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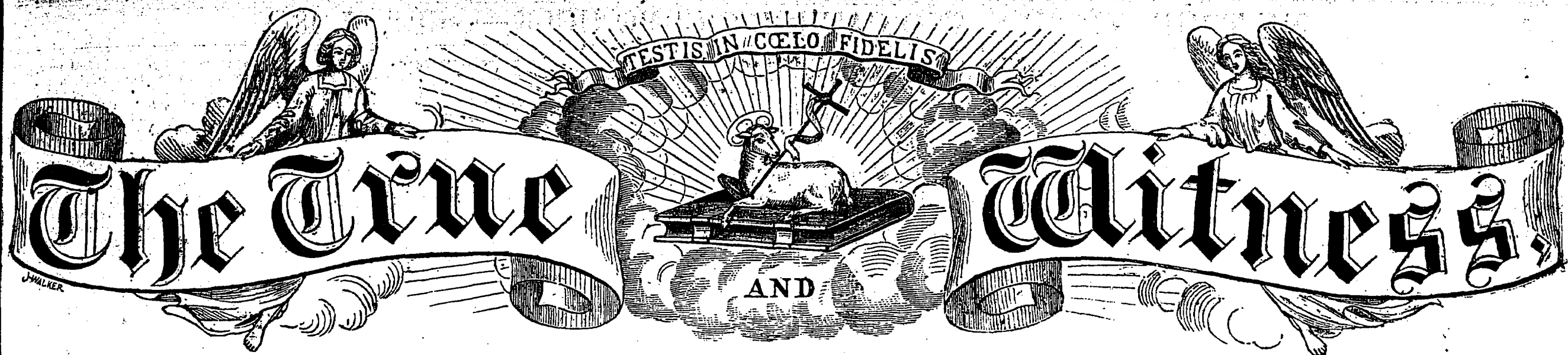
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXIII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, SEPT. 27, 1872.

NO. 7.

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THE LAST OF THE CATHOLIC O'MALLEYS.

A TALE. BY M. TAUNTON.

CHAPTER XLVI.

"Well," said Edward, "these remarks of the Lieutenant set me thinking, and I determined that, if the captain meant to play me a trick, I would be on my guard. About half-past four we landed. I cannot tell you what a throb I felt when I first placed my foot upon land. I felt myself a hero! We moored our boat in safety, and marched on toward the barn. The door was shut, but you may suppose, we used no ceremony in getting admittance. We found an old man sleeping in it. It was a thrashing barn. We woke him up rather roughly by pinioning his arms and tying him to a post. We then climbed up to the top of the barn, where I planted the Union Jack! Didn't I then feel something stirring all through my veins! and eye, with what a shout I gave 'Long live King George!' and how well my men took it up! I am sure that poor fellow, tied up as he was, must have trembled in his shoes at the noise. We had not long to wait to see the effect of our shout, for soon, from the farm-house, which stood about a quarter of a mile from the barn, we saw, first one, then another, man come out, and then run back. We saw that they were aroused, but we did not know how near they were to a regiment. For two or three hours we remained in quiet possession. So we ate the provisions we had brought with us from the boat, and had just finished our meal, when we perceived some men stationed, as if on the lookout from the farm-house. 'Oh!' we said, 'What's up?' In the distance, through my glass, I saw a company of soldiers advancing. I then remembered Lieutenant McKinnon's advice. We looked out towards our ship. We fired our signals! But no answer came back! No boats were coming towards us! Now, thought I, Caliban (excuse me, sir, but that's the name we always called our captain among ourselves when we were vexed with him—and that was pretty often), you're treacherous. You have gone and played me false! 'My men,' said I, 'look at those French coming on. We are but a dozen against all of them! It won't do to lose our flag, nor for Bony to make twelve prisoners—will it? Let us fire a few more signals, and if we see help coming, we will strive to keep our post—we won't be driven away, if we can help it, by the French; but unless we get help from the ship we had better make for our boat; so one of you go to it, and have it ready for a start.' We strained our eyes after every signal we made; but no boat was to be seen—and on, and on—nearer and nearer came the French! Their balls began to tell on the barn. Yet, I was unwilling to take down my flag! though I thought it best to do so. In a moment or so Stubbs fell by my side, mortally wounded. As he expired he just said, 'Fly, sir! you can't keep the place. Save the flag!'

"I gave the word; and we ran for it—I holding my flag. Seeing our retreat, the French began to come on faster. So in good earnest we cut along. It was well that I had thought of sending a man to keep the boat ready—for I was within a dozen yards of it—oh! how my heart beat!—when a shot struck me in the shoulder! I was in great agony, but save the flag I would! Another shot grazed my ear; and I heard the shouts of the French; then I just had strength to throw my flag into the boat and say 'God save the King!' when I fell, faint with the loss of blood; and then I knew no more, until I opened my eyes, to find myself on board our ship, and our surgeon dressing my wound. It seems that, when I fell, one of our men lifted me up, and threw me into the boat; jumped in, and just shoved off, as the Frenchman, who shot at me, came up! The rest of the men, who were not up in time to jump into the boat before it was shoved off, swam until they came up with it. So I only lost poor Stubbs."

CHAPTER XLVII.

"Now, Grace, are you not proud of your son? I am, I assure you, and delighted to say that he belongs to me! All the fleet are talking of him; and no one can see the sense of Captain * * * running such a risk. The Admiral says that an inquiry must be made; but, privately, all who know him, believe that it was done to get rid of the lad, fearing that he might tell of his dishonorable proposals to him. You will want me to tell you about his wound. How strange it is that no sooner are we glad (for I am sure you are, in reading what I have told you about Edward) than something arises to check our joy—and create the contrary feeling! So I must tell you that the surgeon thinks that the lung was injured by the ball! It has been extracted, and I took possession of it for you. 'Do not be uneasy; it may not be a great matter. At any rate it necessitates his being invalided home, so that you will soon see him; and I am sure your good nursing—(I know to appreciate it; you remember, when last at home, I tested your powers as a nurse)—will set him all to rights. Before I close this, I shall be able to tell you when he starts. The transport which takes him will be here in about a fortnight—rather less perhaps. 'This letter goes three days hence—so you may count, from the probable day of his leaving this—that four or five weeks will take him to Portsmouth, where, doubtless, you will be ready to receive him. 'I trust the sea voyage will have so strengthened him and renovated him, that you will find that he has no longer any pretension to be treated as an invalid. 'I have arranged to have him with me until his departure. I broke to him only yesterday—(when I told him he was 'invalided home')—his own strange story; and I tried to make him glad, that at the end of his voyage he would find a loving, longing mother awaiting him! I related to him all the sorrow you had gone through on his account, and how Katey Burke had made known to you his whereabouts; and that that was the reason I had shown so much interest in him—that, in fact, I was his step-father! 'The effect on him at first disappointed me—he took it so quietly, of course showing a little surprise, but only a little. He got animated when I began to speak of Nurse O'Birn in harsh and angry terms, and interrupted me by saying, 'If you please, sir, you won't say anything unkind of the old woman, for she was very kind to me, and I loved my poor old mammy, as I always called her. Of course it was not right to take me away from my own mother; but you see, sir, she was very kind, and fond of me.' 'I liked the boy all the more for this outburst, and carefully abstained from mentioning her name again. I tell you this, because I think that it would be best for you to do the same, until you have gained your natural power over his affections. 'He was rather curious to know what you were like; and did I think that you would love him, and care for him, when he had caused you so much pain? 'Why boy,' I replied, 'it was losing you that caused her so much pain and sorrow. She almost broke her heart when you were taken from her. She is longing now to see you, and she will think your voyage will never end, while she is waiting for you.' Well, I know, dear-est wife, that it will be so—but calm your feelings, and leave all in the hands of 'Our Heavenly Father,' who all this time, notwithstanding his evil surroundings (for I must call them evil, with such a woman to bring him up) has kept your son's principles from contamination, and so placed him as to call out his noble nature, to requite you for the sorrow you bore, as I believe with due submission. 'I now add my last few lines. The tran-

sport will be here on the — of next month, and leave again in four days, that is to say, on the —; so that from that date, wind being favorable, you may expect to see Edward in a month or five weeks from the date of this letter. Were I you, I should go down to Portsmouth by the end of this month, because he may arrive by that time, having a good and quick voyage. And now, God bless and preserve you! That I wish I was able to go home with him, to help you in this excitement, you need not be assured; however, I hope, ere many months are over, that we shall be relieved or recalled.— Kiss the four youngsters for their father, and believe me ever your loving husband, 'ROBERT NOËL.'

CHAPTER XLVIII.

You will imagine, if you can, the emotion felt by Grace, in reading this account of her brave boy; but, I really believe the part of her husband's letter which she read the oftenest, was that where he told her what the boy said about herself. She could not help feeling anxious as to whether he would care for her—never having known her, and really loving his old nurse! Well, she knew that she must not force his feelings; but wait patiently till nature vindicated her cause. The month passed very slowly; but the most leadened hours do pass;—and so Grace found herself, after a fatiguing day's journey safely settled at the principal hotel at Portsmouth. Before she left home she had arranged the room she meant her Edward to occupy, as daintily and comfortable as she could—determined and hoping that he should see and appreciate the pleasant reception and the better things she could provide for him; so different from what it would have been had he to go to the poor place at Achill! but poor Grace would have felt a pang had she known that, poor as it was it was the spot associated with his youth, which all her pleasant and commodious preparations never could efface from his heart, or be loved as well. Doubtless, in time they would be loved by him as prepared by a mother's dear hand; but I doubt very much whether he would not have felt happier had he known that he was returning in his sick state to his old nurse rather than to a strange mother.

But Grace did not think all this; no, the happiness was all she thought about. Every morning she went down to the waterside to hear tidings; but she had to wait a weary ten days ere the old sailor, whom she fed to bring her the first intelligence of the arrival of the "Renown," came with the glad news. It was about eight, one bright May morning that she was put out of suspense. Grace hurriedly dressed, and then sat down and wrote a line to the Captain, requesting him to tell Mr. Edward O'Birn to come to the Royal Hotel, where his friend was waiting for him. She thought that she would rather meet him there alone, than in the ship with others present; nor could she write a short note to her son, so she preferred writing to the Captain. The old messenger soon returned, with the Captain's compliments, that the lady had better come to the ship, and bring a conveyance for Master O'Birn, for he was too ill to walk. Quick as thought her arrangements were made—that is, another bedroom prepared; for she had not thought of remaining in Portsmouth after Edward's arrival; but, hearing that he was ill, she was sure she had better do so until he had recovered his fatigue. You will suppose that she was frightened to receive such a message; but it at the same time overcame her nervous feeling at meeting him. Now, every thought was absorbed in this new fear. She was soon at the vessel, and was received by the Captain, who was busy superintending the discharge of the ship's freight. He told her that Master O'Birn had been pretty well for about a fortnight after they sailed—but whether or no he had caught cold, he could not tell—but that he had been alarmingly ill; that his cough was very distressing, also the extreme weakness he suffered from. "I do not think, mam, that he could walk to the town; so I thought that I had better ask you to bring a conveyance for him." "Does he expect me?" "Why, yes; I told him to remain quiet, for I had sent for his friend to come. You are his mother, I am sure from the likeness." "Yes, I am," replied Grace; "pray, which way shall I go to find him?" "Here, Joe," cried he, "take this lady to O'Birn's cabin." When they had gone down the ladder, Grace touched the man's arm. "Tell me, if you please, which door it is. I wish to go in alone." She could not allow any stranger to witness their meeting. The man pointed out the one she was to go to, and, waiting a moment, with the handle in her hand, to steady her nerves, and to offer up a little prayer, Grace went in. On the couch lay a youth, who eagerly turned round as the door opened. Their eyes met,

and in a moment mother and son were in each other's arms!

Oh! the ecstasy of that moment to Grace! She could not have described her feelings; so how can I, who have never been placed in such circumstances? It is best to leave undone what we cannot do well; and, indeed, could such feelings be described by the ablest pen? Grace was soon awakened to reality by the faintness that overcame poor Edward. The tension of nerves he had undergone in anticipating this meeting had been too much for him in his weakened state, and she was obliged to lift him on to the couch, and to call for assistance. After a while he recovered. His first act on recovery was to stretch out his hand to his mother, and covering it with kisses, burst into tears. Grace now felt that she must subdue her own emotion, to sustain the weakness of Edward. But she did not check his tears; she knew that they would relieve him. However, she persuaded him, after awhile, to take some nourishment, which the steward kindly brought her; and in an hour's time she and her son were on their way to the hotel. When sitting opposite to him in the carriage, Grace saw how emaciated and delicate he looked. Moreover, the transition from the small cabin to the open air in going from the ship to the beach, had effected his lungs; for he was seized with a violent paroxysm of coughing, which terrified his mother, and she was thankful when they reached the hotel, that she might get him into a warm room. She that evening, seeing his weak state, made up her mind not to remove him to Heath Cottage without medical advice; so she begged the landlady of the hotel to recommend and send for the best doctor. Dr. Davies advised Mrs. Noel to let her son rest for a day or two, and then take him home by easy stages.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Edward did not talk much the first day. He was too exhausted; but he seemed constantly watching his mother, and taking her hand in his when she sat beside him, patting and kissing it, and once he said, "How pretty you are!" To Grace it was a most weary and trying day: constantly being obliged to suppress her feelings was very hard work, so she was glad when at an early hour she could place Edward in bed, and then was at liberty to sit down and think. She could not conceal from herself that her son, her first-born, was restored to her, but to leave her again, and that very soon. Well, but even so, she felt that she would rather such a trial than never to have seen him again. There is no love like that which a mother feels for her first-born. She never forgets the awakening in her heart, the sweet maternal feelings, the new font of joy, the complete annihilation of self which then takes place within her, the entire absorption of her thoughts in her own baby—her own baby! so entirely belonging to her—so entirely dependent on her love? Other children come, and as the old folks used to say, "They bring their love with them." So they do; but they have not created the new idea. As each child wants extra care or thought, they seem to absorb the parents' love all to themselves for the time being; but when the mother sits down to think of the past, however long ago, it is the first babe that causes the sweet motherly expression to come over the old woman's face, however he or she may have proved unworthy. They cannot deprive her of that sacred remembrance; and she forgets for the moment the cause of sorrow they have since been to her; or if the shortcomings or the undutifulness will come to destroy the picture, she will add, "and to think how pleased I was to see it!" So Grace lost her remembrance of the sad, sad present, in the recollection of that room in her mother's house in Galway where Edward was born! and where she had had the gratification of showing her first husband his son, and the joy she felt in taking him, for the first time in her arms. All this past in review before Grace's mind's eye. (To be Continued.)

FATHER BURKE'S SERMON ON "The Blessed Eucharist"

(From the N. Y. Irish American.)

The following Sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Burke, in St. Michael's Church, New York city. Dearly beloved brethren, in this wonderful age of ours, there is nothing that creates in the thinking mind so much astonishment and wonder as the fact that the Catholic Church stands before the world in all the grandeur of her truthfulness, and that the intellect of this age of our seems incapable of apprehending her claims, or of acknowledging her grandeur. Men in every walk of life are in pursuit of the true and the beautiful. The poet seeks it in his verse, the philosopher in his speculations, the statesman in his legislation, the artist in the exhibition of his art. And, whilst all men profess thus to pursue the true and the beautiful, they wilfully shut their eyes against that which is the truest and most beautiful of all things upon the earth,—the Holy Catholic Church of Jesus Christ. I don't know whether there be any Protestants amongst you here to-day; I believe there are not. But whether they be here, or whether they be absent, I weep, in my heart and soul, over their blindness and their folly,—that they cannot recognize the only religion which is logical, because it is true:—the only Church which can afford to stand before the whole world, and bear the shock of every mind, and the criticism of every intellect, because she comes from God. Now amid the features of Divine beauty and grandeur and harmony that the Almighty God has set upon the face of the Catholic Church, the first and the greatest of her mysteries,—the greatest of her beauties, both intellectual and spiritual,—is the awful presence of Jesus Christ who makes himself, really and truly, here, an abiding and present God in the Blessed Eucharist. I have chosen this presence as the subject and theme of my observations to you to-day, because we are yet celebrating—(within the octave)—the festival of her Corpus Christi. We are yet in spirit, with our holy mother, the Church, at the foot of the altar, adoring, in an especial manner, Him who is here present at all times; and rejoicing, with a peculiar joy, upon that grace, surpassing all graces, which the Almighty God has given to His Church, in the abiding presence of Jesus Christ amongst us. Most of you, I dare say, know that what I propose to you to-day is to consider that presence as the fulfilment of the designs of God, and the fulfilment of all the wants of man. If I can show you what these designs are, and what these wants are, and if I can sufficiently indicate to you that they are fulfilled only in the Blessed Eucharist; then, my brethren, I conclude without the slightest hesitation, that in no form of religion,—in no Church,—can the designs of God and the wants of man meet their fulfilment, save in that one Church,—in that one holy religion, in which Christ is substantiated, under the form of bread and wine in the Blessed Eucharist. In order to do this I have to ask you to reflect with me what are the designs of God upon man. There are three remarkable and magnificent epochs that mark the action of Almighty God upon his creature, man. The first of these was the moment of creation, when God made man. The second was the time of redemption, when God, becoming incarnate, offered Himself as the victim for man. The third epoch was the institution of the Blessed Sacrament, when God left Himself to be the food of His children, and to be made one with them by the highest and the most intimate communion of a present God, through all ages. To each of these three epochs I shall invite your attention when I attempt to explain to you the designs of God. In the first of these,—that is to say in the act of creation,—we find God stamping His image on man, in order that in men He might see the likeness of Himself. In the second of these epochs,—that of redemption, we find God assuming and absorbing our human nature into Himself; so that God and man became one and the same Divine person, in other that God might see no longer the image of Himself in man; but that He might see Himself actually and truly in man. In the third of these epochs, the institution of the Blessed Sacrament, we have God coming home to every individual; entering into our hearts and souls; bringing all that He is and all that He has to each and every man amongst us; that the Man-God in whom God and man were united might be visible before the Father's eyes in the heart, in the soul, in the life of every man. The Creation, therefore, was a design of mercy, which produced only one image or likeness; the redemption was a higher design of mercy, which produced God in man. The Holy Communion was the consummation of these designs of mercy, which propagated that God until He was made present in every man. Behold the designs of God! First, then, is the creation. God, in the beginning, created all things, heaven and earth. He made earth, with all its beauty. He made the firmament of heaven, with all its wonderful harmony and awe. At His creative word,— " fiat "—let it be,—light sprang forth from darkness; order came forth in silent beauty from chaos and confusion; every star in heaven took its place in the firmament of God; the sun blazed forth in his noon-day light and splendor; the moon took up her reflected light, and illumined with her silver rays the shades of night. All the spheres of God began their revolution through space, to that exquisite harmony of the Divine commandment and the Divine law. And they all surrounded that spot

of creation which was earth, and destined to be the habitation of man. This earth the Almighty God clothed with its manifold forms of beauty. He gave to it the revolving seasons,—the freshness of the spring,—the deep shade of the summer,—the fruitful overteeming of the autumn;—and every season took up its strain of joy and abundance and delight, at the command of God. But all these things, every form of life that existed, existed by the one word, "fiat," of the Almighty God. But now, when the Heavens above are prepared; now, when the spheres are all in their places; now, when every creature of God has received its commission, its faculty of life, light splendor and beauty;—the whole earth, Heaven, and the firmament are made; yet no image of God is there; for there is no intelligence there; and God is knowledge; there is no power of love there; and God is the highest and most intimate love; there is no freedom there, but only the necessity of God,—nature's law and instinct; the whole world,—in all its beauty, in all its harmony,—still wants its soul; for that soul, wherever it is to be, must be something like to God. Finally, when all things were prepared, God took of the slime of the earth, and made and fashioned with His hands a new creature,—a creature that was to rise and to uplift his eyes and behold the sun;—a creature whose every form of material existence was to remain perfectly distinct from all other forms of creation. Into this creature's face the Almighty God breathed His own image and likeness, in an imperishable spirit,—an immortal soul. Before He made this soul the mirror of Himself,—He took thought with Himself, and said no longer "let it be!" but,—counseling with His own Divine wisdom, he said: "Let us make man unto Our Own image and likeness." And unto His own image and likeness, therefore, He made him, for He breathed upon him the inspiration of spiritual life,—a living soul into the inanimate clay;—and upon that soul He stamped His own Divine image. He gave to that soul the light of an intelligence capable of comprehending the power of His love, capable of loving Him and loving Him. He gave to that soul the faculty of freedom, that, by no necessary law,—by no iron instinct, was this new creature to act; but with judgment, and with thought, and with intellectual inquiry. He was to act freely, and every action of his life was to flow from the fountain of unfettered freedom, like the actions of the Almighty God Himself, whose very essence is eternal freedom.

