use all our influence in opposing the return of any candidate to Parliament who does not pledge himself to advocate perseveringly the demand for Home Rule, Disestablishment of Education, and a satisfactory Land Bill. That we will not support any candidate whose previous political character does not afford a sufficient guarantee of the sincerity of his pledges."

"DANIEL CORBETT, P.P., QUIN, Chairman. "JOHN FOGARTY, C.C., ENNIS, Secretary." The Castlebar Telegraph gives in this wholesome bit of advice when inviting attention to the Irish case as stated in certain English organs; and having arrived at the conclusion that in things political might continues to be Right, our contemporary continues:—"Making a little allowance for the change of manners, one must confess that there is nothing new in politics since the time of Cæsar. We have no Whigs or Tories more desirous for the continuance of the rule of the stranger than were the Herodians and Pharisees in their day. And we should like to know if the representative of Royalty here could express himself less offensively when lecturing the Nationalists on their impatience under a foreign yoke than did Agrippa the Zelotes in the name of his sovereign. The very arguments Agrippa advanced in support of foreign rule are those in use at the present hour. The rights of the sword, the privileges of the strong, were the pleas put forth on the part of Cæsar. What substitute have any modern powers found for them? The Prussians hold two French provinces against the will of the natives on no other ground. The Italian Robber holds his neighbour's goods exactly by the same tenure. Taking a calm survey of the whole case, then, we must confess the outspoken Tory organs appear to us to contrast favourably with the hypocritical Whigs when dealing with the Irish question. They scorn to appeal to any argument save brute force, and they are right, for no other would avail the case. The sword brought Ireland into the service of England, and the sword holds her against her will in servitude, and it is not to be supposed that in the absence of a stronger motive than simple justice the old system will be abandoned."

THE O'KEEFE CASE PLAINLY STATED.—The Nation says:—"We are in a position to announce that (a sufficient revival of the money subscriptions from Protestant sympathisers not having been effected) the Rev. Mr. O'Keefe of Callan has postponed for the present his intended reconciliation with the authorities of the Church. He wishes it to be understood, by all who would regret such a reconciliation, that it lies very much with themselves to avert it for as long a period as possible; inasmuch as he is firmly resolved not to submit as long as money is coming in. If, therefore, they wish him to fight the Catholic Church, let them pay up; and his *qui cito dat*. No money, no fight. In order to afford all patrons and friends an idea of what they may now secure by a little outlay on his sustentation, he has determined on the following liberal offer:—If £1,000 be made up for him, he will put off his reconciliation for a year, and bring on five actions at law. For £500 additional he will contribute weekly, for a year, to the *Mail and Express*, a letter on Papal tyranny. For each additional £100 subscribed, he will preach a sermon abusing Moran; ditto abusing the Cardinal; £150 (cheap dog). Terms cash. Apply to Mr. Bouvier, M.P. or Lord James Butler, N.B.—Rev. Mr. O'Keefe reserves to himself the right of renewing his overtures to the Bishop of Ossory at any time the subscriptions appear to be slackening."

GALWAY AS A PORT OF CALL.—It appears there are good grounds for stating that the line of steamers lately started in America is about to make Gal-

way a port of call, provided the directors can find the accommodation necessary, but the Inman Line is now bestirring itself, and has become energetic in a similar project. Mr. Inman and the manager of the line were here during the early part of last week, making the necessary inquiries regarding the bay, the accommodation of the harbor, the depth of the cill, the rise and fall of the tide, &c.—the answers to all of which seemed to meet their views. The managers of the Inman and American Steamship Company have entered into negotiations with Sir Ralph Casack and the directors of the Midland Railway, and it appears the directors of the Midland Railway, relative to terms for the transit of goods, &c., and it appears the directors have offered to both the most liberal terms. Between the two companies, then, we are morally certain of one, and there is a strong probability and every likelihood of both lines calling here. The Midland Company have offered to construct a graving dock here of sufficient capacity to contain Transatlantic steamers, in the event of this place being made a port of call. As might be expected from the chairman and directors of the Midland Board, they have assured the directors of both lines that they may calculate upon the willing co-operation of the company in every way; and from what we know of the obliging disposition of the manager, Mr. Ward, and the officials under him, we feel confident that everything in their power will be done to secure the advantages of Transatlantic communication with Galway.—*Galway Express*.

EXTRAORDINARY TAKE OF FISH.—A correspondent of the *Chronicle* gives an interesting account of an extraordinary shoal of fish which lately visited Waterford Harbor. The shoal of herrings was such as to baffle description. The fish were actually wedged together into one compact mass, and the men could not get out more than half their nets, lest the immense weight of fish would break them. The farmers from the surrounding country came with their carts to reap this bountiful harvest, and every available net in Dungarvan, Youghal, or Cork was put into requisition; baskets, creels, and even cradles being used, it is said, in drawing in the fish. The first Dungarvan fisherman who heard the news put off at once in his boat, and arrived shortly after the shoal entered the harbor. In two days he sent his poor wife and family a check for £9. The news of his good fortune soon spread, although the local men tried to keep it as secret as possible, and before long the harbor was crowded with fishing craft of all descriptions. Buyers came over from England and bought as many fish as they could manage to barrel and cure. The shoal of herrings, which was followed by a large number of turbot, and dogfish, moved off to the Wexford side of the river.

SUICIDE BY A LANDSTWARD IN CORK.—A landsteward named Blake, residing on the property of Mr. Lyons, Charleville, County Cork, committed suicide on Monday morning by cutting his throat from ear to ear with a razor. He almost severed his head from his neck. His wife had died recently, and he had been in great grief.

The Home Rule movement is looking up, even from an English journalistic point of view. Not many weeks ago it was treated as an agitation countenanced only by a small section of the influential and reckless portion of the people of Ireland and as utterly unworthy of serious attention, and even members of parliament wished to make it appear that they never heard of it and knew nothing of its objects. Yet, lo and behold! the journalists to whom we refer have since then come to fully acknowledge the importance and the significance of the movement and to ask themselves and their readers what is to be done. Even the "Great Thunderer" itself is obliged to descend from its high mightiness to notice the movement and positively patronize it. Hear, ye Home Rulers throughout the United Kingdom, and in Ireland most particularly, what the *Times* says and thinks of your movement: "If the demand for Home Rule proves really to be the demand of the Irish people we shall be compelled seriously to consider in what way it may be yielded to them with least mischief, and to devise the various checks and safeguards on which it would be necessary to insist." This is really wonderful! It is positively an admission from the highest source of English public opinion that if the people of Ireland prove that their demand for Home Rule is genuinely national the demand should be granted. Let the Irish people see to this, if they really want Home Rule, as we most certainly believe they do. Meanwhile, it is interesting to notice that at the last meeting of the Home Rule Association a formidable list of new members was submitted, including the names of over fifty well-known clergymen, and of laymen from every part of Ireland, made up of magistrates, traders, farmers and persons of every rank and avocation.—*London Courier*.

ABSENTEEISM.—Absenteeism is, no doubt, a great evil, even in its pecuniary aspects; but these must be supplemented by industrial, social, and political considerations, if we would rightly comprehend the importance of the question. The two great sources of political strength and material and moral progress are, excluding religion, property and education which, in fact, may practically be regarded as synonymous. From both these, the Catholic people were excluded: their estates were confiscated, and education was denied them. Under these circumstances the absenteeism of a large proportion of the upper classes, alien though they are in race and creed, entails evils worse than pecuniary. Confiscation, conquest, and ascendancy are constantly associated in the mind of the tenant with the alien and absentee proprietor, so that the first conditions of a sound social life, and a healthy political system are wanting on such estates. Hence Lord Chesterfield, who was Viceroy in 1845, declared, in denouncing the evils of this system, that "Ireland was governed by the deputies of deputies," as the chief peers, planters and undertakers who had obtained grants of estates from the Crown were absentees, and committed their management to agents, often attorneys, who trampled on the rights of the tenants. It is only by considering the question of absenteeism in the several relations just indicated that its baleful effects can be understood. It is, to a great extent, the cause of the still backward state of agriculture, and is a fertile source of that antagonism of race and creed and that political instability and disturbance which retard the moral and material progress of the country.—*Tablet*.

FIVE DEATHS CAUSED BY A SUN FISH.—The sun fish is a large sea fish, yielding in the average about \$100 worth of oil, and is so called from its habit of lying on the surface of the water and basking in the rays of the sun. It is sometimes caught with hook and bait, but is generally harpooned. A few weeks ago a hardy crew of fishermen from Shark Island, on the coast of Galway, Ireland, started in pursuit of one of these fish. They succeeded in spearing him, after which, for three or four hours, the fish kept carrying the boat away, until he had pulled it several miles. At length the crew brought him up, and were about to lash him to the gunwale of the boat. What then followed is best told by Mr. Brady, the Inspector of Irish Fisheries, in these words: "The second harpoon is driven into him so that he may be well secured fore and aft; the fish gets restless; the coil of the first harpoon snaps, the fish's head is free. Away he dashes, dragging out the coil with him at such a rate that it wore more than two inches into the gunwale of the boat; it catches in the legs of the man at the stern who is paying out the coil; he is going overboard; his comrades try to save him; the boat gets a heel over with the strain; and nine men are precipitated into the water, five of them never rise again; four men are picked up nearly exhausted by the second

boat, which is near at hand. They haul on the coil which went overboard with the poor man at the stern, and there he is found—dead, clutching the rope so tightly that it could not be removed till cut. The other four bodies have not yet been found.

SALE OF PROPERTY IN LIMERICK.—The fee-simple property of John O'Neill Brennan, an infant, represented by W. A. Mahony, his guardian, was sold recently, at the suit of Joseph Brennan, under authority of the Estates Court, by Messrs. P. McCarthy and Sons at their auction mart, Limerick. The property comprises two lots consisting of premises in Nicholas-street, Summer-street, Smyth's row, and the rental of which is something over £51 a year. It was purchased by Mr. McMahon Gregan, C.E., T.C., for £600. The second lot comprises many smaller tenancies, and was bought for £700. We understand Mr. Gregan has made a gift of the ground on which the cathedral stands.—*Monster News*.

