

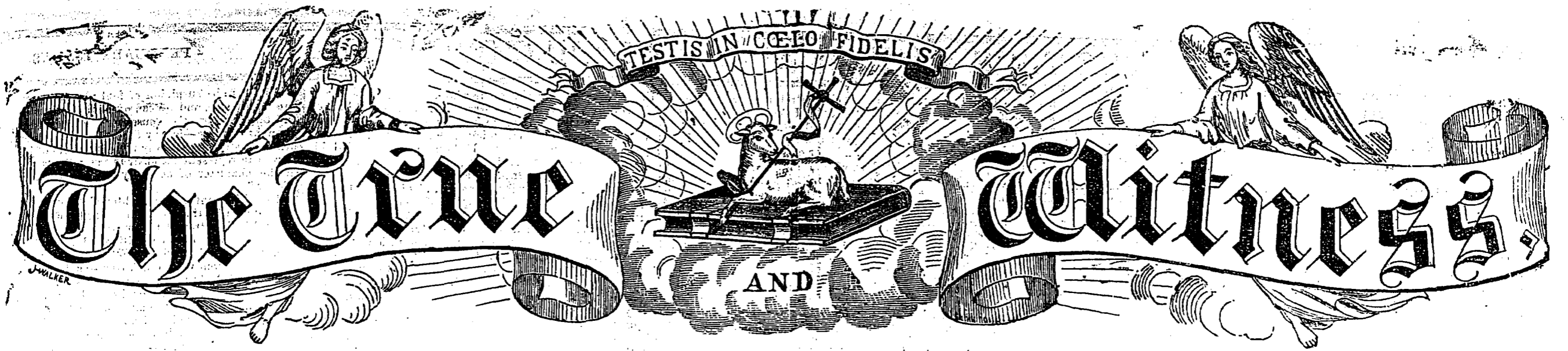
## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

- Coloured covers /  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /  
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut  
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la  
marge intérieure.
  
- Additional comments /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed /  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
  
- Includes supplementary materials /  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
  
- Blank leaves added during restorations may  
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these  
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que  
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une  
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,  
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas  
été numérisées.



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXVIII.—NO. 27.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1878.

TERMS:—\$2 per annum in advance.

CATHOLIC ORGANIZATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

The Rev. S. S. Cutting, a Baptist missionary, who lately made a tour through the United States, furnishes interesting testimony as to the efficiency of the Catholic Church wherever he has gone.

"One feature in the West which has arrested my attention is too important to be unnoticed here. The one force which I found everywhere organized and effective was the Roman Catholic Church.

THE CHURCH IN ALSACE.

Alsace is a conquered province, and Prussia treats it like a conqueror. Not but that the "Sister Island" would be glad of a similar treatment, for Alsace has a legislature of its own, and is yet represented in same proportion as the rest of Germany in the Imperial Parliament.

In the spiritual province the new regime has yielded results which cannot in any way be applauded. The expulsion of all clerical orders from the country, the suppression of the seminaries for boys, the introduction of the general clause for words spoken in the pulpit, and the importation of the Prussian May law for the coercion of the Church, have not only saddled the various localities with greater burdens, especially for education, than they had been in the habit of bearing, but have also called forth great discontent among the vast majority of faithful Catholics.

Apart from all these legitimate grievances, Herr Grad, himself a Protestant, finds fault with the Protestant propaganda that is being encouraged in Alsace by the powers that be, at the expense of the Catholic Church, which cannot be said to enjoy equality of rights, for up to this day not a single Catholic priest has been able to procure a license to edit a newspaper either in French or in German.

RIDICULOUS THE IRISH.

The ridicule of the editor of the Catholic Columbian for the Irish name is so intense as to deserve ridicule. He seems incapable of comprehending the difference between jocularity and derision.

This touches this exact point. There are vulgar people in this country who imagine that an Irishman is necessarily ridiculous, and think that what would be impertinence to Odd Fellows, Masons, Red Men, &c., is "jocularity" when used on Irishmen.

THE RESOURCES OF THE NORTH-WEST.

Mr. James Trow, M. P., in a late letter to the Stratford Beacon, thus speaks of the resources of the North-west:—

Only labour is necessary to develop these resources. Agriculture forms the basis of production, and it is the bounden duty of those who control the destinies of the great Dominion to adopt a liberal policy in aid of immigration. Now is our opportunity; while the nations of Europe are plunged in war and bloodshed; while tens of thousands are struggling in misery. We have ample room for many millions. Professor Macoun asserts that we have in the North west 169,000,000 acres of good agricultural and pastoral lands, and 40,000,000 acres of lake and swamp lands.

THE ARMY OF AUSTRIA.

It is anticipated that the proposal of the Austrian Government to renew the present military law, which was passed in 1867 for a period of ten years, will be strongly opposed by the delegations.

THE FASTEST WAR VESSEL IN THE WORLD.

Her Majesty's twin screw steel despatch vessel Iris was launched at Pembroke, on Thursday, April 12, of the past year. She is the quickest cruiser in the world, and is the first man-of-war constructed of steel.

justed that the pitch can be varied from 17 feet, 6 inches to 22 feet, 6 inches. In order that the screws may obtain a good supply of water and exercise their full power of thrust, the tubes are carried out 51 feet from the body of the ship.

THE DARDANELLES.

This strait, anciently known as the Hellespont, has taken its present name from the four forts built at its entrance in the seventeenth century—two by Mahomet II. and two by Mahomet IV. These were constructed to prevent the approach of war ships to Constantinople.

RITUALIST APPEAL TO ROME.

Several Ritualist clergymen in the English Church have formulated the terms on which they propose to secede to Rome. Another section of them refuse to join the movement on the ground that the true policy of the Anglican party is to remain within the English Church, and continue to advocate its reform from within.

TRACES OF CATHOLICITY IN ENGLAND.

There is no Protestant country in the world which has retained so many marks and signs of the "ages of faith" as England. And this is one of the most striking of the differences between England and the United States, although it has been scarcely noticed by those numerous writers who have treated of American peculiarities and of English life.

way by the knees of generations of communicants; vacant niches from which the statues of the saints have long been thrown down, queer looking holes in the pillars which divide the nave from the aisles through which the people could see the altar and the tabernacle, a "rood loft," on which was formerly a large crucifix with statues of the Blessed Virgin and St. John on either side, in which stowed away some heroes as old lumber is often found a quaintly carved wooden confessional box, brasses let in to the chancel floor bearing inscriptions requesting prayers for the soul of the departed knight whose very dust has long ago been dissipated, stone tombs on which recline in full priestly vestments the sculptured effigies of former parish priests; all these things speak plainly of the Holy Mass, the sacrament of Penance, the belief in Purgatory, the remembrance of the Saints, the honor paid to the Blessed Virgin, and the love to the Holy Church which in ages long gone by.

TALKING ACROSS THE BRITISH CHANNEL.

On Saturday last some further experiments were carried out on the telegraph cable connecting St. Margaret's Bay, near Dover, and the village of Sandgate, on the French coast. The Mayor of Dover and several other gentlemen connected with the town drove over to the bay, and assembled in the little telegraph hut erected on the beach within a few yards of the shaft of the burings connected with the proposed channel tunnel—a gross and material way of connecting the two countries, compared with the delicate communication we were about to establish.

Mr. Bordeaux, the superintendent of the Submarine Telegraph Company, at once established a communication with the opposite coast, and at his request, conveyed by an ordinary pocket telegraph instrument, the telephones were attached to the French end of the cable, and in a few minutes we were conversing across twenty-two and a half miles of wire at the bottom of the sea.

The songs sung in that little hut on the French coast were reproduced note for note and word for word, piano and forte, like the distant murmur of a shell—a small far-off voice—in that in which we stood. "Star of the Evening" and "Auld Lang Syne" came rolling across that rough and stormy channel, down which ships were staggering with shortened sails, and through that tumbling surf, without the loss of a tone or a note.

After thanking our friends for their songs and other efforts to amuse an audience so far off, Mr. Bordeaux gave a short lecture on the construction of the instrument, and the party separated, much impressed with the success of the experiments and of the important part it is likely to play in the communications of the future.

A HEROIC IRISHMAN.

On Thursday, January 21, the steamship Metropolis, bound for Brazil with 200 railroad laborers, forty-eight other passengers and crew, and 500 tons of iron, was wrecked on Currituck beach, North Carolina.

Prominent among the heroes of the Metropolis tragedy stands the humble and unpretentious-looking Irishman, Timothy O'Brien. By his own unaided exertions he rescued from the breakers and surf nearly fifty persons. Timothy is a native of the county Limerick, Ireland; is about thirty-four years of age, five feet six inches high, very stoutly built, a Hercules in strength, and of the greatest physical endurance.

had saved nearly fifty people, many of whom would have perished but for his great coolness and his manly aid.

The last and crowning act of this great feat of humanity was the rescue of Mrs. Anne Huet, the only surviving female of the wreck. She was struggling feebly with the breakers, supported only by a life-preserver, but evidently exhausted and about to sink. O'Brien saw her awful position, and, calling to a young man named John Doherty to help him, he started through the surf for the dying woman. Twice the treacherous wave snatched her from his friendly grasp, but at last he caught her and, with Doherty's assistance, brought her ashore in an unconscious condition.

SHALL THE CHINESE BE BARRED OUT?

WHAT THE PRESIDENT MEANS TO PROPOSE.

At the Cabinet meeting last week the President announced his intention of sending to Congress a message on the subject of Chinese immigration. He thinks the way to prevent a wholesale influx of Chinese is by treaty, and he objects to the imposition of a tax of \$250 on each Chinaman.

The paper embodying the views of the late Senator Morton on the Chinese question so far as written by him, which was submitted to the United States Senate last week, is incomplete, but the character of conclusions reached by him as an individual member of the joint congressional committee on Chinese immigration is clearly shown.

"As Americans, standing upon the grand doctrines to which I have referred, and seeking to educate the masses into their belief, and charged with the administration of laws, by which equal rights and protection shall be extended to all races, and conditions, we cannot now safely take a new departure, which in another form shall resurrect and re-establish those odious distinctions of race which brought upon us the late civil war, and from which we fondly hoped God in His providence had delivered us forever.

"The inquiry the committee were instructed to make does not involve the political rights or privileges of the Chinese. As the law stands they cannot be naturalized and become citizens, and I do not know that any movement or proposition has been made in any quarter recently to change the law. But the question is whether they shall be permitted to come to our country to work, to engage in trade, to acquire property, or to follow any pursuit. In my judgment, the Chinese cannot be protected in the Pacific States while remaining in their alien condition.

The paper goes on to say that Chinese labor has much improved California, that all labor should be free; and lastly, that the laboring men of California have ample employment, and are better paid than in almost any other part of the country. The late Senator Morton was evidently unaware of the prevailing destitution among white workmen in California, owing to their inability to compete with laborers who have no wives or families, are not citizens, who live in crowded cellars where white men would die; who are, therefore, able to work for a pittance on which white families would starve in conclusion he says:—"Labor does not require that a price shall be fixed by the law, or that men who live cheaply, and can work for lower wages shall for that reason be kept out of the country."

SHEMUS DHU, THE BLACK PEDDLER OF GALWAY.

A TALE OF THE PENAL TIMES.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(CONTINUED.)

This would be more fatal to Shemus than any encounter with them on the river, and he was resolved, at any hazard, to avoid it.

"Pull quickly, but lightly, boys," he said, in a low voice. "We will glide over the rocks; if they follow us, they strike them."

"He had scarcely spoken when the keel touched one rock, and then another, and five in succession, with a gentle shock; and then they were free as a bird of air, gliding swiftly in the deep stream past the old castle's walls.

"It was a trifling trick," said Shemus Dhu to his companions, "but it succeeded better than I hoped. If they free themselves from the rocks—which will take some time, I think—no amends for the time their accident has lost them."

"But may there not be danger of life to them?" said O'Halloran. "Some of them may have fallen over, and in the darkness they could not be saved."

"There is no danger of drowning for any of them," replied the Peddler. "They must be swimmers; or, if not, the only regret will be that the place was too shallow. Believe me, O'Halloran, had I wished to see an angler there, I could play them a more wicked game in the middle of the current."

"Whether you go now?" asked Henry O'Halloran, seeing that the Peddler was steering towards the dyke of Terryland, a direction nearly at right angles to the course which led to the Wood quays of the city—the general, indeed the only safe, landing-place from the lake.

"Would you expect, man, that I should run into the very arms of our foes?" said Shemus Dhu. "There are many eyes at this moment peering through the darkness, to catch the first glimpse of our approach; most of them are enemies, some of them are our friends. O'Halloran, do you observe the strong light from the hill, a little to the north of the city? Shemus pointed towards a cabin placed upon the highest point of Prospect Hill."

"I have a trusty friend there, who can give me a signal either for good or for evil, whether I am on the lake or on the bay. That signal is one of hope. Its light is thrown fully in my direction, though it cannot be seen by those who are a hundred yards nearer to the city. He knows that there is danger threatening us on the quays, and he directs us to this course."

"The boat was soon among the bulrushes which skirted the dyke, and then was forced deep into the mud. "Step lightly after me," said the Peddler to O'Halloran, after they had left the boat; "though it is little matter whether you are soiled or wet; you must change your dress for a worse one before we enter the city."