Thus was man created. Behold the image of God stamped upon him! Oh, how grand, how magnificent, was this creature! The theory has been mooted in our day,—"Was it worth God's while to create the sun, moon and stars, and untold firmaments which no eye of man has yet discovered; those stars far away exceeding our earth in their magnitude; in their splendor; in their attractive power and beauty;—was it worth God's while,—the astronomer asks,—for the sake of giving light to the smallest of the planets, to create so many others to revolve around her in space?" Yes, —I answer,—it was worth God's while, for one man, if He created but one,—it was worth His while to create all these material beauties; because alone,—that one man,—would reflect in his soul the image of God,—the uncreated and spiritual loveliness of His Maker. How grand was this first man, when he arose from the green mound out of which the Lord created him! when he opened his eyes and beheld before him, shrouded in some dazzling form of material beauty, the presence of God! He opened his eyes; and seeing this figure of light and transparency before him, hearing from His lips the harmony of his Creator's voice, he knelt in adoration. He alone, of all the creatures in the world, was able to appreciate the infinite beauty of the Maker; and springing to that Maker, with all the energy of his spirit, he bowed down before Him, and offered the sacrifice of intellectual praise. He alone, of all the creatures of God, was able to appreciate the infinite eternity of His existence; His omnipotence; His infinite goodness, grandeur and beauty. He alone, of all God's creatures, was capable of appreciating this soul;—that, out of the appreciation of his mind, his heart was moved to love. And he strained towards his God with every higher aspiration and affection of his spirit. He alone, of all the creatures of God, was able to say out of the resources of a free and unshackled will: "I will love Thee! I will serve Thee, O God! for thou alone art worthy of all love and all service for all time!" So, freely and deliberately weighing the excellencies of God against all created beauty; calculating with the power of his intelligence the claims of God upon him,—he acknowledged these claims,—he acknowledged in his intellect the potency of that Power in life; because of his intellectual appreciation, he decided freely to serve God in his life. That free decision from the intellect was a Godlike act, of which no other creature upon this earth was capable. Therefore, the Almighty God appealed to that act as the only test and proof of man.

Thus we see in the beginning the Almighty God stamped His image upon His people. And in this He showed the design of His creation;—the greatness of His mercy and of His love. He had prepared all things for man. He had made all things for him. All things pointed to him; all nature, newly created in all its beauty still cried out for that crowning beauty, the beauty of intelligence, the beauty of the power of love, the grandeur of freedom. And man was created as the very apex, the very climax of God's creation, the crown and the perfection of all. Behold the mercy of God! God might have made this world in all its material yet unintellectual beauty. He might have left all his creatures to enjoy the life that He gave them, and to fulfil the limited and necessary sphere of their duties,—and yet never have sent intelligence and infinite love and freedom upon them. But no; God wished to behold Himself in His creation. He wished to be able to look down from Heaven and see His image in His creation. God wished that

all nature should hold up the mirror as their resemblance to Him in man. God's design was that wherever the child of man existed, there He, looking down, should behold His own image in the depths of that pure intelligence; in the depths of those pure affections; that unshackled, magnificent, imperial freedom of man's will.

This was the first design. Far greater was the second design of God's mercy. God knew and foreknew, from all eternity, that man, by the abuse of his free will, would turn against his God. The Almighty God knew and foreknew, as if it were present before His eyes,—for there is no past, no future to the eyes of God; all things are present to Him;—He knew and foreknew that, in the day when He placed Himself and His own divine perfection and His own claims on one side, and the Devil made the appeal to the passions and pride of man on the other side,—He knew that His free creature would decide against Him,—would abandon Him,—tell Him to begone, and take all His gifts with Him, and would clutch the animal and base gratifications of a sensual pride. God knew this. He knew that, in that act of man, man was destined to cloud his clear intelligence so that it would no longer reflect the image of God:—that man was destined, in that act, to pollute his pure affections, so that they no longer reflected the image of God in love. God foresaw, and foreknew that man was destined, in that act of rebellion, to fetter and enslave his free will, and to make it no longer a servant and minister of his intelligence, but of his passions and of his desires. In a word, God saw His own image broken and spoiled in man by the sin of Adam.

Then, my dearly beloved, in these eternal designs of love, God said in His own decrees from all eternity, "My image is gone; My likeness is shattered; My spirit is no longer amongst them; and I must provide a remedy greater than the evil. I will send,—in the second plan of my mercy and the design of my love,—I will send no longer a renewed image in man; I will not restore what they have broken and destroyed; but I will send My eternal Son. He, the reality, whom no evil can touch, whom no temptation can conquer,—I will put Him into man; and I shall behold, in the redeemed man, Myself restored in the person of Jesus Christ." Oh, my beloved brethren! does not the infinite mercy,—the all-extending, all-grasping love of God,—come in here? He might, in His designs of mercy, have restored His broken image in man; He might have given man the power of repentance. He might, in the largeness of His mercy, wipe away sin, undo that most fatal work, and give back to man, in the unclouded intelligence, and in the pure heart and in the free will, all that man had lost of the divine image by sin. He might have done this without at all descending Himself; without at all coming down from the throne of His greatness and uncreated majesty and glory. No! God resolves to do more for the reparation of man than he had ever done in the ruin of himself by sin. God resolves to send His only begotten Son, who, incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, was made man. The Lord Jesus Christ is born of the Virgin Mary; an infant wails upon His mother's bosom; an Infinite God, looking down from Heaven, beholds not only His own image in man, but beholds Himself in Him, His only begotten, coequal and consubstantial Son.—Therefore, He is no longer the image, but the Man-God. He is no longer the likeness of God, but Man—the reality, of God,—according to the Scriptures of old: "I have said ye are gods, and all of you the sons of the Most High."

God made us to be His servants. When man refused to be a servant, God, in His mercy, lifted him up, and made him a Son. Instead of taking the children of men and binding us together, as a bundle of faggots, and flinging us into hell, and in His greatness and glory forgetting us all;—instead of doing this, when God saw that we were fallen, and that not even His image remained in man, in the destruction of grace, and in the partial destruction of the perfection of his nature,—He sent His only begotten Son: so that the creature, instead of being punished by eternal ruin and banishment is raised, by redemption, and made a son of God. "To those who received Him, He gave the power to become the sons of God." Can you comprehend this mercy? Do you ever reflect upon it? I sinned in Adam. Sinning thus in Adam, I deserved to be cast away from God, and never see His face again. I sinned in Adam, sinning thus, I lost all that God gave me of grace, and a great deal that He gave me of good. Instead of flinging me aside, Almighty God comes down from Heaven, becomes my brother; and says:—"Brother, all that I am in Heaven,—the Son of God,—I am willing to make you by adoption. My Father is willing to take you in as my younger brother. My Father is willing to acknowledge that all I am by nature you are by the grace of adoption." So, in the work of redemption,—in the second design of God,—we rise to the grandeur and dignity of a more sublime position than in Adam. We become the younger brethren of God Himself. We become members of the household and of the family of Jesus Christ.

But, you will say to me, what connection has this with the Blessed Eucharist! You engage to show us that the designs of God were fulfilled in the Real Presence. You speak of the design of creation,—of the design of redemption;—but what have these two designs to do with the institution of the Blessed Sacrament? the transubstantiation of Christ upon the altar? It has this,—The first design of creation was intended by the Almighty God to be, that man, preserving the image in which he was created,—should remain faithful to God, free from sin, the conqueror of his own passions, and of every temptation that could come upon him; and so, living in the light of purity, in the fervor of love, in the strength of freedom, that he might journey on through happiness and peace upon the earth, until he attained to the fulfilment of his perfection, and laid hold of the eternal crown of glory. This was the design of God. This was marred by sin. Man sinned; and the design of God could no longer be fulfilled; he

let evil into his soul; he destroyed the integrity of his existence; he came to the knowledge of evil; and, with the knowledge he came to the love of evil. Understand this well; it is a deep thought; it enters into the designs of God. Every individual man born into this world was born a sinner. Defilement was upon him; the seeds of future evil were in him. All that was necessary for him was to let that infant grow into a youth; and, by necessity, he became an individual sinner because the root of evil was in him. The seeds of corruption were implanted in him; his blood was impure and defiled. All that was necessary was the dawn of reason and the awakening of passion. The former made him an infidel; the latter made him a debauched, licentious and impure sinner. This was the consequence of Adam's sin. Therefore, my dearly beloved, it was not only our nature that sinned in Adam, but every individual of our nature sinned in him; save and except the Blessed Virgin Mary. Put her aside, and at once the whole race of human beings are individual sinners in Adam,—not personal sinners, but individual sinners. This, to be sure, is one of those things that people overlook. They do not understand that the curse of Adam came down to each and every one of us,—this sin of Adam, which was written upon our foreheads in characters of defilement. When it was a question of remedying that evil, it was necessary that the Almighty God should exercise His mercy individually upon each and every one of us. Two things, therefore, were tainted by the sin of Adam,—the nature and the individual. The nature, common to all, was tainted; man's nature was broken; man's nature was corrupted; that which was common to us all,—the universal nature,—was defiled and injured by Adam's sin; and in that defilement and injury every single individual child of Adam participated; so that every one, personally and individually, was defiled in our first parent. Now, it follows from this, that when the Almighty God, in His second design of mercy,—namely the Redemption,—when he resolved to undo all the evil that Adam had done,—when He resolved to bind up and heal the wound that Adam had made,—it was necessary that God should take thought for the nature that was corrupted, and for the individuals that had fallen in Adam. If He had taken thought only for the nature, it would not be sufficient for us; for our nature may be restored, and, unless that restoring power came home to us, we ourselves, may remain in our misery. God provided a remedy for the nature,—the universal nature. In the Incarnation He sent His own Divine son, who took our nature,—our human nature,—who took a human body, a human soul, human feelings, a human heart, a human mind, human intellect, human will;—everything that belonged to the nature of man, Christ, our Lord, took; but he did not take the individual. Mark it well! You Catholics ought to know the theology of your Divine religion,—mark it well. Christ, our Lord, took everything that was in man except the individuality,—personality. That He did not touch,—He took our nature, and absorbed it into His own person; but He never took a human person. No man could say of our Lord, pointing of Him: "He is an individual man." No! He was a divine man. When He spoke His words were those not of man, but of God; because the person who spoke was Divine. If He suffered it was the suffering not of man, but of God; because the person was Divine. This was necessary; because, unless the Divine Person,—that is to say God,—consented to suffer and to die, the sin of man's nature could never have been wiped out. When therefore the Eternal Father, in His love for mankind, sent His co-Eternal Son upon the earth, He, in that act of Incarnation of the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, provided a remedy for the evil of Adam's nature; for the human nature that was spoiled. Again I assert that Christ, our Lord, never took the human personality; that He left the individuality of every man to himself; that He did not take the individuality or personality of the man but only the nature. In order to remedy the nature it was necessary, in the designs of God, that God should unite Himself with that nature. Mark this,—that God should unite Himself with man's nature was necessary in the designs of God, in order that man's nature might be purified and restored. Was this necessary to the designs of God? Absolutely necessary. The Virgin Mary,—on that day in Nazareth, when Gabriel stood before her,—represented the human race. She represented human nature, in her alone unfallen; and to that all-pure, and unfallen one, the Angel said: "Mary, a child shall be born to you, and he shall be called the Son of the Most High God." Mary paused; and until Mary, of her own free will, answered: "Behold the handmaid of God; be this thing come unto me according to Thy word;" until Mary said that word, the mystery of the Incarnation was suspended, and man's redemption was left hanging upon the will of one woman. But when Mary said the word, human nature, distinct from man's personality, was assumed by God. If Almighty God had not consented to unite Himself with our nature, that nature never could have been redeemed. But, thus we see that one great portion of Adam's evil was remedied in the Incarnation,—namely, that our nature was purified.

But what about the individual? It is not so much the purification of my nature,—our common nature: that does not so much concern me. I am an individual man,—the son of my mother: I am a human person: Christ, our Lord, had nothing to say to the human person in the Incarnation. How then am I,—a human person,—to enter into the grace and purity of God? Oh, behold, my brethren, how the two previous designs culminate! Christ, our Lord, multiplied Himself. Christ, our Lord, changed bread and wine into His own divine body and blood. Christ, our Lord, made Himself present in the form of man's food. "That food is broken.—Every child that cries for that divine bread shall have it. That human individual, that personal creature is united to God, and the individual is sanctified: the nature was sanctified. The nature could not be redeemed or sanctified except by union with God; the individual is sanctified by the same means—union with God in the Blessed Eucharist. Thus, then, we see how the design of creation,—spoiled in Adam,—spoiled not only in the nature but in the individual,—is made perfect in Jesus Christ, as far as regards the mystery of the Incarnation. Well, therefore, He says: "Unless you eat of the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink of His blood, you cannot have life in you." He was speaking to the individual. He did not say, "you cannot have life in your nature." He put life into human nature by taking that nature upon Himself. There was life there already,—life eternal,—in the person of Jesus Christ. But He was speaking to individuals; and He said to them: "Unless you bring Me home unto yourselves, individually, you cannot have life in you; for I am the life,—life indeed;—life eternal, that came down from Heaven: and unless you eat of My flesh and drink of My blood you cannot have life in you. For if you do this,—if you eat of this flesh and drink of this blood, then you shall abide in Me and I in you."

Behold, therefore, dearly beloved, how the mystery of the Incarnation, affecting, as it did, our nature, is brought home in its wonderful expansion to each human person in the Holy Communion. Oh, how sad and terrible—how dreadful is the thought that the devil has succeeded the second time in destroying our nature! First he destroyed our nature in Adam; so he succeeds in destroying the person in heresy, in Protestantism. He came and whispered,—"Christ is not in the Blessed Eucharist! He is not there!" He cut off,—by that denial of Protestantism of the Real Presence,—the last great design of God, in which the creation and the redemption were to be made perfect in their remedy and brought home to every individual man. Suppose, my children that

some dreadful epidemic came in amongst you,—some fearful eruption of Asiatic cholera,—that a sailor landed from his ship in New York, with the cholera, and from him it spread through the city;—we would look upon that man as the origin of the evil, because he brought it, as Adam brought evil and sin and misery into this world. Then suppose some great physician arose,—some mighty sage,—and said he held in his hand the great remedy: said to the whole city of New York—"Behold, I am come from a foreign land, where we have never known disease or complaint, with this sovereign remedy in my hand. No one that partakes of this shall ever suffer from this hideous disease." would we not eat of that medicine, which is life out of death to us? So, Christ, our Lord, represents that great physician, coming with a sovereign remedy in His hand, and with that remedy we will remedy our nature in His Incarnation. Then he says: "I am come from a foreign land that has never known disease or death. I came from Heaven. I bring the remedy against Adam's corruption and Adam's sin. I am the head of your nature, for I am one with you. So I say to you all: whoever wishes to escape this dire disease, must partake of this miraculous food. It is the same food brought down to elevate your nature, that is My own self? What would you think of a man that said: "Don't go near him! I don't take that food from His hand don't believe in Him!"—thus clinging to disease and death. Why, you see clearly my brethren, as we, Catholics, believe and know that the Almighty God has sufficiently revealed in His designs that it is absolutely necessary for every man who wishes to be saved and sanctified, to come into present contact with our Lord Jesus Christ, by opening his mouth and receiving the Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity of the Lord in the Holy Communion.

Such is the design of God. Now it remains for us to say whether that, which so completely fulfills the designs of God, fulfills also the wants of man. Oh! my brethren, before we leave these designs, let us consider how magnificent they are. The Father loved man. First, in the beginning, when as God He loved His own image. What great love have you for the likeness of your own face in the looking-glass. Every feature is there, every expression is there, but it is only an image. What love would a man have for his own portrait, even though designed by a master-hand? Every tint and beauty of color may be there, every delicate trait most true to nature, and to the person represented. But, after all, it is only a piece of canvass, overlaid with a little paint skillfully arranged; only an image. God, in the second design, beholds in man His own adorable and beloved Son: the Eternal Word, that from all eternity, rested in the Father's bosom; the very figure of His substance, and the splendor of His glory, equal to Him in all things, knowing and loving Him, and loved by Him with a substantial love, which is the third person of the Blessed Trinity—the Holy Ghost. He came down from Heaven, became man; and the Eternal Father no longer looks upon man, as a man would look upon his own picture, as an image. He looks down as a loving father of a family looks down on the face of his eldest son. How different the love of a man is for his own image, reflected in the mirror, or perpetuated by the painter's hand, cold, lifeless, inanimate, and his own image seen in every feature, in every lineament of his child; the child of his own manly love: the child growing and displaying every perfection, and returning the love of the father; the child surrounding all the graces of ordinary infancy with a peculiar grace and shining beauty in his father's eyes, until he draws every chord of that father's heart, entwining around him so closely, that if the child should die or disappear, the father would seem to have lost every purpose of life, and be ready to lie down and die upon the grave of his first-born! So the Almighty and Eternal God, looking down in the second design of His redemption, beheld one who was not a human person, but His own Divine person; not merely human, though truly human; but man and God united. And that union consummated, not in man only, not in the human person, but in God, the Divine person, and just as that image of Jesus Christ so captivated the Father's love, that twice He rent the Heaven's miraculously, and sent down His voice,—once when Christ was standing in the Jordan; and another time when He was transfigured on Mount Tabor.—On both occasions, the miraculous voice—as if God could no longer contain His love,—saying, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. Let all hear Him!" That image so captivated the Father's love that he wished to reproduce it in all the children of men,—that He wished to multiply it.—It was so fair, so beautiful, that the Eternal Father, whenever He cast His eyes upon the earth, wished to see it multiplied in every man personally. He wished to see every man another Jesus Christ, His Son. He wished to be able to say to you and to me,—"He is also my beloved child, in whom I am well pleased!" In order to do this, His Divine Son multiplied Himself, and remained upon earth,—broke, as it were, His existence, His perfect existence, His inseparable existence,—broke it; separated it into a thousand forms; became upon your lips and mine, and on those of the little child that comes up to this altar,—the mere image of God, and receives the Holy Communion, goes down from this altar, and the Father of Heaven looks down and says:—"Behold, My beloved Son, Jesus Christ, is there!" The Angel guardian that conducts the child to the Altar, prostrates himself before the figure of that child as he returns from the Altar again. For now he is a human person; but God is in him.

And this is the supreme want of man. That which is the fulfilment of the Divine design is the supreme want. What is that we want, Christian believers as you are?—tell me your great want in this world? Every man has his own wants and hopes and desires and purposes of life. What is it that you want? What do we aspire to? Tell me? One man says:—"Well, I hope to become a wealthy man: to be the founder of a grand family in the land." Will your hopes stop here, my friend? The grand family you found will follow you to the grave. Have you brought no hopes with you? Another says:—"I hope to obtain some distinguished position, the first position in the land." I suppose you will be President of the United States. But the day will come when they will carry the President, and consign him also to his grave. What is your hope and mine? Oh, friends and brethren! is it not my hope to bring out in my soul here by grace, and hereafter by glory, the image of the Eternal God, which is stamped upon it? My hope is to live in the light of Divine Grace, to walk in the beaming of Divine purity. My hope is to keep my will unfettered, that freely I may devote it to the service of my God. My hope is to rise by Divine help into all the majesty of Christian being. And the majesty and the glory of the Christian man lies here,—that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, may be brought out in him. No great one in Heaven, but the greatest of all—the Eternal God and man Jesus Christ. He stamped the God upon our humanity in the Incarnation. He stamped the God upon our nature; and that stamp He left on our nature; and we must stamp it upon our person. And the true want of every Christian man, and the true purpose of his existence, is to bring out the Christ that is in him, and to become a son of God. Nothing short of this. If we fail in this, then all our hopes perish from us. If we fail in this, it is in vain that we have achieved every other purpose of life; it is in vain that we have written our names, even in letters of gold, upon the foremost page of our country's history; it is in vain that we have left a name to other times, built up upon the solid foundation of every higher quality that is enshrined in the temple of man's immortality. It is in vain that we have accumulated all the world's riches. If we fail to bring

out the Christ that is in us, then we are, of all men, the most miserable; because we have failed in realizing the only true hope, the only true want of the Christian man. What follows? Says the Saviour—"If a man gain the whole world,—and lose his own soul,—what profiteth it him?" And the loss of our souls is effected in man by neglecting to bring Christ out in us: "For it is written,—our vocation; our calling; our justification,—that is to say, our sanctification,—our alternate glory, all depend upon one thing,—making ourselves, by Divine grace, conformable to Jesus Christ. For God foreknew and predestinated that we might be made like to the image of Jesus Christ; and "those whom He called He justified, and those whom He justified He loved."

