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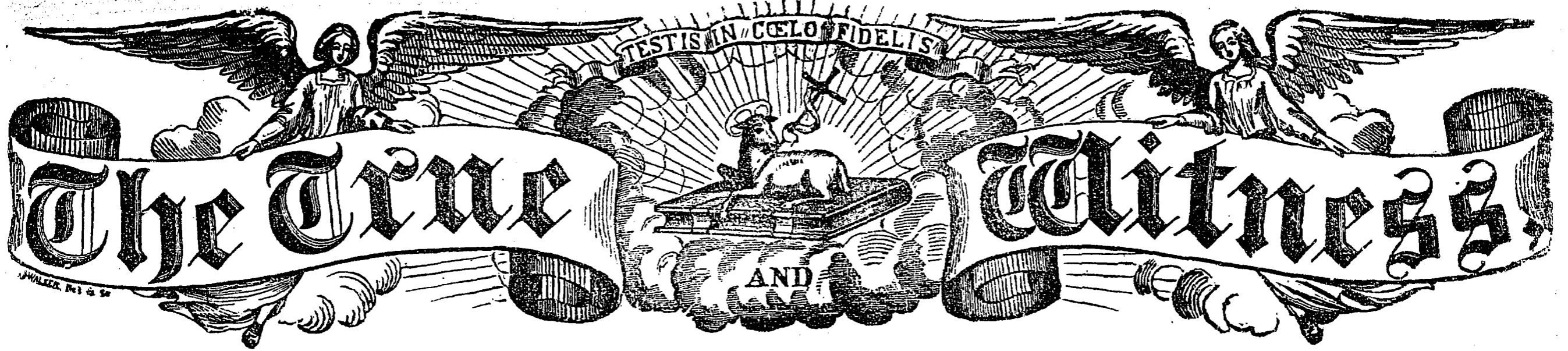
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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No. 45.

THE DOOM OF WARNHAM.

CHAPTER IV—(Continued.)

Whatever were his thoughts or what his musings, he seemed to be tranquil and happy. To him was given, as it is always given to such afflicted creatures, when religion trains them, a great faith; and it might be that, with that poetic fancy which supplies for them the want of every other faculty with its sweet grace and heaven-born bliss, he might have been walking by the 'eternal streams' with the soul of the dead. Entranced he was in sweet and changing visions that flitted and formed in his mind with varying shape and beauty the destiny of the departed spirit, and hours might have fled over him in this musing, when suddenly he started and seemed to listen intently. A moaning gust of the wind around the house appeared to deaden the sound he desired to catch and criticise, for he waved his hand impatiently, and muttered between his teeth—

'Hish-sh sh!'

The noisy gust lulled, and again intently Phildy listened.

'Ay,' said he, as if in answer to a doubt; 'ay, I knew it; Charley—that's what she used to call him—Charley is coming. O vo, O vo! she won't welcome him at the door again, as she used. Hist! now is the time to punish him for the blow I saw him give her wamp, and the cruel word worse than the blow. Though she wouldn't let me touch him if she lived—What is that? what is that? He owes her something now for all the peace and pleasure he robbed from her young heart; ay, an' her father's, too—her father's, too. He owes her more than he can ever pay; but he'll pay some iv id by quieting him, by telling him 'purty Nancy' was his wife. I saw id—saw them married, an' she told me that she was a real lady, near a princess, or something that a-way. Hist! he's at the door.'

A step at the entrance stopped the soliloquy of Phildy, and striding through the hall he heard the new-comer. With a rapid spring, Phildy got behind the huge-side of the door. The handle turned, and with a wild cry of surprise a young man bounded forward to the bedside—a wild laugh announced the presence of another in the death room; and the strong arms of Phildy were in an instant clasped around the stranger. Thus caught, the stranger struggled in the grip of his unexpected captor; but he struggled in vain. With all the strength of his herculean frame, Phildy held him fast. He might as well have freed himself from a giant, as deliver himself by any effort of his own from the grasp that closed on him like a vice. In ignorance of who held him so strongly, after a few vain attempts to get loose, the stranger groaned in bitterness of spirit, as he asked—

'Who holds me?'

'That's id,' said Phildy; 'you're reasonable at last, Charley; you know me,' he continued, letting the young man free, and standing before him, 'an' you know her?'

'I do—I do!' replied the stranger.

'That's your wife,' Phildy went on, 'your wife; I know id; but I know too that you bruk her heart, and sent her to heaven afore her time. An' look, Charley; I always took you for a rascal, and an imp; and see,' said he, whilst a ferocious expression of hate darkened his face with the most gloomy of shadows—the presence of anger in a mind uncontrolled by aught except instinct,—'see, I'd strangle you now, tear you limb from limb, as a lion id tear a lamb, if she wasn't there now.'

He raised his voice with terrifying menace as he went on with his threats; the veins of his forehead swelled and stood out in knots upon his brow; his neck, rising bare and brawny with the loose rolling collar of his shirt, grew purple with the rush of blood to his brain; his hands were clenched; the muscles of his arms showed in their tension, as they were braced by his excitement, through the covering of his clothes; and his whole appearance indicated such murderous purpose that the stranger cowered before the truculent aspect of Phildy Lee. He looked

furtively around for a weapon; he could see none. He moved his hand towards his breast.

'Shtop,' said Lee, 'shtop! move a hand now, and the devils 'll rejoice in the deed I'll do; tar—he sunk his voice to a hissing whisper—'I'll kill you, an' send you to your place amongst them, iv her eyes wor to open, an' her tongue to pray to save you. See now,' he went on; 'I'm sparin' you of a mercy that isn't my own; id's her prayer—the prayer of that poor saint to th' Eternal—that stops my hand. She prayed that way afore once; id was the night you struck her an' cursed her. I was looking through that window. I kem in then through that doore out side to kill you. Her pale face was like a pain; it was so bitter to feel for its sorra. An' she met me and saw I meant blood; an' she prayed and my arms wor like an infant's, they wor so wake. Bud to-night I don't hear her voice, though God does, and He stops my hand from murder. Yet id was a pity my sowl id be risked in that a way, an' her life lost. She was the fairest, the heartiest, and the happiest crathur that ever lived ontel she met you. The fust evening you put the *comether* on her in that chance way, you tuk for doin' id; there was a darkness put upon her life. Thin kem your talk of luv—luv that you tol' her was burning up your life. Oh, bud id burned hers. As lightning id blast a fair young sapling in the green forest, so you went on, went on—made her desave her poor old father, an' you desaving her all the time to her early doom. You tol' her that she'd be a grate lady if she'd be silent and marry you to saycret; bud that your frinds id be powerful angry, and desthroy you iv they knew id thin. An' didn't she believe you, the poor thrusting girl; didn't she believe all you'd say as iv you bewitched her? Didn't you coax her from her home, he pursued, raising his voice 'didn't you bring her here when she was married be the poor old priest? that I know. An' didn't I hear you, after all that, tell her it was no marriage; that you were a Prodestan' and a lord; and that the laws made her—what, you villen? what?'

At this instant, the door behind Phildy opened, and Peter Verdon appeared. Phildy stopped his utterances at the noise, and looked for the cause of the interruption. The old man tripped upon the carpet, unused as he was to its luxury, and staggering came to his knees. Phildy rushed over to raise him, and as he lifted him, the report of a pistol rang in his ear. A sharp stinging sensation across his scalp stunned him for a moment, and he dropped upon the floor; but a wild cry from old Verdon roused him.

'What ails you, mather!' exclaimed Lee.

'Id's all over, Phildy,' said the old man; see here!'

The man looked, and the blood was running in a torrent from Verdon's neck. The ball that had grazed Phildy's scalp, and only inflicted a flesh wound, had glanced upward, and struck the miller in a vital part. The large arteries of the neck were cut across, and he was bleeding to death.

'Oh, wirra, wirra!' said Lee, looking towards where he had seen the stranger standing last. A cloud of smoke was in the spot; but a current of air unrolled its volumes, and, the open window told how he had escaped.—At this moment, too, the footfall of a horse in rapid motion on the carriage-drive without conveyed the fact of the escape of the stranger to Phildy's ear. He groaned in the torture of his baffled rage.

'I'm dying, Phildy,' said the old miller; 'lay me on the ground; an'—an', when I go, put us both—Nancy an' me—together in the clay. It's well, oh, its very well. An' a mercy out of the heart of God I'm goin' so soon to meet thin I lost—pray for me, Phildy, fur—I cannot pray for myself somehow; and gi' me some wather, Phildy—some wather, for I'm wake, and my head is dizzy, and my eyes are dim. O my God, pardon—pardon—Phildy stop the mill, for the kiln-fire is almost out, an' the work is—lift me, Phildy, an' let me see Nancy—light—light, till I look at my *girlsen*—oh, light—the kiln—is out—an' the work—over—over—lay me—'

There was a sigh, a struggle, a shiver that lasted some moments, and the father of Nancy

Verdon stood before the judgment seat of God, where his child had been so recently before himself.

All this was many a year before the storm that startled the story-teller in the Warnham Arms.

CHAPTER V.

We left the strange visitor, after his brief stay at the country hotel, striding along the road to Warnham Castle. He heeded neither the wind, nor rain, nor lightning, as he walked quickly onward and got over the road that lay between himself and his destination without a pause.—When he reached the gate where Jimmy McCabe the huntsman was delayed so much to his chagrin, the storm had lulled; but after trying for some time in vain to attract the attention of the inmates of the lodge to admit him, he looked around for some means of entrance. The clambering ivy, stretched up the high wall by strong tendrils, suggested his course at once. He tried to cross the barrier by its means, and was not long before he succeeded. Having gained entrance in this manner, a step or two brought him to the door of the lodge, and a thundering knock announced his application for admission. Footfalls were soon heard along the passage, and the voice of Hugh Dalton questioned the stranger, 'Who is there?'

'You shouldn't want to know my name,' was the reply. 'Lord Charles Warnham ought to be no stranger to Hugh Dalton.'

'Lord Charles Warnham,' the keeper echoed back, flinging the door wide. 'Lord Charles Warnham,' he repeated, holding a lantern, with the glare full in the face of the new-comer.

'Yes, myself; come back, too, with scant welcome.'

'Your face my lord, it would take time to know in that guise; but the voice is yours.'

'Ay, the voice is his,' broke from strange guttural tones behind the nobleman. 'Ha, ha, ha.'

Lord Charles turned as he heard the sound, but in the thick darkness he could discern nothing.

'What's that, Dalton?' he said quickly.

'Oh, come in, my lord,' answered the man; 'it's only a poor madman we lately noticed about this part; he stops mostly in the woods round Warnham, or in the empty stables at the castle. He comes down here sometimes of a night, and raps at the door to ask for food, but he never comes inside.'

'He has an ugly laugh that reminds me of some one or other whom I forget now. I'll not go in, Dalton; you must leave me at the castle to-night.'

'They have no room aired for your lordship—'

'Oh, that's no matter,' broke in the nobleman; 'I've roughed it too long at sea and on land—amongst civilization and savagery—to fear damp sheets or an unaired room. I came home to this infernal place—not that I care to stay here—but something drove me, and I am here. Come, Dalton, come.'

To hear was to obey; and they set forward together. As the peer and his servant walked along, for some time he was moody. At length he broke the silence:

'I'm not growing young, Dalton,' he said, 'and 'wicked Ralph's' race is likely enough to end with wicked Charles. What a career has mine been! and you have had a good hand in shaping it.'

'Me, my lord,' said Dalton.

'Yes, you! Who pandered to my evil passions as you did, and cheered me on in that road that, for its memories now, looks like to end in Gehenna? Who told me, against my conscience—for I had a conscience—a remnant of a conscience, at least—to marry the miller's daughter? and then, when my extravagance was terrified by the muster-roll of my debts, urged me to cast her off—because it was safe, as she was a Catholic,—and prompted me to marry an heiress, to retrieve my ruined house? Do you remember all that occurred after that? Do you remember how, half maddened with brandy, you made me go down to the shooting-lodge and tell

her of my determination? Do you remember how I went, and—brute that I was—when she fainted at the harsh announcement, let her live or die? Do you remember how I heard she was gone—fled—lost, and how I said she would come back? Do you remember how I rode down here some nights after, and you could not be found to accompany me, and I went alone, to see her? My God! to see her!—see her like an accuser before me; and then to close my ill-deeds towards her with murder! Do you remember that, and remember my flight and—no, I only remember the twelve years of sin since—sin whose retribution is despair! Hugh Dalton, you have a bad memory.'

'No, my lord, I have not,' answered his companion; 'I remember that every evil of your lordship's life arose from your own head-strong ungovernable will.'

'Well, that's good,' said the nobleman. 'It has consolation in it to whitewash Hugh Dalton, at least. But we are at the door; knock, and rouse them to their duty.'

We need not delineate the startled welcome given to Lord Warnham by the two old servants of his house—remnants of a splendid retinue. They were anxious to accommodate him with comfort, but pleaded the want of notice as their excuse for every shortcoming.

'Light a fire in the study—a good roaring fire; bring me a bottle of the old Warnham port; get me an easy chair, and don't mind a bedroom for this night.'

'Throth, I believe your lordship is right.—The study was the only room in the castle kept constantly warmed with a fire in your lordship's absence. The books would have been destroyed only for it,' was Jimmy the huntsman's answer; 'an' there is the lavias of a fire in it we lit this morning.'

'Lead the way with a light then,' said the nobleman; 'the sooner I am located the better. Come, Dalton,' he added.

A half-hour was hardly gone by when the study presented the aspect of comfort in the presence of a huge fire, whose flames flickered and roared up the ample chimney. Seated in an easy chair, half-reclining, half-propped up, was Lord Charles. A goblet of wine was placed on a table drawn close to his chair, and a half-emptied bottle incrustated with sawdust, in which it had lain in the cellar during twenty years, stood near it. Hugh Dalton was leaning against the mantelpiece on the other side, not presuming to take the liberty of sitting down in the presence of his master.

'So that is the way it was discovered who they were?' he asked, as if in reference to conversation they had been carrying on,—'the blood at the lodge and the track of the cart-wheels from it to the mill at Rye Water? It's a bad explanation, Dalton. It must have been the story of that idiot Phildy, that shipped the martingale.'

'Well, my lord,' said the other, 'he was tried for it, at all events. It seems he knew your lordship only as Charley—'

'Ay, she kept the secret well,' said Warnham, musingly.

'The jury thought he had killed the old man himself, his tale was so extraordinary; but they were not satisfied, and they found him not guilty, but got him sent to a madhouse. I never heard what became of him since.'

'I wish they'd hanged him,' said the peer; 'he put me in mortal terror of my life, at all events,—what no man ever did before or since. What noise is that?' he asked.

Whilst they were talking, the door, which was not wholly shut, noiselessly opened and a figure glided through towards the upper end of the apartment. A large folding screen, drawn round the place where the nobleman was seated, concealed the stealthy intruder from his eyes; and Hugh Dalton, as he stood,—his back towards the entry to the room,—could not see him without turning wholly round. The noise was caused by the new-comer attempting to conceal himself behind the curtains that hung down from the casing of the window. Dalton heard the noise too as well as his master, and looked in the direction from whence it came.

'It's a draught of wind, my lord,' he answered, 'among the curtains.'

'No doubt, no doubt,' said Warnham; 'and this subject leaves me excitable. We have had enough of it to-night. I ought to fear nothing with this,' he said, taking out a double-barrelled pistol from his coat, of exquisite workmanship. 'This answers for the lives of two men; and I think two more could not beat Charles Warnham. To-morrow I will startle the neighborhood. Come early, as I shall commence at once, and gather workmen to put the castle in order. I have roamed over all the world since you saw me, Dalton in very restlessness. I have lived among the buccaners of the Spanish main, and gone adventuring amongst the Indians of the far West. The cities of the Incas of Peru have had my footsteps along their ways; I have traded and I have battled, and come home now the richest Warnham that ever stood amongst our race. To-morrow I may tell you more; but never was the old house to be more splendidly revived than by me. Good-night, Dalton, and come early.'

'Good-night, my lord,' said the man. 'I shall be with your lordship at cockerow.'

So saying Dalton walked away, shutting the door behind him with a heavy bang. His steps echoed along the corridor and then rose faintly, as he turned down into the great hall which led him to the door.

Lord Charles threw a few more logs on the fire, sipped his wine, and mused for some time, looking dreamily into the blaze. He grew heavy, and his eyelids began to droop. For a moment he roused himself, filled his goblet again and drank it at a draught, and then, leaning back in his chair, composed himself to sleep. The heat of the cheery fire, the warm air of the room in which he was, the fatigues of the day, and the wine which he had drunk, made him drowsy; and in a few minutes Lord Warnham was fast asleep.

How long he slept he knew not, but he started from a fearful dream, to be struck with a fearful reality. Bending over the fire-light, which had sunk down to a red glare, and blazed no more, was a man of herculean proportions, looking intently at the pistol which Warnham had taken from his breast before Hugh Dalton. He turned it over and over, and examined it with eyes of curiosity. Warnham in his terror and surprise started.

'Ha, ha!' said the stranger, turning full round to him, 'so we meet again Charley.'

Warnham, with eyes bursting from their sockets, scanned the being before him. He was clad literally with rags. His hair unkempt, his beard unshorn, were matted and grizzled; in his eyes alone was a brilliant and flashing light, that redeemed the squalor of his person; but the light was like the beacon of the wrecker gleaming to destroy.

