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The True Witness,

AND

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1871.

NO. 45.

THE MERCHANT OF MARSEILLES.

(Concluded from our last.)

Just as the creditor opened his lips to reply, a howling blast of wind shook the windows of the room, and moaned wildly down the wide chimney. He paused and started.

"My son is at sea; God grant there is no storm!"

He approached the easement and gazed anxiously forth. Evidently he thought only of his young sailor, nothing of the suffering debtor at his feet. The debtor rose.

"The wind is fair for the Volant; heaven send her safe to port!"

A voice was heard upon the quay beneath.

"The Volant! The Volant!"

Creditor and debtor rushed to the window.

"What of the Volant? What news of the Volant?" shouted St. Victor from the easement.

There was an eager group on the quay; many had friends or relatives in the expected vessel; some had shares in the rich freightage; fifty telescopes were leveled at the horizon; a hundred voices were rich in assertion, denial, conjecture; but all agreed in one point, that a vessel was in sight and making towards the port.

"'Tis the Volant, five days before her time!" said an old sailor who had been gazing long and eagerly through his glass. "I would swear to her topgallant sails among a thousand."

"And I may yet be saved!" murmured the debtor.

The creditor turned fiercely upon him.

"Triumph not yet, St. Victor!" he said, "she is yet far away; the perils of the deep are many, and between her present course and this harbor the sands are shifting and the rocks are dangerous. Triumph not yet!"

But St. Victor wild with hope, heeded him not; and the old man, muttering angry threats and denunciations, quitted the hotel and took his way home.

His residence was also on the quay, not far from the Hotel Victor, with his windows also looking upon the busy scene of the harbor—upon the dark distance of these. As with slow and feeble steps he retraced his way, he passed among a throng now momentarily increasing on the pier. Even to his feeble vision, a dim, white speck was visible just between the deep blue of the sky and the deep purple of the ocean.

"If it is the Volant," said one, "we shall soon hear the gun for the pilot."

The old man turned away.

"I would that she and her cargo were deep within the sea!"

He reached his own door; as he paused ere entering, some one addressed him. It was Jean the pilot, whose turn it would be to answer the signal gun of the Volant.

"Hast thou any commands, master Devereux?" asked Jean.

Devereux made no reply, but opening his door he ascended the stairs. The pilot followed. Devereux entered his apartment and closed the door; Jean stood within.

He leaned his hand upon the spring lock of an ancient bureau, and the carved portals flew wide open at his touch; and there were many bags of gold within.

"The half of this," said Devereux. "I would give that the Volant were deep within the sea."

The pilot spoke:

"Give me all, and it shall be done."

Devereux hesitated for a moment.

"I will give thee all."

The gun sounded and the pilot hurried to his post. The pilot boat sped merrily across the waves; but night was falling over blackening waves and whitening foam, and ere she reached the Volant, neither boat nor ship was visible.

The dawn of morning showed the Volant stranded on those dangerous rocks so well known to the pilot of the sea, the rocks on the right to the entrance of the harbor. But with the morning came a calm; the wind fell, the turbulence of the ocean subsided to a gentle swell; and so near was the Volant to the shore, so hushed was the tempest, that the voices of those within could be distinctly heard upon the pier.

All that day boats went to and fro between the wreck and the shore; all the rich cargo, the heavy ore, the rich caskets of diamonds, were safely landed and consigned to the warehouses of St. Victor; even the good ship herself, lightened of her load, somewhat strained, but still sound and buoyant—was saved.

The pilot stood before Devereux claiming his reward, but the latter said:

"The freightage and vessel were saved."

"No fault of mine," muttered Jean. "I have done my best, but the tempest fell, and she lived through the night."

Devereux threw him the gold; he dared not resist the claim. As the pilot was passing from the presence of the old man, he turned and said:

"One life has been lost!"

Devereux was indifferent to this; he made no comment. The pilot continued:

"Not one of the crew, but a youth they

were bringing home—a lad of Marseilles; his vessel had stranded in the Straits."

Devereux reeked little of his death. Why did the pilot persist in talking of it.

He resumed the subject:

"The boy was washed from the deck by a wave, just as she was struck; it was dark, and there was no means of saving him."

Devereux coolly replied.

"Poor youth, I'm sorry!" Then turning to his previous occupation, he showed that he desired the absence of the pilot.

But the man still spoke:

"They have tried all means of restoration, but in vain; it is a pity, for he is a fair youth, and seems of gentle blood."

Now Devereux became impatient. Why should the pilot linger, still tormenting him with his idle recital? What was all this to him?

The pilot repeated the last sentence:

"He seems of gentle blood," and he added, "and he is the only child of his father."

The old man laid down his pen, struck by the pertinacity of the pilot, and gazed at him with a look of inquiry. A noise was heard below—a noise of feet, staggering as though beneath a burden—a noise of many voices speaking in hurried whispers.

"They are bringing the drowned man here," said the pilot, as he turned and departed.

With a sharp, wild cry, the old man rose to his feet. The truth with all its terror and its anguish, broke upon his soul at once; he had murdered his own son!

The old man lived for many years after this day, but he never became conscious of what had passed; he was blest beyond his desert, in complete forgetfulness.

Every day he seated himself opposite the window that looked upon the ocean.

"The wind is rising," he would say. "God grant there be no storm! My son is at sea."

Then when night fell he would say:

"It is late, and I can see the white sails no longer; but if the wind is fair, he will come to-morrow. Drowning is a fearful death. God grant there be no storm!"

St. Victor gradually recovered from his embarrassments, and gaining prudence from past difficulties, became again the great merchant of Marseilles—the prosperous St. Victor.

But his name and race are now extinct; and the splendor and the wealth, and the prosperity of the great house have passed away forever.

A NOBLE SACRIFICE;

OR,

THE THREE FRIENDS OF VAUX VILAINE.

AN EPISODE OF THE LATE WAR.

In the month of July of this last festive year, there did not exist a more tranquil, sunny spot in all France than the little village of Vaux Vilaïne. Very rural and primitive it was, and the echoes from the great tumultuous world without came few and faint among the green fields and purple vineyards, where the birds sang so merrily and the summer winds sighed so softly through the rustling trees.

It possessed several substantial farm-houses among its humblest cottages, and a pretty little church, served by an old cure, who, in his broad hat and black *satauc*, walked, breviary in hand from house to house, and was a veritable father and friend to every man, woman, and child in the place. The population was entirely agricultural, and the magnates of the village were a few thriving farmers, who sent their sons to the cure for a few hours' daily teaching, which gave them some intellectual advantages above the rest of the *jeunesse* of Vaux Vilaïne.

Among these farmers' sons were three young men about the same age, who were for some years under the good priest's tuition, and who had at that period of their boyhood contracted a friendship for each other, which they had preserved intact through the years that had intervened since then.

Sunday, the 10th of July, 1870, was a glorious summer day, but intensely hot, and when the benediction service, at which the cure generally gave his people a little address, was finally over that evening, these three young men—Martel Lepelletier, Jules Desmarcets and Evariste Rossel—sauntered away to a large tree which stood in a retired part of the churchyard, and throw themselves down under its spreading branches to enjoy the soft evening air; while they conversed together in free and happy confidence.

Now, their talk was of the future; it is not often of anything else with most of us in those hopeful days of youth, when the unknown life is full of golden possibilities, and no shadow from failure or disappointment has dimmed the sunshine which expectant fancy sheds on all that is to come.

"How gloomy the *bon pere* was in his sermon to-night!" said Martel, a stalwart youth, with blue eyes and curling fair hair, and a bright, frank expression of face; "he could talk of nothing but the uncertainty of life, and the necessity of preparing ourselves for all sorts of possible trials and troubles. *Ma foi!* I see no uncertainty in it, and I do not anticipate

any trials. My fate is settled for me, and I am very well contented with it."

"I should think so, indeed!" said Jules who was tall and slender, with keen dark eyes, and a look of great intelligence and vivacity.—"Who would wish anything better than to have that *gentille* Vevette for *fiancée*, and the prettiest farm in Vaux Vilaïne for your home and possession; your father gives his home up to you when you marry, does he not?"

"Yes, he means to retire to my grandfather's old house, and leave me to manage the farm, and you shall see what success I mean to have. I have some famous plans, which will astonish all our old farmers not a little I expect."

"And your wedding is to be on All Saints' Day, is it not?"

"Yes, on the 1st of November, without fail. I wanted it sooner, but Vevette's mother declared she could not possibly, before that date get ready the fine store of linen she means to give us for our new *menage*."

"In the mean time you see Vevette every day, so you are not much to be pitied, *mon ami*."

"No, indeed, nor you either for the matter of that, Monsieur Jules. I suppose you will be off to your uncle as soon as my marriage is over."

"That I shall! Paris! Paris!" exclaimed Jules, starting up, and taking a flying leap over the nearest grave, as an outlet to the excitement which the very name of the gay capital woke in him. "I promised to dance at your *noce*, Martel, so I will wait for that, but I do not stay here a day after it. My uncle said I might come in November, and he will have the honor of receiving me on the 2nd of that month."

"Is it true that he means to make you his heir?"

"So he hints, and he is rich. Ah! delightfully rich; he is a horse-dealer, you know, and he gets guineas without number from the Milors Anglais, who come to Paris for their amusement. I shall have horses to ride whenever I please, that is the glorious part of it. I am to take them out for exercise, and I shall take good care they have enough of that, I promise you," and Jules looked at his friends with a roguish smile.

"It is a pleasant prospect, I must say," replied Martel. "Well! the cure had surely no need to talk to us of the trials and miseries of life—unless you have reason to anticipate them, Evariste," he added, turning to the next young man, who had not yet spoken.

Evariste was smaller and more delicately made than either of his companions, and had very refined features and soft hazel eyes, which were shaded with a certain pensiveness that hardly amounted to melancholy; as he turned to Martel a peculiarly sweet smile lit up his face.

"No," he answered. "I have no fears, nor any special plans formed for life; but I have day-dreams," he added, in a lower tone.

"Ah! let us hear them then," exclaimed Jules. "You are somewhat poetic, Evariste, *mon ami*, and perhaps you mean to go about the country like a troubadour, winning the hearts of all the fair ladies with your sweet songs."

Evariste shook his head, smiling, but did not answer.

"Come tell us what your ambition is," said Martel; "I am sure you have some great scheme."

"You will mock yourselves of me if I do tell you," said Evariste, while a faint tinge of color spread over his face.

"No! no!" they both exclaimed, "why should we?"

"You know you are far more learned than either of us," said Jules; "we never studied as you did in the old days when the cure labored so hard to hammer a little knowledge into our brains. I dare say you have flown far over our heads in your dreams. Come! give us the benefit of them."

"Well," said Evariste, somewhat reluctantly, "I only want to do something for my fellow-creatures before I leave the world. I do not want to live just to amuse myself, and then die to be forgotten. I should like to follow the example of the heroes of old who died for their country; or, better still, of the martyrs who died for Christ." And his face became flushed with a glow of enthusiasm.

"Tiens! that is an idea which would not have come to me," said Jules. "I prefer to live."

"Well, I should not object to die a glorious death," said Martel, "but I must first live a long, happy life with Vevette, *bien entendu*.—It would be pleasant enough to know that one's name would be honored by posterity; but let me take my pleasure out of existence first."

"But, Martel," said Evariste, "it is not in old age, for the most part, that we can make a sacrifice. Life has come to an end by that anyhow."

"Sacrifice! old age! death!" exclaimed Jules; "why, Evariste, you are worse than the cure, with your gloomy ideas; but happily they are only ideas after all. With all those fine sentiments, *mon ami*, I think I know pretty well what will be your fate—you will be

a *bon pere de famille*, like your father before you. Do you think I did not observe Leonie Michon's pretty blue eyes glancing your way all through benediction this evening? And you love her, Evariste. You need not deny it."

"I do not wish to deny it," he answered, quietly. "I do love her better than my life. Still I think I could give up love, with life, if I were chosen by Heaven to be a hero or a martyr."

"But if you are not chosen, which does not seem likely in these commonplace times, you will marry Leonie and rock the baby's cradle in due course, will you not?" said Jules, looking at him laughingly.

"I dare say I shall," he answered with a bright smile, "and be thankful enough that I was allowed to be happy in life, instead of glorious in death."

"So! we are all three provided for, in spite of the cure," said Martel, "*et pas mal*, I must say; and after a little more conversation on different subjects, the three friends separated, and walked away to their different homes.

A few days more—during which the birds still sang among the sunlit trees, and the grapes ripened on the vines, and the inhabitants of Vaux Vilaïne went to and fro in happy security, and talked of the prospects of the harvest as the most important subject in the world—and then the pastoral quiet of that most peaceful home was awfully broken by the stunning thunders of the great war news, which all knew to be, in truth, the death-knell of thousands upon thousands of the bravest hearts in France.

Was there a spot in all that fair and pleasant country, however, secluded and remote, to which the dreadful tidings failed to bring anguish and terror, even before a shot had been fired or a single life sacrificed? Surely not one; and Vaux Vilaïne was no exception, though, for the first two months, the tide of war rolled far away from its green fields and tranquil homes. But there was scarce a family who had not a relation with the army; and day after day brought tidings which told of beloved faces that would be seen no more—of national disaster, and heroic self-devotion that courted death, but failed to retrieve the terrible disgrace.

Jules, Martel and Evariste had each a brother in the army; but they themselves, for various family reasons, had as yet been held exempt, greatly to their indignation and annoyance; for even the special ties which bound Martel and Evariste to the homes that held Vevette and Leonie, did not prevent them feeling quite as strongly as Jules did, the burning desire to throw their young lives into the balance, and help to turn the scale in favor of their beautiful and unfortunate France, in whose ultimate success and glory they could not cease to believe, in face of the worst reverses.

Still, though there was lamentation and disquiet in Vaux Vilaïne, and many a significant notice on the church door asking the faithful, of their charity, to pray for the soul of some brave soldier lying in his last cold sleep on the blood-drenched soil of Woerth or Wissembourg, yet the ordinary life of the villagers went on much as usual; no one prevented them from continuing their accustomed employments; the harvest and vintage were gathered in with a little additional toil, because the numbers of the men who remained to accomplish that pleasant task were so much fewer than they had ever been before. And the domestic events in the various families proceeded as they had ever done; children were christened, young maidens given in marriage, and old men peacefully buried, whose last sigh had been for their dear and fair France, so sorely worsted in the gigantic conflict.

Among other plans which had undergone no alteration, the marriage of Martel was still to take place on the day originally fixed; but he and Vevette were not alone in their happiness now. Evariste and Leonie were to be united on the same day; and Jules often declared that of the three he was the only victim of the war, as it was, to say the least, very doubtful whether he would be able to join his uncle in the besieged capital at the time he proposed; though with the irrepressible buoyancy and confidence of a Frenchman, he declared that Trochu and his brave soldiers would have broken through the Prussian lines and utterly routed the enemy long before November came.

After the investment of Paris had taken place, however, the surging waves of the great combat that was flooding France began to draw nearer and nearer to Vaux Vilaïne.

Prussian troops, hastening down to join the besieging army, constantly passed quite close to the village. Occasionally some of the non-descript stragglers who followed in the rear would make a raid upon the little shops in the main street, and carry off all they could lay their hands upon. This exasperated the peasants, already furious at the national disgrace; and the cure in vain preached patience, and impressed on his people that the forgiveness of injuries was the noblest of Christian virtues. There were not a few turbulent spirits who declared that, if they could get the chance, they would have their revenge on these "*maudits*

Prussiens," and knock the life out of some of them, at least. These threats gave great anxiety to the wiser and more experienced inhabitants; for rumors had reached the village of the terrible reprisals exacted by the Prussians for every attempt at defence on the part of the peasantry.

At length, one evening, when the autumn days were growing dark and cold, an unusually large number of Prussian troops marched past the village, and bivouacked for the night within a quarter of a mile from Vaux Vilaïne.—They had never been so near before, and scarcely was their presence known when a Prussian colonel with a small escort rode haughtily up to the house of Lepelletier, Martel's father, who acted as mayor, and made a requisition of food and wine for his men, which could only be obeyed at the cost of impoverishing the whole inhabitants of the village for some months to come.

Remonstrances and entreaties were all in vain, and every family sullenly yielded up their best, till the exorbitant demand was satisfied, and then the Germans rode away, followed by the curses of every man in the place. There were some, however, who were not content with maledictions, and uttered ominous threats which caused Lepelletier, as the chief personage in the place, to make an harangue to the assembled people, in which he implored them not, by any rash act, to bring down upon their unprotected village the wrath of the whole vast host who lay encamped so near them. He could see that some of the younger men listened to him with ill-suppressed impatience; but he could do no more, and, calling to his son, who was standing near with Jules and Evariste, he made them all three enter his house with him, lest they should be led away by any of the ill-advised proposals which were circulating among the crowd.

Several of the principal inhabitants of Vaux Vilaïne, both men and women, followed Lepelletier into his sitting-room, and remained in sorrowful conversation for some time over the disaster of their unhappy country and their own present wrongs. Among them were Vevette and Leonie, with their parents; and their presence tended greatly to reconcile Martel and Evariste to the injunction to which they were doomed, even with the hated enemy lying so near to them.

Jules, meanwhile, who was not naturally eloquent, was talking eagerly with Lepelletier and some of the gray heads of the village on the remedies which, in his inexperience and self-confidence, he thought might rectify the dreadful state of matters in France.

Suddenly, as they were all thus engaged, and the conversation was waxing more and more excited, there came a sound, clear and ringing, though distant, which caused the voices of the speakers to cease as if a thunderbolt had fallen among them. It was a shot coming from the direction in which the Prussians lay, and followed in succession by one or two more as if from the discharge of a revolver. There was consternation on every face as the sound died away, and for a few minutes no one spoke; and then one of the women hazarded, in a trembling voice, the remark, that perhaps one of the "*maudits Prussiens*" had killed some of their people; and while the other women cried out in horror at the idea, Lepelletier shook his head, and answered gloomily—

"If only it be nothing worse than what you fear. But I doubt not there is that in the sound we have heard which may cause our whole village to be burned over our heads. Stop!" he exclaimed, as Jules and one or two others sprang to the door with the intention of ascertaining what had happened—"Stay where you are, one and all, I charge you. Let not a man from Vaux Vilaïne be seen near the spot where that shot was fired, if you would have any one of us left alive by this time to-morrow?"