"Am I to await you here, sir, or am I to return to Portarah to-night?" asked one of the boatmen, in a surly voice. "We have no more need of you," said Shemus Dhu, in the same tone; "you have done your duty well, and we thank you. You had better, for your own safety, remain here for a time, until the strange boat has passed to the city."

"We want not your advice nor your thanks, Shemus Dhu," said the boatman; "we owe you little kindness in this affair. It was for the young master's safety we perilled our lives, and we are willing to do it again if he wish it."

"I thank you, my good friends—from my soul I thank you! I will know you, and not forget your kindness," said O'Halloran, with sincere feeling. "But why are you wroth with Shemus Dhu? He is my best friend; I am sure he is yours."

"He has not acted as a friend, or at all honestly in this matter with me," said the young boatman, with stern emphasis. "I was the first to give him notice of your arrival on the seaside; I was the only one who walked the mountains in the storm, to give them at Portarah warning of your coming; I, too, with the narrow escapes of life, deceived D'Arcy Shemus Dhu promised me that I would be your guide and companion to Galway. He sends me now home with cold thanks, disappointed of my fondest hopes, and dishonoured."

"Not dishonoured, Eugene—not dishonoured Eugene More," said the Peddler, without evincing the smallest displeasure at the excitement of the young boatman. "If you will, you can say this pleased, and that without a reason; but surely not dishonoured or disgraced, by sacrificing your own selfish pleasure to the safety of your young master?"

The insinuation of selfishness, opposed to the safety of his young master, conveyed in the words of Shemus Dhu, operated quickly upon the feelings of the boatman.

"I am not selfish, Shemus," said he, in a calmer tone—"heaven knows I am not! It is useless speaking now. I am willing to do what O'Halloran desires—to remain here, or return to Portarah this moment; but recollect, Shemus, I have as near a claim by relationship as yours, to be the first and foremost in danger for his sake."

"We will not dispute that now, Eugene," interrupted the guide, in the same calm tone, addressing to the hot-headed young man, because it galled him, without giving him a reason to quarrel with Shemus. "O'Halloran and I know you to be a faithful friend of his family, willing to undertake any danger from which honour to him can come. Rest contented, then, when we give you credit for that which you wish to prove by bolder deeds of daring, but which can do us no good, and which can only prevent the object of our secret journey. Young man, your attendance on us at present would injure us. We must be now private; but when we want the aid of a stout arm and fearless heart, we know we can find none stouter or truer than Eugene More's."

"Is this your mind, O'Halloran?" asked Eugene. "It is, my friend," said Henry. "Well, then," he returned, "I forgive you, Shemus, though I cannot forget some things which have occurred between us. Come, my boys, we wait a few moments, and then we are back to old Portarah for the honour of the master."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Let us hasten events prematurely, we are obliged to leave Shemus Dhu and Henry O'Halloran on

their way to the light which gleamed on Prospect Hill, and to return to the fortunes of our imprisoned friend, Fergus O'Keane recalling his vain search for the unknown in his cell, and instantly the sudden presence of D'Arcy. Reginald D'Arcy's figure and features were known to Fergus—he had met him more than once in the woods; but the suddenness with which the light entered the dark cell, and the anxiety of his own mind consequent upon his fruitless search for his unknown visitor hindered him from recognizing him at the time.

"Come, tell me, for you cannot play your tricks upon me—tell me who he is who has been with me here."

"You dream, young man," answered a voice which quickly undeceived Fergus; "none could have been here without your keeper's knowledge. It was not he."

Fergus perceiving his mistake—fer he now recognized D'Arcy—perceived also the prudence of not alluding to the visit of the unknown.

"I must have dreamed, I suppose," he said, striving to assume an indifferent tone of voice, insinuating through it that he did not recognize D'Arcy. "But why are you here? Are you the head jailer of this prison?"

D'Arcy, pleased in thinking he was not known, with the quickness of a mind deeply experienced in guile, formed a plan for subduing Fergus to his will, different from the one with which he had entered the prison.

"I am not the governor of the prison," replied D'Arcy, though I have the will and power to assist you, even to set you at liberty at this moment. Sit down, young man; do not fear to speak openly with me."

"I fear not to speak truth honestly and openly; and what is more, I fear not any sufferings I may be compelled to endure in its defence," said Fergus, taking a seat upon the pallet to which D'Arcy pointed. "What is your pleasure with me?"

"You shall hear it without disguise," replied the other.

Had Fergus been told a few hours before that he would meet D'Arcy face to face, and that he would answer him calmly, evincing no displeasure upon his countenance towards him whom he detested from the bottom of his heart, he would have believed the prophet a liar, or that himself would become a renegade to truth, honour, and love to parents and to friends. Still it was so. D'Arcy was more disturbed than Fergus. He stood with his arms crossed, and leaning with his back to the cell door. The lantern, which he had placed upon the stool, threw its light upon the face of Fergus, so that D'Arcy, his own features being concealed, could easily perceive every change upon the countenance of the young man. He looked to see, and so he prepared to meet, any sign of cunning or duplicity in the face of his captive. He could find none; for Fergus, with the intuition and innate power which trying circumstances give to great minds, had put on an innocence of look, which baffled every attempt of D'Arcy to penetrate. This was not by force; it is the lawful expedient which the most generous commander could use to defeat the machinations of a wily adversary. D'Arcy knew not where to attack Fergus. There appeared a resolution in the young man, which destroyed his intention of working upon Fergus' fears for his own safety. He resolved, then, to effect his purpose by exciting his fears for those whom he most loved, and by telling him who he really was.

"It appears necessary, young man, that you should know who speaks to you, in order to effect some confidence between us," said D'Arcy, with a sweet voice, well exercised in tones of insinuation and deceit; "and also that you should understand how far my knowledge of you and present circumstances extends."

"How far that will benefit me, I know not," said Fergus, with assumed indifference. "There is little mystery about me, and as for the mysteries of others I care little."

"There may be little to be known and said of you," replied D'Arcy, quickly, "but it is not so with some friends who are dearest to you. Of them, and of their safety I wish to speak. I am Reginald D'Arcy, whom you must have heard to be an enemy of your father and of his friends. You start to find me so near, and alone with you."

Fergus did not act as if he were surprised, to keep up his assumed ignorance of D'Arcy.

"You need not fear me," continued D'Arcy, raising his hand to prevent Fergus from speaking. "I have been named to you as the enemy of your family; I am not so in truth. It was only when your father strove to upset my honourable plans of ambition and of wealth that I seemed his enemy. I am now about to make amends for my former opposition to the interests of your family. It depends upon you, young man, to raise your family to a name through me. You know I am your cousin. It depends upon you, too, to save yourself, your father, and those whom you love best, from suffering, and from a wretched life, if not from death. Will you hear the conditions?"

D'Arcy spoke with an earnestness which gave some show of sincerity to his words.

"I must hear," replied Fergus, in a calmer voice than D'Arcy expected. "Whether I will or not, I must hear; but will accept no conditions which can implicate my faith, my duty to my father, or to his friends. Say what you wish to me to do."

"Young man your voice betrays a suspicion of me," said D'Arcy, who, despite his cunning, was forced to exhibit displeasure in the sharpness of his tones. "I ask you not to do what is dishonourable. I propose an easy way of gaining honour for yourself and for your family. If you refuse the terms I have not the power, though willing, to protect you from the consequences of evil. Your father is only tolerated in Portarah. Many here in Galway wish from old envy to destroy him. I have often prevented the evils which threatened him; but be that as it may, I now offer an easy means of preserving him."

"Say it," said Fergus; "and if it be that which I can do in honour, I will do it for my father's safety. But stop—say what evil threatens my father, of which you now speak."

"At this moment a warrant is issued by the council of the city for the apprehension of your father, and of all engaged in affording shelter or concealment to the stranger calling himself Henry O'Halloran. Upon the authority of this warrant you are now in prison."

and losing all control by the openness of the demand. "D'Arcy, I know you well—I know you when you entered; it wanted not your last words to prove you a designing villain. If you were a friend of mine or of my father, you could have assisted us, without inducing us to act dishonourably and break our faith; but you are still our enemy, and you pretend to be our friend to gain those papers for dark and wicked purposes. Your hopes are defeated. I now attach more importance to my father's commands, and thank heaven these papers are beyond your power, for they are in safer keeping than mine."

During this burst of feeling, so unusual to D'Arcy's ears, he stood pale with passion before the excited young man. The confidence in the power of his deceit, which gave him almost a certainty of blindfolding the inexperienced country boy, quickly receded before the passion which Fergus' words had stirred within him. To be called a villain and a deceiver by an equal, he could bear; but he had too much of the sudden passion of his country to pretend to be calm when he heard those words uttered against him, with such energy and feeling, by a mere boy—by one who was then in his power, whose life he could crush as he could a worm's. When he did recover from his surprise of passion, he said, in a low, solemn voice, ominous of the deep, dark passion of his heart:—

"You know me young man—you say so. Well, be it so then—we know each other. I ask the papers for my own purposes, for my ambition, for my pleasure, for my avarice. This is all true. Mark the consequences if you refuse them, or the knowledge of the place in which they are secured. If you can keep them from my grasp, you gain nothing except the passing satisfaction of disappointing me, whom you call your enemy, or else of satisfying a feeling of false duty, taught to you from infancy by wily churchmen for their own interests—a feeling of honour or of word pledged, which you are told to obey, even if it bring disgrace and misfortune on you in its observance, and on those to whom you are promised. Reason, and the interests of mankind—the first duty of man—speak against this false sense of honour; and still you bring destruction on yourself and your hopes, on your family, and all connected by friendship with you. For, by heavens! young man," continued D'Arcy, with a louder voice, "if you refuse my conditions, you are totally in my power, and I will wreak my revenge—even to the last drop of blood—upon you first and upon those dearest to you next."

D'Arcy stopped, because he saw there was a change wrought in the features of his listener. Fergus' fire of passion was slowly cooling under the awe and fear which D'Arcy's manner and words threw about him. He knew that he was in the power of this ruthless man's vengeance. He knew also, at least he thought, that his father and Eeveleen were in his power. What mercy could he expect from him? None, if the common character of D'Arcy were true; and all this evil was to be suffered for the real, or perhaps imagined, happiness of a young man, a stranger to him, and one who had not a confidence in him to outrust him with his secrets. His evil genius was now urgent with Fergus, to induce him to make his terms with D'Arcy; but his severest trial did not come on yet.

"You appear moved, Fergus, with the truth and danger of my threats. Are you prudent enough to prevent those evils?" said D'Arcy, like a skillful engineer, striking upon the first point which seemed to yield.

"I cannot say," said the agitated Fergus; "I must be faithful to my father's commands, or I shall have his curse. Yet, what do I think of? I cannot do your will, man; for I have not the papers. They are in the possession of another."

"I know this," said D'Arcy, with a more agreeable voice; "and you can do me service, and save yourself. Before I say what I require of you, I will give the strongest motives for your confidence. Weigh this well in your mind. Eeveleen, your reputed sister, knows that you are not her brother; she loves you with deepest love. This young man, a accomplished stranger is her relative; he seeks her love because he knows his marriage with her would be the strongest means of supporting his assumed title to some property in this country. Eeveleen's father and your father have set their hopes of happiness upon this union. Now, what follows? Eeveleen will be married to him; she will be unhappy, for she loves him not; her father and your father will be miserable, for they will be disappointed in the consequences of wealth and honour, which they expected from this marriage. I will be candid with you. It is my property which the young stranger claims. He never will obtain it, as I have destroyed every road by which he could approach it, except one—that road is a dangerous one, insecure, and deep with pits, which they who travel must perish. It is through those papers, which I ask you to aid me to possess. If you tell me even where they are you shall be at liberty, property will be settled upon you, your father will be restored to his character of loyalty, the young stranger shall leave the country uninjured, and you shall deserve the thanks of Eeveleen, whose happiness you will secure. In a word, she shall give you her rank, fortune, and hand, with her heart."

During this speech Fergus' mind was a whirlwind of passionate feeling. First, doubt of the speaker's sincerity occupied it; then fear, then hope—the most exciting hope—hope that his love for Eeveleen was returned by her—hope of Eeveleen's love possessed. Then, again, doubt and dread of the speaker darkened the prospect of hope, and conscience whispered amid those conflicting feelings, but with a very weak voice, the honour and fidelity to father and to friends should be above all temptations—even that of the highest happiness, or the lowest misery; but passion took the voice of reason, and whispered stronger, that he was not bound by any tie to serve this stranger, to whom he had promised nothing, and much less at the expense of his own happiness, of his father's, and of Eeveleen's. And the thought of Eeveleen's generous affection, which should have been the lodestone to direct him to suffering, in order to be worthy of it (for he should have been happy, even if he enjoyed no more, except the thought that she would have esteemed and kept over his sufferings for virtue and honour), even this it was which made him become the victim of D'Arcy's villainy. How selfish is the friendship or love of even the most noble minds!

"Mysterious man," said the unfortunate Fergus, "I feel that you have too great a power for me to be able to resist. If you give me security that you will keep your promises, I will tell to whom I have entrusted the papers."

"Any security you demand, my good fellow," said D'Arcy, with a smile of successful cunning. "But, pooh! there is no necessity of security. You have sense enough to know that your best security is, that I have no longer a motive to injure you or your family. Some of my friends, I know, paint me black as the devil; but I have enough of man in me not to wish to be cruel without a motive of interest. It is far gone in the morning; you must be fatigued after the many adventures of the night. Tell me who has the papers, and we will both rest."

