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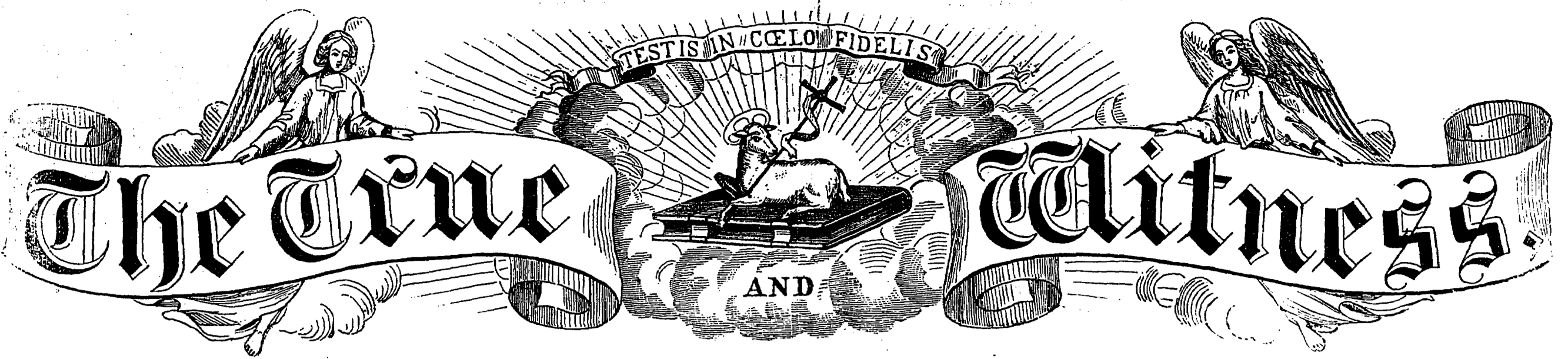
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXIX.—NO. 13.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1878.

TERMS: \$1.50 per annum In advance.

AFGHANISTAN.

By Mr. ROBERT MURPHY, EVENING POST. PART V.

FURTHER TRAVELS WITH THE DERVISH. We remained here for the remainder of the day and night, and the following morning, rising up with the lark and under the cool, bright, inspiring influence of a clear sky, we continued our journey.

By the Grace of God, some three or four years ago I was travelling in a country called Kafiristan. This is a country which has never been traversed as yet by any known Peringhee, as its boundaries or inlets are well guarded by the natives, who strictly prohibit the advent of any foreigner into their midst.

the bed of what, in the rainy season, must have been a mountain torrent running right out into the plain. I traversed this with great caution, expecting every moment to be assailed, but luckily no such misfortune was then in store for me.

THE JESUITS NOT A SECRET SOCIETY.

A few days since we expressed our astonishment at seeing a journal which passes for being gravely serious re-echoing, by reproducing as comparisons the scottish columns the Order of the Jesuits.

Schell on his side says: "A conspiracy was formed between the Jansenists and the philosophers. The former, under pretence of religious zeal, the latter, in explaining it as a matter of philanthropy, worked together to overthrow Pontifical authority."

COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH

THURSDAY AFTERNOON'S SITTING. ST. ANNES BALLOT-BOX STEFFING CASE. Present: Hon. Justice RAMSAY.

At yesterday's sitting of the Court Hon. Justice Ramsay charged the jury in this case in the morning by Justice and in the afternoon in French. In his opening remarks, the Hon. Judge took occasion to refer to the system of voting by ballot, and expressed his opinion that it is the best method of electing members of the House of Commons.



CUSTOM HOUSE, DUBLIN

ing a piece of cake, I travelled on. Towards noon I observed what seemed to be a flock of sheep grazing upon the scanty herbage of a mountain side, and approaching cautiously, found my surmise to be correct.

the work of a liar. The proof of this falsehood would have been easily obtained on reading such Protestant authors as Schell: Course of History of the European States; Schlosser: History of the Political and Literary Revolutions of Europe in the 18th Century; Christophe de Murr: Historical and Literary Journal of Arts, 1775; The English Adams: History of Spain; Cox: The History of Spain under the Kings of the House of Bourbon; Sismonde de Sismondi: History of the French; Dull's New Conspiracy against the Jesuits Unveiled and Briefly Explained; Leopold Ranke, History of the Papacy.

were in existence, one of which waged war against the Papacy—the other seeking to maintain affairs as they were, and to preserve the prerogative of the Universal Church. The latter party was principally represented by the Jesuits. This order seemed to be the most formidable safeguard of Catholic principles, and against it a storm was immediately directed.

and commission. It might have been by oversight or through inexperience, but 3,000 ballots of an Imperial kind were printed one day before the election at Berrault's, a printer in this city; these 3,000 ballots were distributed through James Carter County, among the deputy returning officers. No one knows, or if he did know, was willing to tell what had been done with these papers.

THE O. Y. B. CONCERT IN MONTREAL.

The many friends of the memory of the "pious and the immortal King Billy" rolled up in large numbers to the concert held in the Mechanics' Hall Monday night. This was the second grand concert of the "Prince of Orange Lodge" of that juvenile fraternity known as Orange Young Britons, and nobly did the friends respond, the hall being filled throughout almost to saturation.

HURRAH FOR THE BANNER OF BRIAN BORU.

Up, warrior clans of the sons of the Gael. Up, spearman of Wicklow and pikers of Kildare...

Behold! where it floats on the edge of the fray—That glorious banner of gold and of green!

It waved o'er the clansmen of Criniam the Bold. When he swept the pale coasts of the Sas-

It led the red storm of a hundred fierce fights. When Oom of the Battles sent the summons of war.

It waved in the air at the battle of Blinny. Whom the carmine triumphed on the field of Connaught!

It was blessed with the blessing of Victoria's hand. No coward ere bowed it beneath Heaven's blue!

Up, clansmen, the shout!—each hand on the brand! Hurrah for the banner of Brian Boru!

Like the eagle that pierces through sunshine and cloud. Soaring high like a thought that is true and sublime.

That banner with twenty bright centuries endowed. Floats to-day all unstained with dishonor or crime!

Dear emblem of Erin! (O long may you wave In the van of the Gael—over hearts good and true!

Who fear not to shout, with a soul high and brave. Hurrah for the banner of Brian Boru!

DORA.

By JULIA KAVANAGH Author of "Nathalie, Adèle, Queen Mab, &c."

CHAPTER XLVIII.—CONTINUED.

He little thought, as he was pacing his study up and down in a fever of expectation and anxiety, waiting for news with alternating fits of hope and fear, that he was acting his part just then to entertain, interest, and excite his own servants. They are the first spectators of that drama in which, at some time or other of existence, we all appear, for the benefit of our contemporaries...

"On the third of July a lady in deep mourning, with her veil closely drawn over her face, entered Broun station, and took one first-class ticket for Paris. The lady who delivers the tickets could not see her well, but feels sure that she was young. She also noticed this strange lady's right hand; it was ungloved, small, and remarkably pretty. She likewise remembers that the lady wore a peculiar ring—a small gold serpent, with an emerald head."

CHAPTER XLIX.

The hot sun was filling the busy streets of Paris with a fiery glow, which shot up to their highest balconies and turned the trees in the Tuilleries into bronze and gold, when Mr. Templemore entered once more the Hotel Rue de Rivoli, which he had left three evenings before. No other occupant had claimed his rooms, and he returned to them as a matter of course. He found on the table a torn newspaper he had left there, and in a drawer some cigars which he had forgotten. The arm-chair was as he had placed it, near the window, and when he sat down in it, his eyes beheld the same bright scene they had gazed on an hour before he went out on the Boulevard. The children and nursery maids trooping out of the Imperial Gardens, the tight little sen-

tinel looking at them as they passed, the roll of carriages below, the loungers, all seemed as much the same, as unchanged as the glittering front of the palace itself, and the rich masses of trees, with a white star gleaming through their sombre depths, or the glimmer of a fountain shining far away. Nothing was altered save his own mood. He had beheld these things with a cold, dry gaze, the gaze of a man whom love and life have wronged, and who cannot forgive his wrongers. He looked at them now with the feverish impatience of one who has wrought his own undoing, who has cast the rare pearl of happiness away, and who knows not whether this world's deep and troubled sea will ever yield it back again.

What if days, weeks, months, nay, years should pass, and he should not find Dora! It was possible. Cruel and torturing was the thought. It seemed to pierce his flesh like a sharp arrow, and make it quiver with the pain. And he was powerless. He might employ such agents as he had already used, but by his own efforts he could not hope to succeed. Regret and baffled hope were his companions now, and with their sad society he must be content. Day after day memory would haunt him with a fair face, and bright hair, and the soft look of deep, gray eyes; and in the meanwhile time would wither, and death might destroy them—and what could he do? The thought had something so cruel and tantalizing in it, that, unable to bear it, Mr. Templemore took his hat and went out.

He knew it was too late, that his errand was a useless one, yet he entered the gardens passed through them, went up the quay, then crossed one of the bridges, and soon found himself at the dull building where the Parisian police sits in state. But as Mr. Templemore had expected, the high official whom he wanted to see was gone, all the offices, indeed, were closed, and the concierge informed that he had best return the next morning at ten.

"Twilight was filling the streets as Mr. Templemore turned away; a few pale stars shone in the summer sky, a faint pale star came on the air; windows which had been closed during the heat of the day now opened and laughing girls and women looked out. But to Mr. Templemore all was vexation, all was weariness of spirit. The noise rising through its quays, the distant towers of Notre-Dame rising dark in the haze, the palaces and gardens and lines of trees fading away in the soft heights behind which lay Saint-Cloud, the vast, murmuring city below, the calm and silent heavens above, were nothing to him now. A thought was on his mind, consuming as a quenchless thirst. The passion which had risen so suddenly to his heart, which he had thrust away from him with cruel and remorseless power, now came back to him as the chastisement of his double faithfulness. He had loved two women, and he had been quite true to neither. He had forgotten his betrothed in his wife, and he had visited on his wife the sin of that forgetfulness. Yes, he knew it well enough now. Shame at his own weakness had helped to make him so prompt to judge and condemn. He knew it, and what availed the knowledge?—what good came of it through that dreary evening and long, sleepless night?

By ten the next morning, Mr. Templemore had seen the high official whose assistance he needed, and before noon he had received information to the effect that, on the night of the third of July, a lady, who gave the name of Templemore, had slept at the Hotel du Parc, Rue de la Vigne, which she had left the next morning. It was useless to seek her there, yet Mr. Templemore could not resist the temptation of trying to find something beyond the meagre intelligence.

The Rue de la Vigne was a grave, lonely street, not far from the Havre railway-station. It had few shops, but many private houses, some of which were mansions, through whose open gates you caught glimpses of dull courtyards or green gardens. The Hotel du Parc was a sober-looking house. No audacious dancing-pagan nymph adorned its quiet court, but a modest, decorous music stood in the centre of a grass-plot, which, by its green tone, added to the cool, shady look of the place. A sedate, steady-looking waiter of fifty stood at the gate in a contemplative attitude—the house was evidently both dull and respectable.

"Madame Templemore," said Mr. Templemore. The waiter shook his head. They had no such lady. But she had lived there? The waiter thought not, but was not obstinate, and referred Monsieur to the bureau. "There," he said, stilling a yawn, "Monsieur would get every information."

The bureau was a little dark office on the ground floor, where a decent-looking woman sat reading a newspaper. On hearing Mr. Templemore's request, she went to an old ink-stained desk, opened a dingy manuscript volume, a label of names, and whilst she slowly searched through its pages, Mr. Templemore looked over her shoulder. Suddenly a fine, delicate handwriting, which he knew well, flashed before his eyes; there it was, clear and plain—"Madame Templemore, from Rouen."

"Ah! number twenty-one. The lady is gone, sir—she came on the third, and left the next morning." "And can you give me no clue to her present abode, madame?" Madame feared not, but obligingly called the waiter. From him, however, nothing could be extracted. "Gone, sir," he mildly said; "that is all we know." In vain Mr. Templemore questioned. What the lady was like, if she had any luggage, how she left the hotel, at what hour, on foot or in a carriage, were matters on which the waiter professed profound ignorance. He fancied, indeed, that the lady had no luggage, and that she must have walked out of the hotel after paying her bill, but he would not pledge himself to it. They were full about that time, and the matter had escaped his memory. The concierge, the chambermaid, when questioned, were as ignorant. They too remembered a lady in mourning, with her veil down, but they remembered no more. Mr. Templemore tortured them all for an hour, and could get nothing else out of them. At length the waiter lost patience, and hinted that "Monsieur had better apply to the police," and, sick at heart, Mr. Templemore turned away from that house which had sheltered his wife for one night, and kept no trace of her presence save that written token. One thing, however, was beyond doubt, Dora had come to Paris alone. "Her mother is dead," he thought. He went back at once to the high official whom he had seen that morning; and again, on sending in his card, he was admitted to the presence of a gentleman whose cheerful, good-humored countenance gave not the faintest index to the nature of his professional duties. Surely those mild blue eyes might linger lazily over the daily papers, "Figaro" in especial, and take in accounts of theatres, dancers' quarrels, and the rest; but they had never gazed down into the depths of social vice and crime. Such was the impression Mr. Templemore had received in the morning, and so strong was it still, that he reluctantly entered anew on the prosecution of the matter that had brought him.

"I acted on the information you kindly sent me," he said, sitting down with a wearied

sigh; "it certainly was my wife who slept on the third of July at the Hotel du Parc; but she spent only one night there, and I can ascertain no more." "Well, we have no more," said the high official, smiling; "we told you so." "Yes; but surely you will be able to learn more than this?" urged Mr. Templemore. "Oh! of course—with time." The qualification was thrown in carelessly, as it were; but it made Mr. Templemore bend his keenest look on the man before him. "I have great confidence in the Parisian police," he said, watching the high official, who leaned back in his arm-chair, and nodded every now and then a sort of assent to Mr. Templemore's words. "Their subtlety is unrivalled—nothing can equal their keenness when on the scent, save their dogged pertinacity in pursuit."

"Very handsome and complimentary," said the high official, smiling again, "and yet very true. Our men are first-rate, and not all French," he added. "We are cosmopolitan, sir." "And I feel no doubt of success in the present case," continued Mr. Templemore. "Nor do I; but I anticipate delay. I suspect we shall be stopped by the carriage as usual." "By the carriage?" "Yes, in all cases of mysterious disappearance, there is invariably a carriage. You see, since *faucets* got their liberty, we have lost our right hand, I may say. To be sure, they are, or ought to be, numbered; but the night vehicles often evade the law. How did we know that the lady went straight from the Havre station to the Hotel du Parc? By the cabriolet! But, unluckily, no cabman can be found to say that he took her away on the next morning. Yet it is very certain that she only spent one night there."

"Perhaps she took a porter," suggested Mr. Templemore, "and went on foot?" "No porter in the neighborhood knows anything about her," replied the high official, who seemed perfectly conversant with every particular of the case. "We shall have hard work, sir—hard work, it is not easy to find people who are either unwilling or unable to help us." "Unable!" said Mr. Templemore, "in what sense, may I ask?" "We have now several cases of mysterious disappearance on hand," evasively replied the high official, "and they are all utterly inexplicable. Take this, for instance, which I shall call number one. A foreign nobleman of high rank, free from debt or embarrassment of any kind, so far as our knowledge extends, leaves his hotel one fine summer morning, and returns no more. He goes out on foot, but is seen driving in a common carriage an hour later. This, and no more, is all the knowledge we have of his movements. His servants can give no clue, his relatives know nothing; and yesterday his landlord sold his carriages, his horses, and his furniture, to cover the rent, which happens to be high. Where is that young man? Is he hiding, and if so, for what reason? It he dead, and how came he by his death? These, sir, are matters on which the keenest search has given us no sort of information."

Mr. Templemore looked impatient. "A young man's freak," he said. "Very likely; but number two has another complexion. An Indian merchant sends his wife, his sister, and his two children to Paris. The wife is young—not beautiful—pious and charitable—a fond wife and a Fowler mother. Her life is spent in the greatest retirement. She seldom goes out alone. Well, sir, on an unlucky day, when the sister-in-law is out, the young wife goes out too—on business, she tells her maid—and she never comes back. Weeks and months are devoted to the closest search, and we cannot find one trace of her—not one. Did she go out on some charitable errand, and fall into some dreadful trap, or was she a false wife? Heaven knows, sir; we do not—but I forgot to tell you that she sent for a carriage—a common *fiacre*—and that we can find no trace of the same."

Drops of perspiration were standing on Mr. Templemore's forehead. "You spoke of a trap, sir—allow me to suggest to you this may be a poor compliment to the Parisian police. Surely all evil-doers are under its special control and notice." The high official smiled. "I doubt, sir, if you imagine how far that notice and control extend. What will you think, sir, when I tell you that we have not merely the most accurate description of our black sheep over all France, but that, thanks to Caselli's telegraphic apparatus, their portraits and their autographs, sir, can be sent in a few moments to no matter what remote or obscure station."

"Then what trap can be feared?" impatiently asked Mr. Templemore. "We find some cases inexplicable on any other hypothesis. Take number three, the last case with which I shall trouble you. A gentleman of middle age, of retired habits and literary tastes, holding a responsible though not lucrative position, suddenly declares that he must take a short journey on some private business. He takes little or no luggage with him; he is known to have but a small sum of money in his possession; he even leaves or forgets a hundred francs on the table in his room, and still, declaring that he shall not be more than twenty-four hours away, he enters a cab, which he had himself secured on his way home from his office to his private residence. The cabman no doubt knew whether to drive, for though the concierge stood at the door to listen, the man received no direction within his hearing. From that day to this we have not been able to get the least knowledge of number three. And do you know who number three was, sir?" asked the high official, rising, and laying his hand on Mr. Templemore's arm; "he was one of the chief men in our telegraphic office—the very man, sir, at whose suggestion the Caselli apparatus was first adapted to the detection of criminals."

If the high official had told Mr. Templemore all this to damp Mr. Templemore's ardor, and prepare him for ultimate defeat, he succeeded. Mr. Templemore looked turned to that fearful suggestion his mind reverted to a trap in which his young wife might have fallen—a trap so deep down in the dark neither world of crime, that, living or dead, it would never restore her to light! Was anything so sickening, so frightful, possible? He could not believe it, and with a strong effort he shook off the loathsome thought, and said, firmly, "Excuse me, sir, if I tell you that in this great—this civilized city, perfect concealment of crime is not so impossible."

