

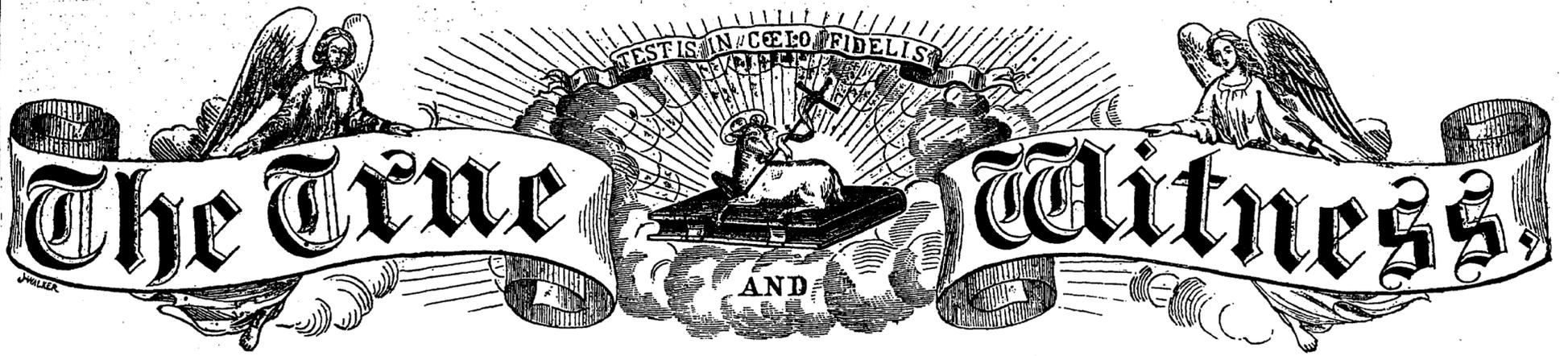
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FAITHFUL AND BRAVE.

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

(From the Dublin Weekly Freeman)

CHAPTER I.

"Come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen," Kate Vero, softly, sadly sang, as she looked out over the Dover Esplanade at the restless, changing sea beyond. But that restless sea, for ever varying, was not at the present moment more unquiet, than the girl, who stood at an open window, watching the tossing waves. The bright April sun shone warmly, and the merry voices of children at play flouted to Kate's ears, but the play was unnoticed, and unheeded by her. "Still at that Irish wail, Katie," said Eda Hamilton, her cousin, as she laid her hand on Kate's shoulder. "I do verily believe you are tired of us already, I know you want to be back in Ireland, you are weary of England, and actually pining to see Patlad again. For my part, I wish we could either go off at once, or that you would cheer up. Indeed, Katie, when I hear you singing that song I feel it is the echoing thought of all your disconsolate relations. It is too bad, for I've done my best to be as agreeable as possible. Now hav'nt I, darling?" "Agreeable, my wee birdie, that you have been," replied Kate, as she kissed the fair little face which Eda held up to her. "But you know, dear; I have now been with you more than a month, and you must remember, aunt is very lonely without me; Oakfield is a dull place when we are all away. Uncle is constantly laid up with the gout; Mark is from home on a visit; and Harry, you know, is at sea; therefore, poor aunt has no one now to keep her company. Is it kind, Eda, to leave her all alone? She is a good mother to me, dear, and I must be a grateful daughter to her. I think, little one, I must ask Colonel Hamilton to-night if he can spare us his birdie. Eh, pet! wouldn't you like to come back to see us all, and to see my beautiful country for yourself?" "Very well, then, Kate," answered Eda, "ask Colonel Hamilton by all means. Colonel Hamilton!" she repeated, "Kate, will you never call papa uncle? It is so stiff the way you bring out your 'Colonel Hamilton'; but never fear, I shall retaliate some day by calling your uncle Sir Stuart Bindon, and won't it sound delightful to say—'How is your gout this morning, Sir Stuart Bindon?' Papa is just as much your uncle as Sir Stuart. Your mother, my mother, and Aunt Bindon were all sisters, so you are papa's niece, although a very hot-headed Paddy."

with gratitude and affection of her uncle and aunt. Ever since she was brought as a motherless infant to Oakfield Sir Stuart and Lady Bindon had always treated her with far more apparent fondness than either of their sons. Notwithstanding many a passionate outburst the good old baronet thought his violet-eyed Katie perfection; and from the time she had climbed upon his knee, and stoutly asserted "that was her place," no one had ever crossed the firm will and daring spirit which, even at that early age, was plainly visible. Kate Vero had a spirit which laughed to scorn restraint of every kind, and had she not always been under loving and judicious guidance it is more than probable that all those fine qualities which made her so beloved would have been warped, and the whole force of her nature misdirected. A hard disposition to manage, and a temper only curbed by a rod of iron, was the opinion formed of Kate by many a sage guest at Oakfield. But Lady Bindon knew that sensitive shyness, or the mere impetuosity of childhood is often mistaken for bad temper by those who lay down a pet theory for the management of children—wiseacres, whose theoretical results are often slyness and deceit. At all events, no matter what Lady Bindon's theory may have been, Kate was a shining example of what kindness and potent love can do. No wonder was it, then, that she regarded her gentle aunt with a feeling akin to devotion. No wonder, that she wished on this bright April day to be back in her own green isle, with those she loved so dearly. All the attractions which fashionable life in England could present were powerless to overcome that truly Irish trait—love for country, friends, and old associations. In Kate's opinion, all the gaiety so essential to the happiness of those who live in a whirl of society was worthless compared to the freedom she enjoyed in her home at Oakfield. Thus after a month's visit to Dover, she became tired of that circle where her beauty and originality gained her genuine admiration. A contrast in every way to Kate was her cousin, Eda Hamilton, a fair-haired little creature, the very sunlight of her father's home. Every one loved her, every one felt the charm of her winning, loving manner and her sweet childish ways. Not that Eda was one of those "child-women" who never draw upon their own common sense to aid them in the discharge of daily duties. But, considering the luxury and wealth by which she had always been surrounded, scope had not yet been given for the development of these qualities which necessity alone calls forth. The hard truths and bitter lessons of this world are learned soon enough, and Colonel Hamilton fondly hoped to shield his petted darling from every shadow which might darken her path. Until the period at which our story opens, Eda had lived in Berlin with her mother's dearest friend, a German lady. Colonel Hamilton's wishes regarding the education of his only child had been well carried out by Frau Von Voegt, who cherished the little one, first for her mother's sake, then loved her dearly for her own. When Eda was eighteen she returned to Dover, where her father's regiment was then stationed, and very proud he was of his beautiful daughter, who playfully declared herself "quite capable to manage all his household affairs." No sooner had Eda become settled than she wrote for her Cousin Kate, reminding her of her promise to pay them a visit in England. Kate had now been five weeks in Dover, and her return to Ireland, accompanied by Eda, had been postponed from day to day, until she almost feared Colonel Hamilton could never be persuaded to part with his pet. The new friends and the old hung in the balance, and the old outweighed the new. Still Kate Vero wished to bring back to her Irish home the little fair-haired one who had twined herself with a thousand winning ways around her heart, but she feared selfish love would oppose her wishes, therefore sadly and softly on that April morning Kate Vero sang—"Come back to Erin."

CHAPTER II.

Lady Bindon stood on the hearth-rug, before a blazing fire in Oakfield drawing-room, watching the hands of the clock as they slowly travelled round the dial. "Are they coming Neva? Eh, doggie, do you hear them yet?" she said, stooping down to caress a beautiful Pomeranian dog which lay at her feet. "Your mistress is coming back, Neva—Katie is coming home, doggie." "What, my dear, what did you say?" cried the Baronet, from the depths of his easy chair; where he was comfortably ensconced, taking his evening nap. "Has Katie come? have the girls arrived?" "No, not yet, although it is past the time. I suppose the mail-boat was late this evening; however, they have Mark to take care of them—so I am not anxious." "What o'clock is it, then, Fannie?" "Just eight," she replied. "Eight o'clock on the 3rd May, 1866."

Lady Bindon walked over to the window and drew up the blind, letting the bright light shine cheerily far down the broad avenue of chestnut trees, so that long before the travellers had reached the domain gates Kate saw the thoughtful beacon of welcome streaming o'er the meadows and glancing through the leaves. "Aunt is watching for me, Eda," she gaily cried, "and has drawn up the blind, to show us she is watching." Yes, Kate, in your home at Oakfield the star of love is shining, and nothing can dim the lustre of that faithful planet which sheds its radiance through the dusk and gloom. Lady Bindon was not a beautiful woman, some might even call her plain, but in her repose of manner lay a charm which never failed to inspire confidence. An aquiline nose, delicately cut features, and large eyes, though often considered marks of loveliness, win not the same love and trust as a pair of faithful eyes, be they black, blue, or grey. A gentle, loving woman needs not a dainty casket for her charms, for the mind will shine forth, illuminating the face with a beauty time can never quench. Such a woman was Lady Bindon. "Welcome, welcome home my child," exclaimed her aunt, as she folded Kate in a warm embrace. "When you were away, I wished you had never come to me, I was so lonely without you;" and she once more kissed the flushing face, all radiant with its glow of happiness. "But where is Eda? has she not come?" "Here she is, mother," cried Mark, as he half lifted his little cousin from the carriage. "Here I am, auntie," echoed Eda, advancing into the hall; "we had great coaxing with papa, but in the end Kate gained the day and carried me off." "You are very, very welcome to Oakfield, my darling; you have been too long a stranger to us all." "Father wants to know," said Mark, laughing heartily as he returned to the hall; "if you mean to stay here all night; he is impatient to see Eda, for Kate has already nearly choked him with her demonstrative hug." "Your uncle is quite a prisoner, Eda, or he would have come out to greet you," Lady Bindon remarked, as she led the way to the spacious drawing-room opening off the hall. A regular country mansion was Oakfield, with all those combinations of comfort and refinement which render a residence in the country so thoroughly enjoyable. "So this is Helen's golden-haired child. Come, my darling, and let me look at you," was the loving greeting Sir Stuart gave to Eda. "She is a little sprite, Fannie," he continued, "and a very pretty, blue-eyed fairy into the bargain. Well, my dear, I hope you will like us; mind, enjoy yourself, child. Kate must not let you be lonely, after all your Dover gaieties." "Indeed I will enjoy myself, uncle; I am not hard to amuse, and nothing could have given me greater pleasure than coming over to Ireland, for I have always wanted to know my Irish relations." "Stiff English," murmured Mark to himself, but loud enough to be heard by Kate, standing near him. "Stiff English, and very school-missish, in spite of her sunny face and foreign education." "Mark, how can you be so severe? how can you judge so harshly?" hastily whispered Kate an angry flash gleaming from her violet eyes. "The poor child is very young and very timid; remember, Mark, Uncle Hamilton has tried to instil all his own prejudices into her mind. Is it any wonder, then, if she is half frightened of the 'Wild Irish'?" "I presume Miss Hamilton has been taught the geographical position of Ireland; otherwise one would suppose, from her scared looks, that it was one of the Andamans," retorted Mark. "I have no doubt she quite wondered at not seeing me arrayed in a blue swallow-tailed coat with brass buttons, knee breeches, worn stockings, and a half-crowned felt hat—in a short, a theatrical Hibernian. In point of fact, she reflects her father's opinion, and thinks it quite a condescension to visit the barbarian's land. Eda Hamilton is Colonel Hamilton's daughter. He is a determined martinet, who would gladly see Ireland take a header in the Atlantic, and rise without a Paddy." "Well, Mark, eradicate her false ideas by giving her a specimen of an Irish gentleman. Already she thinks me hot-headed. Don't let her find you a cynic." "If she judges me so it is on your showing, Kate." "Not so, Mark. I know your failings, but I am always loyal and true, I ask you to love our cousin. She has her faults—we all have—but Mark, here is an untrained nature; her heart is pure and true. She wishes to love us all; deal gently with her foibles, remembering that she has had no one to be a mother to her, as aunt has been to me. For my sake, Mark,

she added in a pleading tone, as she looked at the stern face of her cousin. For a moment he hesitated, the hot blood mounting to his brow, but the curving mouth relaxed, and when he turned, his truthful brown eyes met her earnest gaze. "I will love her, Kate; she shall be my sister for your sake," he whispered. Quickly the weeks flew by in Oakfield, passed in the pursuit of every amusement which Mark and Kate could devise for the enjoyment of their little visitor, who speedily became the pet of the whole household. Kate, indeed, often laughingly declared her own reign was over, and a new sovereign had come to usurp her dominion over the hearts of the Bindon family. But in fun only did she thus speak, for the mind of Kate Vero was too generous to admit of any baneful whisper which envy might suggest to less fine natures. Mark's promise to Kate, on the evening of her arrival, had been well fulfilled, for a true brother he seemed to Eda Hamilton, who was now a fast friend of the stern cousin of whom she had such a dread at first. This fear she long afterwards confessed to Kate, when heartily blaming herself for her petulant judgment. Poor, enthusiastic Eda, with her winsome ways and sunny face, had her little foibles, and though truthful in the spirit, would often, like many other people, form a false estimate of the character, sayings, and doings of those whom she came in contact with. How much remorse and misery might be spared if opinions were not uttered in a moment, to be regretted for years! How many lives have been blighted by careless words; how many fine natures completely ruined by the spreading of lightly considered opinions! How many tender hearts have been wounded, beyond healing, by a trifling sarcasm; how often do those who have, perhaps, unwittingly offended delay their hesitating atonement, until the languishing eye of the injured grows too dim to look forgiveness, and the faltering voice can frame no word of pardon, before the life-spark flickers and dies away. Then for the mourner comes the stillness, darkness, and numbness of sorrow, while the veil of remorse clings gloomily around them. But all the bitterness of repentance cannot woo the departed from their deathly repose, nor disperse from the heart of the living that anguish which is the offspring of hasty words. Mark was passionately fond of music, in which accomplishment, both instrumental and vocal, Eda excelled. This alone was a bond strong enough to reconcile their different qualities.—Impassioned and impulsive, all the fanciful beauties gleaming through the pages of the Teutonic bards roused the dormant passion of her sensitive nature, and her feelings found vent through the best of all interpreters, music. So in the spring evenings, while the birds offered up their even-song of praise to the One who ever watches, Eda's clear soprano would soar and float heavenwards in the dreamy Volkslied, making the hot tears start, and lulling those murmurs which are never stilled in the minds of mortals, who are always yearning towards the indistinct shadows of the future. Then again, and the fitful cloud of sadness would pass away, and Eda's carol of joy and mirth, unshadowed by joy or care, would ring out, dispelling Mark's half trance. Well, indeed, did she merit the title of Birdie, for those songs, so weird and wild, were only untrained heart chords. By-and-by there will come a harmoniser, when the beauty of that innocent mind will develop, like the fragrant mignonette. By-and-by Eda will find that bias which rules the world and guides the destiny of each.

