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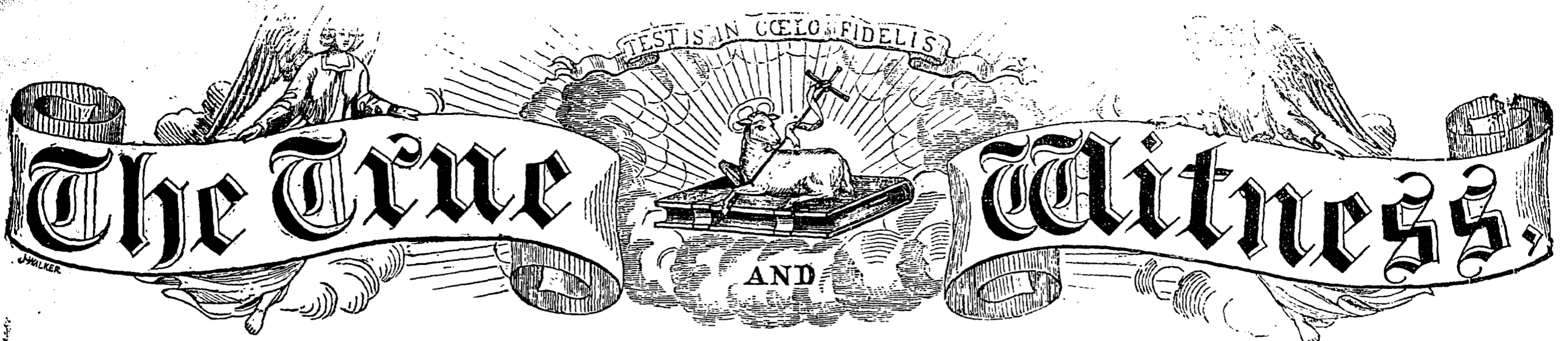
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

VOL. XXVI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JULY 7, 1876.

NO. 47.

JUST RECEIVED, A MOST BEAUTIFUL BOOK.

- Glories of the Sacred Heart, by Cardinal Manning, 12 mo., 300 pages. \$1.00
We have also his late works, Sin and its Consequences. 1.00
Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost. 1.25
Temporal. 1.20
Free by mail on receipt of price.

AGENTS for the DOMINION.

CATHOLIC PERIODICALS.

Table listing various Catholic periodicals such as New York Tablet, Freeman's Journal, Catholic Review, Boston Pilot, Dublin Nation, Weekly News, London Tablet, Register, New York Catholic World, Messenger Sacred Heart, London Month, Dublin Review, and American Catholic Quarterly, with their respective prices.

JUST RECEIVED, SERMONS BY THE LATE

REVEREND J. J. MURPHY,

who lost his life at the fire at Back River on the night of December 4th, 1875. We have just received from our Agents in England a consignment of SERMONS on VARIOUS SUBJECTS, given by THE LATE REV. J. J. MURPHY, IN 1871. Price, \$2.00. Free by mail on receipt of price from

D. & J. SADLER & CO., Catholic Publishers, 275 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

AWAKEN.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

"My son, there's a cloud on your troubled brow, And the tears to your dark eyes start; Say why does the light in those eyes grow dim, And the flush from that cheek depart? Your voice has forgotten its musical ring, And your step its elastic bound; You heed not the neigh of your own good steed, Nor the whine of your fleet greyhound. "But name your wish, and whatever it be, If I can the boon afford, Though it cost the half of my hard-won wealth, 'Tis yours at your lightest word. Look round, look round on those waving fields, And number those lowing kine, And the flocks that speckle your green hillside— They are yours, my boy, and mine. "My father, your words do but drive me mad; Like fire on my brain they fall; Those fields, that hill, are not yours nor mine— They belong to the tyrant, all; And have I not seen you, your white locks bare, The thought makes my blood run cold— Like a lackey you stood at his horse's head, And he flung you the rein to hold? "I've seen you linked with the soulless herd Who voted at his command, And heard you cursed as a traitor slave, Unfaithful to creed and land. His baillif, and keeper, and menials all, Are your welcome, honored guests; You listen, unmoved, to his blasphemous oaths And you laugh at his ribald jests. "If this be the life you would have me lead Oh, why was I taught to pore O'er the hero struggles of Greece and Rome, And dear Elrie's tear-dimmed lore? Far better it were to my grave to crawl An unlettered, unthinking clown, Then be forced to train my immortal soul To bow at a lordling's frown. "My boy! my boy! how you rive my heart! And were all my strivings vain? To make you a happy, wealthy man, Was the thought of my toiling brain: For this I have levelled the poor man's cot, Though his doom was a pauper's grave; For this, like a spaniel, you saw me crouch, A fawning, degraded slave. "And where's the reward of my greed for gold, And, my boy, must you share my shame? Oh, no! look up—sure you yet may strive For honor, and love, and fame. Ha! have I discovered the magic spell, To chase from your soul the gloom? Even now there is hope in your kindling eye, And your cheek has its wonted bloom. "Oh, yes! there is hope—and a manly joy Has thrilled my awakened soul; And my heart is swayed with a deep resolve To strive for a destined goal: To labor and pray with a hopeful trust And be ever prepared to stand— To dare and do—with the brave and true, When they're up for the green old land."

THE "POOR SCHOLAR."

An Old Story Retold.

It is now over one hundred years ago since the substantial farmhouse of Owen O'Mahony occupied a comfortable corner by Munster hill-side. It was a right well-to-do looking dwelling, backed by a full "haggard" flanked by a cozy paddock, sheltered by a grove of fir trees, and surrounded on all sides by rich pastures, and broad fields of the thickly green agriculture, for it was at the time we write about, mid-way in the spring of the year. It was evening, too, and a sabbath evening; the rooks cawed away from the tall chimneys by the roadside, the kine lowed long and deeply, with their thick necks stretched over the paddock gate; and an occasional uproarious cackle of glee from the fat white geese on the brook before the farmer's door made the whole scene breathe of real and fresh rusticity. There was a swaying feather of blue smoke slowly mounting from the chimney top, and several pigeons of various kinds occupied the thatched roof. The half door was flung widely open, and the watchful house dog was absent from his post, playing truant with the young people, who were away everywhere enjoying the leisure of the evening. "You might see the hale burly farmer himself sitting within and alone, partaking of a hearty meal, for he had been out during the day, visiting a sick cow belonging to a poor neighbor, and only returned when the family table was long ago broken up and its attendants separated on a thousand little personal missions. The good man, Owen, nevertheless, munched away with gay free will, and the more contentedly as his comely good wife was just within ear-shot, occasionally asking him a few questions about the neighbors and their affairs or humming a dreamy old air in a purring tone that spoke all right and tight about the homestead and the week's work well ended. The farmer had just finished his repast, and backed his chair a pace or two, and pushed his plate into the middle of the table, when a gentle tap was heard at the door, and then the halting of a timid footstep. "Come in," said the farmer, in a round, hearty, good-humored voice;—"come in, in, whosoever you are; we are peaceable people hereabouts, and will take no bit out of you." In walked a little boy of about fifteen years of age, but so pale, so haggard looking, and woe-begone that the honest O'Mahony started at his first appearance. On his unkempt locks was the remnant of an old leather cap, his eyes were bleared and bloodshot, his feet bare, mired and bleeding, his dress the bleached remains of a tattered corduroy suit; and under his arm was a bundle of books very much riven and thumb-worn. The poor child walked into the room, and very slowly over to the table where Owen was still sitting. "Who are you?" asked the farmer, softly, for he was eyeing the extreme misery of the wretched little lad all the time. "I am a poor scholar," was the reply, and in so low and desponding a cadence that the heart of the good man gave a big thump against his ribs and his eyes grew moist with pity. But when he noticed the poor creature pick up the potato skins from the table and thrust them furtively into his mouth, he could stand the scene no longer, but bustling to his legs called out to his wife in a hoarse, broken voice, striving thus to hide his emotion:—"Hullo! hullo! I warn you, bring some food here to this little lad; I am sure he is badly in want of it."

Mrs. O'Mahony came running in after a few moments, and carrying in her hand a foaming bowl of fresh new milk, set it down on the board before the poor scholar. The child seized it with avidity, and without uttering a syllable, but was unable to raise it to his lips. "Bring him something substantial," now fairly blubbered out the soft hearted farmer. "Bring him some meat and bread; the boy is famishing." The poor little fellow was still silent, but his eyes followed O'Mahony and his wife as they both hurried out on their mission of hospitality. The food was soon brought in abundance, and the poor scholar lifted into the farmer's chair was left, after due encouragement and admonitions, to eat while he was able—to discuss the good things placed before him: for the good old pair, with that intuitive sense of good breeding which always pertains to an unselfish and generous spirit, thought that their little guest would enjoy his meal best by himself and without the eyes of strangers to disconcert him. Well, everything on earth must have an end, and so, at last, had the repast of the famishing poor scholar. The good wife then set about washing his bleeding and way-worn feet, and after making him repeat a few short prayers with her, just as she would with her own loved children, made a bed of wheaten straw near the fireside, and placed him comfortably in the midst of it;—then tossing a heavy coverlet over him, left him to sleep away the past fatigues. The next morning the poor scholar was still abed, although the farmer shook him by the shoulder as he was going abroad into the fields. The good wife next came, and told him to be up and stirring. He started suddenly to his feet, but fell helplessly into the straw. The woman bent over;—he had fainted;—his face was livid as lead, and beads of cold perspiration stood upon his brow, his very lips were white, cold and colorless. She hurried away, prepared a hot drink, and poured it down his throat. He began to speak, but hurriedly and incoherently—he was raving. The long and weary road had overtaken his slight frame; famine had drunk away too much of his vital current, and then the unexpected and hearty meal of heavy food was too much for him—all combined prostrated the miserable little wanking;—he was in "the fever."

The good old people, when they saw that the poor scholar was in for a protracted illness, had his bed removed to a warm and comfortable out-house, and commenced to attend him in turn, night and day, as long as his illness lasted—which was over three weeks—and even when the fever left him, his exhaustion was so great, that his convalescence brought him into the merry, joyous summer.

The boy was still reserved and silent—but always most respectful, gentle, and obedient to his kind patrons—the least harsh word always moved him to tears, but he never complained. He could never be induced to give any account of himself previous to his coming to O'Mahony's house, nor did he like to be questioned about it. All they could learn from him was, that he stole away from home to pursue learning and to make his own way through the world.

One day, he took down his old tattered book that lay upon a shelf over the bed where he had so long lain a helpless invalid—and looking over each of them lovingly and carefully, walked into the little parlor where O'Mahony and his wife were sitting immediately after their breakfast—and with a dusky face, and faltering tongue, announced to them that he was going to leave, but he would never forget their great kindness and care of him; he would have said more, but his speech failed him; he only stood and trembled, and bending down his head, fixed his burning eyes upon the floor.

"What! tired of us already?" asked O'Mahony, reproachfully; "why, boy, you are not by any means strong enough for the road yet." "I have trespassed too long," replied the poor scholar, "when God knows, if I can ever make any return for all you have done for me. If I am knocked down again I must perish." This was the longest speech ever made by the poor scholar, and it greatly affected the good-natured old people. The good woman insisted upon dressing him in a suit of her son's best clothes, and Owen put a round sum of money into the right hand pocket of the new vest.

Thus dressed and equipped, with his stock of books still clutched close to his heart, he shook hands with his generous patrons. The woman kissed him, the man patted him on the back and bade God bless him, and so away started the young aspirant after the paths of knowledge on a beautiful summer morning, with health almost restored, well attired, a purse in his pouch, his courage raised, and the wide-world before him.

The old people followed him with their eyes until he was out of sight, and then turned silently back into their dwelling dispirited and uncomfortable; for, some how or other, they both felt that the poor scholar—quiet, taciturn, and gloomy though he always was—still left a void behind him. For years upon years after they would often recall his memory, and wonder what became of him—whether he had fallen ill again anywhere, or was left unheeded and uncareed—to famish or to perish. They wondered should they ever again get any tidings of him, or whether he would be mindful enough of them to let them know in what part of the world he was still living. At last they spoke of him seldom and less frequently; a little while longer still, and his memory seemed to have vanished away from their minds entirely like a dim dream.

The stirring events of the time, too, not a little contributed to this result, for France and England were at war; the battle of Fontenoy had been fought, and the men of Ireland had been painting with pride at the feats of the glorious Irish Brigade. French ships came frequently to the coasts of Clare, Limerick, Cork, Kerry, and Galway, smuggling wines, brandy, silks, &c., and their return cargoes were recruits for the Brigade. But as this was a penal proceeding they were entered on the ship's books as will geese. Yes, King George did not wish King Louis to get any more Irish soldiers, he did not wish them gone with a vengeance, but bitterly cursed the laws of his own realm that sent even so many of them as formed the Brigade into the stranger's country to turn the tide of battle against himself. Ireland never begrudged men to France because France knew how to estimate their worth and reward them for their services, because she helped the Old Country in her struggles for freedom, and always attested the chivalry of her sons before the world. Then God bless France—the hope of the Irish exiles! God bless France—the camp of the Irish warriors! God bless France—the hope of the Irish people!

But to return to the thread of our narrative:—It so happened that O'Mahony's eldest son, now a fine, able young fellow, took it into his head to enlist into the French service, and to be booked in an old lugger on the Southern coast, as one of the "Wild Geese." This was not done, however, so secretly as to leave it out of the power of an informer to discover the fact, and report the same to the proper official authorities: the young O'Mahony was, therefore, arrested before he got on board his destined vessel, and was instantly thrown into prison to be tried for his life.

The poor old father was greatly troubled at this untoward event, and endeavored to get every legal assistance to extricate his hapless child from the horrid dilemma; but, alas! such was the terror of the times, that no lawyer cared to undergo the suspicion of the Government, or the reflections of its underlings, by undertaking the defence of any criminal so odious in its eyes, as one found sympathizing with the success of foreign arms and anxious to lend a hand thereto. O'Mahony could get no defender for his son, and when the day of trial came on, he stood in the court, all intents and purposes, a doomed man.

Witnesses were called by the prosecution for the Crown, all of whom swore point blank to anything suggested to them, and the prisoner was called upon by the judge for his defence, if he had any to offer, or did he plead guilty to the fact of his being found in arms and in league against his sovereign majesty, King George of England.

The old O'Mahony explained that his son could get no one to undertake his case, so that any attempt at defense were idle, and would avail him nothing. "That is truly a hard lot," remarked the Judge, "but that your son may not be condemned, without some scrutiny," he added, "I will examine the witnesses myself, and test the validity of their several charges against him."

Accordingly he did examine them, and with so searching an acumen, too, that he upset their evidence with apparent ease, set them forswearing themselves, contradicting one another, and jumbling together truth and falsehood so inconspicuously that everybody in court saw that the men were suborned, badly trained for their work and were nothing better than hired blood-money hunters.

He then charged strongly in favor of the prisoner, so strongly, indeed, that he was acquitted without the jury leaving the box.

Owen O'Mahony and his released son called on the Judge the next day at the hotel where he put up in the town, to thank him for his disinterested kindness, and his generous defense of a man an utter stranger to him.

The Judge received father and son very kindly, thanked them very courteously for their deep expressions of gratitude, but when the old man offered him a heavy purse of gold, he put it aside and said with a light laugh:

"Oh! no, O'Mahony; you owe me nothing. I was interested about you from a story I heard of you long ago, about your singular hospitality to a poor scholar whom you saved from famine and death, and who never failed to spread the account of it wherever he went."

"My Lord, I recollect the lad, but it is a very long time ago, indeed. I remember, too, he left our house with very few words indeed and forgot us afterwards; God knows I would have done as much for any poor creature as the youngster in question. Does your lordship know where he is at present, and did the world thrive with him?—my good woman cried a good deal after him, for she took a great liking to his silent ways, and pitied and loved him, bless you, just as if he was her own. I'd like to see the boy again, if it was only to have it to tell her that he is alive and well."

"You shall see him, O'Mahony," exclaimed the Judge, rising from his seat, taking the old man by the hand and pressing it warmly. "O'MAHONY, I AM THE POOR SCHOLAR!"

SCENE FROM ANCIENT HISTORY.

Appius was one of the ten tyrants who, about 300 before the Christian era, cast the gloomy shadow of his vices over the simple but warlike people of Rome. After the murder of Dentatus, he greatest soldier of the army, he was guilty of a disgraceful domestic tragedy that has branded his name with disgust to every child that has read the history of those days.

One day, whilst sitting at his tribunal to dispense justice, he saw a maiden of exquisite beauty, aged about fifteen, passing to one of the public-schools, attended by a matron, her nurse. The charms of this damsel, heightened by all the innocence of virgin modesty, caught his attention and fired his heart. The day following she passed; he found her still more beautiful and his heart still more inflamed. Accustomed to yield to those inferior passions that vilify the rational being, he determined to possess himself of this innocent child, whose honor and virtue were to be sacrificed to his lust. Passion cares naught for right, for liberty or honor. The sighs of outraged innocence and the sacred claims of a father are feeble barriers to oppose this passion. The tyrant vainly tried to corrupt the fidelity of the nurse, and then had recourse to stratagem and deceit still more dishonorable. He selected from the companions of his debauchery a man named Marcus Claudius, whom he bribed to assert the beautiful girl was his slave, and to refer the cause to his tribunal for decision. Claudius behaved according to his instructions. Entering the school where Virginia was playing with her companions, he seized upon her as his property, and about to take her away by force, but was prevented by the people who were drawn together by her cries. After the first impulse of opposition, this lying instrument of tyrannical oppression explained to the people how the girl was born from one of his slaves, and therefore his property, but he was willing to plead his cause before the tribunal of Appius, who was then administering justice (save the word!) in the Forum close by. They consented, and the weeping girl was led to the tribunal of Appius, who saw them approach from a distance, and was delighted that his impious plot had so far succeeded. In the meantime the crowd had increased; a murmur of pity passed along; indignation was swelling the heart of some brave youths, who were determined to see the end of this unblushing infraction of the rights of the citizens. They knew the child to be the offspring of the brave centurion Virginia, who was then on the battlefield defending his country, and that she was betrothed to a noble youth named Icilius, for whom they despatched a messenger in haste.