Suppressed shrieks from the women followed these words as the young men drew back from the door. Vevette threw herself into Martel's arms, and Leonie lifted up her blue eyes, swimming in tears to Evariste, and became suddenly awed and tranquilized by the peculiar expression of his face. His soft hazel eyes, wide open, appeared to be looking far away into scenes unperceived by others, and his lips were parted with a calm, sweet smile, which seemed full of hidden meaning. All agitation, she felt, was misplaced in presence of such a look as Evariste wore, yet Leonie trembled with some dark, mysterious foreboding, even as he gazed, and wished with all her heart that he would look less beautiful and noble, and more like the joyous, light-hearted *fiancee* with whom she hoped to pass all the years of her earthly life.

For an hour or so the persons assembled a Farmer Lepelletier's remained talking together, the women in tears, the men sullen and disquieted; and then in groups of two or three they crept away silently to their homes.

Before day broke over Vaux Vilaïne next morning it was known throughout the village—none could have told how—that the Prussian colonel had been shot dead by an unseen foe as he rode round the outposts the evening before, and it was whispered cautiously that two of the hottest spirits among the young men of Vaux Vilaïne were missing from their homes.

From the moment that this was known, but one thought filled the anxious minds of every inhabitant of that once happy village—what vengeance in blood or fire would the Prussians require for this ill-advised and cruel deed? They were not long left in suspense.

A beautiful sunrise it was which brought the light of day to Vaux Vilaine on that fair autumn morning. The heavy dews which had fallen the night before glittered like scattered gems in the early sunshine, and the air was sweet with the breath of flowers, yielding up their perfume to the soft, warm breeze. The bleating sheep and cattle, lowing in the fields, seemed to call the people to their usual peaceful occupations, and the little church-bell, with its silvery tone, gave notice that the cure meant to celebrate an early mass on behalf of their dear patrie, so sadly in need of aid from heaven. All things were as they had been many and many a morning before, when the people of Vaux Vilaine rose to carry on the gentle, peaceful life, which made so sweet an existence for them, and nature still was doing her part in beauty and beneficence. The skies failed not to shed on all their brightest smile, but there were human passions at war upon earth, and, truly, the records of this tremendous struggle might well lead one to believe, that if all the demons of hell had been let loose, they could hardly have made more terrible havoc in God's fair world.

While yet the peaceful church-bell rung, and the sunbeams streaming through the lattice windows of the cottages woke the children in their cradles, there was heard coming, ever nearer and nearer, the heavy tramp of a large body of mounted Uhlans, galloping down upon the village. In a moment more they were swarming, a fierce and merciless crowd, in the main street, and in every lane and valley in the place. A certain number were told off, who dismounted, and entering into all the houses, from end to end of the village, they dragged out every man they could find, and drove them in a mass into the church, where a very different scene was to be enacted from the quiet holy service the good cure had intended to hold.

The women, who would have followed their husbands and brothers, were driven back with blows and curses by the Uhlans, and the church doors were shut upon the whole male inhabitants of the village. What would be done to them now? The poor women shrieked and wept as they asked themselves that question.

Leonie and Vevette, united by the anguish of their common sense and terror, crept, hand in hand, nearer to the church than any of the others dared to go, and hid themselves behind the very tree beneath whose branches the three young men had held their conversation on that bright, peaceful evening, before even the shadow of war had cast its gloom on the earth, and when they were looking forward so gaily to the fulfilment of their various plans of happiness.

Meanwhile a strange scene was taking place in the church. The cure, already robbed for mass, was thrust rudely aside by the Uhlans, and knelt down in a corner, praying fervently, while the commanding officer of the troop of avengers went and stood on the steps of the altar. There, in a loud, ringing voice, which was heard over the whole church, he announced the tribute of blood which the clemency as he expressed it, of his superiors would allow exact for the murder of the colonel. They would not burn down the village, as would have been but just, nor would they put the inhabitants to the sword, richly as they deserved it, but they would be satisfied with the lives of three men out of those who now assembled in the church, who must be executed instantly, before the troops resumed their conquering march through France—not an hour's delay could be accorded. The officer added that the choice of the victims might be made by lot, among themselves, but it must be done then and there, without loss of time. As he concluded, he held up his watch before them.

"In ten minutes," he said, "your choice must be made; if you delay longer than that, I choose for myself, and I shall take the first three on whom I happen to lay my hands, and have them shot at once."

It was but too plain there was no appeal, and that it would be only wasting the precious moments to attempt it. Lepelletier, with some of the older men, began in silence and with trembling hands to prepare the lots with the three fatal numbers, which would be drawn by the men on whom the doom of death should fall.

But, suddenly, there was a movement in the crowd, and a young man came forward with a light, active step, and, laying his hand on Lepelletier's arm, to prevent him continuing his dreadful task, he made a sign that he wished to speak. There was silence over the whole church in an instant, and all eyes were turned on Evariste Rossel. Familiar as his features were to most of them, they looked on him now as though they had never seen him before, so completely was his thoughtful face transfigured by the pure heroic resolution that shone in his soft eyes and thrilled in his clear young voice, as he spoke, with the utmost simplicity, words death-laden to himself.

"Mes amis," he said, and every individual in the sad assembly heard him distinctly, "if we cast lots for the victims of the enemy, it may be that the doom will fall on fathers of families who would leave widows and orphans to mourn them, not only in sorrow but in poverty and destitution. It is not well, therefore, that such as they are should be taken from the homes they support and protect, while there are others who have not, as yet at least, formed ties as close and binding. Of these I am one—my mother has other sons—my fiancée will find many a worthier man to seek her love, and I offer myself freely to die, that the husbands and fathers may be spared. I am sure that there are others, situated as I am, who will no less willingly give their lives to make up the number."

Evariste carefully avoided looking at Jules and Martel, as he spoke, for he would not seem to summon them, but they needed no other call

save his bright example. Instantly they started forward, and ranged themselves at his side.

"We, too, give ourselves freely to the death," they exclaimed: "the number is complete." Lepelletier had been on the point of remonstrating with Evariste, because he could not bear the thought of that young life quenched in blood; but when he saw that Martel, his own son, was among the offered victims, the word died on his lips, and he turned his face to the wall, groaning in unspeakable anguish. He felt, Brutus-like, he could not ask that a father of a family should die to spare his own unwedded son. No time was given him, however, to struggle with his heart. The Prussian officer held up his watch, exclaiming that the ten minutes were expired—he must have three men instantly for execution.

"We are here—we are ready!" said the three friends, coming forward with firm step and dauntless look.

"One moment only," exclaimed Evariste, and taking his two companions by the hand, he drew them down on their knees before the cure, saying, "Father, absolve us; bless us in this supreme moment."

The good old man, appalled and bewildered, turned toward them his eyes streaming with tears. He seemed too much overwhelmed to know almost what he was doing; but, upheld by the habit of priestly functions, he murmured the form of absolution, made the sign of the cross, and blessed them in the threefold name of Him before whom they were about to appear.

They thanked him adding, "Adieu, mon pere," and rose from their knees. Instantly the Uhlans surrounded them, bound their hands, and hurried them to the door. One moment those gathered in the church saw their shadows darken the threshold as they passed out into the dazzling sunshine, and the next instant they were gone, to be seen of men no more forever! Then, with a simultaneous impulse, the whole assembly fell upon their knees, and as the cure, turning to the altar, intoned the *De Profundis*, the wailing voices joined in the funeral chant with one deep, heart-wrung cry, that rose in mournful appeal to the listening Heaven.

Meanwhile, across the sunlit church-yard the doomed men were hurried by their executioners; but their terrible march had a momentary interruption. Suddenly, from beneath the spreading branches of the tree which the victims knew so well, the graceful figure of a young girl bounded forth as if her feet were winged, and Leonie, flinging herself on the breast of her fiancée, exclaimed, in a tone of horror, "Evariste, que va-t-on faire de toi?"

"Adieu mon ange!" was his only answer; but the instinct of her woman's heart told her all the dreadful truth. She flung up her hands with a bitter cry, and as his bound arms could not hold her, she sunk at his feet as if she had herself already sustained the death-blow he was about to meet. Vevette, who had followed her, was clinging to Martel, uttering shriek on shriek.

"Remove these women," exclaimed the commanding officer, with angry impatience, and the soldiers instantly tore Vevette from Martel's arms, while others lifted up the senseless form of Leonie, and both were roughly flung aside upon the churchyard grass, and the captives hurried on without another moment's delay.

Then indeed did the bitterness of death pass into the hearts of Martel and Evariste, while Jules, turning to them with a pathetic smile, said softly—

"I may well be thankful that I have no fiancée!"

Yes, truly, that hour had come to them, as come it will to all of us, when those are happiest who have fewest earthly blessings, and whose best treasures are garnered in that realm where all that has been brave and sweet and good, like the self-devotion of these three young men, will have a place throughout the eternal ages, among the imperishable things of God.

There was an open field just below the church-yard wall, which had been the favorite playground of Evariste and his companions through all their happy boyhood. There were they taken by the Uhlans, and placed with their eyes bandaged, facing the sun they were never to see again!

A few moments more, and through the wall of the *De Profundis*, rising and falling amid the sobs of men grown weak as women in their anguish of pity, there went the sharp ringing report of the volley which told that the sacrifice was consummated, and that if the brief earthly life of the noble young men was over, on the roll of the glorious army of martyrs their names would live forever more.

The story we have told is no fiction. It is but a few weeks since the village of Vaux Vilaine witnessed the execution of the three friends, who, lest the lot should fall on the fathers of families, volunteered to satisfy the blood-claim of the Prussians for the death of the colonel. We have given this little record of their fate, not to harrow the feelings of our readers by the mere recital of a tragedy, but to afford them another instance of that glorious springing of good out of evil, which has been the deathless consolation of the human race since the first man woke to the mystery of suffering.

Amid the horror and anguish, and aching helpless compassion with which this dreadful war has filled the world, such deeds rise up full of sweetness and refreshment, like the fragrance of flowers which only give forth their richest perfume when they have been crushed and beaten down under the foot of the destroyer.

TRANSLATION OF A LETTER LATELY ADDRESSED TO THE HOLY FATHER BY THE ARCHBISHOP AND BISHOPS OF THE PROVINCE OF WESTMINSTER.

MOST HOLY FATHER.

who at this time are contending and suffering with Apostolic courage and constancy for the Church of God.

The fiery darts that are daily launched against You by the wicked one, strike us also. Most willingly do we receive into our hearts the calumnies, derisions, reproaches, poured from every side upon the head of the Vicar of Christ; and that we may not fail to share in any portion of Your conflict, we commit, with all abhorrence of our hearts, to the execration of Christendom, and to the just and inevitable judgment of God, the sacrilegious occupation of the Eternal City, the violation of all sanctions and rights, natural and Divine, the lawless trampling down of justice, and the unhalloved contempt and breach of obligations and solemn treaties.

These assaults, however, of the gates of hell affect us, Most Holy Father, with neither fear nor dread; for never has Your supreme authority shone out with greater lustre; never have the faithful throughout the world turned their eyes and hearts with more devout obedience to You, the Centre of Unity, the Teacher of the Faith, the Doctor and Ruler of the Universal Church. From the calamitous disorders of the last 20 years, not only are the spiritual prerogatives of Peter most luminously manifested, but also that wondrous disposition of Divine Providence, whereby the Successor of Peter, independent of any Civil Power, Himself holds a Civil Principedoms; is justified of itself before the eyes alike of believers and of unbelievers.

Not once, but oftentimes, the Episcopate, dispersed throughout the world, or assembled, as especially in the years 1862 and 1867, at the Tomb of the Apostles, has declared that the Civil Principedoms of the Holy See was given to the Roman Pontiff by a special design of Divine Providence; and that it is, under the present order of things, of necessity; not indeed to the exercise of the Apostolic office in itself, as our adversaries erroneously dream, but in order that the Roman Pontiff, independent of any prince or civil power whatsoever, should, with the most perfect freedom, exercise the supreme authority in feeding and ruling the universal flock, for the good of the whole world. Never has that visible providence of God been more clearly manifested than in these days of insolence and reproach, when apostolic letters cannot be promulgated without a charge of treason against the crown; nor access to the feet of your Holiness lie open to the faithful, except through armed ranks of the enemy. Hereby, Most Holy Father, are your bonds made known and proclaimed throughout the world: For the faithful in Christ, on every land and shore, denounce with indignation the sacrilege perpetrated against You, the Vicar of Our Lord, by enemies and traitors sprung from that race which has inherited a special prerogative among the nations of Christendom—not only as an injustice, but as a rejection of the Kingdom of Christ.

Divine wisdom, Most Holy Father, has manifestly so disposed it, that on the eve of wars and political convulsions, and of the civil and fraternal conflicts by which Christian nations are so miserably torn, all those prerogatives, Divinely bestowed upon the See of Peter, should have been declared by the infallible authority of the Vatican Council; prerogatives whereby the Roman Pontiff, unarméd in peace of a world in arms, may securely judge and decree in the cause of faith, of truth, and of the sound principles even of civil government.

With unshaken trust in the Wisdom and Almighty Power of Jesus Christ, we, the Pastors of England, and all the faithful of our flock, offer our daily supplications to the God of Peace for You, Most Holy Father, Successor of our Apostle Saint Gregory, restorer and father of the Church of the English; that, mindful of His mercies, He may dry the tears of the Church, and speedily lay His creative and ruling Hand on the perturbations of this world; that You in Your day, Most Holy Father, may behold the Church's victory and triumph; and that Your glorious Pontificate may by a singular glory be prolonged in the See of Peter beyond the number of Peter's years.

Most humbly imploring for ourselves and our people the Apostolic blessing, we are, Most Holy Father,

- Your Holiness's most loving sons and servants,
- † HENRY EDWARD, Archbishop of Westminster.
- † THOMAS JOSEPH, O.S.B., Bishop of Menevia and Newport.
- † WILLIAM BERNARD, O.S.B., Bishop of Birmingham.
- † WILLIAM, Bishop of Salford.
- † JAMES, Bishop of Shrewsbury.
- † RICHARD, Bishop of Nottingham.
- † ALEXANDER, Bishop of Liverpool.
- † WILLIAM, Bishop of Plymouth.
- † WILLIAM, Bishop of Clifton.
- † FRANCIS, Bishop of Northampton.
- † ROBERT, Bishop of Beverley.
- † JAMES, Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle.
- † JAMES, Bishop of Southwark.

London, Feast of S. Anselm, April 21, 1871.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE POPE'S GRATITUDE TO HIS PROUD IRISH SUBJECTS.—The subjoined communication from the Sovereign Pontiff has been received by the Lord Bishop of Galway the Most Rev. Dr. MacEvilly:—

Thus IX. to our Venerable Brother, John, Bishop of Galway, Apostolic Administrator of Kilmorrah and Kilmacduagh.—Venerable Brother—Health and Apostolic Benediction.—The course of public events in Ireland so fully accords with the expressions of your own and your people's love and devotedness as to make us receive with heartfelt gratitude your letter and the accompanying donation contributed by the piety of the faithful. For Ireland has left nothing undone, either by writing, speaking, or petitioning, to manifest her indignation at the injuries committed against the rights of this Holy See and of the whole Catholic Church, and to procure a speedy restoration to them. Wherefore we see reflected throughout your entire letter the mind and feeling of that most pious people; and this is the more agreeable to us in proportion to the clearness with which you announce that you adhere and cling to us in the closest possible union. For this union has, under God's blessing, always been the source of triumph to the Church, and will one day raise your country, of which it has been the chief glory, to a state of prosperity and happiness. This we desire for yourself and your people with our whole heart, whilst, as a presage of Divine favour and as a pledge of our gratitude and thorough good-will, we most lovingly bestow on you, venerable Brother, and on your entire diocese our Apostolic Benediction. Given at St. Peter's Rome, this 17th day of April, 1871, in the 25th year of our Pontificate.

PIUS IX., Pope.

KILMORE NEW DIOCESEAN COLLEGE, CAVAN.—The interesting ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of Kilmore new Diocesan College, Cavan, on Tuesday last, by His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop was performed. The sermon was preached by the Most Rev. Dr. Conroy.

NEW CHURCH AT CLOGHMOY.—The foundation stone of a new church at Cloghmoy was laid on Sunday, by the Right Rev. Dr. Delany. A large number of the clergy of the diocese and a great concourse from the city were present. The Bishop addressed the congregation at the close of the ceremony, dwelling upon the rapid growth of beautiful ecclesiastical buildings throughout Ireland, as a remarkable manifestation of the vigour of the church, and the zealous piety of the people.

THE PEACE PRESERVATION ACT.—A return showing the working of the Peace Preservation Act during

the past year has been printed. Up to March last 99 publichouses had been closed in the Proclaimed district under the powers of the statute. The total arrests under the act were 341, including 193 persons accused of being out at night under suspicious circumstances. Of arrested persons 94 were sent to prison, 26 committed for trial, and 201 discharged as innocent. The grand jury presentments made under the act in cases of murder, &c., through which claims for damages on behalf of relatives are levied from the counties where the outrages were committed, have only been introduced during the year in a dozen cases. The greatest number of claims were in Tipperary, the next highest being Westmeath.

THE IRISH NATIONALISTS AND THE WESTMEATH DEBATE.—The debate on the Westmeath bill affords a topic for some sharp comments in the Irish journals. The *Freeman* expresses bitter disappointment that not even a dozen Irish members were found to oppose the Government. The *Irishman* finds consolation in the reflection that it will assist the cause of Fenianism by refuting the arguments—which the advocate of Irish independence sometimes had to encounter—that England had repented of her misgovernment for seven centuries, and was disposed to treat Ireland in a just and generous spirit.

