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THE LAST DAYS OF CARTHAGE; OR A SISTER OF FABIOLA.

AFTER THE MANNER OF THE FRENCH.

CHAPTER I.—THE MESSAGE.

It was towards evening. The sun was near its decline, and a soft breeze glided lightly over the blue waters that washed round the proud and happy Carthage. Rome had been its enemy and had sought its ruin by the force of arms. But its time had not yet arrived, and it was still called "after Rome the glory and pride of the world." The day, as we have remarked, was fast drawing to a close, and the inhabitants were rapidly filling the avenues that led along the coast. The most delicious fruits grew in abundance along the way, and the dark foliage of the fig and olive formed a shade almost impervious to the sun. As the crowds passed along subjects of divers kinds formed the subject of conversation. Some spoke of commerce, and of the arrival of so many vessels within their harbors; others spoke of politics and grew animated in recounting the resistance of their people to the encroachments of Rome. Numerous battles had been fought, and deeds of prowess had given prestige to their arms. Feelings of National pride filled their hearts and they felt ready to sacrifice all for the independence of their country. The grandeur of Carthage was before their minds, and the names of Hannibal and Canne were fresh in their memories. But there were others again that were occupied with a subject totally different. There was a new religion, mysterious in its doctrines and austere in its laws. It had seduced many from the worship of the gods and for two centuries had triumphed over the efforts of science and the power of the Caesars. Though persecuted on every side, it had penetrated into the homes of families of the highest order, and had made its influence be felt even among the members of the Senate.

Thus a medley of topics engaged the minds of the groups that strolled along the avenues. The rich cargoes that had arrived at their shores and the increasing prosperity of their trade—the grandeur of their city—the formidable rival of Rome, and the memorable deeds of their generals; and finally the superhuman struggles of the Nazarenes against the strength of popular ideas, and an effective opposition on the part of the ruling power.

There was one individual who walked alone. He had chosen the borders of that famous aqueduct which brought water into the city from the steep and rugged mountains that arose far in the distance. He was clad in a long cloak after the manner of those who were termed "philosophers." His countenance bore the marks of study, though they still retained the vigor and freshness of maturity. He appeared absorbed in deep reflection and unmindful of the beauties of nature he was treading under foot. The things of this world, it would seem, were too trivial for his attention; thoughts of the soul alone were a subject worthy of the mind. He was tall and well formed, and the regular contour of his features and his masculine deportment wore that majesty which is inspired by virtue and by self-control. But that sweet serenity which attracts the affections of the heart, was absent. His forehead was high and his hair fell loosely and in large curls over his shoulders. His eye was brilliant and penetrating and in it shone the beauty and power of his noble genius. Now and then his gaze wore a stern look and would indicate perhaps the approach of some storm that was preparing in the depths of his soul. It might be said that there was something superhuman in his character and appearance. He seemed to be possessed of a nature, different from the generality of mankind, and to be free from their frailty and weakness. There was something in him that appeared to extend the limit of virtue and to recall the purity of the angels in the children of Adam, and the sanctity of heaven in this world of misery and sin. His moral strength was perhaps all

but invincible, and if he were ever called to struggle with temptation, it would be as the lion playing with the lamb. For him to communicate the interior operations of his being, it would require another medium than that of language, another eloquence than that which is human, for the expression of his elevated ideas. If he were asked what he desired on earth, he would reply "nothing," and point above as the term of his ambition.

This man was Tertullian. There was a street which led from the aqueduct to the citadel. It was lined with houses of a sumptuous magnificence. Numbers of slaves stood at the doors or were grouped together on the galleries, awaiting the return of their masters. Songs of the most joyous kind, accompanied with the harp or guitar, resounded everywhere and were wafted in delicious melody upon the evening air. The theatres were numerous and superb and the public baths were built of the most precious marble and adorned with the most elegant sculpture. It was the quarters to which resorted the most fashionable part of the population and was the dwelling place for what might be called the aristocracy. Fronting the street stood the imposing facade and magnificent brass gates of the temple dedicated to Juno. The floor was inlaid with the most precious stones, and glittered with all the tints of the rainbow. The interior was spacious, and its area was surrounded with huge columns supporting the dome which towered aloft like the vault of heaven. The inhabitants regarded this stupendous monument with feelings of pride and exultation, and spared no pains to make it rival in costly magnificence the grandeur of the Roman Capitol.

Tertullian had turned from the borders of the aqueduct and was passing along this way. He surveyed everything as he went along. He saw in all this grandeur naught but the manifestations of worldly pride, and he accordingly contemplated what he saw with feelings of contempt and disdain. The theatre attracted his attention. The richness of his countenance gave way to a crimson blush as he thought of the immoral representations that gathered together there the voluptuous and corrupted of the city. He passed on and presently came to the temple. The High Priest clothed in his pontifical robes, and attended by his ministers, was descending the steps at the grand portal. Tertullian stood still and watched him for a time. His features once more resumed their pallid color. The convulsive trembling of his entire frame and his darkened sullen look indicated that his sympathies were not there. Suddenly he advanced and placing himself proudly before the gate of the temple, muttered in a bitter tone: "Oh! sacrilegious idols! how long will you be allowed to insult Christ, my God? When shall my eyes behold the cross rise triumphant over the debris of your scattered ruins? Happily the Pontiff did not either hear or understand him, for those that accompanied him would have torn the "blasphemer" to pieces, and perhaps it would have been the signal for commencing a persecution against all the Christian Churches of Africa. Tertullian pursued his way, and in a few minutes came to a house inhabited by wealthy people, judging from its princely appearance. A Nubian slave opened the door to admit him.

This dwelling, which had recently been constructed, was composed of several distinct parts. There was the peristyle, built of the purest marble. The atrium, a sort of court, was surrounded with arcades supported by pillars of different kinds of stone, among which shone with greatest magnificence the glittering alabaster. Representations of flowers and of all that was beautiful in nature were sculptured along the sides and imparted an air of vitality to that peculiar form of architecture. Luxury seemed to have exhausted its ingenuity in the decorations of the different apartments. Rich soft carpets inwrought with the most complicated and beautiful designs covered the floors. Chandeliers of plated gold hung from the ceiling, and statues of the most exquisite workmanship, representing the heroes of the nation, or the remarkable persons of a family, stood like living realities in every available place. Paintings such as to equal those of modern times were suspended on the walls, and vases of flowers filling the air with the most delicious fragrance, reposed on tables carved into the most fantastic shapes and formed of wood brought from the far East. Tapestries of various colors hung around, and were ornamented with family devices and curious hieroglyphics, recalling to the different members of the household, the memorable deeds of their ancestors. Embroideries of gold and silver formed the curtains that fell loosely and in graceful folds over the couches and figures; the embodiment of pure ideal conceptions, wrought in ivory and mounted with the most precious metal, served as fastenings to these rich and delicate structures. The climate here is hot and artificial coolness is sought to be produced by the formation of deep reservoirs, filled with the clearest water. In the centre of the court there was a large fountain supplied by one of these basins, and the ardors of the noon-day sun were tempered by the cool vaporous atmosphere that arose in clouds from that troubled lake. Such was the mansion into which Tertullian had been conducted by the Nubian slave.

In one of the inner apartments was a young lady, softly reclining upon a couch and holding in her arms an infant. She was gazing silently upon it, and a smile of complacency played upon her lips. Her attention seemed totally absorbed with the object before her, so that she did not feel aware of the stranger's approach. Never did she appear more to advantage. Her features were of an extreme delicate pleness, and youth and beauty were personified in her graceful form. There was no haughtiness of expression in her look, but on the contrary every movement was graced with a sweet air of modesty. It was evident that she belonged to the new religion which elevates and purifies the female heart. But she had not yet been fully initiated into its mysterious depths, for her mind, sufficiently enlightened as to its variable spirit, was virtuous and chaste, but she was far from disdaining the arts of luxury and worldly ostentation. She was clad in robes of the most costly material, gold bracelets adorned her wrists, and a chain of pearls, displaying a richly wrought clasp in front, was suspended around her neck. Her attire was in harmony with the elegance of her apartments, and it was not difficult to see that she had not yet entered into the true spirit of the Christian faith.

her luxurious mode of living, and she experienced some little regret that she had so little corresponded to the spirit of her state. She had been admitted as a catechumen, and, as such, she was expected to renounce in practice as well as in theory, every thing connected with the vanities and impurities of paganism. This she found somewhat difficult. Vanity was still the idol before which she worshipped, and it soon reassumed its power.

"Father," she replied, rising from her seat and coming proudly forward; "I admire your virtue. It is as great as your faith and as sublime as your genius." But it is not possible that you ask too much from a feeble woman, whose mind has but opened to the falsity of a system to which she has been accustomed from her earlier years. I see around me precious gifts which my friends have given me. I attach importance to them and I do confess that my heart is not free from all affection for them. But since I have ceased going to the temple, I can truly say that I am not guilty of any improper predilection for anything that you see around me. I have, it is true, adorned this place with everything that Eastern luxury could supply, but my only thought has been to please my husband and a few female friends whose friendship I still cherish though removed from them now by the most inseparable gulf of religious division. Permit me, my dear father, permit me to say that, at my age, and occupying the position I do, it would be ridiculous on my part, to appear dressed as one of my slaves! After all, is it not enough that the heart be pure?"

"Yes, father, it is thus. But it is a place dear to me, for it is here where for six months I have lived alone in the absence of my beloved husband, and where my sad solitude has only been relieved by the presence of his sweet infant; and it is here, too, where I can recall the pious instructions which I have received from you and from other venerated masters of the Lord. Believe me Father, believe the words of your humble child. Here I have shed tears of gratitude for the blessing of perceiving the falsity of the ancient religion and of being brought to the threshold of the house of God. And this infant which you have called an angel is a witness that often I have bent to the ground and poured forth the deepest effusions of my soul, asking the grace to be purified in the salutary waters of Baptism, even should my blood be demanded in return for this mysterious regeneration!"

"Take care, Vivia, presumption, the offspring of pride, has I am afraid, taken possession of your heart. We have many evidences of the evil results of presumption, one of which is nothing less than apostasy. Before you have entered into the contest you proudly defy all kinds of sufferings and even the tortures of death! But these riches, in which you seem to take so much delight, are more than sufficient to enervate and weaken the heart of a young Neopbyte. And that infant in which you centre all your affection—looking forward to its first smile with all the devotedness of a tender mother—of that infant which you seem to idolize—that infant!"

"Oh! spare me! Father spare me! do not break the heart of the frail creature that you see before you, and who now implores your pity! Oh! it is true my child is dearer to me than all the world beside. The very thought of being separated from it pierces my heart with a sword of grief. Nevertheless, rather than deny the religion in which I believe and which I am going to embrace, I would consent—yes, I would consent to leave my beloved a wandering orphan upon the earth. If this sacrifice is asked of me, I trust, I shall receive a corresponding strength to pass nobly through the ordeal." She could say no more. An unearthly pallor suffused itself over her beautiful countenance as she fell back upon the lounge. Tears coursed down her cheek, and seizing her infant in her arms, she folded it convulsively to her bosom.

Tertullian was overcome, but suddenly accusing himself of a weakness unworthy of his character he resumed: "Vivia, I suspect not the sincerity of your protestations, but we are all mortal, and the heart of man is even for himself an abyss full of mystery. I know that you have not forgotten your promises, that you still desire to go on with the good works you have begun, and that you seek for strength at that fountain head whence all graces flow. But if you had understood the spirit of that divine faith into which you ask to be initiated, why this scandalous display of luxury which is opposed to humility and christian modesty? From the moment that woman has the happiness of renouncing the worship of the gods and of turning her gaze towards the true sun of justice, worldly pride and its outward manifestations do not exist for her. The most beautiful simplicity is visible in her attire as well as in the decoration of her apartments. It is thus that she expresses her grief and repentance of the first mother of her sex, and it is thus that she endeavors to expiate what she has received from her in the shame of prevarication and the part she had had in the fall of humanity. Vivia, the justice of God weighs heavily upon woman. Eve, driven forth from that delicious garden in which her first happy days were passed, contented herself with garments which the hand of God had woven, but for you, the purple of Tyre, the rich wools of Milet, the precious embroideries of Babylon, the glitter of oriental diamonds, gold brought from afar to satisfy your vanity; and mirrors of silver to flatter you by the color of a gaudy plumage, which is not your own! Do you know that this empty display belongs to those who still fall down before the pedestals of idols and worship them as their gods? Those riches with which your attention is so much engaged, have not been given you to satisfy the caprices of your fancy. The giver has had a more noble end in view. He desires that you should represent his providence. Around you are those who have been stricken with poverty and have not wherewith to satisfy the necessities of life. Leave aside, Vivia, all those vain ornaments, which are only fit to be worn by pagans, and make a more noble use of that opulence which has fallen to your lot. Give bread to the famished crowd that gather on your doorsteps—clothe those whose ragged garments scarcely protect them from exposure. Redeem the captives, and send alms to your brethren who, for confessing the faith, have been mercilessly deprived of all their possessions. You will then have earned a blessing for yourself, for many a wound will be healed and many a tear be spared."

Vivia had listened with patience and docility to the severe words of Tertullian. For the first time she began to reflect seriously upon the inutilty of

her luxurious mode of living, and she experienced some little regret that she had so little corresponded to the spirit of her state. She had been admitted as a catechumen, and, as such, she was expected to renounce in practice as well as in theory, every thing connected with the vanities and impurities of paganism. This she found somewhat difficult. Vanity was still the idol before which she worshipped, and it soon reassumed its power.

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Pride flashed from her brilliant eyes, and she walked up and down the chamber under the influence of an excitement bordering upon anger.

Tertullian moved not from his first position. He still preserved the utmost composure of countenance, as also the severe attitude from the beginning. "Do you think to deceive me, Vivia?" he replied, with some what of a sarcastic smile. "Do you think me as liable to deception as yourself? Penetrate into the depths of your heart; descend into its dark abysses and bring with you the torch of an unbiased mind, in order that you may see clearly through its mysterious windings. Perhaps you will find there a germ of evil from which springs that "desire to please." It is a hidden danger, and one calculated to renew that terrible passion which is within us all and which never dies. Why thus expose yourself, Vivia? Why do you thus hurl defiance to the growing tempest which may at any moment smite you to the ground? Those who have grown old in the austerities of a penitential life still tremble at the thought, and we to them if they tremble not. They see the precipice, yawning beneath their feet, and every step may precipitate them to the lowest depths. And you in the vigor and strength of youth, an infant in the profession of the faith, you, instead of chastising your body to bring it into subjection, have become enervated by the refinements of luxury and ease—you have the presumption to think that you can walk over these burning coals unscathed and unhurt! This pride and folly will yet sting you with keen remorse, and cost you many a bitter tear. No, a just and proper mistrust of yourself is a pillar of strength and a shield of safety. I will even admit for a moment that you have arrived at a very high degree of sanctity, and that you have placed yourself on a level with the angels; is it lawful for you to take pleasure in that beautiful form of which you may be possessed? You do not care to reflect that that part of man is formed from the slime of the earth and that one day it will mingle with its kindred dust. You may glory in the body which it is torn and lacerated by the hand of the executioner—when it is mangled by the teeth of furious animals in the Roman Amphitheatre, or gradually consumed by inches in flames kindled by those who hate the name of a Nazarene!"

"O! father, these ideas are new. You bring me into another world to which I have hitherto been a stranger. Even in the night assemblies of the Christians I have never heard thoughts so heavenly and so sublime. I grow fearful of my weakness. But is it not too much for human frailty, beset with so many temptations, and so prone to evil? Permit me, father, to ask again, where is the crime when there is no bad intention?"

Tertullian started. A flush of holy indignation crimsoned his manly face, and as he raised his hand it trembled with a convulsive agitation. "In the assembly of Christians you have no doubt learned to criticize the words of those to whom you ought to listen with patience and respect. But no, I shall not get offended at your obstinacy: I rather take pity upon your blindness. Your intention, you say, is not bad, but are you sure that those who come here to admire you can say the same? We are surrounded with pagans and with those who are the slaves of voluptuousness and of every species of crime. Amongst ourselves, too, who can say that he is clad with an armor that is impregnable, and that no temptation can overcome him? Oh! Vivia, it is not enough that we be pure ourselves; we must, also, take care not to become the occasion of sin to others, for we shall one day have to render a rigorous account of those souls that shall have perished through our fault. There are points of resemblance between women of pretended virtue and those lamentable victims of public incontinence. Both affect the same haughty demeanor. Both take complacency in the charms of their person, and use the same artifices to attract attention. Around their lofty foreheads hang the same brilliant diamonds, upon their wrists the same golden bracelets, and suspended from their necks the same glittering chains. Where is the young pagan lady that is free from this charge? Where is the young widow that does not know fully well that she inhabits that city built by the nefarious Dido? Where is the tender young female just springing forth into bloom that does not offer incense to that very god whose name inspires feelings of horror and disgust? Oh! Vivia, follow not in their footsteps, for they lead to an abyss. Abandon their evil ways; it is enough for you to breathe the same atmosphere and speak the same language?"

"For you and for me, there is a veil that hides from our view the secret of the future. Our horizon is limited and we cannot go beyond. Up to the present time the great Church of Africa has been at peace, and this while in other regions the blood of martyrs has flowed in torrents. But, perhaps, this peace has been too long, and I fear we have become enervated by the absence of persecution. The storm that has passed all round us may at length come to burst over our heads and both you and I shall be called to gird ourselves for the combat. Who knows whether we shall acquit ourselves nobly and issue forth from the struggle bedecked with laurels and wearing the ariola of martyrdom; Suppose this day that should come, Vivia, are those delicate arms ready to exchange their golden ornaments for heavy chains of iron?"

"Oh, Vivia! recognize your error. Let a sweet simplicity shine in your features, let a saintly modesty adorn your brow, and an angelic chastity lend a charm to your whole exterior. Let these be your ornaments."

The young lady, whose pride a moment before had revolted against the severity of the Priest's admonitions, now cast down her eyes with shame. She felt herself crushed beneath the truth of his words. She might be compared to the tender, pliant reed which, at the first breath of wind, lifts its feeble head to struggle with the storm, but as the agitation of the air increases, it bends to the earth and remains in its prostrate form until the storm is passed. Tertullian knew well the secrets of human nature and saw clearly in the frank and candid features of Vivia the reflection of her inward impressions. The time had come to strike the decisive blow and he hesitated not an instant.