Arrived before Appius, Claudius pleaded his case. She was born of his slave, sold to the wife of Virginia, who was barren, and brought up as his child; that he had several witnesses, but that until he could gather them together it was but reasonable the slave should be delivered into his custody, being her master. In deep cunning the impious judge pretended to be struck with the justice of his claims. He observed, if the reputed father himself were present, he might indeed be willing to delay the delivery of the maiden for some time, but in his absence he could not detain her from her proper master. He therefore adjudged her to Claudius as his slave until Virginia could prove his paternity; but Heaven will not permit such impiety to triumph—the sigh of injured innocence has ever been heard at the throne of God and found vindication. The tyrant had scarcely finished his sentence when a bustle is heard at the door; the crowd make way; a well-known voice falls on the ears of the fainting Virginia, another moment, and she is clasped in the arms of Icilius. The victors were ordered to separate the youthful pair and seize Icilius; they approached, but drawing his sword, for he, too, was a centurion, and with a voice that struck terror into the menials of the tyrant, he bade them stand back. "Appius," he cried, his eyes glistening with fury and his forehead wrinkled with a frown of defiance, "you must first pass over my corpse to seize Virginia. She is espoused to me, and I will have her in her unsullied innocence. Whilst I live she shall not leave the house of her father. If you have succeeded in usurping the rights of the tribunals and trampling on the liberties of the people, the curse of your lust shall not penetrate the sacred enclosure of our families to the insult of our wives and daughters. We will invoke the vengeance of the people and the army. Without passing a stream of blood, you will not execute the iniquitous sentence you have given." Appius trembled on his throne; he heard the applause of the people; he saw the determination that fired every countenance; and, feigning his

discomfiture, he calmly replied: "It is evident Icilius still breathes the sedition of the tribunals and under pretence of defending this slave, he wishes to excite the passions of the people. Not to supply cause for his seditious projects, I will not give any sentence to-day, but security must be given that the slave will be brought before me to-morrow."

The security was given, and the murmuring crowd parted, congratulating the weeping youths, and breathing vengeance on the Decemvirate, whose days of tyranny would find a last and terrible sunset on the morrow.

In the meantime, couriers were sent with the fleetest horses to the camp to bring Virginius to Rome. The tyrant Appius had also sent despatches that Virginius should be detained, but his letters were intercepted; the brave centurion was already in full gallop towards his sorrowful home, and was soon in the embrace of his blooming child.

The next day—one of the most eventful in the history of Rome—Virginius, to the astonishment of Appius, appeared before the tribunal, leading his daughter by the hand, and both clothed in deep mourning. Claudius, the accuser, was also there, and began by making his demand. Virginius spoke in turn; he represented that his wife had several children; that she had suckled her children, as many could testify; moreover, if he had intentions of adopting a supposititious child, he would have selected a boy rather than a girl. It was surprising such a claim should be raised after fifteen years. The people gave from time to time unmistakable indications of their sympathy. The earnestness of the afflicted father had the consequence of truth; and Appius, seeing the impression growing stronger, interrupted Virginius, and, in one of the most daring acts of injustice on record, once more adjudged the girl to Claudius.

A cry that would melt the heart of the greatest Ilberline burst from the poor girl; she threw herself on the neck of her father. Icilius was near. His hand was on his sword; he remembered the oath of the previous day, and the people, who knew the Forum was full of soldiers, trembled in suspense. At length Appius gave the order to clear the way and give the slave to her master; but, before Icilius could give vent to the passion that was burning in his heart like the interior of a volcano, Virginius, in a faltering voice, pretended to acquiesce to the sentence, and asked permission to take his farewell from one he had long considered his child and loved as such. Appius nodded on condition the interview should take place at once and in his presence. The harpy veteran, with a commotion that showed the poignant anguish breaking his heart, took his almost expiring daughter in his arms, supporting her head on his breast, and wiping away the tears that rolled over her beautiful countenance. Unmindful of the crowd that wept around him, he gently made his way to one of the shops that surrounded the Forum. Suddenly seizing a large knife that lay on a block before a butcher's stall, he cried out, "Virginia, by this alone can I save thy honor and thy liberty!" and plunged the steel into her maiden heart. Drawing forth the blade reeking with her blood, he turned towards Appius, crying out with a loud voice, "Tyrant! by this blood of innocence I devote thy head to the infernal Furies!"

With knife in hand, foaming with fury, he ran through the city, wildly calling on the people to strike for freedom; thence he went to the camp, where, weeping and showing the knife stained with the guiltless blood of his murdered child, he roused the soldiers to fury and desire of revenge. The soldiers left the camp, abandoned their generals, and came to Rome to be avenged of their tyrants. They took possession of the Aventine. The people in the city, in the meantime, led on by Icilius, were preparing a dreadful attack on the few wretches that still guarded the tyrant Appius. For several days he lay secreted. At length the soldiers, gaining from the Senate the change of government, banished all the Decemvirs except Appius and Opilius, whom they cast into the dungeons of the Mamertine until they would determine the death they should give them. But they both strangled themselves in their prison before they could be torn to pieces by the fury of the mob.

Cicero must have had this fact before him when he wrote: "The uncontrolled desire is a burning fire; it not only destroys particular persons, but entire families, and ruins the whole commonwealth. From desires spring hatred, discussion, discord, seditions, and bloody wars."—From the Victims of the Mamertine.

Cicero de Finibus;

ANNALS INSBURY TO INJURY.—A case was lately tried in the Court of Queen's Bench, Dublin, in which the plaintiff sued for damages for injuries sustained by falling into a cellar, the grating of which had been improperly left open by the defendant. The plaintiff in his fall, broke the grating, and for this damage to his property the defendant claimed the sum of £5. Plaintiff's counsel said that the audacity of this demand had never been paralleled in his experience except in one instance, and this exceptional case he proceeded to relate for the benefit of the Court and jury. There lived, he said, at one time in Merriem square, Dublin (the fashionable quarter of the city), an eminent lawyer, who afterwards came to occupy a place on the judicial bench. He was a man of high professional attainments, but of testy and irritable temper. His next door neighbor was a retired major, noted for the eccentricities of his habits; between the two there was anything but friendly feeling, and they did all in their power to annoy and harass each other. One night memorable as "the night of the great storm," the major's chimneys was blown down. Crash they went through the roof of the lawyer's house, and thence down through floor after floor, carrying havoc in the course. The man of law was in no good humor as he contemplated the destruction, and what made matters worse was that it was the major's chimneys that had occasioned the wreck. His mind was actively engaged in devising some process by which he could get satisfaction from his arch enemy, when a missive arrived from the attorney, couched as follows:—"Send me back my books immediately, or I'll put the matter into the hands of an attorney."

ST. COLUMBA AND THE STORK.

In the sixth century, Columba, prince of the Royal House of O'Donnell and O'Neill, in a moment of heat and indignation excited his kinsmen to avenge an injustice done him by King Dermot, of Tara. The result was a bloody and disastrous battle between the clansmen and the forces of the king. Columba, repented for his share in the fatal transaction, confessed his sin to an aged Monk named Manuel. With a breaking heart he promised to accept and perform the penance enjoined. To quote from Father Burke's eloquent lecture on the subject, "the confessor asked him this question: 'What is the strongest love you have in you heart?' And the poor penitent answered: 'The love that I have for Ireland, that is the strongest affection in my heart.' Then the most cruel penance was put upon him, that he was to depart from Ireland, never to see her or put his foot upon her soil again." And so began the famous hermitage of the exile on Iona, off the Scottish coast; and so Columba became the saint and apostle of the Picts.]

The tempest broke over the isle of Iona,
The seas roaring rose in the lightning's wild glare;
Cloud rushing on cloud, like the foemen in battle,
Awoke with their clamor the hush of the air.

Who walks on the sands, like a monarch unscathed
rod?
The folds of his raiment are heavy with rain;
The hood backward blown from the white streaming tresses,
Reveals the grand face in its pallor and pain.

He turns to the West, he folds tight his mantle,
The sinewy arms on his broad heaving chest;
The wonderful eyes in their lustre dilated,
The lips in their gray bearded shadows compressed.

What recks he of clouds over heavens careering?
Or seas tossing wild where the dim landscape faints?
Columba, the exile, is gazing on Erin,
The saint looks afar on the Isle of the Saints!

In vain the sharp lightning strikes red on his eyeballs
In vain the vast torrents descend on his head—
While the brave Celtic heart through yon green island wanders,
The Irish that enshrined it is dull as the dead.

He sees the fair valleys, the rills fair as silver,
The cattle afield, the hawthorn in bloom;
The blue, pleasant fields bending over old Ulster,
Cluin-iraid a haven of light and perfume.

And all the pure memories of boyhood and manhood,
And all the dear dreams of the far away years,
Sweep back o'er his spirit like pinions of angels,
The gold of whose garment is darkened with tears.

Yea, darkened with tears of the bitterest sorrow,
Great drops as of blood wrung from penitent eyes—
When the plains of Westmeath, red and reeking with slaughter,
From the mists of the past gory phantoms arise.

Once more at Monk Manuel's feet he is kneeling,
Once more the dread sentence falls solemn and stern:
"Thy sin has been great; greater still by thy penance—
Leave Erin this night, never more to return!"

"O God!" cries the saint, "his thy will that I worship,
Lord Christ make this sacrifice ever more sweet!"
And lo! through the tempest, wind-battered and bleeding,
A stork, like a snowdrift, falls faint at his feet.

A speck of the ether, a feather out-wafted
From Erin's dear coast it has breasted the storm;
Unseen, and yet seen, in the dream of the seer,
Its blood on its feet trickled and warm.

Ah! in the great heart of the patriot mastered
The soul of the saint in Columba's old breast,
He stooped to the sand took the bird to his bosom,
And cradled it there like a babe in its rest.

"Lie close in the arms that enfold thee," he whispered,
While his eyes swam with tears, and his breast rose and fell
With the slumbering sobs—"in the breast of Columba,
He'll bear thee secure to his own little cell.

"And there his scant meal shall be thine; his fond fingers
Anointing, shall heal the red wound in thy breast,
And soon through the sunshine, O creature of Heaven!
He'll watch thee take wing for the groves of the west.

"Across the dark waters his gray eyes shall track thee,
But ne'er shall his bark follow thee to the shore;
For thou shalt go back to our dear native Erin,
But Columba, the exile, returns nevermore!"

POPE PIUS IX.

On the 29th of May a deputation from the four-and-twenty cities that, seven hundred years ago, constituted the "Lombard League," and freed Italy from the tyranny of Frederic Barbarossa, proceeded to the Vatican to celebrate, in union with the Sovereign Pontiff, the anniversary of the memorable battle of Legnano, fought on that day in 1176. The reception of the deputation was a peculiarly brilliant one, and the proceedings, from the opening to the close, were marked by unusual enthusiasm. A fervent address, recalling the event of the day, and pledging the continued attachments of the cities of the "Lombard League" to the cause which triumphed at Legnano, and which is still so gloriously defended by Pius IX., was presented to his Holiness, and was read, in the name of the various delegations, by the president of the confederated associations. At its conclusion his Holiness replied as follows:—

"Surrounded as I am here by so many good Italians who are present just now, and the object of so

many affectionate greetings and congratulations as have recently reached me—congratulations mingled with mournful expressions as to the present condition of affairs in Italy—I would ask you to take with me a rapid review of some past transactions which have led to the state of things we all so much deplore. It pleased God to put a term to the captivity of the great Pontiff, Pius VII., and to bring him back in triumph to Rome. Scarcely had he arrived there than he went to the Vatican Temple and amidst an eager crowd desirous to pay him homage he found a loyal and a dutiful well-wisher in a King of Sardinia. All Italy was in gladness, and laying aside her garments of weeping, clothed herself in robes of joy, because of the days of peace which at length had dawned. Every spot resounded with the words of peace, and the people with loud voices repeated the blessed word. But peace was not pleasant to very many ambitious spirits throughout the peninsula, and still less was it welcome to many others who, casting away from them the practices of religion, and utterly forgetful of God, longing to fish in troubled waters, felt a craving for revolutions and agitations to satisfy their rebellious desires. What happened? The first thought of the disturbers was the thought of corrupting the heart and the mind, particularly of the young, and I remember that it was just then said that never before had so many editions of the works of the infidel writers of the eighteenth century been sold on this side of the Alps as then appeared there to corrupt the people. Besides these works there came a large quantity of evil productions by contemporary authors. Demoralised writers associated together, and it is impossible to tell how vast was the multitude of poisonous little works which flooded the country. Two large cities in particular issued forth immoral works and scandalous romances, which, even in recent times, I myself have endeavoured, not, alas! to destroy, but at least to diminish in number. Then there arose a sect, black by name and blacker by deed, which spread itself slowly but surely through our beautiful country. Later on another like it appeared, calling itself 'young,' but it was in truth old in malice and in iniquity. There were others at the back of these two, but all of them in the end carried their foaming and muddy waters to the vast pool of Masonry. From out this pool there rise to-day the pestilential vapors which infest so large a part of the world, and which hinder this poor Italy of ours from making known her will to the nations. It was these secret societies which kept the people in agitation, and they have introduced themselves into places where not alone ought they not to have been admitted, but whence they should have been driven to a long distance away. Let the past be to us a lesson for the future. I shall not pause to make any fruitless observations or utter useless complaints, but shall merely say that the agitators succeeded partially at first; but those who were deluded, with a constancy worthy of a better cause, under the influence of their perfidious guides, succeeded in winning the victory for disorder and for revolution. But the revolution which consumes its own offspring made speedy manifestation of the savagery of its nature in marking as the victim of its fury the man who, through vanity or ambition, had put himself at the head of the great uprising. We in the meantime are the witnesses of this deplorable triumph; not alone witnesses, but participators of its disastrous consequences. We see every day more clearly the hypocrisy of those cries of 'Gosanna,' followed as they always are by the oppressions, the plunder, and the injustices with which the Church and its rights are visited. How many delusions, how many misconceptions, as to the character of the revolution have these iniquities removed from many minds? But it is not my intention at present *infandum renovare dolorem* by recalling the series of evils which have fallen upon the Church of Jesus Christ, but shall merely observe that over and over again deeds of despotic aggression have been accompanied with the insolent remark: 'We shall not go to Canossa,' uttered amidst the applause of his satellites by the standard-bearer of the present revolution. We reply—"Whether there shall be a journey to Canossa or not is a matter of uncertainty, but it is a certainty that all shall be brought before the victorious Cross, and all shall appear before that glorious standard, whether they will it or not, and shall appear there in trembling and in fear. For them the Cross shall be the herald of condemnation; for us it shall be the assurance of consolation and of joy. It is further certain that God has decreed the safety of His Church, and that He will endow it again with peace through the virtue of the Cross. Continue to combat and to suffer for justice sake beneath that sign; if it is to be for us the flag of battle it shall also be for us the flag of victory. And when I say to you, continue to fight under this glorious banner, I would have you clearly to know that there cannot be the fight without contradictions, without fatigue, without opposition. But with the Cross before our eyes we shall meet contradictions by firmness, fatigue by firmness, opposition by strength, and in all extremes we shall practice patience. In fine, with the Cross we shall verify the saying, 'In hoc signo vinces!' The order of Providence, which to us is so clear, is an obscurity to our enemies, and oftentimes an object to them of derision and contempt. But let us rise superior to such delusions by fortifying ourselves in faith and by doing good. In the meanwhile let the enemies of the Church be the objects of our charity and of our prayers; but whilst we pray for them let us execrate their errors and their false opinions, and as to the sectaries let us regard them with horror rather than with contempt, advising the young to fly from them as they would from a poisonous serpent. To their efforts for evil let us oppose our efforts for good.—They want an education made up of anti-Catholic instruction; let us counteract them by multiplying as much as possible the teachers of sound doctrine. They are seeking after licence; and we let us proclaim it with a loud voice) are struggling for liberty, but for that liberty which keeps pace with justice. They wish to corrupt; we wish to heal. In fact the mission which in common with all good Catholics it is your duty to fulfil is that you should act as a barrier to the torrent of iniquity which is rolling so rapidly onward, and which deepens and widens more and more as each day passes. The surest means of accomplishing this purpose are concord and union—union with God—union amongst yourselves, and union with the chief pastors of your dioceses. And as mention has been made to-day of a great Pontiff, who has deserved well of Italy, and who displayed great bravery and great firmness on a memorable occasion we must remember that Alexander III. was indebted for the victory which he achieved to the union of those who were with him. Do you also in unity and in concord struggle as he and they did to obtain the same result. And that result shall certainly be reached perhaps without any need of going to Canossa or to Venice. Lastly, let us turn towards God, and let us implore of Him, through the virtue of the Holy Cross to free us from our enemies and to scatter them. And, as the Cross is the emblem of the struggle, so shall it be the omen of victory. With that sign of the Cross I raise my hand and bless you in the name of the Most Holy Trinity. I bless yourselves, your families, and all the countless multitudes who have sent to me their greetings of love and attachment. I bless likewise all those throughout the Catholic world who participate in these sentiments, to the end that, walking always in the shadow of that blessing they may be made worthy to bless God through all eternity. *Benedictio Dei!*" &c.

It is curious that we employ Irish frieze to prevent American freeze, isn't it?

SAINT CHRISTOPHER.

Christopher was born in Canaan. He was twelve feet high, had powerful limbs, and a joyous countenance. Before he was baptised he was called Opher. When he was grown up he was so full of strength he said to himself, "I will wander abroad, and will seek out the greatest lord, and I will serve him." He came to a certain king who was mighty with great possessions and many subjects. This one received him kindly and was glad of his strength. Opher promised to serve him faithfully. When he had been some time with him, a strolling player came to the king, he sang before him, and in one of his songs he mentioned the devil; whereupon the king crossed himself; for he was a Christian. Opher wondered at this, and when the player had finished he asked the king what he meant by making the sign of the cross. The king was at first unwilling to let him know. But Opher insisted, saying "My lord, tell me, or else I will serve you no longer." The king answered, "I will tell you the truth. When any one mentions the devil in my presence, I make the sign of the cross, in order that the wicked spirits may be kept from me, and may have no power over me." "Then," said Opher, "if you are afraid of him, I have served you long enough, for I thought that there was no one mightier than you." Opher went his way and sought the fiend everywhere, but no one was able to show him to him. One day, while he was wandering over a desert plain, he espied a strong company of horsemen, and in their midst was a greyish black rider. He rode with great power, and separated himself from the others. He came up to Opher and asked him whom he was seeking. "I am looking for the devil," was his reply; "I should like to be his servant." "I am he," said the Evil one. Opher promised his services, and the devil took him with him. One day they came to a wide street where there stood a cross. When the Evil one saw the cross, he turned aside, for he dared not ride past it. Opher was astonished at this, and said to him, "My liege, why have you chosen to ride down this crooked path?" The devil would fain have held his peace, but Opher said again, "You must tell me truth, otherwise I will not serve you a single day longer." The wicked one answered, "on that other road there is a cross, upon which Christ did hang, I am afraid of that sign, and I must always fly from it!" Opher replied, "If you are afraid of that sign, it is greater than you, wherefore I must take my leave of you, and I will seek Christ." He left him the same instant and went his way.

