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The True Witness,

AND

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, OCT. 6, 1871.

NO. 8.

FATHER CONNELL; A TALE.

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

CHAPTER XI.

To one side of the principal street of Father Connell's little city, and nearly at the termination, was a low, long house, having quite the appearance of a private residence—except that its entrance door was always open, and yet it was an apothecary's establishment. It had no shop front—no huge bottles of tinted water, fit for not a single earthly purpose, ornamented its unbusiness-like window; nor in the apartment assigned to its owner's professional occupations, were there many of the usual indications of an apothecary's shop, nor indeed of a shop of any kind. And people said, that Dick Wresham, although depending exclusively on pestle and mortar for his support, was too much of a gentleman, to carry on his trade in anything like the common way.

In his—what shall it be called?—hall of audience perhaps, there were five or six old mahogany parlor chairs, with very broad, flat, black-leather bottoms, secured at the front and sides with large, round-headed brass nails; and the stone window-sills, on the outside of his long house, were worn into a peculiar smoothness and polish. And why are these two facts mentioned? It will appear why.

The proprietor of the medical mart was a thin-bodied, sharp-featured, active-minded, little man, with a malicious twinkle in his ferret eye, and a mischievous grin round his mouth. He wore black, except that his stockings were of grey worsted; a long slender queue, perked out between his shoulders; his hair was well pomaded and powdered; and abundance of powder also lay on the collar of his coat. And he must now put himself into action for us.

It is still a bitter December morning, not a great many removed from that with which we have last had to do. Dicky Wresham runs to his open door, peeps up and down the street; runs in again to his drugs, and out again in a few minutes, to take another peep. He evidently expects the arrival of some person or persons, and he is very anxious and fidgety on the point. And one by one the wished-for visitors arrive, and one by one, he greets them heartily.

Are they customers? No: they are individuals who, every day in the year, come to polish the bottoms of the old black-leather chairs, within doors, if it be inclement weather; or else the window-stools in the street, if it be fair weather; and they come each to empty his budget of small gossip, or to have a similar one emptied into him; or to join, open-mouthed, in scandal, not always of a harmless nature, or to make remarks on all passers-by in the streets; or, in a word, idly to spend their idle time, in the best way they can possibly devise. So Dick Wresham has them almost all about him for the day, at which he rubs his hands and looks fully happy—and he is so; for, doubtless, a stock of capital gossip, and scurrilous, and fun, is now laid in for him; and Dick's craving appetite for such mental food should be satisfied every morning as soon as ever he had powdered his head and coat collar.

And this assemblage, in Dick's laboratory, was familiarly known, through the town, as "Dick Wresham's school." They also styled themselves "gentlemen;" and Dick and many others admitted the title, though a good many people besides questioned whether the standard used by the little apothecary and his immediate friends, for measuring a "gentleman" agreed, in all respects, with that adopted for the same purpose by "Ulster King-at-Arms." But however this may be, the school has now assembled. All the scholars are, upon this particular morning, within doors, of course, the weather not permitting a meeting in the open air. Two of their number post themselves as sentinels of observation, face to face, against the jambs of the doorway, and their business is to look out for objects and subjects of commentary, among the simple people who pass by; or haply (for the videttes are great wags) to beckon some one of the simplest among the simple into Dick Wresham's school-room, and there exercise some practical joke—that smallest and most country-townish way of pretending to wit.

A few of Dick Wresham's school may just be pencilled in.

Gaby McNeary was one of them. He had begun life with, as he himself would beautifully express it, "a blue look-out;" that is with little to recommend him, except a handsome person, and a good flow of red Protestant blood in his veins. These two qualities, however slender they might prove in other countries, gained him a rich enough wife in Ireland; legacies from her relatives afterwards dropped in, so that he was now, at an advanced age, able to live "genteelly," that is, without doing any one earthly thing, except to eat, drink, and sleep, and have his own way, right or wrong; and Dicky Wresham accordingly wrote him down "gentleman."

Gaby was tall and bulky, but stooped in his shoulders. He could not be said to have an ill-tempered face; but it had a dominating

look, befitting a person of much importance in the world, both as to rank and religious creed; and this was one of the characteristics of what the papists of the time used to term a "Protestant face."

Jack McCarthy was another of the school; whilome a gauger, but now retired on a pension and some money to boot. He was a sturdy built, low sized "gentleman" of about sixty, with tremendous grey eyebrows, always knit together, and a huge projecting under lip. He seemed as if ever revolving some unpleasant subject; and Jack was said to have a "Protestant face" too; that is, he looked as if he did not like papists, and was therefore conscious that a papist could not like him.

And Kit Hunter was upon this morning at "school" also; and he possessed property sufficient, we will not stop to say exactly how obtained, to satisfy Dick Wresham of his pretensions to be admitted into his seminary. The wrinkles about Kit's mouth had formed themselves into a perpetual smile. He was known as the shadow of the great personage of the town, whether a Lord or a Baronet, shall not now be told. He constantly attended that great man's levee, was honored by being leant upon by him, whenever he flattered the streets by walking through them; he was always ready to run on his errands; and to crown all his glory, frequently invited to dine with, and drink the choice old wines of the high, and for the present, mysterious personage.

An easy-tempered, middle-aged man was Kit, with a great talent for picking up gossip of every kind, and for retailing it too; for it may be fairly conceded that the sack of a news-gatherer gapes almost equally at both ends. In person he was tall, slight, thin, almost emaciated, and bent and weak in the ham; and always dressed carefully and sleekly, in the best brushed clothes of the leading fashion of the day.

After the sages here particularly noticed, there were two or three others of less interest; the sentinels who filled the doorway were younger pupils, "gentlemen, bloods of the city," roystering, swaggering blades; and hoaxers or practical jokers by profession.

The "school" has repeated some of its lessons for its master, and for each other, connced since they last assembled before him. Dick Wresham, occasionally eyeing a prescription, continues:—

"Ah Kit, what about the old friar and his bell?"

"Ay, Kit, my worthy," echoed one of the sentinel wags, "tell us about the friar and his belle—ha, ha, ha!"

And the "ha! ha! ha!" ran through the whole "school"—for a sparkling and original witticism had been uttered.

"Ay, joke away on it," said Gaby McNeary—"but by Gog—" and he banged his stick across Dick Wresham's "gentle" and delicate subterfuge for a counter, "you'll soon have them friars devouring up the fat of the land again. Ha, 'tisn't ould times with them now; they're creeping out of their holes among us again—an honest man can't walk the street without being jostled by one of them."

"And how devilish sleek the rascals look," sputtered Jack McCarthy, knitting, wickedly, his awful, grey eyebrows.

"Well, but Kit Hunter, tell us about Father Murphy," commanded Dick Wresham impatiently.

"Why, you must know, he has built a kind of a little steeple on the gable of his chapel, and hung up a small bell in it; and this he rings out for his mass, as sturdily as if there was no law to prevent it."

"Ho!" gouted Gaby McNeary, "if that's not popish impudence, the devil's in the dice. Gog's blug!" he continued in a kind of soliloquy, puckering his lips into a fierce snarl, as he stumped about the school-room, and punched his stick downwards at every step.

"Well, Kit?" again asked Dick Wresham.

"Well; the dean was made acquainted with the matter, and requested to use his authority, in having the bell taken down, and so he called on Father Murphy for the purpose. The friar, you know is a big, bluff kind of an ould fellow—and hah! he said to the dean—'and can't I have a bell to call my coachman, and my groom, and my footmen, and all my other man servants, and ould Alley, the cook, to their dinners—ch?—ha!'"

Some laughed at Kit Hunter's anecdote; but Gaby McNeary, and Jack McCarthy, could only ejaculate their indignation at such a piece of audacious papistry. Kit Hunter went on.

"You must take it down, my good sir," said the dean.

"Take it down, is it, after all the trouble I had putting it up? Hah! hah! no, I won't take it down; but if you want it so much, there it is—and you may climb up, and take it down yourself—hah! hah!"

"And what did the dean say to this?" demanded Gaby McNeary.

"Why he could say nothing at all farther, for, after pointing up at the bell, the friar walked off as fast as he could."

Gaby and Jack now expressed a hunger indignation than ever. Gaby, in particular, though not feeling half of the real asperity experienced

by his friend Jack, burst forth in his might. He imprecated, he cursed, and he swore, he bellowed as he stumped about; and "the vagabonds!" he went on, "there isn't a friar, nor a priest of 'em, that I wouldn't hunt out of the country, over again! why they'll ride rough-shod over us, as they did before. They walk the very middle stone of the street already."

"And here is one of them walking the middle stone of the street, this very moment," reported one of the sentinels.

"Father Connell, no less—hat and wig, and all," added the other.

"Blug-a-bouns!" roared Gaby McNeary, becoming almost lachrymose in his wrath—"hunt them out of the country, did I say? no, but hang 'em all up, sky high, that is what I meant to say!"

"He is on one of his begging expeditions to-day," again reported the faithful vidette.—"Look there is Con Loughnan handing him a note, nothing less—"

Little Dicky Wresham raced to the door, thrust out his neck and head for a peep, and raced back again to his pestle and mortar. The sentinels at the doorway whispered together, and as Father Connell passed them, they saluted him very ceremoniously, and invited him to enter the school-room—he did so.

The persons among whom our parish priest now stood, seemed quite strangers to him. One of them, indeed, namely Gaby McNeary, he might have recognised in a different light, had he been able distinctly to observe him; but at his first appearance, Gaby had flung himself upon one of the black leather-bottom chairs; and twisted it and himself facewise towards the wall.

Some of the other persons of the circle acted as follows. Kit Hunter prudently moved backwards into the shade; Jack McCarthy tried to smile, but it was a hideous attempt—a vicious donkey might equal it; and Dick Wresham grinned most maliciously; while, for the purpose of disguising the venomous mirth, he pretended to use his teeth in assisting his fingers to tie up a paper of drugs.

It was surmised by one of the juvenile wittings, that Father Connell was out on a mission of charity. The old priest assented.

Particulars of the case of distress which at present interested him, were politely demanded. In the simplest and the fewest words possible he told his little tale of woe. Again he was solicited to name the parties, and he named them.

"Ah, yes, sir," resumed the young "gentleman." "I might have guessed that it was for one of the fair portion of the creation your Reverence took so much trouble this cold day."

"And indeed it is to the credit of clergymen in general that they are such champions of the weaker sex," resumed his comrade.

"I remember the little Widow Fennell right well," quoth Dick Wresham, "and a plump little bit of flesh she was, and must be to the present hour."

At these words, to the surprise of all who caught the action, Gaby McNeary suddenly turned his head over the back of his chair, and scowled very angrily at the speaker.

"There certainly is some satisfaction, in bestowing charity on such a pretty little widow," continued the chief sentinel—"one of her smiles is good value for a guinea, any day"—and he took out of his waistcoat pocket a glittering coin, and with a face of much earnestness, placed it on the priest's palm and closed the old man's fingers upon it.

Father Connell glanced, however, at the offering, and then relosed his fingers upon it himself. The waggery and the sparkling wit went forward.

"By my oath and conscience," said the really spiteful Jack McCarthy, "I'd give a leg of mutton and 'thrimmins' to any one that 'ud tache me the knack of making friends among the women, as the priests do."

"Why, Father Connell might give you an insight," said another, "but nothing for nothing all the world over; no money, no pater-noster—oh, Father Connell?"

Gaby McNeary did not now look round, but he seemed to grow very uneasy or very hot on his chair.

"Father Connell is a spruce ould buck," cried little Dicky Wresham, "and there is no wonder that the women should be friendly to him."

"But how does he make the hat and wig go down with them?" resumed the brutal Jack McCarthy.

"Blug-an-ages-an-by-Gog!" exploded Gaby McNeary, jumping up at the same time, and jostling forward to where Father Connell stood, "if I can stand it any longer, or if I will stand it any longer!—give me your hand, Father Connell—how do you do, sir?"

Father Connell did as he was bid, standing somewhat aghast, however, at the roaring approach of such a forty-horse oath engine.

"Why, what are you at now, Gaby?" asked the principal hoaxer—"you that swore, as no other man can swear but you—a little while ago, that you'd hang every rascally priest of them, sky high."

"You lie, you whelp!" answered Gaby, "I

never swore, nor said any such thing, you young rascal! and you're all nothing but a pack of rascals—nothing else—to bring this good-hearted ould gentleman in here, to scoff at him, and to insult him."

"Well dove, Gaby," shouted the second hoaxer, and he slapped old Gaby on the shoulder.

"Do that again, ye hout, and I'll dust your puppy's jacket, while a dusting is good for it or you!" and he flourished his stick about him, at a rate that made his old friends jump out of his way; while the only object he hit was the hat of the very person whose champion he now was, and this, with the violence of his unintended blow, flew some distance off its accustomed resting-place. But Gaby soon picked it up, replaced it on the apex of the wig, and then slapped it down with a force that betokened, in his own fitting apprehension, much friendly energy, and a liberal promise of chivalrous protection towards the wearer.

"Come away, Father Connell, out of this blackguard place," he went on, passing the priest's arm through his, "come along, sir, come along, I tell you!"

"My dear," said Father Connell, laying his hand on the arm of his doctory defender, "do not get angry, do not curse or swear on my account; these gentlemen have done me no harm; I wish I could say they had done themselves any good; nor have they been as successful in ridiculing me as they think; neither my years, now nearly four-score, nor my hat and wig have made me so very stupid as they suppose. As for the witty young gentleman who gave me this," and he held out the counterfeit guinea on his open palm, and then allowed it to drop on the floor at his foot—"I won't say God reward him, no, no; the old man shook his head, touched the brim of his hat, and looked upward—"the reward, if my poor prayer were heard, might be in proportion to the gift; but I can, and I do say—God forgive him."

"Hah! take that, you dirty curs!" triumphed Gaby McNeary, as he and Father Connell turned into the street.

To the great surprise of the whole town, the pair were in a few minutes after seen parading the streets arm in arm, and begging of every one they mutually knew, a donation for the poor Fennells. Protestant and Catholic looked after them as they marched along; and, agreeing in opinion for at least once in their lives, sagely remarked, that "wonders would never cease."

In the heat of his charitable enthusiasm—as much one may venture to say, as in the heat of his wrath, against Dick Wresham's "dirty curs"—Gaby's own contribution to Father Connell's list was large, almost out of character. But this was not all. He led him to his own house, and there "made much of him;" and over a hearty luncheon, and a glass of good wine, Gaby McNeary requested and obtained a minute account of the former and the present situation of the poor family for whom he sought relief.

To every word the old priest uttered, Gaby's only daughter was an attentive listener. This little girl may be called very lovely—very, very lovely. Her age was not more than ten years. No description of her face or person is about to follow; but it is asserted over again that little Helen McNeary was very, very lovely, and bright, laughing, joyous—a very sunburst of beauty, flashing over the freshness of life's almost break of day.

During the priest's statements, however, little Helen showed none of her usual brilliant joyousness. Her features became gently sorrowful, and tears started from her eyes. Father Connell took leave of his new friend. At the door of the house he felt his jack pulled, and turning round he saw this beautiful little being looking up earnestly at him, and moving her fingers in a mute request that he might bend down to her. He laid his open palm upon her shining hair—of the same color, by the way, as that of the poor little beggar girl—gazed in smiles, for a space, upon her glowing upturned features; and muttered involuntarily—"may the Lord bless you, my little angel."

She beckoned to him again, and he bent his ear to her lips.

"I got this for a Christmas-box," she whispered, sliding half-a-guinea into his hand—"but will you give it, sir, along with the rest you have, to poor Mrs. Fennell, and her ould aunt, and to poor little Neddy?—Oh, you're hurting me, sir!" she suddenly cried out, pained by Father Connell's ardent pressure of both her tiny hands in his. He relaxed his unconscious clasp; but still held her tightly, and he still gazed at her, his lips working to keep in his emotion.

"Helen! Helen! where are you, girl?" bellowed out her father, descending the staircase.