This being the want of man, how is to be supplied? Can man alone supply the want? No! There are three enemies that stand before us. Powerful and dreadful are each and every one of these enemies; saying to us:—"I am come to destroy the Christ in you!" The first of these is the world,—the world with its evil maxims; the world with its pride; with its avarice, with all its false ideas; the world with its newspapers and periodicals, with all its theories not stopping short of theorising upon God;—the world that tells us this influence is elevating, although the Almighty God tells us it is not; and that mocking buoyancy of religion, dissolving the matrimonial tie, the most sacred of all bonds; the world, flooded with impurity, evil examples, and its evil maxims and principles, comes before the Christian man, hoping to be made like unto Jesus Christ and says: "I tell you you must not be a Christian. I will surround you by my influence; I will beset you with evil examples; I will pollute the moral atmosphere you live in with my false principles, and work the Christ out of you!" Will any man be able, of his own power, to resist this influence and conquer it? Ah! it has captivated and enslaved the best intellects of our age: the grandest minds of our age have been utterly debauched by worldly principles; for we know the very best intelligences of our age at this moment, are writing the sheerest nonsense;—these men who write articles in the newspapers upon commercial subjects;—these men whose wits are keen as a razor in philosophical speculation;—quick to perceive a flaw in an argument;—when these men come to write about religion;—as you will see in looking at any of the leading newspapers of New York to-morrow morning,—what this man and that man said in the various conventicles and churches to-day;—you will find a Quaker standing up;—a holy man,—humming, hawing, and rocking himself; lifting up his languid eyes to Heaven; and then, after a long pause you will find him denying the Divinity of Jesus Christ, and declaring that He was not the Son of God at all! This happened last Sunday in New York. You will find another man coming out with the theory and the belief that man never fell; and, therefore, does not need any remedy. This,—in the face of the most and social corruption and guiltiness of our age, that is revolting to the eyes of God and man! Thus it is the world surrounds the very best intellects and the shrewdest and strongest minds. And do you expect to resist this? No! You cannot do it. You must say with St. Paul: "Of myself I can do nothing; but I can do all this in Him." In Him we can do all things. He is here for you and me.

The next great enemy is the flesh;—the domestic enemy. The blood in our veins, the passions and the senses of our bodies rise up against us, to enslave us, and say: "You must not become like to the Son of God!" The Son of God was infinite purity. I will not allow you to possess your soul in purity! I will not allow you to develop the spiritual existence that is within you; you must follow the dictates of your passions; you must become a drunkard and a licentious and impure man! I will fill that eye with the flaming, lustful glances of desire; I will make the absorbing desire for everything base throb in your veins, till it becomes a necessity of your nature." Thus says the flesh. Can we conquer it? The greatest and the grandest of earth's sons are the meanest slaves to their own passions. The grandest names upon the rolls of history,—the greatest heroes,—the greatest beings and the greatest philosophers,—have all attached to them,—when we turn the leaves of history and look at their lives,—the foul stain of their impurity, running through their lives and covering all their existence with the vilest of all earthly passions. No! We cannot conquer this flesh of ours, but in Him,—the Lord our God,—who is God bound up the demon and cast him forth into the desert of Ethiopia. So can we bind, with Him, these unruly passions, and stem the flood of desire in our corrupt and polluted nature, and deny ourselves for Him, who will enable, whilst he commands us to do it; and to cast forth the demon into the outer world that is so fitted for him.

Finally, comes the pride of life, the third enemy. Ambition, the self-reliance, the pride of man, the pride that refuses to be dictated to. "Why"—that pride says,—"Why should I submit to the commands of religion. Why it tells me I should go like a little child and prepare myself and go to confession! Why it tells me I should go through these devotions that are only fit for women and nuns! Why should I fast and suffer hunger? I have all things around me. Don't I find such and such texts in Scripture that tell me 'All things are good?' Why shall I abstain from anything? Why should I not have my own way, and reject all authority, human and Divine? and, first of all, the law that man must bear the obedient, humility and mortification of Jesus Christ in him if he would be saved?" Will you be able to contend against this pride? This pride that carries away the best and highest of earth's children? No! You will never be able to contend against it, to keep the humility of your intellect, the fidelity of your faith, unless you feed upon Him who is the source of all virtue and all life. And thus, it is only by the same means that Christ has brought forth in man in the Incarnation,—by God uniting Himself in our nature with Christ,—that he is united with us in the Holy Communion. Therefore, it accomplishes at once all the designs of God.

I have done my duty. I have finished my theme. Nothing remains for me but to remind the Catholics who are here,—the Catholics of this city,—the Catholic men who were nourished by the Catholic faith and derived that faith from Catholic,—and many amongst them from Irish mothers,—to remind you that, for three hundred years of persecution and death, it was the Holy Communion, and Ireland's devotion to it, that kept the faith alive in our fathers. They resisted that pride of life. The world came and declared to them that they should give up their faith. They said no, against the whole world. They kept their faith through Jesus Christ, in the Holy Communion. They resisted their passions and restrained them; so that Ireland's purity, in the purity of her daughters and the manliness of her sons,—(a virtue that always accompanies personal purity and purity of race)—was unexcelled. They resisted even when titles and honors were ready to be showered upon them. And when high intellect was challenged to disprove the faith in which they believed, they bowed down before their time-honored altar; and Ireland's faith in her religion was never stronger than when she suffered most for it. I say to you, Catholics of New York, that no man can be saved from the flesh that is within and the Devil that is beneath him unless Jesus Christ lead him. I tell you Catholics of New York,—men of New York, who only go once a year to Holy Communion,—that it would be almost better for you if you did not know the truth. If you want to know the explanation of your sins,—of the drunkenness around you,—of the impurity and savage assaults committed; of all the other quick, hasty crimes of which our Irish nature is more capable than of the manner and more corrupt crimes,—the reason of it all is

this,—that you are not frequent and fervent Communicants. If you ask me for a rule I find, although I go to Communion every day of my life, I have enough to do still to conquer my spiritual enemies. And, if I, a priest, have enough to contend with to be saved after receiving the Holy Communion every morning,—how can you be saved? If you ask me for a rule I will give it in a few words. I believe for every man who wishes to have the peace of Christ, and join in His Christian holiness; and have Christ brought forth in him,—that man should be, at least, a monthly communicant.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE BELFAST ORANGEMEN.—Disgraceful as the Belfast riots are to people and Government alike, they will not be without their use if they convince the public of the necessity for employing in the administration of the law in Ireland only persons whose impartiality is above suspicion. That is the lesson which these painful occurrences really teach, but we hardly dare to hope that it is the one which will generally be drawn from them. It is so easy to point the finger of scorn, and use the blood-thirsty spirit displayed in the leading commercial city of Ireland as proof that her people are unfit, not for Home Rule merely, but even for freedom, that we cannot wonder if so ready an escape from perplexing and not altogether pleasant thoughts is eagerly laid hold of. Yet an impartial study of the facts will lead us to very different conclusions. Most of our readers, probably, will remember the circumstance which led up to the passing of the Party Processions Act. A body of Orangemen assembled one-and-twenty years ago in Lord Rodon's park, and after being regaled with drink and the usual speeches in denunciation of the Pope and Popery, marched back through an exclusively Catholic district playing insulting tunes, firing shots, and otherwise provoking the inhabitants. The expected result followed. There was a collision; the armed Orangemen fired, and killed and wounded several of their opponents. Public indignation was aroused at the premeditation of the outrage, and in the following session an act, which the Duke of Wellington vainly strove to make more severe, was carried for the prohibition of party processions. The act was rendered necessary by the Orangemen, against Orangemen it was directed, and at their expense it has generally been enforced. It need hardly be said, therefore, that it was extremely obnoxious to them. But, however obnoxious, it would still be the law of the land had it not been for the Catholics. When the Church was disestablished and the Land Act passed, the landlords seemed no longer to have a motive for keeping up the Orange spirit. In the hope, therefore, of uniting all classes of Irishmen, the Catholics determined to give the strongest proof in their power to their Protestant fellow-countrymen of their desire for reconciliation. They decided to support the demand for a repeal of the Party Processions Act. This was conclusive. If Catholics had no objections to Orange demonstrations, Englishmen certainly could have none. Consequently, the Government last session brought in a bill for the repeal of the act. It passed so quietly that probably not one reader in five hundred was aware when it became law. Of all the Catholic members in the House, not even one opposed it. Thus, when the Orange anniversaries came round this year, it was legal for Orangemen to march in procession. The experiment to be tried was watched with eager curiosity. The 1st and 12th of July came and went and the Orangemen celebrated the days when Ireland's last great effort as a nation was crushed at the Boyne and Aughrim, and the penal laws, the most diabolical system, perhaps, ever imposed by one country on another, were fixed upon her; but the Catholics, with rare self-respect, showed no displeasure. Whatever they may have felt, they kept their feelings to themselves. Next came the anniversary of the shutting of the gates of Derry. The Government made preparations to preserve the peace. But the Catholic Defence Association announced that those preparations were unnecessary; they would not interrupt, and they kept their word. Three days after this came Lady-day, when the Catholics in their turn determined to hold demonstrations in various parts of Ulster in favour of Home Rule. We know the result in Belfast, Lurgan, and one or two other places. But, upon the other hand, it must not be forgotten that the "Prentice Boys of Derry repaid the courtesy of the Catholic Defence Association, that in other places also the day passed off peacefully, and that several leading Orangemen in public addresses called upon the brethren to be not less tolerant than the Catholics. Looking fairly, then, at these circumstances, there seem to us grounds for believing that the spirit of intolerance is dying out in Ireland. The conduct of the Catholics, indeed, throughout has been marked by a tolerance and respect for the prejudices of others which does them the highest honour. Unfortunately, the misdeeds of the Orangemen of Belfast throw into the shade the pleasing features elsewhere observable. We must not forget, however, that Protestants have been accustomed for centuries to carry matters with a high hand in Ireland, and to regard the Catholics as serfs, existing only for their convenience. Ulster especially, they have looked upon as their own peculiar domain, where, if Papists were allowed to dwell, they ought to be grateful for the permission and to order themselves lowly and reverently before their betters. We must not, therefore take a darker view of those Orange atrocities than is warranted by the facts. With time they also will learn to be tolerant. Amongst the Protestants generally, indeed, the spirit of toleration and neighborly feeling is making the same rapid progress as among the Catholics. It is only amongst the Orangemen that the spirit of persecution yet burns. With regard to them our best hope is that the landlords, who kept up Orangism hitherto in the hope of bolstering up landlordism and the Established Church, having now no object to gain by keeping alive sectarian strife, will drop out from the organization, that it will thus become vulgar, and that the people, left to themselves, will yield to the influence of neighborly intercourse, and gradually forget their old animosity. In the meantime, it is clearly the duty of the Government to protect the peaceable inhabitants of Ulster from the turbulence of Orange ruffians. For this purpose they are armed with sufficient power. They maintain the peace in Cork and Dublin without difficulty. There is no reason why they should not do the same in Belfast. But for this purpose it is absolutely indispensable that the magistrats they employ to preserve order should be above suspicion of sympathy with either party. Orangemen in Belfast attack Catholic processions mainly because they believe that the magistrats look with disfavor on Catholicism. They would not be so ready to violate the law if they knew that their turbulence would be promptly and sternly repressed. The magistrats permit the Orangemen to keep arms, to drill, and march in military order, while they punish without mercy Catholics who venture to do the same. Is it any wonder, then, that the one party should regard them as sympathisers, and the other look upon them with suspicion? The truth is that the system of unpaid magistrats, objectionable at its best is peculiarly mischievous in Ireland. But nowhere, even in Ireland, is it productive of so many and such injurious effects as in Ulster. There, the population is so evenly divided into Protestants and Catholics, and, as we see, is inspired with such mutual animosity, that a partial magistracy necessarily must do incalculable injury. But, from the very nature of the case, the unpaid magistrate must be partial. The agents in Ulster are almost without exception Protestants; a large proportion of them are enrolled Orangemen, and of the remainder it is safe to say that the majority sympathise with the objects of the

Orange Association. The result is apparent in these Belfast riots. For a whole week the greatest industrial centre in Ireland has been given over to the licence of two murderous factions. And the magistrats, with almost absolute power, and with an immense military force at their disposal, did not care to restore order. They allowed murder and pillage to run riot in the town rather than take energetic measures against men whom in their secret hearts they thought right, though possibly a little too violent. It is to be hoped that the Government will take note of the circumstance, and apply the only sufficient remedy.—*Examiner.*

AN ABSURD CANARD.—The Protestants of Drogheda, as we are told by our contemporary, the *Express*, are in a sad state of trepidation. Some wiseacre has informed them that to-morrow, being the tercentenary of the affair of St. Bartholomew's Day, it would be celebrated by a general massacre of the Protestants. Hence the panic and dismay which rule in "Tredagh's ancient town"; and hence is it that troops and police have been ordered thither by the score. We must confess that in all our experience of *gobemouche* stories we have never yet heard of any non-sensical and so absurd as this. The massacre of St. Bartholomew was one of the fruits of a condition of things which will never, let us hope, occur again in the world. In the sixteenth century the Catholics and Protestants of Europe closed in deadly conflict. On one side were England, Holland, Scandinavia, Northern Germany, and South-eastern France. On the other were Spain, Austria, Italy, greater part of France, and Ireland. The dreadful contest raged from the Arctic Ocean to the shores of the Mediterranean. On German battlefields, amid Dutch bogmires, on Irish hill-sides, on the plains of Italy, and before the walls of Bechelie, the War of the Religions was fought out. The most famous captains of the age were arrayed against each other in this contest. Henry of Navarre, William the silent, Coligny, Conde, Sydney—such were the most famous names on the Protestant side. The Catholics were led to battle by the stern Alva and the proud Lorraine, by the gallant Don John of Austria, the brilliant Marquis of Spinola, and that pattern of sixteenth century chivalry, our own Earl of Tyrone. In this tremendous and world-embracing conflict deeds were done on both sides for which good men of either party must to-day blush. No Protestant can justify the horrible crimes which the soldiers of the Virgin Queen committed in Ireland; no Catholic can justify the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, though Catholics may with justice show that that lamentable crime has been made the subject of the gravest exaggerations. But three centuries have passed away since the streets of Paris resounded with the tumult of the affair of St. Bartholomew, and since that time, whatever else the world may have received in, at least the holy cause of Toleration has waxed great and triumphant. It is a deplorable and a lamentable thing that there should exist in Ireland a single Protestant in the gloomiest recesses of whose mind there should lurk the idea that the Catholics of Ireland would harm a hair of the head of any man for differing from them in religion. The fact is that Irish Catholicism presents the spectacle of a creed at once eminently religious and eminently tolerant. If the connection with England were severed to-morrow, if Ireland were loosed from her moorings in the deep and floated away to the centre of the Atlantic, does anyone seriously imagine that the Catholic majority would use their power to oppress or harass, or insult the Protestant minority? Let us look at facts as an answer to this question. In the city of Cork the Catholics not alone vastly outnumber the Protestants, but enjoy a great preponderance of the wealth, position, and influence of the city. The public boards reflects the Catholic preponderance, and are mainly composed of persons of that faith. The Corporation is mainly a Catholic Corporation. The old Corporation was a stronghold of Protestant ascendancy. Does the new Corporation seek to set up a Catholic ascendancy, equally baleful? No; to such an extent does it push its absolute impartiality in religious questions that every holder of office of trust and dignity under this Catholic Corporation, with one exception, is a Protestant gentleman! Who ever heard of the Catholics of Limerick or the Catholics of Cork insulting a man because he happened to differ from them in faith? What Catholic gentleman would have a chance of ejecting from the representation of the former city its Protestant representative? Again, every man who knows Ireland, knows that in the heart of vast Catholic districts a Protestant clergyman can live alone unharmed—nay, more, beloved. Such a man was, till lately, the type of a dominant Church, the standing insult to the masses of the people; yet, if he bore himself in a kindly manner to the people, they always paid back his courtesy with affection. No race in the world are so devoted to their own religious opinions, and yet so tolerant of the opinions of others of the Catholic Irish. If we wish to find types of the religious fanatics of the sixteenth century, we must look to the conventicle of Roaring Hanna and the purlieu of Sandy Row, to the ruffian rout who have scattered ruin and bloodshed broadcast through the second city in Ireland.—*Evening Telegraph.*

Bryan Dillon's funeral at Cork, the forthcoming Londonderry election, the proclamation of Belfast under "the Coercion Act," and the renewed refusal of Mr. Gladstone to release the remaining Fenian prisoners are topics which afford scope enough for the comments of the Nationalist journals. The *Nation* does not say much on the first-mentioned topic. It describes the funeral as "one of the greatest open-air demonstrations that have ever been held in Ireland," and says that Colonel Burke's oration was "an impressive deliverance." The *Weekly News* says the funeral was "a splendid ceremony." The *Irishman* says the funeral "brought out all the latent sympathy of the Cork people with those who suffer and die for Ireland's sake," and comforts itself with the reflection that after Sunday last "there can be no apprehension that the national life of Cork is not sound and in full vigour." The *Flag of Ireland* regards the demonstration as sufficient to convince "the most sceptical that the aspiration of the people of this country for liberty has grown with its growth and strengthened with its strength; and will go on intensifying and strengthening until the happy time of its attainment arises. The proclamation of Belfast is taken advantage of by the *Nation* to twit the Belfast Orangemen with having in former times "cried out wildly for the Coercion Act," of which, now that they have got it, it thinks they will not be much enamoured; but the *Irishman* detects in the step taken by the Executive a design to do "an injustice to Catholics and a protection to the other party." It says:—"The fact is, and it is plain to everybody, that the determined resistance made by the Catholics of the North to the attacks of the Orange party has alarmed the British Government. They are affrighted at the bold front they presented to their assailants, and at the result of the contest. The proclamation is obviously and decidedly levelled against the Catholic community, because the Government saw that they were largely supplied with arms, and that they spiritedly used them in defence of their lives and property." The *Weekly News* observes that "it is not at all unlikely that under this new regime, the Government may take back from Orange hands the arms served out to them in '48, and employed since then in shooting unoffending Catholics!" All the Nationalist papers warmly support Mr. Biggar as candidate for Derry, and the *Nation* is glad to learn that the Home Rule party in the Maiden City are united, determined, and sanguine of success.—*Times Cor.*

BELFAST.—The city of Belfast having sown the wildfire is now reaping the storm. A decree of

the Privy Council has placed the capital of Ulster under the ban of some of the severest clauses in the Peace Preservation Act. As long as this order remains in force possession of arms may be punished by two years imprisonment, and midnight rioting by seven years' penal servitude. These, indeed, are stern and stringent clauses, but the Orangemen of Sandy-row have still some topics of consolation left. They can contrast the fate of their city under the British Constitution with what would have been the doom of Lyons or Cologne under similar circumstances. A stern military governor, a whiff of grape shot, a corpse encumbered street—such are the stern methods with which M. Bismarck or M. Thiers put down turbulent cities. The Orangeman can also hug to his heart the pleasing conviction that between him and punishment there stands a jury, and if on that jury there is a single member of the brotherhood he is safe though steeped to the hips in "Papist" blood. We cannot help thinking that the best security for the peace of the city is not the tardy action of the authorities, but the undoubted fact that the Orangemen have been very satisfactorily thrashed, an occurrence which we cannot even pretend to regret. The Catholics would have been more or less than men had they not resisted fiercely a deliberate attack on their lives and property, from which the authorities were unable or unwilling to protect them. The ruffianism of Queen's Island and Sandy-row has been long, like the Irishman in the story, "blue-mouldy for the want of a lating"; and the records of the hospitals and of private practitioners show that the recent affrays eventuated in a distribution among the Orangemen of so formidable a dose of broken heads, fractured arms, contusions, and other casualties, that the fiercest bully in the congregation of that mild preacher of the Word, Mr. Hanna, will think twice before he again "cries havoc, and let loose the dogs" of civil war in Belfast. At the same time, though the salutary lesson taught to Orange truculence must be a source of consolation to all respectable people of both parties in Belfast, these latter have a fertile theme for regret in the heavy losses which the riots have inflicted on the city. One of the Belfast papers estimates the claims for malicious injury at a total sum of between ten and fifteen thousand pounds, while we believe that, as in a famous international demand, the indirect will far exceed the direct damages.—*Dublin Freeman.*

'Tis so seldom that *Punch* says a civil word about Ireland that it is worth chronicling.—Our fustian contemporary of this week contains "a proclamation," which concludes—"Now, We, *Punch*, desire and command all of you who have talked about a country, and legislated for a country, which can be reached in twelve hours, that during the present vacation you one and all, together with your wives and children, if you are married, and with your sisters, nieces, or intended wives, if you intend to marry, forthwith visit that part of the United Kingdom called Ireland, and that passing rapidly through the regular touring districts, which are the special property of hotel keepers, guides, and stage peasants and beggars, you travel in and about the more unfrequented parts—especially in the far West, where money is most wanted, and without patronage or laudatory manner, that you go in amongst the peasantry, and make yourselves acquainted with their wants, their hopes, and their fears. And in default of your so doing, I hereby warn you that at the next meeting of Parliament, We, *Punch*, attended by our faithful dog Toby, will be present in both House of Parliament, and should you, or any of you who have disregarded this our mandate, attempt to vote or speak on any Irish question, our Royal displeasure shall be testified, in spite of the Lord Chancellor or the Right Honourable the Speaker of the House of Commons, by the aid of our *baton* and our pen—one or both—in such a manner that each of you who shall have disobeyed this our mandate will abuse the day when he became an Hereditary Legislator, or wrote M. P. after his name, as the case may be. Given at our Court, 85 Fleet Street, this 13th day of August, 1872."