Through the goodness of God he came across a pious hermit. He told him he was seeking for Christ, in order to be his servant. The hermit taught him that Christ was a great king, and mighty; that he was the Lord of all, and rewarded his friends with eternal life. Thereupon Opher promised that he would serve this king of kings with the utmost zeal and fidelity. "But," interposed the hermit, "this king is an enemy to a sinful life; only they who walk in purity and virtue receive His grace, wherefore you must fast and pray for His sake." Opher answered; I will walk in virtue and in purity, but I cannot fast and pray; show me some way of serving Him with all the powers of my body." The hermit replied, "Below there, in the cleft of the rock, rushes a stream of water over which there is no bridge or pathway—will you carry me across it for God's sake? In this manner you will serve your lord with an acceptable service." "Most willingly will I do that," said Opher.

He went down there, got together stones, and built himself a hut by the edge of the rapid torrent. Many men came to that spot, and for the love of God he carried them across. He had a stick in his hand, and was always ready by day and by night.

It came to pass one night, as he slept through fatigue, that he heard the voice of a child who called to him. He arose, and inquired who it was that called. No one answered, so he lay down again and slept. Again he was called. He sprang up quickly and looked about everywhere; but finding no one he once more lay down. A third time he was called, a little child stood by his side, and asked to be taken across. Opher lifted the child on to his shoulder, took his staff into his hand, and went into the water. But the water foamed fiercely about him, and the child was so heavy that Opher bowed his neck. With every step, the water became deeper and the child heavier. Opher said at last, "My child, how is it you are so heavy? I feel as though I were carrying the whole world." The child replied, "You are carrying not merely the world, but you are carrying Him who made heaven and earth. With that he pressed down his head under the water. I am Christ, thy Lord and thy God, Him whom thou servest; I baptise thee in the name of God, my Father, and in my own name, and in the name of the Holy Ghost. Until now you have been called Opher, henceforth your name shall be Christopher, because you have carried Christ. Plant your staff in the ground, and to-morrow, when you perceive on it blossoms and fruit, be mindful of my power." After that the child disappeared. Christopher planted his withered stick in the ground, and in that same night it became a tree, and put forth blossoms and bore fruit. Christopher was rejoiced at what had happened, and longed to be able to serve his Lord with something better than the mere strength of his body. He abandoned the occupation at the river, and once more wandered forth.

The Holy Spirit guided his steps into a foreign land. He came into a city where the Christians were violently persecuted for their faith. At first he did not understand their language, but he prayed to his Lord, and immediately he understood all that the people said. He went up to the place where the Christians were martyred, and spoke words of consolation to them, to help them die with joy. When the king heard this, he was angry, and sent two hundred horsemen to seize him. The horsemen found Christopher in prayer, and not one of them was bold enough to approach him or to lay hands on him. Then the king sent another two hundred horsemen. When they saw Christopher they stood still at a distance. He, however said to them, "What do you want?" The horsemen were still more terrified, and said, "If you will not come with us, go your way; we will tell the king that we could not find you." Christopher replied, "You must not lie! bind my hands behind my back and lead me to the king; willingly will I suffer for my Lord." They tied his hands and took him with them. Along the road he recounted to them much concerning Faith in Christ, his invisible Lord for whom he would gladly go to death. The horsemen listened to his words with astonishment, and many of them were converted.

When Christopher was brought before the king, he admired his strength and form, and being pleased with him said: "If you would have honor and a pleasant life, sacrifice to our gods."

Christopher answered: "Your Gods are the spirits of the abyss, but my God is creator of heaven and earth, Him only will I serve." At which the king was angry and commanded him to be tortured. Christopher remained firm; at his courage the wrath of the king waxed fiercer. He ordered him to be fastened to a stake and to be shot at with arrows. A great wonder followed. All the arrows remained hanging in the air, and the saint looked up at them with a joyful face. As the king was more irritated by this, one of the arrows fell back and hit the king's eye, which became blind. Christopher, however, said to him, "When I am dead, take a little of my blood and anoint your eye and you shall see." "This is loose mockery" said the king, and he had Christopher beheaded. Then he took some of the blood of the saint, and bathed his eye with it, and his sight returned. This occurrence touched his heart and he made a profession before all the people of the True Faith.

THE RULE OF THE TURK IN EUROPE.

Mohammedanism has been the scourge of every country in which the followers of the impostor, from which it takes its name, have obtained the ascendancy. In Europe its track has been marked by slaughter and devastation in every country it invaded, and wherever it obtained away, temporary or permanent, it was the sway of tyrants, fanatical, cruel exacting, and arbitrary beyond that even of pagan despots.

It is now more than five hundred years since the Turk first crossed the Dardanelles, and seizing Gallipoli, the key of the capital of the Byzantine Empire, (in 1357), established himself in what is now known as European Turkey. Four years later, Adrianople, then the largest fortified city of the Eastern or Greek Empire yielded to the arms of Amurat the Conqueror, and became the centre of operations by which large portions of the countries occupied by the Slavic races in South Eastern Europe were subjugated. In less than a hundred years from that time, and after an almost uninterrupted series of success over the forces of the Greek Empire Constantinople was taken, (A.D. 1453), the Greek Emperor, Constantine Palologus, by his heroism almost redeeming the long line of preceding Greek Emperors from the contempt and detestation in which they are justly held on account of their effeminacy, treachery, baseness and cruelty.

The fall of Constantinople was owing to the schismatic spirit of the Greeks themselves and to their hatred of Rome. Had the kings and princes in Catholic Europe followed the counsels of the Popes and earnestly heeded their exhortations the Turk would never have been able to set his foot upon European soil. But divided by jealousies their attempts upon the Ottoman forces frequently proved unavailing through the absence of hearty and cordial co-operation, and when they won a victory, it often turned out to be a barren one, securing no permanent advantage over the Moslem invaders. When Constantinople was besieged, Pope Nicholas V., in answer to a request for help sent him by Constantine Palologus, addressed an urgent appeal to all the Western Courts to arouse their princes to a sense of the danger which threatened Christendom. Venice and Genoa alone answered the Sovereign Pontiff's call to arms. They sent troops to the aid of the Greek Emperor enough to enable him to continue resistance, if not to afford the hope of victory. But even this assistance was rendered unavailing through the fanatical hatred of the Greeks against Catholics. "Away with them; we want no Latin allies," cried the Greek populace. And the Grand Duke Notoras, exclaimed, "I would sooner see the turban of Mahomet than the Pope's tiara in Constantinople." Those who survived the slaughter of the siege and the assault had this desire fulfilled by seeing a few months afterwards the turban within Constantinople.

After the fall of Constantinople, Nicholas V. received the Greek fugitives and extended towards them a generous hospitality. He made every effort to unite the Christian princes of Western Europe in a holy league against the infidel Turk, and died when apparently just upon the point of succeeding. His successor, Calixtus III., urged similar measures. The Emperor of Germany and the kings of France, England, Aragon, Castile, Portugal and the Duke of Burgundy all promised to co-operate in driving the Turk out of Europe. But in most cases they failed to fulfill their promises. Private interests, personal and national jealousies and ambition over rode higher considerations referring to the common welfare of Christendom, and on the 3d of June, A.D. 1456, the Ottoman forces appeared before Belgrade, Ladislaus VI. fled from Vienna and Europe lay open to Turkish invasion. But Pope Calixtus III. was not wanting in the emergency. Hopeless of arousing the West, he could still call upon heaven to rescue otherwise doomed Hungary. He ordered that in every parish church in Europe the bells should be rung at noon to remind the faithful to pray for the defenders of Christianity. Indulgences were granted for all who should, at the sound of the bell recite the Lord's Prayer and the Angelical Salutation for that intention. This was the origin of the Angelus which the custom of the Church has consecrated to this day. John Hunyades heroically headed the small band of defenders of Belgrade, and was ably seconded by St. John Capistran, with no other weapon than a crucifix, was ever in the breach, inspiring the Christian warriors with a superhuman courage. The Turks were driven back with terrible losses, and the Sultan, Amurat II., himself seriously wounded, withdrew his shattered forces (August 6, 1456), in a frenzy of rage.

Had the secular rulers, the princes and kings of Christendom then seconded the Sovereign Pontiff's efforts, the Turks would have been driven out of Europe. But these rulers were jealous of each other, and occupied with projects of personal or national aggrandizement. John Hunyades and St. John Capistran died within the year in which he had immortalized themselves at Belgrade. The Turks were allowed to repair their losses and consolidate their power; and the Pontiff of Calixtus III. was mortally grieved at the cold indifference of the secular rulers of Christendom at the growing power of the Ottoman Empire.

Pius II. succeeded Calixtus III., and at once declared his intention of carrying out his predecessor's plans of a Holy War against the Turks. He summoned to a general assembly at Mantua the princes and kings of Christendom for the purpose of maturing plans for a combined movement. His appeal was unheeded. Only the provinces immediately threatened by the Turks sent representatives. All Western Europe seemed indifferent. Pius II. wept as he depicted the danger which threatened Europe, and the need of immediate and energetic succor. He offered all the resources at his command, and directed that all the revenues of the Holy See in every Catholic country should be devoted to the purposes of the Crusade. France refused to pay her subsidies. Germany, whose interests should have called it first in the field, was convulsed with intestine strife. England was prodigally shedding its best blood in the Wars of the Roses. Arragon was attacking Catalonia. The Kingdom of Naples was divided between the factions of Rene, of Anjou, and Ferdinand, of Aragon. Meanwhile the Turks were steadily advancing, making their successive conquest with horrible slaughter of Christians, and when wearied with slaughter, subjecting the remainder of the population of conquered provinces to a slavery worse in its cruelties than death itself. The heroic resistance of Scanderbeg was the only barrier against the Turks in Epirus and Servia. Again Pius II. appealed to the secular rulers of Christendom to unite against their common enemy; and, again, his appeal was unheeded. "We have but one means left," exclaimed the Holy Pontiff to his Cardinals: "we must enforce our precepts and our prayers by our own example; it may be that when Christian princes see the Roman Pontiff, their Father, the Vicar of Jesus Christ marching in person, against the Turks, their hearts will reproach them for their coldness and inaction." A Papal Bull, dated October 4th, 1463, acquainted the Catholic world with this resolution of the Vicar of Christ. He went to Venice, where he was joined by the Doge and the troops of the Venetian Republic, and where a fleet had been prepared for their transportation to the field of combat. But as he was on the point of setting sail, his death, on the 4th of August, A.D. 1464, thwarted the projects he had formed for the defence and glory of Christendom.

His successor, Paul II., exerted all his energies in like efforts to combine Christian Europe in an united attack against the Turks. He gave a yearly subsidy of a hundred thousand gold crowns to the

Hungarians, and a like sum to Scanderbeg, who was heroically resisting the Turks in Albania; but the indifference of the secular rulers of Western Europe and the apathy (or worse) of Germany rendered futile all efforts of the Sovereign Pontiff to unite them in a combined resistance against Turkish aggression. Under his successor, Sixtus IV., the defence of Europe against Turkish arms continued to be the unceasing care of the Papacy. An effort was made to form a general league for the defence of Christendom against the Turks. In furtherance of this, Sixtus IV. first proposed to convolve a council at Rome; but the princes of the different countries of Europe refused to send ambassadors to it. He then sent his legates throughout all Europe, but without avail. In Germany the princes were occupied by personal or sectional hostilities; Louis XI. of France was engaged in his own schemes and expenditures. In Spain, Cardinal Borgia only succeeded in amassing a large amount of money, which was lost by shipwreck; Cardinal Garat alone was successful in combining with the Pontiff's naval forces those of Venice and Naples, and obtaining possession of Attalia and Smyrna, after a successful engagement with the Turks.

During the Pontificate of Sixtus IV. occurred the defence of Rhodes against the Turks, under Peter D'Abussion, Grand Master of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, which shed a lustre of undying glory on the heroic commander and members of that Order. Mahomet, however, only enraged, and not dismayed by his defeat, raised a new army, and three hundred thousand men, to attempt the conquest of Italy, and torn and divided as was Italy, and in fact all Europe, by sectional and international hostilities, there appeared to be no human means of saving Christendom from the coming danger. It was averted by Providence in the death of the Sultan Mahomet II., and the strife which ensued between two of his sons for the succession to the throne.

Here again an opportunity occurred, of which the princes of Europe, if they could have buried their personal and international jealousies, might have taken advantage and destroyed forever the Ottoman power in Europe. But they turned against each other the arms which should have been wielded against the common enemy. The Sovereign Pontiff, Innocent VIII., was only able to unite with his own forces those of Naples and some from Spain. With these he defeated a descent of the Turks upon Sicily under Bajazet II.

But during all this time the Turks were making new conquests, consolidating those already made in Europe north and west of Constantinople. It would require far more of space than we can command to trace from this point onwards the history of their invasions of Christian provinces and islands, the horrible barbarities inflicted upon those they conquered, their cruel oppression of those who became subject to their yoke. Nor can we any longer enter upon details of constant resistance made against them by the Sovereign Pontiffs, often rendered unavailing by the criminal coldness and indifference of the rulers of Western Europe to their appeals for aid.

We have brought our hasty sketch down to the close of the fifteenth century. With the sixteenth century we enter upon the era of the so-called Reformation, when a spirit of positive hostility to Catholicity was superadded to the other evils with which Europe had to contend; and when almost every European country became divided against itself, and when secret conspiracies, were open war did not arise, rendered it difficult for secular rulers to maintain their legitimate authority even within the limits of their own sovereignties.

Wherever Protestantism, too, obtained an ascendancy, not only no aid could be obtained against the Turk by the Catholic forces still making resistance, but not unfrequently aid, moral or material, was furnished to the Turk, and diversions in his favor was made sometimes covertly and sometimes openly. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Turkish power continued to increase.

Under Soliman II., and his son, Selim II., their progress became more alarming than ever. They were masters of Greece and of Hungary; their fleets covered the Mediterranean. It only remained for them to conquer the islands of Malta and Cyprus, and then to throw themselves upon Germany or France. Spain, notwithstanding the banishment of the Moors had still upon her soil, many who, though nominally Christian, were yet at heart Mohammedans or prepared to co-operate with Mohammedan invaders. Pius V. perceived the danger and succeeded in effecting a league between the Spaniards and Venetians, to whom he joined all the forces he could raise in Italy. He selected as the leader of the combined expedition the able and chivalric Don John, of Austria. The Christian squadron, still further strengthened by the Knights of Malta and the galleys of the Duke of Savoy, met the Turkish fleet in the Gulf of Lepanto (October 7th, 1571), and it is well known to every Catholic a glorious victory, which broke the naval power of Turkey forever, was the result. This victory communicated to Pope Pius V. by a divine revelation at the moment when it was achieved, and in honor of it St. Pius decreed that the feast of the Rosary should be annually observe on the first Sunday in October.

For a hundred years after this the struggle between Turk and Christian went on, with varying success, the south-eastern provinces of Austria being chiefly the battle-ground until in 1683 an army of three hundred thousand Turks assembled in Belgrade and advanced upon Vienna. If they had succeeded in taking it Austria would have become a province of the Ottoman Empire. Europe looked on with indifference. Protestant Germany perhaps with the hope that the Turk would succeed. Of all the powers of Western Europe not one moved in support of Austria. Pope Innocent XI., however, was equal to the emergency. He sent his Nuncio to the King of Poland, the heroic John Sobieski, who had twice saved his own kingdom from the tide of Mussulman invasion. He was now, a third time to save Christendom before the walls of Vienna. "The situation was almost desperate. One half of the feeble garrison had already fallen in resisting the assaults of the Turks. The commander of the garrison, Count Storenberg had sent to Sobieski a note: 'There is no time to lose! We are undone unless you come.' Sobieski came swiftly by forced marches, and joining his Polish warriors to the forces of the Duke of Lorraine and the Electors of Bavaria and Saxony was invested with command of the combined army, numbering scarcely seventy thousand men, not one-third that of the Turks.

At daybreak on September 12th, 1683, Mass was celebrated by the Papal Nuncio, Sobieski serving it, and the chief officers of the army assisting; and before sunset of that day of all that immense Turkish army nothing was left upon the field but the corpses of the slain. Innocent XI., by the aid of God and the sword of Sobieski, had forever turned back the tide of Mohammedan invasion from Christian Europe. Through the intervention of this Pontiff a triple alliance was formed between Poland, Austria and Venice. The Turk was forced to yield many of his conquests, and was never after able to make further advances into Europe.

Here our sketch must end, far longer than we expected it would be, and much too long, we fear, for the patience of our readers.

We commenced it with a view of enforcing its moral, that:

1. Whatever of calamities—and they are many, and indescribable—Mohammedans have inflicted on Christians, they are due, first, to the treacherous, effeminacy and fanatical hatred of the Byzantine Greeks; and second, to the jealousies, divisions, and

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, July 7, 1876.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

JULY, 1876.
Friday, 7—St. Norbert, Bishop and Confessor (June 6). St. Leo, Pope and Confessor.
Saturday, 8—St. Elizabeth, Queen of Portugal, Widow.
Sunday, 9—FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST. SS. Zenon and Companions, Martyrs.
Monday, 10—The Seven Brothers, and SS. Rufina and Secunda, Martyrs.
Tuesday, 11—St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland, Widow (June 10).
Wednesday, 12—St. John Gabriel, Abbot. SS. Nabor and Felix, Martyrs.
Thursday, 13—St. Anacletus, Pope and Martyr.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—F. N. L. (Kirkfield). Your communication unavoidably crowded out this week. Shall appear in our next.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Ever since Bismarck undertook to carry out the anti-Christian programme of the German Freemasons, a frightfully increase of crime has been noticed every succeeding year in Prussia. At present the number of criminals waiting to be tried is so great that in various towns judges have to sacrifice their vacation in order to get through the more and more accumulating current business. These are sad signs of the times, and if the National Liberals could be brought for once to tell the truth, they would have to acknowledge that the moral and religious dissolution which is steadily but surely invading all the Protestant provinces of Prussia is the immediate result of their godless legislation. But Freethinkers dislike appeals to truth—in fact they hate truth as coming from religion, from God; they means they usually adopt to defend their own cause, or prove others in the wrong, are nearly always shameless falsehoods. What other name could be given to the arguments of the Prussian official press, when it is trying to make the German people believe that the present sad state of morality and irreligion is the work of the Catholic Bishops and priests? "who," says the Bismarckian *North German Gazette*, "by their presumption, disobedience, and rebellion against the laws of the country, have given the people an example of lawlessness and disorder, and deprived them of the blessings of religion." Now apart from this really childish attempt to turn the tables such an assertion is absurd with regard to its application, for it is not the Catholic, but the Protestant, population which is rapidly becoming morally rotten and heathenish. And how can Protestants be demoralised by the conduct of Catholic bishops and priests, with whom they have no relation whatever, and whom they are taught to revile and to look down upon as outlaws and enemies of the Empire!