THE DANGER OF BETTING.—We wish we had the pen of Charles Dickens to paint in colours sufficiently dark and lurid an occurrence of which our police court was on Tuesday the scene, an occurrence full of melancholy interest and terrible warning. A young man of exceedingly gentlemanly appearance was placed at the dock charged with the serious crime of forgery. It appeared that he was employed as accountant by a master baker in the city, and he was charged with having uttered a number of forged cheques on the bank with which his employer dealt. The wretched prisoner made no defence, and confessed his guilt, adding the all-important comment that he took the money to bet with. He was remanded, and as he was removed from the cells to the police van a harrowing scene presented itself. The prisoner's wife, a young and beautiful woman, rushed through the ranks of the police and flung her arms around her husband's neck, sobbing bitterly. One close embrace; the husband is hurried into the hideous van, the type of the misery it encloses; and the young wife, the mother of four little children, sinks fainting to the earth. Brief and stern will be the remaining scenes of the drama—the committal, the dock, the prison. Harrowing is the spectacle of a happy and respectable household reduced at a blow from respectability to wretchedness. The theme is not one over which to linger, but it is our duty to point to its melancholy moral. Betting on horse-races is pre-eminently the great social vice and canker of the age. It is the most fruitful existing parent of social misery and family ruin. Gambling, in one shape or the other, has always existed in the world; but the evil of betting on horse-races is, that, in this age of democracy, it is the democratic form of the old vice. In the last century the bucks and bloods of the Regency lost splendid estates in a night at White's or Boodle's; but gambling was a pastime only of the great. Betting on horse-races, on the contrary, is a shaft which lets the light of ruin into the lowest strata of society. It is an inclined plane, with a small handful of persons called betting-men at one end and millions of fools at the other, slowly sliding downwards into the hands of the betting-men. If "the fool of quality" of our age wishes to throw away his money in a vain contest with "the Ring," why, he may, as well get rid of his superfluous cash in this as in any other manner. But far different is the case with the miserable of the lower or middle class. He commences the downward road perhaps, by an humble crown, dropped into a sweepstake at a race-meeting; but, *facilis est descensus Averni*, he soon talks knowingly of the turf; he invests his spare cash on "morals" and "certainties" which are pronounced by the sporting prophets to be "safe things," but which never come in winners, and having come to the end of his own resources, he helps himself to those of his employer. This is an old story with which the student of police-office literature is only too familiar.—*Dublin Freeman*.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE FENIAN PRISONERS.—The following correspondence has passed between Mr. Cunningham, secretary to the Greenwich Irish Election Committee, and Mr. Gladstone:—"47, Netherwood-road, West Kensington-park, October 30, 1873.—The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., &c.—Sir,—I have the honor to enclose you a copy of resolutions unanimously passed at a public meeting of your constituents of the borough of Greenwich, held at Blackheath on Sunday, the 26th inst., also *The Times* report of the same. It was computed that there were upwards of 10,000 persons present, and I venture to state, without fear of contradiction, that the language and demeanor of the meeting were loyal and respectful in every way. The chairman, in the course of his remarks, stated that a favour in an especial manner was due to your Irish supporters in this borough for the cordial and unanimous manner they voted for you. I had the privilege of being secretary to your election committee on the occasion, and I am, therefore, in a position to affirm the truth of this. The Irish people over the whole British Empire were pleased at your accession to power, because, in unsurpassed eloquence, you depicted the evils which blighted and cursed their country. You nobly inaugurated a policy of conciliation, and you have achieved great results; but in this partial amnesty you have halted on the road. Your promise to the late G. H. Moore, in the House of Commons, remains still unfulfilled, and it is much to be lamented that a statesman of such clear political prevision should persevere in so antiquated and ignoble a policy. We, therefore, respectfully approach you, in union with the hundreds of thousands of our countrymen in Ireland who have petitioned for the same object, to request that you would be pleased to advise Her Majesty's clemency, and throw open the prison doors to the political prisoners still detained—an act which I am convinced would be hailed with profound satisfaction by every loyal subject in these realms. I have the honor to be, Sir, your most obedient humble servant, M. J. CUNNINGHAM." "10, Downing-street, Whitehall, Nov. 5, 1873.—M. J. Cunningham, Esq.—Sir,—Mr. Gladstone desires me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 27th ult., enclosing a copy of the resolutions passed at a meeting held at Blackheath in favor of the release of the Fenian prisoners. In reply I am directed to assure you that Mr. Gladstone fully appreciates the motives as well as the language and demeanor of those who attended this meeting, and that Her Majesty's Government entirely sympathize with the desire that in this and every instance punishment may be limited to that extent the public safety requires. But Mr. Gladstone is unable to agree in the opinion that these prisoners are entitled to share in the same measure of indulgence as is properly accorded to those who are drawn by the passion of the moment into the tide of proceedings which partake, even though in a remote degree, of the nature of civil war; while it must be borne in mind that the first duty of a Government is the defence of the lives of innocent persons, and certainly not least of those who are ministers of the law, acting on behalf of the public, according to the duties of their offices. Of the whole number of these prisoners, which is 20, 16 are soldiers, and Mr. Gladstone hardly thinks that it will be held that a soldier who conspires against the Queen commits no other or greater offence than an ordinary member of the community. These cases, then, as they have been, so will continue to be considered on their merits; but Mr. Gladstone begs that he may not be understood as conveying any pledge as to the result of the consideration which Her Majesty's advisers may find it their duty to give to the subject.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, J. A. GOULEY." The elections under the Irish Church Act for the General Synod are now over, and the diocesan returns are published. In this diocese especially, they excited as much interest as a Parliamentary contest, and the lists of successful candidates were anxiously expected by the two parties into which the members

of the Church are divided. The issue has been raised chiefly on the question of revision, upon which great diversity of opinion exists. There is a great preponderance of the lay vote in favor of a moderate revision, but the majority of the clergy are against making such changes as are demanded, and many of them against alteration of any kind in the Book of Common Prayer. Two societies—one called the Clerical and Lay Union and the other the Protestant Defence Association—have been especially organized for the purpose of having the Prayer-book thoroughly revised, and they labored in election committees to procure the return of candidates pledged to their views. A register of every vote given during the sittings of the Synod for the last three years has been kept, and lists were drawn up from which the name of every member suspected of the least sympathy with the High Church anti-revision parties, no matter what his rank or general services, was rigorously expunged. The result, however, has been a reaction on the part of the moderate members, who comprise the great body of the electors, and the returns show on the one hand an array of clergy who will assist sweeping changes, and on a vote by Orders may defeat any attempt to alter or mutilate the rubric, and, on the other hand, a greater number of revisionists on the part of the laity, together with most of the obnoxious names which the revision societies desired to ostracize.—Among them were such men as Sir J. Napier, Judge Warren, Judge Harrison, Mr. Lefroy, Q.C., the Lord Chief Justice, and Mr. Fitzgibbon, Q.C., who have been elected by a greater number of votes than the candidates of extreme views who were recommended in place of them. Mr. Longfield, however, has been rejected, notwithstanding his valuable services as assessor and adviser on legal questions, chiefly, it is believed, on account of the part which he took as a member of the National Board of Education in the O'Keefe case, which has excited a strong feeling of dissatisfaction. The election of diocesan nominators attracted special interest in consequence of the vote given by Lord Plunkett in favor of the selection of the Rev. Travers Smith, a distinguished minister of the High Church party, as incumbent of the parish of St. Bartholomew. The most strenuous efforts were made by the extreme members of the Evangelical party to prevent his re-election, but the result of the scrutiny, which closed yesterday, has been to place him again in the position which he has held for three years as first of the clerical nominators. The second is the Rev. Achilles Daunt, a strong Evangelical, who is returned in place of the Rev. Pakenham Walcot, who has become Dean of Cashel. Master Brooke was unanimously elected the lay nominator.—*Times Cor.*

The criminal and judicial statistics for the year ended the 31st of July last, compiled by Dr. Hancock, furnish very satisfactory evidence of improvement in the moral condition of the country. Although the pressure on the poor was increased by the unfavourable harvest of 1872, only 2,448 offences and outrages were specially reported to the police in the eleven months preceding the above date, being 274 less than in the previous year. In the same period of 1864, under similar pressure, the number of outrages was 3,381. Treason is extinct and agrarianism is dying out. Some recent outrages it may be hoped, are only spasmodic efforts which show no real vitality. In the first seven months of this year there were nine counties free. In the county Clare there was a temporary revival of agrarian crimes, and the number of offences rose from eight to 39; but the special powers of the Peace Preservation Act were put in force, and in July the country was restored to perfect order—a proof of the efficient operation of the law. The number of agrarian offences specially reported to the Constabulary fell from 1,238 in 1870 to 256 in 1872, which is the more gratifying from the fact that the autumn was not so prosperous as in other years. All the counties specially proclaimed exhibit a decrease except Meath, where there has been a slight increase, the number of offences having risen from 183 in 1870 to 189 in 1872. In Westmeath and Mayo there has been a marked decrease—in the former from 236 in 1871 to 129 in 1872, and in the latter from 149 in 1871 to 89 in 1872. As regarded heinous crimes of all kinds, the Report is more favourable than in any year since the statistics were first collected. The state of the country, compared with that of other parts of the United Kingdom is, on the whole, satisfactory. First, as to the comparison with Scotland, which in 1872 offences of all kinds in the North of Ireland amounted to 53,993, while in a portion of the population of Scotland equal to that of Ulster in 1871 they numbered 62,995. In one class of crime only—offences against human life—the preponderance of guilt was on the side of the latter, the number being 96 in Ulster, against 55 in Scotland. This excess was last year exceptional, owing to the Belfast riots. In 1871 the statistics were to the credit of the Irish province. As regards the comparison with England and Wales, the figures show fewer cases of infanticide, but more of other murders in Ireland. The infanticides numbered 31, and other murders 23, in England and Wales, and in Ireland there were 18 infanticides and 25 murders of adults. In serious crimes of all kinds disposed of by indictments the Irish crimes were 28.2 per cent. less than in England and Wales, and in indictable offences disposed of summarily by the magistrates the Irish crimes were 19.7 per cent. less. The total number of the former class was in Ireland 7,716, and in England and Wales 10,749, and of the latter class, 18,771 in Ireland and 23,371 in England and Wales. In non-indictable offences disposed of summarily the comparison is unfavourable to Ireland, the number being in Ireland 192,699, and in England and Wales 105,370. The excess is confined to three classes of offences—drunkenness, breaches of the Ways Acts, and common assaults. Some allowance must be made for the greater number of arrests in Ireland, owing to the more numerous police force, but even with this qualification the comparison, as regards drunkenness and common assaults, is to the discredit of this country, the cases of drunkenness numbering 83,489 in Ireland and only 33,891 in England and Wales, and assaults, 30,244 in Ireland and 18,387 in England and Wales. Party feuds have contributed largely to the offences charged against Ulster. Observation leads to the inference that crime gravitates towards the cities and towns, and the question which social reformers have to consider is how to check and counteract its pernicious growth. Dr. Hancock remarks that of 12,187 persons in different places of confinement in Ireland at the end of 1872 3,751, or 30.8 per cent., were in industrial schools, and 3,693 in lunatic asylums, so that more than one-half were detained to prevent them from falling into crime rather than as a punishment. Of 26,594 ordinary criminals committed during the year, 16,332, or about 61 per cent., were habitual, and he suggests the necessity of further legislation to deal with this evil. He proposed the extension of the reformatory system to adult criminals. The cost of the repression of crime in Ireland in 1872 was £284,246, which is proportionately higher than in England and Wales, owing to the increased expenditure on asylums for criminal lunatics and on reformatory and industrial schools. The proportion of police to the population varies from 12 in every 10,000, in some northern counties to 48 in every 10,000 in some districts of the south.—*Times Cor., Nov. 8th.*

SURRENDERED ARMS UNDER THE PEACE PRESERVATION ACT.—About 3,000 arms of various patterns—some of them ancient and curious—were received in the military store at Enniskillen on Saturday, under escort of the constabulary, from the proclaimed barony of Loughlinsholin, County Londonderry. A perfect one—a billiard champion.



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S. M. PATTERSON & Co., 37 Park Row, and Geo. BOWELL & Co., 41 Park Row, are our only authorized Advertising Agents in New York.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1873.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

DECEMBER—1873.

Friday, 5.—Fast. Of the Feria.  
Saturday, 6.—St. Nicholas, B. C.  
Sunday, 7.—Second in Advent.  
Monday, 8.—IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, Ob.  
Tuesday, 9.—St. Ambrose, B. C.  
Wednesday, 10.—Fast. Of the Octave.  
Thursday, 11.—St. Damasus, P. C.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS.

The date attired to your name on the margin of your paper, indicates the time to which you have paid up. You will therefore perceive that you are indebted to this office, and you would oblige by an early remittance.