MRS. EVERTON.—Referring to the impending eviction of a number of tenants at Mullagh, Co. Meath, the Rev. Mr. Kempton, Protestant rector of the parish, writes in the following terms, creditable alike to the people of whom he speaks and to himself. If the resident gentry all entertained the same feelings as this good clergyman for their poor neighbours, how soon we should hear the last of Coercion Bills:—"There is not in Ireland a more peaceable or orderly peasantry than those in this neighbourhood, amongst whom it has been my happy lot to reside for the last 10 years. A more industrious class than the tenant-farmers here, who are under notice of ejection, I venture to assert could not be found in any country; and yet these tenants with their families are about to be turned from their homes before my very eyes to make way for cattle to be fattened for the English market. My own glebe-house and land are situated in the very centre of their small farms, and from proximity and the mutual kind and neighbourly feeling which has subsisted between us, I am in full possession of the facts. It is not for non-payment of rent they are about to be turned out—not for exhausting the land, nor for allowing it to run to waste—not for misconduct, or being in any sense bad tenants—that they are thus about to be sent adrift. To my own knowledge they have always paid their rents to the day; they are continually improving their land by cultivating and richly manuring; and their lives are orderly and industrious. The real cause of their ejection is, I fear, that thirst for land which is gradually depopulating our country. The tenants have offered an increase of rent, or whatever value two arbitrators set upon their farms, but to no avail."

STATE OF TIPPERARY.—The state of Tipperary, as evidenced by the Baronial sessions, just terminated, has been remarkably tranquil and free from agrarian crime, during the past six months. The Fiscal Court estimates the entire extent of malicious injuries perpetrated throughout the whole county at some £30 sterling. This presents a very favourable contrast to the last returns which were exceptionally heavy, nearly £1000, having then been allowed as compensation for agrarian offences.

JOHN MARTIN'S SECOND SPEECH.—We (*Catholic Times*) were unable in our later editions of last week to give fully the splendid speech delivered by the member for Meath. We now subjoin it, so that all may have the oration complete:—

On the order for the day on the adjourned debate on the amendment on second reading, Mr. J. Martin resumed his speech. The hon. gentleman said—Mr. Speaker, and gentlemen, I was interrupted in my remarks on the last day we were discussing this bill by the rules of the house. I wish now to say a few words in addition to what I have already addressed to you. I shall try, sir, not to be long or to weary the house. But as the representative of the county of Meath, I feel myself compelled to make some remarks in respect to certain imputations cast upon the sheriff and sub-sheriff of Meath by Mr. Seed, one of the witnesses relied upon, I believe, principally by the gentlemen who have introduced this measure—called a bill for the protection of life and property in certain parts of Ireland. I shall refer first to the question which preceded this gentleman's statement. In page 91, question 2355, Mr. Seed makes several remarks in respect to the manner in which, according to his judgment, jury panels were constituted in Ireland, and he gives his advice to the Government as to how they should be selected and framed. But I shall not stop to discuss here Mr. Seed's theory of juries. I shall go on at once to the imputation which he has cast upon two of my constituents—namely, the sheriff and sub-sheriff of the county of Meath. Mr. Seed said, amongst other things—"A class of jurors will be found on all the panels of petty jurors in Ireland, as now constituted, who are wholly unfit to be entrusted with the trial of any prisoner for an agrarian crime. The formation of the petty jury panel is now entirely at the discretion of the sub-sheriff, who is often the friend of and influenced by the attorney for the prisoners." He goes on to say, "Now, it may be said that by adopting the latter measure of suspending trial by jury in certain cases the people will be deprived of their constitutional right, but it would not do so one whit more than the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, in which I entirely agree with him; and he goes on to say it would never do to do the same as was done with regard to the north of Ireland. "It would be dangerous to risk it there, and would furnish good ground of complaint that the innocent were made to suffer with the guilty." The same gentleman went on to state, "I think that the state of the petty jury panels in Ireland at this moment is perfectly frightful; it is utterly absurd at present, in my opinion, to expect that justice can be effectually administered if the petty jury panels are not amended. Now, for instance, take the jury empanelled for the special commission in Meath last June. I would not have returned the panel, nor would I, as Crown solicitor, have ventured to prosecute a case for the government at the quarter sessions if the persons returned on that panel were to try the cases. I knew them to be influenced by fear; I knew some of them to be implicated in the Ribbon conspiracy, and quite unfit to try any case." And then he states, that when he saw the Attorney-General at the Castle "he was quite shocked, as he well might be, when I handed him the panel" and he said, "What do you say to this?" And Mr. Seed replied, "Leave the matter to me—I will select a jury;" and the result was that he set aside 47 of the persons named by means of the police, and he succeeded in getting a jury of six Roman Catholics and six Protestants, one of whom was a Presbyterian, as I (Mr. Martin) am. Mr. Seed further states that he thinks the panels in the north of Ireland are generally better than those in Westmeath and Meath, and sub-sheriffs in the north are more respectable men and are not so likely to be influenced as those of Westmeath and Meath. Now, in reference to that statement, I have to remark on behalf of the sub-sheriff of Meath that the panel which Mr. Seed declared, in consultation with the Attorney-General for Ireland, so shocked him, was framed in this way. The high-sheriff and the sub-sheriff met, took the books, and went through barony by barony throughout the county, selecting the names of two of the highest ratepayers in each barony (hear, hear), and after exhausting it in that way they went back and took two of the next highest ratepayers (hear, hear), and in that way was the panel formed, and after that was done the high sheriff signed his name at

the foot, and it then became the legal panel for the commission (hear, hear). Mr. Seed, however, is the Crown solicitor, and I suppose above the law (hear, hear). Nevertheless, it is true that these two functionaries, the Attorney-General and the Crown solicitor—two government functionaries, whose business it is to set an example of obedience to the law—I insist upon that—these two gentlemen set aside the legal panel and framed a panel of their own. But what opportunity, has Mr. Seed, who is relied upon by the Government for this exceptional legislation, of forming an opinion of the state of this part of Ireland? How is he qualified to give such authoritative information? (Hear, hear). He is not a native of Westmeath or Meath; he has not a residence there (hear, hear); but he merely receives £200 a year for acting as Crown solicitor, in discharge of which duties he visits the county three times in the course of each year. And this is the man who presumes to say he knows the state of Westmeath and Meath better than the sheriff and sub-sheriff, and who takes upon himself to pronounce upon their ignorance, to make a new panel and set theirs aside (hear, hear). Mr. Seed in one of his answers, says the panel was bad because he knew it contained the names of some Ribbonmen, and if that were so, Mr. Seed ought to be put in goal, if knowing a man to be a Ribbonman he did not come forward with his evidence and prove it (hear, hear). I am aware it must sound strange to English ears to hear an Irishman insist that the law should be carried into effect (hear, hear). They might think that law is a very good thing for England, but it is too good a thing for Irishmen, who, like myself, entertain and acknowledge Irish sympathies. Mr. Seed can have no means of knowing anything about Meath or Westmeath except what he learns from the police; and if the police know any man who has committed a crime it is their duty to give their evidence and bring him to justice (hear, hear); but the law says no man is a criminal until he has been pronounced guilty in the form of law, but the bill you are about to pass is to give the executive an indemnity beforehand to break the law. The right hon. gentleman the member for Dublin University, and even some Irish members with patriotic tendencies, argue in favor of the bill on the ground that its execution is to be entrusted to a few English gentlemen, who are known to be conscientious and honorable men, and that it is certain they will not injure any man in Ireland, except by mistake or accident, and that they are not disposed to use any absolute power placed in their hands except for the public good (hear, hear). I admit that experience shows that the conduct of the Lord Lieutenant and of the Chief Secretary for Ireland had been temperate, moderate, and anything but cruel, because since August last it has been in their power to ruin any Irish national journalist at their pleasure if they found them writing anything which they disapproved of, and yet I have the pleasure of being able to state that they have not yet ruined any journalist in Ireland, though I cannot doubt that sentiments contained in the Irish national journals are very displeasing to them (hear, hear, and laughter). The noble lord, in moving the second reading of this bill, remarked that he thought the Irish national journals were free enough and perhaps he meant it; notwithstanding the sword of Damocles is hanging over the heads of each of the Irish national journalists (hear, hear), who has still the courage to give utterance to his sentiments. But I do not like, and I cannot reconcile myself to that state of things. I do not like that any Irish journalist, any more than an English journalist, should have to write his political opinions under surveillance (hear, hear). I would have every journal in Ireland, whether advocating English or Irish interests, to be free of the law and to fear no man's displeasure (hear, hear). Reference has been made by the hon. gentleman the member for Oxford University, and other English members, to the state and condition of Ireland, and I have received a communication from the north of England, in which I am requested to ask the hon. members for Newcastle, Sunderland, Tyne-mouth, whether or not it is a fact, that in regard to shipwrights, the builders, and other trades in the towns which they represent the employers of labour are not just now in a state of vassalage to their workmen? (hear, hear). Whether, during the recent strikes in Newcastle of the bakers, joiners, and other trades, that men who were not union men were—in spite of the law and their employers—intimidated into giving up their work and leaving the neighbourhood. It seems to me that intimidation is not confined to Ireland (hear, hear). I also desire to ask the member for Lancashire whether the learned judge who presided in the Crown Court in that county during the last assizes did not declare that crime in England is now more appalling than in any other country in the world (hear, hear). It appears to me, from this sort of evidence, and I could obtain more if I searched for it—though this has been voluntarily communicated to me—that I can show there is a great extent of intimidation, and a great amount of criminality prevailing in England (hear, hear). I shall merely read from the report the actual facts with regard to crime in the three counties of Meath, Westmeath, and King's County, for fourteen months, ending February 28 of last year. In King's County there were no murders, but there had been two attempts at murder during 74 months (hear, hear). It would be absurd to suppose that English gentlemen having some knowledge of the state of crime in English counties would bring in a coercion bill for the purpose of dealing with three murders and seven attempts at murder. But, then it was said that there was another reason for its introduction—that of threats and intimidation. But before I proceed to read the number of cases of intimidation in the police returns I shall venture to give my own opinion upon the matter, which is, that my method of dealing with threatening letters and notes is to throw them into the fire (hear, hear), and the best way to deal with intimidation is to turn a deaf ear to it.

An Hon. Member.—But if a bullet went through your ear?

Mr. Martin.—Why, then, I could not do it (laughter); but if that were done it would be an overt act (hear, hear), and would be a matter that must come before the law, and let the law deal with it. The total number of threatening letters returned leads me to remark that a mischievous wag, if he were a good penman, might write the whole 213 threatening letters and documents, and get through them all in a single day. And then I am ashamed to see this great assembly of English, Irish, and Scotch members proposing to tear the free constitution of England to tatters for the sake of 213 threatening letters and notices, and cases of intimidation (hear, hear). I say the present law can deal with any disorder whatever existing in Westmeath or in any part of Ireland as easily and as effectually as it deals with disorder and crime in England (hear, hear). I will not further weary the house, but before I sit down I will state that I have a vast deal more that I should like to say upon this question, but I am aware there is a moral as well as an intellectual gulf between me as a mere Irishman expressing the sentiments of a vast majority of the people of Ireland and those of the two countries, but it would require a great number of speeches before I could get through all I have to say. I cannot make myself sufficiently in accord with the people of England in a single speech, and it is with great reluctance I have been induced to make the few remarks to which I have given utterance (hear, hear).

Sir P. O'Brien and Mr. Synan indignantly protested against the bill as unconstitutional, and the Irish Solicitor-General, as in duty bound, making a long speech in defence. Mr. Digby and Sir John Gray were not in favor of the amendment, as it indirectly accepted the principle of the first portion of

the bill to which they objected in toto. The irrepressible Mr. Whalley created much amusement by demanding to know when the Catholic hierarchy had ceased its connection with the Ribbon conspiracy. The house then divided upon the amendment of the O'Conor Don— For the amendment..... 12 Against it..... 340 Majority against the amendment—328 The announcement of the numbers was received with laughter. The speaker having then put the question—That the bill be read a second time. Lord Garlick wish to make an explanation in respect to his vote. He had unfortunately gone into the wrong lobby (laughter), and was therefore compelled to vote with the minority (renewed laughter). He had been most anxious to have voted with the Government (hear, hear). The speaker having again put the question that the bill be read a second time. A division was challenged by Sir P. O'Brien and a few other Irish members. The house divided, the numbers were— For the second reading..... 293 Against it..... 11 Majority..... 282

Ireland ought to be proud of her representatives in the British Parliament! Instead of each member attending in his place to battle for the constitution of his country, the work is left to a few men who do not fear to speak boldly the language of honesty and truth. Ireland is to be deprived of her constitution! A noble work for the British Parliament after seven hundred years rule in Ireland by England. We regret that the Government of Mr. Gladstone should be so far led astray as to do the work of the enemies of Ireland. It is true the Government has passed useful measures for Ireland, but to what purpose is this if the people of Ireland are to be bound hand and foot and deprived of all political liberty. This is the people of a long oppressed country must feel deeply. It is sought to justify oppressive legislation by saying that crime exists in Ireland; but certainly not more crime in Ireland than in England, where exceptional legislation dare not be attempted. But when the Irish Members are apathetic in their duty what else can be expected for Ireland. The British Parliament, in legislating for Ireland, the crime, forgets what is and always has been the cause of crime in Ireland. The cause of crime the Gladstone Government has, to a great extent, attempted to put down by the passing of the Land Act. It is to be recollected that this half measure was not passed until the evil became beyond bearing, and that even now the landlords have much in their power. There is no country in the world where life or property is safer than in Ireland. Whenever crime is committed, which no one deprecates more than we, it is in general, we regret to say, where a system of heartless oppression was practised for years. The Legislature ought not to be forgetful that those who have power ought not to goad on others to desperation. It is always in the power of those who possess wealth, and have people under them, to treat those people in a kindly manner. That the Irish country were treated in an oppressive manner we have the evidence of the Irish Land Act, where the Legislature had to interpose to protect the tenant because he was dishonestly treated by his landlord—one of the Ministers of England pronouncing the former law "a felonious law." But although the hardworking and industrious Irish had to live under "a felonious law" penal laws are still enacted for them.—*Mayo Examiner.*

IRELAND AND FRANCE.—Mr Dupanloup thus refers to Irish sympathy for France, in a touching letter published in the *Freeman's Journal*.—"It is my duty to proclaim aloud how poor, Catholic, magnanimous Ireland had not ceased since the commencement of our trials to send me the most generous contributions. Assuredly we may well say of her, in the sublime words of S. Paul: *Altitima pauperum eorum abundantia in divitiis.* If ever we pitied her misfortunes, which Providence has at last commenced to assuage, to-day, when we in our turn are suffering, Ireland has not shown herself ungrateful, and whether it be in the gifts of even the poorest of her children, or in the loudly expressed sympathy of her public meetings—has proved that no people on the earth are more truly our friends than are the Irish. They have taken the very bread from their own mouths, as one of their Bishops wrote to me even yesterday, to give it to France. I here offer the generous Irish the expression of my eternal gratitude."

DUBLIN, May 24.—The Home Rule Association, which for some time has been so quiet that people were beginning to forget its existence, has received a fresh encouragement from the recent demonstration in Limerick, and ventured last evening to hold another public meeting. There was a full attendance in the small rooms in Great Brunswick-street in which it has established its headquarters. The most prominent members mustered in force, but did not form a very numerous staff. Mr. Butt, Q.C., the guiding spirit of the movement, was, of course, there. So, also, was Professor Galbraith, F.T.C.D. Mr. A. M. Sullivan, of the *Nation*, Alderman Plunket, Mr. Murtagh, the proposer of Mr. Martin at the Longford election, Mr. Fisher, of the *Waterford Mail*, Mr. O'Byrne, of the *Lrishman*, Mr. Waldron, D.L., and about a dozen other gentlemen of less note, were the chiefs of the organization. A few names of new members, most of them from Waterford, were announced. No stronger proof could be offered that the Association has made little or no impression on the public than the very limited list of members which it is able to exhibit after all the efforts it has made to arouse the country during the last 12 months. It is easy enough in such places as Limerick, where there is a large floating mass of popular disaffection, to get up a demonstration of hostility to British rule, and the Association has actually turned to account all manifestations of the kind, as if they indicated approval of such a course, the promise as the federal system. The leaders of the movement know well—and some of them make no secret of their opinion—that the Irish people interpret "home rule" not in the mild sense which the Association professes to adopt, but as denoting a more complete independence. As they do not for the most part think that this is to be obtained by agitation, they do not join the society, although they are ready enough to express their sentiments otherwise when opportunity occurs. Mr. Butt addressed the meeting last evening, and moved the first resolution, which was to the effect that, having regard to the progress which the cause of home rule has made in public opinion, it is desirable that an early effort should be made to create a combined and energetic nation of the Irish people, and that with this object a public meeting should be convened. He explained that the Association was never intended to be a great organization, but it was to be the precursor and guide to a great public organization, rallying the country to an effort for nationality. Their programme was a federal union with England. They had to accustom the public mind to a question which was almost forgotten. No person was speaking of repeal when they met 12 months ago, and he pointed to a work which they had since done as indicating a powerful effect upon the public mind. He asked were not people impressed with the importance of making a great and resolute effort, not by violence, but by insurrection, but by peaceful and dignified procedure, to secure the liberties of Ireland? They should conduct their struggle for national independence in a spirit of good feeling and amity to the great English people. He stated that the reason why the Limerick demonstration had not been made three months ago was that his protes-

sional engagements did not permit him to visit the city sooner. No one man, however, no thousand men, could effect such a demonstration if the people were not heart and soul devoted to the cause of home rule for Ireland. He believed that the demonstration would be repeated in Cork and other places. He denounced the Westmeath Coercion Bill as the disgrace and scandal of the English Government, and he observed that the more liberal Mr. Gladstone was the better disposed he was to wards the country, the more overpowering became the argument that this system of English government which brought the country to such a pass had completely broken down, and proved the necessity of allowing the Irish people at last to see what they could do for themselves. He hoped that at the next election they would not return a single member who would not pledge himself to vote for home government. If there was disaffection—as there was, deep and great—he asked was it not well for England that there were men who came forward as mediators to say to England, "These are terms which you may concede with dignity," and to Ireland, "These are terms which you may accept with perfect protection for the liberty and happiness of your people?" Mr. A. M. Sullivan seconded the resolution. The Rev. Professor Galbraith, Mr. Murtagh, the Rev. Mr. O'Malley, Mr. Fisher, and others spoke, and a committee was appointed to organize a public meeting in Dublin.—*Times Cor.*

The estate of the Clothworkers' Company in Londonderry has been purchased by Sir H. Bruce, M.P., for £120,000. An attempt had been made on the part of the tenants to obtain the ownership on a guarantee of £105,000. Such of them as were not in a position to become owners are glad that the property has fallen into the hands of Sir H. Bruce, who is regarded as an excellent landlord. As an instance of the value set on land in Tipperary it may be mentioned that a widow named Grace, who held a small farm of 12 acres from year to year, sold her goodwill for £200 to a farmer, who paid the money without hesitation, although warned by the landlord that the rent would be raised. He has since obtained a lease for 21 years.