"Good-bye to you, sir," she continued, again endeavoring to extricate her fingers.

"What's all this?" questioned her father, making his appearance.

"Your little daughter," answered Father Connell, "is a blessed child. She is beautiful to look upon; but her fresh young heart is

more beautiful still. See—she has given me, for the poor widow, what was bestowed upon her these happy Christmas times, to buy playthings and sweet things—and she is only a little girl still,"—he inclined his head and laid his cheek to Helen's—"I thought at first of giving back her little gift;—and I thought too of bestowing upon her a Christmas-box, and a good one, out of my own pocket; but I won't do either."

"Don't, don't," roared Gaby McNeary, half crying.

"No: I will not; no, my child, I will not, I'll leave it in the hands of your God to repay you for your charity. Here, sir—take your little daughter to you, and kiss her, and be proud of her." He took up the child, placed her in her father's arms, and left the house.

CHAPTER XII.

Yet another school-house is to be visited, and it will make the third presented in these pages. But monotonous need not, therefore, be apprehended; for, if Dick Wresham's school has been found unlike Father Connell's school—and there is little doubt but it has—that which must now be described will prove unlike either.

And the "main street," is again to be recurred to. Jammed in between two more modern houses with shop windows, there was in it a curious old structure, or rather a succession of very curious old structures, situated to the rear of this introductory one. It had a high parapeted front, over which arose a gable, very sharp-angled at the top, and surmounted by a tall roundish stone chimney.

A semicircular archway, gained by a few steps, ran through it from the street, and led into a small quadrangle, one side of which was formed by its own back, and the other three sides by similar old buildings; that side to your left being partially dilapidated. A second semicircular archway passed under the pile confronting you, as you entered the enclosure from the street, and gave egress into a second, but large quadrangle. Of this, the far or top side was composed of one range of an old edifice, still; that behind you, in the lesser quadrangle, that to your right, of other ancient buildings entirely ruinous; and that to your left, partly of a dead wall, partly of a shed, before which was a bench of mason-work, and partly of a little nook, containing some evergreens, and remarkable for affording place to a queer sentry-box kind of structure, built of solid stone.

And now there was yet a third archway before you, but much narrower than the others, and very much darker, boring its way under the lower part of the structure facing you. In traversing it, your eye caught, to your right hand, doorways imperfectly filled up by old oak doors, half hanging off their old-times hinges, and leading into large, unoccupied, coal black chambers; and when you emerged from it, the cheery daylight was again around you, in a third enclosed space, of which the most remarkable feature was a long flight of wide stone steps, terminating in a sharply arched door, which led into an elevated garden.

Why dwell on the features of the odd old place? Has no one guessed? Here, Father Connell put his adopted son to school.—Here was the scene of years of that boy's pains and pleasures, sports and tasks, tears and laughter—likings and dislikes—friendships—nay, of a stronger and a higher passion, which though conceived in mere boyhood, passed into his youthful prime, and afterwards swayed and shaped the fate, not only of himself, but alas! of his aged protector.

All the nooks and corners of the odd, old place, were all, all the playgrounds of him and his school-fellows. He will stop to this day, before the streetward archway, and look into the two quadrangles, until recollected pleasure becomes present pain. For as he looks, his mind's eye sees, flitting and jumping through the sunshine and the shade, with which they are chequered, the features and forms of those early mates; and his ears seem to hear their shouts, and their shrill untirable gabble; until anon, he seems to distinguish the very accents of their voices, and even by that knows them from each other; and at last they pipe out his own name, and he is sure what boys from time to time utter it! And then, turning away from the old archway, he asks himself—what days have since been like the days which his passing vision has just given him back? What hour of satiated passion, what hour of worldly success, has been worth one minute of the passionless, thoughtless pleasures, experienced within the intricacies and the quaintnesses of the odd, old place?

And, as he plods along the streets of his native town, other questions and recollections came upon him. He calls to mind some of his fancies; for instance, of the kind of old people, who must originally have inhabited the jumble of old structures—who were they? What did they there? What did they look like? How were they dressed? He did not know a bit at that time; still he used to imagine them clad in long robes of black or dark grey, silently moving about their then silent little squares, or sitting stock still on the bench in the larger one; or gliding (not walking) up the long

flight of stone steps to their primitive garden; (and what in the world used to grow in that garden?) or, mysteriously vanishing into the large, black-chambers, to be found to the right of the third archway.

And the imps his fancy has just seen!— Their progress from childhood, or boyhood, into manhood! But Ned Fennell will insist upon this topic more at length in another place. For the passing instant, he can do little else than boast of all his old haunts of play and frolic.

(To be Continued.)

(Written for the True Witness.)

SKETCHES OF IRELAND.

BY "TIERRA NOBRE."

WICKLOW—HER ANCIENT CLANS.

"Still, still for thee, my Fatherland! The pulse of my heart beats fast; While many a vision, soft and bland, Bears me back to thy shores, my Fatherland!"

Years ago when our heart was gay and free from all apprehensions for the future; when life appeared as a sunny dream; when every path seemed bright with roses, and the cold, hard realities of mere existence were unknown, we were wont to ramble over hill and dale, gathering as we went along an increased store of love for the dear old land. Oh, Ireland! how fondly we loved thee then. The study of your past was but a labor of love. Your oiden glories, your ever-present suffering, alike threw a spell upon our soul; the one of exaltation, the other of sorrow. We saw thee in the sunshine, and we worshipped thee; we saw thee in the shadow, and we clung to thee.— Long years ago in all the innocence of boyhood, we played by your sea-shore, and as we wonderingly looked upon the spray-crested waters, we listened with awe to the eternal monotone of the ocean and its solemn echo in the fluted shells which we gathered on our way. Full often and again have we climbed the mountain's breast, and with straining, eager looks we gazed enraptured on the dimpling vales and heather-decked slopes, while our busy fancy started a Galloglass from behind each hilly crag, or sent a light-footed Kerne across the valley to arouse the slumbering clansmen. Thy legends, dear Ireland, filled us with weird fantasies; your plaintive songs and inspiring war-chants thrilled our inmost soul, and thus we grew apace, and each day the spell became stronger and thoughts of aught else save thee we had none. In every form in which our fancy placed thee we loved thee. Whether we saw thee in the queenly splendor, the Emerald pride of the Western vale, or in faded, tattered garments, with tear-stained cheeks, thy lustre dimmed, and nought but a phosphorescent glimmer to indicate thy existence as Erin of the Streams. And now, when all the cares of manhood are upon us, we think of thee still fondly, and exercising our will, we annihilate time and space, and again, as of yore, we are speeding towards our annual excursion from the capital, and our incursion to storied Wicklow, where every stone is fraught with memories, and every twig has its tale of romance. Wicklow! How the very name calls us back to the time when we stood in the Devil's Glen admiring the waterfall as it tore its way over and through masses of rock, the summits of which loomed in a solemn stillness strangely contrasting with the weird melody of the winds, sighing through the adjoining trees, and the deep bass of the waters below. And Bray, with its magnificent headland fronting upon a sea of beauty covered from its base to its height with variegated ferns; and well do we remember when we partook of the hospitality of the great old priest of Enniskerry, Father Dwyer, whose life has been one long effort to protect his people and to elevate them. Well indeed we remember his innocent pride as drawing up his stalwart form, one worthy of his native Tipperary, he showed to us his new church standing upon a hill overlooking verdant vales, where the cozy cottages, nestling amid flowers, appeared to our youthful fancy as tributaries to the Cross above. Good old priest! In your span of years, your Ireland passed through many vicissitudes. Often have you offered the Holy Sacrifice in by-ways where the rich were not, but like unto your Divine Master, you called in the poor, and with the poor you, as an Irish Priest, were always at home. Little we thought as we listened to thee and thy tales of olden times when the Faith was proscribed that by the mighty St. Lawrence we would be enabled to offer our feeble testimony to thy public virtue and private worth; and when we listened, our soul was all a-glow, and as upon every side nature, too, spoke, we wondered not at the daring deeds of chief and clansman, and in a mental panorama we saw Fiach MacHugh routing De Grey, Carew and Audley; we saw Clan Raulagh striking terror into the hearts of Elizabeth's legions, or Michael Dwyer careering through Glenmalur, defying as he despised the oppressors of his native land. Looking back at the time and its memories; thinking of the pride with which we were filled as we remembered that among these grand old hills our mother first breathed; knowing that in every vein of ours was coursing Irish blood, not kindly Irish of the Irish, but in truth and in deed Irish of the Irish; feeling that we were of the children of those who for ages had fought the good fight, and though baffled, were not beaten, we thought how the stamping-out process had failed; how the Faith was ours although broad lands were lost, and the old hearth was desolate, and thinking of all these truths then and realizing them now we say with Halpaine:—

"Aye, stamp away! Can you stamp it out— This quenchless fire of a Nation's freedom? Your feet are brown and your legs are stout, But stouter for this you'll need 'em! You have stamped away for six hundred years, But again and again the old cause milles, Flies gleam in the hands of our mountaineers,

And with scythes come the men from the valleys. The steel-clad Norriam on his roams; Is faced by our naked Galloglass; We lost the plains and our pleasant homes; But we kept the hills and passes. And still the beltane fires at night— If not a man were left to feed 'em— By widows' hand piled high and bright, Flashed for the flame of Freedom!

(To be Continued.)

AN ENGLISH JOURNALIST ON HOME RULE.

We quote with some pleasure the following able and thoughtful article on the Irish national question from the London Advertiser. The publication of such an article in that journal is in itself a cheering evidence of the progress of our cause—

The state of Ireland is indeed serious, and we think it is pretty plain that Mr. Gladstone's policy and concessions have not reconciled one party, whilst they have alienated another, and disgusted all. The hideous blunder, if not crime, of the Phoenix Park outrage has nullified the little good that might still be done by the appointment of Prince Arthur as Viceroy. We are quite certain that it might be, were that gracious act coupled with Home Rule. It is in vain to flout the Irish now with the tardy condescension of mere royal visits. The time for this has passed. The wrongs of Ireland cannot be patched. She has never yet been approached by England with sympathy, earnestness, and justice. When we bought her parliament, we saddled successive Ministries with the chronic obligation of acquiring the votes of the Irish members, who are the drawback and the bugbear of imperial legislation. There are men whose after existence has been poisoned by a single triumphant misdeed. But never was retribution for the evil accomplishment of a wicked act more thoroughly exemplified than by the absorption of Irish representation in the imperial parliament of Great Britain. The balance of party was thereby thoroughly destroyed. Whigs and Tories competed for the unholy aid of a party always purchasable and yet never purchased. Ireland has been said to be England's difficulty. It is not so. The difficulty has been the Irish members in the English House of Commons. Whigs and Tories have both bid for them. The Whigs have been the most unscrupulous, and Mr. Gladstone the most unscrupulous of the Whigs. He has purchased the bottle imp, and has to find it constant distraction and work. He is bound to find it occupation or be destroyed by it. It is like the exacting slave, yet master of the magician, always to be appeared and kept down. But few of the present men would represent Ireland, were her parliament once more in College-green. The want of Ireland, like that of England, is national representation, Protestant or Catholic, it matters not, so that it be national. Look at the return of Mr. Martin to parliament. Can any man doubt the stupid, senseless, cruel mismanagement of Ireland? What was her imperial legislation done for her? Has it developed her commerce, opened her mines, utilised her noble ports and harbours? Who destroyed the Galway line?—The "Liberals," the Whigs. Did Irish representation resent this injustice as one man? Did Irish votes support the government which gave Lord Eglinton to Ireland, and which sought in a legitimate way to foster her interests and develop her resources? Never was a great and promising enterprise so cruelly destroyed by "Liberal" persecution, local envy, and the malignant detraction of a small but powerful section of the English press. When the Curragh line was started, every indulgence was granted with a large subsidy. When a Conservative government had the sense of duty and justice to grant a subsidy to an Irish line, the Post-Office under the ensuing "Liberal" government destroyed it with penalties, and aided the unholy persecution of the degenerate Whigs. We remember how this promised boon was receive in Ireland. We remember the enthusiastic reception of its English pioneers by a justly irritated and embittered, but a generous people. We remember the glorious devotion of that patriotic priest, Father Daly, whose friendship we ourselves had the privilege to enjoy. Bitter and angry things have lately been enunciated in this journal about a section of the Irish people in America and in this country. It is but a section. We have denounced them, not in a national sense or spirit, but as we would trebly denounce Englishmen who have caused and are causing the alienation of the two peoples. We have fought for Irish rights and Irish independence in the Home Rule sense, as the only means to reconcile Ireland to imperial sway. Years ago we counselled a broad, a liberal, and a generous policy towards Ireland. We advocated a royal recognition of the nation that has fought by our side, and that should be bound to us by the ties of brotherhood, not coerced by police and martial law. We advocated in 1859 the institution of Irish Volunteers. We said—"Do not mistrust Ireland; it is a fatal cowardice to do so." And what has a contrary policy produced? When we counselled a grand imperial system of emigration to our own colonies—our own North American possessions—we foresaw the deadly crop of hate we should one day reap from the descendants of the sons of poverty and hate flung upon the quays of New York. It has come. Our anticipations have proved true. The Fenian movement is the anticipated result of narrow-minded, blind, selfish doctrinarism; of Whig treatment of Ireland, the neglect of her claims, the suppression of her commerce, the repression of her traffic. Her geographical position has been denied, and the very men who have said that it would be better for England were Ireland to be moored 1,000 leagues distant in the Atlantic, have been the men who would not allow Ireland to be the pathway of commerce between England and the United States, Ireland has found a pathway of hate instead. There is but one course left to conciliate and govern Ireland. It is to give her home legislative rule; and, for the rest, to do simple justice without thought of persons or care for immediate consequences. Let her