"Vivia," he resumed, in a grave voice and approaching somewhat nearer; "Vivia, he whom you see standing before you is not Tertullian, the unworthy Priest, the miserable sinner—but the representative of the Church of Carthage, the envoy of the holy Bishop, our common father. Do you remember when prostrate at his feet, before that numerous assembly of Christians, you besought with eyes suffused in tears the favor of being among the catechumens. A murmur of joy was heard in that vast enclosure, and all eyes were raised to thank heaven for that supernatural inspiration which had led you to the threshold of the Church. The saintly pontiff was moved, and expressed to you in sentences broken by the transports of pleasure which filled his heart, how happy he was to see you abandoning the worship of the idols, and leaving these infamous temples of impurity to adore in spirit and in truth the true and living God. His voice trembled when he stood at the altar, and intoned the hymn of thanksgiving, which was caught up and echoed by that immense concourse of people. Do you remember when the ceremony was over, how venerable matrons and holy virgins pressed around you to call you by the name of sister, and imprint upon your brow the sacred kiss of peace?"

Do you remember how your saintly mother embraced you in tears of rapture and how she told you that since you had become a Christian, she could now go down to the grave in happiness and tranquility. Well, then, Vivia, do you know that you have grieved the heart of that Bishop and caused that mother to shed tears of bitterness? It has been said that you still cling, with fond recollection to those shrines in which you had formerly offered up incense to the pagan gods of Carthage, and that you are purposely deferring the day of your Baptism. It has been even said that you are to appear once more in the temple and effect a reconciliation with those whom you thought you had abandoned for evermore. Vivia, I have received a commission from the venerable Pontiff, and let his words be deeply engraven on your heart. They are: "Let that woman seek to repair the evil she has done in trampling under foot her pagan luxury, and let her enter upon a life of piety and simplicity." Vivia, my mission is accomplished. And, as he finished, he proudly drew his cloak around him and departed, without even saluting the young lady whose heart he had well nigh broken.

CHAPTER II.—THE FAMILY OF VIVIA.

Vivia belonged to one of the most noble and ancient families of Carthage. She was a descendant, on the mother's side, of the great Amilcar, that had carried terror and desolation into Italy, and had saved his country from the invasion of the wild and ferocious Numidians. He had landed on the shores of Spain, and had founded Barcelona after a severe contest with the different surrounding tribes. His son was the famous Hannibal, who, though but a child, had sworn implacable hatred to the Roman name. The child grew into the maturity of manhood, and became a warrior as skillful in the formation of schemes as he was successful in their execution. He crossed the Alps and Pyrenees with his army and came down like a torrent upon the rich and smiling plains of Italy. The banks of the Tessino and Trebia had witnessed the prowess of his arms, and at Canne the Roman legions commanded by Paul Emilius and Varro, fled before his troops in all the confusion and disorder of an inglorious defeat. Rome, that had thought itself invincible, began to tremble for its safety, and fancied that every moment the stronghold of Romulus would become the degraded vassal of its rival Carthage. But, suddenly, he was recalled to Africa, and Rome was saved. The tide of fortune now turned against him, and he was conquered at Zama. Afterwards he was driven forth from Carthage as an exile, and degrading to fall into the hands of the Romans, he ended his days by drinking a deadly poison.

The father of Vivia was a descendant of the proud and barbarous Hanno, the formidable enemy of Hannibal. They were jealous of each other's power and influence, and their family quarrels had more than once gravely compromised the interests of the republic and the peace and quietness of the city. Afterwards these animosities were forgotten, and a reconciliation was effected between the two branches by the marriage of the grand-child of Hanno with the grand-daughter of Hannibal. Hanno Vivia, was now advanced in years. In his youth he had studied law and eloquence, and had made considerable proficiency in the different sciences. He was a man of high intellect, and was endowed with a most retentive memory; but the sphere into which he had entered was not sufficiently extended for those noble triumphs to which he was led on by the glowing ardor of his young and fiery temperament. It was not in the small enclosure of the Senate house that he was to sustain the honor of his country; nor could the art of speaking, no matter how eloquent he might become, contribute anything to the glory of that banner

upon which was inscribed in such glorious characters the noble deeds of his ancestors. Besides, the times were too stormy for a peaceful life. Savage hordes from Numidia began to draw in close proximity to Carthage, and threaten its destruction. Pirates in large numbers were either pillaging vessels on the neighboring waters, or were landing on their shores to plunder everything to which they could get ready access.

Hanno accordingly entered the army. His military genius and prudence was appreciated, and he rose to the command of the forces, both on sea and land. For fifteen years his expeditions were successful, and he was twice honored with the glory of a triumph, and solemnly crowned in the temple of the city. He had, however, received many wounds, and this, together with the increasing infirmities of age, induced him to retire from public life. The citizens offered him an asylum in their midst, and testified their gratitude for the services he had rendered them the conferring upon him the dignity of the magistrical rank.

Hanno had not inherited the proud and disdainful character of his race. He was frank, open and generous. He was a soldier. When placed at the head of the army, his justice and humanity commanded the love and admiration of all who served under him. In the senate to which he had the right of admission by birth, he acquitted himself nobly of the duties which had devolved upon him, and in the exercise of the most important charges which had been confided to his care, he always showed himself inaccessible to corruption, and the sincere friend of the people. He was of a gay and joyous disposition, and rendered his fireside the centre of domestic happiness and comfort. It is true he had the prejudices of his nation in reference to their slaves, still, if they performed their tasks and behaved respectfully, they had no reason to complain. This was a great deal, for at that time slaves were treated inhumanly, and often, for a trifling fault, were severely punished.

From his earliest years, and especially since he had entered upon his political career, Hanno had often heard of the new religion. He had not, however, studied its nature, and what he knew about it was gathered from public rumor. He had heard it said that Christians affected austerity in their manners, and led a life of retirement; that they assembled together in secret to celebrate their mysteries; that they rendered to each other mutual assistance in times of poverty and sickness; that once initiated by certain impositions, they no longer frequented their temples, nor participated in their sacrifices, and that for them confiscation, exile, or even death, were preferable to the worship of the gods of Carthage. Nor did he think the report untrue which represented them as hypocrites and deceivers. Under the specious pretext of performing their ceremonies in secret, it was said that they sometimes assembled to commit the worst of crimes, one of which was to gorge the palpitating flesh of infants whom they had slain for this nefarious purpose. It was by instinct then that Hanno was led to look upon the Nazarenes with feelings of aversion and contempt. Nevertheless, as they were regular in the payment of their imposts, as they entered the army and more than once proved themselves valiant soldiers, as they exercised professions useful to society, and had always shown themselves loyal to the state, he thought it better not to persecute them too cruelly, and especially to avoid passing the sentence of death upon any that might be brought before his high tribunal.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

CENTENIAL CELEBRATION.

QUEBEC.

THE CONCERT AND LECTURE.

The Quebec Chronicle says:

Of these features of the day's celebration, we may briefly preface with the statement that they were both well judged and satisfactorily carried out in every respect. It is not an unusual thing with our Irish fellow-citizens to fill a hall on a national occasion, and, if we take into account the peculiar requirements of the season, the numbers in which they showed themselves at the Victoria Hall last evening is another proof of their attachment to the memories and traditions of their native land and their respect for those shining lights of which their race has been so prolific. We will not say that the rumors of the high oratorical reputation of the speaker of the evening, and his close identification with many stirring events in the late Irish history which had reached them, even in this out of the way corner of civilization, had not a great deal to do with the enthusiasm manifested and the proportions of the attendance. Anyhow; suffice it to say that the Hall was crowded with the intelligence and respectability of the Irish element in the community, including most of the prominent men of the nationality, besides the many others of our fellow-citizens, who know how to appreciate at its proper value native merit and worth, wherever they are to be found. At the late hour at which the entertainment closed, and it is our duty to write, it would be impossible to enter into any lengthy particulars of the concert, or of those who so ably contributed to carry it out. We will therefore content ourselves with saying that, regarded as a whole, it was a most pleasing, appropriate and successful feature of the day's commemoration, for which both the authorities of the St. Patrick's Institute who initiated it, and the parties who enabled them to give it shape and consistency, can very justly claim a large measure of thanks from their Irish fellow citizens and the public generally. The great attraction of the evening, however, was the

ADDRESS BY STEPHEN J. MEANY,

a fellow-worker with ourselves in the thorny and arduous paths of journalism, the editor of our welcome contemporary the Montreal Sun, and, perhaps what was more pertinent to the occasion, an able speaker, gifted with that rare eloquence for which the Irish race is noted, and an intimate friend of the Great Liberator himself. In addition to this, Mr. Meany offered the advantage of a commanding and genial presence, which at once established a community of sympathy between himself and his eager hearers, to whom he was introduced by the Vice-President of the Institute. He took for the text of his able and interesting discourse Carlyle's apothegm that "history is the essence of innumerable biographies," and proceeded:

"The truth of this is probably never more apparent than in the chronicles of a national struggle—or as exhibited in the annals of a people constantly engaged in an agitation to effect the supremacy of the national will as the ruling test of the governing power.

"In such movements the leading spirits—the popular rulers—who do not always mean the actual rulers—the men who are appointed to, or take, the helm, are those who enjoy the largest amount of confidence, or whose acts are assented to in a sufficient, or palpable, manner by masses of their fellow-men—who exhibit in their persons by their skill, courage and determination, the wants and wishes of the multitude—whom the multitude by an individuality of opinion identify as holding and pronouncing their desires and ideas, and by shaping the latter into an arguative tangibility. These men, so placed, are therefore not so much the leaders as they are the followers of the people. They may indicate the wants of the people, dictate measures for their redress, but without the necessity in the first place

there would be no indication and no dictation. As they thus measure, or administer for the populace in the first place they are the essence of it, and their lives fill the history of the time.

"So is it; the life of Tell is the history of the liberation of Switzerland. The lives of Rienzi and Thomas Aniello unfold more of the glory, intrigues, fickleness, and fate of Italy in their times than in the chronicles of Colonna, Orsini, Guelph, Ghibelline and a score of others, were lingering on the lips of the four winds of heaven. How much of European history is there not due to Martin Luther, and in a later day how much is there not centred on and absorbed by Napoleon? In the life of Columbus, as in a Banquo mirror, the startled muse of history beheld a new inspiration—an extending cascade of events—and men; and in George Washington's biography we peruse the history of American independence.

"From the creation of the world to the present day, mark each mighty epoch and you will find the spirit of the MAN of the day in the history of all those of whom he is the centre, for in him are centred all their hopes and fears. Come over those epochs as you would stepping stones in an unfordable stream—come over them steadily, and observe the indentations made by the stream of Time, and you have passed through the brains of centuries and grasped the history of the world."

After an eloquent elaboration of this point, the speaker proceeded:—"Thus, as the inspiration of Sydney, Hampden, Elliott and the Republicans of the Cromwellian era is visible to the thoughts and writings of the men who gave a tone and immortality to the pen-labor of the American Revolution—so the Irish movements of our day may, with small effort, be traced to the combinations formed in the brains of Henry Grattan and Theobald Wolfe Tone, of O'Connell and the Young Ireland Party. Just as the popular men who immediately preceded them in influence—the Lucases and Floods adapted to their times, and to suit their capacities, the embers of the national fires ignited by the works of Molyneux and Swift in the preceding century.

"The theories of Irish nationality immortalized by the vehement agitation of O'Connell and the rest less energy of Young Ireland by the active eloquence of the former and the acted eloquence of the latter—by the devoted passion of the one and the passionate devotedness of the other—by the soaring life of the orator and the martyr death of the organized. These theories still divide what are known as Irish nationalists in and out of Ireland. "Home Rule" and "Republicanism" are the shibboleths under which they manifest themselves, and Old Ireland and Young Ireland the less perspicuous clanly which designates either party."

After an exhaustive review of O'Connell's career and achievements in the cause of Catholic Emancipation and human freedom the world over, the speaker diverged into a history of the Young Ireland or progressive party, as it was styled, pointing out where and how they differed from O'Connell on this vital subject.

We regret that our space will not permit us to give but a tithe of the able and interesting discourse delivered by Mr. Meany. We may only add that both substance and delivery were equal to the reputation of the man, honorable to his patriotic feelings, and fully up to the anticipations we had formed with regard to him. The concluding portion of his speech, nevertheless, we desire to perpetuate, and we therefore give it, while wishing particularly to commend its excellent teaching, not only to our Irish friends, but to those of other nationalities, who may find in them both instruction and profit.

"When O'Connell died, the glorious hopes he had kindled seemed for a space to have waned and died with him. But there is always some qualifying circumstance, often some hidden compensation in God's bitterest afflictions, and by-and-by it appeared that his death had brought men together who, in honor of his memory, consented to forget prejudices which had once seemed immortal, and that the sense of their senseless loss stimulated many of his associates to efforts of which they had deemed themselves incapable. I would have Irishmen in this land as well as at home to do all that they can to improve this position,—morally, materially, socially, intellectually. Men who think and act with proud integrity will surely direct their own lives wisely, to a certain benefit of the country, for such men make a country; and without such men if an angel came from heaven to lead, no great or permanent good could be accomplished; for all public gain is only to be computed by its influence on individuals. What gain would be the liberty of reading if there were no books; or liberty of conscience where there was no faith; or national independence, where no man understood its divine uses? Much of the knowledge tending to these advantages is to be derived from a national biography. By means of its teachings the tone of society—the voice of the people—speaks a new language. It is plain that guiding truths are beginning to rise like beacons to direct and steady it. The people are learning their own deficiencies—learning how much of what we suffer may be remedied by individual and social reforms. They should labor in this direction to gain the personal attainments that become the handmaids of liberty—skill in their pursuits and the independence that springs from it; religion and charity and the cheerful lessons they inspire; knowledge and the divine enthusiasm for human liberty of which it is so often the nursing mother. This is the field in which the energy of the young man can be worthily expended. These are the teachings which the career and character of O'Connell have bequeathed to us. There is an army of workers scattered over the country—in its cities and hamlets and farm-houses; panting to be shown how they can serve Ireland; urging like a sea, with a growing but indefinite purpose which longs to understand itself and become action. Labor and sacrifice for a noble end—for an end that would fill and accomplish the divine longings of their young hearts would be manly joy to them. Out of such fiery natures Napoleon marshalled the armies that conquered Europe; Loyola, the noble army that conquered ages before from the demons of doubt and indifference back to the domain of faith and charity. Among us of the Irish race it remains for some kindred spirit to that of the Great Man whose memory fills our hearts to night, if God will grant us such, to enrol them in a great brotherhood—men who for the holy sake of their suffering country will bend to all labor, however toilsome, or face all perils, however threatening; offer all sacrifices, however bitter; who will share according to their capacity the endless toils that belong to a task like this of which so many are obscure and silent, far away from encouragement and applause—who will make their main care the territory that God has given them in special charge.

Still out of their own heart tearing
Each mutinous weed and thorn.

"Such a brotherhood would be irresistible by earth or hell; and in this purified state an organization for Irish improvement (moral and material) may revive after it has passed through the humiliating and scathing ordeal to which it is now seemed destined; may overcome the great curse of disunion or dissension; and put aside forever the shameful anomaly of hating each other for the love of God, in the feeling that they are not less the sons of one motherland than the professors of a common and comprehensive Christianity.

"We have fought for a hue—we have bled for a name;
We have clung to disgrace and grown proud in our shame.
Over symbols and signs our blind bigots have raved,

Whilst the world laughed around to behold us enslaved.

And still shall we suffer? Shall Ireland still be
The jest of the fool and the scoff of the free?
No, no! The foul arts of the false one shall fall,
And reason shall triumph and justice prevail—
The stubborn shall bend, and the factious shall fall,
And 'the land of our birth' be the watchword for all."

At the close of the entertainment, it may be added that a number of our leading Irish fellow citizens present, including, Mr. John Egan, M.P.P., Mr. R. McGreevy, Mr. J. Shea, Mr. Thomas Buros, Mr. L. Stafford, Mr. J. Gallagher, and others, escorted Mr. Meany back to his hotel, the Albion, where a pleasant hour was passed in the exchange of national reminiscences.

OTTAWA.

The following is from the Ottawa Free Press:—"In Ottawa very extensive preparations had been made for a very enthusiastic celebration, but, alas! the unfavorable disposition of the weather had a most ruinous effect on the whole proceedings. What promised to be full of *etate* and splendor was destroyed by a protracted and heavy downpour of rain, which began to fall about three p.m., and continued, with but little intermission until after midnight. The consequence was that the games did not go on, the balloon could not ascend, and the attendance at the concert was not what it should have been.

THE CATHEDRAL.

In the morning the Cathedral was crowded to overflowing with people of all nationalities and denominations to witness the grand ceremonies. The Church was prettily draped with flags, and several magnificent banners were visible in different parts of the edifice. The altar was richly dressed, and the Rev. Daniel O'Connell, a relative of the great Liberator, and who came to Ottawa specially for the occasion, celebrated mass.

The Gregorian mass was sung in a very excellent manner by the choir of the church, Chevalier Gustavo Smith presiding at the organ.

The Rev. Dr. O'Reilly delivered a sermon of great merit. It was forcible and eloquent, and produced a strong impression upon the congregation. His panegyric upon O'Connell was very clever, and he took advantage of the occasion to condemn revolution, Fenianism and division. He looked hopefully forward however to the day when Ireland should be free.

THE AFTERNOON.

At the conclusion, each one went to his or her home to prepare for the afternoon's pleasures and sports; but the rain interfered, and, with the exception of a few games, and the playing of some airs by the band of the Governor General's Foot Guards, nothing transpired on the Hill. To effect the balloon ascension was of course an utter impossibility, owing to the elements, wind and rain being both totally unfavorable. Nevertheless, there was a balloon ascension, for an individual who had about three dozen small spherical balloons for sale had the misfortune to lose his property. They sailed off towards Hull, and what has or may become of them is not known. The proprietor of these articles was very much grieved, and felt like many around him that the day was not a propitious one. Notwithstanding the rain, some five hundred people assembled on the hill and enjoyed themselves as best they could. The booths were well patronized, but no spirituous liquors were sold, and throughout the whole day we doubt that one drunken man was seen on the streets.

THE CONCERT.

Notwithstanding the dreadful state of the weather—thunder and lightning and rain pouring down in torrents—Gowan's Opera House was well filled at the concert of the St. Patrick's Literary Association, in honor of the O'Connell Centennial. Shortly after eight o'clock the drop-curtain rose, and there, in majestic attitude, stood the life-size portrait of the Liberator on the right, on his left fine paintings of his historic Irish ruins. An outburst of enthusiasm came forth from the audience lasting several minutes, after which the chair was taken by the President of the Society, Mr. W. H. Walker, having on his right His Honor Judge Ross, and on his left the eloquent preacher of the day, Rev. Dr. O'Reilly.

Ald. Waller said it might be expected of him, as chairman, to follow the usual course and deliver an address, but on the present occasion he would lack in judgment and good taste in doing so. They had all, or most of them, been visited and instructed in the morning, by the able, eloquent and impressive discourse of the Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, who honored them with his presence on the platform; and they expected from Mr. Davin, and would not be disappointed in their expectations, an eloquent oration during the evening on the immortal O'Connell. (Cheers.) In view of these facts it would be out of place in him to intrude on their attention with any lengthened remarks. He would, therefore, simply say, in the words of an honored Irish patriot: "If the spirits of the illustrious dead can participate in the affairs of this transitory state," that of the great Liberator must look down to-night with gratification on all present, whose hearts, beating responsive to the call of patriotism and love of their native land, braved the stric of the elements to honor the occasion. (Applause.)

