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# The True Witness,

AND

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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NO. 37.

## FLORENCE O'NEILL, THE ROSE OF ST. GERMAINS, OR, THE SIEGE OF LIMERICK.

By Miss AGNES M. STEWART, author of the "World and Cloister," "Life in the Cloister," "Grace O'Halloran," &c.

(From the Catholic Mirror.)

### CHAPTER XXIII.—THE DUKE OF TYRCONNELL, AND SARFIELD, LORD LUCAN.

It is a soft, summer night, serene and peaceful, all nature is hushed, the moon-beams play on the surface of the waters, and light up the flowery dells and glades around Limerick. Not a sound is heard for a few brief hours, when preparations will be made for the coming strife.

There was much suffering within the city. The foremost to relieve and succor, out of her own store, was the brave woman, Catherine O'Neill, who had in her own heart something of the spirit of her kinsman, Sarsfield.

\* This worthy general, now Lord Lucan, for King James had sent him the patent of an earldom, had, together with Lord Tyrconnell, put the town in a state of defence, and had induced the officers and soldiers to make oath that they would defend the rights of James to the last. But in spite of this oath, there were factions and desponding spirits whose whole thoughts were bent on a treaty with the Dutch King.

On the night in question, Tyrconnell and Sarsfield held a conference with a few of the chief officers, amongst whom were the notorious Colonel Luttrell, Sir Reginald, now Major St. John, and Major Sheldon Sarsfield, who was a man of commanding stature. The expression of his countenance was one of determination; he possessed all the qualities necessary for the onerous position he occupied.

Factional spirits were, however, within the camp, and it required all his influence amongst those whom he commanded, to tame them into submission.

"What is to be done," exclaimed Colonel Luttrell, who was at the head of the despondents, "money has been ordered to be sent from France. But how are we to wait, reduced, as we are, to the greatest extremity. The discontent of the army will increase, and capitulate in spite of us, my lords," he added, addressing the General and the Lord Lieutenant.

This thought had likewise crossed the minds of them to whom he spoke, averse as they were to entertain such an idea.

"Do not let us dream of capitulation whilst we are still in a position to wield a sword," said Sir Reginald. "The men are becoming discouraged, it is true, on account of the extremities to which they are reduced, but they are still faithful. Nay, I believe one-third of William's army would come over to us, as Lord Tyrconnell said months since, could we but give them each a trifle of money and maintain them afterwards."

"But you see, Major St. John, we cannot support the troops we have, much less find money to obtain others," said Luttrell, in a sarcastic tone of voice. "I have maintained all along, and do so still, finding the French King so slow in sending supplies, that I believe the end of it will be capitulation, though I see perfectly well that few are of my opinion."

"Have patience yet twenty days," said Tyrconnell. "We shall know by then if we act in accordance with the king's wish in laying down our arms."

His request was assented to, but the impatient and treacherous Luttrell entered into secret negotiations with the commanding officer of William's troops, enquiring what conditions would be granted in case they submitted.

Sarsfield, ever full of zeal in the service of James, found out the treacherous correspondence that was being carried on.

A few mornings after this conference, he observed a young man, evidently a stranger, loitering about with a letter in his hand, and looking as if in search of some one.

"Whom do you want, friend?" said Sarsfield, observing that he was a stranger, and an Englishman.

"Colonel Luttrell, your honor. The letter is from General Ginckle's quarters," and the man touched his hat as he spoke.

"It is right, friend; tell your master it has fallen into safe hands," exclaimed Sarsfield, taking the letter, and in the greatest agitation, making his way to Tyrconnell.

Thus this letter, intended for Luttrell, fell into the hands of Sarsfield. It was read by the latter and Tyrconnell, and proved to be part of a secret and treacherous correspondence with the enemy. Luttrell was at once tried by a court-martial, and then put into prison.

It often happens that the body, enfeebled with age and infirmity, yields or succumbs, whilst the mind remains, in full vigor, thus it was with Tyrconnell. He and the brave General Sarsfield had had many points of difference, but were now on terms of agreement together. Little did either of them imagine on that night, when the conference was held, in the beginning of the second week of August,

that on the feast of St. Lawrence, the gallant Tyrconnell would receive his death stroke.

Latterly his every thought had been given to the approaching contest, and how to make it a decisive one in favor of the late king, together with earnest endeavors to calm turbulent and factious spirits, to a certain degree, aided by Sarsfield who was deservedly beloved. He had succeeded, but the strain on the duke's mind had been too great for his failing strength and advancing years.

On the morning of the Feast of St. Lawrence he heard Mass. On his return home he fell back in his chair, seized with a fit of apoplexy; he recovered his senses and his speech, but only to languish for two days, when he expired in the midst of the calamities he had been striving to overcome.

### CHAPTER XXIV.—THE BESIEGED CITY.

Immediately after his death, the troops of the Dutch King proceeded to within five miles of the city. The negotiations with Luttrell made them deem unnecessary to bring their cannon, but the French officer entrusted with the command by Sarsfield, ordering troops into the town on the Clare side, Ginckle prepared for a formal siege, and waited for his artillery.

Five days of suspense for the inhabitants of the besieged city, and then the troops of the usurper William put themselves before the place.

Days of sorrow for Limerick, though ended by a treaty advantageous and honorable, had its terms been kept by the English.

Alas, for the horrors and calamities of war, when famine and carnage walk hand-in-hand through the land, laying desolate and ravaging its fairest spots. When rapine and sacrilege, and wholesale murder are perpetrated, and made just in the eyes of those who commit them, because it is the time of war.

There was a brave woman in Limerick, whose youth, and strength, and health had all passed away, for even middle age was on the wane. In the midst of the horrors, when terror-stricken women pressed their little ones to their bosoms, and the young and the tender wailed for bread, she was in the midst of them. Bombarding had commenced, shells were falling thick and fast, churches and houses became a wreck to the fury of the assailants, and many a till then flourishing homestead, was laid in ruins. In one of these doomed houses was Catherine O'Neill, speaking words of comfort to a knot of helpless women and still more helpless babes. Thick and fast came the dropping shells, and in this house the cousin of Sarsfield met her death with some half-dozen of her female friends, and their helpless children clustered around her.

At last a breach is made where stands the old Abbey of St. Dominick, and even then the garrison, better prepared than they supposed the army of William, were on the point of abandoning the undertaking, when by the scandalous neglect, to give it no harsher name, of Clifford, one of James' English officers, William's troops were allowed to make a bridge of boats, and thus to pass their horses and dragoons across the Shannon, and so cut between the Irish horse commanded by Sheldon and St. John, and the town itself.

Sarsfield bit his lips in almost uncontrollable anger, for having foreseen this danger, he had given Clifford fifteen hundred dragoons to oppose any such attempt, he having the camp within two miles of him, and the town within three.

"Ruined, undone by folly and treachery combined," exclaimed Sarsfield, when this wretched tidings was brought to him. "Instead of giving opposition, or even noticing what was being done, has he positively suffered our enemy to make a bridge under his very eyes."

Sheldon and St. John were alike dismayed; the first they knew of the attempt was that William's troops had actually passed, and that Clifford was retreating towards them.

Furious at this scandalous neglect, and foreseeing the consequences which were certain to result from it, all they could do was to stop the besieging army at a pass, till they could gain the mountains with their horse dragoons, and so make way to Six Mile Cross.

Literally fighting their way through the troops of the usurper, the little party of men under St. John and Sheldon at last accomplished their object, but not being able to remain, were ordered back toward Clare. And now the great body of horse and dragoons have passed over their bridge of boats, and present themselves before Thomond Gate.

Leading, as it were, a forlorn hope, one brave officer, Colonel Lacy, with a small body of 700 men, disputed their approach bravely. Like lions, did he and his little party fight, but the odds are against them, the valiant Lacy is overpowered, not by bravery or courage, but by the mere force of superior numbers, and a constant supply of fresh men on the part of his assailants. Again he and his little band of stout Milesian hearts rally, and repossess themselves of the ground from which they had been driven, but the odds are still against them, and unable to resist they make towards the gate.

Alas, alas, for that brave little band that day

cut to pieces at Thomond Gate, the craven-hearted mayor of the town, fearing the English would enter, dared to shut it against his own people, and the greater part of that devoted little party were butchered in cold blood.

Despair seized upon the general officers, the enemy was between them and the horse, which would perish for want of provender. How could they hold out without horse or dragoons, or if they raise the siege; where are their means of feeding the fort?

"Propose a treaty," said Monsieur de Usson and other French officers, but the Irish officers are mindful of their oath. Until the bishop and divines of Limerick remind them, that blocked up as they were on every side, and thus unable to hear from the king should his answer even come, it was impossible for them to keep to the letter of their oath.

Sarsfield beheld the forts taken and their condition desperate, yet he had the courage to insist on, and the dexterity to obtain articles not only for the security of the people of Limerick, but also for the whole of Ireland. Consulting the honor and advantage of his royal master James, in getting leave for his men to go, and even ships to transport them into France, should they still desire to follow his fortunes and adhere to his service, which with those who had gone previously, clinging to the fortunes of the ex-king brought, from first to last nearly 30,000 men into the Kingdom of France, 12,000 men chose *à ou* rather to undergo exile from their native land, than submit to the government of the Dutch usurper. Nowhere, indeed, had the ill-fated James more staunch supporters than his Irish subjects.

But vainly can we attempt to describe the embittered feelings of the Earl of Lucan and his faithful followers, when, a very few days later, the dawn of the early morning showed them a French fleet on the coast, comprising eighteen ships of the line, with 30,000 arms, and also stores of provisions and ammunition.

Assistance so near, and yet they had been compelled to yield. The feeling in the mind of Lucan and the more intrepid and earnest of his followers was, that but for impatient and factious men like Luttrell, the kindly aid of the magnificent Louis would not have proved ineffectual.

### CHAPTER XXV.—THE MINIATURE.

Ghastly sights met the eyes of Lord Lucan after the capitulation. The remains of his heroic cousin, lying amongst the dead, filled his heart with poignant grief; and he stood some time, lost in his melancholy thoughts, beside her remains and those of the little ones who had fallen by her side, when the voice of his faithful servant Dennis aroused him.

The poor honest-hearted fellow could scarcely speak for emotion. At last, after two or three inarticulate efforts, he managed to say:

"Arrah, thin, General dear, the murtherous Saxons have done black work, bad cess to them for that same; but I come to tell ye there's one English officer, Major St. John, just after dying, as I may say, and he begs to see ye, General; he is mortal bad, and has had two ugly wounds. He keeps saying, 'Fetch me the General, and I tell you his spirit can't go in peace till he sees you.'"

"Come with me, Dennis, and show me where he is; I will go to him at once."

Dennis led the way to the hospital, in which extra beds were being hastily improvised. All around lay the wounded and the dying, their white faces looking ghastly, as though already the life had departed.

On a low settle bed lay Sir Reginald, grievously wounded in the right arm and left shoulder. He was rambling incoherently when Sarsfield approached his couch. A surgeon, assisted by a Sister of Charity, was binding up his wounds.

He was talking of his early English home, of the happy scenes of childhood, forever gone—

"Yet who for power would not mourn,  
That he no more must know;  
His fair red castle on the hill,  
And the pleasant lands below."

These beautiful lines, of one of our English bards, might well answer for such as Sir Reginald St. John.

But as Lord Lucan listens he discovers that the incoherent wanderings of St. John are not the mere ramblings of delusion, for words like these fell from his lips:

"Yes, it was all my fault; I took Benson to the Grange, I induced her uncle to go to London. But for my sin and folly in that matter, my Florence, my betrothed one, would never have been seen at the hateful Mary's court."

"Aye, a light breaks upon me, then," thought Lord Lucan; "you have done mischief. Major, now I can account for that which has perplexed me—the reason of your sad, dejected countenance and constant fits of abstraction. It was through you, then, my kinswoman, Florence, has got about that thrice accursed court."

The good General, however, kept down all expression of what he really felt, and bending his ear low so as to catch the words which fell in broken sentences, and taking the cold hand

of St. John within his own, he lent an attentive ear to what he thought the last injunctions of a dying friend.

"Will you give my Florence this—and this?" he murmured, giving Sarsfield a small miniature of himself, set with diamonds, together with an unsealed letter.

"On my faith as a soldier and a gentleman, I promise to do as you request," replied Sarsfield, much moved.

"That letter I wrote lest I should fall in battle," he resumed. "It begs her to forgive the folly which my loyalty to William led me to commit; for, but for me, she had never been at the court of Mary. It begs her to think with tenderness of my memory, when she looks upon that likeness, if I die; and if I live, it releases her from the engagement she has made to one whom the Prince of Orange has made an outlaw and a beggar. Tell me, once more, my lord, will you undertake—to promise, that in some way my Florence shall—shall surely have these tokens of—of our betrothal, and—"

But St. John had lost all power to proceed. The cold fingers which had tightly grasped Sarsfield's hand relaxed their hold, a pallor like that of death overspread his face, and his head fell heavily on the pillow.

"Is there any hope, think you?" said Lord Lucan, addressing the surgeon.

"Very little, my lord; the gentleman has been badly wounded. I would be sorry to give an opinion at present, but it is a very bad case; it is more than probable it will prove a fatal one."

Lord Lucan carefully placed the letter and miniature in his breast pocket, resolving to carry them with him to France, as amongst the ladies at the exiled court there might probably be one who could undertake, through her friends, to transmit the packet safely to Florence. He then visited the beds of other officers, as well as of the men who had received severe wounds at the hands of the enemy, and ended the painful duties of a very melancholy day, assembling those under his command, exhorting them to peaceable and quiet living, and inquiring into the number of the men who intended to become exiles rather than submit to the usurper's yoke.

### CHAPTER XXVI.—THE SHADOW OF THE GRAVE.

It is a lovely evening in Autumn, that season of the year in which the bright green foliage of Summer gives place to those varied tints which constitute the chief charm of woodland scenery.

The queen and her court are at Kensington, the king's favorite palace, he being daily expected in England; and as the baronet's health had not improved sufficiently to allow of his return to Morville, the proximity of his house to the palace gave Florence the opportunity of frequently visiting him.

On one of these visits he surprised her by handing to her a small packet. It had reached the baronet's hands through a private channel, and from their renowned kinsman, Sarsfield, Lord Lucan.

Florence grew red and white by turns, as, with cold and trembling fingers, she untied the silken ribbon that fastened the packet.

The first letter she opened was from Lord Lucan. It ran as follows:

MY DEAR FLORENCE:  
In compliance with the request of a brave officer, who has been fighting under my command, I transmit to you the enclosed. I also beg, at the same time, to acquaint you with the death of your aunt, the amiable and beloved Catherine O'Neill. She was killed by a shell falling on her house whilst the town was bombarded, at a moment in which she was actively engaged in comforting and helping those who had blocked around her.

I am glad to tell you that the writer of the enclosed letter, written by him several weeks since, is pronounced out of danger. As soon as he recovers sufficiently to travel, he will accompany me to St. Germain.

I must not forget to add that all cousin Catherine's wealth is bequeathed to yourself.

I hope, my dear Florence, that the day is not far distant when I shall have the pleasure of assisting at your nuptials with one who was the best and bravest of my late officers.

I remain, dear Florence,  
Your affectionate Cousin,  
LUCAN.

Well did Florence remember that good aunt of her's, and tears fell to that memory long before she had reached the end of her letter.

Then Florence unfolded a sheet of paper containing a few hastily written lines, of the purport of which the reader is already aware. Within them was wrapped the miniature, a welcome *souvenir* indeed.

She sat still a long while pondering over the contents of that last letter, and angry with herself, after all, that any thought should distract her from sorrow at the sudden and violent death of her aunt.

Of course Sir Reginald had been long since forgiven; had he not perilled his life in fighting for the cause of King James? She had riches enough for both, notwithstanding his confiscated estates; but the trouble now would be to escape from her present thralldom. She had no hope of being able to do so even had she been this moment free. Could she leave that aged man, whose days were fast drawing to a close, and who was clinging to her as a father to a beloved child.

"I will leave them with you, uncle dear," she said, kneeling by his bedside, and placing the letters and miniature in his hand; "you will take care of them for me. It is hard to part with them, but I dare not have them at the palace under my care. Is it not hard to bear this restraint? What right has the queen to keep me there against my will?"

"No right, my child, but by her power. Moreover, I fancy she is as much attached to you as she can be to any one."

"The queen cares for no one but her husband, uncle. But, hark, there is the sound of carriage wheels; it tells me my time is up. Farewell, my own dear uncle, till to-morrow. I shall come and see you every day whilst I am in Kensington."

On her return she was summoned to attend the queen. After a few common-place remarks respecting the health of her uncle, the queen said:

"Do you remember Count Von Arnheim, a very handsome young officer, high in favor of the king? He holds a very honorable post at the Hague, and accompanied the king to England on his last visit hither."

"Yes, madam, I do remember such a person slightly."

"The king has formed intentions respecting him which we mutually hope will not be displeasing to our *protégé*, Florence O'Neill. The Count has a fine estate near the Hague, and as he is a favorite of the king's, I need not tell you that his interests will be cared for."

Florence sat like a statue, pale and speechless, whilst the queen delivered this tirade. When the queen paused:

"Madam," she said, "I beg the king and yourself to accept my grateful thanks for your kind intentions, but I cannot marry Count Von Arnheim."

"Not marry him, and why? He is handsome, amiable, and wealthy. Surely you are not encouraging any further attachment to the traitor St. John?"

"Spare me, gracious madam," said the girl, rising, and then leaning against a chair for support; "I have no intention to marry; it is impossible for me to wed the Count."

"The king will be displeased that you should reject an alliance which we have thought well of. Still more, should he deem that you persist in your rejection of the Count because you encourage still an attachment for the outlaw St. John. With no friends in England but your uncle, who will not tarry long, it is something worse than foolish to refuse overtures which the king and myself consider it will be for your advantage to accept."

"It is simply impossible, your Majesty, that I can ever marry Count Von Arnheim."

"I see well how it is," replied the queen; "also, that I have pressed the matter too much. The Count is coming here along with the king in a few weeks; you will overcome this reluctance."

"Madam, spare me any overtures on the part of the Count," said Florence; "my mind will remain unaltered; I shall never marry him."