THE BELFAST TROUBLES.—As the clouds of dust clear away from over the "Belfast riots" we can discern the motive power that begot the trouble. The North was declaring for "Home Rule," and the English interest in Ireland could not afford the Home Rule question so unqualified a triumph. So a row must be got up in some way or other to bespatter with dirt or blood the sublime movement of the people. But the people, especially the Catholic people of the North, have gained their point. They have met, and marched, and demonstrated their unshaken resolve to have their own again; and when it is considered that, but for the five thousand government forces brought into Belfast, the Home Rulers would have cleared out all the Orangemen in Belfast, the inference is plain enough that the Irish people have physical power enough to make a nation and preserve it. The London press, from the *Times* down, acquit the Home Rulers of blame in creating those riots. They admit the conduct of the Home Rulers to have been most exemplary; allowing the Orangemen to move and demonstrate as they pleased on their favorite day without the slightest opposition, and expecting the same tolerance for the national demonstrations, which would have passed without any disorder or scandal had good faith and fair play been observed by the Belfast Orangemen. Now, these Belfast Orangemen have shown their strength, or rather their weakness, and so we Home Rulers shall regard them as we regard the old Tories and Bigots of England as a small obstructive quantity that can be dealt with readily if they break the laws or the peace of society.—*Cor. Irishman.*

A SCANDALOUS AND MALICIOUS SLANDER.—The *Daily Express* published the following paragraph a few days ago:—"It was rumoured in Drogheda last night that it was intended to massacre the Protestants of that place on the eve of the tercentenary of S. Bartholomew's Day. Precautions of an unusual character were accordingly taken by the authorities. The military were confined to barracks, while the constabulary force watched the town during the night." On Monday, the local magistrats met, and their chairman said that having made enquiries he was enabled to brand the falsehood as one of the foulest character. The *Mail*, a Protestant paper, generally prejudiced enough, gives the following candid and fair elucidation:—"Propheets of evil, too often, become instruments for securing the fulfilment of their predictions. We trust there will be no proof afforded of the truth of this aphorism in any result following upon a rumour which disquieted Drogheda yesterday to the purpose that the tercentenary of the miserable day of S. Bartholomew was to be celebrated in that vicinity. With deep shame and regret, but in a confident belief that plain speaking is the best method under the circumstances, we have to say that we have evidence before us that the evil memory which has disturbed Drogheda has been awakened by persons who profess, and ought to be influenced by, very different motives. A disgusting tract is now before us, which we are requested by a person living in Hampstead, London, to notice, 'as timely and much needed.' It is a trulent summary of a great crime, all the actors and abettors of which have passed to their account nearly three centuries since. Such events must and ought to be studied in history; to use them to influence popular passion under pretence of furthering the cause of religion is an offence scarcely inferior in guilt to the original crime."

THE ALLEGED ATTEMPT AT ASSASSINATION NEAR KILLARNEY.—Thomas Gallwey, Esq., J. P., writing from Killarney to the *London Times*, with reference to the reported attempt to assassinate Mr. Hussey, a Kerry land agent, says:—"I have the pleasure to inform you that, after a patient and minute investigation by the local magistrats, I being one of them, and the police, we have arrived at a decided and clear

opinion that the occurrence reported as an attempted assassination was the result of a hoax, perpetrated by some young gentlemen sojourning at a neighbouring hotel. Neither Killarney nor any other part of the county of Kerry has within living memory been stained with the crime of assassination, or an attempt to commit it. You will, therefore, allow me, I feel confident, the opportunity of stating that the latter occurrence, arising from folly, in nothing detracts from the fair fame of the good and kindly people residing in this neighbourhood."

THE POTATO DISEASE.—The potatoes were doing remarkably well until the terrific thunder weather of July arrested the progress of ripening, and caused the tubers to burst, through absorption of excessive moisture. Potatoes lifted before the latter part of July were of the finest quality, and the crops were heavy; but now it is found that disease prevails extensively, so that many a field already exhales an offensive odour. On lands lying high and dry, however, the disease has, as yet, made but little progress, and it is particularly worthy of remark that, in damp valleys, where it has proved particularly destructive, the late planted crops are scarcely at all hurt, having escaped almost as completely as those which were lifted before the middle of July. Two conclusions may be deduced from these facts. In the first place, the disease originated at a time and in a way to which we have long been accustomed, though it is seldom it acquires such virulence as in the present season. From the 20th of July to the 10th of August may be regarded as the time of danger for the potato crop. Should heavy rains occur at that time, and especially if the atmosphere is much disturbed by electricity, the tubers which are fully grown and in the process of ripening will be very seriously damaged, while those that are already dead ripe, equally with those which are still growing vigorously, will in great part, or wholly escape. It is, of course, impossible to forecast the season, but it might be possible to select the sorts and the times of planting, so that potatoes should either be ripe or growing at the season when the disease usually appears. So far as we know, it is equally impossible to prevent the disease or cure the tubers which are attacked, but it may be possible to circumvent it, and so escape the severe ravages to which the root is subject when it is caught in the ripening stage by disease-inducing conditions of the atmosphere.—*Gardener's Magazine.*

THE CASE OF THE REV. P. WALSH.—The Protestant papers have stated that the Rev. P. Walsh, of Castlebar, was suspended by the Archbishop of Tuam, and have interpreted his statement that he had been deprived of the emoluments of his cure to mean that he was forcibly deprived. Mr. Walsh has written to the *Evening Journal* to say that the resignation was altogether his own act, in consequence of his ill health, and that he feels grateful to the Archbishop for the kind manner in which he accepted it.

DEATH OF THE DEAN OF ARDARAGH.—The Very Rev. Dr. Dawson, Dean of Ardagh and P.P. of Carrick-on-Shannon, formerly V.G. of Longford and Clonmacnoise, died on Wednesday. Dr. Dawson was much beloved, not only in Carrick, but throughout the diocese of Ardagh. R.I.P.

THE BELFAST RIOTS.—Two men, named Macready and Moffatt, were charged, on the 30th of last month, at the Belfast Police Court, with the wilful murder of Sub-Constable Morton during the late riots, and some evidence for the prosecution having been taken, the hearing of the case was adjourned.—Morton's representatives have lodged a claim for fifteen thousand dollars for his loss.

The claims for compensation in connection with the recent Belfast riots still continue to be sent in to the Town Clerk. They now amount to a very considerable sum, £18,800 to £12,000. Many of the claims, however, are preposterously large.

There are rumors that the Messrs. Guinness, the celebrated Dublin firm of brewers, are about to work extensively one of the Kilkenny coal mines, at first for their own use, and if successful, on a large scale.

REPRESENTATION OF LONDONDERRY.—Joseph Biggar, President of the Belfast branch of Home Rule Association, has been accepted by the Home Rule party of Londonderry as their candidate.

The master bakers in Waterford have been compelled to make concession to their men in order to avert a strike.

Drunkenness in Dublin has diminished almost one-half since the introduction of the new licensing law.

GREAT BRITAIN.

OUR NATIONAL PROSPERITY.—The *Billionist* does not think it is always in good taste to be boasting of our national prosperity. At present undoubtedly great activity of commerce exists, and money is abundant. Exports and imports, estimated in money values, have within the last year or two enormously increased. In 1869 the value of the exports, Customs-house estimate, was £199,000,000, therefore the highest recorded. During the last two years the increase in this item has been upwards of £33,000,000. The war, no doubt, and the demands of the two belligerents have contributed to this result, but not to such an extent as might be supposed. Neutral nations have taken a great deal more of our manufactures than previously. Raw materials imported and then re-exported figure not inconsiderably in this account. This consists chiefly of colonial produce, and England is becoming more and more the emporium of the commercial world. But it is to our own manufacturers that the advance is due. The strikes in every branch of labour all over the country would tend to show that we have been recently working at high pressure. Money is plentiful and labour is getting scarce. The best of our artisans are leaving our shores partly for the superior attraction of the colonies or of America. The prices of every article of food are rising; at the same time the so-called necessities of life are advancing; and what used to be called luxuries, are indulged in only occasionally and moderately, are now habitual and excessive. People with more money than they know what to do with spend fifty times more upon their pleasures, which they really do not enjoy, than the cost of them. The unbridled luxury of both men and women in what is termed the higher classes, is not only a scandal but a danger to society. We ought, therefore, to abate somewhat of the exultation expressed of the unparalleled progress of the commerce of the country.

TRAT OF INTOXICATION.—The genius of a workhouse master has solved a problem which, ever since the invention of strong liquors, had sorely puzzled magistrats and the advocates of sobriety. How can one know for certain when a person is intoxicated? The police, we are well aware, attain extraordinary proficiency in this respect; they have an ascending grade of terms, nicely discriminative, of which, while the positive is, "He had been drinking;" the comparative runs, "He was the worse for liquor;" and the superlative says, "He was disguised in drink." Seeking tests for these varied states, we find the analysts of inebriety ranging loosely from incapacity to walk straight, to that shameful condition when a man "cannot lie upon the ground without holding fast." Yet, still the problem arises—what general and unfailing test can we apply to decide whether a drinker be drunk? At sea there is an easy ordeal: the suspected tar is directed to "walk a plank," if he diverges to this or that side of the narrow line, the boatswain's mate clasps the iron upon him. Now, the master of the Islington Union has invented what may be called a terrestrial touchstone as distinguished from this maritime standard. He makes any over-zealous and suspected pauper pronounce the formula "truly rural," and, if

the liquid syllables degenerate into "tooral-tooral" or "trooral-room," he knows his man is guilty. We are half reluctant to publish this ingenious device—which has been, by the way, officially sanctioned by the guardians—because we foresee that cunning sots will practise the shibboleth, so as to roll it off correctly from their guilty tongues, even when palpably far gone. If that should prove the case, we are anxious to lay at the disposal of the ingenious master a new word which would be decidedly a puzzle for the inebriate, seeing that a testotaller and a *quaint* can only just get creditably through it. The chemists have lately announced a new compound to which they give the name of "metamono-nitromonobrombenzene." Let this awful vocable be demanded from the dubious person; if he can pronounce it, Sir Wilfrid Lawson himself would be satisfied as to his sobriety.

The Bishop of Manchester, in an address a few days ago, referred with great solicitude to the condition and tendency of things among the working classes, in view of the fearful prevalence of the drinking habit. He said this neutralized all efforts to improve them. He rejoiced at their getting better wages, but it alarmed him to see how they spent it. The demon of drink and the love of pleasure, and of extravagant expenditure, after all that was done to better their condition, "broke his heart thoroughly."

Lady Burdett-Coutts has an income of £200,000. It is told of her that recently a certain bishop, with whom she had been acquainted for many years, applied to her for money to help to build a church. She had so much confidence in the bishop that she signed a blank check and gave it to him. She had no doubt that he would fill it up with as much as two or perhaps three thousand pounds. The bishop filled it up with thirty thousand, and that was the last money or the last word he ever got from Lady Burdett-Coutts.

LONDON, September 16.—The London journals this morning rejoice over the conclusion of the Alabama claims controversy, and express a hope that the foundation has been laid for a permanent good understanding between the two nations now that all necessary reparations have been made to America. The *Standard*, however, thinks the Tribunal should have awarded damages only for the deprivations of the Alabama.

Memphis, the highest authority on all matters connected with Sunday-schools, states the annual conversion of scholars in England as only one per cent. Whatever the cause, such a lack of conversions is certainly a lamentable feature in the result of Sunday-school work in the old country. We trust that statistics would show a better state of things in this respect here.—*Mont. Witness.*

In giving an increase of 17 1/2 per cent. to the colliers, the South Yorkshire coal proprietors have at the same time advanced the price of coal 2s, making the increase nearly six shillings per ton since the 1st of June. Coal is now more than double the price it was twelve months ago.

It seems now to be admitted that, so far as this northern part of the Kingdom is concerned, the present harvest threatens to be the latest, and also perhaps the most unsatisfactory, that has been experienced since 1816.—*Seafordian, Sept. 5.*

Sixty-six deaths from violence were recorded in London, during a late week, of which 45 were the result of negligence or accident. Four cases of murder and three each of infanticide and manslaughter were registered.

UNITED STATES.

FATHER BURKE.—We are glad to be able to propagate that the health of the great Dominican preacher continues to improve, and the audience that are now anxiously expecting him in a number of places are not likely to be disappointed of leaving him.—*Irish American.*

MARYLAND'S CONSTITUTION.—A Correspondent of the *New York Herald* reproduces a very interesting passage in one of O'Connell's speeches, as follows:—

"It is perfectly capable of proof that the Jesuits have done much for the advancement of liberty and civilization, though the very opposite is persistently but falsely maintained by those who will not allow themselves to see the truth. The Jesuits have been identified with the freedom and independence of America. At a meeting held in the city of Waterford, Ireland, on the 30th of August, 1826, I cited O'Connell stating the case of the Catholics, and demanding their enfranchisement from the penal code, made use of the following language:—

"Behold the epitome of the history of Maryland. When the Presbyterians had power, they persecuted Papists and Prelatists; when the Prelatists were in power they persecuted Presbyterians and Papists; when the Catholics were in power they persecuted neither Presbyterians nor Prelatists, nor any sect, but gave perfect freedom of conscience to Christians of all denominations. There is one fact not told respecting Catholic liberality in Maryland, which I wish I had a trumpet loud enough to call on all England to hear. Who was it that wrote every letter, word and line of that statute? Is England prepared to hear the answer? It was one of that class who have been persecuted and are still calumniated, but who in my judgment, deserved to be placed among the benefactors of the human race. It was, hear it, calumny!—It was a Jesuit."

"These are the very words of Daniel O'Connell, taken down at the moment by the Reporter of the *London Morning Herald*, who attended the meeting specially to give a full and accurate report of his speech. O'Connell was in favor of the emancipation of the negro from bondage. It would be well if the American people, who are so intelligent and who read so much, would bear in mind, when they are discussing questions affecting the Church and then our liberty, that it was a member of the Society of Jesus who drew the liberal public law of Maryland in 1649—a law that protected the conscience of every citizen of that State, no matter what might be his religious opinions, from oppression or wrong. That good work was the work of a Jesuit priest; and I appeal to the justice of the *Herald* to publish the fact to the world, so that it may go to mitigate, if anything can mitigate, the hostility of men who work themselves into a fit of religious passion and seem to think that the world is coming to an end and public liberty on the brink of destruction, because a few Jesuits, whose mission is to instruct and enlighten youth, are permitted to dwell in this country, where, we are told, all men have equal rights."

IMPROVING THE LANGUAGE.—In the days when man was everything and woman nothing, it was correct enough to say, "A person whatever his beliefs may be, can do so-and-so." But, as woman has forced her way up, she has rebelled against the masculine possessive, and demanded that we should use the phrase: "Whatever his or her beliefs may be." This is not only cumbersome, but unmelodious. We are not, however, prepared to endorse the remedy proposed by an eccentric philologist. He says that a new word should be formed, equivalent to "his or her," and suggests "hizer" as the most suitable one. This hybrid is to be declined: "Hesh, hizer, and himer." The circular which contains this proposition closes with the words—"Should this addition be acceptable to persons speaking and writing the English language, I will subsequently propose a number of new words, as analogous improvements." For the sake of preventing any "analogous" we trust that all persons speaking and writing the English language will hasten to signify how unacceptable this addition to it is.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The True Witness

AND
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
At No. 210, St. James Street, by
J. GILLIES.

G. E. CLERK, Editor.

TERMS YEARLY IN ADVANCE:
To all country Subscribers, Two Dollars. If the Subscription is not renewed at the expiration of the year, then, in case the paper be continued, the terms shall be Two Dollars and a half.
The True Witness can be had at the News Depots. Single copies, 5 cts.
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MONTEAL, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1872

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.
SEPTEMBER—1872.
Friday, 27—St. Cosmas and Damian, MM.
Saturday, 28—St. Wenceslaus, M.
Sunday, 29—Nineteenth after Pentecost.
Monday, 30—St. Jerome, C. D.
OCTOBER—1872.
Tuesday, 1—St. Remigius, B. C.
Wednesday, 2—The Holy Guardian Angels.
Thursday, 3—Of the Blessed Sacrament.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The most cheering news from Great Britain is that the price of coal has fallen and is expected to fall a good deal more. This is indeed good news, and is a set off to the sad tale that reaches us of the potatoes which are everywhere rotting, and of the cattle which are being carried off by pestilence. A food famine and a fuel famine together would be too much for the poorer classes of England to endure; they would rise up against the rich.

The political news from Europe is of but little interest. The English journals are taken up either with long and rather dreary details of the *Autumn Manœuvres*, or with reports of brutal murders, of which there is an abundant crop. A single paragraph of the *London Times*, for instance, contains a report of one case of wife murder; one of the murder of a daughter by her mother; and another of the murder of a young man by his comrade. Pretty well this for one day; what would the Protestant papers say had all this occurred in Ireland?

On the 20th inst., the partisans of the Piedmontese Government had a demonstration to commemorate the attack on, and capture of that City by the foreign mercenaries of Victor Emmanuel. From his faithful subjects the Sovereign Pontiff received visits of condolence, to whom the Holy Father delivered addresses deploring the calamities of the Church in general, and of the Holy City in particular, now become the prey of the spoiler. Spain is in a very disturbed condition; the Carlists are again moving, and the finances of the country exhibit a deficit of 2,600 millions of reals; the condition of the bogus Kingdom of Italy is, thank God, no better, and we may hope that the day of vengeance is not far off. The people will have ample opportunity to meditate upon the blessings of Revolution—and the results of Liberal principles.

The report of the harvest in Canada is on the whole very satisfactory, and invites to gratitude towards Him from Whom comes every good gift.