Gowan's Orchestra was in attendance, and played a very excellent overture. Missie, Rosa D'Erina was then introduced by the chairman, and that talented lady came on to the stage amid loud cheering. As appropriate to the occasion she recited Davis' address to the sculptor Hogan on being commissioned to execute a statue to O'Connell. The poem is a clever production of the great Irish bard, and Missie, Rosa D'Erina, being the fortunate possessor of excellent elocutionary powers did it full justice.

Missie, Rosa D'Erina then sang Ingram's truly national composition, entitled "The memory of the Dead," or perhaps better known by the simple title of "ninety-eighty." The gifted Queen of Irish Song produced the utmost enthusiasm among the audience who cheered her vehemently.

Mr. J. A. Fraser was next introduced by the chairman. Mr. Fraser is a talented lawyer, from Perth, is a splendid specimen of the genus homo, and sings very nicely. He sang "Don't you go Molly," and was forced to respond to enthusiastic encore. He sang "Sally Sally" a humorous production, and retired from the presence of the applauding audience. Miss Onagh Nagle was next on the programme, and very well sustained her reputation by singing "The Exile of Erin." In answer to a rapturous encore she sang "The Harp that Once," and was enthusiastically applauded.

Missie, Rosa D'Erina then played the "O'Connell National March" on the cabinet organ. The march is a bold, heroic composition, specially composed for this occasion by the talented lady herself. She also sang the words of the march, and was so wildly cheered that she reappeared and sang "O'Donnell Aboo," which created even more enthusiasm than the previous effort.

Mr. E. A. McDowell, of the Shaughraun troupe, was next introduced, and was greeted by prolonged cheering. He sang "Kathleen Mavourneen," and in answer to a rapturous encore gave one verse of Mr. W. P. Lett's song, of "On the Shaughraun." He then recited Lover's poem entitled "Shamus O'Brien." During the delivery he was repeatedly applauded, and certainly his recitation was cleverly and creditably made.

Mrs. Fanny Stoddart was next on the programme, and sang a very good song, of which we did not get the name. She was loudly encored, and sang "The Last Rose of Summer." Mrs. Stoddart is the pos-

essor of a very sweet and agreeable voice, and her singing produced a very favorable impression.

An interesting feature of the evening, and one that afforded evident pleasure, was now introduced, under the heading "Poetry and the Harp." This consisted in Miss Waller, representing Ireland, in gold and green; Miss Nagle representing Liberty, in white and green; and Miss Heney in spotted white, seated at the harp, representing the spirit of national music. Miss Waller read Ireland's vow with a self-possession, distinctness of articulation, correctness of emphasis and gestulation, remarkable in one so young, and on a first public appearance. The first verse of the piece read as follows, and will be an index to the whole:—

Come! Liberty Come! we are ripe for thy coming!
Come, freshen the hearts where thy rival has trod!
Come richest! rarest!—Come purest and fairest!
Come daughter of Science—Come gift of the God!

Miss Nagle with much spirit and evident appreciation of the sentiment of her piece, displaying elocutionary powers of no mean order, and in a clear and distinct voice commenced her reply to Ireland; as Liberty, thus:

I come at thy bidding Green Erin to glad thee,
I come to o'er shadow the fane thou hast reared—
The strife that withheld me—the fiends that repelled me.

Are vanishing daily—my highway is cleared!

Both young ladies were greeted with well deserved applause, and gracefully retired. Miss Heney then, with much skill and pleasing effect, invoked the spirit of "The harp that once thro' Tara's hall, the soul of music shed," and executed some popular Irish airs, meeting with much applause. Miss Heney and Miss Nagle are graduates of the Convent of Notre Dame du Sacre Cour, and Miss Waller is a pupil, and in their last appearance at the concert last evening as young amateurs they reflected no discredit on that old educational institution.

Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin was then introduced, and delivered a splendid panegyric of the Liberator, which was listened to with marked attention and frequently applauded. We regret that our space is too scant to admit the report in full.

TORONTO.

The following is from the Irish Canadian:

The hundredth birthday of Daniel O'Connell dawned on Toronto amidst a gloom that presaged unfavorably weather, and sent a chill to the hearts of thousands who, in this golden month of August, had held high hope that the Centenary of the illustrious Irishman would be blessed with a clear blue sky and bright sunshine. We are accustomed, however, to adversity, in the matter of the elements as well as in our national speculations. So it was on Friday. The rain came down in fitful falls; and the streets were as thick with mud as the floods and the absence of the scavengers could possibly make them; yet the Irish societies, both of Toronto and places distant, formed an imposing procession at La Salle Institute, and moved off, to the lively and spirit stirring airs of the Fatherland, by the route published for the Crystal Palace grounds. On arriving at the Crystal Palace the various Societies put up their banners and gathered in front of the stand from which the speeches were to be delivered. After comparative quiet had obtained, Rev. Bro. Arnold, Director of the Christian Brothers of this city, advanced to the bar of the rostrum, upon which the speakers were congregated, and said:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—Owing to the inclemency of the morning our numbers have not been so large as we could have wished, but this drawback is amply compensated for by the splendid turn out of the contingents from St. Catharines, Thorold, Guelph and other towns, who have done us the honor of coming to the capital of Ontario. It is a happy omen and it gladdens my heart to perceive by the day's proceedings that Irishmen, kneeling at different altars, are now recognising each other as children of a common parent, and are really determined to secure for Ireland the great blessing of self-government. I am happy to see such a large number assembled here to-day to do honor to the great O'Connell—the most celebrated man of the nineteenth century. I trust that when business of the day shall have terminated that you will retire to your homes without even looking at spirituous liquors. The illustrious O'Connell himself, when addressing the people of Clare, (A Voice—The noble freeholders—cheers and applause), warned them against intoxicating drinks which tend to lower human nature. I say to you honor the Liberator as your fathers did, and let the maxims and rules which he laid down for the guidance of the Irish people sink deep in your hearts. I well remember, in my boyhood days, the unspeakable happiness which I felt on hearing "noble Dan" himself addressing the people of my native parish, after Mass, in the chapel yard; his splendid form and general bearing are still fresh in my memory. (A Voice—And will forever—cheers.) Wherever we are located let us bear this in mind, that we are Irishmen and the descendants of Irishmen and whenever we can, give a helping hand to that beautiful old country so dear to the whole of us. (Loud cheers.)

Addresses were also delivered by Messrs. E. J. O'Connor and John Murphy, of Guelph; Mr. Troy, of the Tribune, and Mr. Wm. Mitchell, formerly President of the Sons of St. Patrick, who remarked that all he had to say was to ask them to look on these two banners—representing the one O'Connell and the other Emmet—which hung in the building, and they would get the sentiments of the hearts of the Irishmen of Toronto. (Cheers.)

Vicar-General Rooney said he believed there were very few who were not delighted to hear the name of O'Connell mentioned on all occasions, for he was the great friend of the Irish people, the great Liberator who first broke the chains that bound them. He was a man of the people, and was always for peace. It was one of his great principles, that if he had to purchase the freedom of the Irish people, he would not have it at the price of blood. Well might he be called the father of his country. He was a man who could show himself on the rostrum or any, where else the leader of a great nation. O'Connell's oratory would be remembered to posterity by the Irish nation, as there was something tangible in everything he said. They cherished O'Connell's name for what he had done, and for the effects he left behind; and if they could to-day realize the great hope he has left, they would be a happy people: The immortal feeling of Irish love and patriotism was enkindled and revived to-day all over Canada, the great extent of the American continent, and at every other place where civilization exists and Irishmen are to be found. If they followed in his footsteps as men of peace and piety, there was no doubt that they would gain many more of such blessings as he sought for and obtained. (Applause.)

Col. Higginbotham, M.P., of Guelph, after a few preliminary remarks, said:—I have very great pleasure in expressing, if only for a moment, my testimony to the honour of one of the most illustrious men that that illustrious country, Ireland, ever produced. I can see no reason why every man who calls himself an Irishman, be he Protestant or Catholic, Reformer or Conservative, Orangeman or otherwise, should not be here to-day to do honour to one of Ireland's greatest sons. (Cheers.) I thank you for the opportunity of assisting you in doing honour to the great O'Connell's name. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. Patrick Boyle of the Irish Canadian, said that the gentleman who had just addressed them, as they might not be aware, belonged to the Protestant religious persuasion. "Nevertheless his Protestantism was not allowed to get the better of his nationality." (Cheers.) "It was not of so pronounced and bigoted a nature as some of our own people." (Loud cheers.)

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a type as to prevent him from going there and telling them that he still loved Ireland, and he (Col. Higginbotham) was prepared to enter into any movement having for its object the amelioration of his native land—having, in short, the procuring of self-government for the people of Ireland. (Loud cheers.) He would like to see a few more Protestant members in the House of Commons of Col. Higginbotham's stamp. (Hear, hear.) They would then be able to appeal through the House of Commons to the Imperial Parliament for the rights that are enjoyed even by the half-breeds of Manitoba. (Cheers.) If the half-breeds of the great North-West were entitled to the blessings of Home Rule, he could not possibly see why a cultivated and civilized race like the Irish should be denied the right to make their own laws and govern their own affairs. (Loud cheers.) If they had a fair average of Irish members like his friend, they could bring their grievances before the Premier here, who would be bound to submit them to the Imperial authorities. He hoped Irishmen in Canada would attempt something of the kind, as it would have a great influence toward the amelioration of the wretched condition of their friends at home. The Irish people, though subdued, were not conquered. They had suffered both for the sake of nationality and for religion. They were a people who, if they had but one sixpence, would share it with a fellow-man in distress. The speaker then referred to O'Connell, whom he characterized as the greatest man who has lived either in his own day or the present. He proved himself to be the friend of the Protestant dissenter as well as the Catholic, of the black man as well as the white. His sole ambition was to see every man enjoy the same measure of freedom that he himself possessed. (Applause.)

Mr. L. O'Byrne, President of the Emerald Association, O'Connell Branch No. 2, Toronto, then addressed the assemblage in a few well chosen remarks, after which his Grace Archbishop Lynch spoke as follows:—

I come here to address you as an emancipated Catholic Archbishop, to emancipated Irishmen, and we owe our emancipation to the great O'Connell. (Cheers.) Not only were Catholics emancipated, but Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists and other religious denominations, except, of course, the English Church, which was the Established Church of the Empire. So that all who are not Episcopalians ought to rejoice in this festival to the memory of the great O'Connell. Whilst a young boy, I had the happiness of hearing the great O'Connell speak. I attended his meetings, and as a boy, was as proud as many of your little boys are to-day to wear my green scarf. But O'Connell only commenced the war, and it is for this generation to continue it. An Irishman will not be satisfied until every bond and chain be broken. There is one bond yet remaining, and I trust that the struggle will not cease until it is broken. (Hear, hear.) Ireland wants to be governed as Canada is (applause), and as we in Canada would not be governed by any but Canadians so Irishmen ought not to be satisfied until they be able also to govern their country. The Queen has given us an earnest longing for home government. [At this point the band of the Young Irishmen entered the building playing in honor of his Grace, and interrupted him for a few moments.] I say that the Queen of England has been the means of making here every Irishman wish to be governed by Irishmen. She has sent us in my time an Irish Lord Monck, and then an Irish Lord Lisgar, to govern the country, and last and best, the Earl of Dufferin—three Irishmen. (Loud cheers.) She could not find better and I presume that having had the test of such Governors, we will write to our friends and say, "Do not be satisfied until you are governed as we are." I am delighted to see this immense assembly, and am delighted to see the principles of Father Mathew carried out here. (Hear, hear.) I had the happiness of speaking to that great man and I am glad that so many in this audience are his strict followers—that all I find here are temperate. As long as you keep sober, every avenue of prosperity and social enjoyment is open to you. I will conclude these observations by thanking God at seeing so many emancipated Catholics, rejoicing upon the anniversary of the birthday of O'Connell the Great. (Cheers.) I must congratulate the various societies for their magnificent turn-out, their orderly manner, and their beautiful dresses, and I trust that coming festivals may follow this in the example of immense numbers and of strict sobriety.

The day's proceedings closed with an oration in the Music Hall, in the evening, the orator being the Rev. George W. Popper, of Galion, Ohio, who done full justice to his subject and the immense assemblage dispersed to their several homes, well pleased with the way the Centennial of O'Connell's birthday was celebrated in Toronto.

KINGSTON.

The procession was a great success. After parading the principal streets a mass meeting was held in the City Park, at which addresses were delivered by P. Dougherty and T. H. Maguire of Kingston, and Fahey, of Belleville. In the afternoon a picnic was held at the Crystal Palace, at which 1,500 people were present. In the evening a grand concert was held in the City Hall.

HAMILTON.

The Centennial anniversary of the Irish patriot, Daniel O'Connell, under the auspices of the St. Patrick's Benevolent and Literary Society of this city, was celebrated at the Crystal Palace grounds. In the morning the weather was very unfavorable, but towards the afternoon there was a large number of people present, and everything passed off quietly.

HALIFAX, N. S.

The procession in honor of the Centennial of O'Connell was the largest witnessed in this city for many years. Seven bands of music accompanied the processionists through the principal streets of the city. About two thousand persons were in line, and the display was very successful. The firemen's torch-light procession the evening was one of the greatest features. The machines were neatly decorated with flowers, lamps and colors; the streets were crowded with people to witness the show.

NEW YORK.

A solemn Pontifical High Mass, in honor of the O'Connell Centennial, was celebrated in St. Stephen's Church. The members of the Irish organizations were largely represented, and masses were also celebrated in a number of other churches in the city.

BOSTON.

The O'Connell meeting at Music Hall was one of the grandest demonstration ever witnessed in this city. The immense building was crowded to overflowing, hundreds being unable to gain admission to the corridors. The hall was elaborately decorated. Some 300 persons occupied the stage.

DETROIT, MICH.

The O'Connell centennial was observed here by High Mass in the morning, and a large procession and picnic in the afternoon.

The Centennial was also enthusiastically celebrated in the following cities:—Newark, Washington, Baltimore, St. Paul, Elmira, New Haven, Middletown, Newburg, Philadelphia, Auburn, N. Y., Cleveland, O., Toledo, Columbus, O., Savannah, Ga., Buffalo, Albany, Louisville, Pittsburg, and many other places.

WELL MEANING BUT MISUNDERSTOOD.—English friend to distinguished foreign artist: "Yes, of course; but you know it's all very well—anything; painted by foreigner is sure to go down with the British public, 'eh?' D. F. A.: "Go down, sure; oh, will it! I won't do nothing of the sort, I can tell you, whilst we have such men as—"

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The potato blight has appeared in a few weeks since in Newry market at from 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. per cwt.

Margaret McBride, a mill worker had her arm torn from her body in a shocking manner by a carding machine, recently, at Belfast.

A continuous down pour of rain fell at Waterford July 14 and 15, flooding the crops in the lowlands in a discouraging manner.

The Broadwood Weaving Factory at Belfast was totally destroyed by fire July 31, in consequence of which seven hundred persons are thrown out of employment.

On the 21st ult., Captain F. M. Clarke, 5th Dragoon Guards, was almost instantly killed, at the Curragh Camp, by his horse falling on him.

Robert Adair, cattle dealer and farmer, Tandragee, at the Armagh assizes, July 14, sought to recover £200 from Robert Henderson and others, shipping merchants, Belfast, for alleged breach of contract and illegal arrest.

The Strokestown and Roscommon Farming society announce the entries for the approaching show as numerous and satisfactory.

Mr. Patrick Hinds, Downpatrick, took second place, out of 17 successful candidates from different parts of Ireland, in the recent Civil Service examinations at Belfast.

A Requiem Mass for the repose of O'Connell was celebrated August 4, at the church of St. Teresa Clarendon street.

The Corporation of Drogheda, in response to a formal invitation from the Mayor, Mr. Nicholas Leech, proceeded in state to Dublin to participate in the O'Connell Centennial.

Lord Francis Conyngham, M.P., was recently waited on at Beech Park by a deputation from the Ennis Trades, who presented him with an address.

"Shaun-na-Scott" is the subject of a powerful and fiercely sarcastic little work recently issued from the gifted pen of Hogan.

At a recent meeting of the Tenants' Defence Association, Rev. Mr. Crofton, Dunleer, agreed to leave the disputes between himself and his Westmeath tenantry to be settled by arbitration.

The current report of the National Bank is quite satisfactory. Mr. Massey is brief and pertinent.

The will of the late Edward Cullen, Wexford, whereby he bequeathed his entire property to his wife, and disputed by the next in kin on the grounds of undue influence, was brought up for hearing.

On the 22nd ult., Mr. Gill submitted to the members the premium sheet of the Ballinacloe Agricultural Society, which is an attractive one, for the show of this year.

Thomas O'Kane, a farmer residing at Shanlongford, while returning home from Coleraine, recently, and having to cross a mountain stream, fordable in dry weather, but which was considerably swollen from recent rains.

James and Sarah Dunlop, tenants of the lands of Ballywillan, in the barony of Lower Dunleer, applied for £500 at the Belfast Land Sessions.

Recruiting in Ireland.—The son of a poor woman at Cork, who was her only help, was recently decoyed at an unvarying moment into the English army.

Robert W. Lowry, J. P., applied recently to the Court of Chancery, for an injunction to prevent a number of Catholics from digging turf on the Pomery estate.

A complete through communication between Conamara and the Coast of Clare has been established, connecting Westport with Galway, via Clifden, Oughterard or Cong, and Galway with Kilkee via Ballyvaughan, Lisdoonvarna, and the Cliff of Moher.

The amount of copper ore raised at Knockmahon mine during the past six months is estimated at 1,122 tons, as compared with 1,900 tons in the previous half year.

A correspondent writing from Belfast under date July 13, says.—The weather has been dry, with strong sunshine, all week till last night, when a considerable quantity of rain fell.

O'Rourke's Castle.—The crumbling remains of a portion of this historic structure, from which Dermot MacMorrough is said to have taken his (the Prince of Breffny's) wife, which event is pronounced to be the first invasion of Ireland, is permitted to pass into oblivion.

At the recent Civil Service examinations the following Armagh young men obtained places: Thom- as Doonan, Patrick Overend, Patrick Gallagher, John Burns, and Michael Shuckey.

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.—Some workmen, whilst engaged in making alterations, a few weeks ago, in an old building at Gortin, Newtownstewart, discovered, under a bedroom floor, a grave-shaped cavity, built with stone and lime, and covered with boards and earth.