'Don't you know Phildy Lee?' said the man; 'don't you know Phildy Lee? You wor nearly shooting me, Charley; an' they wor near hangin' me, because you shot purty Nancy's father.—They shut me in a madhouse—me that never did hurt nor harm to a human being; but I watched, an' watched, an' watched, and got free at last; how, I won't tell you, Charley. I kem down to her house; don't you know,' said he whispering, 'ly,—the house where her father an' me tuk her; the house from where I tuk her with her father home to the mill again, to berry them both together, either you killed them? You—mind you!—your hand an' your word killed them. Oh, but they had the fine funeral; I wondher,' said he, with abrupt questioning, 'will you have as good? You won't, oh, you won't; it's not in nathur you would. They wor good—good to every body—good to the poor; an' shure angels might follow them, they wor so like themselves. Do you know how I found you out, Charley,' he said with a cunning leer,—do you know, now?'

'How? tremblingly asked Warnham.

'I knew you didn't. Look up at that picture; that's you,' said Phildy, pointing at a painting above the mantelpiece; 'an' she had the same in her house. After I got out of the madhouse,' said he, looking round furtively, 'I

REPEAL OF THE UNION.

The following excellent and able letter has been addressed by Mr. O'Neill Daunt to the Leinster Independent:—

When we see efforts made in several quarters to prevent the combination of Catholics and Protestants for the independence of their common country, it may not be quite useless to remind the public of the manifestations made by both Catholics and Protestants against the Union at different periods.

To go back to 1759. The project of a Union being removed, the populace of Dublin Protestant and Catholic, surrounded the parliament-house, and compelled every member they met to swear upon the Bible that he would give it every opposition.

In 1782 the Protestant nobility, gentry, and people of Ireland called round the standard of national independence with a fervour and energy that speedily achieved success. Who does not know that the illustrious Grattan, whose genius inspired the movement, was a Protestant? You, sir, are perfectly right in claiming for the Catholics of the period the glory of contributing all the help in their power to the struggle for liberty.

Resolved—That the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland, being fully and alone competent to enact laws to bind the same, the interference of any other legislature is inconsistent, injurious, and oppressive; and that we will ever resist the execution of any such pretended laws, at the hazard of our lives and fortunes.

The resolutions were signed by George Burdett, foreman of the grand jury. We may ask, by way of parenthesis, if the principle thus enunciated is not as true in 1876 as it was in 1782? I could name a very distinguished gentleman now resident in the Queen's County, who has laboured with great zeal and ability to show that the English legislature has given us grievous reason to regret that an Irish Parliament no longer regulates our financial interests.

In 1782 Protestant corporations, Protestant grand juries, Protestant guilds, Protestant and Catholic volunteer corps, poured forth resolutions affirmatory of their utter horror of any legislative interference with Irish concerns save that of a domestic parliament.

In 1795, the project of a Union being again spoken of an aggregate meeting of Catholics in Dublin declared by public resolution that they would reject their own emancipation if the price to be paid for it was the extinction of the national legislature.

In 1798 the bankers of the city of Dublin, who then, I believe, were exclusively Protestant, assembled at the Mansion-house on the 18th of December, and the presidency of the Lord Mayor; and, having borne their testimony to the national prosperity resulting from the settlement of '82, passed the following resolution:—

That we look with abhorrence on any attempt to deprive the people of Ireland of their parliament, and thereby of their constitutional right and immediate power to legislate for themselves.

In 1799 all Ireland bristled with anti-Union declarations. Many Orange lodges protested against the ministerial crime in contemplation. Once again let me refer to the Queen's County, where a meeting of the freeholders, convened by the high sheriff, unanimously resolved—

That any other than an independent parliament sitting in Ireland is unfit to legislate for Ireland.

In 1800 the Dublin Catholics met at the Royal Exchange on the 13th January, and unanimously passed resolutions condemnatory of the Union. It is sometimes pretended that the Irish Catholics supported the Union. The proof is plain in that they were not guilty of such baseness.

After the Union was carried, the first movement made for its repeal emanated from the Protestant guilds of Dublin in 1805. The Orange corporation of Dublin prepared a petition for Repeal in 1810; the corporations carried the petition by a majority of thirty. In 1813 a large meeting to promote Repeal was held in Dublin by men of all religious creeds.

The facts I have recorded demonstrate that Irish Protestants and Irish Catholics have repeatedly stood up for their country's independence. Nearly all Catholic Ireland declared for Repeal in the days of O'Connell's later agitation. Although the Protestants were in general kept apart from the movement by special circumstances that have ceased to exist, and by prejudices which are daily losing force, yet they have far too often come forward as the spirited assertors of our national right to self-government to render it in the least degree surprising that they should do so again, or to leave the shadow of excuse with their present assailants for impeaching the sincerity of their nationalist professions.

Why should they not be sincere? Do they not see and know as well as any of us the havoc the Union makes of Irish prosperity? Do they not see and know that whatever injures the material interests of Ireland must injure themselves as well as their Catholic countrymen? If their country be despoiled by alien rule, and degraded by the want of self-government, do they not suffer from the national spoliation and partake of the national ignominy?

If, then, it be their clear interest to join the Catholics in seeking Home rule, if the noble sentiment of patriotism glows in the souls of both Catholics and Protestants, what shall we say of writers who labor to keep them asunder; who labor to destroy their mutual trust, and thereby to prevent their combination for a purpose dear to both: a purpose vital to Ireland; a purpose requiring above all things the united efforts of the Irish people?

I confess that I feel very warmly on this subject. In my early boyhood I read with avidity all the memorials of the Union struggle within my reach. The elder members of my family taught me to deplore the destruction of our national senate. I could not help detesting its destroyers; I read Pitt's memorable speech introducing the Union resolutions;

and I well remember the feeling of mournful pride with which I read Mr. Speaker Foster's magnificent reply to Pitt. The national principles I imbued from these youthful studies have acquired intensity from the matured experience of my life. My warmest wish, so far as concerns this world, is to see Irish Protestants and Irish Catholics sitting together in a national parliament on terms of thorough and lasting political equality; animated by no other rivalry than the noble emulation of showing who can best conduce to the liberty, the happiness, the honor, the prosperity of their common country.

MR. JOHN MARTIN.

Mr. John Martin, of Kilmoney, returned from America recently, after spending several months with his brother-in-law, Mr. John Mitchell, and viewing the strides which the Great Republic is making in prosperity and power. A keen observer of men and manners, he must have observed the vast difference between America, mistress of her own destinies, and Ireland, mis-governed by a strange people. Beyond the Atlantic he saw a nation ruled by its own sons, and enjoying the spirit of the comfort and the splendour of a land well governed.

While in the United States Mr. Martin strictly maintained in the face of adverse audiences—or rather in the face of men who say that nothing less than separation will make Ireland happy and prosperous—that all we require to render us a happy and contented people is the Repeal of the Union. He stated that our great complaint was, that the English parliament undertakes to accomplish for us what she is totally incompetent to perform, and that when Ireland is legislated for by our own Parliament the grievance will be swept away. Ireland will then have the power to enact her own laws; to dispose of her revenue; to encourage trade; to foster manufactures, and provide employment for all her idle hands; and thus circumvented she will enjoy all the freedom home rule can supply.

Mr. Martin is perfectly right. To achieve Irish freedom and prosperity it is not necessary to separate from England. Let the two parliaments be separated, and that will prove satisfactory to this country. It will give us all we require. It will place in our hands the power to serve ourselves which was taken from us seventy years ago by fraud and force. And since that disastrous time, what a melancholy story is that of England's attempt to rule! The whole world, ignorance, duplicity and tyranny. She set creeds against creeds, race against race. Her press blackened our character before the world, in order to justify her in her conduct towards us. Her legislation for Ireland consisted chiefly of Insurrection Acts, Whiteboy Acts, Disarming and Crime and Outrage Acts. She maintained the Church of the minority on the shoulders of the vast majority. She gave the landlords unlimited power, in order to keep the millions in poverty, ignorance, and degradation.

Such has been England's career in making laws for this country. Nothing, in any other part of the world, could be found to match it; and let no one feel surprised that although we have a fertile soil and a frugal, hardy and industrious people, we are the poorest nation in the world. It is impossible that such a state of things could continue much longer. The Irish people of all creeds feel that they have been false to themselves in permitting it to continue so long, and we see every day men of station and importance announcing themselves advocates of Repeal. We trust these men will soon join with the mass of the people, and that the Repeal Banner, which Mr. Martin has so creditably kept unfurled for so many years, amidst apathy and neglect, will soon be surrounded by enthusiastic millions.

If there is any wisdom at all amongst the Irish people, they will make up their minds to forget everything that would tend to separate them. The Evening Mail has been displaying symptoms of nationality in some of its articles; but the Mail, if it is in earnest, and desires to see a union between all classes and creeds, must give up its curious ideas on religious subjects. It must cease its insulting remarks on 'Romanism'; put an end to its bitter writing on the Pope, bishops and priests, and just attend to the affairs of the Protestant Church, and meddle with no other people's faith. Catholics will continue Catholics, no matter what the Mail may say or do; they will respect the Pope as the visible head of their Church, and pay him all the homage due to his exalted position. To exalt Ireland, and place her in the proud position of a self-ruled nation, petty sectarian quarrels must cease, and all men learn to trust and respect each other. When Irishmen arrive at this point, they will be united; and once 'her various ills unite,' there is no power in the Empire able to resist Ireland's demand for the Repeal of the Union.—Dundalk Democrat.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

We are glad to learn from the Cork Examiner that the beginning has been made of a great Catholic Cathedral for that city. Upon the spot hallowed by the associations of more than a century, and conspicuous by its elevation for miles around, it is intended that there shall stand a structure which will have no superior among the ecclesiastical edifices of Ireland. This project has all along been a cherished one with the thoughtful and zealous prelate who rules the diocese, but he was content to wait until other and more pressing wants had been supplied, in order that he might not bear too heavily on a willing public.

Mr. O'Reilly has been added to the O'Connell Committee in the room of the O'Connell Don, who has been permitted to retire. Mr. Darcy Irvine, whose poor gentlemanly house stands whilst in jail at Enniskillen could, according to the 'Express,' be heard outside, is stated by the 'Freeman's Journal' to have been, owing to his state of mind, removed to Dublin, where it is supposed he will be placed in an asylum.

A commission, acting under the provisions of the coercion act, has tried George and Brady for an attempt to murder Mr. Reddiffe. Both were convicted and sentenced—Gearty to penal servitude for life; Brady for ten years. Two juries previously failed to agree on a verdict.

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The emigration season is now at its full height, and the exodus from Queenstown is averaged at 2,000 weekly. The emigrants are, with few exceptions, the youth of both sexes, and represent the bone and sinew of country. Every train and steamer brings down numbers, and the town is crowded with emigrants preparing to depart.—Cork Herald.

The 'Limerick Chronicle' reports that the exodus from that county still continues. The trains are constantly filled with emigrants, principally labourers and small farmers, and mechanics. The wages of labour are considerably increased, owing to the difficulty of procuring them. The drain upon the population of Galway, Clare, and Mayo is also very great.

The following remarkable instance of contagion is recorded—Andrew Goodhus went from Manchester to Antrim, last week meeting day, and at the time had the measles. As the result of his visit, 33 men and boys, who were at the town house, were taken down with measles within 24 hours of each other.

A strange and shocking sight was witnessed on Monday, in the yard of a man named William White, in Nengh. While owned two boars, which he was showing to a farmer, when one of the animals made a rush at the other. A terrific battle ensued between the infuriated beasts, the noise of the contest being hideous in the extreme. Before the owner could succeed in separating the combatants, one of the latter had his side literally ripped open by the tusks of his antagonist, who also inflicted considerably about the mouth. Again and again did the maddened brutes return to the contest, until the fight suddenly terminated in a 'drawn battle,' both of the animals falling dead in the arena. The animals were valued far nearly £10 each.—Dublin Express.

The numerous friends of the Messrs. Macken, proprietors of the mill in which the fatal boiler explosion took place, will be glad to perceive that the coroner's jury, after long and minute investigation, declared that 'Messrs. Macken and Son appeared from the evidence to have used all diligence and care in the constructing, keeping and working of their machinery.' No blame what ever can be attached to them on account of the accident. They had done all that they could or that science suggested to render their machinery safe as well as perfect.—Irish Times.

The rain and few days' heat have had a wonderful effect upon all growing crops. The effect was at once seen in a reduction in the price of wheat. The decline is not confined to these countries, but is general throughout the Continent, and it is now asserted that considerable quantities of wheat-grown in the summer of 1868 must have remained on hands. We wonder whether the price of the poor man's loaf will show a corresponding sympathy with the market. Nothing is so curiously sensitive as the baker's scale of charges when wheat rises one or two shillings per quarter. Scarcely is the market note published when a farthing is added to the price of the two pound loaf. If there be any real connexion between the price of wheat and of bread the latter ought to decline with the former.—Ibid.

There is one point, however, which it is important to call attention to at once, and that is the assertion that the infallibility of the Pope is overthrown in itself, and in the minds of the Irish race, by a Bull of Adrian IV making Ireland over to Henry II. This is an appeal to national feeling which will hardly deceive anyone but the most blinded and reckless of the Fenians, and is utterly unworthy of a Christian writer who knows that the doctrine which he assails is on the very eve of defection. It must be abundantly manifest to the least well instructed, that even granted the existence and authenticity of such a Bull, which is disputed, it contains no dogmatic decree whatever, and has nothing whatever to do with the preservation or defection of the matters of faith.—Ibid.

The Globe of Tuesday contains the following interesting piece of information:—The foundation stone of a new college was laid a few days ago at Lurgan, Ireland. The building is to be erected for the education of the sons of gentlemen belonging to the Order of S. Benedict, by a limited company called the Carmelite College Council. We have heard before of people who, on their own authority, have thought fit to call themselves Benedictines, but we are not aware that any fathers of families had as yet followed their example. As to the Carmelite College Council (limited) we must profess our total ignorance. Were it not that we are told that upwards of 100 priests of the 'Roman Church' took part in the ceremony, we might have imagined that our contemporary's correspondent was chronicling the doings of some charitable associations with fantastic names, such as the ancient order of Druids or Rosicrucians. As it is, we fear we must conclude that somebody has been wicked enough to hoax him.—Tablet.

Propos of Protestants, Archbishop Trevelyan is not likely to hear the last of the Mberly affair for some time. The Protestant prisoners of Rathfrim, in the county Wicklow, held an indignation meeting on Tuesday last, when the following counterblast to the insidious words of Popery was thus formulated in the shape of a resolution:—

We the parishioners of Rathfrim parish, desire to make a public and solemn protest against the Ritualistic teaching and practices which are, in our opinion, now sanctioned in the Diocese of Dublin, and we express our great gratification at the faithful and scriptural protest of the clergy of that diocese against the recent sanction of such teaching by the Archbishop of Dublin, and we record our determination, with God's assistance, to resist and cast out from among us teaching that is not in complete harmony with the Word of God, that the trumpet may not give an uncertain sound.

The Rev H. Galbraith, rector of Rathfrim, presided at the meeting. At another meeting in the diocese it was triumphantly proposed to relegate Dr. Trevelyan 'to his own place,' this the speaker interpreted as meaning 'Westminster, from which he was removed to be foisted on this unfortunate country.'—Cor. of Weekly Register.

We (Nation) take the following from the report of the Strokestown Petty Sessions, as given in the columns of our contemporary, the 'Roscommon Messenger':—

George Johnston, of Rathmore, summoned Michael Kelly, of Ballyvaughan, and his two sons, John and Michael, for having assaulted him on the 30th of April last.

Mr. Brown appeared for complainant, and Mr. McDermott for defendants. Complainant proved that on the above day he went to serve a notice to quit on Michael Kelly, sen. (who is tenant to witness's mother). Mickey called him, and dragged him along for two or three paces, threatening that he would make him, but he said, through terror for his life. While he was dragging him along witness knocked him down, and Kelly, a small man, got his tidy little head between his opponent's pillars, and brought his busy frame to earth! He also was influenced in partaking of the paper lunch by the kind attentions of Kelly's sons, who brandished a spade-shaft over his cap, and threatened to send the troubled spirit of George Johnston beyond the river Styx, by a shorter voyage than he could imagine, if he would not speedily comply with their wishes. What, then, could he do but obey.

Mr. McDermott addressed the bench, and proceeded with the cross-exam, when old Kelly deposed that the land for which the notice was to be served had been in his possession over twenty years without paying rent, but for another farm he is a yearly tenant to Mrs. Johnston. On the 30th April George came and tendered witness a paper. 'What's this?' says Mickey. 'You'll know that when you read it, or get it read,' was George's reply. 'I'm not a scholar,' says Mick, 'and there's a new law now

commander, intended to carry the bark down among the Marshall Islands, and there destroy her, taking up his residence among the savages. There were still twenty men on board; but how many of them were actively engaged in the plot, and how many were merely cowed into submission to the new authority, was more than the captain could tell.

'And how far do you suppose your ship to be from us now?' asked Captain Bent.

'I have steered west-north-west by compass, as near as I could,' said Captain Watson; 'and have run, I should judge, about eighty miles.—The Newcastle, when I lost sight of her, was by the wind on the northern tack, under easy sail. She ought to bear nearly due east from us.'

'Come below, and let's lay off your course on the chart. I don't know as I can do anything for you, even if I should fall in with your ship, but it might be some satisfaction to see her.'

The two captains went into the cabin and soon the order was passed along to make all sail on a wind. Nothing was seen during the day, and at night we tacked back again. And the first gray light of morning showed up the bark—recognized at once by Captain Watson and his mate as their own vessel—running down across our course.

'Of course, he won't pass near us if he can help it,' said Watson.

'No, I suppose he will avoid us; but I am going to signalize, at any rate. Haul the mizzen up,' said Captain Bent, to the officer of the deck, 'and set the ensign at the gaff.'

The orders were obeyed; and much to our surprise, the mutineers altered their course a little, with the evident intention of speaking us.

