

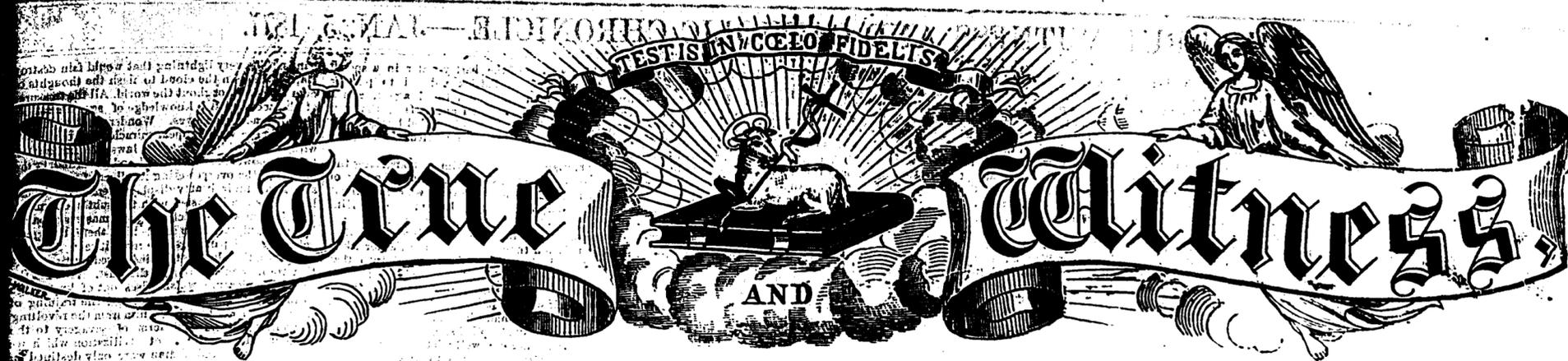
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# The True Witness

## CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXVII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JANUARY 5, 1877.

NO. 21.

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### THE LION OF FLANDERS; OR, THE BATTLE OF THE GOLDEN SPURS.

BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.

CHAPTER XIX.—(CONTINUED.)

In the centre of the vacant space, between the deans and the knights, stood the herald of Courtrai. As soon as each had taken his place, Guy commanded him to repeat his tidings in presence of the deans; and the herald obeyed, and began:—  
"The good citizens of Courtrai greet you by me, noble lords, and inform you that they have driven the French from their city, and that five hundred of them have bitten the dust. But now the city is in the greatest straits. The traitor Van Lens has fallen back on the citadel, and daily discharges burning arrows upon the houses, so that the farthest portion of the city is already reduced to ashes.—Messire Arnold van Oudenarde has brought them some succours, yet is the number of the enemy too great. In this their need and distress, they beseech the Count Guy in particular, and you, friendly citizens of Bruges, in general, to send them aid; and they hope that you will not delay a single day the rescue of your distressed brothers. Such is the message which the good citizens of Courtrai send to you by my mouth."  
"You have heard, deans," said Guy, "that one of our noblest cities is in peril of utter destruction; I do not think that the cry of distress from your brothers of Courtrai will fall in vain on your ears. The matter demands haste; your aid alone can deliver them from their danger; therefore I pray you all instantly to summon your guilds to arms. How long time do you require to prepare your comrades to set forth?"  
The Dean of the Clothworkers replied: "This afternoon, most illustrious Count, four thousand clothworkers will stand full armed on the Friday Market-place: I will lead them whithersoever you command."  
"And you, Master Breydel, you will be there also."  
Breydel advanced proudly, and replied: "Your servant Breydel will place at your disposition, my Lord Count, not less than eight thousand of his craftsmen."  
"A cry of astonishment ran along the circle of knights. 'Eight thousand!' said they all at once. 'Yes, truly, messires,' continued the Dean of the Butchers, 'eight thousand, and more.' All the guilds of Bruges, except that of the clothworkers, have elected me their captain, and God knows how I can repay this honor. This very afternoon, if you will let us, the Friday Market-place shall be filled with your trusty townsmen; and I can assure you that in my butchers you have a thousand lions in your host; the sooner, the better, noble Count; our axes are beginning to rust."  
"Master Breydel," said Guy, "you are a brave and a worthy vassal of my father. The land in which such men live can never long remain enslaved. I thank you for your hearty good-will."  
A smile of satisfaction showed how much pleasure Breydel's words had given to the circle of knights; but the Dean turned back again, and whispered in Deconinck's ear. "I pray you, master, do not angry with me for speaking thus to the Count. You are and will ever be my superior; but I thought your counsel should be given."  
The Dean of the Clothworkers pressed Breydel's hand in token of friendship and perfect accord.  
"Master Deconinck," inquired Guy, "have you

made known to the guilds my former request? will the requisite gold be provided for me?"  
"The guilds of Bruges place all their wealth at your disposal, noble Count," was the answer. "If you will but send some of your servants with a command in writing to the Guildhall, as many marks of silver will be delivered to them as you may require. The guilds beseech you not to spare them; freedom can never cost them too dear."  
Just as Guy was about to acknowledge the good-will and confidence of the citizens with words of gratitude, the door of the hall was opened, and every eye was fixed with astonishment on a monk, who entered boldly and uninvited, and drew near to the Dean. A robe of thick brown cloth was confined by a girdle around his loins; a black hood overhung his face, and so concealed his features as to render it impossible to recognise him. He seemed very old; for his body was bent, and a long beard floated on his breast. With hasty and furtive glances, he regarded the knights who were present; and his keen eye seemed to pierce the lowest depth of their hearts. Adolf van Nieuwland recognised in him the same monk who had brought him the letter of Robert de Bethune, and was about to greet him with a loud voice; but the gestures of the monk were so extraordinary, that the words died away on the lips of the young man. All who were present began to kindle with anger; the daring looks which the unknown bent on them were such as they would not willingly endure; yet they gave no indication of their displeasure, for they saw that the riddle would soon be solved.  
When the monk had well scrutinised each of those present, he loosed his girdle from his loins, threw his robe and his hood on the ground, and remained standing in the middle of the hall. He raised his head proudly; he was a man of about thirty years of age, tall and of noble frame; he looked round upon the knights as though he said, Do ye not recognise me?  
The answer did not come quickly enough, and he cried out: "You are astonished, messires, to find a fox under this coat; yet he has lain concealed in it for two years."  
"Welcome, welcome, dear Diederik, good friend!" exclaimed the nobles all at once; "we thought you had been long since dead."  
"Then you may thank God that I have risen again," continued Diederik. "No, I was not dead; my captive brother and Adolf van Nieuwland can bear testimony to that. I have been able to console all for as an itinerant friar I had access to the prisons; and may God forgive me the vile Latin I have uttered. Yes, you may laugh, messires, but I have spoken Latin. I bring you, moreover, news from all our hapless countrymen for their relatives and friends."  
Some of the knights wished to make more particular inquiry concerning the fate of the prisoners; but he put them aside, and continued: "For God's sake, cease these questions; I have far more important tidings to announce to you. Hear, and tremble not; for I bring you evil news. You have shaken off the yoke, and have fought and won the battle of your freedom; I grieve that I could not share this joy with you. Honor to you, brave knights and trusty citizens; honor to you that you have freed your fatherland. I assure you, that if the Flemings do not wear new chains within fourteen days, not all the devils in hell will be able to rob them of their liberty; but the new chains that are preparing make me anxious and sad."  
"Explain yourself more clearly, Messire Diederik," cried Guy; "explain your meaning, and do not torture us with enigmatical hints."  
"Well, then, I tell you plainly, that sixty-two thousand Frenchmen are escaped before Lille."  
"Sixty-two thousand!" repeated the knights, gazing in alarm on one another.  
"Sixty-two thousand!" echoed Breydel, rubbing his hands for joy; "what a fine flock!"  
Deconinck's head sank on his breast, and he was lost in deep thought. Soon, however, he had estimated the greatness of the danger, and considered the means to avert it.  
"I assure you, messires," continued Diederik die Vos, "that they number more than thirty-two thousand horse, and at least as many foot. They plunder and burn as though they were thereby rendering an acceptable service to heaven."  
"Are these evil tidings well founded?" asked Guy, anxiously; "has not he who told you this deceived you, Messire Diederik?"  
"No, no, noble Count, I saw it with my own eyes; and last evening I ate my supper in the tent of the Seneschal Robert d'Artois. He swore on his honor, in my presence, that the last Fleming should die by his hand. Consider now what it behoves you to do. For myself, I shall buckle on my armour without delay; and if I stand alone against these two-and-thirty thousand accursed Frenchmen, I shall not yield an inch of ground; I, at least, will no longer witness the slavery of Flanders."  
"Jan Breydel could not keep himself still a moment; his feet were in perpetual motion, and he swung his arms in angry impatience. Could he but dare to speak; but reverence for the lords who stood around restrained him. Guy and the other nobles looked at one another in helpless dismay.—Two-and-thirty thousand well equipped and warlike horsemen! It was altogether impossible that they could hope to offer a resistance to a force like this. In the Flemish army there were only the five hundred horsemen of Namur, whom Guy had brought with him; and what could this handful avail against the frightful number of the foe?"  
"What is to be done?" asked Guy. "Speak, how is our fatherland to be delivered?"  
Some were of opinion that they should throw themselves into Bruges, and there await the dispersion of the French army for want of provisions.—Others wished to be let loose upon the enemy, and to fall upon them that very night. Many projects were discussed, of which the greater part were rejected as "dishonorable" and "the remainder as impracticable."  
Deconinck stood with his head still bowed in deep thought; he heard, indeed, every proposition that was made, but the attention he gave did not hinder the course of his own reflections. At last Guy addressed him, and asked what way of escape he saw from this critical position.  
"Noble Count," replied Deconinck raising his

head, "were I commander-in-chief, I should begin operations thus: I should march with all speed with the guildsmen of Bruges upon Courtrai, in order to expel thence the castellan Van Lens. That fortress would no longer be a stronghold and place of refuge for the French, and we should have a secure shelter for our women and children, as well as for ourselves; for the citadel of Courtrai strong, while Bruges, in its present condition, could not stand a siege, but might easily be taken by storm. I would further despatch mounted messengers into all parts of Flanders to announce the nearness of the enemy, and to summon all the Claws to Courtrai; Messires van Gulick and Renesse should also fall back on the place. In this way, I am sure, noble Count that the Flemish army would, within four days, amount to thirty thousand picked men of war, and then we need have no great fear of the French."  
The knights listened in eager silence; they could not help being astonished at the extraordinary man who had in a few minutes thought out so able a method of defence, and given them such appropriate counsel. Though they had long known Deconinck's high qualities, they could scarcely believe that they were the endowments of a clothworker, a man from the class of the people.  
"You have more wisdom than all of us together," cried Diederik die Vos. "Yes, yes, it is so indeed; we are far stronger than we thought. Now we turn over a new leaf; and I am inclined to think the French will have good reason to rue their journey hitherwards."  
"I thank God, who has inspired you with these counsels, Master Deconinck," said the youthful Count; "your good service shall not lack its fitting reward. I will act on the plan you have advised; it is most wise and most prudent. I hope, Master Breydel, that you will not fail to supply us the men whom you have promised."  
"Eight thousand, did I say, most noble Count?" replied Breydel. "Well, now, I say ten thousand. No guildsmen or apprentices shall remain in Bruges; young and old, all must forth to the fight. I will take care that the French shall not make their entry into Flanders except over our dead bodies, and their Deans, my friends, will do the same, I know right well."  
"Certainly, noble lord," exclaimed the Deans with one voice; "no man will fail in his duty, for all are eager for the fight."  
"Our time is too precious to be consumed in talking," said Guy. "Go now and gather the guildsmen together with what speed you can; in two hours I shall be ready to depart, and will place myself at the head of the expedition in the Friday Market-place. Go now, I am right well pleased with your zeal and courage."  
All then left the hall. Guy immediately despatched numerous messengers in all directions to the nobles who still remained loyal to their fatherland; and at the same time he sent directions to William van Gulick and John van Renesse to fall back on Courtrai.  
The alarming tidings were spread in a few moments over the whole city. As the rumour diffused itself, the number of the enemy was exaggerated in a wonderful manner, and now the French host was more than two hundred thousand strong. One may imagine with what terror and grief the sorrowful intelligence struck the women and children. In every street were weeping mothers embracing their terrified daughters with loving compassion. The children began to cry because they saw their mothers weep and tremble, and without any notion of the danger that threatened them. Their agonised sobs and the expression of mortal terror on their countenances contrasted singularly with the lofty and impatient bearing of the men.  
From all sides hastened the guildsmen to the place of rendezvous; the clatter of the iron plates, with which many were covered, mingled like a joyous song, with the wailing cries of the women and children. Whenever a party of men met in the street, they halted a moment to exchange a few words, and kindle each other's courage to the fight for victory or for death. Here and there might be seen a father at the door of his house, embracing one by one his children and their mother; then dashing the tears from his eye, and disappearing like an arrow in the direction of the Friday Market-place; and the mother would linger on the threshold of the house, gazing on the corner round which the father of her children had vanished. That farewell seemed to her a separation for ever; tears rolled down from beneath her eyelids,—she pressed her children to her throbbing breast, and turned back despairingly into her home.  
Already the guildsmen stood in long files in the market-place; Breydel had kept his promise; he counted among his men twelve thousand guildsmen of all crafts. The axes of the butchers glittered like mirrors in the sunshine, and dazzled the beholder with their broad and fiery flashings. Over the heads of the clothworkers arose two thousand 'good days' with deep iron heads, and one division of them carried cross-bows. Guy was standing in the middle of the square, surrounded by a retinue of about twenty knights; he was awaiting the return of the remaining craftsmen, who had been despatched into the city to collect waggon and horse. A clothworker, whom Deconinck had sent to the great bell-tower, advanced into the market-place at this moment, with the great standard of Bruges. No sooner had the guildsmen caught sight of the Blue Lion, than they raised a deafening shout of joy and overawed was repeated the war-cry which had given the signal of vengeance on that night of blood: "Flanders and the Lion; all that is French is false!"  
And then they brandished their weapons, as though already in possession of the city.  
When all that was necessary had been disposed in the waggon, the butchers gave forth their shrill tones, and the men of Bruges left their city, with waving banners, by the gate of Ghent. The women were now left without any protection; their distress was greater than ever; they saw nothing before them but misery and death. In the afternoon, Matilda left the city with all her maidens and attendants; this party departed to some distance, that they would find a more secure retreat at Courtrai. They hastily gathered together a few necessities, shut up their houses, and followed in the