At the Strabane market, July 13, the following prices were realized.—Oats, per stone, 12jd. to 14jd.; oatmeal, per cwt., 14s. 6d.; Indian meal, per do., 8s. 9d.; Wheatmeal, per do., 14s.; Flour—First, per stone 16s.; Second, per do., 15s.; Third, per do., 14s.; Fourth, per do., 13s.; Bran, per stone, 8s. 6d.

A bill of peace Power executed a decree against the property of two farmers named Fitzgerald and Boucher, near Mitchelstown, recently, and left Michael Collins in possession.

The Orangemen at Knockmanou, on July 12, adopted a resolution demanding a Court-martial bill, which would give "liberty" to the large number of "uncondemned captives," who they say, are pining in those terrible places, the Convents of Ireland.

A megalithic monument has been recently explored by Mr. Wakeman, Hon. Sec. of the Royal Historical and Archaeological association for Enniskillen.

The Limerick Reporter of the 20th ult., says:—"The corn in the districts adjacent presents a miserable appearance, being all completely battered down by the rain.

The Irish Times of the 19th ult., says:—"During the week the intense heat of a tropical climate has set in at once, and all growing crops present a luxuriant appearance. Everything looks cheering in the extreme, and hopes are entertained for an abundant harvest.

The Dundee Relief Committee have given assistance to over seven thousand strikers. The masters and workmen continue firm, and all attempts at a compromise have so far failed.

THE PRIME MINISTER ON LORD BYRON.—Mr. Disraeli presided at a meeting convened in connection with the proposal to erect a memorial over the grave of Lord Byron at Hacknall Torkard Church-yard.

SINGULAR ROBBERY AND ABDUCTION.—A young man of 22 years, named Arbery, was brought up at the Worship-street Police-court, London, on Wednesday, under the following curious circumstances:—In February he obtained £250 from a young lady on the promise that he would marry her on the 8th of March.

A BUSINESS TRANSACTION IN ENGLAND.—The following facts (which a correspondent vouches for as strictly correct) goes to prove that the education movement has not yet penetrated into every nook and corner of Lancashire.

SCIENCE AND ART EDUCATION IN IRELAND.—Mr. Sullivan, the member for Louth made the following motion in the House of Commons on Tuesday, "That, in the opinion of this house, science and art education in Ireland, especially as applied to manufactures and industry, and the diffusion of technical instruction amongst the working classes, is in an unsatisfactory condition, and that it is expedient, in accordance with the promises of Ministers of the Crown as well as the desires of the Irish people, that, there should be established in Dublin, under management calculated to command confidence a national institution of science and art, with a comprehensive museum, analogous in purpose, to and co-operating with that at South Kensington." He

believed the Conservative Government of 1868 had decided to comply with the wishes of the Irish Cabinet to redeem the pledges then given. Sir A. Guinness seconded the motion which was supported by Sir Eardley Wilmot, Lord Eslington and Mr. Davies. The Chancellor of the Exchequer said the Irish members ought to be well satisfied with the reception given to the motion, the Government was prepared to deal with the question in a broad and liberal spirit, not as an Irish matter, but as one of a national character.

GREAT BRITAIN.

LONDON, Aug. 9.—The money market is quiet; wheat is very active. The weather has been more favourable for the crops during the past week in England, and harvesting begins in the southern portion next week.

The Mark Lane Express, in its review of the corn trade of the past week, says—"The weather, though broken, has been on the whole tolerably fine. The crops are progressing favourably, but it is unreasonable to expect either the abundance or the quality of last year, after a nearly sunless July and such heavy rain-falls. So they have found in France as far as they have gone, and flour has risen four francs per sack in Paris.

THE COLLIE TRIAL.—The trial of Alexander and Wm. Collie, both of whom are on bail, on a charge of obtaining large sums of money from the London and Westminster Bank on false pretences, was brought to a sudden stop this morning by the announcement that Alexander Collie had absconded.

THE SHIPPING BILL.—London, Aug. 11.—The Mercantile Shipping Bill, drawn up by Sir Charles Adelerley after the Pillsoll demonstration, and passed by the House of Commons, has finally passed the House of Lords.

THE STRIKES AT DUNDEE.—London, Aug. 11.—The Dundee Relief Committee have given assistance to over seven thousand strikers. The masters and workmen continue firm, and all attempts at a compromise have so far failed.

SHOCKING DEATH OF A DOMESTIC SERVANT.—A young servant girl of 16 years of age was cleaning windows in Old Ford, a few days ago, when she lost her balance, and fell upon the spikes of the area railings.

HUSBAND MURDER.—At Derby assizes, on Friday, a woman described as a hawker, named Rose Brown, was sentenced to death for the murder of her husband, an old man of ninety-eight, on the 12th of last month, by striking him on the head with a poker.

A BOY ATTEMPTING TO POISON HIS FATHER.—At Preston Police-court, on Friday week, a boy aged fourteen, named Jesse Rain, was charged with attempting to poison his father, a master tinnaker. On Sunday morning the prisoner suggested to his father that he should bring him some tea to bed.

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language more forcible than polite, expressed his determination to stick to "the brass." And so there the episode ended, and the parties took their departure, sadder, and, let us hope, wiser than they were before.—Wigan Observer

A STRANGE STORY.—A private letter received in Sheffield from one of the crew of the iron ship Glance, of London, which arrived in the Thames from Adelaide, on Thursday, gives the intelligence of a terrible event which recently occurred at sea. On the 27th ult. the Glance passed an out-bound vessel, bearing the name of Jessie Osborne, and was hailed by the captain of the latter ship, who reported that one of his crew had gone mad; and for five days the maniac had stationed himself aloft, and that nothing could induce him to return to deck.

Mr. John Bright has imposed upon himself the tedious task of examining the entire evidence in the Titchborne case, in order to satisfy himself, we presume, as to Kenealy's professions of his client's innocence. The result is that he believes the claimant to be an impostor.

UNITED STATES.

Fifteen thousand operatives are idle in Fall River, Mass., owing to the lock-out.

Children are dying at the rate of 100 per day in New York. Cholera infantum is the cause of this excessive mortality.

The miners are to be compelled to leave the Black Hills. A detachment of soldiers have arrived there, and the miners have decided to leave without opposition.

The Canal Investigating Committee of the New York Legislature has developed the fact that for repairs that should not have cost more than \$80,000 five times that amount was paid.

OUTLAW.—The Globe and Democrat learns that some twelve families have been forced to leave Williamson County, Ill., within the past week to escape the vengeance of outlaws who rule that county, and that many more are quietly arranging their business affairs preparatory to leaving.

THE MOUNTAIN MEADOW MASSACRE.—Beaver, Utah, Aug. 3.—The Associated Press reporter had an interview with the Indian Chief Beneito to day.—He states Lee secured the aid of the Indians to kill the emigrants by the offer of clothing, guns, and horses; that Lee commanded during the fight; that the story about the emigrants poisoning the spring is all a lie; that Lee, the coward, wants to throw all the blame on the Indians.

THE CROPS IN THE FLOODED DISTRICTS.—CINCINNATI, Aug. 11.—Special despatches from one hundred and forty county seats where the late floods occurred state that the prospects are much better than expected. Wheat and oats have suffered the most. Of the former two thirds of the crop will be saved, and of the latter less than one half can be saved.—Of corn there will be more than an average crop, owing to the increase of acreage.

VIOLENT TORNADO.—PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 11.—This afternoon a tornado of extraordinary violence passed over the north-western portion of this city, and travelling in a path about four hundred feet wide caused great destruction to property. About a dozen houses were unroofed, trees were torn up by the roots, signs demolished, fences overthrown, and chimneys toppled. Horses attached to wagons were thrown to the ground, and the wagons smashed. The roof of Green & Coates' street railway depot was torn off, and carried nearly a square by the wind, which in this vicinity was unaccompanied by rain, although torrents fell in the lower parts of the city. The storm lasted ten minutes.

WARLIKE DEMONSTRATION OF THE INDIANS.—SALT LAKE CITY, Aug. 11.—Considerable excitement prevails at Corlona, on the Central Pacific Railroad, growing out of the demonstration of a large body of Indians camped near there belonging to the Snake, Bannock, and other tribes. Nearly 1,000 of them were lately baptized into the Mormon Church. They have supplied themselves with ammunition and guns and to-day it is reported that they have sent all squaws away, and made threats of driving the Gentiles from the West side of Bear River, which they claim has been granted them by the Mormons for reservations. Governor Emory has asked for troops to be sent to Corlona for the protection of the people.

THE NEW TORPEDO VESSEL.—A new torpedo vessel, called the Alarm, has been completed at the Navy-yard, Brooklyn. This is the second of the kind built during the past twelve months, both being designed by Admiral Porter. The Alarm is entirely constructed of iron on the bracket plan, with double hull and bottom. She has seven watertight compartments in the sides, and, whenever necessary, can be brought down in the water for the purpose of being trimmed. The Alarm is 170 feet long in the keel, 41 feet on deck, and 28 feet beam.

I have discovered gold in paying quantities in gravel bars, both on Spring and Rapid creeks, from 20 to 30 miles northwest of Harney's peak. The deposits are the richest yet found in the Hills and are favourably situated. There is a good head of water in the streams, amply sufficient for working purposes. The gold is derived from quartz s'edges of six to ten inches in diameter in the belt of clay, slate and quartz. It is twenty miles in width, crossing the Hill in a north-westerly direction. At this point the clay from the bed of the stream near camp yields from 4 to 8 cents to the pan; and several pieces of about the value of a dollar have been found by the soldiers. I am engaged in prospecting the mine and extent of the region. About two hundred miners have deserted French Creek and followed me here.

They are pouring into the Hills from all directions, and offer me every assistance in prospecting the country. But no matter how valuable the mines may be, the future great wealth of the Black Hills will be its grass lands, farms and timber. The soil is deep and fertile, and the rain falls greater and more regular than that of any region west of the Alleghany Mountains!

GOVERNMENT PROCEEDINGS AGAINST INDIAN CONTRACTORS.—OLAHUA, Ne., Aug. 10.—The United States District Attorney has begun a suit against John P. Baker, formerly Indian agent, and his bondsmen, to recover \$16,400 due the Government from Baker. He has also begun a suit against R. M. Forbes for failure to fill a hay contract, and is preparing to bring suits against seven others, citizens of this State, some of whom are said to be prominent politicians.

THE BLACK HILLS.—Cheyenne, Aug. 10.—Gen. Crook and Col. Stanton returned here to-day from the Black Hills. The miners were preparing to leave, covering up the richest lodes to prevent their becoming known till such time as they can return. The country contains silver and gold mountains full of quartz, and capital and skilled labour will develop the mines equal to those of Colorado or Nevada. There were about 1,500 miners in the hills, and a great deal of preliminary work has been done by them in the way of ditches and sluices. There were no Indians in that region, and but few have been seen, but those at the agencies are still demanding that the miners be driven out. Some gold was panned out in presence of the party which yielded 75 cents to the pan. There is abundance of water and grass, also timber for building, but the pine is not of the highest merchantable quality. A town called Stonevale has been laid out on the Custer's Gulch vicinity where some rich diggings are located, and the whole country is well adapted to grazing and farming. Troops are now en route to establish a temporary post near Stonevale for the purpose of keeping out miners. Prof. Jenning's party were still exploring the hills, and will probably remain until the middle of October. Gen. Crook and party had fine hunting on Spring Rapid, Elk and Box Elder Creeks, taking a large number of red deer, elk and mountain sheep.

SUSPICIOUS DISCLOSURE.—New York, August 12.—The disclosure has been made that a large amount of the indebtedness of Duncan Sherman & Co. is held in accommodation paper, in the form of drafts drawn on them by a confidential clerk in their office, accepted by them and sold to various banks through note to brokers. The announcement is also made that letters of credit for which the father of Duncan claims that there was no deception practised in the matter, while a leading banker of this city says it is the sharpest kind of a sharp game. The Presidents of several prominent banks were called upon, and did not hesitate to declare the transaction irregular. The President of the First National Bank stated that he thought that the paper held by the firm's creditors in this city would amount to \$1,000,000. A correspondent writing from Paris says not an hour passes that I don't hear of cases of distress arising from the failure of Duncan, Sherman & Co. A widow, who came to Europe a few months ago to educate her children, deposited all her money with the firm, and took their letter of credit. She is left penniless, with several bills due and no friends to assist her. There are many artists, teachers, students and others in exactly the same condition, and they are not only in Paris but all over the continent.

Chief Justice Walker, of the Supreme Court of Illinois, held in a recent case that when a wife has notified a saloon keeper not to sell liquor to her drunken husband, and he does so, and the husband gets drunk and squanders or spends the wife's money, she having sustained actual damages, could recover exemplary damages, under the statute now in force in that State, if warranted by the evidence. The Chief Justice observed:—"The wife testified, she notified appellant not to sell liquor to her husband, and appellant, in his testimony, did not deny the statement, and we must regard it as true. Being true, we think that fact of itself should enhance the damages. When notified, there can be no excuse or palliation when the sale is made, which tends to produce drunkenness, which produces the damages. When a sale is thus made, it indicates a reckless disregard of law and the rights of others that merits punishment. The fate of the drunkard's wife and family is hard enough, without it being knowingly, if not intentionally aggravated to continuing to intoxicate and degrade him, and increase the shame, misery and suffering of his family. No right-thinking person can sympathize with the drunkard-seller, because he is reasonably punished by exemplary damages, when he knowingly sells to the drunkard, in opposition to the expressed wishes of the wife."

GRIP IN A GRAVEYARD.—A man in Baltimore called on a grave-digger one day to have his wife's grave sodded. He was an extremely pious man and bigged a long time over the price of the sodding. Suddenly he became mute, while his eyes were fixed upon a neighbouring tombstone. His daughter and the grave-digger stared back in respect for the feelings of the old gentleman, in whose mind they supposed the sight of that tomb had called up the memory of a dear, departed friend; for grief was depicted in his countenance, and he was visibly agitated. At length the deep emotion which swelled his bosom found vent in this pathetic outburst:—"Good gracious! when did this man die? He owes me 200 dollars, and I'll never see a cent of it!"

A Colporteur opened the door of an Irishman's shanty in New Orleans, and putting in his head, in a pious tone, asked the owner of the domicile, who happened to be in at the time, "if he would accept a Tract of the Holy Land," meaning, of course, an essay on that interesting portion of the world. "Yes, he jabsers," was the reply of the Irishman, "a houl section if you give a good title deed. But I should like to know if there is much of it prairie, or if new settlers are subject to the agur there."

An Irishman, having accidentally broken a pane of glass in a window of a house, was making the best of his way to get out of sight; but, unfortunately for him, the proprietor stole a march on him, and having seized him by the collar, exclaimed:—"Didn't you break that window?" "To be sure I did," replied Pat, "and didn't ye see me running home after the money to pay for it?"

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.—An editor out West, who thought the wages demanded by compositors was an imposition, discharged his hands, and intends doing his own type setting in the future. He says:—"I was to the eXonbrant. Wages deManded by printers we here concluded To do our own tyPe setting IN THE FUTURE; and at shonGw we never Earning The Business we do Not see any GRat mAsTery in, THE ART."

OVER HEAD AND EAR.—A chap went to a porkshop to buy pork on credit. First he bargained for a lot of pigs ears; next, the tradesman seeming willing to trust, he bought a pig's head; then growling bold, he said: "I believe I'll take that ham."

"No, you won't," said the shopkeeper, "you are ever head and ear in debt now."

"Dad, if I were to see a duck on the wing and were to shoot it, would you lick me? Oh, no, my son. It would show that you were a good marksman, and I would be proud of you." Well, then, dad, I peppered our old muscovy duck as he was flyin' over the fence to-day; and it would have done you good to see him drop."

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AT

No. 195, Fortification Lane, by J. Gillies, to whom all Business Letters should be addressed.

G. E. CLERK, Editor.

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The figures after each Subscriber's Address every week shows the date to which he has paid up. Thus "John Jones, Aug. '71," shows that he has paid up to August '71, and owes his Subscription from that date.

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

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 20, 1875.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

AUGUST—1875.

Friday, 20—St. Bernard, C. D.
Saturday, 21—St. Jane Frances de Chantal, W. Sunday, 22—14 P. Octave of the Assumption. Monday, 23—Vigil. St. Philip Beniti, C. Tuesday, 24—St. Bartholomew, Apostle. Wednesday, 25—St. Louis IX., King of France, C.
Thursday, 26—St. Joachim.

OUR TWENTY-SIXTH VOLUME.

With the present number commences the Twenty-sixth volume of the True Witness. We take this opportunity of returning thanks to our subscribers for the hearty encouragement they have given us, and beg to assure them that no exertions shall be wanting on our part, to render the True Witness worthy of their support, in common, however, with our brethren of the press, we have to complain of the dilatoriness of some in paying up their subscriptions, and of the consequent inconvenience to which we are often exposed. We, therefore, earnestly request all those in arrears to forward without delay—not later than the 1st of October, when pre-payment of postage by the publisher will begin—the amount due, either to this office or to the authorized agents in their respective districts, who will give receipts for the same. The amount to the individual subscriber is but a trifle; but the aggregate of these trifles is of very considerable importance to the publisher. As a Catholic Journal, Canadian politics will be henceforward, as hitherto, carefully eschewed by the True Witness, except in so far as they have a direct bearing upon Catholic interests, and the privileges of the Church. But if sparing of politics of our own, we will continue to give copious extracts from other periodical publications, both of Europe and the United States. As the condition of Ireland must ever be a subject of the deepest interest to all Catholics, especially to those who speak the English language; and as we look for support, in a great measure, to the generous efforts of Irish Catholics, it is but fair that a very considerable portion of the political intelligence thus extracted, should be of a nature to interest them. For the rest, the record of the True Witness during the last twenty-five years is the best guarantee for the course it will pursue in the future.

With these few words of introduction to our new volume, we earnestly call upon the Catholics of Canada, whose religion is dear to them, to assist us with their pecuniary contributions—to extend the circulation and influence of this paper.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Journal de St. Petersburg, adverting to the comments of the English press upon a suggestion that England and Russia should proceed in Central Asia upon a common understanding, regret the unfavorable answer conveyed in these expressions of opinion, for it believes that the Mahomedanism of Asia is equally inconvenient, and may become equally dangerous, to both Powers. Russia would it intimates, offer no opposition to a union of the two Governments for keeping Mahomedanism down by force.

The German Government, according to the Gazette de Francfort, will soon be driven to strange expedients to make up its financial deficit. Taxation would appear to be the natural means of covering the deficiency, but as the people are disgusted with the already great burden of taxation which press severely on honest labor, it is believed that Ministers will resort to the immoral method of State Lotteries. But how, asks the Gazette de Francfort, can a government which has forbidden public gambling establishments, institute for itself the game of lotteries.