The increase of Socialists and the boldness with which they advocate their principles begin seriously to alarm the Prussian Government. Hitherto these destructive elements showed themselves only in manufacturing districts; but now they penetrate into the very stronghold of Prussian despotism—the army. From several large garrison places, from Spandau, Dresden, Lubek, Mynce— in fact from every part of the country, reports have lately been sent to headquarters confirming the presence of Socialism in the Prussian army. Soldiers and non-commissioned officers join in communistic clubs and take part in their debates; socialist papers, although strictly forbidden in barracks, are, nevertheless, secretly read by the soldiers, and pamphlets inciting to open rebellion, circulate in the ranks where the *Wacht am Rhein* is not seldom replaced by the *Marseillaise*. Nice prospects!

The General Commission of the Budget, (France), of which M. Gambetta is chairman, have reversed all the recommendations, of the sub-committee in all matters relating to religion and the Church. Its report suppresses all special grants to Catholic clergy, burses to Catholic students, aids to Catholic charities, &c. The Catholic journals, nevertheless, approve in their own sense of one of its recommendations, which is that the Pantheon "be restored to its original destination." The Pantheon was originally a Church. It was built by Louis XV, in fulfillment of a vow, and dedicated to St. Genevieve, the Patron Saint of Paris. To restore it to its original destination, therefore, would be to erase the pompous, and for a church, the ungodly inscription over its front, "Aux grande hommes la patrie reconnaissante." That, of course, is not what the Radicals mean. They desire that the Church of St. Genevieve should be turned back again into the pagan Pantheon and re-dedicated to Rousseau and Voltaire, whose remains still lie in its vaults. The *Monde*, however, pointedly asks, if the Pantheon is to be restored to the "great men" of the Radical party, where are they to be found? Will Michelet, will Georges Sand, will Gambetta himself, serve as companions to Voltaire and Rousseau?

Dr. Stremayr, the Minister for Education in Austria has not been very well lately. He has, however, just returned to his office quite restored to health, and has resumed the Jesuit-lunt, which has become so conspicuous a feature in his administration. He has given notice that the Petite Seminaire in the diocese of Leitmeritz (Bohemia), must be closed within the current scholastic session, since the Jesuits are apparently not in the position "to select a person legally qualified for the presidency of the Seminary." The Bishop, Monsignor Wa-

halla, has petitioned for a delay of two years. It is not easy to procure "a legally qualified" priest still less a member of a Religious Order, according to the present legislation, which requires that the candidate shall have passed the Government examinations in a gymnasium or college of the State.

The Conseil d'Etat of Geneva has issued an ukase forbidding all foreign Catholic priests, under pain of police penalties, to celebrate Mass or perform any other religious service or duty within the boundaries of the canton. By way of precaution, the Abbe Guillermin, cure of Versoix, was arrested and locked up on the Wednesday before Whitsunday, and only liberated on Whitsunday at one p.m.; so that his parishioners were deprived of the benefit of his ministrations on the great Festival of Pentecost. The church of Versoix had been taken from the Catholic congregation, and given over to a score or so of the new sectaries. Two Canadian Catholic parish priests, the Rev. J. H. Dorion and the Rev. J. A. P. Douville, who had arrived in Geneva with British passports, were prevented saying Mass on Whitsunday at the Catholic church of Geneva and were obliged to cross the frontier into France in order to fulfil their ministration.

President McMahon has pardoned or reduced the sentences of eighty-seven persons who were imprisoned on account of their participation in the Communist insurrection. A letter accompanies the decree of the President, saying that the measures for the suppression of insurrection may now be considered accomplished, and that there will be no further criminal prosecutions, except in cases involving attempts on life or liberty, or in the case of insurgent leaders. Such special cases will be referred to the Council of Ministers before being prosecuted.

A Special commission has been appointed by the Italian Government for the administration of Fine Arts in Sicily, and the conservation of the ancient historic monuments of that island. An able engineer is attached to the service, who has the charge of the excavations. These are being carried on with great vigour, and are yielding fruitful results.

Initiatory steps are already being taken in Rome for the celebration of the Episcopal Jubilee of the Holy Father on the 3rd of June, 1877. He will then have completed the fiftieth year since he was consecrated Bishop, in the Church of S. Pietro in Vincoli, by Cardinal Castiglioni, afterwards Pope Pius VIII.

In Myslowitz, four Sisters of Charity taught little children manual work and kept a sort of little Kindergarten. This occupation being considered dangerous to the future patriotic education of the babies, the police ordered the nuns to discontinue their lessons.

The Abbot of St. Peter, Eder, has been elected Archbishop of Salzburg.

The venerable Casimir-Alexis, Bishop of Laval, has received a beautiful letter from the Pope, accepting his resignation of the episcopal charge. His Holiness recognises the prelate's long and faithful services, and bestows the apostolic blessing on him and his flock.

A petition very numerously signed by old pupils of Jesuit colleges in France, has been transmitted to the Marshal President of the Republic, against the project for the expulsion of the Fathers from France.

By an order of the Ober-President, the Carmelite Church at Boppard has been handed over to the Old-Catholics, whose total does not exceed forty-five, a considerable number according to the Ober-President.

Another decree suppresses from the first of October the educational establishments of the Daughters of the Holy Cross, of Aspel, near Worden; the Poor Sisters of Christ, in Keltwig, and Rellinghausen; the Sisters of Charity, at Berge-Borbeck; those of St. Vincent de Paul in Deutz, Nippes, and Ehrenfeld.

In Gross-Strehlitz the police has forbidden the carrying a cross at the head of funeral processions, unless special permission for it be given by the police authorities.

The London *Morning Post* says that the Rev. E. S. Grindle, M.A., Oxon., curate of St. Paul's, Brighton—whom the *Pall Mall Gazette* identifies as "Presbyter Anglicanus"—and the Rev. Frederick W. Willis, M.A., Oxon., of Brooking, Totnes, have been received into the Church.

Lord Charles Archibald Douglas (only brother to the Duke of Hamilton Premier peer of Scotland), who recently became a Catholic and entered the Carmelite monastery at Kensington, has celebrated his first Mass.

The Servian manifesto lays the entire blame of the war on the Porte, and Turkey is about to issue a circular to the Great Powers, returning the compliment.

Prince Milan's letter to the Grand Vizier demands the incorporation of Bosnia and Herzegovina with Servia, under the Porte's suzerainty. England, Austria and Germany have notified the Porte of their intention to remain neutral.

RECONCILED.

To our readers we are satisfied no tidings could be more welcome than the intelligence lately received from Ireland, that the Rev. Father O'Keefe, whose rebellious conduct towards his ecclesiastical Superiors, gave so much scandal for the past few years, has submitted and craved the forgiveness of those whom he had so grievously offended. The great Callan scandal has therefore come to an end; and the subject that gave so much comfort to the enemies of Catholicity, has been disposed of. The pending suits are to be withdrawn, and a reconciliation has been effected, which will bring joy and gladness to the hearts of all good men. Such scenes as were enacted through the instrumentality of the unfortunate Father O'Keefe, are fortunately of rare occurrence in Catholic Ireland, and when they do take place, they are the subject of lament throughout the wide world. Let us ardently pray, that in the future, no one may even be driven by inordinate pride of intellect, uncontrolled ambition, and a spirit of insubordination, to commit such excesses as those which the now penitent priest we have referred to, has such just cause to mourn.

CALLED OF GOD.

In the early ages the Catholic Church astonished the world by her mercies to the slave, and her protection to the freedman. So jealous was she of his gain of liberty, that she thundered forth her edicts of anathema upon all who dared again to fasten the chains of bondage on his limbs. But first of all, and before the hour of emancipation came, she had made him a citizen of the City of God. Masters might claim power of the service of his body, but over the soul of the slave she flung the shield of her protection. She said to the master, in the words of Saint Augustine teaching him, "that the fetters of iron should be changed into ties of silk, and that human beings should raise their ennobled heads from the mire of abasement at her declaration: *Neque enim dominandi cupiditate imperant, sed officio consulendi, nec principandi superbia, sed providendi misericordia.* These noble maxims proscribed all opinions which tended to tyranny. Justice rules not from ambition or pride as she lays down here, but rules for the advantage of those who obey, from duty, and pregnant with the desire of doing good to the subject ruled.

At the present moment in the United States, the Catholic Church finds a problem which she alone can solve in the condition of the colored population. She brings the experience of Eighteen hundred years to the great work. She brings her knowledge of the inchoate state of civilization to it and as she had so much to do with the liberation of the slave and his enlightenment, his redemption from barbarism before, she is not less skilful, not less sagacious, not less certain of success, than when she began it in the Fifth Century, and continued it until her triumph in the Twelfth.

Catholicity has now formally begun her Missionary work amid the colored people of the United States. Of course she never neglected it. The sons of Catholic Southern planters, are always full of reminiscences, how in the old time during the reign of slavery in the United States, they were taught catechism with the little negro children. Catholicity never neglected her duties in that respect. She never forgot to tell the slave-holder that man could never be reduced to the level of the brute; that he never was to be forced to obey the caprice, or the interest of another, without regard to the feelings of his heart, and above all she proclaimed, that the slave and his master were equal before God, that bond and free were on a level in the great Republic of the Saints, and that being redeemed by the blood of the Saviour, the liberty of the conscience of the slave was affirmed by the sacrifice, and his soul should be fully instructed in the divine truths.

Of course only a section of the slaves in the States, could get the benefit of these commands of the Catholic Church; and that section were those slaves who were under the rule of Catholic masters. The vast amount of the rest were left without education or religious training. The late war gave freedom to this mass of ignorance, and left them without religion. The Government continues that state of things, by giving them education without religion, and immorality of the most debasing kind is the normal condition of the vast majority of the colored population of the United States.

But there is a minority of that population which is Catholic and thanks to the exertions of Catholic priests most excellent Catholics too. With this ardent and exemplary minority, the Catholic Church is beginning the evangelization of the colored population amongst our neighbours, and there is little doubt that in Twenty years to come the majority of the colored people will be Catholic. Why already the cry of alarm rises from the conventicles, that the Catholic Church is invading the domain of Luther and the ranters, in the souls of the negroes! One John M. Brown, a Methodist Episcopal Bishop, is out in full cry on the subject, and directs them to stand on their guard against the incursions of "the Romish Church" and then in a long tirade attempts to tell the colored people, that Rome is their most dangerous enemy. This farrago of falsehood, has been most ably contradicted by Mr. Edward Blyden, a full-blooded negro, and President of the Negro University of Liberia, an Unitarian in religion, who by a public letter now running the rounds of the journals, has most ably vindicated the Catholic Church:—

"The thinking and educated negro," says Blyden "even should he be a protestant, cannot possibly study history without being irresistibly forced to confess the debt of gratitude which his race owes the Catholic Church. The only christian negroes who freed themselves, and maintained their freedom, were the Catholic Haytians, and the greatest negro the Christian world has yet beheld, Toussaint L'Ouverture, was a Catholic, "Rome" adds Blyden "has canonized negroes of both sex. What honor has Protestantism found the negro worthy of. Already in the 16th century a negro became professor of the Greek and Latin languages in Granada, and his monument is seen to-day in the Cathedral of Xenil. Show us a negro professor in any of your protestant universities? The historians of Brazil praise the name and valor of General Diaz, and he was not the only one who obtained honors and promotion in the army of Portugal. Has any negro been promoted to rank in the armies of uncatholic nations? Is the writer of the article of warning in the *Independent* J. M. Brown, who holds the rank of Bishop in the Methodist Church a negro?"

Beside this general testimony to the services of Catholicity to the colored population there is now practical labour undertaken by a direct Mission to them under the auspices of Pope Pius IX. Some years ago the present Bishop of Salford, (England), the Most Rev. Herbert Vaughan, then on the American Mission in Baltimore made it his special work to labour to evangelize the negroes. He succeeded beyond his hopes and when he was transferred to his present high position in the English Episcopacy, he was still filled with zeal for his former charge. Devoted Missionaries succeeded him who worked in season and out of season, but the earnest Prelate desired that they should be recognized as Missionaries vowed to that task alone, and his wishes have been fulfilled, inasmuch as America has been made a province of a congregation of priests, whose labours will be altogether amongst the colored people, and the location of the Provincial, who is the Very Rev. Father Nunan, an ardent zealous and pious soul, is to be at Baltimore.

Well may Catholics rejoice that here is another conquest opened for the Church. Awaiting the tuncure at Rome in the College of the Propaganda,

are Seventy young ecclesiastical students of African blood. What a harvest for the faith will be opened to these young Missionaries amongst the people of their own race! What joy there will be amongst the Elect in heaven, that these men and women and children, who were snatched from the abominations of Dahomey and Nigritia, only to be plunged in ignorance, and moral and mental debasement in "the country of the free," or the worse abominations of Luther, and the contending and canting sects of all the variations, and vagaries of Protestantism, will be restored to the true faith; and with the faith, to knowledge and civilization. Africa has before now given Saints to the Church. One of her brightest names amidst all the constellations of her doctors, is that of the great son of the dusky continent, who wrote that wondrous work on "the City of God." Another enshrined in heaven and whose memory is invoked upon our altars, is that sweet St. Benedict the Moor. Africa is to be redeemed and restored to Catholicity, there is no doubt of it, and day after day, who can tell what ardent prayers from them beset the throne of Heaven, that like the Prodigal he who hath been lost may be found, that he who is absent will have returned, and that the son of Africa who has been as dearly purchased by the blood of Calvary, as the fairest of the children of the Caucasus, may take his place in the Communion of the Saints, and give another Augustine to the world in some Missionary of the future, who will penetrate beyond the deadly swamps and miasmatic jungles of the tropics, and with the love of his kind at his heart cast down the bloody altars of Fetichism to erect upon their ruins the cross and temples of glorious and merciful Catholicity, in the name of Christ the Redeemer of mankind.

SEÑOR CASTELAR AND THE SPANISH PUBLIC WORSHIP BILL.

Senor Castelar, in the Spanish Cortes, speaking on the Public Worship Bill, addressed the Clerical party in his usual highly rhetorical style:—

"Are you afraid of Protestantism, Gentlemen? *Magna est veritas et prevalebit.* You pay Protestantism a high compliment when you fear it," &c.

For ourselves we do not see the compliment; and we strongly suspect that there are very many circumstances under which even Senor Castelar would hardly be content to fold his arms and quote school-boys Latin. We fear a lion or a tiger, and our fear, we think, is hardly a compliment to the brute, arising, as it undoubtedly does, not from any want of faith in our own rectitude, or the ultimate triumph of truth, but from a knowledge of the beast's uncivilized tendencies in general and the laxness or his morals in particular. It is a "magna veritas" (great truth) that no man should be torn by a tiger, or tossed by a bull; but, we doubt whether the consciousness of this "great truth" would induce Senor Castelar to walk unarmed into a jungle, or stand with folded arms before an infuriated Spanish bull.

If the clerical party in Spain fears Protestantism, it is not because it doubts the truth of its own dogmata, but because it knows from historical experience the seductive influences of all those religions, which loosen for mankind the restraints either of faith or morals. Of the ultimate triumph of truth the clerical party is as sure as Senor Castelar; but it would be the most infatuated fatalism to fold their arms, therefore, and to say, "Let the ruin come, magna est veritas."

But Senor Castelar is inconsistent with himself and with his own party. If the Spanish orator, who is not a statesman, has such an unbounded faith in the ultimate triumph of truth; and if he believes that truth is to be found in Protestantism—(for under no other supposition can he consistently desire the introduction of Protestantism into Spain)—why does he not fold his arms, and leave the clericals to their opposition? Secure in his faith, in his "prevalebit," why does not he say to them: "Go on, gentlemen, oppose as you may—we have only to do nothing, and we shall prevail?" Evidently Senor Castelar has not all the faith he pretends to have in his own "prevalebit."

And he is inconsistent with his own party. Bismarck, Garibaldi, and all the *Liberissimi* of Europe in general, have been and are daily using force in the dissemination of their liberalism. Where then is their faith in the ultimate triumph of that truth which they would have the world believe they alone possess? They think force must be used in opposition to clerical error; and that it will not do to rely wholly upon the "prevalebit" in their battle against the Church. Evidently Senor Castelar is not fully "en rapport" with his own party when he advises the clerics to rely on the ultimate triumph of truth.

The whole history of Protestantism as an historical fact, shows a wonderful weakness of faith in the Spaniards' "prevalebit." Everywhere, and at all times—in the nineteenth as in the sixteenth century, the secular arm is brought to the front in the battle against Catholicity. The battering down of the walls of Rome at the Porta Pia, the atrocious enactments of Bismarck, the invidious of Galt and a Huntington in the 19th century, as well as the penal laws of Henry and Elizabeth in the 16th, equally prove how little faith Protestants have at all times had in the ultimate triumph of truth, (as apprehended by them) when left to their own resources.

Senor Castelar was speaking to Buncombe not to the intelligence of Spain, when he urged his "prevalebit."

DOMINION DAY.

The first of July, the anniversary of the birth of our New Dominion, was duly honored by the loyal inhabitants of our fair city. Never did Montreal appear in gay holiday attire; flags were flying and strains of patriotic music were everywhere to be heard. Pic-nics and pleasure parties were the order of the day. Dozens of steamboats left our wharves freighted with thousands of pleasure seekers and the railway trains carried as many more to various points, all intent on enjoyment and doing honor to the birthday of Canadian Nationality! Such general rejoicing was really gratifying, despite the hard times, and furnishes evidence of the contentment of the people under the happy influence of "Home Rule."

VILE INSINUATIONS REPELLED.

Some time ago, a paragraph appeared in the only religious daily to the effect that a prominent Catholic clergyman was accused of gross immorality in a pending suit before the Courts. Journals of the conventicle copied the infamous slander, and it was telegraphed far and wide to the news columns of the Dominion. A correspondence appeared at the time in this journal on the subject, but we allowed it to drop, knowing full well that a day of vindication must come and happily it has arrived without much delay. The case came before his Hon. Mr. Justice Johnson, at the last term of the Superior Court, and in disposing of it the learned Judge used the following forcible language:—

I must say at once, after having read the evidence with care, that a more infamous, and happily a more impotent attempt to injure an honest woman and the few friends that stuck to her in her misfortune never came under my notice. As far as the evidence is concerned, the principal witness, Louise Cervant—who is indeed the only witness in the case—tells a most extraordinary story of improprieties committed by the plaintiff's wife; but in cross-examination she is completely discredited, and the evidence for the defence shows her to be utterly unworthy of belief. The three persons implicated are one Arthur Gibau, a mere boy at the time, who used to play at the house with his mother, the sister of the plaintiff's wife. The second is Mr. Brady, who is dead and the third is a clergyman of the highest respectability. I would not, even to this extent, disinter the carrion of this *enquete*, if it were not for the purpose of publicly saying that there is not a shadow of credible evidence of any impropriety whatever on the part of the wife or of any of her friends.