This was said with a chuckling laugh, which strangely contrasted, in that prison cell, with the solemn tones of Fergus' voice, as he quickly answered:—

"D'Arcy, no reward which you could offer, or no evil which you threaten, could induce me to do even in this small degree, false to my friends' wishes, but that I fear you will be able to accomplish your design—whether for my good, or for my evil—without my assistance, by means of a false traitor, who is your accomplice. He has the papers

Murrough, the guide who has brought me here." "Shemus Dhu—Murrough, I mean—'shah ha'" exclaimed D'Arcy, with an effort at laughter, which ended in a fiendish howl. "By heaven! I am duped by one or other. Hold out there!" he cried, in a voice whose shrillness, for a moment, echoed through the entire prison. The door of the cell, quick as thought, opened, and disclosed two tall dark figures, with weapons of steel in their hands. "See to your charge," cried D'Arcy. "Oh! I treat him gently; he is kindly nurtured. He is mild of heart. Give him down from his pillow, and dainties for his supper." "Fergus of Portarah," he said, looking with a fiend's scowl upon the bewildered young man, "bid farewell to light—you have looked your last upon God's day. Away with him; farewell!"

In the twinkling of an eye, Fergus was seized, his hands were bound behind his back, and he was dragged, rather than led, from the cell, through the narrow corridor. He had no sense whither he was led: the violent passion of D'Arcy's voice and manner, and his sudden seizure by the tall men, deprived him of all power of thought.

CHAPTER XXVII.

D'Arcy, after Fergus' departure, remained for a few moments in the cell, his eyes unconsciously riveted upon the light before him. He was changed from his appearance of ten minutes before. We have said, in the commencement of this story, that D'Arcy would be called handsome, only for the expression of his lips. It was on this occasion that he looked a very fiend through their agency. The muscles of his mouth were contracted, exposing his set teeth—the snarl of a wolf. He started as he heard the noise of an iron door closing upon some dungeon beneath.

"It is time that I should be hence," he thought, as he prepared to depart from the prison. "The fellows whom I have left at my house may be suspicious of my long absence. But, by everything which fools hold sacred! I shall know Shemus Dhu before morning, and woe to him if he have played a double card with me!"

He passed hurriedly into the street, without noticing the gaoler or his assistants; and, drawing his cloak closely around him, he hastened, almost with a running pace, through many streets towards his dwelling. The door at which D'Arcy stopped belonged to a large stone building, nearly in the centre of the town. It was the only house of the street from which lights gleamed upon the darkness of the night. D'Arcy stood before the portal, seemingly irresolute to make any noise to excite the attention of the inmates.

"How ill it happens," he said to himself, still loud enough to be heard by a person who stood concealed in an angle of the buttress against which D'Arcy leaned—"how ill it happens that those who have remained here so late! Well, I must be rid of them at any expense. It requires as great a grace of hospitality as I or any other can have, not to kick them out under the present circumstances. If I could speak to Setter before I entered," he said, after a pause, "all would be well. But a spirit—there be such a being—can only find where the imp is."

"Here I am, master. What's your pleasure?" said the figure behind the buttress, coming forth, and throwing off the ample covering of the cloak with which it was enveloped, and disclosing to D'Arcy the size, figure and dress of a young gentleman of the class who form the link which unites the honourable page of olden days with the well-known tigers of our own.

"I must say of thee, urchin," said D'Arcy, without any sign of wonder, "that art never absent when wanted. Yet, in the devil's name, with whom I well think thou art leagued, why art thou watching here at this moment?"

"You were out, Mr. D'Arcy," said the individual to whom the honourable association with his satanic majesty was given, with a familiarity, in word and voice, which was strange between master and servant, for in this relation they still appeared to exist, "and I expected my services were wanted, even at this moment. I stand here not five minutes."

"I owe you favour for this precaution," said his master. "Find me out Shemus Dhu, in ten minutes, and bring him here. Yet, first, get me rid of these rascals within here. Who may be that have remained? They are passionate in their goblets."

"They would have been away before this time, but for the unexpected presence of a boon companion of yours and of theirs—Master Frank."

"What! is O'Reilly here?" asked D'Arcy, with astonishment.

"Aye, he is here, and here too for some purpose of noise. We told him you were not at home. It would not do; he should prove the truth himself. And he has proved it with satisfaction to himself, for he has usurped your place as host, and quarrelled with all your guests. He swears he will sit there for a year and a day, until he has the pleasure of bearing you at your own table, and that whilst he does honour to your port and claret!"

"Let the fool be drenched with wine," said D'Arcy. "Throw him into some kennel if you please; I shall not see him or his companions tonight. Seek me the Black Pedlar. You know, Setter, where I am to be found."

He glided into a dark entry, a few feet on one side of the building, and left his young follower too willing to do his master's errand, whether for good or for evil. D'Arcy was admitted to the house from the entry; and, without being recognized by any of his household, entered his sitting-room, which adjoined the apartment in which his guests were at the moment. D'Arcy could distinguish the voice of the speaker in the next room; but he did not listen—his mind was deeply engaged with more serious thoughts. After bolting his door, he threw off his muffling, and, with his arms crossed, walked gloomily and hurriedly up and down. The room was smaller than those appropriated for receiving visitors. It appeared a sort of study; at least, as such it was used by D'Arcy. The floor was of polished oak; the furniture and wainscoting were of the same material, heavily carved; the mantel-piece was a chiselled block of green stone, embellished with grotesque figures in relief, which ascended nearly half way to the corniced ceiling; on it was placed a massive silver candlestick—its only ornament—from which came the light which showed the room. It seemed that the master of the room was expected for everything was prepared: fire was in the grate, and the light of two wax tapers shone from the branches of the candlestick. There was nothing else in the room to denote either the comforts or the grandeur of its possessor, save a heavy oaken chest of drawers, upon which was placed a richly-carved bookcase, with massive mountings of silver. After some minutes, D'Arcy's meditation was interrupted by the noise of his guests' departing, and he was happy to find O'Reilly had followed them. When he was certain of their departure, he opened a secret drawer of the chest, and placing one of the wax tapers on the table, he began to examine a bundle of papers which he had brought from it. His thoughts might have taken the form following, whilst he stood struck like a table with fierceness, and again struck his brow with more passionate feeling:

"It is vain to think now of compromise. The die is cast: either O'Halloran or I must perish. Curse on those papers! What trouble I took to get them from the old fanatic of Killyran! They are his title deeds to the property of the O'Hallorans. And what use are they to me, if this foreign help prove his legitimacy? Ah! I see; he must be disposed of at any hazard. I know how to remove him;

and if there be suspicion of foul play, the Council are on my side, and we can quiet the qualms of the military governor's conscience with a golden draught; or else—for by the way, he is latterly a little too strict for Galway men on points of justice—we can represent the affair in many lights, to give it the character of necessity—at worst, of expediency."

"Here, his countenance brightened; and he rubbed his hands; with the anticipated delight of being successful in his attempt to remove young O'Halloran out of the way of his ambition. But quickly his countenance fell, and he arose from the table, to walk the room with quick step—as if the excitement of his body could destroy or lessen the agitation of his soul. His thoughts took this form:—

"Darcy, there are too many against thee to succeed. This Connel O'Keane, whom nothing can bribe—persons here in town, who will run any risk to hasten my downfall—the testimony of the dead bag—(thanks to thee, Setter, thou hast put me upon the scent to hunt down this game)—Father Thomas, who knows all connected with O'Halloran and with me. Stop!—I have him safe in my power. But the 'Black Peddler'! Yet, why fear Shemus Dhu? I have trusted him more than I have trusted any living being. He has as yet kept the appearance of being my friend. Shemus Dhu—it cannot be. Still, when I think of him, a heaviness comes on my spirits, and darkness lowers upon the bright prospects of success before me. Ah! there is something about that fellow which I cannot understand. He makes me tremble when he looks upon me with his dark eyes, apparently so simple, and yet so expressive of deep design and mystery. I recollect now many words of suspicious meaning which he has uttered to me. Folly! Thou art but a child, D'Arcy, and unworthy of the character for knowledge, which the highest and wisest give thee; if thou art not able to meet the Peddler on the vantage ground of deceit, and be not victorious."

He stopped his excited walk, unbolted his door, and called with a silver whistle for refreshments. As if by magic, the refreshments were introduced at the moment by the the urchin whom he had sent to seek Shemus Dhu.

"How are you here so soon?" said D'Arcy, with some surprise. "Have my commands been obeyed?"

"Yes," was the only reply made.

"Does he come, or where is he to be found?"

"He came more willingly than I expected," said his follower. "I have a notion that he was just coming to see you without being asked to do so. He is here now; will you see him?"

"Send him to me," said D'Arcy. "You may go to rest."

D'Arcy poured out a goblet of wine—he drank it at a draught, and then another. He was a temperate man, for he was too deeply versed in the policy of deceit to allow the poet's adage, "Quem non fecerunt pleni calices disertum"—admitted universally—to be applicable at all to his secrets. On the present occasion he forgot his wily prudence. The wine quickly circulated through his veins. The rage of disappointed malice was bursting his heart. His real character threw off disguise, and was ready, at the first provocation or summons, to stand forth in its true colours. In his impatience he called three or four times for the Black Peddler before he appeared. "Well, my trusty ally," said D'Arcy to him, with a tone and manner indicative of knowing already how matters stood—"well, now are we getting on? You know I identify you with myself—my reward shall be yours. There is hope—course the feeble word—it is a word on which fools lean, and no sooner leaned upon than it breaks over the abyss. There must be certainty of our success—must there not, thou prince of peddlers? No disguise, I am in the vein to hear the worst because I am able to defeat it. What say you Shemus?"

JAMES FOLEY, DEALER IN DRY GOODS AND MILLINERY, 113 ST. JOSEPH STREET, Opposite Dow's Brewery.

Ladies' and Childrens' Jackets In great variety. Also, a large assortment of Gents' Shirts and Drawers. June 27, 1877 46-52

STILL GOING ON! THE GREAT CHEAP SALE OF DRY GOODS IS STILL GOING ON! We are determined to CLEAR OUT our ENTIRE STOCK OF SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

LADIES, DO NOT FORGET THE CHEAP SALE AT THOMAS BRADYS, 400 ST. JOSEPH STREET. June 20, 1877

INSURANCE. NORTH BRITISH MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY. ESTABLISHED 1839. CAPITAL TWO MILLION POUNDS STERLING. CANADIAN BRANCH. Head Office Montreal.

MANAGING DIRECTORS: D. LORN MACDOUGALL, Esq., THOS. DAVIDSON, Esq. DIRECTORS: R. B. ANGUS, General Manager Bank of Montreal. DANASE MASSON, Esq., GILBERT SCOTT, Esq.

FIRE DEPARTMENT. All classes of Property Insured at Current Rates. Special arrangements may be made for the insurance of private dwellings and public buildings.

LIFE DEPARTMENT. Tables of rates and prospectuses may be had on application at any of the Company's offices. WM. EWING, Inspector. MACDOUGALL & DAVIDSON, General Agents for Canada. GEO. R. ROBERSON, Sub-Agent. Oct 31st, 1877.

INSURANCE. DEPOSIT WITH DOMINION GOVERNMENT \$50,000. NATIONAL INSURANCE COMPANY MONTREAL. FIRE INSURANCE ONLY. ALEX. McGUIVER, President. HENRY LYON, Secretary. C. D. HANSON, Chief Inspector. June 6, 1877. 17.

THE NEW CATHOLIC DAILY.

Further SUBSCRIPTIONS Received.

Table listing subscribers and amounts: Mr. Malone 5 00, Mr. Kane 2nd gift 5 00, Mr. Doherty 1 50, Mrs. McMahon 5 00, etc.

Contributions may be addressed to the Rev. Father Brown, St. Ann's Church, or to this office. Yearly subscriptions in country places are \$3 00. If papers are delivered in the city \$1 00.

THE INFALLIBILITY OF THE CHURCH.

LECTURE BY THE REV. FATHER HENNING.

The Mechanics' Hall was filled last night by a most intelligent and respectable audience to hear a lecture by the above gentleman upon this subject. About half-past eight the lecturer came on the platform, accompanied by Rev. Fathers Callaghan, spiritual director of the Catholic Young Men's Society, Gilligan, O'Reilly, Mitchell; Messrs. Murray, Young Irishmen's Literary and Benevolent Association; D. Murray, St. Patrick's Benevolent Society; P. Kennedy, St. Ann's Temperance Society; A. Brogan, St. Patrick's Temperance Society; Wm. Wilson, St. Patrick's National Association; M. Kelly, St. Bridget's Temperance Society; and D. Barry, Vice-President St. Patrick's Society.