This season is one of great difficulty to us owing to the large sum due by our subscribers in the aggregate. If then, you believe it important to keep up a Catholic Journal in the Dominion, and to have an organ which will faithfully defend the Catholic Religion against the multiplied assaults made upon it, and Catholics as such, from the slanders of which they are constantly the object at the hand of an unscrupulous and bigoted press; and if you think the True Witness has been, in the past, such an organ, you will do well, not only to remit your own subscription, but to do your best to extend its list of paying subscribers, and its consequent influence and ability to do good.

We hope that our subscribers therefore, will give the above their earliest attention, and remit the balance due from them to the office. Please to remember, that it is the punctual receipt of these small amounts, which decides the question of the success or ruin of every newspaper.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

In the dearth of more important matters, the nasty little war with the Ashantees in which we have got ourselves involved is the chief event of the week. Sir Garnet Wolseley, the Commander-in-Chief, is brought to a stand still by the cowardice of our black allies, who cannot be prevailed upon to face the common foe. He has applied for re-inforcements, and until these arrive he will not be in a condition to commence offensive operations, amongst which a march on Coomossie, the Ashantee capital, is spoken of. In the meantime our troops are exposed to all the dangers of a very unhealthy climate, and it will be well if we are able to get out of the scrape without much material loss, and some dishonor. By latest telegrams it would appear that there had been some skirmishing, in which the Ashantees were repulsed, with trifling loss on our side. The fact, however, that our troops had to stand on the defensive is not encouraging; for our object, if definite object we have, is to force the Ashantees to accept our terms of peace, by advancing upon and taking possession of their capital.

The quarrel betwixt Spain and the United States is settled. There will be no war, as the first named has yielded to the demands of the United States Government. She agrees to deliver up to the latter the *Virginia*, and the survivors of the crew and passengers; she agrees also to salute the United States flag on the 25th inst., unless in the interim, she can prove that the *Virginia* was not a bona fide United States ship, and not entitled to hoist United States colors; in which case there is to be no salute, but Spain will formally disclaim any intention of offering insult to that flag.—On the other hand, if it be shown that the *Virginia* had no right to show United States colors, the Government at Washington will institute legal proceedings against owners and crew of the vessel. The question of damages to be reserved for future consideration.

This settlement of the dispute does not seem to be very much liked in Cuba. The fact is, no doubt, that the party loyal to the Union with the mother country feel, with regard to the *Virginia*, much as we in Canada felt towards the Fenian filibustering expeditions, organized and openly fitted out against us by United States citizens, and with the connivance of the United States authorities. They—the Cubans—naturally look upon themselves as the aggrieved party, to whom, not from whom, reparation and apology are due; and even admitting that their action in the *Virginia* affair was a little high-handed, they contend

that they were forced thereunto in self-defence, and as the sole means left them of deterring by example, the fitting out in United States ports of filibustering expeditions. This is the Cuban view of the position, nor is it altogether a false view.

In Spain, no doubt, the settlement will be received more favorably than in Cuba; for, what with the Carlists, and the Insurgents, the revolutionary government at Madrid finds enough work out for it, without engaging in hostilities with a first class Power like the United States. The internal condition of the country remains unchanged. The Carlists appear to have won some trifling advantages in the field; and though Cartagena has been subjected to a smart bombardment the place still holds out.

The German government has been often challenged to cite any one particular act of the Catholic Clergy, of the Bishops, of the Jesuits, of the Religious Orders, justifying the banishment and spoliation of the last named, and the severe laws against the others. No reply has been made by authority; but the *Times*' Berlin correspondent, writing in defence of the Bismarckian persecution, does his best to supply the deficiency. He begins, for instance, a letter under date Nov. 5th, with the following stupendous announcement:—

"The Ultramontanes are determined to stagger Germany by their extreme impudence."

Now leaving out of sight for the moment the very important consideration that the Penal legislation against the Church is older by many months than the "extreme impudence" of the Ultramontane or Catholic party, and therefore cannot be its consequence, let us see wherein this "extreme impudence" consists. The same authority shall tell us:—

"The general meeting of the Bavarian Catholic Peasants' Societies has issued a sort of political confession of faith, the suicidal candour of which beats everything which has proceeded from that quarter. In this memorable document, the Bavarian Peasants' Societies loudly complain of Bavaria joining the German Empire, on the ground that her doing so has not only robbed her of her legitimate independence and position in the world, but also sensibly diminished the happiness and prosperity of her people. With feelings of indignation and exasperation they protest against the enactment of any more laws for the strengthening of the new Empire, which, with its Ecclesiastical statutes and other modern and liberal innovations, they regard as mainly a Prussian concern. To these grievances are appended severe criticisms on the recent increase of the army, which 'will establish a militarism swallowing up all other interests and concerns of the people;' denunciations of the new undenominational schools; vows of rigid adherence to a most uncompromising programme."

Now this act, whose "extreme impudence"—if impudence at all there be in the publishing of such a harmless political manifesto—has certainly not been understated by the *Times*' correspondent, is, by that writer's own admission the very worst act of which the Catholic party has as yet been guilty. "So outspoken a demand," he says, "has never been heard before, even from the Ultramontane camp." We have then fathomed the uttermost depths of Ultramontane wickedness, and Catholic depravity—we have before us the one act of surpassing turpitude, of "extreme impudence" on the part of Papists, which, though long subsequent to the enactment of the penal code against them, is held to justify that enactment, and calls loudly for still more stringent anti-Catholic legislation; for we are told that "after this it is to be foreseen that the war against the persevering adversaries of Unity will be carried on with even a more unsparing hand than before. Fresh laws are sure to be enacted both by the Imperial and States Legislatures to put a stop to the political meddling of the priests. Fines will be superseded by banishment, and the day may not be far off when, notwithstanding the usual reluctance to make martyrs, imprisonment will be resorted to likewise. The stone has been set rolling, and somebody must be crushed."—*Times Cor.*

"The Stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner. Whosoever shall fall upon that stone shall be broken; but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder."—*St. Luke, xx., 17, 18.*

Such is the measure with which Protestants measure out justice to Catholics; for with scarce an exception the severe treatment of the Catholics in Germany is, by Protestants, applauded. Let us also see with what measure they mete out the same commodity to themselves! If, for instance, on the part of the persecuted Catholics of Germany, it be the one act of "extreme impudence," the sin against Caesar, which shall never be forgiven, to complain of the political union of Prussia and Bavaria, to mourn over the loss of the latter's political independence, and to enter a protest against the Bismarckian penal code, what judgment shall we form of the following language used by a Protestant minister to James VI., of Scotland; and which language we find held up to his audience, as a noble and truly Christian defence of God's truth, to be admired and imitated by all men—by a Protestant minister in Montreal addressing a Scotch congregation on Sunday last, the 30th inst.

The Rev. Mr. Thornton was the preacher; his theme, the firm adherence of Scotch Protestants to the dictates of conscience and the Word

\* Can this be the stone alluded to by Christ?

of God; his illustration was the language of Andrew Melville, a Scotch Protestant minister, to James VI., who had attempted to exercise dominion over the Presbyterian church, and against which the said Protestant minister remonstrated. The King charged Andrew Melville with sedition; whereupon—we quote from Mr. Thornton's sermon:—

"He—Andrew Melville—'took the monarch by the sleeve and said—'God's will be done! Sir, we will humbly reverence your Majesty in public, but since we have this occasion to be with your Majesty in private, and since, along with you, the country and the church of God are like to go to wreck, for not telling you the truth and giving you faithful counsel, we must discharge our duty, or else be traitors both to Christ and you. Therefore, Sir, as divers times before I have told you, so now again I must tell you, there are two kings and two kingdoms in Scotland. There is King James, the head of this Commonwealth, and there is Jesus Christ, the King of the Church, whose subject James VI. is, and of whose kingdom he is not a king, nor a lord, nor a head, but a member. We will yield to you your place, and give you all due obedience, but again I say you are not the head of the church. You cannot give us that eternal life which we seek for, nor deprive us of it. Permit us then freely to meet in the name of Christ, and to attend to the interests of that church of which you are a chief member.'"

Montreal Gazette, 1st inst.

This is the language, this is the behaviour of a Presbyterian minister towards a King suspected of Episcopalian proclivities, which a Protestant minister holds up to the admiration of his audience! Without passing any comments thereon, we ask our readers to compare it with the act of extreme impudence of the Catholics of Bavaria, which is cited by the *Times* as justifying and calling for the extreme rigor of the law. Oh that men could remember the words of Him who taught, saying: "With what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged."—*St. Matt. VII. 2.*

Mr. Cartwright has been returned for Lennox by an overwhelming majority. The policy of the new Ministry was partly indicated by the Hon. Mr. Dorian in his address to his constituency. In its main features it will not, we expect, greatly differ from that of the late Ministry. One great measure we are promised,—and we heartily wish it success—to secure greater purity at elections, to put a stop to bribing and treating, and electoral corruption generally. Such a measure is much needed; and none will more rejoice in the passing, and vigorous application of such a measure, than the true Conservative, for such a measure is essentially conservative of the representative principle in our political constitution. By all means let us have a stringent law for detecting bribery; for punishing both the bribers and the bribed; and for putting a stop to the rascally practice of "telegraphing," as it is called, i.e. the personating of dead and absent voters. If our Ministers will bring in a really good measure punishing these crimes with severe and degrading punishment, they will so far deserve the support and thanks of all honest men.

WHOLESALE POISONING.—The demon of drink has caused many a horrible tragedy, has furnished matter for many a chapter of horrors; but rarely have his doings been more hideous than in the tragedy that has just been enacted in Montreal, and which by Friday night had already brought about the death of seven persons. The following are the main facts of the case.

On Thursday of last week a man named Thayer who occupies a room in a lot of filthy tenements in Tabb's Yard, off Hermitage Street—a place well known to the police, wretched beyond the power of description, and a blot upon our boasted civilisation—made his appearance at the Central Police Station to give information that his son, a lad of about 14 or 15, had just died, from the effects of a glass of liquor given to him by one of the neighbors. Detectives Lafon and Murphy immediately visited the place, where a scene of indescribable horror awaited them. In the adjoining tenements they found a number of other persons, men and women, prostrate with vomiting and purging, and many of the well known symptoms of cholera. The police officers immediately called in medical assistance; Doctors Dugdale and Major were soon in attendance; and administered such relief as they could to the sufferers, numbering in all about a dozen.

Naturally the first enquiry of the medical men was as to the cause of this extraordinary outbreak of disease. Then, bit by bit, it came out that a man of the name of Flaherty had, on Monday night, brought home a large bottle filled with wine as he believed; that he had swallowed some of the stuff, and given some of it to his neighbors; that on the Tuesday he and they had indulged in a regular carouse, and that on the following day, signs of poisoning had displayed themselves amongst all who had partaken of the contents of the bottle. This was then produced, and upon examination it was found to be labelled *Vin Colchici*, Wine of Colchicum, a very powerful irritant poison used in cases of gout and inflammatory rheumatism. The mystery of the sickness was thus solved; the next question was how came the bottle into the possession of Flaherty? He accounted for its being in his possession by affirming that he had found it lying in a snow bank somewhere in Alexander Street on Monday night. In

this statement Flaherty persisted up to the moment of his death.

On the other hand a young lad, Hawkey one of the witnesses at the Inquest, deposed on oath that, on Monday night he had accompanied Flaherty on an expedition to pick up wood; that on their way home, they saw an Express sleigh, whose driver was absent; that Flaherty ran up to it, and abstracted a bottle which, he first hid in a gateway, and afterwards came back for, and carried home with him.

The next step in the investigation was to find out the Express driver, who soon turned up in the person of Archibald Cameron, driver for Messrs. Bancroft and Sharpe. From this witness the following facts were elicited.

