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The True Witness,

AND

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, SEPT. 29, 1871.

NO. 7.

FATHER CONNELL; A TALE.

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

CHAPTER X.

So full of the idea of Robin Costigan—the man that had been nearly twice hung, thirty-five years ago, and yet at present was alive—so full of this unique personage was Neddy Fennell's head, that for hours he could not sleep. He felt, above all things, great curiosity, to see distinctly the features of the fellow, towards whom he could not avoid indulging prepossessions of awe and terror, along with those of strong dislike and distrust. Neddy's terror was not, however, of the cowardly kind.

At last he did sleep, but his slumbers were disturbed, with dream after dream of the fearful robber, and each of the most distressingly nervous kind; until at last he started awake again, trembling and shuddering, and bathed in perspiration.

The darkness around him was so deep, that "a horror of it," as is sublimely said in the holy writings, "fell upon him." The wintry winds abroad whistled and piped around the half-rotten hovel which enclosed him, and sometimes, swelling into a great rage, pushed and jostled, as it were, against its mud walls until they shook again. Presently, a weak cry of human sorrow, mingled, he thought, with the alternate wailing, and howling, and roaring of the blast. He quickly sat up or his straw couch, and listened intently. The cries were repeated, he became quite sure; and more, they came over the boundary wall between him and Robin Costigan's lodging.

He continued to listen. In one of the half pauses of the tempest, the poor, weak cry changed into a smothered shriek, immediately after the sound, as if of a heavy blow, had reached Neddy's ears.

"Helo there!" he suddenly screamed out, his shrill, young voice piercing above the various noises of the wind.

All sounds ceased in the neighboring hut. He listened attentively, still neither the poor weak cry, nor the blow, nor the shriek, was repeated. He dropped asleep again; and, as the first peep of day struggled, doubtless unwillingly, through the atmosphere of the shower of houses, Neddy was up and out, washing his face in the snow, drifted before the house-door, half in great glee, half in a luxurious feeling of refreshment; and when his toilet had been completed, the light-hearted boy industriously fell to work making snow-balls, piling them pyramidally at his side, and peering around him in every direction for the approach of some foe, against whom he might discharge them.

In the twilight of the bleak and bitter winter morning, not many objects of enmity appeared, however, stirring abroad; but the few who did appear within range of his battery, soon felt a snow-shot breaking about their ears; for Master Neddy Fennell had often shared in a "peeing-match" of no very playful character, between the mutually abhorring boys of two rival schools; so that from practice, his aim, particularly when directed against a human cranium, became almost unerring.

He was pausing for a new enemy; none appeared; but the patched and tattered door of Joan Flaherty's abode uttered a squeak, and then it slowly opened a little, and a man's head, thickly covered with matted grey hair, protruded itself through the opening, and now turned one way, and now another, as if, by the agency of its proper eyes, taking an observation of the weather.

"The old robber's head!" thought Neddy, frowning and setting his teeth, and looking hard to make out Robin Costigan's features. But he could distinguish none, the head being poked forward, so that only its large crown became satirically visible; Neddy had in his right hand as nice a snow-ball as even he had ever manufactured. With both hands he now gave it two or three additional squeezes, until it grew almost as hard as a stone; the next instant bang it went, like a bursting bomb-shell, against the crown of the mysterious and detested head, causing, it may be presumed, an explosion like thunder in the ears and in the interior of its object, at all events making that object disappear, as if it and its owner had been sent staggering backwards into Mrs. Flaherty's, or Miss Flaherty's tenement; for the question of title was, in the present case, rather a debated one.

Many seconds did not elapse before Neddy had the door of his own temporary residence seen from the inside; and, while his handladies and their pig still slept on and snorted together, was peeping into his neighbor's apartment, over the division wall, just as Robert Costigan, though from its other side, had peeped over it, the night before into the secrecy of the residence of Mesdames Carty and Mulrooney.

Here he at first saw nothing but smoke. Waiting some time, and peering more sharply, he at length imperfectly discerned Joan Flaherty—a half-blind, and a wholly deaf and stupid old crone—sitting on her heels at a hearth, upon which, using her own mouth as a bellows, she puffed and puffed with a view of

kindling some atrocious materials for a fire; while almost for every puff she coughed and coughed, as if earnestly trying to force up her worn-out lungs. But though the young caves-dropper could as yet see no living thing but Joan, he could hear the sounds of other human voices than hers. He could hear threats and imprecations uttered in a morose, masculine voice, and plaintive expostulations, or lamentations, in the tones, he believed, which had reached him the previous night; and the subdued cry of an infant, too, and the sturdier wail of another young voice—all mixed up with the coughing, and the wheezing, and the bellows-blowing of old Joan. The venomous smoke made Neddy's eye smart and run water; still he perseveringly lunged, insecurely supported, to the top of the mud wall. In about half an hour, the exhausted beldame had succeeded in kindling her fire, and having previously thrown open the door of her house to let out the pestilent fog it had engendered, Neddy could make further observations. Standing near to her, and towards the farther side of the fire, he saw a man of rather low stature, yet of herculean build, combing with his fingers, his long, dishevelled, grey hair: and from the care with which the operation was performed, it seemed evident that he considered it one of great importance. He was enveloped in a loose, blue frieze coat, reaching in tatters below his knees; the half of his legs, that could be seen from under it, were bare; and old brogues, too large for him, and partially stuffed with straw—was indicated by blades of that article starting up over their inner sides—adorned his immense ill-shaped feet. Again Neddy Fennell tried to make out the features of Robin Costigan, but the redoubtable robber stood with his side turned to Neddy; and this circumstance, aided by the thick veil of grey hair, and the high-standing collar of Robin's wrap-rascal, once more baffled his scrutiny.

Other objects drew Neddy's deep attention. While engaged in his toilet, as has been described, Robin Costigan severely studied the proceedings of three children, who had not yet quite arisen from the straw, in which during the night they had burrowed. One was a girl of about nine years, wearing only the scantiest and most shabby drapery, secured by any possible contrivance, around her elegantly formed little person. The second was a boy, an incipient giant—say of five years. His upper dress consisted of an old waistcoat, his bare arms thrust through its arm-holes; while a threadbare piece of sacking, tied round his waist, descended almost to his feet. And the third child was no more than an infant, rolled up in a most curious bundle of rags; its sex is not yet known; but the strong presumption is, that it was a little female human creature.

The girl was busily employed scrubbing at the infant's face, with a coarse damp cloth. The boy was sitting in his straw, his chin resting on his little fists, and they in turn resting on his crippled-up knees—it was perfectly evident, that he contemplated, in mortal terror and deep dislike, the process he beheld going on, inasmuch as he expected to be himself very soon subjected to a similar one.

The infant gave a restive squall, and had it been any other infant, would certainly have fought, with full lungs, kicks, and writhings, against the uncongential friction inflicted upon its face in such very, very, cold weather. But a bellow from the man of the tattered "riding-coat," at once terrified the little animal into seeming acquiescence; it became silent and still, tears only running down its miserable face, as it fixed its frightened eyes on the bellower.

"Sorra's in your wizen, ye sheeg," apostrophized the superintendent of the scrubbing; "there's no squall from you when it's wantin'; but I'll learn you to bawl out in the right time, and to hould your whist in the right time—burroo!"—another bellow—"hould it up to me here," addressing the scrubber, who with visible trepidation obeyed. The man critically inspected the face, neck, hands, and arms of the unfortunate baby, twisting it and its little limbs here and there, with about as much compassion as if he were scrutinizing the points of a turkey offered to him for sale. He continued, speaking to the little girl—

"Well for you, you jade, that there's not a speck, the size of a pin's head, or I'd make you rue the day; fall to the legs and feet now, an' make 'em as clean as a whistle," and he went on combing his hair with his fingers.

"Hould it up agin," he commanded, after a short pause. "Do you call them washed, you faggot?" and he accompanied his words with a blow from his open hand that sent the girl and the infant rolling in the straw. She could not keep in a scream. "Not a tunc from you now, or I'll give you last night over agin;" he snatched up a cudgel near at hand.

"I won't cry, nor I won't say one word—I won't, I won't, sir dear," said the little scrubber, clasping her charge with one of her bare arms, rising to her knees, and joining both her hands.

"It will keep for another time, then," and the cudgel was put aside; "but go on with your work, I tell you, and don't bring my hand on you."

Her eyes gushing, but every whisper kept in,

she proceeded still further to torture the infant, by rubbing with the coarse, wet cloth at its legs and feet, as if she were bound to rub them quite away. Her overseer inspected her work again, and grumbled something like a half approval. He then examined the cap which was to cover the little being's head for the day, and which the girl ought to have perfectly washed over night. It was found not to be at all satisfactory, and a second swinging blow from his open hand followed.

The fire-woman, before she could recover herself, was next ordered to attack with her cloth the shivering and detesting young rascal, who, it has been said, awaited his turn in no amiable feelings. Very well did he know that he must not utter a sound of disapproval in the presence of the grey-headed supervisor; but to make amends for his silence he bit, whenever he thought that he was unobserved by his tyrant, the hands and arms of his attendant, until he almost fetched blood from them; while she, poor young creature, durst not utter a sound of complaint.

Her own person was next to be looked after; her pretty little face, her neck, arms, and hands, and her lower limbs and extremities to be carefully washed; and her abundant golden hair to be combed and adjusted in its natural curls adown her cheeks and shoulders with the best possible effect. And until this new task was completed to the full approval of her master, she was scrutinized and found fault with, as in the case of the infant and boy, and heavy punishment was still inflicted.

She now produced a small bag containing about one dozen of potatoes, and these she was commanded to wash, and place on the fire to boil; after which the man gave peremptory orders that the "breakfast" should be finished, and the three children ready to set out with him into the streets "in the turn of a hand," and then he left the hovel. A short time afterwards he might be found in a mean public house, sitting to a good fire, with his own breakfast placed before him, consisting of a loaf of bread, a cut of butter, a dish of "rashers and eggs," and a quarter of mulled porter, with a "stick in it"—that is to say, about two glasses of whiskey. As he opened the door to go out, Neddy Fennell abandoned his post of observation, with the view of at last fully confronting him abroad, and reading attentively the mysterious features of the half-hanged scoundrel; but a call from his mother's couch was not to be neglected.

He found the poor woman and her aunt much refreshed after a good night's sleep. Milk had been sent that morning by Father Connell for their and his use; this he heated, and Neddy's patients soon ate a hearty breakfast. He then prepared some for himself and put it into a noggin lent to him by his handladies; also furnished himself with his share of bread—and he noticed, not more than his share—took a few bites and sips, and passed, with the bread in one hand and the noggin in the other, into the neighboring wigwam.

The small pot containing the dozen potatoes was now boiled in this plentiful house and taken off the fire; and to one side of it sat the cook who had prepared them, the baby on her knees; to the other, the gruff little boy who had so well bitten her knelt to his occupation, as if he felt more devotion towards it than could be expressed by a sitting posture; for the trio were engaged, each more or less, in consuming the contents of the pot.

To make amends for the late coercion imposed on its natural propensity to cry out as shrilly as it could, the nondescript infant now screamed at the pitch of three Scotch bagpipes; while its nurse endeavored literally to stop its mouth with the largest potatoes she could find, herself being only able from time to time to swallow a scanty mouthful. No so the wicked-faced young cannibal opposite to her. Resolved, he seemed, as in truth resolved he was, to take ample advantage of her inability to satisfy her appetite. He peeled off the skins of the potatoes, and then dropped them, as it were, into his stomach with astounding despatch; yet it was not an expression of relish of his fare that appeared in his face; it was the jealous fierceness of craving hunger; and his scowl at the girl was actually ferocious whenever she abstracted a potato from the limited store, which he could have well appropriated entirely to himself.

Neddy Fennell stood over this group without being noticed by any one of it. Laying his bread across his noggin, and the hand that had lately held it upon the glossy golden hair of the little maid-of-all-work—

"My poor little girl," he said, "will you take a little bit of bread, and a little hot milk from me?"

She started and raised her eyes; now that it could be viewed clearly her face looked prettier than before; but she only stared at Neddy without uttering a word.

"Try it, poor little girl," he went on, seating himself on the floor by her side, "taste it—do now; 'tis very nice, and 'tis my own." He did not know how to account for her look of speechless astonishment; but it was the very first time during that little creature's whole life, that a human voice had so sounded in her

ears, or a human hand had been so stretched forth to offer her unbegged food. He broke a morsel of bread and put it into her hand; she mechanically conveyed it to her lips, and then ate it ravenously. Neddy held up his noggin to her, and inclining it sideways for her accommodation, she drank a little of the hot milk. Tears then ran from her eyes, while in the cant of the profession in which she had been tutored, she whined out:—

"May God reward the hand of help, and the tender heart of charity."

"Give me some of that," growled the little savage at the other side of the pot.

"You?" answered Neddy—"I won't give you a mouthful."

"I'll tell the ould fellow, if ye don't," retorted the apt scholar of a worthy teacher.

"Here, then, here," said the governess, quickly handing over to him almost the whole of the pieces of bread her young visitor had given her, in the teeth of Neddy's remonstrances to prevent her doing so. They disappeared as quickly as does a fish into water.

"And the good milk!" he continued hoarsely, for some of the unaccustomed food had stuck in his throat.

She ran over to him, the infant clucked up on one arm, with the noggin, which Neddy had now left, according to her entreaties, at her disposal.

The bundled-up infant, seeing that all was holiday around it, held out its arms, opened its mouth to an unusual span, and also tyrannically insisted on its share. Its poor little attendant could not, or at least did not reject its appeal, so that in a few moments, neither Neddy nor his new acquaintance had another mouthful of the bread and milk to divide between themselves.

But in a very short time, notwithstanding this privation, they were making each other's acquaintance rapidly. At Neddy's repeated solicitations, the little girl went into a history of all her sorrows, speaking in whispers, lest the prematurely desperate character, who had so often fastened his tasks in her flesh, might overhear the discourse. Neddy listened, sometimes in pity, sometimes in wrath; and with his whole heart and soul his eyes were fastened unwinkingly upon her face, and one of his hands were again laid unconsciously on her shining, golden hair; suddenly he felt her start and shudder, while her looks fixed upon some object, in a very agony of terror. The next instant, Neddy Fennell and Robin Costigan were staring directly at each other.

The beggarman's lip and chin had not been shaved for some time, so that the growth of his beard disguised the form of his mouth. His nose, too, was but half distinguishable through the streaks of grey hair, which he had combed with his fingers nearly over its whole length, and so far, all appeared sufficiently lachrymose and pity-stirring in his physiognomy. But even through the shade of that hair, two eyes darted their rays upon Neddy Fennell, under the bad and deep expression of which the intrepid boy quailed for a moment, but it was only for a moment; and then his steady though inquisitive glance, fully met the baleful glare of the other.

"Who are you, my chap?" demanded the beggarman.

"I'm myself, and who are you?" smartly asked Neddy in his turn.

"You live in the next house?"

"To be sure I do—well?"

The man did not immediately continue speaking. He took up the infant, and folded it very deliberately into the bosom of his loose blue riding-coat.

"Are ye coming?" he roared to the girl, and the wicked little boy. They took their places at his either side. He seized the younger with one hand; crippled up the fingers of the other towards his mouth, and then issued with his "helpless orphans," from the miserable hut.

Outside its threshold he found Neddy Fennell, still closely studying himself and his actions; and—

"Take care of yourself, my bouchal, and keep out of my way," he growled.

"Let you take care of yourself, and keep out of my way," retorted Master Neddy.

And, at a little distance, the boy followed him and his poor companions through the puzzle of the shower of houses, and then, through a scarcely less dirty suburb, into the town, pondering much as he trudged through the snow and the biting blast. He had at length scrutinized, as far as was possible, the features of the object of his great wonder and detestation. And they did not much disappoint his notions beforehand, of what those of the hero of Nelly Carty's tale ought to have worn. They were such features, too, as well became the brutal fellow, whom he had seen tormenting and beating the children a few hours ago.—But why he should have so tormented and beaten them, merely to have their hands and faces, and little limbs, scrubbed perfectly to his satisfaction, seemed a difficult question to solve. The beggarman began, in the first considerable street of the town, an oratorical appeal to the public, in which those very little creatures were noticed in the most affectionate

and touching terms; and Neddy's difficulties increased; he could see no identity between the robber, who had been nearly twice walked to the gallows' foot, and who, so very lately, had given proofs of the unaltered scoundrelism of his nature, and the poor mendicant now before him, whom every one pitied and relieved, on account of his love and care of his little orphans. But ere the appeal had been quite gone through he began to understand the matter. The wretched man, who could not afford for himself or for them, anything like covering sufficient in the present perishing weather, still, it was evident to any observer, tried to perform, towards the innocents, some of the duties of a parent, and upon this conviction public sympathy could not fail to be aroused.

"Avoch, see," cried the women as he passed along, "he's hardly able to keep a stitch on himself or them; and yet, see how clane and decent he has 'em, the cratures."