"Forever, very true; but for a time justice can be baffled. In the three cases I have mentioned we have found no corpses. The Morgue has told us nothing, the river has yielded back no victim, the lime-kilns and stone-quarries, which abound round Paris, as you may know, have been searched in vain, the vast sewers in this city have not screened the dead—in short, we are compelled to conclude that these missing persons have fled, and are hiding willingly, or that they have been foully dealt with, and buried in some hidden spot. That they may have been con-

veyed away forcibly is just possible, but wholly improbable." "May I ask which you consider the more likely hypothesis of the two?" inquired Mr. Templemore, as calmly as he could. "I consider the chances equal. Crime is but too frequent, as we all know; and we all know, too, that seemingly unruined lives often hide something which may make flight needful. The motive is not always apparent, but it exists, for all that. However, in this case we will for the present take a third hypothesis—that which you did not receive; some designing or foolish person may have broken the chain of evidence, and wantonly given us all this work, but it does not follow that we may not find the missing link again. We may find it to-day, or maybe in three weeks. Our agents are keen, cool, and steady, and we spend five millions a year."

He ceased, and Mr. Templemore, after a brief pause, which showed him that he had no more to learn, rose slowly and took his leave. But unreality was around him, and walked in his steps. The streets, the houses in them, the men and women whom he met, were all shadowy and dim. He had but one thought, and that was torture; but little by little the morbid and unnatural fear vanished. No, Dora had neither been kidnapped nor ensnared. She had fled from him in resentment, and it might be hard to find her again; but find her he must. He was sure of it—even as sure as that he could charm away her wraith.

By the time Mr. Templemore reached his hotel, he was as sanguine and as hopeful as ever. The event seemed to justify his anticipation. The very evening he received news from the police which made him flush with joy. He seized his hat, went down-stairs, and left the hotel without saying a word to any one. And now the high official had an excellent opportunity, if he chose to avail himself of it, to add number four to the list of his mysterious disappearances. Mr. Templemore did not return that night, nor the next morning, nor for days that lengthened into weeks. He had left his trunk, his carpet-bag, his books, and even some money behind him, so great had been his haste, and still he neither returned, nor wrote, nor gave any clue to his whereabouts.

The master of the hotel was at first satisfied with scoring down the absent lodger's rooms to his account; but when a whole fortnight had passed by he cleared the apartments of Mr. Templemore's property, let them to other guests, and went and laid the whole matter before the police. The police knew he was not in Paris, but they knew no more; the story spread and created a sensation, then it became a legend of the hotel, and still Mr. Templemore did not return.

CHAPTER L.

As there can be nothing in the world which does not belong to some one, so the legend of Mr. Templemore's disappearance was early appropriated and pertinaciously retained by the concierge in his late hotel. He had but one way of delivering it, but that was effective. Whenever a new-comer entered his comfortable room, and made inquiries concerning apartments to be had, the concierge would ejaculate thoughtfully: "Why, yes, there is number seven, the apartment of the poor gentleman who vanished so mysteriously; but did you say one room, sir? Then number seven will not do; better have number fifteen."

Paris was very busy just then with mysterious disappearances. Number three had been found drowned in England, but how he had come by that fatal end no one could say. It might be a suicide—it might be worse. A mystery it was, and would probably remain till the great Judgment-Day—the revealer of all secrets. Now the owner of Mr. Templemore's legend cherished the secret hope that it would have some such tragic ending. Thus—part the first: a mystery by a second mystery, never to be cleared up by a second. But it was not to be. A traveller came one afternoon, a skeptical traveller, a Thomas of Dithyram, who sharply interrupted the legend, and denied it prompantly, and asked "what ridiculous story that was?"

"Monsieur!" indignantly exclaimed the concierge; but he said no more. He started with open mouth and eyes at the stranger, in whom he recognized Mr. Templemore himself. He was much worn, and looked haggard, but his identity could not be disputed, and thus ended number four and the legend. Trouble and Mr. Templemore had been closely acquainted since he saw him last. Acting on information from the police, which convinced him that he had at length found his wife, Mr. Templemore had gone to a boarding-house in Passy, and asked to see Mrs. Foster, exactly a quarter of an hour after that lady had gone to England. He followed her at once, but reached the station ten minutes after the departure of the train. He took an express train, but the same ill-luck pursued him. There was an accident, the train was delayed two hours; and when Mr. Templemore reached Boulogne, he could see from the pier the smoke of a steamer fading away on the horizon. Mrs. Foster, he learned without a doubt, was on board.

This was but the first step in a keen pursuit, which ended in blank disappointment. For several weeks Mr. Templemore was on the unknown Mrs. Foster's track; then she suddenly vanished, and was found no more. Was she really Dora? He did not even know that; he knew nothing, he could learn nothing. If the grave had received his wife, she could scarcely have vanished more completely than this from all knowledge of the living. No one had seen, no one seemed ever to have known her. It was as if the being who was so dear to him had lived for himself alone, for Mr. Templemore could find no token of her vacant place. To have vanished was for Dora to have been forgotten.

Wearied and disheartened, Mr. Templemore returned to Paris, and, before going to his hotel, called again upon the high official; but that gentleman was out of town, and in his stead Mr. Templemore found a nervous little man, who knew nothing, who would say nothing, and who was evidently most anxious to get rid of his visitor.

"None for monsieur." "And no message?" "None of any kind; monsieur," added the concierge, looking injured, "has been gone three minutes."

"I did not ask you how long I had been gone," replied Mr. Templemore, with a sort of fierceness—the concierge called it—in his looks which greatly affronted that dignitary. Unconscious, perhaps, of the asperity of his reply, Mr. Templemore went back to his apartment. "I must renew the search on my own account," he thought, as he paced his room up and down, "even though I fail again, and allow myself to be led away by a mere *ignis fatuus*; the search itself will relieve me, and this waiting, this suspense, is maddening."

He had scarcely come to this conclusion when he heard a low tap at the door. "Come in," he said, with a sudden beating of the heart, that came from neither hope nor fear, but partook of both. The door opened, and a low, thin man, with a bundle under his arm, entered the room. "Are you Monsieur Durand?" "I am, sir." "Have you found her?" "I have not exactly found the lady, sir; but I bring some information about the lady." Mr. Templemore's face fell. He wanted Dora. If they had her not, he cared little about their information. Monsieur Durand resumed composedly: "Something was astray, too, and so I could not come at once."

"What have you got there? What do you come to tell me?" Mr. Templemore spoke hastily. This Monsieur Durand was hateful to him. He was a pale, thin man, with restless eyes, and as Mr. Templemore met their look he could not help thinking that if, instead of seeking out the fugitive to bring her back to the fondness of a repentant husband, their task had been to hunt her down to shame or death, they would have done it without shrinking and remorse. Whether Monsieur Durand guessed or not the feeling with which he was regarded by Mr. Templemore, he preserved his composure and replied very calmly: "An English lady in mourning, young and pretty, lived in a furnished room, let by the owner of a *bric-à-brac* shop, Rue de la Serpe. She was Madame Smith."

He looked at Mr. Templemore. "Well," he said, impatiently, "Madame Smith has left the place, I suppose?" "Oh! yes, she has left it. And after she left, a young Englishman came and inquired after her—a good deal, I suppose it was not Monsieur?" The hood rushed up into Mr. Templemore's face. "A gentleman! what gentleman?" he asked sharply, for he thought of John Luan. But Monsieur Durand's knowledge did not extend thus far. He shook his head—he could not tell. "Well, and what about Madame Smith?" asked Mr. Templemore, after a brief pause, "for I suppose you have something to tell me."

"I have, sir," and Monsieur Durand began untying the bundle. He drew forth a woman's dress, black, but dreadfully rumpled, and he inquired "if monsieur knew that?" "It is impossible for me to know it," replied Mr. Templemore; "that mourning—if it belongs to my wife—was purchased while I was away." "And linen—would monsieur know linen?" Mr. Templemore saw Monsieur Durand's hands fumble at something white. "The mark will tell us," he said, eagerly approaching. "Ah! there is none, unluckily," remarked Monsieur Durand; "look!" and he showed him that the mark had been cut out. "Then how can I tell?" impatiently asked Mr. Templemore. "What are these things?" how did you get them?" "I will tell monsieur directly how they came into the hands of the police; but I may remark, first, that the linen is fine, and that the dress though spoiled, is almost new, and was expensive. And now I will tell monsieur all about them. That Madame Smith to whom they belonged took the room in the Rue de la Serpe several weeks ago. She was in mourning; she spoke little and cried often. A week after taking her room she left it one evening, and never came back. Her trunk was empty, but her rent had been paid in advance, so her landlady had nothing to say. On that same evening, however—that is to say, the fifteenth of July, when there was a great storm—a woman in mourning climbed up on the ledge of the Pont de la Concorde, and leaped into the Seine. Three days later her body was found and taken to the Morgue, where it was identified by her landlady; and these, calmly continued Monsieur Durand, "are the clothes she wore."

On the evening of the fifteenth of July—that is to say on the evening when he was at the play, when he paid for the diamond cross, when he travelled home through the storm to seek her—on that evening this woman, who was supposed to be his wife, had committed suicide! "It is impossible!" at length exclaimed Mr. Templemore. "I will believe anything else—that, never! Take those things away," he added angrily, looking at the clothes, which had kept such strong traces of their three days' sojourn in the water; "and let me never hear of that Madame Smith again!" "Then monsieur would rather not see the photograph?" said Monsieur Durand, leisurely tying up the bundle. "What photograph?" sharply asked Mr. Templemore. "Oh! it was taken after death, you know."

A cold fear crept to Mr. Templemore's very heart, but he would not yield to it. "Show it to me," he said briefly. Monsieur Durand fumbled in his pocket, and drew forth a photograph ten inches square. As he first unwrapped and then handed it to Mr. Templemore, he said: "It had gone astray; and, to say the truth, that is why monsieur had to wait two days."

Mr. Templemore did not heed or even hear him. He stared breathless at that image of the dead—so cold, so calm, and so awfully like her, and the very beating of his heart seemed to grow still. Yes, thus he had seen her sleeping, with closed eyes and half-parted lips; but in another slumber than this. How heavily seemed this sleep! The voice of love would never bid those pale lids unveil the bright eyes he remembered so well—never more would those lips smile half fondly, half slyly as she spoke. The head which a stranger's hand had placed on the pillow had sunk upon it in such weariness of all earthly things that it could never be raised again. Life's old nothing—no love, no voice, no aspect which could waken this slumberer from her charmed sleep. She was locked in it forever and forever. Was it thus? he thought. Perhaps not, but it was thus he felt in the first bitter agony of that moment. "O my God! can it be she?" he exclaimed with parted lips—"can it be she?" The doubt following an awful certainty was

a sort of exquisite relief. For this dead woman might not be Dora after all. A dreadful past, a bitter story, might have led her to a despairing death, and she might not be his wife. Perhaps even so was not so very much like her. Surely there had been nothing—nothing which could drive Dora to despair like this? He looked again, but he was not calm enough to see well; there was a mist in his eyes; his hand shook, he dreaded that fatal resemblance; but his will, which was a strong one, prevailed and conquered that weakness. Once more he saw that image, and oh! how he blessed Heaven from the fulness of his heart—it already seemed less like!

"This lady was older than my wife," said Mr. Templemore; "older and thinner." "Photographs make people look old," remarked Monsieur Durand. "She was older than my wife," persisted Mr. Templemore almost angrily; "besides, I cannot trust a photograph—every one knows that light, that position, that the slightest accident can produce a complete change in a face, dead or living."

He looked defiantly at Monsieur Durand, who did not answer to one word. He had not come to argue or to convince. All this was nothing to him. Opposition could have made Mr. Templemore vow that this woman had never been his wife; but this cold silence threw him back on dreadful uncertainty. "Is that all?" he asked feverishly; "is there no more?—do you know no more?" "No more," ironically echoed Monsieur Durand; "I went to the Rue de la Serpe to learn something before I came to Monsieur, but there was nothing." "What color was her hair of?" suddenly asked Mr. Templemore. "Monsieur Durand looked annoyed. "Brown, I believe; but they were very negligent. I am sorry to say—they took none."

Monsieur Durand said this in a tone which implied plainly that if the case had been in his hands, so important a link in the chain of evidence would never have been broken. There was a brief pause, then Mr. Templemore said, "Take me to the Rue de la Serpe." Monsieur Durand bowed, and said not a word. He was one of the modern slaves of the lamp, and to obey the master of the lamp—namely, the owner and dispenser of a certain amount of Napoleonic—was his duty. It is easy to deny; but, alas! denial is not always unbelief.

Mr. Templemore followed his companion, and felt in a sort of stupor. Could his keen and anxious search for a loved and loving wife end thus in the great gap and dark pit of Death? Could the tender frame which had been so dear to him have drifted helplessly down the dark river, with the chill waters flowing over that loved face, and tossing the long bright hair his hand had caressed so fondly? There is an unreality in the death of what we love, which strong minds feel as well as the weak. Death was familiar to Mr. Templemore's mind, but not the death of a passionately loved woman. It was not a certainty yet, and he could not and would not believe it; and beyond that revolt and denial loomed a possibility which invested the present and every surrounding object with the vagueness of a dream. The living streets through which he passed had something abstract about them—they were and they were not. The roll of the carriages, the sounds of life, came from afar, and their din and tumult were softened by that distance which one thought placed between him and all surrounding things. He did not believe it, and yet he shuddered as he saw the swollen Seine flowing on to the sea, and bearing away with it to that great bourne, many an unknown human burden. If it were true!

They passed by the Morgue. He saw Monsieur Durand glance toward it. He looked at it too—with what secret horror! If it were true! If she had really rested there on one of those cold stone slabs which he remembered so well! O Heaven, was that the bed he had made for her? He revolted against the foul thought—he bade it defiance. In the name of the love which, though but for a few days, had bound them so fondly, he bade it begone. It was not possible that she had thus despaired of love and life—that she whom he had known so joyous, with a brave, warm heart and a living faith, had thus violently and sinfully denied both.

It was not possible; but he breathed more freely when they left the river behind them. They entered a narrow stone tower, dark and stiling, and yet seemed to come no nearer to the goal of their journey. At length Monsieur Durand stood still, and when Mr. Templemore came up to him he said: "This is the Rue de la Serpe, and yonder, where you see the *bric-à-brac* shop, is the house. Shall I go with Monsieur, or does he wish to go alone?" "I shall go alone. You need not wait for me, thank you."

Monsieur Durand bowed, turned the corner of a street, and vanished. Perhaps he did not go very far, after all, but Mr. Templemore neither knew nor cared. The setting sun filled the street with its level rays, and half blinded him as he walked up to the *bric-à-brac* shop. Oh! that the street had no ending—that this goal had never been reached, if it was to lead to cruel knowledge!

The house was mean and narrow. Above the door dangled a yellow ball with a furnished room to let. The shop was one of the poorest of its kind. Here were no rare relics of the past, each telling the story of a king's reign. No tapestry, no Sevres, no Boucher, and Watteau shepherdesse, no traces even of Revolution and Empire, or tokens of the East, in blue vases and gilt dragons, were there. Mr. Templemore saw nothing but the dingy, commonplace and dilapidated ruins of the present generation. Shattered mahogany chests of drawers, ruined card-tables, with the green baize half torn off, faded artificial flowers in common china vases under dusty glass shades, and showy little gilt clocks, abandoned. But commonplace though all these objects were, they were also very dreary. They told of ruined and broken homes, and told it without the softening grace of the past.

Mr. Templemore entered the shop. A stout, middle-aged woman came forward, and asked his pleasure. "You have a furnished room to let," he replied—"let me see it."

more shut the window with a slight shiver—Was it possible that her eyes had gazed on that dreary prospect? Had she lain and brooded over her wrongs in that wretched bed, until she rose on her last morning resolved to end all that night? Oh, insufferable thought!

"It is a pleasant room, sir," said the *mar- chande* cheerfully—"nice and airy."

"Yet some people might object to it," replied Mr. Templemore.

"Why should they, sir?" was the prompt reply.

"You know my meaning," he said.

"Ah! about the poor lady. Why, sir, she did not do it here. She was not even brought home here."

She spoke of it in a commonplace, matter-of-fact tone that sickened him. He could bear no more. He opened his pocket-book, and took out a paper, which contained a lock of Dora's hair.

Brief though Mr. Templemore's wooing had been, he and Dora had, nevertheless, read together a few opening chapters of the long, fair book of love. One day, when he pressed her to importunity to accept a gift from him, and she refused, with the proud sad question, "What can I give you in return, Mr. Templemore?" he had lifted up one of the locks of hair she wore tied with a blue ribbon at the back of her head in a nymph-like fashion, which he had praised once, and he had said, with a smile, "You could give me this." "Hair is too dear," mischievously answered Dora. Mr. Templemore, who knew that a lady's locks are not always her own, blushed. Dora laughed, and Mrs. Courtenay, utying the blue ribbon, left her daughter's long curls flowing loosely, and at once cut off one, which she triumphantly placed in Mr. Templemore's hand. It was Dora's turn to look rueful, and his to smile. He had reached the age, indeed, when even an enamoured man does not think it a priceless boon to have a lock of a beloved woman's hair; besides, that bright hair was almost his, and such instances lose in value when possession is near and sure; but there is a pleasure in receiving the keys of a conquered citadel, even though its capitulation be imminent; and so, as he held this token of her submission, Mr. Templemore looked at his future wife with gentle and not unduly triumphant and the lock thus won he kept very carefully—it was useless, but it was dear. Now, however, its use had come. That lock of hair might save him from long misery.

"Was her hair like this?" he asked, in a broken voice, and with a face so pale that the woman drew back startled. "Speak! Oh! for God's sake, speak!" he urged. "Tell me the truth, whatever that may be."

"I know nothing, sir," replied the *mar- chande*; "I never saw the poor lady. It was my cousin who kept the shop then."

"Your cousin, where is she? She must tell me—she shall!"

(His locks and his tones had passed from grief to menace. But there is one with whom we must keep in every human emergency, a grim reaper of secrets, whom no threats can terrify, whom no promises can bribe, and that one now chose to step in between Mr. Templemore and the knowledge he wanted.)

"My cousin is dead, sir," said the *mar- chande*.

Dead! That woman he had delayed to question till the last moment, so much did he dread her reply, was now forever beyond his reach. He was baffled again; another dead woman stood between him and the truth; yet it was a terrible sort of relief to feel that he could not get at the fatal certainty; to do what he would.

"And so that was her hair," said the woman looking curiously at the lock of hair which his passive hand still held; "very beautiful hair—I remember my poor cousin said so."

