

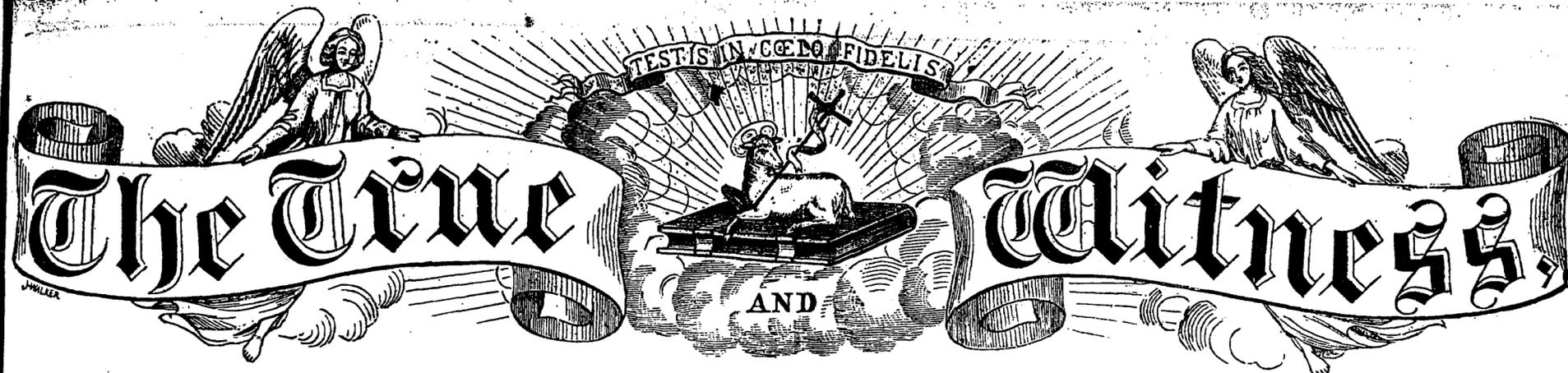
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXIII.

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THE LIMERICK VETERAN; OR, THE FOSTER SISTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE O'NEILL."

(From the Baltimore Catholic Mirror.)

CHAPTER XVIII.—BETWEEN NIGHT AND MORNING.

A stormy night had succeeded to a day in which there had been an incessant down-pour of rain, but as short hours following midnight advanced, the weather became calmer, and the moon rose at intervals from behind the clouds which still drifted across the horizon, occasionally lighting up the chambers of the old chateau and again enveloping them in obscurity.

Three days had passed since Isabel's parting with the stranger. Busy preparations were being made for the return of the family, and while Margaret, whose customary indolence nothing could dispel, frittered away her time, Isabel's fingers were busily employed in sundry matters connected with the decoration of the principal apartments in honor of the arrival.

It was to her a labor of love, and Grace was glad to see that she found a pleasure in the work, though her observant eye detected that the smile on the once bright and happy countenance was now as fleeting as the sunshine on an April day, and that often a weary sigh, half-stifled in its utterance, would escape her lips.

In fact the feelings with which poor Isabel regarded the return of her best friends were rather those of fear than pleasure.

That her movements had been watched by her foster-sister she was well aware; that she had discovered and stolen a letter meant for herself and abstracted another from the book I have alluded to she was quite certain; and she also felt confident that, like a thunder-cloud bursting over her head, so would the arrival of those she loved lead to disclosures which would perhaps deprive her forever of their friendship and break off her proposed union with Maurice.

On the night in question, the mind of the poor girl was so harassed, that for a long while sleep was banished from her pillow. One o'clock had struck before she lost herself in a somewhat heavy sleep, the last sound in her ears that of the rain beating against her casement, mingled with the dull sough of the wind; the darkness, also, was intense.

When she was awakened, it was with a sudden start; she did not feel as one usually does on opening one's eyes after sleeping, but had a consciousness that she had been disturbed by some unusual and accidental sound.

The storm had ceased, a bright flood of silvery light illumined the chamber, and she heard the clock in the turret strike the hour of two.

She felt alarmed, she knew not why, for all was still, but the idea was strong on her mind, ere she was awake enough to be fully conscious that some person had made a noise in her own room, close even to the head of the bed.

Trying to think she had been mistaken, she again laid her head on her pillow to compose herself to sleep, when a light footfall struck upon her ear, and she distinctly heard a sharp click, as of a key turning in a lock, very near to her, but not in her own apartment. Much

alarmed, she rose up in the bed and strove to suppress the shriek that was rising to her lips. Then she heard a person say in a whisper:

"What a confounded mistake; we had got into the wrong room."

"We are right now, however," was the reply, "and must lose no time; though, fortunately, we did not awake her; she was too sound asleep for that."

The pallor of death was on the face and lips of Isabel, as with cold hands she gently raised the curtain of her bed and looked out in the corridor beyond, her alarm increasing as she found, by the wintry blast which swept across her face, that her casement was open, as also the chamber door, which gave admittance to the corridor, out of which the principal apartments opened.

Then she heard the chink of money, and remembering that the room immediately opposite to her own was that of the Lady Florence, and that it contained an antique cabinet, in which were articles of great value, together with a considerable sum of money, she at once resolved, let come what would of peril to herself, to alarm the house.

But fear and horror combined rendered her powerless to move, for once again struck upon her ear the tones of a voice with which of late she had become painfully familiar, and a bright ray of moonlight streaming into the corridor and the chamber beyond discovered to her the face of the stranger with whom she had held so many stolen interviews.

"To keep silence now is to be a partner in an act of dire villainy," said she to herself, and springing out of bed she rushed into the adjoining room.

"For God's sake, desist," she exclaimed, as she laid her cold grasp on the hands of a man who was employed in emptying one of the drawers of a cabinet of a portion of its contents.

"Desist, I say, or I will alarm the house." "Fool, begone! What is it to you?" said the man, dashing her hand aside. "Do not lay my blood on your soul; for, by all the saints of heaven, if you utter one word," he added, drawing a pistol from his pocket, "I will shoot myself dead before your eyes."

"Be quick, be quick, Monsieur; that dog will alarm the house, together with this squeamish damsel. Shoot yourself indeed! Rather shoot the woman, I should think," and as he spoke the man, who had escaped Isabel's observation, threw his powerful arm around her waist, and effectually prevented her from screaming by gagging her mouth.

She lay powerless in his arms for perhaps five minutes, though the time seemed an age in its duration. The bay of the watch-dog kept in the courtyard on the other side of the chateau still resounded, she heard footsteps approaching, voices sounded in her ear, together with the ringing of the alarm bell, then the strong arms that encircled her relaxed their grasp, and she fell senseless on the floor.

When she recovered she found herself in her own bed, the wintry sun was streaming into the room, and Mrs. Wilmot and the nurse were leaning over her.

"Dear Mistress Grace," said she, "I do pray you tell me what has happened?"

"Could you not tell Mistress Wilmot better than she can tell you, foster-sister?" And Margaret came forward from the spot at which she had been stationed, and fixed her keen black eyes with a searching glance on the trembling Isabel, saying as plainly as eyes could speak:

"I know your secret; at least I know enough of it to ruin you; me you cannot deceive."

"I pray you remember, Miss Margaret, that your foster-sister had a gag forced into her mouth. The fact of her being in the chamber of the Lady St. John showeth nothing but that she is courageous beyond the average of her sex," said Grace, supporting on her bosom the head of the unhappy Isabel, whose eyes sank beneath the fierce and insidious gaze of Margaret.

Then, after she had wholly recovered, came the recapitulation of the scene of the previous night, she merely omitting to mention the terrible fact that she had many times seen and conversed with the principal actor in the present outrage.

But across the mind of the shrewd and amiable Grace shot a sentiment of surprise that a young and timid woman, incapable of the power of resistance, should, of her own accord, have left her chamber in the dead hour of the night and have placed herself, without any chance of being able to effect good, in the power of ruffians such as those who had burglariously entered the chateau.

"Let those believe the tale who will, I will not give credence to it," said Margaret, scornfully and half aloud, as she left the room.

Then Grace acquainted Isabel with the extent of the robbery, which was far from inconsiderable. A large sum of money, which Grace knew had been deposited in the cabinet, had been removed, as well as a set of diamonds

from a casket belonging to Lady St. John; at the same time Grace mentioned that several articles of great value had been left behind, which must positively have laid under the very hand of the robber when he took away the other jewels and the money.

A heavy load lay at the heart of this aged woman as she gazed on the sad, altered face of her favorite, and vainly strove to account in her own mind for much that had long been inexplicable in the conduct of the once frank and light-hearted Isabel, whose confidence she found herself quite unable to obtain; and, at the same time, she felt assured that Margaret was acquainted with much that would be brought to light when the Marshal and his family arrived home.

CHAPTER XIX.—MISGIVINGS.

"Rather unfortunate matters to herald our return," said Madame St. John, the morning after the return of the family to their home, "the murder of Count de Foix, the bosom friend of Maurice and the King's favorite, and the robbery of some of your most costly jewels, Lady Florence."

"That robbery is, to say the least, inexplicable," was the reply, "so much that was valuable left untouched, at the same time, leads me to believe that it was no common thief who invaded our dwelling."

As the lady spoke she involuntarily raised her eyes to the countenance of Isabel; it was deadly pale.

Leaning against the window stood Margaret, bravely beautiful; her morning dress of primrose-colored padoasay, with apron of flowered lawn, set off her slender figure, and as Lady Florence spoke, she, too, fixed her gaze on Isabel's pale face.

"The King has ordered strict search to be made for the man who killed De Foix, but, hitherto, without avail," observed the Marshal.

"I will set the emissaries of justice to find, if possible, the men who have committed this robbery, perhaps, also, without success. Maurice will keenly feel the death of De Foix, slain, one may say, in cold blood. I have small hopes myself, after the lapse of nearly two months, that the murderer will be found."

In accordance with the desire of Lady St. John, Isabel, pale and trembling, prepared to leave home on a mission of charity. During the early part of this, the first day of her return home, Grace had been closeted more than an hour with Lady St. John, and had given her a faithful account of all those circumstances which had appeared inexplicable respecting the conduct of Isabel, ever putting a favorable construction, when possible, on her actions, but acknowledging the whole tenor of her life and disposition seemed absolutely changed.

A wall of separation, in fact, seemed suddenly to have sprung up between three loving natures. If Grace was at fault, thought Lady St. John, how could she herself hope to penetrate through the mystery, unless by the full and entire confidence which had been denied to the former?

Isabel was scarce out of sight when her foster-sister requested the favor of a private interview. The bold bearing of Margaret denoted that she was conscious of the dread power she possessed, but, with all the cunning of her character, aware of the love with which Lady St. John regarded Isabel, she approached the topics of her misdeeds with much caution and many expressions of heartfelt sorrow that she was the person whose painful duty it was to disclose the failings of her foster-sister.

"Do not speak in enigmas, Margaret, to the point at once; if any matters have come to your knowledge, which your conscience tells you it is right that I should know, disclose them, young Mistress, without hesitation."

Then Margaret detailed these circumstances of which you are aware, glossing over her espionage of Isabel, under the specious pretext of a friendly solicitude. The occasions on which she had so sedulously tracked the steps of the unfortunate girl were mentioned, and the stolen letters, which were irrefragable points in her evidence, were produced, and Margaret ended her strange story with the remark, that there were sufficient reasons for suspecting that one of the men who had broken into the chateau was none other than the person with whom her rash foster-sister had connected herself.

The Lady Florence heard the long recital with feelings of poignant sorrow. She doubted not the truth of Margaret's words; she felt they were, alas! too truly verified by the letters which lay before her; but well she divined the feelings which had led her to dog her foster-sister's steps, and, after a long pause, she remarked:

"And pray, Mistress Margaret, why did you not confide from the first in my friend, Mrs. Wilmot, a person, from her age and experience, fitted to guide you both? I like not the idea that you should have stolen forth to dog this misguided girl's steps, on dark winter evenings,

unattended by a servant; you, yourself, Margaret Lindsey, are sorely to blame."

Then, ringing a small silver bell that stood beside her, the Lady summoned Grace Wilmot to her presence.

"Grace, my dear friend," said she, when the latter made her appearance, "strange things have been done in your absence; repeat your tale, Mistress Margaret, and much I wish you had laid open your heart to my friend ere matters had gone this far."

"I deemed I was acting wisely, Madam, in not even bestowing my confidence on Mrs. Wilmot," replied the bold beauty, in a tone of voice that savored strangely of contempt; "she would doubtless have forbidden me to follow the course I pursued, but for which the mark of superior virtue would never have been stripped from my false foster-sister."

"I asked you not for your reasons, young Mistress," exclaimed the Lady angrily; "I can well surmise what you wished; your own conduct, understand, has in no way pleased me."

"In that I am most unhappy, Madam," replied Margaret, bowing with a mock humility; your Ladyship loved this Isabel, and as it is unhappy myself, not the favored one, whose lot it is to make manifest her guilt, I am doomed to bear your anger."

"Silence! maiden, and repeat to Mistress Wilmot what you have told myself," and the Lady rose and approached a window, which commanded a view of the valley beneath, for the purpose of concealing the tears which would rush to her eyes in spite of her efforts to restrain them.

She could just descry the form of her once beloved Isabel walking, with a weary step, towards the chateau. She appeared utterly and entirely changed; her step had lost the elasticity of youth, her eye its brightness, her cheek its healthful glow.

Grace never once interrupted the beautiful speaker in her long recital, but when Margaret had concluded, she said, gravely:

"Time will explain this mystery. I have a firm belief, Madam, in spite of the lies Mistress Margaret has placed before me, in the spotless innocence of Isabel; but had Grace Wilmot been some years younger and less infirm than she is, neither of your proteges, Lady St. John, had crossed the threshold of the chateau after the fall of evening."

"Give to me those letters, Margaret, and leave the room," said Lady Florence.

Then she begged of Grace to send Madame to her, to whom she detailed the startling revelations of Margaret Lindsey.

Madame St. John possessed a clear head and a good heart, but she was staggered, nevertheless, in belief as to Isabel's innocence, and mentally rejoiced that the love dream of her son had not ended in an irretrievable entanglement before these events occurred.

Lady St. John was resolved not to let the day pass without a private interview with Isabel, whom she sent for later in the day.

It is often said that the innocent have no cause for fear, but it is remembered that in this case the actions of Isabel, whatever the motives might have been from which those actions sprung, appeared in all the semblance of guilt, and with pallid face and trembling limbs, she approached the Lady Florence, whom she had always tenderly loved, and drawing a small ottoman to the Lady's side, she sat herself down at her feet, and raising her deep blue eyes, humid with tears, she fixed them on her face as if in deprecation of her just anger.

For a moment neither of the two spoke; then said Lady St. John:

"My dearest Isabel, on whom I have bestowed a mother's fondest love, for you have filled up the void in my heart caused by the death of my own beloved daughter, a strange, wild tale hath reached my ears. I try not to give credence to it; at least, I feel assured, that whatever there may be of seeming guilt in your conduct, you, my best beloved child, can explain away. Know you this handwriting?"

As the lady spoke, she laid before Isabel the letters Margaret had purloined, looking pityingly down the while upon the pale and almost frightened upturned face before her.

"Alas! alas! I do," she said, "those letters were stolen from me by my foster-sister, I believe."

"My child, my Isabel, place your entire confidence in myself, your best and truest friend; I ask only this, I will repeat to you what I have heard and wait your refutation of the charges laid against you."

Then the Lady St. John repeated the story of Margaret, wishing, oh! how vainly, that she could see a flush of honest indignation mantle the cheek of her favorite; but no. Torrents of tears coursed down her cheeks, and ever, ever, to the interrogatories of Lady St. John, was such and such an assertion true? the fair head was bent in token of assent.

"And now, my child, the name of this stranger, the purpose of your meeting, the

manner of your first acquaintance with him; tell me all."

"Gracious Madam, oh, would that I could, but a solemn vow has sealed my lips to silence. Bear with me yet a while, dear Lady St. John; believe me most innocent, whilst I needs must seem most guilty."

"A vow! an oath of secrecy! who could have such influence over you as to bind your lips to silence? Bother you my child of the position in which you stand; those letters before you, will you not explain? words which must condemn you, Isabel, in the minds of others, if not of myself. The night of the robbery, too, when you, a young defenceless maiden, were known to have left your chamber; your jewels given away, the souvenirs my love hath bestowed upon you. Ah! Isabel, my child, heed not this rash vow, but tell me all; a direful change hath wrought upon you since we parted."

Isabel rose from her seat and threw herself on her knees before the Lady Florence.

"Gracious Madam," said she, with now tearless eyes, but her countenance marked with the deepest sorrow, "my heart is nigh broken with grief; on my bended knees I can but implore you to bear with me still; to try and believe that in thought, word, and action I am innocent and pure; to pray that the merciful God may, ere long, so order events that I may be suffered to explain away the mystery which now surrounds me."

"Alas! alas! Isabel, my child, the strangeness of your conduct passes my comprehension," said the gentle Lady, "but be it so; I will think the best myself, and do all in my power to lead others to do the same."

"Ah, Madam, dearest Madam, may God bless you for those loving words," and Isabel fixed on Lady St. John a gaze in which the extreme of sorrow was combined with love and despair. Then she said in a low voice:

"I would ask a boon, dear Lady St. John, if one in so unhappy a plight dare, indeed, make a petition."

"Speak on, Isabel."

"I am so very miserable as to be an object of distrust to those around me; let me shrink away, as it were, from the notice of others, till it shall please God to end my trial. Will you, dearest Madam, allow me to seek only the companionship of Mistress Wilmot, that wise and good woman, who seeing all things tell against me, with yourself, dear Lady St. John, hopes that I am still innocent?"

"No, Isabel; to allow such a proceeding would tacitly amount to a belief in your guilt. The Marshal would not allow such a step, nor would Madame St. John."

"Ah, Madam, you are all so good that you will faint believe me innocent, and not the wretch, dead to gratitude and virtue, which an unhappy line of circumstances makes me seem to be; but there is one whom I fear so much, who has no right or power over me, yet I dread her sarcasm, her insinuations, her hatred—in one word, I fear my foster-sister."

"Your foster-sister, indeed; but I will see that she presume not to become your judge," and the spirit of the O'Neills betrayed itself in the Lady's kindling eyes and flushed cheeks, as she spoke, and ringing her bell, she directed that Mistress Lindsey should attend her immediately.

Isabel had again resumed her first position beside Lady St. John, and her face, turned towards Margaret as she entered, betrayed the grief she felt. The bold beauty, nothing abashed by Lady St. John's late rebuke, swept past the unhappy girl with a cold superciliousness which did not escape her observation.

"Come hither, Mistress Margaret," she exclaimed, in a tone and manner which evinced displeasure; "I wish you to know that it is our will and pleasure that no allusion is made to your foster-sister concerning past events. Time, which often brings to light much that is hard to understand, will, I feel convinced, unravel all that is now hard to reconcile with the innocence of Isabel, save her want of discretion. I have no more to say to you, save to command you to square your conduct accordingly."

"Isabel has much cause to be thankful, Madam, for your leniency of judgment. There are few who would regard her as innocent with such conclusive proofs against her."

The vindictive expression of her features did not escape Lady St. John. She had hoped to behold Isabel deprived of the protection of her friends with every mark of contumely and scorn.

"Begone! maiden, this instant, and try to learn that mercy you so sorely need. Do not presume to bandy words with me again, and reserve your opinion till it is asked for." Humbled and silenced, but swelling with anger, Margaret curtisied to the Lady and left the chamber. For a few moments the latter remained silent, and a weary expression sat on the handsome features which still retained, in a striking degree, traces of their former exquisite beauty; then bending forward, she kissed, as lovingly as of old the brow of Isabel,

"Now go," said she, "and seek my friend... I will acquaint the Marshal with my determination respecting you. I have a firm hope that the day may yet come, mysterious as your present conduct, when this wretched business will be cleared up, and show that you have never been unworthy of my trusting love."