"I see that you are obstinate," was the reply. "Time effects great changes. Before very long you may be as anxious to complete this match as you are now violently opposed. Obstinance is the prevailing characteristic of the dispositions of certain members of my own family. It is that of my own sister, and her positiveness in retaining those mischievous favorites of hers, the Marlboroughs, are a proof of it. She will have to yield, and so will you."

(To be Continued.)

## IRELAND'S VINDICATION.

REV'D. FATHER BURKE'S GREAT LECTURE.

"The History of Ireland, as told in Her Ruins."

(From the N. Y. Irish American.)

(CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.)

Then came, almost at the very moment of Ireland's conversion and Ireland's abundant monasticism, embodied, as it were, and sustained by that rule of St. Columba which St. Patrick brought into Ireland, having got it from St. Martin of Tours,—then came, at that very time, the ruin and the desolation of almost all the rest of the world. Rome was in flames; and the ancient Pagan civilization of thousands of years was gone. Hordes of barbarians poured, in streams, over the world. The whole of that formerly civilized world seemed to be falling back again into the darkness and chaos of the barbarism of the earliest times; but Ireland, sheltered by the encircling waves, converted and sanctified, kept her national freedom. No invader profaned her virgin soil; no sword was drawn, nor cry of battle or feud resounded through the land; and the consequence was, that Ireland, developing her schools, entering into every field of learning, produced, in almost every monk, a man fitted to teach his fellow-men and enlighten the world (cheers). And the whole world came to their monasteries, from every clime, as I have said before; they filled the land; and for three hundred years, without the shadow of a doubt, history declares that Ireland held the intellectual supremacy of the civilized world (renowned applause). Then were built those groups of seven churches, here and there; then did they fill the land; then, when the morning sun arose, every valley in blessed Ireland resounded to the praises and the matin-song of the monk; then the glorious cloister of Lismore, of Armagh, of Bangor, of Arran arose; and, far out in the Western Ocean, the glorious chorus resounded in praise of God, and the musical genius of the people received

its highest development in hymns and canticles of praise (cheers). For three hundred years of peace and joy it lasted; and, during those three hundred years, Ireland sent forth a Columba to Iona; a Virgilius to Italy; a Romauld to Brabant; a Gaul (or Gallus) to France;—in a word, every nation in Europe,—even Rome itself,—all acknowledged that, in those days, the light of learning and of sanctity beamed upon them from the holy progeny of saints that Ireland, the fairest mother of saints, produced, and sent out to sanctify and enlighten the world.—(renewed cheers). And, mark you, my friends: these Irish monks were fearless men. They were the most learned men in the world. For instance, there was one of them,—at home he was called Fearghal, abroad he was called Virgilius; this man was a great astronomer; and, as early as the seventh century, he discovered the rotundity of the earth, proclaimed that it was a sphere, and declared the existence of the antipodes. In those days everybody thought that the earth was as flat as a pancake; and the idea was, that a man could walk as far as the land brought him, and he would then drop into the sea; and that if he took ship then, and sailed on to a certain point, why, then he would go into nothing at all (laughter). So, when this Irish monk, skilled in Irish science, wrote a book, and asserted this, which was recognized in after ages, and proclaimed as a mighty discovery, the philosophers and learned men of the time were astonished. They thought it was heresy, and they did the most natural thing in the world—they complained to the Pope of him (laughter), and the Pope sent for him, examined him,—examined his theory and examined his astronomical system; and this is the answer, and the best answer I can give to those who say that the Catholic Church is not the friend of science or of progress. What do you think is the punishment the Pope gave him? The Pope made him Archbishop of Salzburg. He told him to continue his discoveries—continue your studies, he said; mind your prayers, and try and discover all the scientific truth that you can; for you are a learned man—(laughter and cheers). Well, Fearghal continued his studies, and so well did he study that he anticipated, by centuries, some of the most highly practical discoveries of modern ages; and so well did he mind his prayers, that Pope Gregory the Tenth canonized him after his death (cheers).

The Danish invasion came and I need not tell you that these Northern warriors who landed at the close of the eighth century, effecting their first landing near where the town of Skerries stands now, between Dublin and Balbriggan, on the eastern coast—that these men thus coming, came as plunderers and enemies of the religion as well as of the nationality of the people. And for 300 years, wherever they came; and wherever they went, the first thing they did was to put to death all the monks, all the nuns, set fire to schools, and banish the students; and infatuated in this way, with the blood of the peaceful, they sought to kill all the Irish friars; and a war of extermination,—a war of interminable struggle and duration, was carried on for three hundred years. Ireland fought them: the Irish kings and chieftains fought them. We read that in one battle alone, at Glenamada, in the county of Wicklow, King Malachi, he who wore the "collar of gold," and the great King Brian, joined their forces, in the cause of Ireland. In that grand day, when the morning sun arose, the battle began; and it was not until the sun set in the evening that the last Dane was swept from the field, and they withdrew to their ships, leaving six thousand dead bodies of their warriors behind them (cheers). Thus did Ireland *united*, know how to deal with her Danish invaders; thus would Ireland have dealt with Fitzstephen and his Normans; but on the day when they landed the curse of disunion and discord was amongst the people. Finally, after three hundred years of invasion, Brian on that Good Friday of 1014, was at the Dunes for ever, and from the plains of Clontarf drove them into Dublin Bay. Well, behind them they left the ruins of all the religion they had found. They left a people, who had, indeed, not lost their faith, but a people who were terribly shaken and demoralized by three hundred years of bloodshed and of war. One half of it—one sixth of it—would have been sufficient to ruin any other people; but the element that kept Ireland alive,—the element that kept nationality alive in the hearts of the people—the elements that preserved civilization in spite of three centuries of war, was the element of Ireland's faith, and the traditions of the nation's by-gone glory (cheers).

And now we arrive at the year 1134. Thirty years before in the year 1103, the last Danish army was conquered and routed on the shores of Strangford Lough, in the North, and the last Danish King took his departure forever from the green shores of Erin. Thirty years have elapsed. Ireland is struggling to restore her shattered temples, her ruined altars, and to build up again, in all its former glory and sanctity, her nationality and monastic priesthood. Then St. Malachi—great, glorious, and venerable name!—St. Malachi, in whom the best blood of Ireland's kings was mingled with the best blood of Ireland's saints,—was Archbishop of Armagh. In the year 1134, he invited into Ireland the Cistercian and the Benedictine monks. They came with all the exalted traditions of the most exalted sanctity—with a spirit not less mild nor less holy than the spirit of a Dominic or an Augustine, and built up the glorious ruins of Lindisfarne, of Iona, of Mellifont, of Monasterboice and of Monaster-eveon, and all these magnificent ruins of which I spoke—the sacred monastic ruins of Ireland. Then the wondering world beheld such grand achievements as it never saw before, outvying in the splendor of their magnificence, the grandeur of those temples which still attest the mediæval greatness of Belgium, of France and of Italy. Then did the Irish people see, enshrined in these houses, the holy solitaries and monks from Clairvaux with the light of the great St. Bernard shining upon them from his grave. But only thirty years more passed—thirty years only; and, behold, a trumpet is heard on the eastern coast of Ireland: the shore and the hills of that Wexford coast resound to the shouts of the Norman, as he sets his accursed foot upon the soil of Erin. Divided as the nation was—chieftain fighting against chieftain,—for, when the great King Brian was slain at Clontarf, and his son and his grandson were killed, and the three generations of the royal family thus swept away—every strong man in the land stood up and put in his claim for the sovereignty;—by this division the Anglo-Norman was able to fix himself in the land. Battles were fought on every hill in Ireland: the most horrible scenes of the Danish invasion were renewed again. But Ireland is no longer able to smite the Saxon from her bosom; for Ireland is no longer able to strike him as one man. The name of "United Irishmen" has been a name, and nothing but a name, since the day that Brian Boru was slain at Clontarf until this present moment. Would to God that this name of United Irishmen meant something more than an idle word! Would to God that, again, to-day, we were all united for some great and glorious purpose!—would to God that the blessing even of a common purpose in the love of our country guided us; then, indeed, would the Celtic race and the Celtic nation be as strong as ever it was—as strong as it was upon that evening at Clontarf, which beheld Erin weeping over her martyred Brian, but beheld her with the crown still upon her brow (tremendous cheers).

Sometimes victorious, yet oftener defeated,—defeated not so much by the shock of the Norman onset, as by the treachery and the fends of her own chieftains,—the heart of the nation was broken; and, behold, from the far sunny shores of Italy, there came to Ireland other monks and other missionaries clothed in this very habit which I now wear, or in the sweet brown habit of St. Francis, or the glorious dress of St. Augustine. Unlike the monks who gave themselves up to contemplation, and who had large possessions, large houses—these men came among the people, to make themselves at home among the people, to become the "Soggartha Aroon" of Ireland (cheers). They came with a learning as great as that of the Irish monks of old,—with a sturdy devotion, as energetic as that of Columbkille, or of Kevin, of Glendalough;—they came with a message of peace, of consolation, and of hope to this heart-broken people; and they came nearly seven hundred years ago to the Irish shores. The Irish people received them with a kind of supernatural instinct that they had found their champions and their priestly heroes; and for nearly seven hundred years, the Franciscan and his Dominican brother have dwelt together in the land (loud cheers). Instead of building up magnificent, wonderful edifices, like Holy Cross, or Mellifont, or Dunbrodie;—instead of covering acres with the grandeur of their buildings, these Dominicans and Franciscans went out in small companies—ten, or twelve, or twenty;—and they went into remote towns and villages; and there they dwelt, and built quietly a convent for themselves; and they educated the people themselves; and, by-and-by, the people in the next generation learned to love the disciples of St. Dominic and St. Francis as they beheld the churches so multiplied. In every townland of Ireland there was either a Dominican or a Franciscan church or convent. The priests of Ireland welcomed them;—the holy Bishops of Ireland sustained them; and the ancient religion of Ireland gave them the right hand of friendship and the Cistercians or Benedictines gave them, very often, indeed, some of their own churches wherein to found their congregation, or to begin their missions. They came to dwell in the land early in the 12th century, and, until the 15th century,—strange to say, it was not yet found out what was the hidden design of Providence in bringing them there, in what was once their own true and ancient missionary Ireland.

During those three hundred years, the combat for Ireland's nationality was still continued. The O'Neill, the O'Brien, the O'Donnell, the McGuire, the O'More, kept the national sword waving in the air. The Franciscans and the Dominicans cheered them, entered into their feelings; and they could only not be said to be more Irish than the Irish themselves, because they were the hearts blood of Ireland. They were the light of the national councils of the chieftains of Ireland, as their historians were the faithful annalists of the glories of these days of combat (cheers). They saw the trouble; and yet—for three hundred years the Franciscan and the Dominican had not discovered what his real mission to Ireland was. But at the end of the three hundred years came the 15th century. Then came the cloud of religious persecution over the land. All the hatred that divided the Saxon and the Celt, on the principle of nationality, was now heightened by the additional hatred of religious discord and division; and Irishmen, if they hated the Saxon before as the enemy of Ireland's nationality, from the 15th century hated him with an additional hatred, as the enemy of Ireland's faith and Ireland's religion (cheers). The sword was drawn. My friends, I speak not in indignation but in sorrow; and I know that if there be one amongst you, my fellow-countrymen, here to-night,—if there be a man who differs with me in religion,—to that man I say: "Brother and friend, you feel as deeply as I do a feeling of indignation and of regret for the religious persecution of our native land" (cheers). No man feels it more,—no man regrets more bitterly the element of religious discord, the terrible persecution of these three hundred years, through which Ireland—Catholic Ireland—has been obliged to pass,—no man feels this more than the high-minded, honest, kind-hearted Irish Protestant. (Loud cheers and a cry of "True!") And why should he not feel it? If it was Catholic Ireland that had persecuted Protestant Ireland for that time, and with such intensity, I should hang my head for shame (renewed cheers).

Well, that mild, scrupulous, holy man, Henry the Eighth,—(loud laughter)—in the middle of the fifteenth century got a scruple of conscience! Perhaps it was whilst he was saying his prayers—he began to get uneasy and to be afraid that maybe, his wife wasn't his wife at all! (laughter and applause). He wrote a letter to the Pope, and he said: "Holy Father, I am very uneasy in my mind!" The fact was, there was a very nice young lady in the court. Her name was Anna Boleyn. She was a great beauty. Henry got very fond of her; and he wanted to marry her. But he could not marry her because he was already a married man (laughter). So, he wrote to the Pope, and he said he was uneasy in his mind—he had a scruple of conscience;—and he said, "Holy Father, grant me a favor. Grant me a divorce from Catherine of Arragon. I have been married to her for several years. She has had several children by me. Just grant me this little favor. I want a divorce!" The Pope sent back word to him: "Don't be uneasy at all in your mind! Stick to your wife like a man, and don't be troubling me with your scruples" (laughter and cheers). Well, Henry threw the Pope over. He married the young woman whilst his former wife was living,—and he should have been taken that very day and tried before the Lord Chief Justice of England, and transported for life. And why? Because if it had been any other man in England that did it but the King, that man would have been transported for life;—and the King is as much bound by the laws of God, and of justice and conscience, and morality as any other man (cheers).

When Henry separated from the Pope, he made himself head of the Church; and he told the people of England that he would manage their consciences for them for the future. But, when he called upon Ireland to join him in this strange and indeed I think my Protestant friends will admit, insane act,—(for such, indeed, I think my Protestant friends will admit this act to be, for, I think, it was nothing short of insanity for any man of sense to say: "I will take the law of God as preached from the lips and illustrated in the life of Henry the Eighth"—Ireland refused. Henry drew the sword, and declared that Ireland should acknowledge him as the head of the Church,—that she should part with her ancient faith and with all the traditions of her history to sustain him in his measures,—or that he would exterminate the Irish race. Another scruple of conscience came to this tender-hearted man! And what do you think it was? Oh, he said, I am greatly afraid the friars and the priests are not leading good lives (laughter). So he set up what we call a "commission"; and he sent it to Ireland to inquire what sort of lives the monks and friars and priests and nuns were leading; and the commissioners sent back word to him, that they could not find any great fault with them; but that, on the whole, they thought it would be better to turn them out! So they took their convents and their churches, and whatever little property they possessed,—and these commissioners sold them and put the money into their own pocket. There was a beautiful simplicity about the whole plan (applause and laughter). Well, my friends, then came the hour of the ruin of the dear old convents of the Franciscans and Dominicans.—Their inmates were driven out at the point of the sword; they were scattered like sheep over the land. Five points was the price set upon the head of a wolf. They were hunted throughout the land; and when they fled for their lives from their convent homes, the Irish people opened their hearts, and said, "Come to us, Soggartha Aroon" (loud applause). Throughout the length and breadth of the land they were scattered, with no shelter but the canopy of Heaven; with no Sunday sacrifices to remind the people of God; no Mass celebrated in public, and no Gospel preached; and yet they succeeded for three hundred years in preserving the glorious Catholic faith that is as strong in Ireland

to-day as ever it was (cheers). These venerable ruins tell the tale of the nation's woe, of the nation's sorrow. As long as it was merely a question of destroying a Cistercian or a Benedictine Abbey, there were so few of these in the land, that the people did not feel it much. But when the persecution came upon the *Bhreathir*, as the friar was called,—the men whom everybody knew,—the men whom everybody came to look up to for consolation in affliction or in sorrow;—when it came upon him,—then it brought sorrow and affliction to every village, to every little town,—to every man in Ireland. There were, at this time, upwards of eighty convents of religious—Franciscans and Dominicans in Ireland, that numbered very close upon a thousand priests of each order. There were nearly a thousand Irish Franciscans, and nearly a thousand Irish Dominican priests, when Henry began his persecution. He was succeeded, after a brief interval of thirty years, by his daughter Elizabeth. How many Dominicans, do you think, were then left in Ireland? There were only four of them left,—only four! All the rest of these heroic men had stained their white habit with the blood that they shed for God and for their country (sensation). Twenty thousand men it took Elizabeth, for as many years as there were thousands of them, to try to plant the seedling of Protestantism in Irish soil. The ground was dug up for a grave; the seed of Protestantism was cast into that soil; and the blood of the nation was poured in, to warm it and bring it forth. It never grew,—it never came forth; it never bloomed! Ireland was as Catholic the day that Elizabeth died at Hampton Court, gnawing the flesh of her hands in despair, and blaspheming God,—Ireland was as Catholic that day, as she was the day that Henry the Eighth vainly commanded her first to become Protestant (cheers).

Then came a little breathing time,—a very short time,—and in fifty years there were six hundred Irish Dominican priests in Ireland again. They studied in Spain, in France, in Italy. These were the youth—the children of Irish fathers and mothers, who cheerfully gave them up, though they know almost to a certainty, that they were devoting them to a martyr's death; but they gave them up for God. Smuggled out of the country, they studied in these foreign lands; and they came back again, by night and by stealth, and they landed upon the shores of Ireland; and when Cromwell came, he found six hundred Irish Dominicans upon the Irish land. Ten years after,—only ten years past,—and again the Irish Dominican preachers assembled to count up their numbers, and to tell how many survived and how many had fallen. How many do you think were left out of the six hundred? But one hundred and fifty were left: four hundred and fifty had perished,—had shed their blood for their country, or had been shipped away to Barbadoes as slaves. These are the tales their ruins tell. I need not speak of their noble martyrs. Oh, if these moss-grown stones of the Irish Franciscan and Dominican ruins could speak, they would tell how the people gave up everything they had, for years and years, as wave after wave of successive persecutions and confiscations and robbery rolled over them,—rather than renounce their glorious faith or their glorious priesthood (loud cheers).