He deposed that on the 24th Nov. he received from Mr. Bourque, Druggist in St. Antoine Street, a bottle to be returned to Messrs. Evans and Mercer, Wholesale Druggists—the said bottle having been left by mistake at Mr. Bourque's store some short time previous.—This bottle the driver placed in his sleigh, in which there were no other goods at the time, and turned up Alexander Street to the stable where he put up his horse, leaving the bottle in his sleigh. When he returned to look for it, it was gone; he reported the circumstance to his employers, Messrs. Evans and Mercer, by whom a note was made to the effect that the bottle had been "misaid." This evidence was confirmed by Mr. R. Strong an employee of Messrs. Evans, Mercer & Co. He deposed that on the 14th of last month, a bottle of Colchicum Wine intended for the General Hospital, had been left by mistake at Mr. Bourque's store; that the latter had written a note to Messrs. Evans & Mercer, informing them of the error; and that in consequence the driver Cameron had been instructed on the 24th ult., to go and fetch the bottle back. This explained every thing. It was evident that Flaherty had either found, or stolen from the sleigh the bottle containing the poisonous mixture, known as Wine of Colchicum.

This medicine or poison is prepared by steeping in white wine, the roots or seeds of a plant belonging to the *Melanthaceae* order, of which most are poisonous, and which includes the meadow saffron. From a plant of this order, the *Colchicum Autumnale*, is prepared the medicine so commonly employed to give relief to gouty patients; but the dose must be small, as its effects if taken in large quantities are very violent, and often fatal. The symptoms in all the cases of which we are treating were the same: Vomiting and purging, rapid pulse but weak, and general loss of strength. The victim retained consciousness to the last.

With these facts, and symptoms before them, the medical men had a solution to the mysterious disease which they had been called in to treat. They saw at once that nothing could be done to save the lives of those who had most freely indulged in the poisonous mixture, and they warned their patients to prepare for death. The Catholic priest and the Sister of Charity were, as usual under such circumstances, quickly in attendance, doing all in their power to soothe the last moments of the wretched dying creatures before them. Soon the dread scene arrived; one after another, in terrible agonies, and amidst scenes of horror, which no tongue can adequately describe, they yielded to the fatal effects of the poison, until in a short time seven corpses were stretched out, a dreadful warning of the consequences of yielding to the beastly craving for intoxicating drink. At the time of writing the names of the victims were as under:—

1. Benjamin Thayer, aged 15.
2. Mary Jane Drennan alias Canning.
3. William Flaherty.
4. Betsy Drennan.
5. Widow Dunn.
6. William Drennan.
7. William Hawkey.

An Inquest on the bodies was held on Friday; and after a prolonged and careful investigation, the Jury found the following verdict: "That the seven persons now deceased came to their death by drinking and swallowing an excessive quantity of sherry wine, mixed with a poisonous drug, Colchicum, commonly called and known as wine of Colchicum, taken and drunk in total ignorance of its poisonous nature and character."

The jury before separating recommended that the sanitary officers should use their efforts to enforce obedience to laws of cleanliness amongst the filthy hovels of Tabb's Yard; which in their present condition are, and have long been, a moral and a physical nuisance, and a disgrace to Montreal.

THE SMALL-POX HOSPITAL.—In view of the rapid spread of this disease, all are agreed that a special hospital for the reception of the infected is essential. They cannot, with justice to the other patients, be received into any of our existing hospitals, neither can they be left to die in the streets. Something should be done, and that quickly.

How far our Catholic institutions are prepared to do all in their power to solve the

problem—"How to make provision for small-pox patients?"—appears from a document from the physicians of the *Hotel Dieu*, read at a recent meeting of the City Council, in which the Lady Superior made known the nuns' willingness to erect on their own property such a building as might be required for the said hospital, on the condition, as Councillor Jodoin explained, that they shall receive one half of the appropriation for that purpose, made by the City Council; and at a recent meeting of the Sanitary Association, it was resolved that it should be recommended to divide the sum at the disposal of the City for the establishment of a small-pox hospital, between the *Hotel Dieu* and the Montreal General Hospital, on condition that suitable and isolated accommodation for the patients, be provided without delay.

This arrangement, the only satisfactory arrangement that under the actual conditions of our mixed society could be made, does not meet the approval of the *Witness*. That journal recommends that if the management of the much desired hospital be given to any existing institution, it be given to the Protestant Hospital in Dorchester Street, known as the General Hospital. This arrangement, we fear, would never do; for whilst we would not undervalue its services, or say a word against the present management of that institution, against its Directors, Physicians, or attendants—in that it is exclusively under Protestant control, it would not be just to assign to it the whole of the funds raised by taxes upon Catholics and Protestants alike. We have no objection to paying for special hospital accommodation for small-pox patients; but if we do pay, we have the right to insist that the funds which come from our pockets shall be applied under Catholic control. The priest—that is the minister of religion—is as necessary in a hospital as the physician; the institution, therefore, necessarily comprises a religious element, and must, therefore, in a mixed community like ours, be what is called "sectarian."

LEGITIMISTS AND ULTRAMONTANES.—It is so much the fashion for the Protestant press to sneer at, and misrepresent, the principles of the Ultramontanes, as it calls them, or, in other words, the Catholic and anti-revolutionary party, whether in France, or in other lands, that it is with much pleasure, not unmingled with some surprise, that we find in the October number of such a staunch Protestant publication as *Blackwood*, the subjoined appreciation of the Legitimist party in France. It should be borne in mind that in France the terms "Legitimist" and "Ultramontane" are convertible; that the Legitimists are Ultramontanes, and the Ultramontanes, Legitimists; that he who is a partisan of Henry V. is also a partisan of the Pope. In a word, it must be borne in mind that it is because such is the case, that Pilgrimages have been denounced by the radical press, as political as well as religious manifestations, and as declarations in support of monarchy as well as of religion.

Now what manner of men are these Legitimists, or Ultramontanes? Here is what such a staunch Protestant as *Blackwood* says of them:—

"And yet it is in Legitimacy alone that a fixed principle of action can at this moment be found in France. It is there only that we see devotion to an unvarying idea, fidelity to a faith, a flag, and a name; it is there that loyalty and duty assume a tangible, evident form; it is there, and there only, that religion is proclaimed to be a national necessity. But these very merits, these very virtues constitute precisely the difficulties which bar the way to the Comte de Chambord."—p. 498, 499.

And the same writer might have added which provoke the hatred of the Liberals, and anti-Catholic party throughout Europe, whom *Blackwood* describes, and whom he contrasts with the Ultramontane party, as men for the most part without any fixed principles. He continues:—

"But the Legitimists, on the contrary, are like early Christians—they are simply rank Papists—they speak a language unknown to our generation, a language of honor and of faith, of self-sacrifice, and patriotism; and like the early Christians again, they practise what they preach. Every man of them who could carry a musket was in the army during the German war, and the list of their killed and wounded includes all the great names of France.—Now that peace has come again, as they can do nothing in their villages, they are setting up schools and clubs in the great towns in order to moralise the people; they are publicly manifesting their faith by pilgrimages, and prayers; they are struggling honestly to do their duty."

And of course for so doing they get from the anti-Catholic world, sneers, and abuse, and misrepresentation; the title of "Ultramontane," and in Germany persecution from the State.—This is not wonderful; for if they be the men that *Blackwood* describes, it is natural that the Liberal and anti-Catholic world should hate them.

The Honorable M.M. Mackenzie and Dorion, our new Ministers, have been re-elected, one or Lambert, the other for Napierville, by acclamation.

Cuppige, the young man in the Toronto Post-office who stole a batch of registered letters, with the contents of which he departed to the United States, returned \$5,861.43 of the amount of money stolen. A Post-office circular has been issued to the owners and senders of registered letters to make their claims.

WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.

SHORT SERMONS FOR SINCERE SOULS. No. 46.

"THOU SHALT NOT COMMIT ADULTERY. BY THY WORDS THOU SHALT BE CONDEMNED" (Matt. 12, 37).

But absolute open obscenity, Christian soul, is not by any means the most dangerous form of immodest conversation. In open obscenity there is to the ordinary mind something so revolting; something so coarse and vulgar; purity is thereby so evidently attacked, that none but the most abandoned and utterly immoral dare for a moment be guilty of it. Hence its power for evil has been greatly diminished. But if open brazen obscenity has lost its power, there is, alas! another evil of a less repulsive form which is more powerful for harm. That evil is the use by people of the world of words of double meaning, whereby to suggest, where they dare not express impurity. This custom is so common as to have become almost universal. It has scarcely been banished even from the most correct society. Do a few friends gather together of an evening for amusement, it will not be long undoubtedly before some expression is let fall, which carrying with it to the initiated a secondary meaning offends against purity, by suggesting ideas, which it does not outwardly express. To such a pitch indeed has this custom risen; with such a degree of subtlety has this art been carried out, that the most common phrases of ordinary life are made to perform this most unholy duty; until it is almost impossible for even religious and innocent people to speak a sentence without finding from the suppressed titters and looks of mutual recognition around them, that unwittingly they have been guilty of this devil's slang, and have suggested thoughts and ideas which were the most remote from their intention or their mind. Christian soul this is a grave evil, sapping as it most undoubtedly does at the very foundations of purity. From it very subtlety it is most dangerous. Tertullian tells you that the devil does not offer poison in vinegar and wormwood, but in highly seasoned meats, in cups of exquisite wine and in delicious liquors in order the better to conceal the poison. And here undoubtedly he has exercised his highest art. The company you frequent has not as yet quite lost all sense of decency—it still retains some ideas of religion—it still enforces outward purity, however lenient it may sometimes be towards concealed crime. To speak then openly in such society would be to give poison in vinegar and wormwood; to offer crime in a repulsive form. But the tempter of mankind knows better than this. He has not tempted for 5000 years in vain. The experience of ages has made him doubly wise. If he is to poison the mind of purity it must be by the most subtle arts. Bring forth then the exquisite wine of wit; offer the poison disguised under the pleasing fancy of a play on words; cover the insult to purity under the privileged cap of the jester. And there is a double security in all this. Perhaps amidst that social circle where this poison is being offered, there may be one young girl at least who values purity above all price; who came to amuse and be amused, but not at the expense of virtue. This young girl animated by a sincere love of God and zeal for his honor, may perhaps resent the insult offered to purity and may chide indignantly the impure buffoon. Under these circumstances what has he to do? Has the devil, his master, taught him no subterfuge? Has he no way of getting out of the disgrace? If he had spoken open evident obscenity he would indeed have had no resource; but his play upon words allows him a secure retreat; he can answer to the chiding of indignant purity, with affected injured innocence that the wrong is in her mind not in his; evil be to her who evil thinks. Thus will victory be secured to sin; thus will the impure buffoon retreat under the discomfiture of the brave champion of God; for the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light.

