

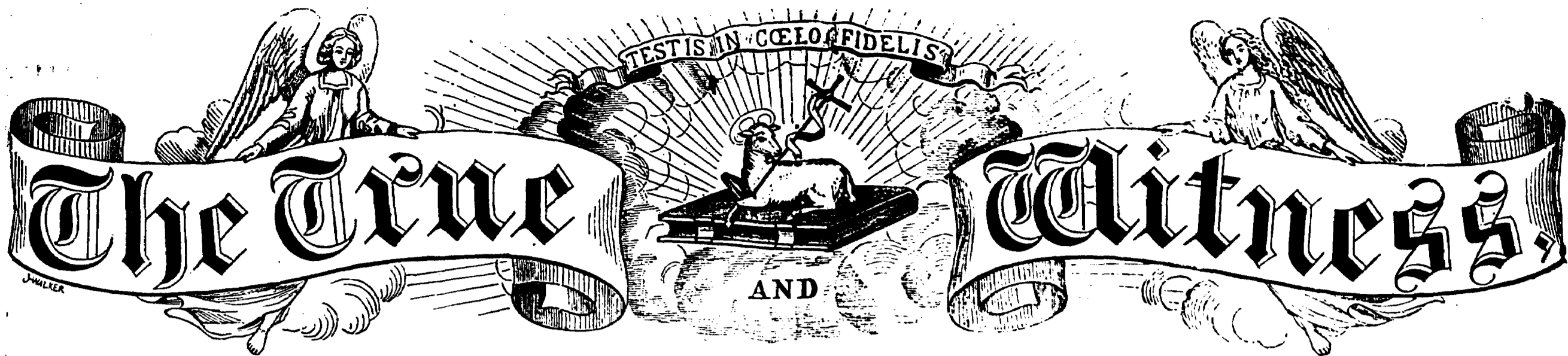
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# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXIV.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOV. 28, 1873.

NO. 15

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

A BIOGRAPHICAL TALE.

BY ARCHIBALD M'SPARRAN.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

The three brothers, now forming a line from right to left, that is, Garry on the right, Daniel on the left, and Finn in the centre, prepared for renewing the battle—the minstrels still continuing the humorous lilt, "Musha, lead miel a faultie, we'll try them again." The words to this air was composed by one of the minstrels who was present at the battle of Clontarf on the part of royal Bryan. The immediate subject is that place in which Cormac routed Bruadhair, a Danish prince, and drove him off the field of battle, returning from which he received the lead miel faultie of the troops under Bryan\* and his brave son Murrogh Borhoime.

The wing of Baldearg's army that had been separated from the main body, and which had occupied the heights of Glenchinn after the commencement of the battle, marched off coolly and joined their friends. It was now manifest that the victory was undecided, notwithstanding the vigorous efforts on both sides since the early morning. Owen Roe O'Donnell did not think that even the discomfiture of his enemy could have stood him such a struggle, but he now found that he had to deal with men of intrepidity and perfect experience in war, and that Cooney Na Gall O'Caahan had given him a true character of the descendant of De Borgo, the red earl—a name by which William, Earl of Ulster, commonly went.

As he saw that night was coming on, and the business not finished, he ordered his son Odo to march to the old cemetery of Drumachose, and fortify it as well as possible for their night's encampment; also, to escort his sister thither with her maids and attendants, to fit up a place for the wounded, and to have three of the largest beaves slaughtered, and a quantity of fuel collected for the preparation of victuals. As the two parties were pretty well fatigued and exhausted by this day's hard labor, neither had any great wish to commence hostilities again. They, therefore, occupied the remaining part of the day in burying their dead, sometimes within speaking of each other; indeed, there were not many killed in this first engagement, excepting what fell at the time the contention was around the standard. During the time of interment the bards, on both sides, as if in emulation, performed, in melancholy tone, the Irish caoine, accompanying their mournful harps with their voice, and over the slain, lamenting the fate of their fallen companions. The peasantry of the surrounding villages crowded forward to this distressing scene, and could not omit mingling their tears as they silently looked on.

When the last rights were performed to the dead, the bards played a farewell, and each detachment resumed its former position. As

\* At the battle of Clontarf the gleaming of the swords in the sun appeared to those at a distance like the flying of white sea-gulls. Bryan received his death-blow from the Dane Bruadhair as he was reaching for his battle-axe given in token of submission, but did not fall till he laid his murderer dead at his feet. Murrogh was stabbed by Cnutus, a royal Dane, as he was in the act of raising him where he had fallen under his wounds.

soon as O'Donnell had evacuated the entrenchment. Finn M'Quillan immediately entered it with all his forces, and thereupon sent an express for his father, whom he sincerely pitied, standing all day and beholding the doubtful contest, in which he was so deeply interested; but, to their inexpressible contrition, they saw the enemy drive off all the cattle, not leaving a single hoof behind. The distance which Baldearg fell back might be between two and three furlongs, not so much through necessity as wishing to occupy a strong position in the presence of such an adventurous foe. The place which he had chosen was well calculated for defence against any intruder, having a deep glen behind, and secured by a tolerable ravine, which ran around the graveyard, and served as an embankment. Although this eminence was not remarkably high, yet the building was raised on the very pinnacle of the hill, and had all the advantages in regard of defence that such a situation could possess, as the assailant must ascend, let him approach in whatsoever direction he would.—On seeing the cattle driven off, M'Quillan called to his friends—"Were they willing with him to pursue and renew the engagement? for I plainly see," said he, "and so may you all, that Baldearg, from what he has smelt of our swords to-day, is afraid to retain his position during the night, and, therefore, assisted by darkness, wishes to avoid us."—"We are all as ready to renew the battle now," said they, "as we were to commence it in the morning, and will follow the eagle of De Borgo wheresoever he spreads his wings. Lead us on, lead us on," was the universal cry.

"It is better," said old M'Quillan, who had come forward to the camp, "that a few scouts of the Kerns and light armed infantry follow after them, hovering about their rear, and observe whether, in the course of a mile or two, they halt and go into quarters for the night. If so, we will not molest them till the morning, but, should they appear to continue their march, I would advise that the choice of our troops, by forced marches, cross the river Roe, and post themselves strongly before them, while every man who can bear a sword, not excepting myself, shall follow them up behind, and, when we know that we have them closely wedged between us, let the attack be commenced by the rear-guard raising the shout, so that when they turn to defend themselves, our advanced guard may throw them completely into confusion." To this proposal all unanimously agreed, and the scouts being sent out, returned in the course of about an hour, bringing information that O'Donnell had retired to the chapel of Drumachose, in which he had placed the wounded, and guarded it both behind and before by a strong picket, that they had chosen a large field in front of the graveyard, into which they had put all the cattle, securing them also by a guard, and kindling a number of fires about the field. They saw them also engaged slaughtering some of M'Quillan's largest bullocks, and that the windows of the building were sparkling with light, as if a fire was kindled within. "Since these things are so," said M'Quillan, "let a temporary camp be erected, and cattle slaughtered for the men." They were obliged to drive in some that were pasturing in an adjoining field and have them prepared for the troops. "So we must do," said De Borgo, "as we are done by, and if we obtain our own we can repay them."

After the tents were well secured by boughs and every other material that could make them comfortable, as also fires kindled, and proper guards appointed, they all sat down and feasted heartily. "Come, my brave fellows," said their chief, "I hope you will dine with a good appetite on that for which you have fought, while others are taking the same liberty on your property, yes, even without thanks, and that at our noses, we may say; but if to-morrow morning were come, they shall either severely account to us for these wrested privileges, or otherwise it will be the last dinner to many of us." His words were awfully prophetic; for, to half these brave fellows, it was their last meal in this world. "If," said he, "this day's fight was undecided, I hope we will not have the same story to tell at the conclusion of to-morrow, for we must either return with victory, or sell our lives as dear as possible to our enemies."

The night was calm, and the sky mantled over with lowering clouds, not being illumined by a single star; all nature was hushed around, save these. The cattle, which filled the spacious bounds of Gortmore, thinking of their familiar plains, hills, and wonted stalls, were uttering their innocent plaints in various tones. From the north, the Tons\* were roaring like peals of distant thunder, and seemed to be sounding the alarm of the bloody day, that was hastening forward with rapid strides, that day

\* The Tons always roar loudly before a storm, and are that part of the sea which beats over the bar of Coleraine.

that was to seal the fate of many brave men.

The hoarse Banshee, with dismal yell,  
Thrice walked the graveyard round,  
And thrice from the ruin on Knockanaban,  
Made woods and rocks resound.

The howling wolf from Evenney's cliff,  
Roar'd wildly through the gale;  
And the shrieking owl from Drocnagh wood,  
Told forth the fatal tale.

A gentle heart in sorrow sunk,  
Hung over the grass-grown tomb,  
And oft she wished for that silent bed,  
But she wished a night too soon.

O'Donnell's flag shall be stained in blood,  
That never was stained before,  
And De Borgo's eagle shall flap her wing,  
Red, red with M'Quillan's gore.

Finn M'Quillan, not being well in mind, from the scenes of the past day, and also from other reasons unmentioned here, and which it would almost be unnatural to introduce in such a place, walked out, alone and unattended, to enjoy the stillness of the night. He was armed with his broadsword, and had on a military cloak and helmet. It was easy for him to hear the distinct voice of the watch that kept guard over the cattle, every one answering and calling to his fellow-sentinel, and that call echoing round the hills. Keeping these men on his right hand, and inclining to the left, he stole quietly down the little stream which occupies a deep glen south of the burying ground; and in the church or chapel of which his bloody enemy was posted at the time. He had crept through the brake, until he was immediately below the yard which descended in an abrupt declivity to the spot where he was; and from an opening in the back part of the building, his ear was stricken by the groans of the wounded, to whose distress, we must suppose, at that time they had few physicians skilful enough to administer. While he lay concealed here, two voices approached him in deep consultation, and talking of the events of the past day; it was Owen Roe O'Donnell and Cahir Roe O'Dougherty. "I had no expectation," said the former, "that our enemies were so masterly in manœuvring their forces, and choosing the advantageous ground both for attack and defence. They made a bold push for our colors, but the reception was too sharp for them to abide long. To do them justice, we must confess, they are brave men, and were as firmly supported by their gallowghs."—"I should like much," said O'Dougherty, "to meet Finn M'Quillan in single combat; I think I would stop his manœuvring for one day. Did you hear that noise among the bushes: had we not better explore those recesses? Perhaps some of our enemies are lurking about to overhear our deliberations."—"You need be in no fear of that," said the other; "the business of to-morrow hangs too heavy on their hands to allow them time for such practices, nor do I think any of them would have the audacity to risk himself near our trenches. I intend, however, to give them an early morning of it, if I can, and with that intention have ordered all to be in readiness for action at break of day. See what a daring attempt they made to-day, in order to get behind us, a ruse de guerre which we might more easily have predicted on them."

They at length returned into the fortress, leaving this solitary young man by himself, and unaccompanied by any, save those who peopled the regions of the dead, lying here free from wars, and the rumors of wars, and free from the manifold broils and commotions that agitate this lower world. As he lay here almost lost in a deep and gloomy reverie a glaring light spread itself over a great part of the yard, reflected from the old lattice windows of the chapel, and giving to his view the dilapidated state of the sacred edifice. The graves that were heaped close together were all grown over with rank grass and nettles, the common vegetables of such places. At length he heard a number of voices, and saw several persons approach carrying a dead soldier. Six men pro-

\* The former name of Fruithill the present residence of Marcus M'Causland, Esq.

† I am informed that there is a record in the Cathedral of Londonderry, showing that this church was founded in the year 1300. How true it is, I will not venture to say; but think it might be of a longer standing. It bears, however, in its north-west corner, the manifest marks of Cromwell's cannon, a salutation that he, in his true character, gave to all Catholic houses of worship. As these breaches have never been repaired, it is a complete proof of its never having been occupied by the worshippers in any other religion. It is now above 175 years since Cromwell came to Ireland. The other day, in a neighboring gentleman's house I have found the lock and key of this antique building. It is of curious but coarse workmanship; its bolt is a small bar of iron nearly two inches in breadth, and one in thickness, being staked in glenwood oak, half-an-inch deep of which is completely decayed, so that it may be picked away by the finger; the key has been weighty, but is greatly corroded by rust, the front part of which, from grating against the bolt, is much worn down. The lock and key weigh nine pounds, but formerly, I should think, must have been more. When the bolt is shot, the letters H and E appear, engraved with a coarse tool, probably the initials of the mechanic's name. Whether this has been the first lock of the building, is uncertain.

ceeded the body, bearing torches, and two others bearing his sword and habergeon. Having come to a vacant corner of the yard, they dug a grave, and laying the body into it, just in the manner in which he came from the field of battle, they afterwards filled up the pit, each looking upon his fellow with an ominous aspect.

The bards, tuning their harps over the deceased, then sang a long requiem to his manes; and after this doleful scene was over, they performed the last farewell, or bennacht leat, marching away in the order in which they came, arms-bearers, torch-bearers, and all.

The last sight that M'Quillan witnessed had a powerful effect on his mind. The glare of the sombre light across this silent recess of mortality; the old crumbling pile that stood there exhibiting in its falling roof and fretted cornice the lapse of time unknown; the two venerable sages hanging over the yawning grave, with their beards of snow; the wild and softening pathos of the harp, with the body coming to meet its kindred dust; and that situation in which he himself might be ere that time to-morrow. I say, the sum of these scenes could not but leave him in an awful and thinking posture of mind. As he lay here pondering over these deep striking pictures, not indeed troubled with any supernatural fears, for his heart was as stout as that of a lion, he fancied that he heard a profound sigh towards a dark corner in the yard, and immediately beside where the soldier so lately was interred; turning himself around, he heard another, and still a deeper.

"Dost thou not behold, Malvina, a rock with its head of heath; three aged pines bend from its face; green is the narrow plain at its feet; there the flower of the mountain grows, and shakes its white head in the breeze; the thistle is there alone shedding its aged beard; two stones half sunk in the ground show their heads of moss; the deer of the mountain avoids the place, for he beholds a grim phost standing there. The mighty lie, O Malvina, in the narrow plain of the rock."—(As

From the obscurity of the night he could not easily perceive any object, although it might be pretty near to him; but still he heard a weighty sigh, and, if one might trust to conjecture, it seemed to be the effusion of a troubled heart. "Can this being," said he, "be any individual, who, overwhelmed with grief, has sought this dreary abode to pour out the overflowings of a distressed mind, while nought stands by but a few time-bleached head-stones, whose low-lying tenants hear not the mourner's tale; or, is there such a thing as the return of any supernatural existence to this nether world? If, indeed, there is a reality in the last idea, it is what I never believed, but shall be glad now to have the matter determined."

As he said these last words to himself he arose, and was retiring down toward the stream, but immediately, hearing a light foot behind him, he looked back, and saw a slender appearance, wrapped apparently in a white shroud, following him slowly. He turned round, and spreading his arms to catch the shadowy appearance, it fell cold against his breast. 'Twas Laura O'Donnell. She had seen and known him, even in the dark, when he first came down the river side, and followed him secretly wherever he went. She knew that this would be their last interview, whether her father were victorious or not, and could not leave the spot before she spoke to him. "Can you speak to one of the hateful race of O'Donnell," said she, "after what they have done to your family, to your country, and to yourself? Was it thus I was treated at the hospitable castle of Dunluce, with my dear Avoline M'Quillan? Tell her I have come like the basest and most ungrateful enemy against the parent who nourished her, against the brothers who supported her, and against her pillaged country. And what has urged a female mind to such revenge? The warmest friendship from a father, the sincerest affection from a sister, and both from a —"

At this place she burst into a flood of tears, and gently leaned her head on his shoulder.—"The cold of the night air," said he, "I fear, will be injurious to your delicate frame," and, stripping his cloak from himself, he wrapped it around her.—"Such trifles," said she, "cannot be injurious to her who, leaving the softness of her sex, comes out like an amazon, intent only on blood."—"Cease these severe invectives against thyself," said he, "and let us not lose our precious time talking over such disagreeable matters. I am perfectly aware of the compulsion used toward you, and have felt very much since I was informed that you were brought to a place so unbecoming you. But how could you come alone, and in the clouds of night, into this region of the dead, a place even appalling to the heart of a soldier?"—"I came," said she, "attended by two maids, accompanying the remains of the poor soldier.—They are standing beneath yonder thorn that hangs over the late-made grave, while I walked hither, wishing to meet with I know not what, only fulfilling the chimera suggested by a dream which I had to-night."

"And, beautiful Laura," said he, "were your thoughts composed for dreaming, and you sleeping under the open canopy of a bed, alone hard enough for the adventurous veteran? If I would not be accounted an intruder, or rather if you would not account me impertunate, might I ask if your dream was happy or otherwise? Did it concern your friends or your enemies?"—"This was an insurmountable interrogation, in answer to which she hung down her head, and said she hoped she had few enemies. "But I beg you ask no farther than I shall tell you; my dream is fulfilled in part, and the remainder was rather unpleasant. I thought I saw you rolled in blood."—He smiled at this latter part, saying, "And why, my sweet girl, would you not like to see the blood of an enemy? but this means nothing more than what I shall do to your countrymen to-morrow."—"Were you wounded to-day?" said she. "I have been informed you were."—"My younger brother received a slight scar," said he; "but I remain unhurt, excepting an old wound which I received the last time you were at Dunluce, and I fear it is opened afresh to-night."—"I think," said she, "there is some person not far from us, for I have seen two heads above the hill that have now disappeared. I wish that you had either not come, or that you were safely away, for the sentinels frequently patrol the circuit of this yard."—"I have tired your patience," said he, "and, I fear, detained you too long in the cold; but it is long since I had this happiness, and was led some how or other this way to-night, scarcely knowing for what or where I came, and if this interview should be our last, —"—"I cannot leave you," said she, interrupting him, and clinging to his arm.—Her two maids came forward now and whispered to her that she was missing, and that her brother and one of the sentinels were searching for her. "I shall see you through the yard," said he.—"No, no, no," said she, putting his cloak about him, "leave me, leave me, leave me."