His appeal must be transcribed. It was made up of short sentences, and published in a loud sonorous voice, which rose and fell, in oratorical cadence, with, it may be said, each separate verse. As he went on with it, his head turned from side to side; his crippled hand and arm (the same which had clutched and wielded the cudgel the night before) imperfectly gesticulated, in a very awful manner; and all his features, even his eyes, so far as they could be read, through the veil of hair, expressed deep woe, and the veins of his neck swelled with the strength of his feelings.—Here then follow the exact words of his petition, neither added to nor diminished:—

"I was left with a motherless charge.

"God help the motherless!

"I was left with a child six days ould.

"I am a desolate man, the Lord pity me!

"It isn't by the words of the mouth, I tell ye—look into my breast, an' look at aich side o' me!

"I was left, for a space of nine weeks, sick, an' sore, an' lone, in a small wilderness of a cottage.

"The mother of the childlier was taken away a corpse from my side.

"God in Heaven be merciful to the poor creature!

"I had no friend in the world, to succor myself or the childlier.

"The Lord look down on the desolate!

"An' I come to sprike out my hard case, to the feelin' hearts of the Christian people.

"Good Christians, pity me!

"Pity the motherless charge! Pity the forlorn father! Ah, do, worthy tintler-hearted servants of God!"

Not many hours after hearing this piece of pathetic eloquence, Neddy Fennell was again prying into the secrets of Joan Flaherty's house. As nearly as possible the scene of the morning became repeated under his eyes.—Some questions arose concerning a morsel of bread which the little girl had received, during the day, as an alms. Indeed, while furnishing with hunger during their miserable perambulations, she had stealthily eaten it, and so at present it was not to be found in her little wallet. The protector of the motherless charge seized, with his crippled hand, now again made quite straight, his dreaded cudgel, and began to belabor the poor child most heartily. But while so employed, a good lump of hardened clay, suddenly smiting him on the side of the head, sent Robert Costigan staggering about the hovel; and ere he could recover from his astonishment and confusion, another missile of the same material, but of greater size and weight, followed its predecessor, and actually brought him down. With one dash of his hands, the beggarman drew back to either side of his forehead and face, their curtain of matted grey locks, the better to enable him to discern his assailant; and while in the act of doing so, and while he yet lay prostrate, Neddy Fennell at length beheld, distorted by rage and ferocity a face which, to his dying day, he never forgot.

Their regards met. Neddy was now astride on the wall, kicking it with his heels as it were a restive horse, which he spurred against a detested enemy; and his right arm was raised high, ready to discharge a third shot, and his very handsome boyish face glowed, and his brows frowned deeply over his flashing eyes, as he shouted out, "Yes, Costigan, I'm the very boy that did it! and if you beat that little girl again, I'll pelt the brains out of your robber's skull—take this over again for a warning."

The third bullet flew from his hands, but this time missed its billet. The next instant the beggarman was on his feet; and before Neddy could re-arm himself, a swinging blow from the cudgel staggered him in his seat on the top of the old clay wall, which had supplied him with ammunition; while a tug at one of his legs, made almost simultaneously with the blow, fairly dropped him under her own roof, into Nelly Carty's arms, who had just returned from her day's quest.

"You misfortunate bit iv a boy," whispered Nelly, in great wrath and alarm, "d'ye want to get yourself an' all iv us murdered?"

She glanced towards the door, which she had left open. The beggarman came into them through it, as Neddy roared out louder than

ever:—"I'll make the gallows-bird stop bating that little girl!"

The cudgel whizzed over his head, just missing it. Had it taken effect, with half the strength exercised by the herculean arm that wielded it, the boy must have fallen dead on the spot. Nelly Carty, pulling the hood of cloak quite over her face, so as to hide her terror-stricken features as well as she could, threw her arms round Neddy, standing between him and her old enemy; Bridget Mulrooney sprang to her assistance; both women began to remonstrate and scold in their shrillest tones; their poor lodgers in the inner den, though not well knowing what was going forward, screamed violently; while the penny-whistle squeak of old Joan Flaherty's lungs chimed in from some corner of her own dwelling.

Still the intruder seemed bent on taking a full revenge. He was tearing away the two potato-beggars from the boy, and his right hand and arm were gathering and knitting all their deadly strength for a better aimed blow of the cudgel, when another hand, and not a weak, although an old one, collared him from behind, and Father Connell's voice, almost for the first time breaking through its usual mild or grave cadence, demanded, while it over-mastered all the hideous noises around him, the causes of the affray.

The expression of Costigan's face instantly and completely changed. His set teeth widely separated—his gasped—his jaw dropped; the murderer's cloud left his brow; and then he turned his head over his shoulder, to observe the features of the new-comer; and after one look at them, twisted, not without an effort, out of the old priest's gripe, the standing collar of his riding-coat, and hastily retreated through the yet open doorway.

It was a long time before Father Connell could obtain any clear information regarding the nature of the scene he had just witnessed. Nelly Carty did not, by any means, wish to be candid. From Neddy Fennell he gained, however, some useful evidence. He learned that the person that he had just seen was the same he had once endeavored to prepare for a felon's death;—and again questioning Nelly Carty, still closely, and more authoritatively, she, with great wringing of her hands, was compelled to admit the fact. Neddy also fully explained the cause of the personal quarrel between himself and the formidable robber; and although his priest sternly reprehended him, it was not difficult to perceive, that he almost excused the boy's act of aggression, for the motive that had prompted it. He passed into the next cabin, Neddy Fennell attending at his heels. The beggarman was not to be seen; but he saw the three wretched children, and he pitied them. He questioned the girl. He asked where she came from?—where was her born? She could not tell.—Who were her parents? She did not know; but Darby Cooney—the name by which she had always known her tyrant—had often told her, while beating her, that she was no child of his; though, indeed, she had no remembrance of ever living with any one else but him. And the wicked boy had been given into her charge, about three years ago, and the infant a few months ago; but where they came from, she could not tell, no more than if they had dropped down from the sky.

It was with great difficulty that Father Connell obtained even this scanty information; and when she had concluded, the poor child, her cheeks streaming tears, earnestly stipulated that Darby Cooney might not be told, "she had informed on him."

"Och!" she added, her tears increasing into passion, "he would kill me stone dead w' the stick; och yes, he wouldn't lave a bit o' life in me."

Father Connell asked her some questions on religious points; she had scarcely an idea on the subject. The good man then contemplated her and the other children, in silent commiseration and thoughtfulness. His little favorite crept to his side, venturing in whispers to plead for his young protegee, and to hope that he was now forgiven for having pelted the old robber from the top of the wall. Our parish priest seized his hand, and although he did not still speak a word, but only squeezed it again and again, Neddy was satisfied with the answer.

"I will be here early to-morrow morning, Neddy, please God, to meet this Darby Cooney, and to see what we can do for the poor children. Now I must go to your mother's bedside."

After sitting a little while with Mrs. Fennell, her visitor informed her that better lodgings had been provided for her and her aunt, into which he would have them removed next morning. He then took his way homeward.

As usual, his little squire saw him safe through the mysteries of the potato-beggars' town. Returning to his lodgings, Neddy perceived the door of Joan Flaherty's abode still open, and ventured in. The girl stood up to meet him.

"May a blessing be upon your road, good honest boy," she said, "for the pity you have to me: no creature ever had pity for me afore."

"What is your name, poor little girl?"

"Mary Cooney."

"And you're not the daughter of that rogue and rascal?"

"Sure he says himself that I'm not, an' sure if I was, he wouldn't be so hard on me entirely."

"And why don't you run away from him, and never go next or near him again?"

"Och! och! where in the world could I go to?"

"I'll give you half of my breakfast, and half of my dinner; and when I'm a big man, and have money, as my father used to have, I'll give you half of that, too."

This very plausible and very practicable plan, seemed to open, for a moment, to the mind's vision of the poor listener, a new and dazzling vista of hope and happiness. Her beautiful eyes glowed with momentary delight, and looked intently forward, as if she, even materially, enjoyed the fairy prospect. But

suddenly all changed in that young face, and she moaned out:—

"Och, my good and my tender-hearted boy; but I couldn't hide anywhere from Darby Cooney—och, he knows where every body is; and he'd find me out if the earth covered me; and if I thry'd to hide from him, it's then he'd murder me!"

"I wouldn't let him murder you, and Father Connell wouldn't let him murder you."

"An' och," she went on, suddenly clasping her hands and starting aside from her young champion—"if he kem back upon me now, an' found the childer not washed and put to bed, and the babby's cap not washed, an' myself not washed—och, och, it would be a sore night to me!—an' you here, would be the worst of all! Good-bye to you, tender-hearted boy!" She sprang back to him, threw her arms round his neck, and kissed him. "Don't stay here any longer—don't, don't come with me over the threshold—an' may the blessing o' the motherless an' the fatherless be in your road!" she ran into the hovel and shut the door. Neddy Fennell turned into his own resting-place, full of plans for the emancipation and future happiness of his new acquaintance.

The next morning Father Connell came, according to his promise, to converse with Darby Cooney. But neither Darby Cooney, nor any of his motherless charges were anywhere to be found; nor could the most minute inquiries supply the slightest information regarding the hour at which they had abandoned their lodgings, or the route they had afterwards pursued.

(To be Continued.)

Written for the TRUE WITNESS.]

SKETCHES OF IRELAND.

BY "TIENNA-NOË."

IRISH POETS.—MOORE.

Ireland is a land of song. From immemorial time her bardic fame has been world-wide. In modern times, despite her woes and tribulations, she still maintained a worthy position, and of all those whose fingers have swept a recent harp one arises in proud pre-eminence, not indeed as a truly national poet, touching the chords of a nation's heart, and in the gust of poetic fancy sweeping away the dross of earth, of time-serving, of pusillanimity, and ascending to the position of the poet of a people, whose limbs were bowed with chains, and yet strode on ever and always towards the goal of emancipation; but as the sweetest of lyrists, from whose lips, in beautiful cadences flowed the most charming of sentences. Moore occasionally sung as if he were not the lord-following creature which undoubtedly he was; at times he sung as if he had not forgotten the days, when through the groves of Old Trinity he walked and listened to the magic of the eloquence of Emmet; now and again it would seem as if he remembered that he was a "mere Irishman;" but the reader of Irish poetry often turns from the satiety of Moore's similes in his half-told nationalism, to feel upon and be strengthened by the plain but wholesome food of Davis or of Duffy. Moore, with all his genius, fails to touch the inner chord of the Irish heart. He wrote so as to avoid the offending of the great man—a foreigner generally—to whom he intended to dedicate his production. He was Irish born, but he was not of the Irish; he was a Catholic by profession, and yet the talent which God had given to him rarely offered fealty to its liege Lord. We have been frequently amused at the blunder committed by many persons who, fond of comparisons, compare Moore and Burns. As an artist, Burns is infinitely inferior, but as a man the Scotch child of the plough is immeasurably superior. Moore is seldom an Irishman; Burns is always a Scotchman. Burns could not write Lalla Rookh, and Moore could not sing of his trampled land as he could. In thus hastily showing our likes and dislikes of Thomas Moore, we are far from intending to do an injustice towards the memory of one of the sweetest poets in the English language. We would wish that he had been more Irish, but we freely give homage to his genius; and though few, if any, could write with such variety, grace, ease and gaiety, aent love and wine, we would be better pleased if the fragrance of his powers lingered more often and longer around the vase of religion and country. In truth "Mr. Moore has composed exclusively for the pinnacles of pretty women." Some exceptions there are, but they merely prove the rule. One of Moore's best efforts is "Remember the Glories of Brian the Brave."—It is the ring of true metal in the second verse:—

"Mononia! when nature embellished the tint
Of thy fields and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print,
The footsteps of slavery there!
No! Freedom, whose smiles we shall never resign,
Go tell our invaders the Danes,
That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at the shrine
Than to sleep but one moment in chains."

And in "Erin, oh, Erin" he gives another evidence of the national fire burning within his breast, enough perhaps to cause his countrymen to accede to his request in the following:—

"Oh, blame not the Bard if he fly to the bowers
Where pleasure lies carelessly smiling at fame
He was born for much more, and in happier hours
His soul might have burned with a holier flame
The string that now languishes loose o'er the lyre
Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart,
And the lip which now breathes but the song of desire,
Might have poured the full tide of a patriot's heart."

"But, alas! for his country!—her pride is gone by,
And that spirit is broken which never could bend;
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
For 'tis treason to love her and death to defend.
Unprized are her sons till they've learn to betray;
Undistinguished they live if they shame not their sires;
And the torch that would light them to dignity's way,
Must be caught from the pile where their country expires."

The greatest dignity, because it is the truest,

upon earth, is the dignity of fame amongst one's own, and while it is hard to hesitate a moment when the "poet of all circles" asks a favor, still we believe that the memory of Moore would to-day be held in greater respect, if he had had lived comparatively "undistinguished" rather than bear the faintest appearance of catching his torch from his expiring country. As a lyrist Moore is unapproachable. "Believe me if all those endearing young charms" is one of the most engaging melodies of which we have knowledge; and there is a knightliness of thought in "Go where glory waits thee." The clinging dame of medieval times proud of the prowess and yet anxious for the fidelity of her knight, is shown:—

"Go where glory waits thee,
But while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends care thee,
All the joys that bless thee,
Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh! then remember me!"

Of the few sacred songs which were written by Moore, "This world is all a fleeting show" is most commendable because it emanated from him whose lyre was turned to the applause of the "fleeting show." Although Mr. Moore did not devote himself to what would in our opinion be most praiseworthy, still he has left behind fragments of poetic philosophy which it were well his countrymen should learn and profit by. True, true it is that,—

"Erin thy silent tear shall never cease,
Erin thy languid smile ne'er shall increase
Till like the rainbow's light
Thy various tints unite;
And form in heaven's sight,
One arch of peace!"

Until our factionism is driven away there can be but little hope, and Erin, until Ribbonism and Orangeman and every man but Irishman is crushed in Ireland, we believe with Moore, that,—

The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains,
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves as they rivet thy chains
Shall pause at the song of their captive and weep.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE SPIRIT ABROAD.—There is a national spirit abroad in Ireland which, if wisely used, is sure to conduct the nation to freedom.—What we mean by freedom, is the right of the country to govern itself, enact its own laws, and dispose of its own revenue. The whole population appear to be imbued with this spirit. They have exhibited it in Dundalk at the recent meeting; they have displayed it in Cork the other day, they have shown it in Dublin, in Meath, at the election of John Martin; in Westmeath, at the election of Mr. Smyth; and it has been exhibited by all the corporations and boards of town commissioners which have pronounced for Home Rule. The spirit to which we allude is a national spirit. It embraces Irishmen of all creeds; it fosters union, as was displayed at the Dundalk meeting, when the Catholic priest and the Protestant minister shook hands; and it will ultimately lead the nation to the achievement of its long-lost liberty. For seventy dreary years we have seen the stranger making our laws and striving to govern us; but a glance at the census returns, and a look at the condition of our commerce and the state of our cities and towns, will at once show the prostrate position to which the stranger's rule has reduced us. Some people affect to believe that the end and aim of this spirit is rebellion and separation from England, but such an idea is groundless. The United States rebelled against her, and succeeded by the aid of France in shaking off her power. Canada rebelled against her, and succeeded in winning native rule. But although there may be a small party amongst us who are anxious for total separation, the great bulk of the Irish people will be satisfied with native government, and a real union with England. Home Rule will content them, as they are convinced that a native parliament will enable them to be the sole law-makers for their native country, and that it will extricate them from the blunders of English government, which has been so disastrous to Ireland. It is the duty then of every Irishman to perform his part in the great movement now spreading over the land. He should sustain it by his contributions, uphold it by cogent argument, and serve it in every proper manner. In the election of poor law guardians and members of corporate and municipal bodies, care should be taken to have none elected but supporters of Home Rule. Members of parliament claim more than usual attention at present. We see what has been done in Meath and Westmeath, and how the electors returned men devoted and pledged to the cause of home government. Let it be the study of the Irish people to follow these examples, and show by their labours that they are in earnest in their country's cause. The great business to be discharged just now, is to enroll members and associates, and forward their names and subscriptions to the Home Rule Association. Every town, every village, and every parish should have its Committee for this purpose. The humblest man can serve the good cause. He can advocate conciliation amongst men of different creeds. He can urge his neighbours to join the Association. He can collect their subscriptions, and hand them to the Committee of his native town or parish. We give this advice, because we are confident that it requires the aid of every man in the land, to achieve the victory which the nation so ardently desires. We tell the people that in vain do we strive to better our condition without a native government. No nation governed by men of another country has ever achieved prosperity. Unless we win Home

Rule we shall see Ireland even more prostrate than she is to-day. Our landlords are generally absentees; secure native rule, and they will come home and work for Ireland. Our money is carried away at the rate of £20,000,000 a year; obtain a native legislature, and this terrible drain will have an end. Our people are leaving at the rate of 100,000 a year; secure Home Rule, and the exodus is ended. We call then upon every man, rich and poor, old and young, to give all the assistance in their power to the national movement, and they will be amply rewarded, by seeing, at no distant day, the strides of their native land to greatness and prosperity.—*Dundalk Democrat.*

STATE OF IRELAND.—It is asserted, says the *Globe*, that matters are by no means in a satisfactory state in some of the southern districts in Ireland. The spirit of Fenianism exhibits far greater vitality than it has been given credit for, and those who think, or affect to think, that it has been stifled, or even reduced to the condition of smouldering, may find themselves grievously mistaken.