THE "HOME RULE" MOVEMENT.—The universal feeling in Ireland in favour of Home Rule is being unmistakably expressed. At an influential meeting on Tuesday, in Dublin, Sir George O'Donnell being in the chair and Catholic and Protestant clergymen present, Mr. Isaac Butt made an indignant speech in reprobation of the Westmeath Bill, his sentiments being endorsed by Mr. A. M. Sullivan, Professor Galbraith and other notables. Mr. J. B. Murtagh moved the thanks of the association to Mr. John Martin, M.P., for his recent speech in Parliament, in exposition of the principles of home rule for Ireland. Mr. Waldron seconded the motion, and characterised Mr. Martin's speech as straightforward, manly, and uncompromising, and one that had rendered unequal advantage to Ireland. Mr. Sullivan said that Mr. Martin had achieved a great moral victory in obtaining such a respectful hearing in Parliament for a speech of the character of that which he delivered.

THE COERCION DEBATE.—An eye-witness writes to the *Nation*.—"An Irish friend beside me remarked upon the creditable demeanour of the House—their courteous and respectful bearing towards a speaker speaking so decidedly against their every prejudice and impugning their dearest convictions. 'Ah,' I answered, 'it is their curiosity. They merely want to hear and see the novelty of an Irish Nationalist leader.' Let me own, however, that in this I did not do justice to the assembly, as I soon discovered; for once or twice, as Mr. Martin came to a strong or unpalatable utterance, he slightly paused, and intimated his embarrassment in speaking as he felt bound to do if he spoke at all in that assembly. Instantly the whole House responded with a friendly and sympathetic 'hear, hear, hear,' and a cry to 'go on,' which soon put him perfectly at his ease. I confess the scene gave me a higher opinion of the dignity of the House and of its sense of civility and fair play than I previously entertained. In truth, the reception accorded to John Martin was the homage paid by adversaries to the sincerity and pure devotion of the advocate before them. His personal character was evidently as well known and as thoroughly respected there as it is here at home in Ireland. And above all, an unerring instinct told every man of them that they were in truth listening to the voice of the Irish Nation—listening to a message that would one day be historical. Nor were the hearty and sincere felicitations of honest Englishmen wanting on this occasion. As I stood by Mr. Martin's side, several came up and warmly expressed their admiration for his speech, and their sympathy with Ireland. Yes, he cried—he did these men an unintentional wrong—when he expressed his opinion that now, as ever hitherto, Englishmen regarded us as 'the Irish enemy.' Not so. I do not believe the Millennium has arrived; I do not believe the English people as a whole have yet come to regard the Irish case through unprejudiced eyes; I know the harmful assumption implied in even the 'well-meaning' observation, 'We (English) wish to do what is best for you,' when what we (Irish) want them in all friendliness to do for us is to let us do for ourselves. Nevertheless, I am firmly persuaded that there is a considerable section of the English people, and that there are not a few English representatives too, who are ready and anxious to settle up 'this old centennial feud' in a spirit of friendship and justice, on the basis of a federal arrangement. I prophesy that John Martin in Parliament will do more to further the progress of this conciliatory spirit than has been done by any one man in Ireland for a decade of years."

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE EDUCATION QUESTION.—The Lord Mayor of Dublin and Sir John Gray, M.P., having written to Mr. Gladstone, soliciting an audience for a deputation of Irish Peers and others, for the purpose of placing in his hands a memorial from their several localities, praying that perfect educational equality and freedom may be conferred on the several religious denominations in Ireland, Mr. Gladstone has returned the following reply:—"11, Carlton House-terrace, S.W., May 18, 1871. 'Sirs,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday on the subject of public education in Ireland, and I beg to assure you that her Majesty's Government are very sensible of the importance which attaches to all steps affecting this question, and that they will not fail to receive an answer with due respect all representations which may be made to them on the matter. If it is deemed desirable, as you describe should, during the present session, attend in London to lay before me the views they entertain, I shall be happy, when the session is further advanced, and the demands upon me somewhat less pressing, to propose a day and hour for the purpose.—I have the honor to be, dear Sirs, yours faithfully, W. E. GLADSTONE."

"The Lord Mayor of Dublin and Sir John Gray, M.P."

GREAT BRITAIN. THE ENGLISH HIERARCHY.—The Most Rev. Dr. Ullathorne has published a history of the re-establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy in England in 1851, in which is related the following incident at the first synod of the new hierarchy of Oscot, in July, '52, as mentioned by Dr. Ullathorne, and is not generally known.—"The sentiments of that moment will never be forgotten; for, deep and soul-stirring as they were, they found their adequate expression in Dr. Newman's exquisite discourse, published under the title of 'The Second Spring.' During its

delivery, Cardinal Wiseman, in the presidential chair, wept tears of consolation. The bishops and clergy were nearly all in tears. And when the preacher came out from the synod, they crowded upon him, giving full flow to the ardent outpourings of their gratitude. It was an indescribable scene; a scene so overpowering to the gentle preacher that Dr. Manning rescued him from it, and quietly accompanied him to his room."

SUSPICIOUS DEATH OF AN HEIRESS.—On Friday morning an inquest was held in Essex street, Strand, London, on the body of Miss Louisa Johnson, aged 15 years, said to be an heiress who was entitled to £10,000. Mrs. Jane Upward, 4 Thanet-place, Strand, a widow, said that on Friday fortnight the deceased was brought to her house in a cart by her mother and brother. She was in a most deplorable plight, fatigued, badly clothed, ill, and ate food aversionally. Witness was told it was necessary for the girl to live near King's College Hospital until she got into the Brompton Hospital. The next day Mr. Williams called, and agreed to pay two guineas a week for her, but he afterwards shirked it. He did send her a bottle of wine, but her mother called and drank half of it. She then went over to the bed upon which the deceased was lying, and used very extraordinary language, anticipating the girl's death.—The girl died last Tuesday. Mr. John Mitchell, a farmer, living at Ponder's End, said that the Johnson family, consisting of the mother and four children, lived at Lincoln-road, Ponder's End. He had seen the deceased in January last. They went upstairs and burst open the door of a room, and they brought the deceased downstairs. She was quite dirty, looked thin, and was nearly naked. Mrs. Johnson said, "We are in a dreadful state. Mr. Williams will give us no money." The relieving officer said that it was not a case for him. Witness and several of the neighbors assisted the family. Mrs. Mary Johnson examined by the Coroner—Are you married? Witness—No. I live at Branford House, Ponder's End. The deceased was born in 1858. She had been stopping at the Arundel House, Hackney. She was brought home, and then she was in robust health, fat and strong. She could eat anything, and I now confess the truth, because I have touched the Bible. She was a great eater. In 1867 the property was put into Chancery, and then I gave Mr. Williams, the guardian, £1,500, and he has given me five shillings at a time. Sir Richard Malins, the Vice-Chancellor, knows all about it. There is an execution in my house at this time. Mr. Williams said that he had spent over £40. We are parties in the case of "Johnson v. Johnson" in the Court of Chancery. I was compelled to get into debt to feed the dear children. I complained of Mr. Williams to Sir R. Malins. Her father was Mr. John Watts of Wilton Lodge, Regent's Park. I have starved myself to give her food. When I had money to buy chops she used to eat them. She was not starved, but she only got bread and butter. The coroner read a letter written by the witness, in which she said, "I have asked Mr. Williams, 'Are we to starve?' and he replied, 'Yes, and go to the devil.'" Mr. J. Williams, No. 6 Thanet-place, Strand, said that he had the management of the Johnson property. He allowed Mrs. Johnson £194 16s. 9d. for housekeeping during the last twelve months.—She had complete control over that money. The deceased was a girl who would not wash herself, and was in the habit of not undressing herself at night. The Coroner—What we want to know is why this girl died, you being her guardian? The witness, then at great length, detailed that the property was being sold by the Court of Chancery, and Mrs. Johnson was only entitled to the life use of it. The coroner said that it was now for the jury to act upon the evidence taken. Had the death been accelerated by the criminal conduct of anyone? There was no evidence to show that the mother had murdered the girl. The jury returned a verdict of "Death from consumption."

EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY OF A FORGOTTEN MURDER.—At the Merthyr Police Court, on Saturday, seven persons were charged with being concerned in the murder of Thomas Davies, a collier, at Llywedd, Aberdare, on the 16th of April, 1867.—The names of the persons charged were—John Price, mason, Cynon-row; James Davies, miner, Miners'-row; Thomas Davies, blacksmith, Morin-place; Dan Evans, miner, Miners'-row; John Rogers, miner, Hill-top; Benjamin Phillips, miner, Herbert-terrace—all of Llywedd; and Mary Ann Price, widow, Stag-street, Aberdare. It appears that on the 16th of April, 1867, portions of a man's clothes were found near an old mine. These were recognized as those worn by Thomas Davies, who had not returned to his home from the Aberdare fair, held the day previous. Information was given to the police, and a rigid search followed. The boarding which protected the mouth of an unworked mine was removed, and ultimately the body of the missing man was discovered at the bottom of the shaft, and upon examination, it revealed traces of foul play. It was at once concluded that the poor man had been brutally murdered, and the perpetrators of the shocking act, fearing detection, had afterwards disposed of the body by throwing it down the mine. Although the police were indefatigable in their exertions no real clue could be obtained, and not a few were at last disposed to advance the theory that the deceased, after partially undressing in a drunken fit, threw himself down the shaft. Such an idea, however, was preposterous, as, apart from the unmistakable marks of violence about the unfortunate man's head, the facts of the hoards which covered the mouth of the shaft having been properly re-placed at once precluded the possibility of such an act being committed. The excitement in the case died away after a while, and little more was thought of it until two years since, when Anne Greenslade, an old "fortune-teller," was sent for by the friends of one of the prisoners, and they "confessed" to her, but until recently the old confessor seems to have kept matters uncommunally close. Lately, however, she has been in no way reserved, but has spoken freely on the subject, as also has another woman, Jeanette Beales, who now comes forward and solemnly swears to Price's participation in the murder. In consequence of their declarations having come to the ears of Mr. Supt. Thomas, steps were taken for the apprehension of all parties spoken of. The seven mentioned above were brought up on Saturday. Ann Greenslade, the fortune-teller, said—James Davies confessed, by saying that he did not intend going to the fair on the following Friday, adding, "for fear my brother-in-law will draw me into the same trouble as he did two years ago." His mother was there, and made an answer to her son's statement, saying directly, "I wish I could see my son-in-law brought home on dead boards, because he should not draw him into the same trouble. I would willingly take her and the child and maintain them." And the mother and son said that Price and Dan Evans took down the boards (which covered the pit's mouth) and put them up again. James Davies said, "I had nothing to do with the murder of him, only I was amongst the number. I know nothing about any of the other prisoners." Some further evidence having been given, the bench, after some consideration, remarked that there was nothing to implicate five of the prisoners, who were thereupon discharged, but John Price and James Davies were remanded for a week, bail being refused.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE.—It is for the cities to govern, each in its proportion, if, indeed, it be a city; Paris, of course, preponderating as the chief of cities, the model city.—The City, in a word. There could be no indignity greater than that the Parisian

should be outvoted by peasants. It is evident the country has lost its natural attraction to the mass of the Parisians. They dread the dullness, the isolation, the fatigue, the cold, wet, and dirt of the country; and, more than all, the horrid society, such as it is—its manners, *patois*, rude prejudices, and grovelling passions. No doubt, there are various reasons for this difference, but one of them is that French Communism has already done its worst with the country. It has fouled that nest. It has divided and sub-divided indefinitely that which it naturally expected to command. It has filled the country with a worse than pauper race of men, rooted like their own trees, looking down to the ground like their own cattle, occupied in small quarrels arising out of small hopes and ignoble fears. The French village deserves the contempt of the Parisian Communist. It is a petty, slovenly, quarrelsome, and very sordid place. But it owes half its barbarism to Paris, which has suppressed the natural development of the country for the sake of ideas supposed to be favourable to the glory of the nation—that is, of Paris. If ever the memorable request to be left alone had a just application, it applies in due proportion to country life. Of course nothing can be left quite alone, and certainly the rural life of France has always stood in need of legislation as much as the towns; but no legislation can answer unless it take into account the nature and laws of the material—the habits and ways of those legislated for. The legislation which began in 1789 proceeded upon the contrary plan of utterly changing the country by subverting its natural order and destroying its characteristic features. It might be that the Revolution did, after all, but give a final form and effect to long-cherished peculiarities of the Gallic character, but it was nevertheless, a distinct and definite work, professing to be a new basis, and fully entitled to be regarded. It made its mark on the country even more than on the towns; and that it did so we have a signal proof in the determination of the Parisian Communists that the country should have no voice whatever in the government of France. People are said to hate those they have injured; and it is not less true that if they have crushed anybody altogether, they will not select him for an associate or a colleague.—In England, the country—that is, the land and rural life—has been comparatively let alone. It has been legislated for by persons well acquainted with it and deeply interested in it. Country life is still primitive, natural, and in singular accordance with the English character. The consequence is that the population of our cities and towns, for the most part immigrants, or the near descendants of immigrants, from rural districts, keep up an undying love for the country, and a respect for the country, and a desire to get back to it some day, themselves or their children. If their means at all admit of it, they struggle hard to combine the two in their residence, or in their property and their plans of life. Rich and poor dream of the country. If the rich do it, we must excuse the poor, even though their ambition must often be beyond the scale of reasonable expectation.—*Times.*

A ROMANCE OF "LOTHIAN."—A romance of "Lothian" otherwise the Marquis of Bute, and his family is made public in the *London Court Journal*, and it shows very effectively that the family pride may occasionally, as perhaps it ought, rise above the demands of loyalty to even a queen. "The Marquis has never yet made his respects to the Queen." "The reason," says the *Court Journal*, "of this extraordinary promise, which the Marquis has religiously kept, is to be found in the implacable hostility of the Marchioness to the Queen. The late Marchioness of Bute was the sister of Lady Flora Hastings, the young and beautiful maid of honour, whom Queen Victoria, when a girl of 18, suffered soon after her accession to the throne, to be driven from her presence and hunted to death by slanders long since disproved. The cold and cruel conduct of the young sovereign, at the time, the family of the victim have never forgotten or forgiven. When the Queen, some years ago, visited Rothsay Bay in her yacht, and lay for several days in sight of the superb residence of the Marchioness of Bute, Mount Stuart House, the Marchioness not only refused to attempt to pay her court to the Queen, but actually ordered all the blinds of the windows in Mount Stuart House to be kept closed so long as the royal yacht lay within sight of them.—Time has not softened in the son the bitter sense of injustice which hardened the mother's heart."

ARCHBISHOP MANNING.—Henry Edward Manning, D.D., Archbishop of Westminster, and successor to Cardinal Wiseman is in his 62nd year. His grace is in every respect one of the most distinguished prelates in the Catholic Church. Gifted with rare powers of mind, adorned with acquirements as extensive as they are unrivalled, simple as the tenderest child that hangs upon his words, the Archbishop of Westminster stands almost alone in mental type and personal character. A scholar, whose research and accuracy have been keenly tested, a thinker whose speculations have been examined with unsparring criticism, a social reformer, whose action has been whole-hearted and earnest as the man himself, he has won without effort the applause of the learned, and retained without appeal the sympathies of the crowd. Clear as his transparent style in his whole career; and though he did that which ever touches the English people to provocation, yet he defied their censure, and never ceased to enjoy their respect. His efforts in the cause of sobriety have been unceasing and personal. He has come upon the platform face to face with his countrymen, and has spoken unpleasant truth and keen reproach with his own forbearing generosity. As a preacher he is distinguished for grave dignity, simple expression, cogent reasoning and holy illustration. He seems to speak without effort, but it is because he has thought out the matter patiently, cautiously, candidly, and then resolved his plan. His countenance is singularly expressive, his voice clear and searching. He is heard with attention for his gifts and remembered with fidelity for his truth. The Archbishop's father was a London merchant and a member of Parliament. He sent his son to Harrow school and from thence to Balliol College, Oxford. In 1830, he took his degree of A. B., with honors in the first class; and soon after won a Fellowship. Almost immediately he was selected as one of the University preachers—a promotion of pecuniary advantage, but of great collegiate distinction. He gave up his fellowship in 1834, when he was appointed to the vicarage of Lavington and Lullham, in Sulsex. Six years later he was named Archdeacon of Chichester, a very valuable office, to which was attached a stipend of about £1,600 a year. For eleven years he remained in this preferment, well known as an active worker, a deep and subtle thinker, a ready and earnest preacher. At the end of eleven years, and twenty-one years from his ordination, he left the Protestant communion and joined the Catholic Church. He lost his income as a Protestant dignitary, he swept away his reputation as a Protestant thinker, and he challenged the hostility of the Protestant Church. "Conspiration" is a weak word by which to describe the panic that followed his conversion; and when he became a priest the disappointment of his friends was unexpressable. He became superior of an ecclesiastical congregation at Bayswater, known as the Oblates of Divinity was conferred while on a visit to Rome; and he was further honored by being appointed to the office of Provost of the Archdiocese of Westminster, Prothonotary Apostolic and Domestic Prelate to his Holiness the Pope. For fourteen years he continued to discharge the high duties of his office, and in June, '64, on the ever-to-be-lamented death of Cardinal Wiseman, he was appointed Archbishop of the diocese. While in the Protestant

Church, Archbishop Manning wrote several sermons and other theological works. The most notable were—"Rule of Faith, a Sermon with Appendix;" "Holy Baptism, with introduction;" a treatise on the "Unity of the Church;" "Sermons at the University of Oxford;" and "Thoughts for those that Mourne." The first work he published subsequent to his conversion was entitled "Lectures on the Grounds of Faith." They are worth the patient consideration and frequent consultation of all men. In 1860 he wrote a pamphlet on the "Temporal Sovereignty of the Pope," a splendid statement of Catholic views, supported by irrefragable argument. Four years later he published a sermon entitled "Blessed Sacrament, the Centre of Inseparable Truth;" a Letter, "Working of the Holy Spirit;" and in the following year, "Temporal Mission of the Holy Spirit." Pastoral and letters he has also published all characterized by great width and depth, all brightened with the noblest observances of Christian charity. The Archbishop's recent works and life are too well known to our readers to necessitate our speaking of them here. How courageously he has fought for right and truth against usurpation and falsehood; how brilliantly he has explained the results of the dogma; how he has confuted all opponents and strengthened all adherents, need not be told. These and all the benefactions to mankind which have made his life pure and beautiful, will be remembered by the Catholic world as long as righteousness shall be held in honor.