CHAPTER XX.—GONE.

Save a visit at stated intervals to families of note residing in Paris, such as that of the Baron de Breteuil, there was no change in the home life of the Marshal's family, and, as far as might be possible, the late painful episode in the life of Isabel was hushed up.

The enjoyment experienced by Margaret at the supposed defection of her foster-sister was not of long duration. She had hoped to have seen her fall for ever in the love and esteem of those who had adopted her, and driven with scorn and contumely from her home. But had she really been as guilty as Margaret desired she should be, her sin could not have been visited on her head with greater severity than it was by others who, with the proneness of poor human nature to look on the black side of things, had received as gospel truth Margaret's narration, so that in a few months, notwithstanding the circumspection of Lady St. John, the character of Isabel was done to death.

The misfortune of the whole affair consisted in Isabel's refusal to make, what is termed, a clean breast of it, and declare the whole truth from beginning to end. She had persisted in keeping silence at all risks and hazard to herself, and after the first painful interview, Lady St. John had never recurred to the subject.

Whether in the quiet reunions with the few Jacobite families living in the neighborhood of St. Germain, or during the few months of the year more gaily spent in Paris, it was equally the same; a certain restraint marked the intercourse of others with the unfortunate Isabel, and rapidly it was exchanged for a cold and cutting neglect.

During many months she looked long and anxiously for a letter which never came; that hope had alone supported her, combined with the matchless love of Lady St. John; it grew fainter and fainter as time passed on. Twice the winter snows had fallen since the fatal evening on which she had pledged herself to secrecy, and yet not a word, not a token that she was remembered; so that ever and again she asked herself, had he escaped the hands of justice? was he still alive? would the hour of her own death come and the shadow still hang over her? could she say who had committed the theft unless restitution was made?

She had herself, in a letter blistered with her tears, released Maurice of the truth he had pledged to her, and her mind then became absorbed with one idea, which she hastened to carry into execution.

Early one morning, when the family assembled at breakfast, she was absent. The chateau and its immediate neighborhood were searched without avail, and Margaret was nothing loth to hint that perchance the unknown had again appeared upon the scene and spirited her foster-sister away altogether.

All doubt, however, was soon at an end by Lady St. John receiving a letter, a few hours later, couched in the following words:

"Forgive me, beloved Madam, for the unauthorized step that I have taken in absenting myself from my beloved home without a formal adieu to those to whom I owe far more than words can express.

"I have borne with coldness and constraint on the part of others, because I have hoped that very long ere this he who bound me to silence would have released me from my vow. Hope has at last died out, and I have resolved to retire into the most utter religious seclusion till, by the mercy of God, the shadow that has fallen on my reputation shall be cleared away.

"I have fled no farther, most beloved friend, than the abbey wherein you placed me to be educated. I have besought the good nuns to allow me to pass my time in teaching their pupils, so that I may not feel myself a burthen on their charity.

"Trusting that the day may yet come in which, under happier circumstances, I may present myself before you.

"I am, dearest Madam, your very affectionate,  
"ISABEL FITZGERALD."

Much as the members of the Marshal's family regretted the step Isabel had taken, they felt but little surprise after the first shock caused by her flight had passed away. As to Margaret, she could with difficulty restrain her joy. It was now quite possible that Maurice St. John might no longer be proof against her fascinations. But, though the field was apparently clear, though the beautiful, unscrupulous Margaret had now no rival, she was not a whit nearer the end to gain which she had so basely planned and plotted, for Maurice, at best, was but coldly civil.

At length the weary tedium of her discontented life was broken by the news that she was to accompany the family to Edinburgh, and with unspeakable joy she made the preparations for her journey.

"Farewell, odious old chateau," said she, apostrophizing the quaint old home which had sheltered her infancy. "Farewell, for a time at least. If ever change of scene and change of persons were anxiously desired it is by me, and what care I for his neglect?" she added, with an expression of contempt on her handsome face. "My beauty may attract admirers elsewhere even if it has passed neglected here."

To be Continued.

"Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long" is a libel, Josh Billings asserts. He says: "Man wants every thing he can see or hear or, and is never willing to let go his grab. Whenever you find a man who is thoroughly satisfied with what he has got, you will find either an idiot or one who has tried hard to get sum more and couldn't do it. The older a man gets the more wantful he becomes, and as his hold on life slackens, his pinch on a dollar grows more grippy."

BISHOP LYNCH.

HIS LECTURE BEFORE THE XAVIER UNION.

"What to Read and How to Read."

The Right Rev. P. N. Lynch, D.D., Bishop of Charleston, S. C., delivered the following eloquent lecture in Steinyard Hall, New York City, under the auspices of the "Xavier Union." We quote from the Irish American.—

Ladies and Gentlemen—I regret that a medical injunction forbids me making use to-night of the notes I had prepared for this lecture. I must beg you, therefore, to excuse the desultory manner in which I shall be forced to speak. The subject for our consideration to-night "What to Read and How to Read" is simple in its expression, but it touches a question of vital importance, and indicates an immense change that has taken place in the world. Not many centuries ago, if you had undertaken to tell one what to read he might have laughed at you. Printing had not then been discovered; the few books that existed were in manuscript, and each one the result of weeks, months and perhaps years, of labor in some monastery or abbey or religious house of study and seclusion. Manuscripts were then of peculiar value. Those who were the fortunate possessors of them guarded them with the greatest care, and handed them down from generation to generation. The kings and princes of the time treasured them as their sacred possessions and pawned them as they would the royal jewels of the crown. And as for students, they had only such manuscripts as they could indite, as they listened to catch the words of their teachers, or as they might write, by the midnight lamp, while poring over the manuscript loaned to them by some fellow-student. And yet, in those days, the minds of men were active and craved the food of intellectual knowledge, as in our day; and in default of books, or perhaps, before they thought of books, knowledge was sought through oral instruction. As far back as we can go in history we find schools and universities filled with learned professors, surrounded by multitudes of hearers, the young, and those advanced in years also. So it was in Alexandria, so in Athens, so in Rome, and elsewhere, even in the old heathen days. When Christianity came into the world, the Church quickly took possession of those schools at Alexandria, at Rome, and elsewhere. They had her Christian professors; and around them were gathered hundreds of auditors, drinking in the words of Christian Wisdom. Wherever the missionary went, wherever the Church was established, there was the school established likewise for Christianity and learning must go together. Then came over all Europe the tide of heathen barbarism. Almost every thing human was swept away. Schools and colleges disappeared; but, far off in the ocean was one island which that wave could not touch, where Christian schools had been established, and where they continued. And the Irish historian loves to go back to speak of the great monastic schools of Armagh, Lismore Bangor, and many others throughout that land. And when after the convulsion of Europe, order was being restored through the agency of the Church, schools and many universities were established, and very many of the first professors came from Ireland to bring back to the continent of Europe those lessons which their ancestors had received in more fortunate ages. And the work went on throughout France, Germany, Spain, Switzerland, and I should say, above all, in Italy. Universities were established and prospered. They were the institutions of the world. Princes gave them lands and endowments, nobles left their legacies, and it would be a most interesting history in the legislation of the world to follow up and to explain the legal rights of these gifts to the universities and their privileges during the centuries in which they flourished. That of Paris, for example. The city, itself, then not so great, was an island, still called the city. On the northern bank were the castles of the nobles and royal castle. On the southern bank, in that portion of Paris called the "Latin Quarter," there dwelt, in the grand University, hundreds of professors; and these gathered over thirty thousand students from every nation in Europe, as a municipality, a city by itself ruled by their own laws and customs, with their own guard in their own quarter; for their literature was honored, their University was honored and no man dare lay a hand on it. Four hundred years ago or more, while that University of Paris was in its most flourishing condition,—while its grand library was gathering manuscripts,—while its professors were holding fort in all the sciences,—while students from Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, England, Ireland, France, were all gathered together in their various nationalities, and the young men were seeking, as I stated, each to make his little manuscript of the lessons he was following,—there appeared a grey-bearded doctor, a learned man, from Germany, and he brought with him a number of manuscripts. It was seldom that one man was seen to possess so many, and they were all for sale to the professors and wealthier students at prices that were lower than ever had been imagined possible. All the University were speaking of Doctor Faust; and all were aglow over his rich possessions of manuscripts; and you may imagine how they were scanned and how eyes pored over them. But soon they found out strange things. Every mistake that was in one was in every other,—every excellency that was found in one copy was found in throughout all the rest.—The first word in every page was alike in all of them. The capitals which began each chapter were variously embellished in colors but ordinarily every-thing was alike. The flourishes here and there were *fac similes*; it seemed that the penman had pressed with his pen amount of ink and the weight of hand, and had stopped his flourish at the same identical point. They could not understand it. There was something in these manuscripts entirely inexplicable, something contrary to all the rules of manuscript; voices were heard saying perhaps it was due to the magic arts, then so rife in Germany; and Dr. Faust found it convenient to withdraw from Paris. But soon his secret was discovered. Printing was done in Holland, Germany, in Italy, and in the various cities in France. Books began to be printed of great advantage to the student. And, now, one who wished to pursue a course of labors was not tied down any longer to such a profession of mediocre talent. He could find out for his own mind, for he might obtain books containing the lessons of the greatest professors of his age, and of some of the universities of times past, whose fame filled the world. He was not bound to go far from home to live in some university; he might have his books under his own roof. He was not bound to any set hours; he might labor during the day or night; "burn the midnight oil" over the pages. So it came to pass that the need of oral instructions, in a great measure, was no longer felt. Books supplied the place of professors—not entirely, for oral instruction, is the normal and natural mode of instruction and that which comes home first to our nature, and that which God has sanctioned in the teaching of His holy religion. When I look on a professor,—when I look in his eye,—when I study the play of his features,—when I listen to his words as they come living from his lips—I am myself more wide-awake; I see more quickly; I understand more thoroughly; I catch the life of the subject, as he gives it more than I can poring over the book or pages of paper in white and black. Still, the world has not given it up, as I was tempted to say; but, as the world gives free expatriation to the impulses of nature, the olden style comes in vogue,—that if I am lecturing to you, speaking to you to-night, it is something of the old

principles of the old universities. It's pleasanter, in ordinary life, to hear a man speak than to read what he has written.

But printing went on. Books multiplied, as century followed century, and as art after art was discovered, until we have come to the oceans of books we have now: books on every subject,—on theology, on religion; who shall count the thousand of tomes in folio, in quarto, and octavo, and the immense number of pamphlets that treat on every subject; and books of science, how many more. What subject is there, what art, what trade, what profession, what is there that man can speak or do, on which there are not a multitude of books on which alone, perhaps, an extensive library may not be gathered.

So it has come to pass that the world has changed. Now-a-days, children receive the element of instruction, a far greater number of them, than there did in the centuries long gone by. They learn to read and to write; they learn astronomy, and they learn science, more or less of them. But, as the world goes on, the child's or youth's education ceases at that very age when, in those olden times, he would have entered the university; at that very age, when his faculties developed, and when he became first conscious to himself that he really had the power of intellectual reasoning that enabled him to grasp the truth, and to understand it, and to concatenate the subject and reason on it. Before, in earlier years, he learned by memory, he learned as he was taught, but now, when he commences to feel the power of thought within him, his education ceases; and he goes forth into the world. Henceforth to him books must take the place of professors,—excepting the legal profession, the medical profession, and, perhaps, some others, to a certain extent, in technical instruction. Education for him in the sense of being taught by another has ceased. He must study for himself, he must read for himself. His university is the university of printed books. How shall he read, and what shall he read? What shall a young man entering on life,—what shall the man engaged in business, who feels that beyond the affairs of the life in which he is engaged there is within him an intellectual nature superior to the body—a mind craving knowledge, faculties to be developed, strengthened, and cultivated; that will give to him pleasure in the enjoyment, and strength beyond anything that the mere cultivation of the body can do, no matter how luxurious the food, or comfortable the surroundings. Yes, what shall the young man read? Some say plunge boldly into the ocean of literature, read all that comes before you; the entire field of science is open; you have books on everything, and they have been written in a style which even the youngest can understand. Fill your mind with all these sciences, and you will understand the dealings of Providence with nature. Your mind will be open to receive a large insight into the things around you. You will understand the laws of nature, you will have the mastery over them, you will be able to control them, and you will be able to do your part into the advancement and progress of the world. And though from different motives, such is the course that is ordinarily followed. Looking around me,—going over in my mind the many men and women that I have known who have read, how many have plunged themselves blindly into the sea of books, reading whatever came to hand, reading without system, reading much but learning little, and profiting nothing. It seems a fair thing to say that much reading fills the mind with much knowledge; that much knowledge improves; and that when many men know many things, they will be able to control the country, to guide the people securely, and ignorance will be banished and superstition pass away and the world continue on in its strides to perfection. But, if we will examine we will see that here a vast error is made, no proper account is taken of the faculties of man, nor of the customs or habits prevalent among men. If I am to build a house, it is not enough that I should have a beautiful design of all that is to strike the eye, it is not enough that what I shall see, or others shall see, shall be full of grace or good taste. I must look well to the foundation hidden under the ground, that no eye will see; it must be firm, true, and good, and if it be faulty, despite of all its visible beauty the walls will soon show many fissures and cracks, and ere long fragments of it will come toppling down. Again, man's mind cannot embrace everything,—no, we must systematize, we must husband our forces, we must apply them to special subjects. This is true in all things: in the field of learning it is true, the man can be master in many sciences—no man can lead the way in every science, he must devote himself to one.

Bishop Lynch then gave a rapid glance at the extent of the field of science, literature and art which is open to the students,—a field so vast that no one man could master all its details,—and each could only hope for excellence by devoting his attention to that department in which he was called to labor individually. The lecturer then continued:—

What then shall men read? What then shall men know? What is the most important knowledge? I place first the knowledge of our holy religion. I think everywhere, but more especially in this country, every intelligent man and woman should be well read upon that subject, and should have mastered it as far as they can. In every country that is good, but here it is necessary, more necessary than, perhaps, elsewhere, or in former times, so that any one of you that hears objections raised to his religion he can answer the question touching our doctrines and show the reasons supporting them. This is an especial want of ours and has been the need of the English speaking Catholics for some centuries. So it has come to pass that the polemical literature of the Catholic Church of the English language (I speak of the popular literature) is superior to that which I know in any other language.

Bishop Lynch then recommended to the study of his hearers "Milner's End of Controversy," as well as a work written by the late Right Rev. Dr. McGill, of Richmond, presenting a condensed summary of Catholic doctrine scientifically presented and logically connected, going over the field in such a way that any man can learn if he will but study; and if he will but think over it, he can learn the precise doctrines and their connection, for this is one of the truths of Catholic theology,—that as truth does not contradict the truth of one doctrine, but is allied to it, so the whole doctrines of the Church scientifically presented, form a series of truths bound together, and as intimately acquainted together, as are the truths of geometry itself.

After recommending careful and discriminating study, the lecturer continued:—

Take up the first history. No nobler field of knowledge is presented to us, for in the study of history we see the past, and ages are revealed before us as in a living, moving panorama. The cheapest wisdom is that which we learn at the expense of others. History tells us what others have done, what they have suffered, what has been the course of consequence to themselves. Yes, if we understood history well there would be much more wisdom in ruling, in shaping the destinies of men. It is because we look at the present, magnifying it, as it were, by a microscope, and forget to look back at the past; at that philosophy which teaches by example in the events of ages long gone by, which, if we knew and understood, would tell us what now should be done,—what now should be avoided. But in reading history, we English speaking Catholics find a difficulty. Of all things, I think, that the English written history of the past three centuries has embodied more of poison in it against the Catholic Church than any other branch of literature. If an English writer were treating of the old heathens—Greeks, Romans, Egyptians, or Assyrians, he must bring in some slur against the Catholic Church. If speaking of the decline or downfall of the Roman Empire, there, again, we must be struck. If he

comes down to the middle ages, all is darkness and confusion; and in modern times every calumny is paraded against us—even now, in this present age, things are better, thanks to Rankin, Cobden, Hallar, and Maitland, who have put the seal of condemnation upon many of the old statements made against the Catholic Church, so largely swallowed by those who believe in the monstrosities of Fox's "Book of Martyrs." Still enough remains. Have you not heard within a few weeks one who claims to write history repeat and reassert that the massacre of St. Bartholomew is fairly chargeable to the Catholic Church and to the spirit of Catholicity? No more chargeable than was the coup d'etat that Louis Napoleon made in 1852. The whole question was a question of power. Catherine de Medicis and her friends thought that they would gain power and rule the King; and they were unwilling to lose it; and so they took this step, not from any love of religion, but from the same motive which impelled Louis Napoleon, in 1852, to seize the reins of Imperial power.

Next we come up to the subject of science, which in these days has attained wonderful popularity. There is published a Review that tells of things which, fifty years ago, the highest professor would only pretend to dream of, and makes them familiar to the young lads attending school, even before they know how to translate "Cesar." But I have another remark to make akin to that which I made touching history. There is a school of men advocating the sciences who are intensely hostile, not to say to Catholics specially, but to religion and revelation generally. They are puffed up by the pride of intellect, and are unwilling to admit anything that they themselves do not see, and omit no opportunity of presenting what they hold to be facts most striking when they think they militate against any doctrine that the Christians would accept or believe. Again: they do not say the same thing they said a few years ago,—a few years hence they will contradict what they say to-day. Hence is confusion among them. If one be true the others must be wrong, and if true at this time they were in error before, and will be in error in the future. It is well then that we should go back a little to the history of their attacks on religion. One of their greatest attacks is to say that man appeared on this earth little better than an animal,—perhaps a highly-developed lower animal. He ranged about the forests and fought the wild beasts with his hands, or with a stone, club or branch that he tore from a tree. By degrees he made artificial weapons of war—he made a little flint hatchet or whatever he had. They tell how his dwelling place was in caverns in which they find the bones of animals. And they say he was rude, oh! most rude, and they would speculate and calculate about his mental condition,—why the formation of his forehead was low?—the bones of the skull must have been very thick, the hollow that received his brains must have been very small. Perhaps he could barely utter a few words. He could scarcely be said to have an idea of language. Well, it came to pass that in one of those olden caves they found the skull of one of the olden men, and, for a wonder, the skull was well preserved. Oh! here was a prize—now everything was verified,—they examined it. The skull bone was very thin, the texture was very fine, the brain cavity was very large; and, on the whole, the skull would have very well have suited a professor of Oxford.

I must draw to a close; I shall not enter upon the subject of poetry, nor on the subject of novels. Poetry I know little of; and of novels which everybody reads, I can only say that when we give ourselves up to them, they injure the mind and bring it to a state of mental hysteria. I know the novel of late has been made the vehicle of much truth, therefore I must respect it when good and properly used. And poetry is good and grand, for even the inspired writers wrote in poetry. But, come down to the modern school of that sensational novel which is upsetting justice, and making out man to be a man of passion. Where do they present man as he should be,—a creature of God, knowing and striving to serve Him? Where has a hero a true sense of religion? I do not mean that the novel should be a religious novel, full of doctrines of religion; but even if it is history of daily life, why should it be man without God? Why should it be a world of passion only as presented to us—there is too much of that around us; we need something that will fill our hearts with noble great, and profound thoughts.

How shall we read? We must read with system, choosing the book and choosing the subject. We must read with attention, knowing that we undertake a work of importance—a work of cultivating our higher and nobler nature—a work more important to men than the accumulation of a fortune. Then, in reading, read with deep attention—read, think, and digest. We must labor for our children, not alone for them because we love them; we must labor to save them; we must labor to save the young from being thrust forth from the fold of the Church,—from her maternal arms, and made impious unbelievers in God by interposing the influence of all that is stable and true in reading,—not for ourselves alone but for the country; for after all it is but the prevalence of intelligence that conforms to the spirit of the true conscience and the knowledge of God; and it is in this only that this country or any nation can find solid, enduring peace and safety.