steps of their husbands through the gate of Ghent. Numberless families ran in this manner with bleeding feet the whole distance from Bruges to Courtrai, and watered with their bitter tears the grass which skirted the way; while in Bruges reigned a stillness—as of the grave.  
**CHAPTER XX.**  
It was already dark night when Guy reached Courtrai with about sixteen thousand men. The inhabitants, apprised of their approach by mounted messengers, stood in dense crowds on the walls of the city, and welcomed their rightful lords with glad and joyous acclamations, amidst the blaze of innumerable torches. As soon as the host had entered the city, and been distributed throughout its various quarters, the citizens of Courtrai brought forth every kind of food and refreshment; they placed before their weary brethren large flagons of wine to restore their exhausted strength, and kept watch over them the whole night. While they were embracing one another with transport, and expressing their affection in every possible manner, some hastened to meet the weary women and children, and to relieve them of the burdens they carried. Not a few of these poor creatures, whose feet were torn and bleeding with their painful march, were borne to the city on the broad shoulders of the brave citizens of Courtrai; all were lodged and carefully tended, and comforted in every way. The gratitude of the men of Courtrai, and their extreme kindness, strengthened wonderfully the courage of the men of Bruges; of men's souls are ever enlarged and elevated by frank and noble treatment.  
Matilda and Maria, the sister of Adolf van Nieuwland, with a considerable number of the noble ladies of Bruges, had been some hours in Courtrai before the army arrived. They had been already received by their friends, and had busied themselves in providing shelter and quarters for the knights and nobles, their relatives and friends; so that on their arrival, Guy and his companions found supper already prepared for them.  
Early the next morning Guy and a few of the most distinguished inhabitants reconnoitred the fortifications of the citadel; and found, to their great dismay, that it was impossible to take it without a large siege-train. The walls were far too lofty, and the overhanging towers allowed too many arrows to be discharged on the advancing besiegers. He saw that a bold attack might easily cost him a thousand men; and, after mature deliberation, he determined not to storm the citadel at once. He gave orders for the construction of battering-rams and movable towers, and for the collection of every material in the city that could be available for the assault. It was clear that this could not take place for five days at least; the French garrison had ceased to shoot burning arrows into the city; the soldiers were, indeed, seen standing with their bows at the loop-holes of the battlements, but yet they did not discharge them. The Flemings could not conceive the reason of this cessation; they thought that some artifice lay concealed therein, and remained carefully on their guard. Guy had forbidden every aggression; he would attempt nothing until he had all his machines ready for storming the citadel, and could securely reckon on the victory.  
The castellan Van Lens was at his wits' end; his archers had but a very slender supply of arrows left, and prudence compelled him to reserve them for the assault. His provisions, too, were so far exhausted, that he could supply only half rations to his soldiers. Still he hoped to elude the vigilance of the Flemings, and to find some opportunity to send a messenger to Lille, where the French army lay encamped.  
Arnold of Oudenarde, who had a few days before brought the citizens of Courtrai a reinforcement of three hundred men, had bivouacked with his soldiers on the Groningen Place, close to the abbey and the walls of the city. This place was especially fitted for a general encampment, and had been chosen for that purpose by Guy and his council of war. While the carpenters' guild was labouring at the storming engines, the other Flemings were set to work the next morning to dig trenches. The clothworkers and the butchers wielded each a pickaxe and a spade, and set to work with great ardour; the entrenchments and siege-works arose as by enchantment; the whole army toiled with emulous zeal, and each sought to surpass his neighbour in exertion. The spades and pickaxes rose and descended like gleams of lightning, so that the eye could not follow them; and the thick clods of earth fell on the entrenchments like showers of stones thrown down on the assailants from a beleagued city.  
As soon as a part of the earth-works were completed, the soldiers hastened to pitch the tents. Ever and anon the workmen would leave the poles sticking in the earth and scramble away to work at the entrenchments; and then would arise a loud shout of welcome greeting, and the cry, "Flanders and the Lion!" boomed in the distance as an answering echo. And this happened, too, whenever reinforcement arrived from the other cities. The Flemish people had unjustly accused their nobles of disloyalty and cowardice; true, a large number had declared for the alien, but the loyal were far more numerous than the traitors. Fifty-and-two of the noblest knights of Flanders joined in the prisons of France; and to these prisoners their love for their fatherland and for their native prince had consigned them. The rest of the true-hearted nobles who remained in Flanders deemed it a degradation to take part with the insurgent townspeople; to them the tournament and the battle-field were the only places fit for deeds of arms. The manners of the time had given them this notion; for then the distance between a knight and a citizen was as great as that between a master and a servant now. So long as the struggle was carried on within the walls of the cities, and under command of popular leaders, they remained shut up in their castles, sighing over their country's oppression; but now that Guy had placed himself at the head of his people, the general in-chief appointed by their Count, they poured in from all sides with their retainers.  
On the first day, early in the morning, there entered Courtrai Messires Baldwin of Papebrode, Henry of Raveschoth, and of Belleghem, Solomon

of Serecofs, and the lord of Maldeghem. Towards mid-day a cloud of dust arose over the distant trees in the direction of Moorsele, and amidst the loud shouts of the men of Bruges, fifteen hundred men of Furnes entered the city, with the renowned warrior Eustachius Sporkyn at their head. They were accompanied by a multitude of knights who had joined them on their march. Amongst these the most distinguished were Messires John van Aysbrou, William van Daeckem, and his brother Peter; Messire van Landeghem, Hugo van der Moere, and Simon van Caester. John Willebaert of Thorout had also placed himself, with a small contingent of troops, under the command of Van Sporkyn. Each moment, moreover, some stray knight would enter the camp; not a few of these were from surrounding countries, and gladly came to lend their aid to the Flemings in their struggle for liberty. In this way Henry van Loucheyn of Luxemburg, Goaway van Goetzenhove and John van Cuyck, two nobles of Brabant, were already with Guy when the troops of Furnes marched into the city. As soon as each new-comer had recruited his strength, and refreshed himself with food, he was sent into the camp, and placed under the command of Messire van Renesse.  
On the second day arrived in haste the men of Ypres. Although they had their own city to care for, they could not allow Flanders to be liberated without them. Their troops were the finest and richest in equipment of all the army. They were five hundred clubmen, all arrayed in scarlet, and with magnificent feathers in their glittering morions; they wore also breastplates and kneecaps, which gleamed wondrously in the sunshine. Seven hundred others carried enormous crossbows, with bolts of steel; and their uniform was green turned up with yellow. With them came Messires John of Ypres, armour-bearer of Count John of Namur, Diederik van Vlamertinghe, Joseph van Hollebecke and Balwin van Passchendale; their leaders were Philip Baelde and Peter Belle, the deans of the two principal guilds of Ypres. In the afternoon arrived two hundred well-appointed warriors from east and west Vrye, the villages around Bruges.  
On the third day, early in the morning, Messires William van Gulick, the priest, and John van Renesse, returned from Cassel. Five hundred knights, four hundred Zealanders, and another detachment of the men of Bruges, marched with them into the camp.  
And now from every part the knights and warriors who had been summoned had arrived. Men of all arms were ranged under the command of Guy. It is impossible to express the joy which filled the hearts of the Flemings during these days; for now they saw that their fellow-countrymen had not degenerated, and that their fatherland still counted loyal and valiant sons in every quarter. Already one-and-twenty thousand men lay encamped, and ready for battle, under the banner of the Black Lion; and their number was being hourly increased by small reinforcements.  
Although the French had an army of sixty-two thousand men, of which the half was cavalry, yet not the slightest fear found entrance into the hearts of the Flemings. In their enthusiasm they would cease their work, and embrace one another, exchanging words of confidence and triumph, as though there were nothing that could rob them of their victory.  
Towards evening, as the labourers were returning to their tents, the cry, "Flanders and the Lion!" arose anew over the walls of Courtrai. All ran back to the entrenchments to see what the sound could mean. No sooner did their eyes range freely over the ramparts, than they sent back a loud and joyous answering shout. Six hundred horsemen, all clad in steel, sprang into the trenches amid deafening acclamations. They came from Namur; and Count John, the brother of Robert de Bethune, had sent them into Flanders. The arrival of these horsemen greatly raised the spirits and increased the joy of the Flemings; for it was in cavalry that they were particularly deficient. Although they knew right well that the men of Namur could not understand one word they said, they overwhelmed them with words of greeting and welcome, and brought them wine in profusion; and when the foreign warriors saw this friendly reception, they felt themselves animated by a like spirit of affection; and they swore that they would sacrifice both blood and life for their good hosts.  
Ghent alone had sent neither message nor contingent to Courtrai. It had been long known that the Liliards were very numerous there, and that the governor was a staunch ally of the French. But nevertheless, seven hundred French mercenaries had been slain by the townsman, and John Borlout had promised his aid. The matter was doubtful, and so the Flemings did not venture openly to accuse their brethren of Ghent of disloyalty; nevertheless they entertained great suspicion of them, and not seldom gave free expression to their displeasure. In the evening, when the sun had already disappeared more than an hour behind the village of Moorsele, the labourers had dispersed themselves amongst the tents. Here and there was still heard a sound, interrupted at intervals by the clapping of hand and the chink of drinking-glasses, and the concluding verse of which was caught up and enthusiastically repeated by a multitude of voices. In other tents was heard a confused murmur, which, when one listened attentively, resolved itself into an interchange of encouragements and exhortations in the midst of the camp at a little distance from the tents, a large fire was blazing, which illuminated a portion of the entrenchments with its ruddy glare. About ten men were appointed to keep it burning, about from time to time, threw large branches of trees upon it; and then would be heard the voice of the captain, saying, "Gently, my men, gently; lay the branches carefully, and do not drive the sparks towards the camp."  
A few steps from this fire was the tent of the camp sentinels. It was a covering of ox-hides, the framework of which rested on eight massive beams; the four sides were open, so that it commanded the camp in all directions.  
It was Jan Breydel's duty to keep watch this night, with fifty of his butchers; they sat on little wooden stools round a table under the roof, which protected them from the dew and rain; their axes, shone in their hands like weapons of glowing flame. The sentinels they had sent out, were seen in the

gloom, striding slowly backwards and forwards. A large cask of wine and some in cans stood on the table; and although drinking was not forbidden, one could see that they drank with unusual moderation for they raised the cans but seldom to their lips. They laughed and chatted pleasantly together, to wit away the time; each telling what splendid blows he meant to discharge on the Frenchmen in the coming battle.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.—VII.

The barbarity of Russian Tsars is compounded of three elements, cruelty, insolence, and hypocrisy. Nicholas surpassed most of his predecessors in all three. Whenever he had accomplished some horrible outrage against justice and humanity, or was meditating a new one, he invariably announced, as his son did the other day in his speech at Moscow, that he was pursuing a "sacred mission." That mission appears to consist in trampling under foot all the laws of God and man for the greater profit of Russia, in making religion despicable to all who belong to her official Church, and attempting to extinguish it by ferocious persecution in all who do not. It is another view of the subject which Russian Tsars put before Europe. They have just conscience enough to wish to veil the real character of their proceedings from civilised nations. "It is not for Russians," the depraved Catherine wrote to the Governor of Moscow, "that I am founding schools; it is for Europe, where we must not lose ground in public opinion. From the day that our peasants shall have a desire for instruction, neither you nor I will remain in our places." [1] That was a specimen of the "hereditary fraud" which Gregory XVI. imputed to Russian Tsars. Everything in them which is not cruelty is mendacity. It was this Pontiff who one day gave Nicholas an admonition, face to face, by which even his arrogance was cowed. He had entered the presence of the Vicar of Christ with gleaming eyes and head erect, but left it crest-fallen and with eyes fixed on the ground. Since that hour he has met the Judge before whose tribunal Gregory arraigned him. He had tried, with the craft of an Asiatic, to deceive the successor of Peter with fair words and lying promises, of which his own agents throughout the empire perfectly understood the true character. In the famous Diet of 1767, when the solemn pledges and covenants of Catherine were appealed to by Catholics, they received this answer from Bepnin: "Hold your tongue, it belongs to me alone to understand the true sense of the declarations of my Sovereign." [2] All the declarations of Russian emperors have two senses, one for Europe, and the other for those who are to apply them. The successor of Gregory, Pius IX., concluded with Nicholas a Concordat in 1847, by which the Church of Poland was ostensibly secured from the brutal domination of the civil power. Not a single stipulation of this concordat was observed by Nicholas, or intended to be. It had been agreed by successive covenants with Pius VI., Pius VII., and Pius IX., that there should be in the Kingdom of Poland seven Catholic Bishops and an Archbishop, and in the empire fourteen suffragans; in 1856 it was admitted by Russian officials that in Poland only one see, that of Lublin, was occupied, and that instead of fourteen suffragan bishops only one existed in the whole empire. Perhaps the Tsar thought it a sufficient fulfilment of his reiterated promises that they should "exist" in prison or in Siberia. On the 17th of December, 1845, after his celebrated visit to Gregory XVI., Nicholas sent to him the following note written with his own hand. "The emperor begs the Sovereign Pontiff to be firmly persuaded that no one has more at heart than his Majesty to maintain the Roman Church on a footing at once worthy and becoming in Russia as in Poland. The prayers which his Majesty addresses to heaven embrace with an equal solicitude, and without distinction of religious profession, the spiritual interests of all the peoples of which Divine Providence has confided to him the destiny. The imperial word is a guarantee to his Holiness of this intention." [3] At an earlier date, and at the very moment when, in 1839, Nicholas was striving to quench the Greek Uniat Church in blood, and persecuting Catholics with a ferocity which few Roman procurators ever equalled, the same emperor did not fear to scandalise men and angels by addressing this letter to the Pope. "My son has exactly reported to me the affectionate words which your Holiness deigned to convey to me through him. It is a pleasure to me to reply by the renewed assurance that I will never cease to count among the number of my highest duties that of protecting the welfare of my Catholic subjects, respecting their convictions, and assuring their repose." [4] We know how the "imperial word" was kept, and will now give such details as our space permits of the fidelity with which Nicholas respected the convictions of Catholics, his own oft-renewed promises, and what he called with cynical impudence his "highest duties?"

separately in various schools, and compelled to embrace the schismatical religion. [5] When the priest Micewitz and seven others refused to use the schismatical missals, they were told that it was no question of dogma, and they must yield to the will of the Emperor. "Show me the Bull of the Pope which orders us to receive these new missals," replied the faithful Micewitz, "and I will accept them at once with gratitude; otherwise, with the degrees of the Council of Trent, which reserved all such matters to the Sovereign Pontiff, I should be subject to excommunication." "What do you mean by talking to us of the Council of Trent?" was the reply. "Who was there? Only a dozen Bishops, and they were Latins." Banished to a small town in the government of Grodno, Micewitz was compelled to live, amid the rigorous climate, by begging alms, and finally imprisoned at Zachorow, with fourteen others, in the custody of a certain Djubinski, who is described, though a monk, as "abandoned to inebriety and every vice, and horribly cruel when he was drunk." The Abbot Slobotski, of the Basilian Monastery of Kobryns, who was seventy-four years of age, was shut up in a dark cell, because he ceased not to encourage the others to fortitude, and was left to die of starvation. Djubinski, repeating after the fashion of Judas Iscariot, rose in the middle of the night from an orgie in which he was celebrating his triumph, and flung himself into a pool where he was found dead. Among the innumerable martyrs who owed their crown to the persecutors' thirst for blood was the Basilian Boccwitz. When the infamous apostate Siemaszko, who had sold himself to the Russian Government for a good deal more than thirty pieces of silver, was expected at Lyskow, Boccwitz and Father Czarnowski, assembled with their religious brethren, offered the Holy Sacrifice, made a final confession to one another in presence of the people, and Czarnowski addressed to them this exhortation, worthy to be counted with those which in primitive times were daily heard in the Catacombs. "My children, it is better to suffer death than to embrace the false religion which in a few days will be proposed to you, and which would be for you eternal death. For us, priests and monks, who, as the pastors of your souls, are united to you by the love of Our Saviour Jesus Christ, we are fully prepared to die, even after a thousand torments, rather than be separated from you through the abandonment of our holy faith." It was always the same; on one side, in the ranks of schism, vice, cupidity, and barbarism; or the other, in those of the Catholics, piety, sacrifice, and martyrdom. Everywhere the same scenes were repeated. The priest Baranowski, of the Uniat Church, imprisoned at Torokany, addressed a memorial to Nicholas. He did not wait long for the answer. An aide-de-camp—"sacred mission" of Russia is only entrusted to soldiers and police—assembled all the prisoners and addressed them thus:—"I give you six months to obey the Emperor. If you will not allow yourselves to be convinced, and if you will not adopt his religion, I shall return myself to compel you, and I warn you, I shall not be sparing of stripes. You all know the will of the Tsar, our august master; you know that he has put an end to the Union which separated you from the Orthodox Church; you will perish, then, if you refuse to obey his unalterable will." (6) Baranowski, scourged again and again, left for days without food, but always faithful to God, died of hunger and thirst. An emissary of the Russian police, who arrived at Torokany on the day of his death, made a report to the Governor-General, in which the martyr was declared to have died from excessive drinking! It is only in Russia that such things are possible.

umanian and Polish Catholics as having "joyfully" embraced schism. Nicholas had a medal struck in which that he was recorded as having "did these victims seek the services of a Russian Pope in sickness or death, nor did he venture to be present at their funeral, lest his odious form should exasperate the survivors." (8) On the other hand he willfully recruited his exchequer by accepting bribes from them not to reveal their absence from the official worship. But these vassals of the Tsar had moments of compunction, his own heart was sensible to any suggestion of justice or pity. When the Bishop Gufkowski claimed a convent and a presbytery in his diocese, and even the Russian officials supported his claim, Nicholas turned them both into barracks, and sent the Bishop into exile! But we have heard enough of this persecutor, the narrative of whose crimes would fill more volumes than we have pages at our disposal. We shall see in our next to what extent his son has imitated his example.—London Tablet.