This she spoke in a frantic manner, and walked hastily through the yard, attended by her maids, uttering, as she went, "Alas, alas, to-morrow." After M'Quillan had departed some few paces, he perceived a little dog following him, and used many fruitless exertions in attempting to send him back. At length, seeing that he could not prevail, he said to him, and almost involuntarily, "And, my pretty little friend, what shall I do with you?"—"Let him follow you," said she, speaking from the other side of the trench. She had heard him talking to the animal, and her anxiety, lest he had fallen in with the guard, caused her to return. "Let him go with you; 'twas from Dunluce he came, and has attended me faithfully since. Not all our endeavours could cause him to stay behind me on this ill-fated journey; let him be your aid-de-camp to-morrow. Good night, my dear friend," uttering the last words in a low tone of voice; "good night, Dunn." She named him after the castle of Dunluce, where all her happiness centered. As he was leaving the outer part of the fosse that surrounded the yard in the back part, and turning to the right, wrapped up in his cloak, and meditating on the events of that night, a man leaped before him, calling aloud, "Who comes?"—"I am the spirit of the soldier that was interred to-night," said he, "going in search of my enemies; stand off!" at which the other hesitated a few minutes; but concluding that an aerial being would not press the ground so weightily as he did, he leaped before him a second time, and demanded, in a more peremptory tone, "Who are you?"—"An enemy to Baldearg," said he, grasping his sword and retiring two steps; "an enemy to bloody Baldearg," roared he a second time, and with a spring took the hill of him, rolling his cloak round his left arm. The other, however, with an equal effort, gained the same height, and swore—"To that very name you shall surrender, or your fate is the fate of the deceased soldier whom you wish to counterfeit," and at these last words attempted to close upon him.

Having defended himself for some time, with difficulty he got clear of him, and ran backward; at which the other, thinking that he had betaken himself to flight, rushed after him up the hill, but was disarmed at one stroke as he attempted a second time to grapple with him. "Beg your life from me, Baldearg," said he, "I know you perfectly."—"I scorn to receive it at your hands," said the other; "your superiority was accidental, and, therefore, you should not exult."—"Well then," said M'Quillan, "I shall teach you a lesson of humanity by giving that which, perhaps, I could not obtain, if in your situation."—"On what private business have you dared," said he, "to come so near our garrison? Or is it, sheltered by darkness, and stealing like the midnight thief, that you come forth murderously intent on the execution of some base design, and also to a place where, in the broad glare of day, you dare not show your face.—Dare you meet me," said he, "to-morrow,



single-handed, and decide the affair between our families?—If," said the other, "you had been victorious, or had me bound in chains you might insult me thus, but you certainly rely weightily on my clemency, when you would venture to speak in this unsoldier-like manner. I hope my answer to your second interrogation will convince you that I feared not to declare who I was, although in the presence of an intimidating hero. In regard of my other intentions, they alone remain with myself; but I lose time talking to you."

"So saying, he walked off, having restored the weapon. "My poor little Dunn," said he, "our journey seems to-night to be often impeded; and have you followed me in preference to all your old acquaintances? You have, indeed, followed me through peril, and I fear much that our journey in life may be attended with more; however, for the sake of your mistress, and your own faithful attachment, I shall endeavor to make you as happy as possible."

(To be Continued.)

\*The cranuil was a kind of two-edged lance worn by the Irish, in the handling of which they were very expert.

### SAUL AMONG THE PROPHETS.—HOW THE NEXT POPE WILL BE ELECTED.—RELICS.—FUNERALS.—THE BOSOM OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

It is pleasant to acknowledge the virtues of an enemy. Perhaps the enjoyment is the more intense because it is so exceedingly rare. It is often our duty to reprove with the *Standard*, not because its language about the Catholic Church is more than that of other journals, but because it is more inconsistent with its own professions. There is nothing so "conservative" in the best and truest sense, as the Church, yet there is nothing which the *Standard* treats with so little respect. By this impudence it makes itself the unconscious ally of Socialists and Communists, and forfeits the honorable title of Conservative.

But to-day we have to praise the *Standard*, and to offer thanks instead of reprobation. We can perform the same duty every day if we could. In an article on the "Month of Pilgrimages," which has commenced all over France, our contemporary addresses a tardy but frank rebuke to the scoffers against pilgrimages, and all their fellows, and calls upon its Christian readers to "reprobate the stupid, offensive, and mischievous attacks upon all practices of piety alike." It does not suggest, like the cynical *Pall Mall Gazette*, that the human founder of devotions to the Sacred Heart "was probably insane," nor agree with its own Paris correspondent that pilgrimages are a "clerical reaction."

We thankfully accept the co-operation of the *Standard* in defending religious truth and liberty against "stupid, offensive, and mischievous attacks," from whatever quarter, but we offer to our contemporary a friendly suggestion. Let him begin by a severe admonition to his own irrepressible correspondents. He has one in Rome, a great improvement on his predecessor, and still more on his flippant colleague in Paris, but who should not pretend to tell us who will be the next Pope. It is pushing omniscience too far. He really does not know, nor we either. It is true that he relies upon the acute suggestions of a certain Signor Bonghi, who professes to know all about it; but if his own predictions are as accurate as his facts, they are not worth much. Thus in the beginning of his fourth article on "the College of Cardinals," he speaks confidently of Cardinal Riario Sforza as "belonging to the party of Zelanti;" but in the middle of it he has so completely forgotten his previous classification as to say of the same Cardinal, with true journalistic levity, that he "can certainly hardly be said to deserve a place in the list of Zelanti."

successor of St. Peter is elected. He will be chosen, as Pius IX. was, not by any astute statesman, nor even by the most sagacious newspaper correspondents, but by Almighty God. The appointment of His Vicar is His own affair, and nobody will take it out of His hands.

It would be too much to expect that the *Standard* should offer to its readers a wise and excellent article without adding such prudential qualifications as its morbid prejudices require. If, therefore, it condones pilgrimages, it announces a strong repugnance to "miracles," especially those which are "childish and child-born fables." We are quite of the same mind. But when our contemporary assumes, without even the pretence of examination, that a certain relic of St. Anne is "a preposterous pretension," which can only offend cultivated minds, he falls into several errors at once. We will say nothing about relics in general, except that there are notable examples of their efficacious use both in the Old and the New Testament; but we will remind our conservative contemporary, in the most friendly spirit, that Christians who make a religious use of relics are more likely to be critical and fastidious in accepting than unbelievers in rejecting them. They are more deeply concerned about their authenticity. Nor must our contemporary too lightly take it for granted that "cultivated minds" are found only among English Protestants. He should leave agreeable delusions of that kind to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It may be very pleasant to believe that everybody who respects what you despise is totally deficient in acuteness, but to do so is more often a sign of complacent ignorance than of superior wisdom.

We noticed last week the candid statement of the *Saturday Review*, that if the Church of England should cease to teach three different religions at once, she would inevitably cease to be established. The *Spectator* takes the same view of the terms upon which our invaluable national institution is allowed to prolong its existence. Indeed, it goes much further, and adds, that the Anglican Church must not only continue to affirm that there is no positive religious truth, but must also deny that any one can possibly be lost. It is curious that all critics of the Establishment, both friends and enemies, but particularly friends, concur in the opinion that any attempt to teach a definite doctrine within its pale would produce the same disastrous effect. Certain members of the Lower House of Convocation having proposed a new rubric to the *Burial Service*, by which the "sure and certain hope" of universal salvation hitherto expressed by the Anglican Church should be slightly modified, the *Spectator* rejoices that "this utterly illiberal rubric" was rejected "by fifteen to thirteen." The Church of England having always taught "Universalism," the *Spectator* protests against any illiberal doubt being thrown upon this comfortable doctrine; and a majority in the Lower House of Convocation echoes the protest. It is quite clear that everybody has a right to be saved, and what is the use of having a National Church if it does not secure that delightful result? It is his business to throw open the gates of heaven as wide as possible, or perhaps to remove them altogether as a needless impediment to free circulation. Canon Seymour suggested indeed a faint misgiving in the case of persons who die "in open and notorious sin;" but sin is as great a bugbear as faith, and if his romantic idea had been adopted, the *Spectator* is quite sure that "it would have brought the Church down in ten years." It is not enough, therefore, that the Church of England should teach three different religions at once, which she is quite content to do, unless she also perseveres in asserting that everybody will be saved, whether he believes either of the three or not. On this condition alone she will be permitted to live. But the dangers which the *Saturday Review* and the *Spectator* anticipate are visionary and chimerical, especially that which is indicated by the former. The Anglican clergy may possibly all profess the same religion in another world, but they will certainly never do it in this.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* does not love churches in general, and would cheerfully dispense with them, but, like the *Saturday Review* and the *Spectator*, it makes an exception in favor of the Church of England. Even the non-theological *Pall Mall Gazette* cannot quarrel with a Church which affirms nothing and denies nothing, but leaves everybody to believe what he chooses, and buries everybody with the same sanguine expectation of "a joyful resurrection." Such a Church exactly suits our journalists, and they do it justice. "We have a Church Establishment," the *Pall Mall* feelingly observes, "and we do not wish to see it destroyed." Why should they? They know that they are never likely to get such another. It is not every country which possesses a National Church in which every conceivable religious opinion finds a welcome. "One of its chief advantages," continues the *Pall Mall*, "is the compulsion under which the clergy lie to administer its ordinances for the benefit of all alike." It has not forgotten that not long ago they gave the Anglican sacrament even to Mr. Vance Smith, a little to that gentleman's astonishment, in Westminster Abbey. No wonder the *Pall Mall* becomes almost tender, an unusual weakness with that journal, in speaking of what it calls "the ample and charitable bosom of the English Church." Does not that Church offer her breast to all comers, and suckle anybody who has a fancy for such nourishment as she can offer? Even the *Pall Mall Gazette* can sleep placidly on one side of her large bosom, while the *Spectator* and the *Saturday Review* are seen reposing on the other. The evening journal, anxious to preserve such a "charitable" Church, which wisely allows her members to profess any religion or none, is very severe on the minority of the Lower House of Convocation, who wished to introduce "a new Protestant Inquisition," and commends the present Dean of Westminster, who "strenuously opposed," as might be expected "Churchyard Excommunication." We never could understand why people should resent excommunication when dead, who did not care a straw about it when alive. What does it matter to them how they are buried? The sensitive *Pall Mall* admits, however, that "it is unquestionably very hard upon" an Anglican clergyman "that he should be bound to say what he now has to say in every possible case that can be imagined." Yet the remedy is very simple. Why does he remain in the sect which forces him to say it? But if his conscience is not hurt by remaining in a community which teaches three opposite religions at once, and declares that they are all equally worthy of belief, he may well consent to bury everybody, and declare that they are all equally worthy to be saved. A clergyman who can swallow a camel need not strain at a gnat.—*London Tablet*.

A young man at a musical party being told to "bring out the old lyre," brought out his mother-in-law.

You may glean knowledge by reading, but you must separate the wheat from the chaff by thinking.

What may one always have his pockets filled with, even when they are empty?—Hoels.

### IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—DUBLIN, Oct. 22.—The recent manifesto of the Catholic Bishops on the subject of higher education has been followed by prompt and energetic action. The staff of Professors in the Catholic University has been reinforced by some excellent appointments, and arrangements are in progress for giving full effect to the Resolutions. Among the new officers is Mr. John Casey, LL.D., who has been selected for the chair of higher mathematics, vacated by the Rev. W. G. Penny, M.A., who has undertaken the charge of an English mission. His appointment has attracted a good deal of attention. He is one of the few Catholic students of the University of Dublin who might have been expected to obtain an earlier period, or the Board of Trinity College shows an intelligent desire to bring the new system which Mr. Fawcett's Bill establishes into immediate operation. It was earnestly hoped by the best friends of the University that the Board would contrive some means of admitting the qualified Catholics who had been so long excluded to the immediate enjoyment of the benefits secured by the Bill. It was suggested that two or three graduates of that class whose rank and attainments justified the conviction that they would, in the natural course of collegiate advancement, have obtained Fellowships had there been no test should be at once admitted without requiring them to undergo an examination or to compete with others. It was argued that there was no fear of the concession being made a precedent, as in future all classes would have a fair start, and Protestant and Catholic students would meet on equal terms. They had made no movement, however, to expedite the admission of Catholics to Fellowships, and held out no encouragement to expectant candidates. The heads of the Catholic University have taken advantage of their remissness, and induce Mr. Casey to join their teaching staff. The appointment of a gentleman who has hitherto been identified with the cause of free and united education may be regarded as a satisfactory set off against the acceptance of the presidency of Cork College by Professor Sullivan, of the Catholic University, which was felt as a heavy blow to the Denominational system. Mr. Casey is a distinguished mathematician, and will be able to render good service to the cause in which he is now enlisted. Some doubts have been expressed as to the authority by which the degrees of the Catholic University are to be granted, and it is not impossible that the right to confer them may be tested by legal proceedings. About ten years ago the Board of Trinity College obtained a perpetual injunction to restrain the College of Physicians from conferring the degree of M.D., though it is entitled to give a licence to practice medicine. Will they be equally jealous of the rival University which assumes the power of granting degrees, not in one faculty alone but in all branches of learning? The Pope has lost no time in exercising the authority which he claims. A rescript has been issued, in which the degree of Doctor of Philosophy has been conferred, in highly complimentary terms, upon Professor Robertson, of the Catholic University. It would appear that everything was ready before the new educational programme was issued.—*Times Corr.*

Oct. 25.—The National papers praise the course taken by the Catholic prelates on the Education question. The *Nation* describes it as "a bold, determined, and most creditable stand," and adds that the reception of the news in England shows that Englishmen have become "alive to the fact that a game whereby British statesmen have long endeavored to make capital has been finally played out; the game being that of 'keeping the Irish Bishops in expectation.' Referring to the scheme of affiliation, it says that the details are still wanting, but it trusts that it is not the intention to make the University a mere Examining Board." The *Irishman* says the policy of the Bishops is "not a craven policy" which, "resolutely entered upon, resolutely carried out, will be sure to end in success." The *Flag of Ireland* alludes to the objection that the resolutions are not unlikely to prove an embarrassment to the Home Rulers at the approaching Conference, but it "sees no valid reason" for apprehending any such difficulty, for it adds:—"It is quite competent for advocates of denominational education to be Home Rulers, and on the other hand, there is no reason why non-denominationalist should not also be a Home Ruler. The Home Rule Association seeks Home Rule and nothing more, and therefore invites the co-operation of all who agree with them upon that question, quite independently of what their particular opinions on other questions may be." The *Nation* warns the electors of Tipperary against the trap which it says they will fall into if they elect John Mitchell as their representative. It says they may not be aware that "in meaning to return John Mitchell they would be working to return his most deadly opponent, should such a character contest the seat." It states, on the authority of Mr. Butt, that "all that the Castle candidate need do to claim (and to receive) the seat would be to serve notice that Mr. Mitchell was disqualified, and then merely poll half-a-dozen votes. No new election would be necessary. The return of the Castle candidate was safe for seven years." The *Irishman* states that the amount received up to the present for the proposed national testimonial to John Mitchell is £204 14s. 9d.—*Times Corr.*

On Sunday night the down-train from Dublin came into collision with stones on the rail when it was near the Portadown station. These shocking occurrences very frequently occur on the Northern lines. The people who were returning from the dedication of the Armagh Cathedral remember the efforts made by some treacherous bigots to throw the crowded trains off the track.

Mr. Butt took advantage of the opportunity afforded by a meeting of the Home Rule Association, recently held at Kesh, to read and comment upon recent articles in the *Times* on the Home Rule movement. In introducing the subject, however, he spoke of the course which, in his opinion, ought to be pursued at the next General Election. He should be sorry, he said, to say that the profession of Home Rule was sufficient to entitle any man to the votes of an Irish constituency. On the contrary, he was afraid they would have too many candidates taking up that cry merely to get into Parliament. He characterized as "unfair" the insinuations that the Roman Catholic clergy had taken up Home Rule "to use it, or the demand for it, to obtain denominational education," and that the Home Rulers had taken up the cause of denominational education because they thought they might thus forward the cause of Home Rule. He knew of no union between the clergy and the Home Rulers. His own Home Rule programme, which had been described as "moderate enough," was, he really thought, "the only one proposed with any seriousness, or that could command the confidence of the Irish people." Ireland had managed her own affairs for 18 years without being "a spectacle for the ridicule of the world." He ventured to say that there were some things the Irish people would insist upon—they would insist upon a Parliament of Lords and Commons, meeting in Collegegreen; they must have an Irish Ministry, responsible to an Irish Parliament, and, according to Constitutional practice, giving up office when it failed to command the confidence of the Irish people.—The want of such a responsible Ministry before the Union was the mistake, and "there it was that Irish Independence was struck down."—*Times Corr.*

DENLIS, Nov. 1.—The recent attempt on the life of Mr. Lefroy has been followed by another outrage of a similar kind in the county Louth. A farmer, named McDermott, who resides about a mile from Lanesborough, was fired at yesterday morning, be-

tween 7 and 8 o'clock, as he was engaged attending to some cattle on his land. He is reported to have been badly wounded. The assassin was concealed in a shrubbery. This outrage is a striking example of the implacable spirit of Rihandim, to which it is no doubt attributable. Some years ago a tenant was evicted from this farm, and the decree went forth from the secret council of the agrarian conspirators that no one should be permitted to take the lands, at least, no one who was not a confederate. A man named Martin had the temerity to become tenant, and a short time after he entered into possession was shot dead while ploughing. Since then the lands were uncultivated, and of course added to the number of unproductive acres for the state of which the Imperial Government is blamed. A few months ago Martin's widow married McDermott, and it was supposed that revenge had been satisfied and that a better feeling had grown up since Parliament had passed what was generously intended as a healing measure. The attempt on McDermott's life shows how unfounded were these expectations. Notice of the crime has been given to the police, and the Hon. Captain Plunkett, R.M., with the county and sub-inspectors, were quickly on the spot, but little hopes are entertained of making the assassin amenable to justice. It is satisfactory to learn that Mr. Lefroy is likely to recover from his wounds.—*Id.*

MAJOR LEADER AT CORK.—This young Irishman, holding a commission in the army of Don Carlos, has been delivering a lecture in the Munster Hall, Cork, on the present state of affairs in Spain. The Mayor presided, and the meeting was undoubtedly sympathetic; but a body of about a hundred laborers—"advanced" politicians—had got possession of one of the galleries; and the *Cork Examiner* tells us that, when Major Leader proceeded to stigmatize the Spanish Republicans as Communists they raised cheers for Senor Castelar and the Republic, opened a fire of rotten eggs upon the lecturer and the gentlemen on the platform, and created a frightful din for the purpose of drowning Major Leader's voice. After ineffectual appeals had been made to them by the Mayor, Mr. Ronayne, M.P., obtained temporary silence, in which he addressed a strong remonstrance to the disturbers, declaring that though a Republican himself, if he thought their conduct was a foretaste of what was going to happen under a Republic, he would rather be under the greatest despot that ever tyrannised over this country. After this the Mayor was heard with tolerable patience for a few moments, but the disorder soon recommenced, and his closing remarks were scarcely audible, the din being continued by the party in the gallery till the close of the proceedings. The great majority of those present, however, evinced their sympathy with Major Leader by counter demonstrations of unmistakable vigor. To those who are unhappily misled by empty titles and hollow professions, Major Leader's lecture ought to furnish food for thought. He asserted in spite of all lies and calumnies that the Carlist cause was the cause of justice and of liberty. There were three words which were sacred to Irishmen, and these words were Liberty, Freedom and Religion. While on the banner of the oligarchy of Madrid was engraven atheism and anarchy—Though there may be some few who were antagonistic to Carlistism in Spain he would assert that Irishmen—true Irishmen—could not for a moment falter in their verdict between the two contending parties in Spain, while the motto of one was "War to God, war to family, war to property;" and the other "God, country, and King." In conclusion he said that had this war been a simple struggle between Don Carlos and Republicanism, his sword should never have espoused either side, but when an atheistical oligarchy, born in blood, and reared in rapine, prostituting the sacred cause of liberty, and invoking the lovers of freedom to aid them in their impious work of trampling religion and annihilating the immortal rights of a brave people—then it behoved him, as one loving liberty, but hating licence, adoring freedom but abhorring anarchy, to cast his feeble aid and preserve the watchwords of Ireland, "Liberty and Freedom."