Rev. Father Henning then proceeded with his subject. In opening he said the great theme which had ever claimed the attention of the non-Catholic mind was the claim of the Catholic Church to infallibility. If this claim was withdrawn and the Church placed on a level with the sects he had no doubt persecution would cease and she would not have to contend against those many obstacles which she had now to encounter. His purpose to-night was to enquire in a calm, dispassionate way into the claims of infallibility of that Church through whom alone salvation could be obtained. He claimed, therefore, a patient hearing, and would by clear, philosophical argument endeavor to show what was meant by the term "infallibility." The Church was passive and also active. By a "passive infallibility" he meant that no error could enter it—or, in other words—she could not hold that to be right which was not right. By "active infallibility" he meant the Church could not err in her teachings as taught by Jesus Christ. But before going further he would say most plainly that infallibility had nothing to do with sinlessness. The Church had never held such a belief, but had always maintained that there was only one Person who was actually and naturally sinless—Jesus Christ Himself. The Blessed Virgin Mary was, through a Divine privilege, sinless, but the Church had never claimed sinlessness for its Pope, or the bishops, or the priests were inspired. Infallibility, therefore, meant that the Holy Catholic Church, basing its teachings upon what Jesus Christ had Himself taught, could not err. In the acceptance of these teachings the principle of faith was ever uppermost in the minds of her children. Now, what was Faith? Faith was the unshaking acceptance of Divine revelation. There were many things which Divine revelation taught, which surpassed the limit of human Reason to comprehend, as, for instance among others, the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity—and they were bound to accept it because God had revealed it. The human reason was also infallible in some things within its own consciousness. The human mind knows that two and two make four, because it is conscious within itself of the fact. But the finite Reason must stand aside before the Infinite Reason of God. If then a person is assured that he must accept such and such a revelation he must accept it because a Superior and Wiser Reason has said it must be so believed. Such a conclusion was inevitable. The Witness of this revelation made by God must be universal and good for every living creature on the face of the earth; consequently, that witness was unmistakable and discoverable by using the ordinary rules of prudence. It must also be infallible, or in other words, impossible to lead one astray. The moment that witness was taken away infallibility was destroyed. The revelation was proposed to us in intelligible propositions and by means of an interpreter who could not make a mistake. This interpreter must also be infallible, for if otherwise doubt would not be removed, and Faith would be taken away. If therefore, man can lead us astray, where is the certainty of our belief? And if we have no certainty we can have no Faith. But there must also be a Judge to whom we can appeal. If this Judge was fallible, Faith would be destroyed, chaitly would be done away with and harmony would cease to exist. This witness must therefore be one of four things. It must be Reason, or the Bible, or Private Interpretation or an organic Church. It could not be Reason which was infallible only within its own sphere, but the moment he stepped out of its own sphere, it became fallible. The moment it stepped into the Supernatural life it could not be acceptable as a guide. Perhaps it was the Bible, but the Bible was in itself a dead book. It does not speak. In other words, it was a witness which could not testify—a Judge who could give no decision. It was absolutely impossible the Bible could interpret its own words. For instance, an Episcopalian taking the Bible and reading it interprets it to mean that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. A Unitarian, who is certainly as good as an Episcopalian, reads it, and says Jesus Christ is not the Son of God, but that He was nothing more than a political schemer. The Methodist takes it, and thunders away with all the zeal of his sect, that unless all believe what he says the end of the world must be universal damnation. The Universalist takes it, and having read it, says there is no such place as Hell. Therefore these men take the book each to suit his own views. As an illustration of the present controversy in the United States about the existence of a Hell, and after hearing what one man had to say, and what another had to say, all drawn from the Bible, those men came to the conclusion that the Bible much needed revision. If, therefore, when these men accepted the Bible, they meant that in so doing they interpreted it to suit their own individual judgment, said did not take the book objectively. Now, if God contradicted Himself, as these men by their interpretations practically said He did, he could no longer be God. If, therefore, this Witness was not the Reason and was not the Bible, perhaps it was, private inspiration. If that were true then he would say the Holy Ghost was a queer spirit: (the lecturer) went to the United States a short time since he

would have found a Brigham Young "You are an adulterer, and living in concubinage against the law laid down in the Bible, by which you are condemned," he would have been told in reply, "That's all very well, but I am inspired by the Holy Ghost." The Quaker at his meeting remains mum, told his hands gets up, mutters something, and goes home talking himself inspired by the Holy Ghost. It was concluded, therefore, by the speaker that private inspiration was nothing more nor less than an hallucination of the mind. If this Witness then was not Reason, nor the Bible, nor private inspiration, it must be an organic Church. He would, therefore, take the Bible as an historical book, which told him that Jesus Christ picked out seventy-two persons whom He sent forth into Judaea to teach. And out of the seventy-two He chose twelve to whom He gave higher functions than to the rest. But He was not yet satisfied, so He chose one to whom He gave yet higher powers, for He commanded him to rule a Church. Did that Church still live? He would ask them to compare it to-day with the Church established by Christ, and it would be found to-day identical in its organism with the organism chosen by Christ Himself. Thus historically, as well as philosophically, the lecturer would prove that the Catholic Church was identical to-day with the Church founded by Christ. Upon that Church the Pope never set; it was universal in its membership; it was universal in its teaching, and had the stamp of universality impressed on its brow. It was an easy Church to find—for blind men could find it. Ask any Protestant boy to point out a Catholic church, and he would not mistake it for any other. That Church was an infallible Witness, Interpreter and Judge. If all its bishops and priests combined to teach error they could not do it, because God's protection extended over it. With the Church as a kingdom, it had legislative assemblies called by the name of Ecumenical Councils, just as countries and empires had their legislative head and supreme power. The decisions of these Ecumenical Councils and the Popes were therefore infallible. But this infallibility did not mean that the Pope was sinless, for the history of the Church had shown that some of the Popes had been wicked men in their private lives. The Pope as well as the Bishop had his confessor, to whom he confesses as the child of the Church confesses to the priest. But his teachings had, nevertheless, been infallible, and their mandates had to be obeyed, for it could not be otherwise. Jesus Christ in His conversation with St. Peter had asked him what the world might think of Him, and had told him in reply that some had thought Him to be John the Baptist and some Elias. "But whom sayest thou that I am?" and was told "Thou art Christ, the son of the living God." Pleased at this reply, Christ said, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build My Church. After then was the rock against which the storms of persecution should never prevail. That Christ meant that upon Peter he would build His Church was a plain proof of Peter's infallibility; another proof of his infallibility was that Christ had told him (Peter) that his faith might never fail. So this doctrine of infallibility had ever been the teaching of the Church, and so the Church in its councils had never acted without the approval of the Pope. The Councils of Constantinople and Rimini had never received the Papal approbation, and therefore they were never held as valid by the Church. And it was only when speaking upon any point of faith or morality as the Head of the Church that the Pope could be considered as infallible; and in no other way—not as a private teacher nor as a private theologian,—but only as the Supreme Head of the Church on earth. Let any of his hearers ask an Episcopalian or any one else outside the Church whether he claimed infallibility for the doctrine he held, and he could not honestly reply that he did. It was owing to this infallibility that the Church did not fear no never had feared persecution. From the time of Diocletian until to-day the Church had suffered persecution. Were not her bishops and priests now being persecuted in Germany? Were there not hundreds of them seeking a refuge in Great Britain? For three hundred years the sons of Erin had been persecuted for their faith. But had her enemies wiped out that Church from her soil? No. And so they would find a consolation in their infallible Mother, and when stretched upon their deathbeds they would find a spouse in that dear old darling Mother,—the Catholic Church.

GREAT SPEECH OF THE ELOQUENT IRISH M.P., A. M. SULLIVAN.

The following is a fuller report of the magnificent speech delivered by the hon. member for Louth on the first night of the session, briefly reported in our parliamentary summary, and which was suppressed by the English papers: Mr. A. M. Sullivan, whose rising was hailed with enthusiastic cheers by the Irish members, said: "The house stands indebted to the hon. and gallant gentleman the member for Waterford. His motion has broken 'the cold chain of silence' that hung over the government benches, and has elicited from the hon. and learned gentleman who has just sat down (Mr. Plunket) a speech which, whatever its other characteristics, we have all admired for its varied play of humour, eloquence and ability. Parliament has been assembled three weeks earlier than usual, and within these three weeks there should be good time for discussing and considering the Irish question—for fully considered and discussed."

WE ARE FINELY DETERMINED IT SHALL BE (cheers). Mr. Speaker, that hon. and learned gentleman said of the men amidst whom I stand that they were "masquerading as Home Rulers." Masquerading! The phrase is not offensive, I suppose, or he would not have applied it; so I may use it too, and say that the thing which is really intolerable to me is to see the grandson of the great Plunket masquerading on the floor of this house as an Imperialist (loud cheers from the Irish benches). We are supposed to be concerned just now with the Turkish question. One of the cruellest wrongs which the subject Christians under the Moslem yoke were made to feel was that oftentimes the Christian parents were seized and carried into the Turkish camp trained up in Turkish ideas, embraced the faith and the banner of the conqueror, and appeared many a time, scimitar in hand, to

WAGE WAR UPON THEIR KINDRED AND THEIR RACE! (loud cheers). Even so has it been with us in Ireland through many a sad chapter of our country's story. Sometimes by force, sometimes by guile, sometimes by one influence, sometimes by another, the British power has been able to tear away from our children who bore great names and might; have greatly served their country; and we have seen these converts, as 'to-night, skillfully set in the fore-front of the assault when their countrymen were to be cut down! Who is our accuser? The voice is the voice of an Irishman. The wit, the ability, the brilliant play of fancy and of genius, the rhetoric, the skill—all, all are Irish, but all are used against Ireland! Who, I repeat, is our accuser? If we stand here to-night, as we do, to-morrow

in the face of the empire and of Europe the protest of Ireland against the memorable crime that robbed her of her constitutional liberties, whose behests are we fulfilling? Who PLAGED US TO ENDING HATE and eternal war against that crime? The hon. and learned gentleman had the temerity to use a phrase forever notable in the history of his land when he spoke of men "swearing upon the altar." Who was that great Irishman, that distinguished constitutional lawyer, who declared that if the Irish Parliament were successfully overthrown he would bring his child—ah! we did not say his grandchild?—and swear him upon the altar of his country to wage relentless war against that tremendous wrong? How little did he imagine in that hour that to-night the representatives of Ireland should discover in the ranks of their imperial adversaries the inheritor of his great name, and in no small degree of his genius, false to his principles and his teachings,

FALE TO HIS LIVREAGE AND HIS FAME (loud cheers). Well, sir, we have heard to-night the defender of British rule in Ireland. Only believe the hon. and learned gentleman and there is not the slightest need of changing anything in Ireland. Everything there is already perfect in the matter of government, law and administration. This is not if you believe him, a mere far west spot on the face of the habitable globe. It is the home of happiness, peace, prosperity, of beneficent rule and abounding loyalty (Conservative cheers). Hon. gentleman opposite cheer. You evidently think so, too (renewed Conservative cheers). You know all about it (here here). You know Ireland better than we do (here here). You are better entitled to speak for it than we the Irish majority, are. Are you (here here)? But, pray, what right does your party hold those become and rule the destinies of England but by the right of parliamentary majority? In virtue of a parliamentary majority you say you are entitled to speak to the world for England, while in virtue of a parliamentary minority

YOU WOULD CLAIM TO SPEAK FOR IRELAND (cheers). We have been told in the royal speech of a possible danger near at hand, of precautions and preparations that may be necessary for the defence of the power and stability of the empire. Well, we have come forward to suggest the wisest precaution and the most potential preparation which the government could make. The matter is glossed over by avoiding phrases, but the danger that you all mean is war—a war in which England will have to fight for her very existence as a nation (loud shouts from the government benches). If that war broke out, if it be not averted, as I hope it may be, England will find herself in such desperate straits as she has not known for 400 years (loud shouts of "No, no!" cheers and counter cheers).

YOUR ARMY, SMALL BUT BRAVE AND FEARLESS AS EVER, will baffle with its traditional valour; wherever it may be sent, on whatever field it may fight, the army of this country will exhibit those splendid qualities that have justly given it a world-wide fame (hear, hear). I would say as much for it even were it not composed as largely as it is of my own brave countrymen. But there is not a military man sitting in this house who does not know and feel the truth of what I say—that a recent memorable war in Europe has demonstrated that courage and prestige no longer compensate as largely as they used to do sixty years ago against overwhelming odds; and that your army of a hundred thousand, or a hundred and fifty thousand, men would be utterly powerless before the hosts that now stand arrayed and disciplined on the continent of Europe. Should this calamity befall, should this trouble for your existence arise, think you that it is upon inanimata

SWORD AND BAYONET, SHIP AND GUN, rather than upon stalwart arms and patriotic enthusiasm, your best reliance will be? Should that crisis come, right sure am I that amongst the English masses a patriotic fervor will answer to your call. Throughout England and throughout Scotland it will be so, but will it be so in Ireland? (shouts of "Oh!" cheers, and counter cheers). In the spirit of the oath which I swore at that table—may, higher obligations still, by the duty I owe to conscience and to truth—I dare all misconception and outcry to deliver at this momentous crisis my solemn testimony and belief that if this empire enters upon a struggle of such magnitude while Ireland is in the attitude which Hungary occupied towards Austria previous to Sadowa, the popular enthusiasm which you will receive in England and Scotland

WILL NOT RESPOND TO YOU IN IRELAND (shouts of "Oh!" interruptions and cheers). I was prepared for your exclamations, and I do not complain, for the statement I have made is serious, and naturally unwelcome; but time will vindicate the truth of my words and the integrity of my motives. Twenty or twenty-five years ago there stood upon the floor of this house a band of Irish members, struggling as we struggle now, to persuade you to listen to Irish demands. Study for yourselves what was their fate; read for yourselves the lesson of that time. They were voted down, they were shouted down, they were laughed at, they were denounced or derided. You had in that day—as you always have—some gifted and eloquent Irishman in your service to get up and do your work against his countrymen; to contradict their testimony, to tell you pleasant tidings which you hailed at Gospel truths, while their honest warnings of danger were shrieked against as seditious incentives.