The Golden wedding, or fiftieth anniversary of the Ordination of Mgr. Bourget, Bishop of Montreal will be duly celebrated on Tuesday the 29th of October next, the eve of his 74th birthday. The real date of Monseigneur's Ordination is the 30th of November; but as at that season of the year the communications are much cut up, it has been determined to devote the 29th of next month to the joyful celebration.

The festivities will commence on Sunday the 27th by a solemn High Mass. On Monday they will be continued, and in the evening there will be illuminations and other demonstrations. On Tuesday there will be Pontifical High Mass at the Cathedral; and at half an hour after noon, there will be a Banquet in the St. Patrick's Hall, to which all the Clergy, and representatives from every Parish, College, Seminary, and Religious Corporate body or Association of men in the Diocese are invited. In the evening, illuminations, torchlight processions and other festivities.

Addresses from every Parish and Association in the Diocese will be presented from the 21st to the 28th inclusive, of next month, betwixt the hours of 9 a.m. and 3 p.m. These will be preserved in volumes; and it is hoped that from every Parish will come an offering for the purpose of completing the Dome of the Cathedral, beneath which, when it shall please God to call him, the mortal remains of our beloved and venerated Bishop will be laid, to await the

last trump, and the coming of Him Whom on earth he has so faithfully served.

It will thus be seen that the projected festivities are on a grand scale, and worthy of the occasion. We respectfully invite our fellow-citizens, by timely preparations for the decorating of their houses to contribute their part to the approaching solemnity.

THE GENEVA AWARD.—On both sides of the Atlantic there is discontent with the result of the Arbitration. That there should be discontent in England is not wonderful; but that the same feeling towards the award should be manifested in the United States is indeed strange.

The former is mulcted in a round sum of upwards of Three Millions of Pounds sterling in gold; this, with some drawback on account of counter-claims yet to be heard and adjudicated upon—England will have to pay, and the United States to receive. This is a matter of fact.

On the other hand, the principle is established, on undeniable parchment, and in the best of ink, that neutrals are liable for the acts of ships fitted out in their ports. This—in theory—is beneficial to England; since, if reduced to practise, it would secure her, when engaged in war, against the depredations of privateers built, equipped in, and sailing from, United States ports.

Unfortunately, however, the gain to England is only theoretical, whilst that to the United States is a hard fact, capable of being expressed in terms of dollars and cents, in gold. The principle of the liability of neutrals, as laid down in the Treaty, which is all that England gains by it, will never be reduced to practise, or assume the guise of a fact. Is any one, on either side of the Atlantic, fool enough to believe that, were England engaged in war, or were Ireland in insurrection, the United States would submit to be bound by it? Can any one, not a born fool, doubt for a moment that in such a contingency, from every port of the United States, armed vessels would sail forth to prey upon English commerce, to carry material aid to the insurgents? No Treaty that Great Britain has ever made, or ever will make, will be binding upon the other party for one moment longer than it is in the power of the former to enforce it at the cannon's mouth, and point of the bayonet. Treaties are of themselves—we say it advisedly—but sheer unmitigated humbug. Were Treaties of any value, the Piedmontese would not to-day be in Rome; were plighted faith and pledged word worth aught as guarantees against aggression the Sovereign Pontiff would not to-day be prisoner in his own Territories. Were Treaties binding, when either of the contracting parties feels itself thereby hampered in its policy and, at the same time, strong enough to set them at naught, Russia would not have set aside with contemptuous disregard of the remonstrances of Great Britain the essential conditions of the Treaty which closed the Crimean war. He then must be an ass indeed, who can for a moment dream that the Treaty of Washington will oppose any obstacles to the building, arming, and sending to sea from U. States ports, of cruisers to prey upon British commerce, and to carry on hostilities against the Empire—the moment the latter finds itself engaged in war, and too weak to compel by force of arms the U. States Government to observe the stipulations of that Treaty. Were Treaties binding, were the laws of nations recognised by the U. States as imposing of themselves, obligations, Canada would never have been tormented with raids upon her territory by armed bands of U. States citizens. And yet there are simpletons who tittle about the Treaty of Washington, and the principle with respect to neutral obligations that it has consecrated. Bah!

The papers furnish us with an account of the antecedents of Mrs. Emily J. Meriman, now Mrs. ———— really we are at a loss how to style the lady: whether to speak of her as the Reverend Mrs. Loysou, or as the Rev. Mother Hyacinthe—at all events we mean the lady whom the Father Hyacinthe has lately led to the licensed Matrimonial Registry Office, Marylebone. The lady, like the second Mrs. Weller, was a widow, the relict of a Mr. Meriman of Brooklyn. From her husband she had been separated for several years before his death, and had travelled on the Continent of Europe as agent for a "patent corset." She also acted as a sort of newspaper correspondent, furnishing accounts of women's dresses, and "female fixings" generally, to the papers in the U. States. Whilst in Paris Mrs. Meriman was converted from Protestantism to Romanism. On her return to the U. States after her husband's death, she got herself reconverted from Romanism back to Protestantism by a minister of the name of Joseph Thomason. Soon however she left New York for Paris where again she was re-converted from Protestantism to Romanism by Father Hyacinthe, the charms of the eloquent monk, eclipsing those of the absent

pastor of the New York Tabernacle church. And now last change—at least last change as yet recorded in this strange eventful history—she has been re-re-converted back to Protestantism, by her Protestantised husband whom she had herself converted to that holy faith, by the pure Gospel light which flashed from her eyes. Altogether it is a very funny story.

The Reverend Benedict does not seem quite assured as to his position however. Unmindful of the proverb "qui s'excuse s'accuse," he has published a long letter in the public papers vindicating his conduct, justifying the violation of his vows, and made up of the old stock arguments of Luther and the early Protestant reformers. He marries by way of setting an example, and as a protest against the "traditions of a blind asceticism." With what particular anti-Catholic sect the unhappy man proposes to ally himself, he does not tell us. For a time he will probably take refuge amongst the Dollingerites.

Dr. Pusey threatens to abandon the Church as By Law Established, should the Athanasian Creed be repealed by Act of Parliament, or seriously tampered with. Mr. Ffoulkes, on the other hand, wishes to get rid of it altogether, on the grounds that it, as also does the *Filioque* in the Creed, or doctrine of the Double Procession of the Holy Ghost—rests upon the authority of the Pope alone. "Both," he says in a letter to the *Times*—

"Both came to our forefathers on the sole authority implied or expressed, of the Pope. On that authority (disguise it as we may by the name of prescription, agreement with Scripture, or with our own predilections) we receive both still. Hence the logical defects of our position, which sent so many of us over to Rome—myself included—in spite of all that Dr. Pusey could say; and English Churchmen may take my word for it, as having studied this whole question from more sides than one, that as long as we retain anything in our system which our forefathers received on the authority of the Pope alone, and for which we cannot plead the express teaching of the undisputed General Councils of the Church as well, so long we shall never be able to look Rome fairly in the face, or gainsay the logic which may sooner or later make conquest of Dr. Pusey himself. I remain, &c., EDWARD S. FFOLKES.

If this be so; if as Mr. Ffoulkes asserts, the Athanasian Creed, and the doctrine of the Double Procession came to our forefathers "on the sole authority, implied or expressed of the Pope;" and since our forefathers universally accepted creed and doctrine—then it follows that our forefathers accepted the Pope alone, as an infallible authority in questions of faith; and that the recent definition of the Council of the Vatican, whatever else it may be, is no novelty, or rather imposes no new belief on the Church. Fact is better than theory; and therefore the fact that the sole authority of the Pope sufficed to establish creeds, and to define articles of faith, shows that the Pope was in fact accepted as infallible by our forefathers, and that they would have accepted the decrees of the Vatican Council.

Men do not accept confessions of faith and creeds, and articles of belief on the "sole authority" of one whom they deem to be fallible. They may err in attributing infallibility to him; but that they do attribute it to him is evident, if they accept confessions of faith from his hands, and articles of belief on his "sole authority."

CATHOLIC INGRATITUDE.—The Irish are not generally deemed obnoxious to the reproach of being unmindful of benefits received; and yet the charge of ingratitude is seriously urged against them, at least against such of them as are Catholics, and who persist in remaining faithful to their Church after their arrival in the U. States, by a certain Eugene Lawrence, a writer in *Harpur's Weekly*.

It seems—and it is on this the charge of ingratitude is based—that the Irish Catholic immigrant is received at New York by a Society which, taking him by the hand on his landing, places him in communication with the Catholic priest. The latter—vile ungrateful mortal that he is—warns the lately landed stranger against the dangers and temptations to which he is likely to be exposed; and herein lies the very head and front of the offending, the Irish Catholic stranger is especially warned against the Godless schools of the U. States.

"But it is against the public schools that the emigrant is especially warned, as the centres of moral and spiritual corruption. 'Keep your children,' the Catholic Union insists, 'away from State-Schools, which one might better call heathen schools, or even by some worse name.' And one of its orators proceeds to demand that the school funds shall be divided in such a way as to insure the education of the people in the rigid principles of Romanism."

There is gratitude for you! Instead of being thankful to the State that taxes them for the support of schools in which their children will be weaned in due time from the superstitions of Romanism—these ungrateful Irish Papists spurn the schools; and have actually the audacity to demand that their own money, the money that they pay for school purposes, be so employed as to give them schools to which they can conscientiously send their children! Why this is worse than the ingratitude of the Irish Papists at home; who instead of being humbly thankful for an Established Protestant Church

set up for them by a liberal Protestant Government, actually—alas for the depravity of human nature! refused to attend its ministrations, or accept its consolations, in spite of three centuries of paternal torturings, hangings, rackings, floggings and persecution. And so here in the United States the descendants of these ungrateful men seem as insensible to the blessing of State-Schoolism, as were their fathers in Ireland to the blessings of State-Churchism.

THE AGRICULTURAL LABORER'S STRIKE.—It is to be feared that there will be lively times in England during the coming winter. Coal is dear—so dear, as to be almost beyond the reach of any but the wealthy; meat is dear and rising; the potatoes are rotting; and most serious of all, the farmers seem to be meditating reprisals against their laborers, whose combination has already had the effect of raising wages, about one and sixpence per week, and if allowed to continue, may raise them yet a great deal more.

During summer and autumn, the laborers had it all their own way; the farmers, whose crops had to be cut down and got in at any cost, were obliged to yield to the demands made upon them; but in the winter, field work is slack, and the farmers' turn will come; they will be masters of the position, and will improve it, reckless of consequences. The note of warning to the refractory laborers has been already sounded; they have been given to understand that they will be deprived of those perquisites which, in the shape of cottages and garden plots have hitherto helped to eke out their scant wages; and it is said that the farmers will dismiss all the hands they can do without during the winter. In short the farmers are to meet the summer "strike," with a kind of winter "lock-out."

If this policy be carried out, it is to be feared that serious outbreaks will be the result; that modern *Jacquerie* will be the consequence, and that this will not be put down without much loss of valuable property, and still more precious lives. The principles of the *Commune* will under such circumstances find acceptance even amongst the somewhat stolid rural population of England; and the cry "property is theft; death to the rich"—may yet be heard amongst the green lanes of England, as well as in the streets and back-slums of Paris.

How this calamity is to be avoided it is hard to see. Legislation can do nothing to avert it; for it can hardly be expected that, in this nineteenth century the legislator will, as in the days of feudal ignorance, again attempt to regulate wages by laws, or to determine the relations betwixt employers and employed by Statute; and yet if something be not done, and that quickly, England in spite of her so-called prosperity, seems to be menaced with a Peasants' War.

The *Times* is in difficulties how to reconcile the spoliation of the Church in Rome by the Piedmontese Government, with—not the principles of justice—but with the civil laws of the new Italian Kingdom:—

"As these laws"—says the *Times*—"insure to the citizens unlimited freedom of association, it was not easy to see why, in a community organised upon the principle of absolute separation of Church and State, monks and nuns should not be permitted to join in the pursuit of holiness as freely as other men or women are allowed to club together for any other purpose."

Not easy indeed; but neither is it easy to show upon what principle Englishmen, who boast that in their country every man is to be held and treated as innocent of crime until proved guilty in open court, can approve of the pains and penalties imposed on Jesuit priests without form of trial whatsoever. The only explanation of the phenomenon is the old one:—That Protestants have two contradictory canons or rules of right and wrong; one which they reserve for their own use; the other, which they apply to Catholics.

Open Bibles and Gospel Privileges seem but to have but small effect in promoting morality; nay almost would it seem as if unchastity prevailed in the very ratio of meeting houses.—Such at least is the testimony of the Registrar for the parish of Walls Shetland in his returns for the first quarter of the current year.

This parish is singularly blessed with meeting houses. For a population of 2,500 souls, it has no less than 14 separate sects, or congregations; and its moral state may be judged of from the Registrar's indignant wail. Having enumerated the fearful amount of illegitimacy, the good man exclaims:—

"Such a proportion of illegitimate births has never before occurred in this district within the memory of man. If a clause is not inserted in the Poor Law Amendment Act, making criminal matters will become worse: for leaving the country, and denying the paternity are characteristic of our parishioners."

Is there any Popish parish in Ireland of which a public officer would venture to say the same thing?

POLITICAL.—It is rumored that Mr. George Brown is about to re-enter public life as leader of the Ontario legislature.

It is rumored in Quebec, that Mr. Cauchon is to enter the Cabinet as Receiver General, in place of Mr. Chapais.

ORDINATIONS.—His Lordship the Bishop of Montreal, whose health is, to the delight of all the faithful of the diocese, greatly improved made on Saturday, the 7th inst., a pastoral visit to Ste. Therese where, besides visiting the Seminary, and the convent and other religious institution, His Lordship conferred the following Orders:—Priesthood—Rev. MM. Alphonse Joubert and Treffe Cordier. Subdiaconate—Rev. M. Timothy Kavanagh. Minor Orders—MM. Napoleon Lenoire, Napoleon Aubry, William Fox, Avila Cherrier. The following received the Tonsure—MM. A. Corbert, D. Leduc, M. Emard, L. Leduc, and P. Brady.

In the afternoon His Lordship confirmed 250 children, and also received and replied to numerous addresses presented to him. On Monday His Lordship started for Lachine.

That our beloved Bishop should thus be able to resume his apostolic labors is a proof of his returning health, and warrants us in indulging in the hope that he may yet be spared to the Diocese for many years.

ORDINATIONS.—On the 21st inst., His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec conferred the Order of Subdeacon on M. Martin McPherson of Achat.

On the same day His Lordship the Bishop of St. Hyacinthe conferred Subdeacon's Orders on MM. L. Boivin and Magloire Lafamme both of the Seminary of St. Hyacinthe.

RECEPTION.—In the Ursuline Convent at Quebec, an interesting and edifying ceremony took place on Sunday, the 8th inst. From the hands of her uncle, Mgr. Horan, the esteemed Bishop of Kingston, Miss Stella Murray received the veil, after having made her solemn profession, and taken the usual vows. The Rev. C. Murray, of Cornwall, brother of her whose sacred nuptials were that day celebrated, preached an appropriate sermon.

On Monday Rosa D'Erina gave the first of her entertainments at the St. Patrick's Hall. Owing, we suppose, to the menacing appearance of the sky, the attendance was not so large as we anticipated it would be, and as the Rose of Erin's merits deserved. The entertainment was rather of the nature of a Musical Lecture than a Concert, the object being to give the audience an idea of the several styles of music. For this purpose the accomplished artist gave choice selections from Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Rossini, and other great composers; as well as from Wallace, Balfe, and the sweet ballads of Ireland, England, and Scotland. On Tuesday a new programme was well carried out in the same Hall; and we are sure that all who had the pleasure of assisting must have retired with the assurance that strong as are the terms in which the merits of Rosa D'Erina, whether as a vocalist or a pianist have been sung by the press both of England and America, those terms are not exaggerated, and that the fair cantatrice, their object, deserves them all.

The *Catholic Review*, published at Brooklyn has entered upon the second year of its existence, and will, perhaps accept our congratulations. Such a paper as the *Catholic Review* is a credit to its conductors, and a blessing to the community amongst whom it circulates. Its original articles are all of the first class, and its selections most interesting. Most heartily do we tender its editors our best wishes for the long and prosperous career of the *Review*, than which no abler paper is published on this Continent. As Catholics we are proud of it.

The *Witness* of the 20th complains that we have dealt unjustly in attributing to him fears lest Scotch Protestant morality be deteriorated by the influx of Catholics from Ireland. The *Witness* tells us that he did but quote from the Registrar General's Report that such was the case, expressing no opinion of his own on the matter. We misunderstood the *Witness* by not paying sufficient attention to his quotation marks, and therefore hasten to make the necessary correction.

TRUE IRISH GENEROSITY.—On Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, September 10th, and 11th, that popular troupe, "Erin and the Brennans," gave exhibitions in Ottawa, in aid of the building fund of the St. Patrick's Orphanage, of that city. In return for such generosity, we hope that Mr. Brennan and his entertaining company, will receive a genuine *Cead-Mille-Faillie* from every Irish man, woman, and child, in the various cities and towns through which they propose to pass.

MORE POWER TO THEM.—The Catholics of New Brunswick won't pay the rascally school tax imposed on them by their fanatical legislature. Thus in St. John, out of \$73,000, only \$6,000 have been collected. This is as it should be; and by sticking to this policy our Catholic friends will no doubt be able to wrest from their oppressors what we may call "better terms."

Seven hundred and eighty-five immigrants arrived in Toronto last month, of whom five hundred and fifty-five remain in Canada.

WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.
SHORT SERMONS FOR SINCERE SOULS.

No. XIV.

If masters are bound, as we have seen they are, to lead their servants to God, to give them good advice, and to use their utmost authority in correcting their vices and disorders; with much more reason are they bound never to exact from them the slightest thing, that is contrary, directly or indirectly, to the law of God. And yet, alas! how often this self-evident duty is disregarded. Catholic masters and mistresses! Almighty God has said to all men, "Remember thou keep holy the Sabbath day." What is to be said of those then, who, instead of allowing their servants time to fulfil this paramount duty, keep them employed the greater part of the day in preparing for guests; or in other frivolous duties? Is not this to command duties directly contrary to the law of God? And what is to be said of those, who, in order to save time on the week day, send their servants on unnecessary errands on the Sunday, which consume the greater part of the day. You are bound, Catholic masters and mistresses, not only not to break the law of God yourselves, but to have a care that none of those under your care break it either. Neither thou, nor thy man servant, nor thy maid servant.

Having seen—Catholic masters and mistresses,—the duty you owe your servants as to their souls; it becomes us now to consider your duty towards them as to their bodies. Your first duty in this respect is to treat them with kindness. Kindness is the first characteristic of charity. The apostle (Gal. VI.) exhorts you to do good to all men, forbidding you to use either menaces or threats, reminding you, that there is above us all in heaven one common Father and Master, in whose eyes there is no exception of persons, and who regards not our condition of life. Whence then—Catholic masters and mistresses—whence these transports of anger,—these proud airs,—these marks of contempt so common in the world? Jesus Christ, the Son of God, "who was made a little lower than the angels," did not disdain to call you brothers. How then can you dare, Masters, thus to conduct yourselves towards your servants? The highest honor, the most noble titles which you can claim is that of Christian,—and do not your servants share it with you? The richest heritage to which you can pretend is that of eternal life—and are not your servants equally called thereto? Christ shed His blood for you—but did He not shed it equally for them? The kingdom of heaven is open equally to all, for them as well as you. How then, masters and mistresses, can you dare to address with harsh words and proud commands these, who may hereafter reign with you for ever in Paradise? And who forsooth are these, who give these proud commands? Are they beings of another species? Are they more than men, that they thus treat their servants, as though they were the worms of the earth, or the most abject and vile of beings? Beware, foolish creatures; this servant, whom you abuse, is perhaps infinitely more valuable in the sight of God, than you. It is not honors, nor riches, nor position that render us worthy before God,—it is graces corresponded with; humility, accepted or acquired, prayers fervently said, vices triumphed over and virtues perfected, these are the honors, these the riches, this the position, which render men acceptable before God. Beware then, foolish masters and mistresses! this servant whom you abuse may perhaps one day be reigning in heaven, whilst you crouch in hell.