CHAPTER III.

"Poor little soul," sighed Sir Stuart, as he sat one evening in his easy chair listening to Eda singing her favorite, 'Mutter, mutter, gib mir deinen Segen.' "Poor little soul. Is she lonely, Fanny? I don't like those dreary songs. They may be very grand, but I would rather hear Kate's simple Irish melodies. Maybe, Fannie, if we gave a rattling dance she would stop that dreadful wail." "I do not think she is melancholy, Stuart, but you know she could not sing that sad song in as lively a style as Harry would sing 'The Rocky Road to Dublin,' or 'Lanigan's Ball.' However, I think a little gaiety would be good for the girls, though it is rather warm at present for dancing." "Well, my dear, let those who won't dance talk, that is really the aim of all gatherings. I am really so old-fashioned that I cannot understand why people can't dance and amuse themselves in summer as well as winter." "Do you not think, Stuart, a croquet-party would be better?" "Croquet, Fannie, is a very selfish amusement. Two generals and six soldiers start out in battle array; a great deal of science is displayed; a little temper lost, and after various evolutions the game is ended, but seldom in the same spirit in which it is begun. While eight persons monopolise the pleasure of the day

thirty or more walk through the grounds unamused, and most likely disconcerted. Oh! no, Fannie, we will have a dance, and let the young people be bythe. Had it been possible I would have suggested a picnic, but that is out of the question. "And so, Kate, we are to have a dance; oh, dear, I am so glad;" and as she spoke, Eda clapped her tiny hands, while executing little pirouettes round Kate, who had just brought the glad tidings from the study, where she announced aunt and uncle were sitting in solemn council over the arrangements for the contemplated ball. "Is that what aunt and uncle were plotting last night? and when is the dance to be, Kate? I hope soon, for I am dying to have a good gallop. Not that I think Oakfield languid, but I do long to see some Paddies trotted out in review. Will there be many Fenians here, Kate?" and Eda's blue eyes opened wide as she paused for the answer. "Fenians, my dear! what extraordinary notions you have. Do you really fancy that every Irishman is a Fenian? I can assure you uncle would send for a constable and file of constabulary if he thought a rebel's foot crossed the threshold. So don't hope to see a Fenian lionizing here. Uncle is too great an upholder of Church and State to sympathise with any one who would presume to interfere with those excellent British institutions; therefore, take care, Eda, not to tread on uncle's most particular political corn." "Oh, dear me, then, I won't see any of those desperate characters, papa says will ruin Ireland, by inviting over American hordes. Well, I suppose I must be content with a dance, minus a Fenian partner who wears a gaiter like a Yankee, and leaves his wide-awake hat in the hall." "So Eda," laughed Kate, "a Fenian in constituted by his beard and hat." "Oh, yes, and square toed boots." "Yet," mused Kate, "there are brave hearts in the Fenian band, which beat warmly with a devotion that would honor a better cause." "When will the party come off, Kate? I hope soon; but you do not look a bit glad.—Now do be sensible and reasonable, for I declare you look as grim as a hundred thousand dragoons. Queen Kate, do relax and say with me, I am longing for a dance." "What an erratic birdie, in spite of your English blood! You are regular fire and tow. This minute your feet are tingling to fly off in a mad gallop," chimed in Mark, who for the last few minutes had listened unobserved to Eda's merry prattle. "I did not think the Irish air would so soon melt your English solidity." "Ah! Mark," retorted Eda, an arch expression playing round her mobile features. "Ve-suvius looks quiet until there is an eruption." "Bravo! you have corrected an error of judgment. Now in token of forgiveness you must let me claim you for the first waltz." "What! does Mark the stately, dance?" "Yes, when I can find a good partner, although I think the weather too warm for such violent exercise. Adieu, however, for the present, as I have an appointment to meet Courtenay in town." Mark raised his hat, and the beeze lifted the rings of chestnut hair and rippled the golden-brown beard. Very handsome Mark Bindon looked, as he leaned against the open French window, so Eda must have thought as she met his steady eye, which reflected nothing but the truth of a noble mind and honest heart. Kate stood at the window, where a minute before Mark had leaned, playing idly with the shadowy sprays of lilac, watching the retreating figure sauntering down the shrubbery. She stood near the purple-scented lilac, emblematic of that emotion shining undimmed in the faithful eyes of Kate Vero. "Good, good news, girls," and Lady Bindon entered the room, her face beaming with joy. "Good news, auntie, and what is it? About the party?" cried Eda. "Wrong for once, Eda," replied her aunt, as she fondly smoothed the glossy golden hair. "I have better news than that, my child.—Guess, Katie," and she held up a letter addressed in a bold, dashing hand. "It's from Harry!" Kate joyfully exclaimed, "Oh, aunt, is he coming? Is Harry really coming home?" "He will be here to-morrow evening, so, Birdie, after all you will see our wild Harry. How fortunate, he will be in time for the party. I should not like my poor boy to miss all the fun." "But, auntie dear," said Eda, looking very wise and demure, "why do you call cousin Harry a boy? I heard you say he was five years older than Kate, and at twenty-five I should say he was a man." "My child, in Ireland all men are boys until they are married. In fact, I have known bachelors of seventy to be still termed boys. It's a thorough Irishism."

"But why, then, do you call the men of Tipperary, boys? Are they all bachelors?" "No," replied the aunt, laughing, "the men of Tipperary are supposed to be very wild, hence they are termed 'the boys.' Do you understand me now, little one?"

For the moment Eda's curiosity subsided, and she seemed buried in thought.

(To be Continued.)

FATHER BURKE'S LECTURE ON "Civil and Religious Liberty—The Catholic Church Its True Guardian and Exponent."

(From the Hartford Times.)

My FRIENDS:—It is my privilege this evening to address an audience not only of Catholics and those of my own loved race, but it is my privilege to address Protestants and Americans upon the most glorious subject that can occupy the mind of any man, especially that of a Catholic priest, viz.: the subject of Civil and Religious Freedom. Almighty God has bestowed many gifts upon man, and among the first of these divine endowments is the gift of freedom. He created man not only with a powerful intellect whereby to understand—with affection whereby to love, but he crowned all other gifts with the glorious inheritance of freedom. And in this do we see the magnificent image of God reflected in his creatures. He has stamped his resemblance upon man in the power of intelligence and in the power of love. When he made man in his own image, he made him free; and the man who deprives another of that sacred freedom, sins against Almighty God, as well as society, which deprives a people of this sacred right. It is of this glorious boon—this magnificent gift of freedom I am going to speak. And let me first tell you that you who are assembled here within these sacred walls are citizens of the freest country on the face of the earth. Many of you, as well as I, know well what the feeling is to speak with bated breath and to watch our words. Many of you, as well as myself, are familiar with the traditions of intellectual and religious liberty. We have heard them from our fathers' lips; and we recollect the bitter days when education and religious freedom were unknown in the glorious and venerable land from which so many of us have sprung. But now, standing upon the freedom-creating shores of mighty Columbia, we enjoy the gift—we come into the inheritance denied us so long; and I, in this proscribed habit, can speak as a free man, and you can hear from my lips the glorious words of freedom, for I have a right to speak to you on that theme. Coming before you in this robe, which represents seven hundred years existence in the Church of God, I have the right to speak to you of freedom. I say that no one has a better right than I, a Catholic priest and Dominican friar. And I have the right as an Irishman talking to Irishmen, because no race under heaven has ever worshipped at the sacred shrine of freedom as I and my fathers have—because no race upon which the sun shines has ever battled with more valiant hands than mine has. And I have the right to speak to those among you who are not Irishmen, because no man is so worthy to hear the sacred praises of liberty as the American, whose very name and nationality are the glorious embodiment and incarnation of civil and religious liberty (Applause). Some of you may perhaps say: "All this is very well, but what about the Catholic Church—what does she say? Does she fetter the hand and bind the lips upon this sacred theme?" I say no. I look upon my native land, and see in Ireland the martyr among nations for the sacred cause of freedom. I turn to my own Church—to the glorious Church of Jesus Christ, the Holy Catholic Church, whose children we are, and when I look upon her royal face, and upon which Christ himself has set his crown, I see no wrinkle of slavery, but I see the very mother of civil and religious liberty. (Applause). And, my friends, before we go further it will be well for us to consider what civil and religious liberty means. A man may talk of freedom and liberty, but not know what it means.

For more than three hundred years England has boasted that she, among the nations, is the apostle of constitutional, political, social, civil and religious liberty. She has boasted of it for centuries. But who is there that reads her history and contemplates her action towards unhappy Ireland, that cannot see that she has been the greatest oppressor of liberty, not allowing the Irish people to worship at their own altars, and forbidding them to educate their children even—telling the Irishman he must stand aside because he is a Catholic, forbidding him to plead at the bar, and not allowing him security to his property, person or life? Let us examine this question, and see first what religious liberty is. We shall find, when we examine historically, that the Catholic Church, so far from being the enemy of civil or religious liberty, is the mother of both.

What is religious liberty? Men now-a-days think it means that every man is perfectly free to believe anything he likes, or nothing at all—that no matter how strange or eccentric his opinions may be, that he has the right to preach and make converts, and build up churches here, there and everywhere, and persuade all he can to his own particular views, no matter how erroneous they may be. Religious liberty, in this day of ours, involves not only the absence of persecution, but absolute encouragement to every man to discard the religious idea altogether and take up atheism if he pleases. That is the idea of the day. But, strange to say, side by side with this liberty, comes the idea that as soon as a man enters this or that sect, he feels in duty bound to hate every man who disagrees with him, and to persecute him. Is not this true? Does not history tell us this to-day? In England and Ireland, not content with holding their own opinions, our good Protestant and other brethren go

among the Catholics and insult them; and speak words of irony against the Blessed Virgin; they caricature the Catholic worship, and then, among themselves, damn one another; they believe their own faith the right one, and that the believers in all others are lost eternally. A popular writer says: "I have an uncle who is a pious Methodist preacher, and when he found that I was keeping company with a Catholic, he went to my father and mother and told them I was condemned to eternal damnation!" And does not history tell us the same in this country, free as it is, and glorious as it is in its freedom? Have we never heard of Catholic churches and convents being set on fire here, and of Catholic priests being insulted and outraged in the most terrible manner? Most assuredly we have. Therefore, the theory of universal toleration does not tally at all with the practices of the various professions of religion found here and in every other land. Such being the case, let us see what the real meaning of religious liberty is. Where shall we find its definition? Of whom shall we inquire? Let us go to God: I will not give what this man or that—this statesman or that philosopher—has written upon the subject, but will go at once to the fountain-head of all knowledge, of all wisdom and truth. I will ask the Lord Jesus Christ, the Master, to tell us what religious liberty is, for he knows best. He answers in the very words of the Gospel: Religious liberty consists in the knowledge of the truth as it is in the mind of God. In the knowledge of the Saviour you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free. You shall know the truth, and there shall be no doubt—no hesitation about it. You shall know it just as you know that two and two make four. No one can argue you out of the knowledge of that fact. If any one tries to convince you of its opposite, he might as well save himself the trouble. The man is free because he knows the conclusion. The Saviour said: "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Now, what comes of this? Every one of common sense must see that two great conclusions follow. The first is that the multiplicity of religious opinions varying with one another—the multiplicity of religious sects existing in the land—is no proof of the religious liberty of which Christ told us. Out of forty or fifty sects, all holding different doctrines, only one can be true. Truth is but one, and cannot be multiplied; thirty-nine out of forty must be false. If Christ said that freedom consists in the knowledge of the truth, it follows that thirty-nine are false. They are not under persecution—not under the lash of religious contest—do not suffer for what they believe. They are tolerated, and even encouraged, because it is false. It is slavery of man's intellect, because liberty, in man's mind, consists in knowing the truth and in refusing the lie. It is quite evident, therefore, that if the truth be one, and only one, and if a knowledge of that truth be religious freedom, the moment people unite to preach that truth, this unity gives us religious freedom. I insist upon it, that in this Catholic Church there is perfect religious freedom. To give an example. Suppose I were to come here in the capacity of a free Methodist preacher, and that you were Protestants. I can say what I like. There is no one to tell me that I am preaching heresy. There are men in this country who preach contradictory doctrines day after day—one thing one Sunday, and the opposite the next. If I came to you as a Protestant, and tried to persuade you that Jesus Christ was not the Son of God after all, I might send half of you home doubting, and consequently not Christians at all. Who is to save you? You don't know differently. But coming here as a Catholic priest, if I were to say the least thing against the Catholic Church—to breathe the slightest doubts as to the Sacraments, and the Blessed Virgin, or any point of Catholic doctrine, is there a child among you who would be convinced? You would rise up, and cry Anathema upon me, though I were the greatest man that ever lived. Don't you see, therefore, that you are free—that I cannot say a word against the Catholic Church? The Church saves you from any religious error. A man may be free to urge you to error, but you see how this unity of belief—this having one truth and knowing it comes from God—saves men from the slightest danger. This is the meaning of the words of Jesus Christ: "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

Now I ask, where, among the many teachers that rise up to proclaim religion to the people, is there one voice outside of the Catholic Church, that says: "This is the truth—I believe it?" There is not one. Argue with Evangelical clergymen—with Episcopal, Methodist, or any other denomination, and they will say over and over again, "My friends, are you quite sure that what you say is the truth? Are you not trying to deceive me?" The Catholic Priest says, "I am sure. My teaching comes from the lips of Jesus Christ and from the Church—that Church of which God said, 'She is founded upon a rock and the gates of hell shall never prevail against her. No lie shall ever be found upon her lips. She is a light set upon a candlestick. The Church of God is to be the light of the world, and all men are to see it and not doubt.'" And now with this divine charge, and with the glorious commission to teach, the Church of God went into the world, and from the lips of the Apostles and from the priesthood, her voice has never been silent for eighteen hundred years.