JOHN FRANCIS MAGEE and others ventured to say in this house, as I say now, that there was danger and disaffection in Ireland. They were set upon angrily as almost traitors. They were contradicted and contemned. This House, by overwhelming voice, declared their testimony untrue, and that Ireland was peaceable, contented, and loyal to the core. Also a year or two barely passed when events threw a terrible light on all this. At that very moment my unfortunate countrymen were being sworn in by the thousand in a secret conspiracy for armed insurrection. Barely a few years passed away when the crowded dock, the convict ship, the penal gang, the triangle, and the bloody lash—nay, the scaffold itself, furnished a frightful contradiction to the pleasant testimonies which you preferred to believe; a frightful corroborative

THE WARNINGS you denounced and disregarded! What happened then? Like the story of the recent Pentan amnesty which we have heard to-night—measures prayed for in vain in the hour of your tranquility when concession would have grace and efficacy—were conceded amidst public disquietude and almost panic. Writing some six weeks ago to a friend in the north of England—a fair-minded, a kindly-hearted, and a high-principled Englishman—yes, I believe in the existence of such men, not in scores or hundreds, but in hundreds of thousands—I complained of this, and asked how and why it was that English statesmen and politicians should thus put a premium on turbulence and revolt. Just look what has been the history of any great political measure passed for Ireland in our own generation. The argument of Catholic Emancipation was exhausted in 1819. Its justness was as patent to all men in 1822 as at any time afterwards; yet, it was resisted and refused until, as the Duke of Wellington declared, civil war seemed inevitable. Was not that a mischievous

lesson to Irishmen? The title question you resisted until

OUR LAND WAS REDDENED WITH BLOOD. The Church question and the Land question—it is a story of recent years. A land bill was passed in 1870 after passions had been aroused, hearts broken, homes desolated by the thousand; after you had filled America with combustible elements that are at this moment a serious menace to England (loud cheers). In that struggle you broke the heart of Lucas, and drove Gavan Duffy into exile; robbed Ireland of the services of a man whose genius and whose worth you have been glad to recognize at the Antipodes. The Land Bill, passed in 1870, was granted in part in 1870, after the terrible tragedy of Ballycohy had started the empire. In 1863 you suddenly overthrew the Irish Church, because, as you avowed, of the spread of Fenianism. In the face of the men whose warnings you had angrily resented a few years previously, you came down to this house to concede in an hour of alarm what you had refused in the time of tranquillity.

IS THIS NARRATION TRUE OR FALSE? Am I, or am I not, reciting facts known to you all? What do those facts show? That by some malignant fatality, some calamitous coincidence, if nothing more, you scoff at men like my colleagues and myself who beseech you to be just in time. You resist concession in time of calm, and yield it only in the face of real or fancied peril. If it be not so, let some one get up to-night, and name for us any great concession made to Ireland under any other circumstances (loud cheers). As it has been, perhaps it is still to be; you will complain of my words; you will say I do not warn but threaten; and you will prefer to believe those who tell you the Irish masses are contented and well affected, as unathentically ready as Englishmen could be to part their blood in your defence. But

I DARE ALL HATE temporary misrepresentation and blame. I look into the future, and can await my vindication. Do not expect to mistake our position in this crisis of the empire. We are not so many members of a party or a section of this House. We are not so many advocates of this or that bill. We are the national representation of Ireland, here in overwhelming majority to demand the restoration of parliamentary rule and constitutional government. We are projecting no new proposal, like the friends of this or that great reform or amelioration. We are here to call for the restitution of what we have enjoyed and possessed, but which you wrong from us by means tending to vitiate and render illegal every public transaction between man and man, between nation and nation.

WE WANT OUR OWN. Possession gives you no title to it, for no time runs against a claim asserted and renewed as ours has been from generation to generation. Legally we stand to-day where we stood seventy years ago (cheers). Restore to Ireland the reign of law! It is all she asks as the price of her friendship; a price cheap indeed, for it takes nothing from you that belongs to you. The price of her friendship, you are now in view of a terrible emergency possibly at hand, searching Europe through for allies. Here we are to night empowered to offer you one worth the best you could elsewhere find—the alliance, the hearty friendship, the enthusiastic support of Ireland. I own I have deep reason to wish this question settled, and to see a cordial feeling established between the two countries

BEFORE DARK CLOUDS GROW DARKER, and while yet the reconciliation can be free and generous and efficacious. The peace, the happiness, the tranquillity of Ireland are most dear to me; and I do not wish to see my country desolated and destroyed by being made perhaps a battlefield of the coming struggle. I do not want the ghastly episode of some continental dispute making what he would call a diversion in Ireland, wasting the blood and blasting the hopes of my country in a mere stroke of tactics to serve his own ends. I shudder when I think of such a possibility; and I appeal to you—yes, unheeded by the foregone conclusion of your unwise refusal, I nevertheless raise and record my appeal to you, and to the English nation, to-night,

TO LET US CLASP HANDS IN FRIENDSHIP on the only terms on which we can either allies or friends. Be simply just. That you will do so, yet, despite your customary refusal, now, I am as convinced as I am of my own existence. It is the time which, with your customary unwisdom, you may select for such a step, that alone disquiet me. Austria tried your present policy towards Hungary, and changed it after Sadowa. I hope and pray you will wait for no such hour to accept the proffered hand and secure the ready aid of the brave and gallant Irish nation (loud and long-continued cheering).

CATHOLIC NEWS.

CARDINAL MANNING AND THE ITALIANS IN LONDON.—After twice refusing to grant permission to the Italians in London to celebrate a Requiem Mass at Hatton Garden Chapel for the repose of the soul of the late King of Italy, Cardinal Manning has now given the required permit, and the fact will be officially announced in order to allay the irritation which this incident has caused among the Catholic body both in London and in Rome. It appears that an appeal was made to the Vatican against the English Cardinal's prohibition, and that he yielded only at the request of the Pope.

PBS IX. AND HUMBERT IX.—A special telegram in the Cork Examiner states that the Pope sent to the young King of Italy an autograph letter offering consolation for the loss of his august father, and adding these words:—"Remember in the hour of your bereavement that it is also the outset of your career, and that the Vicar of Christ and Bishop of Rome is the Father of Christendom and of you. Further, also accept in full upon you and yours the renewal of that blessing which I gave you as a child. May it shield you from the temptations that too often beset a crowned head."

TRIBUTE TO CATHOLIC HOPE.—Referring to the Catholic Church, the Providence (R.I.) Journal (a Protestant organ) says:—"How few are the scandals which compromise her name in relation to misappropriated funds or violated pecuniary trusts. In another field of 'moral' she may also challenge the attention and comparison of the world. To the Protestant mind, of course, the deficiencies and errors of the Church of Rome are an anomaly and an enormity in this our day and generation; but her system, and let us admit as possible, her religion, suffices to check some of the sins which are too prevalent in Protestant as well as in non-religious ranks."

DISSENTING ENGLISH CONVERTS.—The fact that a nephew of the ex-Premier of England, W. E. Gladstone, is studying for the priesthood in the Scots College, Rome; is evidence at once of the rapid spread of Catholicity among the upper classes in England; and the earnestness which characterizes English converts generally. Many of them are already enrolled in the priesthood, or preparing for that dignity, while those who remain secular are devoting their talents and their wealth to the propagation among their countrymen of the religion which they themselves have embraced. There are few families of any distinction in England, now, in which one or more converts to the Catholic Church may not be found. And accessions to their

number are so frequent that nobody is surprised, and very few are indignant, when it is announced on such an occasion Lord this or Lady that, after reading a solemn recantation of heresy, was baptized conditionally, and received into the Catholic Church.

CATHOLIC MEETING IN MANCHESTER.—The Marquis of Ripon.—A large meeting of Roman Catholics was held in the Free Trade Hall on Tuesday night—the Marquis of Ripon presiding. His lordship, addressing the meeting at considerable length in support of foreign missions, said the Catholic Church in this country was now a purely voluntary institution, and as such had a fair opportunity of labouring in the mission fields abroad, and especially in India and our colonies. He must utter a warning that in conveying their civilisation abroad, and depriving the brethren of their time-honoured superstitions, care should be taken not to leave infidelity as a result. He expressed gratification that, so far as this country was concerned, the rumours of war had recently faded away.

IRISH NEWS.

DEATH OF LADY LOUTH.—Lady Louth died at about noon on Friday last, at her residence, Louth Hall, near Ardee, County Louth. The death of her ladyship occurred rather unexpectedly, as on the previous day she gave a dinner party, and appeared to all observance, in very good health.

ORANGE MEN AND THE PAPACY.—At a meeting of the Special Council of the Loyal Orange Institution of England, held in London on Tuesday, resolutions were unanimously passed urging resistance to any and every attempt on the part of the so-called Church of Rome to introduce her government into England, and opposed to the establishment of a Papal hierarchy in Scotland.

MINING PROSPECTS IN IRELAND.—It is stated that the Mining Company of Ireland have declared a dividend of 2s 6d per share. They have closed Knockmahar Mine, and it appears that there have thus been thrown out of employment some thirteen thousand persons, who are in great wretchedness. The company are paying these people so much a pound for what ors they can scrape up on their own account.

MR. MITCHELL HENRY AND HIS TENACITY.—Mr. A. D. McAlister, agent for Mr. Mitchell Henry at Kylesmore, requests us to state that he is not a Scotch-Irishman, as Father Conway alleged. He is a native of the Glens of Antrim, where he is well known, and he deems it almost unnecessary to say that the charges made against him by Father Conway are without a particle of truth, as has been fully testified by the correspondence which has been taken place in reference to the management of Mr. Henry's property.—(Latter Examiner.)

SUCCESS OF IRISHMEN AT AN ENGLISH COLLEGE.—The following Irish candidates have passed the Cambridge great mathematical tripos so as to deserve honours. A further examination will be necessary to fix the places:—John Frederick Adair, Pembroke; of Dublin; Wm. Robert Frith, Corpus, Eton; Beniskillen; Christopher Graham, Calms, Dublin; Mark Francis James Mann, St. John's, Dublin; Stephen Edward Spring Rice, Trinity, Foynes, county Limerick. All the above are scholars of their respective colleges, and are expected to take high places in the preliminary list published on Saturday, the final list on the morning of the 21th inst.

THE IRISHMEN STILL IN PRISON.—Subjoined are the Fenian prisoners still in confinement:—1. Captain Edward O'Meara, Condemn, death, commuted to penal servitude for life; Portland Convict Prison. 2. Patrick Melody, death, commuted to penal servitude for life; Portland Convict Prison. 3. Thomas Ahearn, penal servitude for life; Dartmoor Convict Prison. 4. James Clancy, penal servitude for life; Portsmouth Convict Prison. Edward O'Kelly, penal servitude for life; Spike Island Convict Prison. Robert Kelly, penal servitude for fifteen years; Spike Island Convict Prison. John Dillon, penal servitude for twenty years; Spike Island Convict Prison. Edward O'Connor, penal servitude for life; Spike Island Convict Prison.

DEATH OF FATHER MATHEW'S SECRETARY.—The Cork papers announce the death of Mr. David O'Meara. In early life he had been the confidential secretary of Father Mathew, and in that capacity he took part in the journeyings far and wide of the Apostle of Temperance. These extended to nearly every part of Great Britain and Ireland, and during two years to the United States and British America. All the arrangements connected with the mission of his beloved master passed through his hands, and it is needless to point out that these required no mean organizing powers. Mr. O'Meara enjoyed Father Mathew's unbounded confidence, and well he deserved it as regards the attachment he felt for him. It followed him in his prolonged and weary illness, and among the last he beheld in this life was his trustworthy secretary, Mr. O'Meara.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EXCITEMENT.—Tremendous excitement outside Parliament. Crowds are thronging the streets, singing "God Save the Queen," and making demonstrations in favour of the Government. In the House of Commons Sir Stafford Northcote said England assents to Austria's proposal for a conference.

EVACUATING.—The Standard has a Constantinople despatch which says, according to the terms of armistice the Turks are to evacuate the lines of Constantinople, which are to form a neutral zone, the Russian limit to be Bujuk Chegmejoh and the Turkish limit Knjitic Chekmejoh.

CONFIRMED.—In the House of Commons this afternoon Sir Stafford Northcote confirmed the report of the advance of the Russians towards Constantinople. The advance, he said, may be in accordance with the terms of armistice, but the Turks effect surprise. England has asked Russia for explanations, particularly calling the Czar's attention to his statement of July, that Constantinople should not be occupied unless the military situation rendered it necessary. The House, after a short discussion, agreed to a withdrawal of Mr. Forster's amendment.

RUSIANS IN CONSTANTINOPLE.—The Globe this afternoon says:—"We understand that although the announcement that the Russians have entered Constantinople is, up to the latest advice, untrue, the Russian columns are actually advancing upon the Turkish capital and Gallipoli." It has been known in diplomatic circles for some days that the Russians are still advancing, but it is regarded as almost impossible they could be in possession of Constantinople. We are enabled to state that no official information of the report has as yet reached the Foreign Office.

TERMS.—The following additional points of the armistice conditions are asserted in special:—That the railway between Adrianople and Constantinople be repaired, also the telegraph line between Adrianople and Odessa; by way of Constantinople; raising of the blockade of the Black Sea and Danube for everything except ammunition; the Russians to occupy the Black Sea coast from the Russian frontier to Baltochik; and on the Bosphorus from Enos to Melkici; these are additions to the points held by the Russians at the signature of the armistice. This must be accepted with reserve;—(Latter Examiner.)