She looked both inquisitive and interested. He saw that the knowledge he so dreaded would be welcome to that woman. She wanted the mystery of that drama to be solved, and there would be a grim satisfaction to her in the knell of all his hopes. He hurriedly hid the hair from her sight. He would not trust her. In her wish to find a meaning to the sad story of the unknown dead, she might deceive herself and help to deceive him.

"I think it was chiefly by her hair my cousin identified the poor lady," continued the *mar- chande*; "I know it was beautiful hair."

Mr. Templemore heard her and was mute; the conviction and the hope with which he had entered this place were leaving him inch by inch. He did his best to keep them—he grasped them as a drowning man grasps his last plank of safety, and they would not abide with him. They floated farther and farther away on the dark and dismal sea of doubt. He did not indeed believe that the suicide and his wife were one, but then he was no longer sure that they were not. He could not speak, he could not argue, he could not hear this mentioned. He went down stairs, and slipping some money into the child's hand, he left the shop without saying a word. He walked away, not knowing whether he went, neither thinking nor remembering ought beyond a ceaseless question, which ever rang within him like a knell, "Was it Dora?"

When thought returned to Mr. Templemore, he was standing on the quays, with the river, the bridges, and a distant prospect of church towers on one hand, and the verdure of trees on the other. The soft bluish mist of evening were abroad, and rose-colored still flushed with the sunset floated across the sky. It was a fair and delicious picture, and yet Mr. Templemore felt as if it broke his heart. His fortitude seemed to give way every time he gazed on those dark green waters, and still he lingered near them. Gradually his steps led him to that bridge built with the stones of the Bastille, whence the dead woman was said to have taken her fatal spring. The palace of the Corps Legislatif rises at one end of the bridge, and at the other extends the Place de la Concorde, with its eight statues of the cities of France, its bronzed fountains, and its old Egyptian obelisk. The night was one of full moon, and it was both bright and calm. The reflection of the lights burning on distant bridges scarcely quivered in the waters of the quiet river. Mr. Templemore looked at it as he walked up and down the bridge, striving against the cruel tempter who ever whispered: "What if it should be true?"

It is strange how hateful senseless, inanimate objects can become when such a mood as Mr. Templemore's is upon us. Every time he came back to the palace of the French Legislative Assembly, and saw the statues of Sully, d'Agnessen, l'Hopital, and Colbert, who sit so calmly guarding its wide gates, a sort of wrath at their peace and unchanging attitude, at that peace of the grave which had been theirs so long, and now seemed transmitted to their stone effigies, rose within him.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Mr. Routhier's election in Prescott is to be contested.

The rumors that there will be another conference increase.

Chicago is organizing a grand temperance campaign for the coming winter.

The Session of the Austrian and Hungarian delegations opened at Pesth yesterday.

The Newby Newsroom Company (limited) has just paid a dividend of 8s per share.

The temperance societies are going to present an address to the Hon. Mr. Tilley.

Thursday, the 21st inst., has been appointed a day of thanksgiving in New Brunswick.

It is said that within the last year Queen Victoria has given \$25,000 to the temperance cause.

Paul de Cassagnac's election has been declared invalid by the French Chamber of Deputies.

The Most Rev. Dr. McCarty, Bishop of Kerry, visited the schools of the Christian Brothers at Cahirciveen lately. His Lordship went through the school, and expressed himself well pleased with all he saw. Before leaving, His Lordship was presented with an address, and in reply he addressed a few words of kindly advice to the pupils.

The magnificent Celtic cross of Monasterboice has lately undergone serious disfigurement at the hands of some vandal. We cannot understand any Catholic Irishman taking up a stone or a hammer to smash one of the figures which stand this great memorial to St. Boice. It would be well if the residents of the neighborhood kept a sharp look-out for wandering fellows with destructive tendencies.

The importation of American cattle to Liverpool last week far exceeded anything hitherto known in the history of the trade. The totals for the week were 2,100 live cattle, 6,500 sheep, 800 pigs and 4200 quarters of beef. These figures are of grave import to Irish producers, who, too, in the matter of mutton, will henceforth have an additional competitor in Russia, which has just entered the lists.—*Irish Exchange, October 16th.*

The annual ceremony of conferring the degrees of the Queen's University took place recently in St. Patrick's Hall, Dublin Castle. The Duke of Leinster, who presided, said that last year he was enabled to state that the number of students attending the colleges of the Queen's University was larger than in any preceding year; this year there was again an increase from 744 to 886. The different religious denominations were well represented, there being 225 Protestant Episcopalians, 224 Roman Catholics, 248 Presbyterians, and 88 of other denominations.

SAD ACCIDENT AT LIMERICK.—A farmer named Patrick Bernard lost his life under very melancholy circumstances while passing Trillick Castle, County Clare, the seat of Colonel O'Donnell, on his way to Limerick market with a load of corn. It was not yet daylight, and Bernard was leading his horse, which shied at some object on the road, and dashed off at high speed. Bernard was struck on the neck by the shaft of the cart and knocked under one of the wheels which rolled over the prostrate man, crushing his body so dreadfully that he died in a few seconds after the accident. What makes the affair more sad is the fact that the brother of the deceased lost his life a few months ago by falling off a load of turnips near the same place whilst on his way to Limerick market.

Lord Beaconsfield, according to a rumor given publicity to by the *Courier Journal*, intends demanding from Parliament a grant of money for the purpose of erecting a royal residence in Ireland. This journal says there is every reason to suppose that he intends, when a vacancy occurs, to appoint the Duke of Connaught Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and to build such a residence in connection with the vice-royalty. It is even said that Tara or its neighborhood has been selected as the site of this palace. For much of this report there is considerable reason, not on account of the authenticity of the rumors themselves or the trustworthiness of the sources from which they originated;—for, indeed, their source is not discoverable—but from the character of the Premier himself, his recent policy, and the general cast and complexion of the Administration which at present governs the country.

MR. BUTT ADDRESSES THE LIMERICK ELECTORS.— OBSTRUCTION POLICY CONDENSED.

Dr. Butt, Member of Parliament for Limerick, has issued an address to the electors of that city, virtually, however, to Home Rulers throughout the country, declaring that the policy of obstruction involves the total disruption of the existing Irish Parliamentary party. He asks the Irish people to discourage the policy proclaimed in the resolutions adopted at the Rotunda meeting in Dublin on the 22nd of October. He says no heavier blow could be inflicted on the cause of Ireland than giving a proposed agitation even a semblance of popular approval. Dr. Butt denies that his policy has been a failure. Never, he says, in the space of four years, has so much been done to make the voice of Ireland respected and influential.

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The following has been used during the recent election in Algoma:

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I would beg permission to caution all Protestants against the rumors that are being spread as to Colonel Rankin not being a Protestant. I know Colonel Rankin's antecedents, and can vouch that a more loyal and Protestant family does not exist in the right loyal town of Enniskillen, Ireland, where he and I were both born and raised. And, unlike his opponent, he has no brother in priestly orders. Hoping, and trusting, that my Orange brethren, and all Protestants, will see through the flimsy scandal of Mr. Dawson and his doubtful supporters.

I beg to remain your obedient friend and brother.

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Late of Ephraim, and formerly
W. M. of L. O. N. No. 83, Mariners,
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The foregoing is an honest outcome of a controlling influence in both parties; and yet the organs of each affect to be surprised that the Catholics, accepting the fact, stand together in a demand that they be released from its practical taboo!—*Irish Canadian.*

The Montreal *Witness* which a few weeks ago cried out in agony that it wished the difficulties which had arisen between the Orangemen and Roman Catholics in Quebec "were relegated to eternity," is bravely stirring up strife again. That is, it is expressing views which, no matter how honestly entertained, it has on its own showing admitted to be injudicious at this time. It attacks the Jesuits and says the oath they take is such that they can be loyal to no monarch or ruler other than the Superiors of their Order, whose word is law, and accuses them of conspiring against all governments, and especially against the Queen of England.—*Hamilton Times.*

IRISH NEWS.

The released Fenian, Ahearn, will be permitted, because of feeble health, to remain in Great Britain and to visit Ireland.

The Home Rule Confederation has arranged a series of demonstrations in the large towns of Great Britain, commencing at Birmingham and Wolverhampton. Mr. Farnell, M. P. for Meath, will be the chief speaker.

A farrier-sergeant named Johnson dropped dead on the parade, at Limerick, after the presentation to him of a good conduct medal and £5 gratuity. Another soldier was so affected by the occurrence that he had to be removed to hospital.

Ten years ago over one million of acres were devoted to potato culture in Ireland; now only about 870,000 are thus employed. The decrease is attributed to the great uncertainty attending the cultivation of the crop and to the new methods of foraging cattle.

The Most Rev. Dr. McCarty, Bishop of Kerry, visited the schools of the Christian Brothers at Cahirciveen lately. His Lordship went through the school, and expressed himself well pleased with all he saw. Before leaving, His Lordship was presented with an address, and in reply he addressed a few words of kindly advice to the pupils.

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GENERAL NEWS.

IRISH ATHLETES.—Half the athletes of the British Empire and the United States are Irish or of Irish descent.

Colonel Walters, commanding the 82nd Regiment, now stationed at Limerick, has received orders to hold his regiment ready for India.

COLORADO LEGISLATORS.—Three colored men will be elected to the Legislature on November 5th by the Democracy of Charleston, S. C.

INDUSTRIAL COLONISTS.—The German colonies near Marengo, Iowa, were established 20 years ago; they now own 30,000 acres of land, valued at \$50 per acre.

New York has a voting population of 232,152, of whom the naturalized citizens outnumber the natives by over 50,000, only four wards having the majority of natives.

AN INDIAN DICTIONARY.—The Rev. Father Ferrard, S. J., is preparing a dictionary of the Chippewa language, which will be published by the Smithsonian Institute, Washington.

According to recently published statistics there are more deaf mutes, idiots, and lunatics in Switzerland, in proportion to the population, and fewer of the blind, than in any other European country.

It is said that the suite of the Princess Louise and her husband will consist of Lord Suffolk, Major and Mrs. De Winton, Captain Vernon Carter, the Hon. Charles Harbord, Mr. and Mrs. Morton, and Dr. Andrew Clark.

The Hon. Mr. Tilley is to be banqueted when he returns to Ottawa by the temperance people. An effort is to be tried to get Mr. Tilley to publicly avow his opposition to a threatened movement to repeal the Scott Act.

A clerk in the Liverpool branch of the Bank of England recently absconded with a package of bank notes amounting to \$75,000. This is probably the foundation of the story about the murder and robbery in the Bank of England which was published here a short time ago.

The late Judge Keogh was an admirable mimic. It is said of him that he could imitate the styles of different speakers in Parliament so exactly that it was only necessary to shut your eyes to believe that you were listening to an actual debate.

The London Stereoscopic Company, in Regent street, London, have set the example of lighting their premises with electricity. The experiment has proved completely successful, and their example will speedily be followed by other large business houses.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The poachers in the Kilmarnock district have formed an association for the payment of fines imposed upon unlucky members.

An elder of a church in Dundee, with a wife and four children, recently eloped with the wife of a sailor who was absent on a whaling voyage.

Liverpool has a Sunday law so strict that a grocer whose doors had been opened by burglars was arrested for having his place open on the Sabbath.

The London *Law Times* says the jury system is at present subjected to severe criticisms in England, and may before long be considerably modified.

The sum of £7,727 has been awarded to Mr. Raynsford Jackson, of Blackburn, for the destruction of the contents of his house at the time of the strike riot. The town pays the bill.

A late London paper gives this:—The magistrats at Dumfrow have sent a woman named Margaret Chapman to prison for seven days for picking ears of wheat, valued at 1d, from a field.

The Jews' free school, in Bell Lane, Spital-fields, London, is believed to be the largest school in England. The average daily attendance last year was 1,248 boys and 850 girls. The Government Inspector speaks very highly of its efficiency, and advises all interested in education to visit it.

There has been presented to the Catholic chapel St. Edmund, Bury St. Edmunds, a Gothic alms-box made of the oak to which St. Edmund, a Martyr by name and King, as Lydgate calls him, was tied at his martyrdom by the Danes in 880, and which fell at Hoxne, near Eye, in 1848, an arrow-head being found in the trunk.

In his recent charge, the Bishop of Chichester said that from one church alone in his diocese five clergymen had lately passed over to Rome and they had to the utmost in their power leavened all they could influence. No man could say how far the poison extended. The path to Rome had been smoothed by excessive and illegal ritual.

SCOTLAND.

The electric light is to be tried in Edinburgh.

A despatch from Greenock says that the Montreal liner Colma lost one hundred and sixty head of cattle on the voyage across the Atlantic.

On the 11th ult. the City Hall, Perth, was illuminated with the electric light for the first time. The new light is now used regularly in a portion of Pullar's North British Dye Works.

It has been resolved to proceed on behalf of the Huntington Copper Company against the original directors, to recover the sum of £150,000. Summonses have been issued against the directors, of whom ex-Prevost Bain is one.

On the 5th ult. James Meredith, one of Lord Stamford's gamekeepers at Kinross, was out shooting, when his gun went off accidentally and shattered his leg to such an extent that Dr. Orchard, Kingussie, had to amputate it.

At a recent meeting of the Parochial Board of Logierath, a female pauper, while requesting to be struck off the poor-roll, tendered a bank cheque for £85 12s., being the total amount of her alms during the past fifteen years.

A private soldier, confined in Edinburgh Castle, has been successful in the very daring and dangerous feat of jumping from the parapet of the Castle into the Gardens below, a drop of about twenty feet. He was pursued, but made his escape.

On the 10th ult. the waterworks which have been in course of erection during the past sixteen months for the parishioners of Wemyss were formally opened by Mr. Erskine Wemyss. The cost of the works is estimated at from £23,000 to £25,000.

There are at present in Aberdeen two vacant chairs in the Medical Faculty; these are the chairs of Materia Medica and of Natural History, the latter also belonging to the Faculty of Arts. The incumbents of these Professors Harvey and Nicol, after many years' faithful service, have determined to retire.

TELEGRAPHIC DESPATCHES.

BERLIN, November 4.—The *Post* says that eight weeks ago, when the Treaty of Berlin was in danger, Bismarck appealed to the signatories to defend it. England, who then rejected the request, now appeals to Austria and France, the supposed adversaries of Russia, for the purpose of removing the Crimean Alliance. Such attempts are useless. Furthermore, England, by fostering jealousies, certainly will yet succeed in preventing friendly relations between Bulgaria and Greece.

STAMBA, November 4.—The British *almaghnam* was placed in the hands of Faisl Mahomed Khan, the Afghan Commander at Almusjid, on the 2nd inst., and a copy at the same time was sent to Peshawar to the Amier. Sir Neville Chamberlain, as acting military member of the Vice-Royal Council, accompanied the Viceroy to Lahore.

It is reported that Shere Ali is at Jellalabad determined to attack the British forces near Kabatira Pass unless the British take the initiative.

LOSANOS, November 4.—A Galenita correspondent says information has been received from Simla to the effect that the Amier, in his recent reply, said he had been anxious for British friendship, but that British policy was changed with each new Viceroy. The Amier declares he is open to make a new treaty, that he is not bound by any Russian alliance, and did not invite the Russian Embassy to Cabul. Col. Lindsay, Financial Secretary to the War Department, in a speech at Abingdon yesterday, said: "England's *almaghnam* informed the Amier that the Russian Embassy must withdraw, and that he must not enter into a Russian alliance, but must preserve a neutral attitude."

VERSAILLES, November 4.—The Chamber of Deputies declared invalid the election of the Bonapartist Leroux. During the debate Paul de Cassagnac was called to order for interrupting one of the speakers, and saying there was nothing in common between Bonapartists and President McMahon, since the latter had perjured himself.

MANSIEUX, November 4.—The municipal council have adopted, by a vote of twenty-six to seven, a motion in favor of a general amnesty to Communists.

The *Press* states that Austria has assented in principle to the steps of the western powers in behalf of Greece, without specially adopting the French or English standpoint.

ROME, November 4.—The *Diletto* states that France has issued a note advising that diplomatic pressure be exerted in favor of the claims of Greece on Turkey. Italy and Germany have already consented to mediate between Greece and the Porte.

MAMM, November 6.—An ex-soldier has attempted to assassinate Gen. Bregan, formerly Minister of War. The General was not injured, and the assassin was arrested.

BERLIN, November 7.—The *Tageblatt* asserts that the object of the present Protectionist movement is the establishment of a Customs Union in Eastern Europe, under the leadership of Germany, against Western Europe, and England especially.

The provincial correspondent yesterday declared that negotiations between Germany and the Vatican cannot succeed unless the abolition of the Centre party against the Government be interdicted by ecclesiastical authority, and that Germany to-day desires this announcement as a fresh declaration of war against the Catholic party.

A Constantinople correspondent states that the Rhopleu insurrection has received a fatal blow by the assassination of Omar Aga, one of its most influential leaders, by Kara Yusuf, a former leader, who had been disgraced for plundering Omar Aga's death produced such a disorganization that the majority of the leaders dismissed their hands to their homes.

CONSTANTINOPLE, November 7.—Four thousand Bulgarians have burned fourteen villages in Demotica. The Porte has sent notes to Prince Labanoff, pointing out the fact that the Bulgarians are powerless to repress the Bulgarian movement. The Porte also discusses the non-evacuation of Turkish territory by the Russians.

LOSDON, November 7.—A Paris correspondent states positively that *pour parler* are proceeding for a conference respecting a revision of the Treaty of Berlin. The idea originated in Berlin or Vienna.

It is rumored that the advisability of summoning Parliament earlier than usual was discussed in yesterday's Cabinet Council.

WASHINGTON, November 7.—Title 27, chap. 102 (sic) of the Coast Fisheries Laws of Newfoundland, expressly provides that "nothing in this chapter shall affect the rights and privileges granted by treaty to the subjects of any State or Power in amity with Her Majesty." The Department of State has no official information as to the Colonial Government having been requested by the Foreign Office at London to send a statement respecting the Fortune Bay trouble.

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 10.—The reports of the ill health of the Czar are again positively contradicted. It is considered in official circles that Russia must adhere solely to the Treaty of Berlin whatever events may arise in Turkey. It is certain Russia earnestly desires an understanding with England, both in Europe and Asia, to fix the limits of their respective influence.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Nov. 10.—It is asserted that the Russians have re-occupied the district of Malgara, near the Gulf of Saros.

CANBERRA, October 22.—Fighting has been renewed in the Transvaal. The British detachment, 500 strong, was compelled to retreat before the Kaffirs, who subsequently made a night attack on the English but were repulsed.