The Rt. Rev. lecturer retired amidst loud and reiterated applause.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE CATHOLIC UNION OF IRELAND.—A meeting of the council of the Catholic Union was held on the 2nd ult. in the Council Rooms, Henrietta-street, Dublin. His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop attended the meeting. The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Granard, K.P. president occupied the chair. A satisfactory financial statement having been made the following resolution was proposed by Sir John Bradstreet, Bart., and seconded by James A. Denae, Esq., V.L., and was unanimously carried:—"That the council of the Union meet in future (for the transaction of business of detail), on every Tuesday at one o'clock." Letters were read from His Grace the Archbishop of Cashel, John Tassie, Esq., J.P., and others, and the following interesting communication which had just been received by the Union from its Munich correspondent laid before the council.

"MUNICH, June 27.  
"On the 21st of this month, the Redemptorists of the diocese of Regensburg received the blow they had been expecting. On that day the royal Commissioners appeared in the establishments of Niederachdorf and Mariabilsberg near Vilsbiburg and announced to the Fathers that they were immediately to suspend all religious functions. At the same time they were given a paper to sign in which they were called on: 1st. To leave the country by the 1st November; 2nd. Not to hold missions or spiritual exercises in the interim; 3rd. Not to hear Confessions, or even give holy Communion; 4th. Not to preach or to visit the schools or the sick; 5th. Henceforth only to celebrate low mass, during which they are not allowed to read the Gospel aloud in German nor give the asperges with holy water. (In this last clause one remembers involuntarily the fact that his Satanic majesty is also said to have a wholesome dread of holy water. Can it be that our present enlightened legislators fear it also?) In Mariabilsberg the Fathers were summoned to leave the confessionals at once; in Niederachdorf it happened that the following day several hundred pilgrims arrived who learned with grief what had come to pass, and who were then obliged to return

home without having received the holy Sacrament. With what sentiments our simple believing people received the news, need not be said. At any rate affection and fidelity to the empire have not been increased by this event, nor respect and love for those whose duty it was to protest in the name of the Bavarian nation. However, the recompense for this and similar actions will be secured according to merit sooner or later. The meeting of the Union of German Catholics which had shortly before been prohibited by the district judge, Lubert, took place in Landstuh on 22nd ult., and had a brilliant success. The Rheinflasz says:—"The number who arrived per rail carriage or on foot mostly accompanied by music and banners is difficult to compute, Landstuh was so to say flooded by strangers. The Garden Gerning at the foot of the Schlossberg was so crowded that hundreds were not able to come within hearing of the speeches made. At least five to six thousand must have been present." The little town of Landstuh had also prepared a brilliant reception for its guests and was richly decorated with flags and banners, the blue and white, the black and white and red, the black red and gold, the yellow and white, all were to be seen waving among the decorations of the streets. During the meeting the streets were quite deserted. The meeting was begun by the sending of a congratulatory telegram to the Holy Father on the occasion of his commencing the 28th year of his reign, and an address of submission to his Grace the Bishop, was pronounced. No disturbance, no accident clouded the day. A Liberal paper estimates the number of the participants at 2500 so that the double that number will be about correct."

Matters relative to the further extension of the Union and organization of new branches having been discussed and arranged, the meeting adjourned to Tuesday, 5th August, the next ordinary meeting.

THE ORANGE ANNIVERSARIES.—THE ADDRESS TO THE ORANGEMEN OF IRELAND.—Orangemen of Ireland, let me tell you that your society, with its actual principles and objects, is absolutely without one scintilla of a *raison d'etre*. The genuine and generous principle of your order was the maintenance of "civil and religious liberty." Lately you altered your tone, greatly for the worse, in your cry of religious ascendancy. Even admitting what I really believe is very probable, that you held the ascendancy of your Church to be necessary for your religious freedom, what excuse have you for that cry now? What danger is there now for "civil and religious liberty," and is not your "ascendancy" gone to the dogs? Take and read, and "inwardly digest," this resolution, unanimously adopted by your Grand Lodge, in April, '69:—"That the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church in Ireland would be a direct violation of the act of Union, and would annul, cancel, and render void every word and article thereof; and, therefore, that the Legislative Union of Ireland with Great Britain would thereafter be maintained by superior physical force solely." That English Parliament treated your remonstrance with contempt. I call upon you to pay your allegiance to that Parliament in the same coin, and join your countrymen in their resolve to get rid of it for ever. In a speech of mine, in the Home Government Association, two years ago, I said, speaking of your body—"Their idol, too, after all, was better than ours. William of Orange was undoubtedly one of the largest minded men of his day, and the cause which triumphed through him was the glorious cause of civil and religious liberty. And if the Orangemen will once more truthfully resume that cause, from which perverse circumstances have turned them aside, there is no reason why we may not be good friends. And if they will do that, I believe the time is not far off, when, notwithstanding all that it has cost us, we, too, shall rejoice in William's triumph, and on every 17th of March crown his brow with a wreath of shamrocks, and on every 12th of July adorn his breast with a broad scarf of green." I uttered that sentiment in perfect truthfulness. I repeat it now in the same spirit. It was received by the meeting, the great majority of whom were Catholic, most cordially, and I am persuaded that every one of my brother priests, every man of heart and mind amongst us, heartily joins in the according chorus. Why, then, good friends, will you still go on knocking your heads against the wall, for no earthly purpose? Throw an eye over that chapter above, "The work of our young Irish Parliament;" you see that every item of it comes as home to you as to any of us. It shows a strong national government, absolutely unsectarian, working earnestly for the benefit of the whole undivided people. Turn your back, then, upon the men, whoever they are, who would make you their blind instruments in marring this bright prospect—those false ministers of a religion of peace and love, whose sole aim seems to be to scatter rancorously around them the bitterest seeds of strife, discord, and hatred; and those saintly landlords, who by the stimulant of a desperate zeal for the C. U. C., too innocently swallowed up by you (seeing the Church is in no danger), make themselves your M.P.'s, to rob you of your tenant's right. We do not ask you to cease to be loyal to those of your leaders, who, like William Johnston, act up to the spirit, the true spirit of the sentiment of "civil and religious liberty" without any repulsive bigotry. Let every one of the members, whose election you can control, belong, if you like, to the conservative party; only demand that one pledge suggested above—superadding to it, perhaps in some places, a pledge for the maintenance, pure and simple, of the Ulster 'enact Right.—From Father O'Malley's book, "Home Rule on the Basis of Federation."

The Home Government Association have issued a practical address, with reference to the approaching general election, calling special attention to the fact that only three months remain during which to take the steps necessary to entitle those possessed of the needful qualifications to legally entitle themselves to the exercise of the franchise. The Association furnish a code of simple instructions—similar to that which we furnished lately for the information of our Registration Committees—setting forth clearly the grounds on which the lodger-franchise may be claimed, and how claimants may place themselves on the list of voters. With the *modus operandi* so widely published, nothing but culpable negligence, or criminal apathy, can deprive any man of the right to vote bestowed upon him by the Legislature. With an eye to the future of the "burning questions" of religious education and representative government, our people, and especially the local registration committees, should set to work promptly and energetically to develop their strength in time for the coming parliamentary struggle. The names announced at each succeeding meeting of the Association show how steadily Home Rule principles are prading among the clergy, and the representative laymen who appear to have been convinced of the soundness of the policy advocated by the latest *sesso* of the Imperial Parliament, Mr. Gladstone's secular University Education Bill. The hostile press are at length recognizing the reality and importance of the national movement, and we are told that "no Government need be surprised if some sixty or seventy Home Rulers, many also Ultramontanes, are returned at the next election." All politicians worthy of the name had, we thought, looked upon that as a foregone conclusion long since. Speaking of the present position, and sanguine as to the future, the *Daily News* says: "The lesson to be drawn from our political experience is not a lesson of political content. It is one of national determination. Ireland has learned it. Roscommon has proclaimed it. Now Waterford takes up the word. The general election will send it rolling in thunders of demand across the Irish Sea, and then, please God, we shall carve out 'the work of the session' for our masters."

O'CONNELL MONUMENT IN ENNIS.—A general feeling

of indignation has been manifested by the people of this town and county for the last two months, in consequence of a party who has purchased this house, and adjoining the railings of the monument, having contemplated turning in the railings about forty feet, thereby destroying the beauty of the monument, and taking away that ground which is sacred to every Catholic and Irishman, as it was the spot where Catholic liberty was won by the return of O'Connell as member for Clare, in the historic year '28.

However, Mr. M. G. Considine and the honest trades of Ennis warmly opposed this disgraceful attempt to dishonor Clare. The Bishop, the Very Rev. Dr. Ryan, the priests and people of the town and county supported them, and upon last Friday the affair was introduced before our grand jury by Catholic attorneys; but the Rev. Father Quaid, of O'Callaghan's Mills, who was never absent from his post of duty, as an Irishman, the two respected curates of the town, Rev. Mr. Fitzgibbon and Rev. Father White, a name well known to every Irish Nationalist; the Rev. Father Harnet, of Clare Castle, with the secretary of the trades, M. G. Considine, were present to oppose the project, and to the credit of every gentleman of the grand jury they all spurned it with contempt. The grand jury decided that the ground can never be interfered with.—*Cor. of Irishman.*

The Home Government Association may be regarded as one of the most fortunate political organizations that has ever been known. Men and events play into their hands with regularity and force, and even their declared opponents adduce every now and then very strong arguments in favor of Home Rule. The English daily newspapers, which scarcely any exception, write up their cause without in the least intending so to do. Governmental follies push forward their ends with giant force, for the mistakes of the Executive never fail to ultimately advantage the liberties of the people—though the process may be harassing if not downright cruel. There is hardly a sitting of the House of Commons which does not bring forth more, and plainer, proofs of the utter incapacity of English statesmen for ruling Ireland; and Monday's debate in the Lords, over Earl Russell's misbegotten Irish measure bristled with powerful arguments in favor of Home Government. Ireland, irrespective of descent or creed, is with them almost a man; the leading thinkers of England are rapidly coming round, as any one who carefully studies public events must readily see; Scotland is awakening to the importance of the movement, and her large cities are becoming centres of action in favor of the Association; and we fail to see how any moderately thoughtful man can shut his eyes to the rapidly increasing growth of the movement throughout the kingdom. If it was strong in a dozen, or in one hundred places only, we might have our doubts of its success; but when we see its principles being advocated more or less in every part, and in every class of society, we can no longer deny its generality nor its vigor; and we hail its future as a victory already half won.—*Catholic Times.*

**DISPUTED GUARDIANSHIP OF CATHOLIC CHILDREN.**—At a sitting at nisi prius of the Court of Queen's Bench, Dublin on the 25th ult., before the Lord Chief Justice and a special jury, a dispute regarding the last will and testament of Robert Shapland Byrne, late an inmate of Wexford Union Workhouse came up for trial. Mr. Heron, Q.C., senior counsel for the plaintiffs—Very Rev. J. Roche, P.P., and Rev. Father Lambert, C.C.—said that the deceased was a Catholic, and in 1848 he married Charlotte Power, a Protestant. In 1861 he entered the Wexford workhouse with his wife and five children who were registered as Catholics. In that year a child was born in the workhouse which was also registered a Catholic. Shortly before his death Byrne made a will appointing the plaintiffs guardians of his four youngest children in order that they might be brought up in the Catholic faith. The question before the Court was the validity of that will. Evidence for the plaintiffs was then heard. Stephen Kavanagh, master of the Wexford Union Workhouse said that the entry in the books was that Byrne was a Catholic and his wife a Protestant. The children also were described as Catholics. Witness had been shown a draft of the will by Byrne had thanked him, and said that "he had at all events secured his four younger children"—he did not speak of his eldest boy Robert. The eldest boy was registered as a Catholic and had been prepared for Confirmation but he subsequently became a Protestant. The Rev. W. Lambert, one of the plaintiffs, said he had known Byrne to be a Catholic. He had baptised all his children Catholics. The defendant had said to witness that she would not allow any more of her children to be baptised by a minister and she also said "that she might shortly be coming to me herself," by which witness understood that she meant to become a Catholic. Byrne had asked him to become one of the guardians. For the defence, the defendant deposed that before her marriage she never heard that Byrne was a Catholic. They attended Protestant places of worship after marriage and all the children were baptised Protestants in accordance with Byrne's order. On Monday the counsel addressed the court and on Tuesday and Wednesday his Lordship delivered his charge to the jury. The jury disagreed and were discharged. The *Wexford People* says:—"There is another feature in the case which is worth referring to. It is this—if the rule implied by the disagreement of the jury in this case be generally carried out, it will be utterly impossible for priest or nun, or in fact any one else to hint or suggest to a dying man or woman whether dying or not, the propriety of a testamentary disposal of his or her children, lands, money, or goods; for it may be held that that would not be the testator's will—it would be the will of the man or woman that hints, instructs, or suggests, and so the major part of the community must forego the right invested in them by law to dispose by will of their effects. If either through apathy or ignorance they neglect to perform their duty to their successors by making a will until the propriety of so doing is suggested by a friend, the suggestion may be regarded as undue influence. Experience every day shows that most men are brought to make a testamentary arrangement by the advice of friends, and this, forsooth, is *undue influence*. One point, however, is gained by this tedious, protracted and expensive proceeding. It has established a rule in favour of the Catholic priesthood of Ireland which never before was raised, namely, their right to be named guardians of children. The case will also be a warning and a caution to Bishops and Priests to strive more earnestly, if possible, than they have heretofore—to use all their influence and energy against that base domestic happiness, and often the fruitful cause of ruin to whole families—mixed marriages. In conclusion we have simply to say that the plaintiffs in this case deserve much credit for challenging issue on this important subject, and for displaying so much pluck in their unfinishing struggle with a most astute and eminent bar. The battle was not their's alone. It was the battle of the whole Irish Church and in fighting that battle they have established a claim to the countenance and support of every Catholic in the land. The following are the points raised by the full court will give the plaintiffs a right to the guardianship of the children. That his Lordship should have directed the jury that there was no evidence to go before them of undue influence, that if the jury believed that the will was executed with the necessary formalities by Byrne, and that he was a person of competent understanding, the burden of proving that it was executed under undue influence lay on the defendant, and that undue influence could not be presumed."

There are many men in this wicked world cursed with a mania for making themselves ridiculous, and we are inclined to think Lord Oranmore is one of

them. Irish himself, he is bitterly anti-Irish; and though hailing from the most Catholic portion of these realms, he is anti-Catholic to the backbone. He seldom speaks in the House of Lords without striking both at country and creed, but as he is seldom listened to and never reported at any length, he flies for refuge to the columns of the *Times* to ventilate his bile. Last week, referring to the debates in the French Assembly on the question of burial without religious service, he wrote in the above journal to the effect that Irish Catholics were buried without any religious ceremony whatever—a fallacy so gross that we hardly think any paper but the *Times* and perhaps the organ of beer, the *Advertiser*, would have published his lordship's effusion. The priest of his own parish, Father McDonogh, writes in the same journal to give Lord Oranmore a flat denial, and his feeble lordship has to eat dirt without a word of remonstrance. By the cruel English Protestant law Irish Catholics were driven from their own burial grounds, and even within the last eight years priests have been imprisoned for praying over the graves of their flock, but in no instance has a funeral taken place without service as near the grave as the brutal law would permit. Lord Oranmore, or anyone else, who alleges the contrary to be the fact, must have about as good an idea of Irish habits, Irish feelings, and Irish religion as they have of those of the inhabitants of the Mountains of the Moon. *Catholic Times.*

GREAT BRITAIN.

**THE SHAH'S VISIT.**—In the national legends or records of every land there is one story which repeats itself with singular pertinacity. A faithless Prince entertains a number of his former foes. The tables groan beneath rich dishes, the wine-cup goes round; all is joy, and mirth, and gaiety. Suddenly a cry or trumpet-blast is heard, the guests start to their feet, a hundred swords are drawn, and in an instant the hall resounds with the clash of weapons, the shouts of the combatants, and the groans of the dying.—As the shrewd observer watches the festivities which have greeted the visit of the Persian King, the oft-repeated story we have told occurs to his imagination. Are all these feasts and pageantries—these revues at Berlin, these galas in the Guildhall—are they all but the prelude of a great tragedy, the light overture with which a stern drama is ushered in? Indications pointing in this direction are assuredly not wanting. On the first day after the Shah's arrival, Earl Granville, the Foreign Minister, waited upon him, and the interview lasted for several hours. Scarcely had that meeting concluded when it was simultaneously stated in many well-informed quarters that it had eventuated in a resolve big with mighty consequences to the future of the world. It is said that at this conference a secret treaty was entered into between England and Persia, by which the former power bound herself to defend the integrity of the Persian Empire with the same zeal and promptitude as if the Union Jack and not the standard of the lion fluttered from the minarets and battlements of Isfahan. That, in the opinion of the diplomatic world some such pact has been arrived at is plain, from the fact that a semi-official Berlin organ instantly declared that "England was again about to enter on a great policy," and that the press of St. Petersburg, acting, it is certain, on a *mot d'ordre* from the Government, commenced a furious tirade of abuse against England which has gone on deepening in volume and intensity every day. If the treaty has been concluded, the fact is the most important which has occurred in these exciting times since poor Ollivier declared war upon Germany with "a light heart." The people of Russia, deprived of political liberty, has sojourned themselves with dreams of universal conquest. Every patriotic Russian firmly believes that the day will come, when, in Asia, the Czar will rule over an empire as wide as that over which the great Macedonian bore sway. Hour by hour the Asiatic realm of Russia is extending itself. Circassia, Samarcand, Khiva have fallen, and it is known to all the world that the scheme for the conquest and annexation of Persia is completed—that at any moment we may hear of a quarrel picked with the Shah, of a column marching on Teheran. And at this supreme moment England has, we are told, sprung into the lists, and picked up the Muscovite glove. Russia, cannot, will not recede from her designs on Persia, and England is, if we are to believe the well-authenticated rumor, bound to protect Persia, with her last shilling and her last man. If the story is true, the great contest for the mastery of Asia may be fought out in our time. Such a contest would be one of giants. The world has never shaken under greater hosts than that vast array which the Czar could lead into the field, or the mighty army which England, in three months, could raise from the Sikhs, Belooches, Ghoorkas, and other valiant tribes subject to her sway.—*Freeman.*

**MONASTIC AND CONVENTUAL INSTITUTIONS.**—When Mr. Newdegate made his annual attack on Convents on Wednesday, it was obvious what comfort and support he had derived from the recent legislation in Germany. Religious Orders must be dreadful institutions—"objectionable institutions," the *Times* calls them—if such measures as those have been found necessary. It would have been more telling, however, if the member for North Warwickshire could have produced a single fact to prove that enquiry was necessary. He made the astounding assertion that the exemption of Catholic Convents from inspection was a privileged exemption and made other denominations jealous. Is there then an inquisition into Anglican Sisterhoods? and if Mr. Newdegate and a dozen friends chose to live together, would they be liable to the visits of a Commissioner, perhaps, as he suggested, appointed by the Commissioners in Lunacy? The speech of Mr. Pease, who led the opposition to the Bill, was a very fair one, and distinctly contradicted Mr. Newdegate's assertion that the Catholic witnesses had been reticent before the Committee. He was well backed by Mr. Matthews and Mr. Serjeant Sherlock, who observed that if the 1,222 questions Mr. Newdegate had already asked could not elicit the information he wanted, he did not see how he was ever to get it; and by Mr. Munster, Mr. Downing, and Mr. Mitchell Henry as well as by Mr. Martin, who, as usual, would not vote, but desired to "convey to his constituents and friends his indignation at the measure." It was rejected by 131 votes against 96. Is it too much to hope that next year it will not reach a second reading? The time and temper of the House are too valuable to be wasted on a motion no facts in support of which have ever been substantiated.—*Tablet.*

That Government Inspector who recently refused to allow the children of a Wiltshire school to sing *God save the Queen*, as being contrary to the principles of the Education Act, 1870, must have been a satirist of the purest water. In England which is prides herself on her religion—save the mark!—it is against the law to teach such religion in school hours; the name of the Deity is usually supposed to be intimately connected with religion; therefore the name of the Deity must not be used in school hours. It is the completest *reductio ad absurdum* of the Secularist system we have been as yet treated to, and the thanks of all Denominationalists are due to the keen-brained inspector who put the case so pointedly.