The True Witness

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT 761 CRAIG STREET.

M. W. KIRWAN—EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Terms—\$2.00 per annum—in Advance

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, FEB 13.

CALENDAR—FEBRUARY, 1878.

WEDNESDAY, 13—Feria. Col. Ethan Allen died, 1789. THURSDAY, 14—Office of the Blessed Sacrament. St. Valentine, Martyr.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

ST. JEAN BAPTISTE VILLAGE INFANTRY COMPANY. The members of the above Company will assemble at the QUEBEC GATE BARRACKS, Dalhousie Square, To-morrow, (THURSDAY) EVENING, at 7.30.

The fife and drum band of the Company will attend. Fatigue jackets and forage caps to be returned.

M. W. KIRWAN, Captain Commanding.

DEATH OF THE POPE.

He had suffered enough and Christ Jesus called him to his home. He had borne his cross, and the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, three persons in one God, released him for ever. And yet "he is not dead, for what we call death is only transition, for death was not spoken to the soul."

MEMOIR OF POPE PIUS IX.

The departed Pontiff whose family name was Giovanni Maria Mastai Ferretti, was born on the 13th of May, 1792, at Sinigaglia, in the province of Ancona.

He should live to "see the years of Peter. In his early youth he was distinguished for his remarkable sweetness of disposition, and for an active charity beyond his years. At the age of eighteen he went to Rome, with the intention of entering the body-guard of Pope Pius VIII.

Pope Gregory XVI. died on the 1st of June 1846. The Cardinal Archbishop was summoned to attend the solemn conclave of the Sacred College, held for the purpose of electing a successor to the Papal chair.

On assuming the Pontifical chair Pope Pius IX. was but fifty-four years old, being one of the youngest Popes ever elected. His accession was hailed with general satisfaction, his personal virtues and capability of character having endeared him to the people.

During the entire of the first year of his Pontificate the exertions of the Pope were directed to perfecting reforms in the Government, lightening the burdens of the people, and restoring the financial prosperity of the country.

On the 22nd February, the Revolution began in Paris; on the 24th, the people took the Tuileries by assault; and Louis Philippe—who would have conceded Reform when he no longer had the power—fled to England, whose friend and tool he had long been.

try that had usurped the reins of government, and finally, his escape to Gaeta, are within the memory of all. So also is the fate of the ephemeral Republic, which was proclaimed by the revolutionary party, only to be as quickly extinguished by the combined arms of Republican France and despotic Austria.

For eighteen months Pius IX. continued in exile at Gaeta and Portici, near Naples; when, escorted by the Neapolitan troops, and amidst the thunder of French cannon, he returned to the city of Rome, April 14th, 1850.

The second revolution which followed the expulsion of the Austrians from Italy, the invasion of the Pontifical States by the Sardinians, the withdrawal of the French garrison from Rome, the seizure of the city by Victor Emmanuel, and the virtual seclusion of the Pontiff within the limits of the Vatican, are events that belong to the present time, and need no extended recapitulation.

THE PROVINCIAL LEGISLATURE.

THE POPE'S DEATH.

Hon. Mr. Angers then rose and with visible emotion observed that the painful news had come to this country of the death of the spiritual head of 230,000,000 of people.

Mr. Joly, begged leave to second the motion. He added that the great majority of the members of this House belonged to the Roman Catholic religion.

The House then adjourned at 3:20. The bells of the different Catholic churches tolled in Quebec, out of respect to the late Pontiff, and will toll an hour daily till Thursday next.

All the government offices in the province of Quebec had the Dominion flag half-mast for the Pope's death.

THE CONCLAVE.

Archbishop Lynch of Toronto, says that no faith can be put in cablegrams about the proceedings of the Conclave, as it is impossible that outsiders can know anything about what is done or intended by the Sacred College.

THE QUEBEC LEGISLATURE.

The debate in Committee of Supply on the Railway Resolutions came to a close last night, when the deBoucherville Government was sustained on a vote of 38 to 21.

ALDERMAN THIBAUT.

This gentleman called at our office and gave some explanations about the charges which have been brought against him. We regret that we are unable to notice the subject this week.

LATEST NEWS.

The Cardinals will assemble in Rome on the 18th instant to elect the new Pope.

Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Dufferin opened the Mackay Institute yesterday, and afterwards drove to Villa Maria. Last night a brilliant ball was given at the Windsor Hotel in honour of their Excellencies' visit.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editor of the True Witness. Would you be kind enough to permit me space in your journal, in a moment when all true Catholics hearts are plunged in grief. As we at present want a rallying point, I take on me, with the kind permission of the cure of Notre Dame, to invite all the commanders and chivaliers of the different Roman orders who, like myself, owe a debt and a tribute to the memory of the Pontiff King who has departed this life, to attend a solemn service which will be celebrated on Friday next, at the Cathedral of Notre Dame, at 9:30 a.m.

THE POPE ON PATRIOTISM.

The Pope had always encouraged the great principle of patriotism. In many of his speeches he was fond of saying, "I am an Italian, and I love my country," and in this spirit he has lately read a lecture to Don Carlos, of Spain, which we trust may do him good.

"You affect to be one of the sworn opponents of revolution, but if, by pursuing your real or fancied rights, you again plunge Spain into a sea of bloodshed and tumult, what will you have gained? Even before your claims come the claims of your country. Better cease to be a king than cease to be a patriot."

THE FUTURE OF THE PAPACY.

Among the many wonders in the marvellous life of the Catholic Church, there are none more suggestive of serious thought than those presented in her present relations with the world. Religious thought is gradually, but surely, passing into two simple but divergent and antagonistic forms.

In the social and political order, the present condition of the temporal authority of the Popes is awakening an interest and attracting the attention of the most enlightened statesmen of the period. The history of the Papacy is being studied in its past moral and social relations with society; and the deeper these studies penetrate into the depths of historic truth, the stronger grows the conviction that, as modern society owes its growth, development, and prosperity to the direct salutary influences of the Papacy in the past, so in the future these same influences must be utilized and directed for the conservation and perpetuity of that society.

The Cardinals will assemble in Rome on the 18th instant to elect the new Pope. Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Dufferin opened the Mackay Institute yesterday, and afterwards drove to Villa Maria. Last night a brilliant ball was given at the Windsor Hotel in honour of their Excellencies' visit.

divine origin. The Catholic Church and Christianity, the Papacy and its temporal sovereignty, are parts of one stupendous whole, conceived in the mind of Deity, planned to an end that binds man and humanity to God and eternity, and pledged, through trials and sufferings, to an earthly mission that must endure till time shall be no more.

This historic life corresponds with their supernatural existence. Both depends on the promises of the Saviour for their vitality and perpetuity. If these promises fail now, their utterance was a snare and delusion from the beginning. If they still retain the vitality of their inspired utterance, they will contain a truth that can never perish from the world.

PROTESTANT MISSIONS.

THEIR COST AND THEIR RESULTS.

Will Protestants ever open their eyes to the utter failure of their efforts to convert the heathen, even though accompanied with a lavish outlay of money that is really astonishing, in one point of view, though not in another. We clip the following from the National Baptist:

"Conversion of the Chinese.—The comparative results of missionary labor among the Chinese in their own country, and in ours, having attracted some interest of late, has led one of our brethren on the Pacific Slope, familiar with the facts, to publish them for general information. For example, Christianity on their own shores, for the past three years has cost \$195 per convert. The average expenditure per convert for the past three years, in the Chinese Mission, in Portland, Oregon, has been only \$04.

These facts show where economy is, if such an argument is admissible in such a work. Comparisons are generally invidious, and would not be brought out, had not a long article in this line recently appeared in this paper, which needs this correction. I may say here also the evangelization of the Indians in the West has been at the rate of about \$20 expense per convert, and still less among the Freedmen. No such calculations abate our ardor to give the gospel to all nations at home and abroad.

The statements of the National Baptist in reference to the expense of making Protestant converts among the Indians and the Freedmen does not tell the whole truth. The figures it names may be correct enough as regards the outlay per "convert" by the Protestant Missionary Boards. But it must be borne in mind that Protestant ministers among the Indian and the Freedmen have drawn heavily upon the Indian Department and the Freedmen's Bureau of the United States government, and have also managed in other ways to appropriate, largely, government funds intended for the Indians and the Freedmen.

We have no doubt at all that if all these expenditures, appropriations and stealings were added together, the expense of Indian and Freedmen "converts" would average, at least, if not more than, \$200 per "convert," instead of \$20, at which the Baptist places it.

Then, too, these "converts" won't stick; or if they do professedly, they become, in nineteen instances out of twenty, more immoral and degraded than the "unconverted." Their hypocrisy is notorious.

Almost every account given by travelers in heathen countries represent the influence exerted by Protestant missionaries upon the peoples of those countries, as irregular. The swarms of Protestant ministers who rushed down into the Southern States, at the close of the late civil war, and fattened upon the moneys of the U.S. Indian Department, and the Freedmen's Bureau, did the negroes no good. As regards the Indians the Government offices at Washington contain indisputable testimony that Protestant ministers have done any amount of harm among them.

CRUSHED OUT.

Our personal column, answers to correspondents, and reviews of books, snow-shoing, and some local notices, have been crushed out.

**ORANGEISM.**

Some time since we ventured to predict that if Orangeism was not in some legal way suppressed in this province, that Montreal would become the Belfast of Canada. We are experiencing the realization of this prediction a little sooner than we expected—for Montreal is now the Belfast of the Dominion. Encounters between the Orange and the Green are becoming every day events. Fortunately there is forbearance enough on both sides to abstain from using the pistol, and the business is generally settled with sticks and fists. It is all very well for people who are not outraged by the insults of orangemen to preach peace and quietness. It is all very well for men who do not experience the ribaldry of the "brethren," to use platitudes about law and order, but it would be far better first of all to recognize the fact that there is a "good deal of human nature" in a man, and then to speak and write accordingly. We all want peace and good will; we all want law to be triumphant over the mob; but we should all refrain from outraging that "human nature" of which there is so much in us. There is a howling lot of fanatics in Montreal—the Baxters, the Doudiets, the Gaetz's, the Beaudries, &c., &c., who cannot open their lips without saying coarse things about the church, and yet when our clergymen address either their congregations or public audiences, we are not aware that they offend anyone. Did Father Henning insult the Protestants in his great lecture on the "Infallibility of the Church" the other night? Was there one word said to which the most sensitive Protestant could take offence? But orangemen and their supporters insist upon being abusive and the result is turmoil. The Provincial Legislature will face a grave contingency if it does not put an end to orange demonstrations. Strongly as we sympathize with the Government of Mr. deBoucherville, yet we venture to think that no government will get the support of the Irish Catholics in particular, if it refuses to grapple with this question. We shall be sorry to find ourselves in antagonism with the Provincial Legislature, but if it persists in ignoring the unanimous wishes of the Irish Catholics, upon this question of orangeism it will be full time for the Irish Catholics to consider the situation.

**FROM ADRIANOPOLE TO CONSTANTINOPLE.**

Events have made rapid progress during the past few days. It appears likely that they will continue to do so. Russia hardly conceals her intention to have done with all restrictions upon her ambition for the future, and there is evidently a great difficulty felt as to the feasibility of opposing any effectual barrier at the present stage of affairs. Suleiman Pasha has consistently carried out his apparent destiny, and down to the last has somewhat managed to contrive the worst possible fate for his country. At the time when the surprising success of Osman Pasha crippled the Russian army, and forced the whole plan of invasion to be suspended in expectation of reinforcements that were so much needed, a splendid opportunity was open to the Turks by which they might have driven the Russians to retreat across the Danube. Mehmet Ali, at the head of the army of the Quadrilateral, threatened the Russian positions at Sistova, and pressed the army of the Czar so closely that keen alarm was loudly expressed for the safety of the Russian communications. About that moment Suleiman Pasha, who had just swept General Gourko's force back to the Balkans at the head of fifty thousand crack troops, seasoned by Montenegrin warfare, had in his power to place at least forty thousand of these veterans at the disposal of Mehmet Ali. Instead of this he preferred to dash his splendid regiments to pieces in useless and murderous front assaults upon the Russian positions in the Shipka; and the result was that the Shipka remained in the keeping of the Russians, and Mehmet Ali failed to receive the assistance which might have turned the whole current of the war in Bulgaria. Latterly Suleiman Pasha, having been entrusted with the command of the forces for the defence of Roumelia, disposed of his men, some ninety thousand in all, in such a loose and reckless fashion that he was unable to do anything for the support of the Shipka army when it was assailed by Skobelloff and Radetzky, and when the Shipka pass and army fell into the hands of the Russians, found himself almost completely cut off from his direct road to Constantinople. He finally escaped it is true, and he brought some forty thousand troops, almost destitute of artillery, to the defence of the capital, instead of the splendid force of ninety thousand men which it was hoped would shortly swell to the dimensions of a host of a hundred and fifty thousand within the fortified lines of Adrianople.