When Elizabeth died, the Irish Catholics thought her successor, James I. would give them at least leave to live; and, accordingly, for a short time after he became King, James kept his own counsel, and he did not tell the Irish Catholics whether he would grant them any concessions or not; but he must have given them some encouragement, for they befriended him, as they had always done to the House of Stuart. But what do you think the people did? As soon as the notion that they would be allowed to live in the land took possession of them, and that they would be allowed to take possession of the estates they had been robbed of,—instead of minding themselves, the very first thing they did—to the credit of Irish fidelity be it said—was to set about restoring the Franciscan and Dominican abbeys (cheers). It was thus they restored the Black Abbey in Kilkenny, a Dominican house; they restored the Dominican Convent in Waterford, Mullafarnham, in Westmeath, and others; and these, in a few months grew up into all their former beauty from ruin, under the loving, faithful, restoring hands of the Irish people. But soon came a letter from the King; and it began with these notable words:—"It has been told to us, that some of our Irish subjects imagined that we were about to grant them liberty of conscience." No such thing! Liberty of conscience for Irish Catholics! No! Horrors of persecutions were let loose again, and the storms of persecution that burst over Ireland in the days of James I. were quite as bad, and as terrible as any that rained down blood upon the land in the days of Queen Elizabeth. And so, with varying fortunes, now of hope, and now of fear, this selfsame game went on. The English determined that they would make one part of Ireland, at least, Protestant, and that the fairest and the best portion of it, as they imagined,—namely, the province of Ulster. Now, mark the simple way they went about it. They made up their minds that they would make one province of Ireland Protestant, to begin with, in order that it might spread out by degrees to the others. And what did they do? They gave notice to every Catholic in Ulster to pack up and begone,—to leave the land. They confiscated every single acre in the fair province of Ulster; and the Protestant Primate, the Archbishop of Armagh,—a very holy man, who was always preaching to the people not to be too fond of the things of this world,—he got 43,000 acres of the best land of these convents in fee. Trinity College, in Dublin, got 30,000 acres. There were certain guilds of traders in London,—the "skinners," "tanners," the "dry salters"; and what do you think these London Trade Associations got? They got a present of two hundred and nine thousand eight hundred acres of the finest land in Ulster. Then all the rest of the Province was given in lots of 1,000, 1,500 to 2,000 acres to Scotchmen and Englishmen. But the very deed that gave it obliged them to take their oath that they would accept that land upon this condition,—not so much as to give a day's work, to a laboring man, unless that laboring man took his oath that he was not a Catholic. And so Ulster was disposed of. That remained until Cromwell came,—and when the second estimate was made of the kingdom it was discovered that there were nearly five millions of acres lying still in the hands of the Catholics. And what did Cromwell do? He quietly made a law, and he published it,—and he said on the 1st of May, 1654, every Catholic in Ireland was to cross the Shannon, and to go into Connaught. Now the river Shannon cuts off five of the Western counties from the rest of Ireland, and these five counties, though very large in extent, have more of waste land, of bog, and of hard, unproductive, stony soil than all the rest of Ireland. I am at liberty to say this, because I, myself, am the heart's blood of a Connaughtman (great cheering and laughter). If any other man said this of Connaught, I would have to say my prayers, and keep a very sharp eye about me to try to keep my temper (laughter). But it is quite true: with all our love for our native land, with all my love for my native Province,—all that love won't put a blade of grass on an acre of limestone; and that there are acres of such, we all know. It was an acre of this sort that a poor fellow was building a wall around. "What are you building that wall for?" says the landlord. "Are you afraid the cattle will get out?" "No, your honor, indeed I am not," says the poor man; "but I was afraid the poor brutes might get in" (laughter). Then, Cromwell sent the Catholics of Ireland to Connaught;—and, remember he gave them their choice: he said, "Now, if you don't like to go to Connaught, I will send you to hell!" (loud laughter). So the Catholic Irish put their heads to-

gether, and they said: "It is better for us to go to Connaught! He may want the other place for himself" (great laughter and cheering). God forbid that I should condemn any man to hell; but I cannot help thinking of what the poor carman said to myself in Dublin once. Going along, he saw a likeness of Cromwell, and he says, "At all events Cromwell has gone to the devil!" I said, "My man, don't be uncharitable. Don't say that; it is uncharitable to say it." "Thunder and turf!" says he, "sure if he is not gone to the devil, where is the use of having a devil at all!" (Merriment and cheering). At any rate, my friends, wherever he is gone to, he confiscated at one act five millions of acres of Irish land; with one stroke of his pen, he handed over to his Cromwellian soldiers five million acres of the best land in Ireland, the Golden Vale of Tipperary included. Forty years later, the Catholics began to creep out of Connaught, and to buy little lots here and there, and they got a few lots here and there given to them by their Protestant friends. But, at any rate, it was discovered by the Government of England, that the Catholics in Ireland were beginning to get a little bit of the land again,—and they issued another Commission to inquire into the titles to these properties, and they found that there was a million two hundred thousand acres of the land returned to the Catholics;—and they found, also, that that land belonged to the Crown; and the million two hundred thousand acres were again confiscated. So that, as soon as the people began to take hold of the land at all, down came the sword of persecution and of confiscation upon them. And Cromwell himself avowed with the greatest solemnity, that as Ireland would not become Protestant, Ireland should be destroyed. Now, is it to excite your feelings of hatred against England that I say these things? No, no! I don't want any man to hate his neighbor. I don't want to excite these feelings. Nor I don't believe it is necessary for me to excite them (laughter and loud cheers). I believe,—sincerely I believe,—that an effort to excite an Irishman to a dislike of England, would be something like an effort to encourage a cat to take a mouse (cheers). I mention these facts first because these are the things that Ireland's ruins tell us; because these are at once the history of the weakness and the sadness, yet of the strength and of the glory of which these ruins tell us. I mention these things because they are matter of history; and because, though we are the party that were on the ground, prostrate, there is nothing in the history of our fathers that which the Irishman of to-day need be ashamed, or hang his head (loud cheers). But if you want to know in what spirit our people dealt with all this persecution,—if you want to know how we met those who were thus terrible in their persecution of us, I appeal to the history of my country, and I will state to you three great facts that will show you what was the glorious spirit of the Irish people, even in the midst of their sorrows;—how Christian it was, and how patient it was;—how forgiving and loving even to our persecutors it was;—how grandly they illustrated the spirit of duty at the command of their Lord and Saviour; and how magnificently they returned good for evil. The first of these facts is this: At the time that England invaded Ireland,—towards the close of the Twelfth Century,—there were a number of Englishmen in slavery in Ireland. They were taken prisoners of war; they had come over with the Danes,—from Wales and from North Britain with their Danish superiors; and when Ireland conquered them, the rude, terrible custom of the times, and the shocks that all peaceful spirit had got by these wars, had bred so much ferocity in the people, that they actually made slaves of these Englishmen! And they were everywhere in the land. When the English landed in Ireland, and when the first Irish blood was shed by them, the nation assembled by its bishops and archbishops in the synod at Armagh, there said, "Perhaps the Almighty God is angry with us because we have these captive Christians and Saxons amongst us, and punishes us for having these slaves amongst us. In the name of God we will set them free." And on that day every soul in Ireland that was in slavery received his freedom (loud cheers). Oh, what a grand and glorious sight before Heaven!—a nation fit to be free yet enslaved,—yet with the very hand on which others try to fasten chains, striking off the chains, striking off the chains from these English slaves!—Never was there a more glorious illustration of the Heavenly influence of Christianity since Christianity was preached amongst the nations. The next incident is rather a ludicrous one, and I am afraid that it will make you laugh. My friends, I know the English people well. Some of the best friends that I have in the world are in England. They have a great many fine qualities. But there is a secret, quiet, passive contempt for Ireland,—and I really believe it exists amongst the very best of them, with very few exceptions. An Englishman will not, as a general rule, hate an Irishman joined to him in faith; but he will quietly despise us. If we rise and become factions, then, perhaps, he will fear us; but, generally speaking, in the English heart there is, no doubt, a contempt for Ireland and for Irishmen. Now, that showed itself remarkably in 1666. In that year the Catholics of Ireland were ground into the very dust. That year saw one hundred thousand Irishmen—sixty thousand of them beautiful boys—sent off to be sold as slaves in the sugar plantations of Barbadoes. That year London was burned, just as Chicago was burned the other day. The people were left in misery. The Catholics of Ireland,—hunted, persecuted, scarcely able to live,—actually came together, and, out of pure charity, they made up for the furnishing people of London a present—a great present. They sent them over fifteen thousand fat bullocks! They knew John Bull's taste for beef (laughter). They knew his liking for a good beefsteak, and they actually sent him the best beef in the world—Irish beef (laughter). The bullocks arrived in London. The people took them, slaughtered them and ate them,—and the Irish Catholics said, "Much good may they do you!" (laughter). Now comes the funny part of it. When the bullocks were all killed and eaten, the people of London got up a petition to the Houses of Parliament; and they got Parliament to act on that petition; it was to the effect that this importation of Irish oxen was a nuisance; and it should be abated (cheers and laughter). But they had taken good care to eat the meat before they voted it a nuisance (laughter).

The third great instance of Ireland's magnanimous Christianity, and of the magnanimity with which this brave and grand old people knew how to return good for evil, was in the time of King James. In the year 1689, exactly twenty years after the Irish bullocks had been voted a nuisance in London,—in that year there happened to be, for a short time, a Catholic King in England. The tables were turned. The King went to work and he turned out the Irish Lord Chancellor because he was a Protestant, and he put in a Catholic Chancellor in his place. He turned out two Irish judges because they were Protestants, and he put in two Englishmen, Catholics, as judges in their place. He did various actions of this kind, persecuting men because they were Protestants and he was a Catholic. And, now, mark! We have it on the evidence of history that the Catholic Archbishop of Armagh and the Catholic Pope of Rome wrote to James the Second through the Lord Lieutenant over the Irish Catholics there, that he had no right to do that—and that it was very wrong! (loud and continued cheering). Oh, what a contrast! When Charles the First wished to grant some little remission of the persecution in Ireland, because he was in want of money, the Irish Catholics sent him word that they would give him two hundred thousand pounds if he would only give them leave to worship God as their own consciences

directed. What encouragement the King gave them we know not; at any rate, they sent him a sum of a hundred and fifty thousand pounds, by way of a bribe. But the moment it became rumored abroad, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin got in the pulpit of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and he declared that a curse would fall upon the land and upon the King, because of these anticipated concessions to the Catholics. What a contrast is here presented between the action of the Catholic people of Ireland and the action of their oppressors! And in these instances have we not presented to us the strongest evidence that the people who can act so by their enemies were incapable of being crushed! Yes; Ireland can never be crushed nor conquered; Ireland can never lose her nationality so long as she retains so high and so glorious a faith, and so magnificent an illustration of it in her history. She has it to-day. She has not lost it! She has it to-day. She will have it in the higher and a more perfect form of complete and entire national freedom,—for God does not abandon a race who net only cling to Him with an unchanging faith, but who also know how, in the midst of their sufferings, to illustrate that Faith by so glorious, so liberal, so grand a spirit of Christian charity (loud cheers).

And now, my friends, it is for me simply to draw one conclusion, and to have done. Is there a man amongst us here to-night who is ashamed of his race or his native land, if that man have the high honour to be an Irishman! Is there a man living that can point to a more glorious and a purer source whence he draws the blood in his veins, than the man who can point to the bravery of his Irish forefathers, or the immaculate purity of his Irish mother? (Loud cheers). We glory in them, and we glory in the faith for which our ancestors have died. We glory in the love of country that never,—never,—for an instant,—admitted that Ireland was a mere province,—that Ireland was merely a "West Britain" (Renewed cheering). Never, in our darkest hour, was that idea adapted to the Irish mind, or adopted by the will of the Irish people (cheers). And, therefore, I say, if we glory in that faith,—if we glory in the history of their National conduct and of their National love, oh, my friends and fellow-countrymen—I say it, as well as a priest as an Irishman,—let us emulate their example; let us learn to be generous to those who differ from us,—and let us learn to be charitable, even to those who would sin injure us (cheers). We can thus conquer them. We can thus assure to the future of Ireland the blessings that have been denied to her past,—the blessing of religious equality, the blessing of religious liberty, the blessing of religious unity, which, one day or other, will spring up in Ireland again (tremendous cheering). I have often heard words of bitterness, aye, and of insult, addressed to myself in the North of Ireland, coming from Orange lips; but I have always said to myself, he is an Irishman; though he is an Orangeman, he is an Irishman. If he lives long enough, he will learn to love the priest that represents Ireland's old faith; but, if he die in his Orange dispositions, his son or his grandson will yet shake hands with and bless the priest, when he and I are both in our graves (loud cheers). And why do I say this? Because nothing bad, nothing uncharitable, nothing harsh or venomous ever yet lasted long upon the green soil of Ireland. If you throw a poisonous snake into the grass of Ireland he will be sweetened, so as to lose his poison,—or else he will die (loud cheers). Even the English people when they landed were not two hundred and fifty years in the land, until they were part of it; the very Normans who invaded us became more Irish than the Irish themselves. They became so fond of the country, that they were thoroughly imbued with its spirit. And so, any evil that we have in Ireland, is only a temporary and a passing evil, if we are only faithful to our traditions, and to the history of our country (cheers). To-day, there is religious disunion; but, thanks be to God, I have lived to see religious disabilities destroyed. (Cries of "hear, hear," and cheers). And if I were now in the position of addressing Irish Orangemen, I would say, "Men of Erin, three cheers for the Church disestablishment" (great cheering). And if they should ask me, "why?" I would answer, "It was right and proper to disestablish the Church, because the Established Church, was put in between you and me, and we ought to love each other, for we are both Irish!" (Applause). Every class in Ireland will be drawn closer to the other by this disestablishment; and the honest Protestant man will begin to know a little more of his Catholic brother, and to admire him; and the Catholic will begin to know a little more of the Orangeman, and, perhaps, to say: "After all he is not half so bad as he appears" (laughter and cheers). And believe me, my friends, that, breathing the air of Ireland, which is Catholic, eating the bread made out of the wheat which grows out on Irish soil,—they get so infused with Catholic blood that, as soon as the Orangemen begin to have the slightest regard or love for his Catholic fellow-countryman he is on the highway to become a Catholic:—for a Catholic he will be, some time or other. As a man said to me very emphatically once: "They will all be Catholics one day, surely, sir, if they only stay long enough in the country!" I say, my friends, that the past is the best guarantee for the future. We have seen the past in some of its glories. What is the future to be? What is the future that is yet to dawn on this dearly loved land of ours? Oh, how glorious will that future be, when all Irishmen shall be united in one common faith and one common love! Oh, how fair will our beloved Erin be when, clothed in religious unity, religious equality, and freedom, she shall rise out of the ocean wave, as fair, as lovely, in the end of time as she was in the glorious days when the world enthralled by her beauty, proclaimed her to be the Mother of Saints and Sages (loud cheers). Yes, I see her rising emancipated; no trace of blood or persecution on her virgin face—the crown, so long lost to her, resting again upon her fair brow! I see her in peace and concord with all the nations around her, and with her own children within her. I see her venerated by the nations afar off, and, most of all, by the mighty nation which in that day, in its strength, and in its youth, and in its vigor, shall sway the destinies of the world (great cheering). I see her as Columbia, salutes her across the ocean waves. But the light of freedom coming from around my mother's face will reflect the light of freedom coming from the face of that nation which has been nursed in freedom, cradled in freedom, which has never violated the sacred principles of religious freedom and religious equality (vehement cheering). I see her with the light of faith shining upon her face; and I see her revered, beloved and cherished by the nations as an ancient and a most precious thing! I behold her rising in the energy of a second birth, when nations that have held their heads high are humbled in the dust! And so I hail thee, O mother Erin! and I say to thee—

"The nations have fallen, but thou still art young; Thy sun is but rising when others have set, And though slavery's clouds round thy morning hang, 'The full noon of Freedom shall beam round thee yet!" (Great cheering, amid which the Rev. lecturer retired)

A Major in the United States army was crossing from England in one of the Ocean steamers, when one afternoon a band on deck played "Yankee Doodle." A gruff Englishman, who stood by inquired whether that was the tune the old cow died of. "Not at all," said the major, "that is the tune the old Bull died of."

A noisy piece of crockery—The cup that cheers.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DEBATS, March 27.—The Home Rule Association held its quarterly meeting last night in the...

DEBATS, March 30.—The attempt of the "International" to establish a branch of its organization in Ireland has proved an utter and contemptible failure.

THE INTERNATIONAL IN IRELAND.—When his Grace the Archbishop of Westminster speaking of Fenianism some years ago, made use of the remark, "Show me an Irishman who has lost the faith and I will show you a Fenian," he was met with a howl of indignation on the part of the Brotherhood, which in the judgment of those interested in the welfare of that body, amply sufficed for the vindication of its outraged honor.

THE LATE LORD INCHQUIN.—This nobleman died at Dromoland, his seat in the county of Clare. The deceased Lord Inchiquin was the eldest of the five sons of Sir Edward O'Brien, fourth baronet.

THE BILL INTRODUCED BY SIR D. CORRIGAN AND MR. PIM for closing publichouses on Sunday has caused no little commotion among the classes interested.

ters were read from Cardinal Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, and others, expressing a cordial interest in the cause.

Mr. John H. O'Neill, Commissioner of Emigration for the Government of Quebec, is at present in Dublin, with the object of urging the claims of that colony on the attention of intending emigrants.

A RELIGIOUS ASCENDANCY.—It is a curious and notable fact that though the main stem of the tree of Ascendancy has been levelled to the ground, some of its saplings still continue to lumber the earth.

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the united acts would prove rancorous as of yore. Such a question is that of University education for the Catholics of Ireland, on which a vague whisper of intended concession on the part of Government, some time in the remote future, sends the very Liberal of the "tyrant majority," which disestablished the "Irish Church," trooping into the Opposition lobby at the heels of Dr. Ball, the valiant champion of that defunct establishment; and in what was practically an attempt to weaken the Catholic position by an adoption of liberality on behalf of the representative of the Irish Protestant University.

FUNERAL OF LORD INCHQUIN.—The funeral cortege, says the correspondent of the Galway Press, was one of the grandest and most imposing scenes ever witnessed in the County of Clare. The procession was headed by the numerous tenantry and laborers of the estates of Dromoland, Burren, Corolin, Clarecastle, Newmarket and Six-Mile-Boye, numbered upward of one thousand, wearing white scarves and hats.

An old man named Casey, who lives at Kilkenny, within four miles of Mitcheltown, county Cork, was murdered on Sunday, the 24th March, in his own house. He was reported to be wealthy, and hence it is believed that plunder was the object of the assassin.

It is stated in the Dublin Mail that the 57th Regiment has been suddenly ordered from Linnetick to Kinsale, and that journal adds: "It is well known that this order was not in accordance with the original intention of the Commander-in-Chief, and that the departure of the regiment from Linnetick was the result of a peremptory letter written by a dignitary of the Catholic Church in Linnetick, to whom the Government were under too many obligations to give a denial."