"NABED TO THE MAST."—Under this appropriate heading the *Nation* writes of the Bishops' manifesto:—"There is a limit even to the patience of Irish Catholics; and last session Mr. Gladstone, seeing that he must definitely announce what his Government were prepared to do towards remedying the educational grievances of our countrymen, introduced into the House of Commons, in a very remarkable speech, the great Bill so long expected, so fondly looked forward to, which was to remedy what he himself described as the "miserably bad, scandalously bad," condition of Irish Catholics in regard to education. The eloquence of the Premier was so dazzling that for twenty-four hours some of our Catholic fellow-countrymen fondly hoped that their disabilities were really about to be swept away. But at the end of that time the Bill itself appeared, and, as it was eagerly scanned, hope gave way to astonishment, and astonishment to indignation. The great Bill was a fraud. It was insultingly unjust. Ostensibly designed to remove, it would have effectually perpetuated, the grievances of which we complained. In short, it was so "miserably bad," so "scandalously bad," that it was rejected with scorn by all parties in this country. It had, however, one merit—it dissipated for ever the illusion under which some of our Bishops had too long labored; it convinced them that it was useless to expect any justice whatever on such a question from the British Parliament. No doubt the *Times* expected Irish Catholics would, under the circumstances, give up in despair the struggle which against heavy odds they had so long sustained; and hence we can excuse its rage on finding that the flag of denominational education has been nailed to the mast. Betrayed by Government, insulted by Parliament, the prelates of Ireland must rely, not upon the "favorable dispositions" of an English administration, or of an English party, but upon their own people, or rather upon their own countrymen, if they would save their flocks from the rising tide of secularism which is every day prevailing more and more powerfully on the other side of the Channel. Warned by the proceedings of the past session, the Bishops have recognised this truth.

The resolutions of last week's Episcopal Council mark an epoch in the history of the education struggle in this island. Four millions of Irish Catholics stand now resolved and sworn to see the issue out to its inevitable victory.

With reference to the wholesale Irish emigration to build up a nation on the other side of the Atlantic, Mr. P. F. Johnson, secretary to the Kanturk Labourers' Union, writes to say that he has received a request "for 20,000 men for the Welland Canal;" and that General John Walker, of Philadelphia, is coming to England to discuss "the Texan question." This is sufficient to remove the doubt, expressed by the *Standard* and *How*, as to the desire of American Statesmen for a wholesale landing of Irish laborers on their shores; but reflects upon our "Statesmen," who passively permit the departure of the bone and sinew of both England and Ireland, even if they do not stimulate the exodus of a so-called excess population. In Ireland the people are still going "with a vengeance." Before the Land Act was passed, the population was decreasing with a painful regularity, at the rate of about 23,000 a year; it has continued to decline at exactly the same rate ever since. It is much more lamentable to observe that Ireland is apparently less able to support her smaller population now than her larger population in 1869. There were only 73,921 persons in receipt of relief in Ireland on the 1st of January, 1870; there were 79,649 persons so relieved on the first day of the present year. The population in other words, has declined by nearly 70,000, but the roll of pauperism has been increased by about 6,000 souls. These painful

facts are a sufficient condemnation of English meddling and muddling in Irish internal affairs to strengthen the demand for local self-government. Even the Land Act has certainly not retarded the depopulation of Ireland of its population.

THE HOME RULE PROGRAMME.—The hon. secretaries to the committee for conducting the arrangements for the coming Home Rule conference have written a letter to a contemporary which had animadverted on Mr. Butt's late speech. They say that their anxious desire is that they should be clearly understood, especially by the English public; and in the hope of contributing to this we are desirous to say that the following is a copy of the request to which Mr. Butt referred:—"Up to this evening (October 25) it has received very nearly 12,000 signatures. So far from having any 'mystery' attached to it, it has been extensively circulated throughout Ireland, and has found its way into most of the Irish newspapers."

We, the undersigned, feel bound to declare our conviction that it is necessary to the peace and prosperity of Ireland, and would be conducive to the strength and stability of the United Kingdom, that the right of domestic legislation on all Irish affairs should be restored to our country, and that it is desirable that Irishmen should unite to obtain that restoration upon the following principles:—

To obtain for our country the right and privilege of managing our own affairs by a parliament assembled in Ireland, composed of her majesty the sovereign and her successors and the lords and commons of Ireland:

To secure for that parliament, under a federal arrangement, the right of legislating for and regulating all matters relating to the internal affairs of Ireland and control over Irish resources and revenues, subject to the obligation of contributing our just proportion of the imperial expenditure:

To leave to an imperial parliament the power of dealing with all questions affecting the imperial crown and government, legislation regarding the colonies and other dependencies of the crown, the relations of the united empire with foreign states, and all matters appertaining to the defence and the stability of the empire at large:

To obtain such an adjustment of the relations between the two countries without any interference with the prerogatives of the crown, or any disturbance of the principles of the constitution:

And we hereby invite a conference, to be held at such time and place as may be found generally most convenient, of all those who are favorable to the above principles, to consider the best and most expedient means of carrying them into practical effect.—*London Express.*

A CATHOLIC NONLEIXIAN ON HOME RULE.—Viscount Southwell, writing with reference to the creation of a Catholic University in Ireland, says:—"We have established our University, and do not intend to wait for the 'obol'; we were to get from the English and Scotch Radicals. We have not waited for the establishment of a Catholic University in Ireland until Mr. Butt's Utopian ideas of Home Rule— which has not yet been defined—are carried out, which would lead to the disruption of the harmony and peace existing between England and Ireland, and the destruction of trade in both countries."

SMOKE PANIC IN A CHAPEL.—An account of a panic, which was created in the Catholic church of Kiltorrigin on Sunday evening, and which at one time threatened to be attended with serious injuries to the congregation, and even loss of life itself, has reached Tipperary. The Rev. Father Murphy was celebrating last Mass, and shortly after the Gospel a large quantity of mortar fell from the rooking on the gallery, creating a terrific noise, and the congregation thought the church was about to tumble, and a regular rush was made for the door. The greatest disorder prevailed. Those who first reached the door were, owing to the crush from behind, knocked down, and in this way the entrance was nearly blocked up. The officiating priest, and the Rev. George O'Sullivan, who was present, endeavored to restore confidence, but it was some time before order prevailed, and Mass was resumed. None were seriously injured, though some slight scars were received by those who fell.

Troublesome questions under the Land Act continue to arise in the north in relation to the tenant customs. The most recent dispute is on the estate of the Ironmongers' Company of London, in the County Londonderry. A Presbyterian minister, Dr. Brown, of Aghadowry, held 167 acres, under a lease for 31 years, at a rent of £60 13s. The lease was granted in consideration of his having expended £400 on valuable improvements. After his death his administrators put up the farm to auction, but the agent of the estate issued a notice warning intending purchasers that the lease contained a provision which enabled the lessors to re-enter in the event of the executors, administrators, or assigns parting with the possession. Notwithstanding this notice and the fact that the lease contained an elaborate and stringent covenant to the effect stated, the sale proceeded, and the interest in the residue of the term of 31 years computed from the 1st of November, 1850, was sold for £1,600. Great indignation was expressed at the interference of the Company, the tenantry contending that the custom overrides the covenants in the lease, and that it has been always acted upon. The dispute will, of course, be the subject of legal inquiry.

It is proposed to construct a new line of railway from Ballynagles, county Wicklow, to Inchicore, within a mile or two of Dublin, where it would join the Great Southern and Western line. The entire length would be 35 miles, and the estimated cost is £245,000. At a meeting held at Ballynagles on Friday resolutions were adopted in favor of a county guarantee to a limited extent—namely, a sum which would be covered by a rate not exceeding 1s. in the pound for a period of 25 years.

The Dulhallo (county Cork) Farmers' Club, at a meeting held on Saturday, adopted a resolution expressing approval of "the principle" of having the county represented by a tenant farmer.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Mr. Alexander Taylor, J.P., of Carrickfergus, high sheriff of the county, has died from the effect of injuries which he received on Thursday week whilst returning from the Oldstone Steeplechases. Mr. Taylor was driving in a dog-cart in company with Capt. W. B. Legg, J.P., and Capt. Rea, when, unfortunately, the vehicle was upset. The two latter gentlemen have received injuries, but not of a serious character.

THE MOVING BOG AT DUMMORR.—The *Times News* says:—"The first official visit this natural phenomenon, to bring it in all its remarkable destructiveness before the public, and to appeal on behalf of the poor people whose wretched condition under the unforeseen misfortune we attempted to picture, we are glad to notice that our efforts are seconded by those of the Metropolitan and Provincial Press, and that men skilled in science interest themselves in the ruinous wonder. We are now authorized to announce the following subscriptions in aid of the sufferers.—His Grace the Archbishop, £2; Mr. Smith, Majan, £5. (Mr. Smith, who is the agent over Major O'Reilly's property, has visited the place. He stated when in Tuam that he would, in addition to his subscription, give lands to the dispossessed tenants, whom he considered the victims of a dreadful disaster and most worthy objects of relief.) Very Rev. U. J. Bourke, President, S. Jar-Jin's College, £1. Major W. Le Poer Trench writes:—"If any of your philanthropic readers would like to assist in saving the unfortunate families who have been overtaken by this calamity, from having to take refuge in the workhouses, I shall be glad to receive any contributions they may like to forward." Electioneering will soon be in full swing amongst us. Every dog brings its batch of on dirt, and the



announcement of the sudden conversion to Home Rule principles of some prominent professional politician. How much reliance is to be placed upon those "death-bed" conversions it is for the constituencies to determine. It is said that Mr. Butler...

An OLD FOX IN A NEW DISGUISE.—We learn from the Freeman that for some time past the Dublin police have been much puzzled to account for the numbers of persons affected with temporary lunacy which they have had to arrest in the streets...

The ENGLISH CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—The Marquis of Bute and the Very Rev. Monsignor Capel, his lordship's chaplain, who is to be rector of the Catholic University which the English hierarchy, at the instance of Archbishop Manning, contemplate establishing in the heart of London, have started for Rome...

The DAILY TELEGRAPH has another leading article on the Virginia affair. It says considerations of policy and humanity would lead England to view favorably the annexation of Cuba to the United States. That the American Government will await the reassembling of Congress before taking action in the Virginia matter, is evidence that its policy will not be governed by popular clamor.

HOURS RUN IN THE ISLE OF MAN.—It is not often that public attention is called to the existence in the very centre of the British dominions of a small spot which enjoys the advantages, such as they are of Home Rule.

SERIOUS AFFRAY BETWEEN ORANGEMEN AND POLICE IN PORTADOWN.—The correspondent of Saunders writes on Wednesday:—I deeply regret to say that one of the most serious riots that ever occurred in this part of the North took place in this town to-day.

THE MARITIME POWERS OF EUROPE.—The Cologne Gazette prints a list of the ironclads of the maritime powers of Europe in 1873, which it professes to have derived from recent and trustworthy sources.

WHALLEY IS HIMSELF AGAIN! Let his admiring countrymen rejoice. Let the representatives of the people look forward with pleasure to the opening of parliament. Let everybody "sing" and make merry.

GREAT BRITAIN. THE POPE AND GERMAN EMPEROR.—Archbishop Manning presents his compliments to the Editor of the Mail, and would be glad if he would publish the enclosed extract from a German paper.

THE STOKES TRAGEDY.—Stokes has always insisted that the help which was to hang him would never grow, and Stokes' confidence in his own destiny has been indorsed and confirmed by that remarkable creation of nineteenth century civilization—a New York jury.

UNITED STATES. MIXED MARRIAGES.—One Edward Brown, who is black, is at present serving out a sentence of five years in the Indiana Penitentiary for marrying a white woman. A suit has been instituted in one of the State Courts for the express purpose of testing the question whether these State laws forbidding mixed marriages are not in conflict with the civil rights laws and constitutional amendments.

your disposal in presence of such a charge, to indict our leaders as traitors? "After your Majesty has uttered so frightful an accusation against our honor, integrity, and loyalty, at least allow us to prove to you how ill-informed you have been."

The Spanish steamer Marillo, which had been seized upon the allegation of being the vessel which ran down the Northfleet, and caused the loss of nearly 300 lives, was yesterday condemned by the Judge of the Admiralty Court, and ordered to be sold on behalf of the owners of the Northfleet and of the cargo on board that ship.—Times, Nov. 4.

A "HOME RULE" DEBATE IN CAMBRIDGE.—A deputation of Osouians came over to Cambridge University Union on Tuesday night, and advocated Home Rule for Ireland. Mr. McNeill, of Christ Church, Oxford, a graduate of Dublin, proposed that Home Rule was absolutely necessary for the welfare of Ireland. The English Parliament neglected domestic affairs of importance to legislate for Ireland, the result being that Ireland was in a worse state now than in the time of Charles II. Mr. Campbell, of Exeter College, Oxford, and Mr. Kenny Downing, of Cambridge, supported the motion, the latter saying that the country producing Wellington, Castlereagh, Canning, and Mayo ought to produce statesmen to govern itself. Several others having spoken, the debate was adjourned for a week.

WHISKY AND PALM-SINGING AT A TURNIP SALE.—Some funny incidents took place two days ago at a sale of turnips in the neighborhood of Stonehaven. Before the sale commenced six bottles of whisky had been provided by the owner of the turnips, and on proceeding to make a distribution of the "mountain dew" it was found that a dram-glass had not been sent along with the liquor.

THE VERSE WAS SUNG TO THE TUNE OF "KILMARNOCK," the assembly joining in it most heartily. Immediately after the sale of turnips began, and was carried on with much spirit to the end.—Bundee Advertiser.

THE COMING SCHOOL BOARD ELECTION.—A meeting was recently held in St. Thomas's School, Fulham for the purpose of procuring the election of the Rev. G. McMullen to the London School Board.

POLYGAMY PROPOSED.—A most extraordinary statement has made its appearance in that highly respectable paper, the Saturday Review, to the effect that English society is getting so overcrowded with unmarried women, that serious thoughts are entertained of introducing polygamy as a remedy for the enormous evils which this condition of things entails.

ASHANTEE WAR.—Let there be no more pleasing illusions in Downing-street about his war. It is a very serious matter. From Chama to Apollonia, about 180 miles, the whole sea-coast is in the hands of the Ashantees. They are said to have moved their camp yesterday to a place called Dugna, only seven miles off. It is a mistake to suppose that we have quelled their spirit; and though, perhaps, they may go home now, it will be only to delude us into a false notion of security and to prepare for another attack. Assinie is their port, and is French; they can therefore buy at that place whatever arms and ammunition they may choose to order.

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again. This was a serious charge to make, the government being the prosecutors and the parliament and the whole country being obliged to defray the expense of the prosecution. Coming from any other man such an insinuation would be treated as a serious offence and the culprit would have to substantiate his assertion or suffer punishment. But nobody minds what dear, old, ever-amusing Whalley says. Long ago Mr. Newdegate, the No-Popery member for North Warwickshire, told the British House of Commons that Mr. Whalley, the Peterborough pet, was a Jesuit in disguise. "We have now to add our belief that he is Irish, or of Irish extraction. Certainly the man who exclaimed, 'Who dare tread on the tail of my coat!' will never be dead while Whalley is alive, for the little man has publicly declared his determination to even take off his coat in defence of the wopping Claimant.—London Universe.

Mr. Gladstone is a Papist, an Ultramontane, a Jesuit! There can be no longer any doubt on the point in the mind of any good Protestant, for has not the Record discovered and published the fact that the Premier has actually been for ten days "a self-invited visitor at Garendon Park, the residence of Mr. Ambrose de Lisle, the well-known pervert to Rome, and one of its most ardent proselytisers?" What can Mr. Gladstone be thinking about to lay himself open to such a terrible charge, and from such a terribly influential organ as the dusty old Record?

WHISKY AND PALM-SINGING AT A TURNIP SALE.—Some funny incidents took place two days ago at a sale of turnips in the neighborhood of Stonehaven. Before the sale commenced six bottles of whisky had been provided by the owner of the turnips, and on proceeding to make a distribution of the "mountain dew" it was found that a dram-glass had not been sent along with the liquor. There was no public house near, but one of the company speedily improvised a very capacious glass by scooping out the inside of a large-sized turnip. A novel goblet was handed round, and the farmers from the way they smacked their lips, seemed thoroughly to enjoy the novelty of "whisky from the neep." The sale was now ready to begin, but some one suggested before doing so that a verse of a psalm should be sung. This was unanimously agreed to, and an old procer present was elected to lead off. He gave out with muchunction the words: "May strong our oxen be for work. Let no in-braking be. Nor going out; and may our streets From all complaints be free."

THE VERSE WAS SUNG TO THE TUNE OF "KILMARNOCK," the assembly joining in it most heartily. Immediately after the sale of turnips began, and was carried on with much spirit to the end.—Bundee Advertiser.

THE COMING SCHOOL BOARD ELECTION.—A meeting was recently held in St. Thomas's School, Fulham for the purpose of procuring the election of the Rev. G. McMullen to the London School Board.