The truth seems to be that, notwithstanding a display of bravery and endurance on the part of the Turkish soldiery never excelled by Turkish defence has completely broken down through the incompetence of some of the lead-

ing Generals, and through the manner in which the three best Generals produced by the war, Osman Pasha, Moukhtar Pasha, and Mehmet Ali Pasha, have had all their plans counteracted and rendered unavailing by the clique of favourites at the palace. Moukhtar Pasha was never asking for more men to enable him to hold his advanced positions in Armenia. The reinforcements were never sent until it was too late when Moukhtar Pasha was a fugitive to Erzeroum. When they arrived they were a mere military mob, for want of the trained comrades whom they would have met in Moukhtar's army, but who had fallen into the hands of overwhelming numbers after the battle of Aladja Dagh and within the walls of Kars. Osman Pasha only consented to hold Plevna to the last extremity on receiving the assurance that his line of retreat would be secured to him by proper dispositions on the Sofia road. The proper dispositions were not made, and fifty thousand men were the penalty which Turkey had to pay in consequence—fifty thousand of the very best soldiers under the very best General. Every one of the battles which have ended so unfavourably for the Ottomans during the past three months might still have been Russian victories, and yet Turkey might have been stronger by one hundred and fifty thousand men to-day than she actually is. It was the way her armies were beaten in detail, while fighting unsupported and without concentration, or thought of concentration, which has allowed the Russians to make such vast masses of prisoners and to carry out such rapid and vigorous offensive operations. The Turks might have been forced to retire over every foot of ground from which they have actually retired, and the Russians might still be only at the beginning of their difficulties. As the campaign has been managed, however, instead of having to face two hundred thousand united troops within the fortification of Constantinople, the Russians have been enabled to capture and disperse all the field armies of Turkey, and a mob of fugitives from twenty army corps, and a swarm of mere volunteers, are almost all that now remain between the Tsar and the capital of the East.

It cannot be denied, or concealed, that a profound sense of depression is felt throughout England at the turn of the war, and, above all, at the manner in which the whole action of Russia seems calculated steadily to ignore the influence of the British Government in the great question at issue. There is indeed too much reason to think that Russia has deliberately made use of England as an instrument to lead the Turks into their present condition. It was at the express recommendation of St. Petersburg that England counselled Turkey to seek at once to come to terms with the Russian Commanders in the field; and the result was that, while the energy of the Turkish defence was interrupted, it was found that the Russian Commanders had no terms to offer, but must communicate with St. Petersburg for instructions, must continue to advance. Clearly, when Russia said, "Let the Turks apply to our Commanders," this should have meant that the Commanders were in possession of at least the preliminary conditions for a suspension of hostilities.

**HELL.**

Does it not appear strange that a great number, if not the greatest number of modern Protestant theologians are ready to make concessions to the spirit of the times with reference to the eternal pains of hell and thus publicly deny the doctrine expressly taught in their ancient confession (Confes. of Aug. 1, art. 17.) Besides, they seem to forget that in so doing they openly teach the existence of purgatory so universally and dogmatically condemned by all Protestant divines, for unless hell be eternal, purgatory, and purgatory alone, exists in the next life as a punishment of sin, purgatory being, as Catholics teach, a place of suffering where some souls suffer for a time before they go in heaven.

No doubt the substitution of purgatory for hell, if it were possible, would be pleasing and welcome news, but we fear we can hardly expect to change the decrees of God and the order of his Divine Providence. That Ministers of religion or Christian gentlemen of any denomination should deny the eternity of hell is painful to contemplate, as it proves their entire ignorance of the nature of the moral law, of the meaning of redemption and of the most evident truth revealed in God's word. The difference between good and evil, virtue and vice, is the basis of all moral order, for, as vice, is essentially wicked, it is necessarily opposed by its very nature to God, who is infinitely holy and good. Now, as hell and heaven are the last terms reserved for the wicked who die in their sins, and for the just who die the friends of the Lord; therefore, as sin and justice are essentially opposed, so hell and heaven must be eternally separated. Again, if hell be not eternal the greatest sinner will receive an everlasting reward as well as the most virtuous

man, for any number of years of punishment, provided they come to an end, are as nothing compared to eternity. But if evil end, by becoming equal to virtue, then virtue and vice are substantially the same, and the moral order is completely done away with. For as first principles in the intellectual order judge of the consequences that flow from them, so in the moral order it is the last end of actions that explains their true significance and real value. Wherefore if an eternity of happiness be at any time reserved equally for the good and for the wicked, all difference between virtue and vice ceases to exist, God becomes the friend of wickedness, and therefore is not God at all. The universal belief in the eternity of the pains of hell is consequently only the expression of the principle of the difference between good and evil so deeply engraven in the human heart. And as a proof of this fact we find that all nations and peoples, Greeks, Romans, Indians, Egyptians, Africans, and the most uncivilized tribes, profess their faith in the truth of this doctrine. Lucretius himself, though a materialist, acknowledges that the belief in the eternity of hell was general among men (De Natur. Deor.) Virgil, in the sixth book of his *Æneid*, confirms this teaching in many places, and Plato, in his *Phædrus*, declares that those who are guilty of very heinous and enormous crimes are cast into Tartarus, from which they are never to be delivered.

Moreover, redemption itself purposes the eternity of the pains of hell. If the pains of hell be temporal, or last only for a time, then the punishment due to sin becomes like in its character to the sufferings of hunger, want, misery and death, that we have to undergo in this life. But Christ has not come on earth to secure for us temporal happiness or to deliver us from temporal misery as we know from experience, wherefore he has not come to deliver us from the pains of hell, and consequently there is no redemption at all. What, then, is the meaning of so many miracles and prophecies? of the action of Divine Providence displayed in the Old and New Testaments? of grace-teaching sacraments? of the incarnation, tears, poverty, anguish and death of the Son of Man? When an infinite God, suffers and dies the object for which he sacrifices his life must be worthy of him, but temporal punishment of any kind cannot be worthy of Christ's passion. Wherefore, as he has offered himself an expiatory victim, the malice of sin must be infinite and deserve infinite or eternal chastisement. Consequently St. Bernard says very truly and logically: "If hell were not eternal the Son of God would never become man to eternal us." Besides, we could not be said to be redeemed in the proper sense of the word if by our own efforts, or by a few years of suffering we could secure never ending happiness for ourselves. No truth is more clearly taught in Scripture, or the word of God; than the eternity of hell. We are not ignorant that the gehenna of the Bible takes its name from the valley consecrated to the hideous worship of Moloch, the School of Hades refers to the sojourn of the dead before the resurrection, and that the word hell itself signifies, in the language of the Goths from which it derives its origin, "The goddess of death." But at present there is not question of the root and derivation of words but of a stern and terrible reality. The question is, do the Scripture teach that the torments reserved for the wicked will or will not be eternal?

Now we read in the prophecy of Daniel (ch. 12, v. 2) "And many of those that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some unto life everlasting and others unto reproach to see it always." And this very clear statement is confirmed by these words of Christ (Math. 25, ch. 4v). "And then He shall say to them that shall be on His left hand: Depart from me you cursed into everlasting fire which was prepared for the devil and his angels. And in the last v. res of the same chapter he solemnly sums up his description of the judgment in these appalling words, "And these shall go into everlasting punishment; but the just into life everlasting." The Lord expresses the same idea in the Gospel of St. John (ch. 5 v. 29) saying: Wonder not at this, for the hour cometh wherein all that are in the grave shall hear the voice of the Son of God. And they that have done good things shall come forth unto the resurrection of life; but they that have done evil unto the resurrection of judgment." That is to say, a judgment that cannot, and shall not, die or be reversed. Again the same Lord speaking of the sinfulness of scandal adds: [Mark ch. 9, v 42 and 43] "And if thy hand scandalize thee, cut it off; it is better for thee to enter into life maimed than having two hands to go into hell, into unquenchable fire, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not extinguished." Here Christ is pleased to explain the meaning of the word hell, so as to leave no room for doubt or cavil, for He says: "Into unquenchable fire where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not extinguished." It is impossible to express

more explicitly and clearly the truth of the eternity of hell.

In another place, speaking of Judas whom he calls the son of perdition, he says: [Matt ch. 26, v. 24] "The son of man indeed goeth as it is written of Him, but woe to him that man by whom the Son of man shall be betrayed. It were better for him if that man had not been born." Now, this proposition, or assertion, would be absolutely false if Judas would at any time be delivered from torments, as he would still have an eternity of happiness before him. But why multiply citations from Scripture? We read, Math. 12c, 32v): "He that shall speak against the Holy Ghost it shall not be forgiven him neither in this life nor in the world to come." Therefore his sentence of reprobation shall last for ever. St. John also [Apoc. 14, 11] does not hesitate to say of the wicked: "The smoke of their torments shall ascend up for ever and ever." And St. Paul [2 Epis. Thess. 1 ch. 9v.] speaking of those who obey not the gospel of Christ says: "Who shall suffer eternal punishment in destruction from the face of the Lord and from the glory of his power." In a word, we were to cite all the testimonies of Scripture in proof of the eternity of hell, we should never end. To these few considerations we may add that the Church of Christ has at all times and in all places, openly and loudly preached the doctrine of the eternity of hell, as her creeds, councils and catechisms fully testify.

And not only the Church but even the various religious associations established in opposition to her authority profess their faith in this dogma, as Nestorians, Eutychians, Arians, and Protestants of all denominations have up to our days openly preached and maintained it. [For further proofs of this doctrine see the learned words of Dr. Franz Hettinger.] Is it not sad, then, to reflect that a truth of such vital importance and based on such convincing arguments should become a subject of doubt to some and of laughter to others at a time when it would be much wiser and better for them to meditate on these words of the prophet [Isais: [ch. 33, v. 14] "which of you can dwell with devouring fire, which of you shall dwell with everlasting burnings."

**LETTER FROM TORONTO.**

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

The following Pastoral was read at the different masses in all the Churches, which were draped in heavy mourning to day.

**JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH**, By the Grace of God, and the Appointment of the Holy See, Archbishop of Toronto,

To the Venerable Clergy, Religious Communities and Devoted Laity of Our Diocese, Salvation and Peace in Our Lord.

Our Holy and Great Pontiff, Pius IX. has gone to his eternal reward after a life consumed in the service of Christ, whose vice-gerent he was on earth. He died fortified with all the Sacraments of the Church on Thursday, the seventh of February, at 4.57 p.m. He was eighty-five years eight months and twenty-five days old. Till the hour of his last agony he had the full use of his reason, and was surrounded by his faithful Cardinals and the members of his household, to all of whom he left his blessing with paternal advice. His last words were addressed to Almighty God in supplication for the Church, the spouse of Christ, which he cared so tenderly.

In one sense we have reason to deplore and grieve at the loss of such a great father of the faithful, the Custodian of the Keys, the Shepherd of the fold; but we can rejoice that our beloved Pontiff after fighting the good fight long and perseveringly has had gone to his eternal rest.

Though the Pope is dead the Church is not without its chief pastor. The Papal authority resides in the College of Cardinals, who all wear now a deep indication of their supreme authority. In the mind of God the successor of Pius IX. is already elected, we also have our invisible head Jesus Christ always making intercession for us in heaven. All those who have known the Pope intimately can testify that from his very youth he had no other wish or desire than to serve God, and to labour for the salvation of souls.

This he did at all sacrifices and at the peril of his life. He had as Christ had, persecutors and calumniators, and as they treated Christ, so they treated His Vicar on earth, and persecuted him with that hatred which selfishness alone knows. He has seen most troubled times.

The revolutionary spirit which is the spirit opposed to God and all rightful authority swept over Europe, but reserved its last and bitterest wave for the Pontifical States, and no constitution however liberal save that of abdicating all the temporal rights of the Holy See which he was sworn to defend could satisfy a blind people. They were like the Jews at one time governed by a prophet but who clamoured for a king, and the Lord was angry with them and He said to Samuel the Prophet "They have not rejected thee, but me, that I should not reign over them." (1st Kings VIII. 17.)

The idea of the grievousness of sin and the absolute necessity of satisfying for it, is passing from the minds of men; they are throwing it far from the face of God. But whoever studies the sacred scriptures and considers the infinite sanctity of God, the weakness of poor human nature, the enormity

of sin, and the necessity of satisfying for it, as we see in the wounds of Christ on his cross on Calvary, will easily admit that few pass out of this world without needing to have some stain of imperfection cleansed from their souls.

St. Peter in his first epistle (IV. 17, 18) says: "For the time is that judgment should begin at the house of God, and if first at us what shall be the end of them that believe not the Gospel of God. And if the just man shall scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?"

During the nine days in which the body of the late beloved Pontiff lies unburied, our duty will be to join the universal Church in humbly imploring of God that if there be a stain left by human frailties on the soul of the great Pontiff that it may be quickly removed. We earnestly request the priests and people to recite the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, and to offer up a communion for the intention of our late Holy Father.

At the expiration of the nine days, which will occur on Saturday, prayers to implore of God to send us a worthy successor will be commenced. The priests will add the collect *de spiritu sancti* in their masses, and also will recite with the people after mass three Our Fathers, and three Hail Marys, for the same intention. These prayers will be continued till the election of the new Pope is announced.

The Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you.  
† JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,  
Archbishop of Toronto.

Given at St. Michael's Palace, Toronto, on the eighth day of February 1878.

By order of His Grace the Archbishop.  
J. J. McCANN,  
Secretary.

Rev. Brother Arnold.