Tell me not that the sense of your words is hidden and therefore the less dangerous. The sense of your words is hidden and therefore the more dangerous, because arousing curiosity to invent and imagine every thing in its attempts at a solution. Yes impure buffoon, you are in the hire of hell. As the bird catcher having taken one bird in his nets uses it immediately to entice and allure its companions by its song, so you having been caught in the meshes of impurity are used by the devil to entice and allure others from virtue by your play on words and your covert allusions to impurity. Yes impure buffoon! your lot is hell. Am I presumptuous in thus judging you? "No." "Out of thy own mouth I judge thee, thou wicked servant (Luke 19, 22.)" Far be it from me to pass sentence on you; but as when we see a halo round the sun we know a storm is at hand, so when we see you in the service of the devil—when we see you enticing victims into hell—when we hear your siren song leading others to destruction we know that your destruction also is not far distant. "By thy words thou shalt be just-

tified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned" (Mat. 12, 37). Impure buffoon, the mark of reprobation is on you. What greater mark of reprobation, than the profanation of the Blessed Sacrament, than to soil that tongue with impure jests—to use that tongue for the suggesting impurity, on which you have so often received the Body and Blood of your divine Saviour. With what blessings, with what anointings does the Bishop prepare the hands of the Priest in order that they may be worthy to touch the August Sacrament? With what blessings with what anointing is the chalice consecrated in order that it may be worthy to hold the precious Blood of Jesus Christ the God Man? Your tongue has not indeed been consecrated by the unction of oil; but it has been rendered most holy by actual contact with the body and blood of Jesus Christ; every time you received holy communion your tongue became a sacred chalice consecrated and anointed into his service. Beware the fate of Baltassar the Babylonian King! You condemn his conduct as impious because he used the sacred vessels brought from the Temple in feasting his wives and concubines. And what would you deem the conduct of that man, who should blasphemously use the chalice and paten of our altars in his eating and drinking? You would not deem him a Christian. Nor was the Chaldean King a Christian, not even a Jew. He was an idolater or probably an Atheist without religion and without faith. But you who have, or should have, both religion and faith; you who believe, or should believe, that the bread and wine is by the power of God in the Eucharistic Sacrifice, turned wholly and entire into the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ; you who believing this received this Body and Blood upon your tongue; you whose tongue became by this sacred contact, another chalice and another paten consecrated to God; you do not hesitate to use this tongue in the service of the devil—in feasting courtizans and concubines with the unholy feast of impure deeds. Again, I say, beware the fate of the Babylonian king. Man-Thecel-Phares—was the handwriting on the wall by which Almighty God delivered sentence against the desecrator of the sacred vessels. The wise men of the world understood it not, because their hearts were as carnal as the king's; but fear smote them, for they saw that it was the hand of God that wrote. And you, impure buffoon, know you not that a handwriting on the wall has gone forth against you and your sin. This time it is not Man-Thecel-Phares that is written against you. It is a sentence of far deeper import, of a far more grievous punishment. The handwriting on the wall of the Chaldean palace only deprived the Chaldean king of his earthly possessions. Daniel speaking from God thus interpreted that fearful writing, Man: God hath numbered thy kingdom and has finished it. Thecel; thou art weighed in the balance and art found wanting. Phares; thy kingdom is divided and is given to the Medes and Persians. But the sentence which is traced out against you, O impure buffoon! is of far deeper import. By thy words thou shalt be condemned (Matt. 12, 37). Condemned! To what? To lose a kingdom? No! To lose thy soul, thy precious, thy immortal soul. To lose thy kingdom? Yes. To lose that eternal kingdom which is promised from ages of ages to the clean of heart and pure of tongue. Mark well; impure buffoon; the night of the handwriting of the feast of "Baltassar the Chaldean king was slain (Dan.)" Has this terrible fact no import for thee? Thy sentence has been long since past; ages ago was it traced upon the wall of all time, by figures, as it were, of the hand of a man writing. It is Jesus Christ who has decreed it to all ages: "By thy words thou shalt be condemned." Beware lest the day of the feast—lest the first time you desecrate the sacred chalice of your tongue by impure allusions; beware, I say, lest you also be slain.

The Montreal Gazette copies a description of a Washington ball-room as illustrative of "republican simplicity;" say rather of "Shoddyocracy"—from which we make some extracts, highly suggestive of the morality of the ball-room:—"Down one vista the dancers float through their mazes, down another shine the crystal and gold and silver of the tables red with Burgundy and Bordeaux tempting with terrapin and truffle, with spiced meats and salads, pastries and confections, and close by is the punch-room. You have your choice of the frozen article, or of that claret concoction, to hold whose glowing ruby a bowl has been hollowed in the ice itself; or of the champagne punch, where to every litre of the champagne a litre of brandy, a litre of red rum, a litre of green tea, are given, and where you see a flushed and fevered damsel dipping the ladle and tossing off her jorum as coolly as though she had not had her three wines at dinner that day and had not, in half the houses of her dozen morning calls, sipped her sherry or set down her little punch-glass empty of its delicious mixture of old spirits and fermenting fruit-juices. Perhaps that sight sets you to thinking: You may have been attracted earlier in the night by her delicate toilette and her face pure as a pearl; you saw her later, warm from the dance, eating and drinking in the supper room; then her partner's arm was around her waist, her head was on his shoulder, and she was plunging into the German, whirling to maddening measures, presently caught in a new embrace to another, growing wild with the abandon of the

figure, hair flying, dress disordered, powder-caked face burning, till pausing an instant for the champagne in a servant's hands, your girl with the face as pure as a pearl seemed nothing but a bacchant."

ROWDYISM IN MONTREAL.—It is a general complaint that rowdyism is on the increase in Montreal. There is scarce an issue of any of our daily papers that does not contain an account of a brutal assault committed, sometimes upon elderly persons, sometimes upon women and children, by gangs of blackguards whose objects are sometimes robbery, often the mere infliction of suffering upon their victims. The law as it stands at present seems quite inadequate to repress these outrages; and under these circumstances we see not why the remedy that has been applied with good effect in London should not be resorted to in Montreal.—That remedy is of course the lash; and if some of the blackguards who infest our streets were, instead of being fined a dollar or two, sent down to gaol to receive some 30 or 50 lashes on their bare backs, we are sure that in a very short time the race of rowdies would become extinct, or, at all events, compelled to shift their quarters. A sound flogging is the "sovereignest thing on earth" for checking the rowdy complaint.

THE DUBLIN REVIEW—New Series.—October, 1873.—The current number of this leading Catholic periodical has come to hand. Its contents are as under:—1. Pilgrimage and Paray-le-Monial; 2. Rousseau; 3. Usury; 4. The Ignatian Epistles: their genuineness and their Doctrine; 5. Father Newman on the Idea of a University; 6. The Life and Letters of St. Thomas of Aquin; 7. The Government of Marshal MacMahon; 8. A Few Words on the Authority of St. Alphonsus; 9. Notices of Books. Persons in Canada wishing to receive the Dublin Review can do so through the Messrs. Sandler of this City.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD, December, 1873.—D. & J. Sadtler & Co.—The following are the Contents:—1. A Talk on Metaphysics; 2. Epigram; 3. Dante's Purgatorio; 4. Grapes and Thorns; 5. Sleep; 6. Spiritualism; 7. The Farm of Mucroner; 8. The Evangelical Alliance; 9. Catholic Literature in England since the Reformation; 10. The Song of Roland; 11. Laus Perennis; 12. English Sketches; 13. The Court of France in 1830; 14. The Fur Trader; 15. S. Catherine of Ricci; 16. The Greatest Grief; 17. New Publications.

THE EDMUNDRON REVIEW—October, 1873.—The Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York; Messrs. Dawson Bros., Montreal. The current number opens with a review of two works by French authors in which is attempted a solution of the historical puzzle: "The Man in the Iron Mask." The world is as much at a loss as it was in the days of Voltaire; no satisfactory solution of the mystery has been arrived at; though the theories of the unhappy prisoner being a twin brother of Louis XIV. or a natural son of Anna of Austria have been exploded. The Review throws little fresh light on the subject, which perhaps has received more attention than it deserves. The other articles are:—2. Work and Wages; 3. Lives and Letters of Beethoven; 4. The Cuban Insurrection; 5. The Breeding of Horses; 6. The Three Cathedrals of St. Pauls; 7. Travellers and Handbooks; 8. Kew Gardens; 9. Dr. Strauss' Confession; 10. Affairs on the Gold Coast.

BAZAAR. The Ladies of St. Mary's Church, Williamstown, beg leave to inform their friends and the public generally, that they intend holding a Bazaar of useful and fancy articles, on Monday, the 5th of Jan., 1874, and the four following days of the week. The proceeds of the Bazaar will go to assist in building a Chapel at Lancaster.

Contributions will be thankfully received by the undermentioned Ladies, and by the Parish Priest, the Rev. Father MacCarthy. Mrs. ANGE TOWN, Lancaster. Mrs. JAMES McPHERSON, " THE MISSES O'NEIL, " Mrs. WM. McPHERSON, " Mrs. DUNCAN McDONALD, Williamstown. Mrs. WHITE, LANCASTER. Mrs. DUNCAN McDONALD, Martintown. Mrs. ARCH. FRASER, Fraserville. Mrs. ALEX. SHANNON, 44 Ste. Famille St., Montreal. Williamstown, Oct. 27th, 1873.

QUEBEC, Nov. 29.—The Rev. Mr. Harkin, Parish Priest of St. Columba of Sillery, died suddenly last night of congestion of the lungs.

MR. ARCH AND CANADA.—One thing in Mr. Arch's experience of our Dominion seems to have made a deep impression upon him, and one thing makes an impression, though not a deep one, on us. The first is, that he dined with Lord Dufferin, and the other that he found the farmers in the Eastern Townships a mean set—haggard and toil-worn. The first concerns himself, and we are quite contented that his surprise and gratification at finding himself in such unwonted honor should be as great as he pleases. The second, however, concerns us, and we are by no means contented that he should speak of the people in the Townships in a manner which all who know that part of the country must at once pronounce to be false. We doubt not that he, or any man, would find there, or anywhere else, men both mean and haggard; but that he could have found a class of men among the sturdy farmers around Sherbrooke worthy of being so spoken of we indignantly deny. The English speaking yeomanry of Canada East, of whom he so sneeringly speaks, have no need of one taking the gauntlet in their defence; yet, as showing the power of observation; and honesty of the man whom the agricultural labourers of England have chosen to trust as their guide, we cannot choose but call attention to the absurd statement of their oracle. We have personally visited, on more than one occasion the beautiful country alluded to, and, independently of our own observations, we can affirm that through the whole district of St. Francis, through Brome, Shefford, Missisquoi and Beauharis, no finer portion of Canada can be found, no population more thriving, and no set of men who in their moral and physical aspect would less justify the insolent application of such terms to them. But it appears he made enquiries as to the rate of wages and hours of labour. As to the first, we presume he was satisfied; but when told that the mean fellows who answered his questions worked themselves and expected their labourers to work, from sunrise to sunset, in summer, and from six to six in winter, his answer was, "If you expect Englishmen to come out here to be your slaves, I wish you may get it." *Five like lachrymæ!* Hodge's apostle came out to

find what to Hodge must appear fabulous wages and easy work. He wants high pay, animal food twice or three times a day, instead of once a week, with unlimited indulgence in bed in the morning, and with plenty of time to play skittles and drink beer at the Jolly Plough Boys in the evening. The farmers with whom he spoke held out no such inducements to Mr. Jenkins' down-trodden workmen of England. They said, we have short seasons for our farm labours, we must make hay while the sun shines, and all the time it shines, or not at all. If you send us industrious men, willing to work as our climate compels us to work, let them come, and the more the merrier; we shall pay them well, feed them well, and treat them well; but, like us, they must work hard! Mean fellows! don't they wish they may get it? Oh, dear no!—this is not what the Governor General's guest wants. He tells us the Government ought to provide land for his friends—clear five acres and build a house for each family. We trust our Government will do nothing of the kind.—Mont. Gazette.

The tenements in Tabby's yard, belonging to Mr. Horatio N. Tabby, of Craig street, are with few exceptions in a state of decay. The tenants, some of whom are people of respectable appearance, pay from \$4 to \$5 per month rent for the apartments, but complain that they are very cold. In several places the brick work is cracked open, while things generally are dilapidated. Cleanliness does not seem requisite to a life in the yard. One or two of the homes are exceptions, but the Hawkey den is simply a shocking spectacle, while the slops, which are emptied into the yard, have defiled the pure snow and prepare the visitor for the scenes within. All these yards should be regularly inspected by the Sanitary Police. A Noble Deed.—Mr. James Mullins and Mr. Thomas Quinn, who reside on Craig street, near Hermitine, bought a sleigh load of bread this morning, which they distributed among the poor creatures dwelling in Tabby's Yard. As may be imagined, this timely benevolence was accepted with heartfelt thankfulness.—Star of Saturday.