POLYGAMY PROPOSED.—A most extraordinary statement has made its appearance in that highly respectable paper, the Saturday Review, to the effect that English society is getting so overcrowded with unmarried women, that serious thoughts are entertained of introducing polygamy as a remedy for the enormous evils which this condition of things entails. This paper further asserts that the enthusiasm with which the Shah of Persia, a polygamist, has been received by women, is a distinct expression in favor of the Persian social system. The following passage is very curious:—We have already seen that it is obedience to its symbolizing craving that the population has been in a delirious state of excitement during the Shah's visit. The reason of the welcome given to the Shah by the leasure classes is no less clear. Society is governed by the necessity of providing occupation for its unmarried women. Unmarried women form the majority of every household, and nothing checks their increase from decade to decade and from year to year. Food is plentiful; neither famines nor fevers decimate them; Malthus is not read. To the elder succeed the younger, equally healthy and good-natured; equally unable to "dress on £15 a year as ladies." London has grown unmanageable. The number of persons who accept are out of all proportion to the number of those who give, nor does society sympathize with the difficulties and disappointments of those who endeavor to provide for its amusements. It is, therefore, only natural that the mother of a large and interesting family should find her symbol in the Shah. Just as Dr. Primrose represented the polygamic element, so the Shah represents the polygamic element, and suggests the one conceivable method for providing for our surplus female population. The politician may see in him a firm ally, the financier the gain of new concessions, but the mother will dream of fresh woods and untrodden pastures, where the younger members of her family may browse in peace."

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MIXED MARRIAGES.—One Edward Brown, who is black, is at present serving out a sentence of five years in the Indiana Penitentiary for marrying a white woman. A suit has been instituted in one of the State Courts for the express purpose of testing the question whether these State laws forbidding mixed marriages are not in conflict with the civil rights laws and constitutional amendments. Whether mixed marriages are prudent or desirable may be a question requiring a pretty broad physiological discussion; but the right of the State to interfere to prevent unions which are not forbidden by Divine Law for reasons of consanguinity is certainly a doubtful one. A JUST REBUKE.—The following is from the New York Sunday Times, administered a merited rebuke to Nast and others who prostitute their talents to the vile work of caricaturing and vilifying the Catholic Church and its faith: "We do not regard religious subjects, and especially religious creeds, as fit subjects for even humorous caricature. We view religion, and the Church, as something so serious to be jested with and held up to public ridicule. The pectoral attempts of a celebrated caricaturist, therefore, to heap obloquy upon the Pope, merit, in our opinion, the greatest censure. The Churchman, we perceive, contemplates these sectarian caricatures in the same light. They may amuse the bigot, but they must make the judicious grieve. Moreover, in a country like this where no denomination of Christians enjoy exclusive rights, it ought to be a gross libel to hold that which represents any one of them as a mass to public scorn and contempt." As Protestants, we should feel indignant were a caricaturist hired to malign and subject the Protestant Church to laughter; and if the Roman Catholics are not exasperated by this absurd but bitter misrepresentation of the Pontiff, they are exceedingly patient and good natured people. As the Churchman remarks: "If it were this caricaturist's first offence it might be well to pass it by unnoticed; but we have had hints before this that he is meditating continuous and sustained assaults upon the Roman Works. In the interest of peace, we venture to protest against such a course." And so do we. Pope Pio Nona has afflictions enough at this moment to endure, and it is both cowardly and ungenerous to assail him because of his helplessness. A gentlemanly instinct would revolt at it. To strike a man when he is down is not an act characteristic of a noble mind. The gentlemen who compose the 'Evangelical (?) Alliance may find food for reflection in the following: 'As for the Roman Catholics thus generally vilified through the special hand of their Church, surely they have the same rights under our liberal institutions, that we Protestants have ourselves, and one of the most precious of those rights is the freedom of religious opinion. He who assails that liberty, in this country, is simply a mischief maker, and should be condemned accordingly. His object is to create exactly that condition of popular feeling which leads, at the first impulse, to a religious riot. In the interests of peace, therefore,' as the Churchman expresses it, 'we venture to protest against anything calculated to rouse the bitter, church burning sectarianism of bygone days. As Americans, we are supposed to entertain a more intelligent conception of liberty than this. As 'model Republicans,' we ought to set a vigilant world a better example of the practical liberality of a people educated to understand and appreciate the principles of a free government."

Some slight originality has found its way into the obituary columns of the George W. Childs—the Philadelphia Ledger, rather:— Lay aside his little trousers 'That our darling used to wear. He will never on earth want them. He has climbed the golden stair. If anybody can read that verse without shedding tears he may safely be called a fiend in human shape. The picture of a little boy climbing golden stairs without his trousers on is very beautiful, and the more so because of the reflection that the little one can never catch cold again. The editor of a Nevada newspaper gives notice that he cannot be bribed with a 5c cigar to write a \$5 puff. WACKUP'S WASHINGTON.—Mr. Wackup, a married man of Bridgeport, quit work early the other afternoon, and went home to fix up for the purpose of spending the evening—or rather half the night—with a number of his friends. He found his wife lying upon the lounge enjoying a sick headache, but he couldn't find a clean shirt. Mrs. Wackup said his shirts were washed, but not ironed, and she was too ill to do it, and it was the girl's afternoon out. A shade of disappointment clouded his brow, and rushing into the kitchen, he slammed the door with much earnestness, and fortunately found an iron on the range, nice and hot. Then he dived into the basket of dampened clothes, and found one of his shirts at the bottom, just as he expected. He spread the garment out on the table without first removing the oilcloth cover and hurriedly consulted his watch. Then he couldn't find the ironholder, and substituted his pocket handkerchief, and after burning four of his fingers and breaking the commandments, he landed the hot iron on his shirt bosom. He thought the garment had a strange look, but supposed it would assume its proper shape when ironed, and he shoved the iron up and down like a jack-plane. The labor seemed so easy that he mentally said he had a mind to follow the business for a living. Then he undertook to turn his shirt, and just because it adhered to the glazed table cover he gave it a violent jerk, adding at least six inches more to the split in the back. Then he noticed for the first time that he had set the hot iron on the tail of the garment and scorched a hole in it as large as his hand, and in his haste to remove the smoothing machine he neglected to use the holder, and dropped the hot iron on his choice toe; and when Mrs. Wackup, who was startled by the intensity of his language, entered the kitchen, holding her head with both hands, she discovered her husband hopping about the room on one foot and clasping the other with both his hands. The sympathy that Mrs. Wackup tendered was not of a nature that blistered husband yearned for just at that particular moment. She placed her arms akimbo and indignantly observed: "Ain't you ashamed of yourself, you old fool! dancing the can-can around here, and your poor wife nearly dead, too! And"—here her eyes rested upon the wreck on the table—"and if the old idiot hasn't gone and ruined my best chemise. O, the—the—" Wackup didn't tarry to hear his infuriated better-half finish the sentence, but adroitly dodged the broom handle, and limped out of the room and up stairs to bed without his supper. The next morning he told his friends that the reason he failed to keep his engagement, he was suddenly attacked with the cholera morbus at the supper table and liked to have died during the night.—Exchange.

ARTIFICIAL BUTTER.—Experiments have demonstrated that cows living on scanty diet still secrete milk containing butter, it became evident that the butter must have been prepared from the fatty tissues of the animal. This led to a series of experiments in splitting up animal fats, which have resulted in the preparation of an artificial butter from suet. The suet is first finely divided by circular saws in a cylinder. It is then treated with water, carbonate of potassa, and finely divided fresh sheeps' stomachs at a temperature of 45 deg. C. The pepsin and heat separate the fat which floats on the surface, whence it is decanted, and when cool placed in a hydraulic press, which separates the stearine from the semi-fluid oleomargarine, which is employed as follows in the preparation of the butter: 50 kilo's of the fat, 25 liters of milk and 20 liters of water are placed in a churn; to this 100 grammes of the soluble matter obtained from the cows' udders and milk-glands is added, together with a little annatto. The mixture is then churned, when the butter separates in the usual manner. Chicory is said to contain properties positively injurious to the health. Yet ground coffee, as sold by grocers, is usually adulterated with this substance, and many persons insist that it improves the flavor of the coffee. We are informed in a recent work on coffee, that the coffee dealer adulterates his coffee with chicory to increase his profits; the chicory dealer adulterates his chicory with Venetian red to please the eye of the coffee dealer; and lastly, the Venetian red manufacturer grinds up his color with brick-dust, that by its greater cheapness, and the variety of shades he offers, he may secure the patronage of the trade in chicory.

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MONTEAL, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1873.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

NOVEMBER—1873. Friday, 28—SS. Troncus and Comp., MM. Saturday, 29—Vigil of St. Andrew. Sunday, 30—First in Advent. DECEMBER—1873. Monday, 1—St. Andrew, Ap. (Nov. 30). Tuesday, 2—St. Bibiana, V. M. Wednesday, 3—Fast. St. Francis Xavier, C. Thursday, 4—St. Peter Chrysostom, B. C.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

If telegrams may be believed, and newspaper reports relied upon, war betwixt Spain and the United States on the *Virginus* affair is highly probable. The people of the United States are much, though not unnaturally, excited at the insult offered to their flag. The Spanish Government stands upon its dignity; and feeling no doubt that it has good cause to complain of the encouragement given in the United States to Cuban filibusters, is naturally unwilling to make any concessions. It is said that the American Legation at Madrid has been assailed by a mob, and that General Sickles was wounded in an attempt to assassinate him. This however lacks confirmation.

There can be no doubt, however, that a very angry feeling obtains betwixt the two nations; and though the sounder-minded portion of the people of the United States cannot be desirous of war, and thus checking the nation's progress in the path of financial reform, there are numbers, and these the most noisy, the least reputable, and therefore the most politically influential, to whom a war holds out glittering prospects of loans, and of contracts, and other contingent advantages. Shoddy is bold and warlike, and in the United States Shoddy is king. At the same time we are told that their navy is far from being in a state of efficiency; whilst the Spaniards have some very fine iron-clads at their disposal, to whose number the expected surrender of Cartagena would add considerably. Of the ultimate issue of a war betwixt Spain and the United States, however, there can be little doubt. In a few months the Yankees would drive their adversaries off the face of the seas.

More immediate interest is taken in France in the Bazaine trial now pending, than in politics. Whether Marshal MacMahon will be able to preserve order in France is very doubtful; and yet the French have no other man betwixt them and Gambetta—that is to say the *Commune*.

It is thought highly probable that our new Dominion Ministry will soon appeal to the country, and that we are on the eve of a general election. The Legislature of the Province of Ontario will meet in the course of the month of January.

The St. John, N.B., *Freeman* is very confident that the Local Government has no reasons to expect, that, at the approaching general elections, they will command a majority by means of the School Question; on the contrary, says our contemporary, "the School Question will inevitably destroy them." He also expects that the City and County of St. John will pronounce against the present system, because of the difficulties therein arising. "To this day," he observes, "a very large portion of the school-tax of 1872 remains uncollected in the City; and as the school-taxes are now confounded with the other taxes, it will be found difficult to enforce payment of any taxes for 1873. Every year the opposition will spread more widely and grow more intense." This is cheering news, and encourages us to hope that by persevering in their dogged opposition to the present school system, the Catholics of New Brunswick may yet compel their oppressors to withdraw their unjust law. "We should much prefer to see justice done," says the *Freeman* in conclusion, "by the Local Government and Legislature, rather than through the intervention of the Dominion Parliament, or by the decision of the Judicial Committee. In either of the last two cases much ill-feeling may possibly be engendered." To which we may add that the

intervention of the Dominion Parliament with acts of the Provincial Legislature of New Brunswick, would give the death blow to the Federal element in our Constitution, and thus prove fatal to Provincial autonomy. Better, a hundred times better, a Legislative Union of all British North America at once, than a mock Confederation with its heavy expenses. These we cheerfully bear for the sake of the right of local self-government, or "Home Rule." But if "Home Rule" is to be but an unmeaning phrase; if, after all, the Dominion Parliament is to exercise lordship over the Provincial Legislatures, the sooner we cast off the burden of our local governments and legislatures, the better.

It is said that Mgr. McIntyre, of Charlottetown, P.E.I., who, together with the Rev. Mr. Macdonald, has lately been in communication with the Ministry at Ottawa on the subject of denominational schools, has been well received. It is to be hoped that the result of his Lordship's mission may prove satisfactory to the Catholics of P. E. Island; but—and this should be remembered—nothing less than the denominational system will satisfy.

By latest accounts from Spain and the United States, the excitement created by the *Virginus* affair was subsiding. There will be much talking, no doubt, but there will be no war.

There was a great Home Rule demonstration in Dublin on the 23rd inst. Sixty thousand persons are supposed to have taken part therein; but in spite of the large numbers assembled, everything passed off quietly.

The London press continues to take a lively interest in our Dominion politics, and the recent Ministerial changes. Mr. D'Israeli, during the Parliamentary recess, has taken up with the prophetic line of business, and in a speech at Glasgow, on the 21st inst., announced a great struggle in Europe, betwixt the spiritual and secular authorities as imminent, of which conflict he feared that the result would be anarchy. Mr. D'Israeli has in part made a good *debut* as a prophet; that such a struggle as he anticipates is imminent, nay, that it has already begun, is very clear to any one whose eyes can read the signs of the times. When it will terminate, no one knows; but that it will terminate, not in anarchy, but in the triumph of her against whom the gates of hell shall never prevail, is not doubtful to any Catholic.

It is announced by telegram that by the German authorities the explanations given by the French Government in regard to a late Pastoral of the Bishop of Nancy, are regarded as unsatisfactory. The Bishop in his Pastoral had exhorted his people to pray for the restoration of Metz and Strasbourg, and of such prayers Bismarck does not approve; prayer within certain limits, he is disposed to tolerate, but in the true spirit of modern liberalism, he insists that to the State belongs the right of dictating how and in what manner Catholics shall address themselves to their Father Who is in Heaven.

But in France he is not as yet as powerful as he is in Germany; so if he cannot dictate to Mgr. of Nancy, how, or for what object he shall address heaven, the unfortunate Archbishop of Posen is at hand, and on him—he, Bismarck, can wreak his vengeance. He has accordingly ordered the seizure by bailiffs, and confiscation of all the Archbishop's household furniture, and next step will, we suppose, be to shut up the refractory prelate in gaol. In such a contingency, no doubt, prayers for the liberation of the refractory Bishop such as were offered up by the Church for St. Peter's liberation when he fell into the hands of the Bismarcks of his day, will be strictly prohibited.

THE IRISH RACE, IN THE PAST AND PRESENT. By the Rev. Aug. J. Thebaud, S.J. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Montreal.

Nothing could have been more opportune than the appearance of this book, nor could we have desired a more thorough refutation of the open slanders, and covert insinuations with which Proude and others have of late years endeavored to blacken, or at least tarnish the fair fame of the Irish Race. Irishmen owe a debt of gratitude to the Rev. M. Thebaud for his efforts to do their country justice, and to vindicate the character of its people.

His thesis is that the Irish Celts were, of all the races inhabiting Europe before the coming of Christ, the least corrupted by the idolatries into which, with the exception of the Jews, the entire human race had fallen, and were therefore the best fitted to receive Christianity in its simplicity and integrity. Of this, the facility with which the new religion was introduced into Ireland by St. Patrick, the rapidity with which it spread, and the promptitude with which it was embraced when preached to them, are striking proofs. In one generation an entire people were converted to Christianity.

Secondly—That from their geographical position, isolated from the rest of Europe, the

Irish Race have hitherto enjoyed almost perfect immunity from those errors and heresies, social, philosophical, and religious, with which, more or less, all their neighbors have been infected. The tenacity with which the Irish in all ages, and under the most cruel and unrelenting persecutions, have clung to the faith introduced by St. Patrick, is not less remarkable, and unique in the history of mankind, than was the rapidity with which they embraced it when first proclaimed to them.

Such being the Past and the Present of the Irish Race, what will be its Future? In the divine economy, the Rev. M. Thebaud deems them to be God's Missionary people, destined to spread the true faith over the entire earth; and in whom the promise that Japhet shall dwell in the tents of Shem shall receive its ultimate and most glorious accomplishment. Already to a great extent has this promise of the patriarch to his children been realized. Japhet even now occupies the tents of Shem; Europe is asserting its dominion over all Asia, more especially in the case of England, whose Asiatic exceed her European subjects, and are now not far from two hundred millions. But whilst through their great material power two European countries England and Russia, are thus encroaching on the domain of Shem, there is a third whose people, though destitute of all human appliances, without army or navy at their command, are spreading over America and Asia, carrying with them, wherever they go, their strong fervent spirit of nationality, their ineradicable attachment to their old social customs, and traditions, and above all, their unquenchable zeal for, and devotion to, their Church. We transcribe below the passage from our author in which he develops his idea: "England," he says, "stands at the head of the Japhetic movement;" he then continues:

"Unfortunately, her first aim after acquiring wealth and securing her power is, to exclude the Roman Catholic Church as far as is practicable, from the benefit of the system, to oppose her whenever she would follow in the wake of her progress, and either to allow paganism, or Mahomedanism to continue in quiet possession wherever they exist, or to substitute for them as far as possible her Protestantism.

"After a few years the Irish Celt would show himself as active and industrious in his new country as oppression had made him indolent and careless on his own soil; the shanty would be replaced by a house worthy of a man; above all, the tumble dwelling which he first raised to his God would disappear, to make room for an edifice not altogether unworthy of divine majesty; at least far above the pretentious structures of the oppressors of his religion. The eyes of men would be again turned to the city built upon a mountain; and the character of universality instead of being wrested from the true Church, would become more resplendent than ever through the steadfast Irish Celt.

"Thus the spreading of the Gospel in distant regions would be accomplished without a navy of their own. As their ancestors did in pagan times, they would use the vessels of nations born for thrift and trade; the stately ships of 'the Egyptians,' would be used by the true 'people of God.'

"For them hath Stephenson perfected the steam engine, so as to enable vessels to undertake long voyages at sea without the necessary help of sails; for them Brunel and others had spent long years in planning and constructing novel Noah's arks capable of containing all clean and unclean animals; for them the Barings and other wealthy capitalists had embraced the five continents, and the isles of the ocean in their financial schemes; the Jews of England, Germany and France, the Rothschilds and Mendelssohns, had accumulated large amounts of money to lend to ship-building companies; for them, in fine, the long hidden gold deposits of California, Australia, and many other places, had been discovered, at the proper time to replenish the coffers of the godless, that they might undertake to furnish the means of transportation and settlement for the missionaries of God.

"The phenomenon is surely curious enough, universal enough, and sufficiently portentous in its consequences, to deserve a thorough inquiry into its causes, and the way in which it was brought about.