The Bavarian elections are over, and have resulted in a majority of two for the Catholic and National party. Moreover it is probable that some of the Liberal returns effected by questionable acts of the authorities will be annulled by this majority. But as the Chamber is now constituted, the majority gained by the Catholics is smaller than that which the party possessed in 1860, and the Berlin papers exult over the fact as equivalent to a defeat for their adversaries. Baron von Loe, the excellent President of the Mainz Catholic Association, has just been condemned at Dortmund to six months' imprisonment in a fortress for expressions alleged to be treasonable in a speech made by him as long ago as October, 1873.

Among the Italian Bishops whom the Government are depriving of their episcopal residences is Monsignor Francesco Petrarca, who was for three years in possession of the archiepiscopal palace of Lanciano, to which See he had been appointed in

February, 1872. Archbishop Petrarca was not only in occupation of the see house for three years past, but was even recognized by Vigilani, the Minister of Grace and Justice, as Archbishop. Yet Vigilani now pretends that the Archbishopric is vacant, and has ordered the ejection of Monsignor Petrarca to be effected by the police.

The result of the Hungarian elections is deplorable. In the new House of Representatives, consisting of about four hundred and fifty members, three hundred are now Liberals. The fact speaks for itself and means a great deal. Above all things it means hostility to Austria, and a resurrection of the principles of Kossuth and Georger, Bem, and Dembrinski, those harmonious and loyal brothers of whom one was rewarded by Russia for his treason to Austria, and the others turned Turk when they could no longer conspire and rebel. Hungary owned its liberation from Turkish bondage to the German Emperors, but has almost always been disloyal and rebellious, except for a short time under the rule of Maria Theresa, when Hungary gained many exceptional advantages and privileges over the rest of the Empire. These it has repaid with treason and rebellion. In the seventeenth century the proud Hungarian nobles united with the Turk against their Christian sovereign although a portion of their country was still in subjection to the infidel invader. The names of Zriny, Frangipani, Nadasd, Tokolyi (Tokoli), and Rakoczy (Ragotsky), class well in history with those of the men who, under the lately deceased and present emperors, headed revolution, and made war on Austria; some of them being, then, as some have been since, Ministers of State and colleagues of Count Andrassy. Their hopes of success in a new insurrection are at present stimulated by agencies from Berlin. Whatever is unsatisfactory and alarming in the present state of Hungary says the Vienna Correspondent of the Tablet is, I think, clearly traceable to the policy pursued by Count Beust in 1868. His attempts at compromise and pacification have not been crowned with success; nor was it likely or possible that they should be, although his high position and abilities gave him great advantages. He would have done better had he taken note of the suggestions contained in a memorandum on the affairs of Hungary left him by his predecessor, Baron Bach, and still existing in the archives of the Foreign Office at Vienna. The policy there sketched out would, had it been followed, have saved the Empire from the predicament in which it is at present placed from the growth of revolutionary principles. A parliamentary majority of three hundred to one hundred and fifty offers great promise for the realization of the hopes of Liberalism and the ambitious designs of the Magyars, who are mostly Freemasons, and full of hostility to the Church and the dynasty. They have, I fear, but little opposition to apprehend from Vienna so long as Count Andrassy continues in power. They have also active and influential allies at court in the friends and adherents of Count Hohenlohe.

The Union Franco-Comtoise publishes an extract from the will of the late Cardinal Archbishop of Besancon. It runs as follows:—"I make profession of the faith of the Holy Catholic Apostle and Roman Church, my mother, and of entire and filial submission to the Sovereign Pontiff. I earnestly ask of God that I may die in His holy love, and with the Sacraments of the Church, which I have procured for my relations, my friends, and my flock, as far as I have been able. I thank God for all the graces He has bestowed upon me during my life, and particularly for that of my first communion which brought a multitude of others with it. I ask pardon of Him for all the faults which I have committed during my long episcopate, and I also ask pardon of all those whom I have grieved and offended. I protest that I keep in my heart none of any of the wrongs which may have been done me, and that I freely pardon them. I declare, in order to anticipate any evil construction, that if I make neither foundation nor donation in the diocese, it is because I am not able to do so, having in my lifetime given in works and in charities all that I could and beyond what I could afford, so that I hope to leave to my family nothing of what I received for my ecclesiastical offices. . . . "I declare that, on the 5th day of August, 1870, I made to the Sovereign Pontiff an act of adhesion pure and simple, with all my soul and with all my heart to the definitions pronounced by him on the 18th of July previous, and that I sent to him this act through Cardinal Antonelli, with which His Holiness has declared himself satisfied."

The present rulers of Italy, among the other moral means which they employ to regenerate the peninsula, adopt the detestable system of using the evidence of secret spies and informers against the liberty of the citizens. A "most private" circular has just been published, hearing date the 5th June, 1875, and addressed by the Home Minister, Cantelli, to the Prefects. Its subject is stated to be "Confidential revelations in matters of Judicial Police." This circular mentions that "sometimes it happens that officers and agents of public security are forced or excited to divulge the names of the confidants from whom they had received the information laid before the judicial authorities in penal cases. Often this result is effected through want of caution in the officers or agents aforesaid in their interrogatories or examinations to which they are subjected, or in the compilation of the verbal processed addresses to the judicial authorities. In order to avoid recurrences of this inconvenience it will be useful to remind you (the Prefects) that in the reports and deposition of witnesses, whenever the officers and agents cannot indicate the name of their informants, instead of declaring that the matter concerns the confidential revelations of secret informers, and so bringing forward the persons, it will be their duty to limit themselves to a statement that they received the information in question for official reasons." The immorality of this Circular is apparent. It puts citizens in the power of the low passions of the policemen, and places the police over the magistracy. It even renders the police superior to them, for Articles 364 and 369 of the Penal Code render that witness guilty of an offence who, when giving depositions to the authorities, suppresses wholly or in part any-

thing he may know concerning the facts or circumstances concerning which he may be interrogated.

Although Catholics in Italy take no part in returning members to the Parliament, on the principle that true Catholics cannot by their presence sanction the laws which have been passed against the Church, yet they have not given over attending to local affairs, and wherever there is an opportunity of interfering for the good of religion they exert themselves with effect. Thus at Genoa, the country of Mazzini, the Liberals made attempts to banish the Catechism from the schools and to secularize education. The Government system works badly enough, and might fairly satisfy the Italian Freemasons, for the teachers are selected and promoted without much reference to their religious or moral qualities. But the Liberals in Genoa wanted a special triumph, and they got a special defeat. They first got the officials to omit the religious teaching in certain schools; then they proclaimed that the feeling of a majority of the parents was against the religious instruction; and when an inquiry was instituted, and the voting proved that their calculations were false, they prevailed on the Government to dissolve the municipal corporation at Genoa, with to elect more pliant and more Liberal members. But the result has shown that Catholic feelings are strong in Genoa, for the Catholic candidates were elected in a considerable majority. In other cities and towns of Italy, the Catholics have succeeded in electing good men to the chief municipal offices, and as the control and management of the funds and endowments for charitable purposes are mostly in the hands of the local corporations, it is a great point gained to place the administration of these important institutions in trustworthy hands. It is known that the Roman Correspondent of the London Tablet say the Government intends at the earliest opportunity to renew the attempts made to subject these charitable endowments to the liquidating or conversion process which has already been applied to ecclesiastical foundations. But the local authorities have hitherto protested so vigorously against this fresh spoliation that Government had to give way and suspend the measures prepared for converting the charitable foundations into State dependencies. The opposition between the local corporations and the Government is looked on as a serious matter, and one likely to nullify the effects of the revolution which united the several states into one kingdom. The leading Government organs say some severe measures must be introduced to remove this antagonism in principle between the Central Administration in Rome and the local administrations in the provinces. The Government, of course, employs every means to secure the election to municipal offices of men favourable to themselves. Private circulars are issued by the Government Prefects to the Municipal Syndics, urging the latter to further the return of Government supporters. One of these "private" circulars has just been made public. It was addressed by the Prefect of Venice to the Sydic of that province. After reminding the Sydic of the duty of promoting the attendance of electors at the urns the circular proceeds:—"It was the Constitutional regime which chiefly made Italy, and it is the same regime which must consolidate its independence and unity, and increase its prosperity and greatness. It must not be forgotten that this regime is based upon the electoral system, which it is a duty of the highest importance for patriots to preserve and strengthen in its prestige. This will take place whenever the number of electors who go to the poll is conspicuously large, and when the victory of the electoral contests remains with the Government-Liberal-Party, partito liberale governativo." The circular then expresses a hope that "the clerical reactionary party will be defeated in the administrative elections," and charges the Catholic Congress at Venice with the design of overthrowing the Government by procuring the return of clerical candidates to municipal offices. When all the municipal offices in Italy shall be in the hands of the clericals, it will be easy for them to get possession of the kingdom by means of their majorities, as the circular asserts, in the local corporations. Against this circular a strong protest was drawn up, and signed by many leading electors who were indignant at the open interference with their independence as electors. It is satisfactory to find that in Venice the Government candidates were defeated, and that two-thirds of the administrative elections were carried by the Catholics.

A brother-in-law of the gallant "Lord Edward," the best of the Geraldines, has just been laid to his long rest in Paris, the aged General Rohan-Chabot. The deceased was aide-de-camp to Louis Philippe, at whose side he was the day Fieschi sent up his infernal machine. The late French Ambassador to the court of St. James, the Count de Jarnac, who was more of a Tipperaryman than a Frenchman, and was one of the best-liked landlords in the Golden Vale, was a son of General Rohan-Chabot.

The British Parliament was prorogued on Friday last till the 29th of October. The Queen in her speech closing the session says:—

I am happy to be enabled to release you from attendance at Parliament. The relations between myself and all foreign powers continue to be cordial, and I look forward with hope and confidence to an uninterrupted maintenance of European peace. The visit paid to this country on the invitation of my Government, by the ruler of Zanzibar, has led to the conclusion of a supplementary convention, which I trust may be efficacious for the more complete suppression of the East African slave trade. I have learned with deep regret that an expedition despatched by my Indian Government from Burmah, with the view to open communication with the western provinces of China, has been treacherously attacked by an armed force while on Chinese territory. This outrage, unhappily involving the death of a young and promising member of my Consular service, is the subject of careful enquiry, and no effort shall be spared to secure the punishment of those by whom it was instigated and committed. The condition of my Colonial Empire is generally prosperous. It is gratifying to me to find that the lengthened consideration you have given the various statutes which have from time to time been passed for the preservation of the peace in Ireland has resulted in a measure which, while relaxing the stringency of the former enactment, is calculated to maintain the tranquillity of the

country. Her Majesty then referred to the other principal statements of the session, her reference to the shipping bills being as follows:—"The state of the public business and differences of opinion naturally arising on a varied and comprehensive scheme, have unfortunately prevented you from completing the consideration of the Merchant's Shipping bill, but I rejoice that the Government have been able, by temporary enactment, to diminish considerably the dangers to which my seafaring subjects are exposed. I have every reason to hope the progress in the revenue system which has marked recent years will be fully sustained in the present. The arrangements which you have made with respect to the reduction of the National debt and those for the better regulation of loans for public works, will lead to valuable improvements in our system of imperial and local finance. In bidding you farewell for the recess, I pray that the blessing of Providence may fall on your recent labors and accompany you in the discharge of all your duties."

THE ART OF WRITING ANONYMOUS LETTERS.

In our humble opinion it was both unwise and undignified on Judge Mackay's part to notice, while on the bench, the anonymous letter addressed to him with reference to the Montreal Centre Election case. He must have known, or at least suspected, that it was written, not for the purpose of hectoring him, but in order to throw suspicion upon a large, respectable, and influential body of Irish Catholics. Hence, in reading it in Court he served—unintentionally we are willing to admit—the ends of the writer who has every reason to be thankful to his honor for the, no doubt, unexpected success of his letter. We do not apprehend that anyone will suffer by suspicion, although the undue importance attached to the foul epistle is already used against innocent men by designing knaves, and may lead to angry recriminations.

Without wishing to fix the odium of this correspondence on any particular person or party, we must remark as passing strange the omission of the writer to address Judge Mackay through the medium of the Witness. The columns of that paper are always open to anonymous writers who wish to assail our ceremonies, our clergy, our religious communities, and everything Catholic. We have therein read most filthy and libelous anti-Catholic letters over the signature or "A Catholic," "Another Catholic," "A Roman Catholic," and other loudly orthodox noms de plume. Even in its issue of August 11, and almost side by side with a copy of the cowardly missive to Judge Mackay, appeared a communication, full of these insults and injuries, written by an anonymous knave calling himself a member of the Catholic Church. Aye! ever since its foundation the Witness has taken a pardonable pride in encouraging the "noble" art of writing anonymous letters and stabbing reputations in the dark. It was in reply to an anonymous letter published in its columns that "C. Chiniquy" wrote to the Witness in 1851:—"If you do not flagellate and break our bodies, you but lack the means—you possess the will. But do you worse—you torture the soul and tarnish the reputation. You essay to morally assassinate all opposed to your fanatical bigotry and odious intolerance." Knowing the Witness so well and the sympathy and encouragement it has always extended to cowards who write with pretensions over fictitious names, we are surprised that the chivalrous friend of the Church and Ireland, who threatened to curtail Judge Mackay's days for his conduct in a matter affecting neither, did not follow the well-beaten track and "go for" his honor through the columns of the Witness. But wonders will never cease.

VERY LIKE A WHALE.

A fitting appendix to the "Jorge, Bishop of San Salvador" story is the account, telegraphed last week from Panama, of the horrible atrocities committed by a Catholic (?) mob in San Miguel under the leadership of a priest named Palacios. After three days of terror the authorities succeeded in restoring comparative quiet, and arrested the ringleader and several prominent participants in the riot. Immediately followed the execution of the ten assassins of General Espinoza, "six of them confessing to killing the General for \$10 each—paid by the priest." This looks very like a whale. But if strictly true—if Palacios is not a myth like his respected bishop, "Jorge"—if he is a priest at all—he is another Judas, a traitor to the teachings of Jesus Christ and of His Holy Church, and we hope there is rope enough in San Miguel to give him his due, and rid the world forever of such a monster. His, most certainly, was not the conduct of a Catholic priest, and, be assured, no Catholic will attempt to palliate it. But as we have said, the story is very like a whale.

O'CONNELL AND GARIBALDI.

Just so! O'Connell and Garibaldi were twin politicians and patriots. Sure St. Patrick himself was a Protestant, and Pio Nono is a Freemason! And it was because O'Connell was the twin brother of Garibaldi, that he was never feted and lionized, like the hero of the red shirt, by the Protestant ladies of England. It was because his principles were in accord with those of the arch-revolutionist, that he was always trusted and supported by the Irish clergy and repeatedly blessed by the Pope. It was because his life, like Garibaldi's, was spent in mad warfare against the Church, that he bequeathed his heart to Rome: Finally, it was because O'Connell was in politics and patriotism the twin brother of Garibaldi, that Protestants who swear by Garibaldi and the Witness refused to celebrate the Centennial of his birth in concert with others or by themselves.

Isn't the twin-ship clear?

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

The TRUE WITNESS will begin its Twenty-Sixth Volume on the 20th of August. Subscribers in arrears will please examine the date after their address, and remit in full to this Office without delay. As pre-payment of Postage by the Publisher will begin on the 1st of October, all those who have not paid up arrears and renewed their subscriptions will not receive the paper after that date.

Building lots are not decreasing in value in Sherbrooke. At a sale last week one lot, 60 by 95 feet, brought \$1,150, and another \$1,035.

PRIVATE INTERPRETATION.

Men readily adopt principles which are agreeable to human nature, but principles which curb evil inclinations, or tend to moderate excesses, are those that men most combat against. To examine the decalogue from the beginning to the end, we notice one principle which runs through the whole, and this principle is incorporated in so many prohibitory enactments against man's natural inclinations. Man in a natural state, or more perfectly speaking, in his unnatural state, desires full play to all his passions, his lust for money, power, and honor, he seeks every possible opportunity to gratify. To love ourselves above all others seems the most natural thing in the whole world, but to love our neighbor as ourselves seems to the worldly and the proud a principle impossible to be carried out. Now a system of religion based in opposition to the last-mentioned principle could be supported by arguments as strong as that used in support of private interpretation of Scripture. To the proud man nothing is so galling as obedience; yet, in the order of nature, nothing tends to preserve the social order than the principle of obedience taught by Christian principles. The child wars against the authority of the parent, and the rod is sometimes used to whip him into subjection. Yet, the parent will war against the Church and its teachings, and though not submitting to legitimate authority, he considers himself morally bound to exact obedience from his own children, and compel it by the exercise of what he knows and believes to be legitimate authority. Let a question arise as to the moral obligations which husband and wife owe to each other. The marriage ceremony plainly tells us that the husband is to love, cherish and protect his wife, and that the wife must love, honor and obey her husband. This we believe to be the moral law governing the relative duties of husband and wife. But a social war has commenced; wives, like dissatisfied subjects in a rebel state, too, have their grievances and wrongs to be redressed, and in their private interpretation of Scripture they may invert the order of those relative duties, and construe the text that the husband must be obedient to the wife, while the helpmate will love, cherish and protect her liege lord.

What is there in the Protestant principle that could consistently tell the wife, "Woman thou hast interpreted this passage incorrectly" could not the woman retort, by saying, "I am a Protestant, my church has taught me that private interpretation of Scripture is all that is needed. I have interpreted such and such passages in such and such ways, and yet you a minister of the Gospel from whom I have learned that principle, by telling me that I am wrong, you have in so doing convinced me of one of two things, either that the principle you teach you know to be wrong, or that if the principle you taught me is correct you have no authority to tell me or to influence me against what in my opinion are correct interpretations of such and such passages of Scripture." Martin Luther taught his followers that private interpretation of Scripture was a correct and a true principle, yet this same Martin Luther excommunicated Zuinglius for his interpretation of the passage—"this is my body." Zuinglius affirmed that the verb "is" was used by Christ for "represents" while Luther contended that the verb "is" should be interpreted literally. Now according to the Protestant principle both interpretations though at variance with each other must be correct, while Luther was wrong in not granting the same liberties to others which he claimed for himself. Calvin, although he taught the same principle, had Servetus brought to the stake for exercising it. Verily, the reformers themselves showed no great love for the principles they taught, and while Catholics are condemned by Protestants for ignoring this principle, Catholics fail to see how Protestants respect it. But a short time ago a Mr. Jenkins a member of Christ Church, Clifton, England was refused communion by the vicar of his parish on the ground that Mr. Jenkins denied the eternity of punishment, and the existence of the Devil, the action of the vicar in depriving Mr. Jenkins of what he considered his rights as a Protestant, has brought the question into our courts of law, and it is possible that the question of the existence or non-existence of the devil will be decided by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Should the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council decide this matter adverse to the views of Mr. Jenkins, now, according to the Protestant principle, how far can it expect Mr. Jenkins to accept the decision? Verily the Protestant principle of private interpretation is a two edged sword, and although it was a mighty weapon used by the reformers against the Catholic Church, that same sword has turned against Protestants themselves, for to-day we find as many religious beliefs as there were languages at Babel. Every Protestant who can spell through the bible, considers his interpretation infallible and will not bow down or submit to even that teaching which he professes to believe.