The report has reached the *Army and Navy Gazette* that one gallant regiment has threatened to sack the town of Kinsale. With a view of securing the observance of law and order, a troop of cavalry has been ordered from Bandou.

The *Times* believes that the reception of the French deputation in Ireland will be utterly void of practical consequences, as have been all the false comforts and treacherous encouragements France has offered to Ireland for more than 200 years.

The letter of Mr. John Martin, M.P., on Orange processions, has drawn out a letter on the same subject from the Rev. Professor Galbraith, T.C.D., to whose opinions, Mr. Martin, in his letter referred with approval. Professor Galbraith says he quite approves of Mr. Martin's view that the best policy for Catholics to pursue with regard to these processions is to let them alone. He advises the Catholics of Ireland to "take warning from Johnstone of Ballykilbeg, and not ask for repressive acts. They are double-edged weapons, cutting both ways, and destructive of the liberties of all. The history of their country ought to teach them that the policy of division was the guiding star of Pitt and Castlereagh. Let it be their honor and glory to break down this infamous policy by doing what magnanimous men only can do—overlook offence when offered."

ENGLISH AND IRISH EMIGRATION.—Recent statistics exhibit a very remarkable fact with reference to the emigration from England and Ireland. For many years statistics have shown the unexpected result of an increasing emigration from England side by side with a decreasing emigration from Ireland. Last year, for the first time in the annals of British emigration, the actual number of persons who left the English shores exceeded the Irish emigrants, the exact number being—England, 68,935; Ireland, 67,897. The fact is that low wages, commercial depression, the monopoly of land in the hands of a few, and the general dissatisfaction of the people with their political institutions, are daily driving a larger proportion of Englishmen away from their native land.—*Dublin Freeman.*

A FATAL ACCIDENT.—On a late occasion while a small farmer named Terence Farrelly, of Castlekieran, was engaged in removing a steam thrashing machine belonging to Mr. Doughty of Moate, near Kells, his horse sulked, when the shaft attached to the machine struck him in the throat. Farrelly died in about fifteen minutes after the accident. He leaves a wife and large young family. The body awaits a coroner's inquest. In connection with which it may be mentioned, that no successor has as yet been appointed to the late Mr. Martin, coroner, who died about four months ago.

FUNERAL OF A FRANCO-IRISH SOLDIER.—On Wednesday, August 30, Private Timothy Conroy, Irish Brigade in the French service, arrived in Dublin from France, and on Saturday he died, as was his wish, in his native land, notwithstanding that tender, loving friends surrounded his bed of illness in the country for which he fought and gave up his life. Private Conroy, who was a native of Roseallis, Queen's County, was about twenty-one years of age when he volunteered to serve with the Franco-Irish Ambulance which proceeded to France in October, 1870. When the number of that body was reduced, and the alternative given to many of the men to return to Ireland, Conroy determined to serve France in a military capacity, and took service in the Irish Brigade which was then being organized at Cuen by Captain Kirwan. This gallant little corps was soon attached to the army under Bourlinski, and French authorities ungrudgingly bear testimony to the hereditary gallantry the Irish soldiers of France displayed in every one of the combats in which they took part. Amongst the Irish soldiers no one displayed better military qualities than Private Conroy. He was brave, modest, and obedient, and in the attempt to raise the siege of Belfort and at the battle of Montebard displayed courage of a high order. The fatigues undergone by the army during the terrible combats and marches of the French forces in March broke down a constitution originally not strong, and Private Conroy had to be conveyed to the Ambulance hospital at Besancon, where he remained for some time, and was then removed to the Civil Hospital of Bourg, which is under the care of the Sisters of Jesus, an order which is devoted to the care of the sick. The desire to revisit Ireland was so strong that notwithstanding the fact that death was rapidly approaching Conroy set out for his native country, which he reached on Wednesday, and in which he died on Saturday, at the residence of a brother-in-law, who lives in Paradise-row.

HOME RULE FOR TORY ISLAND!—Ireland is just now engaged in a serious international quarrel with a neighboring State. On the coast of Donegal there is a little islet inhabited by a few score fishermen, and called Tory Island. It will be in the recollection of our readers that some time ago it was communicated to the Grand Jury of Donegal that the Tory Islanders positively refused to pay one penny of the county cess. Their objection was based on the very reasonable ground that, as they had no roads, no police, and had never benefited a farthing by the county expenditure, it was hard to expect them to contribute to the county purse; but they capped this demand with a claim which we fear the authority of Puffendorf and Vattel would scarcely confirm, that Tory Island was a kingdom *per se*, that it had elected a king, that it paid no allegiance to the British throne, and that Tory Islanders "never, never would be slaves." We learn from our contemporary, the *Derry Journal*, the sequel of this serious international dispute. It appears that the

grand jury did not acquiesce in the Tory Island declaration of independence, and during the good weather at the beginning of this month, one John O'Donnell, armed with an important document bearing the autograph of the County Treasurer, employed a boat and proceeded out to this island kingdom, which is ten miles from the mainland. The wind being favorable, and the bay calm, this envoy and retainers made a good passage, and landed in the "King's Port," under the shades of the Round Tower, which is still in good preservation. He made his way to the Imperial Hotel, where he and followers refreshed themselves, and then, with all the importance due to the representative of the Donegal Grand Jury, presented his credentials to "Patrick 1st, the King," this being the title of the island's fisher sovereign. The King, who is a constitutional ruler, immediately summoned a "Cabinet Council," and after mature deliberation they gave this important messenger "from Ireland" half an hour to leave their dominions in peace. The messenger unfortunately resented, and the result was that the women of this island kingdom resorted to physical force, and put aboard the Irish messenger without much ceremony, stating at the same time that they would not contribute taxes for the support of any "other nation." On the messenger's return he consulted the Falcarragh Petty Sessions Clerk and some of the neighboring magistrates, who, we understand, addressed a sharp note to the "Prime Minister" of Tory touching the indignities their envoy received. We fully concur with our Northern contemporaries in hoping these nations who have hitherto been at peace, will not now come to any serious misunderstanding for a few paltry pounds.—*Dublin Freeman.*

On the re-assembling of Parliament, Mr. Maguire is pledged to bring before the House of Commons a motion to the effect that the House do resolve to take into consideration the expediency of instituting such a federal arrangement between the different portions of the United Kingdom as would enable Ireland, through an Irish Parliament, to legislate upon all matters of a purely Irish nature, while reserving to the Imperial Parliament complete control over all questions of an Imperial character. So long as the two great Irish questions of the press on the late police outrage in Phoenix Park is a proof that, now-a-days, so long as Irishmen have right and justice on their side, so long will there be honest English voices to cheer them on to success in their endeavours to right their native land—despite the stereotyped charge of dishonesty and corruption which would sweep the whole English press into the depths of one great infamy. It is no small victory to have gained a fair hearing. We can realise its importance by considering that it would be in the power of England still to follow precedent in the ill-starred connection, and make the old, brutal and selfish reply, that conquered Ireland must submit to the conqueror's "rights." We are evidently progressing towards civilisation. It has been discovered that a bayonet-thrust will not settle a claim, though it may dispose of a claimant; and that the chances of war might transfer the layonet into the hands of the claimant's irreconcilable son. But then, on the other side, the dignity of the British lion has been respected. There has been no bluster, no insano—because hopeless—threats to physical force. The case has been well brought before the public, and the motion which Mr. Maguire will introduce, and which other hon. members are pledged to support, will fairly place the question of Home Rule at the bar of that educated public opinion which has given Ireland more remedial legislation in a few short years, and done more to establish internal peace, than was effected by seven centuries of angry contention, marked throughout by brutal attempts to achieve the impossible—to prove an inextinguishable nationality. The people of England—the masses—are not responsible for the atrocities of the past. The extension of the franchise, which has secured them direct parliamentary representation, has made it impossible to govern Ireland by brute-force. As the Irish contingent added to the Imperial Parliament by the Act of Union, destroyed the good old compact between Whig and Tory who agreed to disagree, so there is now another party admitted to the council of the empire that fully appreciates the "flesh and blood" theory propounded by Mr. Gladstone in his Lancashire addresses. The hopes of Ireland are built on the honesty of this reformed Parliament, which is now fairly representative of a fair-dealing and generous people. We cannot doubt that the energy and intellect enlisted in the effort to make Ireland, so rich in natural resources, other than the fruitful mother of hewers of wood and drawers of water, will eventually secure to her the blessings of Home Government. The first step has been gained on the road to success in the conviction brought home to all sensible people, that federation does not mean separation, but the consolidation of the empire by something more reliable than parchment agreements. Mr. Maguire follows the policy of Daniel O'Connell, the greatest of Ireland's sons. He may be taken as typical of a party who will be found in the right place at the right time.—*Catholic Opinion.*

ORDINATIONS BY HIS GRACE THE LORD PRIMATE.—On the feast of St. Bartholomew, His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. McGeigan, Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of all Ireland, held an Ordination at the Chapel of the Marist Fathers, Dundalk, at which the following gentlemen, members of the Society of Mary, received orders. Rev. John Duignan was raised to the priesthood. Rev. J. Brady, Thomas Maguire, and Michael McCaughey received the order of deaconship; Messrs. P. Grice, J. McNamara, P. Kerrigan, and Wm. Maloney were advanced to sub-deaconship; Messrs. Francis Tuile and Felix J. Walters were promoted to minor orders.

FINDING OF AN ANCIENT BELL IN THE RIVER SHANNON, IRELAND.—A large and beautiful wrought metal bell was found in a branch of the Shannon, near Limerick, on Friday the 25th August. It weighs 1½ cwt. and bears the date of 1181—it is supposed that this bell belonged to St. Mary's Cathedral and that it was thrown into the river during the memorable siege of 1691.

At Crookhaven, on a promontory, overlooking the harbor of Queenstown, there is being erected a magnificent Gothic church, from the designs of Mr. Pugin, the total cost of which will be not less than £6,000, towards which sum the greatest portion has been collected by the parish priest, Canon McSwiney.

DUBLIN, Sept. 19.—John Daly, Esq., the Mayor of Cork, has been presented with the Cross of the French Legion of Honor, in recognition of the humanity shown by the municipality and people of that city in sending succor to the French wounded during the recent war. The pennant which has been lately placed on the station between Donaghadee and Portpatrick was run down in mid-channel in a thick fog by the Royal mail steamer Prussian bound from Quebec to Liverpool. She sank in five minutes in twenty fathoms of water, but hung to the Prussian long enough to allow the passengers and crew to escape. No lives were lost. THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.—Though for the last twenty years the potato fields did not present a more disheartening appearance at this period of the season than they do at present, still the tubers so far are comparatively sound. No doubt, owing to the prevalence of milder weather during the growing season, they are yet prone to be very soft and destitute in general of that flavour to be met with in a healthy crop, produced under the influence of favourable weather. There is a prospect of improvement at present; the atmosphere has cleared up, the air is light, and things look more promising than they have done for some time past. Should a fortnight

or three weeks of dry, sunny weather supervene, I am not without hopes that the potato crop, if not abundant, will at least, prove to be an average one...

THE SANITARY CONDITION OF DUBLIN.—Dr. Benson Baker, medical officer of the Christchurch district, Marylebone, has been paying us a visit, sent by the London authorities to report as to our sanitary condition.

DEBUISS.—The magistrates of Londonderry have declined to pronounce any opinion on the legality of the Government proclamation prohibiting the celebration of the 12th of August by the Apprentice Boys.

TRAFFIC IN SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS.—One of the phases of Protestant England is its recklessness with regard to human life when weighed against the accumulation of property by its sacrifice.

GREAT BRITAIN.

COURTING IN A PROTESTANT CHURCH.—A young gentleman happened to sit at church in a pew adjoining one in which was a young lady for whom he conceived a sudden and violent passion.

POPULARISING RELIGION.—Enthusiasm for popularising religion is, in most cases, sublime, but it is possible for the best-intentioned man to go one step farther, making it ridiculous.

Sunday evening to enter a small conventicle in the lower part of Lambeth, being attracted by a startling noise which made "night hideous."

SOCIALISM.—After two-and-twenty years of comparative calm the war between Socialism and Individualism threatens to become again the prominent question of Europe.

SALE OF LIVINGS IN ENGLAND.—A correspondent asks us why a patron who owns livings should not be forbidden to sell them just as a Bishop?

THE NAMES OF THE MARTYRS I KNOW NOT.—God bless the good old times—Nor the roster of those who stepped forward in the van of the army of love.

AN INSURED HUSBAND.—An outraged husband at Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, where female suffrage and the political and social appliances thereto pertaining are recognized.

PRISON PUNISHMENTS.—The New York Times lately published a long and severely credible account of a visit to Sing Sing Prison by a reporter who has spent some time in investigating the subject.

PROTESTANT TESTIMONY.—Rev. Wm. Aikman writing in the Independent, says Romanism has of late been making considerable progress at the South.

Catholics to get their schools on a footing that shall be independent of the Government every way, and is able to send forth a legion of orthodox citizens, loyal both to God and to their country.

UNITED STATES. VOLUNTEERS.

(To the Editor of the Freeman's Journal.)

I have noticed in many papers an item of "news" to this effect: "In a small-pox hospital in Paris, during the siege, of 48 Sisters of Charity nursing there 11 died of the horrible malady.

St. Paul, Minn. Not in the shock of the battle, Not by the roll of the drum, Not with the blare of the bugle.

Not for glory or gain in the struggle, Not the honors or praises of men, But simply to follow the Master.

The names of the Martyrs I know not— God bless the good old times— Nor the roster of those who stepped forward in the van of the army of love.

Come, name me the list of your heroes Of battle, State, Science, or Song; From the halls of the world's great Pantheon

A REN PUFF.—A Yankee manufacturer and vendor of quack medicines recently wrote to a friend for a recommendation of his, the manufacturer's "balm."

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over a pulley—a harmless-looking contrivance, yet it never fails to drive the colour from the face of a convict who expects to feel its power.

THE BOSTON PITH.—The lands and ruins of the Usuline convent of Charlestown—the ill-fated Mount Benedict—have passed out of the hands of the Catholics, and soon we may expect to see rich villas or busy works where so long has stood the material approach of charred walls and piles of fallen masonry.

KNOW-NOTHINGS.—New York boasts of a new kind of Know-Nothing party. This time, however, it is religious not national Know-nothingism.

LADY BLANCHE NOEL'S ELOPEMENT.—The recent appointment of Mr. Thomas Murphy as organist to the Church of the Holy Innocents, in Thirty-seventh Street, has created an excitement in Roman Catholic circles.

A QUEER SECT.—In Mifflin, Juniata, and Snyder counties, Pennsylvania, are large numbers of a singular sect called Omish.

PROTESTANT TESTIMONY.—Rev. Wm. Aikman writing in the Independent, says Romanism has of late been making considerable progress at the South.

At a wedding the other day, one of the guests who is often a little absent, observed gravely, "I have remarked that there have been more women than men married this year."

probably in other parts of our Southern country, numbers of persons of the very highest respectability and intelligence, and formerly connected as members with the Presbyterian, and probably other churches,

A NEW TRICK UPON TRAVELERS.—A gentleman recently traveling from Philadelphia to New York fell into a chance conversation in the smoking-car with a stranger having all the outward appearances of respectability.

A PINNACLED ENGAGEMENT.—A little-travelled-of fashionable correspondent puts in an evening light the absurdity both of writing and of reading of fashionable precocity.

WORK.—"Work well done is twice done." Never mix up things do one thing at a time; begin one thing and finish one thing—make clean work as you go.

DREAM NOT, BUT WORK!—Be bold, be brave! Let not a coward spirit creep, Escape from trouble allotted!

ARMY ANECDOTES.—In an interesting little book published more than a hundred years ago, and entitled "Cautions and Advice to Officers of the Army"

BEFORE the battle of Blenheim a certain Major implored the men's forgiveness, promising a reformation in his treatment of them.

AFTER such anecdotes, it is pleasant to read of the private who clubbed together to buy their favorite major a cologne, and of an officer, much beloved of his men, to whom, during a retreat, a young recruit said: "The Spaniards are firing very thick, but they shall not hurt you if I can prevent it, for I will march right behind you and receive the shot."

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The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

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G. E. CLERN, Editor.

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

S. M. PETTINGILL & Co., 37 Park Row, and Geo. ROWELL & Co., 46 Park Row, are our only authorized Advertising Agents in New York.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1871.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

SEPTEMBER—1871.

Friday, 29—St. Michael, Arch. Saturday, 30—St. Jerome, C. D.

OCTOBER—1871.

Sunday, 1—Eighteenth after Pentecost. Monday, 2—Guardian Angels. Tuesday, 3—Of the Feria. Wednesday, 4—St. Francis, C. Thursday, 5—Of the Blessed Sacrament.

NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—MR. JOHN GILLIES, of this office, has left on a collecting tour through the Lower Provinces: He will visit Woodstock, Fredericton and St. Johns, P. E. Island, and Halifax. We hope that our people will accord to MR. GILLIES a hearty and cordial support.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The constant allusions to the doings of the "International" amongst the items of news transmitted to us by cable are symptoms of the prevalence of an uneasy feeling in Europe; and of a consciousness that very soon every European Government, or rather Society, will have to meet and do battle as best it may, with the combined, and highly organized forces of Socialism. They are terribly in earnest, these apostles and disciples of the new faith, and are not to be put down by sneers at their wild theories. They rely not on argument, for success, but as the devices on the banners of one of their processions that lately marched through New York showed, are prepared to appeal to brute force, and hard blows; and that they can strike hard too, recent events at Paris have given assurance to the world. The revolution now apparently impending over Europe is neither political nor dynastic, but communistic. It aims not at the extension of the suffrage, or overthrow of any particular throne, but at the destruction, root and branch, of the existing social system. Very terrible will be the fight when the day, apparently inevitable, of battle comes.

The political news, proper, is very meagre this week. The French Government seems to have finished with the trials of its Communists, and must now try if it be possible to make a Constitution for France. Poor old M. Thiers, in whom no one can have confidence, but whom a majority of Frenchmen are willing to use as a stop-gap to keep Gambetta out, is well stricken in years, and in case of his death in the present state of affairs, civil war would, we fear, be inevitable.

The English papers still continue to give but poor reports of the Queen's health. Rheumatism is indicated as the cause of the trouble, but so uncertain are the accounts that reach us, that we can only hope that she is not seriously indisposed. In Ireland the angry feelings elicited by the, to all appearance, unjustifiable violence of the police at the Phoenix Park, have by no means been allayed. It is a hopeful sign, however, that both in Ireland and in England men of all shades of politics are calmly discussing the expediency of granting the wish of the Irish heart, in the form of Home Rule. In the present age of great political changes, we should by no means be surprised to see a paragraph in the Speech from the Throne recommending to the attention of Parliament such a modification of the terms of the existing Legislative Union as should restore in substance to Ireland, the right of self-government in all matters of purely domestic concern. Such a measure might—we will not be too sanguine and say would, but—might effect a hearty reconciliation betwixt the two countries.

It will be seen from the foreign news on our sixth page that the Piedmontese have asserted their rights over Rome by condemning to exile all Jesuits, and these whom it calls, or suspects of being, republican agents. In the case of the Jesuits, this expulsion will, we suppose, be followed up by the theft of their property. We

source needed this to open our eyes as to the despotic character of, and the contempt for justice inherent in, the usurping Government.

Our neighbors in the United States are still greatly exercised about the so-called Corporation frauds in the City of New York, and malpractices of a clique called the "ring." We see only one side of the question in Canada, and are not therefore in a position to hazard any opinion on its merits, or the guilt or innocence of the accused. We give below the telegrams from New York on this important matter, as they appear in our city contemporaries:

New York, Sept. 22.—For about two years work on the Court House, it appears that Ingersoll & Co received \$2,764,747.64 but the vouchers are gone. Vouchers for '68 and '69, of Keyser & Co., are also gone; but according to official statements now put forward by the controller, these vouchers represent a total sum of \$1,142,729.56, for about three years' work, and so on through the list. Missing vouchers, representing payments on the city account, amount to \$1,057,862. The Ring has already confessed to an expenditure on the county account of nearly seven millions, vouchers for the greater part of which, are said to be among those lately stolen. Here then is an expenditure of almost 16 million dollars in two years of the Ring rule, of which records are not to be had. It will be remembered that Peter B. Sweeney and Hugh Smith purchased the block between 33rd and 34th street, in Broadway, for over \$750,000, and that they immediately leased the hall in the building to the Board of Supervisors for an armory, at a rent of thirty thousand dollars a year, when in reality the room was not worth three thousand dollars. Also, that Sweeney and Smith, ante-dated the lease 18 months, and received forty-five thousand dollars for the use and occupation of a hall which they did not own, and which during the 18 months was not used, or occupied by the city. Within the last few days both Sweeney and Smith have conveyed the whole property to Bernard Smith, and Bernard Smith has conveyed that to another Smith, or Smyth, and so to a long list of Smiths. Several large bundles of partially destroyed vouchers have been dug out of the ashes on the flooring in the county Court house, and taken in charge by the Committee of Seventy. It is said that the Committee of Seventy, and Warren, the expert, who is assisting the Committee of citizens to examine the Controller's accounts, have secured sufficient documentary evidence to warrant the arrest and conviction of Mayor Hall. The assertions that Haggerty went to Saratoga after the robbery of the vouchers, in the company of the Police Commissioner, as shown by the affidavits, indicates that the robbery was committed with the knowledge of the Police officials, and that they had made and are making every effort to shield the robbery.

The name of the Rev. H. Ward Beecher no doubt still stinks in the memory of many of our readers, in connection with the mingling together of sacred and obscene rites, in the case of an adulteress and her partner in guilt, that occurred some short time ago in the City of New York. Having received his death-wound from the hands of an outraged husband, the victim of his unbridled lusts, and of lawless vengeance, whilst lying on his death-bed, invoked the services of God's minister!—may we be pardoned for introducing the name of God in connection with this story of blood and lust—to bless his relations with the frail woman, his companion in uncleanness. The Reverend H. Ward Beecher thereupon attended, and he it was who performed the blasphemous services expected of him, to the horror and disgust, not only of all Christians, but of all in whose bosoms existed any fragment of respect for natural morality and chastity. This same man it is who but the other day, as reported in the Montreal Witness of the 21st September, delivered an address in the Zion Church of this City, before the Congregational Theological College. A pretty exponent of Christian Theology such a man must be, to be sure!

Mr. Beecher's chief point was, that the difficulties with which the minister had now to contend, were greater than any that at any previous period may have opposed themselves to the spread of Christianity. The difficulty of to-day did not spring from persecution, from poverty, or opposition of any kind, but from infidelity. "The great difficulty now is infidelity; which dissolves the vitals out of his—the minister's—preaching so that it becomes powerless." This was the distinguishing feature of the present day, and this it was that rendered vain all the ministrations of the Protestant pulpit.

To whom, to what is this infidelity to be attributed? To men, like the Rev. H. Ward Beecher, who make answer; to the doctrines which they preach, to the principles which they inculcate, and the evil example that they give. One such a man, calling himself a minister of God, is in himself more potent to bring Christianity into disrepute than a whole army of Voltaires and Tom Paines. The scoffing, the infidel can adduce no stronger argument against Christianity, than the spectacle of a minister of Christ, or rather of one popularly held to be a minister of Christ, standing by the bedside of a dying sinner, and invoking God's blessing upon his criminal intercourse with another man's wife. If these be Christ's ministers—the true exponents of His teachings, men will argue, then indeed Christianity is a religion which we will not defile ourselves with.

Shall we give a specimen of this same Rev. H. Ward Beecher's teaching as reported in the Montreal Witness? Almost do we fear to do so, so incredibly blasphemous are the words attributed to him.

There is one creature of whom, even in the Protestant version of the Scriptures it is written, that she "is blessed among women;" that "all generations shall call her blessed;" on

whom "the Holy Ghost" came down, and whom "the power of the Highest" overshadowed; to whom the Incarnate God whilst on earth "was subject"—and it is of this glorious creature, blessed and glorified above all others, that this man H. Ward Beecher has the supreme audacity to speak in the following terms: "My mother was an Episcopalian, and I think she stands fully as high in heaven as the Virgin Mary."

We will make no comments on the above, but would rather crave the pardon of our readers for polluting our columns with such blasphemy; but we may be permitted to ask, if it be wonderful that men who are taught to believe that the mother of H. Ward Beecher was as highly favored by God as was Mary, and occupies therefore fully as high a place in heaven as does the last named—can not be brought to entertain very exalted notions of the person of whom Mary was the mother.

We repeat it in conclusion. It is to such men as this Rev. H. Ward Beecher and to their teachings, doubly dangerous because the teachings of those who style themselves the accredited ministers of Christ, far more than to the open hostility of professed anti-Christian writers, that the extent and virulence of the spirit of infidelity now so rife in the world, are due. "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian" said King Agrippa to Paul. "Altogether wouldst thou persuade us to renounce Christianity—say we to this Rev. H. Ward Beecher—could we bring ourselves to believe that thou art a minister of Jesus Christ!"

An Episcopalian, apropos of the new lectionary, or extracts from the Bible appointed to be publicly read in the daily service of the Anglican church,—remarks that, whilst "in the Old Testament history there are several chapters full of instruction, and tending to exalt the mind to all the beauties of holiness, there are others narrating occurrences not at all suited for the ears of the young," and therefore certainly not profitable for the young to read. This is true; and it follows therefore that the indiscriminate perusal of the Bible by all, young and old, should be prohibited. As a matter of fact, we believe that, amongst Protestants, in spite of their conventional "Open Bible" and we say it to their honor, such is the case. The Protestant mother will, as a general rule, refrain from reading to her daughters, the passages alluded to in the letter of An Episcopalian, and thus unconsciously does just what the Catholic Church does, when in her wisdom she imposes restrictions on the indiscriminate perusal of the Bible by all her children.

The subjoined paragraph, which we clip from the Melbourne correspondence, July 15th, of the London Times will also serve to show how little, how very little, familiarity with the words of the Bible, and a knowledge of Scripture texts, can do to preserve from the grossest, and most debasing superstitions:—

"A police-office case came off in Melbourne a few days back, surprising all who had not lost the capacity of being surprised at anything which can be done or suffered by human beings. A man named Wilson charged another named Fisher with obtaining money from Wilson under false pretences. The false pretence charged on Fisher was that he had represented himself as 'the Messiah,' and, on the strength of that character, had operated with more or less success on his believers' purses and domestic happiness. The scene of operations was a village named Nunawadding, about 14 miles from Melbourne. Fisher is a charcoal burner, who makes charcoal and proselytes with equal industry and success; and being a good-looking fellow, although, like his dupes, utterly illiterate, he contrives to make his doctrine peculiarly acceptable to his disciples of the fair sex. He professes to restore the sick to health, to work other kinds of miracles, and, in short, gives himself out as 'the Messiah' returned to earth at Nunawadding. Here he and his disciples have founded what they call 'a church;' here they preach, and trick, and squabble, and try to seduce each other's wives (and sometimes succeed), and when any one has been successful beyond what is found expedient in this direction, he is expelled for 'inconsistency,' the mild and charitable term they have invented for incontinency and adultery. Wilson was a true believer until he found that his own wife was in danger of becoming 'inconsistent' with 'the Messiah,' whereupon the scales seemed to fall from his eyes, and, against the remonstrances of the faithful, he appealed to that institution of the Gentiles, the Police-office. He was told that he was a credulous fool, and the charge was of course dismissed. Grossly ignorant as all the parties were, dupes and duped alike, they show in their very illiterate correspondence (read in Court) a familiarity with texts of Scripture only equalled by their perverse ingenuity in turning these texts to their own purpose."

In so far as intellectual culture, and literary attainments go, our French Canadian Missionaries in Lower Canada, and the secretaries at Nunawadding, Melbourne, are such on a par; and though we bring no charge of "inconsistency" against the latter, we have but too good cause for fearing lest the preaching of the very illiterate missionaries in Canada be attended with the same moral consequences as that of the Rev. Mr. Fisher in Australia. At all events it is clear that bible reading, and repeating by rote of Scripture texts, are of no worth as moral safeguards.

LET HIM ALONE.—A correspondent of the Catholic Indicator, writing over date Sept. 11th, from Watertown, informs us that the notorious Baron de Camin "could not get one hearer at what he called his second lecture here—not one * * * some of our hotels even refused him admission; so on the whole he got a big licking here by being let alone."

We wish that Catholics everywhere would take a lesson from Watertown, and adopt the policy of "letting alone" severely, all itinerant lecturers against Popery, converted priests, and brands snatched from the burning, who may chance to visit their several localities. It is always the most successful policy, it is the only policy in accordance with the spirit, and explicit teachings of our holy religion. When as sometimes occurs, one of these gentry comes along, and setting up his tub, commences thence a tirade against priests, nuns, and the confessional, no one is obliged to go and listen to him; and if he obstruct thoroughfares, or thrust his ribald abuse upon unwilling ears, the law will give redress.

Letting alone is sure to kill the No-Popery lecturer, but violence is always fatal to the parties resorting thereunto. Stones, bricksbats, and bludgeons are no argument, no refutation of malicious charges against the moral tendencies of Catholic teaching. But a holy life is; but a faithful discharge of all the duties of a good Christian, and a good subject is; but integrity is; and the fact of a sober, chaste and honest life cannot be got over. These then should be our sole arguments, our most efficacious rejoinders to the grave charges against our Church and the confessional. Let us show by our daily lives that frequent attendance on the latter bears good fruit; and the conclusion will force itself on the Protestant mind that the tree which bears such fruit is a good tree—and one of our Heavenly Father's planting.

Two things above all others do our No-Popery lecturers seek: notoriety and money. In strict truth however the notoriety is but the means to the great end, that is money. Let not Catholics then be such fools as to aid these men to the attainment of their ends; but rather, by letting them alone, help to give them the "biggest licking" that any of them ever got.

(To the Editor of the True Witness.)

Sir,—I was much surprised when, in reading in the Montreal Gazette of Friday last a report in extenso of the judgment in the Guibord case, pronounced by His Honor Judge Badgley, I came across the annexed passage:—

"It is only surprising that another rule, equally outrageous as that mentioned, drawn from the same ancient archives, was not also re-announced, that heretics non est servanda fides; no faith is to be kept with heretics."

Now, Sir, so high is my respect for the Bench in Lower Canada, so high my opinion of the learning and courtesy, as well as of the integrity of its members, that I am inclined to think that in the report as given in the Gazette, the learned Judge's language has been misrepresented—by inadvertence I am sure, and his meaning distorted. Surely Judge Badgley could not have meant that the Catholic, or Roman Catholic, Church teaches, or ever taught, or sanctioned the dogma that "no faith is to be kept with heretics." That this doctrine has been attributed to us by unscrupulous penny-a-liners of the low evangelical press, I am aware; but it has always been indignantly repudiated as a Protestant calumny. I cannot therefore bring myself to believe that a gentleman so respected for his high legal attainments, and for his strict impartiality on the Bench, as is Judge Badgley, could have meant what his words, as lastly reported in the Gazette, would seem to imply.

Yours respectfully, SCRIBTOR.

We agree with our correspondent in thinking that the Gazette's report of Judge Badgley's judgment, no doubt hastily set up, does not clearly represent the learned gentleman's meaning. We do not think that he really meant to convey the impression that the maxim "heretics non est servanda fides" is, or ever was, a dogma of the Roman Catholic Church, though we admit that the language attributed to him in the Gazette, especially in the paragraph immediately following might seem to confirm the view that he intended to do so.—How otherwise are we to understand its language taken in connection with the context:—

"The high morality and uprightiness of life and conduct of the Roman Catholic clergy of this Province have by their own personal conduct and precepts annulled and set aside this latter ecclesiastical rule, and substituted a more exalted one, that in this mixed community tolerance is not only a virtue," &c., &c.

This would certainly seem to imply that, ecclesiastical rule—a rule however set aside in Canada—enjoins that "no faith is to be kept with heretics;" and that this is, or was, a dogma of the Roman Catholic Church and is embodied in some "ancient archives," or documents recognised as authoritative by the Church; and yet with Scrutator we have too high a respect for our Judges to believe that this was the meaning that Mr. Judge Badgley intended to be put on his words. He, we are sure, would never go so far out of his way as to offer such an insult to his fellow citizens and in one sense parties to the suit pending before him. We should be glad, however, to have an explanation, or correct report of the learned Judge's actual words from some of his friends; and most gladly will we lay it before the readers of the TRUE WITNESS.

MORE LABORERS IN THE VINEYARD.—The necessities of the hour for Catholics to embrace are numerous. In every conceivable form the Enemy of God is abroad and seeks to delude the faithful. The primary necessity of Catholics is organization. The laborers in Satan's service are organized; the laborers in the vineyard of the Church must organize. When we speak of organization we mean that Catholics should associate themselves in bodies having the dis-

tinct object of working for good, within the Church and under the direction of the Princes and Chiefs of the Church. Catholic Unions—more properly Catholic Union—are a necessity; not to preserve the Church, for God and the Church are one and eternal, but to preserve man; to save by prayer and good works the world from becoming more odious than hell itself in the eyes of God. It is not enough that Catholics should merely profess the Faith. Every one of us can do good, distinct practical good; and as organization is the great lever of the world's wrong-doing, so organization can be made by Catholics the effective power of well-doing. We are not in advance on this question.