'What can it mean, that he is so ready to speak a stranger?' was the question that passed from one to another of the group.

'Now I think of it,' said the mate of the Newcastle, 'I think I know his object. If he really means to wind up his cruise at one of the Marshall Islands, he will want to make a trade for tobacco and fire arms.'

'You're hit it,' returned his captain. 'That must be McGregor's object. There isn't much tobacco on board, and but little powder. He wants to buy more. Captain Bent, let's you and I have another talk by ourselves,' he added, seeming to have conceived some new idea.

Their conference was short; but, judging from the expression on their faces when they came on deck and took the mates into their confidence, it seemed to have been productive of something of importance. The bark's boat, in which the wanderers had been picked up, was placed overhead on the skids, as if she had been one of our own, and a sail thrown over her, that she might not be recognized. The crew were instructed to keep themselves out of sight while the two vessels were communicating.

'What bark is that?' asked Captain Bent, in nocently, after he had given his own name.

'The Newcastle of Sydney.'

'Who commands her?'

'Watson,' was the reply.

'One of our men had his leg broken yesterday,' hailed our captain, 'and I would like to get the services of your surgeon.'

'Certainly. I'll come aboard, and bring the doctor with me. I wish to see you, to trade with you.' And with a farewell wave of his trumpet, the vessel passed out of bearing, he luffed to under our lee, and lowered his boat.

Now the doctor of the Newcastle was at that present moment in our cabin, he having been set adrift in the boat with the captain; but McGregor would of course bring some one to personate the character. This would take seven men from her crew; and it was also certain that he would man his boat with his choice spirits, for if he brought any doubtful or lukewarm ones, they might prattle. We had our instructions, and within five minutes after the seven men had stepped on our deck, they had all been decoyed below and quietly secured.

The boat was veered astern by the w'p, and the maintopail filled on a wind, just as we had made arrangements for a day's 'gam,' according to the usage of whale-ships on cruising ground. Of course our partner followed our lead keeping company with us all day, without the least suspicion. The remainder of our plan to regain possession of the ship could only be carried out under cover of darkness.

McGregor and his associates in crime were troned and placed in the run for safe keeping.—After dark, we hoisted and set a light in the rigging, which was at once answered by another from the Newcastle, as she closed with us and lay under our lee.

Away went a boat from us in charge of our mate, with a picked crew; while a short distance astern of her followed another, with Captain Watson and his whole party. The ruffian who was in charge of the bark, calling himself mate of her, was amused by the story that their captain had made a bargain for a quantity of gun powder and tobacco, and that our mate had been sent for the money in payment. Suspecting nothing, he invited his visitor below, to drink and enjoy himself a while. Our men managed adroitly to engage the attention of those on deck, and the second boat was almost alongside in the darkness, before her approach had been observed by them.

The alarm was given by the cry 'boat ahoy!' but too late. As she touched her side, her crew sprang up to assist ours, forming a superior force, with all the advantages of a surprise. McGregor's lieutenant was knocked down by our mate in the cabin; the few men who really had any heart in the mutiny were quickly disposed of; and in less than two minutes, from the time the boat was hoisted, the quarter-deck of the Newcastle was in possession of her former officers.

McGregor and the other principals in the revolt, still ironed were carried to Sydney for trial. As our season was up, we kept company with Captain Watson, and made our port there, where we were liberally rewarded by the owners of the recaptured vessel for our share in the business.

Thought is the wind, knowledge the sail, and man-kind the vessel.

was wadherin' about the country, strivin' to go down to her house, for it was a consolation to kiss the door-step she had crossed, to lie in the room where she had slept, to know that she was want in that place, an' walked about id, an' talked in id; an' I was afeared less they might catch me agin, so I stopped in the woods about; an' wan fine summer's day the door here was open, an' I walked in, an' went up the stairs, an' through the corridors; an' all the rooms were locked bud this, an' there was a fire here in the summer's day, an' I thought id quare ontel I looked up and saw her picture above there, an' thin I knew you set them mad, as you set every wan that ever sheltered you. An' I waited ever after about this place, for I knew I'd see you some time—because you owe me for two lives, an' must—here he ground his teeth—' must pay the debt, as far as you can.'

Bewildered and despairing the nobleman looked around him. He had no weapon, and he knew Phildy Lee's strength too well to try a personal struggle with him. If he could temporise with the madman, he might escape. Any stratagem that would give him the chance of flight would give him a chance of escape, but to cope with the madman gave him none. He depended on a trial to gain delay in the first place. 'Well, then, Phildy,' he said, 'come to-morrow, and I'll pay the debt I owe.'

'To-morrow,' said Phildy, 'no; to-morrow is the day I go to the girl's grave to tell her her father's life is paid. Now I think shootin' is the quickest to do it; he cocked both locks of the pistol: 'so get ready at wanst.'

The words were hardly out of his mouth when Lord Warham, seeing the scant measure of life the madman meant to give him, raised his foot with a sudden stroke, and hitting the pistol, which Phildy held loosely in his left hand, struck it upward to the ceiling both barrels exploding together. With a rapid bound, Warham leaped from his seat across the table that intervened between him and freedom; but supple as he was, the lunatic was yet more active, and caught him again in his terrible embrace. In a moment his hand was upon the throat of the peer; and to avoid his desperate struggles, Phildy had him at arm's length. A hoarse attempt at a scream was the only signal of Warham's fight for life. Held by the madman's murderous clutch—gasping for air in vain—a few seconds had made the strong man weak as a child before his murderer. Convulsion followed convulsion in his strong frame; but still unreluctantly and unyieldingly the madman tightened his clutch of blood. At last every struggle had ceased—the arms hung listlessly by the side of his victim—his tongue, swollen and blackened protruded, whilst a bloody foam covered his lips. Every feature was distorted by the terrible agony of that death, when hurried steps were heard approaching. Phildy Lee flung the corpse upon the floor, and lifting his hand above his head, exclaimed,

'Measther, measther! the debt is paid!'

He rushed to the window and raised it. He bounded through, and closing it, peered in.—Jemmy the huntsman entered the study with a light in his hand; Phildy Lee watched him eagerly. The huntsman approached the prostrate body, and his loud cry for help was echoed back by the wild burst of maniac laughter that mocked from without in the night at Warham's doom.

THE MUTINEERS.

FROM A SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

'Man the mast head there!' was the order from the mate of the Statesman, on a bright, clear morning in the tropical latitude of the Pacific.

The order was obeyed by those whose turn it was to take the first looks-outs of the morning. But the youngster whose station was in the fore to'gallant cross-trees paused in the foretop, and raised a rapid glance round the horizon.

'Sail on the weather bow,' he reported. 'A boat with sail set, coming right at us.'

The announcement caused a stir at once on deck, and brought not only the captain, but all the watch below, up. The all-important morning duty of washing off decks was suspended for the time being, to gaze upon the unwanted spectacle of a whale boat alone upon the ocean, coming to board us in the morning, like the veritable barber—Neptune, of equatorial notoriety.

The boat was not more than a couple of miles from us when first discovered, approaching swiftly under the combined power of sail and oars. The captain's telescope was brought to bear, and it was soon ascertained that she had at least a full crew. We backed the maintopail, and hoisted to, waiting impatiently to know more, and making various shrewd guesses and speculations as to her history and character.

'They've lowered for whales, and got lost from their ship,' suggested one.

'Likely enough,' returned another.

'The captain makes out eight men in her,' said a coxswain, coming from aft.

Here was a new phase of the matter, and our theories were blown to the four winds. Nobody would lower in pursuit of whales with any more than six in a boat.

'Castaways, of course,' was now the unanimous opinion. 'Ship foundered or burnt at sea, and some of her boats lost with her.'

But we were not kept long in suspense, for the strangers brought their frail craft alongside as rapidly as oars and canvass could do it, and leapt in on deck. In a few minutes we were in possession of the whole story—a parody on the old one of Bligh and Fletcher Christian.

The boat contained Captain Watson, his mate, and six others, from the bark Newcastle, of Sydney, who had been set adrift the day before, by mutineers. The second mate, named McGregor, was at the head of the conspiracy, which had been most artfully planned, and carried into execution while he had charge of the deck.

It was supposed that McGregor, the new

coming out, and I don't know but your paper might be amongst the Fenians, and get me put to gaol! It was in vain George assured him what sort of a document it was, till at length he endeavored to force it on him, when the real tug of war began, and the notice was safely deposited in George's stomach!

The father and two sons were bound over to appear at the Quarter Sessions, and the case against George dismissed. The parties, however, settled the matter, and as information had not been sworn, the proceeding was withdrawn.

The National papers, softened, perhaps, by the genial influence of the weather, and more truly reflecting the general tranquillity of the country, are in a better temper this week than they have been for a considerable time. Even the defeat of the National candidate in Longford has not called forth any very bitter expressions of disappointment. On the contrary, they take quite a cheerful view of it, and, contrasting the numbers polled for Mr. Harman with those for the former champion of the cause, they exult in the accession of strength which the voting shows, and confidently predict that at the next election the Whig candidate will have no chance of success. Although a petition was talked of last week, there is now reason to believe that the decision at the poll will not be disputed. The Irishman shies at the appearance of the 'Green Ghost' in notices and comments upon the arrest of some Esq. and comments upon the arrest of some Esq. and comments upon the arrest of some Esq.

The Land Bill.—This bill may now be considered settled—but the question is not settled, nor even an approach to settlement made. Those who flatter themselves that it is so grossly deceive themselves. It may be, indeed, that no visible sign shall mark the disappointment of the people, for the usefulness of agitation is apparent—but the indifference with which the progress of the measure has been regarded is ominous of future trouble. Sir John Gray's proposal of permissive parliamentary tenantry has met the fate that every one, including perhaps himself, expected. Sir John has ably, faithfully, and well fulfilled the trust reposed in him, and though he has failed as everyone expected he would, he has, in leading the 'forlorn hope,' but done his simple duty and redeemed his pledge. And it becomes the duty of those who undertake independently and unprejudicedly to record public opinion, to bear testimony that any other course taken by the Member for Kilkenny would have entailed upon him loss of confidence, and would have failed to influence in the slightest degree the desires of hopes of the tenant-farmers of Ireland. They know their own business too well to listen to any adviser, however exalted or however wise, who may ask them to accept this bill in settlement of their claims.—Dublin Cor. of London Tablet.

Sir Arthur Guinness has offered to purchase the Dublin Crystal Palace Exhibition building in order to preserve it for the citizens. He has, it is stated, agreed to give a sum equal to the debts of the Company, viz., £53,000. Peace is not yet quite established in Longford, though a comparative quiet reigns throughout the country. On Sunday last, on the congregations entering the chapels of Abbeystrawe and Carrick edmond, it was discovered that the seats of several of the most prominent supporters of Capt. in Harman had been broken, and thrown out into the road. The very boarding beneath the seats in the former chapel having been cut away. A curious scene was also witnessed in Longford on Monday, when the court-house was densely crowded by persons of every class who had come together to hear certain cases arising out of the late election. Prominent among them were the cases of the Hon. L. H. King Harman, for thirty-two years a well-known and highly-respected magistrate of the county, who was charged with assaulting, in a wild and ferocious manner, any number of policemen; and of Mr. J. B. Martagh, the amonnes against whom were as thick as leaves in a Valambrosa, and who if the police reports are to be depended upon, must have beaten, way-laid, assaulted, threatened, and otherwise put in bodily fear of his lives, at least half the population of the county of Longford. The cases may be easier understood when it is explained that the defendants were the father and the son of the defeated candidate.—The evidence against both defendants being in all cases defective, not to say contradictory, the whole of the cases were dismissed, without prejudice, by the unanimous order of the bench.—Cor. of Nation.

In the Court of Queen's Bench a most interesting suit bearing on the Wicklow Peasage Case was tried on Friday 20th ult. Samuel Browne, law clerk, and his late employer, Mr. Octavia O'Brien, the solicitor concerned for the Earl of Wicklow before the House of Lords' committee for £24 s. for work and labor done. The plaintiff quarrelled with Mr. O'Brien and was dismissed. In the course of his examination, being questioned as to the meaning of a passage in a letter he had written to Mr. Howard, in which he said he had 'sacrificed his conscience,' he replied, 'I pointed out Mrs. Howard to Mary Best and Mary Stewart, who never saw the woman before in their lives; I pointed her out in order that they might be able to identify her in the House of Lords.' He further deposed in reply to the Chief Justice that 'Mr. O'Brien gave him money to pay these witnesses, and sent him to point out Mrs. Howard to them, in order that they might be able to identify her on the hearing of the Wicklow Peasage petition before the House of Lords.' Being asked to explain another passage in which he spoke of 'dirty work,' he said: 'These witnesses were brought from London for the purpose of swearing to Mrs. Howard taking a child from a certain workhouse, and I was taken to show Mrs. Howard to them; they could not point her out amongst other ladies, and I gave them a carte de visite of her, and also showed her to them personally.' Mr. O'Brien on examination denied the truth of these statements, but admitted that Browne stayed a week at Brighton with the witnesses Mary Best, Mary Stewart, and Mrs. O'Hara, and also that he himself had assumed the false name of 'Oborne Bruce' for a week. The jury found a verdict for Browne for £4 s. 8d. over a sum of £34 10s which had been lodged in court.

A preliminary meeting, attended by a large number of leading and influential citizens, was held on Tuesday evening in the Bilton Hotel, for the purpose of advising as to the best plan (to be laid before Her Majesty) for promoting the future interests and welfare of Ireland. The chair was occupied by Alder-

man Mackey, J. P., and the subjects under discussion were as follows—1. General dissatisfaction, owing to evils of absenteeism; consequent loss of trade and national poverty. 2. The advantages of a Royal residence in a political and financial point of view. 3. To arrange for the holding of an aggregate meeting at the Exhibition Building to send a deputation to her Majesty. The proceedings were strictly private.—Dublin Cor. of Tablet.

The secretary of the Amnesty Association has received from Mr. Bruce a reply to his application that some person on behalf of the political prisoners should be permitted to attend the inquiry before the Commissioners, and take part in the examination. He is informed that 'the Gentlemen who have been appointed to conduct this inquiry will have full power to investigate the questions submitted to them by the means they consider the most effectual for eliciting the truth; and that the application should have been addressed to Lord Devon, the chairman of the Commissioners. The secretary addressed a letter to his Lordship, renewing the application, and stating that in the opinion of the Ladies' Committee, who are chiefly relatives of the prisoners, the inquiry will not be satisfactory if the permission sought for is not conceded. They attribute the failure of other inquiries to the absence of some person to watch the proceedings on the part of the prisoners.—Times Cor.

Whatever may be the political fate of the Freeman whose delinquencies have lately been reported to the House of Commons, it is certain that we are shortly to have a new election for Dublin. It will be the duty of the metropolis on this occasion to return a Repealer to the House of Commons. Any other course would be quite unworthy of the present time, and would, in fact, be an outrage on the sentiments of the people. When the battle for nationality is being fought in rural constituencies, when honest farmers and labourers are boldly defying coercion and risking eviction to send true representatives of the national feeling to Parliament, it is not for a moment to be thought of that the capital of the country should take up a less patriotic attitude. We do not write these lines in the interest of any particular candidate. But we believe it may obviate some mistakes and misunderstandings and trouble on a future day, if we thus give timely notice of our belief that no man has any business seeking the suffrages of the electors of Dublin at this time, who does not frankly and unequivocally declare his readiness to speak and vote in the House of Commons in favour of a Repeal of the Union.—Nation.

The new National movement is quietly progressing. It is difficult to judge of its prospects at present, or to form any decided opinion as to the shape which it is likely to assume. The promoters would be satisfied with the establishment of Royal residence in Ireland and the imposition of a tax on absentees, but the pure and simple Repealers, and still more the advocates of absolute Irish independence, ridicule the modesty of this programme. An effort will be made to bring the Protestant Nationalists into the popular ranks, and discard any policy which aims at anything less than a domestic Legislature. Private conferences have been held, at one of which Mr. Butt was present and took a leading part, and it is intended to have a public demonstration soon, when the character of the new agitation will be developed. The 'Nation' papers manifest great interest in the new adherents to the cause of 'Nationality,' and defend them from imputations of insincerity. The Irishman admits the extent of the distrust with which they are viewed, but advises them to give proofs of their earnestness, and declares its own confidence in their genuine patriotism.—Times Dublin Cor.

The want of thorough co-operation and union for national purposes among Irishmen of all creeds is daily becoming more apparent to the advanced minds of the country. The veriest partisan freely acknowledges the weak point in the Irish social system, and would, if circumstances permitted, do something to remove the stigma. It is only fair to admit the difficulty in the way of union, which the patriotic must overcome if they really prefer country to selfish ends and personal aggrandisement. The personal interests of almost every family in the higher circles of society hang upon, or are in some measure interwoven with the will of the government either by friends or relatives holding or expecting places. The other class are also encumbered with the lower links of the same galling chain. Thus in spite of themselves—in defiance even of intentions, the various ranks are completely stripped of that bold independence which should characterise all who aspire to the name of freemen. The Whigs and Tories have so managed that Irish Protestants and Catholics are alike caught in this curiously constructed government net. To counteract this system a union of Protestant and Catholic forces—outside government influence—might be constructed on some well-understood principles. There are fair grounds to hope that principles thus approved, fairly carried out would effect permanent good, and secure the desired object. Mere appeals can accomplish no end.—Splitting hairs on metaphysical distinctions, and one section striving to out-manoeuvre another, would in the premises fail, and ought to fail, in this age of enlightenment. In one word, at the very outset, there must be a fair, open, unobscured plan of action which leaders as well as followers must observe; or else there may be pledges, promises, futile views without end, but union there cannot be, nor can anything honorable or beneficial to the country at large be accomplished. Now, we agree heartily with the 'Nation' that a union of all Irishmen for national purposes is quite possible, while each religious section may hold its creed with any amount of bigotry, prejudice, and narrowness of spirit. . . . The honest truth is, nothing but sordid gain and want of true religious feeling keeps Irishmen of different creeds in different political camps. Religion can inspire no sentiments among men save those of brotherhood. The foolish hyebattles of the frog and the mouse that curse our country are the unhallowed offspring of ignorance, prejudice, and irreligion. Surely, it is possible to substitute for these the pure feelings of friendship, of fraternal charity, the full understanding that we are all Irishmen, having a common country to love, and our common happiness to promote. If we but will it, it is done. It is patent to all that none can, none should, prosper by the misery of his fellow-countrymen; that we must raise our native land, or perish with it; or on it; that tolerance of individual opinion and conscientious conviction clears the intellect, and makes man what he ought to be—steady in his intercourse with his fellow man, be his creed what it may, and fit him, in every sense of the word, for genuine independence.