After ten years' experience in this city, which contains monuments of his zeal and piety, more lasting than brass, the mild and human Director of La Salle Institute has, at the call of his Superior, bidden us farewell. A newspaper is not the place in which to eulogize whilst living the good deeds of an ecclesiastic, but I can't help stating that the number is legion whom he aided and assisted by his labours, precept, and generosity. The writer of these lines is not unmindful of the kindness shown him, and many there are both in this city and Province now in the higher walks of life, even in the learned professions, who, but for the fatherly care of the late Director of La Salle, would have been ship-wrecked on the quick sands of disappointment and despair. To him and his noble band in a great measure may be traced the higher tone of respectability which characterizes Catholic society in this city, and his untiring energy in beautifying, enlarging, and adorning his own College, founded by himself as well as his great interest in the Temperance cause, and other meritorious works, will perpetuate to future generations the name of Brother Arnold. Though wishing you well in Montreal, yet we beg to beguile you this Rev. gentleman to whom we are so deeply indebted, and who we are sure, will scatter blessings around wherever he may be located.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

We are indebted to the Young Men's Christian Association for the magnificent treat given us by Wendell Phillips on the 4th Inst. Shaftesbury Hall was crowded by an intelligent audience to hear the great orator on O'Connell, yet there was hardly one hundred Catholics present. He showed O'Connell to be the first and greatest of moral agitators; and said that in the world's history he had no equal in moulding the opinions, and swaying the wills of a people, save Martin Luther. The indictment he brought against England was a terrible one; and her treatment of Ireland he showed had no parallel among civilized nations. He cited incidents to show how the Irish people hated the laws made for them by England; and said the orator, "they never had a law that they ought not to hate." The fight which Mr. Phillips has thrown on the Irish question before an audience, the great majority of whom appeared to have no adequate idea of English rule in Ireland, cannot fail to have a good effect, and we regret that the cause does not possess more champions as able and sincere as the great abolitionist.

EMMET'S CENTENARY.

Emmet's anniversary will not be allowed to pass over unnoticed in this city. On the evening of the 4th March a grand entertainment will be given in the Royal Opera House, under the auspices of the Grattan Benevolent Association. Gen. Thomas Francis Bourke will deliver a lecture on "Ireland—Her Trials and Triumphs," which will be followed by the drama of "Robert Emmet."

It appears unlikely that there will be any public procession in this city on the coming anniversary of Ireland's national saint. The majority of Societies seem to favour deferring the celebration to some time in the summer.

The evening of the 18th of March will be celebrated by an entertainment in the Royal Opera House, under the auspices of the Hibernian Benevolent Society, and Branch No. 1 of the I. C. B. U. O'Donovan Rossa has been engaged to lecture on that occasion.

**THE "HERALD."**  
The *Herald* is the only paper in Montreal that put on the least mourning for the death of the Pope. Ottawa behaved more generously, for all the papers came out in mourning on the occasion.

**OUR TRAVELLING AGENTS.**  
MR. T. J. KEAVENY is now in Guelph, and will shortly make a tour through Western Canada, in the interests of the TRUE WITNESS.

MR. THOMAS FINAN, our travelling agent for the Ottawa Valley, is on his way to the Capital.  
MR. W. MORAE is now in the Simcoe district, and will shortly visit the following places:—Breckin, Balsover, Victoriaville, Brantford, Upperville, Arthley, Orillia, Cardon and Lindsay. We ask for him a kindly reception from our friends, and trust that after his visit to those places he shall have made many more friends for the TRUE WITNESS.

BURY & McINTOSH, ASSIGNEES AND ACCOUNTANTS, MOLSON'S BANK CHAMBERS, Corner St. James and St. Peter Street.

EDUCATIONAL, &c. LORETTO ABBEY, WELINGTON PLACE, TORONTO, CANADA. A Branch of the Ladies of Loretto, Dublin, Ireland.

CONVENT OF OUR LADY OF ANGELS, Belleville, Ontario. Conducted by the Ladies of Loretto.

CONVENT OF THE CONGREGATION DE NOTRE DAME, KINGSTON, ONTARIO. It is well-known that the city of Kingston, built on the shores of Lake Ontario, is one of the healthiest localities in the Dominion.

PRACTICAL GUIDE FOR CONFESSION AND COMMUNION. A short treatise on the Sacrament of Penance for the use of Schools and Colleges.

CONVENT OF THE SISTERS OF THE CONGREGATION OF NOTRE DAME, WILLIAMSTOWN, ONT. The system of education embraces the English and French languages, Music, Drawing, Painting, and every kind of useful and ornamental needle work.

Stained Glass For Churches, Etc. A. FITZPATRICK, Artist, Diploma of England. Supplies European Art Glass at the prices charged for the inferior article hitherto used here for Stained Glass.

WAX CANDLE WICK MADE BY S. R. WEEDEN & SON, PROVIDENCE, R. I. Samples Sent on Receipt of Address.

CATHOLICS OF MONTREAL! Read the list of Books we are offering at twenty-five cents per week: Elegant Family Bibles, "Life of the Blessed Virgin," "Father Burke's Lectures and Sermons," "Lives of the Saints," "Life of Pope Pius IX.," and a fine assortment of Mission and other Prayer Books.

WEEKLY TEST. Number of purchasers served during the week ending Feb. 9th 1878—4,304. Corresponding week last year—4,398. Decrease..... 94.

LIST OF CHEAP DRESS GOODS. Splendid line of Serges, in Brown, Prune, Green, Olive Brown, and Grey, worth 18c, reduced to 12c. Splendid line of Spring Serges, in all the New Colors, to be sold at 17c per yard.

List of Cheap Fancy Silk. Special line of Fancy Striped Silk, in all the New Patterns, to be sold at 58c per yard. Special line of Washing Silk, in Grey and Black Stripes, to be sold at 50c per yard.

List of Cheap Black Silks. A lot of Black Silk to be sold from 45c to 90c per yard. Good quality Black Silk to be sold from 99c to \$1.25, per yard.

BLACK GOODS. Every piece of Black Lustre reduced in price. Every piece of Black Paramatta reduced in price. Every piece of Black Cobourg reduced in price.

SPECIAL NOTICE. Ours is the Store for all kinds of Black Goods. All new. All in perfect condition, and all cheap.

THE MAMMOTH. JOHN RAFTER & CO. 456 NOTRE DAME STREET. The stock of Dry Goods held at the above address comprises a full assortment of useful and cheap lots.

CATALOGUE OF PRICES: Flannel Department. Canton Flannels, 10c, 13c, 14c, 15c, 16c, 17c. White Saxony Flannels, 17 1/2c, 23c, 25c, 27c, 30c, 32c.

Table Linen Department. Grey Table Linen, price from 14c to 50c. Unbleached Table Linen, price from 25c to 60c. Half-Bleached Table Linen, price from 27c to 50c.

Roller Towing. Heavy stock of Towing, prices, 5c, 7c, 9c, 10c, 12c. Huckaback Towing, price, 12c, 14c, 16c.

Tweeds, Coatings, &c. Large lot of Tweeds for Boys, only 30c. Large lot of all wool Tweeds, only 50c. Good line of "Woods, only 60c.

Underclothing Department. Men's Canada Shirts and Drawers, prices, 38c, 50c, 65c, 75c, 85c, 1.00. Men's Real Scotch Shirts and Drawers, prices from \$1.00 to \$2.00 each.

Call early and secure the Bargains. Oct 31st-12-1y. \$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address BRINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

AGRICULTURE. HOW TO SELL CORN. An Essex farmer has hit on an admirable method by which the price of corn has been enhanced much beyond the market price.

GENERAL HINTS ABOUT HIVES. No one should attempt to keep bees in any but a movable frame hive. The time to make bee-keeping successful and profitable in an old log and box hives is gone.

CURED CORN FODDER. Over the parts of the United States and Canada where cattle are fed in the stables for six months of the year, more or less, because grazing is impracticable, owing to long winters, cured corn fodder becomes a very valuable forage when properly treated.

FAILURE OF ORCHARDS. Nothing is more common than the sight of orchards in a declining state. If the trees have been blighted a number of years, the decline is usually ascribed to their age.

BROAD-CHESTED HORSES. An old horseman writes in this way to an exchange about broad chested horses:—Wind is the grand secret of a fast horse. Good lungs will cover a multitude of faults; while on the other hand, perfection of shape or form are useless when the wind is out.

HOW TO MAKE HOT-BEDS. A correspondent of the Cincinnati Times says upon the subject:—As it will soon be time to make hot-beds for early cabbage and tomatoes, I will give some of my experience in the last ten years.

SCIENTIFIC FARMING. No farmer can prosecute his business successfully on poor land, and there is no necessity for doing it for any great length of time. It is a waste of time and money, of energy, and of life itself.

NEW DAIRY BUTTER. Received daily by Express from the Eastern Townships, very choice, at the EUROPEAN WAREHOUSE. DRIED BEEF, BEEF HAM, SUGAR CURED HAMS, SMOKED TONGUES, PICKLED do., CAMPBELL'S BACON (in select cuts.)

THE FOUR QUARTERLY REVIEWS AND BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. THE LEONARD SCOTT PUBLISHING CO., 41 Barclay Street, New York. Continue their authorized Reprints of the EDINBURGH REVIEW (Whig), WESTMINSTER REVIEW (Liberal), LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW (Conservative), BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW (Evangelical), AND BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

CLUBS. A discount of twenty per cent will be allowed to clubs of four or more persons. Thus: four copies of Blackwood or of one Review will be sent to one address for \$12.50; four copies of the four Reviews and Blackwood for \$48, and so on.

PREMIUMS. New subscribers (applying early) for the year 1878 may have, without charge, the numbers for the last quarter of 1877 of such periodicals as they may subscribe for.

COSTELLO BROTHERS. GROCERIES and LIQUORS, WHOLESALE, (Navy Buildings), 49 St. Peter Street, MONTREAL.

BOOTS & SHOES. W. E. MULLIN & Co., MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN BOOTS AND SHOES. 14 Chabouille Square, near G.T.R. Depot, MONTREAL.

ROLLAND, O'BRIEN & Co., MANUFACTURERS OF BOOTS AND SHOES, 333 St. Paul Street, MONTREAL.

RICHARD BURKE, Custom BOOT and SHOE-MAKER, 889 CRAIG STREET, (Between Bleury and Hermine Streets) Montreal.

W. STAFFORD & Co., WHOLESALE MANUFACTURERS OF BOOTS AND SHOES, No. 6 Lemoine Street, MONTREAL, P. Q.

MULLARKY & Co., MANUFACTURERS OF BOOTS AND SHOES, No. 8 St. Helen Street, MONTREAL.

P. A. MURPHY & Co., IMPORTERS OF ENGLISH AND FOREIGN LEATHERS, INDIA RUBBER GOODS, ELASTIC WEBS, &c., &c., &c., No. 19 St. Helen Street, MONTREAL.

FOGARTY & BRO., BOOT & SHOE MANUFACTURERS, 245 St. Lawrence Main Street, CORNER ST. CATHERINE STREET, Dec 5, '77.

BOSSANGE & GARDINER, MONTREAL, GENERAL MERCHANTS IN FRENCH CALF MOROCCOS, KIDS AND OTHER MANUFACTURES.

HOUSE IN FRANCE: GUSTAVE BOSSANGE, 16 RUE DU QUATRE SEPTEMBRE, PARIS.

THE BAR. D. BARRY, B.C.L., ADVOCATE, 12 St. James Street, MONTREAL.

J. JAMES KEHOE, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &c. Office: Cor. Rideau and Sussex Sts., Ottawa.

DOHERTY & DOHERTY, ADVOCATES, &c. No. 50 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. T. J. DOHERTY, B.C.L. C. J. DOHERTY, A.B.B.C.L.

JOHN D. PURCELL, A.M., B.C.L., ADVOCATE, &c. No. 15 PLACE D'ARMES, Near the Jacques Cartier Bank, Montreal. Oct 10, '77 9-8m

NOTICE. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to whomsoever it shall appertain, that the Doctors Edmond Robillard, of Montreal, and Napoleon Robillard, of Ste. Genevieve, heretofore of Montreal, have obtained, the 26th Jan. 1878, the benefit of inventory for the residuary and universal legacy made unto them in virtue of the last will and codicils thereto of the late Mr. Joseph Robillard, their father, in his life (time of Montreal, Clerk of the Cattle Market, or Viger Market. Montreal, 4th Feb. 1878. 27-2

NOTICE. THE COUNTY OF ROCHELAGA BUILDING SOCIETY will apply to the Parliament of Canada, at its next session, to obtain a special act of incorporation, giving it power: 1st. To become an ordinary loan and investment society, with the privileges accorded to Permanent Building Societies according to the laws in force. 2nd. To discontinue and abandon the system of allotments. 3rd. To reduce its capital to twenty per cent of the amount now subscribed, except in so far as respects the holdings of present borrowers, who will remain shareholders for the full amount advanced to them. And if they prefer not to retain such shares, power to make arrangements with them for the repayment of what is due on their loans will be asked. 4th. To increase its capital stock from time to time; to create a reserve fund; to continue to issue temporary shares, if thought advisable; to create a lien on the shares for the payment of claims due to the Society; and to invest its moneys in public securities, and to accept personal, in addition to hypothecary guarantees as collateral security for loans made by it. And generally for any other powers necessary for the proper working of the said Society. H. JEANNOTTE, N. P. Sec.-Treas.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, SUPERIOR COURT, District of Montreal, No. 1649. Mary Peacock of the City and District of Montreal, wife of William Chester alias William E. Chester of the same place, Bricklayer and Builder, and duly authorized in justice (a ester en justice). Plaintiff. Against the said William Chester alias William E. Chester. Defendant. The said Plaintiff duly authorized in justice (a ester en 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, 9th January, 1878. 23-6