"It will be seen that it all came from the Irish having kept themselves aloof from the other branches of the great Japhetic race, in order to join in the movement at the right time and in their own way, constantly opposed to all the evil that is in it, but using it in the way Providence intended."—pp. 56, 57.

These extracts—we wish that the space at our command permitted us to extend them—will give some idea of the spirit and purport of the work. Much of it is of course the history of Ireland from the time of the earliest authentic records, to the present day; but it is, as become a Catholic priest, from a Catholic standpoint that the writer chiefly delights to study Ireland and her people.

In a word the book is a most interesting and most instructive, and we heartily recommend to all who wish to know something about Ireland and the Irish to study it. In the breasts of those who already know something of that much oppressed and much maligned country the study of P. Thebaud's work will increase the sympathy which all generous hearts must feel for a "Race" that has suffered so long and so severely. To those, and these we fear constitute the vast majority of the English speaking people, who know nothing of Ireland but what they have heard from the lips of her enemies, the work will be almost as a new revelation; and will explain many of those apparent inconsistencies and anomalies in Irish character upon which those enemies delight to insist, but the solution of which they either cannot, or will not give.

We take our leave then of the Rev. M. Thebaud with the expression of a sincere hope that his work may be extensively circulated, and carefully studied by all who wish to rise above

the level of a *Froude*. Exception to some of the views therein set forth may of course be taken; but it is impossible to rise from its perusal without the conviction that it is the work of an able and scrupulously honest historian who has carefully studied, and thoroughly mastered his subject. Of the manner in which the Messrs. Appleton & Co., have brought the work out, we can only speak in terms of the highest praise; it is worthy of that celebrated firm for the excellence of its type, and general beauty of execution.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All baptised persons actually are, or at some period of their existence have been, members of the Catholic Church. It is therefore the rankest humbug to speak of a convert from Protestantism to the Catholic Church as having abandoned the Church of his baptism.

There is, and can be but one baptism, as there is and can be but one Church; as the Creed says, "confiteor unum baptisma." By that baptism the recipient becomes a member of the one Catholic Church, a spiritual subject of the Pope; and should the baptized person die before the age of reason, or without having been guilty of actual sin, he or she dies in the peace of the Church, no matter what the religion of the parents, and is an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven. If, arrived at the age of reason, the baptized person knowingly and of free will renounces communion with the Church, and contracts any alliance with any of the sects, this does not absolve him or her from the allegiance due to the Pope: and of course should such baptised person seek reconciliation with the Church there is no necessity for a fresh baptism. Under no conceivable circumstances therefore can baptism be reiterated; and the Pope in claiming the German Emperor as one of his subjects—though a subject in revolt; as one from whom spiritual allegiance to the See of Peter is due—does but proclaim an old truth with which every Catholic child is, or should be familiar.

MORE SPLITTING.—Our readers may perhaps remember that, during the sessions of the Evangelical Alliance, at New York, a Protestant bishop, Dr. Cummins of Kentucky, took part in the proceedings, and also assisted at a celebration, or so called communion in which all manner of Protestants also took part. For so doing he was much censured; and the consequence is that he has left the older Episcopal sect to which he belonged, and is going to start a new Protestant sect, which he proposes naming himself.

In Ireland the schism threatens to be more serious. One of the first and most important reforms to which the Synod of the disestablished Protestant church had to apply itself was the revision of the Prayer Book, and to it it went with hearty good will, expunging one passage here, another there, in the hope of thereby purging it of Romanism. But this done it is found that some of the clergy will not accept this expurgated liturgy, and refuse to be bound by the decrees of the Synod. Dr. Leo of Dublin is at the head of this contumacious body; and if, as is probable, he be expelled, he will carry with him in his exodus a considerable body of the Irish Protestant clergy, who will of course proceed to set up another Protestant Episcopal church of Ireland for their own use.

What will the Anglicans say now that their own Head has actually communicated in a Presbyterian church, and at the hands of a Presbyterian minister? What will they do? is a question easy to answer; for they will cling on to the loaves and fishes of the Establishment till the last fragment thereof be consumed. But what will they say? how try to justify their position before the world; how continue to claim for their sect the name and character of Catholic?

For it seems from the reports in the public papers that the Supreme Head of the Church of England, when in Scotland, took part in a Presbyterian communion at Crathie, near Dundee, thus committing the very act for which Dr. Cummins of Kentucky has been so severely censured. Now of two things one. Either the act of worship in which the Head of the Anglican Church joined, was a valid, or else a sacrilegious act. If valid, then Episcopal ordination is not necessary to the valid administration of the Sacraments; and the sole *raison d'etre* for Anglican bishops no longer exists. If invalid, then was the Head of the Anglican Church guilty of sacrilege, in receiving a mock sacrament from the hands of one incompetent to administer validly, because not episcopally ordained. From this dilemma there is no possibility of escape.

A LIE NAILED.—Our readers may remember how at one of the meetings of the Evangelical Alliance a pretty story was told by one of the "men of God" present, and to the intense delight of the audience, to the effect that, the late martyred Archbishop of Paris sent for the Rev. Mr. Forbes, a Protestant minister to

prepare him for the death which stared him in the face. Dr. Forbes has taken the pains of writing to the London *Times* in contradiction of this interesting legend. The subjoined is the letter:—

"Sir,—Allow me to correct a mis-statement made by one of the speakers at the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance at New York, as quoted in the *Times* of the 23rd inst. It is stated that the late Archbishop of Paris, when condemned to death, 'sent for me to have a consultation with him.' What really did occur was as follows:—Being a member of the Lord Mayor's Committee for the relief of Paris after the siege, and the Archbishop being the same, I had occasion to visit him in prison, and took the opportunity of assuring him of our sympathy and prayers on his behalf. As we parted, he was pleased to say, 'Your visit has been a bright ray in my prison house, and if my head be left on my shoulders I hope it is not the last time we shall meet.' The next I saw of him was when I beheld his lifeless body lying in his palace.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, EDWARD FORBES, D.D. Paris, Oct. 24."

IT IS A POOR RULE THAT WON'T WORK BOTH WAYS.—Some of our Catholic contemporaries in the U. States are improving the occasion of the capture of the *Virginus*, by giving a little sound advice to the people of the U. States on international obligations. In fact, there is not one of these obligations which the U. States Government to-day insists upon, that during the war betwixt the Northern and Southern States, the government of the former did not openly repudiate. The laws that it lays down for others, it refuses to abide by, when they restrain its liberty of action.

The case of the *Virginus* for instance, in that she was captured on the high seas, certainly beyond the limits of Spanish jurisdiction, may, perhaps, be an outrage; but as its worst what is it compared with the outrage in the *Trent* affair. An outrage which the press and the people of the U. States gloried in, and for which they only made a grumbling sort of satisfaction at the cannon's mouth? What is it in comparison with the outrage on the rights of nations offered by a war-ship of the Northern States in the case of capturing a Confederate cruiser in Bahia harbor, and sinking her, accidentally of course, in order to shirk demands for her restoration. In fact the U. States, when engaged in hostilities never have consented to be bound by that international code, to which it to day appeals, but to which it has no right to appeal. The *Western Catholic* concludes an able article on the subject by the following very sensible remarks and forcible condemnation of the encouragement given by the U. States to filibustering expeditions against nations with whom they profess to be at peace:—

"Apply now the rule of doing to others as you would that others should do unto you. The people of the United States would think it very wrong for Spain to seek reparation for capturing and executing pirates. Other nations have rights which we are bound to respect. If we become lawless, lawlessness may be turned against us. We cannot afford to allow our citizens to violate the laws of nations, and then participate in their crime by taking their part when punished. Let filibustering be put an end to, and we will have none of these troubles. It is unworthy of a great nation to be the asylum of pirates. Law is one thing, feeling is another. Treaties are a portion of our Federal laws; we must uphold them."

We learn from the *Times'* Correspondent in the North of Spain, that desertions from the Republican army are frequent, and that "the Royalist army is being largely recruited from the enemy's lines."

The retort of the German Bishops to the charge of disloyalty urged against them in justification of the persecution to which they are now exposed, is unanswerable. "If we, or any of us have violated any law why have we not been prosecuted and brought to trial? but if we have been guilty of no act for which we can be indicted or tried, why are we branded as disloyal? why are we subjected to this penal code? To this no answer is possible. Had any individual Jesuit, had any one of the Catholic Bishops of Germany, been guilty of a single traitorous act, we may be sure that he would have been arrested and brought to trial; but hitherto though repeatedly challenged to cite a single traitorous or disloyal act committed by any of the authorities of the Church, the Imperial authorities have produced none. Not one specific charge has it dared to urge against those whom it persecutes.

It is true that since the passing of the Penal laws, the acts of the German Bishops are in open violation of the law as it stands. But what is the law? is it not one which all Protestants would disobey were it enacted that the Lords Lieutenants of the several counties should alone appoint the ministers to preach and officiate in the Methodist and Presbyterian chapels of their several counties; and that without the permission of the said officials no Presbyterian or Methodist minister should dare to baptise, to preach, to pray with, or for, any of his congregation we should have in England an exact counterpart of the laws now in force in Germany, and obedience to which the Catholic Bishops withhold; but would not the Presbyterian and Methodist ministers of England feel themselves justified in refusing, nay bound to refuse obedience to such laws? This is the sole offence this the sole act of disloyalty of which the Catholic prelates of Germany have been guilty.



WRITERS FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.  
SHORT SERMONS FOR SINCERE SOULS.  
No. 45.

**"THOU SHALT NOT COMMIT ADULTERY."**  
Immodest conversations and expressions are another grave source of impurity. The Apostle tells us that "faith comes by hearing. Now if faith, which is an assent of the mind to truths which we cannot comprehend, comes by hearing, how much more must the assent of impurity, which is already so deeply engrained in our souls by concupiscence, spring from impure conversations and words. Origen says, that those who speak good and holy things, do so because God opens their mouth and has placed his throne upon their tongues, according to his promise to Moses, "I will be in thy mouth (Exodus 4)," but that it is the devil, who opens the mouths of those who speak obscene things, for he has set up his throne therein. And can you doubt it, Christian soul? Assuredly an impure stream can only come from an impure fountain.

It is not necessary for me to point out to you, how common this disgraceful habit of obscene speaking is in the world. You yourselves know well, that in almost all the assemblies of men, in the tavern, in the workshop, on the streets, these lewd expressions are continually heard; whilst there is hardly an evening party assembled, but transgresses the rules of modesty in this respect. I do not say, that in all there is outspoken brazen obscenity. No, the devil is too crafty for that. Where open obscenity will do its work, there he uses it; but where open obscenity would shock, he bridle the tongue of the lewd speaker, and allows him only to speak by hints, innuendos, and by words, which shall suggest the obscenity, rather than express it. And what is the more to be regretted, is, that these young men and young women, who have taken part in these light conversations, will go home believing themselves as innocent as though they had spoken only on pious subjects, and will give no further thought about the evil they have caused, and the sin they have committed. And yet alas! Christian soul, who but God can ever know the extent of the evil they have caused? Had this young man, who with apparent carelessness uttered an obscene word, so as to suggest an impure idea, struck a gleaming knife deep into the bosom of one of the guests, you would have immediately recognised that he had committed a great crime. As you saw the life's blood oozing out of the wound; as you saw the failing strength, the pallid face, the death sweat on the brow, you would realize the full extent of his wickedness. When you saw the body stiffened in death, you would acknowledge that he who struck the blow was a murderer. But when that obscene word was spoken, it was worse, because more deadly than the gleaming knife; the moment it passed the lips it was more mortal than the murderous blow. The knife struck only the body; the obscene word struck the soul, and striking it, consigned it to hell for all eternity.

Without doubt, Christian soul, those who give themselves up to this habit of immodest conversations, or even of obscene expressions live in a continual state of sin. The tongue is the index of the mind, as well as of the body. The physician judges of the health of the body by the appearance of the tongue. When it is foul, he knows that the stomach is foul also; when it is black, he knows that a dangerous and deadly fever rages within. So also with the mind. When the tongue is foul with obscenity, we know that the mind is foul also; when the tongue is black with impure conversation, we know that the dangerous and deadly fever of impurity, is burning at the vitals of the mind. This is the universal teaching of the Church. St. Chrysostom says that the words are the mirror of the mind. "Such as is each one's heart, such will be his words." St. Bernard says the tongue is an evidence of the manners of the man, and the nature of his words reveal the interior of his soul, since the tongue speaks only from the prompting of the heart. The Holy Ghost had announced the same truth long before, almost in the same words. From the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.

But this rule, you say, admits of exceptions. There are many who lead a pure life, and yet are guilty of obscene language. It would be rash judgment to declare that all are guilty of impurity, who give way to impure conversations and expressions. It would be rash judgment, you say, to suppose so? And I say it would be rash judgment not to suppose so. Tell me I pray you, would it be rash judgment to say that this vessel which exhales such a fetid odour, is full of some fetid substance? No, certainly. On the contrary; it would indeed, be a rash judgment to say that it contained a sweet scented liquid. And so also with that mouth whence obscenity is ever welling up. It would be a rash judgment to suppose that the heart whence it speaks is aught else but corruption. No, Christian soul; when you hear a person who chooses for conversation only those things which shock modesty, and which are contrary to purity, you may

rest assured, not only that his heart is full of base thoughts, but that it is fuller even than any one but God can tell. But charity, you say, forbids that we should suppose that all those innumerable people who give themselves to obscene language are guilty of impurity. What matter, I answer, what charity forbids, if Truth obliges us to believe it so. Either it is so, or the Sacred Scriptures have failed, for they declare that from the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. What does that mean? If it means anything, it means that as the mouth is, so is the heart. How then can you excuse these people from sin? No, Christian soul, be assured of one thing; all immodest talkers are in a constant state of mortal sin; and if, by not corresponding with divine grace they make no effort to correct their sinful habit, they will undoubtedly burn for all eternity in the flames of hell.

All this may be very true, you say, if we hold these conversations in order to corrupt others; but we speak these things only as recreation or diversion; to enliven the conversation when it begins to flag; in a word we do it only in joke and to amuse. Christian soul! the child not unfrequently cries for his father's razor "to amuse." The maniac finds "recreation" in playing with a loaded gun. Are either excusable except on the score of ignorance and insanity? Your excuse may do for a Mahomedan, whose grovelling and impure heart can only picture to itself a heaven wherein all sensual pleasures are concentrated; but for a Christian soul governed by a holy and pure law, they are unworthy and disgraceful. When you are in the midst of your occupations one sings a "pleasant" song, another passes a light joke, another tells an immodest story; but in all this you have no intention but to divert and lighten the fatigue of the day. What then? words of double meaning, immodest stories, jokes of doubtful honesty are recreations for Christian workmen! You wish to lighten the burdens of the body; and you can do so, for sooth, only heightening the burdens of the soul. You must needs add another mortal sin to your soul's perhaps already overwhelming burden. Is there no amusement, I do not say in the sacred songs of the Church, or in Sacred history—but is there no amusement in anything else but in sin—in offending God—in sullying purity—in damning souls? Is there nothing to amuse a Christian but impious tales? If so, better far that you should go down to your grave without ever having laughed, than that you should go down laughing into hell; better far that you should live without amusement all your life, than that you should amuse yourself with games begun on earth and to be ended in hell.

The pains of the damned are increased according to the number of sins committed; the impure of conversation can seldom know the number of sins they are guilty of. Ordinarily speaking, they are guilty of as many sins as there are persons present to hear them with pleasure. The Apostle tells us that "evil speakings corrupt good manners." An impure jest may seem a thing of trivial importance; like an arrow flying from a bow, it appears as light as the air which bears it. But it flies on a deadly errand, for it seeks the enemy's breast. But the impure jest is more deadly still. The arrow is sent to wound the enemy. The impure jest brings death to the friend. The arrow can wound but one breast at a time. The impure jest may wound a thousand. The Sacred Scriptures speaking of the impure of tongue, says, "The venom of asps is upon their lips." Cleopatra wishing death, would die by the sting of asps. Death by this poison was reputed pleasant. The poison entered into the veins without pain; it brought with it even a sensation of pleasure, and the last sleep was upon the victim before he knew that he had been stung. Well then might the inspired writer liken the impure jest to the venom of asps. It glides into the ear without pain—it brings a sensation even of pleasure to our corrupt nature, and the sleep of eternal death is upon the victim, before he knows that he has been wounded. Christian soul; beware the venom of asps.

Mr. John Bright has been speaking at Birmingham. From the language which he used towards the Establishment it is pretty certain that he has in contemplation a plan of disestablishment. He was very severe upon the practise of simony which obtains in the Church of England, but is tolerated in no other religious body in the world; not amongst any of the other Protestant sects, not even in the Roman Catholic Church added Mr. Bright, by way of climax.

Tweed, commonly called "Boss Tweed," has been found guilty; and, better still, has been sentenced to twelve years in goal, and a fine of \$12,750.

Small-pox, says the Montreal Herald, still keeps its hold upon the City, and needs energetic action on the part of the civic authorities.

**BAZAAR.**  
The Ladies of St. Mary's Church, Williamstown, beg leave to inform their friends and the public generally, that they intend holding a Bazaar of useful and fancy articles, on Monday, the 5th of Jan., 1874, and the four following days of the week. The proceeds of the Bazaar will go to assist in building a Chapel at Lancaster. Contributions will be thankfully received by the undermentioned Ladies, and by the Parish Priest, the Rev. Father MacCarthy.  
Mrs. ANGUS TORN, Lancaster.  
Mrs. JAMES McPHERSON, "  
THE MISSES O'NEIL, "  
Mrs. Wm. McPHERSON, "  
Mrs. DUNCAN McDONALD, Williamstown.  
Mrs. WHITE, Lancaster.  
Mrs. DUNCAN McDONALD, Marliotown.  
Mrs. ARCH. FRASER, Fraserfield.  
Mrs. ALEX. SHANNON, 44 Ste. Famille St., Montreal.  
Williamstown, Oct. 27th, 1873.

**A GIGANTIC CUTTLE-FISH—SIXTY FEET IN LENGTH—THE KRAKEN OR DEVIL-FISH.**  
(From Corr. of Toronto Globe.)  
St. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, Nov. 12th, 1873.