NOTES OF MISSION WORK IN SCOTLAND UNDER JAMES THE FIRST.

[From the London Month for December.]

(CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.)

One of the greatest difficulties which a Catholic missionary has to overcome in a Protestant country is to secure for those, whom adverse circumstances, poverty, sickness, a position of dependence or of serious obligations, and the like, place at the mercy of others, that real liberty of conscience which is practically denied to them. Father Anderson gives an amusing description of a clever manoeuvre by which he was able to continue his spiritual visits to a bedridden Catholic lady. Our Father used often to go to a certain city of this kingdom in order to visit a Catholic widow, who had been confined to bed for six months. The heretics began to suspect, and it was said openly by many that the frequent visitor was a priest. The Father heard it, and bade the Catholics, of whom three noble ladies were present, to be of good cheer. He left the widow's house and went to the principal inn, which was just opposite the minister's house. On entering the inn he ordered supper, desiring meat and eggs to be cooked, although it was a Friday. He then went to the minister's house, and saluted him most affectionately in the name of an intimate friend of the minister's. He invited the minister, in the name of the same friend, to come to the inn, that they might drink together. When the minister came out of his house, our Father proposed a walk through the principal street of the town, because the greatest danger lay in that quarter. They sat together. The Catholics could not help laughing when they saw our Father walking with the minister. The Protestants were surprised, but hid their suspicions aside, and spoke kindly and civilly to him. A certain Catholic nobleman met them, and the Father brought both to the inn. They sat to table, and the minister drank so much that he could not return to his house, though it was opposite the inn. The dishes were brought in, and placed on the table in due order by the servants, who laughed to see the minister so drunk. "O rare preacher, and minister of the Word," said they, "who teachest others but dost not teach thyself!" Thus all suspicion was averted from our Father.

It is evident that Father Anderson soon arrested a great deal of public attention, both amongst Catholics and Protestants, for the depth and soundness of his theology, the readiness of his wit, and his skill as a debater on general subjects as well as on questions of religion. He was well versed in the views and arguments on the Protestant side, and courageous enough to seize upon every opportunity of confounding an adversary or gaining a soul to the Church. On a discussion undertaken with a Protestant gentleman at the wish of his Catholic relative, it was evidently as a skilled theologian that he occupied three or four hours in expounding to him the mystery of the Blessed Sacrament, and with such force and clearness that the Catholics, who had requested to be present, were filled with joy, and the Protestant himself acknowledged that he had wandered from the truth.

About the month of August 1610, the two secular priests above referred to were seized and imprisoned. Those in authority who were most opposed to Catholics took part in the trial which was presided over by the Earl of Dunbar. When Father Roger Lindsay was asked whether he knew Father Anderson, Lord Dunbar began to say much in his praise. The good Father, in commenting on this, adds: "Praise which Anderson knows well is not true. For man's praise is vain, and as the flower of the field so is his glory." Again, when he tells how two false brethren sent their officers to arrest him, he remarks of himself in the third person, "God was with Anderson, although Anderson had not stood by God as he ought." In the same character, he touches on an incident which beautifully illustrates his singular courage and charity.

Another false brother, who almost lived in the house with me, wrote to the English Council about my age, disposition, habits, and all that might cause me easily to fall into their hands. Anderson was aware of this, having been put on the scent, but still remained with that false brother, forgetful of his ingratitude and evil treatment, reconciled his wife, a most obstinate heretic, to the Church, and bestowed the same benefits upon other friends. This he did because he knew it to be the duty of one inscribed among the Society of Jesus to overcome evil by good, and that nothing would more become a son and soldier of the Society than returning good for evil, and for cursing, blessing. Whilst the Father remained with that false brother, he saw him afflicted by God with various and so extraordinary diseases, that all declared him to be struck by the hand of God, and beyond the hope of remedy. Our Father visited him notwithstanding, consoled him, and imparted to him the benefits of the Church.

In the same rank of life as most of those whose conversion or recovery from serious illness the Missioner records, was another great triumph of faith granted to his ingenuity and supernatural trust in God. The heretic wife of a certain Catholic nobleman was very ill. Her state was becoming worse, and the physician was sent for. He proclaimed her case desperate, in presence of the heretic minister who was in attendance as usual. Our Father arrived, and caused himself to be announced as a physician. He discussed the nature of the disease with the earl and others. He saw no hope of her recovery, but told her to be of good cheer, promising her health; the Father understood the health of the soul, if she would, but obey the physician. She promised. He prescribed a potion to mitigate the heat of the fever. This he set about making, with much ostentation, though it was only barley-water; talking the while to the servants, who stood waiting for orders, of the properties and effects of the herbs, so as to give the bystanders the idea that he was a doctor. When this was done, our Father withdrew, and earnestly prayed God to save the soul of the countess, that he would overflow her with light that would lead her into the Church. He prayed to St. Patrick for that intention, and after his prayer was over, he went up with the earl to the countess's bedroom. He told the earl to watch, and that he would soon see how powerful was the right hand of the Most High. He

offered her a little of the barley-water in a spoon, with the relics of St. Patrick reduced to powder, and mixed up in it. She refused again, and a third time, and with such an angry face, that you would have said that she was impelled by the devil, at whose malice our Father marvelled. At last she drank it.

After half-an-hour she exclaimed, addressing the many assistants, "Oh, show me I pray, the way of salvation; let me at least die well, who have lived in error! Why this delay? Let me enjoy Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life!"

The Earl was astounded, and ordered all out of the room. When they were gone, the Father asked the countess if she wished to be received into that Church in which all her ancestors had died?

"Most sincerely do I desire it."

"Dost thou wish to be received into the bosom of the Catholic and Roman Church?"

"Why this delay?" replied she, "I do vehemently desire it; let me die well, let me enjoy Him Who took the Catholic Church to His Spouse; let me die with Him Who died for me; for I know that he cannot have Christ for a Saviour who has not the Church for a ruler and mother."

When our Father heard these words, he absolved the countess from the sentence of excommunication, and received her into the Church. He then heard her confession, on account of the violence of her disease and the shortness of the time, and absolved her from her sins. She expressed loving of her minister, and railed at him. She even sent to tell a certain countess, her daughter, that no minister was to cross the threshold of her mansion.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

FATHER BURKE IN DUBLIN.

On Sunday, 3rd December, in the Church of St. Andrew, Westland Row, Dublin, the Very Rev. Thomas Burke, O. P., preached the annual charity sermon in aid of the schools and orphanage attached to the church, and under the immediate supervision of the Sisters of Mercy. After the last Gospel of twelve o'clock Mass, Father Burke having ascended the pulpit, selected for his text the following passage, taken from the Book of Wisdom:—

"Wisdom is an inestimable treasure of man, which they that possess become the friends of God, being commended to the action of discipline, for it teacheth prudence and justice and temperance, which are such things that man had nothing more precious in life."

You must realize to yourself, my dearly beloved brethren, the great purpose for which we are come together here to-day. Amongst the wants and necessities of a parish the Church of God places first of all the necessity of schools and of education, and it is to meet this great want of this large and populous parish that we are assembled here to-day—to consider it fully, and direct our mind to the great question of its merits and its necessities; and, having convinced ourselves of those, to put forth from ourselves the life-like power of gentle and simple lovingness and true Christian charity. I am come before you to-day to plead the cause of nearly fourteen hundred little children that cry out aloud for education. Eight hundred, nearly nine hundred, of these are already gathered together to receive the treasure of education at the hands of the sacred spouses of God—the Sisters of Mercy. New schools are being built, and are already nearly complete, in one of the most populous and at the same time one of the most neglected positions of the city—schools in which five hundred children will be educated by those sainted nuns. Besides the schools, I have to plead—to speak to your hearts and minds—to-day for the orphanage, where the fatherless and motherless little ones of God receive all that is necessary for soul and body. Behold the charity, my brethren, for which I am here to plead to-day. I will not appeal to your munificence; I will not claim your contributions by appealing, as I might do, to that tenderness of heart that bounteousness of charity, which I know well to exist amongst you; for often and often I have had occasion to draw largely upon your bounty. On this great question of Catholic education I will address myself to your intelligence before I appeal to your hearts. We must consider the great want which lies here before us to-day which we must endeavour to supply. When we consider our own being and nature we find that threefold is the life of man—the physical life, the intellectual life, and the spiritual life. We first of all must live our animal life. For man is an animal. He has in his body, with its members, its appetites, and its wants, a community of being with the brute beasts that roam over the fields. Like them he must be guarded against the rigours of the seasons; like them he has his bodily feelings, inclinations, passions, necessities. All these things go to form the animal life of man. If man had no soul, no intelligence, if Almighty God had made him for nothing higher than time and its necessities, then might man, like other animals regulated by the natural law, develop under that law to the full perfection of his being. I ask you, my dearly beloved brethren, does man under the natural law in his animal life attain to the full perfection of his being? Oh! how far from it! What does this growth of the animal life produce in man, if unaided by the action of the intelligence and the development of the soul within him? What does he reap by the growth of this animal existence? That debased, that degraded, that horrible form of life we behold amongst savage tribes, uncultivated, uneducated, unenlightened. Behold them how they burrow in the holes of the earth like brute beasts. Man living only in the animal element of his being scarcely rises to the standard of the law of nature, which all other animals obey. We have been created for a higher and holier purpose, destined to be governed by a higher and holier law. Therefore, the human being left without instruction, left under the sole dominion of the animal passions within him, does not rise even to the level of the brute; to the simple grandeur of the unsophisticated law of nature and of instinct. The savage beast follows faithfully the instincts of the law of nature—the savage man violates them all. The spotted tigress, fierce beast as she is, will fight in defence of her whelps; she bears will expose herself to death to save her newly-born cubs. But the Chinese mother, with a heart hard as the nether millstone to the sacred instincts of nature's laws, will with her own hand give to death the tender offspring of her womb. Worse than beasts, because they are supposed to be infinitely higher and greater than they. No being created in this world is so utterly dependent upon the cares of others as the infant child of man. The young of every other animal is born with some instinct of self-preservation—makes some effort to preserve its life if it is exposed to danger. If it be cast into the water it will at least make some struggle for life before it sinks and dies. The child of man is the most helpless of God's creatures on this earth. If it be neglected it dies. It is born without a single instinct of self-preservation; exposed to danger, it can only send forth its wail of infant tenderness and weakness and expire. Such is man. But then another element in our being, far more noble, far greater than the mere body, the mere animal, that is within us, and that element is the intellect—the mind of man. The moment we pass from the mere animal life to the intellect oh! how great the difference we behold! How great, how almost limitless, the scope for our thoughts and for our admiration! That moment we rise. The moment that man arises from the savage phase of animal life: behold how grand the prospect that opens before him! Nature, with all her mysteries and hidden laws, is unrolled before him like a hidden book. The elements that were before the objects of his unbounded savage and superstitious fears become plastic and obedient in his scientific

hands. The very lightning that would fain destroy leaps forth from the cloud to flash the thoughts of man throughout the world. All the treasures of the accumulated knowledge of ages are set before his admiring eyes. Wonders that to the unscientific eye would appear miracles are performed with ease, by him. Nature's laws are unrivalled, nature's powers are restrained and governed, by the powerful, the overpowering intellect of man. The arts in all their beauty display themselves before him. His eye is feasted with the subtle charm of the glorious works which the great masters of painting and sculpture have left behind them, the grand collections of paintings, the magnificent pieces of sculpture, the glorious temples raised by the hands that are now mouldering in the dust. He tastes the exquisite pleasure which arises out of knowledge in the expanding of his mind and the training of his very sense, which raises him from the revolting, degrading and horrible form of savagery to the grandeur and stateliness of civilization which we see around it. And if man were only destined for this earth—if the high intelligence with which the Almighty God has gifted him were only destined to dive into the mysteries, to explain all the laws of this natural and material world—if the astronomer were created for no higher aspirations than the stars which are the object of his study—if the electrician were created for no greater motion, no swifter flight than that which he makes on the electric vehicle of his thought—if the painter and the sculptor were never destined to contemplate a higher form of beauty than that revealed to them upon this earth—if this earth were man's all—if he were created to live in it, to enjoy it, to ornament it and to end with it—then, this beautiful and intellectual life that I have endeavoured to describe to you would be quite sufficient for all his wants and all his inclinations; and I, the priest, the preacher and the monk, would have no stand-place from which to address you—no argument to bring before you to-day. But, dearly beloved, is the intellectual life, with all its beauty and all its grandeur—with all its scientific research—with all its marvellous power and influence, and nature's laws—is it sufficient in all things for you and me? After the sermon a collection was made, and a considerable sum realized.

CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY, EDINBURGH.

LECTURE ON THE TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF THE CHURCH.

The third lecture of the session was delivered on the 6th Dec., to the members of the Edinburgh Catholic Young Men's Society in their hall, St. Mary's-street. The lecturer was the Rev. Patrick Agnew, of St. Andrew's Church, Dumfries—a gentleman who only recently was attached to St. Patrick's Edinburgh—and the subject on which he addressed the society was "The Church—Her Trials and Triumphs." The president of the society, Mr. John Adair, Senr., occupied the chair; and on the platform with him were the Rev. E. J. Hannan, chaplain of the society; the Rev. Matthew Brady; and Messrs F. A. Maciver, and Mr. Whittey, vice-presidents; James M'Ever, James Paterson, Daniel Donworth, secretary, John McFadyen, librarian, Mr. James Adair, and others. There was a good attendance, and the rev. lecturer was frequently, in the course of his address, greeted with hearty and appreciative applause. The Rev. Gentleman treated his audience to a rapid, but able and striking, resume of the Church's history during the four epochs into which he, for the purpose of clearness and grasp, divided it—the first epoch falling between the first years of the Church and that which saw at once Her triumph and that of Constantine, the first Christian Emperor; the second taking in the years which intervened between that event and the total destruction of the Roman Empire and civilization of the West; the third being the period of European history during which the Church was engaged in gradually and laboriously—but surely, and with wonderful, because divine, skill and foresight—building up the new European and Christian civilisation; and the last epoch being that which saw the birth of that gigantic revolution which was the signal for, and forerunner of, all the civil revolutions which have since afflicted society, and which has been misnamed the Reformation. This last epoch, in the view of the rev. lecturer, was not at this hour completed, inasmuch as it has yet to be historically rounded off, so to speak—in other words, peculiar trials to the Church which it has borne in its bosom have yet to be crowned with the glory of the appropriate and pre-ordained triumph, whose sun setting after the due period of trial would seem to be a chief lesson which the past history of the Church gives for the consolation and encouragement of her sons. Each of the preceding epochs, Father Agnew pointed out, had for the Church its own particular triumph, for which in the providence of God, the way had been led by the nature of the trials themselves that preceded it; and the triumph was akin to the trials, and all the more decided, complete, and glorious because of the very extremity and depth of the danger or suffering which were its fore-runners. And thus it would be with Protestantism, which was the trial of the Church in this fourth epoch. All the signs of the times went to bear witness to its disintegration, and to the coming triumph which would impart renewed life and activity to the whole Church. The rev. lecturer concluded an exceedingly interesting address by calling attention in a few sentences to the history of Ireland and of the Irish people, since their conversion to the Faith of Christ, by St. Patrick and St. Brigid, as in a particular manner illustrating this lot of alternate trial and triumph, to which he had drawn attention as being that which God had to all seeming laid down for His Church. For the children of the island of St. Patrick then, the history of their country carried with it a similar lesson to that which he had just deduced for the Church generally. On the motion of Mr. F. A. Maciver, seconded by Mr. James M'Ever, a hearty vote of thanks was awarded to the rev. lecturer for his address—Mr. Maciver pointing out as especially gratifying to Irish Catholics the second triumph to which Father Agnew had alluded. Just as Sir Charles Dilke had found in the English speaking people of Great Britain and her colonies and of the United States the materials for his ideas and book about "The Greater Britain," so Mr. Maciver saw in the emigrant sons and daughters of Ireland who have as yet been taken possession of these colonies and States and even of Great Britain itself, and are every day growing in numbers and social and religious power the people of "The Greater Ireland" which should in brief time out-grow and enlighten with the light of Catholic Faith, that very Protestantism which even by its measures of persecution and malice had materially helped to work out the designs of Providence. A vote of thanks to the president, proposed by Father Harman, closed the proceedings.—Catholic Times. A Montrose lady hated paying taxes, and always pretended to misunderstand their nature. One day, receiving a notice of such payment, signed by the Provost (Thorn), she broke out:—"I dinna understand these taxes; but I just think when Mrs. Thorn wants a new gown, the Provost sends me a tax-paper."