One would hardly expect to extract much fun out of coal. A sturdy Yorkshireman managed last week, however, to import some humor into the proceedings of the Parliamentary Committee on coal, and besides gave utterance to an idea that has of late been silently troubling no few people. He raised "laughter" by discussing amiably of the piano, harmoniums, and perambulators the colliers have recently indulged in, being of opinion that a piano is "a cut above" the last named machine. As to champagne, he was diffusive. He did not see why

colliers should not drink it as well as anybody else, but held that they were in blissful ignorance of its sparkling delights until "put up" to the fact by "you gentlemen"—as Mr. Normansell was pleased to call the sedate committee. Since that putting up operation the man *have* taken to champagne to "see what it tastes like," and we wish them joy of the Petroleum-born stuff they are probably treated to by the publicans, at twelve or fourteen shillings a bottle. In explaining his position with reference to the Union of 20,000 men which he came to represent, Mr. Normansell declared he was, "like Gladstone is to you" *i.e.* the Committee—in other words, a sort of responsible, ir-responsible, leader. "The more you educate men," said Mr. Normansell later on, "the less physical labor you get out of them, and quite right too!"—a proposition which we leave for the consideration of those who care to dive into the vast question thus raised.—*Catholic Times.*

**DEFEAT OF THE MINISTRY.**—Last night the Government sustained another defeat. On this occasion also their misfortune came from an Irish question. The great disaster of the session was the Ministerial defeat on the Irish Education Bill; and last night, almost the eve of the close of the session, they sustained another defeat, when Mr. Plunkett's motion in reference to the Irish Civil Service was carried, on a division, by 130 to 117. To-day we merely note the fact as one not only significant in its nature, but furnishing another remarkable illustration of the weakness of the Irish policy of the Cabinet.—*Freeman*, July 5th.

**THE GREAT CATHOLIC WILL CASE.**—Yesterday the precincts of the Probate Court, Westminster, were crowded by a large number of dignitaries, among whom were Archbishop Manning and several bishops and priests, interested in a forthcoming case of importance, in which a lady bequeathed about £80,000 to the Roman Catholic Church the will is disputed on the ground of alleged incapacity on the part of some of the Roman Catholic dignitaries. The case, it is said, is likely to be of general importance to the religious world.—*Id.*

**EXTRAORDINARY OCCURRENCE.**—Yesterday, shortly before six o'clock, a gentleman staying at Charing Cross Hotel, London, was seen to get out of a window on the fourth floor, and after walking some distance upon a ledge extending along the front of the hotel, he was seen to turn back, and suddenly either to leap or fall to the ground. Before reaching the ground, however, he came upon the portico at the entrance, and coming through the glass roof, his fall was broken, and to this circumstance, probably, is owing the fact that the man was not instantaneously killed. As it was, however, he sustained, besides other injuries, a serious fracture of the skull. He was removed to Charing Cross Hospital. His name is given as Thomas William Bry.—*Id.*

**THE CHOLERA.**—The *Times* says:—"Public health has of late been remarkably good, but then the seasons have hitherto been favourable. A wet winter and a cold ungenial spring brought with them advantages of their own. People were predisposed to repine at the absence of clear frost at one period and of balmy winds at another, but the temperature of the year has been beneficial nevertheless. We are now, however, approaching the season of epidemics, and the sultry heats of early autumn are not very distant. It is time to be on our guard. We can no longer expect to see the cholera slowly advancing from one point of the Continent to another, so we may measure its distance from our own shores and calculate the period of its possible arrival. It may show itself among us at any time, and that is why the prescribed precautions should be carefully studied, and preparations be duly made. The work is not difficult nor costly, nor will it in any case be thrown away. Supposing—as indeed we may hope—that the cholera will not visit us, every step taken in the way of sanitary improvement will not be less bear its fruit. Some disease or other is almost always endemic, and there is no epidemic against which pure air and water are not the best of preservatives."

**FEMALE MEDICAL STUDENTS.**—The action brought by the female medical students against the Senatus Academicus of the Edinburgh University has been decided in the Court of Session in favour of the defendants. The ladies asked the court to hold that they were entitled to matriculate and attend the classes at the University, and also to graduate. All the judges were consulted, and the claims of the ladies were disallowed by seven to five.

**THE HARVEST IN SOMERSET.**—The *Bristol Post* says that the hay harvest, of which there are good accounts, is proceeding rapidly in West Somerset. Corn is also looking well, and the apple crop will probably prove one of the largest that has been gathered for many years. Other crops in general have a prosperous appearance.

**A REMARKABLE ACTION.**—In the Court of Common Pleas, London, on Thursday, a widow twenty-five years of age, under Lord Campbell's Act, on behalf of herself and her two children, to recover compensation for the loss of her husband, who met his death whilst he was working for a firm of naphtha and creosote manufacturers on Bow-common. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, and awarded £200 for the widow, and £100 to each child.

**NEW POLITICAL MOVEMENT.**—We (*Post*) understand that a new movement is being begun by certain non-Parliamentary gentlemen prominently connected with the National Education League and various Nonconformist Associations, the object of which is to start a Radical candidate who comes forward as a supporter of Mr. Foster's educational policy. Considerable funds have already been promised in support of the movement.

**SNOR WILL.**—The following short will was recently registered in the Winchester District Registry:—"This is the last will of me, of Hants. I give all my property to my daughter for her separate use, and appoint her executrix hereof."

**The Newcastle Chronicle** reports that upwards of 600 out of the 2,098 puddling furnaces in that district are now idle. A short time ago every furnace was at full work. This fact gives some idea of the state of one branch of the iron trade.

The London Master Builders' Association, at the recommendation of the Social Science Association has issued circulars to the masons and carpenters committees proposing to meet some of the delegates with a view to averting a strike.

**HISTORICAL PARALLEL.**—Cromwell had his Ironsides—we have our Iron-clads.—*Punch.*

UNITED STATES.

**NEAR FORTY YEARS AGO,** when Illinois was going ahead on credit, forty rods at a jump, many of the best young men of the country were lured to the prairie soil to find themselves swamped in the mire of poverty when the collapse came. The mire of poverty, however, failed to quench the music that was in their souls, and to-day, there is more joy in that latitude than in any other of our acquaintance. Among many other like ceremonialists still religiously observed from a love of the ludicrous is the annual parade on Independence Day of Major General Pummaddiddehwhacker's forces. Here is the announcement made of the programme at the ancient burgh of Hennepin, one of the oldest of the Illinois river towns:

"Know all ye Men, Women and Babies, Living in ye Glorious United States of America, that on Friday, ye 4th Day of July, Anny Dominoes, 1873! There will appear to ye natives of Hennepin and Vicinity ye Great and Immaculate Terrible phantasmagorical from ye sunny and dried up land of Timbuctoo.

"Ye great army will form into line at their den in ye raging Illinois river, and will come forth amid

ye krowing of kox and booming of kannon. At ye small hour of 8 1/2 a. m., they will meander south on Front to High, ramble up High to Eight, north on Eight to Court, west on Court to Fourth, and north on Fourth street to the Fair Grounds, where ye great, learned and highly intelligent orator from ye city of Cork, will deliver his Fourth of July celebration, together with the degradation of indignation. After which ye enormous procession will return amid clouds of dust and showers of fire-crackers to there hole and pull ye hole in after them."

The notable personages announced to participate form a list too long for our columns. But to witness these ceremonies must be far more enjoyable than any of the pin-a-fore street processions of our secret societies, even though only participated in by "Le Ragmuffin Rag-Tag and Bobtails of all creation, with babies crying and old men sneezing."

**THE CIVIL AGAINST THE SPIRITUAL.**—The civil law, all over the world, is encroaching on the rights of the spiritual order. There is not a Government on earth that is ruled by Christian principles or rules in accordance with them. The men of politics have always accused the men of religion of intolerance and tyranny. They have forged facts and falsified history in order to prove the truth of their assertion. They have misrepresented the principles of the spiritual order in order to justify themselves in working out the total independence of the civil from the spiritual. Their proposition they never have proved, nor ever can, but their separation from and independence of all spiritual powers they have made a living fact. But they are not content with that independence, nor are they satisfied with that separation. They have gone a great deal further, and do not intend to stop at the line they have reached. Step by step they are encroaching. They arrogantly assume the right of settling the statute of religion. They pretend to the power of solving strictly spiritual questions, and whenever and wherever the spiritual conflicts, or seems to conflict with the temporal, to maintain the latter and restrain the former. In every Government on earth the sacred domains of marriage and education have been unjustly encroached upon. Christianity says "Marriage is indissoluble." The State says, "It is not." The Church says "No man validly married, can, the other party to the contract living marry another." The State says "It can be done." "It is a crime," says religion. "It is not—it is a right," says the State. So the civil power and the spiritual power are in conflict. But the civil power will have its way, and has it. And so of education, and so of numberless other points the Governments of men encroach upon the rights of the Kingdom of God. But never with impunity,—never without penalty. That penalty comes in one form or another. Why these terrible disturbances of the nations? The law of man lifts its hand against the law of God. That spiritual power which will never make a compromise,—which never will defect from the line of law Divine—which will never come down from the height of its principles to the level of human opinions, must necessarily be the object of the special aversion and hostility of civil Governments. Hence the Catholic Church at the present day, has not a true friend among all the Governments of the earth. She is persecuted in her rights because she will not yield her powers. In Russia, in Prussia, in Switzerland, in Spain, in France, and in England, the Catholic Church meets with opposition.—Why? She will not retreat from her position. She will not relinquish one of her powers. She will make no concession, which involves a sacrifice of principle. She will not condescend to bend a single law or to change a single principle. She was taught by the Divine, teaches the Divine, and will not go to the school of the human. Are these so-called Christian Governments Christian at all? They are not Catholic, it is but too plain. Can they be Christian without being Catholic? When they oppose Catholic law do they not oppose Christian law? They do—for Christianity if it be true at all, is, and can only be Catholicity. What then is the spirit of the Governments of this age? Absolutely Pagan. And the people under them what will they become? Pagans.—Hard words, these? Yes—but true words. To this the world is coming. The Evening of the Christian era will be like its Morning. Persecution now by law,—how soon by the sword?—*N. O. Morning Star.*

**SECRETS OF THE SANCTUM.**—The humourist of the *Detroit Free Press* observes that there is always one vacant chair in the sanctum of every daily paper, or it would be vacated for the right man. It is the position of "really-very-good-but-we-haven't-room-for-it" man. When a young man; wearing a very exultant countenance, walks into the editorial rooms with a bundle of manuscript under his arm, all the staff know what is coming. He has been writing an ode to spring, or a poem, on the fast disappearing Indian race, or five hundred verses on the power of love. It is really wonderful how sanguine he is. He has selected this particular paper as a great favour to the paper, and he is certain that the publisher won't think of offering him less than ten dollars a verse, and that after they have handed him the money they will pat him on the back and say "Go on, young man, there is a wealth of laurels for you in the future." He walks around the room a few times to collect himself, and then goes for the nearest man. He is referred to "the man in the other room," and the man in the other room heaves a sigh as he sees him enter. "Here's a few verses on spring time which I dashed off the other day," says the young man, as he deposits the roll on the table; "you can look them over, and I will call for the money on Saturday." He goes out, and the recipient of the roll unrolls it, feels his hair raise up as he sees that some lines have ten "feet," others six, and that a pile driver could not pound the metro into shape. He puts it away, and begins to dread Saturday. Saturday comes, and with it the young man, who expects a check and a compliment. He sits down, and there is a long pause. The editor would rather tackle a Bogardus kicker than to say what he must say, but he finally gets around to it. "Very good—seasonable—well written—but, ah! ah! we haven't room for it just at present; you'd better send it to the *New York Post*." That young man gets up with an awful look of contempt and revenge on his face, seizes the roll, and goes out feeling that he shall be an enemy of the paper, the editor, reporters, compositors, and apprentices for ever after. This is only an illustrative case. There is the woman who has written nineteen verses on her dead baby; the old maid who has hashed up a ballad and wants to be brought out as the author; the young man in love who has written a poem on his Hannah and five or six others. Each one must be refused in such a manner as not to wound his feelings, and yet his feelings will be wounded. If he hadn't a cent in the world, and was in need of bread, he wouldn't feel half so bad to be refused a cash loan as he would be to be told that his poetry wasn't first-class, and that he'd better turn his attention to a trade. The poets are not all. There is the man with the "Essay on Sober Second Thought," the man with the two columns on "The Degeneration of American Politics," and the scores of men with essays on this and that, which no one but the writer would read. They must be met, repulsed and got rid of; and, though the editor is as tender as a lover, the chances are that within three days he will receive a letter reading something like this:—

"DEAR SIR,—Owing to the fact that my article on the 'Resurrection of Mummies' did not appear in your issue of Wednesday, you can stop my paper. I shall subscribe to the *Ark*, which is a live, go-ahead daily, fully up to the times. Yours, 'CATO.'"

**DEPRAVED BATTLE REPORTED.**—AMERICAN VICTORIES.—GEN. MACKENZIE KILLED.—WASHINGTON, July 22.—News has been received from San Antonio,

Texas, the headquarters of General Angur, commanding the department, that the Mexican general, Escobedo, was advancing to the Rio Grande at the head of a division. What this means is not known, but the natural inference is that such a movement of so large a body of troops must be with hostile intention, and it, stirring intelligence may be looked for at any moment. In fact, it was stated in several quarters that a Texas paper had been received here containing particulars of a desperate engagement on the fourth of July, between the American troops and a large detachment of Mexican troops and Kickapoo Indians. Our troops are said to have been victorious, but that General Mackenzie has been killed. On enquiry it appeared that the War Department had not as yet received official advices of any such engagement, and knew nothing more of it than the common rumor. If such an engagement has taken place, news of the same must now reach military headquarters in due form in a very short time.

**BALLOON VOYAGE OVER THE ATLANTIC.**—"Professor" Wise, of Boston, intended to start from that port for Europe, on the 4th July, in a balloon. The professor reckoned confidently upon an "eastern current" in the upper regions of the atmosphere which would waft him to "some point" in England or Ireland. It appears however, that an unfavorable current nearer to the earth has interfered with Mr. Wise; in other words, he was unable to "raise the wind," and the plan has been abandoned for the present, although the professor still believes in the existence of his current.

**PITTSBURGH, PA.**—The Catholics of this city have opened a public library, free to all. It is one of the handsomest in the country, and reflects great credit on the Catholics of Pittsburgh. The *Irish World*, and all other Irish-American and Catholic journals will be found on the tables.

A writer in the *Prairie Farmer* says that, with the exception of the peach belt along the shore of Lake Michigan, peaches are killed through that State, and it is feared that many of the trees are also destroyed, the thermometer having sunk the past winter to 38 deg. and 40 deg. below zero. Apples, however, promise a full crop; grape vines are badly cut down, and pear and plum trees are much injured.

A young man in Louisville examined a keg of damaged powder with a red hot poker to see if it was good. It is believed by his friends that he has gone to Europe, although a man has found some human bones and a piece of a shirt about twenty miles from Louisville.

A statue to Robert Burns is to be erected in the Central Park, New York.

Out near Rochester there is an eccentric old fellow who lives alongside of a graveyard. He was asked if it was not unpleasant location. "No," said he, "I never jined places in all my life, with a set of neighbors that minded their own business so steady as they do."

A new coal mine was lately discovered on the farm of David Harrington, near the established line of the Painesville, Warren & Youngstown Railroad in Trumbull county. Land in the vicinity is going up.

Mr. Jefferson Davis is still engaged with his "History of the Confederate States," though his impaired eyesight forbids much continuous reading or writing.

People don't black their boots at Pittsburgh, Pa. They hang them out of a window over night, and they are black enough in the morning.

A Yankee has invented yellow spectacles, for making hard look like butter; he says they are a great saving of expense, if worn while eating.

**PUTTING UP A BED.**—It is a little singular why your wife's mother will persist in sleeping on a cord bedstead; but she does. You don't think so much of this until you are called upon to put it up, which event generally takes place in the evening. The bedstead has been placed in the afternoon, and having been soaked through with hot water, is now ready for putting up. Your wife holds the lamp and takes charge of the conversation. The rope has been under water several times in the course of the cleaning, and having swollen to a diameter greater than the holes in the rails, has also got into a fit of coiling up into mysterious and very intricate forms. You at first wonder at this, but pretty soon wonder ceases to be a virtue, and you then scold. The thread which had been wound around the end of the rope to facilitate its introduction in the holes, has come off, and you have to roll it up again.—Then, after you have pulled it through eight holes, your wife makes the discovery that you have started wrong. The way that rope comes out of those holes again makes your wife get closer to the door. Then you try again, and get the rope tangled in your legs. By this time you notice that this is the smallest bed-room in the house, and you call the attention of your wife to the fact by observing: "Why on earth don't you open the door? Do you want to smother me?" She opens the door and you start again, and she helps you with the lamp. First she puts it on the wrong side of the rail; then she moves it so that the heat comes up from the chimney and scorches your nose. Just as you need it the most, you lose sight of it entirely, and turning around, find her examining the wall to see how that man has put on the whitewash. This excites you and brings out the perspiration in greater profusion, and you declare you will kick the bedstead out doors if she doesn't come around with that light. Then she comes around. Finally the cord is laid all right, and you proceed to execute the very delicate job of tightening it. The lower ropes are first walked over. This is done by stepping on the first one and sinking it down, hanging to the head board with the clutch of death. Then you step with the other foot on the next line, spring that down, lose your balance, grab for the head board, miss it, and come down in a heap. This is repeated more or less times across the length of the bed, the only variety being the new places you bruise. The top cords are tightened in another way, and you now proceed to that. You first put one foot on each rail, which spreads you some, and as you do it, the frightful thought strikes you that if one of these feet should slip over, nothing on earth would prevent you from being split through to the chin. Then you pull up the first rope until your eyes seem to be on the point of rolling out of their sockets, and the blood in your veins fairly groans, and on being convinced that you can't pull it any further without crippling yourself for life, you catch hold of the next rope and draw that up and grunt. Then you move along to the next, pull that up, and grunt again. Just as you have got to the middle and commence to think that you are about through, even if your joints will never again set as they did before, you some way or other miss the connection and find that you have to go back and do it all over. Here you pause for a few minutes of oracular refreshment, and then slowly and carefully work your way back. You don't jump down and walk back, because you are afraid to spread out in that way again. You sort of waddle back, working the way inch by inch and with consummate patience. A man thus stretched across a bedstead never becomes so excited as to lose his presence of mind. It would be instant death to him if he did. Then he goes over it again, pulling and wadding, groaning and grunting, while his wife moves around with the lamp and tells him to take it easy and not scratch the bedstead any more than he can help, and that she can't tell which creaks the most, he or the bedstead. And after he gets through she has the audacity to ask him to bring in the feather beds! In the dead of night that man will steal up to that room and look at that bedstead and swear.—*Danbury News.*

NEWS HAS BEEN RECEIVED FROM SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, THE HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL ANGUR, COMMANDING THE DEPARTMENT, THAT THE MEXICAN GENERAL, ESCOBEDO, WAS ADVANCING TO THE RIO GRANDE AT THE HEAD OF A DIVISION. WHAT THIS MEANS IS NOT KNOWN, BUT THE NATURAL INFERENCE IS THAT SUCH A MOVEMENT OF SO LARGE A BODY OF TROOPS MUST BE WITH HOSTILE INTENTION, AND IT, STIRRING INTELLIGENCE MAY BE LOOKED FOR AT ANY MOMENT. IN FACT, IT WAS STATED IN SEVERAL QUARTERS THAT A TEXAS PAPER HAD BEEN RECEIVED HERE CONTAINING PARTICULARS OF A DESPERATE ENGAGEMENT ON THE FOURTH OF JULY, BETWEEN THE AMERICAN TROOPS AND A LARGE DETACHMENT OF MEXICAN TROOPS AND KICKAPOO INDIANS. OUR TROOPS ARE SAID TO HAVE BEEN VICTORIOUS, BUT THAT GENERAL MACKENZIE HAS BEEN KILLED. ON ENQUIRY IT APPEARED THAT THE WAR DEPARTMENT HAD NOT AS YET RECEIVED OFFICIAL ADVICES OF ANY SUCH ENGAGEMENT, AND KNEW NOTHING MORE OF IT THAN THE COMMON RUMOR. IF SUCH AN ENGAGEMENT HAS TAKEN PLACE, NEWS OF THE SAME MUST NOW REACH MILITARY HEADQUARTERS IN DUE FORM IN A VERY SHORT TIME.