UNITED STATES.

THE SON OF MEAGHER.—We find in the *Brooklyn Eagle* the following information about the negotiations for nomination of the late General Meagher's son to a cadetship.—"Some time since Captain Morgan, of this city; Major Haggerty, of New York, and one or two other ex-officers of the Irish Brigade, visited Washington and made, in the name of the survivors of the Irish Brigade, a request of President Grant that he would appoint the only surviving son of the late General Thomas Francis Meagher to a cadetship at West Point, the President having by law several such appointments at his disposal. The delegation pressed the claims of the son of the gallant Meagher, and the President promised to take them into consideration. Much surprise was excited by the fact that young Meagher was not appointed, the claims of one of Brigham Young's sons being considered superior by Grant. Brigham says he does not care for the appointment except as a tribute to the excellence of the Mormon creed. Several members of Congress from this State expressed their willingness to give their appointment to young Meagher, but there was this difficulty in the way.—Under the law the candidate must be a resident of the district represented by the Congressman making the appointment. The lad is in Ireland perfecting his education. The widow of General Meagher is a resident of the Hon. R. B. Roosevelt's district, and therefore the boy can claim a residence in that district. Mr. Roosevelt very cheerfully named young Meagher as his candidate, and his father's eminent services to his adopted country will be recognized despite Grant's choice. The President's Mormon protegee, it is feared, will make trouble at West Point, the lads there not liking the association Grant has forced on them."

It becomes a serious question for the friends of young Meagher whether the nomination and cadetship would be altogether a creditable sort of thing at the present day. West Point has become a rowdy establishment; and though it has not yet anything like its due proportion of negro young gentlemen, that defect will be and ought to be soon remedied. There is no doubt that our colored brethren who are members of Congress ought to exercise their patronage in every case on behalf of a cadet of their own color. These young gentlemen, together with the large blackguard element which now necessarily preponderates there at any rate, must make West Point a dubious sort of school, whether of manners, of morals, or of letters.—*N. Y. Irish Citizen.*

In San Francisco there is a regular Joss House, or Chinese Temple, in which are six idols, to whom paper and pink are burning all the while. Over against this idol temple, scarcely two blocks away, is the Chinese Mission House of the Methodist Church, just completed at a cost of \$80,000. A little further off is the Presbyterian Chinese Mission. Other churches keep up their Chinese classes. The American Mission Association also is pushing its work among them wherever a door opens. It is quite marvellous to see the growth of churches in California. Churches are springing all over the State, and material prosperity with them, as is proved by the semi-annual statement of savings banks. In those in San Francisco 36,862 depositors placed \$1,289,456, or, on the average, \$854 to the depositor. In those in the interior, 10,683 depositors placed \$5,266,350, or \$193 for each depositor. During 1870 the deposits in the city increased \$1,655,000, and throughout the State \$7,602,000.

PARALLEL BETWEEN COLUMBIA AND ROME.—Mr. Dougherty, a member of the American bar, in his speech at the Philadelphia Meeting, drew out the parallel between the political status of the inhabitants of Columbia and those of Rome with an exactness which we commend to the consideration of politicians in Europe.—"We Americans (said the American barrister) on our inmost hearts are wedded to free institutions, and therefore it is that we demand the liberty of the Pope that the Church itself may be independent. Shall it be said that we willingly submit that our Bishops and Archbishops shall henceforth owe their appointments to the subjects of an Italian King? No; we want no King nor noble, nor foreign intercessor, to stand between us and the Spiritual Head of the Catholic Church. But am I to be told that the people of Rome have voted against the Government of the Pope? I answer, will any of my countrymen call that a free and fair election, carried by the point of the bayonet by the head of an advancing army? I maintain that the Government of the Pope in Rome is in exact keeping with the genius of American institutions. Why is it that our Government is located in the District of Columbia. Why is it that our national constitution deprives citizens living there of a voice in the selection of a President, or any national officer, and denies that which is the very essence of Republicanism—the right to vote for representatives in Congress? It is because our Chief Magistrate, in the discharge of his exalted duties, shall not be overshadowed by any power or liable to be improperly influenced by the people of any Commonwealth, but that he and Congress may be independent and supreme and act, not for the advantage of one State, but for the common good of all. What the District of Columbia is to the United States is Rome to the Catholic world. What freedom could the Holy Father have if subject to one who ungratefully and basely broke his pledged faith with France—France, that made Italy a nation and him her King? What freedom could the Holy Father have if subject to a monarch who owns himself unable to restrain his ruffian rabble?—In a word it is clear to all thoughtful persons that, given an institution such as the Catholic Church, the Pope must be Sovereign, and therefore territorially free and independent, in order to be able to legislate for 200,000,000 of spiritual subjects throughout the world.—*Albion Advocate.*

GALVESTON, TEXAS, JUNE 13.—Another terrible storm struck this city yesterday at 10 a.m. and continued with great fury till midnight, destroying telegraphic and railroad communication, and doing immense damage to the city and shipping. St. Patrick's Church, which was just finished, was blown down and is a total ruin.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1871.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

JUNE—1871

Friday, 23—St. Margaret, V.
Saturday, 24—St. John the Baptist.
Sunday, 25—Fourth after Pentecost.
Monday, 26—SS. John and Paul, MM.
Tuesday, 27—Of the Octave.
Wednesday, 28—Fast. Vigil of SS. Peter and Paul.
Thursday, 29—SS. PETER AND PAUL, Ap. Obl.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The state of affairs in France remains unchanged. Disunion prevails among the Republican governors and the necessity of a speedy return to the system of law and order becomes daily apparent. Until France is purged of such creatures as Simon, she cannot expect that true peace which is the legitimate offspring of security. This blasphemer of the Most High defends the infidel government of National Defence in an address before the Assembly. The resolutions for Committees of investigation are timely and we believe their revelations will tend to force the manhood of France to consign to their native obscurity the charlatans of revolution.

The entry of William of Prussia into Berlin was we are told a splendid affair. Might makes Right now-a-days. The future must decide the period during which the self-created Emperor shall enact the comedy of German suzerainty.

The demonstrations in honor of the Papal Jubilee contrast strangely with the pomp and parade of Berlin. The lonely prisoner of the Vatican is receiving the homage of his faithful children everywhere. Silly stories are told of the Pope being about to retire to Corsica. Perhaps so—but we decline to believe them.

MANDEMENT

FOR THE PASTORAL VISIT OF THE YEAR 1871.
IGNATIUS BOURGET, By the Grace of God and of the Apostolic See, Bishop of Montreal, Assisting at the Pontifical Throne.

To the Parish Priest and Faithful of the Parish of . . . Health and Benediction in Our Lord.

It is for Us, Dear Brethren, a great happiness to be able to-day to inform you that We are about to visit your parish. On account of Our long absence from the Diocese it is some time since We have been able to enjoy this consolation; and We yearn to be amongst you, to distribute to you the abundant graces of our holy Ministry and to make you share at the same time in these heavenly gifts which We have earned for you whilst assisting at the Holy Council of the Vatican.

Time, and the narrow limits which the nature of this Mandement prescribe, do not permit Us here to tell you all that Our heart feels at the mere thought that soon We shall be amongst you to bless you in the name of the Lord Jesus, who of old visited this valley of tears to shed with divine profusion the gifts of His love.—*Pertransit beneficendo, et sanando, omnes.* (Act 10, 38.)

We will then content Ourselves with communicating to you the ardent wish which in the interior of Our soul We form, and which day and night We cease not to present to heaven. That desire is that you all Dear Brethren be filled with the Holy Ghost, adorned with His divine gifts, and fed with His delicious fruits, so that your parish may become as it were another *Cenacle*, in which all are holy. *Repleti sunt omnes Spiritu Sancto.*

But on the day of a Pastoral Visit this desire becomes more vehement, for such a day is as it were a day of Pentecost to the Parish since the Holy Ghost, Who descended upon our fathers in the faith whilst gathered together in the *Cenacle*, descends also in person, though invisibly, in the church in which you find yourselves met together with your Pastors whilst therein the Bishop administers the Sacrament of Confirmation.

Nor can it be doubted that the Holy Ghost to-day, when communicating Himself to the

children of the Church, seeks to work in them the same marvels of grace that He wrought in the Apostles and Disciples of the Lord, when He visited them in the sacred house which then contained all the members of the nascent Church. We know that He changed and renewed them in a manner so wonderful as to make of them new men. Then to the letter was fulfilled the prophecy:—Lord, Thou shalt send forth thy spirit, and new men shall be created; and then thou shalt renew the face of the earth. (Ps. 103, 30.)

For this divine Paraclete proceeding from the Father and the Son has been sent on earth to dwell with men and to govern the Church to the end of the world. He is in the Church then for us, as for the Apostles and their disciples, who at the school of this great Master rose to so high a degree of perfection—that is to say He would wish to make of all of us Saints, and Elect for eternal happiness.

Now Dear Brethren, if all who compose your parish faithfully correspond with the inspirations of the sanctifying Spirit, and profit by the plentiful graces which He prepares for this fine day of our visit, they will assuredly become holy also, and will form a parish of saints.

Such is Our wish. We will dwell upon this thought which possesses Us, and which forms the chief end of our Visit—to wit, to make of your parish a good and holy parish in which God will be faithfully served, by the avoidance of vice, the practice of virtue, the frequentation of the Sacraments, the exercise of works of charity, the good education of the children, and in fine by the discharge of all religious duties. Now this it will be, if, as is to be hoped, it be filled with the Holy Ghost on the day of the Visit, and if the fruits thereof be preciously conserved. But for the better understanding of the operations of the Holy Ghost in the sanctification of a Parish we must consider what are the signs by which His coming in such a parish are recognised, what the gifts He communicates to it, and what the fruits with which he feeds it.

SIGNS WHEREBY THE COMING OF THE HOLY GHOST IS RECOGNISED.

The signs which announce the advent of the Holy Ghost in a parish are, to the eyes of faith, the same as those which were worked when on the great day of Pentecost, He descended on the *Cenacle*.

"Suddenly," says the sacred historian, "there came a sound from heaven as of a mighty wind coming, and it filled the whole house where they were sitting. And there appeared to them cloven tongues as it were of fire; and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they began to speak with diverse tongues, according as the Holy Ghost gave them to speak."—Acts 2, V. 2, 4.

These wonders are as you see Dear Brethren a great noise which made itself heard; the gust of a furious wind coming up of a sudden; the tongues of fire which rest on the heads of all who were within the *Cenacle*; the speaking of tongues, previously unknown to them, by ignorant men, and who thus show forth the marvels of the Holy Ghost.

Now in considering Dear Brethren, with the eyes of faith these great signs which announce the arrival in the world of the Holy Ghost, to sanctify it, and thus make a new world of it, you will easily comprehend what takes place in a parish when this divine Spirit designs to make of it a good and holy parish.

In fact this noise which strikes the sense, is the symbol of the mighty grace which, on the day determined in the Eternal decrees, bursts forth, and makes itself felt by a parish, shakes it, and makes it to leave its evil courses, purges it of its vices, inspires it with a holy zeal in the practice of sobriety, of truth, and justice; and in fine, establishes it firmly in the sanctifying precept "Turn from evil, and do good." *Dirigite a malo, et fac bonum.*—Ps. 33—15.

This divine breathing which makes itself heard with so much majesty, represents the celestial inspirations, which disperse the dense fogs of ignorance and sin, and makes to shine in all its brightness the sun of truth, in the minds of men created to know, praise and adore a thrice holy God. O how happy is a parish when with docility it submits itself to the teachings of this great Master; when at all hours of day and night, it is enlightened, animated, vivified, and sanctified by the adorable breathings of the Holy Ghost.

Those tongues of fire which rest on the heads, and warm the hearts of all the Lord's happy disciples are the figure of the words of the man of God who kindles in the soul the fire of divine love, and plants therein, that fervor, piety, faith, and other virtues which lead to evangelical perfection.

And lastly, the gift of tongues which enables the Apostles to make themselves understood by the multitude of strangers gathered together in Jerusalem to preach the Divinity of Him Whom they had just crucified, is communicated to all the parish wherein dwells evangelical simplicity. For the works of faith and piety

therein practised have tongues a thousand fold more eloquent than the finest discourses, dictated by the science and wisdom of men.

It is by means of prodigies like these, Dear Brethren, that the Holy Ghost desires to take real, if invisible possession of your parish on the great day of His visit. To each of you He will be as a tongue of fire, to kindle within you all the ardors of his charity, and to teach you these truths which may preserve you from the deadly errors that now, more than ever, creep and circulate through the world. He will be ever present to your spirit as a refreshing breeze which will temper that ardor, and impetuosity of imagination which expose you to so many falls. Happy then the parish to which the Holy Ghost deigns to communicate Himself by signs so striking, so as to show that verily He has there taken up His abode.

GIFTS OF THE HOLY GHOST.

What then are the gifts that the Holy Ghost communicates to a parish which has religiously prepared itself to receive Him? These divine gifts are, as you know, Dear Brethren, wisdom, intelligence, counsel, strength, science, piety, and the fear of God. These unspeakable gifts make the new man who is created according to God in truth and justice. These seven gifts are as it were a wondrous flowing forth of the divine perfections into the human soul, which lives in God, from God, and for God. All the wealth and grandeurs of earth, all the beauties and perfections of created things are as nothing in comparison with these inestimable gifts.

To appreciate them, as much as in us, with our feeble lights, it lies to do so, let us consider what a parish may be, what it ought to be, which has been laden with them, and which rejoices in them as in a precious treasure.—Wisdom teaches it to scorn the things of this world, and teaches it to seek after only the things of heaven; Intelligence makes it feel, and taste the truths of faith, which in spite of their obscurity will appear to it bright and luminous; Counsel will discover to it the straight road which it must follow, so as not to go astray in the troubles and difficulties of life; Strength will make it firm and steadfast in the practice of good, and in the exercise of the works of piety and charity; Science will teach it what is the good that is to be done, and point out the means to do it; Piety will inspire it with these pure and simple affections, which should animate it in all the exercises of religion; Fear of God will pierce it with a lively horror for all that is evil and offensive to God.

Now for a people of faith, what rich treasures flow in torrents from these perfect gifts which descend from the Father of Lights, in the bosom of a parish which is full of the Holy Ghost! In such a people what delights, seeing itself thus charged with such spiritual blessings! To what height and sublimity of perfection may it not speedily reach from its fidelity to the great lessons that the Holy Spirit gives to all who respectfully and with docility hearken to Him!

This is what strikes us in the case of the Apostles and the first Disciples of Our Lord. Scarcely have they received the Holy Ghost, and already they are new men. They are so thoroughly detached from the things of earth, that they sell all they have to distribute the price amongst the poor. In joy and singleness of heart do they take their repasts, living in community together as do fervent Religions.—They are filled with joy when dragged to prison and cruelly scourged for the name of the Lord. They are all of one heart, and of one soul; and the heathen are so struck with the charity that animates them, that in their astonishment they cry out "see how these Christians so love one another, as to be ready to die, one for the other!" In public calamities they generously tax themselves to pour into Jerusalem the stream of charity. They are full of courage when the interests and principles of Religion are at stake; "better is it," they say to their tyrant persecutors, "to obey God than man." They are animated by an ardent zeal for the propagation of the faith; and when scattered by persecution, they carry with them whithersoever they go, the glad tidings of the Gospel.

With these good examples before our eyes, you, Dear Brethren, may more and more convince yourselves of the excellence of the gifts of the Holy Ghost, and of the happiness there is for a parish to possess them, and to yield itself up to His divine guidance. For what our great Master has done for our fathers, that He desires to do for us who are their heirs in the faith.

But the Holy Ghost when forming new men in the Church to whom He communicates His excellent gifts, undertakes moreover to feed them with the most delicious fruits. For you understand that men must live a life which is their own; and that consequently they need a food suited to their kind of life.

FRUITS OF THE HOLY GHOST.

What then are these fruits? The Apostle St. Paul in his epistle to the Galatians, 5, v.

22, 23, reckons up twelve. "But," so he says, "the fruit of the Spirit is, charity, joy, peace, patience, benignity, goodness, long animity, mildness, faith, modesty, continence, chastity. Against such there is no law."

Now is it not evident that a parish is perfectly happy in the practice of the most sublime virtues, if the hearts of its people are full of charity, if peace and joy reign in all its families; if therein be exercised patience, mildness, goodness in the midst of insults and evil treatment; if long animity and moderation be displayed amidst long sufferings and hard adversities; if faith be the principle of all its actions; if in the households continence be held in honor, and if chastity be the brightest ornament of the young.

All these things become to us more striking, and in some sort tangible if We invoke some memorable examples and notorious facts. Is not this in fact what took place in the Church at Jerusalem, and of which St. Luke gives us so touching a description; in that at Alexandria which presented so ravishing a spectacle to an astonished world as to force even from the Jew Philo magnificent eulogy; in the new churches which from year to year have since been formed on these admirable models; and in particular in the Paraguay Missions, about which so many admirable things have been written?

And therefore Dear Brethren—after all these oracles of Holy Writ which attest the wondrous effects of the working of the Holy Ghost—in those societies which have placed themselves beneath His guidance—and those admirable examples which fully demonstrate the power of this God of love in the sanctification of His faithful people, in all times and in all places—may not We, as your pastor, legitimately appeal to your piety to invite you, with all the warmth of Our heart which but seeks your greater good, to prepare yourselves to receive the visit of the Holy Ghost, in the full assurance that He will deign to take possession of your parish to make thereof a holy parish and a parish of saints? Now, of this We have the firm persuasion, the visit which We announce to you may, and should have this happy result.

(To be continued in our next.)

MEETING AT KINGSTON.

On the 11th June the Catholics of the City of Kingston assembled in St. Mary's Cathedral, His Lordship the Right Rev. E. J. Horan, D.D., presiding, unanimously adopted the subjoined Address for presentation to the Sovereign Pontiff, Pope Pius IX., on the auspicious occasion of the XXV. anniversary of his Pontificate.