But, you will perhaps reply, they render themselves blameworthy every day by a thousand negligences, which we cannot pardon. But would it not be better to correct them with charity and sweetness, rather than thus reprimand them every day with opprobrious terms and unchristian rigor? What if God, Who is their master and your's, should treat you with the same rigor, with which you treat them? Where then would be your salvation? When Peter asked Our Lord, how often shall my brother offend against me and I forgive him? Till seven times? What was Our Saviour's answer? I say not to thee until seven times, but until seventy times seven. Tremble then, rash masters, tremble rash mistresses, at this decision of your Lord. Not seven times only shalt thou forgive, but seventy times seven. The king in the parable forgave his subject, the debt he owed him, when falling down he prayed him saying—"Have patience with me and I will pay thee all." The servant in that same parable going out throttled his fellow servant, who owed him, when he made a like petition, and cast him into prison. And what was his punishment? And the Lord called him and said to him,—Thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all thy debt, because thou besoughtest me; shouldst not thou then have had compassion also on thy fellow servant even as I had compassion on thee? Behold here then, Christian master, thy duty. Do to thy servant, as thou, a servant of the Divine Master, wouldst have that Master do to thee, lest in His anger having forgiven thee thy faults,

he cast thee into prison, and exact thy debt because thou didst not forgive thy fellow.

But your duty does not stop here. Not only are you bound to treat your servants with kindness; you must assist them in their sickness, and endeavour to assuage their pains. I cannot cite a more generous example of charity, than that of the Centurion of the Gospel, whom St. Chrysostom declares he can never sufficiently admire. "This officer had a sick servant. Perhaps, he sent him away or left him without care, as so many masters have done. No! says the Saint, he kept him near him—he tried all possible remedies for his cure, and when he found them unavailing, he had recourse to his divine Lord, Jesus Christ. Mark well, who this master was:—He was a soldier: an officer naturally impatient, and accustomed to be obeyed promptly by those who served under him. And yet with what patience he attends this sick man of his household! And what is the malady of this sick servant? Is it a fever, of which he can expect his recovery in a few days? No he is a paralytic; nailed down, so to speak, to his bed; attacked with an incurable sickness, the end of which cannot be foreseen. Oh, how much will the incomparable charity of this centurion condemn, at the last days the cruelty and inhumanity of so many masters of our days, who at the first appearance of sickness drive from their house, the domestic who has served them almost all their life! how many are there now a days who believe, that they do a great kindness to their sick servant by sending him to hospital, whilst they keep in their stables, nursed and tended with the greatest care a sick horse or dog! But this poor animal, you tell me, is the delight of its master. And I tell you, that this servant has a soul which is the delight of God. But this horse cost us money! And your servant's soul cost Jesus Christ, all his blood. This comparison is odious and offends you! I make it not to offend you, but to excite you to enter into yourselves in order that Jesus Christ, who is present to you in the person of your sick servant, may not have to reproach you, that you have not only not visited Him, but that you have chased him from your doors." Thus preached and preaches to all time the great St. Chrysostom.

Enter then into yourselves masters and mistresses, and since God has given you servants, practice towards them, the two beautiful and holy virtues of piety and charity. By the first, you are bound to instruct them in the truths of our holy religion, to correct their faults, and never to command anything contrary to God's law. By the second, you are bound to treat them with kindness, and not to abandon them in their sickness. These are the talents which as Catholic masters and mistresses, Jesus Christ has entrusted to your care. Beware lest by negligence you bury them in the ground, to hear at the last day that terrible sentence:—Wicked and slothful servant, thou knewest that I reap where I sow not, and gather where I have not sown. Thou oughtest therefore to have committed my money to the bankers, and at my coming, I should have received my own with usury. Bind him hand and foot, and cast him into the exterior darkness. There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

TOLERATION.

"William lived in a tolerant age."—Profes. McLellan.

When James the First, made his progress through Lancashire in 1616, he found it, he tells us, infested with two classes of people—papists and paritans. If he ever travel through it at the present day, by special permit from his satanic majesty in requital for services done, he will find it in much the same condition,—but especially papists. But this is anticipating and speculative. Exactly then thirty two years after James' progress, in the year 1648 the Puritan ministers of Lancashire, made bold to air their opinions of men and manners in a document by them entitled. "The Harmonious Consent of the Ministers of the Province, within the County Palatine of Lancashire, with their Rev. Brethren the Ministers of the Province of London, in their late late Testimony to the truth of Jesus Christ, and to our solemn League and Covenant; as also against the Errors, Heresies and Blasphemies of these times and the toleration of them." The reader will notice from this title, that the Ministers of Lancashire at that date, were in Harmonious Consent with their Rev. Brethren of London, upon certain subjects, and notably on the toleration of Errors, Heresies and Blasphemies, &c. This is important, because, as Professor McLellan has asserted the tolerance of Dutch William's age, and as these good ministers were some of them doubtless only dying off, when the Dutchman ascended England's throne, this document gives us a certain insight into the opinions of the age. The date of this document will further remind the reader of another notable circumstance. It was penned the year before Puritanism, made the shining axe descend upon Prelacy and Charles Stuart. They were still suffering from the intolerance of (Anglican) Prelacy. This circumstance would doubtless

chasten their spirit, and lead them to grant to others, that tolerance, they so much needed themselves. But did it do so? We think not; as a short extract from this pious document, and "harmonious consent" will abundantly shew. After disussing the other topics, these holy and amiable men, each of whom subscribes his name to the document, thus proceed to deliver themselves in that tolerant age, upon the all important subject of religious toleration. "It would be," they tell us "the putting of a sword into a madman's hand; a cup of poison into the hands of a child; a letting loose of madmen with firebrands in their hands; an appointing a city of refuge in men's consciences for the devil to fly to; a laying of a stumbling block before the blind; a proclaiming of liberty to the wolves to come into Christ's fold to prey upon his lambs; a toleration of soul murder (the greatest murder of all) and for the establishing whereof, damned souls in hell would accuse men on earth, &c., &c. Without waiting to notice the confusion of ideas in the minds of these good men, on the functions of the damned and English orthography, as evinced in the last line of our quotation, we cannot but commend these amiable souls, for in as much as they have delivered themselves with no uncertain sound. Even Professor McLellan cannot mistake them. Nor do they stop here. Filled with a pious horror and holy dread, they go on to say. "We also dread to think, what horrid blasphemies would be belched out against God, what vile abominations would be committed * * * if once Liberty were given by Law (which God forbid) for men to profess and practice what opinions they pleased." And yet this was a tolerant age! Good most worthy Professor. SACERDOS.

SEVEN EVIL SPIRITS.—The Witness compares priest-ridden Ireland, to the man into whom the seven evil spirits entered, whose last state, as the Scripture tells us, was worse than the first. The comparison is a just one, but the Witness should not have drawn it. Priest-ridden Ireland is unhappily possessed by seven evil spirits, hideous in name, hideous in appearance, hideous in their effects. Though the task is a repugnant one, we will classify the wicked geni for the benefit of the great one cent daily, and the numerous body whom it loves to deceive.

FIRST on the list, we have Foreign-rule, the rule of Protestant England over Catholic Ireland. That such a spirit is an evil one, the annual emigration from Ireland loudly proclaims.

SECOND stands Irish Landlordry. During the past century, the British Government has made several futile attempts to exorcise this spirit. These repeated failures can be attributed to one cause only—want of earnestness.

THIRD—Orangeism, a hydra-headed monster. Of this evil it is unnecessary to say a word: we Canadians are unfortunately too well acquainted with it's origin, it's existence, and it's aim.

FOURTH—The remnant of the Established Church. This spirit lost it's head a short time ago; what remains of it's carcass, the rump, is preserved in the educational system.

FIFTH—The Irish Bible and Tract Society, the vehicle that conveys insult to the Catholic peasant, and fuel to the fire of religious discord.

SIXTH—Mr. Injustice Keogh, who incited the oppressed people to rebellion, and then dragged them to the scaffold; who aimed the shaft of hate at the breast of the institution that saved him from the poor house, and sought to save him from disgrace.

SEVENTH—The Montreal Daily Witness, only one cent! Although meagerly circulated in the priest-ridden land, the evangelical thunderer occasionally finds an opportunity to encourage the bigoted enemies of Ireland's prosperity in their nefarious work of diabolism.

If the Witness is willing to carry out it's comparison to the very letter, it will candidly acknowledge that of the seven evil spirits, the last is one of the worst. D'ye take?—MARK.

(From the Montreal Herald).

FATHER HYACINTHE AS A BENEVOLENT.—Father Hyacinthe not unnaturally foresees the kind of imputation which his marriage will give rise to, as to his motives in abandoning his former position in the Catholic Church. The gratification which his vows of celibacy prohibited to him will naturally seem to many to be the true object of his recent change of opinions. He has before him the example of the charges made against Luther, and he can hardly expect to escape. Indeed the deduction is so obvious, however untrue it may be in fact, that it cannot fail to occur to both friends and enemies. And, though the late eloquent preacher repudiates the soft impeachment, and gives reasons, which to him doubtless seem strong, why he should be believed when he says that he left his convent without any idea of marrying, the tone in which he speaks of married life will seem to many observers to confirm the suspicions which his defence is intended to combat. We wonder whether the imaginations of all those who have bound themselves to single blessedness are so exalted as those of the good father on the felicity of matrimony. Expecting as he does from his new condition so many consolations, one cannot help thinking that these anticipations could hardly not have been without their influence, consciously or unconsciously to himself, upon the determination at which he has arrived. Nothing can be more confiding than his assurance of the happiness which is in store for him, from the noble and holy affection, the sublime devotion, "which Providence has thrown upon his path," just when he

most required to meet them, and from the "gifts of intellect and heart" which he has made his own. We naturally feel some hesitation about the singleness of purpose which has prompted a change of opinions when the conversion brings enjoyment in the place of privation. But might not the reverend gentleman have taken another view of the case? There are said to be an increasing number of bachelors who have firmly resolved to remain in that unfinished condition of life, on the ground that marriage is rather a state of probation approaching to penance, than a succession of beatitudes such as Father Hyacinthe evidently looks for. Might he not have made his apology more logical and convincing had he started from that view of the case?—had he said that when he became a monk, he intended to make large sacrifices, but experience had taught him that after all his married fellow-creatures had a great deal more bother than the single ones, and that he felt bound not to shirk any part of the afflictions which Providence has decreed for the trial human faith and patience. Assuming that he was to be trusted as to his avowed judgment about matrimony, such an exposition of the career he was about to enter upon would have been the best answer to the outcry against interested motives; and after all, though there are many households which no doubt fully justify all the glorious expectations which we have referred to, ancient histories as well as modern reports of the Divorce Courts justify us in believing that an excellent case might have been made out on the other side, and that the ex-priest of Notre Dame might have had some success in proving that increase of mortification was his true aim in exchanging one set of vows for another. Perhaps he will be better prepared for such a method of argument should he ever meditate a second marriage. At present he has looked upon the blessings of domesticity from the retirement of cells, and has seen nothing but the good behaviour of wedded consorts when they are in company. Possibly a larger and more intimate experience of ordinary society will show him that the lectures of Mrs. Caudle are not wholly the work of imagination, and that even monastic discipline may not necessarily be more rigid than the new sort of government to which he has submitted himself. We trust, should we ever have occasion to make another venture, that with greater confidence we could at present be able to frame his renewed apology, should he think a second necessary. Meanwhile the manner in which he takes the public into his confidence has about it so much of the charming and gushing simplicity of the style which is noticeable in the letters produced as evidence in suits for breach of promise of marriage, that we can hardly refrain from considering it as at least slightly ridiculous.

St. ANNE'S CHURCH.—CONSECRATION OF STATUES.—It will be recollected that some seven or eight months ago, St. Anne's Church was the scene of the consecration of three marble altars, whose erection in the building has had no small influence in giving to the interior part of the edifice a more decided expression of the belief of the congregation in the doctrine of "the best for God." It cannot be denied that magnificence, whether in building or furnishing a church, tends to a higher appreciation of Divinity, and has evidently had that effect in St. Anne's, for before a year has passed we are called upon to chronicle the dedication of two beautiful statues of the Virgin and child, and of St. Joseph, which are intended to grace the interior of the same sacred fane. These statues, which are of pure white marble, are the work of Mr. M. O'Brien, of the firm of Tansey & O'Brien, and are very fine specimens of sculpture. They are intended to be deposited on either side of the small altars, but yesterday were placed on temporary pedestals within the sanctuary. The Virgin and Child is copied from the Notre Dame de Victoire, Paris. As a figure it is all that could be desired, the artist having, in addition to the physical features developed in the stone, in a very high degree, the goodness, purity and other qualifications of the Mother of God. She is represented as standing upon the clouds, and on her right she holds one hand of her little son, whose other hand is raised in blessing, and whose feet rest upon a world. The angelic appearance of the child-like face betokens the labour, mental and physical, which must have been spent in producing it, and, as with the other representation, the expression and physique are all that could be desired. That, as the Sacred Writings tell us, "Joseph was a just man," his statue implies, Mr. O'Brien's conception having been most happy, and of both figures we may say that we hardly expected Montreal could have produced them. They were yesterday surrounded with evergreens, and brilliantly lit up. Over the Virgin was the motto, "Behold thy mother," and over St. Joseph, "Go to Joseph." At yesterday morning's service, Mozart's Twelfth Mass was performed by the united choirs of St. Patrick's and St. Anne's churches, Mr. Curran presiding at the organ, and Mr. John Sheridan acting as Conductor. This was indeed a most pleasing part of the service. Rev. Mr. Bayle, Superior of the Seminary, was the celebrant, and Rev. Mr. Lequerre, Deacon, and Rev. Mr. Levesque, as Sub-Deacon. Rev. T. Carroll, of St. Patrick's, preached the sermon, his subject being the life and character of St. Mary and St. Joseph. At the conclusion of the Mass the statues were blessed, with the usual formalities, by Rev. Mr. Bayle.—Monday's Herald.

THE PASTOR OF ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, QUEBEC.—On Sunday last the esteemed pastor of St. Patrick's Church, the Rev. B. McGarran, on his arrival from Europe, was the recipient of a gratifying demonstration on the part of his flock. His arrival having been announced the congregation of St. Patrick's prepared to greet their worthy pastor on his return, and the zeal they evinced was in keeping with the well known respect and warm attachment for which Irish Catholics are proverbial. The Committee of Management went on board the steamer before she reached the wharf. On landing, the wharf and streets leading to the Upper Town were lined with anxious spectators, eager to welcome their parish priest, and delighted to find his health quite restored after the trip. But this welcome was not from his own parishioners only, many of our Protestants joined in the demonstration and shewed their respect for a gentleman whose sterling qualities of mind and heart have won the esteem of all who know him. We congratulate the Rev. Mr. McGarran upon his pleasant voyage and safe return and we hope that he may long be spared over the congregation so warmly attached to their zealous pastor.—Budget, 21st September.

CONSECRATION OF A CATHOLIC CHURCH.—Yesterday morning a large number of persons left the city in order to be present at the consecration of a new Roman Catholic Church in the rising village of Notre Dame de Lourdes, in the Township of Gloucester. The procession, which comprised fully 500 persons, started about 9 o'clock, and was headed by his Lordship the R. C. Bishop of Ottawa. The church is called Notre Dame de St. Lourdes, and when completed will be a very neat edifice. Mass was said by Father Porcille, who also performed the ceremony of consecration. His Lordship the Bishop of Ottawa delivered a sermon in French, and Father Hallier addressed the audience in English. Father Porcille's brass band played before and after Mass. Marrier's fine orchestra supplied music during the ceremony. The splendid choir of St. Joseph's church, under the direction of Father Chaborel, were also present. The interior of the church was handsomely decorated. Two really beautiful vases of artificial flowers, the gift of Mr. Octave Fortier, of the Post Office Department, adorned the altar.

Beside His Lordship the Bishop of Ottawa and several clergymen the following gentlemen were present: Dr. Dorion, President St. Jean Baptiste Society; Mr. Drapeau, Mr. Benoit, Manager Banque

Nationale; Mr. Leduc, of Hull; Mr. Peachy, Drs. Beaubien, St. Jean and McDonnell, Mr. Simon, President of St. Jean Baptiste Society of Hull; and deputations from the Rideau, Queen and Victoria Fire Companies, and several other societies.

After a hearty luncheon had been partaken of, toasts were proposed and responded to. "The Queen" was the first proposed, His Lordship the Bishop replied eloquently to the toast of her health. The societies were responded to by Dr. Dorion and Messrs. Simon, Leduc and Dupuis, Capt. Queen Fire Company. Dr. Beaubien, and several other gentlemen having spoken the party returned to Ottawa.—Ottawa Times.

ANOTHER EFFECT OF STRIKES.—A few weeks ago, it will be remembered, the porters and several other classes of servants engaged at the goods depot of the London and North-Western Railway, in London, struck work, but plenty of other workmen were obtained to fill their places, and the consequence was those on strike were, by their own thoughtlessness, left without the means of livelihood. Their cases have now become so desperate that two railway societies have inaugurated a scheme whereby the unfortunate men may be enabled to emigrate to Canada.—Scotsman.

OFFICE OF LYMANS, CLARE & CO., Wholesale Druggists, Montreal, Jan. 18th, 1872. JAS. I. FELLOWS, Esq., St. Johns, N. B.—Dear Sir: We are happy to be able to report the favor with which your Syrup of Hypophosphites is received wherever introduced in Canada. The sales, notwithstanding the high price of the article and the short time it has been before the public, have attained very large proportions. Our own sales during the past year have exceeded Seven Hundred Dozens. We have no hesitation in recommending it to our friends as a preparation of undoubted merit.

Yours very truly,
LYMANS, CLARE & CO.

Do you want the best Shoe ever made, one that will not rip or come apart? Then buy the *Canada Sewing Wines Boots and Shoes*—all have the Patent Stamp.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.
St. Germain, Rev. J. T. \$1.30; Burrville, R. I., Rev. T. F. C. 2.25; Clayton, T. D. 2; Ferguson's Falls, T. McC. 2; St. Columban, J. R. 50c; Ottawa, D. L. 4; Penetanguishene, Rev. J. P. K. 2; Carleton Place, Rev. P. B. 2; Delhi, Rev. H. J. 2; St. Sylvester, T. C. 4; Loch Garry, Major McD. 2; Athelstan, J. D. 1.50.
Per L. W.—Gatineau Mills, G. E. 2; T. C. 2; Chelsea, B. G. 2.

Births.
In this city, on the 18th inst., Mrs. D. Barry, of a son.
In this city, on the 21st inst., the wife of Mr. Jos. McCallrey, of a son.

Died.
At Milton, on the 14th inst., Thomas, eldest son of Thomas Hackett, aged 16 years—R.I.P.

MONTEAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

	September 24.	September 25.
Flour 47 lbs. —Pollards	52.80	@ 53.25
Superior Extra	0.00	@ 0.00
Extra	7.85	@ 8.00
Fancy	7.65	@ 7.70
First Supers, (Western wheat)	6.80	@ 0.00
Ordinary Supers, (Canada wheat)	0.00	@ 6.80
Strong Bakers'	7.25	@ 7.75
Supers from Western Wheat [Welland Canal]	0.00	@ 0.00
Supers City Brands [Western wheat]		
Fresh Ground	0.00	@ 6.80
Canada Supers, No. 2	6.10	@ 6.20
Western States, No. 2	0.00	@ 0.00
Fine	5.20	@ 5.30
Middlings	3.95	@ 4.25
U. C. bag flour, per 100 lbs.	2.85	@ 3.25
City lings, [delivered]	0.00	@ 3.40
Wheat, per bushel of 60 lbs.	1.42	@ 0.90
Barley, per bushel of 48 lbs.	0.45	@ 0.50
Lard, per lb.	0.114	@ 0.09
Cheese, per lb.	0.104	@ 0.112
Cats, per bushel of 32 lbs.	0.30	@ 0.31
Outmeal, per bushel of 200 lbs.	4.70	@ 5.00
Corn, per bushel of 56 lbs.	0.58	@ 0.60
Pease, per bushel of 56 lbs.	0.85	@ 0.90

WANTED.
TWO FEMALE TEACHERS, capable of teaching French and English in the Separate Schools of the Municipality of Hemmingford, County of Huntingdon, to whom a liberal salary will be paid.
Address,
JOHN RYAN,
Sec. Treasurer.
Hemmingford, Sept. 9th 1872.