[1] Tondini, The Future of the Russian Church, p. 11.  
[2] Lescour, t. 1, p. 226.  
[3] Lescour, t. 1, p. 196.  
[4] P. 400.

[5] Theiner, quoted by Lescour, t. 1, p. 163.  
[6] Lescour, t. 1, p. 172.  
[7] Lescour, t. 1, p. 228.

[8] Lescour, t. 1, p. 300.



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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, Jan. 5, 1877.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

JANUARY, 1877.

Friday, 5.—Vigil of the Epiphany. St. Telesphorus Pope and Martyr.

Saturday, 6.—EPIPHANY OF OUR LORD. Holyday of Obligation.

Sunday, 7.—SUNDAY WITHIN THE OCTAVE OF THE EPIPHANY.

Monday, 8.—Of the Octave.

Tuesday, 9.—Of the Octave.

Wednesday, 10.—Of the Octave.

Thursday, 11.—Of the Octave.

SUPPORT THE CAUSE.

We mentioned last week to our readers that we had secured the services of Captain Kirwan as the Editor of this journal. The Captain arrived in this city on Saturday evening last, and will undertake the editorial management of the True Witness in our next issue. We shall not say anything about the literary merits of the gallant Captain, now that he is amongst us. All we shall permit ourselves to remark is, that in his case, as in that of his predecessors, the late lamented Father Murphy and Doctor O'Reilly, we have always sought to secure the best talent for the editorial department of this Journal. Our patrons will understand that it is their duty to do something on their part. We print and publish the paper; we do it in a Catholic spirit absolutely free from all political bias. This cannot be done without money. The paper that is published in the interest of a Government generally receives from the powers that be a considerable remuneration in fat advertisements. An opposition organ lives in hopes of better times in so far as that part of the business is concerned. The Catholic journal that espouses no party, has to depend on the Catholic principles of the community in which it exists. Our Holy Father the Pope has given His blessing to Catholic journalism: May we not hope that the Right Rev. Bishops and Rev. Clergy of the Dominion will give us a generous support by their advocacy for the maintenance of the only independent Catholic journal in Canada. We trust we are not asking too much.

SALVATION SIMPLIFIED.

In modern days the world has become so inundated with extempore innovations, too frequently having a tendency to corrupt, and sordid pecuniary ends, originating in the minds of some dissembling sanctimonious speculators, that one any-wise sensitive to the marvels and vicissitudes of a life can hardly recover from the astonishment created by observing the acts of one itinerant religious juggler, until his deeds and eubonious technicalities are superseded by the efforts of a more egregious and empirical rival. The metaphysical question of divisibility is hardly less intricate than the study of the ramifications deducible from the reformation, for as the hero of that age abandoned the True Church, or was excommunicated rather for delinquency or a lewd disobedience, subsequently founding another church on his proper human rancor and proclaiming himself head thereof, so others too, members of this carnal institution, aping his insubordination soon became delinquents and who very reasonably considered themselves more justified in relinquishing his tenets than he was in renouncing fealty to the Church of God. So every decade since the days of Harry, has witnessed a few of those remodelled creeds whose dilatability has been or is in proportion to the incentive finess of its originator; according to the mundane magnitude of his diatribes his system of worship is received. The less check it places upon sensualism, the more it is embraced by vacillating and digressive minds, who, since their apostasy, have been evidently hanging on the brink of infidelity. Here, we see the little edifice, whose walls re-echo the magniloquence of some facetiously inspired impostor to a score or more devout (God fearing) children of Grace, whose spirits groan under his eloquent manipulation. There, the prototypal becomes more expanded and we are often forced to weep, when we think of the innumerable loss of souls, which has preceded the advent and apocryphal evangelism of each alternate Moody and Sanky. But the most prominent feature attending these metamorphosed spectres of religion in order to make them notorious, is the peculiar eccentricity and impropriety or profanity of their nomenclatures. These are frequently astonishing, but not more so than the condign facility with which they are produced. As an instance, a friend of ours recently attended the interment of a confirmed atheist, at which were present ministers of different sects, the relatives of the deceased skeptic, who, in his protracted life, denied his God, very inconsistently desired to have the happy influences of religion exercised at that solemn moment when the portals of the tomb are about being closed forever, consequently, and to avoid exciting jealousy, the different ministers present were invited to perform some kind of a novel lustrating ceremony. These erudite gentlemen prurient for the salvation of souls cordially acceded to the invitation, and they considered this man's soul quite salvageable, because he had been honest, although he never believed

in God! "He that believeth not shall be condemned" was superfluous in this particular case, according to the theological deliberations of these mushroom missionaries; they, therefore, without any discrepancy, unanimously participated in performing what they signified by the epithet of an Independent Service. Independent! Well! although we are blessed with an ordinary share of rational faculties our limited perspicacity cannot perceive in what this independence consists, but our ideas of dubbing, are, we must admit, very superficial. If the term was applied because this man passed his life in a manner independent of God, and, the rules He has established for the salvation of souls, or through the lucrative policy, and sham courtesy of these prayerful practitioners, or what is as plausible yet, through the supposition that the distinct parts used by each minister formed an independent whole, we can see the vindication point without any actual indignation. But the hypocritical assertion that their studied euphuism of prayer, benefitted that man's soul, that their independent service opened the gates of Heaven is we fear nothing short of direful blasphemy, for God's unerring words are "The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence and is taken by force." "Unless ye do penance ye all likewise shall perish." But we must here terminate this exemplification of salvation made easy, this is one of the many popular fantasies that meet with a reception, strange to say, sometimes in scientific minds, but when man abandons the stronghold of True Faith it is not to be wondered at, if he seek shelter in any booth that will give a temporary relief from the qualms of conscience that consequently irritate him, once our rebellious senses gain control, it is hard nay, impossible without God's sanctifying Grace, to reduce them to a state of subjection, and without this it is impossible to be saved; and who, let us ask, possesses this divine gift? Not those who have the implicit proof, who accept every Protean doctrine, because it grants a more extensive license to debasing sensuality, nor those who embrace a doctrine for its euphonic and apparently propitious title, nor certainly not those whose deplorable life requires at the moment of interring their bodies, the united efforts of jezuz scriptural empirics to elutriate its pitiable soul, by an Independent Service. This inestimable Grace is not obtained spontaneously by the Tharisees of our days, by the numerous Moodyites and Sankyites and their proselytes; but it is accorded only to those who persevere to the end in making their lives conformable to the will of their Divine Creator, which is done by observing, or being desirous of observing faithfully the rules established in the Church founded by a crucified Redeemer.

ROUTHIER versus KEOGH.

We never interfere in the judgments of any civil Courts, although had we been disposed so to do a la G. Brown we might possibly have been brought to book and even then not have escaped so well as the great Toronto Thunderer did in his late escapade with the honor and dignity of the Bench; we think, however, that we may possibly, without the shadow of a rule nisi crossing the light of our pen say a word on the judgment lately given by His Honor Mr. Justice Routhier in the case of the late Charlevoix Election, where the question of "undue influence" as regards the clergy formed the whole sum and substance of the contestation of the sitting member's election. Judge Routhier is a gentleman, a scholar and a jurist. We may not always agree with him to the full extent to which he wishes to carry his thesis, but we are happy to record our testimony, to his high legal ability and personal morality. Of Mr. Justice Keogh we have nothing to remark. We leave to those who have followed his career in his native land to say what they think of him in any capacity but that of a blatant Nationalist—whose career in that respect is not isolated in the land of Erin. We think however that the manner in which Mr. Justice Keogh is dealt with by His Honor Mr. Justice Routhier in his opening remarks on the precedent relied upon by the Petitioners in the case against the Respondent in the Charlevoix Election, will revive some reminiscences in the minds of the oldest inhabitants of good old Galway.

PRECEDENT.

Since the petitioners arrogating to themselves rights which they have not, and supposing me possessed of powers which do not belong to my jurisdiction, have decided to submit to me matters which relate to ecclesiastical authority, they were obliged, necessarily, to count more upon precedent than upon law.

A decision of Judge Keogh annulling the election in Galway, Ireland, for undue influence on the part of the clergy, has seemed to them particularly conclusive, and it is by his authority that they are backed, calling up at the same time the catholic character of this Judge.

It is certain, nevertheless, that a judgment, the subject matter of which covers fifty folio pages, ought to be sufficient to make known the magistrato who delivered it.

I may be permitted then, to say that the judgment rendered in the Galway case reveals in Judge Keogh a great loquacity assisted by a prodigious memory, and varied, but shallow knowledge. He has studied many books, but there seems to be disorder in his erudition, and I meet nowhere in his work with those large ideas and comprehensive views, which mark the sage and the thinker.

It would be hardly possible to enumerate all the digressions with which his encyclopedical judgment is filled. Everything offers him a theme for his comments, and every person is the object of a biographical sketch. We there in turn see passing before our eyes his personal reminiscences, his classical reminiscences, the history of his friends, old and new, that of the County of Galway for half a century, of the representatives re-elected by that county, of the qualities which distinguished them, and the political parties to which they belonged. Does he name a village, he will say, "that beautiful village, for such it was, and such it still is: Clifden, once the proud heritage of the Martins and the Arcys." Does he refer to a newspaper article, he will speak of the bad paper on which it is printed, of the "sorrowful day" which he passed in reading it, and coming to the proprietor of the paper he will add: "He is not responsible for the badness of the paper on which his paper is printed. I believe we have lost all the manufacturing of paper in this part of the world. I have used to be a paper manufacturer in Galway; I hope it has not entirely disappeared. But he is not answerable for that. The Dublin or Manchester makers must be held accountable."

These preliminary observations were necessary in order to make known the man whose opinion has been so often called up in this case, and in order to the appreciation, in his general character,

of the "precedent" upon which the petitioners so particularly lean.

I now enter upon the examination of this celebrated Galway case, and commence by a brief expose of the facts, such as related by Judge Keogh, without myself guaranteeing their accuracy.

Possibly Mr. Justice Routhier may be mistaken in his appreciation of his learned Brother's peculiarities, but despite the loudly proclaimed Catholicity of Mr. Justice Keogh, we believe any one will admit that blaterum skite has not abandoned the learned Judge in his present exalted position, and that like most time servers, he forgets when the payment of his obligations as a satisfied office-seeker ends. At reete we give the notice of Mr. Justice Routhier's judgment below and we think that whether the grounds taken by the learned Judge as regards the actual state of the law on the subject be held or not, it must be evident to every one that taking the grounds adopted by the bitterest enemies of Catholicity in the Dominion, that there is total separation of Church and State, that the judgment must be maintained in the Supreme Court to which it has been carried. These are the concluding remarks of His Honor—

I sum up in a few words all this lengthy argument.

1st. The law which governs us expressly prohibits all undue influence in "temporal" matters; but the context of this law, and the acts of "undue influence" which it enumerates and defines, indicate that it cannot be applied to any act of a "spiritual" nature.

2nd. There is really no English jurisprudence contrary to this interpretation of our law. For the Galway case is the only one in which the election had been annulled for "undue clerical influence," and this influence resulted much less from "spiritual acts" than from "temporal intimidation" knowingly organized and causing a general panic.

3rd. Even though the Galway precedent should be regarded as a jurisprudence opposed to my interpretation of the law, this jurisprudence might have been justifiable in England, but would be unacceptable in Canada, because in this colony the Church and the State are not in the same conditions of existence as in the mother country, and because our constitution, our morals, our state of society, and our religious condition differ entirely.

4th. Supposing even that our electoral law might be applied to "spiritual" matters—which would be contrary to the most elementary notions of natural right—still clerical influence should not be declared "undue" in this case, because the facts proved reduce themselves to the expression of certain opinions on moral theology which should be free, and which from their nature itself escape from our jurisdiction.

I conclude that in the name of the constitution, of religious liberty, of law and of justice, I should reject the petition, and declare the defendant legally elected.

PRESENTATION.—A most worthy and greatly beloved priest was honored, on Christmas Day, after Mass, at the rooms of the St. Bridget's Society, Dorchester street, near Seaton, when a presentation was made to the Rev. Father Lonergan, parish priest, of a house, sleigh, robes and harness complete, valued at \$270, by the English portion of St. Bridget's Parishioners. The address was read by Mr. John McEneaney, and the reply by the esteemed Father was couched in the most affectionate terms.—Star.

ITALY AND THE POPEDOM.

Italian politics are not rich in interest. The geographical lie of the country ought to exclude it entirely from the troubled world of conflicting opinions. It should bask in the unchanging sunshine of peace, and revel in colour and form, and the ethereal beauties of art. Its sons may be painters and poets, and men of science, and men skilled in the most fantastic handicraft, but never heroes. Modern politics mean war and how to wage it. The Italians need never combat; they have no enemies but their own selves, and they are so few that they rather merit the appellation of rowdies than military foes. It is just because the Italian is not a soldier, nor a warrior, nor a hero, that these few turbulent spirits are able to make havoc of peace and existing institutions and ride dominant—a factions power—over the inert masses who make the nation. The restless mountaineer, the half-bred Goth of the Italian Alps, is true to the savage nature of his forefathers. The laws of gravity force him down upon the richer plains and smiling valleys of the peninsula. Like unto the hordes who were led by Alaric, are the swarms of locusts with which the house of Savoy has defiled the fair face of Italy. They have broken into every treasure house to satiate their greed for gold, and have not hesitated to ransack the temple of God for those objects of value which the piety and obsequiousness of faithful hearts had gratefully given back to their Creator. In this general pillage the modern Piedmontese, who likes to be called a Christian, has far outstripped his pagan predecessors. St. Augustine tells us that the barbarian Alaric, King of the Goths, while he delivered Rome into the hands of his followers to be plundered at will, actually commanded that all the vases of silver and gold the precious stones, the ornaments, and the richly embroidered stuffs which belonged to the holy apostles St. Peter and Paul should be left untouched in the possession of the Sovereign Pontiff. During the last six years Rome and the States of the Church, which are the property of St. Peter and Paul, have been robbed of all that was capable of being turned into peace. This was the infernal policy. It is now nearly at an end. The Church has no money, no land, no home. This was the complaint made when the present Ministers came into office. Their predecessors had so thoroughly done their work that there was nothing left to steal. The men of to-day, however, are radically inclined; their programme is to undo, to strip, to lay waste; to overturn in general confusion the wisdom and the work of ages. The ordinary field of politics is barren for them; they have one mission—to remodel the Church of God on earth—and to this they are "bracing up their efforts."

It is not every nation which has men naturally endowed with the gifts necessary to fit them to cope with God. Vulgar blustering and muscular malice are the attributes of those who war against God; but they who would match their intellects with His, and remake His works, are prodigies of preternatural growth. Nero and Diocletian, Queen Elizabeth and Cromwell, were heroes in their antagonism to the Truth. Fire and steel were inseparable allies, and failure the issue of their efforts. Bismarck, the coarse Pomeranian, has followed in their footsteps, and like them, he has been discomfited. The object of these noble persecutors was to destroy and utterly obliterate the power of God. The men in Italy share the same aspirations, and longingly hope for success. Their chance of attaining from a political point of view, for modern Germany is cleverer in the wily Southern Italy, that is the ruling faction of the hour—the Papacy. Oivilly the Pope is not different from the meanest subject. He lives in a house without paying rent it is true, but he pays water rates and taxes. He is inscribed in a big book as a receiver of outdoor relief from the Gov-

ernment, but, as he never accepts his pauper allowance, the rent has been allowed to run on. The day of distraint, however, is not distant. Like a criminal, he is permitted to receive visitors, while a detachment of gaiters paces over; day and night, before he bronze doors of his prison, to take stock of the motley crowd who pass in and out. One would imagine the end proposed by the revolution was gained, but we find his enemies still discontented. The Pope is still a power in the world. He speaks and writes, and the sheep hear his voice and obey it. Germany, in her vulgar violence last year, requested Italy to solve the difficulty by gagging the press and confiscating the post. The other day she showed how this is done, by sequestering all correspondence between Cardinal Ledochowski and his native land.