You may ask, "Did she not also go with the sword of persecution to strike down those who disagreed with her?" I deny it. I deny it as an interested but false statement. If you wish to know what the Catholic Church is, you must not study her in this or that government. You will find in every case that the act of persecution was the act of the government and not of the Church. I assert that history proves that when the Spanish government under the name of the Spanish Inquisition, was putting

people to death, the Pope of Rome pleaded to save those men. Turn to Rome. There, if you find persecution, I will admit that the Catholic Church is a persecuting Church. But with all pride, I say it as a Catholic priest, that Rome, whenever she had the power, has never been known to put a man to death for his religion.

But let us turn to the nation and the race among all the races on earth which for fourteen hundred years has been the most Catholic of all—the nation whose character and genius are the offspring of the Catholic religion: I mean the glorious Irish nation. (Applause). There surely if the spirit of persecution be in the Catholic Church, we shall find some trait of it in this race. But no. In the most glorious history ever written of any people—the most magnificent annals ever inscribed to perpetuate the glory of any race—the annals of Ireland—I read that her blood was shed for two hundred years in defense of the Catholic religion, but try in vain to discover that Ireland ever yet lifted a persecuting hand to strike a man in his religion. Let us take some of the leading points to prove it. Persecution began in Ireland in the sixteenth century. For one hundred and fifty years it continued. The Catholics were robbed of all they had in this world. Under the successive invasions of Elizabeth, of Charles the First, and under the terrible Cromwell, the Catholics were robbed of everything. They were not allowed to possess an acre of land, nor to educate their children. The best of them were slain. The priests were hunted like slaves, and sent to Jamaica to die. In 1685 the Catholics gave a king to England—the Duke of York, James the II. The moment he ascended the throne of England, he declared the Catholic religion to be the religion of his people. He saw in Ireland a whole country of Catholics, but all places of preferment, all high positions, in the hands of Protestants. Among the first things this English Catholic king did was to remove the Protestants and put in Catholics. He removed several judges. This was called persecution. Now, what does history tell us? As soon as the news reached Rome and the Pope that the new Catholic king was persecuting his Protestant subjects—taking them out of their places and putting Catholics in—the Pope wrote a letter to King James, warning him that he had no right to persecute them. At the same time a Catholic parliament was assembled in Dublin. They had the power for the first time in one hundred and fifty years. The tables were turned and the Protestants in Ireland were down now. Remember that these Protestants had for one hundred and fifty years been shedding our blood and never spared us. They had crushed us with an iron heel. You might imagine that now, when this Catholic parliament assembled, they would retaliate. But mark this: The first law of that parliament was that every man in Ireland was free to profess his religion openly, and no man was ever again to be persecuted for his religion. In a short time James lost his throne and a Protestant king came into power. No sooner was that Protestant king in power than the whole of Ireland was flooded again with Catholic blood, shed in the persecutions of the Catholics. This is history, and no man can deny it. I point to these facts to vindicate the genius of Catholics from the reproach of religious persecution; for if there is a race that represents Catholicity, it is the glorious Irish race, to which it is my pride to belong.

Take again, my dear friends, the action of Ireland but 26 years ago. There we were. The hand of God had swept over us, and we bowed before it. The hand of God was succeeded by the hand of man—the exterminating hand of the landlord. We found ourselves reduced to five millions of men at the time the Protestant church was dis-established in Ireland. The Catholics were to Protestants as seven to three. During all the time the agitation was going on, and it strike you that the newspapers brought no word of a single Protestant being insulted by a Catholic—not a word of insult? Not a word from five million Catholics that might hurt the feelings, or make any Protestant blush or hang his head for shame. They only went to the Protestants and said: "You have ceased to be our masters, and we have ceased to be your slaves. Now we meet on the same broad platform of religious liberty. Now we are prepared to forget the three hundred years of your persecution and bloodshed. Put your hand in ours. Henceforth religious discord is swept away. Hereafter let us fight for our honor together." (Applause). Ah! contrast it. I have often been obliged to contrast it. I have lived as a priest in England, afraid to go outside my own door for fear of insult and outrage. In passing along the streets, in a town where the population was nearly all Protestant. I have been personally assailed by the school children with stones, because I was a Catholic; and the teachers did not reprimand them. I have come back to my native county in Ireland, where there are 20,000 Protestants, some of them ministers, and they vilify you day after day, calling us priests and hypocrites. Yet they are able to walk the streets without receiving insult.

Now in the face of all this, and of ten thousand instances like this, is it not enough to make a man's blood boil to hear these men say: "You Catholics are always persecuting; your faith has always been that of the gridiron? If you only had the power you would tear us to pieces." Well, we have the power to-day in grand old Ireland, and no man is torn to pieces nor insulted, even though standing alone.

Next to religious liberty and unity, which is the essence of liberty—next to this in grandeur and magnificence, is sacred, civil and political liberty. And now as we have seen in what religious liberty consists, it is good to see in what civil liberty consists. What is the essence of that freedom we all prize? One says it is in being allowed to do just what you like. No! God forbid. That is liberty that would allow the highwayman to put a pistol to your head, and say: "Your money or your life! This is a free country where we can all do as we like, and this is what I like to do." Some thirty years ago, when I was a young boy, there was a beggar in the west of Ireland, who was in the habit of threatening people in this way. He would meet a man or a woman in a lonely place, and would walk up and say, "Give me something, or else"—[drawing off in a threatening attitude]. One day a man as big as he was met him. The beggar drew up as usual, and said, "Give me something, or else—" "Or else what?" thundered the other one. "Or else I shall have to go without it," said the beggar, viewing the broad shoulders before him. [Laughter]. In those days beggars were the only free men in the land. One of them went into a farmer's house and sat down to the table and helped

himself, without saying so much as "by your leave." He stayed several days, till finally the farmer said to him one day, "As you have taken so much liberty, I will take the liberty to kick you out," and he did so accordingly.

Liberty does not consist in every man doing what he likes. It consists in every man—no matter who he is, high or low—having his own rights, knowing them and being protected in the exercise of them. Let every man know that the law gives certain rights to do certain things freely. Let every one understand thoroughly what these rights are, and that the law will protect him in them and allow no one to violate them. The moment the law defines a freeman's rights—secures them and proclaims that no one shall interfere with them, let that law be set on high. Let every man—judge, lawyer, merchant, workman—bow down and acknowledge the omnipotence of that law. Where any man can do as he likes, and violate law with impunity, there is no liberty. For instance, there was none in England when the king had two wives at the same time. Wherever a king can violate the law with impunity, there is no liberty. Liberty consists in the consecration of every man's rights. Suppose every man in this country were free to do just what he liked. You would be afraid to go out of the house without a revolver. I would rather live in Russia, where you are allowed to say Mass every morning, and to go a certain distance and no further, and to vote once a year for mayor, and nothing else—I would rather live there with only three rights, than in a country where everybody could do as they pleased. Civil liberty consists in ensuring a man's rights by the protection of law.

I ask you to go back with me in history till we see how far the Catholic Church has operated upon the world in creating these liberties and protecting them. I assert upon the authority of Protestant as well as Catholic historians, that civil liberty was the very creation of Catholics. It is not easy for us to realize what this church has done for the world. The world to-day has shaken off the church in a great measure. Fourteen hundred years ago the whole civilized world was overrun by the barbaric nations of the north of Europe—the Goths, Visigoths, Huns and Vandals. They came from the deserts of the North in countless thousands. They came armed and without a vestige of religion, or education, or civilization upon them, they swept down like an avalanche upon the Roman empire. They burned cities, shattered museums and works of art, till not a vestige of ancient civilization government and law, was left in the whole world. A man living 1400 years ago in Rome or any part of Italy—in Spain, France, Germany or England, did not know where to go for protection for his own life or that of his family. The Pope of Rome advanced to meet the barbarous hordes whose hands were dripping with the blood of the nation. By his preaching he converted many to Christianity. On this rude material the Pope and the church, for hundreds of years, had to labor before they could bring into those men's minds ideas of law, right, justice, mutual respect and charity. During these years that the church was thus laboring, the nations began to form under their hands. But the kings were rude and warlike, with powerful passions, and with the idea that they were supreme. They built their feudal castles, the ruins of which are still left. Within these castles they gathered soldiers, and from time to time swept forth over the whole country like fire and sword, burning peasant's cabins, violating women and carrying the peasants into slavery. There was no security, except what the Pope of Rome afforded by his mighty agency, the church. Then we find the Pope gathering together the people in little towns and forming associations among them of various trades and trying to build up communities, and making laws excommunicating any man who should dare to enslave one of these free men. Then it was that from Rome came the idea that every man must submit to Rome. Then it was that kings and knights, as well as people, began to be impressed with the idea that right and justice did not lie alone in the strong arm. Then those glorious republics of northern and central Italy were formed—and that glorious Spanish freedom that produced such men as the discoverers of the New World. Then it was that every one wishing to save himself from fire and sword, and from the baron emerging from his castle, had to appeal to Rome for protection. The Pope and the Church created order out of chaos by the powerful arm of the law. Whoever violated that law, down came the Pope upon them. The Pope taught the people law and justice, and that it was their duty to obey that law. But if, on the other hand, the most powerful king upon earth oppressed his people, we have the Pope excommunicating that king for his oppression. When Philip Augustus of France, the most powerful king at the head of his great armies, wished to put away his pure-minded wife and take some other woman, the Pope of Rome came down and said: "If you do this—if you violate the law—if you do what you would not allow any other person to do—I am above you, and I will cut you off!" Then it was that the sanctity of the marriage relation was made secure. Then it was that woman, not able to fight herself, and trusting her life to the fickle, treacherous heart of man, was protected and secured by the church. The church told man that whatever other law he violated, he must remain faithful to the woman he espoused. Her position did not depend upon the charms of this year or the next—upon the varying or treacherous nature of her husband. She knew that the church had set its seal upon the marriage vows, and that she was secure. At a time when more than one half the world enslaved the other half, the slave was without sympathy, and looked to one man alone who could emancipate him. That one man was the representative of Christ—the Pope of Rome—the visible head of the church.

So, year after year, new laws came out from Rome—laws made by the various Councils, and mitigating greatly the severity of slavery, emancipating here and there—now one family and now another, and not hurting the great interests of society at all.

What is the spirit of Catholicity in regard to civil liberty? I cannot speak for America. She is the home of the oppressed and the refuge of the downtrodden. She was born into that liberty for which other nations have had to toil for ages. But among the nations born in slavery, men have to go to the battle-field for it. Look at Germany, but the other day dripping with the blood of generous France, and carving out a new frontier for France. Not one of those old nations enjoys constitutional liberty. It is not to be found in them. It lay in the action and genius of the Catholic church. England boasts of her constitution, and tells the world that there is no person upon the face of the earth with so many rights; and there is a great deal of truth in it. If the liberties of Englishmen and their constitutional rights did only apply to Ireland—if the rights there were as well defined, Ireland would not be where she is to-day. But when we go back eight hundred years, we find not one vestige of the liberties and constitutional privileges which England enjoys to-day. The first concession and charter of rights was forced from the hands of an unwilling king by his subjects—and among them were the Catholic bishops and archbishops of the land. When the prosperous city and State of Florence enjoyed large liberty there arose a man, ambitious and powerful, who destroyed the republic—made himself the Duke, and curtailed the liberties of the people. When that man lay dying he sent for a Dominican friar, who wore a habit like that I have on to-night. He went to the side of Cosmo de Medici. Said the dying man "What am I to do to gain admission to Heaven?" Up rose the mighty Savonarola: "You must restore all the lands you took unjustly; you must make compensation to all the widows and orphans made so by your unjust laws." "Is that enough?" asked

the dying duke. "No," said the friar, "it is not enough. You must give me back the liberties of Florence of which you have robbed me." That is the Catholic Church does not make exceptions under despotism, but under the most grinding despotism she is able to vindicate the people and the object to any form of government; but this I say, the more does she flourish. Look at her to-day as she is in Germany—so persecuted that if a priest is to preach a sermon he must tell the government beforehand just what he is going to say. Look at her in Russia—persecuted, so that a bishop cannot ordain a priest without leave. Look at her in England, where only to-day the chains are falling from her hands. Look at her in America—this magnificent, this godly Catholic Church, which alone comes looming up before us in all the grandeur and awfulness of her majesty, and puts forth the Gospel of Truth, unchanged and unchanging, whose sacramental grace—pure and purifying, points in unity to Christ, as if this great Church were but one man. Compare her with the multitude of sects in the land. Shall we not conclude that America can be only Catholic because there is no other religion, and that in a few years it will shape the world and shape the destinies of all! America is but a child—fair-crowned with civil and religious liberty, she is growing day by day, and in half a century will overshadow this western world. And, thanks to Father, Son and Holy Ghost, she is growing in Catholicity. Irish hearts are captivated with her freedom, and wherever Ireland goes it is her destiny and glory that the Catholic Church must grow. Therefore it is that looking into the mighty future I see before me, among the nations, one, the greatest and mightiest of all—great in her material strength—great in the unfolding power of her riches—great in the energy of her youth—great in the magnificent boom of liberty. I see many crowns upon thy brow, Columbia, but among them all, and overshadowing all, I see upon thy brow the crown of Catholicity; and bending down, I say from out my Irish heart and soul—All hail!

THE MASSACRE AT DROGHEDA AND WEXFORD.

It was on the 10th of July, 1649, that General Cromwell, the new Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, started from Whitehall in great pomp, and began his journey towards Dublin. Plenty of hard fighting awaited him and his troops. At Bristol he collected resources and men, with whom he marched to Milford, and thence embarked, like another Strongbow, with a large fleet and a strong, though not a large, army. On the 15th of August he cast anchor in Dublin Bay; and 12,000 men with a good park of artillery were soon ranged along the shore. Three combined armies in the island were ready to dispute his progress. There was the royalist army of Ormond; the half-loyal Covenanters under Munro, and the soldiers of O'Neill, representing the interests of the Catholic religion. 100,000 men in all are believed to have been under arms to repulse the Parliamentary invasion.