POETS AND POETRY OF IRELAND.

On Monday evening last Mr. Stephen J. Meany, editor of the Sun newspaper delivered a lecture in the Mechanic's Hall before a crowded audience under the auspices of the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association, taking the above for his subject. The back ground of the platform was tastefully decorated with the Canadian and American flags which were united by the banner of the Society and the names of Irish patriots and poets were tastefully disposed on and around them. The Presidents of the several Irish societies wearing their regalia and Mr. E. Murphy, President of the Montreal Branch of the Home Rule League, occupied seats on the platform. Mr. Meany, although visibly suffering from a severe cold engaged the undiminished attention of his audience for the space of two hours while he traced the history of Ireland's national poetry and gave copious readings from her bards, illustrative of the peaceful condition of Ireland in her early days; of the troublous times she has since passed through, and of her present condition. Mr. Meany regretted that a more extensive knowledge of Irish poetry is not cultivated by the Irish people in the stead of the many common ballads which occasionally creep into books of poetry under the title of Irish national poetry. At the conclusion of his lecture Mr. Meany spoke strongly in favour of Home Rule.

A vote of thanks was accorded the lecturer on motion of Mr. B. Devlin, M. P., seconded by Mr. E. Murphy, the mover taking occasion to remark that the Irishmen of this city had earnestly looked for the establishment of an Irish daily newspaper for the last twenty years, and he sincerely hoped that every one of them in Montreal would do his utmost to further the interests of the Sun newspaper, of which the lecturer was a promoter and now one of its proprietors.

WRITTEN FOR THE "TRUE WITNESS." SHORT SERMONS FOR SINCERE SOULS. (No. 73.)

"THOU SHALT NOT BEAR FALSE WITNESS AGAINST THY NEIGHBOR."

If, Christian soul, you would truly know the frightful nature of a lie, consider it in its origin. The devil "is a liar and the father thereof," said our Divine Saviour to the Pharisees of old. Behold then your model, O Liar! that demon who once an angel of light was banished from heaven because of his revolt against God—this is your father, O Liar. And whether was this demon banished? To the dark depths of hell. Your model then, O Liar, comes from that dark pit which encloses all crime and all misery. And what was the first recorded act of this demon, your father, O Liar, immediately after his revolt? It was a lie, and the first lie, and the greatest lie ever told upon earth. As the devil stood in the garden of paradise clothed in the figure of a serpent, his very presence was a lie; for he had clothed himself in the lying garb of a serpent. And the words that he spoke to Eve, how huge a lie! "No! you shall not die the death for God doth lie! No! in what day soever you shall eat thereof, your eyes shall be opened; and you shall be as gods knowing good from evil." Was ever so gods knowing good from evil? A lie against the goodness of God in luge a lie? A lie against His command not to eat of the forbidden fruit; but hugest lie of all! A lie in affirming that they should not die the death of Christian soul, would you behold this lie proved a lie? thousands of thousands of times proved a lie? Approach the death bed of every human being that has ever died on earth or that ever will die, each death proclaims the lie. Had Eve's or Adam's death been the only one entailed, the evil of that lie would not have been so tremendous; but the death of every man that ever has been born—the death of every man that ever will be born—these millions of millions of deaths each and all prove the devil a liar, and his first words on earth a lie.

You are children then of the devil, O Liar; and the devil is your father. Let us look at the effects of this relationship. The son walks like the father—speaks like the father—thinks like the father; nay, so intimate often is the resemblance that not infrequently the very style of handwriting (the most delicate of peculiarities) descends from father to son through many generations. Liar! then you walk like your father, the devil—you speak like your father, the devil—you think like your father, the devil; nay so intimate is your resemblance that peculiarities as delicate as the handwriting have perhaps been transmitted to you. "Ye are of your father, the devil, and the desires of your father you will do." Ah! Liar! You walk like your father, the devil. The devil, says the Sacred Scripture, "goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." And how does he devour? By his lies and deceits; seeking to make men believe that falsehood is truth; that wrong is right; that injustice is justice; that vice is virtue; that the law of workings is the law of God. And you, O Liar! wherein do you imitate your father, the devil? By your lies and deceits also; by seeking to make the world believe that your vice is virtue; that dishonesty is honesty; that fine clothes are respectability; that worldly riches are the whole end of man; that the esteem of men is preferable to the esteem of God.

You speak like your father, the devil, O Liar! "when he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own, for he is a liar and the father of liars." When you speak lies, O Liar, you speak of your own; you speak as becometh a liar; you speak after the manner of your father, the devil, after the manner of a true child of the devil, and if ever you speak the truth, it is not as of your own; on your lips truth is as a stranger; truth on your lips is there only after the manner of your father, the devil, who sometimes puts on the form of angel of light in order to lie the more efficaciously.

You think like your father, the devil, O Liar! "The desires of your father you will do." Oh unlovely work! O unallowed rebellion! to do the works of the devil; to work out the ends and aims and desires and aspirations of the great enemy of our salvation! From the first moment of his expulsion from heaven, what has been the sole wish of this demon, your father, O Liar? To overturn the throne of God within us; to destroy the reign of Truth on earth, and to erect in its stead the kingdom of untruth, the reign of lies and deceits. Are you not too truly helping in this unholy work, O Liar? Are you not, alas! a worthy son of an unworthy father? Every lie you utter is a rebellion against Truth; a blow aimed at God in His attribute of Truth; an attempt to overthrow the kingdom of heaven. It is held by men to be an awful crime to aim a blow at the life of an earthly sovereign, but by every lie the liar aims a blow at the Eternal God in His attribute of Truth.

And there is another fact, Christian soul, which should teach you the tremendous power for evil which lies possess. They are the cloak of every sin; they are the shield of every crime; they are the refuge of every offender. Does the thief fear detection? He looks for safety in a lie. Is the deceiver accused of his deception? he seeks to cover it with a lie. Does the ambitious man aspire to distinction and honors? he hopes to buy them with deceit and lies. Does the covetous man desire riches? he scrapes them together by lies? Does the liar seek to conceal his lie? he covers it with another. Like the magic circle of the sorcerer which rendered all those invisible who were admitted within its bounds, lies render the murderer, the dishonest, and the libertine invisible to mortal eyes, and save them from human justice and the condemnation of mankind, thus encouraging them in their crimes.

Had not the devil when he tempted Eve taken refuge in a double lie, she would undoubtedly have detected his design and have driven him away with scorn. His form as a fallen angel was hideous; he must disguise himself (a lie) under some beautiful form, if he would succeed. He chose therefore the like and beautiful serpent with its graceful folds, its beautifully painted skin, its meek and innocent eye in order to deceive her. But this first lie of his beautiful form would hardly have deceived Eve, if the devil had not concealed by a second lie his unholy design. "No! you shall not die the death," was the lie which like the magic circle of the sorcerer, hid the devil's hideous design; which caused the very death it denied and which wrought the universal destruction of mankind.

And yet, Christian soul, terrible as lies are in their source and in their consequences, how almost universal they are. The first sin which the child commits is a lie; nay, he even lies before he can sin; for long before reason and the instruction of his mother can have any power to render it capable of a lie, it has already learnt to lie. What mother but knows this? what mother but knows that her first lessons in morality and in enforcing the law of God upon her child must be directed against the vice of lying? and this custom of childhood, this habit of untruth received by us through the lie of the devil, and the lie of Adam in the garden, when God demanded "where art thou Adam?" this terrible habit clings to us throughout life to our eternal destruction, if not fought against and opposed; but, thank God, to our eternal reward as so many bright crowns of victory, if conquered and overcome.

HORRIBLE.—A report from the Gatineau states that three children while out in a bush picking berries were attacked by a bear. All were killed, and their bodies frightfully torn up; only the feet and arms of the children can be found, and it is probable that brain devoured the rest.

THE O'CONNELL CENTENARY IN SHERBROOKE.

The Irishmen of Sherbrooke were not behind their brethren elsewhere in commemorating the hundredth birthday of O'Connell. The concert was well attended, although disappointment was at first felt at the non-appearance of Mr. J. J. Curran who had promised to give an address. Mr. Connolly, Esq., President of the St. Patrick's Society occupied the chair, and at his request

His Honor, Judge Doherty, who was called upon at a late hour to supply Mr. Curran's place, delivered a very interesting sketch of O'Connell's life and training amid a political system that almost made it impossible for him even to obtain an education. The circumstances by which he was led into contesting the famous Clare election, the struggle by which he opened the doors of Parliament to Roman Catholics, the subsequent battle which he fought for repeal of the Union and the sympathy which he always lent to the cause of the oppressed everywhere and of whatever clime and color were vividly depicted. His career at the Bar was sketched, with many anecdotes relative of his wit, courage, drollery and kind-heartedness, notably his famous duel with D'Este and his hardly less famous discomfiture of the Times reporter by blazing away in Irish as soon as the reporter was quite ready to take a verbatim report in English. His Honor concluded by asserting that, taking him all in all, O'Connell was one of the greatest men whom history records. The address was received with repeated and hearty applause.

Hon. J. G. Robertson, A. Paton, Esq., and his Worship Mayor Griffith also made short remarks expressive of their sense of the obligations of the present generation to men such as O'Connell, and those, whether Catholic or Protestant, who had worked with him in the cause of liberty.

The musical part of the programme began and closed the proceedings. Messrs. Hunt and Putnam from Montreal made themselves great favorites by their spirited comic songs.—*Sherbrooke Gazette.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE HARP.—July 1875.—Montreal: F. Callahan.—Contents as follows:—Cherries are Bipe; The O'Donnell's of Glen Cottage; Eric Waldertown; A story of the Curfew; O'Connell; Chinese ideas about death; O'Connell (Illustration); The O'Connell Monument in Ennis; Maxims of Cardinal de Retz; A Vagabond Philosopher; The O'Connell Monument in Ennis (Illustration); Catechism of the History of Ireland; A Tough Mule Story; Stephen J. Meany (continued); Taming the Humming Bird; The value of a Cent; Music: "Oh! Where's the Slave?"

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.—July 1875.—The Leonard Scott Publishing Co., Barclay street, New York: Dawson Bros., Montreal.

Contents as follows:—Sunday and Lent; Maccready's Reminiscences; Allotropic Christianity; The Pacific Islanders' Protection Bill; Education in Prussia and England; The Guicwar of Baroda; House Ventilation and Warming; The Evidences of Design in Nature; Contemporary Literature. The periodicals reprinted by THE LEONARD SCOTT PUBLISHING CO. (41 Barclay Street, N.Y.) are as follows: The London Quarterly, Edinburgh, Westminster, and British Quarterly Reviews, and Blackwood's Magazine. Price, \$4 a year for any one, or only \$15 for all. and the Postage is prepaid by the Publishers.

Two Valuable Household Books, entitled "Care of the Sick," and "Accidents, Emergencies, and Poisons," (with directions as to what should be done in cases of common accidents, emergencies and poisons, until the arrival of skilled assistance), are given away free by the Mutual Life Insurance Co., 144 Broadway, N.Y. We advise our readers to secure copies.

THE DUBLIN REVIEW.—July 1875.—Montreal, D. & J. Sadtler & Co. Contents as follows:—Modern Society and the Sacred Heart; A Reply to Two Criticisms—Civil Sovereignty and Necessary Truth; Secularism in Elementary Education; The Purport of Bishop Fessler's Treatise: Prince Bismarck's Speeches; Father Dennis on the Syllabus; Examination of Mr. Herbert Spencer's Psychology; Father Coleridge on the Gospels; The European Situation; Catholic Liberalism; Notices of Books.

DOMINION ITEMS.

THE COMMITTEE OF THE O'CONNELL CENTENAL.—At a meeting of the Committee held to arrange matters in connection with the concert given the night of the celebration, Mr. John Hachette in the chair, the thanks of the committee were tendered to the members of the Ben de Bar Opera House who assisted at the concert. On the motion of Mr. A. Brogan, seconded by Mr. Jas. Kehoe, a warm vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. S. Cross, who acted as Secretary, for the able manner in which he performed his duties in connection with the celebration, and a sum of fifty dollars was also voted to him, as a small token of appreciation by the Committee for his never failing energy, since the celebration was mooted, as Secretary of the Committee. Mr. Cross returned thanks in a few appropriate and brief remarks. Mr. Kehoe then took the Chair, and on the motion of Mr. B. Emerson, seconded by Mr. J. Connaughton, a cordial vote of thanks was passed to Mr. John Hachette, for the able and courteous manner in which he performed the duties of chairman.

CANADA, Aug. 5.—The corner stone of the Roman Catholic Church in course of erection here was laid this evening with very imposing ceremonies. A large congregation was present. The church is to be of brick, of magnificent design, and is to cost \$8,000.

QUEBEC, August 6.—A gentleman writing from St. Malachie, County of Dorchester, under date of July 30th, says: The greatest tornado ever known in this part of Canada passed yesterday. The hailstones fell about the size of eggs, and covering the ground about four inches deep and destroying the crops for five miles in length and one mile in breadth. The potatoes, oats, barley, peas and hay are out of the earth. We are in hopes by petitioning the Federal Government that they will help the sufferers, as they are left destitute.

FIRST WHEAT.—Mr. Asa S. Wallbridge, of Amesbury, cut his first wheat for the season on the 5th inst., which is probably the first cut in this section of the country. It is a good crop, yielding over 30 bushels to the acre.—*Independent.*

The fall wheat in the neighborhood of Gale has been harvested in good condition. It does not fall far below the average. Barley is cut, but is too short in the straw to allow of binding, it is an excellent crop. The prospects of a good second clover crop are not yet very encouraging.

Mr. Henry Collins, son of Mr. Edward Collins, died in Stratford on Sunday morning, under circumstances of a sufficiently peculiar nature to warrant mention. It appears that on Saturday, 17th ult., deceased had eaten a number of cherries, and in the evening had gone to a refreshment saloon with some friends, and while there disposed of five or six dishes of ice-cream. On Sunday morning he felt unwell, and without medical advice took some medicine, but did not experience any relief. On Monday afternoon he had become so much worse that a physician was called in, who found him in a very critical condition. Inflammation had set in and the patient was suffering intense agony. By careful treatment he was kept alive until Saturday morning when he died.

DELIBERATE SUICIDE.—GUELPH, Aug. 12.—This afternoon about four o'clock, as a special engine was coming up towards Guelph, and about a mile east of that place, those on the engine noticed a

man walking alongside the track about fifty yards ahead. The engine whistled, causing the man to turn and look back. He then deliberately laid down and placed his head upon the rail. There was no time to stop the engine, and the cow-catcher struck him on the head and knocked him to the side. The engine was stopped, and when the men went back he was dead. There was no doubt but that it was a case of deliberate suicide. The man is unknown, is about 26 years of age, and, judging from his appearance, was a mechanic.

The Ori 4 papers publish the report of the gentlemen appointed to award the prizes offered by the East Simcoe Agricultural Society for the best kept farms—an idea, by the way, that might be commended to societies here. We noticed in the report a novel method of getting rid of the potato bug adopted by a Mr. Thompson, and thus described:—"After planting about the 2nd June, drills were harrowed down on the 12th, and allowed to be thus until the sprouts were three inches above ground. Bugs came in great numbers. On the 17th put the plough on, and covered the whole plants with fully four inches of soil, and after allowing them to lie nine days in this condition, gave them a run with light harrows. Of course a few plants were damaged by the tines, but at our examination on 12th July, the potatoes had a very fine appearance, and but a few of the enemy were visible. Where they went to is not known."

TRAC HEROISM.—Heroes are found in every day life as in the scenes which thrill the world. One of these lives in Carleton, and his name is Patrick Haney. On Saturday night he was a passenger on the Carleton ferry boat at the time of her 10 o'clock trip, from the city side. A large number of persons were on board, and as the boat neared the Carleton floats, the crowd, as usual, pressed forward to jump on the floats at the earliest moment.

When the crowd was about three feet from the floats the crowd surged forward, the result being that a young woman named Casey, who lives near the old fort, was pushed off the end of the boat and fell into the water. In the darkness and confusion there seemed no hope that she could be rescued. The lantern brought to the spot showed only the black waters of the harbour and the foam which the steamer dashed into the ship. The girl had disappeared, no one knew whither. But there was one person who would not have her perish, and that was Haney. Quick as thought he leaped into the water, and dived into the black waters. He was a good swimmer, and reached the bottom, feeling rapidly around for the object of his search. He could not find her, and was forced to come to the surface. Taking another breath, he again plunged downwards, and under the floats, where the undertow had borne her, found the girl who but for him had perished. It required all his strength to drag her from the position in which she was placed, but he succeeded, and brought her to the surface, when, by the aid of a life buoy, he sustained himself and his charge until both could be taken from the water. The young woman was still conscious, and little the worse of her adventure. Her narrow escape from death is due solely to the true heroism of young Haney, who without hesitation risked his own life to save a fellow being from death.—*St. John Telegraph.*

ST. JOHN, N.B., Aug. 12.—The army worm appeared on the marsh road, about a mile from St. John, yesterday in considerable strength, and notwithstanding the efforts to destroy them they were marching on to the city last night with apparently undiminished numbers. This morning they have gone. Considerable damage was done to the grass turpins, and other roots and vegetables. They are found in limited numbers in the city gardens. They recently invaded Grassy Island, in St. John River, from which Kings County heretofore derived an annual revenue of \$1,000 from the sales of grass. This year, in consequence of caterpillars, only one-fifth of that sum has been realized. They have appeared in Calais and various parts of Maine. There is no general invasion of this Province, and the alarm has subsided. Recent rains have retarded haying operations, and a considerable portion of the crop is injured. The other crops are in fine condition. Later.—The army worm made its appearance this morning on the western side of the St. John River, a mile or two from the city. They had apparently been just hatched.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., Aug. 6.—DANIEL O'CONNELL.—The Daniel O'Connell centennial has been observed here to-day with great eclat by the Roman Catholic portion of our people. The capacity of our Island railway was tested pretty well to-day in bringing large numbers of persons from different parts of the Province to take part in the festivities of the occasion. The weather in the morning was rather unpropitious. The clouds, however, broke away about noon, and the sun shone brilliantly during the latter part of the day. The exercises of the day commenced with a religious service in the Roman Catholic Church, during which prayers were offered for the repose of Daniel O'Connell's soul. At about 10:45 a.m. a procession formed in the vicinity of the Catholic Church, and proceeded, through some of the principal streets of the city, to Government House, and thence to Kensington, a suburb in the immediate vicinity of the city. The music was furnished by two of the city bands, and there was a fine display of green flags and banners. The Hon. Senator Howland was the orator of the day. The speaker read the principal parts of his oration, and gave some of his statements extemporaneously. He spoke of the birth and education of O'Connell. He represented him as a far-seeing, shrewd Irish patriot, leader, and statesman, and dwelt particularly upon the eminent services he had rendered to the Roman Catholic Church. The Senator was about forty-five minutes in the delivery of his address. The afternoon was occupied with the sports that are generally indulged in at such gatherings. A tight-rope performance was one of the most attractive features of the day. A grand concert was held this evening in the Market Hall, and was well attended. There was a fine display of fireworks exhibited at Hillsboro' Park, from 9:30 o'clock until 10:30 this evening, as the closing part of the proceedings of the day.—*Cor. of Globe.*

HALIFAX, N.S., Aug. 12.—A report is in circulation of a horrible crime committed two years ago, which has only now come to light from the confession of a sailor. The schooner Mary E. Jones sailed from the Clyde River, Shelburne County, for Boston, and two sisters named Sutherland were passengers. Shortly after sailing the two women were brutally outraged by the captain and crew, except the man who now tells the story. They were then killed, and their bodies thrown overboard. The crew afterwards landed in their boat on the coast, and reported that the vessel had met heavy weather, was thrown on her beam ends, and the young women drowned in the cabin, but the vessel subsequently drifted into Burlington Bay, when her deck load was still on, and no appearance of her having been on beam ends. The captain's name was Swaine, and he is now bound to a New Brunswick port, where he will be arrested on his arrival. The man making the confession is named Greenwood. One of the crew was lately arrested at Shelburne, but the magistrate did not consider the evidence sufficient to warrant his committal. There is much excitement in the country about the matter, but many people do not believe the statement of Greenwood, whose only excuse for not before telling the truth is that the sailors compelled him to take an oath that he would never divulge the crime.—*Cor. of Globe.*

WINNIPEG, Aug. 7.—The Free Press says there is scarcely a doubt but that Manitoba and the North-West generally, have passed the climax of the grasshopper plague. The indications are most hopeful that the present season is the last for many years to come that grasshoppers will infest the country. The grasshoppers themselves are a prey to parasites, as many as twenty at a time being found in one grasshopper. The same paper complains of Government mal-administration in the North-West.—They appear to think they can prosecute surveys, establish telegraph lines, station mounted police, promise to make treaties, and afterwards repudiate their promises with impunity. Troubles are arising and will arise. An arrangement is being made to ship iron for the Canadian Pacific Railway via Cookson and Red Lake River. The Nor-Wester says that Gov. Morris' term of office will expire in September next. It is stated his Excellency will re-commence the practice of law as a partner of Messrs. Blain & Blanchard.