Petitions were forwarded to the Government for the retention of the Water Police by Mr. Sipple, Government Engineer, the Board of Trade and the contractors for works under construction on the Canal. The force, however, was disbanded last week.

THE OUNCE TAX.—A WORD TO THE ELECTORS.—The Witness says:—It is no longer to be tolerated that citizens should be forced to walk a distance of one or two miles to a market for a supply of prime joints or pot herbs, and so we have private dealers springing up in various parts of the city to meet the demand—with the countenance of the Corporation, if possible, without it if they must. The result is one butcher in jail and a number of others in danger of the same fate. It is too absurd an imposition to be maintained if citizens will only speak out and be careful, if possible, not to elect the representatives of private interests, by which the city has been and it is to be feared is still, in a measure ruled, and which, having begun by duping it, have now succeeded in making it ridiculous.

The tobacco factory of Messrs. W. Smith & Co., situate on Queen street, was almost completely destroyed by fire on Saturday morning; the flames were discovered about five o'clock when they had made great headway. The proprietors estimate the total of their insurance at about \$30,000 which they think will not cover their loss on the building, a four story structure, plant and contents. The ground floor was alone untouched by fire, but is very seriously damaged by water.

A contemporary says:—It is not known how the fire originated, as the building was heated all through by steam, and the boiler is situated in a factory at the rear, which was not burnt. No watchman has been employed on the premises for over a year. About 125 hands, men, girls and boys, are thrown out of employment. The firemen deserve great credit for the manner in which they performed their duties. The frost covered them with an icy coat of mail. They are in great need of warmer clothing, and a greater number of changes, and more especially of better hats; those they have been totally unfit for firemen's wear, being limp, ill-fitting, and incapable of affording protection from the blows of falling bricks or other articles.

The members of the Brigade desire to tender their thanks to Mr. G. Fields for the lunch given them by him, and to Mrs. Fields for the hot coffee she kindly prepared for their refreshment.

The ALBION WIRE MENDER.—Corner Jones returned from St. Ann's on Saturday morning. The inquest on the deceased Marie Latour, 36, wife of Jean Chantel, showed that death resulted from disease of the lungs.

The woman died suddenly at 3 o'clock on Friday and Mr. Tremblay, J. P. thought it right to put the husband under arrest, the couple not having lived very happily together. The evidence of Drs. Duval, Madore, and others showed deceased to have been of intemperate habits.

Much destitution prevails in Toronto from lack of employment, and the applications for shelter at the police stations are increasing.

A communication in the Ottawa Times denies the report published by that paper a few days ago that Mr. Grant, M. P. for Russell, had resigned.

Wm. Welsh, of Charlottetown, has been elected to the House of Assembly for the Belfast District Prince Edward Island, in place of the Hon. Mr. Laird, who vacated it for a seat in the Commons.

HALIFAX, N.S., Nov. 24.—Grave apprehensions are felt here for the safety of Her Majesty's ship Sirius, now thirty-six days out from Halifax for England; she had a crew on board of nearly 300 men; when leaving port the captain expressed confidence of making the passage in a fortnight.

The biographer of Edward Payson says: "He was often known to weep under the preaching of the Gospel when only three years old." One of the critics wickedly suggests that little Edward was tired and wanted to go home.

WANTED AGENTS.—Worthy the special notice of old and experienced canvassers. Those celebrated steel-line Engravings, viz.—"Cole's Voyage of Life," from beautiful pictures, representing CHILDHOOD, YOUTH, MANHOOD, and OLD AGE; now offered by canvassers for the first time. Price reduced to suit the masses; nothing like it ever offered to the American public. Extraordinary terms and inducements. Full particulars free. Address B. B. RUSSELL, Publisher, 55 Cornhill, Boston.

FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES is prescribed by the first physicians in every city and town where it has been introduced, and it is a thoroughly orthodox preparation.

EXTRACT.—After a fair and protracted trial of Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, we consider it a very valuable nervous tonic, far surpassing many others of considerable repute, and well worthy the confidence of the profession generally. A. H. CHANDLER, M. D. H. A. JOHNSON, M. D.

MONTREAL, N. B., Nov. 9, 1873.

Forty years' experience have tested the virtues of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, and it is now generally acknowledged to be the best remedy extant for pulmonary and lung diseases, embracing the whole range from a slight cold to a settled consumption. Were it not for its merits, it would long since have died, and made no sign.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes Flour, Superior Extra, Extra, Fancy, Wheat, Supers from Western Wheat, Supers City Brands, Canada Supers, Western States, Fine, French Supers, Ordinary Supers, Strong Bakers, Middlings, U. C. bag flour, City bags, Barley, Lard, Cheese, Oats, Outmeal, Corn, Penne, Pork, New Canada Mess.

TORONTO FARMERS' MARKET.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes Wheat, do spring, Barley, Oats, Peas, Rye, Dressed hogs, Beef, fore-quarters, Mutton, Chickens, Ducks, Geese, Turkeys, Potatoes, Butter, Eggs, Apples, Carrots, Beets, Parsnips, Turnips, Cabbage, Onions, Hay, Straw.

KINGSTON MARKETS.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes Flour, Hay, Cheese, Meat, Poultry, Hides, Wool, Tallow, Pot Ashes.

WANTED.

An English gentleman desires to obtain a room and board in a Catholic family, if possible near the Church of the Gesù. Dinner at six. From \$22 to \$25 per month will be paid. Address R. A. S. TRAVERS WITNESS OFFICE.

ENGLISH CATHOLIC PRAYER BOOKS.

The subscribers have just received, FROM DUBLIN, a very fine assortment of ENGLISH CATHOLIC PRAYER BOOKS with a great variety of bindings and AT VERY LOW PRICES; amongst them will be found the cheapest book, bound in cloth, at 13 cts, to the very finest, bound in morocco, velvet, and ivory, with clasps, at 35 cents to \$7.50 PLEASE CALL AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES.

ALSO ROSARIES, FONTS, MEDALS, LACE PICTURES, STATUARY, MEDALLIONS, CRUCIFIXES, &c. &c.

FABRE & GRAVEL, 219 NOTRE DAME ST. Dec 1st 1873. 16-3m

\$5 TO \$20 per day. Agents wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Address G. STINSON & CO., Portland Maine.

TEACHER WANTED.

A MALE TEACHER, holding a Second Class Certificate, for the R. C. Separate School, being established in Almonte, Co. Lanark, Ont. Duties to commence on 5th January 1874. A liberal salary will be given. Application with references to be made to JOHN O'REILLY, Sect-Treasurer.

Nov 27, 1873. 16-4

CANADA PROVINCE OF QUEBEC District of Montreal No. 2665. DAME MATHILDE LANDE, of the Parish and District of Montreal, wife of SOLOMON ERIGE DELAPLANTE, of the same place, Shoemaker, duly authorized to the effect of these presents, Plaintiff.

The said SOLOMON ERIGE DELAPLANTE, Defendant.

An action en separation de biens has been instituted in this cause, returnable on the Thirtieth of August last.

TRUDEL & TAILLON, Plaintiffs Attorneys. 16-6

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the Matter of ZOTIQUE GONTANT, of the City of Montreal, Grocer and Trader, Insolvent.

The Insolvent has made an Assignment of his Estate to me, the Creditors are notified to meet at his business place, No. 82-1/2 Logan Street, Montreal, on the 16th day of December instant, at 11 o'clock, A.M., to receive statements of his affairs and to appoint an Assignee. G. H. DUMESNIE, Interim Assignee. Montreal, 1st December, 1873. 16-6

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

THE NEW FRENCH MINISTRY.—PARIS, Nov. 28.—The following is the official list of French ministers announced yesterday:—Minister of the Interior, Duke de Broglie; Foreign, Duke de Cazés; Marshal, Gen. Dubarail; Finances, Pierre Magne; Justice, De Peyre; Minister of Public Institutions and Worship, Fourteix; Agriculture and Commerce, De Zeligy; Public Works, De Sarcy; Marine, Admiral de Pomey. MM. Beule, Ernoal and Bâlbis are the members of the previous Ministry who have retired.

In the trial of Bazaine, to-day, General Boyer testified that Bismarck told him he was willing to grant an armistice, if the army of Metz would declare in favor of Napoleon.

THE FATE OF FRENCH MARSHALS.—The history of previous trials of Marshals of France is not calculated to flatter the hopes of Bazaine. The office of Marshal was instituted in the reign of Francois I., and since then five Marshals have been tried, found guilty, and all of them executed. Marshal de Retz was hanged and burned for rebellion and high treason.—Marshal de Biron was decapitated for conspiring with Spain against his friend and benefactor, Henry IV. Marshals de Mercillac and de Montmorency were sent to the scaffold for conspiracy against Richelieu. Marshal Ney was sold by the Bourbons, in 1815, for going over to his old master, Napoleon, on his return from Elba. Bazaine is the first French Marshal charged with not having done his duty in the face of the enemy.

A SPECTRAL BANQUET.—The Cologne Gazette prints the following curious story:—"In one of the principal restaurants in Paris a single guest lately sat down to a table laid for 13. He signified to the garçon that the other 12 places were taken, and proceeded quietly to eat his dinner. For 20 years, on the same day, he had dined at a table similarly furnished. This year he was unaccompanied, except by memories of the dead. On the first anniversary the 13 places were all filled, Alfred de Musset, Theophile Gautier, and the Comte de Flehac being of the number. Next year one chair—like Banquo's—was empty. Year after year passed, and, though the friends were fewer, the seats were placed as for the original party. During the course of the present year the last but one died, and the survivor, M. Rabelles, the artist, in his 84th year, dined alone.—Pall Mall Gazette.

SPAIN.

MADRID, Nov. 25.—A Cabinet Council was held yesterday at which a note to be sent to the Government of the United States was under consideration.

It is denied that the Spanish Government is disposed to submit the "Virginius" question to the Emperor of Germany for arbitration.

MADRID, Nov. 26.—The situation is grave. On the 19th Gen. Sickles, by order of President Grant, delivered a formal ultimatum to President Castelar, demanding prompt and rigorous reparations for the insult to the flag; the restoration of the Virginius; the release of surviving prisoners; indemnity to the families of the murdered; and the punishment of the murderers; and also a guarantee against future outrages in Cuba. The demand was couched in a kind, sympathetic tone; but no alternative was given. Gen. Sickles was also instructed to say that if Castelar did not comply with the demand in a week he should ask his passports and leave Madrid with the legation. The time expires to-day, and no answer has yet been received. Everything at the legation is packed up ready for immediate departure. Sickles has no hope that the ultimatum will be complied with, and telegraphed to Paris yesterday to have all his official correspondence that might be there kept for a few days. Gen. Sickles, in conversations, says that he does not see how war can be avoided, as Castelar can give no assurance that the order will be obeyed in Cuba. Public feeling is also opposed to concession. Unless Castelar responds this evening, Gen. Sickles leaves immediately. All American ships in the Mediterranean have been ordered to Key West. In the event of Gen. Sickles leaving, the British Minister will probably protect the archives and American residents. President Castelar is personally anxious to accept the British Minister's good offices to effect a compromise, but there is no hope to-night.