All readers of Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea" will have a vivid recollection of his thrilling description of Gilliatt's combat with the Devil-fish, or Kraken of the ancient legends. A majority of readers of that romance regard this fish as a pure creation of the eminent writer's imagination, and never suspect that it has a counterpart in nature. Of course, all who have even a slight acquaintance with natural history are aware that there are such things as cuttle-fish, or as scientific men call them, Cephalopods, of considerable dimensions, and possessed of formidable weapons. Most naturalists, however, doubt or deny the existence of a gigantic species of cuttle-fish, having a body thirty or forty feet in length, and arms of corresponding size, regarding which rumours are occasionally prevalent as in the case of the Sea-serpent. Stories are told of such creatures having been seen in tropical seas, and of their having dragged ships under water by their huge tentacles; but no one believes that they are to be found in these colder latitudes. The appearance of a few days since of one of them, possessed of gigantic proportions, in one of our bays, about nine miles from St. John's wharf, therefore, awakened general interest, especially among naturalists. I must premise that I have been specially careful to verify every statement I am about to make, and the fortunate circumstance of obtaining possession of an arm of this monster furnishes proof incontrovertible not only of the reality of its appearance but also of its vast bulk. Now for our story of the Devil-fish.

**STRUGGLE WITH THE MONSTER—NARROW ESCAPE.**  
On the 27th of October last two fishermen were out in a small punt, off Portugal Cove in Conception Bay. When near the eastern end of Belle Isle they observed some object floating on the surface of the water, which they at first took to be a large sail or portion of a wreck. Having rowed close to it, one of the men struck it with his boat hook, when suddenly the mass became animated and put itself in motion. From amid the folds a huge parrot-like beak, "as large," they declare, "as a six gallon keg," reared itself and a pair of ghastly green eyes, staring and prominent, gazed on the terror-stricken men with an expression of the most intense ferocity. The beak struck the bottom of the two vessels; and suddenly, from around the head, two arms of corpse-like fleshiness, darted out and began winding themselves round the boat, and encircling it in their livid folds. A moment more and the boat would have been dragged beneath the waves, and the unfortunate men would have been brought within reach of the terrible beak and torn to pieces. But before the suckers with which the arms are furnished had closed with their deadly grip, one of the men seized a tomahawk which was fortunately at hand, and severed both arms as they lay over the gunwale of the boat. This unexpected surgical operation seems to have struck terror into the monster, for it immediately ejected an immense quantity of inky fluid, which darkened the water for two or three hundred yards, and moved off from the boat. The men saw it for a few minutes after, with its tail out of the water, which they declare to have been ten feet across. The body they estimate to have been sixty feet in length and five feet in diameter, or fifteen feet in girth. As the occurrence took place in broad daylight, and the men were close to the creature and had every opportunity of observing it before they were alarmed, I am inclined to place implicit reliance upon their statement; more especially as their estimate of its enormous dimensions is corroborated by the size of the arms, which they brought ashore as trophies to their boat.

**SIZE AND APPEARANCE OF THE AMPUTATED ARM.**  
The men were ignorant of the importance of their prize, and I regret to say that one of the arms was destroyed or lost. I am assured however, by the clergyman of the settlement that it was ten inches in diameter, and that the portion cut off was about six feet in length. The other longer arm they brought to St. John's, but not before six feet of it was destroyed. This portion has been carefully examined by myself and Mr. Alex. Murray, M. P. G. S. of our able geological surveyor and after getting it photographed, we placed it in our museum. It measures nineteen feet, and is but three inches in circumference. Its color is a pale pink. It is entirely cartilaginous, pliable and tough as leather, and almost as strong as steel. Towards the extremity it broadens out like an ear, and is there upwards of six inches in circumference, thence tapers to a pretty due point. This extremity, for about two feet is covered with suckers, which diminish in size towards the point. The cluster at the extreme end numbers about seventy suckers, some of them very small, and all having round, thin, margin fine sharp teeth. A membrane is stretched across each which could be drawn back at the will of the animal, thus creating a vacuum, and causing the sharp, denticulated edges of the disc to press against the skin of the victim, and even to sink into the flesh. The force with which these suckers cling is very great, being equal to the weight of the water that is above them, added to the weight of the atmosphere. Next to this mass of small suckers come two rows of very large suckers, twenty-four in number, each having a membranous disc an inch and a quarter in diameter, with a circular aperture in the centre. A cone-shaped mass of flesh fills this aperture, like a piston capable of being drawn backward; and the membranous disc itself can also be drawn in, thus greatly increasing the adhesive power. The edges of these large suckers are not denticulated, but consist of a firm, fleshy cartilaginous ring. This cluster of powerful suckers is succeeded by a second of smaller ones, similar to the first group, and having also denticulated edges. They number about fifty. The remainder of the arm has about forty small suckers distributed along its under surface at short distances, and also about the same number of little rounded postules having no visible opening. The whole number of suckers on the under surface of the arm is about 180. The original length of this arm must have been thirty-five feet.

**THE BODY OF THE MONSTER.**  
The size of the body, as estimated by the fishermen, was sixty feet in length and fifteen feet in girth with a tail not less than ten feet across. This statement may be reckoned by some an exaggeration; but to work such arms an enormous central mass would be requisite. Besides, cuttles almost as large have been cast on our shores at various times. The Rev. A. E. Gabriel, of Portugal Cove, informs me that, during the winter of 1870, two cuttle fish were

cast ashore at Lamaline, the bodies of which measured forty-seven feet respectively, so that there is nothing incredible in the fishermen's tale. These cuttles have eight arms, two of them being much smaller in circumference than the others, but very much longer. It is evidently a portion of one of these longer arms which we possess. By naturalists, I should think, it will be regarded as of great importance, as establishing the existence of these gigantic cuttles. "I am not aware that any specimen or portion of a specimen of these aristocrats of their race has ever been previously secured. I may mention that the fishermen describe this monster as being of the same shape and colour as the common squid, and as moving backward in the same way through the water."

**HOW THE DEVIL-FISH GOES TO WORK.**  
It is difficult to conceive of a more horrible fate than to be engulfed in those cold, clammy arms, which grasp with a death like tenacity, and glide with almost lightning speed round and round the victim lashing themselves to his flesh by the suckers, which seem to sink in and drink the very blood. No wonder Victor Hugo named it "the sea vampire," describing it as "a glutinous mass endowed with a malignant will." Such is the wonderful devil fish, surely the most wonderful of all the monsters of the deep.—Abridged.

We regret to have to inform our subscribers in Antigonish that they will be unable to receive the True Witness before MONDAY in each week, owing to their being no night-train from Bangor to St. John. We hope this will be remedied before long.  
Mr. P Lynch of Escott has kindly consented to act as Agent for the True Witness, for the following places:—Escott, Lansdown, Mallorytown, Caintown, Farmersville, Charleston and Ganaquoie. Mr. Lynch will, from time to time, visit those several places in the interest of the True Witness, and we bespeak for him, from our friends there, a hearty reception.

**SANITARY.**—The Board of Health met on Wednesday afternoon, and resolved that a small-pox hospital, in view of the rapid spread of small-pox, should be erected with the least possible delay from the appropriation set apart for this purpose; a site was mentioned but it is not made public, lest, it is said, opposition to the locality might be aroused. The Health Officers were instructed to convene a meeting of the public vaccinators as soon as possible, to confer with and make known to them the wishes of the Board, and to give such instructions as they might deem proper with reference to vaccination; also to confer with heads of establishments with the intention of having their employees vaccinated. The Governors of the General Hospital are willing to erect a temporary hospital for small-pox patients, and it is proposed that while other measures are being taken, a temporary building for this purpose be provided, to be exclusively under the control of the Health Officers.

**REFUGIUM.**—A correspondent writes us to complain of an act of rufianism on the part of some of the young fellows attending the lectures at the McGill College Medical School. The latest effort in this direction is for a couple of them to stretch a cord across the street, in such a way as to trip the passers by, and with the cowardice which is the true characteristic of an accomplished blackguard, they make young ladies the objects of their games. On Monday evening a young lady walking down University street was thus tripped; and having fallen the heartless rascals added insult by gathering about her and in the coarsest language offering assistance. The authorities would do a wise thing to place a policeman on the track of these young scamps, who forget that medical students, as students of any kind should be gentlemen, and conduct themselves as such. A few weeks at hard labour in the common jail would give the culprits time for reflection, and serve as an example in deterring others from following their footsteps.—Montreal Gazette.

**THE PRESENT LABOUR CRISIS IN THE UNITED STATES.**—Speaking of the unfortunate state of affairs now prevalent across the line, one of our contemporaries says:—"The return of a thousand labourers to their homes in Germany and elsewhere, during the last twelve days, in consequence of their inability to obtain work in New York and the neighbouring cities is not to be considered an evil. It would be better for us to have them leave our shores than that they should linger in our cities out of work, and perhaps be a burden on charity. The mistake too many of such emigrants make is in settling in the great centres of population, instead of making homes for themselves in the farming regions of the West. There are always likely to be periods of reaction in the movements of immigrants, but with the return of business to its old channels, there can be little doubt that we shall have labourers enough for all purposes, and that those who remain will profit by the departure of their brethren for Fatherland, which looks brighter in anticipation than in reality." So far as the remarks relating to the mistakes of immigrants in choosing the large towns as places of settlement are concerned, they will apply to Canada with almost as much force as elsewhere. At present it is not so much the skilled artisan that we require, but the man who has pluck enough, and who has strength enough to go into our forests and hoe out for himself a homestead there, to plant the seeds of his own future prosperity, and that of his posterity.—Mont. Herald.

Toronto, Nov. 19.—The marriage of Beatrice, second daughter of Lieutenant-Governor Crawford, to W. Watson, of the Royal Canadian Bank, took place this morning in the Catholic Cathedral. The Bishop of London performed the ceremony, assisted by the Rev. Father Jamet and Archdeacon Northgrave.

**A TAVERN KEEPER'S KINDNESS.**—An instance of the amount of sympathy and love a tavern-keeper has towards a customer after the poor idiot becomes drunk, occurred Tuesday night about ten minutes past twelve o'clock on Queen-street, near Berkeley, when a helpless drunken man was thrown violently out of a tavern on to the sidewalk, where he was left to lay until he got sufficiently sober to crawl home. This is only one of many instances which continually occurring of how tavern-keepers discern their love towards the helpless victims of whiskey poison. The newly formed Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals might intercede perhaps to prevent the man brute from being ill-used.—Globe.

**REMITTANCES RECEIVED.**  
Barrie, J. K. \$4; St. Pierre de Durham, Rev. H. A. 2; Granby, M. G. 2; Chestow J. C. 2; Fort Lewis, J. F. 1.50; St. John, N. B. W. C. 2; Sandwich Rev. F. M. 2; Prospect, T. L. 2.50; Hamilton, H. L. B. 2.50; Cow Bay, N. S. A. C. 2.50; Norwood, Mrs. M. S. 2; Annapolis, P. O. L. 2; Cote St. Andrews, A. R. McD. 2; St. Sophia, Rev. F. P. 4; St. Eloi, Rev. J. B. 2; Almonte, P. R. 2; Kingston, J. R. 2; Hamilton, N. J. F. 2; Woodville, J. K. G. 2; Upergrove, T. H. 2; Huntingville, J. McC. 2; Notre Dame de Levis, Rev. A. V. 2; Naticoke, E. O'N. 2; St. Sophia, E. C. 3; Burdett's Rapids, T. B. 1; Mabou, N. S. Rev. J. K. McD. 2; Selwyn, T. H. 2; St. George de Windsor, Rev. G. V. 2; Gilford, M. O. S. 1.25; Chestow, J. F. 4; La-desomption, H. McM. 2; Woodstock, M. E. 2; Stockton, Cal. C. L. 3.75; J. McD. 3.75; Lochgarry, Mrs. C. McD. 1; Port Lewis, J. McD. 1.50; Cornwall, D. McD. 2; Niagara, P. C. 2; St. Hyacinthe, M. H. 2; Leeds, J. D. 2.  
Per Rev. M. M. Marville—Self, 2; J. H. 2.  
Per E. Mcg, Danville—Lowiston, Me., Miss R. K. 1.25.  
Per P. H. Osceola—B. O.

Per Rev. D. F. F., Grenville—Self, 1; Ottawa, Rev. W. H. S. 1.  
Per D. O'S, Picton—A. S. 2.  
Per Rev. H. B. Trenton—Coddington, T. H. 2.  
Per W. G. Cornwall—St. Andrews, F. McE. 2.  
Per M. D. Onslow—Self, 2; J. M. 2.  
Per D. McL, Montreal—Flinty Glen, P. N. I, P. H. 1; Baldwin's Road, F. O. 2.  
Per W. J. McD, Newbury—Self, 1; Hawkesbury Mills, A. McD. 2.  
Per J. C. H. Read—T. C. 2; D. R. 1; D. B. 1.  
Per P. G. N., Perth—Harper's Corners, J. H. 1.  
Per P. L., Escott—Ganaquoie, Rev. C. H. G. 1.50; J. P. H. 1.50; T. McM. 2; C. T. 1.50; F. McD. 1.50; J. C. 1.50; M. O. C. 1.50; L. B. 1.50; M. McD. 1.50; South Lake, J. F. 1.50; F. O. B. 1.50; Lansdown, F. R. 1.50; D. McD. 1.50; Warburton, B. McE. 1.50.

**BIRTH.**  
In this city, on the 24th inst., the wife of Edward Murphy, Esq., St. Catherine Street West, of a daughter.

**MARRIED.**  
At Brockville, on the 11th inst., by the Rev. J. O'Brien, Mr. Thomas Quinn, of Ganaquoie, to Cecilia, third daughter of Mr. John S. Fraser, and sister of Mr. C. F. Fraser, M.P.P.

**MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.**  
Flour # of 196 lb.—Pollards... \$3.50 @ \$4.00  
Superior Extra... 6.45 @ 6.45  
Extra... 0.00 @ 6.00  
Fancy... 0.00 @ 0.00  
Wheat, per bushel of 60 lbs... 0.69 @ 0.00  
Supers from Western Wheat [W. Land Canal]... 0.60 @ 0.60  
Supers City Brands [Western wheat]  
Fresh Ground... 0.00 @ 0.00  
Canada Supers, No. 2... 0.00 @ 0.00  
Western States, No. 2... 0.00 @ 0.00  
Fine... 5.00 @ 5.00  
Fresh Supers, (Western wheat)... 0.00 @ 0.00  
Ordinary Supers, (Canada wheat)... 0.00 @ 0.00  
Strong Bakers'... 5.90 @ 0.30  
Middlings... 4.50 @ 4.60  
U. C. bag flour, per 100 lbs... 2.75 @ 2.80  
City bags, (delivered)... 3.95 @ 3.95  
Barley, per bushel of 48 lbs... 0.90 @ 0.90  
Lard, per lbs... 0.16 @ 0.10  
Cheese, per lbs... 0.11 @ 0.11  
do do do Finest now... 0.11 @ 0.12  
Oats, per bushel of 33 lbs... 0.37 @ 0.38  
Oatmeal, per bushel of 200 lbs... 4.75 @ 5.00  
Corn, per bushel of 56 lbs... 0.00 @ 0.00  
Pense, per bushel of 66 lbs... 0.72 @ 0.74  
Pork—Old Meas... 00.90 @ 17.50  
New Canada Meas... 18.00 @ 00.00

**TORONTO FARMERS' MARKET.**  
Wheat, fall, per bush... \$1.13 1 20  
do spring do... 1 10 1 11  
Barley do... 1 11 1 14  
Oats do... 0 44 0 44  
Peas do... 0 57 0 59  
Rye do... 0 70 0 70  
Dressed hogs per 100 lbs... 5 50 6 00  
Beef, hind-qrs per lb... 0 04 0 05  
" fore-quarters " 0 02 0 04  
Mutton, by carcass, per lb... 0 05 0 06  
" (chickens, per pair... 0 25 0 06  
Ducks, per brace... 0 40 0 40  
Geese, each... 0 40 0 40  
" Turkeys... 0 40 0 40  
Potatoes, per bush... 0 50 0 60  
Butter, lb. rolls... 0 40 0 50  
" large rolls... 0 28 0 39  
" tub dairy... 0 23 0 25  
Eggs, fresh, per doz... 0 20 0 22  
" packed... 0 18 0 20  
Apples, per bush... 2 50 3 00  
Carrots do... 0 55 0 60  
Beets do... 0 60 0 75  
Parsnips do... 0 60 0 70  
Turnips, per bush... 0 30 0 40  
Cabbage, per doz... 0 50 0 60  
Onions, per bush... 1 00 1 50  
Hay... 21 00 27 00  
Straw... 15 00 20 00

**KINGSTON MARKETS.**  
Flour—XXX retail \$3.50 per barrel or \$1.50 per 100 lbs. Family Flour \$3.25 per 100 lbs, and Fancy \$3.50.  
GRAIN—nominal; Rye 65c. Barley \$1.00. Wheat \$1.00 to \$1.10. Peas 67c. Oats 40c to 45c.  
BUTTER—Ordinary fresh by the tub or crock sells at 22c to 24c per lb.; print selling on market at 23 to 25c. Eggs are selling at 20 to 25c. Cheese worth 10 to 11c; in stores 13c.  
MEAT—Beef, gross \$3.00 to 3.75; grain fed, none in Market; Pork \$5.00 to 6.50; Mess Pork \$19 to \$19.50; Mutton from 5 to 6c. Veal, none. Hams—sugar-cured, 16 to 17c. Lamb 6 to 6c. Bacon 12 to 14c.  
POULTRY—Turkeys from 50c to \$0.80. Fowls per pair 35 to 50c. Chickens 0 to 0c.  
Hay steady, \$18 to \$22.00. Straw \$5.00, to \$8.00.

**WANTED.**  
By a Lady, a situation as Organist, either in the city or in a country town is also capable, and would desire to have charge of the Altar, Altar-Litane, Vestments, Decorations, &c. For all of which a very moderate salary would be accepted.—The very best of references given.  
Address—Box 47,  
5in-15 Kingston, Ont.

**THE SCHOOL COMMISSION OF THE MUNICIPALITY OF ST. HENRY, COUNTY OF HOCHELAGA,** will apply to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next Session, for a Bill authorising them to levy a special tax, for the building of a model School.  
L. A. DESROBLES, Secretary-Treasurer.  
St. Henry, 8th November, 1873. 5in-15

**PUBLIC NOTICE.**  
It is hereby given that application shall be made to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at their next Session, for an act incorporating a Navigation Company under the name of "THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE NAVIGATION COMPANY." (N. V. DU MONTEIL, Secretary.)  
St. Jerome November 20, 1873. 4in 15

**INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.**  
IN THE Matter of HONORE MARI (BR, Insolvent.  
A dividend sheet has been prepared, upon to be presented until the 8th day of December, next, after which dividend will be paid.  
G. H. DUMESNIL, Assignee.  
MONTREAL, 24th November, 1873. 5313 Rue Craig. 4in 15

**INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.**  
IN THE Matter of JEAN BR. LEPINE, Insolvent.  
I the Undersigned, GEORGES HYACINTHE DUMESNIL, of the City of Montreal, have been appointed assignee in this matter.  
Creditors are requested to file their claims, before me within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at my office No. 5313 Craig street on the 27th day of December, next, at 3 o'clock P.M., for the examination of the Insolvency and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally.  
The Insolvent is hereby notified to attend said meeting.  
G. H. DUMESNIL, Official Assignee.  
Montreal, 25th November 1873. 15-2



FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, NOV. 19.—In the Assembly to-day the debate was continued on General Changarnier's motion for an unconditional prolongation of President MacMahon's power.