Throughout Christendom the cry goes forth "Catholics organize;" organize for prayer and charity; organize to repel by legitimate means the onslaughts of Atheism, Communism, Liberalism, to sum up all, Luciferism. The dread spectre of rebellion against the Church, morality and order is abroad. It clothes itself in the tinsel of the Freemason; it tatoes the Crucifixion on the feet of Italian Reds; with methodic madness it desolates Paris; in the pagantry of the Sub-Alpine robber it desecrates Rome; and everywhere in the International it blasphemes God. "I will not serve" is shouted by the damned and its echoes on earth ring daily in our ears and in apathy we look on, we listen, scarcely hearing the voice from the Vatican calling upon us to pray. The dread spectre stalks on and fastening impure glances upon the young and innocent it assumes the vagaries of fashion, it sparkles in the maddening bowl, it plays the dominie, it affects literature, it becomes the great regenerator of man, the friend of freedom, the foe of tyranny and we coquette with it and caress it and tell it we are liberal that we are not like our fathers, that we are advanced, progressive, of the 19th century; we ape its fashions we accept its bow, we go to its schools, we read its productions, we help it to regenerate with petroleum-torches, we join in its cries of "I will not serve" not heeding the voice of the Vatican telling us to pray, and so to tear the veil from the Prophet of the Revolution and in all his hideousness to expose him before the astonished stare of an affrighted world. All that is near and dear to Catholics proclaims the necessity of organization based upon prayer and from the desert of impiety, worldliness and insane opposition to Heaven a voice asks for more laborers in the vineyard. The late Archbishop of Armagh said that "had Italy been organized into Young men's Societies the scenes over which all are lamenting would never have taken place." Why. Because the Catholic Young men's Society to which he alluded are moral organized professions of faith, upon all the members of which the reception of Holy Communion, prayers and good works are enjoined, and frequent recipients of the Bread of Life, persons who perform acts of charity and who pray are the supporters of truth and the preservers and propagators of principles of order and morality. When a Catholic receives the Holy Sacrament of Confirmation he becomes a soldier of Christ his heavenly King and it is his duty to fight for Christ. The Pope as Vicar of Christ is the Lieutenant of Heaven itself on earth. He calls upon all to fall into line, to become soldiers in reality as in name, to become active laborers in the vineyard; the weapon to defend and the instrument to work with being prayer. Catholics of Canada our special mission is with you. More workers are wanted. Workers whose lives shall practically teach the faith which they hold. Our Divine Lord died to save the least of us and shall we neglect the potent means given to us by Him, to save ourselves and our fellows from falling into the myriad snares of the enemy. Let us then have organized unions of prayer. Good men tremble at the future, for they know that evil is abroad. Prayer alone can avert the consequences. Let us all become laborers in the vineyard, praying and working at all times and together, remembering that when we are gathered together in the Name of the Redeemer, He is in our midst.—T'erna n'oge.

LETTER IV.

To the Grammar School Trustees of Trenton—to Lawyer Francis and the 26 signatories of his petition—and to the world at large these letters are respectfully dedicated.

GENTLEMEN,—It is astonishing how thoroughly a bitter anti-Catholic spirit pervades your Class Book, though your conduct towards Mr. Bond would indeed prepare us to expect it. Were I a Catholic child studying in our Public Schools, I should daily challenge my master to the proof of the thousand and one bitter aspersions thrown on the Catholic Church by our Class Books. We are told, that there is no Sectarianism in our Public Schools. How any intelligent Catholic child could fail to find Protestantism—or what is the same thing anti-Catholicism—thrust under his nose in season and out of season, every day he attends school, would certainly be a mystery.

That Queen Mary was no bigot, we will bring no less a personage than Roger Ascham—Elizabeth's tutor—to testify. We do so the more

readily because he gives his testimony in so amusing and quaint a style. The redoubtable Roger had been allowed a pension of £10 a year by King Edward for a certain book which he had written on Arobery. Mary at her accession continued this pension, until Roger bethought him of a notable device for the doubling thereof. Writing in after years to his former pupil, then Queen Elizabeth, he thus quaintly describes the ruse, and its success.

"And now, I will open a pretty subtlety in doing a good turn for myself, whereat perchance, you will smile. I caused the form of the patent for my pension to be written out, but I ordered a blank place to be left for the sum, I brought it so written to Bishop Gardiner. He asked me why the amount of the sum—ten pounds—was not put in? Sir, said I, this is the fault of the naughty scrivener, who hath, withal left the blank space so large that the former sum—ten pounds—will not half fill it, and therefore except it please your good lordship to put twenty pounds, instead of ten, truly I shall be put to great charges in having the patent written out again; but the word twenty will not only fill up the space but my empty purse too. Bishop Gardiner laughed and carried the patent to Queen Mary, and told her what I said; and the queen without any more speaking, before I had done her any service out of her own bountiful goodness made my pension twenty pounds per annum. I had never done anything for her but taught her brother Edward to write, and though I differed from her in religion she made me her Latin secretary."

If every royal Pensioner could get his salary doubled by such "a pretty subtlety" it were well, but one thing, Gentlemen, is evident from this letter—either your Class Author Collier is wrong in his estimate of Mary's "temper soured by her mother's and her own disgrace" or Roger Ascham, Elizabeth's tutor, has told a crammer. One thing, certainly is to be regretted—that in your conduct towards Mr. Bond you did not follow the example of that sour tempered Queen whom your Class Book calls "bloody." She at least, though Roger Ascham "differed from her in religion," did not think it incumbent on her to deprive him therefore of his salary. Pity 'tis you had not her liberality when dealing with your tutor.

The next inaccuracy of your text book, to which I would direct your attention, Gentlemen, is found in the narrative of Wyatt's rebellion, and is contained in the following words.

"Their leader, Sir Thomas Wyatt, was taken at Temple Bar. Four hundred of his followers also suffered death." Now if we are to believe Lodge's Illustrations, Vol. I., p. 235, this is perfectly untrue, since not only did 400 of his followers not suffer death—but 500 of them were pardoned by Mary. Let us hear Lodge—"The prisoners taken in arms of Wyatt's army amounting to 500 were led to the tilt yard at Whitehall, with ropes about their necks; the queen appeared in the gallery above and pronounced their pardon." It is true that notwithstanding this pardon, many of these prisoners were sent, unknown to Mary, to take their trial, but the sheriff of Kent having sent word to the Queen of the fact, she quickly interposed saying "I have pardoned them once, and they shall not be further vexed." This latter testimony, Gentlemen, corroborative of the first, is given by Proctor, a schoolmaster of that period, who doubtless had he lived in your days would have lost his place "for falsification of historical facts."

It is evident, Gentlemen, that English History as taught in your Grammar School requires a certain amount of intelligent comment from your Head Master, if he is to fulfil conscientiously his duty towards his pupils. Far be it from us to say, that Protestant children have not a right to be taught Protestant history, but there are few Protestant parents surely so bigotted as to insist that their children shall be taught that history, which written years ago perhaps in good faith by their authors, according to their lights, has nevertheless been entirely disproved by the light of modern research, modern criticism and modern liberality.

We know that we shall be met by an objection—that the teacher must adhere to the text of the books put into his hands by the Educational Department, and that he cannot depart from them one moment. But this assertion will not hold good one moment amongst intelligent men unless they wish to claim, that the Educational Department is infallible in matters of History and that your Grammar School Master is nothing but a machine and puppet in the hands of the Chief Superintendent. This is all very well in matters of faith, where revelation is concerned, since revelation is the voice of God made manifest to man, and is not questionable. But in history it will not do, until at least we shall have a history indorsed by the hand of God.

If further proofs were wanted, Gentlemen, to show that Mary was not the morose, unamiable and bloody-minded Queen your Class Book represents her, we would refer to Sir Nicholas Throckmorton's trial so graphically

recorded by Holinshed. Sir Nicholas was implicated in the Wyatt insurrection. His trial before the infamous judge Bromley affords the first instance under Tudor rule, where a jury dared to give a decision against a Crown prosecution. This trial is remarkable because the prisoner's acquittal is alone attributable to the Queen's command of impartial justice, and to the testimony given in favor of the accused by one of the Queen's most confidential servants.

Throckmorton made a noble defence and though arraigned by his Sovereign his defence throws more lustre on Mary's name, and establishes love of justice and mercy more firmly than any other act perhaps of her reign. In his defence Throckmorton appealed in the first place to the recently restored laws of England. This appeal is important, because it confirms what we have already said about Mary's desire to supercede the iniquitous proceedings of the Star Chamber, by a return to the ancient laws of England. Sir Nicholas in the second place appealed to the Queen's own eloquent charge to her judges soon after her accession. If Sir Nicholas has reported that charge without exaggeration it is indeed one of the noblest charges on record. "What time," he said, "my lord justice, it pleased the queen's majesty to call you to this honorable office, I did learn of a great man of her highness's privy council that amongst other good instructions, her majesty charged and enjoined you to administer law and justice indifferently without respect to persons. And notwithstanding the old error among you which did not admit any witness to speak or any other matter to be heard in favor of the prisoner when the crown was party against him, the Queen told you her pleasure was that whatsoever could be brought in favor of the accused should be admitted to be heard; and moreover that you specially and likewise all other justices, should not sit in judgment otherwise for her highness than for her subject." This manner of indifferent proceeding being enjoined by the commandment of God and likewise being commanded you by the queen's own mouth, therefore reject nothing that can be spoken in your defence; and in so doing you shall shew yourself worthy ministers and fit for so worthy a mistress." How any one reading this noble charge, as preserved in the eloquent defence of Throckmorton, can still believe in Mary's bloody-mindedness is past our comprehension. But we have not done with this trial. When Throckmorton deemed it necessary to prove an alibi, it was to one of the Judges on the Bench—Sir Francis Inglesfield—and one of Mary's most confidential advisers, that he appealed as witness. And it was from this witness that he obtained evidence which went far to acquit him. "It is true," said Sir Francis Inglesfield, "that you were at my house, in company with your brothers at that time, and to my knowledge, ignorant of the whole matter."

Would not this almost lead to the suspicion, that Mary herself with her accustomed yearning for mercy, was pleading through Sir Francis Inglesfield for Sir Nicholas Throckmorton the conspirator against her life.

SACERDOS.

LACROSSE.—THE CHAMPIONSHIP FAIRLY WON BY THE SHAMROCKS.—On last Saturday, a most exciting Match of Lacrosse was played on the Montreal Grounds by the Shamrocks of Montreal and the Toronto Club of Toronto. The weather was all that could be desired and the attendance was unusually large. At 3½ o'clock the first game commenced; the men on both sides playing splendidly. After a spirited display of science and activity the Shamrocks struck home, but a foul was called and allowed the preceding play to count for nothing. The Match then opened in sober earnest, the Shamrocks gaining every moment and in one hour and thirty-two minutes the Montreal men won with three straight games. The Toronto men played with very great skill and their running was capital; but their powers of endurance not being equal to that of the Shamrocks they had to bow to the inevitable and submit to fate. Among the very good players on both sides were noticeable Flannery, Brennan, Giroux and the three home men of the Shamrocks. Hoobin as usual was steady and sure, and Hughes, Mitchell, Henderson, Peters and Otter of the Toronto Club. It is to be regretted that the enclosure of the Montreal Grounds is not in better condition as a great many persons entered by other than the proper way, and it is not creditable to the spirit of those who knowing that a body of working men had to pay a high price for the use of the Grounds, gained ingress by openings in the boards. It is also to be hoped that in future the players shall be if possible dressed in their Club uniform. One of the players on last Saturday had nothing to show that he was attached to either Club, and rivals of the Shamrocks were enabled to make disparaging remarks thereby. In the evening the Toronto Club were entertained by the victors in the St. Lawrence Hall, and when they left here they were loud in their praises of the fair play with which they were treated in

Montreal. The Shamrock Club headed by its band then called upon Father Hogan and presented him with a magnificent bouquet which had been given them by Mrs. McAuley on the field. A great deal of the success which marked the occasion was due to the untiring efforts of Mr. Morgan O'Connell field Captain of the Shamrocks, whose courtesy to his opponents won for him the warmest regards of our Toronto friends.

The journals report the death of the Hon. Louis Joseph Papineau, on the 22nd inst., at his country residence on the Ottawa; the deceased was born in 1789, and was in the 83rd year of his age. For many years M. Papineau played an important part in the history of Canada, and his name is associated with the rebellion of '37, and the reforms in the government of the Colony which that rebellion brought about. The insurgents were defeated, but their cause triumphed, and their just demands were granted. M. Papineau has therefore claims upon the gratitude of his countrymen, though of course there are many who do not agree with him in all particulars. Since 1854 the deceased has retired into private life, and his name has been rarely heard in connection with Canadian politics.

CONTRADICTORY TELEGRAMS.—The other day the news of the death of the notorious Carl Marx the chief of the International Association was sent across the Atlantic; on Friday by the same mode of conveying intelligence we were informed that the day before he had presided at a Congress of the members of the above named society, at which there were present delegates from France, Italy, Spain, Germany, Belgium and Switzerland. The object of the gathering of these enemies of social order, and individual liberty was, we are told, to arrange measures for immediate action on the Continent.

We would invite attention to the advertisement of the Rev. Father O'Farrell's lecture, which we hope will be well attended, on Thursday evening, the 28th September.—See Advertisement.

The *Courier du Canada* informs us that in the course of the coming month of October, all the Bishops of the Province are to meet at Quebec.

THE WHEAT CROP.—That of France is reported "light," in England the deficiency is estimated at 23 per cent, as compared with the crop of 1870.

OBITUARY.

On Sunday, 17th inst, the mortal remains of a useful and respected citizen of Ottawa, the late Mr. John Ahearn, were consigned to their last resting place. The unusually large concourse of all classes and persuasions, rich and poor, who followed his body to the grave testified not only the esteem in which he was held but also the widespread sympathy felt for his bereaved family and friends. Mr. Ahearn bore a high character for honesty, sobriety, and industry which superadded to the most genial qualities of head and heart made him a general favorite. Ardent, generous, and impulsive, his was not a nature to be indifferent, or wrapped up in self; hence every enterprise for the public good had his active cooperation and no charitable or benevolent institution but found in him a ready friend and helper. Little wonder therefore the spontaneous and universal manifestation of respect, grief, and sympathy which characterized one of the largest funeral processions which Ottawa has yet seen.

The deceased was born in the County of Waterford, Ireland, in the year 1836, and was consequently but 35 years of age. His parents emigrated to Canada when he was but a child, and settling in Ottawa—then the insignificant town of Bytown—he grew up with it and participated in all the important changes and material improvements which have taken place in its history in the last twenty years.

His father died many years ago leaving a numerous family totally dependent on him and his brother—two years his junior—for support; and well and faithfully did they discharge the onerous duty then imposed on them, and by dint of industry and perseverance worked their way to a position of independence and social comfort, alike creditable to themselves and beneficial to the widowed mother and family left by Providence to their charge.

The deceased was in poor health for the last year or so and was in consequence obliged to change his employment as a blacksmith and go abroad for change of air, but the fatal disease, consumption, which rarely succumbs to medical skill or human efforts laid its blighting hand too surely upon him. He steadily and even hopefully combated the dread tyrant to the end, but it has triumphed and carried him off, as its victim in the very prime of manhood. A kind father, loving husband and dutiful son, he will be sadly missed by those who were dear to him, and to whom even the sincere sympathy of a large community is after all but very inadequate consolation.

He died as he lived, a good Christian. Having arranged his temporal affairs, and being fortified by the last sacraments of his church, he passed away tranquilly and with resignation to we have no doubt a better world.—*Ottawa Times*.

LACROSSE WARR.—"We are glad to learn," says the *Gazette*, "that the work on the new supply weir at Lachine is progressing famously. The Government having relieved the contractor of his contract, placed the work in charge of Mr. Conway, the efficient Superintendent of the Canal. The result has been such as to justify all that was said in relation to the delays by the contractor. He complained that laborers could not be obtained as the expense for the miserably small number with which he was attempting to complete the contract. Mr. Conway has already a hundred and fifty men; and the work is being pushed forward with such energy as to justify the hope that the water will be let in within a very short time. Meanwhile the Superintendent is doing everything in his power to assist the mill owners by leaving the lock-gates at Lachine open for a certain time every day, by which means the volume of water supply to the mills is greatly increased."

FATAL ACCIDENT.—On Saturday afternoon a fatal affair, caused by the falling of a wall to a building

used as a hardware store, took place. The victim was a carter named Daniel Madigan, a married man with two children, and between 40 and 50 years of age. The building is situate on Chenoyville street, and is occupied by Messrs Thomas Robertson & Co. At the western end is a covered-in gateway, over which and the front storeroom are the business offices, together with another storeroom. The wall, which divided the front rooms from the gateway, is two bricks thick, but instead of being regularly built into the premises, is only built from the floor to the ceiling, having nothing to brace it. Against this, in the warehouse, were piled several tons of sheet iron, whilst in the gateway a number of inch boiler-plates rested against it. On Saturday afternoon about three o'clock, the deceased, Daniel Madigan, a carter for Redpath's Sugar Refinery, was sent to these premises accompanied by the engineer of the concern, James Robertson, to fetch away some boiler plates. Robertson had gone ahead into the yard and was in conversation with two clerks, Birks and Wilson, whilst Madigan was in the act of backing his truck through the gateway, when without any warning, the wall gave way bringing down on the deceased and his horse and cart four boiler plates, about two tons of sheet iron together with the bricks and mortar of which it was constructed. Robertson and the clerks were so near that they had a very narrow escape. As soon as possible the three men were by the side of Madigan, who with the exception of his head, was buried in bricks and iron, and was seemingly dead. Assistance was at once procured, and after half an hour's work, the body was got out, horribly crushed. Deceased's back was broken as well as almost every bone in his body, whilst one leg was fearfully smashed; the thigh bone protruding. Deceased's face which was downwards was suffused with blood and had assumed a livid hue, the pressure on the body having determined all the blood to the head. The horse had its leg broken and was subsequently destroyed, whilst the cart was smashed almost to atoms.