resources be developed and her commerce extended; give her the full benefit of her geographical position and her splendid harbours. At this moment there are various collieries opened in Ireland; but what is done to obtain the boon of railway communication and transit? There is not even an inspector of mines appointed in Ireland. We are about to do a little for the Irish fisheries at last. The restoration of the Irish Parliament is the sole means of putting an end to the curse of absenteeism, fatal to any country, and which has proved the source of such bitter exaction, cruelty and misery in Ireland. We are conscious of having given insertion to an article which might be subject to some misinterpretation by an Irish mind. The article in question commented strongly and bitterly on the attack made by the Irish Papists in New York upon an Orange procession, which caused a fearful massacre and the shedding of innocent blood. We felt it to be a subject on which indignation might be justly lavished, and in the strongest terms. Would a Catholic religious procession have been assaulted or treated with indignity by Protestants? On the contrary, we believe that here, or in America, it would be treated with every respect. Why are these malignant atrocities, to be transported beyond the seas to become the heritage of our descendants in a distant clime? But although we gave insertion to the words condemning this savage outrage, we meant the remarks to apply to a section of fanatics, and by no means to the generous Irish character at large, to which it has been our satisfaction to pay many a tribute, and for which we have the greatest sympathy and regard. This stands upon record, and it is due to ourselves and to the Irish people to mention it. We have known an Irish welcome in Ireland, and number many Irish friends, irrespective of religion or politics. And it is for that reason, and because we have been the champion of Irish wrongs, that we are anxious to be understood when we denounce those—whether Celts or Saxons—who would widen the breach between the two nationalities, either by outrage or by insult—by a warlike attack like that made upon a harmless and foolish anniversary procession in New York—a cruel blunder, to call it by the mildest term, like the recent raid of the police in the Phoenix Park—a sneer levelled against a whole nation such as that in which a powerful contemporary was wont occasionally to indulge—the bitter satire of a Thackeray, and, finally, the assumption of an offensive superiority towards a people who, in proportion to their numbers, have contested the palm with us in every intellectual sphere, in the pursuits of peace and war; in literature, oratory, and each branch of learning, sciences, and art. We need not go farther back than to the Alma to remember how the Irish have fought by our side, and with the blessing of Providence we trust they will still be found, if ever need arise, to do as they have heretofore done. Nor will Home Rule and a Royal Court held in Dublin Castle—the only panacea against absenteeism—mitigate against the realisation of this wish, but they will contribute on the other hand to remove the heart-burnings and prejudices which now unhappily exist—and, to adopt an Irish mode of expression—for which we trust we shall be pardoned, make union more complete by a partial severance. That severance would be nothing in reality—we mean as a severance—but it would emancipate the English parliament, and content the Irish people.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Irish Education Bill, in which we now summon Mr. GLADSTONE to embody his idea of a settlement, is likely enough to meet with no better fate next session than was the fortune of the Ballot Bill during the last, but if his plan be well conceived, it will have traced the outlines and laid the foundation, broad and deep, of a settlement such as will have to be made sooner or later; and sooner rather than later, not possibly by himself in person, but the merit of which will nothing the less be his. Mr. GLADSTONE will at all events have redeemed his own engagements, and discharged his own conscience; while the responsibility for consequences will have shifted to those on whom it ought to be. The people of Ireland do not insist merely upon treating the education controversy as foreclosed, but they decline absolutely the competence of any tribunal save that of Irish opinion to concern itself about it. If the vast and increasing majority of Irishmen were as well disposed as they are the contrary to acquiesce in existing legislative arrangements, it would be upon the sole condition that the Imperial Parliament should register the decisions of Irish opinion in matters of purely Irish concern. The mind of Ireland is made up of that public instruction in Ireland shall be regulated not by the theories of Mr. FAWCETT, but by the firm and express will of the Irish people constitutionally interpreted in Parliament and in the country. The demand of national opinion—retreat from which must be regarded as impossible—the demand upon which there cannot be compromise, and in the satisfaction of which delay will not be tolerated—is that the conscience of no man shall be forced in the matter of public instruction, whether by bounties or by disabilities. As matter of fact, which the Irish people are not ashamed to put upon the record, the preference of the nation is that all her children shall be educated in the fear of God and in respect for the sanctions of the Christian law, whatever may be the form of Christianity commanding the adherence of individual Irishmen. If individual Irishmen desire their children to be un-Christianised, or have no fear that they may be un-Christianised by the working of a particular system, the Irish people as a body have no desire that the would-be atheist, or uncaring Christian shall have Christianity forced upon him after the greased cartridge fashion. Neither are persons of this class required to sulk in a corner, deprived of the social advan-

ages which a public certificate of literary proficiency carries with it. They may be godless all to themselves, with no further restriction than that they shall not force other people to be godless as well. Heaven knows that the State, treated as the purest abstraction, with modern examples before it, has no interest in the un-Christianising of the people. The Irish people will not be un-Christianised if they can help it, and there need be no fear that they can be un-Christianised against their will.—*Dublin Freeman.*

It is an error in judgment on the part of men whose sincerity we do not doubt, to preach up a fusion between Orange and Green, in which all concession, all forgetfulness of the evil past, must emanate from one side. Such a fusion would be a hollow sham. By-gones can be made by-gones only by the hearty co-operation of all parties: there is no such thing as a one-sided reciprocity. Regarding the matter from the highest point—in the light most favourable to the opinions advanced by Messrs. MARTIN and GALBRAITH—the *Weekly Register* observes it is true that in the Scriptures we are counselled when struck on the one cheek to offer the other to the striker, but we question very much whether even Professor GALBRAITH would accept the literal interpretation of the text in any case in which he himself was intimately concerned. How then can he expect others to be more Christian-like than himself in their bearing towards those whose sole delight it is to scoff at all that Catholics hold as dearer than life itself? How can he imagine that they can endure to stand and look on whilst their churches are being desecrated, their priests insulted and stoned, their wives and children beaten, and their own lives endangered by a set of lawless ruffians? None can know better than the reverend Professor what Orangemen really are, nor can any one be more thoroughly acquainted than himself with that diabolical spirit which inflames them to commit the grossest outrages against all who bear the name of Catholic. It is idle to talk of forbearance when such characters are let loose to indulge themselves in the exercise of every evil passion, and worse than idle to suppose that it is the duty of those who are attacked and injured, without any defence from the Executive to maintain a quiet and unresisting attitude in the face of such iniquity. To do so would be an act of folly and worse. If there is no help in the law—and how the Government will act is always more or less a matter of speculation—then it is the duty of every man to help himself, and, by showing a bold front to the enemy, to overawe him and prevent him from proceeding to extremes. If that would prove sufficient, none would be more delighted than Catholics themselves. Their minds are deeply imbued with the principles of the Christian Religion, and they are prepared to go to the greatest lengths and to suffer much, before they will wilfully break the Great Commandment of Charity. But there are times when such endurance would be a sin, when calmly to allow the enemies of Christ to ride roughshod over the Faithful would be to encourage them in their wickedness and to cooperate in their crimes. As well preach the doctrine that the SOVEREIGN PONTIFF would have been justified in suffering himself to be stripped of His Temporal Power, and His City to be sacrilegiously violated by the Piedmontese usurers without striking a blow, as that foes as bitter should be permitted to rage against Catholics without any attempt being made to check them. As long as Orangemen continue to be what they are, so long will they be inspired with an implacable hostility to the Catholic Church. And never whilst Catholics are true to their Religion can they possibly assume even the appearance of friendship and alliance with men the first article of whose creed is "Down with the POPE.—*Catholic Opinion.*

A serious party affray has been narrowly escaped in Portdown. A number of persons in "drags" set out for Tynan Abbey on an excursion, dressed symbolically in green and white, carrying a drum lettered "Erin-go-bragh," and having banners indicating their sympathies. The Orangemen attacked them on their way home, and the drum was broken and the other instruments smashed. Much excitement prevails, but no personal injuries of consequence resulted.

THE HARVEST.—The cutting and saving of the cereal crops have progressed rapidly during the past fortnight, and we may state that the work was all but completed before the fall of rain this week. Wheat and oats are pronounced an average crop, but barley is not so good as it was last year. There will be a fair crop of turnips, the rain in July and the heat in August having improved them beyond expectation. There are conflicting accounts relative to the potato, but we are certain there will be an abundant crop, notwithstanding the partial blight.—*Dundalk Democrat.*

The *Mayo Telegraph* informs us that Archbishop MacHale, who said Mass in Castlebar on Sunday, looks as young and vigorous as ever.

THE FRANCO-IRISH.—It will be of interest to our Irish readers to learn the following concerning the ancestry of the members of the French Deputation, who are descendants of Irishmen.—François Henry O'Neill, Vicomte de Tyrone, Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, was born on the 14th of September, 1812, at Martinique, in which island his family had been established in the time of James II. of England, by James O'Neill, a native of the county of Mayo, who is stated in the "Annuaire de la Noblesse" to have been grandson of Shane O'Neill, the youngest brother of the famous Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, who died at Rome in 1609, and lies entombed at Montorio. Vicomte O'Neill married on the 8th June, 1847, Mademoiselle Perrine de la Ponce, daughter of Amede de la Ponce, member of the Royal Irish Academy, and has issue. The family of Clarke, associated with the glory of the First Napoleon, was of Irish origin. Colonel Thomas Clarke, a native of the county of Kilkenny, settled in France. He had married Miss Louisa Shee, and left a son, Henry James William Clarke, born 17th October, 1765, became Marshal of France, was created Duc de Feltré, and held the portfolio of the Ministry of War during a very memorable period—from 1807 to 1814. He died October 28th, 1818, leaving two

sons, Edgar Clarke, Duc de Feltré, Peer of France, who died March 29th, 1852, and Alphonse Clarke, Comte de Feltré, who died December 5th, 1850, both without issue, and one daughter, Henriette Clarke, who married April 18th, 1808, Raimond Aimery Philip Joseph, Duc de Montequito Fenezac. Of this marriage there was issue, three children, 1. Roger Aimery, Comte de Fenezac; 2. Louise Mathilde, married in 1830 to Maurice, Comte de Flavigny; and 3. Ormine Henriette, married, 1836, to Auguste, Comte Goyon, A.D.C. of the Emperor. The son of the last named Ormine Henriette, Comtesse de Goyon—viz., Charles Marie Michel de Goyon, born 14th September, 1844 has had the title of Duc de Feltré revived in his person by letters patent 1864 and 1865.

PROPOSITION OF HUGH O'NEIL, EARL OF TYRONE, TO QUEEN ELIZABETH'S GOVERNMENT—A.D. 1599.— 1. That the Catholic religion be openly preached. 2. That the churches be governed by the Pope. 3. That cathedral churches be restored. 4. That Irish priests, prisoners, be restored. 5. That they may pass and repass the seas. 6. That no Englishmen be churchmen in Ireland. 7. That a University be erected upon the Crown Lands. 8. That the governor be at least an Earl, and called Viceroy. 9. That the Lord Chancellor, Treasurer, Council of the State, Justices of Law, Queen's Attorney, Queen's Sergeant, &c., be Irishmen. 10. That all principal governors of Ireland, as Connaught, Munster, &c. be Irishmen. 11. That the master of ordnance be an Irishman, and half the soldiers. 12. That no Irishman shall lose his lands for the fault of their ancestors. 13. That no Irishman shall be in ward, but that the living, during the minority, shall be to the younger brothers and sisters. 14. That all statutes prejudicing the preferment of Irishmen in England or Ireland shall be repealed. 15. That neither the queen nor her successors shall enforce any Irishman to serve her. 16. That O'Neill, O'Donnell, Desmond, and their partakers shall have such lands as their ancestors enjoyed 200 years ago. 17. That all Irishmen shall freely traffic as Englishmen in England. 18. That all Irishmen shall trade freely. 19. That they may use all manner of merchandise wheresoever. 20. That they may use all manner of trades. 21. That they may use all manner of ships and furnish them with artillery.—*From "Winwood's Memorials."*

DUBLIN A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—Just at this period, when the French visitors to Dublin have had to acknowledge the enthusiastic hospitality of the Irish people, it is interesting to revert to the testimony of a French author as to the state of society in Dublin over a century ago, when Ireland had still its "Home Rule." Jean Roque, in his preface to an Index to the Plan of Dublin, published in 1756, remarks:—"But what contributes yet more than either nature or art to the embellishment of Dublin is the temper of the inhabitants, obliging, gentle, and courteous. The Irish keep up the most amiable society, are frank, polite, affable, make it their pleasure to live much with each other, and their honour to treat strangers with politeness and civility. They are particularly remarkable for the lenity and mildness with which justice is executed, almost unknown except in this country and in England. They endeavour rather to discharge a prisoner and to soothe in his punishment than to condemn him. I am extremely surprised that the author of the System of Europe has given so different a character of this nation. He is ill-informed, not to say any more, and his articles on Dublin and the Irish are entirely false, and can make no other impression upon the mind of the reader than of the impertinence and boldness in venturing to forge a description without foundation and without probability. For my part, I have had the pleasure of being in Dublin above two years, and have had all that time to be acquainted with the genius and temper of the people, and in the picture I have drawn of them I have only expressed the sentiments of my heart, and paid to virtue the tribute that is her due.

GRATEFUL.—We copy as follows from the *Dublin Nation*:—"We speak with all the reverence which the theme demands of us when we say that the sermon preached on Sunday from the pulpit of the Jesuit church in Gardiner st., in the presence of the embassy from France, was a fact to be treasured up lovingly in the Irish heart with those other brilliant facts which constitute the latest glory given by our nation of her faithful love for France. The text was of the cleansing of the lepers, and the ingratitude of all—save one—save only one, who returned with a thankful heart. Denouncing the vice of ingratitude in individual men, the preacher passed to speak of it in nation; then referring to France and Ireland, he dwelt upon the spectacle of noble mutual love and gratitude which these kindred peoples have presented and in his glowing story of the wrongs which drove Ireland to cling for help to France—of the faith which held her—of the gratitude which paid her back—the spirit of an Irishman was suitably mingled with that of the true Christian priest. It was a glorious tale to tell; but there is a sadness in the glory, as there is in much of the history of our race, and the preacher deeply felt it. The tears fell from his eyes as he spoke of the far past, with its wild charm of heroism, with all its chivalrous faith; and who could hear the old tale so well retold without feeling it within his heart? Not one. The flight, the broken pledge, the sound of distant wars, the glory, and the throbbing hope, are as fresh to the Irish heart to-day as they were when Sansfield rode at Lander. Our memories are not short; our affections are not changeful. We stand by an 'old friend' to the very last; but whilst there is no fear with us of a craven national defection, there is exquisite cheer in being encouraged from the Sacred Word, and by such eloquent lips as those of the preacher of last Sunday, to be glad of the performance of a national duty and strong to persevere in it.

The *Freeman's Journal* says:—"Unfortunately it is impossible to draw together a great concourse of human beings without having among them a few evil spirits capable of bringing disgrace on a good cause, and discredit on a peaceable assembly. It may be that further information may tend to alter the aspect of the melancholy occurrence; but if the facts that come to our knowledge be correct, there can be little doubt indeed that the persons who assailed the detachment of police at Arranquay were guilty of conduct as atrocious and as infamous as ever disgraced the streets of Dublin. The most active inquiries have failed to even suggest an excuse for the unprovoked assault made on the handful of policemen who were standing quietly in the street when they were assailed with ruthless ferocity."—At the same time it "cannot forget where the responsibility lies for the state of feeling out of which the riot sprung." "The riot," the *Freeman* contends, "is the lamentable but the natural outcome of the intense exasperation arising out of that unparalleled act of folly and stupidity which sent a force of police to bludgeon and assail a peaceable and orderly crowd."

The Reverend Samuel George Potter has been talking to the Orangemen of Belfast, and asking them "Shall the constitution die?"—to which, as yet, they have given no definite answer. We dare say it will hold on some how or other, even though Mr. Potter and his friends languish in despair. Mr. Potter, like a great many other grown-up people, seems very uneasy in his mind about Mr. Gladstone's religion. Of the Queen's faith he has no doubt whatever—she is not a Protestant. Mr. Potter is at present engaged in praying for the Prince of Wales' steadfastness—which, by all accounts, is not at all a work of supererogation. Another circumstance which causes Mr. Potter much affliction is his knowledge that there is at present in safe keeping a lineal descendant of the House of Stuart who has an eye to the throne. This person lives in the hearts of all

the Catholics. Mr. Potter declined to state his residence with any greater exactness. Mr. Gladstone, we are told, is a man in a very doubtful concession, seeing how many of these things there are in the world. But Mr. Potter concedes this and worse. He has great and brilliant talent, of which, says the Rev. Mr. Potter, "God has given him the use and the Devil the application." This pretty antithesis was unconsciously received by the lovers of the Gospel according to Bullast. After such a description, of course you would not be surprised to hear that Mr. Potter "has no doubt that Mr. Gladstone contemplates the ruin of his country," in which worthy ambition Archbishop Manning and Cardinal Cullen are his chief supporters. Mr. Potter seems to possess the most extraordinary information and to publish it with the most extraordinary readiness. He has reason to believe that next year we shall have the Coronation Oath changed; the meaning of which is palpable enough when we remember the Stuart who lives in the Catholic heart. It were tiresome to follow the reverend orator through his wonderful disclosures. But it is a little surprising to find a thousand grown-up men with the fanatic discernment of Ulstermen listening to flights of imaginative balderdash wilder than the wildest hallucination.

THE DUBLIN PROTEST.—Mr. John Martin, writes as follows to the Editor of the Times:—

Sir,—I have just read in *Sanders' News Letter* of the 6th inst. an article extracted from some recent number of your paper. In this article you lament the misconduct of the people who attacked the police in Dublin last Sunday night. You describe the exhibitions of feeling which marked the visit of the French deputation as temptations to Englishmen to lose their reason; you discuss the policy of ruling Ireland by open force and the policy of ruling Ireland by indirect government; you indicate certain further acts of repression contemplated by the English in pursuance of the latter policy; and, by way of illustrating the difficulty of dealing with such a people as the Irish, you very gravely comment upon certain words of mine, spoken from the balcony of the Shelburne Hotel on Sunday week, which words (from ignorance of the circumstances) you utterly and absurdly misinterpret.