I cannot conceive that if we had a public open trial in all cases, instead of the barbarous hole and corner system of *enquetes* that still lingers in certain cases, and permits all sorts of things to be said in a whisper, at a table out of hearing of the public—such cases as this would be possible. The action is dismissed with costs.

THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

The Democratic party in the neighboring Republic have met in solemn convocation, and after a brief deliberation, have put their best foot forward, and nominated as presidential candidate the Hon. Samuel J. Tilden, of New York, and Governor Hendricks, of Indiana, for the vice-presidency. The nominations of the Democrats are in striking contrast with those of the Republican convention. The names of Tilden and Hendricks are of national import. They carry with them the prestige of statesmanship, and a direct appeal to the people of the United States to crush out the wretched doctrine of availability and rally around the standard of men able and willing to govern the commonwealth. On the other hand, the Republican nominees, are but figure-heads, and the best that can be said of them is that in their very obscurity lies their strength. The platform adopted by the Democrats is a strong one; they appeal to the people not only on the principles which form the basis of Democratic organization, but in language which cannot fail to spread terror in the camp of their adversaries; with the recent exposures before the eyes of the nation, they point out the humiliating position in which the Republic has been placed by the plunderers and unblushing speculators who, for sometime past, have controlled public affairs in the Republican party. The contest will be a fierce one. There is only one thing the Democrats have to fear, and that is want of unity amongst certain sections, we might say factions, of the party. The nomination of Tilden has no doubt displeased to some extent, some prominent persons, those who favor paper money, and others who do not view with favor the sweeping reforms inaugurated by Mr. Tilden as Governor of the State of New York. Again the Hendricks' men seem a little hurt, that their candidate was not chosen for the first place on the list. It is not likely that these considerations will be allowed to stand in the way of a great party triumph. The overwhelming majority of votes given at the convention for Mr. Tilden, shows that the great body of the Democrats are prepared to sink minor differences, and the unanimous vote for Hendricks as candidate for the vice-presidency, is an evidence that no pains will be spared to bring that gentleman's friends into harmony with the principal nomination. The illness of Mr. Blaine, the leader of the Republican party, who was thrown over for Mr. Hayes, will prevent him from taking any active part in the contest. In their candidates, the opponents of the Democrats have nothing to rally their enthusiasm, and must act simply under the influence of party discipline. The Republican journals, as a rule, admit that the nominations of their adversaries are the strongest that could possibly have been made, and their tone of anticipated triumph for their friends is no longer so firm. The Centennial Elections will be the most exciting that have yet taken place in the neighboring Republic, and should Tilden and Hendricks be victorious, the days of statesmanship in the Presidential Chair shall no longer be a thing of the past.

PANCRATIUS.

We had the pleasure of assisting at the *Soiree* given by the pupils of St. Mary's College in the Academic Hall on the night of St. Peter and St. Paul's day. The *Soiree* was a complimentary one to the parents of the pupils and friends of the institution. The piece chosen for the occasion was a dramatization from *Fabiola* entitled *Pancretius the Youthful Martyr*. The characters of the play were well sustained by the young gentlemen and it would be difficult to particularize where all acquitted themselves so admirably. If we may be permitted to single out any one of the performers we think the palm may be accorded to Master O'Meara, whose unaffected manner, clear enunciation and sympathetic voice won the applause of the assembly. On the whole the drama was a decided success. The musical part of the programme consisted in a duet on the piano, a violin solo, and one or two choruses by the choir. The Hymn to Pius IX. was very effectively sung and elicited loud applause. A large audience seemed thoroughly to enjoy the performance and many will be delighted on a future occasion to spend an equally pleasant evening with the pupils of St. Mary's College.

NICK-NAMES.

His Excellency the Governor-General, who invariably takes such a deep interest in every thing that concerns the welfare of the people, has again been exhibiting that interest and endearing himself to the hearts of all by his attendance at the school examinations and his timely and eloquent addresses delivered thereat. In a recent address delivered to the pupils of the female Normal School at Quebec, His Excellency took occasion to reprove the habit, which is a prevalent one, of substituting, even in public documents such as prize lists, the "pet" nick-names usually given to young ladies as a mark of endearment by their families instead of the Christian name. The Montreal Gazette, remarking on this subject, says: "Surely this could only have occurred through error or inadvertence.—Possibly Lord Dufferin may have been misled by a practice which is becoming too common, especially in the United States, of giving children at baptism what are really only nick-names." Such a practice as that alluded to, and which certainly does exist to a very great extent in the neighboring Republic, and is somewhat in vogue here, shows that these people who do so are gradually drifting away from the grand old ideas of the Catholic Church. This giving of nick-names at the baptismal font is a Protestant notion, and can hardly be termed much better than a pagan practice. The Catholic who gives the name of a saint to his child in the holy Sacrament of Baptism does so in the hope that he or she may grow up and imitate the virtues of its heavenly patron. The Catholic registers of baptism display no such incongruities as nick-names given to children—and it is only in the gradual withdrawal from the teachings of the Church and the neglect of the beautiful Christian practices which are their out-growth that we can find a cause for such a heathenish practice as that of bestowing on infants such meaningless appellations as Bella Gussie, or Minnie.

CATHOLIC COMMERCIAL ACADEMY OF MONTREAL.

EXAMINATION IN THE POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL—DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

The Catholic School Commissioners, with the support of the provincial government, have established, in the same place and under the same direction as the Catholic Commercial Academy, a polytechnic school for the education of young men preparing for the industrial professions. The provincial government has always shown great interest in the prosperity of a school affording such an excellent opening to the ambition of young men, the over crowding of the professions left without attainable aim. Quite recently, the Polytechnic School has been assimilated to universities, as regards to the teaching of Surveying and Civil Engineering, and the granting of Diplomas has been vested in the Superintendent of Public Instruction. The Hon. Gedeon Outmet, who had been so instrumental in the establishment of the School, when at the head of the Public Instruction of the Province, honored with his presence, on the 27th ult., the public examination of the pupils, the interests of whom he has done so much to promote.

Besides the Hon. Mr. Outmet, were present the Rev. Canon Moreau, Commissioner of Education, the Rev. Mr. Gibaud, S.S. the Rev. Mr. Desmazures, S.S., Mr. Martin, M.P.E., and Edward Murphy, Esq., Commissioner of Education. The examination was conducted under the superintendence of the Principal, by the Professor, in the various branches pertaining to the course of study, including Mathematics pure and applied, Cosmography, Geodesy, Physical Science, Chemistry, Comparative Physiology, Construction, Geology and Mineralogy. The result of the examination were most satisfactory and highly creditable to both teachers and pupils. The promptness, and lucidity with which the students answered the questions employed to test their knowledge, fully proved how thoroughly conversant they were with the difficulties of the sciences they had mastered.

Professor Baete, in his examination on applied Mathematics, Prof. McDonald, on Land surveying and in the calculation of the height of Mount Royal Prof. Pfister, in Analytical Chemistry and Prof. Baynes on Mechanics, elicited from the students answers justifying the high expectations of the friends of the Institution. Time was too short, however, to admit of all the subjects being taken up, and the examination closed leaving to every one full confidence in the future of the School.

The exhibition of Drawings shows a proficiency seldom met with in this country, plans of the various systems of American Bridges, of the fourth avenue tunnel, in New York, of the Eddystown light house, demonstrate how actual and practical the teaching in this important branch; the architectural and prospective drawings are also very good and denote quite an artistic taste.

The distribution of prizes to the pupils of the Academy numbering about 500, took place in the afternoon of the same day. The audience was large and composed mostly of parents anxious to witness the reward of their children's assiduity. It was the Mayor, Hon. Gedeon Outmet, Mr. Edward Murphy, Mr. Robillard and several other eminent citizens and gentlemen of the Seminary St. Sulpice were present.

After the playing of the "Milanollo March" by an orchestra, the Principal of the Academy addressed himself to the young men having completed their commercial course and already entering into the life. He said: many young men have been educated under this roof, who have obtained clerkships in Banks and offices of prominent merchants in this city; some of them occupy positions of where the moral responsibility of the man is at stake and I beg of you not to lessen the reputation of the Academy has earned in sending forward young men in whose reliability people have full confidence, follow their example and never forget the moral principles purely human are weak and fail a man in the hour of danger. Strength and temptations, and many you shall have to counter, is to be found in a religious life, in the quiet partaking of the sacraments, and he followed with a comprehensive report of the regular and orderly workings of the Academy during the year.

The prizes were awarded in the several departments to the successful students.

Seventeen pupils of the Commercial Course received diplomas of capacity, with varying degrees of distinction.

In the polytechnic school. The prizes for the 2d year of the course were divided among Emile Vanier, Stanislas Pariseau, Gustave Papineau, and William Haynes—in the 1st year, Noel Gauthier and George Languedoc, and in the preparatory course Georges Desbarats and Joseph H. Tessier were the recipients of prizes.

The Edward Murphy prize, a gold medal and \$50, was awarded to Napoleon Giroux, pupil of the commercial course, first degree, for his irreproachable conduct, constant application and marked success during the scholastic year.

The Compts prize of \$50 was awarded to Leopold Girard, of the commercial course, first degree, for irreproachable conduct, constant application and proficiency.

The Jodoin prize of \$50 was awarded to Oliver Dufresne, commercial course, first degree, for irreproachable conduct, constant application and proficiency.

The Mayor's prize (W. H. Hingston, Esq. M.D., L.R.C.S.E., D.C.L.) a splendid copy of Chambers Encyclopedia was awarded to Peter McCaffrey, pupil of the commercial course, first degree, for his irreproachable conduct, constant application and marked success during the scholastic year 1875-76.

The last four prizes included diplomas, neatly framed.

Master Edward Hewitt sang "Home, Sweet Home," very sweetly, and the recitations of Masters Sidney Craig and Daniel Kearns were most creditable. The orchestra, which is composed of pupils, played some very pleasing airs in a most accomplished style.

His Worship Mayor Hingston then addressed the pupils as follows:—I think I shall best consult your comfort by saying but a few words. The day is far advanced and I have no doubt the children, the young gentlemen who have distinguished themselves here to day are glad a breathing time has arrived for them, but in looking over and in taking note of what has occurred, I cannot help contrasting the thorough system of instruction given in Montreal to-day, with what it was a few years ago, indeed I am somewhat astonished at the powers of mental digestion exhibited by the pupils here. For instance, in the commercial course I thought the gentleman who was reading out the subjects would never stop; there are some 27 different topics. One would think that a thorough education could not be given in any one, but I have reason to know the system of instruction is thorough in each. Now does that depend upon the greater mental calibre of the pupils of the present day, the diligence of the teachers, or both? No, it arises from the necessities of the day. Unless a young man is educated and properly educated, he has no chances of success in any commercial career. I suppose I am addressing Catholics. I assisted to-day at the examination of 3,000 Protestant children—3,000—all the children, in the city under a certain age, and over a certain age, were collected together in the Skating Rink, and I must tell you the instruction in their institutions is thorough, and if Catholics are to maintain the position to which they are entitled,—a position, I will not say of superiority,—I would not wish it to be inferior—they must work steadily, and with very great vigour. Fortunately, in the commercial department we have presiding in this school, a gentleman of high attainments, and possessing administrative ability of no ordinary kind. The instruction given here is an advantage which they did not possess a few years ago. In my time we were very glad to get a little Grammar, a little Arithmetic, and in the school in which I was educated we did not study the use of the globe because there was none; we had something in the shape of an atlas, and a black-board, but when I go through this establishment and see everything that is provided for the instruction of children, I am struck by the immensely greater facilities afforded in comparison to my time, and if they do not learn, it is because they do not desire.

The Hon. Mr. Outmet, Superintendent of Public Instruction addressed the audience and expressed his satisfaction of all he had seen during the day: the examination, he said, I witnessed this morning was, I must confess beyond my expectations: that a school so young, composed of young men to whom mathematical sciences were two years ago a new study, could pass so brilliantly through such a severe test as the one it has been submitted to, reflects a great deal of credit on the professors and also on the pupils who exhibited so much proficiency. I feel proud of the Polytechnic School, the establishment of which, I consider as a large part of the little of good, I may have accomplished in my life, to the benefit of the Province; and I am convinced of the permanency of the school, for I know the earnestness of the pupils and the devotion of their professors. I congratulate the Principal on his success and rejoice to see how faithfully the intentions of the Government, in founding the Institution, have been carried out. He concluded in praising the pupils of the Academy in kindly words.

Master Daniel Kearns delivered the valedictory in English, and Master Napoleon Giroux in French, after which the interesting proceedings, were brought to a close by the orchestra playing the national Anthem.

VILLA ANNA—Lachine.

The Annual distribution at this magnificent establishment took place on Tuesday, the 28th ult., before a large and fashionable audience, composed for the most part of Montrealers. At an early hour the grand hall of the Villa was thronged by parents and friends, anxious for the hour to come which was to re-unite them to so many cherished ones. Before entering with them, the "salvo de distribution" we will take a glance at the parlors, wherein are exposed thousands of pieces of fancy work of every description. Nimble, indeed, must have been the fingers who gave form and beauty to the objects before us. Drawings in crayon, pastelle, miniature

ink, water colors, hang on the walls, while below them are frames of hair-work. This last-named accomplishment enjoys at the Villa particular attention; and many and magnificent are the floral imitations executed by the pupils, with the hair of dear friends and parents. We also noticed that each pupil is obliged to make a pair of stockings before engaging in any more fancy wool or needle work. Over 200 pairs of stockings of every size and color were exhibited, while dresses, aprons, and all articles of underclothing, charmed the eye of many an industrious house-wife. A magnificent pair of lace curtains, was quite a novel object at a school exhibition, and was justly admired by every one present. We have no space to mention the hundred other articles of wool work, which we admired, such as cushions, anti-macassars, scarfs, slippers, but we draw particular attention to the great amount of attention paid, at this first-class institution, to the useful parts of a lady's education. Plain sewing and domestic economy receiving, at their annual distribution of premiums, the highest rewards offered. We will now follow to the Grand Hall, which is handsomely festooned with pink and white tulle and evergreens. Over the large folding-doors, a scroll bears the inscription: "Respect, Amour, reconnaissance a vous, bien-aimés Parents," while a splendid portrait of the saintly founder of the institution, His Lordship Bishop Bourget, forms a graceful and appropriate centre-piece. The young ladies, arrayed in pure white, are seated on either side of the stage, the music, with harp and organ accompaniment, commences, and the examination opens. Seldom have we heard, the very difficult *morceaux*, these ladies performed, played with the same finished touch and taste. Their execution speaks volumes for the popular Sr. Cecilia, the talented teacher of music at the Villa, and her zealous assistants. As the white-robed girls advance one by one to receive their rewards of merit, one cannot but notice the extreme simplicity which reigns. Not only on distribution days, but on every day in the year, the Sisters object to articles of jewelry, ribbons, and so forth, and the young ladies certainly look more charming with innocence and candor as their only ornament. Fully three or four hundred books were given away to successful workers, some receiving as many as 14. We were unable to secure a prize-list, and must apologize to the ladies for mentioning no names. After a variety of songs and duos, the Rev. Canon Dufresne, who presided, addressed a few well-chosen words to those about to leave their Convent Home, urging them to preserve in the outer world the virtues they had practised here. He congratulated them on the grand success of the matinee, and assured them of the interest taken by their beloved Bishop in the Convent of St. Ann. After speeches were made by Rev. Fathers Crombholme, Piche, and Mr. Norris, of the *Herald*, the vast assembly dispersed, each one endorsing the sentiment expressed in the concluding stanza of the "Farewell Chorus":—

Tendres Amies
Jue je cheris
Gardeons l'espoir
De nous revoir.

CALAMITIES BY FIRE.

The late disastrous fires in some of the best known localities in the Dominion, will, we trust, serve as a warning, and induce the authorities in cities, towns and villages, to adopt stringent measures to prevent their recurrence. People cannot say they have been taken by surprise, the successive conflagrations that have devastated so many homes, and left hundreds of families in the streets as objects of public charity, were only the repetition of similar disasters which have occurred within the remembrance of our readers. The fact is, in many localities there are by-laws and municipal regulations, prohibiting the erection of buildings of an inflammable nature, but they are allowed to fall into disuse and become obsolete, or negligently proprietors seek to evade the law by apparently conforming to it, although in reality, building in such a manner as to give cause, one of these days, to lament the apathy and indifference of the authorities. In other places, the evasion of the law may not be so manifest; but in the suburban parts of the city of Montreal, any one who takes the trouble to visit the localities, where dwellings are being erected, as they are in large numbers, will find, that the construction is almost entirely of wood, covered with a slight shell of brick work. Such buildings, if a fire once obtained any headway, amongst them not all the efforts of our brigade, perhaps the most efficient on the Continent, could arrest its progress until incalculable damage had been done. We are spending enormous sums of money, yearly, in perfecting our system of water supply; the people are burthened with taxation, to meet the requirements of our Civic improvements, and new loans are being projected, to enable our Municipal Council to carry out their plans; but of what avail will all the sacrifices, that the citizens at large are compelled to make, to meet these vast expenditures be, if regulations on which the very existence of our city depend, are allowed to fall into oblivion, or at all events be disregarded and evaded. Our City fathers have had timely warning. Montreal has, more than once, had to pay dearly for neglect of the teachings of common sense, and everyday experience; and if after the press has spoken, all admonitions are neglected by those in authority, then a heavy responsibility will rest on the heads of the delinquents. We hope this matter will receive speedy and serious consideration and that an effectual check will be placed on the erection of buildings, which are a constant menace to the lives and property of our fellow-citizens.

TEMPERANCE in ST. PAUL—MIN., U.S.

The cardinal virtue of temperance is being zealously and very widely cultivated in Minnesota. In confirmation of its claims to be considered, the parent one, upon which the others depend, we have already here in a very flourishing state, a Temperance Colony, and have laid a solid commencement for an Industrial Institution, wherein non-offending but idle and neglected children may acquire habits of industry. About this time a Catholic Commission of no obscure gentlemen contemplate visiting all the Industrial establishments at the East, both charitable and penal, with the view of making our Catholic Reformatory a model for the whole Union. Thus when men become temperate for conscience sake, they, at the same time, display "fortitude" in their legitimate endeavors, "justice" in their business transactions, and "prudence" in providing for the future.

At Stillwater, on the St. Croix, a tributary of the Mississippi, the State Temperance Convention was held yesterday, and the day before. Bp. Ireland, of course, was there, and surpassed every previous effort by his statesmanlike instruction from the pulpit; and he was surrounded by many of his admiring and able clerical friends, all equally devoted to the civil and religious amelioration of the race. Da. McKeon.