The True Witness

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G. E. CLERK, Editor.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 1, 1873.

ECLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

AUGUST—1873.

Friday, 1—Octave of St. James. Saturday, 2—St. Alphonsus Liguori, B. C. D. Sunday, 3—Ninth after Pentecost. Monday, 4—St. Dominic, C. Tuesday, 5—St. Mary at Nives. Wednesday, 6—Transfiguration of Our Lord. Thursday, 7—St. Cajetan, C.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Pope has received the Duke of Uceda and a delegation of Catholic Spaniards, all members of the Carlist party, who presented an address protesting against the spoliation of the religious orders, and making an offering of £8,000 to the Peter's Pence. The address was signed by 200,000 persons, in nearly all cases laymen.

The cholera has broken out in Venetia, and has necessitated the raising of the military camps. Its appearance in the central provinces is greatly feared. Several cases are reported in Rome itself.

It appears certain that the Cabinets of Versailles and Vienna have forwarded a note to Visconti Venosta on the religious corporations making formal reserves as to future action, and refusing all responsibility in the matter. It has been denied, but there is no doubt of their having been sent.

Garibaldi has published a letter so blasphemous as to defy transcription in any respectable journal. It ends with these words, "I belong to the international, and if I knew that a society, founded by the devil, were to arise for the destruction of priests and despots, I would join it." Protestants are recommended to take note of this declaration on the part of a man whom Lord Shaftesbury and Mr. Whalley delight to honour. The rest of the letter is unfit for publication, and is dated June 23rd, Caprera.

All the Catholic Societies in Rome and Florence met immediately to take measures for a public protest and act of reparation for the hideous blasphemy of Garibaldi, whose publication has made an unparalleled sensation throughout Italy. The *Journal de Florence* publishes the Florentine protest, signed by the Marchese Bortì.

The German bishops sitting at Fulda have sent an address to the Pope on the occasion of his anniversary, and his Holiness has replied by assuring them of his confidence in their attachment to the Holy See.

On the 28th ult., the Pope received a number of newly nominated Bishops. In his address he urged them to defend zealously the rights of the Church. Referring to the conflict of the ecclesiastical authorities of Brazil with Freemasonry, he said Freemasons were liable to excommunication, the same as members of other secret societies, notwithstanding the charitable objects of their organization.

It is reported that a severe engagement has taken place near Pampeluna between the Republicans and Carlists, in which the latter were successful; two guns and 300 prisoners are said to have been captured by the Royalists.

Two more Generals and two Colonels of the Republican army have been cashiered for expressing sympathy for the cause of Don Carlos.

A number of able-bodied Catalonian refugees, who are crowding the French frontier, will be called upon by Don Alfonso to join the Carlist standard, or bear the consequence of refusal.

The German Government disavows the responsibility for the seizure of the Spanish steamer *Vigilant*, and calls upon Capt. Werner, commanding the German man-of-war which effected the capture, to account for his proceedings. His report of the affair has not yet been received.

Cholera has appeared in the seaport town of Helsingborg, South Sweden, on the Sound opposite Elfsaore, Helsingborg.

In the House of Commons on the 28th ult., Mr. Phillip Callan, member for Dundalk asked if there was any probability that the

Carlists in Spain would be recognized as belligerents. Viscount Enfield, Under-Secretary for the Foreign Department, replied that the Carlists were undoubtedly gaining ground, but matters were not in a state to entitle them to belligerent rights.

A message from the Queen notifying the Commons of the forthcoming marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh, and asking that provision be made therefor, was received on the 28th ult., and read, and its consideration postponed till the next day, owing to the absence of Mr. Gladstone.

THE MONTREAL "WITNESS" AND THE REV. M. PEPIN.—The latter is priest of the parish of St. Antoine, and the *Witness* professes to be highly scandalized by some of the sayings and doings of that gentleman. M. Pepin, according to our informant, stated from the pulpit that for murder, adultery, theft, for all manner of sins in short, there was, through the merits of Christ, forgiveness for the sinner truly penitent; but that for him who renounced the Church, there was no forgiveness possible, unless of course the apostate, in desire at least, *salletem in voto* sought reconciliation with her. Now what fault can the *Witness* find with this teaching? Did not Our Lord Himself declare that, on repentance, all manner of sin shall be forgiven? and does not the *Witness* also hold that for him who abandons Christianity and renounces the religion of Jesus, no forgiveness, no reconciliation with an offended God is possible? Now in principle wherein does this differ from what M. Pepin preached to his flock? Outside the Church there is no salvation, no remission of sins, is a doctrine held alike by Catholics, and by the Protestant sect to which the *Witness* belongs—why the efforts of the sect to convert Romanists, if as Romanists the latter may be saved? The only difference then betwixt the Rev. M. Pepin and the *Witness* consists in the different interpretation which they respectively put on the word Church of Christ. Both agree that for the sin of apostacy, unless repented of and atoned for whilst in life by a return to the Church abandoned, is an unpardonable sin, though the penitent's sins, however numerous, however great, though red as scarlet, are all washed away by the blood of Christ.

The *Witness* also urges as an offence on the part of the Rev. M. Pepin that he withheld Paschal communion from one of his parishioners who, in violation of the express commands of the Catholic Church, had not confessed to him, the parish priest, as the Council of Lateran enjoins. Hereupon "the young man, much excited, struck the seat with his fist, and went for the priest, intending to give the latter a thrashing, but he was soon surrounded, and his intention frustrated."

To any one not blinded by prejudice, the only person worthy of blame in the transaction thus recorded is the "young man," who is evidently far advanced on the road that leads to Protestantism. The priest did simply his duty; the "young man" behaved like a black-guard; and the only thing we wonder at is that he was not at once arrested and prosecuted for brawling in Church. In that case no doubt the *Witness* would have held him up to the admiration of the public as a martyr for the Holy Protestant Faith.

Moreover, the same priest has recommended his parishioners to place above their doors an image of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, as a memorial ever before their eyes of that love for sinners with which that Sacred Heart was consumed, and which found expression in the Agony in the Garden, in the cruel scourging, and in the awful exclamation—"My God, My God, why has Thou forsaken me?" He must indeed be a bad priest who recommends his parishioners to try and keep a memorial of this love ever before their eyes.

And, so the *Witness* concludes, "it is not to be wondered at that two French Canadians, one called Savary, the other Cauchon, have left the Catholic Church for that of the F. C. M. Society; for there at least they will find nothing to remind them of the love with which the Sacred Heart of Jesus was devoured as with a burning fire."

We almost feel as if an apology were due to our readers for reproducing such rubbish; but as this is all that even the malignity of the *Witness* can rake up wherewith to pelt our Canadian Catholic clergy, it affords a strong evidence in favor of the blamelessness of their lives, and the purity of their teachings.

THE SMELLING COMMITTEE.—Our old acquaintance, Mr. Newdegate, has again been defeated, and, by a large majority, in the House of Commons on his motion for the Second reading of his Convents Inspection Bill. The *London Times* has some very pertinent remarks on the subject, which will interest our readers.

That no case has been made out for such an outrageous violation of domestic privacy as is contemplated by Mr. Newdegate's Bill, the *Times* frankly admits:—

"The House could not"—says the *Times*—"enac-

tion an inquisitorial inquiry, even into Nunneries and Monasteries, unless reasonable ground could be shown for suspecting the existence of such abuses within them as called for interference. But Mr. Newdegate entirely failed to adduce any evidence to this effect. He has nothing to allege but a vague suspicion, or as he expressed it, that 'there is a feeling in this country that the personal liberty of the inmates of Convents is not duly secured.' But no case of interference with personal liberty has ever been substantiated, and it is curious that in the only instance in which of late years the internal affairs of a Convent came before the public the complaint of the Nun was, not that she was detained, but, that she was sent away against her will."—*Times*.

Such an admission from a bitter enemy of the Church and her institutions is valuable.—No reasonable grounds for suspecting even the existence of Conventual abuses calling for the interference of the Legislature can be shown; and if it be argued that the violation of individual liberty is possible in a Convent, it may be answered that so also is it equally possible in the house of any private individual in England; and that, therefore, if in the one case such possibility would justify an inquisitorial search, so also would it in the other. If Convents are to be inspected, why should not Mr. Newdegate's house be periodically subjected to a similar process with the view of making sure that he has not incarcerated an obdurate butler in his wine-cellar, or locked up a couple of refractory servant girls in the attics? A Convent receiving no aid from the State is purely a private dwelling, as much entitled to enjoy immunity from State interference as is the country seat of Mr. Newdegate. Why should the first named, if they enjoy no special privileges, or immunities, be subjected to any peculiar disadvantages?

The *Times* also in the same article points out how false is the pretension that religious equality exists in England; that Catholics and Protestants are, as before the law, on an equal footing; and that no disabilities are imposed on Catholics simply because of their religion.

For instance by the law, as it now stands, "all Religious Orders, Communities, or Societies of Men belonging to the Church of Rome, and bound by monastic or religious vows, are prohibited."—*Times*.

Whilst on the other hand,— "Members of the English Church, or of any other Church than that of Rome, are perfectly free to take such vows, but Roman Catholics stand in an exceptional position. It is a misdemeanor, punishable by banishment for life, for any man to be admitted into any Roman Catholic order, or community, in any part of the United Kingdom, or for any person to administer vows."—*Times*.

Such is the law in the land of "religious equality." True it is in practise inoperative; but what the law permits to all other religious denominations, to Anglicans, Mormons, Shakers, Agapevites, &c., is punishable by banishment for life in the case of Catholics. And still with this vile law on their Statute Book, sleek-faced hypocrites patter glibly about the "religious equality" that exists by law in England, and blasphemously give God thanks that they are not as other men are. Out upon such cant!

And herein, as the *Times* points out lies, an unanswerable argument against Mr. Newdegate's Bill. To make Monasteries for instance open to legal inspection, would be to legalize them, to give them a regular legal status in England; and to this more than to any respect for personal liberty, or to the time honored theory that every Englishman's, or Englishwoman's house is his, or her castle, do we owe it that Mr. Newdegate's Bill for authorizing government inspectors to thrust themselves into Nun's bedrooms, and poke about amongst their dirty linen, has been ignominiously rejected by a British House of Commons.

The action of a large body—a minority no doubt, but still in point of numbers a very respectable minority—of the ministers of the Anglican denomination, in praying the Convocation to take measures for regulating the use of sacramental confession, has provoked a great storm in the Church by Law established; and whilst the anti-Protestant action of the minority aforesaid is loudly cried out against, the poor Bishops are abused more loudly still for that they do nothing, and with amiable candor, avow themselves able to do nothing, to stay the progress of the ever advancing Romish current. Poor men! They have ample salaries; they have seats in the House of Lords; they are by courtesy called successors to the Apostles and rulers of the Church, they wear shovel hats and the most appropriate of aprons—but still they are not to be enried. Ritualists scorn them, and scout their admonitions; and the evangelicals, or low churchmen, treat them still worse, telling them plainly that they are a useless lot of nincompoops, and that if they did not mend their ways, they, the ministers and laity, would quickly take the government of the church out of the hands of these bogus successors of the Apostles, and run the ecclesiastical machine themselves.

So violent is the language of the evangelical party, so bitter their denunciations of the poor government Bishops whose hands are tied, and who cannot, even if they would, prevent the spread of Romish principles, that the *London*

*Times* feels itself bound to administer a sharp rebuke to the evangelical mouth-piece, the Earl of Shaftesbury, for the violence of his language. A Protestant Bishop it is true is not worthy of much honor; neither does any one owe him respect or obedience; and yet even one may go too far with abuse of bishops. They should be treated with some show of courtesy; and though there is no reason to attribute to their office any dignity, seeing that the State has constituted them a little lower than the heathens, it does not follow that they should be denied recognition as gentlemen.

"Bishops"—that is Protestant Bishops—"it must be owned"—says the *Times*—"are often treated as the savage treated his idol, accompanying his prayer with threats of an unmerciful beating if they were not granted. Lord Shaftesbury and his friends appeal to the Bishops to save the Church from Ritualism, and at the same time belabors them with epithets and threats which indicate a very scanty respect for their position and authority. At the same time the unfortunate Prelates are often abused with a violence amounting to vulgarity by the extreme Ritualists."—*Times*.

After all how can it be otherwise. Ritualists may honor the office of Bishop, but they have a shrewd suspicion that the gentlemen named bishops by the Ministry of the day, are after all no Bishops at all; and, on the other hand, the low church party have no respect for the office itself, not believing that in virtue of a laying on of hands by other government officials, the nominee of the Crown becomes invested with any spiritual prerogatives not common to all men, ordained or unordained, consecrated or unconsecrated. A bishop in the eyes of an evangelical differs from other men not bishops, only in his dress, in that he wears a particular costume, probably gaiters, which of themselves are by no means outward and visible signs of any inward or spiritual grace. In short a Protestant Bishop is an anomaly of whose utility every one has as much right to complain, as he has to denounce the inefficiency of the police.

But all this has a very serious aspect for the future of the government ecclesiastical establishment. The Bishops are impotent either way; they cannot put down ritualism, and are utterly destitute of authority. And yet, so says a calm observer, the *Times*, "if the practices denounced cannot be checked within the Church of England, she is in imminent peril of a great convulsion."

The Church of England is but a human institution, a thing of man's making. As such it is not endowed with immortality, and must sooner or later, crumble to dust. Its enemies without are not its most dangerous foes; from the batterings of the Dissenters, or the assaults of the infidels, it is doomed to perish. It will be destroyed by its internal discords, and will fall perhaps very shortly, from the "great convulsion" with which it is menaced.

The *London Times* of the 2nd July, furnishes us, unwillingly no doubt, with a very strong argument against "mixed schools." The writer is treating of national education, and is setting forth its advantages. Amongst these he enumerates this:—

"Children learn from one another even more than they do from their teachers, and the teaching sinks deeper when it is the act of a multitude—that is, of many in one."—*Times*.

What then will a few Catholic children learn from their numerous Protestant schoolmates in a mixed school? They will learn to despise the teachings of their Church; they will be early imbued with a scorn for the religion of their parents; and be taught to re-echo the cry of "No Popery" which from their tender years the children of the Protestant majority have had dinned in their ears. For this reason, if for no other, we will have none of your mixed schools. We, in the assertion of our divine rights as parents, say that our children shall not associate in school with the children of Protestants; we will not expose them to the danger of hearing their religion laughed at, their mother the Church mocked, and the lessons of heresy taught them by their school fellows, from whom children learn more than they do from their teachers, and whose teachings sink deeper. We care not what you may teach or profess to teach in your schools. In that, by attending such schools our children would have to associate with Protestant children, whose teachings are so potent, and in our eyes so pernicious—we, as parents, owing no obedience to the State in the matter of the Education of our children, and answerable to God alone for our conduct in this matter—we repudiate your mixed schools as dangerous to faith and morals, and except on compulsion will not pay for them.

A good story about Bismarck is going the rounds of the press. We do not vouch for its truth, but in substance, we have no doubt the politico-religious views of that statesman tend in that direction. The story is to the effect that Bismarck was lately interviewed at Berlin when he took occasion to utter his sentiments on the religious question, and to express his contempt for the silly fools who fancy that his persecution of the Catholic Church in Germany has for its object the encouragement of evangelical Pro-

testantism—or of what is farcically called "reformed Christianity." What Bismarck avowed himself as aiming at was the overthrow of Christianity itself, to the carrying out of which object the Papacy was the sole serious obstacle. This got rid of, Christianity, at least the miserable shreds and patches of the Christian religion retained by Protestantism, would quickly be destroyed.

"Nothing"—said M. Bismarck—"has amused me more than the praises which I have received from the Protestant Christians of England and America. The asses! I have wished to crush Rome that I might crush Christianity! They praise me for my service in the cause of what they call reformed Christianity. If anything could console me for the chagrin which I foresee I am to endure for some time to come, it would be to witness the amazement of these good friends of mine when they understand the truth, but understand it they never will. They are numsculls."

They all like Bismarck none the less, cheer him in his work of persecution against Catholics, and his warfare with Rome none the less loudly because of this frank avowal. Reformed Christians hate Rome; and in this consists their entire religion; the downfall of the Pope, not the exaltation of Christ, is the object that they have at heart, and so that this be accomplished they care nothing for the consequences. Every infidel, every scurrilous blasphemer from Voltaire down to Renan is sure of their sympathies; and when, after many labors, much lying and slandering, they have coaxed some silly creature out of the Church, or persuaded some unclean impenitent sinner to openly proclaim his abjuration of Romanism, there is in their ranks rejoicing, and amongst the members of the sect, joy even as there is amongst the angels, who are in heaven, over one sinner that doeth penance. They and Bismarck are both to the best of their respective abilities serving the same master.

Is the party styling itself "Old Catholic" numerous in Germany? is a question we often hear asked, and various are the replies thereto made. A very good authority on this matter is the Prussian correspondent of the *London Times*, as he certainly is not disposed to under estimate the numbers of the members of the new heresy. Now writing from Berlin under date June 25th this authority says, speaking of the "Old Catholics,"—

"The number of those who have cared to join the new denomination in this country is so very small that, however weighty in itself, anything coming from them is neutralized by the evident disinclination of the people to patronize the sect."

Indeed it is certain that as a separate religious community or denomination the "Old Catholic" sect will in a few years be extinct. Some will repent, and return to the Catholic Church; the others will be merged in some of the many Protestant sects existing in Germany.

THE MANITOBA KIDNAPPING CASE.—A man of the name of Gordon, and who styles himself Lord George Gordon, fled to the British territory of Manitoba with the intent of evading his bail, he having been arrested in the United States on a charge of embezzlement, and bailed out by the late Horace Clark.—After the death of the latter his heirs were anxious to get possession of the body of the said Gordon, and for this purpose engaged the services of some United States detectives, who followed the fugitive, and arrested him on British territory. He was released however by a party of soldiers when within two miles of the frontier, and his captors were themselves arrested, and are now awaiting their trial.

This is not the first outrage of the kind that has been attempted, and it is to be hoped that the men engaged in this affair may be punished with the utmost severity of the law. As for Gordon, it is a pity that he cannot be given up to the United States.