Sir, I think it is a pity that the strange prejudices of Englishmen, the strange theories which you have formed about Irish character and all things Irish, are such as to make you deceive yourselves concerning such very simple words and so very simple an incident. You are in error in stating that I "addressed the French" upon that occasion. The French were in the hotel, but only to enter the carriage, the hour appointed for the starting of the procession being come. Count de Flavigny stood himself on the balcony and, in the midst of a roar of cheering, spoke a few words to the people below, who in dense mass surrounded the carriage and requested them to move on. Viscount O'Sullivan de Tyrone next, amid deafening applause, appeared and said a few words. Still the people did not move forward, and there were some cries for me. I then stepped forward on the balcony, hoping to make my voice heard, and to let the people understand that they should move on and leave room for the French gentlemen and the members of the committee to enter the carriage and join in the procession. I made gestures to signify my wish for a forward movement of the people, and shouted to them to "move on," or "march on," and that we should follow. Such was the proceeding which "an English commentator" is in doubt how to reconcile with my "professions of loyalty to the Throne," and which you, Sir, pronounce to have been one of "the worst follies of the French reception." You obtained somehow a false version of the little story, you accepted it for true, adhering to consider the conduct attributed to me only one among the many inconsistencies of my character, as you have studied and learnt it. "This too much trouble you take to study my character at all. But it would save trouble to others, if you were to take care in judging me to deal only with my real words and deeds."

As to my loyalty to the Throne, I am not aware that I have at any time made any "professions" on the subject I desire that the constitution of King, Lords, and Commons should be restored in Ireland by the removal of the English usurpation of the Act of Union. I desire to see the Queen exercising her constitutional function in Ireland, and governing my country through a free Irish Parliament. I try to do my duty as an Irish subject, and I desire that the Queen should begin to do hers as Sovereign of Ireland. That is what I understand by my loyalty to the Throne. But let no English commentator flatter himself that by loyalty to the Throne I mean allegiance and subjection to him and his countrymen. And be assured, Sir, that in my judgment the charge of disloyalty, in this unhappy national quarrel, lies against you and your countrymen, who prevent the rightful constitutional exercise of the Queen's authority in her kingdom of Ireland, and not against Irish patriots like me, who strive to restore the constitutional rights of our nation.

Let me add a few words upon other topics of your article. I think it is simple loss of time for you to lecture us Irish as to the wish of certain parties in England for a policy of coercion alone, and the struggles of another English party (to which you intimate that yourself belong) for "better things." We have made up our minds in Ireland that your policy towards us is adopted and regulated entirely from considerations of your own selfish interest and convenience. Whether you take measures to strike terror or to soothe and conciliate—whether you keep us "in obedience" by brute force, or coax us with "better things" (by which you mean partial redress of some of the wrongs you have inflicted on us)—we believe that you consider exclusively your own security, your own material profit, your own national reputation in Europe, your own temporary convenience. It is your own attitude how you shall hold my country. It is not a question, in my opinion, of any great moment to Ireland. The policy of principally brute force may hang, imprisonment, and banish a few more of the Irish than the policy of "better things," but the latter policy will corrupt and demoralize us worse than the former. The evil, the grievance, that the Irish people lay to your charge is—how long and how often must we declare it and you affect not to hear?—not the measures, cruel as they generally are, by which you keep us in subjection, but the subjection itself. You refuse to let us be your equals, free as you are, owners and rulers of our own country, as you are of yours. We shall never be content to remain your subjects. Consider whether it is wise for you to persist in holding us subject to you against our will. Alas! you talk of our hatred to you. What have we done against England? How have we shown hatred to the English? Can you specify any wrong we have ever done you? Have we pretended to rule you, to make laws for you, to tax you, to spend your taxes, to disarm you, to treat you as our subjects, and to revile you because you think proper to rule yourselves? Which people is it, the Irish or the English, whose acts are acts of hatred to the other?

Sir, the attack by some of the people upon the police in Dublin last Sunday was lamentable; but who is to blame for that unhappy riot? Not altogether, I think, the sorely tried people, but in part, also, the authorities who despoiled the police a short time before to break the people's heads. The Irish police behave generally with gentleness and forbearance, at which I am amazed when I consider the means taken by the Government to make them hostile to the people; and the Irish people, on their side, behave more quietly under the police rule to which you subject them than Englishmen or Frenchmen, or any other people that I know, would behave if similarly experimented upon.

The reception of the French deputation delighted me. I am proud to belong to a people like the Irish,

among whom the tradition of friendship is so faithfully preserved, who are so loyal in adversity, whose hearts are so deeply stirred by generous sentiment and so little swayed by considerations of material interest. It was a purely disinterested expression of the sympathy of the Irish people for France—for the nation, and not for any party of Frenchmen. If you and your countrymen cannot understand the reception in that sense, I think it is so much the worse for you and them.

Sir, you are hopeful of us, notwithstanding such things as the French reception, the attack on the police last Sunday, the elections lately in "Tipperary, Longford, and Westmeath," and the assassination of the wretch Talbot. You are hopeful because you "cannot but think that Irishmen are, after all, human beings." Try to confirm yourself in that view of the matter; try to think that Irishmen have the same natural rights with Englishmen. Resign yourself, and let your countrymen resign themselves, to enjoy the rights of Englishmen, without insisting any more upon depriving the people of Ireland of their rights. Thus you will cease to hate us, and we may commence to be your friends.

I am, Sir, truly yours,
JOHN MARTIN.
Warrenpoint, County Down, Sept. 8.

THE PROGRESS OF O'CONNELL.—The *Freeman* says:—"Twenty-seven years ago, yesterday, old Dublin was wild with enthusiasm. The whole population was in the streets. Lord huzzas rent the air. Triumphant arches spanned the roadways. The city was in festivity. Three honest English judges had shattered the chains with which the minions of Peel and Wellington had bound the form of the great Irishman, and it was to rejoice in the triumph of justice over wrong, to celebrate the deliverance of him who had been his country's deliverer, that seven-and-twenty years ago the people of Dublin swarmed round the chariot of O'Connell. One incident there was in that famous day the memory of which is still as vivid as if it happened twenty-four hours since. The route of the great procession lay through College-green, and as it swept by that noble portico, worthy of the genius of Palladio, which is the chief beauty of our capital, the carriage stopped. The Liberator rose to his full height, turned slowly round, gazed into the faces of the people, and with outstretched finger pointed to the door of Ireland's ancient Senate House. Then, with a cheer which seemed to shake the city, the great procession swept on. The generation which witnessed that remarkable spectacle is passing away, but O'Connell has left to his people one request, a duty as his fame, and priceless as his services. The great lesson of which his whole life was the exponent was the folly of secret conspiracy and armed resistance. He never ceased to tell his countrymen that all those blessings which Ireland had so often sought, and had, alas! always sought in vain, by violent and bloody revolution, she could attain by peaceful and constitutional reform. The constitutional agitation of Francis Drake, the Magyar O'Connell, won for Hungary those rights for which the gallant Kossuth struggled unsuccessfully. Yes, the best of this great political discovery is the brightest ray in the aurora which glitters round the Liberator's brow. His system makes no widows or orphans, cost no man a tear, disturbs no industry, was not with material advancement. Its weapons are reason and truth—its ultimate end success. That end may be long delayed, but though "the mill of God grinds slowly, yet it grinds exceedingly small," and of the ultimate triumph of a good cause, championed by reason, advanced with firmness, supported with earnest moderation, no man need despair."

A CONTRAST.—Whatever may be said of Irish extravagance, there really is no doubt about our decency. You can see a dozen thousand Irishmen together and not half a dozen drunk—as on Sunday—as at Cabra—as at the procession in honor of O'Connell, of MacManus, and others. The Marquis of Lorne has been at home, and he took his pretty wife there, of course; and his father and mother and brothers were there; the people rejoiced exceedingly. Inevitably has been all enthusiasm. Everybody was out in his best. The great people were on their own soil, and the welcome was not merely polite. Well, let us see how they managed to support themselves, and what kind of neighbors Liverpool is likely to have. The *Daily News* correspondent, writing from the spot, says:—"The capital of the Argyll kingdom thank so deeply last week, and was so lavish in her generosity, that the volunteer guests could scarcely find their hearts, and the inhabitants were too far gone to slow them the way. Such a scene has not been often witnessed as the embarkation of the brave defenders of their country, who had to be tumbled on board as though they had been live stock, of no value even to the owner. Some, indeed, of the Glasgow contingent, were so helplessly drunk, even before they reached Liverpool, that they never disembarked at all, but lay useless in the boat. They were better there than on shore." We think we may fairly say we manage those things better in Ireland.—*Dublin Evening Telegraph*.

THE RIGHTS OF THE TILLER OF THE SOIL.—The Rev. Mr. Boylan, P.P., of Crosslough, County Cavan, has published an able letter on a subject now somewhat trite, yet, owing to the vastness of the interests connected with it, of great importance still. The imperfections of the Land Act is the subject to which the Rev. gentleman addresses himself, and which he discusses with great force and acumen. Father Boylan commences by stating his experience of tenant life in America:

I was delighted, he says, to witness the almost superhuman energy with which Irishmen moved down the forests and developed the natural wealth of their adopted country—men whose farms seemed so neglected at home, now so self-reliant, energetic, and industrious; for the chain that fettered their industry in Ireland is broken, and the laws of America fill the mind with a perfect certainty that what the farmer's industry creates his family shall forever enjoy. Secondly, that everywhere I moved through America I witnessed a deep and widespread sympathy in favor of the Irish tenant farmer; but I tell my countrymen that to secure the moral electricity of public opinion in America, or any other country, the electric current of a nation's resolve must first flash through our own land.

Father Boylan then goes on to sketch the state of things at present existing in Ireland:

Whatever may be said of the present Tenant-Right Bill, there is one thing clear, that the recent deplorable events at Mullagh and Kells clearly show that it is not able to stay evictions. The landlord seems almost to possess the same power he ever had; for, according to the present bill, he can raise the rent as he pleases, and then, of course, eject the tenant for non-payment of that unjust and inequitable rent; that is to say, he has still the same power to walk over his honest, unoffending, good rent-paying tenant, and to the astonishment of the whole neighborhood, and whilst the thunders of heaven seem to be asleep, with one stroke level his dwelling to the ground, and drive heartlessly away from their own street his poor children, blinded by tears and the smoke of their ruined home. What is their miserable compensation of a few pounds to a tenant for disturbance—disturbance from the land of his birth and affection? This poor, humble, but contented man, would rather have his home, and his little farm of ten acres of land, than if you gave him an estate in Australia worth £5,000 a year. No, we must have a Tenant-Right Bill that will reconcile the rights of property with the rights of labor, that will take away the seeds of distrust and litigation, and whilst it does not touch either the authority or the income of the landlord, will give the tenant hope, enthusiasm, and progress and root him forever in the soil. The great impediment to a complete

Tenant-Right Bill is the covetous spirit of some landlords, who, in open violation of the eternal laws of God's justice, seize by rack rent the poor tenant's improvements, the fruits of his outlay and labor. The landlord knows himself well that he has a right to the value of the land, and that only, and that he never had, never will, or never can have a right to the fruits arising solely from the tenant's labor. To seize the poor tenant's improvements would be just as reasonable as to say to the merchant, "Here is what you paid for that cargo on a distant shore; Sir, it is mine, because the ship that brought it is mine." Just as reasonable as for the cotton-grower of South Carolina to claim, without compensation, the cottons of Manchester, because he supplied to the manufacturer the raw material. The right of the landlord is the raw material; the right of the tenant is the manufactured article; the property of the landlord is the unreclaimed mountain, the waste holding; the property of the tenant is the thriving farm into which it has been converted; the right of the landlord is the block of marble hewn from the quarry; the right of the tenant is the statue into which that marble has been subsequently chiselled. The landlord has his rights clear and distinct, but in the words of the great George Henry Moore, whose memory shall never perish, the title-deeds of labor are written not with the pen, but with the plow, and in rusty parchment, but in the blooming crops and waving corn. Now, I ask the landlords themselves, many of whom have travelled on the Continent, can they deny the blessed fruits of tenant-right throughout all Europe? Look to Belgium and Switzerland, where, I may say, the farms are small, from six to twenty acres, with their comfortable cottages, their well-kept people, neat and cheerful villages. Before the law gave to the Belgian and Swiss farmer a hold on the soil, he was wretched and miserable; but, from the day that tenant-right became the law of the land the eternal spots were not able to bid defiance to the encroachments of his industry. Along the Rhine, and rushing Danube you have a bold, thriving, and independent peasantry—indeed, one continued garden, full of all productions that man requires for his existence, and conferring upon the people unmeasured happiness and abundance. Why have you in these countries at once such signs of agriculture, and promise of manufacture? To your question you will get but one reply, and that is, that they all have tenant-right; that many of them have what is still better—the free-simply of their own farms forever.

After all, concludes Father Boylan, the landlords of this country should have some sympathy with the sons of toil whose labor and industry has so well fed their rent roll. Fifty years ago your forefathers received but ten shillings an acre, and now you, who never turned a sod or laid a stone, receive twenty-five shillings an acre from the same lands. Has not the tenant as good a right to his improvements as you have to your estate? You say your estate belongs to yourself and not to another, simply because you have either expended your capital or labor on that estate, or you have inherited it from those who have made that expenditure. The tenant says, then, on the same grounds, my improvements belong to myself and not to another, because I have expended my labor and capital on the same soil.

No, landlords of Ireland, I think we don't appeal to you in vain. Give the tenant justice, and tenant-right will change the face of Ireland. Give him the benefit of the natural instincts of justice and fair play, which the finger of God has written upon your heart before ever an English Parliament had framed a landlord code—let it be your glory that now, of your free will, without being compelled to it by law, you, of yourselves, will complete this Tenant-Right Bill, and thus sweep away the last remnant of this barbarous legislation, by which the soil is but half tilled, its resources undeveloped, and everybody hampered and injured—making the homes of your tenants happy, and the young men of Ireland will love home. Coercion Bills will be unknown, and the bounding impetuosity of youth, held back and restrained in the family circle of domestic love, shall form a steady fund of internal energy, which will reveal itself only in labor and its fruits. But tell you, landlords of Ireland, that whether you will it or not, the Ballot shall carry the Tenant-Right Bill in all its entirety—the ballot that will give to honest opinion free exercise, and to frieze and broadcloth equal liberty of choice, and that will tell the Irish tenant farmer that he shall not be born the landlord's votary, or the landlord's slave. Remember, and never forget, that the spirit of liberty is immortal, and that though a long course of oppression, aided and supported by Government armies, may keep it under restraint, though the latent spark may be concealed for years, still, as sure as the world shall endure, that spark, one time or other, sooner or later, shall burst into a flame, and the fetters shall fall from an enslaved people.