Italy moves more slowly. She is not warlike, and cannot do her evil deeds grandly. She has entrusted the heads and hearts and consciences and souls of her thirty millions to one man, and he a layman—a Freemason. He is the Minister of Grace, Justice, and Religion, that is, he is King, Executioner and Pope. It is needless to say he has no religion himself, his position does not require any—it would be inconvenient, it would hamper him. He is bound by his Masonic oath to believe that religion is not useful or necessary; though he must not aver so much at present. He has very successfully closed all schools and colleges where religion was taught, and by his decrees all children must attend his schools where religion is not taught.

There is danger, however, that these same children may learn something good from their respective parish priests, and thus check the progress (downward, of course) of the nations. The Minister of Worship, therefore, has issued a decree to prevent the appointment of any parish priest not recognized by him. The rules of the Church require that bishops should name priests to the care of souls, and without this sanction of a bishop no priest has jurisdiction or authority. In the same way the bishop holds his jurisdiction from the Pope. In order to subvert this order it is proposed that the people of the city of Rome shall choose the Pope by vote, in the same way as they elect a member or a town councillor. A society has been started in Rome to indoctrinate the people with their new liberty. Every city is to elect in a similar way its own bishops, and every parish its own priests. The Bishop of Rome is to have no authority or power or influence outside his own city, though the faithful will be allowed to look upon him still as the First Bishop of the World.

The programme is already in force in Germany and in Switzerland. Bismarck chose Mr. Reinkins for the Bishop of the Northern German Catholic Church, and pays him well for his condescension in accepting the nomination. The Federal Council named Mr. Herzog to be Bishop of the National Swiss Catholic Church, and Reinkins did the pious over him in an obscure village on the frontier. Both these men are unclean, apostates, heretics; but undoubtedly admirably fitted for their posts. When these new ideas take the form of law in Italy an appropriate individual will not be wanting. An apostate Dominican friar, a heretic with the morality of the goat, already styles himself the Vicar-General of the National Italian Catholic Church. He holds forth on Sundays in a conventicle in Rome; and passes the intervening days enjoying the hospitality of an admiring American family. We learn from a handbill distributed in the streets of Naples that this Mr. Preta is seeking to be promulgated bishop of his ideal National Church; perhaps when matters are more advanced the Minister of Worship may patronize this ambitious prodigal. Anti Popes there have been, and may be again.

The astute Italian Minister would not have us believe that he is either acting upon compulsion or from dictates of fancy. He relies upon history to justify him and in purifying the ordinances of the Church, he would lead us back to primitive times. With regard to the election of the Popes and Bishops, his extracts from history will not convince even the least initiated, but the choice of parish priests by the populace is still in vogue in some places in Northern Italy, and has been advocated, he says, by most pious and learned men. For instance Rosmini. Had he said, witness Audisio the refugee, the professor, the canon of St. Peter's who in the year 1870, in face of canon's and councils, rashly upholds these views, he were welcome to the prop; but malice is mature which quotes the learned and humble and saintly Rosmini. It is true that Rosmini had ventilated the idea thirty years ago, but when Rome reprobated it, he unhesitatingly and unreservedly retracted it. Only a few months ago the Master of the Sacred Palace imposed silence upon the calumniators of Rosmini, in a noble letter which bore testimony to his praiseworthy submission upon this one point, and to the complete immunity from error of the whole of his other works. Catholics will not be misled by these tactics; neither are the foundations of the Church of God likely to be sapped by the puny virulence of Freemasonry.—Catholic Times.

THE PROTESTANT TRADITION.

The mass of impressions, prejudices and mistaken ideas concerning the Catholic Church, which has descended from the sixteenth century, and has been constantly accumulating, has been styled, by an eminent writer; the "Protestant Tradition." Do we hear it gravely stated at a dinner table, or in social intercourse, that the priests forgive sins for money, and that "no penny, no pateroster," is the accepted rule? Then we may be sure that the one who says this is not necessarily untruthful or ignorant, but simply that he is under the unconscious influence of "the Protestant tradition."

Do we hear it said at another time that the Catholics pray in an unknown tongue, the plain inference being that they do not understand the meaning of what they say, but that, like the Mongolians, of Central Asia, who pray by turning a wheel, they are mechanical worshippers? This assertion is another instance of the influence of the "Protestant tradition."

Do we hear that the Catholic Church has a natural affinity for despotic governments, and that because the government of the Church is a Monarchy that, therefore, she can exist only in a Monarchy or that she favors Monarchies as such. This, again, is a manifestation of the existence in the mind of the speaker of "the Protestant tradition."

Do we hear, on the other hand, that the Catholic Church is dangerous to the State; that the Popes have often deposed Monarchs or declared their subjects absolved from their allegiance; and that, therefore, it is the duty of all kings to unite and either put her down, if that were possible, or fetter her action. This, again, is the "Protestant tradition" working in the mind.

Does one hear sensible persons say that Catholics are opposed to science, that the monks of old were universally ignorant, that superstition is encouraged, that miracles, visions, and portents are believed without proof or warrant, that education is not nurtured, that the Church did good in the past perhaps but is now effete and corrupt? All these assertions are merely proofs of the force and existence of the "Protestant tradition."

ever thought of denying was part of Christianity—was prohibited by Protestants in England, in Ireland, and in Norway, as idolatry. Mosaic institutions, revered even by pagans, as witness the conversion of many countries solely by monks, were regarded as intolerable and not to be suffered. The beautiful Cathedrals and parish churches were allowed to fall into ruins when they were not demolished. To crown all men, whom it would be absurd and uncharitable to suppose deficient in judgment or vicious in life, men eminent in science, art, learning and genius, grew up, lived and died, not only perfectly ignorant of Catholicity, but even hating it as an embodiment of all superstitions and wickedness.

Such is the work of the "Protestant Tradition." It has exercised influence, not only over countries where Catholicity was unknown, but over the lands in which it had long existed. For a thousand, five hundred, or three hundred years, the Catholic Religion flourished in England, Scotland, Germany and Norway. How was it that so great an injustice so shocking an ignorance of the beauty of the Church, should ever arise, much less spread? How is it that the Protestant tradition commenced? The answer is plain, and it contains a lesson for us to-day. There were many causes for the outbreak of the Protestant fanaticism and for its growth. The greed of kings and nobles, the impatience of restraint, the pride of nationality kicking against Papal power; but of all causes, none were so potent as ignorance of the truth. Many Catholics took their religion for granted. Everybody had always believed it, except the Turks and a few obscure heretics, and yet many understood little of it. Of course they went to Mass every Sunday, and to confession at least once a year, the more devout monthly or weekly. They knew enough to get to heaven, and would to God all knew as much! But when the faith was furiously assailed by every variety of argument and vituperation, they knew not what to answer.

How absurd the Protestant Tradition is we need not show. It is a scarecrow which has no more resemblance to the actual truth than light to darkness, or white to black. Sins are not forgiven for money. Catholics do not pray in an unknown tongue, monks are not ignorant, the Church favors literature and education, and has no affection for despotism. The Church teaches a lofty morality, is obeyed and venerated by thousands of Saints, and trains millions for Heaven. She has conferred incalculable benefits on mankind, and is not responsible for those who despise her precepts and disobey her commands.

She mollifies kindly despotism and restrains popular passions. Her influence tends to promote domestic happiness, personal and public honesty and virtue, and a cheerful piety. Her ceremonies are majestic and full of instructive symbolism. She is a sure guide to Heaven, and she makes earth bright.—Catholic Standard.

IRELAND, RUSSIA, AND TURKEY.

The air is full of rumours of war. Russia is said to be summoning her vast hosts to march on Turkey, and many days cannot elapse before the policy of the great empire of the north shall be better known to the world than it is now. At present all that seems to be clear is that Russia demands that she may be allowed to occupy Bulgaria so as to exert the Christian subjects of the worn-out Mahomedan empire. But if the Russian bear come "hugs" even the smallest portion of Turkish territory the result is not difficult of conjecture; for, under those circumstances, Constantinople and St. Petersburg would soon be under the same ruler. It is evident that Germany and Austria are by no means hostile to Russia, though they may for form sake frown a little on the occasion. As for the robber king who is wrongly styled "King of Italy," it appears that he too smiles upon the Russian plot. The result is that the Marquis of Salisbury will not be able to report to the Earl of Beaconsfield that the "Sick Man" is convalescent. England will therefore very soon be obliged to ask herself the very important question—"Shall I plunge again into war to prop up an effete despotism?"

The people of England will do no such thing. Too well do they remember the fearful loss of life and the great expenditure of money which took place in the Crimean war, the only result of which has been that Russia (having trampled upon treaties) is now just as powerful in the Crimea and elsewhere as she was before that most useless war began. It is plain that England will not again waste blood and money on the effort to support a State that has outraged all the laws of humanity. It is not to be supposed, on the other hand, that England will assist Russia to obtain possession of Constantinople, for that would be to strike a blow at her own power in the East.

What will Ireland say? There was a time when the "Irish vote" at Westminster counted but little in the questions of imperial policy. That is not now the case. Lord Beaconsfield's administration will have to encounter an opposition which is again growing into strength, led nominally by Lord Hartington, but sustained by such skillful debaters as Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, Mr. Lowe, Sir William Harcourt and many others who possess talent and experience. The threatened war is already most unpopular in England, and if divisions take place upon the subject they will be so close that the votes of the Irish members must be of great importance. As to the Eastern belligerents Ireland can have little to choose. On the one hand, Turkey is the enemy of all Christians, and on the other hand Russia has proved herself to be the cruel, heartless, and remorseless tyrant of Catholic Poland and the relentless persecutor of all who acknowledge the sway of the successor of St. Peter. The atrocities of Russia to the nuns of Minsk are matters of history, and no Catholic can wish the aggrandizement of a State whose rulers have again and again stained their hands with the innocent blood of martyred priests. Ireland, as Christian opposes Turkey, and as Catholic opposes Russia. Let her make good use of her opportunity to endeavor to win her own rights. She certainly will not send forward men to supply a navy in which her religion is branded with degradation, and in which Catholic sailors are refused religious equality. There never was a more valuable moment for our nation. If Ireland had an O'Connell now she would not be slighted, for that glorious patriot would rouse the land from end to end to seize the moment for demanding her rights. About a hundred years ago Gratian thus won the rights of Ireland. If the representatives of that country be wise, now they will force the minister, if not at once to grant Home Rule, at all events to remedy many of the grievances by which that long misgoverned country is still oppressed.—London Universe.

CAPT. KIRWAN'S FAREWELL.

TO THE OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE HOME RULE ASSOCIATIONS IN GREAT BRITAIN.  
LONDON, DEC. 5.  
MY FRIENDS,  
After three years service in your ranks, the time is come when I must say "good-bye." That word conjures up a thousand associations in my memory, as I linger upon its accents, I experience all the emotions which tell me that it is a hard parting. I myself away. But I must be so, and I must part before such a sweet sorrow, that I would fain have a review I go, and with almost faltering hand, I review the history of our past, and say a few words of farewell to you all. And what is the record of that

past? How far have we contributed towards winning our way? What good works have we done? How stands that "old cause" now—now that we have had three years of trial in this country, and have tested the strain upon the strands of our splendid Organisation. Look back my friend, look back. Think of yourselves as you were, and look at yourselves as you are. Is there no change? Do the Irish in Great Britain stand where they did three years ago? What have you and I and all of us been doing? Let us see! The reins of office were taken by inexperienced hands when three years ago I found myself secretary of the Home Rule Confederation of Great Britain. I was a comparative stranger to you all. I was lost in a sea of responsibility, and were it not for the man who, then as now, is all our masters, the history of the Confederation would be brief indeed. To Mr. John Barry the Confederation owes more than it does to any living man. It was he who first taught me political strategy, and whatever earnestness I threw into the cause—whatever battles I fought—whatever victories I won—they were one and all the outcome of that training which I received at his hands. If I was an apt pupil it was only because I had a statesman for a master. I well remember, as he no doubt well remembers too, how feebly the pulse of the Irish in Great Britain beat when we first got into harness in Lancaster Avenue, Manchester. It took months to make ourselves known. Only three, then five, and even at our first Annual Council meeting in June '74, only seven branches had acted in harmony with our laws. By degrees, however, our friends rallied around us. We were happy in our associates, and our associates created confidence for us. But it was necessary to do something bold in order to arouse the enthusiasm of our people. A chance offered, and to the Irishmen of Leeds is due the honour of having inaugurated a new phase in Irish politics in this country shaming as they did, upon an English platform a man who had been disloyal to his pledge. The country was startled by the coup. The match was struck; the men of Hull, Kilmarnock and Sunderland followed in the wake. And is this in itself not something? Is it not something to bear the lion in his den they Douglas in his hall? Is it not something to make apostates, feel that a day of retribution is coming, and that the Irish in Great Britain have at last acquired a position, which British publicists cannot disregard? But is that all? As times went on you cheerfully laboured to extend the sphere of our labours. Not satisfied with minor triumphs, the men of Burnley, of Manchester, and Leeds extracted? Aye extracted, pledges in favour of Mr. Butt's motion, from the men who now in virtue of your associations, sit in the House of Commons or M.P.'s for those respective boroughs. You alarmed all England with your energy and your zeal. Your unanimity which surprised your friends and frightened your foes. There was no more division amongst "those Irish." "None were for a party but all were for the state." You dictated—their detested politics of the hour. Well, what followed? Simply this. You created a third party in this country, a party experienced in the treachery of British politics and resolved to force the cause of Ireland upon the attention of the British public. In all this, may in more than this, you have succeeded. Not satisfied with returning M.P.'s to the House of Commons, you have surprised your foes by returning a goodly number of T.C.'s to the municipal chambers, and in some cases, notably Liverpool, these T.C.'s have been returned as Home Rulers only. Then think of the process of education that has been going on meanwhile. Think of the spirit that has been aroused. Think of the thousands of young men and boys, who have been inspired by national sentiments, by your efforts your public lectures, your speeches, and the organ which you have established. Think of the position our Associations have now in Newcastle in Durham, in Stafford and in Bolton. I think of the splendid vindication meeting in the City Hall, Glasgow, a meeting which brushed aside the foul calumny that our Protestant leaders were not worthy of our confidence. Think too, the Home Rule halls that have sprung into existence all over the country. Think you the Convention you held in Dublin. Think of all this and you will acknowledge with me that in these three years, you have improved the condition of our people in this country, socially, politically, and morally. In that great work I have had only a slight share. It was of you, and through you, the officers and members of the various Associations that all this good was effected. I cannot indeed disguise the fact that at times I may have had something to do with your successes, but my efforts would have been useless without your assistance, and to that assistance all praise is due. From seven branches in June '74, you have by your energy and your zeal, enabled me to increase the number to 114 branches in June '76. Between the Executive and yourselves good understanding is universal, and I rejoice to hand over the Confederation, without a single dispute to mar the harmony of your labours. During my term of office your kindly watchfulness enabled me to steer clear of all personal disputes, and mixed up as I was with all your internal affairs, I cannot but thank you for the judicious care you took to place me far above the little questions which sometimes distract the least regulated organisations. And it is well that it has ended thus. In my new home I shall ever look to the relation I have borne to you with pride. I must too ask you to believe that by becoming a citizen of Canada I do not cease to be Irish. I am not abandoning the Home Rule cause—I am but transferring the sphere of our labours. I shall still be with you in your struggle. As I nursed you Confederation in its infancy so shall I watch its manhood, and jealously look over its future career—a career which I pray may be prosperous and successful. And again thank you good bye. Let the recollections of our past encourage you onward. Push on the glorious work you have on hand. Heed not the scoffers sneer—close up your ranks—crush Faction as you would crush a serpent—work with an energy worthy of our cause—and God may yet enable some of us to see the old Home at home opened to receive the representatives of an emancipated people. But even if you cannot command success do more—deserve it, and hand from sire to son the record of the fight. Once more my friends—good bye—good bye.