EMIGRATION TO CANADA.—The people of Canada appear determined to attract emigration to that country. Apart from the federal agent, Mr. J. H. O'Neill arrived here on Wednesday, the representative of the province of Quebec. This gentleman is spoken of in very high terms by the French and English press of Quebec. For reasons hard to explain the Irish emigrant has ever been tempted to try his fortune in the United States.

GREAT BRITAIN.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY.—Archbishop Manning, in accordance with custom, preached at High Mass on St. Patrick's Day, at St. Patrick's Church, Solo. There was a very large congregation, the nationality of most of whom was proved by the shamrock in their hats when the church emptied after service.

abstinence, which with many is easier. Remember that here in London there are keen and unfriendly eyes, so be all, as I know many of you are, good examples to those among whom you live. Christianity is crumbling and dying in England, but the Catholic Church is united as of old. Cherish feelings of charity and generosity to all around you, and continue to be in unison with your clergy. Be faithful unto death and you will receive the crown of life." After the sermon the Archbishop gave the pontifical blessing in solemn form.

THE REMOVED SECRET TREATY.—To the Editor of the Times.—Sir, A good deal of gossip has appeared lately in the newspapers, and questions have been asked in Parliament, about a Secret Treaty supposed to have been concluded between the authorities of the Dominion of Canada and the British Cabinet, providing for the independence of the Dominion.

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under three heads: first, the loss in the transfer of American shipping to the British flag; second, loss from increased insurance; third, loss from the prolongation of the war. The claims for indirect losses are not admitted by Her Majesty's Government to be within the scope and intention of the Arbitration. Her Majesty's Government have been and still are in correspondence with the Government of the United States in relation thereto. That correspondence has not been brought to a final issue. Her Majesty's Government desire that the Arbitration shall proceed with reference to the claims for direct loss. They have thought it proper meantime to present a counter case, which is strictly confined to the direct claims, in the hope that the unfortunate misunderstanding may be removed. Her Majesty's counter case is presented without prejudice to the position assumed by Her Majesty's Government in the correspondence heretofore referred to, and under the express reservation of all permanent rights in the event of the difference continuing to exist between the parties. If necessary further communications will be made to the Arbitrators.

A special from Geneva to the Daily News says:—It is feared that the protest against the jurisdiction of the Arbitrators at Geneva over American claims for indirect damages, which was organized by the British counter case may prevent the settlement of the dispute between England and America.

Archdeacon Denison frankly refused to admit a Government Inspector within his schools. He will be happy to provide him with benches and allow him to inspect the schools from outside; but he neither has nor will have a "presence of class." He has nothing to do with the Elementary School Act except to denounce it as an imposition. It called upon to pay a school rate, he says he will refuse, and the amount will have to be levied on his property under a distress warrant.

A clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Cullen, was charged before the Lanchester magistrates recently with obtaining money by false pretences for charitable objects. The case was adjourned, and the defendant, not being able to procure bail, remained in custody.

UNITED STATES.

A NEW DIVORCE LAW.—The admission of "marriage made easy" as it might be called, in the Legislature. A bill to facilitate divorce has been introduced in the present session as a matter of course. Here is a section of it: "Such courts on the part of the husband toward the wife as shall, without just cause, deprive her of the society of her husband or friends, or of attendance upon public worship, or shall design to render her life unhappy or uncomfortable." And any of the same shall be a just cause for separation. New York has passed all efforts to loosen the marriage contract, and protects like the above, the dissent of a bare majority of our citizens. The Empire State does not intend to follow in the train of venem and other "fast" States, by copying their laws on the marriage relation. It is said, with what degree of authority we cannot say, that one in four of every marriage which takes place in Vermont are dissolved by the accumulating laws on her statute books. This is what some of our advanced law-breakers would bring us to.—A. J. Smyth's Herald.

The condition of the United States naval defences is thus disparagingly summed up by the Washington Post: "We have no facility for building, while England can turn out iron-clads by the score, complete in ninety days from giving the order. We have in evidence, no modern iron-clads, while England has fifty-four, of which each would be a match for our entire navy." After further commenting on the absence of any facilities for the construction of modern artillery the Post concludes: "powerless on the ocean, our ports under the guns of hostile iron-clad fleets we shall cut a pretty figure at the first breath of war."

The Boston Investigator is the most prominent as well as the most respectable exponent of infidelity in this country. The Investigator, in setting forth the object of its existence and aims, says: "We shall endeavor the best we can, without fear or favor, to promote Free Thought, Free Speech, and Free Press to the end that mankind may attain Universal Mental Liberty. This, when enlightened by Reason and Intelligence, will eventually, as we believe, rid the world of superstition, priestcraft, and theology and introduce the SYSTEM OF NATURE which has reference only to Humanity, Knowledge, Science, and to any and everything that can be known and demonstrated. We deal with facts, not fictions—with truth, not delusions; and wish to substitute for the vagaries of theology and faith, the substantial realities of reason and knowledge, and of every demonstrated or conceivable improvement which appertains to time and sense." Having allowed the Investigator to establish its right and authority to speak as the exponent of infidelity, let us hear what it has to say of the school system and its own relation to that institution. In enumerating the reasons why that paper should be sustained, the Investigator says: "Lastly, the Investigator is needed to help defeat the scheming priests who are endeavoring to destroy the Constitution and the Common Schools of the country. The first plot is Protestant—the other Catholic in main, though Protestants have had a hand in that also, for the object of both parties is to make both the Constitution and the Schools sectarian, which would prove their destruction. These wicked designs must be stopped, and the duty of doing this devolves upon the Infidel or Liberals, else it will not be done."

Liberals founded this American Republic, and they must preserve it, for it will inevitably prove a failure if sectarianism ever gains the upper hand in its government and common schools.—Catholic Vindicator.

CONFESSION OF A MARRIED HUSBAND.—It was about the back-bent corks. I told Maria Ann my foot could beat her making those cakes, and she said I had better try it. So I did. I emptied the batter all out of the pitcher one evening, and set the cakes myself. I got the flour, and the salt and the water, and warmed by the past, put in a liberal quantity of eggs and shortening. I shortened with tallow from roast beef, because I could not find any lard. The batter did not look right. I lighted my pipe and pondered—yeast, yeast, to be sure. I had forgotten the yeast. I went and woke the baker and got six cents' worth of yeast. I set the pitcher behind the sitting-room stove, and went to bed. In the morning I got up early and prepared to enjoy my triumph; but I didn't. That yeast was strong enough to raise the dead; the batter was running all over the carpet. I scraped it up and put it into another dish.

I got a fire in the kitchen and put on the griddle. The first lot of cakes stuck to the griddle. The second dittoed, only more. Maria came down and asked what was burning. She advised me to grease the griddle. I did it. One end of the griddle got too hot, and I dropped the thing with a crash on my tenderest corn, while trying to turn it around. Finally the cakes were ready for breakfast, and Maria got the other things ready. We sat down. My cakes did not have exactly the right flavor. I took one mouthful and it satisfied me. I lost my appetite at once. I think these cakes may be reckoned a dead loss. I eat would not eat them. The dog ran off and stayed three days after one was offered to him. The hens wouldn't go within ten feet of them. I threw them into the back yard, and there has not been a pig on the premises since. I eat what is put before me now, and do not allude to my mother's system of cooking.

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G. E. CLERK, Editor.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1872.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR. APRIL—1872. Friday, 26—SS. Cletus and Marcellinus, PP. MM. Saturday, 27—Anselm, B. C. D. (April 21). Sunday, 28—Fourth after Easter. Monday, 29—St. Peter, M. Tuesday, 30—St. Catherine of Siena, V. MAY—1872. Wednesday, 1—SS. Philip and James, Apostles. Thursday, 2—St. Athanasius, B. C. D.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The position of the Gladstone Ministry is very precarious. Their majority in the House of Commons is dwindling away, and *twice* within one week, have they had to put up with an actual defeat. The adverse majority was not large; but in the second instance it occurred on a clause in the Ballot Bill, a Ministerial measure. Whilst the negotiations on the competency of the Geneva conference to entertain the U. States' claims for consequential damages, are still pending, we do not think that the Conservative party will try and force their political opponents to resign; but will prefer to leave the Ministers who, by their loose wording of the Washington Treaty, have got Great Britain into the scrape, to get out of the mess as best they may. It is rumored that, after their Continental trip, and during the course of the coming summer, the Prince and Princess of Wales propose to visit the United States and Canada.

The agricultural laborers of Warwickshire have commenced a strike for advanced wages, which may very probably extend from the centre of the Kingdom to the extremities, and produce grave social consequences. As a rule the farm laborers of England are not well paid; a fact which is the consequence of another fact—to wit—that the culture of the cereals in England is not a pursuit which leaves very high profits to the farmer. If compelled to pay more than he pays already for the labor by him required on his farm, there will be no margin left for farmer's profit at all; and apparently the consequence will be that the inferior lands now under the plough will be first abandoned to grazing purposes; and that gradually Great Britain will, as the process goes on, have to procure its breadstuffs from countries whose soil and climate are naturally more favorable than are its own, to the culture of the cereals, and where in consequence they can be grown cheaper than they can in England. As yet the agricultural strike has been unattended with any of those acts of outrage which have as a rule characterized the proceedings of the Trades Unions; but it is to be feared that if the farmers refuse to accede to the terms proposed by the laborers, this creditable state of things will not last long; but that burning stacks, and smoking barns may again revive the memory of the days of *Siring*. The leader of the movement is apparently a man of the name of Joseph Arche, a person of some intellectual culture, and of much good sense; his influence whilst it last will be exerted for good, to prevent illegal acts; but in all movements of this kind, influence and power at last almost always fall to the lot of the most unprincipled demagogues. Still we will hope that better counsels may prevail; and that without injury to the farmers, and others who have largely invested capital in land, some means may be discovered of raising the physical and moral conditions of the English agricultural laborers.

There have been rumors afloat, during the past week, of the growth of a very hostile feeling in Prussia towards France, provoked by the language of the latter, apparently menacing revenge, and by her active measures to restore the efficiency of her army. These rumors are however now officially contradicted, and for the present at least the peace of Europe is not to be disturbed. The Carlist movement in Spain, if telegraphic messages are to be believed, has resolved itself into a few isolated cases of highway robbery of no political significance. A collision betwixt the Piedmontese troops and the guards of the Sovereign Pontiff, in which

blood was shed, is reported from Rome, but in their items from Italy the telegraphic reports are not very trustworthy.

The dead lock on the matter of the "consequential damages" continues; but still it is hoped and believed that an amicable issue from the difficulty will be discovered. An "if" may be found somewhere, by those who look for it diligently, and as Touchstone tells us there is "much virtue in *If*." At all events it is not likely that two great nations will go to war on a mere punctilio. On its side the U. States government is certain that, even if entertained, its claims for consequential damages will be rejected by the Geneva Arbitrators, and the British government can have no serious apprehensions that damages under that head will ever be awarded; but neither government likes to recede from a position once taken up, or to be the first to yield. Still from the tone of the press, and from the fact that in the money market there is no panic, we have good grounds for anticipating an amicable and honorable solution of the difficulty.

The eagerness with which in certain quarters the report, first set in circulation by the London Daily Telegraph, that the relations of France and Germany were very critical, has been repudiated, tends to confirm it, or rather to give reasons for believing that, even though exaggerated, it is by no means destitute of foundation. We are not astonished therefore that the North German Gazette of the 20th, whilst denying the report, admits that a late speech by M. Thiers had caused much uneasiness in Germany, and that the details of the French war budget were such as to dictate caution to the German government. The article concludes by more than hinting that in consequence, the occupation of France by German troops may be prolonged.

The definition of the General Council of the Vatican concerning Papal Infallibility has been officially published by Mgr. the Archbishop of Paris; in consequence many of the liberal journals of that City are in an excited condition, and clamor for civil proceedings against the Prelate and the Catholic clergy.

In our Canadian Parliament there have been some rather lively passages at arms betwixt the members, but as yet no important business has been transacted. In front of the town the ice has broken up and is moving slowly away, without doing any damage. We are thus relieved this year from the fear of an inundation. The City mortality for the last week was 145.

THE COMING BATTLE.—The Paris correspondent of the London Times states the question fully and fairly:—

"The two great forces in Europe, are not Catholicism and Protestantism, but Catholicism and the Revolution."

It is by these Powers, not by Catholicism and any other phase of Christianity, that the battle has to be fought. Protestantism, considered as a positive religious system is effete, and no one dreams of taking it into account.

But what is the Revolution? this great antagonistic to Catholicism? In the religious order it implies the denial of God, or Atheism; in the political order, the negation of authority or anarchy; in the social order it means Communism. The triumph of these will be the result of the defeat of Catholicism in the great battle now waging in Europe, and of which the dull thunder has already reached our ears from across the broad Atlantic. It is the Times that states the conditions of the fight: "the two great forces in Europe are, not Catholicism and Protestantism, but Catholicism and the Revolution."

Never were truer words published in the Times; would that all who read would ponder them; and would it be if Conservative journals would bear in mind that every blow dealt at Catholicism, is a blow at those institutions of which they profess to be defenders; that every loss to the Catholic Church, is so much gain to the Revolution of which they profess to be the opponents.

By force of arms, and at the point of the bayonet, after a short war unjustly waged against him, unjust because undertaken without the shadow of a pretext, and in direct violation of the most solemn Treaties—the Sovereign Pontiff, has been deposed and robbed of his dominions. Is it possible that outside of the lunatic asylum there is any one so insane as not to perceive that the stability of every throne in Europe is thereby menaced; that the principle that might alone constitutes right, has been thereby formally adopted as the basis of the European international Code? The property of the Religious Orders has by a dishonest and despotic government been confiscated, and the inmates of the convents have been driven from their quiet homes by a licentious soldiery; is there any one such a fool as to believe that thereby the rights of property have been secured? Or that when their turn comes, as come it will, the Communists will not profit by the lesson set them by the robber government of Italy? What is good law for nuns and monks, is good law for proprietors of every description, and for all manner of capitalists. Confiscation is a

game that others besides the accomplices of Victor Emmanuel can, and will play at.

It is in a word the Revolution, not Protestantism as it is commonly understood, that has gained, by recent events in Europe. It has gained because the attack upon the sovereignty of the Pope justifies an attack upon every sovereignty, upon every political authority in the world; it has gained, because the forced confiscation of the property of the nuns and monks if justifiable in their case, justifies, and sets up a precedent, for the confiscation of the property of every landholder, of every merchant, of every capitalist of Europe. The principle that all ecclesiastical property belongs to the nation, is capable of being applied to all property, of every description. It too is national; and when the day of their triumph arrives, will be nationalised, i.e. confiscated, by the Communists—as has been the ecclesiastical property by the robber government of Italy. The latter is but fighting the battle of the Commune, or as the Times puts it, of the Revolution.

In Germany as in Italy, the battle has fairly begun, and the two antagonistic forces—Catholicism, and the Revolution headed by Bismarck—are locked in deadly embrace. And here we find a striking instance of the truth of the Times' definition of the terms of the combat. Bismarck has hitherto been the man of the Conservative party, and noted for his opposition to the democratic party in Germany. But the necessities of the strife in which he now finds himself engaged force him to seek other allies, and to contract new engagements. His friends and supporters are now the very men from whom *liberty* he has been estranged; and by an infallible instinct of the exigencies of his position as leader of the anti-Catholic forces, he finds himself compelled to take his stand at the head of the partizans of the Revolution.

The Russian Government is pursuing the same course of policy as towards the Western Powers, parties to the Treaty of Paris, as that which, with the applause of the Protestant and Liberal world, Victor Emmanuel has lately pursued as towards Rome and the Sovereign Pontiff. Bound by solemn Treaty, to respect the independence of the latter, no sooner did Victor Emmanuel find himself in a position to violate his plighted faith, and solemn engagements, than, without even the shadow of a pretext, he commenced hostilities against the Pope; attacked, and, after a short struggle, succeeded in making himself master of, Rome, and the States whose integrity he had bound himself to respect, and cause others to respect. This violation of faith, this deliberate treachery was, and is still applauded by the Liberal world, and no where more loudly than in England.

Profiting by the hint, Russia is imitating the bad faith of the Piedmontese Government. The former perceives that, left without an ally in Europe, Great Britain is physically unable to resent an insult, or to compel the observance of the terms of that Treaty of Paris, which, at the cost of so much blood and treasure Great Britain and France, conjointly, won on the ever memorable heights of the Malakoff, and the Redan; and so with the same cynical contempt for honor, for plighted faith, and right, that Victor Emmanuel displayed when he let loose his mercenary hordes on Rome, Russia to-day announces to the world her intention of tearing to pieces the Treaty of Paris, of violating every one of its essential provisions, and of doing every thing which by that Treaty she had pledged herself not to do. Sebastopol is, in defiance of express stipulations to the contrary, to be re-built, fortified, and refitted as a naval and military arsenal. The Black Sea is again to swarm with Russian men-of-war, and its coasts will again be covered with forts armed with the heaviest of ordnance. And this is all that we have to show for the blood so lavishly shed at the Alma, at Balaclava, on the heights of Inkerman, and before the terrible Redan! How have the mighty fallen!

But what can Great Britain say? We do not say do? for she can do nothing. What can she say? Were she to appeal to the sanctity of Treaties, to the laws of nations, and the principles of eternal justice, with what a laugh of scorn would her remonstrances be met by Russian statesmen. No doubt their opinions would be clothed, not veiled, in the elegancies of diplomatic conventionalities; but in substance they might be expressed in some such terms as these—"You are pretty fellows indeed, to prate about the sanctity of Treaties, about the laws of nations, about honor, good faith, respect for plighted word, and eternal justice!—you who looked on and applauded whilst all these were in Italy violated, and trampled under foot by your precious Victor Emmanuel!"

This cynical contempt for right, this exaltation of might, so characteristic of the present age—the necessary result of the spread of Liberalism, of the waning political influence of the Catholic Church, and one of the popular errors denounced in the famous *Syllabus*, is, we have no doubt, destined to work much trouble in Europe, and indeed throughout the

world. The words honor, faith, and right have lost their significance, and nations and individuals acknowledge no limits to their respective "might's" but the "might's" of others. Communities manage their affairs with no more scruples than does a Fisk, or than a Gould manages his. Indeed, as compared with Victor Emmanuel, we look upon the last named as men of scrupulous honor, and as high bred gentlemen. At all events the principle, or rule of action in both public and private life has been laid down, and accepted by the Liberal world—that no one is bound to observe a contract which it is profitable to him to break, and which he can break with impunity.