But Oliver Cromwell came to Ireland resolved to crush at the same time the Irish race and the profusion of Popery. Immediately after his appointment as Lord-Lieutenant, he had been present at an address presented on the part of Parliament to the Lord Mayor and aldermen, stating the object of the Irish war. "It was not," said the Chief Baron Wild, who headed the deputation, "between Protestant and Independent and Presbyterian, but between Protestant and Papist. Popery was not to be endured in that kingdom, which totally agreed with that maxim of King James, when first King of the three kingdoms. 'Plant Ireland with Puritans and root out Papists, and then secure it.'" In the speech which Cromwell made to the soldiers in Dublin his reference to Joshua and the Canaanites proved how fully his mind was possessed by the supposed analogy between the heathen and the Papists, and between the Israelites and the Ironsides. The veteran psalm-singing Independents who followed in his train regarded themselves as the saints of the Most High, and thirsted to make proof of their sanctity by droning their swords in the blood of their enemies. The ordinary rules of mercy and humanity were reversed, and true piety consisted in their eyes in slaughtering defenceless women and dashing the brains of little ones against the stones. They had done so after the battle of Naseby, when more than a hundred Irishwomen, who had followed the Royalist camp and cooked for the troops, among whom their husbands fought, were taken and murdered in cold blood in the midst of their camp-kettles and cradles.

Cromwell lost no time in urging forward his campaign. His army had swollen to 17,000 men; he spent a whole day in secret prayer; crossed the Liffey, and settled his order of march for the reduction of Drogheda, or, as it was then called, Tredagh. In three days, and on the 30th of August, the Ironsides pitched their tents before the place which they had devoted to destruction. On the 3rd of September Cromwell himself appeared on the scene. Batteries had to be framed, and they were not ready to play till the 10th. The next day a breach was made in the wall on the south side of the town; the besiegers stormed the walls; were beaten back; returned to the assault; and then, with Cromwell and his reserve at their head, forced their way into the inner intrenchments of St. Mary's Church. The whole army, horse and foot, followed as night was falling; the garrison retreated, hotly pursued, and threw themselves into the Millmount. Then it was that Cromwell issued his order to spare none that were in arms; and quarter being refused, before morning by his own account 2,000 corpses of the slain strewed the ground.

Anthony a Wood, the Oxonian scholar, has preserved an account given by his brother Thomas of the terrible events of the 11th and 12th of September, 1649, in the captured town of Drogheda. He had himself been engaged in the sanguinary affair; and as he held the post of captain in Ingoldsby's parliamentary regiment, his evidence may be taken as impartial. 3,000 persons at least, he used to say including women and children, were put to the sword on the fatal days just mentioned, and the governor, Sir Arthur Aston, who fell among the foremost, had his brains beaten out and his body hacked and chopped to pieces. When the assailants were forcing their way to the lofts and galleries of the church and up the stairs of the tower to which the royalists had fled, the bucklers with which they defended themselves from being shot or brained were live infants snatched from the arms of their shrieking mothers. Having butchered all they found in the church and the towers, they turned to the vaults beneath where the fairest maidens and wealthiest dames had fled for safety. There was one among them remarkable for youth and beauty, and arrayed withal in the richest attire, who kneeling to Thomas a Wood besought him with tears to save her life. The soldier's heart was struck with pity, he took her under his arm, and led her out of church, intending to put her over the works where she might shift for herself. But his design was frustrated; a righteous Cromwell perceived his intention and ran her through the body. Whereupon Thomas, seeing her at the last gasp, took her money, jewels, &c., and flung her over the ramparts.

Two towers still held out, but the defenders—about 130 in number—were soon starved into surrender. "When they submitted," wrote Cromwell to the Speaker, "their officers were knocked on the head, every tenth man of the soldiers killed, the rest shipped for the Barbadoes," where they were sold as slaves. Of all the garrison, one officer only escaped. For days the streets of Drogheda streamed with

blood. The melancholy river rolling by the wharves caught the sanguine stain, and bore silent testimony to the merciless cruelty of the English Attila.

Crudelis ubique Luctus, ubique pavor, et plurima mortis imago.

The priests and monks, as we learn from Cromwell himself, were knocked on the head promiscuously with the exception of two, one of whom was Father Peter Taaffe, brother to the Lord Taaffe, whom the soldiers took the next day and made an end of.

The other, captured in the Round Tower, was shot with the officers. A manuscript history of the Jesuits in Ireland cited by Dr. Moran in his Persecutions of the Irish Catholics, says:—"One of our society was tied to a stake and howl to pieces."

Another record, "old and bed-ridden, was dragged out of his cell, kicked and beaten to the breaking of his bones, and left to die in the street."

On this occasion, wrote Ormond to the King, "Cromwell exceeded himself and anything I ever heard of in breach of faith and bloody inhumanity. The cruelties exercised in Drogheda for four days after the town was taken would make as many several pictures of inhumanity as are to be found in the Book of Martyrs or in the relation of Amboyna."

Cromwell's object, indeed, was secured by this havoc. It struck terror into his enemies and made further victories easy. He excused it on the ground of his wishing thereby to put a speedy end to the war; but a similar apology might be made by Mohawk Indians or Kings of Dahomey.

The defenceless tradesman was pitted with the soldiers at arms, and 300 women who had gathered round the market cross, and clung in convulsive terror to that symbol of mercy, were slaughtered in a mass. The number of inhabitants put to the sword was at least 2,000, while the besiegers lost only 30 men.

Nearly 300 of those who were escaping crowded into two boats and sank into the river never to rise. A record of the Franciscan Order states that Father Raymond Stafford with the crucifix in his hand "preached with great zeal to the infuriated enemies themselves, till he was killed by them in the market-place."

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE IRISH FISHERIES.—DUBLIN, Oct. 7.—The subject of the Irish fisheries is discussed to-day in a more moderate and practical spirit than was manifested last week by a portion of the Press.

lation by the construction of a harbor, the Treasury declined to make the necessary advance. At Ballyboghane, near Galway, we last year recommended the construction of a small harbor which would have proved most advantageous to the fishermen, and have tended to increase the number of boats.

The advantage to the Scotch fishermen of having the branding officers resident among them is strongly dwelt upon. The brander knows exactly what description of fish will suit the foreign market, and will not brand any but the best quality.

The name of the Rev. Robert O'Keefe, P.P., is well known throughout the kingdom from the attention he has called in Parliament to his quarrel with the highest dignitary of the Church in Ireland.

DESLIN, Oct. 2.—The little village of Callan, in the county Kilkenny, which has become famous from the determined opposition of its parish priest and his flock to the authority of Cardinal Cullen, presented a scene of extraordinary excitement on Sunday last.

On Monday night there was a meeting in the Rotundo, Dublin. The Hon. King Harman presided. Addresses were delivered by Mr. Butt, Mr. Blennerhasset, Mr. Waldron, and others, on the subject of the Fishery Boundaries.

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rioters. Three young men, named Edwards, Cass, and Langford, were indicted before Mr. Hort, R.M., Mr. Gregory, J.P., and Mr. Green, S.I., for having formed part of the riotous assembly at the Friary Chapel.

ORANGE RUFFIANISM IN LISBURN.—Lisburn, Oct. 10.—In the capital of the Hertford estates there have been during the past few days displays of Orange terrorism, the reports of which, when they reach the ears of Sir Richard Wallace, will surely alarm that large-hearted nobleman as to the savage character of a portion of his tenantry.

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extraction of the bullet from the injured man's head. It was stated that Murphy was progressing favorably, and that he might be able to attend in court next week. The prisoner was then further remanded until Friday.

THE BATTLE OF THE CREEDS.—The religious controversy in England waxed hotter and hotter. The discussion is no longer confined to curates and laymen, but archdeacons and archbishops are now first and foremost giving and taking in the theological ring.

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Peet. According to the same authority the office of Lord Chancellor in olden times was conferred upon some dignified clergyman, remarkable for his knowledge of the Civil Law; it has not, however, been entrusted to a clergyman since the age of Mary I., with the exception of a short time in the time of Charles I., when John Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, sat on the Woolsack with the title of 'Lord Keeper.'

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## The True Witness

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

G. E. CLERK, Editor.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1872.

## ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

NOVEMBER.—1872.

Friday, 8—Octavo of All Saints.  
Saturday, 9—Dedication of Basilica of St. Saviour's.  
Sunday, 10—Twenty-fifth after Pentecost.  
Monday, 11—St. Martin, B. C.  
Tuesday, 12—St. Martin, P. M.  
Wednesday, 13—St. Stanislaus Kostka, C.  
Thursday, 14—St. Didacus, C.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The preliminary examination of the case of Marshal Bazaine, who is to be tried by the Court Martial, for surrendering the fortifications of Metz during the late war, has been resumed.

A band of about 150 persons made an attack on Friday upon the Octroi station at the town of Bessages, department of Gard, and wounded a number of the gendarmes. The latter were compelled to fire upon their assailants, several of whom were killed and wounded. Troops have been despatched to the town to prevent further trouble.

The German Government will re-establish next year the councils general in Alsace and Lorraine, in the same form in which they existed under the French Dominion.

Mr. Bancroft, the American Ambassador, soon after the Emperor's decision was rendered on the San Juan boundary question, applied to the Foreign office for an account of the expenses incurred by the German Government in the course of the arbitration, with a view of reimbursement. He was informed, in reply, that the German Government had no bill of expenses against the United States.

London files report that Messrs. Lowe and Gladstone propose raising the money to meet the American Claims by a loan—probably a cheque or bonds will be issued as a compensation for part of the fifteen millions, so as to spread the payment over a considerable period.

The mass meeting at Hyde Park, on Sunday, in favor of an amnesty to the Fenian convicts, was very large and orderly. No attempt was made by the authorities to interfere with the proceedings. Speeches were made and resolutions adopted demanding the release of the prisoners.

John Francis Maguire, the well known Irish member of Parliament for Cork city, and proprietor and editor of the *Cork Examiner*, died on Friday night. He was in the 57th year of his age.

The municipal elections throughout England on Friday, resulted in heavy Conservative gains, which are attributed to the passage by Parliament and enforcement of the licensing act.

Much dissatisfaction was expressed at the working of the new ballot act, at some of the polling places. The progress of voting was so slow that many persons were unable to cast their ballots before the hour arrived for closing the polls.

While the Court was being held on Friday, in Dundas, a parish of the County Cork, near Bantry, Ireland, the floor of the room gave way and precipitated two hundred persons a distance of 12 feet. Several persons were instantly killed and 40 were injured; some of whom may die.

The unveiling of the Sir Walter Scott Monument in Central Park, N.Y., took place on Saturday.

The corner-stone of St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Church, Washington, was laid on Sunday afternoon, with imposing ceremonies. Archbishop Bayley concluding them.

Intelligence is received from the Polar expedition that new and valuable explorations and discoveries have been made. It has been found that what were formerly regarded as separate islands in the Polar Sea, comprise one large area of land, abounding with birds, seal, and reindeer. A full report of all the discoveries will soon be given to the public.

Havana advices report that during the insurgents attack on the village of Guisa, near Bayllo, fifty houses were burned and a small detachment of Spaniards captured.

Advices from Hayti state that the French Minister threatens to resort to the same measures taken by the Germans for the recovery of \$54,000 due to the French citizens, and has sent for the French Admiral. The Haytiens appealed to the liberality and humanity of President Thiers.

## THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

Tuesday, the 29th ult., was the great day of this long continued festival in honor of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Ordination of Monseigneur Ignatius Bourget, Bishop of Montreal. The festivities, worthily inaugurated by the Parish and College of St. Therese, were continued throughout the month of October, culminating on Tuesday, the 29th. The day was bright and calm, and the celebration was everything that could be desired. The streets leading from the Episcopal Palace to the Parish Church of Notre Dame, were handsomely decorated with flags and drapery, and our Catholic citizens for the most part made the day a holiday.

About 9 a.m. on Tuesday amidst the pealing of the bells of the City Churches, easily distinguishable amongst which by its deep and solemn tone was the grand *bardoun* of Notre Dame. The Procession started from the Palace, to the Church of Notre Dame, in which the sacred offices of the Day were to be celebrated. The beautiful carriage—a present to His Lordship from the parishioners of St. Henri—in which was seated the Bishop of Montreal was preceded and guarded by a detachment of our honored Papal Zouaves, and was followed by the carriages of the several Prelates and Rulers of the Catholic Church who by their presence added so much *eclat* to the imposing ceremony.

## THE PROCESSION.

1. The Bishop of Montreal, accompanied by the Grand Vicar Truteau and the Rev. M. Lamarche, Canon.
2. His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec, Mgr. of St. Hyacinthe, and His Honor the Mayor.
3. The Bishops of Ogdensburgh and of Birtha, with R. M. Toupin.
4. The Bishops of Three Rivers and Rimouski, with Dr. Trudel.

There were also in attendance many of our most distinguished citizens. On the arrival of the Procession at the gates of the Seminary, His Lordship of Montreal was received by the Very Reverend Dr. Bayle, the Superior, whilst the College Band struck up a March of Welcome. The immense crowd then poured into the Church whose interior presented a striking and most beautiful spectacle. Festoons with appropriate mottoes ornamented all the principal entrances. Inside the body of the building was gay with tastefully arranged banners; many colored draperies were suspended from the roof, whilst along the galleries were arranged shields and medallions, inscribed with suggestive texts from Holy Writ, and welcomes to the faithful servant of the Lord who for fifty years had served His Master with unwavering fidelity and never flagging zeal.—Every Parish in the Diocese has sent its lay delegate to take part in the action of thanks, about, in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, to be offered to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, for the Pastor whom He had been pleased to set over them. The church was filled to its utmost capacity, but all were accommodated, owing to the excellent arrangements of those charged with this part of the business. The Religious Offices then commenced.

## HIGH MASS

Was sung by Mgr. Chas. LaRocque, Bishop of St. Hyacinthe, having for Priest Assistant, the Reverend M. Rousselot; for Deacon and Sub-Deacon the RR. MM. Chevrefils and Peladeau. The Sermon was preached by the Rev. P. Brawn, S.J., who took for his text the words "*Pertransit benefaciendo*"—Acts, c. 10, v. 38; and appropriately applied them to the Bishop of Montreal. After Mass a solemn *Te Deum* was sung, with which the religious services of the Day were concluded.