I am faithfully yours M. W. KIRWAN.

A SOLDIER OF THE CAUSE. It is with much regret that we announce the departure from England of Captain Martin W. Kirwan, General Secretary of the Home Rule Confederation of Great Britain, to take up his residence in Canada. This movement of Captain Kirwan is not due to any political causes, but to personal considerations which he could not be justified in disregarding, and we feel that we speak the sentiments of all patriotic Irishmen when we express our sincere and hearty wishes for his future prosperity and happiness. Captain Kirwan has rendered priceless services to our national cause in England by his labours in connection with the Home Rule Confederation. But long previous to the establishment of the Home Rule organization he was an active worker in the national cause, for which he underwent much toil, and braved many perils. Wherever his future lot may be cast, we feel certain that, while life is left him, Ireland will have in him a loving and faithful son. May he live to see her a free and happy nation!—Dublin, Nation.

QUEBEC LEGISLATURE. LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL CHAMBERS, QUEBEC, December 28th, 1876. This day, at 2 o'clock p. m., His Excellency the Lieut.-Governor proceeded in state to the Chambers of the Legislative Council, in the parliament buildings. The members of the Legislative Council being assembled, His Excellency was pleased to command the attendance of the Legislative Assembly, and that House being present, the following bills were assented to, in Her Majesty's name, by His Excellency, the Lieutenant-Governor, Viz. — An Act to amend and repeal certain acts and enactments therein mentioned. An Act to provide for the safety and protection of the public in theatres, edifices and public halls. An Act to change the name of William Taylor, of the City of Montreal, gentleman, to that of William Taylor Lindsay. An Act to incorporate Emmanuel Church, Montreal. An Act to enable the Rector and churchwardens of St. Jude's Church, of the parish of St. Jude, in the diocese of Montreal, to sell the said church and the property on which it is built, and to erect a new church elsewhere. An Act to amend the Acts to incorporate the Montreal Exchange. An Act to incorporate the Association known as the "Hackmen's Union Benefit Society of the city of Montreal." An Act to authorize the Board of Examiners for the examination of candidate for admission to practice as land surveyors in Lower Canada (Province of Quebec) to admit after examination, William Crawford, to practice as a land surveyor. An Act to incorporate the Universalist Church of the Province of Quebec. An Act to authorize the bar of the Province of Quebec to admit one Siphore D. Labrie among its members. An Act to consolidate and to amend the Act incorporating the town of Berthier, and the Act amending the same. The Act of incorporation of the town of St. Henri. An Act to amend and consolidate the Acts relating to the profession of medicine and surgery in the Province of Quebec. An Act to incorporate the Quebec Joiners' Union Society. An Act to authorize the religious community of the Hospitaliers de l'Hotel Dieu, of Quebec, to acquire and hold, as well in their own name as administering the property of the poor of said Hotel Dieu, other movable and immovable property up to a certain amount. An Act to incorporate the Montreal Land Company. An Act concerning the water works of St. Johns. An Act to divide the municipality of the township of Cox, in the county of Bonaventure and district of Gaspé, into two separate municipalities. An Act to incorporate "The French Canadian Artisans' Society of the city of Montreal." An Act to detach from the municipality of the parish of Cape Sante, in the county of Portneuf, a certain piece of land, and to annex it to the municipality of the parish of Ste. Jeanne de Neuville, in the same county. An Act to amend the Act 35 Vic., chap. 44, concerning the cemetery of Notre Dame des Neiges. An Act to authorize the Pharmaceutical Association of the Province of Quebec to admit William Whitehead as licentiate in pharmacy. An Act amending the Acts concerning the charitable institution known by the name of Les Sœurs de l'Asile de la Providence de Montreal, and extending its powers. An Act to consolidate the several acts incorporating the Mechanics Institute of Montreal and amending the same, and to make further provision respecting the said corporation. An Act to amend the Act incorporating the Quebec Central Railway Company. The Town Corporations' General Clauses Act. An Act amending the Act respecting the organization of the civil service of the Province, 31 Vic., cap. 8. An Act to establish a superannuation and aid fund in favor of certain public employees and their families. An Act to authorize the consolidation of the General Statutes of the Province of Quebec. An Act to amend the law respecting the Superior Court. An Act to render permanent several Acts therein mentioned. An Act to amend and consolidate the Game Laws of this Province. An Act amend chapter 53 of the Consolidated Statutes for Lower Canada, with respect to the salary of certain Sheriffs. An Act respecting the declaration to be made by incorporated companies. An Act further to amend the law respecting cadastral plans. An Act to change part of the Lake Champlain and St. Lawrence Railway Junction Co., to extend the delay for the completion of the works of the line, and to define and fix more clearly the absolute mortgage and rights of privileges of the bondholders of said company. An Act to amend chapter 90 of the consolidated statutes for Lower Canada, with respect to judgments rendered out of this Province. An Act to incorporate the Beebe Plain Advent Camp Meeting Association. An Act to incorporate the Fairmont Cemetery Co. An Act to erect the township of Bolton into two district municipalities, for municipal and school purposes. An Act respecting the Mutual Fire Insurance Co. of the county of Hochelaga. An Act to authorize the Corporation of the Village of Notre Dame de Grace to have a plan of the said municipality made, and defining the procedure to be followed to have said plan declared binding on all concerned, and for other purposes. An Act to amend the Act of incorporation of the city of Three Rivers. An Act to amend the Act of the heretofore Province of Canada, 12 Vic., chap. 144, intitled "An Act to incorporate Les Cleres paroisissaux ou catechistes de Saint. Viateur in the Village of Industry in the County of Berthier." An Act to amend the Act to incorporate the city of Ste Hyacinthe. An Act to amend the Act of this Province 39 Vic., chap. 33, intitled, "An Act to amend and consolidate the various acts respecting the notarial profession in this Province." An Act to amend the Act of this Province 32 Vic., chap. 28, respecting district magistrates. An Act respecting the building of the Court House of Quebec. An Act to incorporate the St. John street Railway Co. An Act to erect the village of Pointe-au-Pic into a separate municipality. An Act further to amend the Quebec Railway Act 1869 (32 Vic., chap. 51). An Act to amend the Act incorporating the Lewis and Kennebec Railway Co. An Act to authorize the sale of certain real estate affected by a substitution, by the will of Guillaume Morrin. An Act to detach certain farms from the parish of St. Ambroise de Eldre, and to annex the same to the parish of St. Alphonse, in the county of Joliette.

possible. It is believed that few, if any, bodies are under the ice. The townspeople rendered all the assistance in their power, but many perished notwithstanding the best of care during the night; others are now lying in a suffering condition in the hotels and private residences. It is estimated that fully one hundred persons have been killed in this terrible disaster. STRIKE OF GRAND TRUNK ENGINEERS. The trouble between the G. T. R. authorities and their engineers came to a focus on Friday night in a strike of the men all along the line. From the fact of the stoppage taking place simultaneously from east to west, it would appear that the strike was preconcerted and carried out by the men in a spirit of loyalty to the Brotherhood. For some time past the railway authorities have been taking measures to guard against its effects, but, so far, with very unsatisfactory results. This, probably, was to be expected, as seeing that 90 per cent of the drivers belong to the International Brotherhood of Engineers, it is not likely the men would desert the Society once a struggle for supremacy arrived. We have no doubt the engineers have gone into the strike with very great reluctance, and only after exhausting every means in their power to bring about a fair adjustment of their differences. As a body, the engineers are most intelligent, and so far as our intercourse amongst them extends—and we have had a great many interviews with their principal men—we found them reasonable and always desirous of not pushing matters to extremities. It is well known that a deputation of the engineers have been in this city for a considerable period, anxious to confer with the General Manager, in whom all the men have the fullest confidence, in order to bring about a settlement. That an arrangement was not effected is to be deplored for the sake of both the Company and the men out on strike. We are still in hope that with a little judicious management, the exercise of forbearance, and some slight concession on both sides, an adjustment may be arrived at. It is reported that at Stratford and Toronto some acts of violence and intimidation have been resorted to. It would be well for the public to receive with caution all such rumors. In the excitement that necessarily ensues on a gigantic strike like that which has taken place the most exaggerated reports are sure to be propagated. The engineers belong to a class of men who are not likely to resort to criminal measures to maintain their rights.—Star. PORTLAND, Me., December 29.—All the engineers of the Grand Trunk Railway from Island Pond west, 600 in number, struck to night, leaving the engines wherever they happened to be. The drivers on this end have not yet struck.

FRIGHTFUL FIRE AT ST. ELIZABETH. A CONVENT DESTROYED.—THIRTEEN LIVES LOST. JOLIETTE, Dec. 26.—At about 8.45 last night the Superior of the Providence Convent at St. Elizabeth, County of Joliette, visited the establishment as usual, and finding everything in order retired to bed. Forty-eight boarders were sleeping in a dormitory, and an old woman, kept out of charity, was sleeping in the kitchen. At twenty minutes past nine the convent was in flames. On the alarm being given all who could find room from the building, but unfortunately twelve of the boarders and the old woman perished. The Superior in the hope of rescuing some of the unfortunate creatures who were perishing, persisted so in remaining in the building that she was, with greatest difficulty, saved. The building was a two-story wooden one, and the dormitories were in the upper part. The bones of the old woman were found under the kitchen. All that was left of the others was heaps of calcined bones. None could be identified. The cause of the fire is not known. The following is a list of names and ages of the victims; Angele Dauphin, aged 63 years; Elizabeth Gravel, aged 19 years; Mary Louise Geoffroy, aged 10 years; Parmelie Desmarais, aged 9 years; Maria Drolet, aged 10 years; Lia Guilbault, aged 7 years; Georgianna Lavallee, aged 10 years; Luminia Lavallee, aged ten years; Alda Pelland, aged 9 years. The above all belonged to St. Elizabeth. Delina Lavallee, aged 10 years; Rosanna Masse, aged 10 years; Delina Masse, aged 11 years; of St. Thomas; and Melina Joly, of St. Felix. ORDINATIONS.—On Saturday, Dec. 23rd, in the Seminary chapel of Three Rivers, P.Q., the following gentlemen were promoted to Holy Orders by His Lordship Bishop LaRoche, of Three Rivers.—Tonsure—Julian Richard; James Gorman, Minor Order. Deaconship—Rev. Michael McNamara; Priesthood—Rev. Telesphore LaRoche. We have much pleasure in announcing that a course of two Lectures, under the auspices of the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association, in aid of their funds, will be delivered in their Hall St. Joseph Street, by Mr. Edward Murphy, the first on Thursday the 11th inst. Subject:—The Microscope and what it reveals to us. The second Lecture on Thursday the 18th inst. subject:—The Solar System and what the Telescope reveals to us. The first Lecture will be fully illustrated by means of a powerful Microscope, and the second by a number of beautiful astronomical diagrams. RUTLAND, Vt., December 30.—The Montreal express broke through the bridge just south of Pittsfield station at midnight. The train and bridge were badly wrecked. So far as heard, no lives were lost. COLBORNE, Ont., December 29. The express due at 8 o'clock this morning met with an accident, with considerable loss to the road. Fortunately no one was injured. The flange of one of the wheels on the express car broke causing the cars to leave the track at the switch. The engine becoming detached from the engine, kept the track and also the Pullman car and one first class passenger coach. BRIDGEHAMPTON, L.I., December 30. At four o'clock this morning, the ship "Circassian" ashore on the bar, off this harbor, was entirely broken up by this last south easterly gale, and lost together with twenty nine men of the Coast Wrecking Company on board without means for their rescue. Finally, at a short time after midnight the ship went to pieces with an awful crash, according to the account of the four survivors who were washed ashore. No one of the remaining 29 men on board have been seen.

THE PACIFIC EXPRESS TRAIN SMASHES THROUGH A BRIDGE. 175 PASSENGERS ON BOARD.—ONE-THIRD DIED HORRIBLE DEATHS.—CRUSHED, BURNED AND DROWNED. CLEVELAND, O., December 29.—A terrible accident at Ashtabula, Ohio. Train No. 5, Penn. Conductor on the Lake Shore, bound west, went through the iron bridge, down 75 feet to the river. It is reported that seven coaches and all the baggage and express cars were burned, and about one of every five persons killed. The scene of the railroad accident at Ashtabula is a few rods east of the depot. The iron bridge spans Ashtabula Creek, 75 feet above the water; on both sides are high banks. Snow has been falling almost constantly for the past 48 hours, and now a driving storm is raging, making it very difficult to get news from the wrecked and burning train. The citizens of Ashtabula, with a competent corps of physicians, are doing everything possible for the sufferers. The weather is fast growing colder. It seems that the falling train and bridge smashed the ice in the creek, and those not killed by the fall or burnt by the burning cars were held down by the wreck and drowned before they could be extricated. Many, too, will be or have been frozen. A special train with physicians, nurses and everything for the comfort of the wounded, left the Union Depot at 10.15 p.m. The train was drawn by two engines. One engine remained on the bridge; everything else went down. The engineer and fireman on the engine that went down were badly, but not seriously, injured. The work of removing dead bodies still goes on very slowly. The list of wounded will be swelled considerably. Public and private houses are thrown open to the wounded and destitute. As near as can be ascertained, 52 persons were wounded. How many escaped unhurt it is impossible to find out. The express car was smashed to splinters, and is now burning. The train is known as the Pacific Express. There were six coaches and one or two drawing-room cars. New York, December 30.—A reporter from the scene of the accident on the Lake Shore, Railway reads as follows:—Up to noon, of the 165 passengers less than 60 are known to be saved, with injuries more or less severe. The lost are so totally disfigured by fire that identification is utterly impos-

possible. It is believed that few, if any, bodies are under the ice. The townspeople rendered all the assistance in their power, but many perished notwithstanding the best of care during the night; others are now lying in a suffering condition in the hotels and private residences. It is estimated that fully one hundred persons have been killed in this terrible disaster.