One of the clearest proofs of the fatal effects of political centralisation upon the fate of Ireland is seen in the impossibility of honestly considering any aspect of Irish life without being driven to acknowledge what vast injury has been wrought as by the working of the Act Union. Only a few days have passed since the 'Irish Times' very pertinently pointed out that 'Irish revenue would be burdened with part of the cost of vindicating British honor against the unfortunate Government of Greece; and now the same journal, in the course of an article on the subject of the Dublin Theatre, declares that 'the transference of our domestic legislature to London has determined an absenteeism of the intellect as well as of the titled and landed aristocracy, and bereft Irish society of a large portion of that cultivated and esthetic element which moulds the judgment of the mass and pronounces at once with authority and with enthusiasm on questions of art.' This is undoubtedly true. The Union not only robbed us of our autonomy, and sledged away our revenues, but it emasculated our society also. It has left the ruts of wrong so deeply worn, that to skim, however so lightly, over any Irish theme, one is sure to find the fatal traces.—Thus it is that the 'Irish Times,' in a theatrical article, has been led to point out one great practical

evil resulting from the loss of our independence. Once men begin to see the truth, they go on rapidly in the discovery; and we are sanguine that henceforward the consideration of many and diverse consequences will turn the eyes of Irishmen upon the fatal cause, and unite them in the endeavor to remove it.—Nation.

GREAT BRITAIN.

For some time past it has been the wish of the Catholic bishops and other authorities in the Church that the names of converts should not be paraded in the Catholic papers and that wish we far regard as a command that we do not wish to be the first to mention any conversions. We know that the good work is going on, and that not a week passes over, even in this great Babylon called London, in which several persons do not seek out Catholic priests, ask to be instructed in the faith, and, after a time, are received into the Church. These, of course, belong to all classes of society, from the independent man of fortune to the artisan. The chief centres for this work are, in London, the Oratory, Farm-street, Bayswater, Haverstock-hill, or wherever there is a community of religious men, from which one or more can be spared from the ordinary hard work of the parish to instruct converts. Not a few conversions are, however, made by the secular clergy, and in the course of the year a great number of persons are received into the Church at nearly all the secular missions. There is, however, one almost inflexible rule finding out when any clergyman of the Church of England or fellow of a college, or other person of note, has left the Establishment for the Catholic Church. Whenever the Ritualist papers contain a more than usually rabid article against us; whenever they heap abuse upon the Archbishop, or upon 'Ultramontanes,' or upon the 'Roman Obediency,' whenever they praise Mr. Froulax, or sing hymns in honour of Dr. Dollinger—then we feel certain that some well-known member of the Church of England has been received into the Church. For two or three weeks past the leading articles in the most 'advanced' papers have been very quiet and tame—in fact, almost Christian-like in their tone—and therefore we believe that no person of any note has of late become a Catholic.—Weekly Register.

Tollymore, the park which belonged to the late Lord Roden, is to be purchased or leased by the Prince of Wales. We trust that design will be carried out, even if Parliament has to vote the money. There should be a Royal residence in Ireland and the Prince of Wales is just the man to be appreciated. Let us dress the Irish Regiments in the national colors, so that they may have abroad the honor of their valor; treat the Heir to their keeping; treat Ireland as we treat the Highlands, and half the bitter envy and suspicion which now feed Irish discontent will disappear. 'When,' writes an Irish tradesman, 'we shoot landlords, we are called Irish But when we shot the enemies of England we are 'English soldiers.'

We read in the 'West Sussex Gazette' that a new Catholic Convent is to be erected in the immediate vicinity of Chichester, and that the estimate amounts to some thousands of pounds.

The 'John Bull' makes the announcement that Mr. Edward Froulax, the author of 'The Chabre's Creed and the Crown's Obedience,' will be received back into the English Church on Whit Sunday by the Bishop of Winchester—perhaps at Oxford.

Special precautions are being taken at Woolwich against Fenian attacks. Boats with crews of armed Thames Police cruise day and night in front of the arsenal. Special guards are on duty at the powder magazines, and vessels coming up the river are watched.—Express.

FENIANISM IN LONDON.—The statement that detectives were employed by the authorities at Scotland-yard to keep a sharp look out at the House of Detention, has received a partial contradiction. There appears, however, to be considerable truth in the original statement, as well as in the report that a threatening letter from Fenians had been received by the police. The reporter who supplied the information about the letter maintains that the source from whence it was drawn can be implicitly relied upon, and adds that last night armed detectives were to be seen on duty in every conspicuous corner around the House of Detention.—Daily Telegraph.

The 'Northern Press' has an article on a lecture delivered the other day in Liverpool, by the Rev. Dr. Littledale. Subject—'Celibacy, Ritualism, and the Real Presence,' which, we are assured, 'might have proceeded from the lips of a Catholic divine, so true were its general spirit and its remarkable illustrations to the doctrines of that Church whose Princes and Bishops are now assembled in the Eternal City.' The lecturer was supported on the platform by four other Liverpool clergymen of the same way of thinking.

It is stated in some of the Church papers that if the doctrine of the 'Real Presence' is condemned by the Judicial Committee of Privy Council, in the forthcoming case of the Rev. W. J. Bennett, vicar of Frome, there is likely to be a great secession of the Catholic party from the Church of England, and that the seceders will either form a free Catholic Church, or will seek for a fresh apostolate from 'the venerable Church of Constantinople.'

Two men arrested at the Paddington Railway station, London, on suspicion of being Fenians, were brought up for examination at the Marylebone Police Court, May 27, when a distinct charge of treason felony was made against them. Corydon, the informer, identified the prisoners as having taken part in the Fenian councils previous to the projected attack on Chester Castle in 1867. One of the prisoners was identified by English detectives as having been active in the despatch of arms to Newcastle and Manchester. They were again remanded.

DESTITUTE.

(To the Editor of the London Times.)

Sir,—Perhaps some of the distress in London may be accounted for by the following domestic incident:—My servants have a meat breakfast at 8 a.m., dinner at 1 p.m., tea and bread-and-butter at 5 p.m., a meat supper at 9 p.m.; at all meals as much of the best food as they like to eat. Two servants have this day given me warning because I will not allow luncheon, consisting of beer and bread-and-cheese at 11 a.m.—a fifth meal in 16 hours!

Your obedient servant,
A NEW HOUSEHOLD IN LONDON.

We are glad to be able to state that Mr. Bright's health has materially improved during the last four or five weeks which he had spent at Llandudno.—His progress has been satisfactory, although it has been somewhat retarded by a sharp attack of lumbago. He is enabled to take a large amount of outdoor exercise, but abstains from all mental work.—We believe that Mr. Bright intends to remain at Llandudno for some weeks longer, as he feels much benefited by the change.—The Lancet.

As the letter from Mr. Darnell's private secretary, read on Friday at St. George's Hospital, stated that he has been ordered absolutely to abstain from speaking for the present, the public will be glad to learn that the right hon. gentleman is not more seriously ill than he has been for some time; on the contrary, that he is a good deal stronger. But he cannot hope for a thorough restoration to health without the short respite from his arduous labor which his medical advisers have long urged upon him as necessary.—Globe.

A SLEEPERS SECRETARY.—The following story is told of Sir Eben Nepean, formerly under-secretary of state of Great Britain:—One summer night he was affected with an unaccountable sleepiness, and, being quite weary of lying

awake, he got up, dressed, and went out at 3 a.m., strolling aimlessly, more from duty habit than anything else, down to the Home Office. Entering his private room, his eye caught the following entry in a memorandum book: 'A respite to be sent to colliers ordered for execution at York.' Although he knew that he had done his own part of the business, he was seized with a nervous uneasiness, fancying that perhaps the other people had not done theirs. The feeling was so strong upon him that he called up the chief clerk in Downing street, who said that he had sent it to the clerk of the crown, whose business it was to forward it to York.

'But have you his receipt and certificate that it is done?'

'No.'

'Then let us go at once to his house in Chancery Lane.'

They did so, and found him in the act of stepping into his gig for a country holiday. He had forgotten the respite, and left it locked up in his desk. The fastest express procurable was dispatched, and reached York just as the criminals were mounting the cart.

THE LATE COLONEL MACDONELL, O. B.—It is not every day that we have to record the death of an officer whose father was left for dead on the battlefield of Culloden, and whose first commission in the army dates back no less than 75 years ago. And yet this is true of Colonel George Macdonell, O. B., who died a few days since at Wardour Castle, near Salisbury, Wilt, the seat of his nephew, the present Lord Arundell, of Wardour. He was sprung from a branch of the Macdonells, of Glengarry, the head of which clan, Alistair Macdonell, was chosen by the Highland chiefs of a century and a quarter ago to carry to 'bonnie Prince Charles' an address signed with their blood, and his father was an officer upon the staff of the unfortunate Chevalier at the battle of Culloden. In this engagement Macdonell was severely wounded and left for dead; but being carried off secretly from the field, and being tenderly nursed by a faithful adherent of the cause, he recovered, contrived to escape to France, and, marrying late in life, became the father of the gallant officer now deceased, who was one of the first Roman Catholics admitted on the relaxation of the penal laws to hold a commission in the British army. His first commission dated from 1795, so that if he had not retired from the service several years ago, there would have been scarcely more than one or two field officers his seniors in respect of military standing. According to Hart's Army List, he held for many years a commission in the 79th Regiment of Foot, with which he served in the North American War, and he was severely wounded in the engagement at Chateaugay. He was rewarded with the Companionship of the Bath in 1817. Colonel Macdonell married on the 18th of April, 1820, the Hon. Laura Arundell, fourth daughter of James Everard, 9th Lord Arundell, of Wardour, but was left a widower at her death, May 19, 1854. He was buried on Saturday by the side of his late wife, in the chapel at Wardour Castle. Colonel Macdonell lived and died a devoted adherent of the Catholic faith.—Post.

The Protestant Bishop of Bath and Wells, in a visitation charge to the clergy of the diocese at Castle Cary the other day, uttered the following prediction: 'A startling feature of the time (he said) was the enormous growth of the spirit of Popery.—Within the last thirty years there were more seceders to the Church of Rome than in the preceding 300 years. We were entering upon a new era, when the State professed to be neutral in all matters of religion. The Church had, therefore, to fight her own battles, with spiritual weapons alone, against all the power of Rome. Instead of looking for support to the Government of the country, she must look to herself—to her own purity, and vitality, and strength. Failing that, she would infallibly fall, and the Church which for 300 years had witnessed for Catholic and spiritual truths would be silent in the world. She would probably break up. One portion would fall into Rome, another into infidelity; some into manifold forms of fanaticism or fantastic theories, and only a remnant would hold fast to the faith.'

OUR NEW ANSWERS QUESTIONS?—Catholic Opinion says:—The Committee on Conventional Institutions was nominated on Tuesday. The Government show every disposition to make it a fair one. This for the work out for the Committee is, in its own utter muddle. In the present state of the law Religious Orders of men are illegal. The principle of recognized public law admits that no man can be legally expelled from his country. Any member of a religious Order can therefore legally refuse to make any reply admitting that he is a Religious. If he did not the House of Commons cannot guarantee him against the legal consequences of the admission; he might be transported, and his property, if he had any to leave, could probably be claimed by his next of kin. The Religious character not being admitted, we could not see how the committee could ask him another question, or how he could answer one on the subject-matter of Religious property, of which he knows nothing except as a Religious. We think the only answer to be given by any Religious in the existing state of the law, 'I must respectfully decline to answer any interrogations by which I admit or imply that I am amenable to the law.' If the House of Commons wishes to inquire into, or legislate about, the property of the Religious Orders, they must repeal the Penal laws which makes the very existence of Religious in this country a crime punishable by banishment.

Englishmen are very fond of recording in the reddest ink what they are pleased to term 'Irish Outrages.' From the highest to the lowest in the land, we one and all seem practically to believe that murders in the sister isle are events of everyday occurrence, and that a man's life cannot practically be safe on the other side of the Irish Channel if any one has an eye against him. Would it not however be well for us to look at home sometimes, and to ask ourselves whether in the whole wide world the crimes that are of weekly occurrence in London can be exceeded? Let any one take up the 'Times' of Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday last, read the police reports given therein, and say whether in its very worst days and its worst districts Ireland could ever hold a candle to the capital of England in the matter of brutal, revolting crimes. It is true that in Ireland murders are not unfrequently committed out of revenge, but—without wishing or intending for a moment to palliate the crimes—are they not less revolting to the human mind than the—more than brutal conduct of James Langham, whose refusal to make the only amends in his power to the poor girl, Elizabeth Quincey, whom he had betrayed, drove the latter to commit suicide. Well may the 'Daily Telegraph,' when writing of this cold-blooded rascally case, ask, 'How much longer will seduction continue to go unpunished in this country, except as a civil injury and by a fictitious and costly suit?—Or what shall we say of the deliberate and most brutal murder of Mr. Huelin, the poor French Protestant clergyman, and of Ann Boss, both of whom were butchered on the same day, and (so the coroner's jury have declared in their verdict) by the same man, Walter Miller? In Ireland men are sometimes killed out of vengeance, but crimes we read of almost every day in our London police reports are almost unknown. Other cases and other crimes of violence to which we cannot do more than allude, are of so common occurrence in England that they fall even to call forth a remark out of the common; and yet we are all intent upon pulling the mote out of our Irish neighbor's eye before we attempt even to remove the beam out of our own.—Weekly Register.

ENGLISH MORALITY.—Every now and then we mourn over the number of babies that are annually slaughtered in this country, and we all mean some day to take up the question of baby-farming. On Thursday an inquest was held by Mr. Carter, the coroner, on two little bodies that were discovered a

few days ago, one in Camberwell and the other at Peckham. It came out in the evidence that during the past few weeks no fewer than ten bodies of children have been found in the same district, and that there are two baby-farming houses in the same locality. The coroner said he was quite aware that there were persons living at Peckham who advertised in different newspapers accommodation for the secret confinement of females and the bringing up of their offspring. It is bad enough that these advertisements should appear in the daily journals, but even still more objectionable is a practice which has lately prevailed of distributing bills in the streets containing puffs of establishments of this nature. Pedestrians are exposed, among other nuisances, to having bills of various kinds thrust into their hands at every turning. Sometimes these bills call our attention to the appalling sacrifices being made by some benevolent tradesman who cannot resist the temptation of selling his stock at half-price. Sometimes we are asked to rush to some anatomical museum which ought to be suppressed and could only exist in a highly civilized and advanced Christian country. Latterly, however, the bill-throwers have extended their operation, and have rather overstepped the bounds of even English decency; bills are distributed respecting accommodation for ladies during confinement. 'Pills as a safe and certain remedy &c.,' by M.D.M.—and here follow a name and an address which we may be excused from advertising. So widely have these bills been circulated that we understand a special order has been issued to the police to keep a sharp eye on the distributors and ascertain their names and addresses. Surely there is as much necessity to inspect the establishment of this lady as any convent or lunatic asylum. At all events we trust that the police will not rest satisfied with watching her employees, but will pay M.D.M.—a visit at her own house and urge upon her that, although we are not particular as to trifles, we are hardly prepared as yet to permit the advertisement of murder.—Pall Mall Gazette, May 21.

UNITED STATES.

Gen. Geo. P. Foster, U S Marshal, having received an order from the War Department to gather all the arms and ammunitions of war belonging to the Fenian forces, was in town Thursday with a number of assistants. A general search was made through all the different roads leading into this place. Among others who had collected the Fenian arms and ammunition in large quantities, were Curtis Willard and H. Gates, two well-to-do farmers, living in the vicinity of the battle ground. At the residence of Mr. Willard, the Assistant Marshal met with a strong worded opposition as to the right of the Government to take the arms. Willard was made to understand that they must be forthcoming, whereupon he disgorged 23 boxes of fixed ammunition, eleven rifles, and a large lot of sabres, knapsacks, belts, &c., making two double wagon loads. At Gates' nothing but ammunition was found. It was secured some half mile from his residence, in his sugar house, and under a large kettle. It was also found that he had taken two double wagon loads of guns &c., across to his father's. It seems that this Gates is a warm friend of the Canadian Government, for it is currently reported that he was the person who took the cannon across the line and sold it to the Canadians. The U. S. Marshal, we understand, has seen Gates, and made a request for the arms taken across the line. Should Gates not succeed in getting the cannon back, it will go hard with him. Some 600 guns have been secured besides a large quantity of ammunition.—St. Alban's Transcript.