SIMLA, November 10.—It is hoped that the Afghan difficulty will be peacefully solved. It is supposed Russia is exercising pressure upon the Amier with this object. The Amier, moreover, despairs of success against the British.

LOSANOS, November 10.—A sensational Simla despatch says the Afghans are withdrawing from Candahar. The Amier announced that the Russians would occupy Candahar and Herat. The Governor of Candahar punished agitators opposed to England.

Sawdust of itself is not a manure. It is an excellent absorbent, undoubtedly, when used as bedding; but whatever manurial influences it exerts, even then, are due to the matters absorbed. Straw or leaves are much preferable.—*Canada Farmer.*

White links on the farm in the main are considered a bad thing, if all our farms were well supplied with the kinds of links that carry off the surplus water quickly, we might soon gain a surplus that could be applied to stopping other leaks.

Timothy and red top mixed, at the rate of a peck of the first and a bushel of the latter per acre, would do well upon a moist, drained meadow. Orchard grass and Kentucky blue grass, a bushel of each per acre, would be the best for open timber land.—*American Agriculturist.*

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

An English cricket eleven, with Lord Harris as captain, has gone out to Australia to play.

Dr. Pusey writes to the Archbishop of Canterbury that for some forty years he has, as his Grace knows, received the confessions of all who came to him.

Two small boys were lately sentenced in a London Police Court to three days' imprisonment for stealing an onion valued at one penny.

Two members of the Cambridge University Bicycle Club recently made a trip to Nice and back, riding all the way, except across the channel, on their two-wheeled steeds. The entire distance traveled was 4,530 miles, and the time occupied was 24 days.

In his recent charge, the Bishop of Chichester (England) said that from one church alone in the diocese five clergymen had lately passed over to Rome, and they had to the utmost of their power leavened all they could influence. No man could say how far the "poison" extended. The path "to Rome" had been smoothed by excessive and illegal ritual.

The driver of what the English call a "van" was lately surprised in London by a large orange ontang suddenly jumping into his vehicle. He attempted to take the fellow into custody, but it escaped and afterwards attacked a costermonger in the street, upset his barrow and smashed his crowsley. The animal was captured after a severe struggle with several men.

Shere Ali, the Emir of Cabul, is represented in the pictorial as a good looking man with a white beard. He is really 65, with a long gray beard, white eyebrows, a large hooked nose and broad shoulders. His face is of the Jewish type. He is short in stature, and in addition to his Astakhian hat wears a green silk waistcoat and a brown cloak embroidered with gold. His trousers are white, and his boots of polished leather.

The new bells in the northern tower of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, were chimed for the first time ten days ago. There are twelve in all, and the tones are rich and musical. A crowd quickly gathered in the churchyard at the first sound of the peal, and remained looking up at the open machinery and its concave roof, which, it is now evident, were thoughtfully and scientifically planned by Whewell with an ultimate view to the reception of bells.

Colonel T. W. Higginson, in lecturing recently in London on "The Aristocracy of Wealth," is said to have been very frank concerning the evils of hereditary rank. He declared that the attitude of hereditary rank toward intellect is degrading; he acknowledged the faults of rich men in America, but said that he could not imagine one of them giving precedence in their homes to anyone of their number, merely because of his riches, over Tenyson and Longfellow.

The *Whitwell Review* gives the names of all the members of the upper classes who have "gone over to Rome" during the present generation. It includes one duke, two marquises, five earls, three knights, one general and admiral, ten members of parliament, four queen's council, four professors, 160 benefited clergymen, of whom sixty-seven have become priests or entered the Jesuit order, and 190 gentlemen, sons of peers, fellows, etc., of whom fifty-one have become priests or Jesuits; also five duchesses, thirty-eight peeresses, wives of barons and knights, etc., and thirty-three other ladies of position.

One of the objects of greatest interest at the Paris Exposition is a magnificent statue of Pius IX. by the sculptor Pugnetti. This great work, which was completed shortly before the death of the holy Pontiff, represents him seated on his throne, with arms extended as if to welcome a band of pilgrims. The amiable smile so well known admirably expressed, and the bright, intelligent eyes seem only to want the spark of life. The *Graphic Artiste* says this statue is a real work of art. "The true character of Pius IX. is represented in all its dignity and majesty; the calm, frank, intelligent visage, with the benevolent expression which was its characteristic trait, is finely displayed."

The four niches of the north porch of Bristol Cathedral are now occupied, the Evangelists having taken the places of the deposed Latin Fathers. St. Matthew and St. John have been in their positions some time. St. Mark and St. Luke were unveiled on Tuesday, so that the quartet is complete. St. Matthew and St. John were provided out of a special subscription raised for the completion of the north porch. The Duke of Beaufort gave St. Mark, and St. Luke was the gift of friends chiefly residing in the neighborhood of the cathedral. The statue controversy is thus to all appearance finally settled; while the superseded Latin Fathers are out of sight on the top of a tower in Yorkshire, presented to it by Sir Tatton Sykes. But the work of cathedral restoration is proceeding very slowly.

In 1874 there were 11,000 miles of railroad in Russia, whose gross receipts were \$100,000,000; in 1875, 12,000 miles, but the receipts were only \$50,000,000 more than in 1874. In 1876, the mileage had increased by 200, and the receipts by \$2,500,000. Seven of the companies, whose share capital the Government guarantees, do not pay expenses, leaving the Government to make good some \$2,500,000 a year; twenty more just manage to pay expenses, but the Government has to pay the guaranteed interest, and only eight have paid the guaranteed dividend without aid. Of the lines constructed without Government guarantee, all, except one, fifty miles long, have earned fair dividends; and the sole line worked by the State has recently paid a dividend of four per cent on the capital spent in making it.

DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOR.

From week to week *The Pilot* has exerted itself to ascertain the work of the Church in the fever-infected districts of the South. As the force of the plague has now well-nigh spent itself, we present to our readers the total number of those priests and nuns who have given their lives in their efforts to relieve the sufferings of the unfortunate victims to this terrible scourge. The Diocese of New Orleans alone lost its Vicar-General, 15 priests and 10 Sisters; that of Natchez including Vicksburg, 6 priests, 6 Sisters; that of Nashville, 9 priests, 3 Sisters; that of Mobile, 1 priest, 1 Sister; making a total of 22 priests and 28 nuns who have fallen victims to yellow fever in the discharge of their duties. The Catholic Relief Association has given aid already to the amount of \$86,000 from total receipts of \$90,000. This amount, however, by no means represents the whole of the Catholic charity towards the South. In every town and city where subscriptions were taken the Catholic business men subscribed individually, and the money passed through the official channels. But as it stands, the above record is one in which we may justly take pride.

"Look out for the paint!" shouted a boy in the gallery of a Chicago theatre, when the hero of the play kissed the heroine.

The True Witness.

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, AND WEEKLY EDITION OF THE "EVENING POST"

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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 13.

NEW AGENTS.

New Agent.—Mr. J. M. Duff has kindly consented to act as our agent in West Framp-ton and vicinity.

Mr. T. B. LEAHY is authorized to solicit and collect subscriptions for the EVENING POST and TRUE WITNESS.

Mr. THOMAS MALONE is our special and only agent for Kingston and Portsmouth. He is authorized to solicit and collect subscrip-tions for the EVENING POST and TRUE WITNESS.

Mr. THOMAS SHEEHAN, of Quebec, is our authorized agent in that city for the sale of the EVENING POST and the collection of subscrip-tions for the EVENING POST and TRUE WITNESS.

On account of devoting so much space to the sermon of Father Burke, and the lecture of, Father Graham, our editorial matter has been unavoidably crowded out.

STE. ANNE'S ELECTION FRAUDS.

The Ste. Anne's election frauds trial is at an end, and four persons have been found guilty of fraudulently tampering with the ballot papers.

Mr. Lafamme was aware that the fraud was contemplated, but the stain is all upon members of his party.

If there is any law left in Canada, the men guilty of this crime will be punished as they deserve.

The crime they committed is one of the most serious that a citizen can be guilty of.

In the old country such a crime would, we believe, be punished with the utmost severity of the law, and the coolness with which public opinion here take these frauds is but an indication of how much we are behind old country ideas of right and wrong.

In Great Britain or Ireland a man found guilty of such an offence as these six men have been, would be looked upon with contempt; while here there is a great deal of pity for them.

Election frauds are so common across the border, that Canadians have in some cases come to look upon them as trifles light as air, for which a man should be no more punished than he ought to be if he made a successful failure in business, and left his creditors in as much doubt as to the real state of his affairs—as a school boy would be after getting a "riddle-me-riddle-me-rec."

But we hope the courts will establish a precedent which will be a warning to men attempting election frauds in future.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE QUARTERLY CATHOLIC REVIEW.

THE LABOR QUESTION, OR FINA NCIAL CRISIS IN THE UNITED STATES.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

This question has been frequently discussed; various causes have been assigned; but as yet no real and satisfactory solution has been given.

I cannot pretend to explain a difficulty which learned politicians and wise statesmen have not solved.

An article on the labor question appeared in the last number of the Catholic Quarterly Review.

The writer shows talent, considerable research and, no doubt, thinks that the solution of the question is amply satisfactory.

Though he gives us much valuable information and throws considerable light on the subject, he leaves it nevertheless shrouded with difficulties; his readers are still wandering in the dark.

The present crisis is an effect of a cause, or of various causes, which must have their origin in a primary cause.

The cause of such a revolution of labor and capital cannot be trivial, but must be profound, for the country suffers from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, from Maine to the extreme South; every-where labor and capital are in a depressed state; confidence is lacking.

It can hardly be supposed that the evil can be entirely attributed to secondary or contingent causes, such as the failure of some business houses or banks; that can only affect a certain portion of the community, but not the country at large.

If we wish to have a conception of the difficulty and to explain it in some way, we must trace out the primary cause and see how the secondary or contingent causes flow from it.

To do this it is not sufficient to consider the events which took place since the war; we must consider the financial state of the country prior to it.

Governments are organizations; organizations presuppose laws; a law is a certain ordinance of reason, emanating from the supreme authority of the state and published to the community.

Hence the object of the law is to protect the life, property, rights of the individual, and promote the public good in the best possible manner.

In the ordinary course of Government events, if the State be stable, organized according to the dictates of reason, and governs its subjects in accordance with equity, each one has, or is supposed to have, some occupation which affords him the means of subsistence; even though they may be small, he is, or must be, reconciled to his station in life marked out by Divine Providence.

Hence events pass quietly and steadily in the usual course; the equilibrium can only be disturbed by unusual events, such as political or financial revolutions; after such revolutions crises follow.

There had been a financial revolution in the United States in 1857. Capital was depressed, labor was suffering, the banks for a certain time refused to redeem their paper.

continue long in consequence of the unfortunate war which broke out between the two sections of the country. There was no money in the treasury to carry on the gigantic struggle with the South; hence the Govern-ment had to fall back on its credit and create a paper currency.

In proportion as the cur-rency increased it depreciated in value; gold commenced to rise above par, and continued until one dollar was worth two dollars and eighty cents of paper money. The war naturally created labor; manufacturers rose over the country to supply the wants of the army.

Lands and prop-erty of every description advanced at enor-mous rates; rents also in proportion. The means of living became exceedingly expen-sive. As labor was thrown so extensively into the market, capital had to yield; hence there was a fair proportion between labor and capital.

Moreover, a large number of men became government contractors, realized im-mense fortunes and adopted an extravagant mode of living; even those who moved in the lower walks of life abounded with money in consequence of the high wages received for their services; hence the former economical mode of living was abandoned; extravagance commenced to prevail.

Having acquired these habits during the war, they continued to live in the same manner after the war had termi-nated; this was not confined to one, but to all classes. During this critical period a large amount of property was also purchased at low prices; men engaged in large speculations, thinking that this state of things would con-tinue as heretofore. This is not all.

There were government rings that acquired an enor-mous amount of wealth; some of these men sucked the very blood from the heart of the country; the Credit Mobilier, the whiskey-ring, and the dear knows how many other rings and rascalities, are sufficient evi-dence. Not to speak of the Southern election frauds, the counting in a man not elected by the people by a lot of demagogues in Wash-ington as President of the United States is the crown of all their rascality.

It is quite natural that the events which transpired from the commencement of the war up to the time of Mr. Hayes, inauguration, and even during the time of his administration, should have a great tendency to shake confidence in the financial state of the country, that wise and prudent capitalists should be inactive until they could see the necessary stability of affairs in the country.

The country must be materially affected by their holding back until sufficient confidence will be restored; when instead of using their money to promote the interests of labor, they remain inactive.

SERMON BY FATHER BURKE.

HIS VISIT TO LANCASHIRE.

THE BEAUTY OF CHARITY AND THE CULTIVATION OF THE SOUL.

On Sunday morning, Oct. 20, Salford Cathed-ral was filled in every part by a congrega-tion anxious to hear Father Burke, the great Dominican orator, who had been an-nounced as the preacher of one of the annual charity sermons.

The rev. preacher said he need scarcely re-mind them of the especial purpose for which they had met together that day. In addition to the worship and adoration of God by assist-ing at the adorable sacrifice of the Mass, they had assembled to take part in the educa-tion of the children of that district and parish. The schools were threatened with ruin and a large sum of money was expended upon their restoration and consequently a large debt was incurred.

There were other debts and other difficulties in connection with the schools, and to clear off these debts and to meet these difficulties, the pastor who had care of their souls and who was responsible to God for the children who were educated in the schools, made appeal to their charity that day His (the preacher's) duty was, therefore, like the servants of the King mentioned in that day's Gospel, to call them together in the name of the King of heaven to the marriage feast. And what was the marriage feast? It was the work of divine charity and of high spiritual mercy.

If they would know what was this mystical marriage feast mentioned in that day's Gospel, let them consider who was the bride and who was the Bridegroom. The Bride was she so often mentioned in the scriptures—the Holy Church of God, the Spouse of Jesus Christ, that Church whom God loved so well, and for whom and for whose salvation and beauty He laid down His own life. And who was the Bridegroom? The eternal Word of God, Incarnate in the Holy Ghost and the Virgin Mary, and made Man, and coming down from His royal and eternal Throne of Heaven to meet His lovely Bride upon this earth—coming all the way from Heaven to take to Himself our poor human nature and our Mother, the Church, to be His Spouse—to make joyful the Mother of us all.

Surely charity and love and mercy dictated this great action on the part of God. Therefore, when the Minister of God, and those who are sent, come and proclaim some great work of charity and spiritual mercy—or some great work to be ac-complished by the Church of God, and the faithful, it was nothing more nor less than an invitation to us to enter into the spirit of the bridal feast, the union by which God became the Bridegroom of His Church. And those works of mercy in which He declares He took to Himself His royal Spouse are manifold. Some regard it in the passing needs and necessity of the orphan; feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked; but a greater and more necessary, and more im-portant work of mercy than feeding the hun-gry, clothing the naked, or providing habita-tions for the homeless, was in caring for the most vital interests of the Church of God and her people. This was the charity which rose to the highest regions of spiritual mercy, and it provided not for the body that died, but for the soul which lived for ever. It provided for the soul which lived for ever, clothed it with royal garments. This mercy, because it touched the soul, was like that of God, of whose mercy it was written it abideth and remaineth for ever. Now this was the highest, noblest and most necessary form of spiritual charity and mercy. It was precisely that to which he invited their attention, their charity and their large contributions that day.

First of all, this work was necessary, not only for this world, but the next; not only for the society of mankind, but for the society which was divine—the Church of God. Not only was it most necessary and most im-portant, but, compared with it, every other form of mercy sunk into comparative insignificance. Not only was it most necessary, most im-portant, and most useful, but it was a blessing to him who gave, and to him who received. Most truly the philosopher and poet said:

The quality of mercy is not strained; It falls like the gentle dew from heaven If it be blessed; it blesses him who gives And him who takes.

And all this was involved in the one word, Catholic education. First of all, it was a most necessary, most pressing need of man. For remember what was the nature of man? The whole vast creation of God might be divided into two grand kingdoms—namely, the spiritual and the material. The spiritual kingdom was that unseen world of which we had a profession of faith when we said that we believed in God the Creator, not only of all things visible but invisible. On the other side there was the vast material creation, without soul, without spirit, and without any eternal future before it, destined, in the language of Scripture, to be burned up as a scroll and to perish. The nature of man and the very formation of man made him a living link which bound together these two great kingdoms. In his soul he belonged to the spiritual, invisible, and indestructible the immortal and imperishable world of God. In his body he was the angels of God, but in his soul he was corruptible, corrupt, destined to perish, of earthly and lowly tastes, and grovelling in his passion. Unless the divine and spiritual element in him asserted itself and purified that body, spiritualized it and raised it above the things that ministered to the merely earthly desires and bodily pas-sions, there could be nothing noble in man. And now, he asked, what was the first want of man's soul—of his spiritual nature? The first intellectual want of man was education and knowledge. That soul was created to know and was gifted with the power to know. Therefore it craved for knowledge, and if that were denied it, the soul would sink in to almost utter nothingness. It could not, indeed, perish, because it was immortal, but it remained in the helplessness, of infancy, and undeveloped power in which it was born. The body in the meantime grew apace; it strengthened itself according to its own lower nature; it fattened upon its food; it grew upon its sustenance, it was guided by the evi-dence of its senses only; the throbs of its pulsations quickened and developed passion. The body grew and the soul remained in the helplessness of its infancy, and the conse-quence was that the man who thus developed in body whilst he was neglected in soul be-came a monster and had no grace of God. He had no governing powers, refining influ-ences, no mastering principle, no generous impulse, no humanising touch, no softening remembrance of sorrow or trouble to effect and touch him. His soul was brutalised, and it was under the dominion of his passion, while it was created to be governed by a strong and well informed intellect which did not exist in him. He had no law but the dictates of his lower and corrupt bodily nature. The consequence was that he became the

enemy of law, for he could not understand the meaning of law. He became intensely selfish, for he was out from all intellectual communion with his fellow man, which was the human foundation of divine charity. Out of this intellectual degradation arose a moral degradation still more terrible through ignorance. There was no restraining power, no purifying influence, and the one and only thing such a man was acquainted with was the prompting of passion, the natural issue of which was what we call sin. The very nature of moral good, the very beauty of virtue, was an utter stranger to him because his soul had been utterly uneducated. This great truth was admitted on every side, and our faith told it to us—the first primary cause of moral degradation and sin in man was ignorance.