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OPEN STOCK EXCHANGE REPORTS. (CORRATED FROM THE MONTREAL "GAZETTE")

STOCKS.	Sell	Buy
Montreal	185 1/2	184 1/2
British North America	103 1/2	102 1/2
Ontario	103 1/2	102 1/2
City	95 1/2	94
People's	95 1/2	94
Molson's	35	35
Toronto	35	35
Jacques Cartier	35	35
Merchants'	35	35
Hochelaga	82 1/2	80
Eastern Townships	108	103 1/2
Quebec	108	108
St. Lawrence	108	108
Nationale	100	90
St. Hyacinthe	100	90
Union	70	60
Villa Maria	70	60
Mechanics'	43	43
Royal Canadian	124	124
Commerce	124	124
Metropolitan	100	97
Dominion	100	97
Hamilton	99	96
Exchange	99	96

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.—(Gazette)

Flour #1 brl. of 196 lb.—Follards	\$0.00	\$0.00
Superior Extra	6.25	6.25
Fancy	5.70	5.70
Spring Extra	5.35	5.40
Superfine	4.75	4.85
Extra Superfine	5.55	5.60
Fine	4.30	4.40
Sopping Bakers'	5.65	5.70
Middlings	5.45	5.75
U. C. bag flour, per 100 lbs.	2.30	2.32
City bags, [delivered]	2.35	2.40
Wheat.—Spring	1.13	1.18
do White Winter	0.00	0.00
Oatmeal	4.70	4.80
Corn, per bushel of 32 lbs.	0.53	0.53
Oats	0.37	0.38
Pease, per 66 lbs.	0.90	0.91
do do	0.00	0.00
Barley, per bushel of 48 lbs L. Canada	0.60	0.65
do do do U. Canada	0.00	0.00
Lard, per lbs.	0.12	0.12
do do do	0.00	0.00
Cheese, per lbs.	0.10	0.12
do Fall makes	0.00	0.00
Pork—New Mess.	21.50	22.00
Thin Mess.	20.50	21.00
Dressed Hogs	7.05	7.15
Beef—Prime Mess, per barrel	00.00	00.00
Ashes—Pots.	4.35	4.35
Firsts	0.00	0.00
Pearls	6.00	6.10
Seeds—Timothy, per 45 lbs	0.00	0.00
Clover	0.00	0.00

TORONTO FARMERS' MARKET.—(Globe)

Wheat, fall, per bush	\$1 13	1 28
do spring	1 17	0 00
Barley	0 75	0 85
Oats	0 00	0 37
Peas	0 00	0 00
Bye	0 00	0 00
Dressed hogs per 100 lbs	0 00	0 00
Boof, 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 22	0 28
" large rolls	0 20	0 22
" tub dairy	0 20	0 22
Eggs, fresh, per doz.	0 17	0 18
" packed	0 13	0 14
Apples, per brl.	1 50	2 00
Onions, per bush.	0 88	1 00
Turnips, per bush.	0 25	0 38
Potatoes, per bus.	0 95	1 00
Hay	12 00	15 00
Straw	11 50	14 00
Geese, each.	0 60	0 80
Turkeys	0 50	1 00
Cabbage, per doz.	0 50	0 60

THE KINGSTON MARKET.—(British Whig)

Flour—XXX per bbl.	6.25	6.75
" " 100 lbs.	3.25	3.40
Family " 100 "	2.50	2.70
GRAIN—Barley per bushel	0.00	0.00
Rye " "	0.62	0.62
Pears " "	0.70	0.71
Oats " "	0.40	0.45
Wheat " "	1.00	1.15
Fall Wheat	0.00	0.00
MEAT—Beef, fore, per 100 lbs.	0.00	0.00
" hind " "	0.00	0.00
" per lb	0.00	0.00
Mutton per lb	0.05	0.08
Ham " in store	0.15	0.17
Veal " "	0.00	0.00
Bacon " "	0.12	0.13
Pork	8.50	9.25
HIDES—No 1 untrimmed	4.00	4.50
" 2 "	4.00	0.00
" pelts	0.15	0.20

J. H. SEMPLE, IMPORTER AND WHOLESALE GROCER, 53 ST. PETER STREET, MONTREAL. YOUNG IRISHMEN'S L. & B. ASSOCIATION. LECTURE On "The Microscope and what it Reveals" BY E. MURPHY, ESQ. IN THE HALL, 73 ST. JOSEPH STREET, Thursday Evening, 11th January. ADMISSON, 25 CENTS. Doors open at 7.30. Lecture to begin at 8 p.m. For particulars see bills. J. McGURR, Secretary. THE MANUFACTURING COMPANY OF ST. ZOTIQUE. Notice is hereby given that the annual General meeting of the Stockholders of the said Company will be held at their office, at St. Zotique, on Monday 15th January next, at one o'clock, P.M. By order of the Board. FRS. TALONDE, Secy-Treas. 28th December.

FOREIGN.

A distinguished body of collectors of Peter's Pence in Rome offered a large sum to his Holiness on Friday, the festival of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, and the editor of the *Unita Cattolica* has forwarded 20,500l. received in small sums by that paper.

Alarmed at the growth of lawlessness in Sicily, the Italian Government have sent a special officer to Palermo, for the better establishment of public security and more rapid proceedings against brigands and other criminals.

The population of Russia proper is 65,714,557; of Russian Poland 6,026,421; of Russia in Asia 12,123,000—a grand total of 83,863,978. From this immense aggregate she can put in the field an army a half larger than that of any other nation in the world, and still not trench upon her reserves.

The protests offered by the religious sentiment of the Swiss canton of St. Gall against the tenor of the books furnished to the schools—and offered with such overwhelming unanimity—have come before the Grand Council, with the result of being quietly shelved. The agitation will not be crushed by this method of treatment.

The Catholics of Choulex, Geneva, have built and opened a chapel, in order that they might not suffer spiritually through the appropriation of the parish church by a schismatic. The Government has everywhere looked for recreants to assume charge of the parochial edifices, and the people are providing new places wherein to worship, so that the spectacle is everywhere seen of so-called priests without congregations, but living on the fat of the land.

The workmen of Lille have taken a wise step. At a conference held by them, under ecclesiastical direction, they have decided to labour for three objects:—1. Respect for the sacred name of God, by the suppression of blasphemy. 2. Observance of the Sunday, as required by the Church. 3. Respect for good morals in the workshops, and separation, as far as possible, of the sexes. 4. Protection of the women and children in the manufactories. An adjourned sitting will be held in three weeks. The *Journal des Debats* states that the medal which, under the bequest of Count Rumford, is given annually by the Royal Society of London for the most important discovery without distinction of nation, has this year been bestowed upon M. Sanson, who has placed on a sound basis the theory of the phenomena of the solar system. Among the distinguished Frenchmen who have enjoyed a similar honour are Arago, Biot, Guy Lussac, Dumas, Becquard, Les Pasteur, Fourcault, Claude Bernard.

The Geneva *Courier* reports the recontamination of heresy by the Rev. M. Mansuy, a priest who joined the Old Catholics and was installed in the parish of Thonon. He soon abandoned the role he was playing, retired to a Trappist monastery, and underwent several months of strict penance to purge his excommunications. In a published letter he makes ample reparation of his fault humbly desiring that every one should know how he had sinned, suffered, and sought forgiveness. Father Mansuy is not the only priest seeking a return to the fold.

An apostate priest named Wolowski, a Pole, has suddenly decamped from the parish of St. Burg, in the canton of Berne, after an official residence there for two years. The Government planted him in the living, and it is supposed, from the quiet and hurry of his departure, that the same authority had changed its mind as to his usefulness. The curious circumstance is, that as far as he was concerned, the parish never had a birth, marriage, or death, while he remained. If there did happen events of the sort—and this is pretty certain—they never came within the ken of M. Wolowski. He had as perfect a sinecure as could well be conceived.

The parish of Rheinfelden, canton of Switzerland, has a parish priest somewhat advanced in years certainly, but very active in his ministrations. But the civil authorities are sympathetic, and do not like to see so ripe a veteran overworked. Therefore they have insisted on his accepting the aid of a curate in the person of a young man who has been "ordained" by the apostate Reinkeins. This is about the newest way of pitchforking these intruders into—living on the pretence of benevolence. The old priest will die some day, and the young pseudo-priest will step into his shoes—all through a Government which professes to respect all religions, and interfere with none.

The Rev. Henry J. Shea, S.J. (editor of the *Indo-European Correspondence*), has arrived at Calcutta, from a visit to France. He has brought a strong reinforcement for the Calcutta mission.

The Loretto Convent at Darjeeling, India, has received five young ladies. They are Miss Ryan, Miss Power, Miss McCarthy, Miss Hickey, Miss MacEvoy, and Miss Donnelly. The first named are professed, and the others accepted as candidates. It need hardly be said that all are Irish. The went to India for the express purpose of devoting themselves to the work.

AN HISTORICAL COMPARISON.—The amount which figured in the French Budget, at the end of the last century, as stipends to the clergy, was £2,320,803, divided as follows in francs:—Episcopate, 2,000,000; cures, 23,500,000; vicars, 19,000,000; presbyteries, 12,000,000. The change in the value of money since then would require the sum of three and a half million pounds sterling to keep the stipends at the worth of eighty years ago, but the Budget makes no allowance for each depreciation, and asked the Assembly last year for a stereotyped amount. By a decree passed in 1794, the clergy were coolly dubbed "Pensioners of the Republic," but they were paid all the same, and continued to be paid until the year 1876, when the props of the Third Republic tried to disendow them, and succeeded in partial spoliation.

PLAYING THE SWISS GAME IN ITALY.—PREMIUMS FOR APOSTASY.—A NATIONAL AND ELECTION BIASOP AND HIS ANTICS.—ROME, 10th DECEMBER, 1876.—An event has lately occurred at Pignano, near Friuli, in the north of Italy, which will enable one to form a correct appreciation of the Government's intentions towards the Church, which the Royal Speech represented as enjoying such unbounded liberty. On Saturday, the 25th November, a certain John Vogrig an Apostate priest, accompanied by an ex-monk Angelucci by name; arrived at Pignano, and declared to the astonished inhabitants that he had been sent thither by the Government as parish priest of the place, and intended to say Mass in the church on the following day. Early next morning all the people from the village, and many from other places round—men, women, and children—gathered near the church, and in the streets leading thereto, to give the intruder a worthy reception. The church had been closed, and the keys well guarded; five gendarmes were on the spot to keep order, and a special delegate of police was present to report upon the proceedings. About nine o'clock Vogrig made his appearance, accompanied by a few followers, but, seeing the great crowd, stopped short, and sent forward a friend to ask the people if they would allow him to enter the church. The persons on the out-skirts of the crowd, apparently his adherents, replied in the affirmative, but he did not appear satisfied with this assurance, and, going into the thickest of the assemblage, he repeated his message. A universal shout of "No!" greeted his inquiry, and the determined aspect of the people compelled the intruder and his party to make off. The crowd then dispersed in the best possible order, and it is probable that they will not, for some time to come,

be troubled by another visit from their parish priests. None of the Liberal papers have made any mention of this event, which has been contrived probably as an experiment to bring about the schism which the revolution has long been aiming at. Similar acts have taken place in two parishes of the diocese of Mantua, and with better success. In a moment of aberration the parish of Pignano appeared to make common cause with the schismatics of Mantua. The Government thought it too favourable an opportunity to be lost, and attempted to impose a creature of their own choice upon the people; but the latter have repented of their former conduct and atoned for it in the manner in which they have received the intruder. It is a curious fact that this Vogrig is professor at a school at Udine and that the law forbids a teacher to hold a spiritual charge; so that in this case the Government has arbitrarily violated its own laws. As to the antecedents of his companion, Angelucci, the *Unita Cattolica* publishes a letter from the Provincial of the Franciscans in Dalmatia, saying that he had been expelled from his convent on account of his disgraceful conduct; that before his departure he stole several clothes and a sum of money; and that he succeeded at Trieste in gaining the confidence of an honest family whom he afterwards cheated, and that he escaped persecution only by a speedy retreat across the Frontier. Such are the instruments the Revolution employs to carry out its designs against the Church. Another worthy servant of the Government is the so-called "Elected Bishop of the National Catholic Italian Church," Prot. Giurlo, whose name I have before had occasion to mention. He has just published a "Letter to Christian Episcopate and People," which has been reviewed by the *Diritto*. He is the third bishop of the "National Catholic" Church, whatever that expression may mean, his two predecessors being Trabucco, who died shortly after his nomination, and Professor Bertini who also died after a brief episcopate. He expresses a hope that the whole of Italy may soon become schismatic, but it may well be doubted whether the labours of one man will be sufficient to convert 25 millions to a novel religion. —*Roman Corr. of Catholic Times.*

CARDINAL ANTONELLI'S WILL.—The will of the deceased Cardinal says:—Before everything else I recommend my poor soul to the infinite mercy of God, trusting that through the intercession of the Most Holy Immaculate Mary, and my patron saints, S. Peter, S. Paul, S. James, and S. Louis, He may grant me remission of my sins, and make me worthy of the eternal glory of Paradise. I forbid the dissecting or embalming of my body after death, and order that it be interred in the burying-place of my chapel in the Church of S. Agata alla Suburra, near my good mother. During the eight days following my death, I order that a hundred Masses a day be celebrated, with the aims of 30 souls for each Mass. A part of these Masses shall be caused to be celebrated by the Mendicant Friars. I humbly beg the Holy Father to accept the respectful offering I make him of the crucifix standing on my writing-table, having the cross inlaid with lapis-lazuli, and at the base the kneeling Magdalene, within the centre of said base a bas-relief, representing the Adolorata and other ornaments in silver. I declare that I do not possess any other capital beyond that which came from the heritage of my excellent father or which I have been able to acquire through the means left me by him. I protest, therefore, against all the calumnies which on that and on any other account whatever have been in so many ways circulated through the world, before God who is to judge me; and before Him I forgive from my heart all those who have tried to do me evil." The Cardinal then divides his property among his brothers, sisters, nephews, and his relations by marriage. Twenty-five francs are given to the Hospital to Santo Spirito, and a similar amount to Holy Places of Jerusalem "for one time only," and he bequeaths his white *tonacella* to his titular Church of Santa Maria. His red one is to go to the Church of Sant Agata alla Suburra, and his violet pianeta to the Monastery of Santa Marta. The will concludes as follows:—"I also leave to my servants for their natural lives, to those in my service at the time of my death, and who have served me more than twenty-five years, the full monthly wages they received when I was alive; to those who have served me for more than fifteen years, I leave two-thirds of their monthly wages; and to those who have served me for less than ten years, one-third of their monthly wages.

MIRACULOUS CURE AT SPOLETO.—The Italian newspapers contain an account of a wonderful cure of deafness which occurred at the sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin, near Spoleto, on the 13th of last August. Adam Alessandrelli, born in 1832 at Colle-Strada, in the diocese of Perugia, became almost totally deaf at the age of thirteen years, and was pronounced incurable, and therefore unfit for military service in 1875. Before receiving a formal certificate to that effect from the military authorities Alessandrelli was twice subjected to surgical and medical treatment in the military hospital of Santa Juliana, where he was an inmate for fifty-two days in 1873 and for twenty-two days in 1874. Being thus excluded from the army, and destitute of employment by reason of his deafness, Alessandrelli became melancholy and despondent. He was 22 or 23 years old, and appeared likely to be a burden to himself and his parents. At length he determined to go on a pilgrimage to the famous sanctuary of Maria Santissima, near Spoleto. To prepare for the expedition he had a Triduum in the parish church of Colle-Strada, and another in the neighboring parish of Brufa. On the termination of the Triduum, namely, on the 11th of August last, he set out for Spoleto, accompanied by his mother and some friends. They arrived at the Sanctuary on the morning of the 13th of August. Alessandrelli knelt before the image of the Blessed Virgin and prayed fervently that his faculty of hearing might be restored. He then asked for a confessor, and was conducted, by reason of his deafness, to an apartment near the Sanctuary, where a priest could communicate with him by speaking very loudly and using at the same time gesticulations. One of the chaplains then offered up Mass at the request of Alessandrelli's mother, and the deaf man received Communion. It was at half-past eight, and precisely as the priest was turning towards the people to administer the Holy Communion, when Alessandrelli suddenly felt his head released as it were from a tight bandage, and was enabled to hear distinctly every word uttered by the celebrant. In a transport of joyful emotion he exclaimed, "I hear, I hear! The Madonna has healed me. Io sento, io sento! La Madonna mi ha fatto la grazia." He then embraced his mother, shedding tears of joy, amid the astonishment of the bystanders. The truth of this extraordinary miracle is attested by various documents, including the certificates of the military authorities, the parish priest of Colle-Strada, and the clergymen of the sanctuary. Alessandrelli is now able to hear the minutest whisper, so that his malady is not relieved merely, but is absolutely cured. He possesses the faculty of hearing in perfection. —*Roman Corr. of London Tablet.*

The Academia.

On Tuesday evening last the regular monthly meeting of Academia was held, and was very interesting, as well on account of the "paper" read and discussed, as the number and respectability of the audience.

The object of the "paper" was, briefly Darwinism, and was ably prepared and presented by the erudite and gentlemanly pastor of Minneapolis, the Rev. Jas. McCrickock who succeeded in exposing the amusing vagaries of that popular scientist, whose ingenious but absurd speculations are improperly regarded as science. The time has not yet come for duly relegating them to their assured oblivion, the ravings of our ridiculous scientists and the rantings of ignorant scoffers at all knowledge not in professed hostility to revelation; the superstition therefore, of giving credence to science without adequate knowledge or enquiry surpasses human understanding, and can only be attributed to the impety and conceit of the age.

That the Darwin theory has failed, and the materialists who hailed it with delight have already had to apply for comfort to other sources, the reverend gentleman clearly demonstrated, under the following heads:

- 1. In considering what the Darwin theory is in relation to man.
2. What the defenders of the church, and what its opponents held, on the presentation of the theory.
3. What matter is, in itself, according to scientists.
4. What is species, and what variety of race.
5. What historical testimony proves with regard to species.
6. The testimony of learned men against Darwinism.
7. And finally, some particular examples for which the Darwinian theory cannot account; and yet Darwin himself has declared that one failure in this respect is as damaging as five hundred.