GREAT BRITAIN.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING'S CHURCH.—Mr. Justin McCarthy, who should be a Catholic, and who will be well remembered in Liverpool as a clever journalist, has written a letter that will be read with interest to the American journal to which he transferred his services after the decease of the *London Morning Star*. He writes from London, to which he has returned temporarily, and the subject of this letter is Archbishop Manning and a sermon delivered by him. The letter begins with the history of the Archbishop, as follows:—"Now I desire to say a few words about Archbishop Manning, the Roman Catholic prelate of Westminster. You know, of course, the remarkable history of Archbishop Manning; how he was a clergyman of the English Church, renowned for his eloquence, his learning, and his piety; how he became one of the rising lights of his sect; how, as Archbishop Manning of Chichester, he grew to be a celebrity in the land, and people looked forward to the day, apparently not far distant, when as a Bishop of the Established Church he should come in for a princely revenue and a seat in the House of Lords. You know how he suddenly gave up his position and his prospects, proclaimed himself a convert to the Roman Catholic faith, and became a priest of the Roman Church. Since then he has been one of the brightest stars of Romanism. He is ultramontane of the Ultramontanes. At the Oecumenical Council in Rome no voice more strongly than his condemned independence of judgment. He is a conspicuous figure in Disraeli's 'Lothian'; he mixes in the highest English society, when he chooses to enter it at all; he has few superiors in the intellectual world; he is one of the very small group of men who are really conspicuous and famous in London—that vast grave of second class celebrities. I had heard that Archbishop Manning was likely to preach a remarkable sermon, and I went to hear him. The church in which he preached is in Kensington, not far from the new Exhibition and the huge Albert Hall, and the extraordinary structure of bronze, gilding, and stone, which the conjugal piety of Queen Victoria has raised to the memory of her husband's bland and unaggressive virtues. Archbishop Manning is a tall, thin man, vested apparently by asceticism into a condition almost incorporeal. Dr. Manning's style as a preacher (I speak now merely of his voice and diction) goes as near to my idea of perfection as anything I can well imagine. The voice is not powerful, but it is wonderfully clear, penetrating, and sympathetic. Dr. Manning has, like the famous tenor, Rubini, 'a tear in his voice,' a thrillingness and pathos in every tone, speaking with as much ease as John Bright or Wendell Phillips, and with equal calmness or self-restraint. He lets his words fall slowly. He is fluent inasmuch as he never stops merely for a word or makes a second attempt at a

word, but his eloquence never runs away with him. His language is admirably chosen, simple, nervous, and commanding. He talks directly to his hearers, and it really is talking rather than preaching. Each word sinks down like the drip of falling water. The pronunciation is that of an exquisitely cultured scholar and gentleman. There is no shouting forth of eloquent fire, but there is a cold and penetrating intensity. Meanwhile look at the man. He is old, weak, and bald. His gesticulation is hard and monotonous. It consists principally in the straightforward and almost menacing extension of the right arm over the heads of the congregation, the thin fingers crooked until they almost resemble the talons of a bird. The gestures, the wan and cadaverous face, the strange costume of violet, all remind one of some magician of the middle ages. Nor does the discourse, too full to bring up the merits of the middle ages. This sermon was a deliverance *ad et orbis*. It was the challenge and defiance of the Church of Rome to all the combined powers of her enemies—education, freedom, progress. Dogmas with which you would be reluctant to credit a Roman Catholic hearing best you should offend and calculate him, Archbishop Manning proclaimed and glorified as the essence and the privilege, and the friends of the Roman Church. I never before, in all my life, saw the hall of modern progress so fairly and squarely taken by the horns. As an intellectual treat it was to me, whose convictions it outraged in every sentence, a keenly interesting and even absorbing performance." Our readers will know how to value the last few sentences.

THE CATHOLIC INFLUENCE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S WRITINGS.—The ultra-Protestant papers, of which the *Reef* is a fair type, seize upon the occasion of Sir Walter Scott's centenary to renew an old complaint, that Scotland's greatest poet wielded much of the work of John Knox, and paved the way for the return of "Romanism" in these countries. The complaint is not unjust, for Walter Scott was the first to revive in English literature an interest in medieval times, and to exhibit in his incomparable novels, and still more in many a noble verse, the grandeur and beauty of the religion of our forefathers. There is a deep relation between the beautiful and the true, and this hidden mystery the eye of so true a poet did not fail to discover. Scott's poems and novels are full of instances of this deep appreciation of the power and beauty of Catholic worship. In spite of prejudices, more common among the educated classes in his time than in ours, and in spite also occasionally of a weak yielding unworthy of his character to the prevailing bigotry, the works of Sir Walter Scott contributed indubitably in a most striking manner to dispersing the denseness of popular ignorance and prejudice which hung round and obscured the truth and beauty of Catholic worship. The study of medieval customs and of Gothic architecture, which another "poet in stone" in our day did so much to revive, cooled and helped on the Oxford movement, which, going beyond the shell, grasped the kernel of Catholic truth and led to the conversion of some of the highest order of minds that England has produced in this age. But it would be ungrateful, in celebrating Sir Walter Scott's centenary, for Catholics not to remember with gratitude how much of prejudice removed, and of admiration kindled for the external beauty and grandeur of that Church which ever appeals with such force to the higher and chastened imagination, was not due to the truthful and touching descriptions which abound in his various writings. At times, too, we meet with allusions that carry the mind beyond the outward beauty, and point to the power ennobling and restraining, which Catholic doctrines exert over the troubled spirit of man. Walter Scott, in many a noble and stirring verse, shows that his imagination at least had caught the true sense and import of Mysticism. He too, more almost than any other writer we know of, imparted his own enthusiasm and admiration to his readers. They drank not only from "a well and a life," but were occasionally inspired by a zeal which almost seemed to be enlightened by Catholic faith. We are too well aware, and feel it too sadly to mention without pain, that bits are to be found in regard to the Catholic Church in Sir Walter Scott's writings. Gross caricatures, inventions, and calumnies, common to bigoted Protestantism, are scattered here and there, as it would almost seem, to conciliate Protestant bigotry for the frequent and generous tributes which his genius paid to the old faith. But, viewing Sir Walter Scott's writings as a whole, both in regard to the fresh and vigorous moral they always exhibited, and in regard to the manner in which they demolished that dense wall of prejudice with which the Reformation had descended from the popular eye the beauty of Catholic truths, we are not saying too much in ascribing to their gentle and persuasive influence much of the spirit of inquiry and of candor which is gradually displacing Protestantism from the hold it had on the popular mind, and which is slowly but surely leading our country back to the faith of its forefathers.—*Westminster Gazette*.

THE EFFICACY OF VACCINATION.—A correspondent of the *London Times* writes as follows:—"The priest of the Mahomedan shrine of Bahawal Hug, at Mooltan, Mukdam Shah Mahmood, consented, at the request of the Deputy Commissioner-General Van Corlandt, C.B., to have his son vaccinated, and I performed the operation myself, hoping that the example set by this high religious authority would have a good effect in inducing other Mussulman parents to allow me to vaccinate their children. The priest, indeed, had little faith in my assertions of the efficacy of vaccination, but as he thought it could do no harm he yielded, from a feeling of courtesy to General Van Corlandt, so far as to have the child operated on. In due course, and some time afterwards, the ceremony of inoculation, which had been practiced for many ages in the Mukdam's family, came to be performed, and then, to his surprise, he found that the boy would not take smallpox. The most skillful inoculators tried and failed to produce the disease. The experiment satisfied the Mukdam of the truth of what I had told him, that vaccination, properly performed, is an almost sure preventive of smallpox. The boy is now himself the priest of the shrine of Bahawal Hug, his father having died two years ago. Unlike his father, who was deeply pitted with smallpox, he does not bear the smallest trace of that terrible disease."

AN INSIDIOUS INVASION.—The invader is an old enemy, and the invasion has been going on for a long time, any number of centuries, in fact. In plain words the invasion is that of the sea, which is continually picking and nibbling at our coasts, and carrying off, year by year, fragments of territory, which, it is calculated, must amount to a large aggregate in the course of years. According to one estimate, that of Rev. F. O. Morris, the ornithologist, there is an average loss of two or three yards of land every year, along the east coast, and some thirty-nine acres disappear annually between Spurn Point and Flamborough Head alone. Other statisticians, taking this as a basis of computation, have been reckoning that, assuming the rate of encroachment to be stationary, and not progressive, this would represent a loss of nearly four thousand acres in a century. At thirty pounds an acre, this would be a loss of over nine hundred thousand pounds since the Conquest. A few years ago, Mr. Gladstone frightened the House of Commons into adopting measures for paying off the national debt by an alarming story about the exhaustion of the coal measures. The recent report of the Royal Commissioners has reassured on this point, but here we have a new "bobber," quite as formidable and distressing. About the fact that a considerable portion of the east coast has been swept away, there can be no doubt at all. It is proved by abundant and unimpeachable historic

evidence. There are old maps in which we can read, "Here stood Auburn, washed away by the sea," "Hartburn washed away," "Hyde washed away," and many more of whom the same fate is chronicled. Ravenspore, once an important sea-port, returning a member to Parliament in Edward I's time, is now a narrow strip of desolate shingle running out into the sea, with a light-house at the end of it. At Kilsken the cliff has been gradually disappearing. In 1828 the church stood on the very edge of the cliff, then half of it fell over, and ten years later the villagers thought they had better fit further inland. Lower down at Howick and Dovercourt the ravages of the waves have also been considerable, and on the chalk cliffs of the south coast similar depredations may be noted. In fact, there can be no doubt that a certain amount of denudation is always going on, and geologists are beginning to agree that the channel between England and France is due to steady, persistent wear and tear of this kind, under the action of the wind and waves, rather than to any violent disruption. At certain points the waste is rapid and considerably, and something should be done to check it, either by a sea-wall or some other kind of bulwark. But authorities doubt the continuous destruction of the whole line of coast, otherwise we should surely see much greater changes than any on record. Moreover, if there is denudation on the one hand there is accretion on the other, as witness the silting up of many of the eastern and southern ports. More than one of the old Cinque ports is now high and dry a mile or two from the sea. At the Wash, between Lincolnshire and Yorkshire, a good tract of rich agricultural soil has within recent years been reclaimed from the sea, and there has been some talk of adding a new county to England in this way, to be called Victoria.

THE EXPRESS EVENING MYSTIFICATION.—Hundreds of persons of note have recently received letters from a man claiming to have in his possession a box containing diamonds to the amount of four millions of francs, and important papers relating to the Emperor; this box, it is said, having been abstracted from the Tuileries during the confusion consequent to the events of the 4th of September. The letters then go on to state that their author being now in prison, and therefore unable to take advantage of his rich booty, offers, on payment of 2000 francs, at a certain given address, to put the donor in possession of the box. The contents would then be either realized by sale or given up to the rightful owner on payment of a certain sum, the proceeds in both cases to be equally divided between the donor and the finder of the box. It is scarcely necessary to say that the *precious box* has never existed, except in the fertile brain of the letter writer, and this we have the best authority for stating. Several credulous persons have, nevertheless, been misled of their 2000 francs by this means, and this induces us to publish the preceding caution.

A fine of 20s. was imposed by the Westminster magistrate upon a gentleman who refused to have his child vaccinated, and who had his readiness to pay the fine, however often intimated, rather than obey the law.

PEEL SUPPLY OR GREAT BRITAIN.—Already substitutes for coal are being sought after, as the supply of that fuel is to come to an end so soon. An Irish landowner calculates that out of 4,500,000 acres of waste land, 1,000,000 acres are bog of thirty feet thick, many of them being bog and thirty feet in thickness. That would give 45,000,000,000 cubic yards. Owing to the low price of coal, compressed peat could not be successfully brought into the market, but the Irish landowner believes a slight rise would be sufficient to render it available commercially.

UNITED STATES.

IN THROUSE.—A young husband in Baltimore is in a nice pickle. From some cause he concluded that his wife did not love him as she should, and he determined to test that element. Therefore he wrote a note, telling her that he was going to drown himself in the canal, and that before he did the contents of that note his spirit would be hovering over her, observing how she took his death. The would-be suicide entrusted the note to a small boy, but the boy mistook the direction, and carried the note to a next door neighbor of his wife. Not liking to communicate the dreadful intelligence to the un lucky woman, the boy handed the note to an officer, with instructions, if possible, to prevent the rash act. The officer hurried off, and, sure enough, found the man on the bank of the canal. Rushing by, the officer seized the un lucky husband, and marched him off to the station house, notwithstanding his protestations that he did not intend to commit suicide, &c. After the incarceration of the husband, the note was shown to the wife, with the information that he had been saved. After upbraiding the officer for not "letting the precious fool drown himself," the wife made a charge of lunacy against him, and he barely escaped being placed in the asylum.

GIRLS' DIVISION OF NEWSPAPERS.—Margery Dean, in one of her spicy letters from Newport, gives the following piquant discussion between some young ladies concerning the merits of certain newspapers: sitting on the hotel piazza the other morning, watching a group of young ladies, I overheard a curly-headed little maiden who was fazed and puzzled and pulled in the height of style, exclaim, "Oh, I like the *Independent* best!" A moment later I could have sworn that *la Petite*, never looked at a newspaper, and some what surprised, I took the liberty of listening further. The *Tribune* suits me," said her black-eyed companion. "I take the *Evening Post*," chimed in a stylish, saucy-looking girl who was pelting somebody over the railing with pond lilies—a beautiful bunch by the way, which five minutes before I had seen a gentleman carefully selecting for her from a little wicker basket. And when I wonder, do you girls get time to read the newspapers? "66 Fold them four double, of course," was the next sentence I caught, and, more puzzled than before, I very impolitely walked near the group, when everything was made clear to me by the little blond one saying, "I had rather have a newspaper any day than the best pianist that was ever made in Paris." I fell back in my seat uncertain whether to laugh or feel provoked with the chatterboxes, who had strolled off to lay siege to a party of gentlemen just from the beach.

LADIES WITH BLUE-BLACK COMPLEXIONS.—There arrived recently at Richmond Springs two beautiful belles from New York city. Their trains were endless, their costumes wonderful as to fabric, fearful as to expense; rich and rare were the gems they wore, and it was estimated by good judges that their complexions cost at least ten dollars per box. They exercised "pink and white tyranny" over all the poor gentlemen invalids who were seeking health at the springs, and were the envy of the expiring lady invalids who were buzzing around the springs in search of a longer lease of the world and its vanities. These belles arose one morning from refreshing slumbers, and determined to renew their beauty by a sulphur bath. To the bath they went with dazzling flukes of the previous evening's rose and pearl still on their faces. Alas! that, in this instance, a thing of beauty was not a joy for ever. The sulphur changed those lovely, those expensive complexions to blue-black. The colour would not come off. Those complexions were first-class and warranted to wash, and those belles thus unexpectedly put under the protection of the fifteenth amendment went away from Richmond Springs in haste. They are now under the care of an expert chemist in New York. There is a moral to this story somewhere, but I do not now remember what it is. Each reader can select a moral to suite—*Utica (N.Y.) Herald*.

The True Witness

AND
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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1871.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

OCTOBER—1871.

- Friday, 6—St. Bruno, C.
- Saturday, 7—Of the Immaculate Conception.
- Sunday, 8—Ninth after Pentecost.
- Monday, 9—St. Dionysius and Comp., MM.
- Tuesday, 10—St. Francis Borgia, C.
- Wednesday, 11—St. Bridget, V.
- Thursday, 12—Of the Blessed Sacrament.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The state of the Queen's health is still such as to cause much anxiety. The Court journals are reticent, and the fact that H. R. H. the Prince of Wales has, with the Hon. Mr. Gladstone, gone down to Balmoral, is not calculated to dispel the general alarm. The Continental news is of no importance. There is much distress in Rome amongst the working classes. In Turkey the cholera is making great ravages.

The Queen's state of health, which we fear is not improving, has given rise to some wild speculations as to the consequences that would ensue on her death. A Republic is to be founded of which the programme is set down as under:—

"A REPUBLICAN PROGRAMME.—A programme has been issued by the London Republicans, in which they state their object to be "the attainment of the highest standard of political and social rights for man, and the promotion of the intellectual, moral, and material welfare of mankind." The means to realise this object are set down as:—1st. The application of the Federation principle to all Republican States. 2nd. Abolition of aristocratic titles and privileges. 3rd. Suppression of all monopolies. 4th. Abolition of standing armies. 5th. Compulsory gratuitous secular and industrial education. 6th. Obligation of the State to provide suitable employment for all citizens able to work, and assistance for the incapacitated; none to live upon the labour of others. 7th. Nationalization of land. 8th. Direct legislation by the people; and among the means to carry out the principles—including the unity of Republicans, the establishment of Republican clubs, and diffusion of Republican principles, is the following:—The establishment of a high court of Republican Equity under the name of the Republican Arcopagus, which shall judge all violations of the laws of humanity and the rights of man committed by crowned heads, statesmen, Parliaments, law courts, &c."

With this before our eyes, all lovers of order and liberty have good cause to pray earnestly "God Save the Queen," and prolong her days.