We suppose it is no exaggeration to say that the Fenians have raised and expended about two millions of dollars under pretence of conquering Canada, and expelling the English from Ireland—an enterprise which only a first-class Power, capable of raising a large army and navy, could attempt with any chance of success. Success could not, under the most favorable circumstances, be achieved at a less cost than three or four thousand millions of dollars. The entrance of a few impetuous private gentlemen on the job, would, therefore, if they confined themselves to such outlay as they could meet from their personal resources, be a very good joke; but when they raise money year after year from ignorant people, by promising to accomplish it, it is difficult to say in what way their performance differs morally from thimble rigging or the 'drop-game.'—In fact, a more extensive or heartless fraud has not been witnessed anywhere of late years. Its perpetration, too, has been unhappily greatly aided, if not rendered possible, by our war. It is the fact that 'experienced military men' are now found among the leaders, which makes it so easy to persuade Bridget and Patrick that, with one dollar more, the green flag may be hoisted on the Heights of Abraham, and a Fenian navy launched on the track of British commerce.

Several sets of Fenian chiefs have now retired from service, if not with a 'compe'ncy,' at least after having had a year of great enjoyment, not unmingled with luxury. First, there were the O'Mahoneys, of the 'Moffat Mission'; then there were their successors, the James Stephens; and then came the Robertses; and now the O'Neills are on the war-path, with the same old 'Sunburst' and in pursuit of the same hated foe. We do not mean to say that any of these gentlemen made anything, in the low and familiar use of the term, by their naval or military administration; but, if we remember rightly, when the overhauling of the accounts was ordered by the 'Senate,' after the downfall of the 'Moffat Mission,' there were \$200,000 or thereabouts missing, which was doubtless expended for the good of Ireland—but the precise manner in which Ireland benefited by it there were no accounts to show. One administration after another has been overthrown and exposed, but still the game goes on, and the contributions are called in on one pretence or another.—Some of the money goes in salaries, which, considering the market price of the kind of labor they command, are not small; but, of course, the larger portion of it is expended in the purchase and storage of arms and munitions along the Canadian frontier.—When one remembers how difficult a regular Government, with its staffs of trained officers and its regular system of accountability, finds it to prevent fraud and peculation and jobbery in the purchase of supplies and the making of contracts, we may guess what expensive articles the Fenian muskets and revolvers are, and what a very costly being the Fenian 'soldier' is, by the time he makes his appearance in the Vermont taverns.

Of course, nothing can be done to put an end to this wretched business by anybody but Irishmen themselves. The Government cannot interfere with it, without fanning the flame, and furnishing the chiefs with a kind of excitement which they enjoy far more, and which would bring far more grief to their mill than 'Active Justice' against the Canadians.—Denunciations of it, too, from Americans are not likely, for various reasons, to receive much attention; but there must surely be a great many Irishmen of influence who see the folly of it; and who have only to speak out in order to protect their poorer and more ignorant countrymen from being duped any longer. They must be sensible of the discredit which the performance brings on the whole Irish race, and the contempt it creates for the 'disposition of their real griefs and aspirations.' It has everything in it that is best calculated to injure the political character of a race—credulity, dishonesty, indifference to facts, want of proper appreciation of difficulties, want of patience and tenacity; and though last, not want of sense of humor. Any one for the ridiculous is no mean advantage in politics. It does not make a people succeed in the art of government, but it is doubtful whether any people ever succeeded without it.—New York Times.

The True Witness.

AND
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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JUNE 24, 1870.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

JUNE—1870.

Friday, 24—St. John the Baptist.
Saturday, 25—St. William, Ab.
Sunday, 26—Third after Pentecost.
Monday, 27—Sacred Heart of Jesus.
Tuesday, 28—Vigil. St. Leon, P. C.
Wednesday, 29—SS. Peter and Paul, Obl.
Thursday, 30—Commemoration of St. Paul.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Irish Land Bill seems to be getting along pretty smoothly in the House of Lords, and the principle therein invoked will certainly be carried. Some alterations in detail are to be expected, but on the whole we think that the Bill will go down to the Commons again pretty much in the same state as that in which it left them. There is less interest taken in the measure in Ireland, than might be expected. The truth is that the question of Repeal of the Union is fast taking the place of the Land Question, as the question of the day. Protestants seem inclined to unite with Catholics in the growing demand for a restoration of the Legislative independence of which the Union robbed her, and should this demand become general in Ireland we see not how it can long be resisted.

The London Times speaks cheerfully of the cessation of agrarian outrages in Ireland, but on the other hand it is rumored that Fenianism is active in England, and that it meditates an attack upon the dockyards, and arsenals. Extra precautions have been taken to assure the safety of these all important institutions.

The Irish papers, not altogether without a show of reason, insist upon the application to England of a stringent Crimes Prevention Bill. The English journals indeed contain a sad record of English criminality. Murders of the most brutal description are of daily occurrence, and crimes which cannot be publicly spoken of are perpetrated openly in the metropolis of the land which brags of its "open bible." Apart from agrarian, and quasi-political offences Ireland on the other hand is remarkably free from crime, and the superior morality of its people the result of their religion is strikingly apparent. Under these circumstances the exceptional legislation for the latter does seem somewhat incongruous.

There is nothing very important to record from the Continent of Europe. The French Emperor seems to have had a slight touch of gout, and the papers have done their best to create a sensation. From Rome we have tidings which assure us that the Council has come to a decision on the great question of the Papal prerogatives, but as yet nothing has been given officially to the world. Italy is still in a very disturbed state: the revolutionary movement is for the moment suppressed by the troops, but on the first favorable opportunity it will again break out. Spain is still in a condition of virtual anarchy, and there are as yet no signs of the establishment of a regular government.

The late rains have done immense service to the crops in Canada, which were seriously menaced by the heat and long protracted dry weather. Vegetation is now progressing fast: and though the hay crop may be light, cereals and fruit promise well. We are happy to learn that the health of Sir J. A. Macdonald continues steadily to improve, though he is still weak, and unable to attend to his work.

The Rev. M. Boucher de la Bruere has been on a visit to the Saguenay district, and in a report to the Minister of Agriculture draws a sad picture of the desolation and ruin which the fire of the 13th May has occasioned. We give some extracts, so as to enable our readers to judge of the extent of the calamity and the need there is for active measures for the relief of the sufferers:—

Desolation and ruin prevailed all over. Buildings of every description, and cattle, and seed, and bush have nearly all disappeared; but sadder still to relate, seven persons perished in the flames and many others were badly burnt. The settlers for the most part escaped death by burying themselves under earth or by taking refuge on the lakes and rivers.

On my way I met families in tears, half naked, and anxiously expecting provisions, wherewith to guard against starvation. I visited the vault wherein four men who had resorted thereto were burnt alive. Their calcined bones were withdrawn, and a bucket held them all.

I was stopped several times on my way, to visit the sick and the wounded, and gave them every consolation which it was in my power to give, with the assurance of timely help.

Many are the sad and heart-rending scenes I have been told of and which I could relate; but I will only tell of what I witnessed. I may, however, testify to the correctness of the reports made public in the papers—nay, far from being exaggerated, such reports, in my opinion, do not reach reality itself.

The extent of country so laid waste by the fire begins at the River Mistassini, at the head of Lake St. John, and reaches as far as Ha! Ha! Bay, a distance of 105 miles.

The number of families throughout this district, who have lost everything, and who are considered to be ruined, may be put down as follows:

From Mistassini to Metabetchouan.....	150
(There are only 54 habitations remaining in these missions.)	
In the parish of St. Jerome, comprising the townships of Metabetchouan and Oron.....	120
(There remain only 20 buildings in said parish.)	
In Hebertville, township Labarre.....	50
In Kinogami.....	4
In Jonquiere.....	45
In the parishes of St. Ann and St. Fulgence, townships Simard, Tremblay and Harvey.....	47
In Chicoutimi.....	49
In N. D. de Laterriere.....	18
In St. Alphonse, township Bagot.....	72

Total number of ruined families..... 555

Besides that number, 146 families have lost either houses or other buildings.

Two churches, with timber required for the building of a third one, as well as several mills, have been burnt.

I will relate but one fact only, to give you an idea of the greatness of the disaster caused by the fire: The double Range of St. Bonaventure running through the parish of St. Jerome, was built on both sides; well, all that can be seen still standing throughout an extent of nine miles, is two baking-ovens.

PROCESSION OF CORPUS CHRISTI.—This imposing celebration came off on Sunday last with the usual pomp and magnificence of past years. Hitherto it was the custom to have the Procession in the forenoon; but this year, owing to the great heat of the past days, especially of Saturday, when the Thermometer stood at 96° in the shade, the ecclesiastical authorities very prudently decided to have it in the afternoon.

On Saturday preparations on a grand scale were made for the next day. Large arches were erected over the different streets through which the Procession was to pass. They were ornamented with evergreens, flowers, draperies and sacred devices. Many of the residences and shops along the streets were tastefully decorated for the occasion with flags, festoons and hangings.

Towards five o'clock an immense crowd had assembled at the Church of Notre Dame, and at the end of Vespers the Procession was formed. It passed through Craig, St. Lawrence Main, St. Catherine, St. Denis and Notre Dame Streets to the Church of Notre Dame, from which it started. At the corner of St. Catherine and St. Denis streets, opposite St. James' Church, an elevated altar was erected at which the Procession halted. The Choir of St. James' Church, which is in a very efficient state, sang the *Tantum ergo*, after which followed the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. After the Adoration the Procession proceeded down St. Denis street to that of Notre Dame to the French Church.

Throughout the Procession several Bands played different airs. They were joined from time to time by the Clergy, the Religious Communities, and the different National Societies with hymns and psalms.

Immediately after the arrival at the Church of Notre Dame, a solemn Benediction took place. The Choir, under the able direction of the Rev. Mr. Barbarn, executed several pieces of sacred music, joined alternately by the clergy in the Sanctuary. The Grand Altar, on which the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, blazed with light. The sight was truly magnificent. After the Adoration, the Montreal College Band, which is certainly a credit to that institution, struck up an air, and thus ended one of the greatest religious demonstrations that occurred in Montreal for a long time.

We are very happy to be able to say that not the least incident occurred to mar the order of the Procession—that the utmost harmony and concord prevailed from beginning to end.

REVISION OF THE WORD OF GOD.—The "Religion of Protestants," that is to say the Bible is apparently to be revised. A motion to that purpose has been made, and carried, in the Convocation of the Church of England—the largest and most influential of the many Protestant sects. The proposer was the Bishop of Winchester, who thought that "it was the clear and bounden duty of the Church to use every means to put forward what it conceived to be in truth the real Word of God;" though how the body which he calls the Church, and which he acknowledges to be fallible can do this—or can have the right to do this, is not very clear.—Perchance in putting forth what it conceives to be the Word of God, it might put forward something very contrary thereto, and might therefore lead those who are so silly as to rely upon fallible, because merely human testimony, on a matter of such vital importance, into deadly error.

That the authorised Protestant version of the Bible, as it stands at present, does not contain the pure unadulterated Word of God was admitted by all the reverend speakers who took

part in the discussion. "Everybody"—said the mover of the proposal for a revision—"who studied the matter knew that there were in their present volume parts of it which did not really belong to the inspired Record." Other Bishops spoke to the same purpose, instancing numerous and most important passages, and indeed whole books, in the New Testament, of doubtful authenticity; such as parts of the Gospels according to St. Matthew and St. Mark; part of St. John's Epistles; the whole of that of St. Paul to the Ephesians—of which one speaker, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, said, that "it was held to be very doubtful whether it was ever written by St. Paul at all to the Ephesians;" and other Scriptures hitherto set forth as canonical by authority of King James the first.

Some of the Protestant bishops objected to the proposed revision of their "Word of God," not because they denied the facts which the others brought forward as proof of its necessity; but because they felt that if once they began their tinkering work there would be no end to it. One revision would be followed by a call for another revision: and the blind confidence which the unenquiring place in the present "authorized version" of the Bible—the stronghold of Protestantism considered on its positive or religious side—would be shaken, and men would no longer know what to believe. Besides as there was no person, no body in the British Isles whose revision of the Bible would be authoritative, it was to be feared that one revision would provoke another revision in another sense; so that, as the Bishop of St. David's pointed out, there might be in a few years "a Church Bible, and a Dissenting Bible" and this would be such a tremendous evil that no advantage which could possibly be gained, could ever compensate of it. They some think that it is safer to retain the actual Bible, corrupt as it is, and as it is admitted to be, than to attempt a correction, or revision thereof. Of course, if the assent of all non-conforming bodies could be obtained to a revised edition of the Scriptures all difficulties would be removed, but the Bishop of St. David's was afraid that such a revision would deprive many Dissenting ministers of many of their principal texts.

Here it will be seen is a very pretty dilemma. On the one hand it is universally admitted that the Bible in present use does not contain the pure Word of God and should therefore be revised. On the other hand there is the certainty that no revision made by any one sect, say that which is Established By Law, will command the respect of all the other and unestablished sects; whilst it is equally certain that it will be morally impossible to get all the dissenting sects, to agree upon a revision of the Bible, as thereby many of them would be deprived of many of their favorite texts. The Unitarian Protestant for instance would be for cutting away or paring down many a passage which the evangelical would insist upon retaining; the latter would also insist upon retaining much that his brother Protestant of the Unitarian persuasion denounces as a corrupt addition to the Word of God. In short without an infallible authority it is impossible for any man to know with certainty what is the "Word of God," and what is not.

The Montreal Gazette copies from the N. Y. Sun the report of an interview between the latter, and a Mr. Gleason, who styles himself Major General! one of the leaders in the late marauding expedition on Canada. We gather from this report little that we did not know before; but it confirms the statement that the raid was undertaken contrary to the views of the main body of the Fenian Society in the United States, and that the loss, moral and material, to that body has been very great.

In another respect it also explains and justifies the abhorrence which the Catholic Church, and all her faithful children, entertain towards that society—not because it aims at the establishment of an Irish independent nationality, for on this point good Catholics may well differ as it involves merely a question of temporal politics; but because the Fenian society is essentially a revolutionary society, in league and intimate communication with the immoral, anti-social, anti-Christian societies which under the leadership of Mazzini, Garibaldi, and others of that stamp, menace the happiness of the world. These are all, no matter by what name known, accused of God and His Church, and tated of all good men. No matter what their professed object, these secret revolutionary societies are all of their father the devil, and do his work.

Now here is what Mr. Gleason in his interview with the reporter of the New York Sun, said as to the connection of the Fenian Society with these infamous revolutionary societies:—

"We are in communication with all the revolutionary committees in Europe, with headquarters at Paris." We do not vouch either for the accuracy of the Sun's report, or for the truthfulness of Mr. Gleason; but if the one be correct, and the other spoke the truth, there is no reason to wonder at the sentence of excommunication pronounced against the Fenians by Christ's Vicar on earth. Not by societies in communication

with the revolutionary committees of Europe, and therefore the enemies of God and His Church, can the redemption of Catholic Ireland be worked out.

The Globe of the 13th inst. makes a notable display of that good faith, and love of truth which have ever distinguished its career. Our readers are aware that the Government has appointed two chaplains, one a Catholic, the other a Protestant to attend the Red River expedition and that the Protestant chaplain was chosen from amongst the ministers of the Anglican denomination. Of this the Methodists complained bitterly, for they too would have their chaplain—though any one must see that it would be impossible to furnish a chaplain for every one of the different Protestant sects into which our non-Catholic population is split up. The Government however did what it could and all it could be expected to do in putting Catholics and Protestants on an equal footing and giving to each a chaplain.

But the Globe is determined to make out a case against the Government, and Romish rule, so it represents the action of the Ministry in neglecting to furnish a Methodist chaplain to the expedition as tantamount to refusing to it a Protestant chaplain at all. It is thus the Globe comments on a transaction of which the details have long been before the public:—

"To send a drove of priests"—one Catholic chaplain—"with the forces going to Red River, and not tolerate a single Protestant chaplain"—a Protestant chaplain being actually appointed—"even though paid by the denomination to which he and many of the volunteers belong is a most indefensible proceeding. It deserves the severest condemnation. Still it is no more than following out consistently the course which Sir George Cartier has all along followed."—The Globe, 13th inst.

In this matter of chaplains the better plan would be to divide the sum allotted for the purpose of their support, equally amongst Catholics and Protestants: leaving it to the latter to deal with their share of the public money as they pleased and for the support of as many chaplains as their mutual divisions may require.

FRENCH CANADIANS AT THE FRONT.—

From the special report of Adjutant General Ross we learn that a force of 13,540, officers and men, were reported as being at their respective posts on the 27th of May in obedience to orders issued on the 24th, of these 13,540, there were of French Canadians 2,235. The Montreal Gazette by way of reproving the base insinuations of the Witness has the following remarks on these details, which be it remembered are officially authenticated:—

"Now considering the extent of country from which the 13,540 came, 2,235 French Canadians is not an excessive disproportion when population is compared; and in the face of this official fact there is no justification for certain remarks which we have seen made. No true patriot will seek to excite national prejudices in Canada. No honest man ought to trump up charges when he is ignorant of the facts."—Montreal Gazette, 15th inst.

The following are the names of the gentlemen who participated in the Trinity Ordination at the Grand Seminary on Saturday, 11th inst.:—

Priesthood—James Louis Broydrick, of Charlottetown.

Deacons—Alexandre Deschamps and Zotique Racicot, of Montreal, Thomas Bannoo, Stanislas Doucet and Marcel Richard, of Chatham, N.B., William Berrigan, of Toronto, Patrick Brown, of Halifax, Patrick Fiegan, Thomas Lynch and Paul Shaban, of Hartford.

Subdeacons—Francis Cormier, of St. Johns, N.B., John Cullen and Hughes Smyth, of Boston, Denis Desmond, Francis Kinnerney, Henry Lynch, Patrick O'Keefe and John Russell, of Hartford, Patrick Dixon, of Chatham, Hugues McGuire, of Chicago, Joseph Dubois, David Filion and Calixte Oumet, of the College of Ste. Therese, for Montreal, Thomas McCarthy and Louis Thissault, of the College of l'Assomption, for Montreal, Frederic Eis de Marquett.