When Our Lord wept over Jerusalem and prophesied its ruin, that the day would come when its enemies would not leave a stone up on a stone. He told the reason—"Because thou art ignorant, thou knowest not the things that are to thy peace." The most fearful crime that was ever committed, the crucifixion of the Son of God, was, the apostle told us, the result of ignorance. It was through their ignorance they did it. If they had known Him they would never have crucified the Lord of Lords. Thus we could trace every evil of human society to ignorance. This was so true that philosophers, statesmen, and legis-lators all cried out, "We must educate the people." This cry was on every side, and schools were springing up everywhere. Then the Catholic Church said "Yes, we must educate the people." And why? Because education was the first great want of the age. Even wordings and statesmen admitted this. But the world imposed many duties on man that did not require much training or educa-tion—for instance, in the case of labour, where one trained mind was able to guide a thousand hands. Not so the Catholic Church. She imposed many laws; she laid down pre-cepts; she propounded many doctrines, but every single iota of her teaching and doctrine made appeal to a well trained and educated intellect. Every single observance of her law, every precept and practice which she puts upon her children presupposes a well trained intellect. Therefore the Catholic Church insisted and demanded that her children shall be educated so as to be fit for the duty imposed upon them. This was a most neces-sary action of the Church and a most necessary duty that God had imposed upon her and for which she appealed for help to perform. Now the world and the Church agreed as to the necessity for education, but the moment they came to interpret the meaning of the word education, statesmen, philosophers, and world-lings put one meaning upon the word, and the Catholic Church another and a different meaning. Statesmen, philosophers, and worldlings said, by all means, educate the child. Teach it everything of the laws of nature and of the laws of the world in which it lived. Teach it the arts and sciences; teach it history, but exclude rigorously from its in-struction everything relating to the Divinity, everything relating to dogma, everything relating to religion or any precise knowledge of God. Now, practically it came to this: out-side the Catholic Church and her system children might be taught history, the laws of nations how to read the stars in heaven, everything connected with the geological for-mation of the world in which we lived, but outside the Catholic Church there was not a particle of influence to appeal to a child's heart nor to its soul. There was no agency to make it moral as well as clever. What followed from this? It followed that the in-terlectual power might be trained by such a system of education, but he asked, was the intellectual the only power of the soul? Was it even the principal power? He denied that it was. No power of intellect, no depth of knowledge ever yet was able to restrain the passions, purify the inclination, rectify the heart, or guide the will of man. It was through his will and through his heart far more than through his intelligence that man acted upon his fellow man for good or for evil. If that will were left entirely uncon-trolled, and if that heart were left entirely un-purified; if there were no divine element of grace, he cared not how the intellect was cul-tivated, knowledge only conferred power to be used ultimately for evil. The Catholic Church said to the world, "I will teach your children everything you can teach them; I will provide for their intelligence, everything you can provide for them; I will give them the elements of human knowledge, of the arts and sciences, history, geography, and every-thing that comprises the sum total of human knowledge, but side by side with the training of intellect, I will purify their senses; I will strengthen their souls; I will guard them against the treacherous and slippery ways of passion and sin; I will teach them their duty to God; I will teach them the specific and certain truths that God has revealed, the con-sequences of these truths; and above all I will infuse into their souls the Sacramental graces, through Confession and Holy Com-munion, that will make their souls healthy and raise their intellect to seek for higher as-pirations." This was the only education that deserved the name of education, and it was the only system of education that took in all the powers of a man's soul, intellect, heart, will, affections and senses, and trained them not only for this world—to be useful and good members of society—but clothed them in the spirit of virtue, of the New Man from Heaven, and made them fit one day for higher society, the elect of God. This was the great purpose for which he addressed them that day. The Church could not carry on her mission to her children, nor execute the sublime task of a high, spiritual and holy, as well as an intel-lectual education, without the aid of those who hold her faith. She could not exist un-less her children were educated. Therefore, on this question of life or death, the Church made her appeal from time to time, like the aged mother saying to her son, "Give me the means of life or else I die." This promotion of education was the most important charity that could be exercised, as well as the most necessary. Everything depended upon it. The Catholic Church was rich in her gifts and rich in her graces, but how pitiful was the case when one of her children stood and was not able to comprehend her faith, and was not able to understand her liturgy, and there-fore not able to avail himself of her graces because his education was neglected? Of what avail to him were the graces of God, which were in the very air he breathed? Of what avail to him was that Divine stream that was ever flowing in the Sacraments when by his ignorance he was like him who for thirty-six years lay by the pool of Bethesda, where the waters were ever moving, and if he could only get into them he would recover his health, but who for thirty-six years had to look upon these waters and could not move towards them. Finally, to educate children was the most fruitful mercy we could show to our own souls or to God. Every man, be he Catholic or otherwise, had certain obligations towards those around him. Moreover he had certain obligations to the future as well as to the present. He was bound to make some provision for the wants of those around him, and he was bound, if he could, to do some-thing for the future of his country and for the

society that would outlive him. Then what could he do so fruitful, so grand, and so use-ful as to be in an especial manner interested, and practice generosity, in the work of Catholic education? It would be of little avail to us if our children were highly qualified with intellectual knowledge unless they had the principles of purity and truthfulness, generosity and unselfishness—unless they had these agencies of life within them to make them faithful servants, honest trades-men, trustworthy correspondents, faithful and reliable acquaintances? Could they live in a society where they could not trust the heart nor the virtue of their fellow-men? Could they live in a society that had no restraining power, where every man thought most of his own pleasure, sacrificed the honour of his friends, peace of his family, and well-being of his wife and children for his own pleasure? Therefore he who built or helped the Church to build her schools strengthened her in the cause of that divine education which alone could purify the world. But it was not only for those who were to come after us that this most useful work should be helped, but it was for our own souls. They were not able to do much personally in the way of laborious charity. They had their families, their busi-ness, and their various duties to attend to. They could not give their time and their labour to assist the work of education, but there was a philosophical axiom that said he who delegated another to do a good thing got the credit of having done it himself. There-fore, according to their charity, their gener-osity, and their mercy, their pastor would be enabled to do this work of education, and as they gave towards it they would impart the glory of this act to their own souls. The work of instruction would go on, the Church would do it, and, strange to say, the crown for having done it would rest upon their heads.

"IRISH FAMINE"

GREAT LECTURE BY FATHER GRAHAM

Vivid Word-painting of a Terrible Epoch.

ENTHUSIASTIC APPLAUSE

Father Graham's lecture on the "Irish Famine" was a great success every way. An audience representing the wealth, culture, and strength of the Catholic Irish element of Montreal, was present. The reverend gentle-man should be heard to be appreciated, for the following synopsis is but a faint echo of the living word that came from his lips. Father Graham is one of the ablest Catholic orators in America.

M. P. Ryan, Esq., Edward Murphy, Esq., Alderman Kennedy, Esq., O'Neill Russell, Esq., M. Mullin, Esq., &c., &c., were present upon the platform.

He who recalls a painful episode in the life of individuals or nations should have a reason for justifying his course—otherwise he would justly be looked upon as a man either without judgment or feeling, or a mere candidate for the passing applause of a moment. In speaking to-night ladies and gentlemen, on such a subject as the Irish Famine, I have two very sufficient reasons for so doing. In the first place, it is not good that the rising generation of Irishmen and women should be ignorant of that awful trial through which Ireland passed, and, secondly, the ex-ample of heroic virtue which the famine manifested to the world is an inheritance for the sons and daughters of a suffering, faithful race, more precious than all the wealth and prosperity of the world. I know there are men—even Irishmen—to whom such a theme may be distasteful, because it brings back memories too painful for public discussion. I recognize at once, I and you, that side of the question; but, on the other hand, where is the Irishman or Irishwoman, with one spark of religion or patriotism warming the soul, who will not feel proud to be the heirs of the glorious martyrs of Erin?—who will not re-joice that the blood of God's faithful people is flowing in their veins,—who will not thank God that they are of that race which knew how to suffer and die, but never knew how to betray Country or Faith! To hold up, then, for a few moments the sad but glorious picture of Ireland's endurance under such ills as never afflicted humanity in any age of the world, shall be my task this evening. Ireland has been well called the Island of Destiny. I have sometimes thought that the practical names which even Pagan times bestowed upon Erin, suggestive of glory and sorrow, fore-shadowed the future history of her people. That history has no parallel in earthly annals, by its lights and shadows and strange contra-asts. While all heathenism uproariously against Christianity and strove to cast it off as an irksome burden, Ireland accepted the yoke of the Gospel meekly, as if her very paganism was of so pure a form as to prepare man's minds, in a high degree, for the pure dispensation of Divine Truth. It is notorious that the Druidism of the ancient Celts lost most of its repulsive features on Irish soil. While the world was ignorant, Ireland was learned and the teacher of mankind. When others were learned, Ireland was as ignorant as penal legislation against education could make a naturally very intelligent people. Ireland possessed the very finest instincts of liberty when all other nations were the slaves of their own despotic government. Thus we find Irish Church Synods in the 6th century humbly sending back Saxon slaves to Britain and threatening the Celtic chiefs and septis with anathemas if they ill-treated their British serfs. The descendants of those serfs have well repaid the just-minded, humane Irish for their kindness! When Ireland was rich other nations were poor and abject, but not one of them ever appealed to Irish generosity in vain. But, if I continued to demon-strate the changes and anomalies observable in Irish history, I would not have time to say a word concerning the avowed subject of the evening's lecture. It would seem that Ireland had been predestined, by a mysteri-ous Providence, to the sublime burden of sorrow. Her woes are no sentimental fancy; they are as real as Irish faith, chastity and bravery. But, though doomed to suffer, she was not doomed to succumb to her foes. She was per-secuted by the Danes, the Anglo-Saxons, the Normans, the modern English, because she was Celtic, because she was Irish Celtic, be-cause she was Catholic, because she was loyal, because she was rebel so-called, because her sons held land, because they had no land, be-cause she was learned, because she was ignorant, because she was rich, because she was poor, for supporting her own Church, for re-fusing to support an alien and upstart heresy; in short, as tyranny can always find a pretext, she was persecuted for every reason under the sun. But she never gave up the fight! Car-thage was absorbed by Rome—Sparta by

Athens—Burgundy by France—Scotland by England—but Ireland is as distinctly a Celtic nation to-day as she was when Dathi scaled the Alps, or when Brian crushed the Raven on the plains of Clontarf! There is some-thing extraordinary in such a spectacle. The Celtic race was never a great builder for this world. It was never a worshipper of the ma-terial. The Indo-Germanic peoples have al-ways carried the purse and material pros-perity. They stuck to the soil and gathered wealth about the domestic hearth, while the Celts were a restless and warlike race. This restless spirit, while it has been detrimental to the race in a material sense, has produced that indomitable elasticity and untiring re-sistance which are so marvellously displayed in the relations of Ireland with England. The Celtic race has laid the foundations of empires, advanced literature with magnificent genius, sung those matchless songs whose faint and broken echoes are heard at the present day in the Irish ballads, established codes of law admirable for their justice—it has al-ways loved justice, this great race—and, when it had accomplished all these things, it cast away or let slip from its hands the reins of empire and, passing on to new scenes, left to the Indo-Germanic peoples all the benefits of its labor and intelligence. Before preach-ing that tragic epoch which forms the subject of the evening, I must refer particu-larly to some fallacies very common with a peculiar class of reasoners. Whenever Ire-land has been ground down by unjust enact-ments, they readily admit the fact, but excuse the English people from any participation in the tyranny: "It was the Government," they say, and then imagine that the most satisfac-tory explanation has been given. But, from the moment that the British Constitution took form and substance as the written and tradi-tional basis of the national life, can any man point out a single Cabinet which could pursue, for six months, a policy distasteful to the great mass of the English people? Is it not one of the proud boasts of the British orator that any Minister who would run counter to the wishes of the British public would be hurled from office in a week? How often has a popular cry smashed a Cabinet? Have we not the influence plainly acknowledged in the attempt made by Disraeli to raise the No-Popery howl in England when Gladstone dis-established the English garrison in Ireland, called, through sarcasm, a Church. The Jew Disraeli, whose treaties turn out old clothes to be torn into rags by Russia and other powers, understands, if he cannot feel, the in-stincts of Englishmen. Though he has made Downing street a kind of political Cheap-John-shop for the vending of second-hand policy, and has led the British Lion into a net from which no philistine mouse shall be able to gnaw him forth into liberty—the Orient being the net which entangles the surly beast—nevertheless his power to-day rests solely on his coquetting with the in-terveterate prejudices of the British public, and cunningly weaving the popular howl of to-day into the national policy of to-morrow. Nor does he stand alone. Every Prime Minister from Cecil to himself has been but the mouth-piece of the unreasoning prejudices and national hate of Britain. Away, then, with the specious plea that Ireland's disasters were the outcome of English officialism and bureaucratic red-tape! To the English nation, in great part, are due the harrowing miseries of the gallant and indomitable Irish people. It has been a common reproach with Eng-lishmen, and a few blatherskite, worthless Irishmen, that British rule is necessary to the material welfare of the Irish people—that the Irish are improvident—that they are not fit for self-government. This is, as Father Tom Burke would call it, a

"THE MURDERING ENGLISH LIE."

Look at Australia—look at the United States—look at Canada—France, Spain, Aus-tralia! But there remains one illustration of what Irishmen are capable of achieving, which, were there no other argument, would be an overwhelming and triumphant answer to our calculators. During the eighteen years of self-government the population of Ireland increased enormously—the revenue was fully equal to all purposes of government, and prosperity and plenty reigned in every part of the land. The rapid increase of popu-lation is always a sure sign of good times. The absentee landlords returned in hundreds to Ireland, and none but worthless rascals and loungers about London and Parisian draw-rooms and gambling dens were removed by the rapid elevation of their country to a po-sition of happiness and prosperity. Their souls expanded in the novel atmosphere of liberty, and those who were men in heart abandoned their former petty pursuits, in order to lend a hand in developing the resources of as rich a country naturally as lies under the sun. So wonderfully improved was Ireland in a few years—so evidently capable of self-govern-ment—that, while English politicians grew alarmed, a great Irish statesman exclaimed—

If Ireland were surrounded by a wall of brass 100 feet high, she might not fear, for she possesses all that is sufficient for herself, in-dependently of the rest of the world! Let those who prate about matters of which they are totally ignorant go study the history of Ireland from 1782 until the last year of that century and they will be confounded at the extraordinary display of industry, enterprise and energy on the part of the Irish people. And that was the era of the Irish Parliament. Remember, I am referring solely to the ma-terial advancement of the country. On other grounds, setting aside a few just men with the noble Grattan at their head, was never much disposed to eulogize that Parliament. I can never forget that it had not a sufficiently high sense of justice to lift the Irish Catho-lics from the penal mine of the English legis-lation. Ireland is a Catholic nation; she is deeply indebted to her Emancipator, her Smith O'Learys, her Mitchells, Martins, and Davises, but the Union, the accursed Union, the cause of all her modern woes, was carried by a Pro-Testant Parliament. Had Flood and his narrow-minded followers been able to rise to the level of simple justice, Ireland would never have had cause to weep the frustration of her brightest hopes. I may as well, while I am upon this subject, refer to a couple of other absurdities which are sustained by men otherwise sensible enough. We are told that the law is the same for Ireland as for England or Scotland. Let us grant this for a moment. But have you never heard of the letter of the law

Twisted to Party Purposes?

No matter how seemingly just English legis-lation may be for Ireland, its interpretation is very different from that of England and Scot-land. The most equitable law apparently in the English statute book is perverted by pre-judice and hate when applied to Ireland. If this be denied, I point to the whole history of the British rule in Ireland and defy refuta-tion. Again, we hear a great deal of the moral superiority of Protestant over Catholic coun-tries. England compared with Ireland is brought forward confidently as an illustration of the fact. Now, I read contemporary history very differently. I observe that white gloves are being constantly presented by Irish sheriffs to the Judges, but I am afraid, if English Judges were to abstain from wedding ceremonies and breakfasts until an English

sheriff should present them with a pair of white gloves at the Assize Court, their Honors would have to forego those pleasant episodes of social life forever. Listen to this authoritative bit of English information—

Notwithstanding the high position which England holds among Christian nations, it is said to observe no more than a show of criminal statistics in the morals of a large class of its population. In the year 1877 there were 7,062 arrests in London alone. Of these, on the north side of the county, there were 2,614 in houses, 2,941 carriages, and 17,327 individuals without trade or profession. Of the women a large number were washerwomen, 1,022 domestic servants, and persons without regular employment 9,147. Of the whole number arrested, judgment has been passed on 61,031. As to education, 7,720 men and 4,384 women could neither read nor write; 20,037 men and 12,685 women could read or write imperfectly; 85 men and 6 women had received a superior education. Drunkenness was the sole offence in 25,000 cases and the accompanying offence in a good many more. 4,138 were cases of theft. More than one-sixth of the articles stolen were recovered by the police. The number of persons who disappeared during the year was 1,000, of which 600 were found by the detectives. Of suicides there were 20, besides 388 attempts at the same time.