The Procession as before then moved slowly through the densely crowded streets of Notre Dame and Jacques Cartier, to the City Hall, where the Banquet had been laid out. Four long tables were stretched along the Hall, whilst at the upper end a shorter table at right angles was reserved for the Bishops and other distinguished guests. In the centre of the last named table the seat for Mgr. de Montreal was placed, being the Chair and Dais of State, used at the Coronation of Charles X., the last King of France. Arrangements had been made for seven hundred guests, and every place was filled. Actually 715 sat down to table.

The cortege of the Bishop entered the Hall amidst loud and long continued plaudits. Advancing along the centre aisle the Procession moved slowly to the upper end of the Hall, and the Dignitaries of the Church took their places in the following order:—

In the centre was His Lordship the Bishop of Montreal, having on his right hand—His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec, the Bishops

of Hamilton, St. Hyacinthe and Rimouski; on his left, His Honor the Mayor, His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, Mgr. Guigues, Bishop of Ottawa, the Bishop of Ogdensburgh, U.S., and the Judges; there were also distributed at the same table, some on the right, some on the left, the Presidents of our several National Societies.

During the course of the Banquet some pieces of music were well executed by the Choir in attendance. At its close M. C. S. Cherrier proposed in an eloquent speech, which came evidently from the heart, the health of the "*Canadian Clergy and Episcopate*." At this stage of the proceedings a telegram was received from His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface couched in the following terms:—

"To His Lordship, Mgr. I. Bourget, Bishop of Montreal."

"Respect, love, and gratitude, in my own name, and in that of the Clergy, of the Religious Communities, and the Faithful."

"ARCHBISHOP TACHE."  
The Bishop of Montreal rising made a few graceful remarks in acknowledgment, after which the assembly broke up, and retired to make arrangements for the illuminations.

## THE ILLUMINATIONS.

In the evening, at about 7 p.m. these commenced, and the spectacle was grand and imposing. The Bishop's Palace was one blaze of light; the Seminary of St. Sulpice, the College St. Mary, the Academy St. Antoine, under the charge of the Ladies of the Congregation, and in a word all our public Catholic buildings were beautifully decorated; whilst the houses of the citizens generally were also brilliantly lit up in honor of the festive occasion. The streets were thronged with spectators; and the general effect was very fine indeed. In the course of the evening His Lordship of Montreal, received the following telegram from Rome:—

"The Reverend Canon Pare, Montreal:—"

"The Sovereign Pontiff gives to the Bishop of Montreal, Priest for Fifty years, His Apostolic Benediction. He offers His vows that God may multiply faith in his virtues, and may grant him fortunate years."

"DESAUTELS."

"Rome, 29th October, 1872."

The Bishops of the Church present in Montreal on this grand occasion were as under:—  
Archbishops—Mgr. of Quebec; Mgr. of Toronto.

Bishops—Their Lordships of Ottawa, Hamilton, Birtha, St. Hyacinthe, Three Rivers, Rimouski, Ogdensburgh, U.S., and Mgr. Rapp, formerly Bishop of Cleveland, U.S.

In all—Two Archbishops, and Eight Bishops.

Thus was brought to a conclusion the great Festival which the Diocese of Montreal has had the privilege of celebrating; the only one of the kind we believe that has ever been celebrated on this Continent, and which we are sure will long be held in remembrance by all who have had the privilege of taking part therein.

## To the Editor of the True Witness.

SIR,—The London *Times* publishes in its columns a letter from one who calls himself *A Sixty Years' Old Catholic*, on the subject of the apparition at Lourdes of the Blessed Virgin to a young girl; and in connection therewith the writer in the *Times* puts the following queries:—

"It is upon these considerations that I would request your permission, Sir, to address through your columns, and with all due reverence and submission these few questions to the teachers of the Roman Catholic religion in this country, trusting that their answers will be given in the same spirit as the questions are put."

"1. Do they think that the Bishops of Grenoble and Tarbes really, honestly, and unreservedly believe the apparitions and miracles of La Salette and Lourdes to which they have given their solemn sanction; and do they think that the Pope believes them?"

"2. If they think that these apparitions and miracles are believed in France and Italy by Bishops and by the Pope, do they—the Roman Catholic Priests and Bishops in Great Britain—consider themselves entitled to disbelieve them? And do they think it their duty to tell the faithful from the pulpit or from the Confessional that they are not bound to believe them? I am, Sir, your obedient servant."  
"Oct. 8. A 60 YEARS' OLD CATHOLIC."

I also should be glad to hear your answer to these questions, as they relate to a matter on which all Catholics must take a deep interest.

Yours truly,

PAPIST.

Montreal, Oct. 28, 1872.

1. For our part, we are morally sure that the Bishops of Grenoble and Tarbes—together with the Pope and the great majority of Catholics who have looked into the evidence by which these miracles are authenticated, do firmly believe them—but with a purely human faith.

To the second question we reply that as the truth of the apparition of the B. Virgin at La Salette and Lourdes, and of the miracles at the last named are not articles of faith. At the same time, to disbelieve the story on the grounds, not that the evidence is insufficient, but that all miracles are *a priori* incredible, and therefore never susceptible of proof, would be tantamount to a negation of the grounds on which historical Christianity itself rests; and therefore on the part of a baptized person would be an implied act of apostasy.

If it be of any interest to our querist to know our own private opinion of the matter—we frankly confess that we believe firmly in the story both of the Apparition at Lourdes and of the miraculous cures reported as having

been effected by means of the waters of its miraculous spring or fountain. We do so, however, simply on human grounds, and by an exercise of our private judgment. It is true that by the action of the distinguished Prelates alluded to, by the *Times*' correspondent, the result of our private judgment is much strengthened; still as the matter is not of faith, we presume not to judge those who differ from us, and who pending further enquiry and the production of further evidence, are content to hold their judgments in suspense provided only that they recognise that miracles are possible and can be established by human testimony.

The evidence in the case of the miraculous events reported as having occurred at Lourdes is very strong; the details are, if false, easily susceptible of refutation; for it must be remembered that these things were not done in a corner but in the face of day, before numbers of sceptical witnesses; and that the local ecclesiastical authorities have always challenged the most searching examination into their truth; so that all the world may be assured that, in crediting the story, they have not followed cunningly devised fables. These are facts, we repeat, which cannot be got over or explained away—as for instance the breaking out of a spring there where in a well known and long frequented locality no spring had ever been seen, no traces of a spring had ever been known to exist. On a sudden, on the touching, or as some have it, on the scratching with her fingers, of the surface of the earth, by the little girl to whom it is said the B. Virgin under the title of "*The Immaculate Conception*" revealed herself—a spring of water gushed forth and has continued to steadily flow in a considerable stream from that day to this. This is a fact whose worth can easily be tested. There are at Lourdes as elsewhere those who hate Catholicity. Ask them then, and they must admit that up to a certain day no water had ever been known to flow there, where now the miraculous stream of Lourdes sends forth its never failing supply of water. There can be no delusion, no room for subterfuge here.

Again. Some of the most eminent medical men and chemists in France have given their testimony that many diseases by them deemed incurable, occurring in patients whom they had carefully examined, have been instantaneously, thoroughly and permanently cured, after an application of the Lourdes' spring water to the afflicted parts; and many first class chemists also depose that the most careful and exhaustive analysis of the waters, can detect nothing to which those cures can be attributed. Were the waters charged, as are many of the waters in the district, with mineral substances, whose curative virtues are well known to physicians, the cures might, since they cannot be denied—and indeed are not denied,—be attributed to those substances; but science steps in and proves that no such mineral substances, that no natural curative qualities reside in the water; therefore—the intelligent reader may here draw his own conclusions. The facts, however, are as we have stated, and cannot be argued away.

To resume:—The spot where the Blessed Virgin is said to have appeared, but a few years ago, was a dry arid rock, and presented no appearance of the existence of any spring, or water course. From that spot on a certain day, at a certain hour, in the presence of many spectators, many of them disbelievers in the supernatural, a stream suddenly gushed forth, and has kept on flowing abundantly ever since. Many people suffering under diseases which had baffled the skill of the ablest physicians, have drunk, or washed in the waters of that spring, and, *post hoc*, have been instantaneously, radically, and permanently cured. Science has failed to discover in the water itself any natural substances that can account for those cures; therefore the Catholic concludes that as no natural cause can be assigned for them, they must be attributed to a supernatural agency.

But Catholics are so credulous! How can they believe such silly stories? say Protestants and infidels. Well; they have some learned men to keep them in countenance. St. Augustin, for instance, was a learned man in a very learned and enlightened age; in an age, to say the least, fully the intellectual equal of the XIX. century. St. Augustin was one accustomed by his early training to carefully balance evidence and was well qualified to detect error; and yet St. Augustin fears not to endanger his reputation for honesty and intelligence by relating as true, stories fully as marvellous as this of Our Lady of Lourdes. We refer the reader curious in such matters to the learned Father's well known work the *City of God*, 22nd book, and 8th chapter, in which he replies to the infidel objection that miracles are not wrought in our days. Facts upon facts of miraculous cures, by the intercession of saints, by the application of the relics of martyrs, as for instance of SS. Protasius and Gervasius, does the learned Father adduce as patent to all the world; as having fallen under his own personal cognisance. Well, we say, we are no more credulous than was St. Augustin; and unless he were either fool or liar, we see not

why the miraculous cures said to have been wrought by the water of Lourdes should be rejected as *a priori* incredible. They must, so Catholics argue, be submitted to evidence, and admitted or rejected according as the testimony is sufficient, or insufficient to establish their truth. If Protestants reject the story of the said cures as false, it is not because they find the evidence in their favor inadequate for they never examine the evidence; but because they start with the assumption that the Roman Catholic religion is false; and conclude therefore, that God has not given testimony to its truth. This mode of arguing may be convenient, but it is not scientific.

A FOOLISH THREAT.—The Montreal *Gazette*, from which we expected better things, indulges in very foolish threats against the Jesuits:—

"The countries of the Old World, even the Catholic countries of the Old World, have been compelled to expel these Jesuits from their midst, in order to save the liberties of the people; and the time may come in Canada, when similar reasons may render necessary similar action."—*Gazette*, 2nd inst.

It is false in fact that any Catholic country has expelled the Jesuits; though it is true that in the eighteenth century when the principles which were carried out in the French Revolution of '89, were greatly in vogue amongst statesmen of the Pombal class and King's prostitutes such as Pompadour—the Jesuits were expelled from countries that had at one time been Catholic but which had for the time fallen beneath the sway of infidel and arbitrary rulers. The result of the process has exemplified in the Reign of Terror are not such as to encourage others to follow the example.

Before, however, the Jesuits can be expelled from Canada our present free constitution must be thoroughly subverted. At present, thanks to the liberties which have been handed down to us from our Catholic ancestors, no man can be visited with pains or penalties without a fair trial, without having been heard in his own defence, and convicted of some particular offence against the laws of the land. Does the *Gazette* desire then that this safeguard of our liberties be abolished; that the sound principle that every man has the right to be treated as innocent of any offence until in due course of law he be proved guilty, shall be suspended in the case of the Jesuits. This would be to set up a dangerous precedent, and to inaugurate a rule beneath which no man would be in surety.

Louis XIV. banished or expelled the Protestants from France, with as good cause, and as much of justice on his side as had the modern German Pombal, Bismarck, when he without form of trial expelled the Jesuits from Germany. What then! Shall we urge the conduct of Louis XIV. towards French Protestants as a reason why say the Methodists or Presbyterians should be expelled from Canada? How for instance would the editor of the *Gazette* feel were he to read in some Catholic journal such a paragraph as this:—

"France was compelled to expel these Protestants in order to save the liberties of the country, and the time may come in Lower Canada when similar reasons may render necessary similar action."

Would not the *Gazette* deem a paragraph like this very silly and very wicked?

ANOTHER PRETENDER.—We see by the papers that another claimant to be the son of the unhappy Dauphin, son of Louis XVI., has again turned up in France, in the person of a respectable gentleman who calls himself the Comte de Bourbon, and whose pretensions to be the grandson of the prisoner of the Temple, are, it is said, to be legally investigated into, in the course of the current month.

What became of the Dauphin? Did he die in the Temple? or was he, when about 9 years old, smuggled out, shortly before the death of Robespierre? and if so, by whom and how was the unfortunate victim of democratic brutality, subsequently disposed of? are questions that have been long discussed, and have never yet been satisfactorily answered. There is a mystery about the fate of the Dauphin which has never yet been, probably never will be, cleared up. Louis Blanc in his History of the French Revolution under the caption *Mysteres du Temple*, devotes to its discussion a long chapter of his twelfth volume. He does little to make that which was dark, clear, but leaves the mystery as he found it. That the child who died in the Temple 20th Prairial, an 3—(8th June, 1795)—was the son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette seems highly improbable, almost impossible; that the Dauphin should before the death of Robespierre have been smuggled out of the Temple, nobody can say by whom, or for what intent, seems perfectly incredible. And yet the fact that during the reign of Louis 18th, there were so many pretended Dauphins brought to the front, coupled with the strangely reserved action, both of the King Louis 18th, and of the Duchess of Angouleme, would seem to indicate that the belief in the Dauphin's escape from the Temple was very generally believed and was not repudiated entirely in the highest quarters.

MODERNUS AND ANTIGNUS.

A DIALOGUE.

Modernus—Well, Antignus, I cannot for a moment understand how a man of your education and talent can maintain such a preposterous doctrine. You surely do not pretend to say that you are at heart a Papist. You do not surely believe that God has created any man, or any set of men free from error—infallible as your Papist paragon has it. The idea is a mere barbarism of the middle ages, and is against all modern progress.