Minor Orders—Remi Descary, Demetrius Levesque and Pierre Poissant, of Montreal, John Osbro, of London, Ont., Andrew Brady, of Hartford, Archibald Chisholm, of Arichat, Man asses Kane, of Alton, Richard Knox, of St. Johns, N.B., Michael Nolan, of New York, Donald McDonald, of Charlottetown, Cornelius O'Neil, of Boston, Thomas Wallace, of Portland, Arthur Derome, Damas Piche, and Norbert Valois, of the College of Joliette, for Montreal.

Tonsure—Martin Callaghan, of Montreal, James Beaven, John Keegan, and Peter Kennedy, of Hartford, Dominic Casey and Charles Duffus, of Kingston, Thomas Conaty, Cornelius Cronin, Daniel Cronin, Charles Gauran, Michael Kelleher, John Mundy and James Sheehan, of Boston, Michael Forhan, of Chicago, Thomas Grace and Charles Underwood, of Halifax, Martin Kelly, of London, Ont., John Keough and James Shea, of Hamilton, Jean Sassell, of Vincennes, Charles Coallier, of Lycee de Varennes, for Montreal.

On Saturday last, notwithstanding the intense heat of the day, a very exciting game of Lacrosse, for the Championship of the Dominion, was played between the Montreal and the Shamrock Clubs, on the grounds of the former. At an early hour in the evening thousands had as-

sembled to witness the interesting match. After a sharp contest of forty-five minutes, in which both parties played with admirable skill and activity, the Shamrock Club carried off the first game with tremendous cheers from the bystanders. Unfortunately, after playing the second game for fifteen minutes, an accident occurred to one of the Montreal Club, after which it was unwilling to continue, when the presiding umpires declared the Shamrock Club victorious, and presented it with the prize ball of the Dominion. We trust the victors will prove worthy of their laurels, and keep them for a long time to come.

OBITUARY.

Died, at her late residence, on Tuesday evening, the 24th day of May last, Ellen McLachlan, daughter of the late Lachlan McLachlan, who departed the confines of mortality on Good Friday, April 1st, 1793, in Knoydart, Laverness-Shire, Scotland, and the beloved wife of John McDougald, of Lot number 31, 6th Concession, Township of Lancaster, County of Glengarry, Ontario, aged seventy-seven years. The deceased emigrated from her native place in 1802 to Glengarry, Ontario, where she became an excellent wife, a good mother, an humble and virtuous woman, a faithful friend, a kind hearted neighbour, and an exemplary Christian.—Requiescat in pace.

OBITUARY.

It is with great regret that we have to announce the death of Mrs. Jane Kelly, relict of the late Edward Kelly, Esq., and mother of the Rev. Oliver Kelly, V.G., the esteemed and well-known Parish Priest of Peterboro', and also of William Kelly, Esq., Warden of the Reformatory Prison at Penetanguishene. Mrs. Kelly at the venerable and ripe old age of seventy-nine years, died on the 1st instant at Peterboro' to which place she had removed with her son, the Rev. Mr. Kelly, on the occasion of his preferment to the charge of that parish. Her husband had been interred at Brockville within the stately and beautiful church erected by her son, and it was her own desire that her burial place should be by her husband's side. Solemn obsequies having been celebrated at Peterboro' her remains were then escorted to the Railway station by a large and imposing funeral procession of her friends, a great many of whom, as a special mark of respect, came the long journey to Brockville to be present at the final interment. The body reached Brockville by the morning express of Saturday last, and even at that early hour (3 a.m.) an unusually large number of the townspeople had gathered at the depot, and followed thence to the Parish Church, the interior of which had been appropriately draped in mourning. There a grand Requiem Mass was sung, the Rev. Dr. Chisholm of Perth, being the celebrant, and the last solemn ceremonies having been performed, the remains were lowered to their earthly resting place within the Church, her grave, as was her wish, being side by side with that of her husband. She had lived long years of usefulness, and open-handed charity, and Christian example, and has left with her children that best of all heritages, a memory that can never lose the esteem and respect of the many that knew and revered her living.

THE PARADISE OF THE EARTH: Or The True Means of Finding Happiness in the Religious State. Translated from the French of Abbe Sanson, by the Rev. F. Ignatius Fisk. Published by John Murphy & Co., Baltimore; and The Catholic Publication Society, New York:

This is a treatise on the duties of the religious life, pointing out the dangers to be avoided, and the means to be adopted in order to reach that perfection after which we are all of us commanded to seek. Though more expressly designed for the inmates of the cloister. Catholics in all stations of life may find valuable suggestions in this little volume.

THE TWO SISTERS. By Lady Herbert.—Boston: Patrick Donahoe:

A simple but pretty little tale pleasantly told, with the view of showing the origin, objects of, and mode of living in, the Asylums of the "Good Shepherd" now happily established in most of the large cities of the world.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW—April, 1870.—Messrs. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

The current number of this periodical, the organ of the more advanced section of the Protestant world is as usual full of ably written, and interesting articles on religious, social, and literary topics. We give a table of contents:—1. Unpublished Letters written by S. T. Coleridge; 2. American Socialisms; 3. The Paraguayan War; 4. The English Parliament and the Irish Land; 5. The Imperial Library of Paris; 6. Paper Girl; 7. Prostitution and How to Deal with it; 8. The Action of Natural Selection on Man. Contemporary Literature.

The hay crop near Perth is said to be ruined by drought, and prospects for other produce are poor.

A NEW CHURCH.

LOUETTE, May 30th, 1870.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

DEAR SIR,—Yesterday after Vespers we took a drive down to the parish of St. Thomas, where the corner-stone of a new church was to be laid. Precisely at the appointed hour 5 1/2 o'clock p.m., the Rev. P. Lajoie, cure of Joliette, mounted the 4 feet high wall of the new edifice and addressed the crowd around him on the importance of the ceremonies etc. to be performed. He took his text from the 126th psalm, "Nisi Dominus edificaverit domum etc."

The discourse being ended, the Rev. A. Dupuis, cure of St. Elizabeth, assisted by Revs. G. Langlais, C. S. V., Proc. College Joliette, and Tos. Bonin, vicaire de Joliette, commenced the usual ceremonies prescribed by the ritual. Then the cure of the place, Rev. J. O. Chicoine, invited all bystanders to come forth and let the ornamented hammer fall upon the corner-stone, and to drop with it something green, white, or red, every one according to his good will and means. This had a good effect. At first advanced the assisting clergy, among whom we noticed the Revs. L. Levesque, Director College Joliette; Professor E. Laporte, C. S. V.; H. Dupuis, vicaire of St. Elizabeth, and many others, followed by the crowd, assembled from all sides. The exact sum realized we do not know. What we know is, that Mons. le Cure, J. O. Chicoine, was very satisfied and vowed for the solidity of the corner-stone; for said he, many have tested it.

The dimensions of the building are 161x60 and build of the best of materials on the grounds where the old church stood. The new sacristy is already finished. The whole will be opened for divine worship this fall.

The ingenious Mons. Chicoine has found a simple but rather romantic means to continue regular service for his parishioners. We visited the curious tenement which his reverence styles "Eglise d'Ele," and found it to be "God's footstool" in all its simplicity (the bare ground) ornamented by Spring, and covered with the productions of the pine (rough boards), to protect the pious assembly against attacks of the burning mid-day sun, or the showering tears of an envious cloud that may happen to pass over their heads. I am told that even the birds on the surrounding trees join their carrol to the Hymns of the congregation to praise their Creator more solemnly.

In fine we can but felicitate the zealous Cure and his self-sacrificing flock for their good will and rapid progress. Ere long they will be amply rewarded for their unceasing labors. For this new edifice, when once finished, will be one of the handsomest at this side of Montreal.—When will Joliette boast of a new Church?

Yours, etc.,

SPECTATOR.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

SIR,—You are perhaps aware of the fact that owing to the strange conduct of certain of their compatriots who have attained to high places in the Land, in matters appertaining to the Catholic Religion, the Scotch Catholics of Glengary are not looked upon at a distance as diamonds of the first water. Now, a residence of some years amongst them, with full opportunities of studying their character in all its phases, has convinced me that as a body, they are grossly misrepresented in this respect, and as one proof is better than a thousand assertions, I give you for the edification of your numerous readers, the following reliable information. It so happens that the County of Glengary to-day is the only part of the Province of Ontario where public homage to our Divine Lord's Real Presence in the most Holy Sacrament of the Altar is paid by thousands of true Catholics. And, Sir, it would have afforded ineffable satisfaction to all faithful Catholics to have witnessed the devotion, rising to the level of enthusiasm, manifested yesterday by at least two thousand highland Catholics, good and true, who had joined in solemn Procession, and accompanied, with bared head and becoming recollection, our Blessed Lord borne under a splendid canopy of cloth of gold by Father O'Connor a distance of over a mile, to a neat rustic Repository where, after solemn Benediction, He was borne back in triumph to the Parish Church; where again Solemn Benediction terminated the day's devotion. On the time honored principle that honor should be given where it is due, I have deemed it proper to furnish you with these data which I think fully make out my case, as enunciated at the commencement of these remarks. I cannot close these hurried lines without mentioning another fact equally creditable to their heads and hearts, that ere six o'clock the same evening, this large assemblage of people had betaken themselves to their respective homes, without a trace of drink being observable on any of them; thus plainly demonstrating their faithful compliance with Father O'Connor's earnest appeal to them in that regard, who begged them to prove the sincerity of their belief in this fundamental principle of Faith, and their entire appreciation of the gravity of the solemn ceremony they had just assisted at, by so comporting them-

selves during the remainder of the day, as to challenge the admiring testimony and respect of their Protestant fellow-citizens who were present in large numbers, and who, to their honor be it recorded, evinced a marked consideration for the feelings and convictions of their Catholic neighbors.

Your faithful scribe,

LOCHIEL.

Alexandria, Ont., June 20, 1870.

[For the True Witness.]

VILLA MARIA'S MOUNTAIN SCHOOL.

An old relic of Canadian history is still noticeable by the wayside on Sherbrooke Street, immediately in front of the Mountain Seminary. The Cross was planted upon the Mountain in 1643, and the incursions of the Iroquois were at their height between that period and 1670.—The venerable heroine of this island, or her associates imparted instruction to the aborigines in 1675, in the place now occupied by two ancient forts (tour de forts). Improvement has necessitated many changes in this vicinity, and probably a few months may see this last remnant of past history completely demolished. The following lines embody those few touching incidents:—

i. Nigh two hundred years ago, My own Villa School, When woodlands surrounded thee, My own Villa School; And trees lined the St. Lawrence, And hutsmen, Mount Royal, The Cross overshadowed thee, My own Villa School.

ii. What thoughts spring to memory, My own Villa School, When I think of thy history, My own Villa School; And see relics so fond,—to part Give free scope to march of art, The Cross overshadowed thee, My own Villa School.

iii. 'Twas the Sires of old Gaul, My own Villa School, Who deciphered thy destiny, My own Villa School; And monks' platted thy mission, To sow broadcast—Religion, The Cross overshadowed thee, My own Villa School.

iv. Thou hast braved all the tempests, My own Villa School, While Empires have crumbled, My own Villa School, And Nations grew round thee, Great, warlike—and stately, The Cross overshadowed thee, My own Villa School.

v. Bright be thy future, My own Villa School, Far be from thee—dark clouds, My own Villa School; And may sons of this Virgin soil, Catch the glow of thy ceaseless toil, Oh, thine be the victory, My own Villa School.

* Sister Margaret Bourgeois, Foundress of the Congregation de Notre Dame, and the Abbe J. J. Olier, founder of the Society of St. Sulpice, who first prompted the colonization of the Island of Montreal.

On Wednesday, 5th inst., the following pupils of the St. Antoine Academy under the charge of the Ladies of the Congregation made their first Communion:—Misses Agnes McGee, Annie O'Brien, and Isabella Clerk.

We learn that orders, directing the departure of the Rifle Brigade from Canada, have been countermanded, a fact which will be received with pleasure by all.

The Markham Economist says lay in old meadows will this year be light. The barley, oats and peas are very much improved since the rain, and, should the weather continue favorable, will yield an average crop. There is also a prospect of a very heavy crop of fruit.

THE PRINCE'S PRESENTS.—Before the Prince went away he made several presents. As showing his kindness of heart we may mention one. He sent Mr. Quinn, the Cote des Neiges road toll keeper, a photograph of himself to a little table case. Mr. Quinn is naturally very grateful for this mark of attention, and states that the Prince never passed the gate without having some kind word to say. Mr. Quinn also states what is quite natural, that it is not everybody who would have thus thought of him. But, we may add, he is himself almost an institution. He has been toll-keeper for about thirty years, and there is nowhere a more careful or painstaking officer.—Gazette.

Hearth and Home for June 25th contains the first of a series of sketches entitled Jethro Throop's Night Thoughts, by John Thomas, who is no other than Petroleum V. Nasby. The great humorist will take an honest country boy to the city, conduct him through the usual experience, and restore him to his home a sadder and wiser boy, satisfied that the peaceful, honest, and temperate life of the farmer is the best and safest life that can be lived. This is a lesson greatly needed at this time, and Nasby is the man to teach it.

We understand that the firm of Robert Mitchell & Co. have paid those of their employees, (14 in number) who were called to the front during the late Fenian invasion, for the whole of the time lost by them on that occasion. Such conduct shows a spirit of liberality not often to be met with, and is deserving of the highest commendation.—Gazette.

PRESENTATION TO THE REVEREND FATHER HOGAN.

On Wednesday evening last the members of the Young Shamrock Lacrosse Club presented the Rev. Mr. Hogan, pastor of St. Ann's Church, with a beautiful walking cane richly mounted in silver, and bearing the inscription of the Presentation. The following address indicative of the general esteem in which this Rev. gentleman is held was read to him on the occasion:—

VENERABLE AND BELOVED PASTOR,—We, the members of the Young Shamrock Lacrosse Club, desire to express to you on this occasion the unbounded love and respect which has always filled our hearts at the sight of your many sacrifices and unceasing labours. The entire Parish of St. Ann's which has the great happiness of your fostering protection and ministering solicitude, with one voice echoes the praises of their cherished Pastor. We venture to assert that amongst your parishioners, none possess hearts more brimful of love for you than the members of the Young Shamrock Lacrosse Club. The constant encouragement which you gave to our legitimate amusement by your presence amongst us on many a sportive evening; at the same time the ardent zeal for our spiritual welfare which burned through all your words, have impressed upon our minds the magnitude of the debt which we owe to you, and make us desirous of testifying to you our gratitude.

The offering which we make is small, but were it of immense cost, it would always remain inadequate to your merits. We ask you to look upon it as an offering of our hearts, that the seed of every virtue which you yourself possess, may through your endeavours take root therein, and afford you the happiness of seeing us true sons of Erin by being faithful children of our Holy Mother the Church.

That Almighty God may bless and prolong your sojourn amongst us through many long and happy days, that you may enjoy all blessings of soul and body, and that we may be ever worthy of retaining in your memory a place proportionate not to this small testimonial, but to the gratitude of our souls, are the wishes that shall ever emanate from the bosoms of your devoted children.

(Signed.)

B. CASSIDY, President. R. KEYS, Secretary.

MONTREAL, June 15th, 1870.

Father Hogan in a neat and affectionate reply, expressed his most cordial thanks, as likewise the consolation afforded to him by the words of the address, by their willingness to obey their pastor and by their docility to his teachings. He trusted that having now laid the foundation of every moral and intellectual virtue, they would afterwards become useful and honourable members of their district, a credit to their religion, to their country, to their families, and to the City of Montreal.

DEDICATION OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH AT WAUBASHENE.—Last Sunday we witnessed the Dedication of a new Roman Catholic Church, at Waubashene, which is under the charge of the Rev. Father Kennedy, of Penetanguishene. The sermon on the occasion was preached by the Very Rev. Dean Northgraves of Barrie. The Rev. gentleman handled his subject in an able manner, which was nothing more than we expected since, he has the reputation of being one of the soundest theologians in this Province. There were upwards of four hundred persons present to witness the ceremony, some two hundred of whom were from the village of Penetanguishene; we also noticed ladies and gentlemen from Barrie, Orillia, Floss, Medonte, &c., which speaks well for the popularity of the Rev. Father Kennedy. Mr. Hall very kindly sent his steam tug Minnie Hall to Penetanguishene for the purpose of conveying the people to and from Waubashene free of charge. Father Kennedy also expected Mr. Christie's Steamer, which however, owing to some cause unexplained did not appear.

The church itself is a neat frame structure of respectable dimensions, we did not learn the exact size, it is well furnished inside, and neatly painted outside. We cannot speak to highly of the liberality of Mr. Hall, the spirited proprietor of the Waubashene Mills, who presented the beautiful site for the Church, and donated the lumber for the erection of the same. Such liberality is not often met with in this country and we believe Mr. Hall fully merits the warmest regard of his Catholic friends, for his utter contempt of that narrow minded bigotry which characterises too many people of the various religious denominations; we must not forget to mention that Mr. and Mrs. Hall very kindly entertained the Rev. gentlemen and others from a distance, by giving an excellent and most enjoyable dinner, in a word they kept an open house for all who wished to partake of their hospitality. We must confess that we were agreeably disappointed to find such a neat little village in such an out of the way place. Mr. Hall's Mills, which are amongst the finest in Canada, are the principal features of attraction, want of space prevents us giving a full description of same. We will do so next week.—Orillia Northern Light.