As to these figures 120,000 thieves, bad characters and vagabonds, with 60,000 prostitutes, and London furnishes the world with a noble proof of Christian morality. Just extend, *ceteris paribus*, and proportion observed, those figures to all England and the proof of her moral superiority over benighted, Papist Ireland is overwhelming. When one reflects upon Spitalfields refinement—St. Giles' morality—the spiritual loveliness of Houndsditch and the fanatics, blasphemers and liars of Exeter Hall; when one sees wife-beating become a science and murder a fine art; when pious bankers fatten upon the scanty means of widows and orphans, and godly preachers advertise benefices like bullocks; when the divorce courts day after day furnish the world with glimpses of the hideous excesses of the aristocracy and the Quarter Sessions manifest the naked deformity of ungodly plebeians; when atheism is eating like a cancer into the highest spheres of intellectual life and the lower classes are, to a vast extent, ignorant of God; when poisonings, stabblings, shootings, brutal assaults, infanticide and every form of crime and pollution is rioting in her midst, the assumption of moral superiority by England over pious, God-fearing, pure Ireland is the coarsest bit of humbug the world has ever known. Does any good man or woman imagine that such a terrible showing is a gratifying consideration for Catholic Irishmen? There are no people in the world who grieve more over the debasement of their brother man: but when Exeter Hall and your Shaftesburys, your reverends and right-reverends, in England and America, fall to praising about the moral miseries of a faithful people whose virtues they cannot comprehend, it is time, I think, to direct their attention to home. They need not wander to Imbuetoo nor Borjooala Gha to find heathens and savages morally as well as physically naked. The reason for my referring to these questions, ladies and gentlemen, is this: You may have often heard self-sufficient, superficial creatures assert that the trials and sufferings of Ireland were the result of her own fault—that she was naturally discontented—that she was imprudent—that she was a chronic law-breaker—that her religion was the chief cause of her degradation—that the famine was a direct result of all these. Do not imagine for an instant that I wish to say that Irishmen are all perfect. They are men, and therefore, imperfect; but this I do say, that if the English people and their eulogists had been subjected to one-tenth of the tyrannical legislation and cruel persecution the Irish have suffered under for centuries, they would at this day be running about wild on all-fours! But to return, we know that

ENGLAND RECEIVED NOTHING BUT BENEFITS FROM IRELAND

when the former country was poor and ignorant. We have seen these benefits repaid by the basest ingratitude when England had attained power and wealth. When penal legislation had grown distasteful to the powerful nations of the world, England changed her tactics. If she could not carry out the extirpating policy of Henry VIII, Elizabeth and others in the strong light of the public opinion of the nineteenth century, she had other and more subtle weapons in the armoury of hatred which was just as effectual as the axe, the rope, fire or confiscation. Ireland, prosperous under her own Parliament, Ireland growing to the proportions of a nation—Ireland waxing strong under the sublime *regime* of justice, which, though partial for a time, would have assuredly reached the higher plane of religious and civil equality for all Irishmen—this was too much for England to look upon and tolerate. Therefore was Ireland deliberately intrigued, deceived and manoeuvred into the fatal uprising of 1798, in order to furnish a pretext for robbing her of her legislative autonomy. It was the old story—the Spider Pitt and the Irish Fly—and the poor fly got the worst of the bargain. After the infamous Coercion Act—the dishonored grave of Keogh cover the last traitor of the black breed—when this treacherous politician had done his master's dirty work—when politicians with the itching palm: the Blakes, Bagnalls, Burdets with all the rest of the soulless *canaille*, had been pensioned, bribed and belted, guardsmen, not as in former times, of honor, but of infamy and disgrace—when Ireland's energy and enterprise had been bound hand and foot to the "interests of the Empire," then "adjustments" of public debt, "equalization" and "balances of burdens," &c., &c., were the order of the day, and Ireland found herself enjoying the glorious benefit, three years after the Union, of a debt of nearly three hundred millions of dollars!—something different from her seven or eight millions of dollars of liability before the Union. Pitt had promised English capital and English protection to Ireland. As some philosophers are disposed to look upon England's debt as one of the national bulwarks, perhaps Pitt really intended a blessing in disguise to the Irish people when he saddled poor Erin with two hundred and ninety millions of dollars of debt, every dollar of which, very probably, was contracted through the expensive wars which England had waged against the rights and liberties of the Irish nation. The downy was worthy of the unhallowed marriage. "Such protection as you give to lambs," instantly suggest themselves to the impartial observer. Bear with me, ladies and gentlemen, while I dwell upon these things. For here lie the germ and radical causes of the famine disease and death which fell heavily upon the robbed and betrayed people of Ireland. True Trade has been England's most powerful weapon, by which she has driven competition to the wall—but this could only be the case as long as she held the supremacy of commerce in her hands. To-day her Free Trade advocates miss the "transcendent cheers" which greet their theories a few years since. The gigantic American power is an insistent argument the other way. Let it be generally understood: No young or poor nation can afford Free Trade, while there are mighty capitalists in the market. It will simply result in a realization of the old fable of the brass pot and the clay pipkin. If they do not protect their

own workshop, the rich monopolist will step in and undersell them at their own doors. Thus Canada with Free Trade would be simply inviting that poverty, stagnation and misery which fell upon Ireland with the Union; she would merely be a tender to American prosperity. Why was it that Ireland in ten years after the Union, exported 3,000,000 bushels of wheat more than during the ten years preceding that event? exported 1,000,000 more cwt. of meal and flour; 500,000 more pigs; 9,000,000 more barrels of oats; 5,000,000 more ditches of bacon, 350,000 head of horned cattle? The population had not materially advanced, at least not sufficiently to account for this enormous disparity of exportation. The explanation is very easy. Free Trade impoverished the people rapidly. Austerity accelerated their downfall. What should have been kept at home for the sustenance of the Irish people was shipped to England, there being no other resources available to enable the poor farmer and laborer to pay his rents. The vicious principle of middlemen had its share in the general impoverishment of the country. It was the man of ten acres trying to live on the man of one. So the whole burden fell not upon the best, but upon the least, able to bear it. Thus it went on until the great mass of the people of Ireland, by the deliberate policy of the English Government, found themselves separated from absolute starvation by a potato—a precarious source of food. There are some who are disposed to sneer at the argument which attributes the Irish famine to the English Government, asking, with a laugh, if England caused the potato blight? My good sir, I say to such a one, no Irishman ever was guilty of the absurdity of charging the blight to the English Government, but what he does charge that Government with is this: that by its refusal to stop the drain of provisions from Irish to English ports at a time when famine was threatening the Irish people—by its throwing that people upon one article of food, whose crop had been for some time giving clear indications of failure—by its encouragement of the infernal rack-rent, tithes and multiplied assessments by which clerical and lay scoundrels robbed that suffering nation—by its turning a deaf ear to the repeated warnings which many eminent Irishmen gave of the impending calamity, by these things and many others, England is responsible before the tribunal of nations and before the higher tribunal of eternal justice for that awful famine and its dire result, typhus fever, which swept from the face of the earth hundreds of thousands and millions of the noblest race that ever lived upon the footstool of God! I am sorry to be obliged to say it, but the English people, in general, had but little feeling for poor Erin when her shriek of woe went through the nations of the earth for her children dying of hunger. Who can forget that great meeting in England at which an unspeakable Saxon brute lawed out: "Hurrah for the Famine!" It was at that same meeting that Disraeli, whom O'Connell styled "a fineal descendant of the impenitent thief," dared to say that he "did not consider the famine an unmix'd evil." No, Jew, it was not an unmix'd evil, for it afforded the world an example of such heroic and sublime virtues on the part of the dying Irish people, that to find their parallel we must go back to the time of Nero and the Flavian Amphitheatre. Let us be patient; the Irish spectre will meet the Cyprian Jew at Phillippi. As we approach nearer and nearer the epoch when Ireland was a Hecelanda, a Field of Death, our blood begins to grow hot and there is every danger that our judgment be swept away before the cold-blooded infamy of her self-appointed rulers. In all other times the Irish people had been persecuted by robust villains; the Famine was developed and grew general under the management of insignificant tyrants. It was the age of petty rascals, chief of whom Imperial history must place little mediocre Lord John Russell, whose brain never conceived an honest idea, or heart felt a spark of sympathy with his suffering brothers on this earth. But no cobra of India, no rattle-snake of America, no viper of Egypt, no wholesale apothecary shop in London, possessed more poison than did the heartless mannikin who refused food to the starving Irish and wrote the Durham Letter. He was an epitome of those insular, narrow views and profound prejudices which render the majority of Englishmen detestable on four continents, with Australia thrown in. All religion, all virtue, all statesmanship, all common sense, and their fitting associates and most favorable development on the British Island. Podsmop says so, and it must be true. They sneer at other countries, France and the United States especially; but if a Frenchman or an American retort it is taken as a deadly insult. This spirit led England, in former days, to make a *casus belli* of trifles; nowadays nations throw the gauntlet at her feet, and I do not observe that she is over-ready to pick it up. Perhaps, with her courage has been a kind of wife-beating valor, very ready to pound the weak, but "your obedient servant" in the presence of the strong. Abyssinia, Ashantee, and Afghanistan are not Russia or Germany. Glory is not so cheaply earned with the latter powers, and discretion is the better part of valor.

THE FAMINE

commented to rage in 1846, and reached its culmination in the terrible years of '47-'48. The annals of the world present no such a horrible incongruity as this Irish famine; for, while ordinary scourges of this kind proceed from a total want of food, the Irish people died of hunger in the midst of plenty. Is it not dreadful to be told that, during each year of the famine, enough food was exported from Ireland to feed the people twice over? What judgment shall posterity pass upon a rich nation which, while pretending that Ireland was an integral part of the British Empire, refused to suspend, for one instant, those commercial arrangements, altogether favorable to the English merchant, by which the very food, which the starving Irish peasantry had raised, was snatched from their feeble grasp and poured into English granaries and warehouses? They speculated on the heart's blood of a dying nation; they made their percentage out of a martyr people's tears; they forgot over their favorable balances, and they forgot that the flower of the Irish race had to sink into a premature grave, in order that the Saxon's capital might rise, in golden columns, on the pages of the ledger. But, while they were posting their gains here below, the recording Angel was writing, in words of flame and blood, the cry of the stricken Irish to the justice of the Most High! As the famine increased, and the coroner's verdict, "died of starvation," became monotonous and tiresome, the public opinion of Christendom began to affect the sluggish apathy of the British Government. Then officialism arose up in all the majesty of circumlocution and red tape, and what famine spared, Downing street worried to death. Then came forth—as locusts from the pit—thousands of circulars, minutes for direction, instructions to Honorable and Right Honorable Boards, enquiries, etc., all stamped with the cloud-compelling signet of the Home Office, and all ending "Your obedient servant." Shoals of agents, understrappers, sub-understrappers, deputy sub-understrappers, with

their deputy Jacks-in-office, all with heavy salaries tacked on to their sinecures, were sent to Ireland to await instructions. When instructions arrived, the whole body of officials had to write back that matters had so changed that further directions were necessary. When "further directions" came duly to hand, Jacks-in-office was much distressed, but "weally, you know," owing to the excessive mutability of the Irish character, the first instructions were perfectly applicable at the present time. And all this time the people were

DYING BY THOUSANDS!

When the Government did get started, and aroused its humane soul to do battle with the deadly Hunger, no doubt it began with such vigorous legislation as the imperious necessity of the situation demanded. Ordinary common sense will at once conclude that a particular protective bill was immediately passed forbidding the exportation of food from Ireland; that a money grant was passed equal to the emergency; that both food and money were given over to the direct control of active commissions, composed of the clergy and leading citizens of every townland and barony where distress was felt. In short, common sense would expect from most Christian England, a little exhibition of Christian charity, although one should not expect her to be so lavish in her charity as the rascally, Lynch-law-governed United States, which to the commercial gods confound! Her first philanthropic measure to relieve the distress was the repeal of the Corn Laws, thus depreciating, as John Mitchell shows, Ireland's only article of export. Then £100,000 sterling were voted for the clerks, agents, commissioners, and understrappers, to whom I have just referred. After that, as a delicate bit of English justice and good-will to Ireland, there was passed a most stringent Coercion Bill for the better chocking off of those insolent rebels whom the famine had not killed. This Government sat down to rest after these gigantic efforts. With folded arms it watched the practical working of its benign actions.

IT WAS ADMIRABLE FOR THE UNDERSTRAPPERS.

No wonder their friends should hurrah for the famine: big salaries for doing nothing but writing long-winded communications to Downing street, which, after treating, at great length, of the progress of the Lord Lieutenant, the gaiety of the Irish Capital, the excellent cellar of Lord Spanish, who voted the Union, and the fine game preserves of His Honor the Marquis of Bainsister, concluded, like a young school girl's letter, with a P.S.—"The famine is increasing." The fact of the matter is, the Government was delighted with the situation. The famine was an Alexander's sword that cut the Gordian Knot of Irish disaffection asunder and removed a thorn from the side of the Empire. Then £10,000,000 were voted for Ireland, but was a loan to be repaid with the highest market interest. As the Union saddled upon the unfortunate Irish people two hundred and ninety millions of dollars debt, not one cent of which Ireland had contracted, the noble generosity of this loan of fifty millions of dollars is at once apparent. But don't imagine for a moment that this money was to be given, according to the necessity of the hour, to the starving Irish. They were to work for their stipend, these poor, fevered, hungry people. Public works were inaugurated. Practicable schemes of draining waste lands and rendering them fit for tillage, or any efforts to ameliorate permanently the condition of the people, were very properly rejected with scorn. The public works consisted of taking the small farmers from their lands and employing them at making bridges over the dry beds of extinct rivers and digging holes to-day in order to fill them to-morrow. Is it any wonder the famine became chronic? Would not ordinary common sense have dictated a policy the very contrary of this? A statesman would have fed the people and, in the meantime, would have encouraged a statesman would have had recourse to excepting legislation—he would have closed the Irish ports to exports of food and then opened to the provisions of the world—he would have curtailed the insatiable rapacity of English merchants and imposed a heavy tax on absenteeism—he would have sent adrift the army of officials who were growing rich at the expense of the impoverished people—in fact, he would have done everything which Lord John Russell did not do, because Russell was no statesman, and, if he had been, he did not wish to save the famine-stricken population of Ireland. He could sympathize with the pariahs of India or the pagan Chinese, but he had nothing but hate for a noble Christian nation in its agony. The bigoted and Whig, but practically there was not a more narrow-minded pitiful Tory in the world. He stole Peel's ideas and liberalized the Tory's policy into a worse Terrorism than Peel ever dreamt of. When Peel fell on the Corn Law question, he had

A COERCION BILL

prepared for the unfortunate Irish, as if famine were not enough. Well, when Russell succeeded, in 1846, he took Peel's Coercion Bill, made it ten times more stringent than the Tories ever dreamt of making it, and clapped it on to the back of Ireland. Peel made the mustard plaster for the raw wound of Irish suffering, but vicious little Russell dusted the remedy with cayenne pepper. It was not one of the least horrors of the famine in Ireland that it took place under the Administration of the most paltry creature that ever appeared in the political heavens of the nineteenth century. He was a fussy, inept and imbecile meddler in everything, without statesmanlike capacity whatever. It is a pity, one is tempted to say, that the fates had not straddled him on Peel's horse the day that that arrester of O'Connell and persecutor of Ireland met his doom.

Is it not pitiful, ladies and gentleman, to see the great, noble, sorrowful form of Erin, surrounded by these harpies in the supreme hour of her great distress? Bleeding at the core, covered with wounds of centuries, despoiled of her ancient beauty, manacled hand and foot, surely the spectacle was enough to touch the hardest heart that ever beat in human breast! But the British official had no heart, and the groans of the victim of tyranny and misrule were sweet music to his ears. But be patient! There is a Nemesis for national, as well as for individual crime, and the hour of vengeance strikes when least expected. It would be amusing, if it were not horrible, to repeat the numerous panaceas suggested by English speakers and newspaper men for the effective cure of Ireland. One hails out—"Let the Irish be sent to South Africa or the Fiji Islands!" Another cries—"Ship them to Australia!" A holy man of God, from a State Church, was by law established point of view, writes—"Government should pass a stringent coercion law at once. Heavy mortgages, held by Englishmen, on Irish property are becoming almost worthless. Life should be protected—that is, those lives which make mortgages and lend money upon them." The lives of the poor were not worthy of a moment's consideration, according to this so-

called minister of the Gospel. Dives should have protection, but, as for Lazarus, kick him into the highway and set the dogs upon him. And the London Times, which is always ready to sound the key-note of English bigotry and cruelty, amused the public with half-sneering, half-humorous and wholly brutal articles upon ragged Connamara and the "Irish howl," over which the aforesaid British public laughed consumedly. The same parasite hunger-on of English public opinion charged the Irish people with

ASKING THE WORLD FOR ALMS.

That was a lie, pure and simple. The dying Irish never asked one dollar from the nations of the earth, least of all from England. The Dublin Nation, in the name of Ireland, rejected with scorn the idea that tardy and partial restitution of money stolen from the afflicted land was charity. So angry was the British Government at Ireland's proud demeanor, that a fellow named Trevillyan was sent to Ireland expressly to get up a petition pretending to be from the Irish people, begging for relief. But the fraud was detected, and the nice little government trick exposed to the contempt and derision of the world. England would have been in ecstasies at the sight of Ireland on her knees before her; but the Saxon will crouch in the dust himself ere one honest Celt lowers his manhood into the degradation of willing submission to tyranny and injustice! Ireland asks no favors from the world—she flings back scornfully into the calculator's face the lie that would make her a pauper,—she demands her rights, and shall assuredly one day have them.

THE AWFUL FAMINE.

Can the Irish Famine be described by words? No! It would require the tongue of an angel to paint the dreadful sufferings, destitution and death of the faithful Irish people during the sad years of that supreme trial. Young and old—the strong and the feeble—the mother and the infant at the breast—all went down before the deadly breath of the fell destroyer. The dying moans of a starving nation were heard in the langet halls of the oppressor, and found therein no humane response. Patiently, resignedly the heroic martyrs of Erin died. No curse upon those who had robbed them of all was heard issuing from those pallid lips. Their faith enabled them to forgive, and when all earthly hope was gone they looked with confidence to Heaven and meekly thanked God for the boon of death. They loved the spot, they loved the field, they loved the home, no matter how humble, where their forefathers had lived and died, and where they themselves had been born. Every stream, every hedge, every hill was endeared to them by a thousand happy associations of their boyhood, virtuous youth. There was the little thatched chapel where the *sacrament* was had instilled holy principles into their young minds, and guided their infant steps along the path of virtue and self-denial. There was the quiet graveyard where the saintly generations of their chase, God-loving ancestors awaited the glorious resurrection of the true Christian. There were the graves, watered each quiet Sunday and holiday with the purest tears of earthly affection—of fond remembrance, and Catholic faith. There was the thatched cottage, where the good father and mother had lived and died, an example of everything virtuous to their children. Into that cottage he had brought the fair young girl, whom he had loved before God's altar to love and faithfully cherish for life. There his children were born, and from these he had been carried away and buried along with a large part of the sorrowing father and mother's hearts. Thither the neighbors had come, and cheered the hard burden of life with innocent pleasantry, and wit. Love made it a Paradise, and the grace of God, that sure source of resignation and contentment,

HALLOWED THEIR LIVES WITH HAPPINESS AND BENEVOLENCE.