PERSONAL.—On Sunday evening last the Rev. Dr. O'Reilly entertained the congregation of St. Gabriel's at Point St. Charles, with a farewell lecture entitled "Reminiscences of Missionary Life in South Africa." The Rev. gentleman, who spent some of the early years of his priestly life in those distant lands, was able to keep his audience spell-bound for more than an hour in anecdotes of travel and adventure such as fall to the lot of enterprising missionaries who seek to bring the glad tidings of great joy to nations seated in the shadow of the darkness of death. Having given some thrilling anecdotes of miraculous escapes from death by starvation or accident, the lecturer made allusion to the degradation of the female sex amongst the tribes, and the difficulty the Church must encounter in the establishment of the marriage contract. It is sad and strange that the women of some tribes of Southern Africa are considered not to have souls, and they are bought and sold as so many head of cattle; a man counts his property commencing with his women, who are generally valued at three head of cattle, or ten sheep. After the lecture, a complimentary collection was made, and a very handsome purse presented to the Rev. Dr., who has during his short stay in Montreal won the esteem and affections of a large and sincere circle of friends. He leaves this week for a trip to Europe, whither urgent affairs call him, bearing with him the blessings and best wishes of his countrymen, especially those who have had occasion to know and appreciate his priestly qualities and talents.—Gazette.

THE SPEECHLESS.

Among the unfortunate classes whom Providence in His inscrutable designs has visited with sad calamities, that of deaf-mutes certainly ranks foremost. The blind, if he be not permitted to contemplate the ravishing beauties of nature: spring in its costume of buds and blossoms; Autumn with its white frosts and yellow leaves, so emblematic, speaking to man the language of the grave can, at least, lend an ear to the warblings of our winged songsters, the murmuring of the streamlet, the

tender tones of an affectionate mother's voice. He may have learned, at the shrine of Christian vigilance, to be submissive to Divine will and to repeat an humble *fat* before his sorrowful affliction. But the poor deaf-mute, although he may enjoy a glimpse of scenic beauty and, through his sense of vision participate in the grand panorama of the world which is perpetually unfolding scenes as varied as they are mysterious to him, is in greater darkness than he whose eyes are closed to the light of Phebus, his being a state of mental blindness; and until he be relieved of his deaf-mutism by the hand of the Instructor, who, by dint of courage, illuminates the dark chambers of his mind, he is by consequence in mental slavery, inclined to evil by nature and inaccessible through his corporal infirmities to the simplest acquirements in the spiritual order.

Deaf-mutes, under proper training, are however susceptible of high attainments; of irresponsible beings, they become responsible and self-supporting members of society. The Government of Ontario understands this and with a true philanthropic spirit founded at Belleville, in 1870, a permanent school for the instruction of this class which counts no less than 15,000 unfortunates in this Province, and thus entitled themselves to general gratitude by bequeathing to the country an institution of unquestionable utility.

Unsectarian in character Catholics and Protestants are equally welcome to avail themselves of its advantages. A teacher of the Catholic faith, Mr. P. Denys, who was connected with a similar institution in Montreal for a number of years, has at the suggestion of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, been appointed by the Government to take charge of and give instructions to the members of his flock who were sent to the Institution. There have during the present year, been in attendance 223 pupils of whom 34 were Catholics. Five of the latter were last Sunday permitted to approach the "Sacred Banquet" together with seven others who had previously partaken of the "Bread of eternal life." It was indeed touching to contemplate those poor "children of silence" respectful in countenance, innocence in their features, approaching for the first time our Dear Lord in the sacrament of His love. Before communion the Very Rev. F. Farrelly, V.G., who took great pains in preparing them spoke at some length and in well chosen words of the holiness of the sacrament they were about to receive. His remarks which were interpreted by Mr. Denys in the sign language, evidently impressed the young communicants with the union of fervor, and the whole congregation with sympathetic love for such as are denied the two great gifts: speech and hearing; their happiness was great as they received, evidence of which was given by the beaming light of facial expression, they were looked at with an eye of envy by their less fortunate brethren who were not at present sufficiently instructed to approach the "Holy of Holies." Their hope lies in future deserving. After Communion the good Pastor, through his interpreter, addressed them again in appropriate language inviting them to be thankful, reminding them of the engagement they had formed never to yield to the temptations of the "evil one." He asked them to pray for their parents and friends and crowned his remarks with his blessing which completed their happiness.

Let parents who having deaf and dumb children avail themselves of the great advantages within their reach by sending them here that they may be taught their duties to God and man, and thereby enabled to become useful citizens in this life and happy sharers of eternal bliss in the life to come.—Com.

Died.
DORAN.—In this city, on the 28th ult., Anna, youngest daughter of Mr. Patrick Doran, Undertaker, aged 7 months.
KENNEDY.—Of consumption, at St. Michael's College, Toronto, on the 23rd of June, the Rev. E. Kennedy, C. S. B., in the 28th year of his age.—R.I.P.
O'BOYLE.—On the 28th May, at Newport, county Mayo, Mr. Thos. O'Boyle, Merchant, aged 72 years. The deceased was an old and respectable inhabitant of that town. His remains were followed to Burisloole Abbey, on Tuesday last by a vast concourse of sorrowing friends. He is deeply regretted by relatives.—R.I.P. *Castlebar Telegraph* June 3, 1876. [The deceased was uncle of the proprietor of the *Irish Canadian*—Ed. I. C.]

OPEN STOCK EXCHANGE REPORTS.
(CORRECTED FROM THE MONTREAL "GAZETTE.")

STOCKS.	Sellers	Buyers
Montreal	187	184½
British North America
Ontario
City
People's
Molson's
Toronto
Jacques Cartier	31½	31
Merchants'	91
Hochelaga	80
Eastern Townships	116
Quebec
St. Lawrence
Nationale
St. Hyacinthe
Union
Villa Maria	80	50
Mechanics'
Royal Canadian
Commerce
Metropolitan
Dominion
Hamilton
Exchange

Greenbacks bought at 1½ dis. American Silver bought at 15 to 00 dis.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.—(Gazette)

Flour & ½ of 196 lb.—Follards	\$0.00	\$0.00
Superior Extra	5.23	5.30
Fancy	5.00	0.00
Spring Extra	4.65	4.60
Superfine	4.70	4.40
Extra Superfine	5.07½	5.10
Fine	3.75	3.85
Strong Bakers'	4.80	5.00
Middlings	3.35	3.50
U. C. bag flour, per 100 lbs.	0.00	0.00
City bags, (delivered)	2.45	2.50
Wheat—Spring	1.10	1.12
do White Winter	0.00	0.00
Oatmeal	4.30	4.45
Corn, per bushel of 32 lbs.	0.52	0.53
Oats	0.35	0.35
Potatoes, per 66 lbs.	0.51	0.52
do do	0.00	0.00
Barley, per bushel of 48 lbs L. Canada	0.55	0.55
do do do U. Canada	0.00	0.00
Lard, per lbs.	0.12½	0.13
do do do pails	0.00	0.00
Cheese, per lbs.	0.09	0.09½
do Fall makes	0.00	0.00
Pork—New Mess.	21.50	21.75
Thin Mess.	20.75	21.00
Dressed Hogs.	0.00	0.00
Beef—Prime Mess, per barrel	0.00	0.00
Asbes—Pots.	4.00	4.05
Firats	0.00	0.00
Pearls	0.00	0.00
Seeds—Timothy, per 45 lbs	0.00	0.00
do Clover	0.00	0.00
Butter.—Quiet; 17c to 20c, according to quality.

TORONTO FARMERS' MARKET.—(Globe)

Wheat, fall, per bush.	\$1 08	1 10
do spring	0 00	0 04
Barley	0 00	0 00
Oats	0 33	0 00
Rye	0 71	0 72
Dressed hogs per 100 lbs.	7 50	8 00
Beef, hind-quarters, per lb.	6 00	7 00
" fore-quarters	3 50	5 00
Mutton, by carcass, per lb.	8 00	9 00
Butter, lb. rolls	0 18	0 20
" large rolls	0 00	0 00
" tub dairy	0 18	0 19
Eggs, fresh, per doz.	0 12	0 13
" packed	0 09½	0 10
Apples, per brl.	1 50	2 25
Geese, each	0 60	0 90
Turkeys	0 70	1 50
Cabbage, per doz.	0 40	0 50
Onions, per bush.	0 95	1 00
Turnips, per bush.	0 22	0 25
Potatoes, per bus.	0 35	0 40
Hay	10 00	14 00
Straw	08 00	09 00

THE KINGSTON MARKET.—(British Whig)

FLOUR—XXX per bbl.	6.00	to 6.25
" " 100 lbs	3.25	to 3.40
Family " 100 "	2.40	to 2.50
GRAIN—Barley per bushel	0.00	to 0.00
Rye "	0.60	to 0.61
Pears "	0.70	to 0.72
Oats "	0.35	to 0.40
Wheat "	0.00	to 0.00
Fall Wheat	0.00	to 0.00
MEAT—Beef, fore, per 100 lbs.	4.00	to 5.00
" hind " " "	0.00	to 0.90
" per lb	0.00	to 0.00
Mutton per lb	0.05	to 0.07
Ham " in store	0.15	to 0.17
Veal " "	0.00	to 0.00
Bacon " "	0.12	to 0.13
Pork " "	0.85	to 0.95
GENERAL—Potatoes, per bag	0.50	to 0.55
Butter, tub, per lb.	0.15	to 0.16
do print	0.15	to 0.16
Eggs, per dozen	0.11	to 0.14
Cheese, home made	0.08	to 0.10

J. H. SEMPLE,
IMPORTER AND WHOLESALE GROCER,
53 ST. PETER STREET,
MONTREAL

TEACHER WANTED.—For the R. C. S. School Section No. 10, Alexandria, Ont., having a first or second class certificate. Apply stating salary to A. B. McDONALD, Secy-treasurer. 48-3

WANTED.—Two Elementary Teachers for St. Columban, County of Two Mountains. Places open just now. For salary and particulars apply to JOHN HANNA, Sec.-Treas.

WANTED.—For School Section No. 4, in the Township of Alfred, a Male Teacher, holding a first or second class certificate, and capable of teaching the French language. Montebello, Q., June 27, 1876. J. R. BROWNIGG, Sec.-Treas. 47-3

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

The *Unita Cattolica* has presented to the Pope the sum of 4,599 lire, which it has collected for the monument to be erected in Rome in honour of Garcia Moreno, the assassinated president of Ecuador.

DEPOSITION OF AN ARCHBISHOP.—BERLIN, June 28.—The Archbishop of Cologne, on the application of the Crown, was to-day deposed from his see by a secular law court.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF LEGNANO.—Seldom have the gates of the Vatican given access to a more affectionate and enthusiastic throng than assembled in the Consistorial Hall on the 29th ult., the anniversary of the battle of Legnano. On that day seven hundred years ago, the arrogant Frederic Barbarossa, together with his numerous army was totally defeated by the united forces of the Lombard League, in a battle which the anti-Catholic historian Gregorius has aptly styled the "Marathon of the Christian Republics of Italy" and after being thrown from his horse and lost sight of for five days, reappeared at length at Pavia before his spouse, who had already donned her robes of mourning unaccompanied and unarmed, and vowing the most deadly vengeance against his conquerors. But signal as had been his defeat, the proud monarch was to be still more humbled, for after signing the terms of peace at Venice, he was forced to bow his forehead to the ground before Pope Alexander III., and solemnly swear to observe the conditions imposed, confessing, as the above cited writer observes, that "that priest had conquered"—that priest whom Voltaire himself has named "the benefactor of the human race, the most Italian of Popes"—that priest who was "the auspicious general of the most glorious battle of our history" as Cesare Balbo has put it—the "noble cause of the Italian Thermopylae" as the poet Rossetti has sung.

PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.—The report of Association for the Propagation of the Faith for 1875 is an encouraging document. The aggregate receipts amounted to \$241,561—an increase on 1874 of \$12,998 in round figures. Of the total France contributed \$182,587, and other countries as follows:—Alsace-Lorraine, \$8,282; Germany, \$17,246; Belgium, \$15,440; Spain, \$1,819; Ireland, \$3,522; England, \$1,732; Scotland, \$233; Italy, \$13,537; Lovain, \$542; Turkey, \$243; Greece, \$953; Holland, \$4,194; Portugal, \$1,655; Russian Poland, \$1,018; Switzerland, \$2,421; Asia, \$406; Africa, \$1,299; North America, \$5,139; South America, \$2,160; Oceania, \$236.

A BERTLE CORRESPONDENT.—The *Cork Examiner* says: We have often referred to the extraordinary fact that a journal of the independence of the *Times* should have its news from Berlin entered for by a member of the Prussian Civil Service, and therefore, of necessity, a tool of the newspaper bureau of Prince Bismarck. As the *Times* rather admired the Bismarckian policy, it paid little heed to remonstrances as to its sources of intelligence that were frequently uttered by English journals which certainly had no European sympathies. We do not know whether it will continue to do so, and have its general intelligence supplied to it from the same store that furnishes the *Reptile Press*, but as it is pointed out the matter becomes rather serious in its present aspect of continental affairs.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* points out that the news transmitted to the *Times* from its Prussian and Berlin correspondents has been deliberately calculated to make bad blood between Russia and England. The *Pall Mall* quotes the telegrams, saying that English men-of-war have been cruising off the South Dalmatian coast to prevent cargoes from being landed in the insurgent interest; that English men-of-war had landed a cargo of guns and rifles for the Turkish troops in Albania, and that in advance of \$30,000 had been given to the Turkish General. It does not believe "that the Surveyor of these absurdities has any faith in them himself." But, even if they were true, their publication it regards as matter for grave concern. Our interest in this matter is derived partly from the exposure of a bitter and servile enemy of the Catholic Church in Germany. But we have another interest in it. We do not want a war with Russia. We do not want our country which gets none of the glory or of the profit of achievements under the British flag, from being committed to a mad war in sustenance of Heathendom in the midst of Christian Europe, and we are glad to see machinations of such a purpose exposed.

DEATH OF TWO BISHOPS.—The death of a bishop is always a serious misfortune for a diocese, but when the sad event takes place in time of persecution, it becomes a public calamity. Great and general was therefore the grief of German Catholics when it became known this week that two distinguished members of the episcopate had died within twenty-four hours, viz., Dr. Eberhard, of Treves, and Dr. von Haneberg, of Spire. The Bishop of Treves died of apoplexy on the 30th of May, after a long and painful illness. Born on the 1st of November, 1815, at Treves, he was ordained priest on the 23rd February, 1839. For several years he filled the office of private secretary to the late Bishop Arnoldi and then was named professor of theology at the seminary of his native town, occupying the important post of Regens from 1849 to 1862, in which year he was consecrated bishop in *partibus infidelium*, of Peneas. After the death of Bishop Fellidam he was elected his successor in 1867. His faithful adherence to the principles laid down by the German Bishops in their Declaration of Fulda soon got him into trouble with the Prussian Government, and he had to go to prison from the month of March to the end of December, 1874. This ten months' imprisonment must be looked upon as the chief cause of his premature death, for his health, which up to that time had been very vigorous, gave way under the harsh treatment he experienced during his incarceration. In addition to his physical sufferings, grief and sorrow, caused by the persecution and partial dispersion of his faithful clergy, as well as the closing of his seminary, broke the bishop's noble and tender heart. For the last three weeks a painful oppression on the chest had inspired his friends with grave anxieties; but a few days before his death he seemed to rally, and hopes were entertained for his recovery. Early on the 30th, however, he got suddenly worse, and when his friends entered his bedroom, they found him kneeling on his bed. His secretary gave him general Absolution and Extreme Unction, and soon after six o'clock in the morning his soul calmly returned to God, amidst the prayers of his relatives and friends. Bishop von Haneberg was the son of an honest farmer, from the neighbourhood of Kempton, in Bavaria, and, like St. Vincent of Paul, tended the flocks in his childhood. Having been sent to the Latin School at Kempton, he soon betrayed unusual talents and, in his subsequent studies at the gymnasium and the university, he carried every thing before him. Having gone through his course of philosophy under Gorres Schubert, and Baader, he studied theology under Mohler and Dollinger, for whom he always had a great veneration. A good and holy priest, an accomplished preacher, a deep theologian, a universal linguist and scholar, and withal a humble monk, Daniel von Haneberg was one of the most popular most beloved, and admired men in Bavaria. He was raised to the dignity of Bishop of Spire in the year 1866, after having twice declined a similar distinction when elected bishop for Treves and Eichstätt.—*Catholic Times*.

Reports from the Upper Missouri report the highest water known for many years. At Fort Sully the river is eleven feet above low water mark.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

PROMISED NEUTRALITY OF MONTENEGRO.—EMBASSY OF BASHI-BAZOUK.—CONTEMPLATED ABANDONMENT OF THE SULTAN.—SERIOUS OUTLOOK.—SERVIA'S ULTIMATUM.