THE FENIANS AND THE IRISH CATHOLICS OF CANADA.—Mr. O'Connor, M.P. for Essex, has written a letter to the Governor General urging the necessity of pressing, through the proper channels, upon the American Government, their duty to put down Fenianism at once and for ever. There is not one man out of a thou-

sand in Canada who will not agree with Mr. O'Connor, whilst his views have been urged by the press, east and west, during the last fortnight with singular unanimity. We have no doubt that the Government feel as strongly as Mr. O'Connor in this matter, and that it will not be their fault if the American Government is not made to realize its duties and responsibilities. There is one point in his letter demanding attention. He observes that a Fenian raid raises "unjust suspicion and consequent distrust of a large and important class of the people of Canada—the Irish Catholics." We beg to differ from Mr. O'Connor in this matter to a certain extent. Distrust and ill-will might have been engendered but for the honorable and patriotic bearing of the Irish Roman Catholics. Not one of them joined the invaders, whilst many of them marched against them. Mr. O'Connor is right in justifying their loyalty, and may feel proud in doing so. It has been recognized and appreciated by intelligent Canadians of other creeds, although it may have been doubted by those ignorant of the facts. We agree with the hon. gentleman, however, in thinking that it has a tendency to engender undesired suspicion and ill-will.

The above just remarks are taken from the Ottawa Citizen. It speaks the sentiments of the intelligent portion of the Protestant community of this country. The Irish Catholics of Canada are a God fearing, law-abiding people, and spurn with contempt an organization that is under the ban of their Church, for whoever belongs to it must be anathema.—British Warg.

The pretention of low-churchmen that they are more scriptural than others; but their real strength depends on the popular belief that they are more anti-Romish than their high church brethren. Both the low-church pretention and the title of low churchmen to popular favor, might very fairly be questioned. All law stands, more or less, in need of interpretation, and for our part we never could understand why the opinions of the Fathers allowing them no greater authority than that springing from their exceptional advantages, should not be considered as somewhat more trust worthy than the interpretation of the Reverend Mr. Stiggins of our own enlightened century. Again, although it cannot be denied that most men have passed through high-churchism on their road to Rome, yet it is not less clear that the most likely convert for Rome is the evangelical who begins to reason. As his idea of a church becomes formed he is not unlikely to rush into extremes, and to think that the universe is made for the church and not the church for the world. It is this slippery position which produces, and perhaps excuses to some extent, the ferocity of evangelicism. But be this as it may nothing is more painfully striking than the more than Roman fanaticism of the low-church party and its organs.—Evening Telegraph.

THE METHODISTS AND THE GOVERNMENT.—In a short notice of this subject, a couple of days ago we expressed our regret that a subject of so much interest to a large number of persons should have been brought up under such leadership as that of Dr. Ryerson. One cannot well separate the present from the past: a public man who has been so prominent as the Reverend Doctor, nor readily believe that he, who has been so apt to flatter and work for Sir George Cartier through so many years, would have turned on him now, had not confederation removed the pension of the Ex-School Superintendent, with all the "casual advantages" from the sphere over which Sir George exercises an influence.—Montreal Herald.

The flag of the new Dominion, which is flying from the Government vessels now in port, is the blue ensign, with the arms of the Dominion on the fly. The arms on the fly are the arms of each of the four provinces combined in one shield, the shield surrounded with a garland or wreath of Maple leaves surmounted by a Crown resting on the wreath. The design is pretty, although some people are inclined to think it is too foreign looking. The Governor General's flag is the Union Jack, with the above arms or bidge of the Dominion emblazoned on a shield in the centre. The flag for the Lieutenant Governors of the Provinces is the Union Jack with the arms of the respective Provinces on a shield in the centre, surrounded by a wreath of Maple leaves.—Halifax Reporter.

It is with deep regret we have to announce the death by drowning of Mr. Christopher Abbott, of this city. We learn by telegram that Mr. Abbott, who has been living at St. Anne's, went with his wife and son in a boat on Sunday after lunch to Big St. Joseph. They appear to have landed here, and while Mrs. Abbott remained ashore, Mr. Abbott and his son went for a swim in the bay. When about a mile out the boat capsized and they were thrown into the water. They tried to swim ashore which the son was able to reach, but Mr. Abbott was drowned. We have not yet had intelligence of the recovery of the body.—Herald.

The Prescott Telegraph says the late weather has been exceedingly favourable for the growing crops. Rain has fallen at short intervals, keeping the ground moist and imparting a freshness and vigour to vegetation which is delightful to behold. Farmers no longer feel any anxiety as to the crops, except hay, which will be inevitably light; but for everything else the prospects are fair and full of encouragement.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

North Nation Mills, T Bourke \$2; Shediac, N-B., P J Sweeney, 2; St. Catharines East, P Meagher, 2; Sherbrooke, M McCarthy, 2; Dundee, D J McRae, 2; Lafontaine, Rev L Gibra, 2; L'Assomption, P Flanagan, 1; Collfield, M Kennedy, 7; St. Romuald, d'Etobimou, Rev P Sax, 5; Marysville, T Deary, 2; River Beaudette, L McLachlan, 2; Boston, Mass. U.S., Miss R A Brady, 3. Per H O'Connor—W Dwyer, St Marys, 1.50. Per Rev A E Dufresne—Miss McAfferty, Cookshire, 4. Per D Walker—D Donohue, Downeyville, 2. Per W Chisholm—S McIntosh, St Andrews, 2. Per Rev J J Chisholm—J McDonald, Margaree, N.S., 5; Rev J Y McDonnell, St Andrews, N.S., 5. Per Rev J S O'Connor, Alexandria—L McCormick, 23 3 Lochiel, 2.

Died.

In this city, on the 17th inst., Harriett Preston, the beloved wife of Edward O'Connor, aged 51 years.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS

Montreal, June 21, 1870. Flour—Pollards, \$2.90 to \$3.00; Middlings \$3.60 \$3.70; Fine, \$3.90 to \$4.00; Super, No. 2 \$4.20 to

\$4.30; Superfine \$4.30 \$4.40; Fancy \$4.90 to \$5.00; Extra, \$5.40 to \$6.00; Superior Extra \$3.00 to 0.00; Bag Flour, \$2.20 to \$2.30 per 100 lbs. Catmeal per brl. of 200 lbs.—\$4.25 to 4.60. Wheat per bush, of 60 lbs.—U. C. Spring, \$1.10 to \$1.20. Ashes per 100 lbs.—First Pots \$5.45 to \$5.60 Seconds, \$5.00 to \$5.05; Thirds, \$5.00 to 4.20.—First Pearls, 7.10 to 7.15. Pork per brl. of 200 lbs.—Mess, 27.50 to 28.00;—Thin Mess \$25.00; Prime, \$30.00 to 30.00. Butter, per lb.—More inquiry, with latest sales of common to medium at 15c to 17c.—good per choice Western bringing 17c. to 18c. Cheese, per lb.—14 to 15c. Lard, per lb.—14c. Barley per 48 lbs.—Prices nominal,—worth about \$0.40 to \$0.50. Peas, per 66 lbs.—\$0.84.

MONTREAL RETAIL MARKET PRICES.

Table with columns for item, unit, and price. Includes Flour, Oatmeal, Indian Meal, Rye-Flour, Dairy Produce, Meats, Grain, Poultry and Game, and Miscellaneous items.



THE REGULAR MONTHLY MEETING of the ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY will be held in the ST. PATRICK'S HALL, on MONDAY EVENING, 4th JULY.

(By Order) M. O'CONNOR, Rec. Sec.

GURY'S THEOLOGY.

COMPENDIUM THEOLOGIAE MORALIS, or P. J. P. GURY, S. J. New Edition with the complete notes of Bellarini; bound, marble edge, \$3.00. D. & J. SADLER & CO., Montreal.

MASSON COLLEGE.

PUBLIC DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES TO THE PUPILS OF THIS INSTITUTION, ON THURSDAY, JUNE 30th, (at 10 A.M.) NOTICE—The Dumaine Stages will leave for Terrebonne on this occasion. There will be vehicles for the conveyance of baggage. Times of starting from 'Hotel Mennier,' St. Lawrence Street—SEVEN o'clock, A.M. T. N. LECLERC, Ptre. Director.

INFORMATION WANTED

OF MAURICE GRANEY, aged 22 years, who left Montreal about 5 years ago for New Glasgow, Nova Scotia. Any information concerning him will be most thankfully received by his Father and Mother, James and Ellen Graney, Richardson Street, Point St. Charles, Montreal.

NOTICE.

TO THE CLERGY AND RELIGIOUS COMMUNITY. THE Balance of Church Ornaments, and other articles for the use of the Clergy and Religious Community, will be sold without reserve at reduced prices until the 15th day of August next, after which date the Shop will be closed, and the business discontinued. By Order of the Executors of the late JOSEPH BRAUDRY.

F. CALLAHAN, JOB PRINTER, 28 ST. JOHN STREET, Corner of Notre Dame, (Over J. M'Entyre's Clothing Store,) MONTREAL. Orders by Mail promptly attended to.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, June 14.—The Emperor to-day is suffering from an attack of gout, his condition creates uneasiness on the Bourse.

The French papers state that the preliminary investigation with reference to the plot against the life of the Emperor will soon be concluded, and they confirm the report that six additional conspirators have been arrested. Four of them are journeymen engineers, viz., Grenier, Le Renard, Deker, and Dorian. The fifth, one Buellant, is a shoemaker. Grenier, who is described as a very clever workman, is said to be the inventor of the bombs. Le Renard is the man who gave M. Lepet, the ironfounder, the order for their manufacture. At his lodgings the police discovered tools which were used to give the finishing touch to these destructive engines. Raelant was present at the secret meetings where the manufacture of the bombs was decided on, and as for Deker and Dorian, the papers seized at their lodgings are said to establish their active participation in the criminal doings of the other three. The last arrested is a shoemaker named Ruissseau. He seems, according to the *Figaro*, to have shown fight. When the police inspector entered his room at daybreak, Ruissseau attempted to slay him with a shoemaker's paring-knife, but the inspector pulled out a revolver and held him at bay until his men came up and handcuffed him. Ruissseau who was described in M. Grandperret's report as the prime mover in this diabolical business, has so far contrived to baffle the police. The High Court of Justice is to assemble in the course of next month to try this conspiracy case. It will meet in the Salle des Etats in the Castle of Blois, a place historically famous by the murder of the Duke of Guise.

Since the *Plébisците* political affairs in France have been conducted with singular calmness and at the present moment all interest in politics seems to have disappeared. M. Gambetta a Republican deputy, has recommended his friends to abstain from violence and conspiracy, and attributed the large number of affirmative votes in the *Plébisците* to the fears of the bourgeoisie which had been excited by the allegations of intended violence on the part of the Republicans.—Times.

MR. NEWSWATER IN HOT-WATER.—The Prime Minister of England, observes the *Monde*, has rendered to Catholics a service for which they will feel grateful, by limiting the inquiry concerning monastic and conventual institutions to the title under which they hold their property, and we hope that he will shortly render them another no less important, by pursuing the course upon which he has entered. Providence has overruled to the benefit of those monastic establishments the investigation which has been proposed for the express purpose of effecting their ruin. Laws were passed in the times of persecution, and are still unrespected, which contain the most severe enactments against religious orders, and against all persons who have bound themselves by religious vows. The Government might not perhaps have gone so far as to take the initiative, but Mr. Newsgate has now rendered their task easy; and those monstrous anomalies which are so repugnant to the spirit of toleration that prevails at the present day, more especially in England, will doubtless be swept away. Verily the fanatical Newsgate has put his foot in it. As a member of the Committee of Inquiry, a witness of his own defeat, and of the abrogation of those laws which, in the fullness of his impotent malice, he would fain have seen carried out in all their severity, this latter will cut a ridiculous figure, and will strongly resemble "a little devil in a coat (*benêt*)."

CONSTITUTIONAL LIBERALISM IN FRANCE.—The recent formation by M. Picard and 16 of his colleagues in the *Corps Legislatif* of a new political party, which they designate as the 'Constitutional Left,' has evoked adverse criticisms from many and various quarters. The extreme Imperialist, or 'Right' party, condemn the programme—general as it is—of the new fraction as an unnecessary addition to the chaos of French politics. The *Liberte*, a democratic Imperialist journal, cannot understand what is meant by the new party. The statement that it comprises those who respect the laws and are opposed to revolution, street riots, and disorders generally, would admit the representatives of extreme democracy, such as M. Gambetta and Jules Favre. If the object of the new party be to hold aloof from the violence of extreme partisans and revolutionary doctrines it might have been obtained without the creation of a new difficulty in Parliamentary action; but the proper course for M. Picard and his friends would have been to have indicated their views by styling themselves, not the 'Constitutional Left,' but the 'Dynamic Left.' M. Louis Blanc, writing in the *Reppel* sees in this new party a danger for France, which, differing from England, always pursues logically an end from ascertained premises, and therefore he regards any attempted compromise with Republican principles as a betrayal of the country's interests. The fact appears to be that the constitution of an independent party is viewed with disfavour both by the Government and the Opposition, and as several men of Parliamentary weight and experience are included in the 'Constitutional Left,' there is a general agreement of opinion in condemning any departure from the strict party lines which hitherto have been binding upon all members of the Legislative Chamber. According to the *Patrie* a meeting of the Left which was to have been held on Tuesday was postponed because it had not been found possible to establish any agreement between the different fractions of the party, M. Gambetta representing the extreme wing, and M. Picard the newly-developed Constitutional Democrats. The separate existence of this new party is not likely to be very protracted, as not only is it denounced by Imperialists and Democrats, but its respective members are already differing upon the extent to which their party pledges have bound them either for or against the existing Government.

A PROFESSOR AND HIS PUPILS.—The students of law at the University of Paris, like their brethren of the medical school, appear to be keen politicians and severe Democrats. The hostility against Dr. Tardieu has subsided, and that learned professor has resumed his lectures but M. Laboulaye, whose name had been prominently mentioned as a probable Minister of Public Instruction, has been the object of a violent demonstration on the part of the students attending his lectures. The first appearance of M. Laboulaye was the signal for uproar, hooting, and cries of 'A. N. Senat,' to which those students who remained loyal to their predecessor responded by counter cries and cheers. In an interval of comparative silence M. Laboulaye entered into an explanation of his conduct, and denied that he had changed his political convictions, quoting in proof a work written by him in which he adopted the words of Benjamin Constant:—'Between a constitutional Monarchy and a Republic the difference is in form. Between a Constitutional Monarchy and an absolute Monarchy the difference is fundamental.' The disorder continued so great that the lecture was abandoned, and M. Laboulaye withdrew amid the hootings of his opponents and the cheers of his friends.

THE IRISH COLLEGE AT PARIS.—The French Catholic press is taking up the case of the Irish College which Lord Olanricarde has already brought before the House of Lords. This is a matter in the interests of religion, are concerned. The case of the Irish College differs entirely from that of the colleges of Douay and St. Omer. It possesses, as Lord Olanricarde urged, a distinct right of nationality beyond that which characterized the other institutions. When the ecclesiastical corporations were suppressed in 1789, the superior claimed exemption on the

ground that the property of the college was derived from the benefactions of British subjects. The English ambassador supported his plea, and the Government admitted its justice in a decree which was published in the *Moniteur* of the 30th October, 1790.—Three years afterwards all British subjects, including the Irish, were expelled from France, and their property, as far as was possible, sold. It was on this proceeding that the claim for indemnity after the return of the Bourbons was based. A mixed commission reported on the amount of compensation due to British subjects, and France paid the bill, England dividing the sum among the various claimants. The Catholic establishments were left out of this distribution on the pretext that they no longer existed; that they had no one legally to represent them; and that they were French rather than British. None of these grounds however applied to the Irish College. The College had returned to its post in 1801, and was in a flourishing condition, and its British nationality had been recognized by our ambassador in 1789. But the strongest point of all in its favor is that its claim entered into the calculation of the indemnity paid by France. We fear that Lord Olanricarde's remark, that if it had been a Protestant institution it would have got its money, is but too well founded. The sum to which it would be entitled is not—comparatively speaking—a very large one.—Including interest, £80,000 would, it is said, cover the whole claim. If, then, it is true that the money was appropriated to paying George IV.'s debts, would it be too much to expect, as the *Monde* suggests, that England should find money enough to redeem her honor from stain?

During the past year no less than 5,011 persons committed suicide in France—4,008 men, and 1,003 women. Of these 960 men and 407 women drowned themselves; 1,972 men and 335 women chose death by hanging; 488 men shot themselves, while 5 women owed their deaths to firearms; 192 men and 113 women made use of the fumes of charcoal; knives were used by 176 men and 33 women; poison by 74 men and 44 women; 99 men and 55 women met death by jumping from windows, towers, &c.; 31 persons flung themselves in the way of trains. One individual starved himself to death. It thus appears that hanging is the most prevalent method of self-destruction in France, then comes drowning, then suffocation by charcoal, and lastly by poison. It is a well known fact that so far from decreasing, the number of suicides increases in a direct ratio to the spread of education and civilization. In Prussia, the most highly educated country in Europe, the annual average of persons per million inhabitants who destroy themselves is 240—more than double the average of France, and nearly fourfold that of England. On the other hand, in Spain the average of suicides is only 14 per million inhabitants.