WAS ST. PETER EVER IN ROME?

Objection. "The only evidence that can be adduced from the New Testament for St. Peter's having been at Rome is, that he seems to have written his first Epistle from Babylon." (I. Pet. v. 13.)

Does this Babylon mean Rome? Dr. Brown would wish to say it *does not*, but he *dare not*. He contents himself therefore with opposing theories, negative arguments, and the opinions of modern second rate scholars, to the unanimous voice of antiquity. Whilst denying that Babylon meant Rome, Michaelis, the chief supporter of this absurd denial, and Dr. Brown, acknowledge that Eusebius, St. Clement of Alexandria, St. Jerome, and the older Roman Fathers all understood the Babylon of which St. Peter speaks to mean Rome. Michaelis also acknowledges, that they offered reasons why it *must* mean Rome. Speaking of Eusebius, who quotes Papias, Dr. Brown is cautious. He does not absolutely deny the fact that Eusebius quotes Papias; he merely suggests a doubt. "Eusebius says this (Babylon) meant Rome. He appears to say it on the authorities of Papias, though some learned men deny that he ascribes the tradition to Papias." This is cautious wording in the worthy Bishop.

The "he appears" is strong evidence that the episcopal objector had little faith himself in the "some learned men" who deny the tradition to Papias. With the "Roman divines" he is equally circumspect. St. Jerome and the Roman divines also adopt it—he acknowledges; but then he adds, a learned writer of their communion (Hug.) truly observes etc. Now we object to a *single* writer however learned, and whether of "their communion" or not, being considered as of more weight than the *whole* of those Fathers, who living near the times of the Apostles had better opportunities of judging, breathing as they did the very atmosphere of the tradition. And what is Hug's argument?—this "learned writer of their communion?" "The use, he says, of such a metonymy may be very proper in a symbolical book like the Apocalypse, but would only be credible in the subscription of an epistle, if arcana nomina Ecclesiarum (secret names for churches) had existed amongst Christians." But does any one pretend to say that the word Babylon, was used as an arcana nomen (secret name) for the Roman Church? We think not. The power of Rome was regarded by the later Jews in the same sense as that of Babylon by their forefathers (Jer. i. 7.); and hence whatever the people of Israel be understood to symbolise, Babylon represented the antagonistic principle. The Apostles therefore having been accustomed when Jews to look upon Rome as Babylon, may easily be excused for having carried this nomenclature with them into the Christian Church. Hence they used it, not as an arcana nomen Ecclesie, but as a word symbolical of "the world, the flesh, and the devil." It is therefore as much in place in an epistle as in a symbolical book. Either Hug's knowledge of Jewish history was loose, or his logic at fault, when he made this objection.

The Bishop of Ely admits that—"If the tradition be due to Papias, he is doubtless a very early authority (A. D. circa 110.); but Eusebius, he tells us, has given us to understand that he was a person, whose judgment was not to be depended upon, and particularly that he was an enthusiast about the Apocalypse. Hence his interpreting St. Peter by the language of the Apocalypse is "not of much weight." Now this is not handsome of the good Bishop. In the first place, he very coolly *takes for granted* that our good friend Papias is "interpreting St. Peter by the language of the Apocalypse." We have shown, that he need not of necessity be doing so, since Babylon was already a name for Rome among the later Jews. In the second place, even granting that Eusebius does consider Papias "a person whose judgment was not to be depended on," this proves nothing, since a born fool may be a good witness as to a matter of fact. Having now disposed of the good Bishop, let us look at the testimonies on which this fact of Babylon having meant Rome, is founded.

I. Our adversaries admit 1° that all the old Latin Fathers understood it as such. 2° They even admit that these Fathers gave reasons for so understanding it. II. They grant us that Papias (A. D. 110.) Eusebius, St. Clement of Alexandria and St. Jerome assert it.

III. St. Peter's Epistle itself bears intrinsic evidence to its having been written in Rome, since 1° St. Peter therein warns the Asiatic Christians of the impending persecutions; a knowledge which he could easily have obtained in Rome the centre of Imperial power, but which it would be difficult to suppose attainable in any other of the Babylons, which our modern Papiaphobists have extemporised; 2° Moreover his exhortations to obedience to rulers and governors would point to the conclusion that he was writing under the shade of the imperial wing; 3° Whilst his sending Silvanus, who was St. Paul's companion, to bear the letter, and mentioning St. Mark, whom all allow to have written his gospel at Rome, as saluting, both circumstances point to the same conclusion.

If any further evidence were wanting to this overwhelming body of testimonies, it would be found in the disputes of our adversaries amongst themselves, and in the ridiculous theories which have been advanced in order to find for this poor evicted Babylon "a local habitation and a name." They had better have left it, where the ancient Fathers had placed it, at least until they had found it a decent resting place. Capellus and others take Babylon to mean Jerusalem. 2° Bar-Hebraeus understands it of the house in Jerusalem where the Apostles were assembled on the day of Pentecost. 3° Others place it on the Tigris and identify it with Seleucia or Ctesiphon. 4° Others take it to be Baboul in the Delta, a little north of Fostat or old Cairo between Upper and Lower Egypt. A tradition to this effect is said to exist in the Coptic Church; whilst a tradition that St. Mark the companion of St. Peter was bishop of Alexandria, is supposed to strengthen this theory. The fifth and last supposition, and the one most relied upon by our adversaries, is that by Babylon was intended the old Babylon of the Assyrians. The value of this assertion will best be learnt from the nature of the arguments by which it is sought to be established. A learned Cambridge scholar (Lightfoot) in a sermon preached at St. Mary's, Cambridge, can only find the following: "it was one of the greatest knots of Jews in the world, and Peter was the minister of the circumcision; and Bosor (2. Pet. II. 15.) speaks Peter in Babylon, it being the Chaldee or Syriac pronunciation of Pethor in Num. XXII. 5. Such are the flimsy arguments which modern Protestant scholars are content to advance against the universal testimony of Christian antiquity. Assuredly they rely greatly upon either the credulity and ignorance, or the bigotry of their co-religionists. SACERDOS.

Education cannot be made purely secular, or as the cant phrase goes "unsectarian," if it be carried beyond the rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic. If it be extended beyond these, into the domain of history, geography, or any of the *ologies* it must needs be "sectarian," or complicated with theology and the religious element. This truth, so often insisted upon by Catholics, as an unanswerable argument against "mixed" or "common schools," is strongly urged by the London Times:—

"Mr. Herbert must be assumed to include in his history, geography, geology, logic—not to mention other subjects; and not one of these can be studied without touching upon questions on which mankind are, and will be, for ever divided. What is Scotch history with the words 'Pope, King, Prelate, Government cut out of it? Geography must recognise the existent diversities of religious belief, and their influence on national progress, and character. Geology involves many disputed questions; and Logic raises the whole controversy as to the basis of belief, being as it is only another word for what Dr. Newman has styled the Grammar of Assent."—Times.

There must then needs be, a Catholic History, and a Protestant History; a Catholic Geography and a Protestant Geography—and so on throughout the whole chapter of the sciences. If all these be excluded from common school education, then common school education is not worth the trouble, and the money that it costs. If they are included, and as both cannot be taught as true in the same school—as the one is the contradictory of the other—it is evident that injustice is perpetrated if Catholic History and Catholic Geography be enforced upon Protestant pupils; or if Protestant History and Protestant Geography be thrust down the throats of Catholic pupils. From this dilemma there is no possibility of escape. Common schools must be either worthless, or sectarian.

THE MODEL REPUBLIC.—This is no altogether a nice place to live in, if the following, which we find in the telegraphic reports from the United States, be a fair specimen of the manner in which life and property are there protected. It seems that on the 19th inst., at a place called Talagual, a man who was on his trial for murder was acquitted. Whereupon a relative of the murdered man, by way of expressing his dissent from the finding of the Court, shot the defendant dead, and then served the Judge on the Bench in a similar manner. This provoked an expression of public opinion, in the shape of a free fight, in the course of which seven persons were killed outright, and as many more were wounded.

THE BISHOP OF MONTREAL.—We regret that it is not in our power to give more cheer- ful news of the state of our beloved Bishop's health. He is still at the Hotel Dieu, and no decided improvement in his condition has yet been reported. The prayers of all his flock for his speedy recovery will not be wanting.

A Circular Letter from His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec was read in all the churches of Quebec, enjoining a special solemn Te Deum and Statut in Thanksgiving for the restoration to health of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales.

We have just received the report of a farewell address to the Reverend M. Piret, parish priest of St. Andrew of Argenteuil, presented by his parishioners on the 26th of February last. The address was presented by Mr. Mackay, Barrister-at-Law, with a few appropriate introductory remarks; after which Mr. John Kelly presented the Rev. M. Piret with a Breviary and a well filled purse—the proceeds of a collection taken up in the parish.

The Rev. M. Piret returned thanks in suitable terms, in which he paid a high but well deserved compliment to his dearly beloved parishioners.

The ice in front of the City has at last broken up, and has gone away quietly. For this we should be very thankful, as a flood such as often occurs in the lower parts of the City would have greatly aggravated the already very serious unhealthiness of the City. The mortality from small-pox for the week ending the 13th inst., was 50, of which 48 cases or 96 per cent were French Canadians. The total mortality for the week was 144.

VACCINATION IN THE ROYAL NAVY.—The beneficial effects of vaccination are strikingly illustrated by the Official Report of the Deputy Inspector General of Hospitals and Fleets.—The men and officers in H. M. Service have enjoyed almost perfect immunity from the foul disease, although small-pox and other zymotic diseases were very prevalent throughout the United Kingdom;—and the Report continues that "it was doubtless owing to the prompt and energetic measures that were adopted for the protection of the crews of the vessels on the home station, that they suffered so little from these causes. Every one in the service was re-vaccinated, unless that operation had been already performed between the date of his entry, and the age of 18." The actual death rate in H. M. Service for the past year would, but for casualties such as the loss of the *Capitain* with all her crew, and deaths by violence, be less than Nine per thousand per annum.—Considering the many unfavorable climatic conditions to which men and officers in the Royal Navy are exposed, this is certainly not a very high rate of mortality.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION.—We find in the Montreal Herald of the 22nd inst., a notice of a very important decision in a case ecclesiastical, given by the Supreme Court of the U. States. The case came before it in the shape of an appeal against a judgment by a Kentucky Court, which judgment the Supreme Court of the U. States set aside, on the grounds that—Where an ecclesiastical Court is recognised by a denomination as the proper tribunal to adjudicate upon any ecclesiastical question, the Civil Courts must accept its decision without enquiring into its accuracy.

The Montreal Gazette gives the following analysis of the correspondence between the Imperial and Dominion Governments on the subject of the Treaty of Washington. The Gazette says:—

"We have reason to believe that the papers will disclose that the Dominion Government at the outset notified the Imperial Government that Canada would not assent to any sale of the Fisheries without her consent being first obtained, and that the British Government replied that such intention had never been entertained by Her Majesty's Government. We further understand that as the negotiations for the Treaty of Washington proceeded, our Government urged that the Canadian claims arising out of the Fenian raids should be included in the Treaty, and trade advantages should be secured in return for the temporary use of the fisheries. When the negotiation proceeded without effect being given to these views our Government strongly re-negotiated, but after the conclusion of the Treaty, an appeal was made by the British Government to the Government of Canada to carry out the Treaty in the interests of the Empire, and to allow the Americans to fish in Canadian waters. Our Government declined to accede to this latter request, and placed on record their disapproval of the terms of the Treaty as regarded the Fisheries and the Fenian raid claims. The correspondence on the subject was continued, and eventually a proposal was made by the Canadian Government that, in liquidation of the Fenian claims against Great Britain, and to meet the anxious desire of the British Government, they would be ready to submit the treaty for the favourable consideration of the Canadian Parliament, provided the British Government would guarantee a Canadian loan of £4,000,000 sterling, to be applied to the construction of the great Canadian Pacific Railway and the extension of the canal system. The British Government replied, offering to guarantee £2,500,000, and the Canadian Government accepted this counter proposal."

The Catholic body of Pembroke and vicinity will erect this summer a fine new church, which will cost, when completed, about \$26,000.

A correspondent of the *Sherbrooke News* states that the small-pox is raging fearfully in the County of Benne. In the Townships of Forsythe, Shanley and Frampton, over sixty persons have died of this disease within two months.

IN MEMORIAM.

The vine-yard of God's Holy Church has lost another young and saintly laborer in the person of the Rev. Christopher Phaneuf, O.M. J., who died the martyr's death in Lowell, Mass., on Tuesday April 16th.

One short month ago, after a winter's toil in the dreary Northern forests, the deceased was summoned to the house of the Oblate Congregation in Lowell, there to fulfil the onerous duties devolving upon his heavenly commission. Willingly did he respond to his Superior's call; nobly did he guard his post when the terrible small-pox scourge was laying its victims low on every side; and calmly, with true Christian resignation did he commend his an-tarnished soul into the hands of his Maker, whilst the poor afflicted body was fast growing cold. Dust is now consigned to dust, but the spirit yet liveth; and we, who know that the just go not un-rewarded, may well exclaim although our hearts are saddened by the loss of a valued friend: "O Death, where is thy victory! O Death, where is thy sting!" *Requiescat in pace.*

OTTAWA, April 20th.

TRACTS AND "STICK NO BILLS."—A short time ago, the evangelical thunderers of Ottawa City and neighborhood determined to inaugurate a new era in this part of the country, by the establishment of one of those formidable machines known to us—poor benighted heathen that we are!—as the "Tract Nuisances." A meeting of zealous, God fearing men was called for the purpose; and after many forcible appeals, the dollars and cents began to appear, slowly at first, but afterwards with such rapidity of succession that an additional Treasurer became a necessity. The meeting adjourned—as all meetings do—without having effected any perceptible change in the atmosphere, notwithstanding all predictions to the contrary. Nothing more was heard of the "Tracts" until the morning of April 11th. (note the date historians!) when the multiform offspring of the late assemblage appeared, pasted like ordinary bills to the public fences. We stopped—and gazed—and rubbed our eyes—and gazed again. It was no dream—it was reality—fond or sad reality we leave our readers to judge.

What did we see? We saw, we read what we hope to never see or read again:—

"Where shall I spend Eternity?" And underneath:— "First Annual Soiree of the Hair-dressers of Ottawa etc."

Another fence exhibited: "The wages of Sin is death." Look out for the new Hardware Store! etc. On a gate-way:— "After death the judgment." Brown's Bronchial Trochies, etc.

We could give numerous other samples equally ridiculous, but we think the above sufficient to give a fair idea of the success achieved by the Tract Society of the Capital. We hope to see the "Stick no Bills" law rigorously enforced, for the sake of injured Christianity, and suffering humanity. MARK.

CELIBACY OF THE PRIESTHOOD.—Catholic priests should marry, say the Protestant clergy; Catholic priests should marry, say the Protestant Laity. For the thousandth time we ask—why?

"With regard to Parish duties, I much regret that sickness in my family has materially interfered with my parochial visiting while among you." Words taken from Rev. C. P. Mulvany's reply to an address presented by his grateful Fitzroy parishioners on April 2nd, 1872.

That, we presume, is the reason why. MARK.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.—May, 1872.—D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Montreal. Terms of subscription, \$4.50 per annum; single copies, 45 cents.

The contents of the current number are as follows:—1. Duties of the Rich in Christian Society—No. IV.; 2. Anniversary of a Baptism; 3. The House of York—Chaps. 28, 29; 4. Super Omnes Speciosa; 5. The Mother of Lamartine; 6. A Quarter of an Hour in the old Roman Forum during a Speech of Cicero's; 7. A Salon in Paris before the War—I, II.; 8. The Legends of Oisla, Bard of Erin; 9. A Jewish Convert; 10. Affirmations; 11. Fleur-aug—XII., XIII., XIV., Part II.; 12. Tennyson: Artist and Moralist; 13. How the Church Understands and Upholds the Rights of Women; 14. Devota; 15. The Garesses of Providence; 16. New Publications.

SENTECE.—Narcisso A. Duberger, advocate, and Deputy Prothonotary of the Superior Court of Three Rivers, who pleaded guilty at the Queen's Bench, before Judge Monk, to a charge of forgery of fictitious newspaper accounts, and embezzlement of the moneys alleged to have been so disbursed, have been sentenced to twelve months imprisonment. The sentence was made light in consideration of the petition of Judge Polotte, the Bishop of Three Rivers and other gentlemen of influence, recommending the prisoner to mercy on account of his large family and long good behavior in the public service.

OPENING OF THE WELAND CANAL.—ST. CATHERINES, April 22.—The water was let into the canal on Friday night. Navigation opened this morning and vessels had started down the canal.

PSALM—"DOMINUS REGIT ME," &c.

BY THE REV. ANNEAS MACD. DAWSON. Aye, subject to Thy sway, great Lord! Nought wanting to me'er can be; Is mine, reliant on Thy word. All I can wish or pray from Thee, In pastures sweet Thou settest me down; Dust loving rear where ceaseless flow Refreshing streams; my soul doth own Conversion's power, and all aglow With Grace Divine, I'm constant led In virtue's path: Thou, Heavenly Sire, My stay, no evil shall I dread, But, undismayed, shall e'er aspire, Even in the shadow dark and drear, Of death, steadfast, my steps to guide; For Thou, Great Lord, art ever near, Ever with me, even by my side. Thine armour shields me, I am strong; Extendst Thy rod, no foe assail. Aye, for Thy presence do I long 'Gainst them who bid me weep and wail. The bread Thou breakst for me is power; Thine oil of strength upon my head All fragrant poured, and flowing o'er Thy cup of bliss, my foes all dead, With true delight inebriate. Aloud Thy goodness I proclaim; Whilst life remains my happy fate. Thy mercy to possess and claim That ever, in Thy House, O Lord, I dwell, obedient to Thy Word. Ottawa, Feb. 1872.

Mrs. LIVERMORE.—The mere mention of this lady's name in cities in the United States has been sufficient to draw large audiences to her lectures, and in Montreal the fame which has already preceded her should have the same effect. "What shall we do with our daughters?" the subject of her lecture on Saturday, is a question of the most vital importance, and we are sure Montrealers will regard it as such.