The *Daily Telegraph's* Paris correspondent calls attention to the fact that Prince Milan's journey to the frontier must occupy 48 hours. This delay leaves a last loop-hole for negotiations. A Vienna despatch to the *Daily News* says it is officially announced that the Prince of Montenegro has telegraphed, promising his utmost to preserve neutrality. The *Berliner* of Rome has a special despatch from Trieste, stating that Turkey has offered the Prince of Montenegro territory towards the sea if he remains neutral. The Prince would accept if he is urged to do so by Austria and England, but he fears popular resentment. The representative of Russia at Belgrade, acting on the direct orders of the Emperor, has to the last moment done everything in his power to persuade Prince Milan from invading Turkish territory. The Prince, however, declared that being urged by the people, he could not remain a passive spectator after the acts committed by Turkish Bosnia in their violation of Servian territory. Had the Porte accepted the suggestion of appointing him Viceroy of Bosnia on the condition of his recognizing the Sultan's full sovereignty, the Prince believed the insurrection consequent upon the threatening aspect of affairs would have been averted. The Porte would not negotiate with Servia, and he was compelled to yield to the public feeling of the country, and must act accordingly. The Paris correspondent of the *Times*, in a letter to that paper, dated June the 23rd, says:—"The new Sultan of Turkey, Murad Effendi, is overwhelmed with the difficulties of his position, and it is reported, contemplates abdicating in favor of his younger brother." The Turks are actively preparing to meet the Servian attack. The camp on the Bosphorus, opposite Therapia, where they intended to assemble in considerable force, has been broken up, and every available man is being forwarded to the front. It is reported that Government has formed a desperate resolution of enlisting 80,000 Bashi-Bazouks throughout the Empire, who, if they cannot do much as soldiers, may prevent the spread of the insurrection by constant menace of a general massacre of Christians. On last Friday, General Ignatieff, Russian Ambassador, embarked his children aboard a Russian despatch boat for Odessa. The general himself and his wife remain, but the wives of the Secretaries of the embassy have been sent to a place of safety. The reported recall of General Ignatieff is not confirmed. Insulting and threatening letters reach him from various quarters, and he is certainly exposed to imminent danger. The aspect of things becomes more serious every day. The Turkish General, Moukhtar Pasha, is reported to be encamped with 12,000 men in the vicinity of Kristadj. The Austrian Government have sent instructions to the local authorities of Dalmatia not to exercise any great pressure on the Herzegovine refugees to return, but to assist those desiring to do so. The distribution of subsidies to refugees has recommenced. Prince Milan, who is travelling south of the valley of the Morava, will not reach the frontier for six days. It is expected that in the meanwhile a clearer understanding will be obtained as to the attitude and intentions of Montenegro. Advice from Cettinge announces positively that a treaty of alliance has been regularly ratified between Servia and Montenegro, and has been in existence for the last fortnight. Roumania has made representations to the guaranteeing Powers in reference to the intended operations of the Turkish flotilla on the Danube. It is stated on reliable authority that an ultimatum was sent to Constantinople on Wednesday Servia has given notice to foreign representatives at Belgrade of her intention to place torpedoes in the Danube if the Turkish gunboats quit Widdin. The Servian army has among its officers 120 Russians and 30 Germans, who have held commissions in the armies of their respective countries. The *Times* Vienna despatch says:—"Notwithstanding Prince Milan's departure for the frontier, action seems to be deferred, as despatches were sent on Thursday to the Servian agent at Constantinople containing important communications for the Porte from this it would seem Servia will, after all, try negotiations before appealing to arms." The above intelligence is confirmatory of the previous report that Servia had sent an ultimatum to Turkey. The Berlin correspondent of the *Times* says the following is the Servian plan of the campaign, as far as discernible at present:—Gen. Tchirnazeff, who commands Alexinatz, will engage the Turks at Nitch; Gen. Zach, who is in command in the south-west, will meanwhile with 32,000 men, force the passes leading into the Turkish provinces of old Servia, and effect a junction with the main force of Montenegrins, numbering 10,000, at Prusend; the Prince of Montenegro, in order to co-operate in this movement, has concentrated the great body of his troops opposite Podgoritz; the Servian army on the river Drina, 30,000 strong, under Gen. Allimpitz, will march upon Vishegrad; Serajevo; 7,000 Montenegrins will co-operate with 5,300 insurgents in Herzegovina. A special hospital train equipped by the Empress of Russia, has arrived in Montenegro. Russian sympathizers have also contributed six months' provision for the army and people of Montenegro. Servia has received a loan of 12,000,000 francs and donations amounting to 50,000 ducats. The *Daily News* Berlin despatch says the opinion is growing here that the war may be localized. Confidence is placed in the mutual forbearance of England and Russia. The Berlin correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* has private advices from Vienna that there is a marked coolness between Austria and Russia, and the meeting of the Austrian and Russian Emperors at Reichstadt may possibly be abandoned. The Paris correspondent of the *Times* reports that Prince Milan, on leaving Belgrade, harangued the troops and the people as follows:—"Soldiers and People of Servia—I leave the Capital to join the valiant army which will aid me to fight victoriously the traditional enemy of my country and religion. Adieu until after victory!"

The *Daily News* Paris despatch says advices from Belgrade say the apathy and hesitation manifest a few days ago have been succeeded by great political frenzy. The Montenegrin delegates are positive the Prince will eventually join the Servians. The following is a telegraphic extract from the Servian manifesto. It commences by describing the insufferable condition in which Servia has been placed since the outbreak of the insurrection, and continues:—"Servia has done nothing whatever to hinder the work of pacification, whilst on the other hand, Turkey has surrounded Servia with a belt of iron. It is impossible, therefore, to remain longer within the bounds of moderation, and the Porte is responsible for any eventual bloodshed. The Montenegrins will be on our side, and it will not be long before the Herzegovinians, Bosnians and Greeks co-operate with us." Prince Milan concludes his manifesto by exhorting the troops to respect the frontier of Austria, which, he says, has claims upon their gratitude, because of the benevolent protection extended to the Herzegovinian brethren. The correspondent of the *Times* says, he is in a position to state that England last week proposed to an intermediary power—probably France—a meeting of the six powers in a neutral town near the seat of war with the object of watching mutually the progress of war, reporting to various European Governments, and preventing the conflict from degenerating into a war of reprisals. The correspondent believes that all powers acknowledge the receipt of this scheme by Saturday evening. A despatch to the *Daily News* from Belgrade says that it is reported that Hasa, in command o

Widdin, has seized 500 of the principal inhabitants and threatens to execute them if that district rises. A Vienna despatch to the *Times* says France has taken the first steps to bring about a common attempt of the Powers to restrain Servia. Austria, though she thinks the effort too late, has declared her readiness to join it. A special from Paris states that the English, German and Austrian Ambassadors on Saturday informed the Prote that the three powers were resolved not to interfere. A special despatch says the Servians and Montenegrins have entered Turkish territory. A declaration of war has been duly lodged at Vienna. Changes in the Turkish ministry, unfavorable to the reformers, are imminent. The state of siege, recently proclaimed in Servia, has been unrecognized. A letter from Prince Milan was delivered to the Grand Vizier on Tuesday last, demanding the incorporation of Bosnia and Herzegovina with Servia, under the suzerainty of the Porte. Negotiations between the Prince of Montenegro and the Porte for an arrangement on a basis of cession of territory having failed both Servians and Montenegrins are ready to cross the frontier. The Midhat reforms are indefinitely postponed. Prince Milan has asked the Prince of Roumania to observe strict neutrality for the present. *Le Temps* has been telegraphed a despatch from Vienna which says the Servians crossed the frontier on Friday. The Greek Government, in accordance with its policy of peace, has ordered the arrest of any emissaries on the frontier endeavoring to foment insurrection in the Turkish provinces, or to enlist recruits. A Vienna despatch says it is reported that Roumania has decided to co-operate with Servia. A telegram from Pesh says many of the inhabitants of Belgrade have fled into Hungary because the Turks threaten to bombard the city. It is reported that the Servians have attacked a Turkish fort near Sugovatz.

NOVEL READING.

It is surprising how much harm is done by novel reading, especially to the young. This branch of literature is almost entirely a development of the last two centuries, and it seems within the past twenty years to have reached its acme of absurdity. The enormous number of novels of all kinds published yearly is something absolutely astounding, and certainly they would not be published unless they found readers. Now, if the majority of these books were well written, in good English, and contained some sound matter between their paper covers, the evil done to them would be small, but they are, as a rule, abominably written, immoral in their tendency, and productive of any amount of mischief. Booksellers tell us that women are the chief novel readers of the day, and if this be the case, doubtless it accounts for many of the faults which it is said scarcely existed among their more ignorant grandmothers. The perpetual study of imaginary troubles endured by fictitious people must have a forlorn effect upon the mind, and we have known instances of persons who have read so many novels and got things so sadly mixed up as to find it difficult to separate the fictitious heroes of their favorite authors from the people who surround them in actual life, and they even attribute to themselves certain noble qualities and astounding adventures which exist only in the pages of the last dime novel they have read. It is mostly the young who find novel reading attractive, and it is just the young who ought not to be allowed to read novels at all, or who, at least, ought to have their novels selected for them by some competent and judicious person. By perpetually occupying their attention with the deeds and misdeeds of people who never existed, they not only waste precious time, taken from other studies and more worthy reading, but they influence their imaginations and not unfrequently unsettle their minds. The reading of romances founded on the criminal exploits of Jack Sheppard and Cartouches has sent many a boy to the Tombs, and many a young girl has become foolish and vain through spending too much time in the study of the flirtations of the fabled Belinda and Melissa. We are not so narrow minded as to wish to sweep away all novels from the family library, far from it. We are well aware that no one can obtain a thorough knowledge of our language unless they are well acquainted with the works of the greater novelists. But even their works should be read with care and in proper and moderate spirit, with a view not only of drawing amusement from the development of an agreeable or exciting story, but in order to discover those deeper meanings which the genius of the writer has hidden away beneath the glitter and dazzle of their well-constructed and entertaining plots. All those who read good novels in this manner will derive benefit from their perusal. But we wish in this article to point out a few of the evils of allowing all kinds of stories, weeklies, monthlies and novels to penetrate into the Catholic household. Many novels and stories, without being exactly immoral, are often written for experienced persons only, and are consequently very likely to do great injury to an innocent boy or girl; and this remark applies to the books of some of the very best writers. An elderly man or woman of experience may read certain novels with benefit, which would do incalculable mischief to a young girl in her teens, and yet do we not frequently find on drawing-room tables and library tables novels of the class above referred to?

Again, certain natures can stand a certain kind of literary food without sustaining injury, which would be the ruin of others. Charlotte Bronte tells us that when a very young and sickly girl, she picked up a book of exciting stories which some careless person had thrown down on the parlor table. She had a brain fever in consequence of her expedition into dreamland. Lamb, the graceful author of "Elia," informs us that the effect of certain ghost stories he was allowed to read when a child, was so terrible, that even when a man he had a horror of going into a dark room alone. If exciting stories were thus injurious to the young and nervous, how much more so must be those of downright immoral tendency, in which infamous descriptions are introduced with a view of exciting the lowest passions. And to this class unfortunately belong by far the greater number of those fictions, which are published at the lowest possible rate and disseminated all over the country. Parents cannot be too careful as to what books are allowed to enter their houses, and if they are not educated enough to be able to select the books for their children, they should consult some more intelligent friend and obtain a list of those which are fit to read by their young people. On the other hand, Catholic boys and girls ought not to read books without first consulting their parents and confessors. There is no excuse for their doing so. They need not say: "But then we shall never be able to know what is going on in the literary world, for the number of good books by famous authors, which all well-educated persons should read is vast. As we have already said, we by no means disapprove of novel reading, but we do most emphatically disapprove of its abuse. A good novel by a great writer, read occasionally will do no harm but the habit of devouring novel after novel, which is now the fashion, is an evil great enough to addle the brain of a Shakespeare. It is a wonder that there are not more lunatics than there are, especially when one reflects that no one now cares for a novel which is not highly "spicy" and very "sensational"—that is, which does not excite the passions. And whilst our young ladies and gentlemen are wasting their time over novel-reading, the works of those mighty men, the poets, the historians, the scientists and philosopher of ancient times, the reading of which will do them incalculable good, lie covered with an inch of dust, stowed

away on the top shelf in the library, or showing their handsome bound backs, in a French glass case, in which they remain as ornaments, while the frivolous romance of Braddon and the objectionable trash of a Ouida are of such importance in the household that three dog-eared copies of each is barely sufficient to keep the family supplied with the useful information they contain, and the high notions of morality which they impart. How often we hear a man or a woman exclaim: "I wish I had not wasted so much time in novel reading; if I should know something worth knowing if I had spent my leisure hours in study instead of reading trashy stories." The majority of these good folks would not be making such complaints about themselves had their parents done their full duty by them, insisted on their consulting them about their reading, and put a stop in time to their abuse of novels.—*Catholic Review*.

In a trial counsel tried all ways to implicate a witness in cross-examination, but he wasted off the questions both skillfully, and impudently. At length the presiding judge said coaxingly, "We don't want to puzzle you; give us your own account of your knowledge of the prisoner plainly and honestly." Upon which Pat gave the following lucid and satisfactory evidence:—"It was last Wednesday three weeks I was diggin' in the garden when there pops a head over the hedge. 'Pat' says he? 'What?' says I. 'Are you there?' says he. 'Where?' says I. 'Here?' says he. 'What's he?' 'It is,' says he. 'Whist,' says I. 'Yes,' says he. And that's all I know about it, yer honour."

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HYPOCRISY.

Dissembling fiend! The soul of sin Dwells, smoothly screened, thy mask within, Thou shell of Virtue, fair to see, Thou plausible iniquity, Thou life, in Truth's white robe arrayed, Thou Proteus of Guilt's masquerade, Thou smilingest of deadly evils, Thou sum ineq. of all the devils— O, keep aloof From mine and me, Thou cloven hoof, Hypocrisy!

Thine is the smile of which her crown O'er tempted Purity cast down; Thine is the ostentatious prayer Good angels heavenward scorn to bear; Each honest hand thy hand that grasps, Were better a nest of asps; And who trusts thy word or token Leans on a reed to find it broken, Of fends the worst, Approach not me, O, Saviour cursed Hypocrisy!

I've seen thee at God's altar stand, And give food truth a faithless hand, Marked thee at church, one day in seven, And all the rest offending heaven; Listened while well thou playedst the part Of patriot with a traitor's heart; And noted many a foul exactor Ape, with thy aid, the benefactor, Demon, avout! Stand off from me! I hate thy cant, Hypocrisy!

The veriest scoundrel, boldly bad, Is worthier than a knave, saint-clad; And Satan, with satanic face, Less dangerous than with front of grace. The hottest corner of the pit Awaits, we're told, the hypocrite; For he, to hide his soul of lies, Steals shining raiment from the skies. Wrongs bold as vile, We fight or flee; But 'ware thy smile, Hypocrisy!

SCRAP BOOK.

"SLANDER," says St. Bernard, "is a poison which blots out charity both in the slanderer and in the person who listens to it; so that a single calumny may prove fatal to an infinite number of souls, since it kills not only those who circulate it, but also those who do not reject it."

AN ADMIRABLE DEFINITION.—A Scottish blacksmith being asked what was the meaning of metaphysics, replied, "When the party who listens disna ken what the party who speaks means; and when the party who speaks disna ken what he means himself!—that's metaphysics."

An old bachelor, on seeing an engraving representing a man kneeling at the feet of a woman, said: "Before I would kneel at the feet of a woman I would encircle my neck in a rope, and stretch it. Do you not think it would be the best I could do?" It would undoubtedly be the best for the woman," was the sarcastic reply.

ET TU BRUTE!—Continental papers are amusing themselves over a little anecdote purporting to come from London. It was when the Prince of Wales was at Malta, they say, that he received the invitation to be present at the concert of welcome to be given in his honour at the Crystal Palace, and he replied—"With great pleasure—on condition that my brother of Edinburgh does not play the violin."

A one-legged Welsh orator, named Jones, was for a moment successful in bantering an Irishman, when the latter asked him, "How did you come to lose your leg?" "Well," said Jones, "on examining my pedigree, and looking up my descent, I found there was some Irish blood in me, and becoming convinced that it was settled in that left leg, I had it cut off at once." "Be the powers," said Pat, "it would have been a deuced good thing if it had only settled in your head."

"Every man," said Mark Lemon one evening at his club, "has his peculiarities, though I think I am as free from them as most men—at any rate I don't know what they are." Nobody contradicted the editor of Punch, but after a while Albert Smith asked, "Which hand do you shave with, uncle?" "With my right hand," replied Lemon. "Ah," returned the other, "that's your peculiarity; most people shave with a razor."

A genuine "down-caster" was lately essaying to appropriate a square of exceedingly tough beef at dinner in a Wisconsin hotel. His convulsive efforts with a knife and fork attracted the attention and smiles of the rest of the company, who were in the same predicament as himself. At length "Jonathan's" patience vanished under his ill-success, when lying down his "utensils" he bursts out with, "Strangers, you needn't laugh—if you hadn't got no regard for the landlord's feelings, you order have some respect for the old bull!" This rally "brought down the house."

SUBDUE IN THE OLDER TIME.—The Rev. Donald Macleod, in a note to the life of his brother, relates an anecdote illustrative of smuggling in the good old days. An old woman whose "habit and repute" were notorious was being tried by the Sheriff of Argyleshire. When the charge had been fairly proved, and it fell to the judge to pronounce the sentence, he became unusually fidgety, and thus addressed the prisoner—"I dare say, my poor woman, it's not very often you have fallen into this fault?" "Deed no, shirr," she readily replied, "I batena made a drap since you wee keg I sent yourself!"

KNEW HIS BUSINESS.—The witness had served in one of the Indian regiments, and had come home from the war with both arms shot off. He lost one arm at Fort Donaldson, and the other at Look-out Mountain. When he came forward to testify the clerk commenced to administer the oath. "You solemnly swear—" "Stop! stop!" interrupted the judge (new installed) with overpowering dignity, "the witness will hold up his right hand when he is sworn." "Your Honour," replied the clerk, meekly, "The man has no right hand." "Then let him hold up his left hand." "If your Honour will remember, the witness has no left hand either. He had the misfortune to lose them both in battle. Perhaps the clerk thought by this last bit of information to bring the judge down from his height of displeasure; but reckoned without his host. "Then let him hold up his right leg." A witness cannot be sworn in this court without holding up something! Silence! all of you! This court knows the law, and will maintain it." The witness was sworn on one leg.

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FARMERS' COLUMN.

THE POTATO BEETLE.—A letter from Prof. Packard of Salem, Mass., a competent authority, has just been published by the Agricultural Experiment Station, which contains these statements: "The potato bug may be looked for early in June. Its eggs will be found on the under surface of the leaves; they are bright orange-red and quite large. The beetle itself is a roundish insect, half an inch long, has ten black stripes on the back, and is reddish underneath. It is larger than the lady bug, which somewhat resembles it. The grub is thick, fat, and orange-red in color, lives about ten days on the leaves and stems, after which it enters the ground to become a beetle. Thus nearly all the life of the insect is passed on the plant. The offspring of last year's beetles will begin to lay eggs in about fifty days from the time from which itself sprang was deposited. Probably no more than two crops of them will appear in our climate, but each female is capable of producing more than a thousand eggs." The remedies are hand-picking of the mature beetle grubs and the eggs. They should all be burned. Paris green is also largely used. This is a most deadly poison, containing arsenic. It is almost insoluble in water. It may be mixed with plaster, flour or fine dry earth, and dusted on the plants from a sifter or bellows or applied stirred up in water, about a tablespoonful to a pailful, and thrown from a syringe or sprinkled from a watering pot. In any case, great care must be taken not to breathe the dust or handle with naked hands. A number of specimens collected in New York are being analyzed in the laboratory of the station. They range in price from 28 cents per pound (wholesale) to 18 cents, and contain from 10 1/2 to 46 per cent of insoluble adulterations. The arsenic varies from 55 per cent, in the best to 20 per cent, in the lower grades. Some are mixtures of Scheele's green, others are Schweinfurth green. The former, when pure, contains 7 1/2 per cent of arsenious acid and 28 1/2 per cent of copper oxide. The latter should contain 58 per cent of arsenious acid, 31 per cent of copper oxide, and 10 per cent of acetic acid. From the facts it appears that it will be most economical to buy the best. Ask for pure Paris green. It will possibly cost fifty cents per pound. The beetle has appeared in alarming numbers in many parts of Massachusetts.