But the spectre of famine entered in, and all was changed but virtue and the love of God. The father—the mother—soon began to experience the woe, the terror, of hearing their children cry for bread, and to cry in vain. Their plump cheeks grew pale and pinched; their eyes large and laggard—while a sorrowful, appealing expression of countenance tore the heart of the beholder. Good God! what a sight!—to see an innocent babe shrivelled, old-looking and dying of hunger before the loving parents' eyes! But they died fast—God be praised for it!—the famine was merciful, and took them quickly. Before they died, what frantic efforts the poor, poor parents made to save their darlings. Day and night they wandered miles and miles away seeking for food, but in vain! for their neighbors were as destitute as themselves. Though tottering on their limbs from utter hunger and exhaustion, they carried the merest excuse for food home to their children and never, for one instant, thought of touching the few carrots or turnips which they looked upon as a sacred burden that was to preserve the lives of their little ones. Very soon these miserable resources were exhausted and then nothing remained but to lie down and die, which they did, these Irish people, with their children clasped to their gaunt breasts, and their breaking hearts sobbing to God. But, patiently, very patiently, for they are a patient people in their sufferings, these Irish rebels. You will be amazed, oh British legislators, at the last great day, to discover how seldom the dying victims of your "policy" even thought of, much less cursed you! The little babes that sought in vain at their mothers' breasts for sustenance never suspected that the blood was dried up in the maternal veins. No blood, no milk, little one! Lord John Russell and his liberal friends could not afford to let Irish babies have milk. The famine itself was nothing less than a species of Coercion Bill to stop Irish mothers' milk and Irish fathers' breath, and it worked to a charm. Many coroners' juries in Ireland brought in

A VERDICT OF "MURDER"

against "John Russell, commonly called Lord John Russell." As his trial involved many important questions it was postponed until the Great Father of the sorrowing and hungry, the Divine Champion of the widow and the orphan, opens His Court. Then England's case will be called and British statesmen will be enabled to explain their "policy." Satisfactorily, I hope.

as ever, yet the people were stewing the roadsides and their famished bodies, black with disease and death, and when an occasional inquest took place, their shrivelled stomachs were found to be filled with undigested masses of grass and clay.

The horror increased as time went on. Awful visions began to be heard that some flesh-eating men had taken to eat human flesh—that the gnawed and bitten members of children were discovered, concealed under the rags of some of the dead? These frightful stories I have always doubted; but from the insanity of extreme hunger may God deliver us!—all—for a hundred tacks of shipwrecked tell us what man, driven to the extremity of want, is capable of doing. The present yellow fever in the South is appalling and heart-rending, but its worse features pale before the tragedy of the Irish Famine. In a few hours, in two or three days at most, the yellow fever sufferer is at rest; but famine is a torture of many days and weeks. A few mouthfuls of food now and then kept the machinery of life going, but only preserved the hapless victim for prolonged suffering. They could not weep, the source of tears was exhausted. They could find no sympathy, for all were alike devoted to the doom of hunger and death. That is, they found no sympathy with their rulers, but elsewhere they were more fortunate. O priests of Ireland! when the dread plague was upon your people, you earned the gratitude and admiration of humanity for your heroic battle with

HUNGER AND DEATH!

You shared the last crust with the sufferers, and when nothing more remained, you spoke loving words of sympathy to them and pointed to that happy eternity which awaited them, where there was neither hunger nor death, and where every tear would be wiped away and every sorrowing heart consoled! God bless the brave priests of Ireland! In sunshine and storm, in prosperity and adversity, in plenty and in want, day and night, they have been true as steel to the holy cause of Ireland and her people. And whenever I hear an Irish tongue dare to question their priests' love of race and country—aye, and of Irish liberty, too—I turn away from the worthless ingrate and say to myself, "If England wanted an informer to-morrow, she would find a willing traitor in you!" But the Irish are a people of faith and gratitude, and I know that neither demagogue, nor red republican, nor revolutionist, nor the feverish champion of hair-brained madness, nor the foaming of furious fools, nor the dark spirits of anarchy now abroad, shall ever separate them from their priests—their truest, their wisest, their long-tried, faithful friends! They found sympathy, too, elsewhere. Gallant France opened her great heart to dying Erin, and did all she could to stop the flowing of her life's blood. She was not able to do much, for "Government regulations" stood in the way and England did not wish "ignominious foreigners" to disturb the admirable working of her "policy." But Ireland remembered the kindness of France, and when the Prussian invaders poured down upon her, Irishmen, as of old, fought and died for the benefactor of their country.

And can we pass over the United States, which stood ready to pour out their wealth and grain at the feet of Ireland if "Government restrictions" had not again stepped in, and to a great extent, frustrated the beneficence of the mighty Republic. Did the people forget the generosity of America? Let the great Civil War reply. Let the magnificent Irish Brigade answer! If you would know what Americans think of their Irish warrior friends, just mention the Brigade and you shall see the American's eye glisten with pride, and you shall hear his splendid Irish platoon, as he eulogizes the glorious war upon his brow, over whose unknown grave the waters of the yellow Missouri roll an eternal *regimen* upon him,—object of Ireland's and America's deepest affection, dauntless, glorious

MEMOIR OF THE SWORD!

And, now, those who were left alive and were able began to fly from their unhappy country. But if Hunger could not set its glastly foot upon the teeming shores of the New World, Disease could. That invincible companion of want of nutrition, typhus fever, seized upon the half-famished exiles, and their bones now form a white path, in the ocean's depths, between America and their native land. Along the banks of the mighty river which flows past this beautiful city—on the shores of the great lakes,—and in the Far West, vast mounds of the hapless remains of Ireland's murdered sons and daughters stand, God's garrisons, to give forth their troops of witnesses at the great accounting day. I have seen the "sheds," as they were called, when they were crowded with the sick and dying Irish people. The heroism of those sufferers in the sheds—their patience, their resignation to God's will, their sublime virtues—shall never be known until the Archangel sounds his trumpet. No word was heard from their parched and blackened lips but "Thanks be to God!"—"Glory be to God!" They may not have known how to win money here below, but they knew how to win Heaven. Not one of the noble athletes of the faith, down upon whom scowled the one hundred thousand heathens of the Coliseum, was a truer martyr than those dying men and women of Ireland. A holy Irish Canadian Bishop called them God's martyrs. I heard him use the words, and he was worthy of his faithful race, for he was administering to the dying in the sheds only two hours before the fever carried him off. This true pastor was Bishop Power, of Toronto.

AND THE LITTLE CHILDREN,

what of those lambs left desolate in a strange land? Were they forgotten and abandoned? Ah, no! Thank God! the Church of true Christian Charity flourishes in America, and in no portion of it more vigorously than it does in Canada, and here let me pay my humble tribute of gratitude to a noble priest through whose instrumentality hundreds of Irish children were provided with homes and kind protectors, and rescued from the danger of an inhuman proselytism which aimed at robbing those innocent babes of their faith. There is no Irish Catholic in the wide world but should reverence and love the honored name of Monsignor Casseau, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Quebec. May God reward him a hundred fold for his devotion to the orphan children of the dead exiles of Erin! In fact, the clergy—especially the saintly Archbishop Bourget—and people of Canada, were truly good Samaritans to the unfortunate people who were shipped, like cattle, to the shores of America by a government whose only object was to get rid of them as fast as it could. As usual, the Times could not repress a shout of delight as it looked upon the masses of the Irish moving towards the seaports in search of that existence which was denied them at home. "They are gone with a vengeance!" yelled that paper, and the exulting hurrah resounded throughout England. Well, yes, they were gone with a vengeance, surely; but then, there were some other considerations connected with their flight which the Times and its followers imprudently for-

got. For instance, it never struck the Times and its aristocratic mob of readers that the Irish are a prolific people, and that those who had gone with a vengeance might possibly, on this side of the Atlantic, increase with a vengeance. The 14,000,000 of strong, prosperous, enlightened and warlike Irish in North America cannot be sneered at like the poor, half-starved thousands that tottered over the gangways of the emigrant ships of '58. Then there is another hint we might give to the Times and its worshippers—those Irish exiles may, some day or another, return with a vengeance. The Irish nation has a good memory. When the best troops of Britain reeled at Fontenoy before the irresistible charge of the Irish Brigade, their souls were inflamed and their arms strengthened by gallant Dillon's cry:

"REMEMBER LIMBURG!"

Hidden in the womb of future events there may await England another Fontenoy, and in that day, a most powerful factor in the result will be the war-shout:—Remember the Famine! Nations, like individuals, are not exempted from the stern retribution which follows evil-doing. Assyria, Persia and Rome were mighty powers; where are they to-day? Gladstone said the other day that England's commercial supremacy would soon pass to the United States. He is a shrewd thinker whenever religion does not bother his judgment. When Britain's commercial supremacy is gone, she will begin to grow cold at the extremities, for the symptoms of a dying man and a dying empire are the same. Her colonies will separate from her, and, gradually but surely, the process of dissolution will advance until the hour of destiny shall strike her doom and history write "Britannia 1878." And then, we shall see such an uprising of the Irish race as the world never witnessed before. The splendid genius which illumined Europe in the fifth, sixth and seventh centuries will dazzle mankind once more. That superabundant intellectual energy which made her the teacher of nations will attract to her shores, as in days of yore, the best intelligence of the world. Gradually, through the fast fading clouds and mists which have so long enshrouded her, the beautiful features of Erin will come forth, the majesty of sorrow upon her brow mingled with the glad radiance of a triumphant martyrdom of centuries. When she casts her eyes upon the battle-field where millions of her best and noblest children have fought and died, she will be able to point to the holy cross and the banner of patriotism and say:—"I have never betrayed the one nor ceased to defend the other!" Other people have abandoned the cross—Erin never. Other people have been submitted to the tyrant—Erin never! Her children's exodus has been for the salvation of many. They have been the seed of Faith which the Almighty Husbandsman has scattered throughout the nations, that there might spring up the fulness of belief and the loveliness of Christian morality. They have been trampled down in the wine-press of suffering that they might the more successfully carry the cross and exemplify its precepts to the furthest end of the earth. Though the splendor of noble cathedrals, the charms of ecclesiastical music, the magnificence of the Church's ritual, the captivating voice of genius, be wanting to them, the faith which warms their bosoms and inspires their intelligence sees God in the thatched chapel, in the log church on the plains of the Far West, and is as pleasing to the Almighty as the gorgeous ceremonies of St. Peter's or Notre Dame. Their religion is within, blessed inheritance of the bleak hillside Mass, when the raging of the pitiless storm of human hate or elemental strife were powerless to extinguish the bright flame of belief which St. Patrick had symbolized in the fire of Tara's Hill. And, mingled with this strong attachment to Faith glows the love of country—an undying sentiment of the Irish people. The captive Jews of old sat by the waters of Babylon and wept when they thought of Zion and home. But a greater, nobler and more faithful race, by the waters not of a single river, but on the banks of the St. Lawrence, the Hudson, the Ohio, the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Amazon, and a thousand other streams, sing the songs of Ireland's glory and sorrow, until their souls are carried on wings of memory back to the olden time. The familiar faces and pleasant voices of the past live again, all are remembered, and, like a magic enchantment sorrow and exile are no more, and the wanderer is home again. The vision passes away, and he turns with a sigh to the duties of new relations and other scenes. But, be of good courage! Though the harp of Tara is mute it is not broken. By thy saints' sufferings—O glorious, faithful race!—by thy heroes' sacrifices—by thy patience under the Cross—by the blood of thy martyred millions—by thy prayers and bitter tears—by the hallowed memories of all ye have endured for our Lord—by all these solemn shadows through which you have passed, stainless and true—the day will soon dawn when Erin shall hear the angel's voice, whispering "arise!"—when the chains shall fall from her limbs—when she shall walk forth, past the guards and the dungeon—when, full of new life and hope, she shall seize the harp, touch its long mute chords to the forgotten melodies of her ancient glory and send forth through the earth undying strains to the newly recovered liberties of the faithful Irish race!

WOLFE TONE ASSOCIATION.

SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING.

The semi-annual meeting for the election of officers for the above Association was held in their rooms, Alexander street, last evening. The following gentlemen were elected: Vice-presidents for the ensuing term—James J. Costigan, president (re-elected); John J. Warren, 1st vice-president, (re-elected); Walter Dixon, 2nd vice-president; T. P. Tansey, treasurer (re-elected); Wm. Beuchamp, recording secretary; Wm. McMahon, corresponding secretary; M. Shea, collecting treasurer; R. Bishop, librarian; P. Gallagher, marshal. The Association is collecting a fine library in their Hall, as well as material for both physical and mental improvement, and in all other respects are advancing with rapid strides towards becoming a flourishing society. The object of the association is combined pleasure and improvement. The rooms are centrally situated, and are comfortable in every respect. The walls of the hall are decorated with many appropriate mottoes, among the most remarkable being a beautiful one neatly framed, and bearing the name of the organization, "Wolfe Tone." The decorations were presented by lady and gentlemen friends of the association, and serve to considerably embellish the well laid out and neatly furnished apartments of which they are the possessors. The rooms are open every night, and an attraction is offered to members in the shape of chess and such other harmless amusements. By this means much temptation is avoided, and every opportunity afforded the members of taking part in innocent recreation. There are at present about 45 members connected with the society, and before long the roll will, doubtless, be quadrupled.

NO MAUDLIN PHILOSOPHY
THIS TIME.
BUSINESS! BUSINESS! BUSINESS!

Read the following.
YEA! READ!
Hosiery—Lamb's Wool.
Fine French L. W. Hosiery for Children, Fine Scotch L. W. Hosiery for Children, in all colors, all sizes, and at all prices.
Fine Canadian L. W. Hosiery, in all sizes—Silver Grey, Navy Blue, Seal Brown, Oxford, Black and White.
These Hosiery are seamless, perfectly free from lumps and warranted first colors.
Fine Canadian half-hose, beautifully made, warranted perfectly free from seams and lumps, light, medium and heavy makes, ranging from 20c per pair.
Special Lot home-knit half-hose, or Gentlemen's Socks, for 25c per pair.
Underclothing.
Men's Wear.
Shirts and Drawers, heavy make, 40c each; better makes ranging in price as follows: 50c, 60c, 75c, and \$1 each.
Our \$1 Shirts and Drawers are of superior make, Shirts and Drawers, Scotch make, "Fine Lamb's" Wool.
Every piece warranted—ranging in price from \$2.25 to \$2.50 each.
Blankets,
in White and Grey, from \$1 to \$10 per pair.
Underclothing,
Children's Shirts and Drawers, in two qualities, all sizes, ranging in price from 50c to \$1.50.
Children's Dresses for Boys or Girls—or Shirts and Drawers in one piece—made of the finest "Lamb's" Wool, seamless and fine finish, all sizes. These goods are going fast.
Ladies' L. W. Vests and Drawers in Shetland colors, very much liked, fine make, 11 and 12 1/2 size goods, ranging in price from \$1.50 to \$2.00.
Ladies' L. W. Dresses, in Shetland colors, three sizes, splendid goods, best in the country.
Merino Goods.
Merino Hosiery.
Merino half Hosiery.
Merino Pants and Vests, Gent's.
Merino Pants and Vests, Ladies'.
Merino Goods in great variety.
Gloves.
An exquisite assortment of lined Kid Gloves and Mitts.
Examine the Stock at once.
A large Stock of Cloth Gloves.
A large assortment of Knitted and Crocheted Mitts for school boys, just the thing, 20c to 5c per pair.
The finest Stock of Kid Gloves in the city, all colors, all sizes, all prices, from 50c to \$1.25 per pair.
GO TO CHEAPSIDE FOR KID GLOVES.
Small Wares.
Plus, 3c per paper, Needles, Tapes, Braids, Trimmings, Tassels, Knitting Cotton, Crochet Cotton, Fringe, Silk and Worsted, Buttons of all kinds, a fine assortment of Dress Buttons, Whitebone, Buckles, Safety-pins, Elastic, Table Cloths, Carpet Binding, Hooks and Eyes, Prussian Bandings, in short.
all the small little things which legitimately belong to a small ware department.
Haberdashery.
Ladies' Collars and Cuffs, plain linen.
Do do do do, Fancy do.
Do do do do, All new styles.
Gents' Collars and Cuffs, all the best qualities, newest styles, and finest makes.
Ladies' and Gents' Ties and Scarfs.
Do do do do, Handkerchiefs.
Linen—Hem-stitch, fancy borders, plain borders, hemmed.
Silk—in endless variety of color and endless range of price.
Gents' Braces.
Ladies' Skirt Lifters.
Corsets,
In all the useful and popular makes, from 50c, formerly sold at \$1 to \$2 per pair.
A Job Lot of Corsets,
from \$1.25 to \$1, are reduced to \$1 per pair.
Call early before the assortment of sizes is broken.
MANTLES, WATERPROOFS, SHAWLS.
Dress Goods.
Curtains in Lace and Muslin, from 75c per pair to \$10 per pair.
MANTLE CLOTHS, COATINGS, in all styles, TROWSEINGS, in all styles, VESTINGS, in all styles, TWEEDS, the latest and best.
TAILORING DEPARTMENT Up-stairs
FIT, Style and Finish Warranted.
GO TO CHEAPSIDE, FOR TAILORING.
Yarns! Yarns! Yarns!
All useful Yarns at CHEAPSIDE.
At the best prices.
GO TO CHEAPSIDE FOR YARNS.
437 & 439 NOTRE DAME ST.
A. A. MURPHY.
(ESTABLISHED 1810.)

FINANCIAL.

MONTREAL, November 12, 1878.
The money market is very dull, and rates of discount are unchanged. Gold in New York is ruled at 100. Sterling exchange, 4.81 1/2. Bank stock has been very weak, with a downward tendency. The following were the transactions: 50 shares Bank Montreal x-d at 143, 50 do at 147, 50 do at 152, 1 do at 152, 10 Consolidated at 70; 45 Merchants at 47 1/2, Ontario at 75; 1 City Passenger Railway at 86.

COMMERCIAL.

Corn Exchange Report.
MONTREAL, November 12, 1878.
FLOUR—Market fairly active; Spring Extras are somewhat easier, but are not very plentiful. Sales reported are: 200 barrels Superior at \$1.35; 150 do Extra at \$1.20; 1,400 Ontario bags at \$2.10; 7,000 City bags at \$2.15; 100 bris Strong Bakers at \$1.40; 100 do Spring Extra at \$1.10; 250 do at \$1.10.
Receipts per Grand Trunk Railway, 3,105 barrels; do per Canal, 233 barrels.
Superior Extra..... \$1.32 @ 4.40
Extra Superfine..... 4.20 @ 4.25
Fancy..... 4.10 @ 4.15
Spring Extra..... 4.10 @ 4.15
Superfine..... 3.70 @ 3.80
Strong Bakers..... 4.10 @ 4.20
Fine..... 3.80 @ 3.90
Middlings..... 2.50 @ 2.55
Pollards..... 2.50 @ 2.70
Barley—No. 4 Spring about 80c to 85c; No. 2 Red Winter held at about 85c to \$1, according to position.
GRAIN—Ontario, \$1.00.
CORN—Kiln-dried, yellow, \$2.25 to 2.30. Corn—Nominal.
OATS—About 75c to 85c.
PEAS—Held at about 73c.
BUTTER—Western, store-packed, 7c to 10c; Dairy, Western, 9c to 12c; Brockville and Morrisburg, 10c to 12c; Townships, 14c to 17c.
CHEESE—7c to 8c, according to make.
LARD—No. 1, \$1.00 to 12.00, according to brand; Tallow, Mess, \$1.00 to 12.00, according to brand; Tallow, Mess, nominal.
ASHES—Per 100 lbs.—Pots, about \$7.75 to 3.80; Pearls, \$3.10 to 5.50.