It was not very easy, nor indeed would it be just, either to the reverend gentleman or his "paper," which displayed such varied and extensive study in the natural sciences, as well as in theology, to attempt to produce his facts and views under these several heads. Nor is it in accordance with the policy and purposes of the Academia to take such liberty without authority, seeing that to do so might be to challenge vain discussion, rather than to merely intended to impart enlightenment and literary enjoyment within its own friendly circle. A discursive and very enjoyable conversation followed, in which sundry gentlemen seemed to rival as

to the original "monkey" and the "lost link," as well as the caudal difficulty in the way of recognizing him as the veritable Adam. The subject of the paper for the next meeting of the Academia (2nd Monday in January) is The Cavalier and Roundhead by J. J. Egan, barrister at law.—*N. W. Chronicle, Dec. 9th.*

DR. McKEON, Secretary.

Epps's Cocoa.—GRAVEL AND COMPOUNDS.—By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame.—*Civil Service Gazette.* Made simply with Boiling Water or Milk.—Sold only in Packets labelled—"James Epps & Co., Homeopathic Chemist, 48, Threepenny Street, and 170, Piccadilly, Works, Buxton Road and Camden Town, London."

ASTHMA AND CATARRH.—See Dr. Langell's adv't.

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Actuated by this motive, and a conscientious desire to relieve human suffering, he will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and successfully using.—Sent by return mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, Dr. W. C. Stevens, 126 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y. 21-4

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertiser, a retired physician, having providentially discovered, while a Medical Missionary in Southern Asia, a very simple vegetable remedy for the speedy cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, and all throat and lung affections, also, a positive and radical specific for Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all Nervous Complaints, feels it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows.

Actuated by this motive, he will cheerfully send (free of charge) to all who desire it, the recipe for preparing, and full directions for successfully using, this providentially discovered remedy. Those who wish to avail themselves of the benefits of this discovery without cost, can do so by return mail, by addressing, with stamp, and naming paper, Dr. CHARLES P. MARSHALL, 33 Niagara Street, Buffalo, N. Y. 9-13

A VERY SICK WOMAN.

While calling at the office of a friend the other day, we were handed a letter from which we read the following: *Friend Craddock*—My best friend for thus I must address you, as you have done me more good than any one on earth under God, and I believe I owe my life to you, and thank you from the bottom of my heart for all that you have done. It would take several sheets of paper to enumerate all my sufferings, so will only speak of the most important. For four years I had hemorrhages, beginning in February and lasting until fall; palpitation of the heart; soreness of the breast-bone and short ribs; pain in the back and lower part of the abdomen; cold hands and feet, even in August; constipation and headaches. I had tried doctors far and near, but all in vain. Some said I had consumption; others liver disease. I quit all doctors, and wrote to you for help, and obtained it from your great "East India Hemp." I depend upon you alone for a perfect restoration to health, and feel that I shall not be disappointed. Please send two more bottles, with Pills and Ointment, which I think will do the work.

Yours truly, A. E. RICHARD.

10-13

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12. 30 Lots from \$10 to \$15 each, different articles 375 00
13. 40 Lots from \$6 to \$10 each, different articles 320 00
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The month, day, hour and place of drawing will be duly announced in the Press. Tickets can be procured at—

The Bishop's Palace, from Rev. Canon Dufresne. The Seminary, Notre Dame Street, from Revs. M. Bonissant, and Tambureau. The General Hospital of the Grey Nuns, Guy Street. Savings Bank of the City and District, 176 St. James Street, and at its different Branches—St. Catherine, 392; 466 St. Joseph, and corner of Wellington and St. Stephen Streets. At Messrs. Devins & Bolton's, 195 Notre Dame Street.

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CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL.

SUPERIOR COURT.

Dame Melina Guilteneo, wife of Ovide Houle, Thomsen, of the City of Montreal, duly authorized a *co-act en justice*.

vs.

The said Ovide Houle, Plaintiff.

vs.

Defendant.

An action en separation de biens has been instituted in this cause the sixteenth day of December, instant (1876).

TRUDEL, TAILLON & VANASSE, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Montreal, December 16th, 1876. 19-6

SCRAP BOOK.

A home ruler—My wife. A Savannah man steals his wife's false teeth when he wants to keep her from "gadding."

Old Mrs. Robinson had invited a gentleman to dinner; he had accepted, with the reservation, "If I am spared."

"Doctor," said a prudent New England wife to the practitioner who was cutting open her husband's shirt as he was in a fit of apoplexy, "cut, if you please, along the seam."

A Scotchman being asked by his minister what kind of a man was Adam? replied, "Oh, just like him."

The happiest moments in a woman's life are when she is making her wedding garments; the saddest when her husband comes home late at night and yell to her from the front steps to throw him out some keyholes, assorted sizes.

Groundless Forebodings—Bill—"What, Jim, my boy, met with another accident?" Jim—"Accident! I met with nothing else. I never go out but I expect to see myself being brought home dead on a shutter."

Brown, senior—"Well, Fred, what did you see during your trip abroad?" Brown junior—"A—'pon m' word, don't know what I saw 'tactly, 'only know I did more by three countries, eight towns, and four mountains, than Smith did in the same time!"

Basempire, French ambassador to Spain, was telling Henry IV. how he entered Madrid. "I was mounted on the very smallest mule in the world," said the ambassador. "Ah," said the king, "what amusing sight to see the biggest ass mounted on the smallest mule!" "I was your majesty's representative," was the rejoinder.

As a canal boat was passing under a bridge, the captain gave the usual warning "Look out!" when a little Frenchman, popping his head out of the window, received a severe bump. He drew it back in a great pet, and exclaimed: "Desse Americains are queer people—dey say 'Look out,' when dey mean 'Look in!'"

An old Scotch laird, at an election ball, had stired himself in splendour for the occasion. The grandee, who was going round, of course, showing civilities, said, "I dinna ken ye, B—, you're so brae." "Nae," said the old squire, "and I dare say ye'll na ken me for another seven year!"

When Erskine was made Lord Chancellor, Lady Holland never rested till she prevailed on him to give Sydney Smith, her father, allying, (Hosstonle-Clay, in Yorkshire). "Oh!" said Erskine, "don't thank me, Mr. Smith. I gave you the living because Lady Holland insisted on my doing so; and if she had desired me to give it to the devil he must have had it."

A lively pupil at a seminary asked the preceptor for permission to drive out with a gentleman. "You know the regulations of the institution," was the answer. "Is he your father?" "No," "Is he your brother?" "No," "Are you engaged to him?" "No; but I expect to be before I get back." That answer carried the day.

It was a pungent answer given by a Free Kirk member who had deserted his colors and returned to the old church. The minister bluntly accosted him, "Ay man, John, an' ye've left us; what might be your reason for that? Did ye think it was na a guid road ye was gawn?" "Oh, I daursay it was a guid enough road and a brae road; but, oh, minister, the tolls were unco high."

John Home, the author of Douglas, was a very singular person. When he was travelling in England with Dr. Carlyle and some other friends, on reaching Warwick, the party put up at an inn, where Home, having thrown off his boots, would not put them on again, but pranced about the room in a truly poetical style. At this moment he turned short upon the "boots catch" (boots) who had brought in clean boots, and finding the fellow staring at him with seeming admiration, "And am I not a pretty fellow?" said Home. "Ay, sir," said he, with a half smile. "And who do you take me for?" said Home. "If you binna Jamy Dunlop, the Scotch pedlar, I dinna ken wha ye are, but your ways are very like his."

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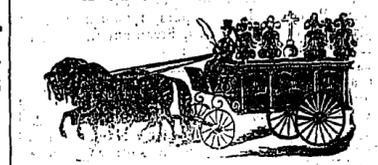
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**FARMERS' COLUMN.**

The Berks county Times says an unusually fatal disease among swine is prevailing in the vicinity of Morgantown, and many farmers are killing their hogs thus early through fear of the malady. One man has lost 27, another 26 another 16, and others from six to ten. The hogs, when attacked by the disease, turn black about the neck and side, and immediately after they are dead.

**Dry Food and Cows.**—As soon as cows are put on dry feed the milk falls off, but if they are well fed, what is lost in quantity is gained in quality. A cow that is in milking should have at least two quarts of mixed corn meal and bran daily, with as much chaffed hay as she will eat. A cow will usually eat two bushels of the chaff in a day. Some roots in addition would be useful. Dry cows should have one quart daily; it will not hurt the cow to take on a little fat at this season, nor make her milk any less next Spring.

Scaly leg is caused by a parasitic insect, which may be seen by the aid of a microscope, in a little furrow under the scales. It is contagious. To cure it, clean up the legs of the fowls by washing with carbolic soap. An ointment made of coal tar and lard, sulphur and lard, or the various preparations of carbolic acid, applied two or three times, will usually effect a cure. Give the fowls sulphur once a week mixed with their food, and do not neglect to thoroughly clean the whole henery, by washing with lime water or some disinfectant. The disease is not hereditary, but scaly legged fowls should not be used for setting.

**POTATOES IN MAINE.**—The Portland Press says the total potato crop of that State for this year probably reaches 2,500,000 bushels. In Aroostook County the product of potatoes has been unusually large. There are half a dozen or more starch factories in that county, which will convert into starch some 300,000 to 500,000 bushels of tubers. Large quantities are also shipped to Bangor for exportation. In Aroostook the farmers get about thirty cents per bushel, while at Bangor, the great potato market of the State, the price ranges from fifty to sixty cents. The potato crop of Maine this year is probably worth one million dollars.

**KEEPING POULTRY.**—After the fowls are domiciled comes the new and what ought to be the pleasant work of caring for them. Unless a person takes a pleasure in making his stock comfortable, attending to all their wants, he should not keep them. If they are confined to the house and run, they must be supplied with every requisite inside the inclosure. A box of broken oyster shells must be always accessible. I have often noticed fowls, when confined during the fore part of the day and let out toward evening, run first for the broken shells lying on the road and afterward for green and other dainties. A box of gravel to each run is required as well as oyster shells. It helps to grind up the shell for lime to make the egg shell, besides helping to digest its food. No fowl remains long in health without it, as its digestion would not be in its natural working order. Another thing, the dust box must always be at hand and dry, as parasites will always overrun any house and fowls that are not properly cleansed. Many a fancier calms his conscience on this matter by not making a good use of his eyes, there being a greater number of these pests than most people have any idea of, and a wide field awaits the patient observer to discover and bring them out. The several varieties differ very much in habit and appearance. Some live on the feathers, others on the body, others on chick's heads, while some keep in the perches, nests and woodwork of the house. When confined, their food must be more varied than that of fowls running at large. Ground beef scraps are very good, they contain many small patches of bone. They will keep through the hottest weather, if they are kept dry. Poultry are very fond of this kind of food, and I prefer it to pork scraps. When it is not furnished, give them some ground bone at times, or what is better, hang up a small hopper on the wall, a little distance from the floor, that they may take what they like. Always keep on hand sulphur, disinfectant powder or carbolate of lime, and such things as will be used at any time, so that when occasion requires, or you have a little time to spare, you may not have to wait for them. Most fowls know enough to go in themselves; but there is, and always will be, of fowls (as of other legged creatures) some so simple as not to know how to take care of themselves.—Rural New Yorker.

**MOLASSES FOR FATTENING STOCK.**—We heard it years ago, but a paragraph in one of the agricultural papers just now brings to mind the claim that molasses is an excellent material for fattening farm stock. Very likely too much is claimed for its merits, but we have no doubt that, under certain circumstances, it pays well to feed it in small quantities. When a creature which has no organic disease, but from neglect, short keeping, or a very poor quality of food, has lost its appetite and become very thin in flesh, a small quantity, fed to it daily may prove a great benefit. Molasses is also a useful article of diet when it is desirable to fatten the animals as soon as possible. That any one should seriously propose to feed molasses to horses, cows, sheep or hogs, at first thought may seem ridiculous. But such a course is founded upon philosophical principles, has been thoroughly tested by actual trial, and proved to be correct. Some chemists have believed that "starchy" food is converted into sugar by the stomach, before it is used to nourish the body. And it is a well-known fact that pure sugar will very rapidly fatten animals to which it is fed. But for feeding to farm stock, molasses is to be preferred to sugar, because it is cheaper and in better shape to be fed without waste. Not only will benefit be derived directly from the fattening properties of the molasses, but it will also improve the appetite and cause the animals to which it is fed to eat more food than they otherwise would. It is easily digested, assimilated rapidly, and consequently shows its effects very soon. One writer on this subject has said that if molasses is fed to a poor horse, he will show a marked change of condition in a few days. It is said that too much sweet of any kind, if fed to animals, will prevent their breeding readily. Cows, which it is desired should raise calves, should not have more than a pint of molasses per day, but to those which are being fattened, three pints may be given with good results. Probably the best way to feed it is to cut hay or clean straw, throw on a little boiling water in order to make it soft by partial steaming, then wet and thoroughly mix with water in which the molasses has been diluted. Care should be taken to use no more water than the hay or straw will readily absorb. For hogs, the molasses may be mixed directly with their food, and it is said to produce wonderful results. For this purpose there is no need of obtaining a nice and expensive article. A low grade, if clean and sweet, as some of the low grades are, will answer every purpose, and be much more profitable than a high-priced brand.—N. E. Homestead.

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5 " " " " " " " " " " " "	100 00	500 00
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25 " " " " " " " " " " " "	10 00	250 00
500 Building Lots, valued each at.....	500 00	250,000 00
50 Prizes, " " " " " " " " " " " "	24 00	1,200 00
20 " " " " " " " " " " " "	20 00	400 00
42 " " " " " " " " " " " "	18 00	756 00
8 " " " " " " " " " " " "	6 00	48 00
12 " " " " " " " " " " " "	32 00	384 00
12 " " " " " " " " " " " "	6 00	72 00
12 " " " " " " " " " " " "	30 00	360 00
290 " " " " " " " " " " " "	3 00	870 00
1000 " " " " " " " " " " " "	2 00	2,000 00
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Under Contract with the Government of Canada for the Conveyance of the CANADIAN AND UNITED STATES MAILS.  
1876-7—WINTER ARRANGEMENTS—1876-7

This Company's Lines are composed of the under-  
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Vessels	Tons	Commanders
SARDINIAN.....	4100	Lt. J. E. Dutton, R. N. B.
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POLYNESIAN.....	4100	Captain Brown.
SARMATIAN.....	3800	Captain A. D. Aird.
HIBERNIAN.....	3484	Lt. F. Archer, R. N. R.
CASPIAN.....	3200	Capt. Trocks.
SCANDINAVIAN.....	3000	Lt. W. H. Smith, R. N. R.
PRUSSIAN.....	3000	Lt. Dutton, R. N. R.
AUSTRIAN.....	2700	Capt. J. Ritchie.
NEPTUNIAN.....	2700	Capt.
MOBYLIAN.....	2650	Capt. Graham.
PERUVIAN.....	2600	Capt. R. S. Watts.
MANITOBIAN.....	3150	Capt. H. Wylie.
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CANADIAN.....	2600	Capt. Millar
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(sailing from Liverpool every THURSDAY, and  
from Portland every SATURDAY, calling at Loch  
Foyle to receive on board and Land Mails and Pas-  
sengers to and from Ireland and Scotland, are intend-  
ed to be despatched

FROM PORTLAND

Sarmatian.....	30th Dec.
Circassian.....	6th Jan.
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RATES OF PASSAGE FROM PORTLAND,  
Special Reduction in Rates of Passage

Cabin.....	\$80, \$70, \$50
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Intermediate.....	\$40 00
Steerage.....	25 00

THE STEAMERS of the GLASGOW LINE are intended  
to sail from the Clyde and Portland at  
intervals during the season of winter navigation.

RATES OF PASSAGE FROM PORTLAND,

Cabin.....	\$60
Intermediate.....	40
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Berths not secured until paid for.  
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Bordeaux to LAFITTE & VANDERBROUCK or E. DUPAS  
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Jan. 15, 1875

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