Big Guns.—Speaking of the presumed disarmament of Quebec, the *Daily News* says:—"The old fashioned guns went to the melting pot, but in lieu of them we have a powerful armament of seven-inch muzzle-loaders, rifled 150 pounders, any one of which is worth more than a score of the old 68-pounders. They are now in position taking care of the Citadel, and more than a match for any iron-clad that enters the harbor of Quebec. The forts at Point Levi are being rapidly pushed to completion; a strong additional force of men was put on the works last month, and the armament of the forts ordered. There are three forts at Levis, each of which will mount five 300-pounder rifled Armstrong guns, against which field artillery would be useless, while the guns from the Citadel can sweep the ground far in advance of the forts. Halifax, one of the selected Imperial strongholds, will be invulnerable when fully armed. There are already in position twelve 25-ton guns which throw a 600 lb six hundred pound shot, and twenty (200) three hundred pounder guns are to be added to the 12 monitors. The vessel has not yet been built that at a mile distance can resist the impact of a bolt weighing 600 pounds. An iron-clad fleet would be destroyed if it attempted to force its way into Halifax harbor—for that matter a few of the three-hundred pounders would effectually dispose of an enemy's fleet. We infer from the fact of England's taking such precautions to place her strongholds on this continent beyond the possibility of capture, that she has no idea of turning her back upon us, and that she is quietly preparing to give a good account of any foreign fleet that ventures to attack us."

THE SERPENT FOUND IN THE RIVER.—*La Miroir*, has the following communication from Mr. Lechevalier, a naturalist:—"Mr. Louis Payette, jailer, a few days ago confided to me for the purpose of being stuffed, a magnificent Boa Amazona (*Chironia murina*) of South America, measuring 2½ feet long and 13 inches in girth, which he told me was found in the River St. Lawrence, opposite Hochelaga, on Sunday last, the 17th inst., by one Pierre Masson, hunter and fisherman, of Hochelaga. Whatever may be said, I doubt if this reptile was found alive and if it was killed by the last named person, for I have noticed no wound on its body. Besides, it is of a terrestrial species, and the element in which it was found is in no way suited to it, for in the place it frequents it is rarely found except on land, although sometimes it bathes itself as a relief from the tropical heat of the sun. In my opinion the creature has escaped from some menagerie, or from a ship that was bringing it home as a curiosity. It is not a venomous kind."

In reference to the above, it may be stated that the Boas, or Beas, are almost all inhabitants of water places, and often lie in wait for animals that come to drink, and the serpent taken from the St. Lawrence, *Boa Amazona*, is only to be found where rivers or narrow lagoons are overshadowed by gloomy forests. Moreover, it appears that plenty of water is indispensable to these reptiles' existence, and it is stated as a reason for being short lived when brought to Europe, that it was not the cold, but the want of sufficient supplies of water that killed them. Seeing therefore this element is so necessary to the reptile's life, there is no reason to suppose it could not have been alive when found by the fisherman, although in killing it he may have inflicted no visible injury.

Buckingham, J. M. O'Neill, \$1; Weston, J. G. Kent, 2; Grandy, J. Hart, 2; Silley, J. Cantillon, 2; Upton, D. McEvila, 2; Sherbrooke, J. McClary, 2; South Lake, P. Kelly, 2; L'Ardoise, N. S., Rev. J. M. Quinn, P. P., 2; Peterborough, Dr. O'Sullivan, 2.
Per W. N. Costello, Renfrew—F. Costello, \$15.
Per J. O'Lagan, Templeton—J. Savage, \$150.
Per F. O'Neill, Antrim—Arnprior, J. Moran, \$2;
Panmore, E. Lunny, \$2.
Per J. A. Phelan, Cornwall—D. Phelan, \$2; D. A. McDonald, \$2.

Birth.

At St. Lamberts on the 8th inst, the wife of J. McVea, of a daughter.

BREAKFAST.—EPH'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite. The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills." Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in tin-lined packets, labelled—JAMES EPPS & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London.



THE REGULAR MONTHLY MEETING of the ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY will be held in the ST. PATRICK'S HALL, on MONDAY EVENING, OCT. the 2nd.
(By Order),
Jno. P. WHELAN, Rec-Sec.

LECTURE.

For the Benefit of the Roman Catholic Deaf and Dumb Institute for Females.
Rev. FATHER O'FARRELL, of New York (formerly of this City), will deliver a Lecture for the above purpose, in St. Patrick's Hall, on THURSDAY, the 28th instant.

O'CONNELL AND HIS TIMES.

Doors open at 7:30 P.M. Lecture to commence at 8 o'clock.
Tickets to be sold at the door of the Hall, September 22.

NOTICE.

IS hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed Curator to the vacant estate of late TALL CHAPUT, in his lifetime, gentleman, of Joliette.
JOLLETTE, 22nd Sept. 1871.

J. L. B. DESROCHERS.

INFORMATION WANTED.

OF HONORA WELSH, a native of the Parish of Killure, County Kerry, Ireland, who was in Grille-town, Montreal, in 1853. She was then expecting two of her sisters from Ireland. Any information respecting either of them will be thankfully received by their anxious sister, Catharine, (now Mrs. Charles Martin) at Colongue, Ont. Should this meet the eye of either of them, they will relieve the anxiety of their sister by corresponding with Mrs. Catharine Martin, Colongue, Ont.
Colongue, Sept. 25, 1871.

CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL

AND COMMERCIAL ACADEMY,

PLATEAU STREET, MONTREAL.

THE Opening of the Classes of the above Institution will take place on MONDAY, the 11th SEPTEMBER next, in the New School Building erected on the "Plateau" by the Catholic School Commissioners of Montreal.

The Opening has been deferred till this date to allow the Completion of divers essential works about the building.

For the Prospectus—and further particulars—apply to the Principal at the Academy, Plateau Street, U. E. ARCHAMBAULT, Principal.

JOLIETTE COLLEGE.

THE above Institution is situated in one of the most agreeable and healthful parts of the Diocese of Montreal. A Steamboat leaves Montreal twice a week (Tuesday and Friday) for Lachine, in connection with the Joliette Railroad.

Able Teachers are always provided for the various departments. The object of the Institution is to impart a good and solid education. The health, morals and manners of the pupils will be an object of peculiar attention. The course of instruction includes a complete Classical and Commercial Education. Particular attention will be given to the French and English languages, as well as to Arithmetic and Book-keeping.

TERMS:

Board and Tuition.....\$100 (Academic Year.)
Payable half-yearly in advance.

EXTRA.

Piano.....\$ 20
Violin.....15
Drawing.....4
Bed and Bedding.....10
Washing.....6

The Annual Session Commences on the FIFTH SEPTEMBER.

C. BEAUDRY, Principal.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

And Amendments thereto.

In the Matter of JOSEPH LAJEUNESSE, Boot and Shoe maker of Montreal.

AS INSOLVENT.

The Insolvent has made an assignment of his estate to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at his place of business, 419 St. Joseph Street, in Montreal, on Tuesday, the 17th day of October next, at 10 o'clock, A.M., to receive statements of his affairs, and to appoint an Assignee.

JOHN WHYTE,
Interim Assignee.

MONTREAL, 21st Sept. 1871.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } SUPERIOR COURT.
District of Montreal, }
DAME ELIA LOUISA or ELLEN or HELEN
LOUISA BRUKERHOFF, Plaintiff

vs.
GEORGE AUGUSTUS COCHRANE, of the City of Montreal, Trader, Defendant.

An action en Separation de biens has been instituted in this cause.

Montreal, 28th Aug. 1871.
DOUTRE, DOUTRE & DOUTRE,
Attys for Plaintiff.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } SUPERIOR COURT.
Dist. of Montreal, }
No. 491.

NOTICE is hereby given that OLYMPIE GUERIN, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of MAURICE MONTMARQUET, Carpenter, before of the City and District of Montreal, at present absent of the Province of Quebec and the Dominion of Canada, has instituted before this Court, an separation de corps et de biens, an action against her husband, the said action returnable before this Court on the seventeenth day of August instant.

Montreal, 17th of August, 1871.

LEBLANC, CASSIDY & LACOSTE,
Attorneys for the Plaintiff.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1871.

CASADA,

Province of Quebec, } SUPERIOR COURT.
Dist. of Joliette, }

In the matter of LOUIS MARSAN and JOSEPH TELLIER dit LAFORTUNE,

Insolvents.

The undersigned, one of the Insolvents, has deposited at the Clerk's office of this Court, the consent of his Creditors to his discharge, and will, on the nineteenth day of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, apply to the said Court for the ratification of the discharge thereby effected.

JOSEPH TELLIER dit LAFORTUNE
By GODIN & DESROCHERS,
his Attorneys ad litem.

Joliette, 9th September 1871.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of LEON GIRON, Insolvent.

THE Creditors of the Insolvent are hereby notified to meet at the office of L. O. Turgeon, Esq., situate on St. Paul Street, No. 338, in the City of Montreal, Wednesday, the twentieth day of September next, at three o'clock in the afternoon, to receive the resignation of Claude Melancon, Esq., one of the undersigned Assignees, and to substitute another in his place, if necessary.

Montreal, 24th August, 1871.

C. MELANCON,
L. O. TURGEON.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, Sept. 22.—The appointment of Luripey as Minister to Berne, and Lafryjoux de Choiseul as Ambassador to Berlin is probable. Rumor again asserts that Jules Ferry will go to Washington and Guizot to Athens, but the report is considered doubtful.

All arms taken from the National Guards are to be deposited in the arsenal at Bourges. Favorable news have been received from Algiers indicating progress towards the restoration of French supremacy everywhere.

Rochefort, in his defence before the court martial, says he refused to accept of a release from the Prussians during the siege of Paris. His trial concluded and he has been sentenced by court martial to transportation to a penal colony for life.

The silver statue of Napoleon I., which had disappeared from the Tuileries, and which half a dozen people have been accused of stealing, has been found. It was in an underground passage of the old Louvre, with other objects of art, and has been dug up in perfect condition. The well-known group representing the Prince Imperial blaying with Nero—a favorite dog—has also been discovered in a similar spot. A good many articles of vertu in the precious metals, that were thrust away at the time of the flight of the Empress, still remain undiscovered.

MARSHAL MACMAHON.—Marshal MacMahon reappeared so quietly on the scene as Commander-in-Chief of the Versailles army in April last, and thereafter conducted military affairs with such vigour, that the world is apt to forget that he was wounded nigh unto death at Sedan, and even that his death was actually reported and honourably commented upon by English journals. But the Marshal's wounds will not so readily let themselves be forgotten, and, weak and weary, he is about to resign his command, and seek in retirement the rest he has so well earned. He will carry with him the admiration the world always bestows upon its brave men, and when the history of last year comes to be calmly written, it will be remembered to MacMahon's credit that, amidst singular temptations, he, Frenchman though he was, never for one moment attempted to play a political role. He was simply a soldier and did a soldier's duty, without troubling himself with weighing the advantages to be derived from becoming either "Mouk or Washington." General Ladmirault is spoken of as MacMahon's probable successor in command of the army, now of Paris.—Ladmirault commanded an army corps during the recent war, was taken prisoner at Metz, and on his return to France did good service for the Versaillesists in the final assault upon Paris.—Elio.

HOW TO GOVERN FRANCE.—According to the Cologne Gazette, the Prince de Joinville refused recently to become a candidate for the Presidency of the French Republic as a short cut to the throne. "But," said the Prince, "if I were king I should know how to govern well. The means are very simple. I would have a constitution of two articles—the first article should enact that every Frenchman should be a functionary; the second, that every Frenchman, on reaching the age of five, should be decorated."

THE FOURTH OF SEPTEMBER IN FRANCE.—A Paris correspondent says—"Accounts received from the various departments concur in stating that the anniversary of the 4th of September was nowhere marked by any attempt at agitation. At Nimes only there was a manifestation, having rather an anti-religious character, which occasioned some trouble, but was very rapidly checked. Among the congratulations that have been addressed to the new Government of France those of the Emperor of Austria have been particularly remarkable on account of the very friendly tone in which they are conveyed."

"Republique Française—ADOLPHE THIERS President." Such is the superscription we must expect soon and for some time to read on French five-franc pieces. There are few things in the world more curious or instructive than a complete collection of the gold and silver coinage which has been struck in France since the convocation of the States-General in 1789. Some of them are simple records of every normal and settled government acknowledged by the nation since its Monarchs ceased to call themselves "by the Grace of God, Kings of France and Navarre;"—the ten years of the First Empire, the sixteen of the Restoration, the eighteen of the July Monarchy, and the eighteen of the Second Empire; but during the gaps between these brief, yet intelligible, cycles in French chronology the coin has to struggle hard to follow the phases of political transition. It vibrated between the extremes of wild anarchy and blind reaction, and often, Janus-like, it bore the stamp of both disorders on its two faces, the words "Republique Française" appearing on the reverse of a piece which bore the head of "Louis XVI., Roi des Français," "Bonaparte, Premier Consul," "Napoleon I., Empereur," "Louis Napoleon, President," or "Napoleon III., Empereur." Till a King or an Emperor had taken full possession, France was always understood to be a Republic; and inasmuch as frequently the new Ruler, on assuming power, announced himself as "the best of Republics," he deemed it expedient to humour the supposed partiality of the French people for that form of government by allowing its name, its insignia, its mottos, to linger on the wreck of the edifice he had overthrown. As a general rule, however, the Republic was held to be something impersonal, and the mere appearance of the likeness of a Ruler on the Cent-soixante piece prepared the country for the change which was soon to sweep away "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" from the doors of the public buildings, and to substitute the Eagle or the Gallic Cock for the Phrygian Cap at the head of the flagstaff.—Times.

SPAIN.

MADRID, Sept. 21.—Reinforcements to span-

ish forces in Cuba, continue to be sent forward. One thousand two hundred soldiers have just embarked from Cadiz for Havana.

An insurrection has broken out in Morocco and the Moors are making vigorous attacks upon the Citadel of Melilla, a seaport town belonging to Spain. The Spanish Government has despatched a large number of troops to the relief of the garrison of the place.

ITALY.

PREDMONT.—It has been for some time a standing joke in Italy that the Ministers of State live on the rail. Their comings and goings between Florence and Rome are incessant. The theory has been that their extreme mobility was caused by important affairs of State connected with the transfer of the Capital. A letter from Florence shows that the Capital is not transferred, nor likely to be at present. In point of fact, Italy's Capital is, at present, nowhere. Not at Florence, and certainly not yet at Rome. There are scores of piles of official papers packed up and waiting the turn of events. The truth comes out that Ministers cannot live at Rome. The climate of the Eternal City agrees well with the Holy Father, notwithstanding his great age, and the innumerable troubles and cares that press upon him, but it does not agree with the members of Victor Emmanuel's Government.

ROME.—Jesuits and Republican agents have been expelled from Rome.

The Pope has postponed the appointment of Bishops to vacant Sees till November.

AUSTRIA.

A rumour is current in Vienna that the Emperor, Francis Joseph, contemplates abdicating the throne of Austria.

GERMANY.

BERLIN, Sept. 19.—The German army will be immediately reduced to the effective strength of 400,000 men.

Gen Von Moltke has been created Marshal of the Empire. The Prince Imperial of Germany and wife have arrived at Wilhelmshöhe.

BERLIN, September 19.—The virulence of cholera is on the increase. At Königsberg, the ratio of deaths had advanced from 50 to 70 per cent, and even 80 per cent. The number of deaths during the week ending 7th inst., was 300.

THE GERMAN REIGN IN ALSACE.—An article has appeared in the Strasbourg Gazette, the organ of the German Government, threatening reprisals against the Alsations who have elected to remain French subjects, should the Germans continue to be persecuted in France. The Gazette points out that every Alsatian who has decided upon remaining a Frenchman is now a foreigner in Alsace, and cannot be allowed to do anything to endanger the safety of the State. Advice received by the Debats from Strasbourg state that no fewer than 23,000 persons have left that city to settle in France, Switzerland, and America. The Debats points out that if this emigration continues at the same rate the time is not far distant when there will be no longer any Alsations in Alsace. This result would be very flattering to French patriotism, and it would show that France still has reverses. Nevertheless, the Debats thinks that Alsations would show more political sagacity were they to stay at home.