Nov. 28.—Cartagena was bombarded during eight hours on Thursday, by the land batteries. The town and the man-of-war Mendez Nunez replied with spirit; the outlying fort, Saint Julien, was silenced by the fire of the besiegers. It is reported that its commandant and several others were killed. It is believed that propositions for the surrender of the city will soon be made.

BAYONNE, Nov. 28th.—The Carlist report that typhus fever and small-pox prevail to such an extent in General Morjones' army that it is unable to make any offensive movement.

ITALY.

Rome presents, just now, to the Catholic visitor the appearance of a city which has undergone a military occupation. As he passes from the railway carriage to the room where he and his luggage are subjected to fumigation, his eye is struck by a framed tablet—the only one in that part of the railway station—giving a list of the places occupied by the military in Rome. These are, no less than forty-one in number. Some of the posts are offices or residences of the chief officials, but the greater portion are set down as casernes, or barracks. Twenty-six barracks are enumerated, and all of them seem to have been convents. The prevailing tone of thought among the present railway servants must be decidedly anti-clerical, if the words *Morte, ai preti*—Death to the priests—scrawled on the buffed windows of the ante-room for the custom-house servants may be taken as evidence.—Cor. Tablet.

THE POPE'S SUPPRESSED LETTER.—It appears that the Holy Father addressed a second letter to William of Prussia, which has not yet been published; but, as the Pope's ministers are very anxious that it should be, it is probable that he will accede to their request. If his Holiness has not published certain correspondence of the Emperor and Prince Bismarck's, the originals of which are in the Papal archives, it is from the same motives of delicacy which prevented his doing so with the famous letters of Napoleon III. It is notorious that a man of scrupulous honor and chivalrous delicacy is always at a certain disadvantage with an adversary possessed of neither; and Pius IX., who is *grand seigneur aux bouts des ongles*, has long held the means of a crushing refutation of the assertions of the Emperor, and has hitherto abstained from doing so from sheer excess of princely courtesy.

SWITZERLAND.

THE SWISS PERSECUTION.—The diabolic fury of the Council of State is, we regret to say, on the increase. The violence of the persecution is so shocking that we are almost ready to express our astonishment at the total silence on the subject maintained by the daily press. From the *Courrier de Geneve* we learn that Carteret, whose enmity to everything Catholic can only be compared to that of the evil one, has recently informed the rector of S. Germain that he is no longer chaplain to the secondary school, as his sentiments are not those of M. Loysen's voters, who voted at the late election of parish clergy in Geneva. He, therefore, concludes that the chaplain does not believe in that which the Catholics of the locality believe, thus artfully endeavoring to make the European world suppose that the Genevese Catholics are apostates. In reply the rector has written a most excellent letter, which we regret that the space at our disposal will not permit us to print. In the Jura the persecution is so outrageous that, if it were possible on so painful a subject, one is almost tempted to laugh at the devices practised by the infidels. At Delemont the dean has been sued before, and fined by, the Vice-president of the Courts, for publishing the bans of marriage of the presiding judge of that court at his own request. A monster protest is being once more signed by the people, but their misery, we greatly fear, cannot be cured by protestations.—Catholic Opinion.

GENEVA, Oct. 31, 1873.—The "Old-Catholic" movement has not been an unmixed evil to the Catholics of Switzerland. It has been no doubt a great and awful scandal and the text of endless blasphemies by heretics and freethinkers against the Church, but on the other hand, it has been the means of reviving a spirit of religion and of infusing into the majority of the Catholics of Geneva who have remained firm a unity and devotion which must be a great source of consolation to their exiled Bishop.

I found myself unexpectedly at Geneva on Sunday last, and a total stranger. I was directed to St. Joseph's as the nearest church. It is a recent erection, in nowise remarkable in an architectural point of view, but what greatly interested me was to witness the striking piety of the crowded congregation. There was not a seat to spare, indeed we were packed somewhat more closely than was pleasant, and the aisles as well were filled nearly up to the altar with kneeling worshippers.

Walking through the streets later on, in the morning, I came upon the Temple Unique, formerly a Freemason's hall, which the Catholic body have recently bought for 175,000 francs, to replace the Church of St. Germain of which they have been dispossessed in favour of the Loysenists. It is a fine spacious building in the Italian style and will hold from 1,000 to 1,200 people. Until the dedication (to the Sacred Heart) which is to take place on the Feast of All Saints, Mass is said daily in the vaults beneath—a rude altar having been put and the space filled with some hundreds of chairs. Mass was ending as I entered, and in the dim light, its recesses only faintly visible by the open door and the few glimmering tapers on the Altar of Our Lady—with the dense crowd of faithful buried in silent prayer one was irresistibly reminded of a meeting of early Christians gathered together in the Catacombs.

A Catholic gentleman that I met here gave me some interesting particulars of the seizure of St. Germain's, and its being handed over to the Loysenists. Since obtaining possession they have broken up all the confessionals but have, strange to say, allowed the statue of Our Lady to remain undisturbed. They celebrated their shameful victory in true Internationalist fashion—blasphemously parodying the service of the Church and baptizing a child of one of their number in white wine, keeping up their wretched orgies through the night and far into the morning.

My informant confirmed what I had already heard and seen that the outrage had given an impetus to religion that could hardly be conceived. Climbing the hill of the old town I arrived at the Church of St. Germain, a mean, dingy-looking, Gothic edifice, without aisles, and the west end blocked up by a hideous gallery. Outside was a lively crowd, laughing, jesting, and evidently not at all impressed with the gravity of the occasion, trying to get a peep through the open door at Loysen, who was about bringing his sermon to a finish. As he ended the congregation surged out, and I seized the opportunity of comparing its component parts with the one I had just quitted.—Of the 500, or thereabouts, that made it up, fully a fifth part were, I should say, English or Americans. Among them I recognized Dean Stanley, whom I had travelled with the evening before from Chambéry, and who had doubtless come especially to do honour to a distinguished heretic. The other four-fifths were made up of Genevese shop-girls and young men who had evidently come out for a morning's amusement, a certain number of *gobemouches*, always to the fore at such times; but of the "earnest religious reformers, weary of the vanities and fripperies of Rome," as so graphically described for us by our own correspondents of the English press, there were next to none.

It was emphatically a light-hearted frivolous crowd, many of whom, as they ran the gauntlet of the lookers on, seemed heartily ashamed of themselves. But where were the leaders, the heads of the movement? And to find them I followed the stream that was now flowing into the church and soon found myself before the deserted altar, which showed no change, at least externally. Here were the men I sought: a group of stern-eyed, long-

haired men, with faces strangely communistic in their expression; which did not astonish me when I found that many of them were Internationalists, the president of that delightful society having delivered a complimentary address at the commencement of the service. They were ebbing and flowing in and out of the little sacristy in which Loysen was holding a reception. "I guess they're interviewing him," said a gentleman from the States, as he pushed on towards the open door, "we'd better do the same." I followed, and pausing on the threshold found myself face to face with that fallen angel the ex-Pere Hyacinthe. He had taken of the surplice in which he preached, and was surrounded by an admiring circle, to whose felicitations he was listening and responding. He has a clever face, in which the nose is the most prominent feature. One would at once say on seeing it, "there is a man powerful either for good or evil." What struck me the most was his pre-occupied careworn expression. On this day of his success he might at least have been expected to carry an air of triumph, but he looked rather like a beaten, disappointed man. At frequent intervals an uneasy troubled look stole over his face, and when he smiled in answer to some compliment it was forced and artificial, one of those sad smiles that can only come from a mind ill at ease.

Our eyes met more than once as I studied—perhaps somewhat rudely—his lineaments. My own expression, I feel sure, was not an equivocal one, and told him plainly that I was not of the number of his admirers. I turned back into the church, where a baptism was in progress at the altar rail, one of the cures, M. Chavard I believe, officiating.

The service of the morning I found upon enquiry had commenced by the Internationalist discourse before mentioned, and then came the mass in French. It concluded by M. Loysen's sermon, for, which, if he took, a text, it certainly was not that of "Render unto Cesar, the things that are Cesar's," &c., for it was a laboured apology for that principle by which alone the heresy he has inaugurated can ever hope to drag on a miserable existence, viz., submission to the State in all things.

Well may the eloquent Bishop of Geneva, who, though in exile, speaks unceasingly by pen and voice to his flock, exhorting them to courage in the evil days that are come upon them—well may he say in the sentence of interdict that he has issued against these miserable intruders, "that their existence will terminate the moment that they shall cease to be upheld by the State subsidy and the constable's staff."—Corr. of Tablet.

GERMANY.

BERLIN, Nov. 25.—A fresh sentence has been pronounced against Archbishop Ledochowski, for continuing unlawfully to institute priests; he is condemned to two years imprisonment, and an additional fine of 5,400 thalers.

THE PRUSSIAN ELECTIONS.—As the returns of the elections come in, it becomes clear that the Catholics in Prussia will gain a notable accession of strength, though they will of course still be in a most decided minority. At Cologne, out of 11,000 votes polled, 7,000 were given to the Catholics and only 4,000 to the Ministerialists; but as the Catholic voters were principally of the poorer class, the system of dividing the votes into three categories of tax-payers will give the larger representation to the lesser number. But the success in these preliminary elections was already sufficient in the Rhine provinces, Westphalia, and Silesia, to render it probable, in the opinion of the correspondent of the *Hour*, that instead of 62 members, as in the Landtag, the Catholics will have 74 or 85 in the new one. The screw has been most vigorously applied to every one who could be considered in Government employ, even down to railway officials and postmen. And the correspondence between the Pope and the Emperor has been used even more directly than we supposed it would be. At Aix-la-Chapelle it has been hawked about by police agents on a loose sheet, and electors have been requested to observe what a knockdown blow the Emperor has dealt to the Pope. At the same time, at a meeting in the electoral district of Lublinitz, Prince von Hohenlohe Ingelfingen had the courage to make the following assertion: "In electing Ultramontane deputies," he said, "you are electing men who are for subjecting the State to the domination of priests, for making the German Emperor the subject of the Pope, for nullifying the success of Prince Bismarck's policy and the heroic exploits of our Emperor, our generals and our army, who would cause the new German Empire to fall to pieces, and thus injure the interests of our Prussian Fatherland." But the known results of 412 out of 432 final elections have now furnished data for the following calculations. The three sections of the Liberals taken together are estimated at 230; and of these the 57 Progressists are not to be entirely depended on by the Government. Then there are 29 Old Conservatives, 12 New Conservatives, and 39 Free Conservatives; 85 of the Centre-fraction or Catholics; 17 Poles, two Danes and three Hanoverian Particularists, so that a temporary coalition between the Conservatives, Particularists, and Centre might at any time constitute a very important opposition, which a defection of the Progressists would convert into a majority.—Tablet.

A BRAVE WOMAN.—Under this heading the Catholic Union, continuing its valuable work of supplying foreign intelligence that may be relied on, publishes the following: "The spies of Prince Bismarck are wakeful and watchful to find occupants for the cells of the German prisons. Their attentions are specially directed to the priests who are remaining so faithful to the Church, and their every nerve is strained, and means availed of, to detect them in the discharge of some of their pastoral functions. They found out the other day that a priest of Posen had dared to baptize a child, and they were certain of a victim. They went to the poor woman who had acted as sponsor, and demanded of her to give evidence against the priest. The brave woman replied with simple emphasis that whenever they asked her about the payment of her taxes, or any other matters of State concern, she would be glad to give them all the civility and all the information in her power; but on a question that concerned her Church and her conscience she had nothing to say to them, and they should have nothing to say to her. They then asked her to sign a formal document of investigation, but she firmly refused, and the Commissaries left her, none the wiser of their visit."