It was unanimously resolved that the Address should be accompanied by an offering.—In all the missions of the Diocese the Address is being signed, and a collection taken up:—
TO HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS THE NINTH.

MOST HOLY FATHER:—

On the anniversary of the auspicious day when it pleased Divine Providence to commit to Your solicitude the government of His Church, We, the Bishop, Clergy and Faithful of this Diocese of Kingston, as beloved faithful children, place at Your feet the best homage of our filial affection and sincere felicitation on the recurrence of this festive time.

We, with gratitude, render heart-felt thanks to God Who for the last quarter of a century has preserved You in uninterrupted vigor and health for the immense good and advantage of the Church, and we pray the same Giver of all good gifts that He may for many years to come prolong the life of our cherished Father and Pontiff. When we call to mind the many vicissitudes, through which the Church has passed, to how many tempests and dangers the burque of Peter was exposed—from all of which, with You at the helm, she has escaped safe and uninjured, we know not whether more to admire Your imperturbable patience in suffering evil or Your invincible fortitude in resisting the dangers that appeared to overwhelm Her. We therefore wish Your Holiness all happiness and prosperity and we congratulate You on having attained to an age so venerable and so full of merit. We also, prostrate at Your Feet, beg that You would favorably receive this expression of our love and dutiful homage.

We cannot, however, but express the deep grief and affliction that fill our hearts in view of your suffering, and we unite our feeble voices with those of the entire world in the expression of our sorrow, so that by commingling our sighs and tears with theirs, we may bewail together the evils which You endure.

If we have hitherto been silent, that silence was not owing indeed to any carelessness or unworthy indifference of ours with respect to these momentous events, which, in the present unhappy days, have caused a cry of anguish to resound throughout the world. But amidst the noise of conflict, the din of arms and all these other horrors, which have so universally prevailed and which have so rudely shaken society in Europe, as to have thrown it into the greatest confusion and to have almost reduced it to chaos, we deemed it fitter to suppress our lamentations, until a more opportune occasion should afford us a time to weep.

Your sorrows, Most Holy Father, are ours! perils, from whatever quarter they threaten you, alarm us; impious and sacrilegious attacks upon your sacred Person and upon those who are so justly beloved, affect us as well; so much so that in order to force you from afflictions such as these, we profess our readiness to sacrifice all that we have, even to our very lives.

We saw, and seeing we rejoiced, that you hold, by the most just of titles, that sovereignty, which without the slightest bloodshed, without injury to any one's rights, Your predecessors had formerly acquired amid the unanimous acclamations of the whole universe. How great the benefits which resulted to the Christian Commonwealth from this dispensation of Divine Providence requires from us only the merest passing allusion. Religion everywhere propagated; the name of the true God proclaimed and adored; the darkness, that had overspread the earth, entirely dispelled; the light of the gospel beaming far and wide; corrupt morals

reformed; the divine commands observed—these with all their attendant blessings, have, as everyone well knows, flowed from that, their fountain-head.

We remember too the splendid proofs of love and reverence for religion, which were given by those illustrious and truly Christian Princes, most justly styled great, who with intensest zeal labored to have the name of Emanuel, made known and adored. Those magnanimous heroes, though surrounded with all this world's pomp, though renowned for their genius and science and graced with every accomplishment, omitted nothing in order that they might exalt on high that new Jerusalem which they had beheld descending from Heaven, that they might render it lovely and attractive, resplendent with every brightest ornament. Alas! how unlike them are they who now sit on their thrones and sway their sceptres! Regardless and unmindful of the virtues of their ancestors, these exhibit to the eyes of the world a disgraceful spectacle. For what can be more disgraceful than that Princes, abusing the name of Christian, should endeavour with all their might to overturn the Church of God, should heap on You, its head, the foulest outrages and should strive, if so they may, utterly to abolish the very name of Christianity and blot it out forever from the face of the earth!

Sad, too, and shameful does it seem, that such crimes are committed under the eyes of other Princes who assuredly, are not seized and possessed with a like infatuation; who, nevertheless, witnessing all these misdeeds, are silent, whilst their silence is, by the impious construed into approval. They see Your Sacred Person an exile in Your own country, the Holy City, a prey to Vandals, those temples, erected and adorned by the piety of former ages, desecrated by the impious; the Patrimony of St. Peter, founded and completed by their munificence forcibly wrested from you, and become the scene of plunder and pillage, in a word they behold the impious laying violent hands on all your most precious possessions; those Princes see this and are silent.—There was once indeed that happy time, when the Vicars of the Supreme Deity could place reliance in Kings and in their difficulties appeal to them with confidence; but nothing now remains for us, but to follow that Counsel of the greatest of Kings; "Put not your trust in Princes."

Let those, however, who now rule the earth, arise at length from sleep; let them keep before their eyes the evils which are now so widely spread—the law of nations nowhere observed; the most sacred treaties despised and trampled under foot; faith universally broken and betrayed, and whilst reflecting on the injustices inflicted on the meekest of Princes, let them be wise for themselves and take heed lest the same fate await them, and their thrones, by a similar calamity, totter and fall to the ground, because that forgetful of their duty, they neglected to succor an oppressed Prince and defend a most righteous cause.

Though burthened, Most Holy Father, with such great cares and anxieties, be still of good heart, whatever be the vicissitudes through which you may have to pass; should persecutions endure, should dangers threaten, should you be even forced to wander forth a fugitive from Your own Dominions the profounder only shall be our reverence, the more vehement our affliction for you; and as was said of the Master whom you serve: "Quanto pro nobis vilior, tanto nobis carior."—Animated with these sentiments we earnestly implore the Almighty that He may hasten the dawning of that longed-for day when Your chains burst asunder and Your sufferings at an end You may be able as heretofore to rule the Church with full liberty and to guide it with infallible doctrine and teachings.

Prostrate at your feet, we implore for ourselves and all those committed to our care the apostolical Benediction.

"FETE DIEU" IN OTTAWA.

Yesterday, (11th inst.) we expressed our Catholic feelings in a twofold manner; first, by paying public homage to the Adorable Sacrament of the Eucharist; and, second, by congratulating the illustrious occupant of the Chair of St. Peter upon the twenty-fifth anniversary of his glorious Pontificate.

The Procession which was announced for 11 A.M., was deferred until evening, on account of the unfavorable state of the weather. Immediately after Vespers, about five o'clock, the congregations of the three City Parishes, the members of the various Religious and National Societies, the scholars of the College, the Convents, and public schools, formed in one long and solemn line, and preceded the Blessed Sacrament, with their banners and bands.—The Fire-Brigade acted as guard of honor to His Lordship, who bore the Ostensorium under a gorgeous canopy. Flags, arches, evergreens, and sacred inscriptions ornamented the favored streets, while four grand Repositories, dazzling with countless lights and gems, and fragrant flowers of every species, were honored with the presence of the Most High.

PIUS IX. AND THE ROBBER KING.

At eight o'clock, a mass meeting was held in the Cathedral, at which the Right Rev. Dr. Gingués presided, having on his right Sir George E. Cartier, and R. W. Scott, M.P.P., and on his left Dr. Tache, and R. S. M. Bonchette, Esq. His Lordship briefly explained the object of the meeting, which was wholly connected with His Holiness the Pope; we were there to express our joy on the completion of his twenty-fifth year in the important position in which God had placed him, and at the same time to protest in the name of law and order against the invasion of Victor Emmanuel. He then introduced Sir George E. Cartier, who referred at some length to the functions of the Papacy, and maintained that they could not be exercised without the most unlimited freedom; and consequently the Pope should be himself a king and not the subject of a king.

R. W. Scott, Esq., followed in an appropriate speech, in which the sentiments of a true Catholic were clearly exhibited. He concluded by moving the first resolution:—"That the Catholics of Ottawa hasten to avail themselves of this opportunity to express to His Holiness the Pope their heart-felt congratulations, in common with their fellow-worshippers throughout the world, on the completion of the 25th year of his Sovereign Pontificate."

E. P. Dorion, Esq., seconded with pleasure the resolution. His voice was not needed to proclaim the attachment of the Catholic world to the Holy Father.

The next resolution was proposed by Dr. Tache and seconded by R. O'Reilly, Esq., and read thus: "That it has been our inexpressible happiness to witness during the reign of His Holiness the promulgation of two great dogmas—the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, and the Infallibility of the Pope as Vicegerent on earth of Our Lord and Saviour."

R. S. M. Bouchette moved the third resolution: "That we beg to express our unwavering attachment to His Holiness as the infallible head of the Church, and we at the same time deeply deplore the persecutions to which His Holiness has been personally subjected. We also most energetically protest against the usurpation, in spite of treaties and the sacred right of nations, of what, to all Catholics, has ever been most dear—the patrimony of the Church."

J. Bermingham then proposed, and Alderman Martineau seconded the fourth resolution: "That it is our duty, together with the whole Catholic world, earnestly to supplicate Divine Providence to spare His Holiness to witness the triumph of the Church and the confusion of its enemies."

Moved by S. Drapeau, Esq., seconded by D. O'Connor, Esq.:—Resolved,—That an address founded on the above resolutions be drawn up, and engrossed, and that His Lordship the Bishop be requested to forward the same to His Holiness."

Moved by C. Beaubien, Esq., seconded by Moore A. Higgins, Esq.:—Resolved,—That the Catholics of Ottawa do illuminate their houses on Wednesday, the 21st inst., in honor of the completion of the 25th year of His Holiness' Pontificate."

Moved by R. W. Scott, Esq., seconded by E. Martineau, Esq.:—Resolved,—That a subscription list be opened for the purpose of making a pecuniary gift to accompany the address to His Holiness."

A vote of thanks was then tendered to His Lordship for his able conduct in the Chair, and the meeting adjourned.

Will the Witness and other Evangelical organs,—so zealous in announcing the apostasy of a Hyacinthe and a Dollinger—please take a note of this proceeding, and thereby relieve their minds of a great deal of doubt concerning the success of what they are pleased to term, the famous Infallibility question?

SHAMROCK.

Ottawa, June 12th, 1871.

WILLIAMSTOWN.—The annual grand public procession in honor of the Most adorable Sacrament was made in this village on Sunday, within the Octave of Corpus Christi. The "Holy of Holies" was borne in a golden Remonstrance by the Rev., the parish-priest, over whom was held by six gentlemen a rich canopy of cloth of gold, and the route along which passed the Saviour of the World in the mystery of His love, was beautifully decorated with evergreens and arches. Lovely children, robed in spotless white, strewed the way with flowers, while clouds of incense from silvery censers recalled the Apocalyptic vision and spoke to the heart of prayer ascending before the throne of God. At the Convent gate a magnificent repository was erected, and while the procession rested before it the young ladies executed some choice selections of Sacred music with a taste, pathos and expression that we have never heard excelled in any of our houses of education. On returning to the Church, the Blessed Sacrament was enthroned and an instruction given on the Real Presence. During the afternoon many visited the church to adore our Divine Lord. At seven P.M., the exercises of this glorious day were closed with Vespers and solemn Benediction at the grand altar, which was a perfect blaze of light and beauty.

Thank God for such a day! May His children ever look forward to its recurrence with delight, and gratefully bless Him for those gone by in which they have received so many and so great mercies.—Com.

A STRANGE TRIAL.—There is at this moment a trial in progress in England before the Court of Common Pleas, Westminster, of which the details as elicited in evidence are more incredible than the incidents of the most extravagant of all sensational novels. The trial involves the right to a baronetcy and landed property in the south of England, worth about £24,000 stg. per annum. The leading facts are these:—

In the year 1827, James F. Tichbourne,

younger brother of Sir Edward Doughty Tichbourne who died childless, married in Paris a French lady, by whom he had issue four children, of whom two were male—1. Roger Tichbourne, born at Paris, 5th January, 1829; and Alfred Joseph, 4th September, 1839; the latter is now dead, but he has left one son, Edward Henry Alfred, born 28th May, 1866.

James F. Tichbourne lived for many years in Paris with his wife, in which city Roger, the eldest son received his education from a French tutor, Chatillon; but in 1845 he was sent to Stonyhurst College; and in 1849 he received a commission in the 6th Dragoon guards, in which regiment he remained till the month of February, 1853. In the meantime Sir Edward died, and was succeeded in the property by the young man's father, Sir James Francis Tichbourne. He also died in 1862, leaving of course his son Roger, if, then alive, as heir to the title and to the estates.

This young man, of rather dissipated habits, upon leaving his regiment went abroad, and sailed in March, 1853, in a French ship for Valparaiso. He remained in South America, amusing himself with wild sports, till April 1854; and on the 20th of that month, took passage on board of a Liverpool ship, the Bella, bound for New York. Up to this moment all is certain; for just before sailing from Rio, April, 1854, young Roger Tichbourne wrote to his friends in England.

The Bella was never heard of after her leaving Rio. Months and years elapsed, and no clue to her fate was ever found, except that one of her boats, with no one on board, was picked up at sea. Hence it was concluded that she had foundered, and that all on board of her had perished.

But Roger's mother, then Lady Tichbourne, would not believe that her son was dead; she still expected that he would turn up somewhere; and in this expectation she caused advertisements to be inserted in the papers, offering a reward for information. It was a pretentive she had, that her son Roger was still alive.

At length in 1866, twelve years after the Bella, in which Roger had taken his passage, had sailed from Rio, and when she was a widow, and her second born son Alfred Joseph had assumed the title of baronet, and taken possession of the property—she received a monstrous badly written letter, evidently the product of a grossly ignorant and utterly uneducated person, dated from a place in New South Wales, over the signature of Roger Tichbourne. The writer claimed to be her eldest son, and asked for an advance of money to enable him to return to Europe, and establish his claims. The money was sent to him; he returned to England; met Lady Tichbourne at Paris; and the latter recognised him as her son, though during the fourteen years that had elapsed since the undoubted Roger had left England, he had greatly changed in appearance having become a stout portly man. The story he told of his adventures, from the day, 20th April, 1854, he left Rio, to Jan. 17th '66, when he wrote to Lady Tichbourne from Wagga Wagga in New South Wales, was briefly this:—

On the fourth day after leaving Rio, the Bella was found to be leaking badly; the pumps could not clear her, and so two boats were got out, in which the crew and the passenger, Roger, embarked. Shortly after the Bella went down; and on the second day after the boats were separated in a storm. The smaller boat, that in which, according to this strange tale, Roger had embarked, was on the third day picked up by a United States ship, bound for Melbourne, wherein the latter end of the month of July, 1854, she arrived, and there landed Roger Tichbourne, and the other survivors from the Bella, seven in number.

On his arrival in Melbourne, the young man, did not put himself in communication with his friends at home, to whom he had written only a few months before when about to sail from Rio; but changing his name to Castro, hired himself for weekly wages to a settler, with whom he lived for many years, never, though he knew himself to be heir to a baronetcy and a splendid property, and though often hard up for money, putting forward his claims, or communicating with his family. Sometimes as a horsebreaker, sometimes as a butcher, sometimes as one thing, sometimes as another, he lived for twelve years in Australia under the name of Castro. At last in 1866, he wrote to Lady Tichbourne, who advanced him money to enable him to return to England. Of course he then instituted legal proceedings, which have for years dragged their slow length along in Courts of Chancery; to put himself in possession of the title and property actually held by the young Henry Alfred Tichbourne, son of the real Roger's younger brother Alfred Joseph now deceased. The question at issue before the Court is therefore simply one as to identity. The plaintiff asserts that he is Roger Tichbourne, eldest son of the late Sir James F. Tichbourne; the defendants insist that he is

an impostor; Lady Tichbourne is dead, having left an affidavit to the effect that the pretender is indeed her son Roger; and several other witnesses have identified him, or imagined that they identified him with the long missing Roger supposed to have perished in the Bella in 1854.

On the other hand there are many circumstances which strongly militate against the pretender's claims. His long, inexplicable silence tells against them; his incapacity to write grammatically, or to spell two words of English correctly, tell strongly against them; and strongest of all, he cannot speak a word of French; though French was the real Roger's mother tongue—the only language which he could speak fluently when, as a young man of twenty years of age, he got his commission in one of Her Majesty's regiments of Dragoons. His ignorance of English and French pronunciation was one of the jokes of his brother officers against him. He cannot tell even the name of the United States ship that picked him up, and carried him to Melbourne.

Besides, if he be the real Roger who embarked on the Bella lost in April, 1854; the whole question resolves into this:—Were any of the Bella's crew picked up at sea; and brought into Melbourne in July of the same year? If there were not, then of course the present claimant is an impostor; if there were, then records of the fact are most certainly, and very easily to be found in the Custom House at Melbourne, since every captain of a ship landing passengers at is obliged under heavy penalties to report their names to the port authorities. Now the pretending Roger says that, to the captain of the ship that picked him up, off the coast of Brazil, he gave his real name; under that name therefore he was reported in July 1854 at Melbourne of the strange story now told before the Court be true.

And surely if such an event as the arrival in Melbourne of an American ship with the survivors of the crew of a Liverpool ship foundered at sea, had ever occurred, the Lloyd's agent of that port, ubiquitous, ever on the look out for, and deeply interested in transmitting, prompt and accurate intelligence of Marine disasters would have heard of the circumstance; would have thereupon taken down, and sent to England the depositions of the said survivors of the Bella, so as to give the underwriters some certain grounds for action either in paying, or in refusing to pay the losses incurred by the foundering of the said British ship upon which they had taken risks. The amount of insurance on the Bella was indeed paid, but not upon the strength of any information received from the survivors of the crew of that ship. Nor is it likely, seeing that according to the pretended Roger's story, seven of the crew were saved, that not one of them should ever have put himself in communication with the owners of the lost ship with the object of recovering his wages, or of getting employment. We cannot therefore bring ourselves to believe that the story is true, or that any of the crew or persons who sailed from Rio in the Bella were saved. The story is absolutely incredible.

The trial will however be a long, and interesting one; both because of the magnitude of the issues involved, and the strange romance of the story. The defence is that the pretended Roger is an Australian butcher, of the name of Sam Haughton originally from Wapping, who has picked up some facts connected with the Tichbourne family, and based thereon his wild scheme of imposition.

NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH IN BARRIE.—On Sunday, June 4, at 4 o'clock, p. m., the corner-stone of the new church of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, was laid by the Most Rev. Archbishop of Toronto, assisted by the Rev. Archdeacon Northgraves, of Toronto, the Very Rev. R. A. O'Connor, Dean of Barrie, and the Rev. Fathers Berrigan and Mulken. Upon the platform, near where the corner-stone was to be laid, there were the building committee and many other prominent citizens. The Archbishop, in solemn procession, first proceeded to the cross in the nave of the Church, where the altar is to be erected, and sang the psalm "How lovely are Thy Tabernacles." The procession then returned and the corner-stone was laid with the usual ceremonies. Mr. Palmer, who has the contract of the building of the new Church, superintended the placing of the stone. The box placed in the stone contained the leading newspapers of the Dominion, the coins of the country and a document containing the names of civil and ecclesiastical officials. After the stone was put in place, the procession made a circuit of the outer walls of the Church—the walls in the meantime being sprinkled with holy water. The psalms prescribed in the Roman Ritual were sung during the ceremonies. The Ven. Archdeacon Northgraves, then delivered a sermon on the occasion, taken his text from the second chapter, and 8th, 9th, and 10th verses of the prophecy of Aggeus, in which he beautifully described the magnificence of the christian church of which the Jewish was but a figure. The sermon was a very eloquent one, and was listened to with interest and attention. Pontifical benediction was given by the Archbishop, and thus ended the ceremonies of the day. About a thousand persons were present, the majority of whom were Protestants.—Cor. of Irish Canadian

MONTREAL ELECTIONS, June 15th.—The city nominations of the candidates for the Local Legislature passed off in an orderly manner to-day, commencing at 12 o'clock. In no case, even where opposition candidates appeared, was there any disturbance. Commodious platforms were erected at the several places appointed for the gathering, and all parties were on the spot at the appointed hour. In the Western Division Mr. F. Cassidy was nominated by Mr. Wm. Workman, seconded by the

Hon. Henry Starnes, and supported by Mr. Andre Lapierre and several others. No opposition appearing the candidate was declared elected. Mr. Cassidy, in a forcible speech, made no plea for further than to do the best for his constituents.

In the Centre Division the chief interest culminated. All the main influence in the division was present on the hustings. Mr. Edward Caron, Q. C., was proposed by the Hon. James Ferrier and Hon. C. S. Rodier, and seconded by Mr. David Torrance, Hon. L. H. Holton was proposed by Mr. Alexander McGibbon, merchant, and Mr. A. Larocque, seconded by Mr. John Pratt, banker and supported by Mr. Francis Dolan, Councillor Jordan, and a number of others.

Mr. Carter made a long speech reverting to the late moment when opposition was brought against him and charging unfair dealing generally by his antagonist. He also alluded to the untimeliness of Mr. Holton, as a merchant, to represent the division.

Hon. Mr. Holton replied in a speech of equal force retaliating on Mr. Carter by saying that lawyers were less fitted than merchants to represent a mercantile division such as Centre Montreal. He further in effect did not consider the Quebec Legislature altogether a pattern, nor did it provide for what our present wants demanded. If they returned him his duty would be to watch the doings at Quebec and purge the Legislature of irregularities and weaknesses. A poll was then demanded.

In the eastern division Ald. Ferdinand David was proposed by Mr. J. Mullin and seconded by Mr. Wm. Workman and others. Modeste Lanctot was proposed by Mr. Laurie and seconded by Mr. Narbonne. Mr. David was absent from illness. Mr. Lanctot made a brief speech and demanded a poll.

THE MOORE ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION.—On the evening of the 15th inst., the anniversary celebration in honor of Moore, Ireland's national bard, by the members of the Irish Canadian Institute, was held in the St. Patrick's Hall. Although the body of the Hall was not crowded, yet there was a large and respectable audience present. Mr. J. J. Curran, in the absence of the President, delivered an appropriate address and spoke in enthusiastic terms of the patriotic rapture which pervaded the works of Ireland's poet. Mr. Curran also alluded to the comparatively small audience, which he said should have been much larger at so national a celebration. The musical part of the programme was then proceeded with. Miss McKeown's singing was received with applause; also an excellent piano solo by Mr. J. J. Curran. Mr. Howley's readings and Mr. Brook's recitations were received with also Mr. O'Donoghue's comic singing. A cornet solo by a member of the band of the Victorias was enthusiastically encored; while the beautiful selections by the band were rapturously applauded. The entertainment concluded with the face of "Tom Moore," in which the principal characters were well sustained.—Witness.

A man named Jennings, from Matvers, recently met with a very serious accident while driving on the road near Newtonville. His horse took fright and ran away, throwing him out between the wheel and body of the buggy. He got fast in the wheel, completely stopping its revolution; and was carried in this way to the creek about half a mile, where the horse was stopped by parties on the road. His feet were fearfully mutilated, one leg broken and the bone protruding about four inches out of the skin. The doctor attending held hopes of his recovery.

An old landmark is about to be removed from the Ottawa public buildings, in the person of Mr. Philip St Hill, who, it is understood, will shortly be placed on the superannuated list. Mr. Hill has been for forty years in service at the public buildings, having been most of that time office-keeper for the Governor-General and Privy Council.

A gentleman from that town informs the Galt Reporter that he has discovered another insect which is playing sad havoc among his shade trees. It is a slate colored bug from 3/4 to 1 inch in length, and prays most industriously on the young foliage of the Laburnum and Honey-loest. It will be well for those who have a regard for their shade trees to look after this new interloper.

Judge Wells, of Chatham, in opening the County Court there a few days ago, remarked to the Grand Jury that the Interim Sessions law was capable of amendment in some minor details, and would doubtless be so amended as to make it as perfect as possible. One defect was, that it left the holding of the sessions wholly at discretion, so that the Sheriff was liable to be kept running to and from the Penitentiary with single prisoners, at great expense to the county.

John Morrissey, a resident of the township of Huntley, broke his neck by falling out of his wagon when driving home from Almonte a few evenings ago. It was no unusual thing for the horses to come home alone, and the family therefore did not feel uneasy, but next morning his son proceeded along the road and discovered his father's dead body.

OTTAWA HOTEL, ST. ANNE.—Residents of Montreal meditating a retreat to the country during our summer months, will find, if they decide upon the pleasant village of St. Anne as their summer residence, clean, quiet and comfortable quarters at the Ottawa Hotel, kept by M. Isidore Omais. This Hotel has lately been enlarged and repaired from top to bottom. The situation, just below the bridge, cannot be surpassed, and the proprietor has constantly on hand boats for the use of his guests. It is but a short distance from the Depot, which can be reached in ten minutes; and it presents every comfort and convenience that the health and pleasure-seeker can desire.

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

Married.

On the 14th inst., at the Parish Church of Notre Dame, by the Rev. James Hogan, Michael Brouder, to Catherine, second daughter of the late Mr. Michael McGinn.

At St. Gall's Church, Milwaukee, Wis., on the 6th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Lalumiere, Mr. John F. Robinson, formerly of this city, to Miss Margaret Duffy, of Milwaukee.

PRICES CURRENT OF LEATHER.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes items like Homal's Spanish Sole, Slaughter, Waxed Upper, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes items like do ordinary, Half-Skin, Sheep-Skin linings, etc.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes items like Flour #1, Middlings, Fine, etc.

MONTREAL RETAIL MARKET PRICES.

Table with 4 columns: Item, Retail Price, Wholesale Price, and another column. Includes items like Flour #1, Oatmeal, Indian Meal, etc.

Table with 4 columns: Item, Retail Price, Wholesale Price, and another column. Includes items like Wheat #56 lbs, Barley, Pease, etc.

Table with 4 columns: Item, Retail Price, Wholesale Price, and another column. Includes items like Potatoes, Turnips, Beans, etc.

Table with 4 columns: Item, Retail Price, Wholesale Price, and another column. Includes items like Butter, Cheese, Onions, etc.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, In the SUPERIOR COURT.

District of Montreal, for Lower Canada, No. 919. The Thirteenth day of June, one thousand, eight hundred and seventy-one.

MOISE BROSSARD, of the City and District of Montreal, Trader. Plaintiff.

BENOIT OCTAVE PRÉFONTAINE, of the Parish of St. L'Abbe, in the District of St. Hyacinthe, Trader, Defendant.

IT IS ORDERED, on the petition of Messrs. Jette, Archambault & Christin, of Counsel for the Plaintiff in as much as it appears by the return of F. X. Desjardis, one of the Bailiffs of the said Superior Court, on the writ of summons in this cause issued, written, that the Defendant has left his domicile in the Province of Quebec in Canada, and cannot be found in the District of St. Hyacinthe, that the said Defendant by an advertisement to be twice inserted in the French language, in the newspaper of the City of Montreal, called "Le Pays," and twice in the English language, in the newspaper of the said city, called "The True Witness" be notified to appear before this Court, and there to answer the demand of the Plaintiff within two months after the last insertion of such advertisement, and upon the neglect of the said Defendant to appear and to answer to such demand within the period aforesaid, the said Plaintiff will be permitted to proceed to trial, and judgment as in a cause by default.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, In the CIRCUIT COURT for the Dist. of Montreal, District of MONTREAL, No. 1952.

The thirteenth day of June, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-one. Present: The Honorable Mr. Justice Beaudry.

OVIDE MALO & LOUIS N. A. RICHOI, both of the City and District of Montreal, Merchant Tailors, heretofore co-partners, carrying on business together in co-partnership at Montreal aforesaid, under the firm of "Malo & Richoi." Plaintiffs.

GEORGE CUSSON, heretofore of the same place, Upholsterer, and now absent from this Province. Defendant.

IT IS ORDERED, on the motion of Messrs Jette, Archambault & Christin, of Counsel for the Plaintiff, in as much as it appears by the return of Joseph Boucher, one of the Bailiffs of the Superior Court for Lower Canada, acting in the District of Montreal, on the writ of summons in this cause issued, written, that the Defendant has left his domicile in the Province of Quebec in Canada, and cannot be found in the District of Montreal, that the said Defendant by an advertisement to be twice inserted in the French language, in the newspaper of the City of Montreal, called "Le Pays," and twice in the English language, in the newspaper of the said City, called "The True Witness," be notified to appear before this Court, and there to answer the demand of the Plaintiff within two months after the last insertion of such advertisement, and upon the neglect of the said Defendant to appear and to answer to such demand within the period aforesaid, the said Plaintiff will be permitted to proceed to trial and judgment as in a cause by default. (By the Court), HUBERT, PAPINEAU & HONEY, C. O. C.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

THE TREATY OF FRANKFORT.—The ratifications of the definitive Treaty of Peace between France and Germany were exchanged on Saturday, the 20th ult., at Frankfort, by Prince von Bismark and M. Jules Favre and Pouyer-Quertier. The modification which has been introduced into that part of it which has reference to the cession of territory had given rise to a somewhat animated discussion in the Versailles Assembly. The question was whether the renunciation of an additional district in the Ardennes on the frontier of Luxembourg, was not too high a price to pay for the retention of a large rayon round the fortress of Belfort. General Chanzy, and others, were of opinion that the zone of seven or eight kilometers round Belfort already provided was sufficient for the purposes of defence, and regretted a compromise which looked very like a submission to further exigencies on the part of a statesman who had certainly justified his own dictum—"Force must take precedence of Right." M. Thiers' view was that the Luxembourg frontier had only a political interest for France. If ever Germany seized Duchy, France would still be able to appear before a Congress as a Border Power, as she preserved four-fifths of her Luxembourg frontier. Moreover, the roads by the Sambre and Meuse and the Moselle being open, that by Luxembourg was of no use to anybody except the possessor of the fortress. Belfort, on the other hand, was of such importance as a pass through the Vosges frontier, that "he had asked himself whether it would not be better to continue the war than to remain exposed at this point." No doubt, in the remote contingency of an attack by France on Germany, Belfort is the advanced post from which it would be made. A contemporary has indeed suggested that Prince von Bismark may not be altogether ill-pleased to leave his South German friends exposed to this possible danger, in order that their dependence upon North Germany may be more complete. But M. Thiers assigned an equally plausible reason for their consenting to the exchange. One of the first preoccupations of the German Chancellor is to conciliate the Alsatians. The most obvious way of doing this is to promote their material interests, and the possession of the mining district in the Ardennes will go far to atone for any commercial injury inflicted on them by separation from France. M. Thiers could not resist a bitter fling at his military critics. When Talleyrand was congratulated by an Ambassador on a victory, the Emperor, who was present, turned to the diplomatist and said, "Had not I also something to do with it?" "So too now," said M. Thiers, "our generals should acknowledge that they also have had something to do with the terms of the treaty."—Tablet.

MARSHAL MACMAHON.—There seems but one man in France who is marked out by circumstances to play the part which M. Thiers, we fear, will find too hard for him; and of this man's views nothing positive is known. Marshal MacMahon seems to want but the will to make himself absolute master of the position. He is in no way responsible for the outbreak of the insurrection nor for anything connected with the suppression of it, except the military success which has attended his plans. He is not credited with any a priori bias in favor of one government over another, and he commands the only army which France possesses. It is in his power to use this immense opportunity to promote the best interests of the nation by simply declaring that the constitutional future of France shall be determined by a freely-elected Assembly returned after the immediate needs of the country have been provided for and after the passions now raging have lost their first violence. This is the kind of service the Duke of Wellington might have rendered to England, supposing England, after the battle of Waterloo, had been in the condition in which France is in now. To play such a part requires rare self-control and a still rarer absence of personal ambition. A general who can say to the Deputies, You shall remain at work until you have made what arrangements are necessary for carrying on the business of the country during the interregnum, and after that you shall lay down your authority and go home to take your chance of being again returned by your constituents as members of a new Constituent Assembly—a general, moreover, who can make sure that the army which enables him to insist on this shall be ready to submit once more to the civil power when the interregnum is over—would have extraordinary claims on the gratitude of Frenchmen and the respect of mankind.—Pall Mall Gazette.

VERSAILLES, June 13.—General Trochu made a long speech before the Assembly in justification of his administration of affairs. He says he wrote to Napoleon in August urging the recall of Bazaine's army to Paris. He (Trochu) assisted at the conference of Chalons, when it was decided that he, as Governor of Paris, should prepare for the return of Napoleon to the capital, which was formally opposed by the Empress. He added that he was badly treated by the Count de Palikao as long as the latter remained Minister of War. He then gave a detailed account of the difficulties of defence during the siege of Paris by the Germans.

PARIS, June 17.—The grand review of 100,000 troops, appointed for Sunday at Longchamps, has been postponed, in consequence of the rains, which have rendered the ground too heavy for military evolutions. The whole number of insurgents shot since the capture of Paris is 18,000.

The reorganization of the army is proceeding with all possible speed. The Republican journals have united in a manifesto to meet the Electoral programme put forth by the Monarchical press. They declare that the Republic is the only national and

legitimate expression of national sovereignty. They will give their support to the candidates who are pledged to maintain the statu quo.

The French loan will be issued on the 26th inst. if the Assembly passes the bill authorizing it before that date.

The Veritas says that the state of siege will be raised on the 26th inst.

The Journal of Paris reports that the Central Committee has been reorganized under the name of "The Central Committee of Federal National Guard," with M. Domierow as its President.

ITALY.

FLORENCE, June 17, eve.—The result of the first levy for the Italian army in the Provinces is satisfactory.

King Victor Emmanuel is going to Naples. On his return he will visit Rome.

ROME, June 16.—The Jubilee of Pope Pius IX. was celebrated to-day. Receptions at the Vatican followed each other in constant succession from morning till night. Fully three thousand pilgrims, from all parts of the world, are in the city. The utmost tranquility prevails. Receptions of the Diplomatic body will be held on the 17th, 20th, and 21st instant.

THE PAGANIZATION OF ITALY.—The Italian Government is going to take in hand the practical working of the maxim, "a Free Church in a Free State." It has now, in addition to the suppression of the Religious Orders, two most liberal measures in progress. One is, to prohibit the use in primary schools of the *Dottrina Christiana*—the Catholic Catechism in use for the last 200 years, and taken by the Vatican Council as the foundation of the "Little Catechism" prepared under its auspices. The other measure strikes at higher Catholic education. Correnti, the Minister of Public Instruction, has just presented to the Chamber a bill for the suppression of the Theological Faculties in all the State Universities. "This," he said, "was really urgent. How could the State maintain schools of Catholic Theology when the separation of Church and State was being effected?" At all events, argues the *Unita Cattolica*, before doing this you should abolish the first Article of the Constitution, which recognizes the Catholic religion as that of the State.

ROME.—The Pope in his last Encyclical letter on the Papal guarantee dated Rome, May 13, says—"It is our duty that we should declare solemnly through you to the whole world that not only what are called safeguards and which are devised by the sub-Alpine government, but that all rules, honors, immunities, and privileges whatever, shape they take under the general name of safeguards or guarantees can be of no avail whatever towards securing the prompt and free use of power divinely transmitted to us, nor towards guarding the liberty necessary for the church; such being the condition of affairs, as we have repeatedly declared and professed that without the crime of breaking our solemn oath at the enthronization, we can consent to no conciliation which in any manner would destroy or diminish the right of God and of the Apostolic See. So now, as our bounden duty, we declare that we will never agree to nor accept, nor can we so agree to or accept those cunningly wrought out safeguards or guarantees proposed by the sub-Alpine Government, whatever their device, or any others of whatsoever kind or however ratified, which, under form of securing our sacred power and liberty, shall have been offered to us in lieu of, and in exchange for that civil principality with which Divine Providence willed that the Holy Apostolic See should be furnished and strengthened, and which is ratified to us by legitimate and irrefragable titles as well as by possession for more than eleven centuries. God grant also that the rulers of this earth, whom it much imports, that such a pernicious example of usurpation as we endure may not take root and flourish to the destruction of all power and order, may join with one consent of minds and wills, and that hushing quarrels, the disturbances of rebellions being appeased, and the deadly counsels of the sects abandoned, that they may unite in one movement for restoring this Holy See, its rights, and with these his full liberty to the visible head of the church, and the desired calm to civil society.

On Tuesday, May the 16th, seven Austrian parish priests presented an Address to the Holy Father signed by more than 800,000 people. The Address, which was in Latin, expressed the sentiments of loyalty and devotion which the subjects of the Emperor Francis Joseph felt for the Holy Father, and at the same time protested against the injustice and violence of the Italian Government in attacking Rome. His Holiness replied in Italian, thanking the Deputation for the sentiments they had expressed, and at the same time praying that the Emperor and Government might be delivered from evil counsellors, and from that spirit of revolution and opposition to authority which had caused so much misery in Italy. He ended by giving his blessing to the Deputation, and to all who had signed the Address.