Hail to Mary conceived without sin, the honor of our people,
Let us rejoice greatly in the day that the Lord has made.

CIRCULAR

Of His Lordship the Bishop of Montreal, enjoining a Te Deum in thanksgiving for the good harvest this year, and giving a return of the collections taken up for the New Cathedral.

DEAR BRETHREN,—After many anxieties, and serious fears we are about to enjoy the fruits of an excellent harvest. We shall the more feel its precious blessings, in as much as we were threatened with the sufferings which scarcity, caused by a succession of bad seasons, brings in its train. For at the beginning of the season our fields presented the fearful appearance of the seven blasted ears on one stalk of corn, and the seven lean kine seen in a vision by the patriarch Joseph, prefiguring seven years of dread sterility for the whole earth.

And now, in spite of all human anticipations these same fields have, of a sudden assumed, the cheerful aspect of the seven ears of corn, full and good, and of the seven fat kine which announced to Egypt seven years of prodigious fertility.

And this is due to the beneficent showers from heaven which fecundated the earth, and loaded it with a rich harvest which to-day makes all hearts glad.

With Our own eyes we have seen this admirable change of aspect, and this great work operating, which has astonished every one. For passing through the country on the South shore, on the occasion of Our Pastoral Visit, many a time have we had occasion to admire the action of a beneficent Providence which, in turns, and as it seems good, afflicts and comforts, strikes and heals, the children of men in order to attain its end, to wit the display of its justice, its goodness, and infinite perfections.

Yes, We have seen our plains, dry and sterile, whilst the heavens seemed of brass, letting fall no drop of moisture upon them; whilst every where there were fears and misgivings for the future. Again We have seen these same plains, lately so desolate, covered with verdure and golden harvests shedding abroad that sweet savor which embalmed the holy patriarch Isaac what time, he blessed his son Jacob. *Ecce odor filii mei sicut odor agrorum pleni cui benedixit Dominus.* Gen. 27, 27.

We could not but join in the prayers, public as well as private, that were offered to move heaven, and to incline it towards us, whilst we gave utterance to our sighs and groanings. And now that our prayers have been heard, we should unite in solemn thanksgiving to the Lord ever good and merciful, who has so clearly shown Himself to be Our Father. This is it that in the chief place has inspired this Our Letter.

We have besides other intentions in addressing you: We feel Ourselves constrained by the need we have to praise and thank the divine bounty for the great benedictions that have attended Our lately closed Pastoral Visit—for it seems to Us that the chief object of that visit has been attained. This object was, as you know, to cause to reign everywhere the good Spirit, which the heavenly Father refuses not to ardent prayer, and which makes every parish good and holy.

And moreover must We bless the Lord for that this good Spirit, which is also the Spirit of wisdom has presided over many works, social, civil, and judicial, which have had happy results for the upholding of good principles, and the triumph of the truths taught by Holy Church, our Mother.

And lastly, We cannot let pass unnoticed the work of the reconstruction of Our Cathedral, which naturally greatly occupies Us, and the success of which since We began it, is a most subject for Our exhibiting all our gratitude to God.

You will not have forgotten surely what We have said to you of this new undertaking in Our Letter of September last year. We laid before you the chief reasons that had prompted Us to raise our Cathedral from its ruins. We made known to you the resources We reckoned on to accomplish this design, which in the eyes of some may have appeared rash. We disclosed to you the means at Our disposal to bring this important undertaking to a happy issue, which We looked upon as the last that should crown Our administration.

You will remember also that it was on the 28th of August preceding, a day consecrated to the *Very Holy and Immaculate Heart of Mary* that with all solemnity We made the Benediction of the first stone of this new religious building. In one of the prayers which in these ceremonies, the Church addresses to God. She asks that special blessings may be shed upon the houses built to the glory of His Divine Majesty. *Benedic Domine creaturam istam lapidis &c.*

And in very deed this blessing has been poured forth abundantly on this building, commenced for the honor of Religion, and under the protection of the Immaculate Virgin, of her glorious Spouse St. Joseph, and of all Holy Angels, and of the Blessed who should therein be religiously honored. We may convince Ourselves that this is so by the following facts which are such as assuredly to indicate that God is there. For it is evidently the blessing of the Heavenly Father that has made to flow in unseen channels a multitude of little streams that have filled the fountain whence gushes forth the living water that has refreshed the foundation of the new Cathedral, and made its walls grow up as if by enchantment. In two words, here are some facts, well worthy of your attention.

The subscriptions of the Clergy, the Religious Communities, joined to the collections made in the several churches, those of the *Enfant Jesus*, and of house to house visits, have amounted since the beginning of the work, to about Twenty-Four Thousand dollars. By means of these subscriptions, together with the contributions of the Seminaries, Colleges, Schools, Convents, and Academies, the walls have been raised to the height of about 20 feet above the flooring; and all the work both of last year, and of this year when it shall have been finished will have cost Twenty-Six Thousand and some odd Hundred dollars. All has been paid in cash, and there will not remain one cent of debt.

Several journals have already given you the opinions of artists, on the new building, which they argue will be one of the noblest monuments of our City, because of its grand proportions, and its majestic plan.

At any rate, it cannot be doubted that the excellent harvest of which We have spoken to you above is a reward anticipated by the sacrifices made to raise this fine monument to the glory of God. For always are the prayers of the Church granted. Now at the ceremony of the blessing of the first stone She put up to heaven her ardent vows in favor of all contri-

buting thereunto. *Presta * * ut quicumque ad hunc ecclesiam edificandam pura mente auxilium dederint, corporis sanitatem, et animae medelam percipiant.*"

Besides, has not God promised to Solomon who had raised to Him a temple that was one of the seven wonders of the world, that He would hearken to the prayers of all who should come up there to pray? Has He not declared to him, that He would incline favorably and be merciful to all who should implore His help, in all times of trouble, in the evil days when the heavens should be closed, so that no rain fell—when the locusts should lay waste the fields—or the pestilence destroy the people?

These are the facts which We point out to your serious attention, in the full conviction that you will appreciate them at their full value. They will suffice to convince you that what you sacrifice to the building of God's temple is given to God; that God returns a hundred-fold what is given to Him, whether in raising His Churches, or in succoring the poor; that the smallest sacrifices offered to His Divine Majesty are always generously repaid even in this world; that if tenderly united, we can do great things with small means; that the blessings already shed by God on those who have cordially contributed to the new Cathedral, are but the prelude to those which He reserves for them in the future, if they persevere in their good will; that no one has as yet been made poorer by their sacrifices for this work; that we must thence conclude that it will be the same in the future; and that very certainly when this Church shall have been finished, every one will say that it has been built without any other manifest effect than that of the abundant benedictions shed upon its benefactors.

It is then supremely advantageous to encourage a work undertaken under such happy auspices. In consequence, that which We prescribed in Our Circular of the 5th September, 1870, and which in these Our Present Letter, We in part reproduce, shall be adhered to:—

1. In the season deemed fittest in each parish of the City and the country a collection from house to house, shall be taken up by the Parish Priest or his Vicar or some other priest and the churchwardens or other members of the Committee appointed to accompany him. The collection of the *Enfant Jesus* in the parishes where it is made, shall stand in lieu of this house to house collection, but shall be applied to the same end.

2. Churches and Chapels in which are celebrated the public offices shall apply once a month to the reconstruction of the Cathedral, the amount of the collection or collections of one Sunday (if it be the custom therein to take up several collections the same day). This collection shall be announced the Sunday before, and also on the day when the collection is to be taken up. The church wardens, or others with the consent of the Parish Priest may be charged with the duty of taking it up, so as to attach greater importance to it.

3. So that all may be able to respond in a fitting manner to these appeals, every one is invited to apply a small portion of his revenue to this work—for instance such a portion of his commerce, or of his fields.

4. In the Seminaries, Colleges, Houses of Education, Convents and Schools, there may be formed little committees to receive the offerings of the pupils after the manner of the parishes.

It should be well understood that in thus generalising these contributions to the profit of this enterprise, it is proposed to be as little burdensome as possible to any one, whilst at the same time laboring to ensure its success.

That which is desired above all is, to obtain that there be applied to this good work the sums spent uselessly on private indulgences, amusements, excursions &c.

The result, truly happy, of this mode of action shows clearly that union is strength; and that with a good understanding, great and noble works may be accomplished, without much cost to any one.

But all these things We leave to your pious consideration in the firm conviction that the practical conclusions which you will thence draw, will not fail to inspire you with fresh zeal to pursue with ardor, an enterprise whose success cannot but redound to the glory of God, and the good of your souls. It remains to Us therefore only to point out to you the duties that all of us have to discharge in bringing to its close a season that has been to us so rich in graces and in benedictions.

1. This Present Circular Letter shall be read in all the Churches in which the public offices are celebrated, and in the Chapter of all the Communities, on the First Sunday after its reception.

2. The day on which it shall be read and explained there shall be sung the *Te Deum* together with the *Versicle* and Prayer in Thanksgiving, with the above mentioned intentions, either after the parochial Mass, or the Mass of the Community, or at the *Salut* which shall be sung in the afternoon.

3. The *Te Deum* shall be followed by the Anthem *Sancta Maria Succurre Miseris, &c.*, together with the proper versicle and prayer in order to implore, through the intercession of the august Mother of God grace to make a holy use of the good things with which Divine Providence has laden us, and the success of all works done in the Diocese in His honor.

4. The whole shall conclude with the anthem *Ecce Fidelis* with the proper versicle and prayer as for the suffrage of St. Joseph, so as to place under the protection of this glorious and powerful Patron all these works, and in particular that of the Cathedral the construction of which has been specially confided to his care.

5. In virtue of an Indult of the Holy See under date 20th June, 1869, We authorise all priests employed in this Diocese to bless, and give to the faithful entrusted to their care, the cord of St. Joseph, with the indulgences thereunto attached by the Holy See.

May this pious practise so easy, and at the same time so profitable, unite us by indissoluble bonds to devotion towards the Great St. Joseph.

Given on the Feast, and under the protection, of the glorious Archangel St. Michael and of all the legions of Angels who make up the celestial host, of whom he is the chief and the captain.

Montreal, 29th September, 1871.

† G., Bishop of Montreal.

LETTER V.

To the High School Trustees of the Village of Trenton—
to Lawyer Francis and the 25 signatories of his petition—and to the world at large these letters are respectfully dedicated.

GENTLEMEN,—Another proof that Mary was not of that sour disposition and bloodmindedness which your class book asserts may be found in the following facts. For more than a year and a half Mary actually held the then despotic authority of Supreme Head of Henry VIII's Anglican Church, "during which period had her disposition been as bloody and implacable as commonly supposed" (popular idea) "she had ample time and opportunity to have doomed some of her religious opponents to the flames or at least to have inflicted personal punishment on some of her numerous libellers." And yet it is a known fact that she did not. The only case brought against her and preserved in Foxe—that of Dr. Edwin Sandys, is rather to her credit than otherwise. Sandys had been guilty of high treason by attacking Mary's title and insulting her worship as Head of the Church. For this he was put into prison *by due process of law*. Some time after one of Mary's ladies of the Bed Chamber having asked his release the Queen, replied that she would grant it, provided Gardiner had no objection. When Gardiner arrived the Queen asked "Winchester what think you about Dr. Sandys? Is he not sufficiently punished?" "As it please your Majesty, answered Gardiner. "Then," said the Queen "truly we would have him set at liberty" (Foxe's Martyrology B. III p. 76.) This action says a Protestant historian, "which redounds to her credit, it may be perceived was only performed by permission of Gardiner."

I am thus anxious to quote at all times protestant authorities, because I know that your honourable body has such a horror of Popery and Popish Priests that any thing I might advance would at once be looked upon with the utmost suspicion. We have heard so much of late from one of your honourable body and from Lawyer Francis your aider and abettor, about "rabid" "stubborn" "dogmatic" Jesuitical eccentric Priest—wolf in sheeps clothing &c., &c.—that we prefer to allow protestants to proclaim the truth rather than ourselves to undertake the dangerous task.

Were we inclined to give historical parallels or rather contrasts between Mary and Elizabeth, we would contrast Mary's conduct to Northumberland, with Elizabeth's conduct towards Leicester. Elizabeth's Leicester was great grandson of a carpenter. His enemies used to say of him, that "he was son of a duke, brother of a king, grandson of an esquire, and great grandson of carpenter: that the carpenter was the only honest man in the family and the only one that died in his bed."

As an example of "that terrible persecution of Protestants which has given to the first Queen regnant of England the name of bloody Mary" your Class Book informs its pupils that "more than a thousand ministers were driven from their pulpits." With all due "esprit de corps" we feel this is a grievous crime; and yet the Good Queen Bess of blessed memory appears to have had even less reverence for your reformation preacher than her papist sister. "Two or three" she said, "were enough for any country. (Mrs. Jameson) and in very sooth if we are to hold as authentic one tithe of the specimens of reformatory rhetoric and logic, which Strype has embalmed in history, we are inclined to think that two or three such preachings, would be all too many. In one thing however your Class Book is not honest. It forgot to tell its pupils, that the law forbidding any

one to preach without licence extended to all both Catholics and Protestants. Probably it would have been dismissed as Popish had it done so.

To continue our contrast between Elizabeth the great and good, and her bloody Sister (both popular ideas) we would remind your honourable body, that Mary at her accession remitted two heavy property taxes, one on land, and the other on goods, called in the financial language of the day "two tenths" and "two fifteenths." The debts, to liquidate which these imposts had been levied, although they had been chiefly incurred by Northumberland's misrule, she promised to endeavour to pay off from her own resources; (a most antiquated idea and one little thought of in our present reign.) Elizabeth on the contrary sold all the monopolies, she could create. Even the permission to export old shoes was restricted by letters patent to one who had bought the privilege. If we are to believe the lively pen of Rowland Whyte in his secret diary, our good Queen Bess was troubled with that modern failing, which when indulged in by a lady, is called kleptomania, but when practised by a drab is called thieving. Having dined at View and having received costly presents from my lord Keeper she stole "a salt, a spoon and a fork of fair agate." But it is not Elizabethian but Marian history as recorded by your Class Book Collier, that we are discussing. Of course, if the Department is to rule supreme, and history as doled out by the Chief Superintendent is all that is to be allowed to our rising generation, then "causa finita est," the case is settled—Toronto has spoken. But we cannot believe that your Head Master has to be only a puppet, and that all enlightened criticism has to be carefully avoided under pain of instant dismissal.

Let us now approach the subject of Mary's "terrible persecution of Protestants." In order to obtain an intelligent idea of the subject, we shall be obliged to view it by the light of comparison. Was Mary's persecution of Protestants of so "terrible" a nature compared with the butcheries of Henry's and Elizabeth's reign, as to entitle Mary to be called Bloody, whilst Henry was called the "Bluff King Hal," and Elizabeth "the great and good?" We will see. Harrison, chaplain of Lord Brooke, who speaks as a contemporary, has computed that under Henry VIII, 72,000 persons were executed on the gibbet. Contrasting the Elizabethian persecutions with those of Queen Mary, Agnes Strickland has this remarkable passage:—"Nor was it till after as much Catholic blood had been shed by Elizabeth as would have fairly extinguished the hateful fires of the Marian persecutions," &c. We feel that with these two testimonies, we might leave the subject of that "terrible persecution of Protestants which has given to the first Queen regnant of England the name of Bloody Mary." But we have no intention of doing so. Your class-book estimated the number of men, women, and children burnt for their Protestantism during Mary's reign as 288.—Another Protestant writer puts it at 277, whilst Priest Lingard says: "After every allowance has been made, it will be found that in the space of four years almost 200 persons perished in the flames for religious opinion; a number at the contemplation of which the mind is struck with horror," &c. Taking, however, the highest number, that of your Class-book, and comparing it with the butcheries of Henry's and Elizabeth's reign, it is insignificant as a tale of blood. Hentzner, the Dutch Ambassador, affirms, that he counted on London Bridge at one time no less than 300 heads of persons who had been executed by good Queen Bess. If we want a parallel under Elizabeth for the Smithfield fires under Mary, we shall find it in Elizabeth's massacres after the "Northern Rebellion," when, besides the execution of such of the leaders as fell into her hands, Elizabeth allowed, (to use a mild term,) no less than eight hundred of the working classes to perish by the hands of the executioner. Sir Cuthbert Sharpe has brought to light some curious and hideous facts concerning this rebellion, amongst which the following letter indicating her Majesty's (Elizabeth's) pleasure is not perhaps the least hideous. It is Essex, the favorite, writing to Sir George Bowes:—

SIR GEORGE BOWES.—I have set the number to be executed down in every town, as I did in your other book, which draweth near to two hundred; wherein you may use your discretion in taking more or less in every town, as you shall see just cause for the offences and fitness of example; so as in the whole, you pass not of all kinds of such the number of two hundred, amongst whom you may not execute any that hath freholds or noted wealth; for so is the Queen's Majesty's pleasure.
By her special commandment, 10 Jan'y, 1569-70.
T. ESSEX.