THE STABT MATER.—Among the mass of medieval hymns, the "Stabt Mater" stands forth prominently. Nothing can surpass the touching simplicity of the evangelist's words. "Now there stood by the cross of Jesus His Mother," but no paraphrase can excel that of the author of the well-known Sequence. No man has interpreted the sorrows of the Mater Dolorosa and sympathized with her in her affliction as the Benedictine monk of the thirteenth century. The most rigid adherent of that most unpoetical form of religion, Protestantism, who has not words enough to denounce the Church of Rome, which he is pleased to call the "mother of abominations," forgets for a moment that he is listening to a hymn which forms part of the "Officium VII. Dolorum," and yields involuntarily to its softening influences. And surely he must be a barbarian if he does not. How beautiful are the verses with which the hymn opens! The painful drama of Calvary is described in sad and solemn words. It seems at first as if the poet could find language to express the sorrows of the mourning Mother. Dante describes the unfortunates who for very weeping can weep no more; the Virgin Mother, stands at the foot of the cross in silent grief. But the spectacle of her grief overwhelms the poet ere long, and he bursts out, "O quam tristis et afflicta,

fruit illa Benedicta, Mater Unigeniti." Once more the poem assumes a dramatic form, but again the poet feels overpowered by his emotions: "Eia Mater fons amoris." He is no longer a mere narrator, he is not satisfied with being an idle spectator, he longs to bear part of the burden that so cruelly oppresses her. Others may shrink from suffering but he longs for it with unutterable yearnings. His eyes fill with tears, his heart is well-nigh breaking at the thought of it, and his pale lips pour forth a passionate prayer: "Sancta Mater istud agas, Crucifixi fige plagas Cordi meo valide. This is not a metaphor, or an exaggerated poetical expression; he desires above all things to bear literally in his body the "stigmata of our Lord." And, therefore, the petition occurs once more at the end of the hymn. The prayer is no more interrupted as it was at first; the agonized soul standing, or rather kneeling, at the foot of the cross, gives vent to the passion of adoration that consumes it, and as the poem closes we seem to see a bent form refusing to be lifted, and to catch the echo of a voice going forth in endless supplication. No wonder that this poem became soon after it was written one of the favorite songs of the people. Its author belonged to the world; the hill on which it dwelt was the centre of the moral universe; the emotions which it described were common to humanity. The cry of agony of the pious monk pierced through the walls of his narrow cell, and found a response among the masses of Italy and Germany. The Abbat of Italy and the Flagellantes of Germany revelled in this most eloquent declaration of suffering. As they went on their long pilgrimages, as they knelt at the shrines of their Virgin Mother, or paused on the way before some crucifix once erected by pious hands, they sang with trembling voice the hymn of the Mater Dolorosa. And no doubt the tears streamed down many a face and many a heart throbbled violently—for there were few in that multitude who had not to mourn over the loss of some near and dear—as the melancholy chant drew to a close. But if anything could have consoled them it would have been the thought of that "Mater Dolorosa fons amoris" who had suffered more than any one else, and therefore knew what suffering was, and whose arms were always open to receive her weary children on her bosom that they might find comfort and rest. The translations of this hymn are numerous. But a translation is generally, a mutilation. It is certain that no translation can give an idea of the original. These *versus leonini* cannot be rendered; one forgets all about the curious Latin in which they were written, or about the peculiar expressions they contain. There is a certain monotony and melancholy about the rhythm in keeping with the theme. Its very form impresses you as if you were listening to a mournful minor; it is all throughout one great cry of grief.—Macmillan's Magazine.

IN A RAILROAD CAR.—BY MARK TWAIN.—I got into the cars and took a seat in juxtaposition to a female. The female's face was a perfect insurance company for her—it insured her against ever getting married, except to a blind man. Her mouth looked like a crack in a dried lemon, and there was no more expression than there is in a cup of cold custard. She appeared as though she had been through one famine and about two-thirds through another. She was old enough to be the great-grandmother of Mary that had the little lamb. She was chewing prize pop-corn, and was carrying in her hand a yellow-rose, while a handkerchief and cotton umbrella nestled sweetly by her side. I couldn't guess whether she was a mission of charity, or was going West to start a saw-mill. I was full of curiosity to hear her speak, so I said: "The exigencies of the times require great circumspection in a person that is traveling."

Says she "What?" Says I, "The orb of day shines resplendent in the vault above."

She hitched around uneasy like, then she raised her umbrella and said, "I don't want any more of your sass—git out," and I got out.

Then I took a seat alongside a male fellow, who looked like the ghost of Hamlet straitened out.—He was a stately cuss and he was reading.

Said I, "Mister, did you ever see a camel leopard?" I said a camel leopard because it is a pious animal and never eats any grass without getting down on its knees.

He said he hadn't seen a camel leopard.

Said I, "Do you chew?" He said, "No, sir."

I said, "How sweet is nature?" He took this for a conundrum, and said he didn't know. Then he said he was greatly interested in the history of a great man. "Alas!" he exclaimed, "we are but few."

Then he asked me, "Would I read?" Says I, "What have you got?"

He replied, "Watt's Hymns," "Reveries by Moonlight," and "How to Spend the Sabbath."

I said, "None of them for Hannah, but if he had an unabridged business dictionary of New York city, I would take a little read."

Then he said, "Young man, look at these gray hairs."

I told him I saw them, and when a man got old as he was he ought to dye.

Said I, "You needn't think those hairs are any sign of wisdom; it's only a sign that your system lacks iron, and I advise you to go home and swallow a crowbar."

He took this for irony, and what little "entente cordiale" there was between us was spoiled. It turned out that he was chaplain of a base ball club.

When we got to Rochester I called for a bowl of bean soup. I send you the receipt for making it: "Take a lot of water, wash it well, and boil it until it is brown on both sides; then carefully pour one bean into it and let it simmer. When the bean begins to get restless, sweeten it with salt; then put it up into air-tight cans, hitch each can to a brick, and chuck them overboard, and the soup is done."

The above receipt originated with a man in Iowa, who got up suppers on odd occasions for Odd Fellows. He has a receipt for oyster soup, leaving out the salt.

Speaking of Iowa reminds me of the way I got the money to pay for my ticket and pay for that fellow's supper. I bet a fellow that I could tell him how much water to a quart, went under the railroad bridge over the Mississippi, at Dubuque, in a year.—He bet, and I said two pints to the quart. I won the bet; but, after all, the supper was an awful swindle. If that city didn't settle faster than its coffee did, its old settlers' club would be a failure, and the city, too.

PROFESSIONAL ZEAL.—They have two very enthusiastic undertakers in Camden. They are always on the lookout for business, and always trying to get ahead of each other. The wife of a prominent citizen was known to be quite ill, some time ago, and both undertakers made up their minds to provide the funeral if she should die. On Thursday night, the husband dropped the paregoric bottle on the floor, and scared the invalid so that she gave a little scream. The next instant, the family heard somebody staggering upstairs, knocking the paper off the wall with some kind of an implement. It was Jones, the undertaker, bringing up one of his hermetically sealed coffins. He had been waiting on the front step, and hearing the scream, concluded the end had come, and rushed in, all ready. He dashed up the stairs, as the husband opened the door, set the coffin upon the carpet, and exclaimed, eagerly: "Gimme the first chance.—Bury her forty dollars, with silver-plated trimmings?" Before the indignant man had time to reply, a noise was heard in the attic. Presently Brown, the undertaker, appeared on the third-story, and heaving on of his "incorrodible burial caskets"

down the stairs, cried, "Don't do it: I'll plant her for thirty-eight dollars: five off for cash, put a monogram on the casket, and throw in a tombstone." Brown had been watching Jones, it seems from the roof of the house next door and would have beaten him, but the trapdoor stuck. They were led away by a policeman, but before they had reached the corner, Jones had a contract for burying that policeman's mother-in-law, when she died. The policeman was not particular about details. "Let it be deep," said he, "and put a heavy stone on top to hold her down."

SOMETHING LIKE AN APOLOGY.—The editor of a western paper in America recently gave a notice of a ball, and happened incidentally to mention that the dancing of Major Hoeler's better half was like "the cowering of a fly-bitten cow in a field of cucumbers." The fact that the editor had not been invited to the ball may somewhat detract from the value of the simile, while at the same time it accounts for his establishing the figure. The major accompanied by his better half and a six-shooter, called on the editor to complain of the poetical nature of the image. On learning that the lady was the one he had described, the editor besought her to raise her veil. She did so, adding, "Now, sir, I expect you to apologise." "Apologise! I should rather think I would!" was the answer, as he seized his hat and rapidly left the room. The astonished major rushed to the window: "Stop you sir, you haven't apologised!" "All right, I'm going to do it in a minute!" "What do you mean?" shouted the major, accentuating the note of interrogation with a pistol bullet. The answer was wuffed back from round the next corner—"Can't you see I'm looking for that cow?"

PROSPECTUS FOR 1874.—SEVENTH YEAR.

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If any subscriber should indicate a preference for a figure subject, the publishers will send "Thoughts of Home," a new and beautiful chromo, 14 x 20 inches, representing a little Italian exile whose speaking eyes betray the longings of his heart.

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THE SCHOOL COMMISSION OF THE MUNICIPALITY OF ST. HENRY, COUNTY OF HOCHELAGA, will apply to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next Session, for a Bill authorizing them to levy a special tax, for the building of a model school.

L. A. DESROSIERS, Secretary-Treasurer, St. Henry, 8th November, 1873.

PUBLIC NOTICE. Is hereby given that application shall be made to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at their next Session, for an act incorporating a Navigation Company under the name of "THE RIVIERE DU NORD NAVIGATION COMPANY."

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the Matter of HONORE MARIER, Insolvent. A dividend sheet has been prepared, open to objection until the 8th day of December, next, after which dividend will be paid.

G. H. DUMESNIL, Assignee, 531 1/2 Rue Craig, Montreal, 24th November, 1873.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the Matter of JEAN BTE. LEPINE, Insolvent. I the Undersigned, GEORGES HYACINTE DUMESNIL, of the City of Montreal, have been appointed assignee in this matter.

Creditors are requested to file their claims, before me within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at my office No. 531 1/2 Craig street on the 27th day of December, next, at 3 o'clock P.M., for the examination of the Insolvent and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally.

G. H. DUMESNIL, Official Assignee, Montreal, 25th November 1873.

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INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of CHARLES ROCH, of the City of Montreal, as well individually, as having done business in partnership with Joseph Roch, his father, under the name and style of "C. ROCH & CO."

The Insolvent has made an assignment of his Estate to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at his business place, No 165 St. Paul Street, Montreal, on the 2nd day of December next, at 10 o'clock a.m., to receive statements of his affairs and to appoint an Assignee.

G. H. DUMESNIL, Interim Assignee, Montreal, 17th November, 1873.

NOTICE. Application will be made to the Federal Parliament at its next Session for a Charter Incorporating a Joint Stock Company, Limited, under the name of the "COMMERCIAL PROTECTION COMPANY," for the economical settlement of doubtful debts and other purposes.

October 2, 1873.

NOTICE. An application will be made to the Parliament of Canada, at its next Session, for an Act incorporating an International Transportation Association.

REMOVAL. JOHN CROWE, BLACK AND WHITE SMITH LOCK-SMITH, BELL-HANGER, SAFF-MAKER

GENERAL JOBBER Has Removed from 37 Bonaventure Street, to ST. GEORGE, First Door off Craig Street.

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INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the Matter of GEORGES HYACINTE DUMESNIL, of the City of Montreal, have been appointed assignee in this matter.

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