WILLIAMSTOWN.—On Sunday, the 20th ult., His Lordship the Bishop of Kingston confirmed, in the Parish Church of St. Mary's, one hundred and eighty-seven persons. His Lordship was looking very well. God grant he may be spared many years to his devoted clergy and people.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Dr. Cramp's communication received; will appear in our next. "Short Sermon" received too late for this issue.

We would direct the attention of our readers to the advertisement in another column, of the Provincial Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition for 1873.

HALIFAX, N.S., July 25.—Thomas Reilly, a soldier of the 87th Regiment, fell from a train on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway yesterday afternoon, while stopping from one car to another, and was run over and instantly killed, being mangled beyond recognition.

The *Constitutionnel* of Three Rivers says the accounts from the various parishes in that district agree that the harvest will be good. In some places hay has suffered from the drought, but grain crops are splendid. The late rain storms have done nothing but good to the land.

A company of American swindlers are driving a very brisk trade by inducing Islanders to leave their quiet and fertile homes here, and emigrate to the barren plains of Antioch. This is not the first time a gang of black-legs tried to gull the Islanders.—*Charlottetown Examiner*.

CHURCH AND STATE.

The paramount question of the period undoubtedly is that of the Church in relation to the State, and the State in relation to the Church. Although our divine Lord long before the establishment of his Church had definitely settled their respective positions by those memorable words "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsars, and to God the things that are Gods," modern progress demands otherwise and asks, that God shall be subservient to Cæsar, in other words, that God shall be Cæsar and that Cæsar shall be God. As this is a return to the Cæsarism of Pagan Rome, where the aursupex was a mere creature of the State, we cannot for the life of us see how this can be "progress."

That we are not unjust to Modern Progress, in thus describing her puerile demands, may be seen from the exposition of her claims by the Pull Mall Gazette, her Archimandrite and Chief Priest.

"The effect of the ecclesiastical legislation of Prince Bismarck," says the Pull Mall Gazette, "is that the State claims to exercise over all her subjects—to the exclusion of all other organizations except in so far as they will consent to act under her authority—not only temporal but moral and spiritual authority."

Nor is this all; she absolutely and unconditionally claims to be the Church.

"The State openly claims to form the character and to direct the mind. \* \* \* It claims in short to be itself both Church and State.

Is not this crying for the moon? That Cæsar shall be God and God Cæsar?

The most curious part of the business would be to calculate the results. We know what happened when the frog tried to inflate himself into a bull. He burst, and has ever since been called in derision, a bull-frog. The State would do the same and would be hence forward called a church-state! Leaving to astronomers the task of determining what would be the effect to our Solar System generally, and our good world in particular, were the moon to undertake to revolve round the sun and to make the earth revolve round her, we will consider some of the effects which would take place were the State to become paramount over the Church—were the spoilt child, modern progress to obtain the moon to play with.

In the first place, private opinion, that Egi's of Protestantism, would be smashed into a thousand pieces. What the State, from its own private inspiration, believed, or thought it believed, every individual citizen would be bound to believe. The vote of the majority, or the successful lobbying of an energetic clique, would determine our articles of faith. The referee would not then be: What saith the Scriptures? or what saith the Church? but what says the State? And this State, remember, would be a vote of sleepy country gentlemen, Manchester millionaires, radical fanatics, as in England, or of the nominees of drunken caucuses, as in the United States.—These would be the divine determiners of what you shall believe and practice in order to be saved! the infallible guides in faith and morals. Whether Protestants, in their insane adoration, of that Goddess of Liberty, Modern Progress, will be content to give up their long-cherished private opinion, and to accept infallibility, provided it be that of an uninspired State, we know not; but of this we are sure, Catholics will never accept this bogus and tyrannical and irresponsible infallibility in place of that Papal infallibility which is founded upon that promise of Christ: "Behold I am with you always." Old birds are not to be caught with chaff. By the acknowledgment of this claim of Modern Progress to make the State paramount, Protestantism is cutting its own throat. The essence of Protestantism is the power to protest. But if the State is to have the power "to form the character and direct the mind," every individual Protestant will have to consent to be moulded like a piece of potters clay, and to give up protesting, or go to prison. We can understand a man giving up his own opinion in deference to the teaching of an inspired and infallible Church. There is no loss of manhood in giving way to God. But to have to give up ones opinion in matters of faith to the majority vote of a rabble House of Commons or House of Representatives, as the case may be, is a

species of degradation to which we, as Catholics, would never submit. Catholics are accused by Protestants of being degraded because they accept their faith from a divinely commissioned Church. When Protestants accept their religion from the State who will be the degraded then?

Another result of this raising of Cæsar above God will be the destruction of all religious liberty, and, as far as kingdoms go, the destruction of all the sects. Men will have to be of the state religion whatever that may be, willy nilly. This would be all very good, once it could be proved, that the State, as a religious teacher, had a divine mission, but failing that, men, that is rational men at least, will always doubt its right to compel obedience. Unity is all very good, when there is one single centre of unity, and that a divinely commissioned one; but this unity which modern progress wishes to enforce, will at best be a divided unity; divided into as many religions as there are States. There will be the Russian religion, the English religion, the French religion, and so on, through all the kingdoms of the earth. A somewhat divided unity truly; and when all is told, nothing but a State unity at that. How Protestants with their often vaunted religious liberty will consent to be dictated to by the State as to the religion they shall hold, and to do away with all religious toleration, we know not; but in doing so they will certainly stultify many long years of boasting, and will be accepting a religious intolerance, infinitely greater than that intolerance which they have so long and so frequently charged on the Catholic Church.

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.

On Saturday last we had the pleasure of visiting the residence of the Christian Brothers, which, of late has been greatly enlarged, by the addition of a new wing.

The buildings, as they now stand, occupy the block between Vitre and Lagacheuere Sts., and, though apparently very large, are quite too small for the number of devoted Brothers that are employed in educating the youth of this city.

The Novitiate, whence came the pioneers of the various establishments in connection with this order, that are to be found throughout this continent,—occupies the upper end, while a beautifully furnished school-house containing ten classes, runs at right angles to the other extremity. The remainder of the square extending back to Chenneville St., is tastefully divided into parterres.

While passing through the building we had the pleasure of seeing a "hot water" furnace, the work of our worthy citizen, Mr. Green. The dexterity manifested in the adjustment of the pipes, and the mechanical skill with which the brass works were finished, so attracted our attention that a careful examination of the furnace, and a scrutinizing inquiry was the result of our visit.

Rev. Bro. Servillan, who kindly conducted us through the buildings, gave us every opportunity of satisfying our curiosity.

The furnace is situated in the upper wing, and, though small in construction, can, some minutes after the fire has been started, diffuse a uniform heat of 75° throughout the establishment at large, or be concentrated to any particular department.

It is now over four years that the furnace has been in operation, and the Rev. Brothers have found it to answer in every particular both the promises of Mr. Green and their own expectations.

The superiority of this system over hot air is too well known and too universally acknowledged to require comment. We are sure that in a short time hence the "hot water" system will greatly monopolize.

Parties desiring to procure durable and efficient means of heating large establishments would do well to visit some of Mr. Green's works, which for mechanism and skill, are superior to anything of the kind we have yet seen.

We beg to felicitate Mr. Green on the success which has thus far accompanied his work, and with increase of years, we wish him increase of fame.

Yours, J. O'CONNOR.

THE PRINTERS' PIC-NIC.—On Saturday last the most successful pic-nic that has yet taken place on St. Helen's Island was given under the auspices of Typographical Union No. 97, (English.) Each boat that crossed over was loaded with human freight, and as the day was a fine one, and the ground dry, all seemed to enjoy themselves heartily. The amusements prepared were numerous and attractive. The St. Gabriel's band under the leadership of Professor Larue, played a well chosen programme of dances, and large numbers availed themselves of the opportunity and danced to their hearts content. A number of prizes were offered for competition, and a programme of races published for their necessary division. These races were also a great feature of the day, and the number of entries showed the interest taken. The racing was very good and all appeared pleased with the results. The race open to B Battery caused a great deal of pleasure amongst the members of Battery now on the Island, who desire to thank the Union for their kindness in thinking of them, and allowing them to participate in the day's amusement. At the conclusion the prizes were distributed by Mr. Hughes, each winner as he came up to receive his prize being loudly cheered. While the races were being held, a Base Ball match between the Caledonia and Union Clubs was in full operation on an other part of the Island, the winners to receive a handsome silver cup and silver presented by Hugh Graham, Esq. No disturbance arose to disturb the harmony of the day's pleasure on this pretty little Island where both old and young had congregated to breathe the fresh air and enjoy the various beauties of nature that abound on St. Helen's Island. There is scarcely another Island in the St. Lawrence in which there are so many kinds of beautiful scenery both of rock, woodland and water than can be found in this Island and all these were heartily appreciated and eagerly explored by all who were present. Another feature was the band provided by Father Salmon of St. Gabriel's. Point St. Charles, they were all clad in a very handsome uniform and during the passage across and many times in the afternoon on the Island, they played many popular airs. The return boats carried back to Montreal the pleasure seekers who although tired were happy and all were loud in praise of the pleasant day they had spent on the Island, and especially of the Union No. 97 for so carefully and happily arranging all things to further their pleasure.—Herald.

FATAL FIRE.—A CHILD BURNED TO DEATH.—About five o'clock yesterday afternoon, an alarm of fire was given at Box 58, situated at the corner of St. Matthew and St. Catherine streets. The whole fire brigade turned out, but after going to the end of St. Catherine street turned back, with the exception of

the steamer "Bertram," the western division reels, hook and ladder carriage, and salvage corps, which proceeded to the place indicated by the smoke and flames in Cote St. Antoine. On their arrival they found it to be one of the houses on Metcalfe Terrace, occupied by Captain Sweeney, paymaster of Her Majesty's pensioners, situated on Sherbrooke st., a short distance past the toll gate. The first greeting on arrival was, "My God, there is a boy in the loft! Save him for Heaven's sake." They at once proceeded to make the attempt to enter the burning building, but soon found that this was impossible without endangering other lives, and so they had to desist. The fire was occasioned by a son of Captain Sweeney named Frank, a fine, handsome little boy of 9 years of age, who had previously been engaged with his father in packing hay in the loft, and who had afterwards entered the stable for a bucket which had been used in salting it. It is supposed that the place being dark, he took a candle or match with him, and in lighting it set fire to the hay. His cries being heard his elder brother, Fielding, about 14 years of age, not knowing what was the matter rushed to his assistance, but the volume of smoke and flame that met him in the face, made it madness for him to proceed. All thoughts of the house or property were left to assist in getting out the boy but were of no avail. From the stable the fire spread to the sheds and house and all were speedily enveloped in the flames. It was not until this time that the firemen obtained sufficient water for the steamer, which then was got from a well or tank of Captain Baynes, and required over 1,400 feet of hose to be used before it could be carried to the fire. The first water obtained was used to quench the burning hay, so that the remains of the boy might be recovered, and before long Joseph Beaubien, guardian of No. 4 station, picked up all that remained of him, a headless, limbless trunk, possessing not the least resemblance to humanity, and, followed by a large number of people, brought it to a lawn on the other side of the road, wrapped it in a piece of clothing saved from the fire, and placed it in a small box. The loss by the fire, was considerable, so much interest being displayed in the safety of the child that very little effort was made to save the furniture and effects, until the arrival of the salvage corps, which, with assistance received from the neighbors, managed to save a considerable portion of the goods.—Witness, 25th July.

DISCOVERY OF IRON.—BELLEVILLE, July 23.—A very valuable deposit of hematite iron ore has been discovered on the farm of Mr. Richard Wolf, about four miles from Marmora village. This deposit is estimated to extend about a quarter of a mile in length. The ore is of superior quality and so situated as to be easily and cheaply mined. In the immediate vicinity is an extensive bed of magnetite remarkably pure and free from foreign admixtures. These mines are advantageously located in respect of facilities for transportation. The Grand Junction Road is already nearly completed from Belleville to Sterling, within eighteen miles of these deposits. The existence of other valuable mines in the vicinity and the intervening country makes the construction of a railroad to connect with the Grand Junction a matter of certainty. Such a road could be cheaply built, as the country is easy and level until the mines are reached, and when built it is estimated the ore can be shipped to Belleville for \$1 per ton. Active preparations for opening and working the Wolf mine are now going on.

Inasmuch as the last new thing from Europe in the way of fraud is pretty nearly as secure of reproduction here as the last new things in fashions, we will think it well to mention a recent incident in the life of the Rev. Edmond Holland, of Hyde Park Gardens, a fashionable street in the west end of London. On the afternoon of the 5th of May a woman called at house, and after a brief explanatory parley with the butler was admitted to the reverend gentleman's presence. She was quite unknown to him, but avowing her relationship to persons with whose respectability he was acquainted, stated that she was in a difficulty. Her father had desired her to send him £8 by that night's post, but unluckily she had received the letter too late to permit of her procuring a post office order. Under these untoward circumstances would Mr. Holland be kind enough to take her £8 and give her a check for that amount. Mr. Holland showing more of the dove than of the serpent, complied and the fair applicant retired to place the precious paper in the hands of her "young man," who promptly proceeded to attach "ty" to Mr. Holland's "eight" and "0" to the right of the numerical representation of the same on his check. But not being quite skilful enough in his manipulations to deceive the bankers, he consequently is "in trouble."

FORT GARRY, July 24.—In the Court Room to-day, while a point of the law was being argued on the question of bail, Mr. Royal, counsel for the defense, crowded Attorney-General Clarke too close, and the latter made a disgraceful exhibition of his discomfiture by turning suddenly from his desk and throwing a spit ball in Mr. Royal's face with the remark, "You are a dirty puppy." The Attorney-General was made to retract the insult immediately afterwards. The friends of the prisoner have hopes of a favorable decision from the Judge, although it is a matter of speculation. Clarke and his associates are leaving nothing undone which can possibly deepen the indignities heaped upon Americans. All strangers are watched with suspicion. The passions of the people are appealed to in every manner, and probability of an invasion from Minnesota is the common street talk. The following bulletin was circulated in the streets last night: "Right or wrong can law be enforced to-day; application for bail was made for the kidnappers. Mr. Cornish urged upon the Court that granting of bail was only putting a price upon the crime of kidnapping. The argument was closed. The presiding Judge, Mr. McKenzie, was driven home by Mr. Wilson, of Minneapolis. This may mean nothing, but we shall see. Canadians, be on the alert for the result. God save the Queen." Mr. Clarke's insult to the American consul has been forwarded to the British Minister at Washington. The citizens here generally sustain Taylor and censure Clark. Mr. McCorday will, tonight, before a notary, make an affidavit that young McKenzie did demand from him an additional fee of \$2,000 before proceeding with the case for the prisoner, as charged in the Tribune's account, and that he referred the case to Brackett, who refused to pay it.—From an American Source.

SHAFT PROP.—At the last meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a resolution was passed recommending the use of props when a vehicle is at a stand still. Alderman Alexander, who was present at the meeting, promised to press the matter before the City Council, as he had done on previous occasions. This pledge he has already redeemed and a by-law has been passed to that effect. It will henceforth be strictly enforced. The purpose of this regulation is to compel owners of carts, trucks, or other wheeled vehicles used for transportation of goods or other articles, to provide a moveable resting support under one of the shafts, to be used when loading or unloading, and whilst the horse is standing still. Persons not complying with this law will be liable to a fine of \$5 with costs, and, in default of immediate payment, an imprisonment for ten days.

Sorel has now an efficient system of water supply. The new waterworks were formally inaugurated the Saturday before last and will furnish an abundant supply for all purposes, while the pressure is such that a stream can be thrown a height of 100 feet at the rate of 150 gallons a minute. For this and other valuable improvements the city is indebted to its public spirited Mayor, Mr. Barthe, and the councillors who backed him.

THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER.—This nobleman has arrived in Canada with his eldest son, Viscount Mandeville. This is his first visit here, and he is thought to be well pleased with the quickness of his passage across the Atlantic, and his great good fortune at witnessing the fine scenery of the River St. Lawrence from Father Point and upwards. He has come here for the benefit of his health, which we hope will be thoroughly restored by his stay in this invigorating climate. His family name is Montagu and he is the son of the 6th Duke of Manchester; his mother was his father's first wife, the daughter and heiress of the late General Sparrow. He was born at Kimbolton Castle in 1823, and was married in 1852, to the Countess Dalkeith, who was Mistress of the Robes to the Queen from 1858 to 1859. He succeeded his father in 1855; was educated at the Military College, Sandhurst; became a captain in the Grenadier Guards in 1846, and retired in 1850. He was Aide-de-Camp to the Governor of the Cape from 1843 to 1846; a Lord of the Bedchamber to the late Prince Consort from February to December, 1852; appointed Major of the Hants Militia in the same year, and Major of the Hants Light Horse Volunteers in 1861; was M. P. for Bewdley from 1848 to 1852, and for Huntingdonshire from 1852 to 1855, when he became Duke of Manchester. He is the author of "A Court Society from Elizabeth to Anne." His ancestors have all been celebrated men. The first Earl was Lord Treasurer of England in 1620, and subsequently Lord Privy Seal; the second Earl was a distinguished General; the fourth Earl was an eminent diplomatist, and an active supporter of William III., who created him Earl of Manchester. He is President of the Colonial Society, which is established for the purpose of watching over the interests of the Colonies at home. His Grace is at present the guest of his Honour Lieut.-Governor Caron, where he will make a short stay.—Gazette.

FIRE IN CENTRE STREET.—At half-past eleven o'clock this forenoon, an alarm of fire was given from box 62, caused by fire in the wooden outbuildings in rear of No. 153 Centre street, beyond the city limits. The outbuildings or sheds, were partially destroyed, and a small house situated against one of the sheds had its gable end damaged by the flames. The property was owned by Thos. Gillies, clerk, and the occupant of the houses to which the sheds belonged were H. Desmarais conductor, and Flavien Richter. The tenant of the small house, whose gable was damaged, was Mrs. Michael Cardwell. She was out at the time, but her neighbors good naturedly removed a good many of her effects. Amongst those was a bed, and in it a purse containing \$10, the loss of which latter she was loudly lamenting, when Capt. McCrobie of the salvage corps handed to her, having picked it up from a pool of water. The fire is supposed to have been caused by boys playing with matches.—Witness, 25th July.

TWO FATAL ACCIDENTS.—Thomas Haynes, a young man employed on the Grand Trunk, while coupling cars at Point St. Charles several days ago, had an arm badly crushed; amputation was performed at the General Hospital, but he died yesterday. He was an Englishman, and unmarried. Walter Green, who was employed with Mr. MacLennan, merchant, was also seriously injured about the same time, a leg being crushed while working in the warehouse; erysipelas set in, and he died in consequence, yesterday, leaving a wife and several children, who, it is understood, have been removed to a benevolent institution on Berthelot street.—Star.

THE INEBRIATE ASYLUM.—The contract for the erection of the Hamilton Inebriate Asylum has been awarded to Mr. Donald Nicholson. The site will be staked off to-morrow, the excavations will be commenced immediately, and the erection of the superstructure as soon as the material can be placed upon the ground. The whole work will be pushed on to completion with energy and rapidity.—Hamilton Times, July 21st.

N. B. SCHOOL QUESTIONS.—The Halifax Church Chronicle (Protestant) says: "On the question itself, our sympathies are wholly with the advocates of religious Education. We can thoroughly understand, how tyrannical and oppressive they must feel that invasion of their rights of conscience to be, which requires them to pay largely to support a system of Education, dishonouring to God, and of which, from regard to their own and their children's souls, they cannot avail themselves. It is to us a matter of shame and regret, that, in this matter, it has been left to the Church of Rome alone to do battle in the cause of God and that she is the only one to claim for her children, schools from which the name and religion of Christ shall not be banished. We believe, that the spirit of the New Brunswick Education law and regulations is illiberal bigoted and persecuting. The petty sumptuary regulations, about the dresses and ornaments of teachers and school women, are calculated to irritate and insult the feelings of all Catholics. The language which Sir John MacDonald and Mr. Mitchell used, with reference to this legislation was not at all too strong."