We regret to have to announce the death of one of the Students of St. Mary's College, young Charles O'Hara Grant, who died of congestion of the brain at St. Mary's College, in this city, last Friday afternoon. The deceased was born on the 22nd October, 1850, in Columbus, Georgia, of one of the best families in the place. He was always remarkable for physical, intellectual and moral development. Like all the other members of his family, he grew up with truly Southern luxuriance; and though he had not completed the first half of his sixteenth year, he already measured six feet, and was stout in proportion. This was his first year at St. Mary's. Coming some time after classes were resumed, he soon made up for lost time, so much so, that last month, he stood fairly at the head of his class. Besides an extraordinary fund of general knowledge, especially in matters of history, he had a rare facility for instrumental music, which he cultivated with a taste and perseverance seldom to be met with among men and still less among boys of his age. Many as they went through the passage near the practising rooms, have stopped and listened with admiration to Charlie Grant's violin. Those who knew him in his childhood, say that he was ever what his teachers and school-fellows found him to be here, an amiable companion, and an unassuming high-minded boy. Liked and esteemed by all who knew him, he used to say that the only thing he regretted in his college life, was being so far away from his mother, whom he fondly loved. Just when his brilliant success in the classical course had increased his natural taste for serious study, he was seized with a violent attack of brain fever, brought on, no doubt by a return of the "chills," to which he was subject ever since his arrival in Canada, and from which he had formerly suffered at home during three or four years. From last Wednesday morning, when he fell into a convulsive delirium, till his death, he was almost all the time unconscious, only recovering his senses long enough to receive the last consolations of religion. His father, a planter of high standing in Columbus, was converted about eleven years ago, to the Catholic faith, of which the mother has always been a sincerely devoted adherent. The college has lost in young Grant, one of its best and most talented pupils; we need not add how heavily the blow will fall upon his absent family. His sister, who is finishing her education at Villa Maria, had the sad consolation of watching by his death-bed; and in this office of charity—shared, as it was, with the afflicted Fathers and Brothers of the St. Mary's community—she was nobly assisted by Mrs. Everitt, a Georgian lady, an old friend of the family, who did all that a mother could have done to soothe him in his agony. The remains left Montreal on Saturday afternoon, for their last resting place in Columbus.—R.I.P.

MR. MATTHEW RYAN ON THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

In his recent lecture delivered in Lindsay, Mr. Ryan, thus spoke on the above important topic.— It is late in the evening to speak on the Temperance Society, and it may be regarded as not in good taste to do so in a community where I find Temperance to be the order of the day, and in presence of a Reverend gentleman whose labours have already secured for him the fame of a very Apostle of that cause; but he and you will, I trust, excuse a brief reference to the subject. I have said that I desire to see the Temperance Society wherever the Irish are—not, be it understood, because I regard them every where, on massed as drunkards. No, no; I am not going to say here what I have never said elsewhere, that I belong to a drunken or even hard drinking race; I would rather believe, I do believe what the great Doctor Doyle said: "The Irish," said he in the third of his immortal J. K. L. letters, "are not only religious like other people, but entirely devoted to religion; more sanguine than the English, less mercurial than the French, they seem to be compounded of both these nations, and better suited than either to seek after and indulge in spiritual affections." But, Mr. Chairman, it is because of these higher qualities and gifts, because that when the Irishman falls from this high position great is the fall indeed, that I wish him to deal cautiously with intoxicating drinks. The Irishman never has drunk, does not now drink as much as others who claim a superiority over him; for instance, the figures of the excise show that the Scottish people drink five gallons to the Irish two and three fourths, and if "Dunlop's drinking usages of North Britain" is to be believed they are, high and low, a hard drinking people on that side of the Tweed; but, sir, the lesser quantity does the Irishman the greater harm, because of his peculiar and more delicate organization. The Scotchman can drink and work at least for a time—so even for him comes a day of reckoning—he cannot drink and think; he cannot make noise in his own house and out of it, he can appear in the Police Court and provoke the derisive laughter of those whose sins are greater but more secret, but he cannot addict himself to alcoholic drinks and for any length of time prosper in any single pursuit—his organization is against it, his temperament is against it, his acute conscience is against it, for when that cannot restrain him it makes him worse. When an Irishman does not drink he can work, wherever in the order of God's Providence he is placed, from the highest to the humblest position, and he can benefit by his work, as I have shown to-night; he can save money, he can appreciate a home and its comforts—he can be genial and gentlemanly, and above all he can, as Bishop Doyle says, "seek after and Indulge in spiritual affections."

THE SMALL-POX AND THE VACCINATORS.—We understand that notwithstanding the scant remuneration offered by the Board of Health to the medical men, who are to undertake the house to house visitation and vaccination. Dr. Dugdale and Dr. Larocque, the Health Officers of the city, have found no difficulty in filling up the number required. Indeed, two additional have been appointed, the number, now sixteen, includes several of the old vaccinators who repudiated the action of the deputation. We are glad to be able to say that several of the newly appointed vaccinators commenced their labors yesterday afternoon, and as the districts will be arranged to-morrow. No time will be lost in having the vaccination carried out. A fresh supply of lymph is to be sent for at once by the city, and at last this necessary step to stamp out the disease will be taken. It reflects credit upon the medical profession and upon their zeal for the preservation of the public health, that many of the newly appointed vaccinators that would have undertaken the duty gratuitously in order to prevent the spread of the disease, had such selfishness been necessary.

Sir John Macdonald has given notice of a Bill to assimilate the criminal law of Canada in relation to Trades Unions to that of England. The necessity for this law arises out of an opinion recently given by Mr. Harrison in Toronto to the effect that all such organizations are illegal in this country. By the common law they were illegal in England, but legislation has taken place there from time to time by which they have been regulated and rendered legal. The proposal to make the law here the same, I think, dictated by sound policy. We cannot afford in Canada to place workmen under disabilities which have been removed in England and the United States. The circumstances which have given rise to the legislation are to be greatly regretted; but of the wisdom of the legislation itself there can scarcely be any difference of opinion.

SMALL-POX.—During the past week, 42 deaths occurred from, small-pox, a decrease of 8 on the week previous. Of this number, 5 took place at the Tanneries, 2 in the General Hospital, 1 at Longue Pointe, and 34 within the city limits. Nearly all the deaths, as usual, occurred in young children, the majority being under 5 years of age. Out of 33 deaths among Roman Catholics within the city limits, 14 were vaccinated.—Witness.

BRIDGE ACROSS THE ST. LAWRENCE.—Mr. D. A. McDonald has prepared a petition for a charter for bridging the St. Lawrence from Goulet Landing to Valleyfield, thence by rail to Rousse's Point. Mr. McDonald has been induced to take up this line by large offers of assistance from American capitalists, who believe that the traffic of the Ottawa Valley can be diverted to a considerable extent by its means to New England, and by a shorter line than by Montreal.

The Ottawa Citizen complains that some Quebec firms engaged in the Ottawa lumber trade are going to boom the Ottawa River below Goulet so as to catch their saw logs, which will be run down the Long Sault in slips. The boom will interfere with the navigation of the river, and a deputation of the Montreal and Ottawa Forwarders, it is understood, are to have an interview with the Hon. Minister of Public Works to prevent the boom from being constructed.

CORREX, Ont. April 16.—Some unknown persons broke into the Roman Catholic church here on Sunday night last, and stole therefrom a chalice valued at \$15.

Mr. Owen Murphy has been appointed by the Quebec Board of Trade an Official Assignee.

The steamer *Nova Dom* left St. Hyacinthe on Friday night for St. Pie, her first trip this year, and a month and five days later than last year.

The following account is given of the scarcity of fodder in Luthy Township, by a correspondent to the *Quebec Mercury*:—"The times this year are the hardest I ever saw, the crops were very poor in this part of the country last year, indeed what with the frost and draught the crops might be said to be almost a total failure, there not being a bushel for over 100 in former years. There are no potatoes at all; we have all our seed to buy this year, and we don't know where to get any. The crop of straw was poor the cattle are almost dying for want, and there is but little prospect of the weather getting any better yet; the snow is about three feet and a half in depth present and the roads all blocked up with the last storm. It would be a good job if the snow would rapidly disappear, as the half of the cattle in the country will die of starvation. Oats are 60c per bushel, and hay is \$24 per ton and rising in price every day; we are all feeding oats round here."

HAIFAN, April 26.—About twenty guns were heard a little after midnight this morning, and rockets were also seen going up at the mouth of the harbor indicating a steamship ashore. The signal from the citadel, in answer, showed her to be the *Peruvia* from Liverpool. She had gone on Thrum Cap Shoals and was in a dangerous position. Tugs were sent to her assistance at two o'clock, and the passengers, 700 in all, were put in the boats and sent on board a schooner which had previously gone to assist on noticing the signal rockets. About four o'clock the tugs succeeded in getting the steamer off, and she is now lying off in the stream leaking badly, and it is stated that two compartments are filled with water. Divers have gone down to examine the condition of her bottom. The place where she went on is a bad one, and in an hour more the steamer would probably have become a wreck.

Owing to the boisterous state of the weather the divers were unable to make an examination of the *Peruvia*. A temporary raft has been constructed to sink alongside the ship, to enable them to make a minute examination, and if possible repair the damage; but it is most likely she will have to go to Boston and be docked there. The passengers, with the exception of 73 for Halifax, expect to be sent on by another of the Allan Line, probably the *Avonport*, from Portland. The *Peruvia* is discharging Halifax and other freight. Her engines had to be free, as she was making water at the rate of 9 inches in fifteen minutes. The disaster is said to have been the fault of Michael Edwards, the pilot. Captain Smith observed the close proximity of the vessel to the shoals, and rang out to the pilot to know when he was taking the ship. Five minutes afterwards she was on the rock, and all was excitement and confusion. For a time the position was so dangerous that the ladies were put into the boats, and then many of the other passengers were transferred to a schooner which came to their assistance. No accidents or loss occurred, and they were all safely brought to the city after the *Peruvia* was hauled off the rock. The night was quite calm and clear, and the tide pretty well up with a heavy swell in ashore. Fortunately the ship was got off before the wind rose or the tide ebbed, or she would have gone to pieces like the *Dacia*. The pilot made off in his boat as soon as he could, and has not since been seen.

Miramichi promises to regain even more than the importance it enjoyed thirty years since. The Hon. Mr. Mitchell, in his letter advocating Miramichi as an ocean port, says:—"As a point of departure for Europe, it is nearer to Liverpool by 82 miles than Halifax, the distance being 2,428 miles in the latter; while it is only 2,351 in the former, while the land route from New York, Chicago or Montreal is shorter to Miramichi than Halifax by about 300 miles, thus giving the Miramichi port, as a point of departure, an advantage over any other available port in the Maritime Provinces of about 400 miles as a summer route." Mr. Mitchell's verdict in favour of Miramichi has secured it one of the Allan's line of steamers this summer. Miramichi is on the line of the Intercolonial Railway.

VACANT LOTS.—In order as much as possible to put a stop to the practice, too much indulged in by some parties, of depositing filth in vacant lots, Sub-Chief Flynn is about to issue notices to the owners to have them enclosed with a good substantial fence. This practice is one of the greatest difficulties the Sanitary Police have to contend with, as it is not easy to detect offending parties. A young man named Chapman, however, was detected in the act of committing an offence of this description, and a warrant has been issued for the arrest of his master. All the vacant lots on Ontario street, about which there has been lately so much complaint, will be without delay placed in a proper sanitary condition.—Witness.

The Legislature of Nova Scotia has passed a liquor law, among other stringent provisions, requires liquor dealers to close their premises at nine o'clock in the evening, and prevents the sale of groceries and liquors in the same shop.

The Liverpool, N.S., *Advocate*, gives currency to a report that recently a box with a chain around it was driven on shore at Beach Meadows, and on opening the box the body of a malleto boy of some three or four years was found in it.

It is said that a young man at St. John, N.B., was seriously poisoned a few days since by incautiously eating gum camphor, and is still under medical treatment. This should remind others of the danger of eating this article as freely as many are accustomed to do.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

Charlebourg, Rev. A. Beaudry, \$2.50; Grand Pabes, W. O'Connor, 1; Pembroke, P. Aughney, 1; Porter's Hill, J. A. McIntosh, 3; Carleton, J. Barley, 4; Ormstown, P. Murphy, 1.50; Sheenborough, W. Darcy, 2; J. Shea, 2; Lacolle, H. Barker, 2; Tracadie, N.B., M. E. Bourgeois, 1; Vankleek Hill, Dr. W. Harkin, 2. For J. Hackett, Chumby Canton—L. Connors, 6; W. Hopley, 2; M. Mullett, 4. For Rev. Mr. Ouellet, Calumet Island—Dunniven, C. Healy, 2. For L. Murphy, Southport—Molesworth, J. J. Gardner, 2. For P. Lynch, Allumette Island—T. Duff, 2; J. Ryan, 2; M. Donnellan, 2; J. Coghlin, 2. For J. M. Jones, Stanbridge East—T. Gibson, 2. For Dr. Cameron, Ottawa—Good Cove, N.S., Rev. R. McGillivray, 5.

BREAKFAST.—EPPE'S COCOA.—"GREAT AND COMFORTING."—By a thorough knowledge of the natural law which governs the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Eppe has provided our breakfast tables with a del. cious and nourishing beverage which many many heavy doctors' bills!—*Chef Service Gazette*. Made simply with Boiling Water or Milk. Each packet is labelled—James Eppe & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London." Also, makers of Eppe's Milky Cocoa (Cocoa and Condensed Milk).

DR. S. JACOBS, ON APHONIA, OR LOSS OF VOICE.—Orange Street, St. John, N. B., 1869.—MR. FELLOWS.—Sir: I am bound to award the palm of merit to the preparation of Hypophosphites discovered by you. I had occasion to use it myself in a case of Aphonia, which would not yield to regular treatment, and am happy to say, it proved to be all that you claimed for it, having acted with expedition and entire satisfaction.

I feel called upon to publish the fact, that the profession may avail themselves of a remedy in your "Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites."

Yours, very truly, S. JACOBS, M.D. 41

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment gives immediate relief to scalds, burns, wounds and bruises. 33

Died.

On Thursday, the 18th inst., at 366 Dorchester Street, Mary Louise Mahel, infant daughter of Henry R. Gray.

In this city, on the 18th inst., Alice Jane, aged 24 years, 10 months, beloved wife of Mr. P. Jordan, ex-Councillor of this city.—R. I. P.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes Flour, Superior Extra, Extra, Fancy, Fresh Supers, Ordinary Supers, Strong Bakers, Supers from Western Wheat, Supers City Brands, Fresh Ground, Canada Supers, Western Supers, Fine, Middlings, U. G. bag flour, U. G. bags (delivered), Wheat, Oatmeal, Corn, Pease.

WANTED.—A SITUATION as TRAVELLING COMPANION or ENGLISH GOVERNESS. Would not object to crossing the Atlantic with an invalid, or in charge of children, not under eight or over fourteen years of age. Terms moderate, and best references given. Address—Box 47, Kingston, Ont.

MRS. LIVERMORE

LECTURES AT MECHANICS' HALL SATURDAY Evening, April 27th.

What shall we do with our Daughters? MONDAY Evening, April 29th, "The Reasons Why?"

Doors open at 7.15. Lecture to commence at 8 p.m. precisely. Doors closed at 8.15 p.m. Tickets, 50 cents—For sale at Gould's, Dawson Bros., Prince's, and at the door.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

IN the matter of JOSEPH MAURICE, Trader. An Insolvent. A Reformed dividend sheet, as per order of Court, has been prepared, subject to objection until the 22nd day of April, 1872, after which dividend will be paid. JAMES TYRE, Assignee. MONTREAL, April 4th, 1872.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

IN the matter of CHARLES CADIEUX, Joiner and Carpenter, of Montreal. Insolvent. The Creditors of the Insolvent are notified to meet at the office of the undersigned Assignee, No. 97, St. Jacques Street, in the City of Montreal, on Thursday the 18th day of April, 1872, at 10 o'clock, a.m., for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally. L. JOS. LAJOIE, Assignee. MONTREAL, April 3rd, 1872.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

GAMBETTA ON THE HUSTING.—PARIS, April 10.—Gambetta delivered an address at Angers last evening on "Adherence to the Republic." In the course of his remarks he asserted that the whole country was practically a unit for the defeat of supporters of monarchy. In support of the statement he cited as proof the results of the municipal and departmental elections. Gambetta continued by a spirited assault upon the Right in the Assembly who he said are utterly distracted by the people of France, and concluded by vigorously urging upon Thiers the definitive establishment of the republic.

PARIS, April 18.—France having abolished the passport system as regards England only, other countries demand of her a similar exemption.

ABBE JUNGUA AND CANON MOULS OF BORDEAUX.—Later information puts us into possession of the true facts of the case. It appears that the two priests in question have been writing for the Tribune, the red republican organ of Bordeaux. The nature of their writings is sufficiently evidenced by the fact that, on the order of a Judge d'Instruction, the police have seized on the papers and those of the publisher of the Tribune, in order to prosecute all three for having written and published articles outraging public and religious morality. So that Abbe Jungua's tardy denunciation of the dogma of the Infallibility is merely a transparent device to make himself a religious martyr, and to gain the good-will of the reds. Our readers may ask—"why were these facts suppressed by Reuter?" We can only reply that otherwise it would have been impossible to convert civil criminals into religious reformers; and the opportunity of a sensational paragraph about the schism in France would have been lost.—Catholic Times.

LIBELS ON THE BUONAPARTE FAMILY.—The following libels on the ex-Imperial family are complained of by the Ordre as having been lately published in the Sifflet:—"Wanted, an active man, not overburdened with delicacy, to be an Imperial candidate at the forthcoming election for Corsica. Apply, post paid, to N. B., Post-office, Chislehurst.—A respectable man, who can produce good testimonials, and who long filled the position of an Emperor, wants a book-keeper's place in a large house. He is thoroughly master of addition, and first-rate at subtraction.—Great Bargain. To be sold, a bargain, a splendid campaign sword which belonged to Prince Napoleon. Never used, and quite as good as new." But the worst of all, in the eyes of the Ordre, is the following:—"Wonderful Imperial Soap. Sovereign for removing stains on reputation. Clément Luvinois sole patentee. N.B.—Every piece of this soap is wrapped up in a number of the Ordre, a great political, comic, classic, stomachic, dynastic, and saporific journal."