Mr. Rouher moved that the question be referred to a plebiscite, and advocated his motion in a speech to which he hinted that Providence might in time restore the Bonapartists to power.

PARIS, NOV. 20.—Immediately after adjournment of the Assembly last night, the members of the Cabinet waited upon President MacMahon and tendered their resignations. He refused to accept them and begged the Ministers to retain their offices until the new Cabinet is formed.

PARIS, NOV. 20.—The majority of the members of the Diplomatic corps have tendered congratulations to President MacMahon on the prolongation of his term of office.

The Ministers have consented to remain in office until the interpellation concerning the delayed elections is considered and disposed of by the Assembly.

Nov. 20.—A Paris mid-night despatch says:—At a tumultuous session of the Assembly to-night, M. Depayne, a member of the Right, moved an amendment to the report of the Committee on Prolongation providing that President MacMahon's powers be prolonged for seven years independently of the adoption of the constitutional bill. MM. Labortaye, Grey, and others opposed the amendment, but it was adopted by a majority of 66. A motion was then made on the part of the Right that a committee of 30 be appointed to report on the constitutional bill. Carried by a majority of 63 votes. There is much excitement in Paris over the result.

THE BAZAINE TRIAL.—PARIS, NOV. 21.—M. Gabetta and Jules Favre appeared as witnesses to-day in the Bazaïne trial. There was a crowded audience, and the testimony was listened to with the deepest attention. M. Favre gave an account of his interviews with Bismarck, and declared that the latter told him that he had reason to believe that Marshal Bazaïne would not recognize the government of September. The statement caused a profound sensation in the Court room.

ALSACE-LORRAINE.—The Alsatian correspondent of a French contemporary says that one thing which is very remarkable just now in the unanimity with which the Radical and Prussian journal published in Alsace-Lorraine, heap every outrage on the Holy Father and on the Count de Chambord, while they glorify M. Thiers and salute the progress of the "democratic republic." "War to the Church!" that is the mot d'ordre which joins in fellowship the bands of the Protestant Radical, and the Prussian anti-Catholic. "Perish France, as long as Rome craves to ruin along with it!" is the common programme. The (Freemason) lodges of Alsace are enrolled with those of France and of the rest of Europe in the army of Bismarck, destined for the forthcoming general struggle between the Revolution and the Church.

THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY OF FRANCE.—The National Assembly was elected on the 8th of February, 1871, during the three weeks' armistice granted by the Germans. Its mission was to appoint a regular Government in lieu of that which had sprung from the revolution of the 4th of September, 1870, and to ratify the Treaty of Peace which the new Government would conclude with the invading armies. It was so generally understood that the Assembly would be merely provisional and would exercise no constituent powers that the electoral committees formed in each Department were composed by agreement of men representing all shades of opinion; and the lists of candidates which these committees drew up included, on the same principle, men who were influential in their Departments as landowners, manufacturers, or merchants, or who were distinguished for their achievements in arms, science, or letters. Politics were so little regarded that some of the lists were purposely arranged so as to comprise candidates at the utmost variance on questions of faith; and it may be remarked that these lists were the most successful, many electors voting contentedly for a free-thinker and a cleric, a Protectionist and a Free-trader, a general and an author, all together. The voting did not take place by circumscriptions, as under the Empire, but by *scrutin de liste*—that is, every elector voted for as many candidates as his Department had members to elect, the least number being six, and the greatest, which was in the Seine department, 43. The result of this election was the return of 750 names, but many members had been elected in several Departments (M. Thiers, for instance, in 24), so that the actual number of Deputies was only 572. This total was further lessened by the annulling of eight elections, and, after the peace had been voted at Bordeaux by the renouveau of 22 members, mostly Radicals like MM. Henri Rochefort, Milliere, and Desleuzes, who contended that the Assembly had fulfilled its task, and that the country should be appealed to again on distinct political issues. M. Thiers was then quite opposed to this view, and so were all the Moderate Republicans. The Assembly accordingly adjourned to Versailles, and legislated there throughout the Commune, a few deaths occurring in the meanwhile and reducing the number of Deputies to 636. The parties then stood as follows:—210 Legitimists, 10 Bonapartists, 60 Orleanists, 226 Republicans of all colours, and 130 Centrists, who called themselves Liberal Conservatives, and were supposed to lean towards Orleanism, though they voted systematically behind M. Thiers. Many party divisions took place, but the Centrists oscillated now to one side and now to the other at M. Thiers's beck, so that the strength of the extreme factions was neutralized, and there was no telling with any accuracy whether the majority of the Chamber was monarchical. This state of things continued till the elections of the 2d of July, 1871. There were then 114 vacancies to be filled up, and the horrors of the Commune were so fresh in men's minds that it was calculated a powerful anti-Republican majority would be returned. But M. Thiers had already expressed the opinion that a Conservative Republic was the most desirable form of Government, and, to the disgust of the Monarchists, the electors returned 53 Moderate Republicans and 55 Radicals—that is 88 Republicans—as against 26 professed Conservatives, but one who declared himself a Legitimist, the others being for the most part Centrists of the Orleanist type. These elections caused a great panic among the Monarchists, and about 40 of the original Centrists in the Chamber pronounced openly for Constitutional Royalism, "being dismayed," as they publicly expressed it, "that the country should have the blindness to elect 35 Radicals while the ruins of Paris were still smouldering." No further elections were held for six months after this, but on the 9th of January, 1872, 17 seats having to be filled, the constituencies returned 12 Republicans of various shades, two Bonapartists, two Constitutional Monarchists, and one Liberal Conservative Centrist. These elections were signalized by the defeat of M. Victor Hugo, the Radical candidate for Paris, by M. Vautrain, Moderate Republican, and they strengthened the Thiersist ranks while increasing the consternation of the Monarchists, who this time commenced an organized agitation in the Provinces by means of pamphlets and gratis newspapers. But this did little good, for the 14 elections held in February, June, and October, 1872, showed the Republican idea to be steadily gaining in popularity, the returns being 10 Republicans to one Legitimist, two Bonapartists, and one Orleanist. The next elections were those of the 27th of April in the present year, and they included the famous "election Barodet" in Paris. There were eight seats vacant, and the re-

turns were seven Republicans, mostly Radical, to one Legitimist; on the 11th of May five more elections were held, resulting in the triumph of four Radicals and one Bonapartist; and this acted like a trumpet call on the Monarchists, who coalesced, overthrew M. Thiers, and established an anti-Republican Ministry—with what result, however, was seen by the 12th of October elections, which added four new members to the Republican party. There are now thirteen seats vacant, and the reluctance of the Ministry to issue the writs proves small confidence in the probability of Royalist victories. But if we look simply to the 151 elections held since February, 1871, without speculating on elections to come, we get the following statistics:—Moderate Republicans, 64; Radicals 52—total Republican returns, 114. Conservative Centrists, 20; Constitutional Monarchists, 7; Bonapartists, 5; Legitimists, 3. That is,—deducting the Bonapartists and reckoning the 20 Conservatives to the Fusionist ranks—114 Republicans to 32 Royalists.—*Pal. Mall Gazette.*

SPAIN.

BRITISH MEDIATION.—MADRID, November 21.—The *Politica* newspaper says that in consequence of steps taken by Mr. Layard, British Minister, Gen. Sickles has suspended the preparations which had been making for his departure from Madrid.

REMONS OF SERRANDEZA.—It is rumored that the insurgents of Cartagena intend to surrender. This would release the vessels now in their possession, and render the whole iron-clad fleet available in the event of trouble with the United States.

BOYONNE, NOV. 21.—Don Alphonso, brother of Don Carlos, has been appointed Generalissimo of the Carlist forces.

400 Republicans are reported killed or captured by the Carlists.

THE CARLISTS.—The special correspondent of the *Standard* writes from Estella—All the grandees of Spain or their representatives—that is, those of the class who are faithful to Carlism—were in Estella. All we want is the presence of a few dimes of high degree to make up a very respectable little court.

As far as I can make out, after inquiries on every side, and much cogitation of my own, the intention is to occupy the line of the Ebro as winter quarters (always if the Republicans allow it), and go on with drill and organization so as to be able to cross the river with a well-armed and well-disciplined force of thirty thousand men, provided with cavalry and artillery, by the month of April. It is clearly impossible to pass the Ebro and try adventures on the plains while we have to send back to Vera, four days' march from this, for artillery munitions, or to wait for the safe disembarkation of cartridges on the coast of Biscay. Pamplona, or some other strong place, must be Carlism before the Royal army can dare to trust itself into Castille. The base of operations must be nearer than the sea or the frontier of France. Yet it is only proper to add that many experienced officers are of opinion that an army of 30,000 could advance disregarding strong places behind it; Madrid once in the hands of Don Carlos, these strong places would fall by the easy process of pronouncements of their garrisons, who would argue "We are isolated; if we do not at once go with the rest of Spain we shall be left out in the cold the day the distribution of rewards comes." There is sound reason in that view of the matter, it must be admitted; still it is hazardous to leave enemies on the flank and in the rear when one sets out on a doubtful enterprise.

The report which has been freely circulated in some newspapers to the effect that a foreign legion is being formed for Don Carlos has no foundation whatever. Nothing would be so likely to prejudice the Royalist cause as the formation of such a corps. The Carlism peasantry have not yet forgotten the English Legion of the last war, and the other day, when a friend of mine inquired of an aged swineherd which he hated most, England or France, the reply was, "I would stick an Englishman for an onion, but I would pay an onion to have the chance of killing a Frenchman." While these old feelings of rancour still linger in the minds of the lower orders, it would be destruction to the hopes of the King's party if an attempt were made to organize a force of men recruited in other countries; and as Don Carlos remarked with much truth at Durango, "What I require is not men, but arms."

ITALY.

The Pope yesterday (19th inst.) addressed the foreign students who were leaving Rome for their homes in consequence of the suppression of the religious houses to which they belonged. He warned the Americans of the excessive liberty they would find in their own country; at the same time contrasting favorably the non-intervention of the United States Government with the persecutions of the German.

The expulsion of the Company of Jesus from the Generalate, the Roman College, and the Basilica of San Vitale and Sant' Andrea, is an accomplished fact, and is only the prelude to a severer measure, that of the banishment of the fathers from the Italian Kingdom after the example and at the instigation of Prussia.

His Holiness has ordered an energetic protest to be entered against the occupation of the Roman Observatory. The instruments, books, and furniture used there by Padre Secchi were paid for out of the private purse of the Pope.

The Holy Father on hearing of the occupation of the Roman College, was greatly affected, and said: "It has been said that I am the lightning-conductor of the City of Rome, but there is no iniquity which the enemies of God and man have not accomplished, and my presence here has no influence to prevent the execution of all their criminal projects." It is certain that the object of Prussia and Italy is to oblige the Pope to leave Rome, and that M. de Bismarck has tried to assure the refusal of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet of the island of Malta. Happily, France will shortly be open to the Holy Father's choice, and if events continue on the present footing, it will soon be impossible for him to remain. A republic in Italy is a mere question of time, and a Roman Commune would render the Pope and the Sacred College the hostages of the revolution. France and Spain restored to their legitimate sovereigns, would be either of them a fitting asylum for the Pope in exile, if contrary to his hope and belief, the trials of the Church are prolonged beyond the present year.

PETER'S PENCE.—The *Unita Cattolica* publishes the following statistics of Peter's Pence from 1861 to 1868. 1861, 14,184,000 francs; 1862, 9,402,000 do.; 1863, 7,047,000 do.; 1864, 5,332,000 do.; 1865, 6,445,000 do.; 1866, 5,939,000 do.; 1867, 11,812,000 do.; 1868, 11,000,000 do. Total in eight years 71,161,000 francs. The reader will notice the fluctuation from 1862 to 1867, and remember that the period between these two dates is that when it was universally believed that Italy would abandon Rome and that the Papacy was safe. In 1867 this belief was dissipated, and the amount of the subscriptions increased immediately in consequence. In ten years the amount paid to the Papacy in Peter's Pence has reached the enormous sum of 271,175,000 francs. But since 1870 the increase has been much greater than previous, and the 271,175,000 in all probability now reaches 400,000,000. Is not this a noble answer to our enemies? Has Garibaldi ever been able to show such a subscription list, or indeed any one else? No; the Italian kingdom might be on the eve (as it is) of bankruptcy to-morrow for want of funds, and still not a cent will be sent in to fill its coffers, notwithstanding all the efforts of its noisy friends and admirers.

We will take a description of Sicily given recently by an Italian newspaper, the *Riforma*, which is certainly not a clerical organ. "The information which reaches us—so says the radical journal—from the province of Palermo is extremely alarming.

There is nothing talked of but thefts, robberies, assaults, persons carried away by brigands, assassinations boldly committed in full noonday, in frequented localities and before the eyes of a people who are terrified by the audacity of the manufacturers and stupefied by the impotence of the public authorities to protect the property, life or honour of the citizens. The rich refuse to risk their capital and withdraw it from commerce and from agriculture, the chief source of the wealth of the island. Business is at a stand-still, and from this stagnation of affairs spring new causes of misery for the poorer classes, and new occasions of crimes, disorders, and demoralization. The moral sense becomes lost even in the case of the better classes, the men of order, who should be devoted more than others to the discharge of their duties towards the law which is intended for their protection. The withdrawal of the purer or less wicked portion of the community from all useful interference or assistance in measures for the preservation of order, leaves the authorities altogether in a state of isolation. Before this abandonment the authorities were impotent, but after it their impotence is extreme. These rulers—strangers to the country, or in some cases natives—are surrounded by a desert which widens every step that they advance, and they are forced to reckon only on their own personal resources. How then can they be expected to follow up the traces of crime and where can they obtain the light necessary to enable them to discover, arrest, and convict the guilty? They treat with nobody and nobody treats with them. People fly from them as from the plague. Everyone is aware that many suspicious eyes are watching the movements and noting the footsteps of the unfortunate man who goes near the authorities. And all know by constant experience that certain suspicions entertained in certain breasts are equivalent to a sentence of death. We have said that all persons fly from the authorities, and this is true concerning the people who are honest and well intentioned. But the other hand, the magistrates are surrounded by people of a different class, gentlemen who were groves, and who at their ease concoct, organize, and plan great enterprises of crime, entrusting the execution to ruffians of the lower order. The gentleman-plotters obtain the bulk of the plunder, leaving the mere rags and remnants to the actual perpetrators, and are in return bound to protect their base tools by putting out of the way troublesome witnesses and removing proofs of guilt. For this purpose they stand at the elbows of the authorities, political and judicial, in order to lead them astray, assuming, when necessary, the mask of zeal for justice and a disinterested desire to assist in restoring order. From the lowest carabineer to the chief of the prefects, and from the last of the pretors to the Procurator-General, not one official has the knowledge or the power to withdraw himself from the pernicious influence which insinuates itself, with the greatest subtlety, into the minds of the authorities; which begins by some spontaneous service rendered to justice, then gains a mastery over the magistrates, and finally involves them in such a net of difficulties that extrication, even when the danger is discovered, becomes impossible."

The condition of Sicily, thus painted by the Republican organ, is a practical comment upon the blessings to be derived from the Italian Revolution. It must be remembered that Sicily threw itself—so it was said—into the arms of Victor Emmanuel. Now it appears that although twelve years of trial have been given to Victor Emmanuel's rule, the respectable classes hold aloof from his government, and that the officials give their confidence to the promoters of crime. One would suppose that the enormous army at the disposal of the Government, which is intended to fight and beat the legions of France, would first show its prowess by putting down brigandage. But neither in Sardinia, nor in Italy, nor in Sicily, has that evil been suppressed. In Sicily public security has disappeared altogether. In former years Palermo at least was safe from robbers, and the magistrates were not under the influence of the ringleaders of predatory associations.—The fact is that the people are disaffected. The men of rank do not sympathize with their rulers. As at Rome the aristocracy shuns the Quirinal, so at Palermo the deputies of Victor Emmanuel are left in isolation. Prince Amadeo acted wisely in declining the mock sovereignty of Sicily, and Count Raspigni, if he prefers quiet and safety to the dubious and precarious honors of the Lieutenancy of Palermo, will decline the proffered prefecture. It cannot be pleasant for the King's prefect to have for advisers and assessors men of the morals of Jonathan Wild. But if the Italian authorities are unable to cope with brigands, they are competent to drive out the monks and nuns. By a decree of the 13th of October eight convents more were taken from the Religious Orders in Rome. The prefects show wonderful activity in stopping pilgrimages and closing churches. The Syndic of Rome is brave enough to pull down the Cross which was erected before the Capuchin convent, near the Piazza of the Barberini, to replace that which was broken to pieces by ruffians on the 20th of September last. Meanwhile it is significant that emigration from Italy to America is proceeding at a rapid pace. The *Movimento* of Genoa announces that within forty days no less than 6,000 Italians took ship from Italy to the New World, to seek in the free country of America that prosperity and liberty which they cannot find at home. In every village in Italy the emigration placards are posted up upon the walls of the streets and within the shops to afford information to the peasantry. A few years ago these placards were rarely to be seen except in the large cities on the Italian seaboard. But now things are changed. The Italians find the pressure of taxation, and the cruelty of forced service in the army, and the dearth of lodging and food, too much for them to bear. Perhaps also they dislike the organized hostility displayed against their faith. Whatever be the cause, they emigrate. And those who emigrate are precisely the men whose departure is a loss to the country.

SWITZERLAND.

OBLIGATORY APOSTASY.—The *Courrier de Geneve*, under the above heading, says that the Swiss Minister of Public Instruction (M. Carteret) has signified to M. Fleury, rector of St. Germain's, that his appointment as chaplain to the secondary schools, which was held for the last eight years, has been revoked on the grounds that no office in connection with the public instruction of youth can be entrusted to any priest unless he is an apostate like the three (Loysan & Co.) recently "elected." M. l'Abbe Gottried, holding a somewhat similar position, has also been removed. Rather than submit to such an organized attempt at compelling the youths attending these schools to apostatize, the *Courrier* advises that on the entrance of the new apostate chaplains, the pupils should be at once withdrawn.