Antignus—As for your Modern Progress, Modernus, she is a jade in whom I have as little faith as you appear to have in our Papal Infallibility. Modern Progress in connection with Christian religion is a contradiction in terms, of which you ought to be ashamed, bespeaking as it does a confusion of ideas either in your conception of the Christian religion or of Modern Progress. It is a denial of the divinity of Christ to assert progress in religion. In revealed religion, as constituted under the Christian dispensation with a Man-God as revealer, there can be no progress. Development there may be, but no progress. Progress means a departure from one stand point to another. Now, for revealed religion to make progress would require a *new departure*—that is a new revelation. There was progress in revealed religion when Christ came down from Heaven to found the Christian religion, because we had therein a further or rather a distinct revelation. But you, surely, do not pretend that your Modern Progress is a new revelation? That would be pure Mohammedanism: to believe that your new would-be prophet has received a further revelation than that of Jesus: and would require any amount of miracles to assure us of its divine origin. Your Modern Progress is all very good as far as science and all mundane things are concerned; though even there I fear your progress has in many things been a retrogression. A new departure is not of necessity a going forward. It may just as easily be a going backward; and in some of your modern ideas, I fear it has been. Look at your modern ideas of government; have they not changed even within the last few years? and not only changed but gone back? Compare Social Progress with herself and you will find that she is not true to herself; that she is in fact retreating upon her own footsteps. Do you ask for proofs? I will give them. A few years ago European governments were censured because they were too centralizing; and were said to be suffering from a plethora of law. All this was denounced as antiquated and absurd, and all the harsh terms an unscrupulous vocabulary could supply were showered upon these governments. Social Progress, we were told, required altogether other things. *The man*, it was insisted, should be developed rather than the citizen; municipal institutions rather than the central government; and that country was declared *best governed* which was *least governed*. This was the radicalism—social progression—of our young days, before time had sown grey hairs in our locks. The world you will remember had just seen the horrors of the French Revolution, which dared so many hellish acts, all in the name of Social Progress; and had barely escaped the social progress of the universal dominion of the First Napoleon. But is this the Social Progress of our grey hairs? We think not. Centralization is once more in vogue. The Confederate Union of the United States has been exchanged for a federal Union; a sovereign central government has taken the place of "sovereign States." In Canada we have lapsed our several independent provinces into one great Dominion, all in the name of Social Progress. Italy has done the same, invoking the same great goddess. Bismarcked Prussia has done the same, and unmoved beholds Hanover, Bavaria, and a host of happy kingdoms lose their autonomy to become feudal serfs of a Great Emperor. England withholds Home Rule from Ireland at the bidding of the same fickle jade. Now, if centralization was not social progress in our young days as we were taught to believe it was not, how does it happen that it is social progress in our grey hairs? Has not your Social Progress "arked back" like a beagle on a bad scent think you? But even granting that Social Progress is all that you claim in temporal affairs—what right has she to enter the Temple of God? Does she impiously expect to improve even it? We remember one case indeed wherein Social Progress presumed to enter the Sanctuary. It was in the person of certain sellers of oxen and sheep, and doves, and certain changers of money: but if Holy Writ speaks aright they were driven out by a certain Divine Teacher with a scourge of little cords.

Modernus—Well! putting aside Social Progress as beyond the question, how do you defend Infallibility? You surely do not believe that God has ordained any man or any set of men incapable of error?

Antignus—Under certain circumstances I do. And so must any man who accepts the principles of the Christian church. It is precisely because you Progressionists have thrown overboard the teachings of Christianity, that you find it difficult to accept Infallibility.—Every Christian must acknowledge a teaching Church. "Go teach all nations," said Christ to His Apostles. This is plain and unmistakable and was delivered to His Apostles, not to His disciples. "Go teach." But what were they to teach? Whatever they liked? That would not be rational. For a schoolmaster to teach that two and two make five, because it happened to please his fancy to do so would hardly be a rational proceeding. And for the Apostles to be allowed to teach whatever they liked would be equally irrational. Christ could not give a mutilated commission. When He commanded Peter to walk upon the waters, He had already given Peter the power to do so had he availed himself of it. It would have been a mere cruel joke to have done otherwise.—When Christ then ordered His Apostles to "go teach" He must already have taught them *what to teach*. There must have been some settled code which He wished taught. Any other supposition, even without the express words of Scripture, would be absurd. Now, if there were a settled code, it was their duty to teach the whole of that code—nothing more—nothing less. Had any one of those apostles taught more or less than he was taught, he must have exceeded or fallen short of his commission; he must have failed in his duty to his divine master. The commission to teach them presupposes two things—1st a settled code to be taught, and 2nd a power of strict adherence to that code. But this last is Infallibility. Nor is this all the commission. It extends to "all nations." "Go teach all nations." Now, if that teaching has to comprise "all nations," that self same code—*nothing more, nothing less*,—must be taught at all times to all nations; and the teachers thereof must be preserved from teaching different doctrines; each one in all ages and in all places must teach the same, *nothing more, nothing less*. But what is this preservation from teaching different doctrines, but Infallibility? Here then we have the doctrine of Infallibility contained in the simple commission to teach.

Here then in a nut shell is the Catholic doctrine of Infallibility. Christ came to save all men, by faith in His teachings. All nations were to receive His teaching if they would be saved. That teaching was of a definite code. The teachers then of this definite code at all times must be kept from teaching anything beyond or short of this definite code. But in order to do this they must be infallible, since no body of men can be kept from teaching more or less than a certain code for all time and in all places—"to all nations" without the attribute of Infallibility. To admit the commission to teach, and yet to deny Infallibility to the teacher would be to suppose that Christ demanded an impossibility; that He gave the command to teach without giving the power to do so. Go, Apostles, teach the doctrines I have taught you. Yes Lord, but who shall preserve us in teaching that doctrine—that we exceed not nor fall short of what Thou hast taught? When I issued the command to teach, the power to do so was included therein, O ye of little faith.

THE CHOLERA.—This disease is steadily moving Westwards. From India it has already, having traversed Asia, reached Europe, and very serious ravages are reported from Buda, and parts of Prussia. One case also is stated to have occurred at Wexford in Ireland. This should be a warning to us, literally, to put our houses in order. It is of no use to sit down and cry upon the Corporation. Heaven helps those who help themselves; and though of course much may be done by the action of the Corporation, mere depends upon the exertions of each particular individual. Cleanliness and temperance are the best preservatives against the disease; cleanliness of person, cleanliness of house and strict temperance. These, the last named especially, are within every man's reach, for every one can use soap and water, and if he so pleases can renounce the use of the beastly poisons vended under the name of brandy, whiskey, and spirituous liquors. These, in times of epidemic, slay their thousands, where Cholera carries off its hundreds.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF MONTREAL.

As I desire to have all that might recall the remembrance of the great feast we have just celebrated on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of priesthood of Right Rev. I. Bourget, Bishop of Montreal, I earnestly request all those who assisted at the dinner of the Golden Wedding, ecclesiastics and lay, on the 29th ult., to do me the favor of forwarding, at the earliest convenience, their portraits on cards of the ordinary size. I include in this number the singers, musicians, and Zouaves who rendered us much good service on the occasion.

A. F. TRUFAU,  
Vicar General.

Montreal, November 1, 1872.

HOME RULE.—Earl Russell so it is said has pronounced against Home Rule for Ireland. It may be so, but perhaps Ireland may yet be able to get along in spite of little Lord John.

THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS—November, 1872.—Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

In this Magazine the organ of a great work, *The Apostleship of Prayer*, there is to be found a vast amount of good solid reading, which people have to enter into to know how interesting it is. The contents of the present number are as follows:—Religious Orders and Congregations; The Paradise of God; St. Clement; Historical Scenes of the Fourth Century of the Church; God Our Father; Dying and Dead, (Poetry); Catechism of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus; The Heart of Jesus Consolated by the Communion of Reparation; Pansies; Sanctuaries of the Apostleship of Prayer; The *Sursum Corda* of Blessed Henry Suso; General Intention; Graces Obtained.

REVELATIONS OF DRUNKENNESS AMONG OUR FIRE BRIGADE.

(To the Editor of the Witness.)

Sir,—It is a notorious fact that the burning of Chicago is to be attributed solely to the fact of the firemen who came first to the scene being so drunk as to be unable to handle the apparatus. With this evidence before us can we for a moment longer tolerate in our Fire Department a similar state of affairs?

I care not whether the first, second, or all sections of our brigade at the St. Patrick's Hall fire were beyond a doubt sober. The Chief and Mr. Betournay, the Chairman of the Fire Committee, know full well that no reliance can be placed on several of the stations, no certainty of finding the men sober when the fire signal is struck.

On the evening of my departure for the West, I took occasion to call on Mr. Bertram to speak of the drinking habits and drunkenness of several of the men during his absence in the U.S. He cannot, therefore, plead ignorance, nor can the Chairman of the Committee, who, a few nights previously, entered more than one of the stations, and found the foreman, not moderately drunk, but perfectly stupid under the effects of liquor. A few days before Mr. Bertram's return I met Mr. Paton in front of the Post Office, and repeated to him the fact about one station—which seemed to have been overlooked by the visiting chairman—where liquor was continually to be found and the men under its influence. Mr. Paton cannot forget my language on that occasion, its purport being that to such an extent had this drinking been carried on at that station, that if the Chief and Chairman of Committee, and himself, did not at once put an end to it, I should not hesitate as to the course I should pursue to find a remedy, if I had to publish the whole affair.

We know there have been inquiries made, and it has been proven time and again that men have been drunk, yet no remedy has been found. Mr. Bertram has been warned that some of the men's pay was stopped by parties who furnish them liquor. He has been implored by the wives of these men to put an end to the bringing in of liquor to the stations, which has been done one day and repeated the next with impunity. Mr. Bertram cannot plead ignorance of all these circumstances.

There are in the Brigade a few good, sober men, who will not touch liquor at all; but they are few indeed. Some of these men have spoken to me repeatedly to see if the thing could not be put a step to. But there seems to be no use in asking the Chief to stop it; he seems to lack the courage or determination of character necessary to deal with those men who have for so long a time taken advantage of his good nature and many amiable qualities. So long as the Chairman or those under him continue to pander to the men, and in return become the recipients of testimonials and presentations, we cannot look for improvement.

As for discipline, there never was any, nor will there be, until radical changes are effected. I have been one of the foremost in obtaining for the firemen a fair remuneration for their services. I was strongly opposed to their being employed in watering the streets, and in return I have asked the men to respect themselves, and by sobriety, attention to drill and general efficiency, to deserve the confidence and encouragement of the citizens; but after two years trial I am constrained to say that I find the Brigade less efficient and less reliable than ever before, since the present organization was effected.

The increase of pay has not brought in return that increased efficiency nor any improvement in the class of men which was anticipated. They are all now more comfortable in their own station-houses than nine-tenths of them would be out of them; they have no street watering or scavenger work to perform as they formerly had. Far better for them to be set to such work again if it would keep them from this abominable drinking habit.

The loss to our city by this state of things is enormous; it was formerly the boast of our city that losses by fire were unexceptionally few and small, but this year alone the losses will fall not far short of \$300,000 at three fires alone. At one of these the excuse was want of water; at the other want of force, when it was in abundance; that of St. Patrick's Hall—is, by some, attributed to liquor. My own opinion is that it would be more correct to attribute it to the want of efficiency at the scene of fire during the first fifteen minutes of the presence of the Brigade there.

This question of drinking has to be met fair and square. It is no use of the Fire Committee seeking to find out who was or was not drunk at the St. Patrick's Hall fire. It is for the citizens now to deal with the matter; we must have no more signing of pledges by men who have time after time violated the same. Out of a population of some 130,000 people, we can surely obtain the necessary number of strictly teetotal men for our Fire Department.

I know what it is to require stimulants at fires, and there have been occasions when I have myself furnished the men with liquor as well as partaken of it myself (of course you will be shocked at this), but it was on occasions after severe exertions for hours, when the men were wet through, tired and exhausted, but yet not quite done with their arduous task. Under such circumstances the most rigid teetotaler might excuse the use of liquor, but I will say that a cup of good strong tea or coffee would have been taken by any one of the men in preference if it could be got. On occasions such as the late fire at St. Patrick's Hall, the men ought to have been supplied with hot tea or coffee in abundance; its absence is one of the deficiencies of the present system of management of the department.

A. FERRY,  
Inspector Royal Insurance Co.

FRAIL FEMININITY.

(From the Detroit Free Press, Oct. 23.)

It is a fact probably better known to the Custom House officials than to outsiders that at least every tenth woman who crosses the Detroit River carries smuggled goods. The goods may be tea, coffee, socks, thread, ribbons, or something else of no great value, but the intent to smuggle is there, and the success in bringing over a small lot is nearly always an inducement for the smuggler to try the game on a larger scale. Men may and do smuggle clothing now and then, but it is the female sex which carries the burden of guilt. The Custom House officials at the ferry dock in this city are as vigilant as officers can be, but what chances have they against monster hoop-skirts and gigantic bustles. They cannot stop to peep under shawls, examine pockets, look into baby-carts and hold a crowd on the boat, and so they must continue their work with the knowledge that goods are being smuggled, and that only one grand and certain haul of their nets can trap the guilty and frighten the innocent so that they shall never dare to pursue the business.

The net was drawn yesterday. The officers commenced about 2 o'clock, walking fifteen or twenty women up stairs into the custom rooms, and handing them over to a woman to be searched. Every boat load which landed, for about three hours, was treated in the same manner—that is, all the female portion, some were indignant, and appealed to their husbands who vainly appealed to the custom officers. Others wanted to faint away, but, after looking at the planks and the dust, concluded not. Others wept, laughed, or turned pale, but none of them were permitted to escape. During the afternoon about one hundred and fifty women were confronted by Uncle Sam, and the old man had a good deal of fun and made some wonderful discoveries.

For instance, a modest little woman, who was in a great hurry to go home to her sick child pulled out a few pins, and ten yards of English flannel full to the floor. A tall woman, with tears in her eyes, who asserted that she would sooner chop her head off than to think of smuggling, unfasted a pound of tea from her skeleton, and asserted that it must have been placed there by some designing person. Another one indignantly denied "the rights of search," but, after remaining a prisoner for an hour or two, told the searcher to "take it and go to grass," throwing a package of ribbons and laces on the floor. A lot of calico was found on another, some velvet on another, and at least 10 per cent of the whole number were found to be engaged in smuggling. The officials were satisfied with confiscating the goods, and it is said that women who land from Canada during the day to-day will be marched up stairs and turned over to the care of the grim female, who heeds no threats and melts at no sighs.