WEEKLY REVIEW.

The wholesale business has been quiet and there is not much stir in consequence of the near close of navigation. The Upper Canada boats have stopped running and the Grand Trunk have increased their rates to Ontario. The knowledge of this fact has caused a little more activity in the grocery market, but there are no large transactions reported. The fall trade is now practically ended, and in a week or two the harbor will be cleared of vessels, and the dullness of the early part of the winter will prevail.

The Corn Exchange movement in flour, grain and provisions has been slow; four grades firmer in sympathy with the advance reported in the English wheat markets, but provisions have still a downward tendency in prices.

LEATHER—In the leather market the demand for the week has only been fair from the manufacturers, and prices remain as before for most descriptions of stock. Arrivals have not been heavy, and though stocks are ample for present requirements, they are not by any means heavy.

The Boot and Shoe trade is quiet, sales being confined to small sorting parcels. Manufacturers are engaged in working up spring stocks, and travellers have left for the Lower Provinces to solicit orders.

RAW FURS—In the raw fur market there are a good many small lots of skunk and mink, and a few minks offering. The prices asked, and in some instances for skunk and mink, received, were rather high, but the demand having been rather light, the prices are again down.

IRON AND HARDWARE—The last of the heavy orders have been shipped by water during the week, and the dregs only of the season's business has to be done. Orders have been light for some days past, and altogether the trade has been rather disappointing than otherwise, the prices of the articles which enter most largely into consumption having gradually declined for some months past.

The market has been quiet and in buyers' favor for almost all brands, except those low in stock. There is very little, if any, Gardner or Coltness in market; Summerize is a little off at \$15 to \$16, and Langlois, \$15 to \$16, transactions as to quantity being reported within these rates and a shade under. There is not much Eglington in stock, and holders are asking \$16 to \$17. Calder is held at \$15 to \$16, and firm. Carnabe at \$14 and \$15, and Clyde at \$14.50 to \$15. Hematite, though lower, is a shade firmer at the decline, and may be quoted at \$20 to \$21.50 as to quantity. Bar Iron is in fair demand at \$1.60 to \$1.70 for Scotch and Staffordshire, and \$1.85 to \$2.20 for best. Bowling and Lacombe bring \$2.25 to \$2.25. Canada Plates of all kinds are 10c to 20c lower. Tin plates are dull and inactive as quoted, our revised list being 25c to 50c below our last. Almost all other articles are lower than the range of a few weeks ago, but a close of navigation will, as usual, harden prices, at least of heavy goods, which have been carried off during winter.

DRY GOODS—The principal event of the week has been the trade sale of Messrs. Ogilvy & Co., who are disposing of the balance of their fall stock preparatory to the removal of their business to Toronto. The attendance of buyers has been fairly large. In general dry goods, however, sales from the warehouse are small, but travellers are sending in a number of sorting up orders. The recent cold weather and snowfall have given an impetus to retail trade in the West, and good sorting up orders are looked for during the coming week.

The grocery market has been dull for jobbing parcels, but a more active business has been done with retailers. A number of buyers have visited the city to purchase their Christmas supplies before the close of navigation. Otherwise, however, the market is unchanged; prices remain about the same.

TEA—Is moving out fairly well in small lots to retailers, but the jobbing trade is very dull, and no important transactions have been effected.

COFFEE—Is somewhat easier in price, but difficult to sell.

SUGARS—Are again lower, and we reduce quotations of American granulated extra C and yellow C. The demand from retailers is moderately good, the present low prices inducing them to accumulate stock. Scotch is difficult to sell, even at a heavy loss on the cost price, owing to the extremely low price of American yellow sugar.

SPICES—This line of business is very quiet and prices unchanged except for allspice, which is dearer. There is no new rice here yet, and a small stock of old, which is moving slowly, unchanged prices.

SALT—Unchanged.

steady at 4 1/2 to 5c, and 4 1/2c has been refused for good stock in large boxes. A firmer feeling is noticeable in currants, owing to an increase of 6d. to 8d. per cwt. in Greece, where it is thought bottom prices have been reached. New Sultanias are selling at 8c to 8 1/2c. Walnuts scarce and inquired for.
In the liquor market, jobbers have been busy during the past week, and prices of all goods remain very firm. Many transactions have taken place in Hennessey brandy at \$9.87 1/2 to \$10, and in DeKuyper red case gin at \$7.50, and for the latter article many holders are now asking \$7.75. News from France and Spain as to the result of the late vintage is not at all reassuring. The phylloxera has again made rapid strides towards the destruction of the brandy grape, and advices from Cognac state that one-half of the land under vine cultivation will only produce a fair crop, while the production of the balance will be a mere bagatelle. This of itself would lead us to expect that prices of this year's vintage must open higher than last spring, but the fact of the deliveries in the London market being very light lead us to hope that there will be no change.

OILS—There is no change to report. There have been small sales of cod at 4 1/2c to 4 5/8c for good; steam refined seal brings 47c to 48c; pale seal about 45c, and straw, 40c; petroleum is steady at 17c for car lots, and 1 1/2c to 1 1/8c for smaller parcels.

GENUINE—A fairly active demand has existed for seal soda, and, as stocks are light, the market is firm, with sales at about \$1.25; bicarb brings \$2.95; soda ash, \$1.40, and caustic soda \$2.
PROVISIONS—Butter—Receipts, 10,517 pkgs; shipments, 9,582 pkgs; for fine qualities of Eastern Townships there is a steady demand at former prices, viz: 15c to 17c; medium grades are flat and common qualities are almost unsaleable. Cheese—Receipts, 15,169 boxes; shipments, 20,580 do; market depressed. Some lots of September and October make have sold here at 8c; August quoted at 7c to 7 1/2c. Ingersoll advices report market very dull. Lard—Quoted easier at 8c to 9c according to quality and package.

GENERAL PRODUCE—Ashes—Receipts at inspection stores from 1st January to 8th November, 1878: Pots, 7,974 bris. Pearls, 1,123 bris. Deliveries during the same period: Pots, 8,707 bris; Pearls, 1,494 bris.

TRADE REPORT.

CHICAGO, November 12.—Hogs—Receipts, 31,000. Light grades, \$2.75 to 2.80; mixed packers, \$2.75 to 2.85; heavy shipping, \$2.90 to 3.10; Philadelphia, \$3.15 to 3.29.

New York Markets.

New York, November 12.—Cotton dull and unchanged. Flour dull. Receipts, 19,000 bris; sales, 10,000 bris at \$2.25 to 2.70 for Superior State and Western; \$2.75 to 2.85 for Common to Choice Extra State; \$2.75 to 3.00 do, Western.

Rye Flour—Quiet and unchanged. Wheat—Dull. Receipts, 237,000 bush; sales, 8,000 bush; No. 2 Red for December, \$1.07 1/2.

Wheat—Dull. Western 50c to 60c; State 62c to 63c.
Corn—Shade easier. Receipts, 123,000 bush; sales, 30,000 bush at 46c to 47c.
Barley—Dull. Receipts, 9,000 bush; sales, 32,000 bush at 20c to 22c for mixed Western and State; 25c to 31c for White do.

Liver—Steady at \$7.75.
Lard—Firm at \$9.20.
Butter—Do to 25c.

London Markets.

LONDON, Nov. 12.—Floating cargoes—Wheat rather quiet; corn steady. Cargoes on passage—Wheat fairly held, but very dull; corn quiet. Arrivals off coast none. Liverpool spot wheat steady; corn quiet.

Insolvent Notices.

NEW MEETINGS OF CREDITORS.—Michael Lightstone, Montreal, November 17; Wm. A. Snow, Kingsley, November 20; R. O'Hara & Sons, Montreal, November 21; Ernest Dubois of Champlain, at Three Rivers, November 26; Salme Tetreault, of Bécancour, at Waterville, at St. Louis de Gonzague, November 22; C. Grimmond & Co, Beauharnois, November 21; Eugene Chesnel & Co, St. Johns, November 22; William Kirwin, Quebec, November 22; James Martin, Montreal, November 22; Coolehan & Pichette, Quebec, November 20; Alfred Roy, Jr, Montreal, November 21.

WRITS OF ATTACHMENT ISSUED.

Against D. Gervais & Co., Montreal.
Assessors Assessor.—David South, Montreal, to A. T. Holland & Co., Odilon Roy, Quebec, to Francois Sanchagrin, des Grondines, to Gavin J. Walker, Lachute, to Hugh F. Cummings, Grenville; Israel Wood, Stanstead Plain, to O. Smith & Sons; G. Beaussollet, Montreal, to David Lanthier; C. Beaussollet and C. O. Perrault, Montreal, to L. Gravel, St. Jean Baptiste; Samuel Johnston, Montreal, to C. S. Brown.

DIVIDENDS ASSIGNED FOR PAYMENT.—Homer L. Lay, South Ely, November 18; Foxlin & Lawson, Montreal, November 25; Noel & Savoie, Tingwick, November 26; Charles E. Parisien, Montreal, December 2; Joseph Gaudet, Cowansville, November 25; Maxime Larose, Freilshuburg, November 25; W. P. Bartley & Co., Montreal, November 26; L. J. Beliveau & Co., Montreal, November 20; E. Baillargeon & Co., Quebec, November 18; M. C. Kelly, Sorel, November 28.

DRESSES OF COMPOSITION AND DISCHARGE PREPARED.—Samuel Cleveland, Jr, with James Churchill, Coaticook; Geo. Arthur Perry, of Coteau Station, with C. O. Perrault, Montreal; C. S. Brown, with Samuel Johnston, Montreal; N. A. Filion, with Louis Dupuy, Montreal.

APPLICATIONS FOR DISCHARGE.—William Almon, Montreal, December 13; John Courchene, Arthabaskville, December 20; Ephrem Hudon, Montreal, December 17; Numedique Perrault, Arthabaskville, December 20; Milton McDonald, Montreal, December 16; Henry Mulholland, Montreal, December 16.

A desire to lynch has been expressed in another New England town. A mob in Griswold, Conn., seized Tom Dawley, who had assaulted a woman, put a rope around his neck, and no doubt would have hanged him if officers had not interfered.

THE TEMPERATURE OF THE BODY.—At every period of life, at all seasons of the year, and from the tropics to the poles, in every climate and country, the temperature of the human body in health is the same to a degree—that is, ninety-eight Fahrenheit.

—Since 1875 there has been a steady diminution in the number of children—especially those between 12 and 14—employed in factories in Berlin. This is due to the rigorous enactments for their protection. In carrying out which the Inspectors of Factories are aided by the police. Employers find, too, that adult labor can now be obtained at rates not much above those that are paid to children, and is in all respects, except cost, far more desirable.

GRAND LOTTERY!

To aid in the completion of the HOSPITAL FOR THE AGED AND INFIRM POOR OF THE

GREY NUNS OF MONTREAL,
Under the patronage of His Lordship the R. C. Bishop of Montreal.

COMMITTEE OF DIRECTION:
W. H. Hingston, M. D.; H. Judah, Q.C.; J. W. McArthur, R. J. DeVries, R. J. DeVries, Alf. Lacroque, A. W. Ogilvie, C. S. Koder, N. Valois, Rev. N. Bonnessant.

WILL POSITIVELY TAKE PLACE ON THURSDAY, JANUARY 16TH, 1879, —AT— NAZARETH ASYLUM.

1085 ST. CATHERINE STREET, MONTREAL.

\$10,400 Value in Prizes as follows:

- 1—1 lot of ground, near the Village of Chateaugay, south-east side of the river, 45 ft. x 120 ft., with a hand-dug well, situated in the Grand street, valued at \$1,200
- 2—6 lots of ground, at Cote St. Antoine (St. Olivier street), each valued at \$300
- 3—5 lots at 300 each—1 French market (station), each valued at \$150 (1) valued at \$300
- 4—Another lot of ground, 90 ft. x 120 ft., situated at St. Antoine (St. Olivier street), valued at \$1,000, given by His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface
- 5—A double lot of ground, 180 ft. x 120 ft., valued at \$1,000
- 6—A beautiful gold bracelet, set in diamonds, valued at 100
- 7—"Ecco Homo," a fine oil painting, said to be the original work of Carlo Dolci, valued at 100
- 8—A strong useful horse, valued at 100
- 9—2 lots of 300 each—1 French market piece clock, and 1 gold watch, valued at 200
- 10—7 lots from \$30 to \$50 each—1 bronze clock, valued at 250
- 11—10 lots from \$20 to \$30 each, different articles, valued at 250
- 12—20 lots from \$15 to \$20 each, different articles, valued at 350
- 13—30 lots from \$10 to \$15 each, different articles, valued at 450
- 14—10 lots from \$5 to \$10 each, different articles, valued at 250
- 15—30 lots from \$1 to \$5 each, different articles, valued at 250
- 16—75 lots of \$1 each, different articles, valued at 75
- 17—150 lots of 5c each, different articles, valued at 750
- 18—200 lots of 5c each, different articles, valued at 1,000
- 600 lots. Amount of the Prizes.....\$10,400

NOTICE—All coupons belonging to the Tickets sold in the hands of the Agents, or other parties interested must be returned to the Committee of Management on or before the 10th January, 1879; otherwise all such will be null and cancelled, as only such coupons of Tickets actually sold and returned for registration will be placed in the box on the day of drawing of prizes.

CAUTION—Buy your Tickets from the regular Agents, or from some of your personal friends, as prompt returns will then be made and all coupons duly registered.
Tickets, 50c each, or 5 Tickets for \$2.
All Communications should be addressed: "COMMITTEE OF GRAND LOTTERY," Care Fabre & Gravel, 249 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

AGENTS—Davies & Bolton, 185 Notre Dame Street; Fabre & Gravel, 249 Notre Dame St.; Henry Prince, 35 Notre Dame Street; Ad. Boucher, 232 Notre Dame Street; D. J. Sault, 100 St. Joseph Street; J. B. McAlain, 31 St. Joseph Street; P. Wright, 57 St. Mary Street; Dugal & Lechance, 55 St. Catherine Street; N. Rheunieu, 75 St. Lawrence Street. November 6

WEEKLY TEST.

Number of Purchasers served during week ending Nov. 9th, 1878..... 6,522
Same week last year..... 5,481
Increase..... 1,041

GO TO S. CARSLY'S
For Ladies' Silver Gill Wets, price 9c.
DON'T MISS
Selling, if you don't buy, S. CARSLY'S Gill Coats, Silver Gill and Gold Gill Trimming Brads, 7c per yard.

YOU SHOULD
buy S. CARSLY'S Colored Silk Scarfs, richly embroidered, price 40c and 55c.

THEY SAY.
and so it must be right, that S. CARSLY'S Colored Black Silk Fringes, Hosiery, Underwear, Linen and Cotton Goods, Scarfs and Coats, are cheaper this year than they have ever known them.

TABLE AND PIANO COVERS.
Call and see our assortment of Table and Piano Covers. The best assorted stock in the Dominion.

PRINTED CLOTH COVERS.
In Green, Crimson and Scarlet, \$1.05.
Printed Cloth Covers in Green, Crimson and Scarlet, \$1.00 and 1.45.
Large Printed Cloth Covers in Green, Crimson and Scarlet, \$2.10.

EMBROIDERED CLOTH COVERS.
In Green, Claret and Crimson, \$2.90.
Large size Embroidered Cloth Covers, \$3.10.
Large size Embroidered Cloth Covers, all colors, \$5.25.

DAMASK TABLE COVERS.
Danask Table Covers, from 42c.
PRINTED CLOTH PIANO COVERS.
In Scarlet, Green and Crimson, \$3.75.
Piano Covers, Scarlet, Green and Crimson, \$1.00 and \$1.25.

EMBROIDERED PIANO COVERS.
Embroidered Piano Covers, from \$4.
Large Embroidered Piano Covers, from \$5.00 to \$17.

PRINTED CLOTH TABLEING.
2 yards wide Printed Cloth Tableing, extra good value for 45c per yard.

TURKEY AND BLUE TABLEING.
Double width Turkey and Blue Tableing, 50c yard.

LACE ANTIMACASSERS.
Lace Antimacassers, from 28c.
Crochet Antimacassers, from \$1.

TOILET SETS.
Embroidered Toilet Sets, 30c.
White Marcellite Toilet Sets, 42c.
Bristled Toilet Sets, 60c.

TOILET COVERS.
White Toilet Covers, 65c.
White Toilet Covers, 55c and 85c.
Large White Toilet Covers, 42c and 50c.

SMYRNA TOILET COVERS.
Smyrna Toilet Covers, the newest to be had, 75c each.

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302 and 305 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

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FOR THE SCHOOL TERM OF 1878-79.

- The Metropolitan Primer.
- 1st Reader.
- 2nd " "
- 3rd " "
- 4th " "
- 5th " "
- 6th " "
- 7th " "
- 8th " "
- 9th " "
- 10th " "
- Young Ladies' Reader.
- Speller.
- Speller and Definer.
- Catechism of Sacred History.
- Illustrated Bible History.
- English Grammar.
- Do do do.
- Brown's First Lines of English Grammar.
- Do Institutes.
- Murray's Grammar abridged by Putnam.
- Murray's do revised by Kearney.
- Murray's Large Grammar.
- Metropolitan do. with analysis.
- Stepping Stone to do.
- Baile's Catechism for the Diocese of Quebec.
- Do do for the Diocese of Toronto.
- Keenan's Doctrinal Catechism.
- Catechism of Perseverance.
- Lloyd's Elements of Rhetoric.
- Quackenbos' First Lesson in Composition.
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- Do do do.
- Do do do.
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- Sangster's National Arithmetic.
- Packard's Complete Course of Business Training.
- Do do do.
- Do do do.
- Do do do.
- Sadler's New Book Keeping Blanks.
- Day Book.
- Journal.
- Cash Book.
- Ledger.
- National Pocket Dictionary.
- Do Large do.
- Westover's Primary do.
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- Spiers' and Surranne's French and English Dictionary.
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This Chromo is 24 x 30 inches, and it has been pronounced by those who have seen his Holiness to be a very correct likeness, and **Far superior to anything now in the Market.**

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Map of Ireland,
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