This cool "polling their tops" as the Queen herself elegantly styled it, of 200 good men and true, by special commandment, with the careful proviso that freholders and the noted wealthy be spared, is certainly refreshing. Nor does it lose any of its point when we consider that "her majesty's pleasure" was that of the good Queen Bess, not that of Bloody Mary.

SACERDOS.

To many of our readers the name of the Rev. Charles Dallet, Priest of the Society for Foreign Missions, must be familiar...

The lecture will be therefore most interesting and instructive, the general knowledge of India being but scanty, and very imperfect.

We need say but little to encourage all who understand French, in which language the lecture will be given, to profit by the occasion now offered to them of, at one and the same time, doing a work of Christian Charity...

The evening's entertainment will be enlivened by music, under the direction of the Rev. M. Barbarin, of the Seminary.

The Coroner's Inquest, in the case of the unfortunate man Daniel Madigan, who was killed last week by the falling of a brick wall on the premises of Thomas Robertson & Co.

A paragraph in the Montreal Herald says that the St. Patrick's Society will, in the interests of the widow institute a civil action against the persons through whose negligence and want of judgment the fatal accident occurred.

ORDINATIONS.—On Saturday, the 23rd ult., the following Orders were conferred in the chapel of the Nicolet Seminary by His Lordship the Bishop of Three Rivers:—Deacon—The Rev. M. E. Ling, Sub-Deacon—M.M. Denis Gerin Lajoie, Norbert Duquay, Charles O. Gingras, Victor S. de Carufel, F. X. Cloutier, George Page, Arthur Paquin.

On the Sunday following, the Rev. M.M. Elphege Godin, and Joseph Tessier, received the Holy Order of Priesthood. On Sunday, the 1st inst. His Lordship was to visit Maskinonge for the purpose of conferring Priest's Orders on the Rev. M.M. Gingras, Carufel, Gerin Lajoie, and M. A. Paquin.

FATHER CONNOLLY.—We learn from our Quebec contemporaries that the Reverend Father Connolly of St. Patrick's Church of that City, has been appointed to the parish of Inverness.

It is asserted that it is the intention of the Government to make Quebec a naval station, and that heavy armaments will be added to the Levi forts.

IMPORTANT TO TEACHERS AND SCHOOL TRUSTEES.—Ruttans new Ventilating Stoves. Recommended by Toronto Board of School Trustees, who certify that they consume but 2 1/2 cords of wood a year.

RULES OF THE SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.—Toronto: Printed by Hunter, Rose & Co., King Street West, 1871.

This very neatly printed little book is doubly pleasing to us. First, as containing the rules of a most valuable Society; and, secondly, as a proof of the flourishing condition of that Society in the good City of Toronto.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD. Published in Philadelphia, by Hardy and Mahoney.

Through an oversight for which we tender our apologies we have not noticed the receipt before of this very excellent monthly.

BUILDING OF THE CATHEDRAL.

We publish below the amount of the sums received since the 21st of October, 1870, for the rebuilding of the Cathedral, from the collections for that purpose taken up by the Infant-Jesus, and by domiciliary visits, both in town and country:—

Table listing names and amounts: Ste. Agathe 15 00, St. Alexis 25 08, B. Alphonse 10 06, St. Anbroise de Kildare 40 82, SS Angus Gardiens de Lachine 34 50, St. Anicet 70 00, Ste Anne de Varannes 50 73, Ste Anne des Plaines 50 00, Ste Anne de Montreal 358 13, St. Antoine de Longueuil 124 30, St. Antoine Abbe 26 00, St. Antoine de LaValtrie 51 00, L'Assomption 71 88, St. Augustin 23 17, St. Bartholomew 65 80, Ste Beatrix 18 50, St. Bernard de Lacolle 46 85, Ste Brigide de Montreal 255 77, St. Bruno 30 00, St. Calixte 7 23, St. Charles de Lachenaie 24 22, St. Clet 20 75, St. Colomban 11 55, St. Come 8 30, St. Cathbert 50 00, St. Cyprien 82 00, Ste Dorothee 7 10, St. Edouard 100 00, Ste Elizabeth 74 00, St. Enfant-Jesus de la Pointe-aux-Trembles 51 45, St. Esprit 34 00, St. Eustache 60 33, Ste Famille de Boucheville 142 50, St. Felix de Valois 30 00, St. Francois l'Assise de la Longue-Pointe 31 50, St. Francois de Sales 17 00, St. Francois-Xavier du Sault St. Louis 29 25, St. Francois-Xavier de Vercheres 117 10, St. Gabriel de Brandon 13 60, Ste Genevieve de Berthier 57 51, Ste Genevieve de l'Isle de Montreal 60 00, St. Hubert 85 67, St. Jacques de l'Assomption 45 00, St. Jacques de Montreal 655 70, St. Janvier 10 00, St. Isidore 50 50, St. Jean de Matha 26 00, St. Jean l'Evangliste 95 69, St. Jean Chrysostome 73 00, St. Jeanne de Chantal de l'Isle Perrot 40 00, St. Jerome Village 40 00, Paroisse 25 06, St. Joachim de Chateaugay 58 90, St. Joachim de la Pointe-Chaire 60 00, St. Joseph de La Normie 80 00, St. Joseph de la Riviere des Prairies 30 17, St. Joseph de Montreal 115 20, St. Julie 20 00, St. Julienne 7 10, Ste Justine de Newton 12 00, St. Liguori 25 00, St. Lin 46 05, St. Louis de Gonzague 33 60, St. Louis de Terrebonne 718 60, Ste Madeleine de Rignaud 104 50, Ste Marguerite de l'Acadie 60 30, St. Martin 37 21, Ste Martine 32 00, St. Michel de la Pigeonniere 95 50, St. Michel de Vaudreuil Paroisse 68 25, Nativite de Laprairie 30 00, Ste Nom de Marie de Montreal 2257 00, Notre-dame de Grace 100 00, St. Norbert 23 10, St. Patrice de Sherrington 63 00, St. Patrice de Montreal 418 22, Patronage de St. Joseph du Lac 20 08, St. Paul l'Ermite 26 00, Ste Philomene 47 50, St. Polycarpe 60 00, Purification de l'Epentigny 10 16, St. Roch de l'Isle Bizard 27 21, St. Roch de l'Assomption 35 26, Ste Rose 60 00, St. Sauveur 42 00, St. Stanislas Kostka 32 50, St. Sulpice 20 00, St. Theodor de Chertsey 25 82, Ste Therese 15 00.

Table listing names and amounts: St Thomas de Joliette 38 00, Ste Trinite de Contrecoeur 65 60, St Urban 27 00, St Valentin 50 00, St Vincent de Montreal 19 00, Visitation de l'Isle Dupas 45 00, Visitation du Sault-au-Recollet 76 83, St Zotique 60 00.

The Gazette thus notices the Catholic Cathedral now in course of construction:—

About the middle of the year 1869, the Rev. Joseph Michaud, of the Congregation of St. Victoire, an amateur architect, entirely self-instructed, was sent to Rome to make plans and drawings of St. Peter's and to prepare a model, in wood, of the edifice which was to be.

Having acquired the above much-needed information, the Bishop at once began the work of building, and it is now but a few days more than a year ago since the first foundation stone was laid one Sunday afternoon, in the presence of a vast multitude.

The main building, from the entrance to the farthest extremity, is 360 feet long; the greatest breadth, which is at the transept, is 225 feet, while the average width is about 180 feet. To be added to the length, however, is the portico, which gives 30 feet more. The building is cruciform in shape, the arms of the cross being represented by three rounded expansions, or, as they are denominated in French, rand points, two of which give the great width at the transept, the third springing from the rear wall, midway from each end.

These will be in everything but size almost exact copies of the one just described. A fair idea of their size may be gained from the domes on the City Hall and Hotel Dieu. A portion of the building as yet unmentioned is the portico. This will not be finished, nor will it probably be begun for several years to come.

It will extend 30 feet beyond the main walls, and will rise to the height very nearly of the main roof, or about 75 feet; its length will be in the neighborhood of 210 feet. Unlike the church proper, the walls of which are exceedingly plain, being built of uncut limestone and devoid of the slightest ornament, the facade of the portico will be of cut stone, and finished in that rich, composite order of architecture, which allows of a very great variety of ornamentation.

There are to be five entrances to the vestibule, which is to be about 200 feet long, from 18 to 26 wide, and 40 to 45 feet high. The walls of the main building are, at their base, about 19 feet thick, and will vary at the top from 4 to 6 feet. On entering the church there is an unobstructed view down the nave, which is 40 feet wide, to the grand altar, situated under the great dome.

On either hand are large pillars supporting the roof, and dividing the aisles from the nave; at each pillar, two chapels will be placed, so that in the church, there will be, besides the grand altar, about twenty chapels. The immense pillars (four in number) which are to support the dome, will rise from the transept, their shape will be rather oblong than square, and their greatest diameter 30 feet.

A good idea of their size may be formed when it is stated that each pillar will be three altars, or chapels. Light will be furnished exclusively by the five domes and six lanterns placed in the roof.

To make up for the lack of ornament outside, the work of beautifying inside will be done with a lavish hand, for besides the ordinary architectural ornaments the walls will be further embellished with frescoes, which are to be done by eminent artists from Rome. It is impossible in so brief a sketch as this must necessarily be to give an idea of the grandeur and beauty of such an edifice as this.

on it, from placing their children under its protection.

We have deemed it useful for the public to give some details about the actual work of the Brothers of Charity.

There are in the institution two classes of pupils: the first, which comprises about two-thirds of the children, is composed of those whose conduct is blameless; their parents have willingly entrusted them to the Brothers, because they have confidence in their experience and mild direction.

The pupils enjoy every possible freedom. Every month, those who have parents or acquaintances in the city can pay them a visit; and besides festival days, they have every week a play-day and a walk.

Some of the pupils are engaged in trades introduced into the establishment, and work the whole day. The want of pecuniary resources does not allow more than three trades in the home—tailoring, shoemaking, and gardening.

Others are taught in school three hours a day, and work the rest of the time; the remaining portion are taught six hours a day.

According as the pupils learn to work the price of the board diminishes, and at the end the pupils can earn the entire price; and as soon as the pupils can earn more than their expenses, they receive a part of their earnings.

In the school, French, English, calligraphy, arithmetic, history, geography, etc., are taught, and a commercial course has been recently opened.

There are two different prices of board, one of \$8 a month and the other of \$5. If Government, as we still hope, entrusts to the Brothers the reformation of offenders, it will not be possible, for serious reasons, to introduce this reformatory school in the actual establishment of the Brothers in this city; the latter would prefer buying a large tract of land to carry on agriculture on an extensive scale, and erecting an edifice suitable to this work.

LAYAL UNIVERSITY.—The opening of the different faculties of the Laval University took place yesterday morning in the Grand Hall, after solemn low mass in the Seminary Chapel. The Rev. Rector delivered a short and pithy address, and Dr. Larue read a paper on the importance of the public evening lectures to be given this year in the University, and which the students of the several faculties are obliged to attend.

PRESENTATIONS.—A large and influential meeting of the congregation of St. Patrick's Church was held last evening in the rooms of the St. Patrick's Institute, on the occasion of presenting a farewell address on behalf of the congregation to the Rev. Mr. Connolly, prior to his departure for his new field of labor. The chair was occupied by Wm. Quinn, Esq., Supervisor of Cullers, and Mr. E. Foley acted as secretary.

FORGERY.—A man named Robert Wilson, 28 years of age, a native of the United States, was arrested on Saturday afternoon for forgery under the following circumstances. Wilson had deposited in one of the Savings' Banks in this city \$25. He drew out a check for that amount, and on presentation at the Bank it was accepted. He afterwards altered the check so that it appeared that it was for \$500.25, and his bank book correspondingly. He then presented the check to a broker, and asked him to cash it.

THE TROOPS.—There is again a rumour in Quebec that one or two English regiments are to be left in Canada, on condition of payment for their services by the Provincial Government. That, however, is quite opposite to the policy in this matter hitherto avowed by Mr. Cardwell.—Herald.

BREAKFAST.—EPPE'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite. The Civil Service Gazette remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills."

REMITTANCES RECEIVED. Carleton Place, P. Galvin, \$2; New York, J. Flannery, 2; St. Isidore, Rev. J. B. Beauchamp, 2; Trois Pistoles, L. J. McLachlin, 2; Lindsay, Rev. Mr. Stafford, 4.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS. Sept. 10. Flour & brl. of 196 lb.—Pollards... \$0.00 @ \$3.75, Middlings... 4.00 @ 4.50, Fine... 5.25 @ 5.35, Superior Extra... 6.00 @ 7.00, Extra... 6.50 @ 6.60, Fancy... 6.35 @ 6.45.

Fresh Supers, (Western wheat)..... 6.15 @ 6.25, Ordinary Supers, (Canada wheat).... 6.15 @ 6.25, Strong Bakers'..... 5.85 @ 6.25, Supers from Western Wheat [Wooland Canal..... 0.00 @ 6.25, Supers City Brands [Western wheat] Fresh Ground..... 6.20 @ 6.25, Canada Supers, No. 2..... 5.75 @ 6.00, Western Supers, No. 2..... 5.75 @ 5.80, U. C. bag flour, per 100 lbs..... 2.80 @ 2.85, City bags, [delivered]..... 2.95 @ 3.00.

Died. In this city, on the 26th ult., Alice, second daughter of Mr. Edward Clarkin, aged 22 years.—Requiescat in pace. In this city, on the 2nd instant, Mr. Matthew Longmuir, aged 43 years.

WANTED. A BOY to go messages. Apply to, D. & J. SAILLIER & CO., Montreal.

INFORMATION WANTED. OF SAMUEL ATCHESON, aged 12 years, who left Montreal on the Steamer "East" on or about the 2nd of June last, and got off the Steamer at Chicago, since which time he has not been heard from.

TEACHERS WANTED. TWO FEMALE TEACHERS wanted in the Parish of St. Sophia, Terrebonne Co., capable of teaching the French and English languages.

NOTICE. IS hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed Curator to the vacant estate of late TAIL CHAUFF, in his lifetime, gentleman, of Joliette.

INFORMATION WANTED. OF HONORA WEJSH, a native of the Parish of Killiney, County Kerry, Ireland, who was in Griffin-town, Montreal, in 1853.

CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL AND COMMERCIAL ACADEMY, PLATEAU STREET, MONTREAL. THE Opening of the Classes of the above Institution will take place on MONDAY, the 11th SEPTEMBER next, in the New School Building erected on the "Plateau" by the Catholic School Commissioners of Montreal.