REFORM IN THE MARRIAGE LAWS.—It is understood that the Lord Chancellor elect, Baron Selborne, is anxious to signalize his tenure of office by initiating legal reforms, and that he will make an effort to assimilate the Marriage Laws of England, Ireland and Scotland, the disgraceful condition of which the scandal of the famous Yelverton case laid bare. This celebrated marriage trial or series of trials in 1865, led to the appointment of a Royal Commission to investigate into the marriage laws of the three countries. On the commission were the present Lord Chancellor and ex-Chancellors Cairns, Chelmsford and Hatherly with other distinguished judges. After three years consideration they decided, with the exception of Lord President Inglis, a Scotch judge that the marriage laws throughout the two Kingdoms should be assimilated, and that some kind of public ceremony should be declared necessary to constitute marriage, and that, consequently the law of Scotland, on the subject should be repealed. Dickens, though not a lawyer, and not a member of Parliament, could well have claimed to be a great law reformer as the abolition of many legal abuses might be traced to his writings in which they were laid bare. Mr. Wilkie Collins in *Man and Wife*, has essayed the same role and pointed out the harsh cruelties of the Marriage Laws of Great Britain, if such were necessary after the world wide publicity given to the cause celebre on which his story is founded, the Yelverton trial already alluded to.

NARROW ESCAPE.—Mr. Eustache Lefebvre, railroad mail clerk, was on Thursday afternoon last, in charge of the mails from Montreal and Island Pond. When the train started from Richmond, in the evening, it was dark. Mr. Lefebvre, who had been at supper in the station, was a little too late to get on his Post-office car, the door of which was of course locked, the train being already in motion, so he jumped on to the passenger car, passed through the baggage car, and was in the act of getting from it on to the Post-office car, when he missed his footing and so fell from the steps of the baggage car on to the side of the track. He had not, unfortunately, taken the precaution to lay hold of the railway or post before making his step to gain the next car. As no one witnessed the accident, the train, in full motion, of course passed on. Mr. Lefebvre received from his violent fall some contusions in two or three parts of his body, but is hoped they will not prove of serious importance. His escape from fatal result was evidently quite providential. Under the circumstances, the mail service from Richmond to Island Pond failed of operation that evening. The mail matter was distributed by the clerk coming to Montreal the same night. The moral to be drawn from the foregoing is never, when crossing from one car to another, day or night, to attempt making the necessary step, unless the hand has a railing, or some other portion of the car, a warning which is probably most needed by those who are most accustomed to moving about railway trains.

A NEW PLAGUE.—Montreal has been visited with a new plague within the last few days. Hitherto the city has been remarkably free from the sharpers who haunt the fairs and markets in England and many large cities on this continent, and who extract money from the pockets of the deluded people who listen with open mouth and wondering eyes to the quickly-flowing lies they tell. Now, however, our turn has come, and the streets are haunted by several of this fraternity. They are nearly all of one character, and ply the same branch of business, which is this: A man mounts a rostrum and announces his intention to benefit the public by giving them a packet of soap, and the chance of a dollar for the small trifle of 25 cents. He puts a dollar in perhaps one out of four packages, and it is surprising how many of the people are deluded. The credulity of human nature has formed the theme for many a lecture, but all the preaching seems to be useless.—*Gazette*.

THE CHARGES AGAINST THE FIREMEN.

(To the Editor of the Gazette.)

DEAR SIR:—In several issues of the *Witness* and the *Star* of the 4th, there have been many attempts to make out the Fire Department of our city to be a drunken lot of men. I do confess that the *Witness* brought a charge against one of them sometime since, when the reporter appeared before the Fire Committee, but he failed to be able to prove it. Now, sir, I have had the command of the Department over twenty years, and there is not one man in the

Department, (save the one that the *Witness* tried to prove drunk, but failed), I ever saw the worse for liquor; neither did I ever offer liquor to any man, or be in a tavern when they were drinking.

Not so with my accuser, Mr. Perry. I have seen him distributing liquor at fires, and pressing the men to drink, even when coffee had been provided. I have seen him pour it into the cup when the men refused afterwards to take it. Many other erroneous and false accusations I could point out, were I not encroaching too much on your valuable space. I crave an investigation.

Yours, etc.,  
A. BERTRAM, C.E.F.D.  
Montreal, November 4th, 1872.

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

Birth.

In this city, on the 31st ult., the wife of Mr. John Burns, of a son.

Married.

At Kingston, on the 29th ult., by the Rev. James Murphy, of Carletonbrook, Ont., Mr. John Murphy, of the firm of Messrs. Hodgson, Murphy & Sumner, and the son of James Murphy, Esq., of Montreal, to Miss Katie Cecilia Baker, only daughter of Thomas Baker, Esq., of Kingston, Ont.

Died.

On the 18th ult., at Wells River, Vt., Mrs. James Farrell, eldest daughter of Mr. John Hart, Granby.—*R. J. P.*

At West Shefford, on the 30th ultimo, of Chronic Pleurisy, James, second son of James Doonan, aged twenty three years and six months. His remains were followed to its last resting place by a vast concourse of relations and friends, who mourn his loss. May his soul through the mercy of God rest in peace.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

Read, J. C. \$2; St. Jean Chrysostom, Miss I. M. K., 2; Riviero Ruissin, J. M. R., 6; Island Pond, Vt., Rev. J. A. D., 2; Sandwich, Rev. F. M., 2; Long Island Locks, E. B., 50c; Pembroke, P. A., 1; Antigonish, N. S., Rev. A. C., 2; Goldenville, N. S., J. R. M. D., 2; Norton Creek, J. B., 4; Annapolis, P. O. L., 2; Eganville, J. F., 2; St. Jean Chrysostom, Rev. M. R., 8; St. Martine, Rev. M. B., 4; Renfrew, Rev. P. R., 2; St. Leon, Rev. H. A., 2; La Nouvelle, Rev. F. A., 2; Maindieu, N. S., Rev. J. Q., 4; St. Raphael, Rev. T. P., 2; East Point, P. E. I., Rev. W. P., 2; Bentwood, D. G., 2; Brome Corners, O. C., 7; Granby, J. H., 2; St. Hyppolite de Kilkenny, Rev. F. X. L., 2; Waterloo, T. R., 1. Per P. O. F., Upper Wakefield—Rev. C. G., 2. Per C. D. Hamilton—W. H., 2; T. B., 2; W. K., 2; D. S., 2; C. C., 2. Per J. H., Chamby Basin—J. C. O., 5. Per J. G.—Waterloo, J. H. B., 2; Rev. A. P., 2; St. Annes Rouchelle, C. A. P., 1; J. M., 1; West Farnham, Rev. J. B. V., 2; Frost Village, P. B., 1; Warden, F. M. D., 1; Brome Corners, O. C., 1; St. Johns, T. S., 2; T. R. J., 4; B. O. C., 5, 2; St. Lambert, J. M. V., 2. Per J. H., Guelph—Self, 2; M. C., 2; J. M. G., 4; Metz, D. M. G., 2. Per J. B., Morrisburg—Self, 2; T. M. D., 2. Per Rev. M. T., Guysborough, N. S.—Self, 4; Port Felix, Rev. F. V. B., 2. Per W. C., Cornwall—J. G. St. Andrews, 2. Per Rev. H. B., Trenton—Coodrington, T. H., 2. Per Rev. J. J. S., Fortuna—Self, 4; Aillon, U. S., J. B., 2. Per Rev. J. S., Glace Bay, N. S.—Self, 2, 50; Cow Bay, A. C., 2, 50. Per J. F., Port Lewis—Self, 1, 50; D. M. C., 1, 50. Per N. M. G., Montreal—Boston, W. M. G., 2. Per M. B., Dundee—D. M. C., 2. Per J. M., Kingston—D. B., 2; J. S., 2; T. M. C., 2; Railton, Rev. M. O. D., 2.

AN ADJOURNED MEETING of the above CORPORATION will take place in TOUPIN'S BUILDING, on MONDAY EVENING NEXT, 11th inst.

By order,  
W. A. DORAN,  
Asst. Rec-Geo.

WANTED,

FOR the SEPARATE SCHOOL of the Town of PICTON, P. E. County, a duly qualified Male or Female TEACHER, to enter on duty on or before the first of January. Salary liberal.

J. BRENNAN, P. P.  
Picton, October 28th, 1872.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of WILLIAM P. O'BRIEN, of the city of Montreal, Trader,

Insolvent.

The Insolvent has made an assignment of his estate and effects to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at the Court House, in the Insolvency Room, in the City of Montreal, on Wednesday, the Twentieth day of November next, at 11 o'clock A.M., to receive statements of his affairs and to appoint an Assignee.

L. JOS. LAJOIE,  
Interim Assignee.  
Montreal, 31st Oct., 1872.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of PIERRE POITRAS, Jr., Tin Roofer and Trader, of Montreal,

Insolvent.

A first and final divided sheet, on Real Estate, has been prepared, subject to objection, until Monday, the 18th day of November next, after which date dividend will be paid.

L. JOS. LAJOIE,  
Official Assignee.  
Montreal, 30th October, 1872.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of GREGOIRE CLEMENT,

Insolvent.

I, the undersigned, have been appointed Assignee in this matter. Creditors are requested to file in their claims to me, within one month, at my office, No. 5 St. Sacrament street, Montreal; and to meet at my office on the 27th day of November next, at 2 o'clock, P. M., for the examination of the Insolvent, and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally.

G. H. DUMESNIL,  
Official Assignee.  
Montreal, 22nd October, 1872.



FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PRESIDENCY FOR LIFE.—Paris, Nov. 1.—Secretary-General Barthelemy St. Hilaire in reply to numerous correspondents, states that Thiers does not desire to be made President for life.

EVACUATION.—The German troops have evacuated Epernay.

PARIS, October 31.—General Ducrot has issued a proclamation to the troops under his command, exhorting them to remember that never were their duties more imperious and sacred. An army disciplined and powerful in numbers is needed to check the progress of internal enemies, while protecting the country from foreign foes. The General says the time may come when Germany will regret rending hearts and homes, and tearing from France her dearest children.

There has been going the round of the papers a very scandalous report concerning the Right Rev. Monsignor Bauer. This report has been copied by one of your Catholic contemporaries, with variations and additions. I, therefore, send you a copy of the letter which the right rev. prelate has just written to the papers. If your contemporary is brought before the courts, as the *Liberte* will be, it will meet with a not undesired lesson.

"To the Editor of the *Figaro*,—Sir,—Will you have the goodness to announce that I this day bring an action for defamation, injury, and calumny against the journal *La Liberte*, in consequence of an article entitled, 'The Marriage of the Abbe Bauer.' It seems to me useless to add that this article is an odious invention, for which it will be the duty of tribunals to render justice.—I am, sir, yours etc., MARIE-BERNARD BAUER, Honorary Vicar-General, Doctor in Theology, and Protonotary Apostolic."—*Catholic Opinion Cor.*

THE BISHOP OF NEVERS AND DR. VOISIN.—It will be recollected that a medical man, professor at the Salpetriere Hospital, recently stated in public that Bernadette, formerly the child on whose testimony rested the fact of the apparition at Lourdes, and Melanie, formerly the shepherd-girl of La Salette, were both to his knowledge in confinement as lunatics; the first in the Ursuline Convent at Nevers, the second in one of his own cells. These false statements were immediately contradicted in the French press by M. Artus, but as the doctor who made them has taken no notice of the contradiction, the Bishop of Nevers himself has now written to the *Univers*, to state (1) that Sister Mary Bernard, formerly Bernadette Soubirous, has never set her foot within the Ursuline Convent at Nevers; (2) that she does reside at Nevers, in the mother-house of the Sisters of Charity and Christian instruction, into which she entered as freely, and in which she remains as freely, as any other of the Sisters. (3.) That so far from being mad, she is a person of very uncommon sense and almost unparalleled calmness of mind. Further that he, the Bishop, invites the doctor in question to come and verify in person the correctness of these three statements. He offers, if the doctor will notify the day and hour of his arrival, to arrange for him an immediate interview with Sister Marie Bernard, and that he may have no doubts as to her identity, will request the Procureur de la Republique to introduce her to him. The Bishop promises that opportunity shall be afforded him of looking at and questioning the Sister as long as he pleases, and he undertakes to receive him himself with every possible courtesy; and if any consideration should be necessary for the professor's loss of time and his expenses, he has no doubt that M. Artus will only be too glad to provide it. This, at least, is a fair challenge.

The Alsatian peasant is a model emigrant, save for the one fault that he will not emigrate—honest, industrious, thrifty, with quite enough practical intelligence to manage a farm, though not enough to bother his clever betters, and with usually a stockful of hoarded money to invest in a small allotment, though, as I have already said, it is only where there are some escaping from the military service that the peasants at all well to do have left their homes. One can easily understand, therefore, the eagerness with which the emigration agents would catch at such a prize, and the honest proselytizing zeal with which they would turn to account such an altogether unlooked-for piece of good luck as a barbarous and brutal annexation. I am assured, however—and the statement is very curious, if correct—that the foreign emigration agencies, notwithstanding the great advantages which so exceptional a situation offered them, have not been very successful, and that, though their philanthropic efforts may have contributed to set the Alsatian peasant in motion—no easy task—he has, in the great majority of cases, turned, not to their new El Dorados, where everything was to become gold at his touch, but to the old country, which, next to his own Alsace, he has from his cradle loved the most—France, though there his labor may be worth him no more, perhaps less, than in his old home. It is said that even the Algerian allotments, though patronized and subsidized by the French Government, and nominally at least, in French territory, are only just beginning to tempt him from his allegiance to what he has learnt to consider his fatherland. This is so beautiful and touching a trait of national character that one is almost afraid to ask for the light of official statistics to be turned upon it by an inquiry as to the proportion in which Alsatian peasants have really gone to foreign countries, lest it should prove to be only a prettily-conceived myth. It will not seem very improbable, however, to those who have at all studied the Alsatian character, which is neither French nor German, but a happy blending of most of the better qualities of both—the industry, tenacity, and solid sense of the German, lightened by the vivacity, sensibility, and fire of the French. I know it as a fact, which has come within my

own personal experience, that some of the Alsatian emigrants have chosen Belfort or its neighborhood for their new home because it is still both Alsace and France. The more one reflects upon facts of this kind the greater becomes one's difficulty to comprehend the illusion which led the Germans, usually well-informed, so far astray about the state of feeling in the provinces they were going to annex.—This was of course quite apart from the further consideration whether, by good government, they cannot gradually re-Germanize the old German soil. The great majority of the Alsatians vow and protest, that nothing ever will, can, or shall make Alsace German; that sooner or later—be it five years, fifty years, or five hundred years—Alsace must return to France as naturally as rivers find the sea. A great many emigrants prefer to consider themselves, mere pilgrims and sojourners in the lands of their adoption, waiting wearily, but patiently, for the great day of deliverance when the French sword is to open the path back to their old homes.—*Times Cor.*

SPAIN.