A French radical print urges the workmen of France to purge their minds and hearts of all religious dogmas, and to give up all hope in God.

SPAIN.

MADRID, April 16.—It is said that the foreign powers have given the Spanish Government assurances of their determination to suppress the international society.

BELGIUM.

The Belgian Senate has just affirmed by 44 votes against six the necessity of maintaining the legation accredited to the Holy See. There never was or could be any real doubt as to the disposition of the Belgian Chambers in this respect, but the recent act of the Dutch legislature was probably the cause of the vote being questioned in Belgium. In the Lower Chamber a compulsory education bill has been reported against by the committee, the reporter being Mgr. De Haerne, who condemned the project as useless, because the generalization of education was best attained by the "free co-operation of moral influences"; and as dangerous, because the power thus attributed to the State is so much subtracted from paternal authority. "When the State," he added, "is substituted for the father of the family, all despotisms become possible."

ITALY.

The Italian Government still refuses to give to the newly appointed Bishops their episcopal palaces and the revenues of their Sees, although the latter have been reduced by the Government to the smallest possible amount. It refuses also to give their incomes to all parish priests appointed by these Bishops, but these tyrannical measures can scarcely be enforced much longer. Meanwhile the Holy Father, out of his poverty, continues to support the Bishops who are thus infamously treated.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION IN ITALY.—Minister Correnti's circular of the 17th ult., has already produced some of the fruits expected from it. At Bologna orders have been given to the Sisters of Charity, conducting the Casa de' Padroncini, to close at once their girls' poor school and to dissolve the congregation of the Holy Spirit. The Dominican Tertiaries have also been ordered, by a decree of the prefect Bardegnoni, to close their French school at which the flower of the youth of Bologna were receiving instruction. Finally, the Daughters of the Sacred Heart have been informed that their boarding school, containing 80 young ladies belonging to the more wealthy classes, as well as their charity school, where 150 young girls received free education, must be closed at once. This step has been taken at the instigation of an inspector of studies, one Salvoni, an apostate priest, on account of his having found amongst the exercises of one of the pupils a theme entitled, "The Glories of Pius I.V." These several acts of persecution are not entirely without good results. They have raised the Catholics to a sense of the situation, and have convinced them of the necessity of action. Already several young noblemen, graduates of the university, have resolved to demand teaching licenses, for the purpose of replacing those Catholic teachers who have been obliged to close their schools, on account of being unable to obtain such licenses. Moreover the two Bolognese circles of the Association of Catholic Youth have established a commission, charged with the duty of assisting in

matters of education. Five new circles have been recently affiliated to the Italian Society of Catholic Youth; and others are at this moment being organized at Milan, at Foligno and at Naples.

ROME, April 10.—It is reported that the Pope is about to fill all vacancies in the College of Cardinals.

No ceremonies took place in St. Peter's during the Holy Week, with the exception of the usual services of the Chapter. In all the other Basilicas the celebrated music of the Miserere is suppressed. The foreign residents are very discontented, especially the Protestants, who can discover no reason for suppressing the functions, although the reasons are very evident. To know them it is only necessary to look on the walls of Rome, on the infamous caricatures against religion and the Pope, or to read the newspaper. Insults to priests and monks and to sacred images are of daily occurrence. No Catholic will reproach the Vatican for having suspended the ceremonies; the faithful but too well understand the reason.

There is not a more alarming sign of the times than the fact of the Italian Deputies assembled in Rome expressing with one voice their regret at the death of Mazzini, while the President eulogised him as a great patriot, and an ardent promoter of the unity and independence of Italy. Mazzini was a notorious Republican, and the Italian Parliament professes allegiance to a constitutional king. Mazzini was an apostle of assassination, and did his best to give Charles Albert the mortal stab. But the Italian Deputies do not scruple to award an apotheosis to a Republican and an assassin—a conspirator implicated in the Orsini plot against the life of Louis Napoleon—because, stained as his hands were with blood, and hostile as were his principles to the reigning House of Savoy, he was the enemy of religion, of the Papacy, and of God; because in his writings he propounded the doctrine of Comte—the system of Positivism, the worship of humanity. This was really his merit in their eyes.

DISCOVERIES IN ROME.—Mr. John Henry Parker, C. E., writes from Rome as follows to the Times:—"Will you permit me to take advantage of the wide circulation of your paper to make known to my numerous friends in England and the subscribers to the Roman Exploration Fund, that I have this day (March 18) been through the subterranean passage from the vestibule of the great ancient Mamertine Prison (commonly called the Prison of St. Peter) under the Church of the Crucifixion, near the arch of Septimius Severus, and the principal chambers of that prison called the Lantanaie, now cellars under the houses in the Via di Marforio and the Vicolo del Ghettaccio? This passage is 80 yards long, nearly two high and one wide, and the construction, as well as that of the prison, is of the large blocks of tufa usually called in Rome the walls of the kings, the same as that of the earliest part of the Cloaca Maxima. The excavation of this passage has been a tedious, difficult, and expensive work, and I hope it will be duly appreciated by the subscribers. It clearly settles another long-disputed question among scholars, and demonstrates that this is the prison in the middle of the city, mentioned by Livy as made in the time of Ancus Marcius (A. U. C. 121, B. C. 632, Livy Hist. lib. I. c. 33). All the disputed points in the historical topography of Rome might be settled and demonstrated in the same manner, if the necessary funds were forthcoming. I have had plans and sections made of this, and shall have them published as soon as possible and sent to the subscribers."

GERMANY.

The Minister of Public Worship has given formal notice to Bishop of Emmenthal that as sentences of excommunication against German subjects clash with the civil law, and affect unfavorably the social status of those against whom they are pronounced, the consent of the Government must be obtained before such sentences are pronounced. The minister insists that obedience to the laws is a duty incumbent on all, and intimates that failure in that duty on the part of the bishop will lead to the withdrawal of government of all official recognition of his ecclesiastical functions. The Bishop of Emmenthal answers, affirming that civil honour is in no way affected by excommunication.

A special to the Daily News from Berlin says:—"No ultimatum, as alleged by the Daily Telegraph, yesterday, has been sent to the French Government by Prince Bismarck. Count Von Arnim, the German Ambassador to France, did convey a despatch from Prince Bismarck to the Government of Versailles, but its tone was very pacific and highly flattering to President Thiers. The Premier in the despatch stated that he was convinced that peace was secure between the two nations so long as the present executive officers remained in power. In the same despatch Bismarck complains of the distrust of the good intentions of Germany manifested by the people of France."

BERLIN, April 18.—The North German Gazette positively denies the truth of the statement made by the London Daily Telegraph in regard to the relations of Germany and France.

BISMARCK'S POLISH CONSPIRACY.—The Correspondence de Geneve defines Prince Bismarck to produce any proof in the handwriting of Canon Kozmin, showing that in any of his alleged intrigues against the Prussian Government that ecclesiastical received instructions from Rome. At the same time it is well to remember that up to a very recent period both Canon Kozmin and his Archbishop, were treated with the greatest cordiality by the Berlin Government, so much so, that their Polish countrymen complained that they injured the national cause by their complaisance towards the Prussian Ministers; and the organs of the Polish Revolutionary Party have consistently denounced them as their greatest opponents. It is also worthy of note, that the man who discovered as it is said, the supposed incriminating documents in Mgr. Kozmin's writing-desk, was an apostate priest specially deputed for that very purpose.

Prussia, which prohibited the sale of Theodore Tilton's rhapsody on Woodhull, has discovered that there exists on her statute-books an old law about marriage, which embodies some of the most "advanced" ideas of the believers in free licentiousness. By its provisions, a boy and girl under 18 may, with the consent of their parents, marry on probation.—The time of the trial expires when the groom is 18, and the parties may then separate, or enter into a regular marriage, at their option. Dr. Falk, the new Minister of Education and Public Worship, proposes to have the law repealed at once.

FREEMASONRY IN BAVARIA.—On the 6th of March, a petition was presented to the Bavarian chamber of deputies, praying for the suppression of the lodges of freemasonry in the country. Amongst other grounds for such a request, the petitioners cite the following:—"Count de Haugwitz, Minister of State to the King of Prussia, being 80 years of age, did propose at the Congress of Verona, the suppression of the Society of Freemasons, saying:—"From my youth to advanced age, I have been a member of the Masonic Union; I have received the superior grades, I have been provincial Grand Master, and I have become acquainted with the divers systems forming the union of the order, all which, in a greater or less degree, tend to the destruction of the State. I am firmly convinced that what commenced in 1788, and burst forth a little later—the French Revolution, with the assassination of the king, and all the horrors that followed, were not only resolved on beforehand, but even arranged with the assistance of Secret Societies."

A DISCIPLINE OF SAINT DOMINIC.—The Roman Church, which has given us so many pulpit orators of the highest school, again claims our attention in the

name of a friar of the Order of St. Dominic, hailing from the land of his namesake—Burke, of Curran, Grattan and Sheridan—that is, from Ireland. As a churchman, he comes to us from the sanctuary of St. Peter's, at Rome, with the stamp of orthodoxy engraven on his record, and when, therefore, his full, melodious voice is lifted we can feel that it utters the teaching, bound within rigid dogmatism, which for so many centuries has echoed within the basilicas of the Eternal City. It would be a superfluous task to compare the eloquent Galway man with the mighty preachers whose names glitter like stars of various magnitudes through the night of perished centuries; but the thought is unavoidable, and the Roman churchman of to-day must suffer from a comparison with such great Fathers as Chrysostom, Augustine or Bernard, or the more modern names of Bossuet, Massillon and Lacordaire, because they can with difficulty be removed from the plane of vision. But we can speak of Father Tom Burke's oratory as it strikes the ear and appeals to the sense and the mind. With much of the classic dignity, which, in his case, does not mean classic coldness, he approaches his subject—so old a one—and with a perfect grace of gesture and rich modulation of tone, tinged pleasantly with Hibernian roundness, attracts the attention of his hearers. Then, with that magnetic fervor—the true talisman of genius—presently he dilates forcibly, floridly if you wish, on his theme, and thenceforward carries the aroused, excited sympathies along over a full river of thought, with a monstrosity of the chords of the heart, touching as he goes, the lively, the passionate, the sad, and the severe, until he seems to have exhausted the range of impulse, all blended dexterously in the doctrinal lesson he seeks to inculcate. It will be remarked on hearing him that the stock in trade of our best popular preachers here, the anecdote, the allusion to living facts in the changing world around us, is made by him to subscribe the immutable diluities of Roman theology, illustrating vividly a maxim for which that Church contends—namely, that in spite of changing thoughts, habits and skies, it is "not for an age, but for all time."—N. Y. Herald.

The State of Maine has an order of clergy called "school-house preachers," who farm it, or work at some trade during the week, and on Sunday "exercise their gift." One of these was discoursing recently on the text, "The double-minded man is unstable in all his ways." "My brethren," he began, "two classes of persons are suggested in the text—the single-minded man and the double-minded man. Let us firstly consider the first: The single-minded man is the sinner. He follows after wickedness, and his thoughts are wholly bent on mischief. He is the slave and servant of sin. But when he is converted he becomes a double-minded man. He is no longer in bondage to a hard master. He is free. He is set at liberty. He leaps and fishes like a hussar loose from the stable. In a word he is unstable in all his ways."—Harper's Monthly.

HOW TO PLANT THE POTATO.—Plant never less than six inches deep, better seven; in sandy soil never less than seven or seven and a half. The reason is this, and it will show how many points it will cover: It will put the crop beyond the hurtful influence of the heat and the drought; it will bury the seed so that the frost cannot reach it, being buried so deeply, it will draw out gradually, which will save it. It is as well here, the seed is, as in the cellar, and may better sprout here than in the cellar. It will thus show above the ground in due time, when the frosts have disappeared and the growing season sets in. There being a good mellow soil, being well drained—an indispensable thing—the rest will not hurt. There being a good mellow soil, with humus (vegetable matter) charging it, it will be comparatively dry and warm. This will save the seed, providing always it is sound; otherwise, affected with rot, it will be lost. The distance of planting apart must depend upon the sort that is planted. A spreading potato—spreading in the hill—must have more room. Thus, we plant the Peach Blossom further apart than the Earl Rose. The latter will put its tubers close together, a nest of them, and the hills can be put close together, say twelve or fourteen inches, or drop the seed (a single eye or two) continuously eight inches apart, the rows as near together as will permit with the cultivator, the nearer the better for the close growing roots. By thus planting, as will be seen, rather close, there will be no overgrowth, and consequently coarse, and it may be hollow potatoes. Neither will there be necessarily many small ones, especially with some sorts, of which, the Early Rose is a beautiful example. The size will be medium, large enough—just the thing for cooking; and there will be improved quality—a thing we need not say, of no secondary importance. Select such seed for planting as it wanted to be grown, of the best, the finest qualities all round, and divide into as many eyes as it pleases—a few eyes only in a hill.—Practical Farmer.

SPRING WORK.—The first work in the spring, when the snow begins to melt, is to let off any water that accumulates on the surface. No matter how carefully the dead furrows and outlets may have been made in the fall, there is always more or less to be done in the spring, to provide free egress for the water. A few hours' work with the hoe and spade, at this season, will often let of thousands of gallons of water, which otherwise would soak into the soil and keep it wet and cold for several weeks. In letting off a shallow pool of water, the easiest and quickest plan is to commence at the pool and make a little furrow with a hoe, letting the water follow you. But where the water is in a deep basin, with little apparent fall from it to the outlet, a better plan is to commence at the outlet and dig with a spade up to the basin; and in order to be sure that you lose no fall, dig the ditch deep enough to let the water follow you up to the basin. In this way we have rarely found a basin that could not be drained. There is nothing that people are so often deceived about as the amount of fall to land.—Agriculturist.

AN ABSORBENT POWERS OF MELLOW SOIL.—Experiments have shown that a mellow, loamy soil is capable of absorbing in twelve hours, when exposed to a moist atmosphere, an amount of water equal to two per cent. of its weight. Thus property, possessed by a mellow soil, is one that in a dry season is able to give it the power of maturing a crop, when a hardened surface would be unable to do so. A surface that is impervious to the atmosphere of course could not absorb any of the moisture with which the atmosphere is charged. But when rendered free from lumps by repeated plowings and harrowings, each change of temperature causes, a circulation of air throughout the mass of soil, which is free then to absorb all the moisture coming in contact with it until saturated.—Health and Home.

An editor and his wife were walking out in the bright moonlight one evening. Like all editors' wives she was of an exceedingly poetic nature, and said to her mate, "Notice that moon; how bright and calm and beautiful?" "Couldn't think of noticing it," replied the editor, "for anything less than the usual rates—a dollar and fifty cents for twelve lines."

SPECIAL NOTICE.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL OUR PATENT IVORY AND LIGNUM VITÆE EYE CUPS.

Spectacles rendered useless, Chronic Sore Eyes cured, and all diseases of the eye successfully treated (cure guaranteed) by the greatest invention of the age.

DR. J. BALL & CO.'S PATENT EYE CUPS. The value of the celebrated well-known Patent

Eye Cups, for the restoration of sight, breaks out and blazes in the evidence of over 8,000 testimonials of cures, and recommended by more than 1,000 of our best Physicians in their practice.

The Patent Eye Cups are a scientific and philosophical discovery, and as Mayor Ellis, of Dayton, Ohio, writes, they are the greatest invention of the age.

Certificates of cures performed by the application of Dr. J. Ball & Co.'s Patent Ivory and Lignum Vitæe Eye Cups:—

CLAYVILLE, Washington County, Pa., Sept. 29th, 1871.

Dr. J. Ball & Co.—Gentlemen:—I have now thoroughly tested and proved the Patent Eye Cups; they are the *me plus ultra* of all treatments of impaired vision, from advanced life or other causes, and are an invariable cure of Myopia and Near Sight. I have in the last few days entirely cured several cases both of acute and what is called chronic inflammation. These had tried every known and available species of treatment without the slightest benefit, but on the contrary detrimental, and great expense.

My mother, an old lady of sixty-four years, is an enthusiastic advocate of the Cups. Three months since she could not read a letter, or letters as large as her thumb, as she sometime expresses herself. Certain it is, that her eyes were unusually old, and worn beyond her age to such an extent that she could not read the heading of the New York Tribune, without her glasses. You may judge, therefore, the effect of the Cups, when I inform you that she can now read every portion of the Tribune, even the small diamond type, without her glasses. She now habitually reads her Testament, ordinary print, without her glasses. You can imagine her pleasure.

The business is beginning to assume something like form and shape. I have inquiries from all directions, and often great distances, in regard to the nature of the Cups. Wherever I go with them, they create intense excitement. But a few words are necessary to enlist an attentive audience anywhere the people can be found. I was at our fair last Tuesday, 27th inst., and I can safely say that I myself, or rather the Eye Cups, were no mean portion of the attractions of the occasion. I sold and effected future sales liberally. They will make money, and make it fast, too. No small catch-penny affair, but a superb, No. 1, tip-top business, that promises, so far as I can see, to be life-long.

I am, very truly yours, HORACE B. DURANT, M.D.

FENTON, Mich., July 17, 1871.

Dr. J. Ball & Co.—Gentlemen:—It is with pleasure that I am able to inform you of my success with the Patent Eye Cups. I have been slow in my operations, but work on a sure plan. People are afraid of being humbugged, but I have convinced them of reality. The Patent Eye Cups are a perfect success. They have restored my son's Eye Sight who was blind in his right Eye since he was a lad, the optic nerve was injured; after applying your Patent a few times he can read with that eye unassisted. He can shoot as many birds from the cherry tree, with his right eye that was blind, as any other person.

I have applied the Patent Eye Cups, with Myopic attachments, to two persons eyes who are Near Sighted; their sight is improving at an astonishing rate.

My old eyes of 14 years standing are perfectly restored. Many blessings on the inventors of the Patent Eye Cups, for the great good they have done to suffering humanity.

I remain, most respectfully, REV. ISAAC BORTON.

BLOOMING VALLEY, Pa., Sept. 4, 1871.

Dr. J. Ball & Co., OCTUBERS.—Gents:—I received your Patent Eye Cups by the hand of Mr. Roubens; after testing the efficacy of the Cups for two weeks, I am satisfied they are what they are purported to be.

After wearing glasses for 19 years, for reading and writing, I can now see to read any print in your pamphlet without my spectacles. I can, therefore, recommend the Patent Eye Cups.