HALIFAX, July 24.—The ball at Charlottetown, P. E. I., last night in honor of the Governor General and lady was a brilliant affair. The turnout was large. At four o'clock this morning His Excellency was escorted to the wharf by a torchlight procession. The people are greatly pleased with the Governor General and his Countess. The regatta at Charlottetown yesterday, passed off successfully. The Governor distributed the prizes and made a speech promising a silver cup to be competed for while he remains in Canada. The steamer Druid, with the Vice-Regal party on board, arrived at Pictou from Charlottetown this forenoon. The Governor General and Countess spent the afternoon in visiting the Albion and Acadia coal mines. His Excellency was determined to see all the works for himself and went down into both mines. Mr. Jesse Hoyt, of the Acadia Co., and Mr. Hudson, of the Albion, besides a number of the leading gentlemen of Pictou and New Glasgow, accompanied His Excellency on his tour of inspection. Although the visit was unexpected, there was a great display of bunting at Pictou and New Glasgow, and at the mines.—Lady Dufferin inspected the interior works at the coal mines while His Excellency was in the pits. The party returned to the steamer this evening, which, after coaling, sails for Halifax. The Vice-Regal party are expected here to-morrow night, but it is probable that they may delay, visiting the points of interest in the Straits of Canso. It is understood the official reception in Halifax will not take place before Wednesday. The officers of the Sixtieth Rifles intend getting up a ball in honor of His Excellency's visit, and the city and local Governments intend something of the same.

BREAKFAST.—EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may have many heavy doctors' bills.—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with Boiling Water or Milk. Each packet is labelled—"James Epps & Co. Homoeopathic Chemists, London."

MANUFACTURERS OF COCOA.—We will now give an account of the process adopted by Messrs. James Epps & Co., manufacturers of dietetic articles, at their works in the Euston Road, London.—See article in Cassell's Household Guide.

Sufferers from coughs, colds, bronchitis, croup, influenza or hooping-cough, will find relief in Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, which has now been in use for nearly half a century, and still maintains its long established reputation as the great remedy for all diseases of the throat, lungs and chest.

DIED. At 185 St. Antoine, street, on the morning of the 23rd instant, Harriet Fletcher, widow of the late James Brennan, Esq., aged 63 years. In this city, on Monday, 28th July, Daniel Clancy, aged 37 years. R. I. P.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED. St. Clare, Rev Z G \$2; Port Albert, E O' C, 2; Markham, W R, 2; St Helena, A McA, 2; Westport, Rev J O'D, 2; Lindsay, Mrs J H, 2; Grand Pabos, J M, 2; Collinsville, Conn, Rev B O'R S, 3.50; Bothwell, Rev P F, 2; Grenville, T J, 2; De Pere, Wis, W McI, 1.25; Smithville, T McK, 1. Per N McC, Ottawa—F G L, 2; Richmond, Rev M O' C, 2. Per L W, Ottawa—Self, 2; Thorne Centre, B McN, 2; Chelsea, T G, 2. Per P L, Escott—M B, 1; Farmersville, E K, 2; Lansdown, T Mc G, 1. Per Rev D O' C, South Douro—J C, 2.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS. Flour # bbl. of 196 lb.—Follards.....\$2.10 @ \$3.40 Superior Extra..... 0.00 @ 0.00 Extra..... 6.50 @ 6.60 Fancy..... 6.30 @ 6.40 Wheat, per bushel of 60 lbs..... 0.00 @ 0.00 Supers from Western Wheat [Wolland Canal]..... 0.00 @ 0.00 Supers City Brands [Western wheat] Fresh Ground..... 0.00 @ 0.00 Canada Super No. 2..... 4.75 @ 4.90 Western States, No. 2..... 0.00 @ 0.00 Fine..... 4.20 @ 4.30 Fresh Supers, (Western wheat)..... 0.00 @ 0.00 Ordinary Supers, (Canada wheat)..... 5.80 @ 5.90 Strong Bakers'..... 5.90 @ 6.25 Middlings..... 3.50 @ 4.10 U. C. bag flour, per 100 lbs..... 2.60 @ 2.62 City bags, (delivered)..... 2.90 @ 2.95 Barley, per bushel of 48 lbs..... 0.50 @ 0.55 Lard, per lbs..... 0.10 @ 0.11 Cheese, per lbs..... 0.00 @ 0.00 do do do Finest new..... 0.10 @ 0.11 Oats, per bushel of 32 lbs..... 0.32 @ 0.34 Oatmeal, per bushel of 300 lbs..... 5.40 @ 5.40 Corn, per bushel of 56 lbs..... 0.42 @ 0.51 Pease, per bushel of 56 lbs..... 0.85 @ 0.90 Pork—Old Mess..... 16.50 @ 17.00 New Canada Mess..... 17.50 @ 17.75

TORONTO FARMERS' MARKET. Wheat, fall, per bush..... \$1 15 1 25 do spring do..... 1 16 1 17 Barley do..... 0 69 0 61 Oats do..... 0 43 0 40 Peas do..... 0 60 0 61 Rye do..... 0 65 0 66 Dressed hogs per 100 lbs..... 7 00 8 00 Beef, hind-quarters per lb..... 0 07 0 08 " fore-quarters "..... 0 04 0 06 Mutton, by carcass, per lb..... 0 07 0 08 Chickens, per pair..... 0 25 0 50 Ducks, per brace..... 0 50 0 70 Geese, each..... 0 70 0 87 Turkeys..... 1 00 1 75 Butter, lb. rolls..... 0 18 0 20 " large rolls..... 0 14 0 15 tub dairy..... 0 14 0 16 Eggs, fresh, per doz..... 0 16 0 18 " packed..... 0 13 0 14 Apples, per bbl..... 2 00 3 00 Cabbage, per doz..... 0 40 0 50 Onions, per bush..... 1 00 1 19 Carrots do..... 0 55 0 60 Beets do..... 0 60 0 75 Parsnips do..... 0 60 0 70 Potatoes, per bag..... 1 00 0 70 Turnips, per bush..... 0 30 0 40 Hay..... 15 00 21 00 Straw..... 12 00 15 00

KINGSTON MARKETS. FLOUR—XXX retail \$8.00 per barrel or \$4.00 per 100 lbs. Family Flour \$3.10 per 100 lbs., and Fancy \$3.50. GRAIN—nominal; Rye 60c. Wheat \$1.10 to \$1.20. Peas 60c steady. Oats 38 to 43c. No change. POTATOES (old) are now selling at 50 per bag. Turnips and carrots 50 to 60c per bushel. New Potatoes \$1 to \$2 per bushel. BUTTER—Ordinary packed by the tub or crock; sells at 16 to 17c for lb; fresh selling on market at 20 cents this a.m.; 18 cents ruling price. Eggs are selling at 15 to 17c, also an advance. Cheese, 10c; in stores 13c. MEAT.—Beef, grass \$5 to 6.00; grain fed \$8 to 8.50 per 100 lbs.; Mess Pork \$19 to \$20; Mutton from 7 to 10c.; Lamb per quarter 90c to \$1. Veal 6c. HAMS, sugar-cured, 16 to 17c. Bacon 10 to 11c. POULTRY.—Turkeys from 75c to \$1.00 Fowls per pair 50 to 55c. Hay nominally, \$18 to \$20 a ton. Straw \$6.00. Wood selling at \$5.25 to \$5.50 for hard, and \$3.25 to \$3.75 for soft. Coal steady, at \$7.50 delivered, per ton. Soft \$8. HINS.—Market steady at former rates, \$6 for No. 1 untrimmed per 100 lbs. Wool, 30 to 33c for good Fleeces, price drooping. Calf Skins 10 to 11c.



THE REGULAR MONTHLY MEETING of the above CORPORATION will be held in the ST. PATRICK'S HALL (Toupin's Block), on MONDAY EVENING next, 4th Aug.

By order, S. CROSS, Rec-Sec.

Provincial Agricultural and Industrial EXHIBITION FOR 1873.

THE PROVINCIAL AGRICULTURAL AND INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION for 1873 open to the world, will be held in the CITY OF MONTREAL, on TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY, the 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th SEPTEMBER next, on the GROUNDS, MOUNT ROYAL AVENUE.

Prizes Offered, \$12,000 to \$15,000.

For Prize Lists and Blank Forms of Entries in all the Departments, apply to GEORGES LECLERE, Esq., Secretary of the Council of Agriculture, 63 St. Gabriel Street, Montreal; or to the Secretaries of County Agricultural Societies. Entries for Stock will not be received after the 30th of August and in the industrial Department not after the 6th September. The principal Lines of Railways and Steamboats will carry stock and articles for exhibition at reduced rates.

For further information apply to the undersigned, GEORGES LECLERE, Sec. of the Council of Agriculture. Aug. 1. 73

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

THE INTERNATIONALS.—PARIS, July 24.—Government has received information which it regards as trustworthy; that instructions have been issued from the head of the Internationals in London to subordinates in France to organize for a series of labor strikes throughout the Republic, to be carried into effect during the coming recess of the Assembly. Increased vigilance on the part of the local authorities is ordered, and the contact of soldiery with foreigners is prohibited.

Prince Frederick Charles of Germany has tendered Marshal Bazaine evidence in his favor on his trial for the surrender of Metz to the Prussian army. The Marshal, however, declines to permit the evidence to be introduced.

The Journal de Paris says the project of placing a Prince of the house of Hohenzollern upon the throne of Spain has not been abandoned. A number of discontented Carlist leaders and liberal unionists are said to favor the Hohenzollern candidacy. The Journal also says the Cure of Santa Cruz was proclaimed a rebel by Don Carlos for being concerned in this intrigue.

The Permanent Committee of the Assembly, to sit at Versailles during the recess of that body, is composed of 10 members of the Right and Centre, 7 members of the Left, and one Bonapartist.

The Duke d'Anmale has asked leave of absence from the Assembly for the purpose of presiding over the court martial which is to try Marshal Bazaine.

The bill authorizing the construction of the Church of the Sacred Heart, a grand Cathedral, on the heights of Montmartre, overlooking Paris, passed the Assembly to-day after an exciting debate, in the course of which much religious partisanship was evoked.

The expression of M. Ernoul, in the debate on the Ranc affair, "There shall be justice for all alike," is not to remain an empty threat against the Radicals. I have just learnt that the Government is preparing to bring before the tribunals the affair of M. Naquet and the cannon. I believe I am right in asserting that in addition to M. Naquet and his associates, Gambetta, too, will have to sit on the bench of the accused. We may be pretty certain, however, that if such is the case, M. Gambetta will be immediately taken with some illness that will necessitate his retirement to the rural seclusion of St. Sebastian. As for M. Steenackers, the law will have some unpleasant investigations to make about his celebrated pot-de-vein of 200,000 francs. Thus, then, the "Government of National Defence" will come to an inglorious end in the dock of the police-court.—Paris Cor. of Tablet.

THE PARAY-LE-MONIAL PILGRIMAGE.—Numbers of pilgrims from all parts of France recently assembled at Paray-le-Monial to pray to Heaven to "free the Pope, and make France, once more the ruling nation of Europe." The refrain of the hymn unceasingly chanted by the procession of pilgrims is:

"Dieu de clemence  
O Dieu vainqueur!  
Sauvez Rome et la France,  
Au nom du sacre coeur."

Gen. Charette appeared at the head of the Papal Zouaves, carrying the standard borne by them at the battle of Patay, and was received with enthusiasm.

Gen. Charette pronouncing an address, in which he said:

"It is our standard, and if it did not lead us to victory, it led us to honor. Our standard reposes to-day on the body of that saint to whom Jesus promised that France, the finest kingdom after heaven, should be regenerated when His divine heart was painted on our flag." &c.

The pilgrims all wore red crosses on the breast, which they had received before setting out on their journey, and which had been consecrated, as were the crosses of those who of old betook themselves to the Holy Land to wrest it from the infidels. Nine hundred and fifty banners were carried by the pilgrims.

MACMAHON AS AN ENIGMA.—France is more quiet now than she has ever been; none of the southern volcanoes—Lyons, Marseilles—has emitted a single flame. Where are the electors of Barodet? They work quietly in their ateliers; they stop at the photographers' windows on their way home, and instead of the grim and satirical face of M. Thiers, they study the enigmatic head of MacMahon, with his small, white moustache, and his placid expression. They know that this placid face can sometimes become terribly stern. The legend of MacMahon (for in his case, history has already become a legend) speaks to the imagination of the people, "Ah!" said Thiers once to some of his friends; "if I only had red trousers!" MacMahon entered Constantine on the day of the assault as a young lieutenant, one of the first. He conducted the column of the attack on the Malakoff Tower, and once in the bastion. Pelissier sent word to him that the bastion was to be mined. He answered thus: "J'y suis, j'y resterai." "I am here and will remain here." At Magenta, when the Emperor and his guard were on the point of being surrounded and made prisoners, the guns of MacMahon were heard. He had come without orders, he had turned a defeat into a victory. We find him again at Woerth, fighting with one corps against three German corps for a whole day, when he retreated to Chalons; and at Sedan, which was the last station of this way of Calvary, he was spared by fate—a shell struck him, and he could take no part in the last actions which preceded the capitulation. On his return from captivity, he found Paris in the hands of the Commune. He took it street by street; his army saved the Louvre and its treasures; ever since he has been living quietly at Versailles, organizing his new army, and almost every day spending a few

hours at the Assembly. How often have I watched him there, always sitting in the second row of his box, behind some sid-de camp and looking silently on the great sea of politics.

How is it that a secret force has suddenly brought all the Conservative forces to act in his favour? What does he represent? Who is he? What does he mean? In times of great civil troubles, orators, politicians and statesmen are soon worn out; and it always happens that there rises at the end some enigmatic man, who never spoke when everybody spoke, who made engagements with nobody, who never made any promises. MacMahon is this man; his strength lies in this; he is not understood; he has not been fathomed. Some will tell you that, born of a race of princes who once wore a crown in Ireland, he has an unlimited ambition; that he considers the old dynasty of France as worn out, and that he believes that monarchical France needs a new dynasty; some that he shares the Legitimist feeling of his wife, who is a Castries, and that he never will be satisfied so long as Henry V. is not on the throne. Others will tell you that he has never forgotten the personal kindness of Napoleon III., who made him Duke of Magenta, and that the division of the Bourbons and the Orleans fill him with disgust; that he means to be some day the protector of Napoleon IV.; that he hates above all the men who made a revolution in Paris when the Prussians were on French soil. But who knows really? MacMahon never kissed the Blarney stone; he keeps his own counsel, and has no advisers nor confidants.—Paris Correspondence of the Nation.

The stormy political fever in the crisis of which M. Thiers fell has been followed in France by a calm almost ominous in its profound stillness. The sensation created by M. Beule's attempt to "nobble" the Press was of singularly brief duration, while the prosecution of M. Ranc has disappeared into thin air owing to the wise resolve of the incriminated Communist, who, having fired a letter at the head of his foes, packed up his carpet-bag and joined the great colony of expatriated patriots who play dominoes in the cafes of Leicester-square and give a foreign air to the by-streets of Soho. The fact of the existence of this profound calm is the highest proof which could be given of the success of the MacMahon Administration. What France requires at present is repose—absolute repose—in which to bind up her wounds, to repair her losses, to resolve the many unsettled questions which distract her children and have no mercy on her peace. That repose the Administration of Marshal MacMahon has given to the country. The high personal character, the transparent fidelity, the unswerving honour of the Marshal, sooths the suspicions of a suspicious race, and banish all idea that he will attempt the role either of Cromwell or of Monk—that he will seek to increase his own power, or that he will conspire to place the crown of France on the head of any of the Princes who are now claimants for that dignity. The Republicans are satisfied with a Government which, though Provisional, is Republican; the Monarchists cannot quarrel with one which though Republican is only Provisional, and if one could forecast anything of a country so liable to sudden convulsions as France, it may safely be predicted that the present calm will be of some considerable duration. The Marshal has taken advantage of this calm to carry out three great reforms in the internal condition of France. The first of these is the restoration of Free Trade. The one redeeming point in the administration of the late Empire was its commercial policy. The Emperor was a sincere and ardent advocate of the theory of Free Trade. He was an intelligent and zealous disciple of Adam Smith and Richard Cobden; and he used his Imperial power to sweep away the narrow fetters in which Protectionism had bound the commercial life of France. M. Thiers, who is thoroughly wrong on the commercial side of his teeming brain, reformed some of the broken chains, and MacMahon is now engaged in again restoring that freedom to trade and commerce which produced the wonderful material prosperity of the Empire. The second task to the fulfilment of which the Marshal President has set himself, is the reconstruction of the army. We need scarcely say that the French military machine broke down in the most hopeless way during the recent war. The history of that struggle is, on the French side, a record of incompetent officers and mutinous soldiers—of a commissariat which supplied shoes made of brown paper, flour mixed with brick dust, and powder mingled with sand, of regiments who only existed on paper, and cannon which were more dangerous to the firer than the fired at. M. Thiers sought to reorganize the French army, but he was as conspicuous a failure as a military reformer as he was a brilliant success in the departments of Finance and Diplomacy. The duty of Marshal MacMahon is to endeavour to restore the military strength of France, and in the meantime his Presidency is the best gage for the peace of Europe, for he knows better than any civilian could know that the army of France is at this moment in worse plight for foreign war than it was on the day when the Prince Imperial received his *diapeme de feu*. The third and the most important task of the Marshal remains to be alluded to. The French Reds are, as was truly said in a recent debate in the Assembly, a sect and not a party. They are a sect engaged in a perpetual war against society, order, religion, liberty, property, the family, and good morals. During the confusion following the downfall of the Empire, they burst into the wildest excesses. Not to speak of the massacres and orgies of the Commune, in every French city the Reds distinguished themselves by stoning pilgrims, insulting the religious, and outraging churches. Above all, they found in the burial of men belonging to their sect grand opportunities for displays dangerous to peace and insulting to religion. In putting down these displays, in checking the ramifications of the Red conspiracy, the Marshal President has taken a course which ought to secure for his Government the good wishes of all honest men.—Freeman.

SPAIN.

REVOLT.—BARCELONA, July 24.—Gen Dommerie and 250 troops of this city have joined the Carlist forces.

THE CARLIST.—A Herald special dated Lecumburg, France, July 24, says Don Carlos, by the advice of his General, hesitated to advance on Pampeluna, and is waiting for a junction with the forces of Donagary. His whole force numbers 15,000 men, fully armed. Numerous French volunteers are arriving and demanding arms.

CAPTURED.—MADRID, July 24.—The Prussian frigate despatched by the German Consul in pursuit of the Spanish war steamer Vigilant, which was captured by the insurgents, overhauled her en route for Almaria, whither she was bound for the purpose of proclaiming that province an independent canton.

Senor Galves, a deputy to the Cortes, was in command of the Vigilant. The German Ambassador offered to deliver the captured vessel into the hands of the Government.

WAR MEASURES.—A despatch from the town of Figueras, Province of Gerona, says the gates of the city have been closed, the streets barricaded and the authorities were prepared for a defence against the

insurgents. A number of Carlists have been arrested and six priests, suspected of intriguing for Don Carlos, have been thrown into prison.

NEW GOVERNMENT.—Advices received from Carlist sources state that the minority in the Cortes intend to leave Madrid and go to Cartagena where they purpose establishing a separate government. They are endeavoring to induce Senor Pi y Margall to accompany them.