THE COST OF THE WAR.—The German military administration are preparing for the next session of the Reichstag a document, the interest of which will be appreciated far beyond Germany—viz., an account, as far as possible, of the cost of the war on the German side. The preliminary grants on the part of the different German Chambers do not, it seems, represent anything like the real expense incurred. Thus, to name but one item, the material of the artillery is so completely ruined that no repairs will ever put it in a state fit for use again; nothing but a complete renovation will do. There are, however, no losses in horses. A great many, it is true, have perished, but the enemy left so many on the various fields that their number after the war surpassed that before it. Totally unfit for use are the uniforms of the men, which have long since been replaced by new ones. Only that after the capitulation of Metz such enormous quantities of French cloth fell into the hands of the Germans that this loss also was amply covered. Besides Metz, Le Mans yielded a vast amount of wearing materials. The greatest expense was incurred through the feeding of the army. Though during the whole campaign it stood in the enemy's country, it had, save a few comparatively insignificant requisitions, to be kept by German provisions, or these had to be bought from the enemy for German money. The highest prices were paid for oats, flour, bread, meat, wine, &c.; prices never known in the Paris market. While there, for instance, oats were to be had at two and a half thalers, they were to be paid with eight, or at an average of seven and a half, at Laguy, Orleans, Amiens, and Rouen. In the same way, cattle had reached a price about three times higher than usual. The same was the case with medicines for the hospitals, with good claret or Cognac, vegetables, and other things. It seems that the account of these moneys spent in France is regarded as furnishing another proof of the leniency with which the war was carried on, as regards the French population.—Pall Mall Gazette.

AN ADROIT SELL, A PRECIOUS PAIR OF ROUGES.—One day a gentleman called in at the store of Mr. Ralph Hardman, in Pavv-tucket, with a violin under his arm. He purchased a necktie for which he paid fifty cents, and then asked permission to leave his box while he did a few errands down town. Old Hardman—a dealer in new and second-hand clothing—had no objection.

"It is a violin," said the gentleman, "which I prize very highly. It was given me by an Italian, who died at my father's house. I beg of you to be careful of it, sir."

Mr. Hardman promised, and the owner of the precious violin departed.

Toward noon, while the old clothing dealer was deeply engaged in the work of selling a suit of shoddy for a bag of Prussian troot, a stranger entered the store—a remarkably well dressed man, with a distinguished look. The violin box was in sight upon the shelf, and no one was near to prevent, the new comer slipped around and opened the box and took out the instrument—a very dark-hued and ancient looking one.

"Hallo!" cried Hardman, when he heard the sound of the violin, "what for you touch dat, eh?"

The stranger explained that he was a professor—that he was a leader of orchestra—and that he could never see a violin without trying it. And then he drew the bow across the strings, playing a few passages of a fine old German waltz.

"My soul!" he cried, after he had run his fingers over the instrument awhile, "that is the best violin I ever saw! There is not a better one in the city—a perfectly genuine old Cremona! I will give you a hundred dollars for it."

Hardman said it was not his.

"I will give you a hundred and fifty! Two hundred."

Mr. Hardman was forced to explain how the violin came to be left in the store.

The stranger had taken out his pocket-book and drawn forth two one hundred bank notes. He put them back remarking:

"I must have the violin if money will buy it. When the owner returns, will you ask him to meet me here at six o'clock? If he cannot do that, tell him to call at the office of the Treasurer of the Academy of Music, and inquire for the Director of the Orchestra.—Will you do that?"

Hardman said he would.

But suggested the stranger, "if you need not tell the man what I said about his violin, nor what I've offered; because he may have no idea of the treasure he possesses. You will be careful and circumspect."

The stranger went away, and Ralph Hardman reflected. In the course of an hour the owner of the violin returned, and asked for the box. But the shoddy man had been captivated by the golden bait.

What would the gentleman sell his violin for?

At first the gentleman would not listen to the proposition; but, after a deal of talk he confessed that as he was not himself a professor, and could not well afford to keep such a valuable instrument, he would sell it for one hundred and seventy-five dollars—not a penny less.

Ralph Hardman paid the money, and became the legal possessor of the violin, ready to take anywhere from \$300 to \$500 from the director of the orchestra, as he might be able.

But the director did not come. At the end of a week Hardman carried the violin to a professional friend, and asked him what was its real value. His friend examined it, and said:

"Two dollars and a half, without the box!"

Ralph Hardman was strongly of the opinion that the gentleman who left the violin in his care was a swindler, and that the director was a partner in the business, and that, together, they had made him their victim. That night shoddy was marked up ten per cent.

DISCONTENT.—The immediate causes of discontent are numberless. Some of those that seem to have all that can bestow—wealth, education, friends and talent—are the least satisfied. Trifles discontent them. A wet day, an ill-fitting garment, a broken engagement, a slight disappointment, are sufficient to destroy their peace of mind, and render them slaves to vexation and chagrin. The main causes of discontent, however, is always to be found within. It has its origin in selfishness. Directly we forget ourselves in our efforts for others, we strike at the very root of all discontent. The truly benevolent, loving man is seldom tormented by vain regrets at his own circumstances, and he who inwardly repines and chafes at his situation, and who is harassed by the spirit of discontent, can in no surer way free himself from the chains that enslave him than by turning his thoughts and energies to some good works of others; there are no blessings, however rich, that discontent will not turn into evils; and no trials, however severe, that serenity and virtue may not transform into blessings.

MENTAL TAXATION A CAUSE OF DYSPEPSIA.—Mental anxiety and pecuniary embarrassment, such as loss of property by fire, by failure in business, or by bad debts, and also domestic troubles, disappointed affections, and the loss or treachery of friends, will frequently cause dyspepsia; too close and too active intellectual labor is also a frequent cause. Editors, authors and literary men often engender dyspepsia in this way. Much brain labor requires much blood at the brain, and an over-working intellect uses up so much of brain blood and nervous force that there is not enough remaining to do the work of digestion. On the other hand, deranged digestion is sometimes produced by too little exercise of the brain. Persons are frequently met with who have been in active business life, and, having accumulated enough to satisfy their ambition, have retired from business.—Now, although the brain and body retire from active life, yet the poor stomach very often has its task increased. If a man has been for a long time accustomed to eating heartily and working hard, either with body or brains, he had better not relax his working habit, without at the same time having a corresponding relaxation in his habits of eating.—"No who will not work, neither shall he eat," is not only a Bible injunction, but a law of the human constitution, the disobedience of which is often attended with such derangement of digestion, and other bodily infirmities, as to render either property or life of little value.

CHARACTER.—Strength of character consists of two things—power of will and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence—strong feeling and strong command over them. Now, it is here we make a grand mistake; we mistake character. A man who bears all before him, and before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of his household quake because he has his will obeyed, and his own way in all things, we call him a strong man. It is his passions that are strong; he that is controlled by them is weak. You must measure a man by the strength of the passions he subdues, and not by the power of those which subdue him. And hence composure is very often the highest result of strength. Did we ever see a man receive flagrant insult, and only grow a little pale, and then reply quietly? This is a man spiritually strong. Or did

we ever see a man in anguish stand as if carved out of solid rock, mastering himself? Or one that, bearing a hopeless daily trial, remains silent, and never tells the world that creaks his home peace? That is strength. He who, with strong passions, remains chaste; he who, keenly sensitive, with many powers of indignation in him, can be provoked and yet retain himself and forgive, those are strong men, the spiritual heroes.

The newspaper business is very exacting on all connected with it, and the pay is comparatively small; proprietors risk more money for smaller profits, and the editors reporters and printers work harder and cheaper than the same number of men in any other profession requiring the given amount of intelligence and training and drudgery. The life has its charms and its pleasant associations, scarcely known by the outside world; but it has its earnest work and anxieties and hours of exhaustion, which likewise, are not known to those who think the business all fun. The idea that newspaperdom is a charmed circle, where the favored members live a life of ease and free from care, and go to the circus at night on a free ticket, and to the springs on a free pass in the summer is an idea which we desire to explode practically and theoretically. Business is business, and the journal that succeeds is the one that is run on a square business footing, and the same as banking or building bridges, keeping a hotel or running a livery stable.

CAUTION.—In our changeable climate, coughs, colds, and diseases of the throat, lungs and chest will always prevail. Cruel consumption will claim its victims. These diseases, if attended to in time, can be arrested and cured. The remedy is Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. 30

FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES, by its great tonic and health-renewing properties, will restore tone more quickly than any other preparation known, it being the surest remedy for all debilitating maladies. 12.

PARSON'S PURGATIVE PILLS—Best family physic; Sheridan's Cavalry Complin Powders, for horses. 3

FOR THROAT DISORDERS AND COUGHS.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are offered with the fullest confidence in their efficacy. They have been thoroughly tested, and maintain the good reputation they have justly acquired.

These Lozenges are prepared from a highly esteemed recipe for alleviating BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS, ASTHMA, HOARSENESS, COUGHS, COLDS, and Irritation or Soreness of the Throat.

PUBLIC SPEAKERS AND VOCALISTS.

will find them beneficial in clearing the voice before speaking or singing, and relieving the throat after any unusual exertion of the vocal organs, having a peculiar adaptation to affections which disturb the organs of speech. Sold at 25 cents per box, by all Dealers in Medicine.

"Troches," so called, sold by the ounce, are a poor imitation and nothing like BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, which are sold only in boxes with facsimile of the proprietors.

JOHN I. BROWN & SON,

on outside wrapper of box, and private government stamp attached to each box.

This care in putting up the Troches is important as a security to the purchaser in order to be sure of obtaining the genuine BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

A DOWN TOWN MERCHANT.

Having passed several sleepless nights, disturbed by the agonies and cries of a suffering child, and becoming convinced that Mrs. WISLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP was just the article needed, procured a supply for the child. On reaching home, and acquainting his wife with what he had done, she refused to have it administered to the child, as she was strongly in favor of Homeopathy. That night the child passed in suffering, and the parents without sleep. Returning home the day following, the father found the baby still worse; and while contemplating another sleepless night, the mother stepped from the room to attend to some domestic duties, and left the father with the child. During her absence he administered a portion of the Soothing Syrup to the baby, and said nothing. That night all hands slept well, and the little fellow awoke in the morning bright and happy. The mother was delighted with the sudden and wonderful change, and although at first offended at the deception practiced upon her, has continued to use the Syrup, and suffering, crying babies and restless nights have disappeared. A single trial of the Syrup never yet failed to relieve the baby, and overcome the prejudices of the mother. 25 cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Be sure and call for

"MRS. WISLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP,"

Having the facsimile of "WISLOW'S" on the outside wrapper. All others are base imitations.

LAWLOR'S SEWING MACHINES.—Principal office, 365

Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

HOSKICK ST. JOSEPH, MONTREAL, } August 5th, 1871.

MR. J. D. LAWLOR :

Sir,—On former occasions our Sisters gave their testimonials in favour of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, but having recently tested the working qualities of the "Family Singer" manufactured by you, we feel justified in stating that yours is superior for both family and manufacturing purposes.

SISTER GAUTHIER.

MONTREAL, April 23, 1871.

MR. J. D. LAWLOR :

DEAR SIR,—In answer to your enquiry about the working qualities of your Family Singer Sewing Machines, which we have in constant operation on shirts, we beg to say that they are, in every respect, perfectly satisfactory and we consider them superior to any American Machine, and consequently take much pleasure in recommending them as the most perfect, useful and durable Machines now offered to the public.

Most respectfully,

J. R. MRAD & Co.,

Shirt Manufacturers,

381 Notre Dame St

ALABAMA CLAIMS.—We are informed that the most persistent and unyielding of the private citizens who have claims against the British Government are Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., of Lowell, Mass., the manufacturers of medicines. They will consent to nothing less than that their demand for medicines destroyed by the British pirates shall be paid in gold and in dollars to the last cent. They are emboldened by the fact that the destruction of their goods by the English in China and elsewhere (for where are not that troublesome nation trampling upon somebody?) have hitherto been paid in full, and they now say that they shall be. They however propose this compromise:—Give us Canada and we will call it even, because we can then send our remedies there without duty.—Washington News. 146

OTTAWA HOTEL, ST. ANNE.—Residents of Montreal

meditating a retreat to the country during our summer months, will find, if they decide upon the pleasant village of St. Anne as their summer residence, clean, quiet and comfortable quarters at

the Ottawa Hotel, kept by M. Isidore Omais. This Hotel has lately been enlarged and repaired from top to bottom. The situation, just below the bridge, cannot be surpassed, and the proprietor has constantly on hand boats for the use of his guests. It is but a short distance from the Depot, which can be reached in ten minutes; and it presents every comfort and convenience that the health and pleasure-seeker can desire.

WANTED.

IMMEDIATELY for the K. O. MALE SEPARATE SCHOOL of Belleville, a First-Class R. MALE TEACHER, Salary Liberal. Must be well recommended, application (if by letter, prepaid) to be made to the Very Revd. J. Farrelly, Vicar General, P. P. Belleville, Aug. 4, 1871.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned shall apply to the Quebec Legislature at its next Session for a Bill to allow the Board of Notaries of the Province of Quebec to admit, after Examination, William Fahey as a Notary. Montreal, Aug. 29th, 1871.

WILLIAM FAHEY.

PROGRAMME OF TUITION

IN THE

LYCEUM OF VARENNES;

PREPARATORY COURSE.

French and English Reading. Mental Arithmetic. Writing.

FIRST YEAR.

The Elements of French and those of English Grammar. Sacred History. Reading in French and in English. Arithmetic (all the Commercial Rules). Book-Keeping by Single Entry. Writing. French and English Reading. Translation of English into French. Vocal Music. Geography.

SECOND YEAR.

Syntax of French Grammar and Syntax of English Grammar. History of Canada (French Domination). Arithmetic (all the Commercial Rules). Book-Keeping by Single Entry. Writing. French and English Reading. Translation of English into French. Vocal Music. Geography.

THIRD YEAR.

Exercises on all the parts of French Grammar and of English Grammar. Translation of English into French and French into English. Book-Keeping by Double Entry. The Principles of Literature and Composition. Notions on the English Constitution and that of this country. Notions of Agriculture. Notions of Algebra and Geometry. History of Canada (English Domination). Vocal Music. Geography.

Tuition in English is on the same footing as in French.

Book-Keeping in all its branches is taught by an Accountant well versed in all commercial transactions.

The utmost care is bestowed on the morals and health of Pupils.

Should a number of Pupils desire to learn Instrumental Music, Drawing, etc., a Professor will be given to them; but Pupils will have to pay extra for that particular teaching.

N. B.—Pupils, before passing to the second or third year of the Course, will have to stand an examination and prove that they have made satisfactory progress.

Pupils may either be boarders or half-boarders (the latter going out of the House only for their meals), at the following rates:

Boarders.....\$30.00
Half-boarders..... 10.00

The children of the Parish of Varennes standing in an exceptional position with regard to the Establishment, their parents will have to come to an understanding with the Director of the College.

Pupils will find in the house the Books and all the other school requisites, at current prices. Religious teaching forms part of tuition in each class.

F. X. SAURIOL, Ptre,
Director.

VARENNES, 15th August, 1871.

CANADA, }
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } SUPERIOR COURT.
Dist. of Montreal.

No. 1476.

DAME LOUISE VERDON, of the City and the District of Montreal, wife of NOEL GAGNON, Trader, of the same place, duly authorized a *cestui en justice*,

Plaintiff;

vs.

NOEL GAGNON, Trader, of the same place,

Defendant.

AN action *en separation de biens* has been instituted in this case, on the fourteenth day of August, instant, returnable on the fifth day of September next.

Montreal, 17th August, 1871.

BOURGOULIN & LACOSTE,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, }
District of Montreal, } SUPERIOR COURT.

NOTICE is hereby given, that Emelie Mercier, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Joseph Laurin Cadot, Miller, of the same place, has instituted, before this Court, an *Separation de biens*, an action against her husband, the said action returnable before this Court on the fourth day of September next.

Montreal, 22nd August, 1871.

LEBLANC, CASSIDY & LACOSTE,
Attys for the Plaintiff.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

CANADA, }
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } SUPERIOR COURT FOR
District of Montreal. } LOWER CANADA.

In the matter of JOSEPH POULIN, the younger, An Insolvent.

The undersigned has filed in the office of the said Court, a deed of composition and discharge, executed by his creditors in his favour and on the eighteenth day of the month of September next, at half past ten of the clock in the forenoon, he will apply to the said Court, in the said District, for a confirmation of the discharge thereby effected.

Montreal, 7th August, 1871.

JOSEPH POULIN, Jr.,
By LEBLANC, CASSIDY & LACOSTE,
His attorneys *ad litem*

APPLICATION TO PARLIAMENT.

LES CURE ET MARGUILLIERS DE L'OEUVRE ET FABRIQUE de la paroisse de Notre Dame de Montreal will apply to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec at its next Session, asking that the Act 33 Victoria chapter 52 entitled: "An act to amend the Act of the 32nd Victoria Chapter 72, respecting the Cemetery of Notre Dame des Neiges" be amended in such a manner as to allow the Court, or a Judge to appoint the commissioner who, by the Act, should be named by the party or the parties interested, in the event of the latter's refusal to name any, or of a vacancy occurring amongst the said commissioners, and for other purposes generally. Montreal, 9th August, 1871.

DR M'LANE'S Celebrated American WORM SPECIFIC, OR VERMIFUGE.

SYMPTOMS OF WORMS. THE countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes, or a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull; the pupils dilate; an azure semicircle runs along the lower eyelid; the nose is irritated, swells, and sometimes bleeds; a swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a gnawing sensation of the stomach, at others, entirely gone; fleeting pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times costive; stools slimy; not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult, and accompanied by hiccup; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c.

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist, DR. M'LANE'S VERMIFUGE Will certainly effect a cure.