FALL TRADE, 1872.
NEW WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE IN MONTREAL.
J. & R. O'NEIL,
Importers of British and Foreign
DRY-GOODS,
DOMINION BUILDINGS,
No. 138 McGill Street, Montreal.
TO THE DRY GOODS TRADE OF CANADA!

In presenting to you a notice of our having commenced the business of Wholesale Dry Goods and Importing Merchants, we have much pleasure in informing you that we will have opened out in the above large premises a very full and complete assortment of General Dry Goods, to which we respectfully invite your inspection on your next visit to this market.

Our stock will be found very complete in all its departments.

We intend keeping our stock constantly renewed, so as to keep a complete assortment of all goods required for the general Retail Dry Goods requirements.

We shall be pleased to see you early.

No effort will be wanting on our part to promote the interest of our customers.

Having an experience of over twenty years in one of the largest retail and jobbing trades in Ontario, we flatter ourselves we know the wants of the Retail Trade thoroughly, and have been enabled to select in Great Britain and the Continent the most suitable goods, as well as the best value those markets contain.

Assuring you of our best services at all times,
We are, truly yours,
J. & R. O'NEIL.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.
IN the matter of ANTOINE GRIMARD, of the city and district of Montreal, Contractor and Trader.
An Insolvent.
THE Insolvent having made an assignment of his Estate to me, the Creditors are notified to meet at his business place, No. 428, Ontario Street, in Montreal, the 8th day of October, next, at ten o'clock A.M., to receive statements of his affairs and to appoint an Assignee.
G. H. DUMESNIL,
Interim Assignee.
Montreal, 24th September, 1872.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The Council of Ministers held a protracted meeting to-day for the purpose of considering measures to secure public tranquillity on the 22nd September, the anniversary of the establishment of the first Republic. Thiers presided.

MEN OF THE THIRD REPUBLIC.—BISHOP DUPANLOUP.

Abridged from the Daily News.

A prelate, with the ascetic features of an anchorite, the manners of an eighteenth century marquis, the piercing eye of a soldier, and the combative eloquence of a crusading monk, M. Dupanloup—the priest who received Talleyrand's death-bed confession—stands in point of talent at the head of French episcopacy; and in his diocese of Orleans he is not only bishop but king. It was thought last year that M. Thiers would raise him to the Archbishopric of Paris; but M. Thiers probably mused as to what would be the temperature of the capital when the hottest ecclesiastic in France got commencing hostilities with the Republican Municipality about educational or other delicate matters, and he preferred selecting M. Guibourt of Tours who is not a godlier man but a quieter. There must have been many not among the devout only whom this choice disappointed, for Mgr. Dupanloup, an academician, a deputy, the most remarkable preacher since Bossuet, and a controversialist of world-wide reputation, would have made a right imposing Primate, of whom Parisians might have been proud; and every time he delivered a sermon in Notre-Dame there would have flocked crowds to hear him such as Father Ravignan and Father Hyacinth never attracted. But each of these sermons would assuredly have operated as an explosion, casting up matters for dispute and bitterness over all the quarters of Paris, Mgr. Dupanloup being a prelate who has never consented, and would never consent to put a curb upon his tongue. Mgr. Dupanloup would have been the man to court martyrdom rather than flee it. Fronting his executors with prelatial contempt, he would have repeated as calmly in his last moment as every morning at mass, "Judica me, Deus, et discerne causam meam de gente non sancti." But the powerful Bishop of Orleans is not a prelate of the Wolsey or Richelieu type, nor is he a Mazarin. He is Dupanloup; that is, a priest who will leave his individual mark as one of the most perfect embodiments of clerical ambition allied to private sanctity which this century has seen. It is customary to write of all Bishops that they lead saintly lives; in this instance the saying would be no more than strict truth. Frugal, as a hermit, an abstainer from wine, sleeping on a bed like a monk, and rising at four summer and winter, M. Dupanloup supports an existence which would seem penal servitude to many a so-called working man. Read all that Victor Hugo says of Bishop Myriel in his "Misérables," and you will get a notion of M. Dupanloup's charity, which is so munificent as to have left him occasionally in very straitened circumstances. Recall everything that has been stated of Fenelon's exquisite sweetness of voice and urbanity of demeanour, and you will have no exaggerated conception of what M. Dupanloup is in his conversations with strangers. But this is the Dupanloup of private life. See him sweep up to his throne in the Cathedral of Orleans, with his head erect, his body clothed in lace and jewelled vestments, and a resplendent procession of thurifers and priests chanting before and behind him, and you will understand why so many have stigmatised him as a proud prelate of the old school. Nothing is too rich or majestic, according to Bishop Dupanloup, for the ceremonies of the Church, nor for his own adornment in them. He holds that the Church should speak to the eye and the ear as well as the mind; that she should be supreme in the State; that nothing should be done in education or government but through her or by her; and he is quite consistent with himself when, humble and unpretending at home, he shows himself surrounded with all the pomp he can command when officiating as a Bishop. On the death of Mgr de Quélen, Dupanloup bestirred himself actively to prevent the appointment of the King's nominee, Mgr. Affre whom he thought too lukewarm; and, failing in his endeavors, resigned his Vicar-Generalship. Mgr. Affre taught him on this occasion a generous lesson in forgiveness by creating the office of Honorary Vicar-General for him, and by entrusting him with a confidential and important mission to the Papal Court. Meanwhile, M. Dupanloup, who by his Lenten sermons at St. Roch and his advent lectures at Notre Dame, had acquired the reputation of being the most erudite and impassioned preacher in Paris, was appointed Professor of Sacred Eloquence at the Sorbonne. He delivered about half a dozen lectures; for on his sixth appearance, having trampled on the doctrines and memory of Voltaire before an audience composed of the greater part of Latin Quarter students, he excited such a terrific uproar, that a breach of the peace was apprehended, and he could never again obtain a hearing. In 1849, under the Second Republic, and Count de Falloux being Minister of Public Instruction and Worship, M. Dupanloup at length obtained the crowning reward of his career, and was collated to the see he has filled ever since. If Mgr. Dupanloup had been personally ambitious his promotion to an Archbishopric and to the Cardinalate would have followed as matters of course.

SPAIN.

OPENING OF THE CORTES.—MADRID, Sept. 16.—King Amadeus, in his speech on the opening of the Cortes, declared that the Government was determined to subdue the rebellion in Cuba, and would send to that island all the additional troops required to bring the war to a close.

MADRID, Sept. 18.—Several trains on the

railway between Saragossa and Barcelona have lately been fired upon by Carlists. So bold have these desperadoes become that the drivers, in fear of their lives, have refused to work, and the running of trains between the two cities has been stopped.

The *Imparcial* newspaper says Generals Cathlan and Tindal will soon meet at Bayonne, France, to perfect arrangements for a fresh Carlist rising in Spain.

Cabra, the well known Carlist, has been invited to join in the movement but refuses. Gen. Tindal served under Maximilian in Mexico.

ITALY.

Under the "paternal rule" of King Victor Emmanuel, Italy is steadily going from bad to worse. We were told by the champions of United Italy that when the whole Peninsula was united under a single Government, two great blessings would accrue. One of these would, we were told, be the restoration of the National Finance, the other the improvement off the face of the earth, Brigandage, the curse and disgrace of Southern Italy. Such were the promises—what have the fruits been? Simply that brigandage has greatly flourished, and the finances have sadly declined. As to the latter, Sig. Sella has, year after year, to tell the Italian Parliament that the deficit is increasing, while in the meantime the taxes have increased to a fearful extent. In Italy everything is taxed to an unendurable point. For example, when the corn is cut down it is taxed; it is taxed afterwards at the mill; it is taxed again as bread before it leaves the baker's hands. In despite of all national decency and morality, public lotteries are maintained and fostered by the State, sending, as such monster gambling speculations always must send, a large annual quota to the prison and the suicide grave. In the meantime, while the finances decay, brigandage flourishes bravely. Southern Italy is in the hands of organised bands of robbers. The other day a priest was kidnapped by some of these ruffians, the ransom set on his head was at once paid by his family; but unfortunately the unhappy gentlemen had recognised one of the robbers, and he was cruelly murdered. The latest victim is a wealthy gentleman, named Mancusi, and the brigands had demanded £10,000 as his ransom, £5,000 of which have, it is said, been already paid. Italy swarms with soldiers, and yet she is powerless to suppress the gangs who have convulsed Calabria with terror, and created their depredations to the very walls of Naples itself. In the meantime the zeal which should be shown against brigands is displayed against the Monastic Orders. The heads of the new measure which the Government is about to introduce into Parliament have appeared in the Ministerial organs, and from them the design of the Administration is apparent. Up to this the persecution of the Monasteries has only been partial. It is now to become general. The design aimed at is the total suppression of the religious orders. The Franciscans are to be driven out of the country of St. Francis; the Jesuits are to be banished from that Imperial city toward which Loyola and Xavier turned with such devotion. Shrines of world-wide sanctity are to be desecrated and plundered. For the present the secular clergy are to be spared, but from the Alps to the Sicilian not a single monastery, not a single convent, is to be spared. And this wholesale policy of confiscation and suppression involves wrong to nations as individuals. The suppression of the chief houses of the religious orders in Rome will throw the administration of ecclesiastical affairs into hopeless confusion. Nay, more, it was not Italian piety which decorated and enriched many of the religious edifices of Rome. It was German, and French, and Austrian zeal to which some of the very houses now doomed to confiscation owe their existence. Will these nations stand by in patience while their property is being plundered by an infamous Ministry and a usurping King?—*Evening Telegraph*.

SCHOOLS IN ITALY.—The *Pungolo* acknowledges "the painful truth, to be uttered only because evasion is impossible, that the priests are still by far the best schoolmasters in Italy," but deduces therefrom that the clerical schools must be closed, because the Lyceums and minor authorised lay schools, however manipulated and improved, can never stand the competition.

ROME.—The eldest brother of the Pope is dead. They make a distinction between a political and civil disturbance in Rome. When a priest is assaulted by a "liberal" it is a political offense, and the police are forbidden to interfere. When any one attempts to defend the priest by repelling the aggressor the offense assumes a civil character and the police take the side of the ruffian. The criminal code of United Italy is strangely confused.—*Catholic Telegraph*.

SWITZERLAND.

There are said to be in Switzerland 1,550,000 Protestants against 1,084,655 Catholics. The Catholics have gained ground so rapidly, even at Geneva, the old cradle of Calvinism, that they now number in that canton no less than 47,987, against 43,602 Protestants.

GERMANY.

CONGRESS OF OLD CATHOLICS.—BERLIN, Sept. 20.—The congress of old Catholics convened in session at Cologne yesterday.

The Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, and Winchester, of the Church of England and the Episcopal Bishop of Maryland, U. S., were present at the opening of the Old Catholic Congress at Cologne to-day. Among the speakers was Dr. Rohr of New York.

The Ultramontane *Germania* announces that the German Bishops will meet next month for a fresh Conference at Fulda, to determine common measures with regard to recent state legislation against the Church.

The Bishop of Mayence, formerly the leader of the Ultramontane party in Parliament, has personally announced the imminent publication of a polemical pamphlet by his own pen on the expulsion of the Jesuits.

The Jesuits in Metz have advertised their property, movable and immovable, for public sale, preparatory to their emigration into France. The establishment will be bodily transferred to the French soil without modification or reduction of numbers.

The *North German Gazette* supports the arguments advanced by the *Provincial Correspondenz* on the Jesuit bill, and adds that the bill must be received as nothing short of a law of proscription. The limitation of residence assigned to native Jesuits who prefer to remain in the country is really an instrument, and as such a substitute for banishment which is, after the experience connected with the banishment of French Communists, considered to involve an injustice to the neighbors. The *Gazette* intimates that such Jesuits as have a conscientious regard for their priestly order will prefer voluntary emigration.

The correspondence between the Emperor William, Minister Bismarck and the Bishop of Ermeland, on the subject of Excommunication, is published. The

Bishop takes decided grounds against the interference of secular authority in matters of religion. The tone of the communication on both sides is sharp and uncompromising.

THE PERSECUTION IN GERMANY.—Further proceedings against the Bishop of Ermeland are said to have been countermanded. It is found that the law in its present state does not warrant them; and if, as is believed, the Government meditate the introduction of a new measure, giving the State a more direct control over the exercise of spiritual functions, the premature prosecution of an individual Bishop may very likely be thought undesirable. In the meantime the proceedings against the Jesuits and "kindred congregations" are being pushed on. A petition to the Emperor signed by the Archbishop of Cologne and other Prussian Bishops, and protesting against the application of the new law, has been referred to the Chancellor, who has replied that since the promulgation of the law the matter is no longer an open question. The Court canonists, Dove, Hinschins, Wassersleben, and Friedberg now examining the question—What religious congregations are "kindred" to the Jesuits? Nothing can be easier than to make out the connection in any case where it may be thought desirable to discover it. All hold the same faith, all preach the same doctrine, all inculcate the same morality, all owe the same obedience to their own superiors and to the Church and its Head. It is not therefore very surprising that the Redemptorist Fathers should have been stopped by the police while preaching a Mission at Wehlen, though the Superior of their House at Bochum has addressed a remonstrance to the authorities, in which he proves that his institute has no connection with the Society of Jesus. The Brothers of Christian Doctrine are also to receive notice to quit, probably because their mother house is in France, and the *Posen Liberal* papers are crying out that the Archbishop has sent for the Lazarists to carry on the Missions which the Jesuit Fathers have been obliged to leave, and that there is "an astonishing affinity" between the Jesuits and the Lazarists. There is "an astonishing affinity" between all Catholic priests and Religious. Further assaults are threatened; compulsory civil marriage, desecration of Catholic grave-yards for the use of persons beyond the pale of the Church, suppression of the ecclesiastical seminaries, and a multitude of similar designs. More than one organ of the Prussian Government has announced that it is the intention of the Ministry to insist on the examination of candidates for the priesthood being placed under the supervision of a Government commissary, and on all theological manuals being submitted to official approbation. The Bishops must engage to place the law of the land in all things above the law of God. The next Pope is not to be recognized by the German Empire unless he undertakes to rescind the doctrines of the Vatican Council. As it is well-known that the ability alone is wanted to execute these threats, the Catholics are beginning to reflect how a dam can be built against the irruption; and as the South Germans are so especially concerned in Catholic questions, the rumour has run the round of the Berlin press that "a League of the States of the South is in process of formation against the German Empire."

There is, undoubtedly, a great and spreading dissatisfaction in South Germany, particularly in Bavaria. The Kings cannot be got to Berlin to meet the Emperors, and the Imperial Government will have to be content with the Grand Dukes of Mecklenburg and Baden as representatives of its vassals. In Bavaria the vacant Premiership cannot be filled up; the ideas represented by Prince von Hohenlohe having become so unpopular that he is out of the question, and the only statesmen likely to be acceptable to King, Assembly, and people being too much out of harmony with the rest of the Cabinet for it to be possible that they should act together. The persecuting policy of the Imperial Government has of course roused the animosity of the Catholic populations, though we think it would be a great misfortune if the Catholic cause, which is that of freedom, justice, and religion, should come to be identified with mere particularist aspirations. If it does, it will be a purely accidental union, forced on by the central power, in its wanton and arbitrary aggression on the rights and consciences of Catholics. It was in the power of the German Empire, by simply doing nothing, to retain the contented allegiance of 14 or 15 millions of its subjects. Instead of this, it has undertaken to drag the Church into subservience by penal enactment, a project which has always broken down, which we in England have been obliged to renounce after three centuries of ineffectual legislation, and which in Germany will be quite as signal a failure.

RUSSIA.

During the recent meeting of the Emperors the subject of the inviolability of private property at sea in time of war was considered by Prince Gortschakoff, Count Andrássy and Prince Bismarck. It was regarded as a good omen for the final establishment of this principle, that the governments of the United States, Austria, Germany, Russia, Italy, and Holland were united in its support.

RESTORATION OF SEVASTOPOL.—The *Invalide Russe* gives an account of the works proposed to be carried out at Sevastopol in order to restore the commercial position of that port. The commercial port is to be situated in the southern and western portion of the southern bay, and a stone quay is to be constructed along the western bank for the loading and discharge of large ships. The southern portion of the bay will be reserved for those of lighter draught. Coal, timber, and other matters necessary for ships will be stored on the south-western bank. It is expected that when these works are completed, accommodation will be afforded for the loading and discharge of 1,150 vessels annually in the commercial port of Sevastopol, and it is said that the quarantine station of Odessa will be transferred to the resuscitated port.

LOD CLYDE AND GENERAL VINOY.—The following is from the *Journal des Debats*:—"Amongst the French generals who distinguished themselves in the Crimea during the severe winter of 1854-55 there was one who reminded Sir Colin Campbell—no mean judge—of the veterans of the First Empire.—On an important occasion Sir Colin found himself with his brigade at daybreak on a hill covered with snow, overlooking the Tchernaya, in front of a Russian corps d'armee. While he was anxiously awaiting the French co-operating force a staff-officer arrived and announced that General Bosquet, on the pretext of the snow-storm, had not marched as agreed on, but that another French general officer, upon learning Campbell's departure for the appointed rendezvous, had without orders taken it upon himself to put his brigade in motion. The Zouaves were on their way to the support of the Highlanders. The name of the noble soldier in question is better known now than it was then. On receiving the above welcome intelligence, Sir Colin joyfully exclaimed: 'There, I told you General Vinoy is a true soldier; General Vinoy is a gentleman. I felt sure he would not abandon me. We can rely on him.' The friendship formed on the battle-field never ceased; Lord Clyde remembered his friend Vinoy in his will.—The portraits of these two gallant brothers-in-arms hang together in the writing-closet of Queen Victoria in Windsor Castle. We are enabled to explain how that of General Vinoy was admitted to such an honor. One day while Lord Clyde was on a visit to Windsor the Queen pressed him to ask some favor of her. Vainly the field-marshal excused himself, and replied that he had already been larded with rank and honors beyond his deserts. As her Majesty nevertheless insisted, he at last, pointing to his portrait on the wall, ventured to ask his royal

mistress to cause the portrait of his friend, General Vinoy, to be hung by the side of his. The request was at once most graciously granted. The Queen immediately directed Lord Vinoy, her ambassador at Paris, to acquaint General Cockey with her wish to possess his portrait. The general complied at once with the flattering request and sat for the portrait which now hangs alongside that of the late Lord Clyde in Windsor Castle."

THE TYRANT CUSTOM.—Can anything be more odious, more offensive, more revolting to all real feeling, than the duties which custom thrusts upon us immediately on the death of one we love? No matter how deep our grief or how we may be prostrated by days and nights of private watching, it is all the same. The instant a death is known of any one above a certain standing (i. e., with money to be extracted) without delay the undertaker comes to the house for orders. It is a happy thing if there are sons or brothers to shield the unhappy widow and daughters from having to enter into any sickening details. What sort of coffin? how many scarfs and hat-bands? how many pairs of gloves? how much mourning will you give your servants &c., &c., to say nothing of your own. And hardly have you settled this when the cook wishes to know about ordering the meat and cakes for the funeral. The end of it is that you feel unable to cope with them, unable to resort to any sort of rapacity; you would not for worlds give anyone the power to say that you failed in respect to your dead; at whatsoever cost you assent to everything, thus adding your weight to established precedents; and finally you have to pay something like £100 for the funeral expenses only. Then comes your own mourning; and the ladies of the family, who usually wear cotton or linen gowns, according to the time of the year, are doomed to go about, though in strict seclusion, in robes of bombazine and crape costing each as much as an ordinary ball-gown, and being very nearly as easily spoiled; they are hot in summer, and cold in winter; they catch every particle of dust, and spot with every drop of rain, and deprive their wearer of whatever little consolation they might find in occupying themselves with their flowers and country rambles. It is to be hoped that in the country most people now have sense enough not to give in entirely to this bondage except on state occasions; but it is only lately that so much reason has dared to assert itself. It is on the face of it, absurd to connect a change of attire so intimately with death, that when you loose your nearest and dearest your first thought is, "I must get a set of new clothes." The same post which carries your heart-broken announcement to your distant fellow mourners, carries also your instructions to your tailor or dressmaker; and up to the day of the funeral you are in all the agonising uncertainty "whether your things will come in time." In time for what? Nothing less than in time for you to share in the last scene of all, and join in the Church's prayers and thanksgiving on laying your loved one in the grave.