HARVEST PROSPECTS IN FRANCE.—A report of the state of the crops in the various departments of France published in *Le Nord* states that the recent rains in some districts have tended to diminish the injury which was being caused by long prevailing drought. Still the complaints of the farmers are loud and general. Wheat has suffered least. The rye in many places is almost entirely lost; owing to the continued dry weather at the period of its coming into ear, there will be short straw and very small ears. The coals crop, too, has failed. Maize, beet and potatoes are still safe, but their growth is very slow from lack of moisture. With respect to the hay harvest even half a crop would exceed the expectations now entertained from the parched condition of the meadows. Lean cattle will, it is expected, be cheap; but fat stock on the other hand, will be excessively dear. The vines are reported to have suffered greatly from hailstorms, but at present appearances are favourable. The fruit trees in the colder districts promise heavy crops, but unless copious rains should fall within the next week or two agricultural prospects in France will be very discouraging.

SMALLPOX IN PARIS.—Of the magnitude which the present epidemic of smallpox has attained in the French capital some idea may be formed when we state that the deaths returned last week numbered 195, being an increase of 16 on the previous week's return. The population of Paris is less than half that of London, yet its maximum number of deaths occurring in the latter city during any week of the year of greatest smallpox fatality for a third of a century never reached 100. No less than 1,940 fatal cases have occurred in Paris in the 20 weeks elapsed of the present year, a mortality equivalent to an annual death rate of 27 per 1,000 of the population, the corresponding ratio for London being 0.1 per 1,000. There appears to be not the slightest question that this most lamentable state of things in the French capital is attributable to the neglect of vaccination. Nobody doubts that the relative efficacy of animal, as distinguished from human vaccine, is an important scientific question; but it is unfortunate (to say the least) that the public mind of the Parisians should have been unsettled, and their faith in the Jennerian principle shaken, at a time when smallpox is raging epidemically in their city. Who will venture to say, with a knowledge of what is now occurring in Paris, that a law rendering vaccination compulsory is not humane, politic, and necessary to the well-being of every civilized community?—The Lancet.

ITALY.

PIEDMONT—THE REVOLUTION.—The alarm caused by the outbreak in Calabria and by the bands which appeared in arms on our frontier has subsided for the moment, the Pontifical authorities having received private and trustworthy information that Rome will not be the point of attack till the Party of Action have settled accounts with the Italian Government. The capture of forty men of Gagliano's band near Volterra is a matter of very slight importance, as the rest of the forces, eight hundred resolute and trained Garibaldians, had already, on a signal given by Mayer, of Leghorn, the mover and organizer of the movement, returned to their employment as miners and railway workmen in his pay. Gagliano was a man of no weight even in his own party, and is noted only for his attack on Bagnores in 1867, where he waged war on the convents and stole the altar-plate, but did not show distinguished gallantry when the Zonaves re-took the town. He issued a proclamation against the Pope as a matter of course the other day, but this was a feint, as no intention of crossing the Viterban frontier ever existed, and it was done to divert the attention of the Italian Government from its own danger.

ROME—PIUS IX.—On the 13th instant the Holy Father entered upon his 79th year. On the 17th of June will commence the 25th year of his Pontificate. Already its duration exceeds that of all his predecessors, except S. Peter and Pius VI. S. Peter as the 'Bien Public' observes, governed the Church for 25 years 2 months and 7 days; Pius VI for 24 years 6 months and 14 days. On the 30th of next Dec. Pius IX will have reigned as long as Pius VI, and if he should live till the 14th of August, 1871, he will have reigned longer than S. Peter. Whether he is destined to enjoy this privilege no man can tell; but whoever he is gathered to his predecessors the faithful will say that the Church has known no greater Pontiff since the days of S. Peter than that of Pius IX.—Vatican.

A HOSTILE TESTIMONY.—A friend of mine who was lately in company with a secretary of Mazzini's, who has been visiting a relation in Rome assured me that he was never more impressed than by the contempt the old conspirator expressed for Cæsar's party, and the full tribute of respect he paid to the attitude taken by the Pope. 'These people,' he said, 'are doing our work, but they are poor creatures, slaves to the governments and false to their own principles as Catholics. Were all the Church made of the same paste as Pius IX. she would be too strong for us; but while we look upon him as our chief enemy we admire him as much as we despise the men whom

we are obliged to use to destroy him.'—Gor of Tablet.

A WISE PRECAUTION.—The Union of Paris relates an instance of what it designates the "paradox" on the part of the Crown Prince of Prussia, but which others may regard as an instance of prudence. It appears that when the King of Prussia visited Carlsbad in 1865 the keeper of the hotel where His Majesty had lodged included in his bill a sum of 4,000*fr.* for flowers used for the decoration of the apartments. Remembering this fact, the Prince Royal sent about three months ago one of his secretaries to Carlsbad to arrange with the hotel proprietor the terms for accommodation, without mentioning for whom the apartments were required. The hotelkeeper, believing that he was dealing with a private person, agreed to let a suite of six rooms for 90*fr.* a week. The meals, attendance, and other expenses were also fixed at a like moderate tariff, and it was only when his expected visitors arrived that the hotelkeeper found that the heir to the Prussian throne was to be his guest.

RUSSIA AND POLAND.

A letter has recently arrived in Rome from Mgr. Borowski, Bishop of Zytomir and Luck, one of the last of the Polish Catholic Prelates. It gives grievous details of the inhuman persecution of Catholics and Polish Nationality, carried on by the Russian Government. For a long time Mgr. Borowski strove to avoid giving offence to the Russian authorities but his refusal to send a deputy to the so-called Catholic College of St. Petersburg brought on him a reprimand from the Czar, whilst the Government, ordered a Volynian priest to go to the schismatic college. The Bishop was then forbidden to make his visits of inspection to the churches of his diocese, or to appoint priests to them without the consent of the local authorities. Catholic churches were destroyed, a considerable number of their handed over to the schismatics, and the diocesan seminary withdrawn from the jurisdiction of the Bishop and placed under that of the schismatic College of St. Petersburg. A final rupture was caused by the Imperial ukase communicated in a circular of the Governor-General of Kiev, dated the 8th March last. This document requires the Bishop:—1st. To have announced in every Church that any Catholic can, by the intervention of the police, demand that the Russian language be used in all the prayers, hymns, and sermons of the Church. 2nd. To have all the prayer books, rituals, &c. of the Church translated into Russian, and submitted to the Governor for approval; and if the Bishop cannot find anyone with a sufficient knowledge of Russian, to inform the Governor, who will provide a translator. 3rd. To cause addresses of thanks to the Czar, for the favour conferred by the above order, to be signed and transmitted to the Emperor. When Monsignor Borowski expressed his opposition to this edict, as being contrary to the canons, he was ordered at once to proceed to Kiev on the 22nd March. The parting between the Bishop and his people was most affecting. The whole population turned out en masse to bid him farewell, and mothers carried their children to receive the episcopal benediction. What fate is in store for the venerable confessor is not yet known; but, from the tone of his letter, Mgr. Borowski seems penetrated with the idea that a quiet and speedy death awaited him at Kiev, just as had happened to Bishops Lubierskian and Wojkiewicz, one of whom died on the road to exile, and the other at Wilna, whither he had been summoned from his diocese of Minsk. The letter containing most of the above details, was written by Mgr. Borowski whilst on his way to Kiev, and committed by him to a confidential friend, by whose means, after a long series of adventures, it has at length reached Rome.

UNITED STATES.

The form of the marriage service in Indiana has been changed to suit the laws of that State, and for the phrase, 'until death do us part,' there has been substituted, 'until divorced according to law.'

An Ohio woman has coughed up a fish bone which she had in her throat forty-two years. It restored her voice, and her husband wants a divorce.

A little Connecticut boy, asking a mate who Good Friday was, received the withering reply: 'Well, you go home and read your Robinson Crusoe.'

As many of our readers are anxious to know what the penalty is for violating the neutrality laws of the United States, a crime of which every Fenian in that country has been guilty, we quote from the 6th section of the American Neutrality Law of 1818, as follows:—'If any person shall, within the territory or jurisdiction of the United States, begin or set on foot, or provide or prepare the means for, any military expedition or enterprise to be carried on from thence against the territory or dominions of any foreign prince or state, or of any colony, district or people, with whom the United States are at peace, every person so offending shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be fined not exceeding three thousand dollars and imprisoned not more than three years.'

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER has undoubtedly achieved a success in this country which is without a parallel in the history of the toilet. Its popularity overshadows that of the finest perfumes from Germany, France, and England. Nor is this popularity to be attributed to its comparative cheapness so much as to its superiority. The fabric impregnated with it exhales the essence of the odorous tropical flowers. The fragrance is as fresh as if it flowed from the dew charged blossoms of that land, and the spicy atmosphere is alike celebrated by Dr. the and the historian. Nor is this odor evanescent. On the contrary, it clings to the handkerchief, as if incorporated with its threads. Diluted with water it is admirable as a mouth wash after smoking and as a counter-irritant after shaving.

J. F. Henry & Co Montreal, General Agents for Canada. For sale in Montreal by Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, Davidson & Co, K Campbell & Co, J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, Picault & Son, J. Goulden, R. S. Latham, and all Dealers in Medicine.

Beware of counterfeits; always ask for the legitimate Murray & Lanman's Florida Water, prepared only by Lanman & Kemp, New York. All others are worthless.

Caution to Purchasers of the Peruvian Syrup (a protected solution of the protoxide of iron). Beware of being deceived by any of the preparations of Peruvian Bark, or Bark and Iron, which may be offered to you. Every bottle of genuine has Peruvian Syrup (not Peruvian bark) blown in the glass. Examine the bottle before purchasing.

RACKED AND CONTORTED BY PAIN.

No disease is more agonizing than rheumatism; none more difficult to relieve; yet a case which, for thirty years had baffled the Faculty, has, it appears, been completely cured. The particulars are given, with expressions of astonishment at the result, in many of the western journals. They state that John Roche, of Cleveland, Ohio, aged fifty-six years, had, for the greater part of his life, endured 'torments of the most terrible description. His limbs had been racked and contorted by pain and muscular contractions, until his knee joints were of the size of a man's head, and his fingers knotted and drawn up, while a scrofulous tendency in the blood was indicated by blotches and pustules on various parts of his body. In this dire condition he began to use Bristol's Sugar Coated Pills, in conjunction with that great

antidote to the virus of scrofula, Bristol's Sugar Coated Pills. Eleven vials of the Pills, and eight bottles of the Sarsaparilla, relieved him from every vestige of pain; and he is now well, cheerful, and able to attend to his business.

Agents for Montreal—Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, Davidson & Co, K Campbell & Co, J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, H R Gray, Picault & Son, J. Goulden, R S Latham, and all dealers in medicine.

STOMACH DISEASE CURED!

Hartman's Corners, Aurora, C.W., July 7th, 1864.

Gentlemen.—It affords me pleasure to give my own testimonial in favor of Bristol's Sugar coated Pills. Before last February, I had been under the Doctor's hands for about six weeks, and also before that at different intervals, without benefit; but since taking these Pills, the complaint with which I was troubled has been removed completely, and I have enjoyed good health ever since, having used no other medicine. The complaint affected me in this manner: I was attacked with a severe pain in my stomach, which extended to my back, causing acid eructa, and so weak that I could not stand.

I advise every one that is troubled with the same symptoms to use these Pills, as I would not be without them in my family on any account.

Yours, &c., ABRAHAM GRIMSHAW 465.

Agents for Montreal—Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, Davidson & Co K Campbell & Co, J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, Picault & Son, H. R. Gray, J. Goulden, R. S. Latham, and all Dealers in Medicine.

In times past the *Alexandre Organ* has been considered the *ne plus ultra* of reed instruments; competition has been thought impossible since the Messrs. Alexandre received the first premium, a gold medal, at the last Paris Exposition. But we have the best reason to believe that in quality of tone the *AMERICAN ORGAN* is far superior. In proof of this we call attention to a letter from Henry T. Leslie, Doctor of Music, an eminent London organist in which the great superiority of the *American Organ* over the *Alexandre* is cheerfully admitted. The letter is printed in the advertisement of Messrs. Smith in another column.

Who that has seen a dangerous disease arrested by an able physician or a good medicine but values both. Be it your family physician to whom you owe so many escapes from aches and ails, or Dr. Ayer's Inimitable Remedies—his Sarsaparilla that renewed your vitality or Cherry Pectoral that cured a painful cough, or his *Ague Cure* that expelled the freezing ague or burning fever from your blood. Who that has been relieved by any of these agencies but feels grateful for them all?—Bangor Times.

WANTED

By a Lady a Situation as Governess to young children. No objection to travel or to the country.—Unexceptionable references. Address—J. R., True Witness Office, Montreal.

TEACHER WANTED.

Wanted a First or Second Class Teacher, for Roman Catholic Separate School, Picton, Ont. Applicants to address to JOSEPH REDMOND, Sec.

WANTED.

A LADY (aged 40) who has for several years past kept house for Clergymen, is desirous of obtaining a similar situation. Address "E. L.," True Witness Office.

WANTED

A STOUT BOY as an Apprentice to the BLACK-SMITH business. Wages liberal. A Boy from the country preferred. Apply at 58 Murray Street, Montreal.

SITUATION WANTED

By a young Lady holding a Normal School Diploma, and capable of teaching French and English. Apply at this Office.

MONTH OF JUNE.

Devotions of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, arranged for each day of the Month of June. To which are added Father Burg's Novena of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, with the approbation of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Philadelphia. Sent Free by Mail on receipt of price—45c. D. & J. SADLER & CO., Montreal.

GLASGOW DRUG HALL,

396 NOTRE DAME STREET. THE undersigned begs to return his grateful acknowledgments to his numerous friends and customers, for their very liberal patronage during the past ten years. He would, at the same time, remark that while yielding to none in the quality of his Medicines and the care with which they are dispensed, the charges will only be such as are compatible with a first-class article and a fair, honest profit. Being a believer in free trade in Physic, his store will be found equal to the wants of Allopathists, Homoeopaths, Eclectics, Thompsonians, &c, with all the Patent Medicines of the day. As certain interested parties have circulated a rumor crediting him with having an interest in other drug establishments besides his own, he takes this opportunity to say that it is simply untrue. Trusting that the favors of the past will be continued in the future, he remains Their obedient servant, J. A. HARTE, Druggist. P.S.—Early in this month the GLASGOW DRUG HALL will be removed to No 406, two doors west of present stand. 106

LOVELLS

DOMINION AND PROVINCIAL DIRECTORIES.

To be Published in October, 1870.

NOTICE.—Learning that my name has been unwarrantably used in connection with Directories now being canvassed in the Provinces, and entirely distinct from my works, and that in other cases it has been stated that my Directories have been abandoned I would request those desiring to give a preference to my works to see that persons representing themselves as acting for me are furnished with satisfactory credentials. JOHN LOVELL, Publisher. Montreal, March 16, 1870.

LOVELLS DIRECTORIES.

It is intended to make these Directories the most

complete and correct ever issued on this continent. They are not being prepared by correspondence, but by Personal Canvass, from door to door, of my own Agents, for the requisite information. I have now engaged on the work in the several Provinces Forty men and Twenty horses. These are engaged mainly on the towns and villages of the Railway and Steamboat Routes, important places on the lines being held till the completion of the former, to admit of correction to latest date.

I anticipate issuing, in October next, the Canadian Dominion Directory, and six Provincial Directories, which will prove a correct and full index to the Dominion of Canada, Newfoundland, and Prince Edward Island, and a combined Gazetteer, Directory and Hand Book of the six Provinces.

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Dominion of Canada Subscribers,.....\$12 00. United States do 12 Gold. Great Britain and Ireland do £3 50. France, Germany, &c. do £3 50.

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FACILITIES for the production of Musical Instruments consists of Well-chosen Materials, Labor-saving Machinery, Musical Knowledge and Experience, Refined Taste in Decoration, Division of Manual Labor, Active Personal Supervision, and Ample Capital. The Messrs. SMITH, believe that their FACILITIES ARE UNEQUALLED and that their establishment cannot be surpassed in any of these particulars.

But it is not claimed that the AMERICAN ORGAN is sold at the lowest price,—as the manufacturers have no desire to waste their time upon feeble and characterless instruments, nor to furnish a supply of dissatisfactions, even at the low price of \$50 each. Nothing worthy can be produced for such a sum.

BY ANY HOUSE WHATEVER. The Messrs. Smith mean to make ONLY the best reed instruments, and they are satisfied that a discriminating public is willing to pay the value of what it gets.

THE AMERICAN ORGAN

is elegant in appearance,—thoroughly constructed,—with powerful and steady bellows,—with exquisitely-voiced reeds,—finely contrasted qualities of tone, and ingenious mechanical contrivances for increase of power and for expression. This excellence is not the result of chance, but follows their well-devised system, so that each Organ is perfect of its kind; there is no more chance for inferior work than in the Springfield Armory.

EVERY INSTRUMENT IS WARRANTED. An elegantly Illustrated Circular, containing descriptions and prices, will be sent post-paid, on application. Twenty Years Established! 30,000 in use!

GET THE BEST. S. D. & H. W. SMITH, Boston, Mass. For sale by LAURENT, LAFORCE & CO., 225 NOTRE-DAME STREET, MONTREAL, C.E. June 3, 1870

BANKRUPT SALE.

THE GREAT BANKRUPT SALE, OF W. B. BOWIE & CO.'S STOCK, STILL CONTINUES

AT 395 NOTRE DAME STREET. P. McLAUGHLIN & CO. Montreal, May 13, 1870.

CANADA. PRO. OF QUEBEC, DIST. OF MONTREAL.

No. 1115. DAME MATHILDE LEVEILLE, of the City and District of Montreal, widow of the late Francois Xavier Piche, in his lifetime of the town of Joliette, in the District of Joliette, and now wife of FRANCIS MURRAY, of the said City of Montreal, Plaintiff, vs. The aforesaid FRANCIS MURRAY, Defendant. NOTICE is hereby given that the Plaintiff has instituted an action for reparation of property against the Defendant. O. AUGÉ, Plaintiff's Attorney.