The universal success which has attended the administration of this preparation has been such as to warrant us in pledging ourselves to the public to

RETURN THE MONEY in every instance where it should prove ineffectual: "providing the symptoms attending the sickness of the child or adult should warrant the supposition of worms being the cause." In all cases the Medicine to be given in STRICT ACCORDANCE WITH THE DIRECTIONS.

We pledge ourselves to the public, that Dr. M'LANE'S Vermifuge DOES NOT CONTAIN MERCURY in any form; and that it is an innocent preparation, not capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant.

Address all orders to FLEMING BROS., PITTSBURGH, PA. P.S. Dealers and Physicians ordering from others than Fleming Bros., will do well to write their orders distinctly, and take note that Dr. M'LANE'S, prepared by Fleming Bros., Pittsburgh, Pa. To those wishing to give them a trial, we will forward per mail, post-paid, to any part of the United States, one box of Pills for twelve three-cent postage stamps, or one vial of Vermifuge for fourteen three-cent stamps. All orders from Canada must be accompanied by twenty cents extra.

C. F. FRASER, Barrister and Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &c., BROCKVILLE, ONT. Collections made in all parts of Western Canada.

M. O'GORMAN, Successor to the late D. O'Gorman, BOAT BUILDER, SIMCO STREET, KINGSTON. An assortment of Skiffs always on hand. OARS MADE TO ORDER. SHIP'S BOATS' OARS FOR SALE.

WILLIAM H. HODSON, ARCHITECT, No. 59 St. BONAVENTURE STREET MONTREAL. Plans of Buildings prepared and Superintendence at Moderate Charges. Measurements and Valuations Promptly Attended to

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST CLOTHING STORE IN MONTREAL IS P. E. BROWN'S No. 9, CHABOILLEZ SQUARE. Persons from the Country and other Provinces, will find this the MOST ECONOMICAL AND SAFEST PLACE to buy Clothing, as goods are marked at the VERY LOWEST FIGURE, AND ONLY ONE PRICE ASKED. Don't forget the place: BROWN'S, No. 9, CHABOILLEZ SQUARE, Opposite the Crossing of the City Cars, and near the G. T. R. Depot Montreal, Sept. 30 1870.

1871. NEW PREMIUM LIST! FOR R. C. Separate Schools, Colleges, Convents, Sunday School Classes, & all Catholic Institutions.

- Little Catholic Library, 32mo., fancy cloth, 12 vols. in box.....\$1.60 per box. Little Catholic boy's Library, 32mo., fancy cloth, 12 vols in box.....1.60 per box. Little Catholic Girl's Library, 32mo., fancy cloth, 12 vols in box.....1.60 per box. Catholic Pocket Library, 32 mo, fancy cloth, 13 vols in box.....1.75 per box. Sister Mary's Library, 18 mo, fancy cloth, 12 vols in box.....2.40 per box. Brother James' Library, royal 32 mo., fancy cloth, 12 vols in box.....2.40 per box. Parochial and Sunday School Library, square 24 mo, 1st series, fancy cloth, 12 vols in box, 3.20 per box. Parochial and Sunday School Library, square 24 mo, 2nd series, fancy cloth, 12 vols in box 3.20 per box. Young Christian's Library, containing Lives of the Saints, etc., fancy cloth, 12 vols in box, 4.00 per box. do do do paper, 12 vols in set.....0.80 per set. Illustrated Catholic Sunday School Library, 1st series, fancy cloth, 12 vols in box.....4.00 per box. do do do 2nd series, fancy cloth, 12 vols in box.....4.00 per box. do do do 3rd series, fancy cloth, 12 vols in box.....4.00 per box. do do do 4th series, fancy cloth, 6 vols in box.....2.00 per box. Conscience Tales. Gilt backs and sides, fancy cloth, 8 vols in box.....5.35 per box. Canon Schmidt's Tales, gilt back and sides, fancy cloth, 6 vols in box.....2.00 per box. Maria Edgeworth's Tales, gilt back and sides, cloth, 14 vols in box.....1.60 per box. Library of Wonders, illustrated, gilt back and sides, fancy cloth, 5 vols in box.....1.25 per box. The Popular Library, containing Fabiola, Callista, etc., etc., fancy cloth, 6 vols in box.....5.00 per box. do do do gilt, fancy cloth, 6 vols in box.....6.00 per box. The Popular Library, 2nd series, containing Catholic Legends, etc., fancy cloth, 9 vols in box.....6.00 per box. do do do do gilt, fancy cloth, 9 vols in box.....7.50 per box. The Young People's Library, containing One Hundred Tales, etc., fancy cloth, 5 vols in box.....2.00 per box. do do do do gilt, fancy cloth, 5 vols in box.....3.00 per box. Fireside Library, containing Orphan of Moscow, Life of Christ, etc., fancy cloth, 10 vols in box.....5.00 per box. do do do do gilt, fancy cloth, 10 vols in box.....6.70 per box. Catholic World Library, containing Nellie Netterville, Diary of St. Mercy, &c., &c., fancy cloth, 5 vols in box.....5.00 per box. Ballantyne's Illustrated Miscellany, 12 vols, fancy cloth, gilt back and sides, (containing Chasing the Sun, etc.) 12 vols in set.....2.60 per set. The Home Library, containing the Young Crusader, Blind Agnes, etc., fancy cloth, gilt sides, 6 vols, assorted in box.....2.00 per box. The Instructive Tales, containing Fabers Tales of the Angels, Lorenzo, etc., fancy cloth, 7 vols, assorted in box.....3.35 per box. The Golden Library, containing Christian Politeness, Peace of the Soul, etc., fancy cloth, 10 vols, assorted in box.....75c. per box. The Christian Library, containing Lives of Eminent Saints, fancy cloth, gilt sides, 12 vols. assorted.....1.35

THE NEW LIBRARY. The Life of St. Patrick, [large] full gilt.....3.00 per doz. The Holy Isle, [large].....3.00 per doz. The Holy Isle contains the Lives of the following Irish Saints—St. Bridget, St. Columbkille, St. Malachy, St. Lawrence O'Toole, and St. Palladius.

NEW SERIES OF TALES. Adolphus, full gilt.....1.25 per doz. Nino and Pippo do do.....1.25 per doz. Nicholas do do.....1.25 per doz. Last days of Paph Army, cloth.....1.50 per doz. The Little Virtues and the little defects of a Young Girl, cloth.....2.25 per doz. or in fancy paper covers.....2.25 per doz. The Little Virtues and the little defects of a young girl is used in most of the Convents and Catholic Schools as a book of Politeness and deportment.

Any book sold separately out of the box or set. One Thousand Tales, suitable for Premiums, fancy cloth, at 20c. 25c. 40c. 50c. 70c. 90c. 1.00 and upwards. Lace Pictures from 15c. to 2.00 per doz. Sheet Pictures from 40c. to 2.00 per doz. sheet, each sheet contains from 12 to 24 pictures.

(ADOPTED BY THE PROVINCIAL OF THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS, FOR USE IN THE SCHOOLS UNDER HIS CHARGE.) Butler's Catechism for the Diocese of Quebec, doz. 50cts, retail 5 cts. " " " of Toronto, doz. 50 cts, retail 5 cts. Catechism of Perseverance: Ecclesiastical History. Sacred History, by a Friend of Youth. The History of Ireland.

IRVING'S SERIES OF CATECHISMS. Revised by M. J. Kenney. Catechism of Astronomy. of Botany. of Classical Biography. of Chemistry. of Grecian History. of Grecian Antiquities. of History of England. of History of United States of Jewish Antiquities. of Mythology. of Roman Antiquities. of Roman History. of Sacred History.

SADLIER'S FINE Small Hand Copy Books without Head-lines.....per doz. 30 cts. Composition Books.....per doz. 60 cts. Sadlier's Exercise Books, bound.....per doz. \$2.25. " " " 2, 3, and 4 Quires.....per doz. \$2.50. " " " Foolscap Account Books in Different Rulings.....per doz. \$2.40. Payson, Duntin and Scribner's National System of Penmanship in 12 numbers.

SADLIER'S SUPERIOR HEADLINE COPY BOOKS. Nos. 1. Initiatory Lessons. 2. Combination of Letters. 3. " " Words. 4. Text with Capitals. 5. Text with half Text. D. & J. SADLIER & CO., Montreal

JOHN MARKUM, PLUMBER, GAS AND STEAM-FITTER, TIN AND SHEET-IRON WORKER, &c., Importer and Dealer in all kinds of WOOD AND COAL STOVES, 712 CRAIG STREET, (Five doors East of St. Patrick's Hall, opposite Alexander Street,) MONTREAL. JOBBING PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO

MENEELY & KIMBERLY, BELL FOUNDERS, TROY, N. Y., MANUFACTURE a superior quality of Church, Academy, Fire-Alarm, Factory, Chime, Tower-Clock, Steamboat, Court-House, Farm and other Bells, of pure copper and tin, mounted in the most approved manner, and fully warranted. Catalogues sent free. Address MENEELY & KIMBERLY, Troy, N. Y.

W. H. MONAGAN, M.D. PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR MAY be consulted personally or by letter at his Office, 503 Craig Street, near corner of St. Lawrence and Craig Streets, Montreal, P.Q. The Doctor is an adept in the more serious diseases of women and children, his experience being very extensive. Office Hours—From 7 to 10 a.m.; and from 4 to 10 p.m.

O'FLAHERTY & BODEN, PRACTICAL HATTERS AND FURRIERS, 221 M'GILL STREET, (NEAR NOTRE DAME) WOULD RESPECTFULLY invite the attention of their friends and the public to their Stock, which has been Selected with the GREATEST Care from the BEST Houses in the Trade, and will be found COMPLETE in all its details. Montreal, May 10th, 1871.

HIGH COMMERCIAL EDUCATION. MASSON COLLEGE, TERREBONNE (NEAR MONTREAL) THE RE-OPENING of the CLASSES of this grand and popular Institution, will take place on THURSDAY, FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

PROGRAMME OF STUDIES. 1ST SECTION OF THE COMMERCIAL COURSE. 1st and 2nd years.—Grammar Classes. MATTERS: 1st Simple reading, accentuation and declining; 2nd An equal and solid study of French and English syntax. 3rd Arithmetic in all its branches; Mental calculation; 4th Different styles of writing; 5th Reading of Manuscripts; 6th Rudiments of book-keeping. 7th An abridged view of Universal History.

2ND SECTION. 3rd year.—Business Class. This department is provided with all the mechanism necessary for initiating the business students to the practice of the various branches—counting and exchange office—banking department—telegraph office—fac-similes of notes, bills, drafts, &c., in use in all kinds of commercial transactions—News department, comprising the leading journals of the day in English and French. The reading room is furnished at the expense of the College, and is chiefly intended to post the pupils of the "Business Class" on current events, commerce, &c. N.B.—This class forms a distinct and complete course, and may be followed without going through any of the other classes.

MATTERS. 1st Book-keeping in its various systems; the most simple as well as the most complicated; 2nd Commercial arithmetic; 3rd Commercial correspondence; 4th Calligraphy; 5th A Treatise on commercial law; 6th Telegraphing; 7th Banking (exchange, discount, custom commissions); 8th Insurance; 9th Stenography; 10th History of Canada (for students who follow the entire course.)

3RD AND LAST SECTION. 4th year.—Class of Poite Literature. MATTERS. 1st Belles Lettres—Rhetoric; Literary Composition; 2nd Contemporary History; 3rd Commercial and historical Geography; 4th Natural History; 5th Horticulture (flowers, trees, &c.); 6th Architecture; 7th A treatise on domestic and political Economy.

5th year.—Class of Science. MATTERS. 1st Course of moral Philosophy; 2nd Course of civil Law. 3rd Study of the civil and political Constitution of the Dominion of Canada. 4th Experiments in natural Philosophy; 5th Chemistry; 6th Practical Geometry.

LIBERAL ARTS. Drawing—Academic and Linear. Vocal and Instrumental Music. TERMS: Board and Instruction.....\$100.00 per annum. Half Boarders.....20.00. Day-Scholars.....10.00. Bed and Bedding.....6.00. Washing and Mending of Linen.....6.00. Use of Library.....1.00

LONGMOORE & WILSON, PRINTERS, 42 St. JOHN STREET, MONTREAL. EVERY DESCRIPTION OF PRINTING EXECUTED NEATLY AND PROMPTLY.

SELLING OFF. NOTICE. IMPORTANT SALE, BY J. G. KENNEDY & CO. The public are informed that we have determined to dispose of the whole of our extensive Spring and Summer Stock of MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING, HABERDASHERY, etc., at a VERY CONSIDERABLE SACRIFICE. The advantages which we offer during this sale, (which has commenced), are—that the entire stock of Clothing will be sold off at a positive reduction of fully ONE-THIRD. We have strictly decided, that during the sale, there will be BUT ONE PRICE MADE.

The character of the Stock—the present reduced prices of it—and the principle of insisting on ONE PRICE as the rule of the sale are facts, (when circulated through the entire City) that must induce any thinking person to spare half an hour for an inspection of the goods. During the first two weeks, the best of the Stock may probably be bought up by traders in the same business; so that those who can spare a little ready cash, will do wisely by making their call as early as possible. MENS' PANTS DEPARTMENT. Lot 20—150 Black Doe Pants, \$4.25 for \$2.75. Lot 21—150 Black Doe Pants, \$5.50 for \$4. Lot 22—120 Extra Fine do \$6.50 for \$4.40. Of those and Fine Cassimere Pants, there is a very large assortment.

Lot 23—200 Mens' Working Pants, \$2.50 for \$1.50. Lot 24—200 Mens' Tweed Pants, \$3 for \$2. Lot 25—180 Mens' Tweed Pants, \$4.25 for \$2.75. Lot 26—160 Mens' Fine Pants, \$5.50 for \$3.75. Lot 27—150 Mens' Extra Fine \$6.50 for \$4.25. The Mechanics of the City are invited to an inspection of our large stock of Pants in which Goods there will be found to be a very considerable saving. The same fair proportion of Reduction will be made throughout ALL the Departments. Full catalogues of Sale to be had at our Store. J. G. KENNEDY & CO.

THE MENEELY BELL FOUNDRY, [ESTABLISHED IN 1826.] THE Subscribers manufacture and have constantly for sale at their old established Foundry, their Superior Bells for Churches, Academies, Factories, Steamboats, Locomotives, Plantations, &c., mounted in the most approved and substantial manner with their new Patented Yoke and other improved Mountings, and warranted in every particular. For information in regard to Keys, Dimensions, Mountings, Warranted, &c., send for a Circular Address. E. A. & C. R. MENEELY, West Troy, N. Y.

GLASGOW DRUG HALL, 400 NOTRE DAME STREET. THE undersigned begs to return his grateful acknowledgments to his numerous friends and customers, for their very liberal patronage during the past ten years. He would, at the same time, remark that while yielding to none other in the quality of his Medicines and the care with which they are dispensed, the charges will only be such as are compatible with a first-class article and a fair, honest profit. Being a believer in free trade in Physic, his store will be found equal to the wants of Allopathists, Homoeopaths, Eclectics, Thompsonians, &c., with all the Patent Medicines of the day. As certain interested parties have circulated a rumor crediting him with having an interest in other drug establishments besides his own, he takes this opportunity to say that it is simply untrue. Trusting that the favors of the past will be continued in the future, he remains Their obedient servant, J. A. HARTE, Druggist, Glasgow Drug Hall, 400 Notre Dame Street. Montreal, May, 1870.

A. M. D. G. ST MARYS COLLEGE MONTREAL. PROSPECTUS. THIS College conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. Opened on the 20th of September, 1848, it was incorporated by an Act of Provincial Parliament in 1852, after adding a course of Law to its teaching department. The course of instruction, of which Religion forms the leading object, is divided into two sections, the Classical and the Commercial Courses. The former embraces the Greek, Latin, French and English languages, and terminates with Philosophy. In the latter, French and English are the only languages taught; a special attention is given to Book-keeping and whatever else may fit a youth for Commercial pursuits. Besides the Students of either section learn, each one according to his talent and degree, History and Geography, Arithmetic or higher branches of Mathematics, Literature and Natural Science. Music and other Fine Arts are taught only on a special demand of parents; they form extra charges. There are, moreover, Elementary and Preparatory Classes for younger students. TERMS. For Day Scholars.....\$3.00 per month. For Half-Boarders.....7.00. For Boarders.....15.00. Books and Stationery, Washing, Bed, and Bedding as well as the Physician's Fees, form extra charges. \$6.00 extra per quarter.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY COMPANY OF CANADA. TRAINS NOW LEAVE BONAVENTURE STREET STATION as follows:

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GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—Toronto Term. Arrive 5.30, 11.00 a.m. 5.30, 9.20 p.m. Depart 7.00, 11.45 a.m. 4.00, 5.30 p.m. Trains on this line leave Union Station five minutes after leaving Yonge-st. Station.

NORTHERN RAILWAY.—Toronto Term. City Hall Station. Arrive 11.10 a.m., 8.10 p.m. Depart 7.45 a.m., 4.00 p.m. Brock Street Station. Arrive 10.55 a.m., 7.55 p.m. Depart 8.00 a.m., 4.00 p.m.

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