GERMANY.

From Germany we learn that the Government has gone the length of condemning the parish priest of Anciam, who has been appointed by the Bishop of Breslau, to a fortnight's imprisonment "for having said Mass."

SENTENCES ON THE ARCHBISHOPS OF COLOGNE AND POSN.—For each appointment of a priest the Bishops receive a fine of, as an alternative, a term of imprisonment, the penalties for each not being added up so as to form a considerable total. Thus Mgr. Melchers, Archbishop of Cologne, has been twice sentenced for six appointments to pay a fine of 1,300 thalers, or to be imprisoned for twelve months. The last sentence on Archbishop Ledochowski has been executed by the seizure of his horses and carriage; the arrest of the Archbishop himself being impossible, as he is still ill in bed. The Central Committee of the "Ceuves Pontificales" in Belgium has sent a warm address of sympathy to

this persecuted prelate, in the name of the Belgian Catholics, with an offer of hospitality in the event of his banishment from Germany.

BISMARCK AND THE BISHOP OF KULU.—Monsignor Marantz, the Bishop of Kulu, in Prussian Poland, is a prelate upon whose tame submission to his depolitic Prince Chancellor Bismarck fondly fancied he could reckon. The wave of State tyranny had rolled on, unfelt, past his Lordship's see and its Catholic population were permitted to exist unharmed in the villages that cluster so picturesquely about the Vistula, on which Kulu is built. True, however to his sacred trust, the moment that State authorities dared invade his spiritual rights, that moment the unobtrusive shepherd was prepared at all hazards to guard the sheepfold from outrage. And because of this—because that his Lordship is loyal to his vows of ordination and of consecration—the *National Gazette* of Berlin, one of the Bismarckian organs thus whines over his "delinquency." "Amongst the Bishops of Germany Monsignor Marantz was the one upon whom the State, most surely counted, and of whom the Ultramontane party was most afraid (!!). Monsignor was at first a most loyal man. It seems, however, that now over Monsignor Marantz the Roman Curia has much more influence than his country's laws, since we learn that in a few days hence he is about to defend himself before the tribunals for nominating a priest to a cure of souls in his diocese." Yes, with God's help, the Bishops of the Catholic Church will always put the laws of God before the ordinances of man. "The Catholic prelate," says a Catholic journalist, "will not be rebels to the civil authority of their country, but when that authority usurps to itself the right of disposing of the consciences of the prelate, and to make laws which in reality are not laws, inasmuch as they are unjust and injurious to the Church of Jesus Christ, then the duty of obedience to the temporal ruler yields to the sublime duty of obedience to God. The Christian mystics were martyrs, because they loved and adored Jesus of Nazareth, though imperial laws forbade them." Their spirit breathes and moves in the Catholic Church to-day.

The *Gazette d'Augsbourg* says that a decree of the Bavarian Minister of Worship allows bishops to confide the cure of souls to members of the Order of Redemptionists, who have been placed under the application of the Imperial law against the Jesuits. The *Univers*, commenting on the decree, says that without considering the measure as a signal of a complete rupture between Bavaria and Prussia on the question of religious liberty, it nevertheless attaches to it a considerable value, in the sense that it proves that the government of Louis II. is not disposed to follow out to the letter a law that has already caused such serious unpleasantness to the Cabinet of Munich.

A DOMESTIC SCENE.

A man who will live within a mile of his wife's mother must expect to endure the trials and tribulations of this life with patience and resignation. He need not live in expectation of sympathy from his neighbors, for probably most of them know how it is themselves.

So thought Mr. Piper when he came home to dinner and found his inevitable mother-in-law looking over his store book and reading some of his letters. Yet Mr. Piper didn't get mad and tear round; he was used to such things, and generally passed them by without a word, although he kept up a deuce of a thinking.

Mr. Piper's mother-in-law invariably managed to come home whenever he had cornd beef for dinner, and on this particular day, as the man of the house saw the innroads made on the huge piece of meat bought that morning, his visions of hush and sandwiches faded beautifully away. The mother-in-law said she always relished her dinner at Mr. Piper's, he was such a good hand to pick out meat: he always got such tender pieces; she could eat more at his house than she could at home. Mr. Piper thought so, too.

After dinner he thought he would smoke. Look for his pipe and tobacco, he finds they have taken their abode in the sink cupboard.

He instantly seized the articles and returned them to their accustomed place, on the clock shelf, his mother-in-law's nose going ten degrees thereat.

Just as he was going out of doors his wife asked him if he would get her an ounce of snuff; she wanted it for moths. Full well he knew it was for the old moth, her mother, and inwardly wished it was strychnine, started for his place of business, and met his father-in-law coming in at the gate. Heaving a sigh as he thought of another attack about to be made on his cornd beef, he then and there formed the resolution to have cornd beef only on the Sabbath. Walking along he wondered if all flesh was grass, and if so, what a respectable sized haystack the cornd beef would make that he had carried home from time to time.

When he came home at night he found his mother-in-law had not gone. She thought she would stay and go home in the evening.

His wife asked him for the snuff; he had forgotten it. She said her things would spoil for the want of it. He secretly hoped so, but promised to get the article when he went down that night.

He got ready to color his moustache, but found his wife had used all the dye on her mother's hair. Then he shaved his moustache. His wife cried and said he looked like some other man. He next found that his mother-in-law's scalp had absorbed the greater part of his bay rum, and also judged from his *cau de vie*, that she had tickled her palate with it once or twice. Going into a shed he espied a covered basket hid in a barrel. Peeping into the basket, he discovered half a peck of shell beans, two dozen ears of corn, fifteen or twenty choice tomatoes, and a lot of choice cucumbers for pickling.

After ten he went out in the garden, and found that somebody had stepped on his cucumber vines, trod down the tomatoes, pulled over the bean poles, and broke down the corn.

The imprint of a number nine slipper betrayed the culprit, and then Mr. Piper rose up and called his mother-in-law cussed, and thanked his stars she was not a fixture in his house, although she might as well have been as far as the profit was concerned.

Mr. P. spent the evening down town, and found on his return home that a delegation of his wife's cousins from Vermont had arrived during his absence. Then he had to ramble over to the grocer's, after which he raided on the baker and visited the butcher. By the time he had finished his trading his wallet was as flat as the fly leaf in a folio Bible.

Next he had to go and borrow a bedstead of a neighbor, so taking a wheel-barrow he proceeded to get the thing home. The bedstead was an old fashioned cumbersome affair, but managed to get along with it very well until he ran the lumber against the sills of a pedestrian, who opened such a terrible fusillade on Mr. P. that he was obliged to sit down on the barrow and meditate on the beauties of the English language. It being quite dark, Piper did not recognize the exasperated individual, yet he thoroughly understood what the man said.

After the pedestrian had sufficiently vented his righteous indignation, he told Piper he had better move on with his dead fall; he had no objection to being crucified provided it was done in a decent manner. He then departed shaking his fist at P., who meekly resumed his labor.

One man passing asked P. if the execution was public, and what time he was going to erect the gibbet.

Another man asked him what time the main body of the menagerie would be along.

A third man told him he ought to go on to the

park by the other gate, as it would be nearer to where the old tent was pitched.

More or less annoyed, Mr. P. finally reached his gateway, and was apparently going through all right when, unfortunately, the barrow came so forcibly in contact with an obstruction that Piper pitched head first over the barrow, and the bedstead came clattering over him. Then there were a few smothered ejaculations, among which could be distinguished, "he—his delight—Vermont cousins, old catamaran of a mother-in-law," etc. Mr. Piper crawled from the wreck, felt of himself to see if he was all there, then rammed the vehicle into the fence, and carried the bedstead, a piece at a time, to the door.

The "old catamaran" opened the door exclaiming "O, it is nobody but Piper!" Then to P., "we thought somebody had come from the noise you made." "Well, haven't I come?" stammered P., "or ain't I anybody?" Then in an undertone, "You'd think somebody had come if I had your darned neck in my grip."

"What's that you say?" cried P.'s wife.

"Nothing, only I wish somebody would help me up stairs with this trap."

At last he got the thing into the chamber, where he tried to put it together. First, he set one post against the wall, and stuck one end of the rail therein. Then he drew a footpost up and entered the other end of the rail, just as the first end came down on the floor. Piper then said something not in the dictionary. Next he put up one end of the rail into the two headposts. Serving the foot part likewise, he soon got the affair together. The next minute he discovered that he had left out the head board. He scowled a little, but smiled the next instant, as he thought how he could fix it without undoing his work. So he took the head-board, and gradually spreading the posts, nearly accomplished the business when the foot began to lean. He tried to save things, but it was no go; he had just time to get out of the bed, when the whole arrangement came down with a deafening crash.

His wife's mother came down to the foot of the stairs and asked if he couldn't make less noise; it disturbed the company.

Mr. P. then said he'd be cussed if he'd put the bedstead thing up unless he had help; fourteen men and a boy couldn't do it.

One of the Vermont cousins, a black-eyed, rosy-checked girl, offered to go up and help him. She went up, and Piper declared he never saw a bedstead go up so sleek in his life.

He wished a dozen times it would fall down again, and once he was about to push it over when he saw his old flummy-in-law just rising the top stair.

When the arrangements for the night were concluded, Piper was informed that he was to sleep with his wife's father. Both men retired together, but later in the night a man, with nothing on but a white garment, was sitting on the shed roof, silently smoking a meerschaum, while an occasional slap told the death of some unfortunate mosquito.

The man was Mr. Piper. He preferred to pass the remainder of the night 'neath the broad canopy of heaven, rather than endure the furious trombone blasts of his snoring relative.—*Danbury News.*

A TRUTHFUL SEARCH.—Let a man fall in business what a wonderful effect it has on his former friends and creditors. Men who had taken him by the arm, laughed and chatted with him by the hour, shrug up their shoulders and pass him by with a chilling "how do you do?" Every trifle of a bill is hunted up and presented, that would not have been daylight for months to come but for the misfortune of the debtor. If it is paid, well and good; if not the scowl of the sheriff perhaps meets him at the corner. A man that never failed knows but little of human nature. In prosperity he smiles gently waived by favouring smiles and kind words from everybody. He prides himself on his good name and spotless character, and makes his boast that he has not an enemy in the world. Alas! the change. He looks upon the world in a different light when reverses come upon him. He reads suspicion on every brow. He hardly knows how to move or whether to do this thing or the other—for there are spies about him, and a writ is ready for his back. To understand what kind of stuff the world is made of, a person must be unfortunate and stop payment once in his lifetime. If he has kind friends, then they are made manifest. A failure is a moral sieve—it brings out the wheat and leaves the chaff. A man thus learns that words and pretended good will do not constitute real friendship.—*Exchange.*

HOME READING.—One of the most pleasant and noblest duties of the head of the family is to furnish his members with good reading. In times which are past it was considered enough to clothe and feed and shelter a family. This was the sum of parental duty. But lately it has been found out that wives and children have minds, so that it becomes a necessity to educate the children and furnish reading matter for the whole household. It has been found out that the mind wants food as well as the body, and that it wants to be sheltered from the pitiless storms of error and vice by the guarding and friendly roof of intelligence and virtue. An ignorant family in our day is an antiquated institution. It smells of the musty past. It is a dark spot which the light of the modern sun of intelligence has not reached. Let good reading go into a home, and the very atmosphere of that home gradually but surely changes. The boys begin to grow ambitious, to talk about men, places, principles, books, the past and the future. The girls begin to feel a new life opening before them in knowledge, duty and love. They see new fields of usefulness and pleasure. And so the family changes, and out from its number will go intelligent men and women, to fill honorable places, and be useful members of society. Let the torch of intelligence be lit in every household. Let the old and young vie with each other in introducing new and useful topics of investigation, and in cherishing a love of reading, study and improvement.—*Exchange.*

A QUAKER PRINTER'S PROVERBS.—Never send thou an article for publication without giving the editor thy name, for thy name may perchance secure publication. Never do thou loaf about a printing-office asking questions, or knock down type, or the boys will love you like as they do shade trees—when thou leavest. Thou shouldst never read the copy on the printer's case, or the composer thereof may knock thee down. Never inquire of the editor for the news for behold it is his business at the appointed time to give it thee without asking. It is not right that thou shouldst ask him who is the author of an article for it is his duty to keep such things to himself. When thou dost enter his office, take heed unto thyself that thou dost not look at what may be laying open and concerneth thee not, for that is not meet in the sight of good breeding. Neither examine thou the proof-sheet, for it is not ready to meet thine eye; that thou mayest understand.

Dr. Hall relates the case of a man who was cured of biliousness by going without his supper and drinking lemonade. Every morning, says the doctor, this patient arose with a wonderful sense of rest and refreshment, and a feeling as though the blood had been literally washed, cleaned and cooled by the lemonade and fast. His theory is that food will be used as a remedy for many diseases successfully. As an example, he cures cases of spitting blood by the use of salt; epilepsy and yellow fever by water-melons; kidney affections by celery; poisons, olive or sweet oil; erysipelas, pounded cranberries applied to the parts affected; hydrophobia, onions, etc. So the way to keep in good health is really to know what to eat—not to know what medicines to take.

If there are any more cough remedies invented, we will have to go to work inventing coughs for them.







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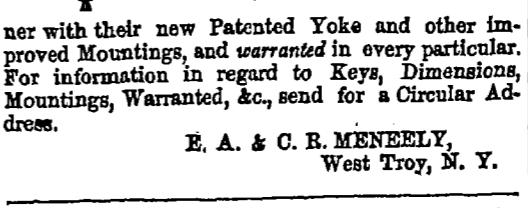
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SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY. NEW ROUTE TO LAKE MEMPHREMAGOOG, WHITE MOUNTAINS, BOSTON AND NEW YORK, &c.

ON AND AFTER 10th JULY, 1873, Trains will run as follows:—

GOING SOUTH. EXPRESS—Leave Montreal at 7.30 A.M., arriving at West Farnham at 9.30, Cowansville at 10.05, Sutton Flat 10.35, Richford 10.55, Newport 12.30 P.M., White River Junction 5.22, White Mountains 6.00 P.M., Boston 10.50 P.M.

MAIL AND EXPRESS—Leave Montreal at 3.15 P.M., arriving at West Farnham at 5.15, Cowansville at 5.45, Sutton Flat 6.25, Richford 6.45, Newport 8.15, Boston 8.35 A.M., New York 12.50 P.M.

GOING NORTH. MAIL AND EXPRESS—Leave Boston (Lowell Depot) at 6.00 P.M., New York 3.00 P.M., arriving at Newport at 5.15, Richford 6.35, Sutton Flat 6.50, Cowansville 7.20, Brigham 7.55, Montreal at 10.00 A.M.

EXPRESS—Leave White Mountains 7.00 A.M., W. R. Junction 8.30, Newport at 1.25 P.M., Leave at 2.00 P.M., Richford 3.35, Sutton Flat 3.55, Cowansville 4.25, West Farnham 5.15. Arriving in Montreal at 7.15 P.M.

PULLMAN CARS ON NIGHT TRAINS. NEW AND SUPERB CARS ON DAY TRAINS.

This Route takes you through the Eastern Townships, the Green Mountains, Skirts Lake Memphremagog, arriving in Boston, New York, and all points South and East, as soon as by any other route. For particulars as to Freight and Passengers apply at Company's Office, 202 ST. JAMES STREET.

A. B. FOSTER, Manager. Montreal, Aug. 15, 1873.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY COMPANY OF CANADA.

1873-74 WINTER ARRANGEMENTS. 1873-4 Pullman Palace Parlor and Handsome New Ordinary Cars on all Through Day Trains, and Palatin Sleeping Cars on all Through Night Trains over the whole Line. TRAINS now leave Montreal as follows:—

GOING WEST. Day Mail for Prescott, Ogdensburg, Ottawa, Brockville Kingston, Belleville, Toronto, Guelph, London, Brantford, Goderich, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, and all points West. Night Express. Mixed Train for Toronto, stopping at all Stations. Passenger Train for Brockville and all Intermediate Stations. Trains leave Montreal for Lachine at 7:00 a.m., 9:00 a.m., 12 Noon, 3:00 p.m., 5:00 p.m. and 6:00 p.m. Trains leave Lachine for Montreal at 8:00 a.m., 10:00 a.m., 1:00 p.m., 3:30 p.m., 5:30 p.m. and 7:00 p.m. The 3:00 p.m. Train runs through to Province line.

GOING EAST. Day Train for Island Pond and Intermediate Stations. Night Train for Island Pond and Intermediate Stations. Night Train for St. Johns and Rouses Point, connecting with Trains on the Stanstead, Shefford and Chambly, and South-Eastern Counties Junction Railways, and Steamers on Lake Champlain at 3:15 p.m. Express for New York and Boston, via Vermont Central, at 3:45 p.m.

As the punctuality of the trains depends on connections with other lines, the Company will not be responsible for trains not arriving at or leaving any station at the hours named. The Steamship 'CHASE,' or other Steamer, leaves Portland every Saturday at 4:00 p.m. for Halifax.

The International Company's Steamers, also running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway leave Portland every Monday and Thursday at 6:00 p.m. for St. John, N. B., &c. Baggage Checked Through. Through Tickets issued at the Company's principal stations. For further information, and time of Arrival and Departure of all Trains at the terminal and way stations, apply at the Ticket office, Bonaventure Station, or at No. 143 St. James Street. C. J. BRYDGES, Managing Director, Montreal, Oct 6, 1873.

MIDLAND RAILWAY OF CANADA TRAINS Leave Port Hope for Peterboro, Lindsay, Beaverton, Orillia as follows: Depart at 9:30 A.M. Arrive at 3:00 P.M. Arrive at 1:00 P.M. Arrive at 6:45 P.M.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—Toronto Trains leave Toronto at 7.00 A.M., 11.50 A.M., 4.00 P.M., 8.00 P.M., 5.30 P.M. Arriving at Toronto at 10.10 A.M., 11.00 A.M., 1.15 P.M., 6.30 P.M., 9.20 P.M. Trains on this line leave Union Station 2 minutes after leaving Yonge-st. Station.

NORTHERN RAILWAY—Toronto Trains. City Hall Station. Depart 7:45 A.M. 3:45 P.M. Arrive 12:00 A.M. 9:20 P.M. Brock Street Station. Depart 5:40 A.M. 3:00 P.M. Arrive 11:09 A.M. 8:38 P.M.