The Pall Mall Gazette sounds a note of warning which ought to be heard with attention by all householders. It is with regard to the spread of contagious or infectious disease in a manner of which people generally take little thought. Death is often conveyed to our earthly homes in wicker laundry baskets, says the Pall Mall Gazette, in commenting on the recent strange outbreak of scarlet fever among the guests assembled at a dinner party given at a house in Kensington. It advises enquiry as to the antecedents of the tablecloth used at the dinner. Even if it were a perfectly innocent agent, it may, like many other tablecloths, have been washed at a laundry where fever had obtained an entrance, and although the establishment may be able to show a clean bill of health, yet such may not be the case as to the households of its employees. The hand that ironed the tablecloth and folded it may an hour before have been tending a child sick of fever.

BREAKFAST—EPPE'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Eppe has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills."—*Civil Service Gazette.* Made simply with Boiling Water or Milk. Sold by Grocers in Packets only, labeled—"James Eppe & Co., Homeopathic Chemists, 48, Thackerade Street, and 170, Piccadilly; Works, Easton Road and Camden Town, London." MANUFACTURE OF COCOA.—"We will now give an account of the process adopted by Messrs. James Eppe & Co., manufacturers of dietetic articles, at their works in Easton Road, London."—See article in *Cassell's Household Guide.*

REMITTANCES RECEIVED. Point St Charles, D. D., \$2; J. C. 2; M. H. 1; Prescott, Rev J. O'D., 2; Alexandria, A. McD., 4; St Remi, Rev M. B. 2; H. Mc G., 2; St. Petronille de Beaulieu, Rev A. C. P., 2; Sillery, J. C. 2; M. H. O'R., 2; Seneca, Rev J. M. C., 2; Lindsay, Mrs J. H., 2; Cold Springs, F. McK., 2; Stockwell, D. O. C., 2; L. O'Neil, J. B., M. C., 1; Port Abert, E. O. C., 2; Merrickville, P. K., 2; Rigaud, J. B. A. M., 2; Henryville, E. R., 2; Chelsea, W. M., 2; Rawdon, J. R., 4; Brechin, F. M. B., 2; Kinkora, Rev J. O'N., 2; Marianne, J. M. G., 1.50; Grandy, M. G., 2; St. Philomena, M. B., 1.50; Powerscourt, J. F., 2; Bowcherville, J. B. de L., 2; Cote des Neiges, B. B., 2; Martintown, J. B. McL., 2; London, J. M. K., 2; Gourock, J. K., 4; Hallerton, M. McA., 1; Sheenborough, Rev M. S., 2; Brudenell, J. G., 1.50; Pointe du Lac, Rev M. C., 2; Loughborough, J. P. B., 2; Cape Causo, N. S., A. M. C., 2; Renous Bridge, N. B., Rev W. M., 2; Tracadie, N. B., M. E. B., 1; Victoria Road Station, M. H., 2; Covey Hill, J. C., 1.50; St. Basile, Rev R. C., 2; Glennevis, D. R. McL., 2; St. Columban, Rev M. F., 2; M. P., 2. Per D. O'S., Piccola—P. K., 2. Per P. H., Oscola—M. S., 1. Per J. B., Mitchell—Self, 1; L. B., 1.50; M. K., 1.50; P. R., 1.50; W. F., 1.50; Brnholm, J. R., 1.50; P. DuC., 1.50. Per W. H., Sydney Mines, N. S.—Ingonish, Rev. F. V. B., 2. Per P. C., Tweed—Self, 1; F. M., 2; T. M. C., 2. Per P. F., Shamrock—Jt St. Patrick, M. S., 1.50. Per E. B., Parth—Self, 2; J. B., 2. Per P. L., Escott—Farmersville, J. H., 1.50. Per J. M. C., Vankeek Hill—J. M. C., 2. Per P. L. H., Kingsbridge—Self, 2; E. K., 2. Per R. E., Brockville—Miss J. B., 4.

On the 12th inst., at 15 Berri street, Mrs. P. J. Donnelly, of a daughter. On the 14th inst., the wife of P. N. Leclair, Esq., M. D., 252 Guy street, of a daughter. At 216 Bleury street, on the 12th inst., the wife of John Cox, of a daughter.

Married. In this city, on the 10th inst., at St. Patrick's Church, by the Rev. Father Dowd, Mr. Daniel Lyons, to Miss B. Lawlor, both of this city. On Monday morning, the 8th inst., at Toronto, in the 43rd year of her age, Margaret, relict of the late James Stock, and eldest daughter of John Shea, Esq. At St. Isidore, Co. Laprairie, on the 14th inst., Joseph Philippe Augustus, infant son of Norbert Prevost, Esq., M. D., aged 3 months and 13 days.

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MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.—(Globe) Flour # brl. of 196 lb.—Follards, \$3.80 @ \$3.90 Superior Extra 6.15 0.20 Spring Extra 5.75 0.40 Superfine 5.25 5.30 Extra Superfine 5.95 6.00 Fine 4.95 5.00 Strong Bakers' 5.50 5.65 Middlings 4.40 4.50 U. C. bag flour, per 100 lbs. 2.75 2.75 City bags, (delivered) 0.00 2.90 Wheat—U. C. Spring 1.35 1.36 do Western 0.00 0.00 Oatmeal per bushel of 200 lbs. 5.75 5.85 Corn per bushel of 32 lbs. 0.78 0.79 Oats 0.48 0.50 Pease, car lots 1.04 1.06 do afloat 0.00 0.03 Barley, per bushel of 48 lbs. 0.85 0.00 Lard, per lb. 0.14 0.00 do do do pails 0.15 0.00 Cheese, per lb. 0.54 0.10 do do do new 0.00 0.00 Pork—New Mess 23.00 24.50 Thin Mess 21.50 26.00 Ashes—Pot 5.00 5.05 Firsts 0.00 0.00 Pearls—Firsts 5.75 5.80 Butter—Quiet at 18c to 21c

TORONTO FARMERS' MARKET.—(Globe) Wheat, fall, per bush. \$17 0 00 do spring 1 22 1 23 Barley do 0 84 0 00 Oats do 0 00 0 00 Peas do 0 00 0 00 Rye do 0 00 0 00 Dressed hogs per 100 lbs. 0 00 8 25 Beef, hind-qrs, per lb. 0 00 0 00 " fore-quarters 0 00 0 00 Mutton, by carcass, per lb. 0 00 0 00 Butter, lb. rolls 0 28 0 30 " large rolls 0 00 0 00 tub dairy 0 20 0 22 Eggs, fresh, per doz. 0 16 0 17 " packed 0 13 0 14

Apples, per brl. 0 00 0 00 Geese, each 0 55 0 75 Turkeys 0 70 1 00 Hay new 14 00 20 50 Straw 9 00 0 00

J. H. SEMPLE, IMPORTER AND WHOLESALE GROCER, 53 ST. PETER STREET, (Corner of Foundling), MONTREAL. May 1st, 1874. 37-72

WANTED—A FEMALE HEAD TEACHER for the Roman Catholic Separate School, Belleville, duties to commence 1st September. A liberal salary will be given to a first class Teacher. Applications, with testimonials, can be made to the undersigned; those holding Normal School Certificates preferred.—By Order, M. J. GRAINGER, Sec.-Treasurer. 1-3

TEACHER WANTED for the Roman Catholic Separate School, Male Department, Alexandria, Gloguery. Engagement to commence at once.—Good references required.—A. D. M'PHEE, S. & T. R. C. S. S. 52-3

FOR SALE, an EXCELLENT FARM, known as MOUNT ST. COLUMBA FARM, West Williams, North Middlesex, Ontario, containing 130 acres, all enclosed, of which 110 are well cleared, and in a high state of cultivation, and 20 acres of woodland well timbered, plenty of good water, first class frame buildings, stone wall cellars under dwelling house, large bearing orchard, and well fenced all around, within a quarter of a mile of the Catholic Parish Church and Separate School; four and a half miles from Park Hill Station on G. T. B. Road; thirteen miles from Stratroy, and twenty-eight miles from London; good gravel roads to and from it. Apply (if by letter, post paid) to the Proprietor on the premises, L. C. MCINTYRE, Hornish P.O., North Middlesex, Ont. 1

O'CONNELL CENTENAL. We can now supply a LIFE LIKE BUST of the LIBERATOR at the following terms:—Imitation of Marble, \$1 50 Handsomely Bronzed, 2 50 Photographs of O'Connell, 5c & 10c. A liberal discount allowed to Agents—Writ for terms. BATTLE BROOK, 21 Bleury St., Montreal, | No. 8 Rideau St., Ottawa.

THE SISTERS OF THE CONGREGATION OF NOTRE DAME, MOUNT ST. MARY. (Cor. Guy and Dorchester Sts.) are happy to inform the families residing in the vicinity of the institution that their present spacious building will enable them to accommodate a few DAY-BOARDERS for the coming Scholastic Year, to begin SEPTEMBER THIRD. The number is limited. Parents who are desirous of securing a place for their children are therefore requested to make immediate application. For further particulars address the LADY SUPERIORESS of Mount St. Mary. The Boarding School will re-open September 2nd. 1-2

READERS OF THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. The Harp. \$1.00 per year. INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of E. STAW & CO., of Montreal, Coal Merchant and Trader, An Insolvent. The undersigned will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION, by authority of Justice, at the Assignee's Office, 97 St. James Street, Montreal, AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK A.M., ON MONDAY THE 23rd DAY OF AUGUST, 1875, Balance of Uncollected Book Debts. L. JOS. LAJOIE, Assignee. Montreal, 15th August, 1875.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869, AND ITS AMENDMENTS. In the matter of FRANCIS FARQUHARSON STUART, of the City and District of Montreal, Wine and Liquor Merchant, An Insolvent. I, the undersigned, Andrew B. Stewart, of the City and District of Montreal, official Assignee, have been appointed assignee in this matter. Creditors are requested to file their claims before me within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at my office, Merchants' Exchange Building, in the said city of Montreal, on Thursday, the Twenty-Third day of September next, A. D. 1875, at the hour of Three of the clock in the afternoon, for the public examination of the Insolvent, and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally. The Insolvent is hereby notified to attend. A. B. STEWART, Assignee. Montreal, August 16th, 1875. 1-2

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869, AND ITS AMENDMENTS. In the matter of JOHN STUART, of the City and District of Montreal, Wine and Liquor Merchant, individually and as having been a partner in the firm of Stuart Bros., and Company, composed of JOHN STUART and ANDREW SYMON, of the said City of Montreal, An Insolvent. I, the undersigned, Andrew B. Stewart, of the City and District of Montreal, official Assignee, have been appointed Assignee in this matter. Creditors are requested to file their claims before me within one month and are hereby notified to meet at my office, Merchants' Exchange Building, in the said city of Montreal, on Thursday, the Twenty-Third day of September next, A. D. 1875, at the hour of Four of the clock in the afternoon, for the public examination of the Insolvent and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally. The Insolvent is hereby notified to attend. A. B. STEWART, Assignee. Montreal, Aug. 16th, 1875. 1-2

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O'CONNELL.

THE CENTENARY IN DUBLIN

Dublin, August 5, 1875.—The religious exercises in connection with and preliminary to the O'Connell Centennial celebration in this city took place to-day.

Pontifical High Mass was celebrated at the Cathedral of Dublin, Marlborough Street. The numerous ecclesiastical dignitaries who assisted at the services, which were conducted by his Eminence Cardinal Manning, of Westminster, formed in procession and moved at slow pace to the church, passing through a dense crowd of spectators.

The Most Rev. Archbishop Croke, of Cashel, delivered the sermon, which was devoted entirely to illustrating the religious character of O'Connell, and the pious tendency of all the works and efforts of the Irish Liberator. He said in the course of his sermon that the Irish people were being educated under a state system, which, if not all they could desire, was in many respects useful.

The banquet given by the Lord Mayor of Dublin to-night in honor of the memory of O'Connell was a brilliant affair. Four hundred persons sat down to table, including His Eminence Cardinal Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin; Prince Edward Radziwill, Mgr. Nardi, representing His Holiness the Pope; Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, Mr. Daniel O'Connell, a grandson of the Liberator; Bishop Lachat, of Basle; the Earl of Granard, Most Rev. Dr. MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam; the Very Rev. William Pollard, of Pennsylvania; Rev. Michael J. O'Farrell, of St. Peter's church, New York; Edmund Dease, John George MacCarthy, Arthur John Moore, Keyes O'Leary, Myles William O'Reilly, and Patrick James Smyth, Members of Parliament.

A despatch was received from the Pope giving blessings to all persons assisting at the Centenary celebration. The health of the Pope was proposed first. Mgr. Nardi responded on behalf of his Holi-

The Queen's health was proposed next. The toast was received with loud cheering. The toast to the memory of O'Connell was responded to by a grandson of the Liberator and by his Grace Archbishop MacHale, who said, "England was once under the Government of France, and yearned for deliverance from the thralldom. It was not strange that Ireland should now yearn for home government, as did England of old."

His Eminence Cardinal Cullen responded to the toast to the Irish hierarchy. French speeches were made by the Bishops of Nantes and Basle.

During the banquet Mrs. Fitzsimon, eighty-four years of age, the widow of Christopher Fitzsimon, of Glencullen, and the only living daughter of the Liberator, appeared in one of the galleries, accompanied by the Lady Mayoress and her daughter and a numerous party of distinguished ladies.

Her presence was hailed with enthusiastic cheers. The influx of people to the city is extraordinary. Many of them are encamped in tents in the streets. The centenary concerts were given in Exhibition Palace this afternoon and evening, and were attended by vast numbers of people. The oratorio of "Elijah" was given in the afternoon, and in the evening the following magnificent ode, by Denis Florence McCarthy, was recited at the second concert:

THE O'CONNELL CENTENARY ODE.

I. Harp of my native land, That lived anew 'neath Carolan's master-hand; Harp on whose electric chords, The minstrel Moore's melodious words, Each word a bird that sings, Borne as if on Arle's wings, Touched every tender soul From listening poles to pole. Sweet harp, awake once more; What though a ruder hand disturbs thy rest? A theme so high Will its own worth supply. As finest gold is ever moulded best, Or as a cannon on some festive day, When sea and sky, when winds and waves rejoice, Outbooms with thunderous voice, Rids echoes speak, and all the hills obey, So let the verse in echoing accents ring, So proudly sing, With intermittent wail, The nation's dead but sceptered king, The glory of the Gael.

II. 1775. Six hundred stormy years had flown Since Erin fought to hold her own, To hold her homes, her altars free, Within her wall of circling sea. No year of all those years had fled, No day had dawned that was not red (Of shed by fratricidal hand) With the best blood of all the land. And now, at last, the fight seemed o'er, The sound of battle pealed no more; Abject the prostrate people lay, Nor dared to hope a better day; An icy chill, a fatal frost, Left them with all but honor lost, Left them with only trust in God, Poor pariahs on their native sod. The lands were gone their fathers owned; Their faith was banned, their prophets stoned; Ah, what can rouse the dormant life That still survives the stormier strife? What potent charm can once again Relit the cross? rebuild the fane? What signal mercy from on high? Hush! hark! I hear an infant's cry, The answer of a new-born child, From Iveragh's far mountain wild.

III. Yes, 'tis the cry of a child feeble and faint in the night, But soon to thunder in tones that will rouse both tyrants and slaves. Yes, 'tis the sob of a stream just awake in its source on the height, But soon to spread as a sea, and rush with the roaring of waves. Yes, 'tis the cry of a child affection hastens to still, But what will allence ere long the victor voice of the man?

Easy it is for a branch to bar the flow of the rill, But all the forest would fall where raging the torrent once ran. And soon the torrent will run, and the pent-up waters overflow. For the child has risen to a man, and a shout replaces the cry; And a voice rings out through the world, so winged with Erin's woe.

That charmed are the nations to listen, and the Destinies to reply. Boyhood had passed away from the child, predestined by fate To dry the eyes of his mother, to end the worst of her ills, And the terrible record of wrong, and the annals of hell and hate, Had gathered into his breast like a lake in the heart of the hills.

Brooding over the past, he found himself but a slave, With manacles forged on his mind and fetters on every limb, The land that was life to others to him was only a grave, And however the race he ran no victor wreath was for him.