JOLIETTE COLLEGE. THE above Institution is situated in one of the most agreeable and healthful parts of the Diocese of Montreal. A Steamboat leaves Montreal twice a week (Tuesday and Friday) for Lacombe, in connection with the Joliette-Railroad.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, IN THE SUPERIOR COURT Dist. of Montreal. NOTICE is hereby given that DAME MARIE MARGUERITE DUFAUX, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of JOSEPH CLETUS ROBILLAUD, of the same place, burgess, from whom she is separated as to property, has instituted before the said Court, in said District, an action to obtain a separation as to body (separation de corps) from her said husband; which said action was returned before the Court on the 28th day of August last, past under the No. 1469.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. And Amendments thereto. In the Matter of JOSEPH LAJEUNESSE. Boot and Shoe maker of Montreal.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1871. CANADA, Province of Quebec, DISTRICT OF JOLIETTE. In the matter of LOUIS MARSAN and JOSEPH TELLIER du LAFORTUNE, Insolvents.

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INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. And Amendments thereto. In the Matter of JOSEPH LAJEUNESSE. Boot and Shoe maker of Montreal.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The Message of M. Thiers and the acceptance by the French Assembly of a Bill providing for their adjournment from the 17th of this month till the 4th of December mark a distinct period in the history of the Assembly, and are a natural sequel to the recent resettlement of the Provisional Government.

Unquestionably, there may yet be a chance for the Bonapartes. Revolution never has said its last word in any country, and less in France than in any other.

France and Italy have had a sharp misunderstanding on the question of a French convent at Rome, over which France has a sort of protectorate, and in the affairs of which the Italian Government proposed to enquire.

VERSAILLES, Sept. 29.—M. Lambrecht, Minister of Commerce, has informed the Committee of the Assembly who have control of legislative affairs during the recess, that negotiations with Germany are making fair progress.

Several conflicts have taken place within the past few days between the French citizens and the German garrison of Dijon. The town is intensely excited over these unfortunate occurrences.

REPARATION IN PARIS.—We (Tablet) understand that a number of Catholics are uniting in the various parishes of Paris in order to obtain from the new Archbishop, Mgr Guibert, permission to make some solemn public reparation for the outrages lately perpetrated in many of the churches, notably in that of Notre Dame des Victoires, during the reign of the Commune.

There is little doubt that this natural and pious thought will meet with approval and encouragement from the venerable prelate who is called to occupy the perilous chair of S. Denis. That it did not occur sooner to the Catholic population of Paris has been a surprise to many.

ANTI-INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION.—A

society has been formed in France, led by archbishops, bishops, cabinet ministers, presidents of benevolent societies, and others, which is designed to counteract the work of the "International" and the Socialist associations.

The corpses of the Jesuits Olivant, Decoudray, Cambert, Clero, and De Bengry, shot by the Communists, have lately been transferred from Pere-la-Chaise to the Jesuits' church in the Rue de Sevres, and were there placed in a special vault accessible to the public.

Le Monde notes the revival of religious fervour among the people of Paris. The churches are all well attended.

MARSHAL McMAHON'S STORY.—The hero of Worth appears before the world as the defender of Napoleon III., and takes upon himself the shame of the inglorious march from Chalons to Sedan.

EMIGRATION.—M. Gustave Bossange, the agent at Paris of the Messrs. Allan, has just published there a pamphlet calling the attention of Frenchmen to the advantages of Canada as a field for their labours.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF MADRID ON CIVIL MARRIAGES.—The Correspondence says that the Archbishop of Madrid has sent a circular letter to all his parish priests forbidding them to give sacraments to persons married by the civil officer unless they give some public manifestation of their sorrow.

PIEDMONT.—The Italian Government have sanctioned an exploration of the bed of the Tiber. It is believed that many objects of great antiquarian interest will be discovered.

PETROLEUM IN ITALY.—The conflagrations continue throughout Italy, and their ravages daily extend their area; they have now reached even to Sardinia, where an immense fire took place the other day.

ROME.—The truth is that, as the Voce della Verita says, the so-called Liberal party in Rome is a small fraction of the population, and not the most select one.

BUCHAREST, Sept. 11.—A rumour having become current that the Jews had stolen a Christian child, with the intention of offering up its blood as a sacrifice, the Government undertook immediate steps to prove that the rumour was utterly false.

churches are crowded, the members of the deputations to the Vatican are counted by hundreds and by thousands, and represent all classes, from the greatest nobles to the humblest inhabitants of the Trastevere.

RECEPTIONS.—The Tablet correspondent writes: The presentations continue at the Vatican in continuation of the festivities of the 23rd August. The Pope has received successively the whole of the diplomatic corps; also a semi-official personage from Spain.

Our foreign intelligence has kept our readers alive to the fact that throughout the whole of the attempted agitations against the Papal Infallibility dogma, the Catholics of Switzerland remained staunch and true.

BERLIN, Sept. 13.—The semi-official Provinzial Correspondenz, in an article entitled "Peace Guarantees for Germany and Europe," states that the increased strength of Germany and the renewed good understanding with Austria are the most valuable guarantees for all Europe.

THE GOOD UNDERSTANDING effected between Germany and Austria affords great satisfaction, and the German press dwell upon it as a guarantee for the maintenance of peace.

MUNICH, Sept. 28.—The Kingdom of Bavaria is about to recall its Ambassadors to foreign states, and will in future be represented only as a portion of the German Empire.

BERLIN, Sept. 28.—A Protestant League is in course of formation throughout Germany, the object of which is the expulsion of Jesuits.

The Unicers calls special attention to a letter from its correspondent at Vienna, in which another conversation with Prince v. Bismark is chronicled. The correspondent positively guarantees the perfect accuracy of his report.

DEAR SIR,—In answer to your enquiry about the working qualities of your Family Singer Sewing Machine, which we have in constant operation on shirts, we beg to say that they are, in every respect, perfectly satisfactory and we consider them superior to any American Machine, and consequently take much pleasure in recommending them as the most perfect, useful and durable Machines now offered to the public.

ALABAMA CLAIMS.—We are informed that the most persistent and unyielding of the private citizens who have claims against the British Government are Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., of Lowell, Mass., the manufacturers of medicines.

theft and robbery, attacked the Jews in the Market-place. The Government immediately despatched a strong detachment of gendarmes to the spot, who arrested the ringleaders of the disturbance.

RUSSIA. Sept. 28.—It is announced from St. Petersburg that Russia is about calling in all officers and men of her army who are on furlough, in order to test the efficiency of mobilization.

The Brooklyn Union says: The agitation of the woman question has had its legitimate results in the eagerness with which idle and worthless men have compelled their wives and daughters to go out and earn their support, not alone for themselves, but for the entire family—husband included.

Thousands of Promising Youths, of both sexes, go down to untimely graves, from general debility and weakness, who might be saved by fortifying their systems with Iron. The Peruvian Syrup is an Iron Tonic prepared expressly to supply this vitalizing element, and is the only preparation of Iron that will assimilate at once with the blood.

Coughs, Colds, Soreness of Chest and Lungs, relieved at once by Johnson's Lung Tonic.

Mr. JAMES I. FELLOWS, St. JOHN, N. B.—Sir: Having, while at your establishment, carefully examined your prescription, and the method of preparing your Compound Syrup, I felt anxious to give it a fair trial in my practice.

FOR THROAT DISORDERS AND COUGHS. Brown's BRONCHIAL TROCHES are offered with the fullest confidence in their efficacy.

These Lozenges are prepared from a highly esteemed recipe for alleviating BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS, ASTHMA, HOARSENESS, COUGHS, COLDS, and Irritation of Soreness of the Throat.

PUBLIC SPEAKERS AND VOCALISTS. will find them beneficial in clearing the voice before speaking or singing, and relieving the throat after any unusual exertion of the vocal organs.

"Troches" so called, sold by the ounce, are a poor imitation and nothing like Brown's BRONCHIAL TROCHES, which are sold only in boxes with facsimile of the proprietors.

Having passed several sleepless nights, disturbed by the agonies and cries of a suffering child, and becoming convinced that Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP was just the article needed, procured a supply for the child.

A DOWN TOWN MERCHANT. Having passed several sleepless nights, disturbed by the agonies and cries of a suffering child, and becoming convinced that Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP was just the article needed, procured a supply for the child.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP. Having the fac-simile of "CURTIS & PERRINS" on the outside wrapper. All others are base imitations.

LAWYER'S SEWING MACHINES.—Principal office, 365 Notre Dame Street, Montreal. HOUSIER St. Joseph, MONTREAL, August 5th, 1871.

Mr. J. D. LAWSON: Sir,—On former occasions our Sisters gave their testimonials in favour of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, but having recently tested the working qualities of the "Family Singer," manufactured by you, we feel justified in stating that yours is superior for both family and manufacturing purposes.

DEAR SIR,—In answer to your enquiry about the working qualities of your Family Singer Sewing Machine, which we have in constant operation on shirts, we beg to say that they are, in every respect, perfectly satisfactory and we consider them superior to any American Machine, and consequently take much pleasure in recommending them as the most perfect, useful and durable Machines now offered to the public.

ALABAMA CLAIMS.—We are informed that the most persistent and unyielding of the private citizens who have claims against the British Government are Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., of Lowell, Mass., the manufacturers of medicines.

compromise.—Give us Canada and we will call it even, because we can then send our remedies there without duty.—Washington News. 146

OTTAWA HOTEL, ST. ANNE.—Residents of Montreal meditating a retreat to the country during our summer holidays, will find, if they decide upon the pleasant village of St. Anne as their summer residence, clean, quiet and comfortable quarters at the Ottawa Hotel, kept by M. Isidore Omais.

WANTED. IMMEDIATELY for the E. C. MALE SEPARATE SCHOOL of Belleville, a First-Class M. MALE TEACHER. Salary Liberal. Must be well recommended, application (if by letter, prepaid) to be made to the Very Revd. J. Farrell, Vicar General, P. P. Belleville, Aug. 4, 1871.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned shall apply to the Quebec Legislature at its next Session for a Bill to allow the Board of Notaries of the Province of Quebec to admit, after Examination, William Fahey as a Notary. Montreal, Aug. 20th, 1871.

PROGRAMME OF TUITION IN THE LYCEUM OF VARENNES. PREPARATORY COURSE. French and English Reading, Mental Arithmetic, Writing.

FIRST YEAR. The Elements of French and those of English Grammar, Sacred History, Reading in French and in English, Arithmetic, Epistolary Art, Writing, Vocal Music, Geography.

SECOND YEAR. Syntax of French Grammar and Syntax of English Grammar, History of Canada (French Dominion), Arithmetic (all the Commercial Rules), Book-Keeping by Single Entry, Writing, French and English Reading, Translation of English into French, Vocal Music, Geography.

THIRD YEAR. Exercises on all the parts of French Grammar and of English Grammar, Translation of English into French and French into English, Book-Keeping by Double Entry, The Principles of Literature and Composition, Notions on the English Constitution, and that of this country, Notions of Agriculture, Notions of Algebra and Geometry, History of Canada (English Dominion), Vocal Music, Geography.

Tuition in English is on the same footing as in French. Book-Keeping in all its branches is taught by an Accountant well versed in all commercial transactions.

The utmost care is bestowed on the morals and health of Pupils. Should a number of Pupils desire to learn Instrumental Music, Drawing, etc., a Professor will be given to them; but Pupils will have to pay extra for that particular teaching.

Pupils may either be boarders or half-boarders (the latter going out of the House only for their meals), at the following rates: Boarders, \$80.00 Half-boarders, \$50.00

THE children of the Parish of Varrennes standing in an exceptional position with regard to the Establishment, their parents will have to come to an understanding with the Director of the College.

Pupils will find in the house the Books and all the other school requisites, at current prices. Religious teaching forms part of tuition in each class.

F. X. SAURIOL, Ptre, Director. VARENNES, 15th August, 1871.

CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, SUPERIOR COURT. Dist. of Montreal. No. 1476.

DAME LOUISE VERDON, of the City and the District of Montreal, wife of NOEL GAGNON, Trader, of the same place, duly authorized a *est en justice*, Plaintiff;

vs. NOEL GAGNON, Trader, of the same place, Defendant.

AN action *en separation de biens* has been instituted in this case, on the fourteenth day of August, instant, returnable on the fifth day of September next. Montreal, 17th August, 1871.

BOURGOUIN & LACOSTE, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, SUPERIOR COURT. District of Montreal. NOTICE is hereby given, that Emelie Mercier, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Joseph Laurent Gagnon, Miller, of the same place, has instituted, before this Court, *en Separation de biens*, an action against her husband, the said action returnable before this Court on the fourth day of SEPTEMBER next.

Montreal, 22nd August, 1871. LEBLANC, CASSIDY & LACOSTE, Att'ys for the Plaintiff.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. CANADA, IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, SUPERIOR COURT FOR DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, LOWER CANADA. In the matter of JOSEPH POULIN, the younger, An Insolvent.

THE undersigned has filed in the office of the said court, a deed of composition and discharge, executed by his creditors in his favour and on the eighteenth day of the month of September next, at half past ten of the clock in the forenoon, he will apply to the said court, in the said District, for a confirmation of the discharge thereby effected.

Montreal, 7th August, 1871. JOSEPH POULIN, JR. By LEBLANC, CASSIDY & LACOSTE, His attorneys *ad litem*.

APPLICATION TO PARLIAMENT. LET CURE ET MARGUILLIERS DE LOUVIER ET FABRIQUE de la paroisse de Notre Dame de Montreal will apply to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec at its next Session, asking that the Act 33 Victoria chapter 52 entitled: "An Act to amend the Act of the 32nd Victoria Chapter 72, respecting the Cemetery of Notre Dame des Neiges," be amended in such a manner as to allow the Court or a Judge to appoint the commissioner who, by the Act, should be named by the party or the parties interested, in the event of the latter's refusal to name any, or of a vacancy occurring amongst the said commissioners, and for other purposes generally.

Montreal, 9th August, 1871.

CIRCULAR.

MONTREAL, May, 1867
 THE Subscriber, in withdrawing from the late firm of Messrs. A. & D. Shannon, Grocers, of this city, for the purpose of commencing the Provision and Produce business would respectfully inform his late patrons and the public that he has opened the Store, No. 443 Commissioners Street, opposite St. Ann's Market, where he will keep on hand and for sale a general stock of provisions suitable to this market comprising in part of FLOUR, OATMEAL, CORN-MEAL, BUTTER, CHEESE, PORK, HAMS, LARD, HEARINGS, DRIED FISH, DRIED APPLES, SHIP BREAD, and every article connected with the provision trade, &c., &c.
 He trusts that from his long experience in buying the above goods when in the grocery trade, as well as from his extensive connections in the country, he will thus be enabled to offer inducements to the public unsurpassed by any house of the kind in Canada.
 Consignments respectfully solicited. Prompt returns will be made. Cash advances made equal to two-thirds of the market price. References kindly permitted to Messrs. Gillespie, Moffatt & Co., and Messrs. Tiffin Brothers.
 D. SHANNON,
 COMMISSION MERCHANT,
 And Wholesale Dealer in Produce and Provisions,
 451 Commissioners Street,
 Opposite St. Ann's Market,
 June 14th, 1870.

TO THE CLERGY,
 DIRECTORS OF CATHOLIC EDUCATIONAL ESTABLISHMENTS, AND ORGANISTS.
 PETER'S CATHOLIC CHOIR,
 A New Monthly Magazine, published on the 20th of each Month, and devoted exclusively to Catholic Church Music, comprising Masses and Vespers, Motets, Litanies, Offertory pieces, Hymns, etc., etc., with Latin words, arranged mostly for mixed voices, with occasional pieces for female voices, and consisting of Solos, Duets, Trios, Quartets, and Choruses,—the whole with Organ or Harmonium accompaniment.
 Each number contains about 30 pages of Music, printed on fine white paper, and from full-sized Music plates, and will contain from \$3 to \$4 worth of choice new Music, by the very best authors.
 The first number—just published—contains a complete Mass for 4 voices, by Spohr, an *Ave Maria*, by Panzeroni, a *Veni Creator*, by Lortzing, a *Solo Regina*, by Albi Jansson, an *Ave Maria Solita*, by Meyerbeer, and a *Tantum ergo*, by Mine.
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