As it is to be conceived that your presence there is to depend on the punctuality of your tradespeople or the exactness of the trains? Yet so it is. The most strong-minded among us would not dare to show himself or herself unless arrayed in the conventional costume. It could not be done. Certainly in the "Heir of Redclyffe," Amy attends her husband's funeral in her wedding gown, but then that was in Switzerland, and there was no one to see her except her parents. The truth is, nothing could so completely have enslaved us but the fact that these things come upon us at times when we are incapable of self assertion; and so poverty-stricken widows and orphans, with but a slender resource, go to all this expense, simply because they dare not have it said that they failed in respect to the dead. And not only they wear expensive mourning themselves, but they put their servants into mourning, and adopt all the horrid funeral paraphernalia of scarfs and hat-bands, horse and black plumes.

As to mourning, it is really a custom of such antiquity and so consonant with human feelings that we would not wish to destroy it. But we do heartily wish it could be reduced to reasonable limits, and not made ridiculous or extravagant. We should like to abolish black crape altogether; it is only an ornament, and a very expensive and fragile one, and if people would agree to wear plain black stuff without any ornament at all, it would be far more sensible and more really akin to the spirit of grief. As to servants' mourning and all the accessories of funeral state, we would thankfully see them abandoned; they can at best only draw down the thoughts of the spectators to the mere earthly part of death, and tend to prevent their rising upwards as Christians should.

But there is really only one way in which a stand can be made against this tyranny of custom. It is by people leaving written instructions regarding their own funerals, and the way in which they wish to be mourned. This at once removes responsibility from the survivors, and the plainest possible burial can be no sign of disrespect if it is by the express desire of the departed.

The funeral expenses, however, are but the first item; severely is the interment over than you have the painful task of "valuations," i. e., going through everything in the house with an appraiser to make an estimate of the "personal property," this is an expense which in an ordinary middle-sized gentleman's house averages from £10 to £20. Then comes the "Probate Duty," which in the same proportion would amount to about £150, and if the family happen to hold their property divided between the north and south of England—the courts of York and Canterbury—it is double that sum. These legal expenses cannot of course be avoided, and it is therefore useless to rail against the cruelty of them. But in these days of "Leagues" and "Co-operation" surely we might do something against the tyranny of servants and tradespeople in the matter of mourning or international league against undertakers, and let those who belong to it bind themselves to forbid certain extravagancies beforehand against their own demise. Their servants and underlings would then know that it would be useless to expect those ghostly perquisites, to which even the most attached seem to look when death overtakes the house to which they belong. Everything now tells against employers; wages are high; food is dear; we are repeatedly told that times are altered, and it is surely hard that we are to have no relief, under the most painful circumstances. It is the so-called working classes who are doing their best to loosen the old ties, and it is surely not for them to complain if we also awake to the fact that the old order changes.—*John Bull*.

Cheap funerals are now advertised in London, where a person can be shrouded, coffined and buried, with four experienced mourners, for about \$20.

ONE LAW FOR THE RICH, ANOTHER FOR THE POOR.—There are eighteen murderers confined in the Tombs in the city of New York. Public interest centres upon Stokes, the assassin of Fisk. But he is no worse than Foster, the car-hook murderer, who slew his man for protecting a woman from insult, and has escaped punishment, hitherto, by appealing his case. It looks as if "hanging is played out" indeed in the metropolis. No murderer has been executed there this year—though deaths by violence occur in the streets every week. In 1871 there were some sixty-seven murders in New York, and only one man was hung. The latter was a friendless negro from Hayti, who shot the seducer of his wife, but whose color and poverty prevented his escape. Let us not be thought to be thirsting for man's blood, however criminal he may be. If the law be right, let it be carried out faithfully. If wrong, let it be corrected as speedily as possible.

CORRUPTION OF THE RISING GENERATION.—San Fran-

cisco fears for its rising generation, and seems to have good reason. The Grand Jury have taken cognizance of "the rapid spread of recklessness and crime" among the youth of that fast city, and ascribing the evil chiefly to their patronage of dissolute places of amusement, propose an ordinance making it a misdemeanor for boys or girls to be present or engaged in such places and at such entertainments; also making the proprietor liable for employing them or permitting them to be present; also authorizing and directing the police to arrest all boys and girls of the above ages who may be present by participating in such entertainment. "The idea, if it can be practically enforced, is a good one and would do much toward the prevention of vice.

DISGUSTING SUPERSTITION.—The Providence R. I. *Herald* relates the following instance of superstition:—"The village of Peacedale was thrown into quite a state of excitement on Thursday last, by the report that two graves had been dug up near Watson's Corner, on the shore of the Saugatucket River. The circumstances are as follows: The family of Mr. William Rose, who resided at Sanderstown, near the South Ferry, are subject to consumption, several members of the family having died of the disease, and one member of the family is quite low with it. At the urgent request of the sick man, the father, assisted by Charles Harrington, of North Kingston, repaired to the family burying ground, which is located near Watson's Corner, one mile north of Peacedale, and after building a fire first dug up the grave of his son, who had been buried twelve years, for the purpose of taking out his heart and liver, which were to be placed in the fire and consumed, in order to carry out the old superstition that the consumptive dead draw nourishment from the living. But as the body was entirely reduced to ashes, except a few bones, it was shortly covered up, and the body of a daughter who had been buried seven years was taken up out of the grave beside her brother. This body was found to be nearly wasted away, except the vital parts, the liver and heart, which were in a perfect state of preservation. The coffin, also, was nearly perfect, while the son's coffin was nearly demolished. After the heart and liver had been taken out of the body, it was placed in fire and consumed, the ashes only being put back in the grave. The fire was then put out, and the two men departed to their respective homes. Only a few spectators were present to witness the horrible scene. It seems that this is not the first time that graves have been dug up where consumption was prevalent in the family, and the vital parts burned, in order to save the living. A few years ago the same was done in the village of Moorfield, and also in the town of North Kingston, both, of course, without success.

Describing the Inebriate Asylum at Ward's Island, the New York *Tribune* says: "Within the past few years about one hundred women have occupied rooms in the asylum. Of these nearly one-third have been ladies moving in the highest circles of society. They were all middle-aged, and nearly all had been married."

BREAKFAST.—Epps's COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills.—*Civil Service Gazette*. Made simply with Boiling Water or Milk. Each packet is labelled—"James Epps & Co., Homeopathic Chemists, London." Also, makers of Epps's Milky Cocoa (Cocoa and Condensed Milk).

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B. TANSEY M. J. O'BRIEN.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

IN the matter of EPHREM SIGOUIN, ELZEARD SIGOUIN, & SIGOUIN and FRERES.

Insolvent. A first and last dividend sheet has been prepared open to objection, until the thirtieth day of September Instant, after which dividend will be paid.

G. H. DUMESNIL, Assignee.

MONTREAL, 10th September, 1872.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

IN the matter of PIERRE PICHE.

An Insolvent. I, the undersigned, have been appointed assignee in this matter, Creditors are requested to file their claims to me within one month, at my office No. 5 St. Sacrament street, and to meet at my office on the 3rd day of October next, at 10 o'clock, a.m., for the examination of the Insolvent and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally.

G. H. DUMESNIL, Assignee.

MONTREAL, 2nd September, 1872.

The Day School of the Sacred Heart (MONTREAL), has been removed from LAGACHELIERE STREET, to 775 ST. CATHERINE STREET. CLASSES will be RESUMED on SEPTEMBER 6th.

HIGH COMMERCIAL EDUCATION—Masson College—Terrebonne—(Near Montreal.)—The RE-OPENING of the CLASSES will take place on the FOURTH of SEPTEMBER. The parents are respectfully requested either to come themselves, or send their children on the appointed day.

JOSEPH GRATON, Principal.

Select School for Young Ladies.—ON MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 25th, the MASSES GRANT will OPEN A SELECT SCHOOL for YOUNG LADIES, in the House formerly occupied by the late Capt. Tibbols, situated near Papineau Square. The Course of Instruction will embrace the usual English branches, with French and Music. By unremitting devotion to the moral and mental improvement of those placed under their charge, the Misses Grant hope to merit a share of public patronage. Terms made known on application at the premises.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, MONTREAL.—This College is conducted by the Jesuit Fathers.

The Course of Studies, in which Religious Instruction holds the first rank, is divided into two Sections: the *Classical* and the *Commercial*.

The *CLASSICAL COURSE*, principally taught in French, is designed to impart a thorough knowledge of the Greek, Latin, French and English Languages and Literature, pure and mixed Mathematics, History and Geography, Philosophy and Natural Sciences, and whatever is necessary as a preparation for a professional career.

The *COMMERCIAL COURSE*, principally taught in English, embraces the English and French Languages and Literature, Mathematics and the other branches named above, moreover Book-keeping, and whatever else may fit a young man for commercial and industrial pursuits.

There are, moreover, *Elementary and Preparatory Classes* for younger students.

The system of Education is paternal: the teachers endeavor to unite kindness with firmness, and make use of the means of persuasion in preference to those of severity.

To be admitted into the College, applicants must present a certificate of good character.

Monthly reports of behaviour, application and progress, are sent to parents or guardians.

The collegiate year is of ten months, beginning on the first Wednesday of September.

TERMS:

Boarders.....	\$150 00
Half-Boarders.....	70 00
Day-Scholars.....	30 00

Catholic Commercial Academy of MONTREAL—ON THE PLATEAU.—The CLASSES of this Institution will be RE-OPENED on MONDAY, 25th SEPTEMBER next.

Three additional Professors having been added to the previous efficient staff of Teachers of the Institution, the various branches composing the Commercial Course, (Book-keeping, Telegraphy, &c.) will now attain their fullest development.

Numerous applications for admission having already been made, the parents of former pupils are requested to send their children, or retain their places, punctually, on the Opening Day, to avoid the possibility of having them refused, owing to want of space.

The detailed Prospectus and full information may be obtained on application to the Principal, at the Academy, on the Plateau.

Parents' Entrance—No. 699 St. Catherine Street. Pupils' Entrance—Corner of Ontario and St. Urban Streets.

U. E. ARCHAMBAULT, Principal.

ACADEMY of the Sacred Heart, SAULT AU RECOLLET.—This Institution is beautifully and healthfully situated, about six miles from Montreal. Every facility is afforded for acquiring a thorough knowledge of the French language.

Terms—Board and Tuition for the scholastic year, \$150. Piano, Vocal Music, German, &c., are extras. For further particulars apply to the Rev. Mother Superior.

School will RE-OPEN on TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3rd.

MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, NEAR EMMITSBURG, FREDERICK CO., MARYLAND.

The Scholastic Year is divided into two Sessions of five months each, beginning respectively on the 1st September, and the 1st of February.

The terms per annum are \$300, i.e. for each Session; \$150 payable in advance. Physician's fee, &c., and pocket-money for each Session \$5 each, which, besides clothing, books, and stationery supplied by the College, must be paid for in advance.

All the Students are instructed in the doctrines and trained to the practice of the Catholic religion. Applicants for admission, who have studied in other Colleges or Academies, must produce certificates of good standing and character.

Youths not qualified to enter on the Collegiate Course are admitted to the Preparatory Department. The best route to the College is by the Western Maryland Railroad, from Baltimore to Mechanics-town, near the College.

Tickets sold through to Emmitsburg. Letters of inquiry should be addressed to the President of Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md.

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THIS Institution was established in 1870, and recommends itself, both by the elegant style of the building, its spacious dimensions, the comfort it affords, and by its facility of access from Montreal and the United States, being situated on the Montreal and New York Railway line, and only at a short distance from the Provincial line.

The course of instruction, entrusted to Seven Sisters, is complete, comprising French, English, Fine Arts, &c., &c., and tends to the cultivation both of the mind and of the heart.

TERMS OF THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR.
(Payable Quarterly, and invariably in Advance.)

Board and Tuition (Canada currency) \$50 00 yearly	23 00 "
Half-Boarders.....	10 00 "
Tuition only.....	15 00 "
Music, Piano, \$1 50 per month.....	15 00 "
Drawing.....	5 00 "
Washing.....	10 00 "

Uniform (Black), but is worn only on Sundays and Thursdays. On other days, the young Ladies can wear any proper dress they please. A white dress and a large white veil are also required.

Thursday is the day appointed for the Pupils to receive the visit of their Parents.

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Having long felt the necessity of a Boarding School in the city, the Christian Brothers have been untiring in their efforts to procure a favorable site whereon to build; they have now the satisfaction to inform their patrons and the public that such a place has been selected, combining advantages rarely met with.

The Institution, hitherto known as the "Bank of Upper Canada," has been purchased with this view and is fitted up in a style which cannot fail to render it a favorite resort to students. The spacious building of the Bank—now adapted to educational purposes—the ample and well-devised play grounds and the ever-refreshing breezes from great Ontario all concur in making "De La Salle Institute" whatever its directors could claim for it, or any of its patrons desire.

The Class-rooms, study-halls, dormitory and refectory, are on a scale equal to any in the country. With greater facilities than heretofore, the Christian Brothers will now be better able to promote the physical, moral and intellectual development of the students committed to their care.

The system of government is mild and paternal, yet firm in enforcing the observance of established discipline.

No student will be retained whose manners and morals are not satisfactory: students of all denominations are admitted.

The Academic Year commences on the first Monday in September, and ends in the beginning of July.

COURSE OF STUDIES.

The Course of Studies in the Institute is divided into two departments—Primary and Commercial.

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

SECOND CLASS. Religious Instruction, Spelling, Reading, First Notions of Arithmetic and Geography, Object Lessons, Principles of Politeness, Vocal Music.

FIRST CLASS. Religious Instruction, Spelling and Defining (with drill on vocal elements), Penmanship, Geography, Grammar, Arithmetical, History, Principles of Politeness, Vocal Music.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

SECOND CLASS. Religious Instruction, Reading, Orthography, Writing, Grammar, Geography, History, Arithmetic, (Mental and Written), Book-keeping (Single and Double Entry), Algebra, Mensuration, Principles of Politeness, Vocal and Instrumental Music, French.

FIRST CLASS. Religious Instruction, Select Readings, Grammar, Composition and Rhetoric, Synonyms, Epitaphary Correspondence, Geography (with use of Globes), History (Ancient and Modern), Arithmetic (Mental and Written), Penmanship, Book-keeping (the latest and most practical forms, by Single and Double Entry), Commercial Correspondence, Lectures on Commercial Law, Algebra, Geometry, Mensuration, Trigonometry, Linear Drawing, Practical Geometry, Architecture, Navigation, Surveying, Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Principles of Politeness, Elocution, Vocal and Instrumental Music, French.

For young men not desiring to follow the entire Course, a particular Class will be opened in which Book-keeping, Mental and Written Arithmetic, Grammar and Composition, will be taught.

TERMS:

Board and Tuition, per month.....	\$12 00
Half Boarders, ".....	7 00

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

2nd Class, Tuition, per quarter,.... 4 00
1st Class, "..... 5 00

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

2nd Class, Tuition, per quarter,.... 6 00
1st Class, "..... 6 00

Payments quarterly, and invariably in advance. No deduction for absence except in cases of protracted illness or dismissal. EXTRA CHARGES.—Drawing, Music, Piano and Violin. Monthly Reports of behaviour, application and progress, are sent to parents or guardians. For further particulars apply at the Institute. BROTHER ARNOLD, Director.

Toronto, March 1, 1872.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } SUPERIOR COURT,
Dist. of Montreal, } Montreal,
No. 1889.

REBECCA LAMB, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of JAMES McLEA, of the same place, Clerk, and duly authorized *en justice* (to enter an *justice*), Plaintiff;

vs.
The said JAMES McLEA, Defendant.

THE said Plaintiff duly authorized *en justice* (to enter an *justice*) has instituted an action for separation of property, en separation de biens, against her husband, the said Defendant.

J. & W. A. BATES, Attorneys for Plaintiff.
MONTREAL, August 20th, 1872.

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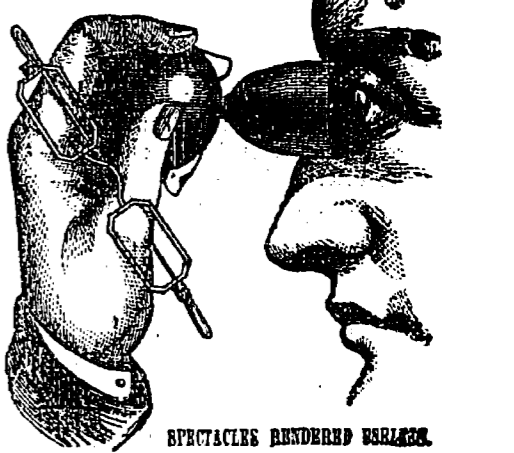
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Trains on Canada Central and Perth Branch make certain connections with all Trains on the B. and O. Railway.
Freight loaded with despatch, and no transhipment when in car loads.
H. ABBOTT, Manager for Trustees.

PORT HOPE & BEAVERTON RAILWAY.

Trains leave **PORT HOPE** daily at 9.20 a.m. and 2.15 p.m. for Perrytown, Summit, Millbrook, Fraserville and Beaverton.
Leave **BEAVERTON** daily at 7.00 a.m. and 3.00 p.m., for Fraserville, Millbrook, Summit, Perrytown and Port Hope.
PORT HOPE AND WAKEFIELD RAILWAY.
Trains leave **PORT HOPE** daily at 9.45 a.m. and 3.30 p.m. for Quay's, Perrytown, Campbell's, Summit, Millbrook, Fraserville, Peterboro, and Wakefield.
Trains will leave **WAKEFIELD** daily at 5.20 a.m. and 1.50 p.m., for Peterboro, Millbrook, Summit, Campbell's, Perrytown, Quay's, arriving at Port Hope at 11.40 a.m.
A. T. WILLIAMS, Superintendent.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—TORONTO TAG.

Trains leave Toronto at 7.00 A.M., 11.50 A.M., 4.00 P.M., 8.00 P.M., 5.30 P.M.
Arriving at Toronto at 10.10 A.M., 11.00 A.M., 1.15 P.M., 5.30 P.M., 9.20 P.M.
Trains on this line leave Union Station five minutes after leaving Yonge-st. Station.

NORTHERN RAILWAY.—TORONTO TAG.

City Hall Station.
Depart 7.45 A.M., 3.45 P.M.
Arrive 1.20 A.M., 9.20 P.M.
Brock Street Station.
Depart 5.40 A.M., 3.00 P.M.
Arrive 11.00 A.M., 8.30 P.M.

VERMONT CENTRAL RAILROAD LINE.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS.
Commencing July 8, 1872.

DAY EXPRESS leaves Montreal at 9.00 a.m., arriving in Boston via Lowell at 10.00 p.m.
TRAIN for Waterloo leaves Montreal at 3.15 p.m., for Boston via Lowell, Lawrence, or Fitchburg, also for New York, via Springfield or Troy, arriving in Boston at 8.40 a.m., and New York at 12.30 p.m.
TRAINS GOING NORTH AND WEST.
DAY EXPRESS leaves Boston via Lowell at 8.00 a.m., arriving in Montreal at 9.45 p.m.
NIGHT EXPRESS leaves New London at 2.45 p.m.; South Vermon at 9.58 p.m., receiving passengers from Connecticut River R.R., leaving New York at 3.00 p.m., and Springfield at 8.10 p.m., connecting at Bellows Falls with train from Cheshire R.R., leaving Boston at 5.30 p.m., connecting at White River Junction with train leaving Boston at 6.00 p.m.; leaves Rutland at 1.50 a.m., connecting with trains over Rensselaer and Saratoga R.R. from Troy and New York, via Hudson River R.R., arriving in Montreal at 9.45 a.m.

Sleeping Cars are attached to the Express trains running between Montreal and Boston, and Montreal and Springfield, and St. Albans and Troy.
Drawing-Room Cars on Day Express Train between Montreal and Boston.
For tickets and freight rates, apply at Vermont Central R. R. Office, No. 136 St. James Street.
G. MERRILL,
Gen'l Superintendent
St. ALBANS, Dec. 1 1871.