The fane of learning was closed, shut out was the light of day, No ray from the sun of science, no brightness from Greece or Rome, And those who hungered for knowledge, like him, had to fly away Where bountiful France threw wide the gates that were shut at home. And there he happily learned a lore far better than books, A lesson he taught for ever, and thundered over the land, That Liberty's self is a terror, how lovely may be her looks, If religion is not in her heart, and reverence guide not her hand.

The steps of honor were barred; it was not for him to climb, No glorious goal in the future, no prize for the labor of life, And the fate of him and his people seemed fixed for all coming time, To hew the wood of the helot and draw the waters of strife.

IV. But the glorious youth returning Back from France the fair and free, Rage within his bosom burning, Such a servile sight to see, Vowed to Heaven it should not be. "No!" the youthful champion cried, "If thy freedom can be won, By the service of a son, Then, behold that son in me. "I will give thee every hour, "Every day shall be thy dower, "In the splendor of the light, "In the watches of the night, "In the shine and in the shower, "I shall work but for thy right."

V. 1782-1800. A dazzling gleam of evanescent glory Had passed away, and all was dark once more. One golden page had lit the mournful story, Which ruthless hands with envious rage outtore One glorious sunburst, radiant and far-reaching, Had pierced the cloudy veil dark ages wove, When full-armed Freedom rose from Gattian's teaching, As sprang Minerva from the brain of Jove. Oh! in the transient light that had outbroken, How all the land with quickening fire was lit! What golden words of deathless speech were spoken, What lightning flashes of immortal wit. Letters and arts revived beneath its beaming; Commerce and hope outspread their swelling sails, And with "Free Trade" upon their standard gleaming, Now feared no foes and dared adventurous gales. Across the stream the graceful arch extended, Above the pile the rounded dome arose, The soaring spire to heaven's high vault ascended, The loom hummed loud as bees at evening's close. And yet 'mid all this hope and animation The people still lay bound in bigot chains; Freedom, that gave some slight alleviation, Could dare no panacea for their pains. Yet faithful to their country's quick uprising, Like some fair island from volcanic waves, They shared the triumph though their claims despising, And hailed the freedom though themselves were slaves.

VI. But soon had come the final compensation, Soon would the land one brotherhood have known Had not some spall of hellish incantation The new-formed fane of Freedom overthrown. In one brief hour the fair mirage had faded, No isle of flowers lay glad on ocean's green, But in its stead, deserted and degraded, The barren strand of slavery's shore was seen.

VII. 1800-1829. Yet, 'twas on that barren strand— Sing his praise throughout the world! Yet, 'twas on that barren strand, O'er a cowed and broken band, That his solitary hand Freedom's flag unfurled. Yet, 'twas there in Freedom's cause, Freedom from unequal laws, Freedom for each creed and class, For humanity's whole mass, That his voice outrang; And the nation at a bound, Stirred by the inspiring sound, To his side upsprang. Then the mighty work began, Then the war of thirty years— Peaceful war, when words were spears, And religion led the van. When O'Connell's voice of power, Day by day and hour by hour, Raining down its iron shower, Laid oppression low. Till at length the war was o'er, And Napoleon's conqueror Yielded to a mightier foe.

VIII. 1829. Into the Senate swept the mighty chief, Like some great ocean wave across the bar Of interposing rock, whose jagged reef But frets the victor whom it cannot mar. Into the Senate his triumphal car Rushed like a conqueror's through the broken gates Of some fallen city whose defenders are Powerful no longer to resist the fates, But yield at last to whom wondering Fame awaits. And as "sweet foreign Spenser" might have sung, Yoked to the car two winged steeds were seen, With eyes of fire and flashing hoofs out-flung, As if Apollo's coursers they had been. These were quick Thought and Eloquence, I ween, Bounding together with impetuous speed, While overhead there waved a flag of green, Which seemed to urge still more each flying steed, Until they reached the goal, the hero had decreed, There at his foot a captive wretch lay bound,

Hidous, deformed, of baleful countenance, Whom as blood-shot eye-balls glared around, As if to kill with their malignant glance, I knew to be the fiend intolerance. But now no longer had he power to slay, For freedom touched him with Ithuriel's lance, Which bared his baseness to the light of day, And showed how foul a fiend the world could once obey.

Then followed after him a numerous train, Each bearing trophies of the fields he won; Some the white wand and some the civic chain, Its golden letters glistening in the sun; Some—for the reign of justice had begun— The ermine robes that soon would be the prize Of spotless lives that all pollution shun, And some in mitred pomp, with upturned eyes, And grateful hearts invoked a blessing from the skies.

IX. A hundred years their various course have run, Since Erin's arms received her noblest son, And years unnumbered must in turn depart Ere Erin fails to fold him to her heart. He is our boast, our glory, and our pride; For us he lived, fought, suffered, dared, and died; Struck off the shackles from each fettered limb, And all we have of best we owe to him. If some cathedral, exquisitely fair, Lifts its tall turrets through the wondering air, Though art or skill its separate offerings brings, 'Tis from O'Connell's heart the structure springs. If through this city on these festive days, Halls, streets, and squares are bright with civic blaze

Of glittering chains and aldermanic gowns, The red-robed senates of a hundred towns, Whatever rank each special spot may claim, 'Tis from O'Connell's hand their charters came. If, in the rising hopes of recent years A mighty sound reverberates on our ears, And myriad voices in one cry unite For restoration of a ravished right, 'Tis the great echo of that thunder blast, On Tara pealed or mightier Mullgabmast. Where'er we turn the same effect we find— O'Connell's voice still speaks his country's mind.

Therefore we gather to his birthday feast, Prorate and peer, the people and the priest. Therefore we come in one united band, To hail in him the hero of the land, To bless his memory, and with loud acclaim To all the winds, on all the wing of fame Waft to the listening world the GREAT O'CONNELL'S NAME.

THE PARADE.

Dublin, August 6, 1875.—The grand parade in honor of Daniel O'Connell and in celebration of the one hundred anniversary of the birthday of the great Irish Liberator took place in this city to-day. Ninety thousand men marched in the column of procession. The demonstration was of an enthusiastic and intensely patriotic character. Thousands of people from the neighboring cities, and from England and Scotland were present. The numerous organizations, civic and military, which were to take part in the procession began to assemble at an early hour on Stephen's green and vicinity. There was much delay owing to the vast numbers, in forming the line, and the procession did not begin to move until after 10 a.m., the appointed hour. The line of march was around Merrion-square, through Leinster and Nassau streets, College Green, past the City Hall, up Cork Hill, through Thomas and James' streets, Stevens-lane, along the quays, through Capel street, Dorset street, and Connor's Row, to the site of the national monument of O'Connell on Sackville street. The route was five miles in length, and the procession extended over the entire distance. The houses and sidewalks along the route were crowded with dense masses of spectators. There was great cheering as the procession marched past O'Connell's house and the City Hall, where the "Liberator" delivered his first oration against the Union. The members of the "Amnesty Association" marched with a banner at their head, hung with chains. The flags were draped with crape, and other emblems of mourning were displayed. Their appearance attracted general attention, but the demonstration caused no disorder during the progress of the procession. The only row which occurred was caused by a body of Dublin coalporters forcing their way to the head of the procession, and, at a later hour of the day, cutting the traces of the carriage which bore the banner of the "Amnesty Association." Men were immediately substituted in place of the horses, and they drew the carriage through the streets along the remainder of the route. Dr. Isaac Butt and other Home Rule members of Parliament marched with the Amnesty Association. In Sackville street, as the divisions of the procession, with bands playing, arrived, the commemorative ceremonies began at the site of the monument. Lord O'Hagan, who was to have delivered the oration of the day, was not able to be present (the reason alleged for his absence being the illness of his daughter). The Lord Mayor of Dublin came forward to read the address to the assembled multitude. The moment he appeared there was great uproar and confusion. The members of the "Amnesty Association" had moved up the front of the platform, and as the Lord Mayor began to speak, they shook the chains attached to their banner in his face, and drowned his voice with shouts of "No Whiggery!" and loud and long continued cries for Isaac Butt. The Mayor made a second attempt to read the speech, but finding it impossible to make himself heard, withdrew from the platform, and returned to his carriage. Dr. Butt, in response to repeated calls, came forward and made a speech, reviewing the career of O'Connell, and thanking the people for their praiseworthy conduct during the day. He was most enthusiastically cheered. Speeches were made by Mr. O'Connor Power, member of Parliament for Mayo County, and Mr. A. M. Sullivan, member for Louth. Mr. O'Connor Power said he had been invited to participate in the speechmaking on the platform, but he declined for the reason that a Whig pensioner of England—Lord O'Hagan—had been selected as the spokesman of the Irish nation. He had come forward now because the conspirators who attempt to strike a blow against the cause of Irish nationality had fled; the voices of the Irish nationalists must find full expression. O'Connell repelled with scorn the Chancellorship bribe which was offered him by the British Government, and it was an insult to his memory to nominate a Whig pensioner of the same Government to stand forth as the representative of the Liberator's principles. The remarks of Mr. Butt and Mr. Power were greeted with great applause by the multitude. The proceedings were then brought to a close, and the vast assemblage peaceably dispersed. With the exception of the scene in front of the platform, there was no serious disturbance throughout the day.

X. The following is the address which was to have been delivered by Lord O'Hagan, after the procession in Dublin, and which the Lord Mayor in his (Lord O'Hagan's) absence, attempted to read but was unable to do so, because of the uproar that then ensued. The oration commences with the statement that the day commemorates more than an honor to a man; it commemorates the redemption of a people, the noblest service ever rendered by a citizen to his fellow-men. O'Connell was one of those rare beings whose lives only commence when they have achieved a full measure of earthly immortality. When he was born, the people of his race and the religion of that

people labored under an oppression as complete and degrading as ever overwhelmed a prostrate people. Ireland was the outcast of the nations. But the hour and the man had come for her deliverance. The year of his birth witnessed the outbreak of the American war for Independence. Lexington was the herald of events the memory of which has just given to our transatlantic brethren the occasion for a national celebration as happy as that of O'Connell's centenary. The American success in the battle for liberty poured new life into the worn-out nationalities of the Old World, animating the efforts of the people for freedom everywhere. Daniel O'Connell commenced his public career with every possible obstacle against him. But he possessed a buoyant nature, unsleeping vigilance, energy, patience the faculty of boundless invention, faith in his cause, and indomitable resolution for its defence and triumph. No reverse could daunt him. His brain and his tongue were from the first the only weapons which he possessed. But his brain was fertile and massive, and his tongue has been in many respects never equalled in its power of giving utterance to the thoughts and will of the mind. Here the address described the wonderful eloquence and the oratorical style of the Liberator. Lord O'Hagan then traced the events of O'Connell's public career onward to the year 1824—the year when the Catholic Association was formed, an organization which aroused the whole country to a sense of its position, and ultimately banded the Catholic millions of Ireland together as one man resolved to do the work of men engaged in a last and deadly struggle for freedom. This organization was made perfect under the direction and supervision of O'Connell from the centre of the island to the sea, and, unbought and unforced, its members rendered obedience to its chief more absolute than did the serfs of the state to a Roman emperor or an Eastern caliph. Having witnessed the horrors of the French Revolution, and having mourned over the miseries which were produced by the Irish Rebellion of 1798, O'Connell stood forth and taught the new political gospel, that civil liberty is worthless when it is secured by a bloody purchase. And he achieved his great triumph through a peaceful and just use of the franchise, which had formerly been prostituted by the people to their own debasement. The serfs of Ireland assumed the attitude of freemen. They stormed the citadels of the ascendancy in Church and State, which soon fell one by one before the liberating conqueror of the conqueror of Waterloo, by the coup de grace which was given to the strongholds of intolerance and exclusion at the Clare election. That election was a unique event in the history of the world. It was a prophecy of the venerable John Keogh that emancipation would be carried when a Catholic would be elected and sent to Parliament. The chief of the Catholics attempted its fulfilment. A great encounter came on between the lords of the soil and the people. The issue was found to be momentous and decisive. All possible efforts were made in order to ensure victory for the British Government. But it was in vain. The prestige of the English dominion in Ireland had departed. The fetters of interest and of custom had been wrenched away. The voters of Clare listened to the voices of their priests and defied the commands of their landlords, and thus demonstrating their fitness for liberty, by their observance of order and temperance, they elected O'Connell to Parliament and won emancipation. The emancipation triumph was not won for the Irish Catholics alone, but also for the Protestants of Ireland. It was a victory of truth and reason and of universal application. At this point the oration discusses the slanders which were uttered against O'Connell at different periods of his life. Lord O'Hagan then proceeds to deal with the matter of O'Connell's career after emancipation, which was, he says, "ever in the interest of popular reform and for the benefit of the human race without distinction." The oration concludes with an eloquent statement of the grand cardinal principles of O'Connell's life, thus: First—The assertion of civil and religious liberty. Second—Such liberty is not necessarily associated with revolution. Third—That moral force is always preferable to physical for the accomplishment of great political results.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE. The commissioners sent by the Lord Mayor of London to Toulouse to distribute the Mansion House fund among the sufferers by the flood have been very well received by the people of the district, and have been feled by the officials of the Department. The Mansion House fund now amounts to nearly £20,000. The Prince and Princess of Wales have sent 100 guineas. The report of the French Budget for next year has been printed. The receipts are set down at £103,000,000, and the expenses at £200,000 less than that amount. Since the last year of the Empire the taxation has increased £35,000,000. Consequent upon the passing of the University Education Bill Catholic Universities are to be established at Paris, Angiers, and Orleans. Madame MacMahon's subscription list for the relief of the sufferers by the floods amounts to £320,000.

SPAIN. Madrid, Aug. 12.—In accordance with a notice given on Tuesday, a decree was promulgated to-day in the Official Gazette ordering a levy of 100,000 additional men for military service. The levy includes youths who shall have attained the age of nineteen years before the 31st of December. Another decree is issued directing the Minister of Finance to redeem the floating debt and issue consolidated interior scrip for £80,000,000, in order to guarantee future loans and advances of the Bank of Spain and the Mortgage Bank. The man-of-war Victoria is bombarding the town of Lequeitio on the Biscayan coast. Gen. Martinez Campos, in a despatch dated Leo D'Urgel to-day, announces that the troops under his command, after desperate fighting, entered the Olsana Tower. He lost one hundred killed. The Carlist loss was still heavier, and many of the garrison taken prisoners. The explosion of the magazine in the citadel made a large breach in the walls. London, Aug. 13, 5:30 a.m.—A despatch to the Daily News reports that the Alfonsists at Leo D'Urgel are mounting a battery in Alansana Tower, which they carried by storm, and it will be impossible for the Carlists to hold the citadel. The projected constitution declares the State religion to be Roman Catholic. The nation has obliged itself to maintain its worship and its ministers, but nobody shall be molested on Spanish territory for their religious opinions or in exercise of their respective worship so long as the respect due to Christian morality is paid. Nevertheless other public ceremonies or demonstrations than those of the State religion are prohibited. Canovas Del Castille, President of the Constitutional Committee, declares the meaning of this to be that Protestants may have churches with open doors and celebrate worship inside, but there must be no manifestations in the street.

DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY CURES CHOLERA, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, SEA SICKNESS, AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS.

It is PLEASANT to the TASTE AND PERFECTLY RELIABLE. Thousands can bear Testimony to its Superior Excellence and wonderful Curative Properties. READ PROF. CROFTS CERTIFICATE. Toronto University, July, 1875. I have examined the recipe for the preparation of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which the above-named Extract forms the principal part. The other ingredients added are, in my opinion, well adapted to render it a safe and reliable medicine when used according to directions, in Cholera, Diarrhoea, and all summer complaints. (Signed) HENRY H. CROFTS. Sold by all Druggists and Medicine Dealers at 37 1/2 cents per Bottle. MILBURN, BENTLEY & PEABODY, Proprietors, Toronto.

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INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of JOHN McKILLOP, Insolvent.

I, the undersigned, Georges Hyacinthe Dumensil, of the City of Montreal, have been appointed Assignee in this matter.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL. In the SUPERIOR COURT.

In the matter of JOSEPH R. MEAD and CHARLES S. MEAD, both of the City and District of Montreal, Shirt and Collar Manufacturers, and copartners, carrying on business together as such at Montreal atresd under the style and firm of J. R. MEAD & CO.,

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL. In the SUPERIOR COURT.

In the matter of JAMES BROWN, and JAMES T. McMINN, (Brown, McMin & Co., Insolvents.)

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL. In the SUPERIOR COURT.

In the matter of JAMES INGLIS, of the City of Montreal, Photographer and Trader, An Insolvent.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL. In the SUPERIOR COURT.

In the matter of JAMES BROWN and JAMES T. McMINN, both of the city of Montreal, Commission Merchants and co-partners, carrying on business under the name of BROWN, McMINN & CO, both individually and as such co-partners,

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869, AND ITS AMENDMENTS. In the matter of DAMASE MOINEAU, of the City of Montreal, Trader.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of JAMES O'MEALEY, of the City of Montreal, Dealer in Fruit, and Trader, Insolvent.

The Insolvent has made an Assignment of his Estate to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at his place of business, 260 St. James street, in Montreal, on Wednesday, the 25th day of August, A.D. 1875, to receive statements of his affairs, and to appoint an Assignee.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of L. JOS. LAJOIE, Interim Assignee.

P. N. LECLAIR, (Late of Alexandria), PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, AND OBSTETRICIAN, 252 GUY STREET.

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MICHAEL J. O'BRIEN, SCULPTOR. MONUMENTS, MANTEL-PIECES, IN LARGE VARIETY, ALWAYS ON HAND. August 6, 1875. 51-52

T. J. DOHERTY, B.C.L., ADVOCATE, &c., &c., No. 50 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. [Feb. 74]

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

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An experienced Surgeon carried on each vessel. Berths not secured until paid for. Cargoes will be charged at the rate of 2c per bottle to Cabin Passengers supplying their own Wines or Liquors.

For Freight or other particulars apply to:— In Portland to H. & A. ALLAN or J. L. FARMER; in Bordeaux to LAFITTE & VANDERCRAS or E. DEPAS & Co.; in Quebec to ALLAN, RAS & Co.; in Havre, to JOHN M. CURRIE, 21 Quai D'Orleans; in Paris to GUSTAVE BOSSANGE, Rue du 4 Septembre; in Antwerp to AUG. SCHMIDT & Co., or RICHARD BEENS; in Rotterdam to G. P. ITTMANN & ROON; in Hamburg, W. GIBSON & HUGO; in Belfast to CHARLES & MALCOLM; in London to MONTGOMERIE & GREENHORN, 17 Gracechurch street; in Glasgow to JAMES & ALEX. ALLAN, 70 Great Clyde Street; in Liverpool to ALLAN BROTHERS, James Street; or to H. & A. ALLAN, Corner of Yorkville and Common Streets, Montreal, Jan. 15, 1875.

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