Very respectfully yours, REV. J. SPOONER.

Blooming Valley, Crawford County, Pa.

CHICHESTER, SUSSEX Co., England, Dec. 15, 1871.

Dr. J. Ball & Co.—Gentlemen:—On the reception of the Patent Ivory Eye Cups, on the first application, I found benefit, and now, I am happy to say unhesitatingly, from my own practical experience, that in my opinion the result produced through using your Patent Ivory Eye Cups is one of the greatest boons that ever God bestowed on man received (Spiritual Eye Sight excepted).

Over 12 years I have worn specks, and to my own wonderment, I can read Newspaper print, and I am writing this letter without my spectacles.

I cease to wonder at once why people are so anxious for them, now I have tried them myself, and proved them with an ocular demonstration. They are simple in construction, and could not possibly, I think, be more suitably adapted for the Eyes, besides being Harmless, Painless and Pleasant. I speak with all due deference to the Faculty, but at the same time, I cannot divest myself of the fact that the present treatment, in the cases of Myopia, or Near Sightedness, Dimness of Vision, Cataract, Partial or Total Blindness, is a failure in nineteen cases out of every twenty when they resort to the knife, and am sorry to say I know cases that have ended in total blindness, which cannot possibly occur in using the "Patent Ivory Eye Cups."

And now in conclusion, I beg to return you my sincere thanks for the inexpressible benefit received by using your Patent Ivory Eye Cups.

Yours faithfully, REV. J. FLETCHER.

CANBERRA, C. W., June 13th, 1871.

Dr. J. Ball & Co.—Gentlemen:—It has been a long time since I wrote to you. I have waited to see what effect the Patent Eye Cups that you sent me last January would have upon my eyes. I can truly say the effect produced upon my eyes is truly astonishing. Before using the Eye Cups, a printed sheet was like a dirty blank paper to my naked eyes, but now I can see to read without glasses any print with apparent ease. The glasses I was compelled to use before I applied the Eye Cups were of the greatest magnifying power to enable me to read or write, but now I have laid them aside and can read diamond print, and write without them. My sight is restored as in youth.

A young lady, the daughter of my tenant, which I have on my place, was affected very badly with near-sightedness, brought on by inflammation. She came to me to have the Eye Cups applied to her eyes, and, strange to say, after a few applications, (for reading) the book was removed from six inches focus to nine inches focus, and she can see objects at a distance distinctly, a thing she could not do before.

The Patent Eye Cups are the greatest invention of the age. May heaven bless and preserve you for many years, for the benefit you may confer on suffering humanity.

Yours most truly, ISAAC BOWMAN,

Canberra, Haldimand Co., C. W.

NEAR BOOKS FURNACE, Greenup Co., Ky., February 8, 1872.

Dr. J. Ball & Co. Gentlemen: This is to certify that, having been

afflicted with sore eyes for several years, to such an extent that my sight was almost gone—could not see to walk about—having tried almost everything known in the Materia Medica, I was constrained to try Dr. Ball's celebrated Eye Cups, with happy results. My eyes are entirely cured, and my sight is restored. After such results, one of my neighbors, who had been entirely blind for three years, commenced using the Eye Cups, and now he can see to do any kind of work, and is restored to his full eye-sight. To those suffering from such afflictions, regret the cost. Yours respectfully, J. R. THOMPSON, Justice of Peace.

E. G. HOLBROOK.

DEMORESTVILLE, C.W., Feb. 2, 1872.

Gentlemen: When I obtained your Patent Eye Cups from you I was suffering very much from inflammation, dimness of vision, and weak eyes; I have been so bad for several weeks that my sight became so affected that I could not distinguish a man from a woman eight rods off. I applied your Patent Eye Cups a few times, as per your special directions, and to my great delight, they have perfectly and permanently restored my sight, cured all inflammation and weakness of my eyes. I am now able to see a bird, where I could not see a man at the same distance.

I will also state my friend's case, who applied your Patent Eye Cups. I returned this morning from visiting an old lady that was almost totally blind in one eye, and could see no person standing before her with the other eye. After I made an application with the Patent Ivory Eye Cups of two and one-half minutes, she could see her hand and fingers with her eye that was totally blind, and the other was greatly improved. Your Eye Cups are simple, can do no harm to any eye, and far surpass any invention of the present age. I remain, Very respectfully yours, REV. JOHN HILL.

LEWIS, C. E., March 13, 1872.

Gentlemen: I sold a pair to a man that was so blind he had to be led about by the hand; now he can see to go where he pleases. I sold another pair to a boy that had sore eyes, and had spent \$109 trying to get his eyes cured; the Eye Cups have cured him.

JOHN DONAVAN,

Leeds Village, Canada East.

LUCAN, C.W., Feb. 7, 1872.

Gentlemen: I have some good news to tell you. My father and mother have been using the Cups since I received them; they are improving fast. Father is beginning to read without his spectacles, after using them for over 20 years. Yours, &c. F. WALDEN, M. D., Lucan, Middlesex Co., Canada West.

Reader, these are a few certificates out of thousands we receive, and to the aged we will guarantee that your old and diseased eyes can be made new; spectacles be discarded; sight restored and vision preserved. Spectacles and surgical operations useless. See our advertisement in another column of this paper.

All persons wishing for full particulars, certificates of cures, prices, &c., will please send their address to us, and we will send our treatise on the eye, of forty-four pages, free of charge, by return of mail.

Write to DR. J. BALL & CO.,

No. 31 Liberty street,

P. O. Box 957, New York City, N. Y.

Agents wanted for every County in the United States and the Dominion of Canada not yet disposed of. Send for Pamphlet, Circulars, and price list, sent free of charge.

MONTREAL, January 26, 1872.

Mr. J. D. Lawlor: Sir,—I have much pleasure in testifying to the superior working qualities of the Lawlor Family Sewing Machine. It runs very light, makes a most beautiful Lock Stitch, alike on both sides of the fabric, is simple and remarkably easy to understand. F. E. CLARK, 77 Cathcart Street.

MONTREAL, January 24, 1872.

Mr. J. D. Lawlor: Sir,—Having thoroughly tested the working qualities of the Lawlor Family Sewing Machine, I am happy to inform you that it is, in my estimation, more suitable than the Florence or any other high price Machines that I have ever used, for general Family use.

MRS. J. A. WILKES,

759 St. Catherine Street.

MONTREAL, 24th January, 1872.

Mr. J. D. Lawlor: Sir,—It affords me much pleasure in recommending your Family Lock Stitch Sewing Machine. I have used American made Machines and candidly say that yours is the simplest and easiest to manage, and makes as neat and uniform Sewing as the most expensive Machines.

MRS. H. BAYLIS,

24 St. Monique Street.

MONTREAL, 15 March, 1872.

Mr. J. D. Lawlor: Sir,—In answer to your inquiry about the working qualities of the Lawlor Family Sewing Machine, I have the pleasure of informing you that it works in the most satisfactory manner; its stitches are exceedingly uniform; it sews equally well in either light or heavy material, and it is light and easy to operate. Finally, I am satisfied in recommending it as the machine required for family purposes.

MRS. GUSTAVE R. FABRE,

No. 27 Berri Street.

MONTREAL, February 1st, 1872.

Mr. J. D. Lawlor: Sir,—Having used the Lawlor Family Sewing Machine for the last ten months, I beg to state that we are perfectly satisfied with its working qualities. It is remarkably light, very easily managed, and makes a most beautiful and neat stitch on the finest as well as the heaviest material.

A. MASSON,

of Messrs D. Masson & Co.,

406 Dorchester Street.

MONTREAL, January 24, 1872.

Mr. J. D. Lawlor: Sir,—I am happy to inform you that the Lawlor Family Sewing Machine works to our satisfaction. Mrs. Brown prefers it to the most expensive Sewing Machines for Family use.

MRS. JOSEPH WALKER,

18 University Street.

MONTREAL, 30th January, 1872.

Mr. J. D. Lawlor: Sir,—I am happy to inform you that the Lawlor Family Sewing Machine works to our satisfaction. Mrs. Brown prefers it to the most expensive Sewing Machines for Family use.

R. G. BROWN,

Of Messrs. Brown & Claggett,

20 St. Francois de Sales Street.

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ACADEMY OF THE SACRED HEART, SAGLT AU RECOLLET, NEAR MONTREAL. THIS institution is beautifully and healthfully situated about six miles from Montreal.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. AND AMENDMENTS THEREON. In the matter of ANTOINE LEFEBVRE, Grocer, of Montreal, An Insolvent.

THE Insolvent has made an assignment of his estate to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at the Court House, in room devoted to proceedings in insolvency in Montreal, on Wednesday, the Fifteenth day of May next, at ten o'clock a.m.

NOTICE. NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made, at the next session of the Parliament of Canada, for Act to incorporate the "Canada Guarantee and Investment Association."

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of M. BERTRAND & CO., Montreal, Insolvents. I, the undersigned James Tyre, Official Assignee of Montreal, have been appointed Assignee in this matter.

NEW AND IMPORTANT PUBLICATIONS. THE LIFE, PROPHECIES AND REVELATIONS OF THE VENERABLE MARY ANNE TAIGI. Her recently supposed connection with the Prophecy of the 3 days darkness will make the Life of this Venerable Woman a most entertaining book at this time.

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JAMES CONAUGHTON, CARPENTER, JOINER and BUILDER, constantly keeps a few good Jobbing Hands.

GRAND DRAWING OF PRIZES, THURSDAY, JUNE 27th, 1872. Will take place in Renfrew, In aid of the Catholic Church, now in course of construction, in the village of Renfrew, Ont.

The strictest impartiality will be observed in the Drawing, which will be conducted under the superintendence of the Managing Committee, viz:—J. P. Lynn, Esq., M.D. Patrick Devine, Esq., J. W. Costello, Esq., Patrick Ryan, Esq., Patrick Kelly, Esq., and Rev. P. Rougier, P.P., J. L. McDougall, Esq., M.P., T. Watson Esq., Agent of Bank B.N.A. and John D. McDonald, Esq., Barrister, Renfrew.

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Gerald Griffin's Works, (10 vols) " 20
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One Microscope, " 10
One Concertina, " 10
A beautiful Statuette Tableau, " 10
One ditto, " 10
McGee's History of Ireland, " 8
One new Double Wagon, " 80
A Splendid Cow, (gift of Rev. P. Rougier), " 50
A new Set of Double Harness, " 40
A new Cooking Stove, " 30
Six prizes of \$5.00 each, in cash, " 30
Fourteen yards of Dress Silk, valued at 24
A new Saddle, " 15
One Cattle of Tea, " 15
Two prizes of \$10.00 each, in cash, " 20
A new Saddle, valued at 10
One Plough, " 10
One Irish Poplin Dress, " 24
And hundreds of other prizes.

TICKETS ONE DOLLAR EACH. Winning Numbers, together with the Numbers of all Tickets sold, will appear in the Renfrew Mercury, the True Witness and the Irish Canadian Newspapers, in their Second Issue after the Drawing.

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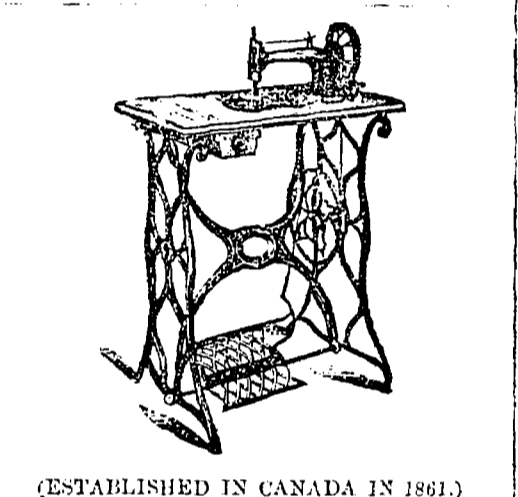
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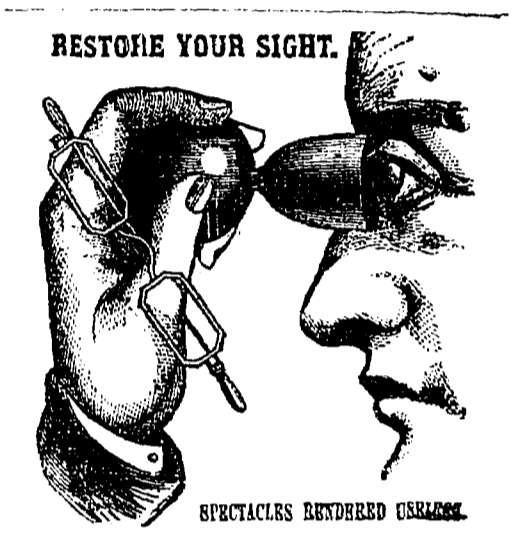
And throughout the Dominion. Country merchants can be supplied by any of the above, or by the following wholesale houses, where also western drug gists can send their orders:— EVANS, MERRICK & CO., KERRY BROS. & CHATHERN, LYMAN, CLARE & CO., and wholesale and retail at the store of the Proprietor, HENRY R. GRAY, Dispensing Chemist, 144 St. Lawrence Main Str. (Established 1848.)

CHURCH VESTMENTS SACRED VASES, &c., &c.

T. LAFRICAIN begs leave to inform the gentlemen of the Clergy and Religious Communities that he is constantly receiving from Lyons, France, large consignments of church goods, the whole of which he is instructed to dispose of on a mere commission, (Cassocks, richly embroidered on gold cloth, \$30. 250 do. in Damask of all colors trimmed with gold and silk lace, \$15. Copes in gold cloth, richly trimmed with gold lace and fringe, \$30. Gold and Silver cloths, from \$1.10 per yard. Coloured Damasks and Moires Antiques. Muslin and Lace Albs, rich. Ostensoriums, Chalice and Ciborium. Altar Candelsticks and Crucifixes. Lamps, Holy Water Fonts, &c., &c. T. LAFRICAIN, 302 Notre Dame St. Montreal, March 31, 1871.

HEARSE! HEARSE!! MICHAEL FERON, No. 23 St. Antoine Street,

BEGS to inform the public that he has procured several new, elegant, and handsomely finished HEARSEs, which he offers to the use of the public at very moderate charges. M. Feron will do his best to give satisfaction to the public. Montreal, March, 1871.



RESTORE YOUR SIGHT. OLD EYES MADE NEW. All diseases of the eye successfully treated by Ball's new Patent Ivory Eye-Cups. Read for yourself and restore your sight. Spectacles and Surgical operations rendered useless. The Inestimable Blessing of Sight is made perpetual by the use of the new

Patent Improved Ivory Eye Cups. Many of our most eminent physicians, oculists, students, and divines, have had their sight permanently restored for life, and cured of the following diseases:—

- 1. Impaired Vision; 2. Presbyopia, or Far Sight-ness; or Dimness of Vision, commonly called Blurring; 3. Asthenopia, or Weak Eyes; 4. Epiphora, Running or Watery Eyes; 5. Sore Eyes, Specially treated with the Eye-Cups, Cure Guaranteed; 6. Weakness of the Retina, or Optic Nerve; 7. Ophthalmia, or Inflammation of the Eye and its appendages, or imperfect vision from the effects of Inflammation; 8. Photophobia, or Intolerance of Light; 9. Over-worked eyes; 10. Mydriasis, moving specks or floating bodies before the eye; 11. Anisotropia, or Obscurity of Vision; 12. Cataract, Partial Blindness; the loss of sight.

Any one can use the Ivory Eye-Cups without the aid of Doctor or Medicine, so as to receive immediate beneficial results and never wear spectacles; or, if using now, to lay them aside forever. We guarantee a cure in every case where the directions are followed, or we will refund the money. 2309 CERTIFICATES OF CURE From honest Farmers, Mechanics and Merchants; some of them the most eminent leading professional and political men and women of education and refinement, in our country, may be seen at our office. Under date of March 25, 1869, Hon. Horace Greeley, of the New York Tribune, writes: "Ball of our city, is a conscientious and responsible man, who is incapable of intentional deception or imposition." Prof. W. Merrick, of Lexington, Ky., wrote April 24th, 1869: "Without my Spectacles I pen you this note, after using the Patent Ivory Eye-Cups thirteen days, and this morning perused the entire contents of a Daily News Paper, and all with the unassisted Eye. Truly am I grateful to your noble invention, may it ever bless and preserve you. I have been using your Spectacles twenty years; I am seventy-one years old."

Truly Yours, PROF. W. MERRICK. REV. JOSEPH SMITH, Malden, Mass., Cured of Partial Blindness, of 18 Years Standing in One Minute, by the Patent Ivory Eye-Cups. B. C. Ellis, late Mayor of Dayton, Ohio, wrote us Nov. 15th, 1869: "I have tested the Patent Ivory Eye-Cups, and I am satisfied they are good. I am pleased with them; they are certainly the Greatest Invention of the age."

All persons wishing for all particulars, certificates (sent free), prices, &c., will please send your address to us, and we will send our treatise on the Eye, of forty-four Pages, free by return mail. Write to Dr. J. BALL & CO., P. O. Box 957, No. 91 Liberty Street, New York.

For the worst cases of MYOPIA, or NEAR SIGHTEDNESS, use our New Patent Myopic Attachments applied to the IVORY EYE CUPS and secured a certain cure for this disease. Send for pamphlets and certificates free. Was no more money by adjusting huge glasses on your nose and disfigure your face. Employment for all. Agents wanted for the new Patent Improved Ivory Eye-Cups, just introduced in the market. The success is unparalleled by any other article. All persons out of employment, or those wishing to improve their circumstances, whether gentlemen or ladies, can make a respectable living at this light and easy employment. Hundreds of agents are making from \$5 TO \$20 A DAY. To live agents \$20 a week will be guaranteed. Information furnished on receipt of twenty cents to pay for cost of printing materials and return postage. Address Dr. J. BALL & CO., P. O. Box 957, No. 91 Liberty Street, New York. Nov. 18, 1871.



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PAIN in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increases on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for a rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are costive, sometimes alternative with lax; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight, dry cough is sometimes attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled, his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred where few of them existed, yet examination of the body, after death, has shown the LIVER to have been extensively deranged.

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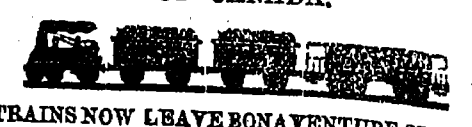
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