Don Carlos re-entered Spain on the night of July 16. He issued a proclamation invoking the help of the God of armies, declaring that, listening to the voice of suffering Spain, he comes to fight for God and his country, and concluding with the exhortation: "Volunteers! forward, and save dying Spain!" There was great enthusiasm among his followers when Don Carlos joined Valdespina and Lizama on Spanish soil.

Don Carlos has issued an order that the Cure of Santa Cruz be treated as a rebel. Col. Aizpura has taken command of the force which was formerly led by the Cure of Santa Cruz, and which now numbers 1,000 men.

ITALY.

The Ministry which took Rome from the Pope and persecuted the Church, and which suppressed the Religious Orders, was defeated and overthrown upon the day after its last act of oppression, and persecution was promulgated in Italy by a Royal Decree.

The prevalence of cholera in Venice is officially announced. Bulletins of the progress of the disease will be issued daily by the sanitary officers.

BIRTHS AND DEATHS.—From 9th to 15th June, births 113, deaths 154. The Prefect of the Province of Treviso (north of Venice) "invites" the attention of the Prefect of Rome to the appearance of cholera in Venetia, and the propriety of precautionary measures against the possibility of its arrival. Deaths from apoplexy have lately been frequent in Rome.—There has been the usual average of wounding and stabbing. Attempted suicides have been rather above the average, two fatal accidents, and one found drowned. The weather is now very hot, and we may say that the "summer has set in with its usual severity."

According to the Italian journal the *Unita Nazionale* the Pope's private fortune appears to be little larger than the temporal dominion that remains to him. His pontificate seems not to have added anything to his worldly wealth. All that he owns is his patrimony and the furniture of his private apartments in the Vatican. This furniture includes a large and very valuable collection of works of art. He has bequeathed nearly everything to the eldest son of his brother, Count Louis Mastai-Ferretti, the Count's child by a Princess of the Drago family.—Special legacies are left to distant relatives and to favorite servants.

An Italian Bishop, who had endured much persecution with a calm, unruffled temper, was asked how he attained such a mastery over himself. "By making a right use of my eyes," said he. "I first look up to heaven as the place whither I am going to live forever. I next look down upon the earth, and consider how small a space of it will soon be all that I can occupy or want. I then look around me, and think how many are far more wretched than I am."

THE HOLY FATHER AND THE JEWS.—It is well known that all the Infidel and so-called Liberal press in Italy is in the hands of the Jews, which in some degree accounts for its general hostility to Christianity. For instance, Jacob Dina, a Jew, conducts the *Opinione* ("official" if not official); M. Arbib directs the *Liberta*, organ of the so-called Moderate party; M. Levi, the *Nuova Roma*; and M. Artom, *l'Italia*. These papers have all been in pay of the Government, and if not official, they have all been the organs of official ideas. It is universally known that no Pontiff up to the time of Pius IX. ever treated the Jews with so much indignance, and it is certain no Pontiff has ever been so much insulted and maligned by them; nevertheless his feelings towards them are a proof of his inexhaustible charity. Last Friday the brothers Lemann, converted Jews, now priests of the Diocese of Lyons, were received in audience by his Holiness, who on seeing them exclaimed, "Ah, my sons, come here, and let us talk about the Israelites." "Holy Father," said one of the brothers, "Your Holiness, in one of your admirable discourses, said a little while ago: 'We should prostrate ourselves before God, as Jacob bowed himself before Isaac; and we, the sons of Jacob, come to bow ourselves before you who represent to us Isaac, who was the figure of Christ.'—'Ah, that is true,' said his Holiness, 'and I bless you as Isaac did; but thank God the Pope is not blind as Isaac was, and the Pope is not sick; your visit gives me much pleasure, my sons, because in these latter times the Israelites of Rome have given me much sorrow and affliction. They direct against me and against the Church all the bad journals of Rome.' 'Yes, Holy Father,' was the reply, 'many Israelites mixed up with the Revolutionary movement resembles, at this moment, St. Paul who went up to Damascus to persecute the infant Church.' 'They will fall from their horses'—but he added after a moment's pause, and in a gentle voice, 'let us pray for the poor Israelites, that they may be made partakers in the triumph of the Church,' and proceeded to recite in a very earnest manner the Collect of the Church on Good Friday.—Roman Cor. of Tablet.

GERMANY.

Prince Bismarck, though he is practically speaking the "guide, philosopher and friend" of half the Continental nations, and is rapidly edging himself into the same position as regards England, is beyond a doubt beginning to feel the force of the text that no man is a prophet in his own country. Careful study of German news, point to a decline in the Chancellor's home influence, in the weight which his opinion used to have in all German affairs, and even in the confidence and affection of the Emperor. Bismarck's blows at society as he found it, have been too general, and have wounded too deeply, not to raise a powerful opposition to the wielder of the weapon, and when that unholy old man—the Emperor William—goes to his account, the prime agent of all his crimes and wickedness will rapidly sink into insignificance. There are signs of it already.

In the sitting of the 16th ult., Prince Bismarck endeavored to frighten the Parliament in the manner of our Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, but with a very different result. Herr Lasker had said that hitherto they had been chiefly occupied in discussing the financial laws, but now they would concern themselves with the rights of the people. The Chancellor at once gave way to display of temper very foreign to his usual manner. "These," he said, "are the vexatious words in use in the old time of conflict, when the Government and the people were at variance concerning popular rights. Are the finance laws not laws of the people? Are not the people concerned in the erection of fortresses? Is not the Budget night a night set apart for the people? I and His Majesty the Emperor—here his pride led him to excel Wolsey, of whose *Ego et rex meus* so much capital has been made—"forbid you to monopolize that word 'people,' we forbid you to claim that right as your own!" All these straws indicate that Bismarck's power has culminated. Even now it is rumored that he is about to resign the Chancellorship of the Empire. Like all other unscrupulous ministers, his descent will be a rapid one. His very pride will accelerate his ruin. Other monarchs besides Tiberius have had their Sejanns, but their fall has been even more rapid than their rise. The aged Pontiff whom Bismarck has so long despised and plotted against may yet behold the downfall of the "man of blood and iron," as he has witnessed the overthrow of many other astute politicians who had done their utmost to let loose

the dogs of Revolution against the Church and to despoil her patrimony. Of one thing we are confident—whether Prince Bismarck's disgrace be yet distant or now impending, nowhere in Europe will he find sympathy. His treatment of nations that his policy has for the time laid prostrate cannot fail to steel the hearts of every civilized people against him.

"When he falls, he falls like Lucifer. Never to rise again."

—Catholic Opinion.

EXECUTION OF THE NEW PRUSSIAN LAWS.—The Prussian Government has just named the members of the Court of Ecclesiastical Appeals, which has been created by the recent Act. Of the eleven judges five are nominal Catholics, one of whom is Burgomaster von Forckenbeck, the Speaker of the Lower House. The new penal laws are being put into execution here and there, and the Archbishop of Cologne and his suffragan (qu. Vicar-General?) have been called upon to answer for having publicly excommunicated two priests for joining the new sects. We confess that we do not understand the force of the objection implied in the word "publicly." If a priest renounces Catholic doctrine, it is necessarily the duty of the superior pastor to warn the flock that his ministrations are no longer recognized by the Catholic Church as valid. But how is this to be done without a certain amount of publicity? The Prussian Government can scarcely expect that the Bishop should communicate the fact privately to every Catholic in his diocese.—Tablet.

ORTHODOX AND HETERODOX LEARNING.—The Berlin correspondent of the *Times* contained on Saturday a noteworthy admission. We have been told a great deal of the monopoly of learning and talent possessed in Germany by the sect which is in revolt against the Church. Now the correspondent is here discussing the possibility of the Episcopal Seminaries being forcibly closed, and the students driven out of them into the State Universities. In that case, he thinks, "a large number of new professorships would have to be created. In such an event," he goes on to say, "as learned anti-Infaliblist as scarce, it is pretty certain that more or less ardent supporters of the Pope would have to be appointed." So that after all it would appear, speaking generally, that the weight of learning is in the orthodox scale.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR DAUGHTERS.—We publish these sensible suggestions, clipped from an exchange, for the benefit of the parental portion of our readers:—

- Bring them up in the way they should go.
- Give them a good, substantial, common education.
- Teach them how to cook a good meal of victuals.
- Teach them how to darn stockings and sew on buttons.
- Teach them how to make their own dresses.
- Teach them how to make shirts.
- Teach them how to make bread.
- Teach them all the mysteries of the kitchen, the dining room and the parlor.
- Teach them that the more one lives within his income the more he will save.
- Teach them that the further one lives beyond his income the nearer he gets to the poor house.
- Teach them to wear calico dresses—and do it like a queen.
- Teach them that a round, rosy romp is worth fifty delicate consumptives.
- Teach them to wear thick, warm shoes.
- Teach them to foot up their bills.
- Teach them that God made them in His own image, and that no amount of tight lacing will improve the mode.
- Teach them, every day, hard, practical common sense.
- Teach them self-reliance.
- Teach them that a good, steady mechanic, without a cent, is worth a dozen oily-pated loafers in broadcloth.
- Teach them to have nothing to do with intemperate and dissolute young men.
- Teach them accomplishments—music, painting, drawing—if you have the time and money to do it with.
- Teach them not to paint and powder.
- Teach them not to wear false hair.
- Teach them to say no, and stick to it; or yes, and stick to it.
- Teach them to regard the morals not the money of their beaux.
- Teach them the essentials of life—truth, honesty, uprightness—then at a suitable time to marry.
- Rely upon it, that upon your teaching depends in a great measure the weal or woe of their after life.

A PIC-NIC.—This is the season of the year when pic-nics are most frequent. For real solid enjoyment we, for our part, much prefer a well-conducted funeral to an ordinary pic-nic. You generally reach the grounds about seven o'clock, and exercises begin with climbing a hill, up which you are compelled to carry two heavy lunch-baskets. When you reach the summit you are positively certain the thermometer must be nearly six hundred and fifty in the shade. You throw yourself on the grass; and in a few moments a brigade on black ants begin to crawl down the back of your neck, while a phalanx of ticks charge up your trowsers leg. And just as you jump up, your oldest boy, who has been out in the woods, where he stirred up a yellow-jacket's nest, comes in with his head and face swelled to the size of a waterbutck, conveying the information that your other boy, William Henry, is up a tree and can't get down. After laboring to release William Henry the thermometer seems to have gone up two hundred more degrees, and you will take a swim in the creek. While you are in the water, young Jones strolls out with Miss Smith, and unconscious of your presence they sit down close to your clothes, and engage in conversation for three-quarters of an hour, while you lie down in the shallow stream, afraid to budge and nearly killed with the hot sun!

When they leave you emerge and find that some wicked boy from the neighboring village has run off with your shirt and socks. You fix up as well as you can, and when you get back with the party they are eating dinner from a cloth laid on the ground. A spider is spinning a cobweb from the pickler to the little end of the cold ham; straddlebugs are frolicking over the pound-cake caterpillars are exploring the bread-plate, grasshoppers are jumping into the butter, where they stick fast, the bees are so thick around the sugar-bowl that they are afraid to go near it, and there are enough ants in the pie to walk completely off with it. You take a seat, however, determined to try to eat something, you get up suddenly—all at once as it were, for you have sat down on a briar. Then William Henry, who has quaffed an unreasonable quantity of lemonade, gets the colic, and his mother goes into hysterics because she thinks he is poisoned with poke-berries. You lay him under an umbrella, and proceed to climb a tree in order to fix a swing for the girls. After skinning your hands, tearing your trousers and ruining your coat, you get to the top, tie the rope and undertake to come down, on it. You do come down, with velocity, and your fingers are rubbed entirely raw. Just then it begins to rain furiously and the whole party stampedes to the depot for shelter. When the shower slackens you go back to the ground to get the rope, and just as you get up in the tree the owner of the places comes along with a gun and a dog, and threatens to blow your brains out and eat you up if you don't leave immediately. Then you come down again with celerity, and get over the fence as if you were in earnest. Coming home in the train all the passengers regard you, from your appearance, as an escaped convict, or a lunatic who has broken from his keepers; and when you reach your home you plunge into a shirt

cover your hands with court-plaster, and register a solemn vow never to go on another picnic. And we are with you; we never will either.

PROTECTION FROM CABRAGE WORMS.—A correspondent of the *New England Farmer* says he last year raised four hundred heads of cabbage. He started them in hot beds about the first of April, and transplanted them on a cloudy day as soon as the weather and soil were warm enough. The next day he put about a teaspoonful of salt around each plant, not minding all if it fell on the plant. This served to kill all the worms that might be in the soil. After the plants began to grow, he stirred the ground as possible, keeping it loose and friable. As soon as these pests, the butterfly which lays the egg that forms the green worm, appeared, he got half a pound of saltpetre, one fourth of a pound of copperas, and dissolved in half a hoghead of water. With this solution he watered the plants after each raid of the butterflies, which occurred three times during the summer, and by this means saved his cabbage from the worms—not losing a plant. This method would not be very difficult or expensive, and perhaps some of our readers may be disposed to try it the coming season.

TO KEEP HAMS IN SUMMER.—Cut in slices and trim off the rind and outside; fry it about half as much as you would for the table. Pack it tightly in jars; pour over it the fat that has been freed out of it; close the jar tight, set it in a cool place, and when used, give it a second frying before serving up.

In Cincinnati, there were seven cholera deaths on July 1st, and in St. Louis, one death on the same day. Two at Gallatin, Tennessee. The last report from Chattanooga states that there had been five deaths from cholera on Monday. The disease had also appeared along the line of the State rail road in Georgia. There were five cholera deaths in Paducah on Monday last. The disease had also appeared in Evansville, where (says the *Vincennes Sun*) it "is making inroads." Several cases have appeared in St. Louis and vicinity. From this, it would seem to be gradually nearing our own city.—St. Paul N. W. Chronicle.

On a recent trip of one of the Illinois river packets, a light draught one, as there were only two feet of water in the channel, the passengers were startled by the cry of "Man overboard!" The steamer was stopped and preparations were made to save him, when he was heard exclaiming, "Go ahead with your old steamboat! I'll walk behind!"

It is no wonder that invalids lose faith in all specifics, when so many worthless medicines are advertised for the cure of various diseases; but which, when tried, are "found wanting." We have yet to learn, however, of the first failure of *Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry*, to cure coughs, colds and pulmonary diseases.

THE HOUSEHOLD PANACEA AND FAMILY LINIMENT is the best remedy in the world for the following complaints, viz.: Cramp in the Limbs and Stomach, Pain in the Stomach, Bowels or Side, Rheumatism in all its forms, Bilious Colic, Neuralgia, Cholera, Dysentery, Colds, Fresh Wounds, Burns, Sore Throat, Spinal Complaints, Sprains and Bruises, Chills and Fever, Purely Vegetable and All-Healing. For Internal and External Use. Prepared by CURTIS & BROWN, No. 215 Fulton Street, New York, and for sale by all druggists.

P. T. BARNUM TO THE PEOPLE.—A humor—originating with, and industriously circulated by unscrupulous showmen,—having gained some credence, that I would divide my Great Traveling Exhibition on leaving Boston, I beg to state that such an idea has never been entertained for a moment. The vast enterprise,—involving a cost of one million five hundred thousand dollars,—is the crowning event of my managerial life, and, although acting against the advice of many experienced showmen, I shall adhere to my determination to keep the monster combination intact during the entire season.

The public's obedient servant,  
P. T. BARNUM.

WANTED

By an experienced and competent Professor of Latin, Greek, English and French, a situation either now, or on the 1st September. Highest testimonials as to ability and moral rectitude.

Address "Prof," *True Witness Office*.

ACADEMY OF THE SACRED HEART,

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TERMS:

Boards and Tuition for the Scholastic year, \$150. Piano, Vocal Music, Harp, German, &c., are extra. For further particulars apply to the 48-2m LADY SUPERIOR.

5,000 AGENTS WANTED.—Samples sent free by mail, with terms to clear from \$5 to \$10 per day. Two entirely new articles, saleable as flour. Address, N. H. WHITE, Newark, N.J.

A SURE CURE FOR CATARRH.

Instantaneous relief guaranteed to any one afflicted with catarrh or cold in the head, by using Dr. Williams' (the noted Indian doctor) cure for Catarrh, (a vegetable remedy, prepared from roots and gums.) One box will cure the worst case—has cured cases of 25 and 30 years standing. It cures when every other remedy fails. Sent by mail for \$1.00. Williams' Proprietary Medicine Company, Sole Manufacturers and Proprietors, Pittsburgh, Pa., U.S.A., P. O. Box 1236. 45-3m

A SURE CURE FOR THE PILES.

Dr. Williams, the noted Indian Physician, has discovered a positive cure for the blind, bleeding, itching and ulcerated piles, (a powerful healing Vegetable Ointment.) One box is warranted to cure the worst case. Not one single failure in five years. Sent by mail, securely sealed from observation, for \$1.00. Those who now suffer with the loathsome disease should suffer if they don't use Dr. Williams' Remedy. Williams' Proprietary Medicine Company Sole Manufacturers, Pittsburgh, Pa. U. S. A. P. O. Box 1236. 45-3m

PUBLIC NOTICE

Is hereby given that the undersigned, Tutor to the minor children of the late Joseph Deschamps, in his lifetime of the Parish of Ste. Anne du Bout de l'Isle, Blacksmith, and of the late Basile Charlebois, his wife, has been this day duly authorized, in his said quality, to accept the estate of the said deceased, and also of the late Joseph Olivier Deschamps, brother of said minors, under benefit of Inventory. Montreal, 4th July, 1873. ANDRE CHARLEBOIS.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of F. X. BENOIT, of Somerset, Insolvent. A dividend sheet has been prepared, open to objection, until the 5th day of August next, after which dividend will be paid. G. H. DUMESNIL, Assignee. Montreal, 19th July, 1873. 49-2w

**INFORMATION WANTED.**  
OF PETER OSSELIN, aged about 38, and who during the Summer of 1872, was employed as a sailor on Lake Superior. Any information would be thankfully received by his Father, ANTHONY OSSELIN Lafontaine, P. Q., Ontario.

**WANTED.**  
A first class teacher will be open for an engagement on the 1st of September or sooner if required. Would prefer teaching classics and French. Best of references. Address "Tutor" True Witness office.

**WANTED,** a R. C. Teacher to teach English and French in an Elementary School,  
Apply to  
C. BARSALOU,  
CALUMET ISLAND.

**WANTED—A TEACHER** for a French and English School. A liberal salary.  
JOHN HANNON, Sec.-Treas.  
St. Canut, P. Q.

**INFORMATION WANTED,**  
OF DENIS MALAN, a native of the County Limerick, Ireland, aged about 40 years. When last heard of was working on the Grand Trunk Railway, at Standford, P. Q.  
Any information would be thankfully received by his sister, Johanna Kennedy, Warwick, P. Q. 3-43

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

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**BRANCHES**  
Have been Opened in  
**St. Joseph Street, No. 396,**  
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**DEPOSITS** from Five Cents to Two Thousand dollars will be received, but re-payments will be made only at the Head Office,

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Another Branch will shortly be opened in the neighborhood of St. Jean Baptiste Village.

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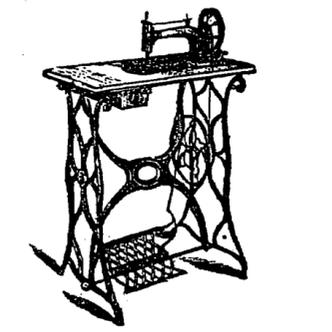
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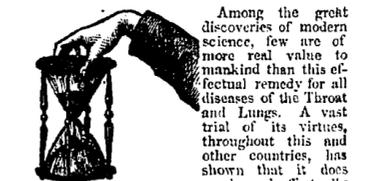
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