The Address to Dollinger from the students of the Roman University has fared no better than the one from the Professors. Out of more than 1000 students 80 signed the Address in the name of the University; the remainder protested against so few claiming the right of representing the whole body, and their protest has already received several hundred signatures. The Pope has, in a letter to Cardinal Patrizi, which I enclose, excommunicated the Professors, and forbidden the students any longer to attend their lectures.—Tablet Cor.

GERMANY.

BERLIN, June 16.—The triumphal entry of the army, and the inauguration of the equestrian statue of King Frederick William III., took place to-day, in exact accordance with the programme given in the Imperial proclamation of the 12th. The weather was most favor-

able for the display, and the city was crowded with people, who have been thronging hither for the past fortnight. The streets on the line of march were superbly decorated, and in the public squares triumphal arches were raised, and platforms erected to accommodate the thousands of spectators. The procession was one of the most magnificent of modern times, headed by eagles and standards captured from the French. It marched in the order set forth in the Imperial programme, from the Tempelhohe field to the Palace, between two rows of cannon, numbering some 2,000, taken during the war. At intervals along the line of march, enormous trophies, formed of captured arms, were erected.

After the first division of the victorious column had passed the Brandenburg gate, the Emperor, with the German Princes in his train preceding the army, was received at the portal by deputations from the municipal government of Berlin, and addresses of welcome and congratulation were presented, when the Emperor at the head of a brilliant cortege rode down the "Via Triumphal" which had been constructed in honor of the occasion. The road was strewn with flowers as he advanced, by hundreds of young girls dressed in white.

The army then entered the gate with the Prussian Guards at the head of the line. It was mainly composed of detachments representing every regiment which took part in the war, each bearing the regimental colors. The appearance of the men was superb, and the enthusiasm of the great masses of spectators as it entered the Kaiser Platz, was cheered with unfeigned enthusiasm. Some of the regiments well known to the Berliners, and others who had particularly distinguished themselves during the campaign, received special ovations,—the people breaking into their ranks, crowning them with wreaths, and overwhelming them with flowers. When the procession concluded its march, the Emperor proceeded to unveil the statue of his father Frederick William III. All the dignitaries of the Empire, the victorious generals and the members of the German Parliament assisted at the ceremony in the presence of the army and countless multitude of spectators. The veil was removed amid tremendous cheering.

The Emperor, standing at the foot of the statue delivered a speech closing with these words—"This monument which was projected in a time of the profoundest peace, now becomes the memorial of one of the most brilliant though bloodiest of modern wars. May the peace so dearly achieved be a lasting one."

The ceremonies closed with the conferring of honors on the victorious commanders. Numerous orders were granted by the Emperor, and the hereditary command of the most distinguished regiments was given to various Generals and Princes. Among those who received these marks of fame from the hands of the Emperor, were Prince George of Saxony and Prince Leopold of Bavaria. Gen. Von Roon was elevated to the rank of a Count of the Empire, and Gen. Von Moltke was made Field Marshal of the Imperial army.

THE MANUFACTURE MOVEMENT.—It is one of the best indications of national progress to see home manufactures finding their way to the warehouses of wholesale and retail traders.

We saw it noted in the *Montreal Gazette* of the 10th inst., that fine black Alpaca is now being manufactured at Randel, Far & Co.'s Factory, Hespeler, Ont., for ladies wear. If the public patronize native manufacture (especially in this country where we possess such great water privileges) there is no means that would so rapidly develop our resources, and build up for Canada a great commercial name and more genuine and solid independence.

We understand that several Lower Canadian gentlemen have had a meeting lately for the promoting and fostering of home industry in Lower Canada (or the Quebec Province) especially. This is one of the most useful and honorable objects that men of position could possibly devote their minds to.

From small practical beginnings, the Tweed trade of the Dominion is at present enormous. We cannot compete yet in fine broad-cloths nor in many of the finer classes of woollens; but in what we do manufacture, Canada stands fair against all foreign opposition. The importing trade formerly, in clothing, was very great; now it is barely a name—the imports in this line for the entire year of 1870 has been only \$12,000, which would be about a weekly sale for one of our leading firms.

This week we find that a superior line of Nova Scotia Tweeds of the real *Illyria* make have been introduced into the market, and are on view at Kennedy's in the Main Street. These few facts we deem worthy of note. In looking at the linen trade, we see that we have imported last year to the enormous figures of \$470,000. Now if some enterprising manufacturer would induce some dozen men to come over from Belfast and commence that branch (with a previous promise of support from leading firms here), we might, within ten or twelve years, have several flourishing linen factories in Canada, which would preserve to this country an accumulated sum of several million dollars in this single branch of manufacture.

COUGHS AND COLDS.

Sudden changes of climate are sources of Pulmonary, Bronchial and Asthmatic affections. Experience having proved that simple remedies often act speedily and certainly, when taken in the early stages of the disease, recourse should at once be had to "Brown's Bronchial Troches," or Lozenges. Few are aware of the importance of checking a cough or "common cold," in its first stage. That which in the beginning would yield to a mild remedy, if neglected soon attacks the Lungs. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" or Cough Lozenges, allay irritation which induces coughing, having a direct influence on the affected parts. As there are imitations, be sure to obtain the genuine, sold by all dealers in Medicines, at 25 cents a box.

MOTHERS! MOTHERS!! MOTHERS!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and

nurses in the United States. Price 25 cents. Sold everywhere. Be sure and call for

"MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP,"

Having the fac-simile of "CURTIS & PERKINS" on the outside wrapper. All others are base imitations.

"CLEANSING THE BLOOD," upon which charlatans have harped so much is not a mere catch-word and delusion. The microscope shows that some diseases exist like parasitic growths upon the globules of the blood, and it is further known that some subtle substances destroy or expel them. These substances have been combined to make Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which does effectually expel the disorders that breed and range in the blood to rot out as it were the machinery of life.—*Mercur (Pa.) Whip*. 143

BROTHER ARNOLD'S BAZAAR!

GRAND BAZAAR & DRAWING OF PRIZES,

IN THE

LA SALLE INSTITUTE, TORONTO,

ON

WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY,

28th, 29th and 30th June, and 1st July, 1871,

To raise funds for liquidating the debt incurred in the purchase of the Building formerly known as the Bank of Upper Canada, by the Brothers of the Christian Schools, for an Academy—BROTHER ARNOLD, DIRECTOR.

Being urged by their good ARCHBISHOP, and the many friends of their Institute, to purchase this magnificent structure, for the Glory of God, and the advancement of Education, the Brothers feel confident that as this is their first appeal to the public since their arrival in America, it will be kindly responded to.

The following is taken from the TRUE WITNESS of February 10, 1871:—

MONTEAL, FEAST OF ST. AGATHA, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—In the present age of the world when Christian education is more than ever necessary to qualify and prepare the rising generation for the mighty struggle that is going on in the whole world over between the Church and the World, God and the Devil, the deepest and holiest sympathies of the Catholic heart are with those heroic orders of men and women who are devoting their lives to the great work of education. Amongst these the Brothers of the Christian Schools hold, as every one knows, a place second to none. For nearly two hundred years have they labored heart and soul in carrying out the benign intention of their saintly founder, the Venerable De La Salle in forming the minds and hearts of children according to the teachings of the Gospel. There is scarce a country in the civilized world wherein they are not to be found pursuing their heavenly task; in silence and humility they journey on through the world, shedding light and peace all around them, and casting broadcast on the earth the beneficent seeds of Gospel truth and its sublime morality.

These remarks have been suggested to us by news that has reached us from Toronto, viz.—that the Christian Brothers there have purchased the large building known as the Bank of Upper Canada, which, from its size, will enable them to receive a much more greater number of pupils in that city; hitherto all but exclusively Protestant, but having now a considerable, and still-increasing population. In order to pay at least a portion of the purchase money, Brother Arnold, the active and energetic Director of the De La Salle Institute of Toronto, has inaugurated a Grand Bazaar to be held on the three last days of June and the 1st of July next, the drawing of prizes to be made on the same principle as those of the Art Union. Many friends of Christian education have donated valuable objects for prizes, among which may be enumerated the following:—

- 1st Prize—Especially presented by his Grace the Most Rev. J. J. Lynch, Archbishop of Toronto.
- 2nd—Presented by Very Rev. J. F. Jamot, V. G.
- 3rd—Presented by Very Rev. F. P. Rooney, V. G.
- 4th—Presented by Rev. J. M. Laurent, P. P., St. Patrick's Church.
- 5th—A magnificent Painting of the Virgin and Child, from the original of Carlo Dolci—value \$100.
- 6th—Presented by Rev. Bro. Patrick, Provincial of the Christian Brothers, U.S.
- 7th—Presented by Rev. Bro. Hosca, Provincial of the Christian Brothers, Canada.
- 8th—Munich Statue of the Blessed Virgin, presented by Rev. Bro. Caudin, Director of the Christian Brothers, Baltimore, U.S.
- 9th—Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ—valued at \$30—presented by the Students of St. Joseph's College, Buffalo, N. Y., under the direction of the Christian Brothers.
- 10th—Presented by Rev. Bro. Tellow, Director of the Catholic Protectory, New York.
- 11th—A magnificent Bible—valued at \$30—presented by Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier, New York.
- 12th—A magnificent Bible—valued at \$30—presented by P. Donahoe, Esq., Boston.
- 13th—Fine Guitar—valued at \$20—presented by Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer, Toronto.
- 14th—Pearl Cross, silver case—valued at \$25—presented by J. A. Sadlier, Esq., Montreal.
- 15th—Presented by the Young Irishman's Catholic Benevolent Association.
- 16th—Evee Homo, an Oil Painting, presented by the Artist.
- 17th—An Oil Painting of the Archbishop of Toronto, Most Rev. J. J. Lynch.
- 18th—Picture of St. Patrick, worked in wool, presented by the Rev. Sisters of St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto.
- 19th—An Oil Painting, presented by the Rev. Ladies of Loreto, Toronto.
- 20th—Rich Irish Poplin Dress.
- 21st—Richly-mounted Chair—valued at \$60—gift of the Pupils of the Christian Brothers' Commercial Academy, Toronto.
- 22nd—An Eight-day Clock, gift of the Pupils of St. Paul's School, Toronto.
- 23rd—A Beautiful Clock, in glass case—valued at \$70.
- 24th—A Circular Centre Table, gift of the Pupils of St. Patrick's School, Toronto.
- 25th—A Silver Watch and Chain, gift of the Pupils of St. Michael's School, Toronto.
- 26th—Writing-Desk and Dressing-Case (rose-wood, with pearl bands), gift of the Pupils of St. Mary's School, Toronto.
- 27th—An Elizabethan Chair, with Gothic back.
- 28th—Valuable Prize, the gift of Bro. Rogation, Quebec.
- 29th—Set of Stations of the Cross, with Oxford Frames.
- 30th—A nice selection of Religious Pictures.
- 31st—Picture of His Holiness Pope Pius IX.
- 32nd—A Silver Goblet.
- 33rd—Marble Busts of Eminent Musicians.
- 34th—Six Fine Silk Pocket-handkerchiefs.
- 35th—A Doll, magnificently dressed.
- 36th—A Silver Pencil-case with Gold Pen.
- 37th—A Handsome Album.
- 38th—A beautifully furnished Inkstand.
- 39th—Japanese Lady's Cabinet, valued at \$20.
- 40th—Lives of the Popes, 2 vols., richly bound.
- 41st—Magnificent Picture of the Immaculate Conception.

- 42nd—Life of Blessed Virgin, by Abbe Orsini.
- 43rd—Japanese Tea-tray.
- 44th—A beautiful Chromo—the Ruins of Elgin Cathedral.
- 45th—Bamboo Cabinet, valued at \$18.
- 46th—A Collection of Medallions, set in hand-some cases, valued at \$15.
- 47th—Portrait of Marshal McMahon.
- 48th—Japanese Lady's Work-box.
- 49th—A Silver Crucifix Stand.
- 50th—A Lady's Work Box, valued at \$20.
- 51st—A Valuable Silk Dress.
- 52nd—A magnificent Picture of St. Patrick.
- 53rd—A Pair of Branch Candlesticks.
- 54th—A Writing-desk.
- 55th—A Pair of Statues—St. Patrick and St. Bridget.
- 56th—A collection of Irish Views.
- 57th—A handsome Inkstand.
- 58th—A handsome Door Mat.
- 59th—A General History of the Church.
- 60th—A Boy's beautiful blue cloth Jacket.
- 61st—A magnificent Writing Desk, the gift of Rev. Bro. Aphraates, Director of the Christian Brothers, Quebec.
- 62nd—General History of the Church, 4 vols., by Abbe Darraas—the gift of Rev. Bro. Owen, Director of the Christian Brothers, Kingston.
- 63rd—A Bible—valued at \$15—the gift of the same.
- 64th—A magnificent Prayer-book—same donor.
- 65th—A Silver Ink-stand, the gift of Rev. Bro. Cussian, Quebec.
- 66th—A magnificent Picture of St. Patrick, worked in silk, the gift of a lady friend, of Montreal.
- 67th—Pair of Drawings, in frames (Idols of the 67Kings) by Gustave Dore.
- 68th—Magnificent piece of Needle-work, the gift of a lady friend, of Montreal.
- 69th—Magnificent Missal, bound in velvet—valued at \$1.
- 70th—Lady's Cabinet—valued at \$30.
- 71st—A beautiful Holy-water Font.
- 72nd—Japanese Bamboo Work-box.
- 73rd—Lady's Work-box.
- 74th—Silver Goblet.
- 75th—A fancy Egg-stand, with glasses.
- 76th—A large Oil-Painting of St. Vincent [de Paul, the gift of St. Patrick's Conference of St. Vincent de Paul's Society, Toronto.
- 77th—A Lady's Jewel-case.
- 78th—A set of Vases—valued at \$6.
- 79th—A Silver Goblet.
- 80th—A French Prayer-book, bound in velvet—valued \$5.
- 81st—A magnificent copy of Moore's Melodies, bound in green and gold.
- 82nd—A rich Holy-water Font and Statue of M. B. V.
- 83rd—Select Speeches of O'Connell, 2 vols.
- 84th—Two magnificent Pictures—Jesus and Mary.
- 85th—A Set of Vases, marked "Mary"—valued at \$6.
- 86th—A Gentleman's Toilet-box, valued at \$20.
- 87th—A Lady's Toilet-box.
- 88th—A beautiful Harmonium.
- 89th—A collection of Japanese Puzzles. To any person opening the entire collection, a prize of \$10 will be given.
- 90th—A Pearl Cross—valued at \$8.
- 91st—A Tea Caddy.
- 92nd—A magnificent Picture of the Crucifixion.
- 93rd—A magnificent Piano from the Ware-rooms of Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer, Toronto, valued at \$300.
- 94th—Ten large volumes, in library binding, containing all the numbers of "The Catholic World" from its commencement to the present time—the gift of Rev. Bro. Paulian, President of Manhattan College, New York.

Many of the most valuable prizes were presented to Brother Arnold by the pupils of the Christian Schools in Canada and the United States. Altogether the Bazaar will be one of the most important in its results, and interesting in its associations that can be imagined. Every Catholic who can, ought to make it a duty to second this praiseworthy effort, to provide a noble educational establishment for the Catholic boys of Toronto. The Catholic population there is not wealthy, yet from its numbers it requires large schools, and it ought to be the pride and pleasure of Catholics every where to contribute to so admirable an undertaking as that of the good Brothers of Toronto.

I am, Mr. Editor, very respectfully,
A FRIEND OF EDUCATION.
The Prizes will be on Exhibition, at the De La Salle Institute, a week previous to the opening of the Bazaar.

On the 1st July there will be a Pic-Nic on the Grounds attached to the Institute, and in the Evening a Grand Concert, when Four Brass Bands will be in attendance.

As a guarantee that the Drawing of Prizes will be properly and impartially conducted, so as to assure to every ticket a fair and equal chance, the following gentlemen will superintend the Drawing and form the

HONORARY COMMITTEE.

Hon. F. Smith, Senator; J. Stock, Esq.; P. Hynes, Esq.; J. P. J. Shea, Esq.; J. P. J. O'Donohue, Esq.; Barrister; W. J. MacDonell, Esq.; French Consul; C. Robertson, Esq.; E. O'Keefe, Esq.; P. Hughes, Esq.; J. D. Merrick, Esq.; T. McCrosson, Esq.; Thos. Walls, Esq.; J. Britton, Esq.; Thos. Wilson, Esq.; L. Coffee, Esq.; F. Rooney, Esq.; J. Mulvey, Esq.; P. Burns, Esq.; B. B. Hughes, Esq.

After the Drawing, the winning numbers will be published in the papers, and Lists of winning numbers will be forwarded to any address, on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope. The Prizes can be obtained on production of the winning tickets, either personally or by letter. Persons residing out of Toronto can have their prizes forwarded to any Railway or Express station, if required. Parties wishing to act as Agents for the disposal of Tickets, can obtain them singly or in books, on application.

To every one who takes or disposes of a Book of Ten Tickets a Special (Free) Ticket is presented.

The Tickets consists of two parts, the larger of which should be retained by the purchaser, until after the Drawing and produced on the delivery of the Prize, if it should win one; the smaller part called the duplicate should be returned to Bro. Arnold on or before the 29th June, with the purchaser's name and address legibly written thereon. It is particularly requested that the Duplicates be returned as early as possible, before the great pressure of the drawing begins. Agents are requested to account and remit the balance in their hands every two or three weeks.

Parties receiving Tickets will confer a favor by kindly making an effort to dispose of them, or transfer them to others in a better position to do so, and by returning Tickets not disposed of.

TICKETS FOR THE DRAWING ONE DOLLAR EACH.

All communications, remittances, and demands for Tickets, to be sent (postage paid) to BRO. ARNOLD, DIRECTOR OF THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' ACADEMY, Toronto, Ontario, to whom all Drafts and Post Office orders are to be made payable. Tickets are also for sale in Toronto by Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer, King street East; A. S. Irving, King-st. West; T. O'Connor, King-st.; P. Doyle, Arcade; C. A. Beckas, Toronto-st.; J. Birmingham, Ottawa; M. Fahy, Kingston; Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier, Montreal.