FEEDING FARM HORSES.—The following very practical directions as to the feeding and keeping of farm horses, are condensed from remarks made during a very interesting discussion upon the management of farm horses, at an annual meeting of the Dalrymple, Scotland Farmer's Society. The author of Mr. Campbell of Dalrymple, was formerly driver of the Marquis of Hastings' coach of Edinburgh, and was acknowledged to be the best whip in Scotland. His ideas upon stable management are therefore worthy of attention. The first thing to be done in the morning Mr. Campbell tells us, "is to try each horse with water, then half a feed of grain or better still, a portion of beans. All the dry straw about the horse to be put up below his manger, then the stable to be thoroughly cleaned out. The horses next to be well cleaned with curry-comb and wisp as far as possible to the brush for that class of horses. When the horses are thoroughly cleaned over, which in all should occupy an hour, give them another feed of oats. Then at dinner time, we shall say one o'clock, the horses to be watered, and a feed of corn and forage put in their rack—racks above the horses head being entirely disapproved of, as it is unnatural for a horse to have his food in that position. When the horse come in at night at 5 or 6 o'clock, each man should pick out his horses' feet at the stable door, then take them in and unharness them; if they have not had water before coming in let them have it now, then each horse to have a small pailful of boiled food. At 8 o'clock the men must again be at the stable, and must strip themselves to give a thorough dressing, be careful with the comb about the tender places, such as behind the forelegs and inside the thighs for fear of scratching the skin. When the men are done, the master's duty is to examine the horses to see that they are properly dressed, and if not, to point it out and have it properly done. This should occupy nearly an hour. Then give another pailful of boiled food to each horse, with hay or straw in the rack again. The bed should then be made down with a little fresh litter over the top. The bed should be thinnest under the horses feet and gradually thicken towards the sides.—The stable then to be swept and shut up for the night.

CUTTING HAY.—Often as the subject of cutting and curing hay has been discussed in the agricultural press it seems to have had very little effect upon the minds of our farmers. A few, perhaps, heed the advice given by those who have paid the most attention to the subject, but the masses still adhere to their old ideas and prejudices, cutting hay just when they get ready, without regard to the grasses or other kinds of plants cultivated for forage. It may be that some of our readers will think this a rather sweeping assertion, but they have only to look round among the farmers in their own neighborhood or into our larger markets to see that it is the truth nevertheless. Our best farmers as well as chemists long since decided, but not until careful investigation, that hay made from grasses or other forage plants, cut before the seed began to mature, was far more nutritious and better liked by stock generally than that which is gathered later; still good early made hay is the exception rather than the rule. It is rare that a ton or more of sweet, bright-looking hay can be found in New York city markets, and we presume that it is about the same in all of our larger cities, which shows that there is something radically wrong in the time of cutting and curing hay throughout the country. The great fault, however, we believe is to be found in the almost general neglect and delay in commencing the hay harvest until it is impossible to make a good article out of the grasses or other plants to be secured for this purpose. Now the amount of nutritive matter lost during the drying of herbage of all kinds is considerable even under the most favorable conditions, but the amount is greatly increased by permitting the plants to mature naturally. Grasses, clovers, and similar plants, when severed from their roots in a green and succulent state, contain a comparatively larger proportion of starch, sugar, and gum, than when cut in a ripening condition, for in the latter much of these valuable properties are converted into wood fibre which is neither nutritious nor digestible. Meadows of mixed grasses require more attention in regard to cutting early than those composed mainly of one species. We have noticed during the past few days meadows composed of red clover, timothy and June grass, and the condition of these were so widely different that it would be impossible to cut the hay at a time to secure either in a proper condition. The June grass was over-ripe and the seed falling, the clover just in bloom and ready for the scythe, but the timothy had scarcely shown a sign of heading out. Now the same variation in the period of maturity of the kinds named may not be as great in all soil as in the one to which we have referred, but we doubt if they should ever be grown together for the purpose of making hay. But whatever mixture is used, or any single species it is always best to cut early, or just when the plants are in bloom in order to make a first-rate quality of hay.—Rural New Yorker.

DR. M'LANE'S Celebrated American WORM SPECIFIC, OR VERMIFUGE.

SYMPTOMS OF WORMS. THE countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes, or a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull; the pupils dilated; an arc semicircle runs along the lower eyelid; the nose is irritated, swells, and sometimes bleeds; a swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; teeth very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a gnawing sensation of the stomach, at others, entirely gone; fleeting pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times costive; mucus slimy; not unfrequently tinged with red; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult, and accompanied by hiccupping; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c. Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist,

DR. M'LANE'S VERMIFUGE Will certainly effect a cure. Its universal success which has attended the administration of this preparation has been such as to warrant us in pledging ourselves to the public to RETURN THE MONEY in every instance where it should prove ineffectual: "providing the symptoms at the commencement of the sickness of the child or adult should warrant the suspicion of worms being the cause." In all cases the Medicine to be given IN STRICT ACCORDANCE WITH THE DIRECTIONS.

We pledge ourselves to the public, that Dr. M'Lane's Vermifuge DOES NOT CONTAIN MERCURY in any form; and that it is an innocent preparation, not capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant. Address all orders to FLEMING BROS., PITTSBURGH, Pa. P. S. Dealers and Physicians ordering from other than Fleming Bros., will do well to write their orders distinctly, and take note that Dr. M'Lane's Vermifuge is prepared by Fleming Bros., Pittsburgh, Pa. To those wishing to give their children a trial, we will forward per mail, post-paid, to any part of the United States, one box of Pills for twelve three-cent postage stamps, or one vial of Vermifuge for fourteen three-cent stamps. All orders from Canada must be accompanied by twenty cents extra. For sale by Druggists, and Country Storekeepers generally.

Ayer's Hair Vigor, For restoring Gray Hair to its natural Vitality and Color.

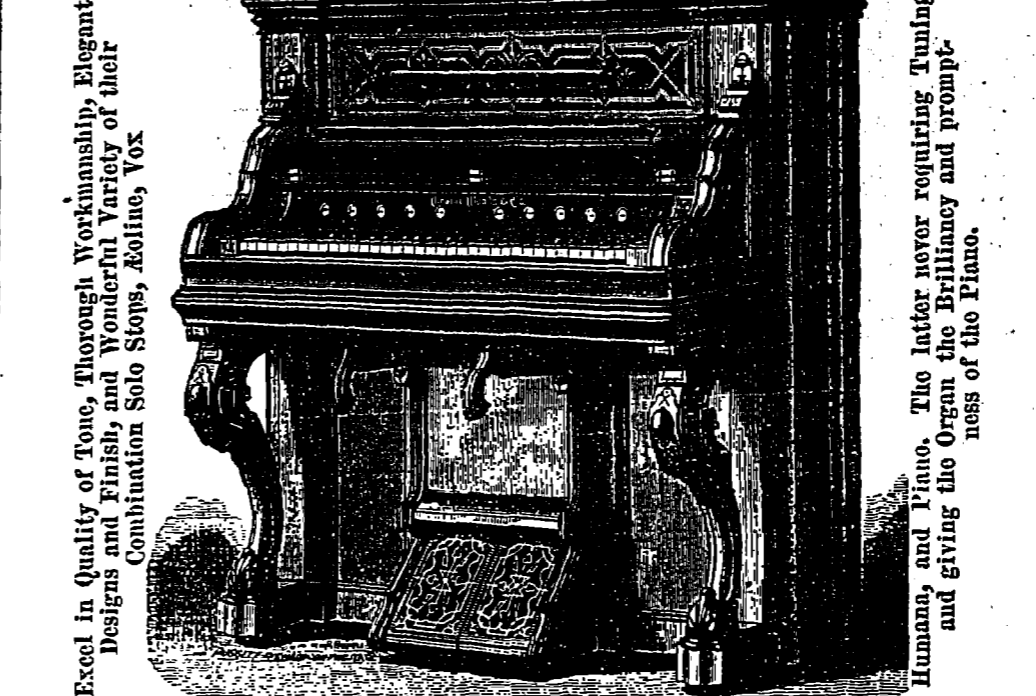


A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effective for preserving the hair. Faded or gray hair is soon restored to its original color, with the gloss and freshness of youth. Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such as remain can be saved for usefulness by this application. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous, and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a

HAIR DRESSING, nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich, glossy lustre and a grateful perfume. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

OWEN M'GARVEY MANUFACTURER OF EVERY STYLE OF PLAIN AND FANCY FURNITURE, Nos. 7 and 11, St. Joseph Street, (2nd Door from McGill St.) Montreal. Orders from all parts of the Province carefully executed, and delivered according to instructions free of charge.

GEO. WOODS & CO.'S PARLOR ORGANS



These remarkable instruments possess capacities for musical effects and expression never before attained. Adapted for Amateur and Professional, and an ornament in any parlor. Beautiful New Styles, now ready. GEO. WOODS & CO., Cambridgeport, Mass. WAREHOUSES: 608 Washington St., Boston; 170 State St., Chicago; 23 Ludgate Hill, London. THE VOX HUMANA.—A leading Musical Journal of selected music and valuable reading matter. By mail for \$2 per year, or ten cents a number. Each number contains from \$2 to \$3 worth of the finest selected music. GEO. WOODS & CO., Publishers, Cambridgeport, Mass.

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\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

THOMAS H. COX, IMPORTER AND GENERAL DEALER IN GROCERIES, WINES, &c., &c., MOLSON'S BUILDING (NEAR G. T. R. DEPOT), No. 151 BONAVENTURE STREET. July 4, '74. MONTREAL 49-52

DE LA SALLE INSTITUTE, Nos. 18, 20 & 22 Duke Street, TORONTO, ONT.

DIRECTED BY THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS This thoroughly Commercial Establishment is under the distinguished patronage of His Grace, the Archbishop, and the Rev. Clergy of the City. Having long felt the necessity of a Boarding School in the city, the Christian Brothers have been entering in their efforts to procure a favorable site whereon to build; they have now the satisfaction to inform their patrons and the public that such a place has been selected, combining advantages rarely met with.

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

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

The system of government is mild and paternal, yet firm in enforcing the observance of established discipline. No student will be retained whose manners and morals are not satisfactory: students of all denominations are admitted.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TERMS Board and Tuition, per month, \$12 00 Half Boarders, " " " 7 00 PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT. 2nd Class, Tuition, per quarter, 4 00 1st Class, " " " 5 00 COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT. 2nd Class, Tuition, per quarter, 6 00 1st Class, " " " 6 00 Payments quarterly, and invariably in advance. No deduction for absence except in cases of protracted illness or dismissal. EXTRA CHARGES.—Drawing, Music, Piano and Violin. Monthly Reports of behaviour, application and progress, are sent to parents or guardians. For further particulars apply at the Institute, BROTHAR ARNOLD, Director. Toronto, March 1, 1872.

FITS! FITS! FITS!

CURE OF EPILEPSY; OR, FALLING FITS. BY HANCO'S EPILEPTIC PILLS. Persons laboring under this distressing malady, will find Hanco's Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for curing Epilepsy or Falling Fits. The following certificates should be read by all the afflicted: they are in every respect true, and should be read by any one who is not afflicted himself, if he has a friend who is a sufferer, he will do a humane act by cutting this out and sending it to him.

A MOST REMARKABLE CURE. PHILADELPHIA, June 25th, 1857. SIR: Having been afflicted with Epilepsy for several years, I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills. I was attacked with Epilepsy in July, 1853. Immediately my physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief. I then consulted another physician, but I seemed to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician, and he advised me to try your Pills. I bought a box, and I was cured in a few days. I was generally attacked without any premonitory symptoms. I had from two to five fits a day, at intervals of a few weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep, and would fall wherever I would be, or whatever I was occupied with, and was severely injured several times from the falls. I was affected so much that I lost all my business. I also was affected in my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1857, I was induced to try your Pills, and only had two or three fits. The last one was April 5th, 1858, and the same day I was cured. With the blessing of Providence, I have been free from Epilepsy ever since. I think that your Pills and their good effects should be made known to the afflicted, and that you should be recommended them. I have had a chance of hearing from your office, have failed to do so. Yours, respectfully, WILLIAM ELDER. No. 33 North Third St., Philadelphia, Pa.

IS THERE A CURE FOR EPILEPSY? The subject will answer. GRENADA, Miss., June 30, 1857. SIR: You will find enclosed five dollars, which I send you for two boxes of your Pills. I was the first person who tried your Pills in this part of the country. My son was badly afflicted with fits for two years, and was cured by your Pills. He has never had a fit since. It was by my persuasion that Mr. Lyon tried your Pills. My son was a very bad case, he had fits nearly every day. He. Persons have written to me from Alabama and Tennessee on the subject, for the purpose of ascertaining how they could be cured. Having seen your Pills recommended them, and in no instance where I have had a chance of hearing from your office, have failed to do so. Yours, respectfully, G. H. LYON. Grenada, Yalabasca County, Miss.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE CURE OF EPILEPSY; OR, FALLING FITS, BY HANCO'S EPILEPTIC PILLS. MONTROVIA, Texas, June 29th, 1857. SIR: I have been afflicted with Epilepsy for thirteen years; I had two boxes of your Pills, and I was cured in a few days. I was generally attacked without any premonitory symptoms. I had from two to five fits a day, at intervals of a few weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep, and would fall wherever I would be, or whatever I was occupied with, and was severely injured several times from the falls. I was affected so much that I lost all my business. I also was affected in my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1857, I was induced to try your Pills, and only had two or three fits. The last one was April 5th, 1858, and the same day I was cured. With the blessing of Providence, I have been free from Epilepsy ever since. I think that your Pills and their good effects should be made known to the afflicted, and that you should be recommended them. I have had a chance of hearing from your office, have failed to do so. Yours, respectfully, G. H. LYON. Grenada, Yalabasca County, Miss.

STILL ANOTHER CURE. Read the following testimonial from a respectable citizen of Grenada, Mississippi. SIR: I have been afflicted with Epilepsy for thirteen years; I had two boxes of your Pills, and I was cured in a few days. I was generally attacked without any premonitory symptoms. I had from two to five fits a day, at intervals of a few weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep, and would fall wherever I would be, or whatever I was occupied with, and was severely injured several times from the falls. I was affected so much that I lost all my business. I also was affected in my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1857, I was induced to try your Pills, and only had two or three fits. The last one was April 5th, 1858, and the same day I was cured. With the blessing of Providence, I have been free from Epilepsy ever since. I think that your Pills and their good effects should be made known to the afflicted, and that you should be recommended them. I have had a chance of hearing from your office, have failed to do so. Yours, respectfully, G. H. LYON. Grenada, Yalabasca County, Miss.

T. J. DOHERTY, B.C.L., ADVOCATE, &c., &c., No. 50 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL, [Feb. 7]

P. DORAN, UNDERTAKER & CABINET MAKER, 186 & 188 St. Joseph Street, Began to inform his friends and the general public that he has secured several

Elegant Oval-Glass Hearses, which he offers for the use of the public at extremely moderate rates.

Wood and Iron Coffins of all descriptions constantly on hand and supplied on the shortest notice. ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. [47-52]

ST. GABRIEL ISLAND SAW AND PLANING MILLS, BARR, DOOR AND BOX FACTORY, ST. GABRIEL LOOKS, MONTREAL, MCGAUVRAN & TUCKER, PROPRIETORS, (Late J. W. McGawran & Co.) Manufacturers of Saw Lumber, Dressed Flooring, Doors, Sashes, Blinds, Mouldings, and every description of house finish. A large and well-assorted stock of Saw Lumber of the various grades, thickness and kinds, constantly on hand, and for sale on liberal terms. Orders addressed to the Mills or Box 371 promptly executed. [July 23, 1874]

LAWLOR'S CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES.

Price \$35 with Attachments.

The New LAWLOR FAMILY MACHINE is unequalled in light running, beauty and strength of stitch, range of work, stillness of motion and a reputation attained by its own merits. It is the cheapest, handsomest, best technically constructed Machine, most durable and the least liable to get out of order of any Machine now being manufactured. A complete set of Attachments with each Machine. Examine them before you purchase elsewhere. J. D. LAWLOR, MANUFACTURER, 365 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST CLOTHING STORE IN MONTREAL

P. E. BROWN'S No. 9, CHABOILLEZ SQUARE Persons from the Country and other Provinces will find this the MOST ECONOMICAL AND SAFEST PLACE to buy Clothing, as goods are marked at the VERY LOWEST FIGURE. AND ONLY ONE PRICE ASKED! Don't forget the place: BROWN'S No. 9, CHABOILLEZ SQUARE, opposite the Crossing of the City Cars, and near the G. T. R. Depot Montreal, Jan. 1st, 1875.

CALLAHAN & CO., GENERAL JOB PRINTERS, No. 195 FORTIFICATION LANE, (Under "True Witness" Office).

All orders promptly attended to.

ALLAN LINE. Under Contract with the Government of Canada for the Conveyance of the CANADIAN and UNITED STATES MAIL. 1875-6—WINTER ARRANGEMENTS—1875-6 This Company's Lines are composed of the most selected First-class, Full-powered, Clyde-built, Double-Engine Iron Steamships:—

Table with columns: Vessels, Tons, Commanders. Lists shipping schedules for various routes including Sardinian, Arabian, Persianian, etc.

The Steamers of the LIVERPOOL, MAIL LINE, (sailing from Liverpool every THURSDAY, and from Portland every SATURDAY, calling at Loch Foyle to receive on board and land Mails and Passengers to and from Ireland and Scotland, are intended to be despatched from Quebec:—

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RATES OF PASSAGE FROM QUEBEC Special Reduction in Rates of Passage during the Summer months.

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THE STEAMERS of the GLASGOW LINE are intended to sail from the Clyde, every Tuesday and from Quebec on or about every Thursday. FROM QUEBEC: Austrian, about 21st June; Phenician, about 24th; Waldensian, about 28th. RATES OF PASSAGE FROM QUEBEC: Cabin, \$80; Intermediate, \$40; Steerage, 25. An experienced Surgeon carried on each vessel. Berths not secured until paid for. Corkage will be charged at the rate of 2c per bottle to Cabin Passengers supplying their own Wines or Liquors. For Freight or other particulars apply to:— In Portland to H. & A. ALLAN or J. L. FARMER; in Bordeaux to LAFFITE & VANDERBROUWER or B. DEPAS; in Havre, to JOHN M. CURRAN, 21 Quai D'Orleans; in Antwerp to GUSTAVE BOSSANGE, Rue du 4 Septembre; in Amsterdam to AUG. SOHMTZ & Co., or RICHARD BARRIS; in Rotterdam to G. P. IRTMANN & ROON; in Hamburg, W. GIBSON & HUGO; in Belfast to CHARLES & MALCOLM; in London to MONTGOMERIE & GREENHOOD; in Glasgow to church street; in Liverpool to ALLAN & SWIRE, James Street; or to H. & A. ALLAN, Corner of Youville and Common Streets, Montreal, Jan. 15, 1875.