AGITATION FOR THE CESSION OF GIBRALTAR.—MADRID, Oct. 30.—A petition was presented to the Cortes to-day by one of the Republican Deputies, asking to urge the adoption of measures looking to the procurement from England the cession of Gibraltar to Spain.

RADICALS GAINING GROUND.—MADRID, Nov. 1.—Senor Mosquera, a member of the Radical party, has been elected Vice-President of the Congress, the lower branch of the Cortes, to fill a vacancy caused by the resignation of Senor Sahneh. The vote was 142 for Senor Mosquera, against 118 for his opponent.

ITALY.

THE FLOOD—DAMAGE INCALCULABLE.—ROME, Oct. 31.—Despatches from Turin report an abatement of the flood caused by the overflow of the Po. Over four thousand men are at work day and night erecting barriers to arrest the further progress of the water.—The damage to property and crops in the provinces of Mantua and Ferrara are beyond calculation. In Ferrara alone forty thousand persons are homeless. Assistance is being rapidly forwarded from all points to the suffering people.

The Correspondent of the *London Times*, thus describes the present state of the Kingdom of Naples:—

Let me, however, warn those who are out for a month or two against the real danger which awaits them on their arrival at the station at Naples. I will avoid the imputation of slander by citing Neapolitan authorities, and the first is a respectable journal, which says:—"The true and painful fact is this—that never was Naples, as regards security, in a worse condition, and at no time was the Camorra more audacious, and never did the thief enjoy greater liberty or impunity." Facts in abundance confirm this statement.

The following incident, though not exactly of the same character as those of which I have spoken, is reported by the *Presence* of Palermo, and shows that in Sicily, too, public security is not in an enviable state.—At Monte Aperto, in the province of Girgenti, men and women had gone to hear mass, when six men, well armed, committed the following most audacious theft. Two of them entered the church, and took from the people the keys of their houses; two stood guard at the door of the church, and two at the extremity of the road which led to the church. This operation lasted six hours. The women in the church were also robbed of their finger and ear rings. It does not seem credible, and yet it is true. This fact is quoted by one of our most respectable journals, but I limit my remarks to Naples, about the state of which there cannot be the slightest doubt. Ascending in the scale of corruption, we find that the Government, as well as the traveller, has to keep a sharp lookout, as it is robbed continually, and has been so from 1860 by its employes. Thus the cashier of the Ricevitoria of Salerno has lately decamped with a large sum, on which a journal observes that the flight of a cashier is not such a new thing in Italy. Again, the world has been astonished by the arrest of the Marchese Domenico Tuppini, receiver of taxes of S. Lorenzo, Colonel of the Staff of the National Guard of Naples, and Honorary officer of Ordinance to His Majesty. There is a deficiency of many thousands in the chest, and the Marchese has been suspended since the 26th of September, and placed under arrest. He has, however, his mode of explaining the deficiency, and it is to be hoped that it will prove satisfactory—but a thief there is somewhere. Lastly, to omit several other cases of a similar character, a confident clerk of the Quersura, has walked off, not indeed with money, but with papers of great value. I will not extend the black list; enough has been said to show the great want of public security in high as well as in low places.

ROME, November 1.—The Pope has resolved to defend the cause of the church of Geneva against the decree of the Swiss Government, forbidding the exercise of his episcopal functions within Swiss territory, by the recently appointed Bishop Merillod.

SWITZERLAND.

The priests of the Canton of Geneva have addressed the Government, declaring that they cannot recognize any other authority in Church matters but the Pope. The Grand Council rejected, by 34 votes to 32, the Bill to separate the Church from the State.

AUSTRIA.

MANY DEATHS FROM THE CHOLERA PLAGUE.—BUDA, Oct. 30.—The cholera is making serious ravages here. Ninety-four cases are reported, of which 27 have proved fatal. Among the cases are those of 20 soldiers who were stricken ill simultaneously, and of whom five died.

GERMANY.

BERLIN, October 30.—The cholera has broken out in Gumbennin, a town of Eastern Prussia, 66 miles southeast of Kenigsberg. Several fatal cases have occurred.

DIET DISSOLVED.—BERLIN, Nov. 1.—General Von Roon, Minister of War, to-day read before the Chambers a message from the King of Prussia, prorogating the session Diet.

The Archbishops and Bishops assembled at Fulda, at the tomb of S. Boniface, have issued a magnificent memorial on the present situation of the Catholic Church in the German Empire, in which they vindicate the liberty of the Church against the attacks of the State. They protest against the suspension of Bishops, the suppression of Religious Orders, the infringement of Catholic educational rights, and, lastly, against the impending persecution of the Church in Germany. The protest is signed by three Archbishops, one Prince Bishop, and twenty Bishops.

THE JEZUITS IN THE RUINE PROVINCES.—The following paragraph, which is extracted from the *Kölnische Volksblätter*, needs no commentary:—"The conduct

of the Government in Wiesbaden towards the Jesuit Fathers of Marienthal is sufficiently described by stating the following facts. The station of Marienthal has now been in existence exactly two years. The day on which it was suppressed was the second anniversary of its foundation. During those two years two members of the Society of Jesus had died at Marienthal, one of whom fell a victim to nervous fever and small-pox, which he had caught whilst attending on the sick in hospital, during the war with France. The second sacrificed his own life in his efforts to tend his sick brother. A third had returned dangerously ill from the hospitals, but his life was spared. But as to the three Fathers, whom the decree of the Government has affected, Father Thewalt remained at Marienthal during the war, to nurse his sick brother; F. Scheid worked for six months with untiring zeal in the military hospital at Hanau, and F. Schupp had followed the army, exposed to great fatigue and misery, first visiting the hospitals for typhus and dysentery at Metz, and then visiting the military hospitals round Paris, in all weathers, by day and night, often going entirely alone through the woods, by dangerous cross-roads, absorbed in the one thought of bringing as much help and comfort as possible to the wretched sick and wounded. When Orleans was taken he went there, and when the German troops entered Le Mans, he and some of his brothers in religion were there too, to lighten the woe and misery of the patients in hospital by the consolations of religion. All in vain; let them die and be done for, and forbid them to say Mass, priests though they be. 'The Moor has done his duty—the Moor can go.' And so fell on the Vigil of the Feast of St. Cosmas and Damian, on which the members of the Society of Jesus celebrate their re-establishment as a religious body by Pope Pius VII., the last Jesuit station on German soil."

A NEW JESUIT ORGAN.—The Jesuit Fathers who have been expelled from Germany, and found refuge in Holland, have started a newspaper of their own in permanent protest against their expulsion, to be published close to the frontier of the Fatherland.—The paper is called *Stimmen aus Maria Laach*, or *Echoes of Maria Laach*, which was the name of the principal Jesuit Monastery in Germany, and the centre of all the literary operation of the Disciples of Loyola in favour of Infallibility and the supremacy of the Pope. A paper of the same name has long been published there but, of course, that has been suppressed by the severe legislation against the Jesuits. It renews its youth on Dutch soil, and has already some five thousand subscribers.

RUSSIA.

A St. Petersburg correspondent mentions a fact which suffices to outweigh all the hopeful predictions of universal peace so freely lavished by the Russian press. During the last eighteen months the export of precious metal from Russia has diminished nearly one-half, and the import has increased in proportion; in other words Russia is laying up a reserve fund in the event of any sudden pressure.—There is a savour of war in the air. Whether or not Russia dreams of attacking any of her neighbours, there can be no doubt she fears a sudden attack upon herself.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

We have been asked for the authority for our statement that Queen Elizabeth proposed the assassination of the Catholic Queen of Scotland. In our notice to correspondents we supply the references; and the history of the affair is this. Elizabeth having prepared the way by a letter, lavishing praises and promises of future favor upon Sir Amias Paulet the principal jailer of Mary, Walsingham and Davison wrote in the name of their mistress, as follows:—"We find by speech lately uttered by her majesty, that she doth note in you both (Paulet and Drury) a lack of that care and zeal for her service that she looketh for at your hands, in that you have not in all this time, of yourselves (without other provocation) found out some way to shorten the life of that Queen, considering the great peril she is subject unto hourly, so long as the said Queen shall live," &c. &c. Then, bringing the guilt home to Elizabeth, Davison adds in a postscript: "I pray you let both this and the enclosed be committed to the fire," as your answer shall be, "after it hath been communicated to her Majesty for satisfaction." But the answer was not at all to her satisfaction; for Paulet declined to make "so fowle a shipwreke" of his conscience as "to shedd blood without law and warrant;" whereupon, because he refused to have the Queen of Scotland secretly stabbed, or strangled, or poisoned, the great and good Elizabeth called him "a precise and dainty fellow." Paulet returned the original letters to Davison, but not before he had taken copies for his security; and happily also for the instruction of posterity.—*London Tablet.*

A COMMUNIST SETTLEMENT.—Far away down in the balmy Pacific lie the islands of New Caledonia. Balade, for so the chief island is called, is one of the furthest outlying stars of the Australasian constellation. Six days of fast sailing are needed to reach the spot from Sydney; and when there, if men versed in the modern science, and possessed of the modern artillery of war, chose to resist a landing, even a powerful force might be unable to effect it. Balade is 200 miles long and about 30 wide, and it is so guarded by jagged coral reefs, jagged rocks, and treacherous sand banks that by only two tortuous channels in all that circumference is it possible to get to the shore. One of these is that by which Cook sailed in when he discovered the island in 1774, and the others was only found by Captain Wood in 1849. The books say there are 60,000 persons living on Balade, but since the wars which lasted for some years after 1853 when the French seized the Island to establish a naval station, the number of natives has probably been much diminished. These facts and others about Balade have lately taken a fresh interest, for ship load after ship load of French Communists are to be put upon the island under the surveillance, for the present, of a single regiment of French troops, and the future of such a society, while certain to be scanned with unflinching curiosity, may likewise prove both socially instructive and politically significant. Frenchmen are called bad colonists, and no doubt, as a rule, with justice. There are exceptions, however, to all rules, and there is good hope in this case to find one. To begin with, the French missionaries at Balade have done very well, and although the natives ate the captain of the ship Mary in 1849, they have done little or nothing in the man-eating way ever since. Prosperous settlements have grown up around several of the missions, and several of the plantations are remarkable for fertility and beauty. The conditions thus exist for allowing a Communist experiment upon a splendid scale, without disturbing the equilibrium of other societies, or running the risk inseparable from such an attempt in older countries of pulling down without the subsequent power to build up, and of destroying only to find there are no compensatory means of restoration. Assuming, of course, that the expatriated Communists are sincere in their professed convictions, they will now be so situated as to be able to give the world proof of that sincerity, while furnishing an example which, either through success or failure, will be of inestimable utility to their fellow-men. It is but right to remember that many of the strongest arguments against Communism, and certainly the most potent forces that have operated to its prejudice, originate in old settle societies and institutions whose principles and existence are incompatible with Communism, and which, consequently, put forth their utmost strength to oppose and to crush it. A new country, a virgin field, offers few, if any of such obstacles; and so far as this point is concerned, the experiment of Communism may have

as fair a chance in New Caledonia as Republicanism has in America. Apart from the magnitude and social importance of this experiment, it is invested with a romance that must increase the interest with which it is regarded. All the picturesque adjuncts that have charmed the world in the adventures, real or imaginary, of Robinson Crusoe, Paulina Virginia, or the dwellers at Pitcairns Island may easily be equalled or surpassed at Balade. The climate is exquisitely soft and balmy, and the scenery is of fairy loveliness. Groves of sandal-wood range for miles into the interior. Lofty peaks, divided by fertile valleys, soar majestically into the sky. The cocconut, the banana, bread-fruit, the yam, taro, and mango grow indigenously, and so do the sugar-cane and the vine. Large and well-watered plains yield bounteous pasturage. Fish and game are abundant, Coal and iron are found among the hills, and—although the French Government have discouraged the search for it—gold is known to exist there too. Other choice stones and minerals are abundant, including good granite, and the rarer green amphirole. Thus, all the materials of delicious climate, unlimited and fertile soil, exquisite scenery, uncommon security from external attack, exist to assure comfort and happiness. Eden itself could scarcely set forth a more perfect earthly paradise; and if Communism can flourish permanently anywhere, or under any circumstances, it assuredly should be at this beautiful isle, "set in the silver sea," the future home of the unquiet spirits who lately threw up barricades, smashed the Hotel de Ville, and defied Bismarck and M. Thiers alike behind the walls of Paris.—*New York Times.*

POPULATION OF SOUTH AMERICA.—It is difficult to form an estimate of the number of the population inhabiting the almost trackless interior of South America. The British Consul at Ilay assumes the area of that continent approximately at 7,400,000 square miles, and from the best information he has been able to obtain he is of opinion that the total population, aborigines and newcomers, may be reckoned at about 38,000,000 or somewhat under that number. The population of the Republic of Peru is computed at rather over 3,000,000, three-fourths of the number being of Indian blood; the aggregate area 431,500 square miles, and habitable area, probably, 380,800 square miles. The limit of vegetation, upwards, is the verge of the perpetual snow line, about 15,700 feet above the sea level. Above 8,000 feet the preponderating natural growth is a peculiar species of grass included within the generic classification of poa; from 3,000 to 7,000 feet, or a little higher, there extends the belt of maize, which is indigenous. The population of the Argentine Republic is at least 1,800,000, half being Argentines and the other half Europeans and children of Europeans. The population of the city of Buenos Ayres is fully 200,000, of whom three-fourths are of foreign extraction. The British Consul observes, in regard to the aboriginal or Indian race or races northward of the 35th parallel of south latitude, that they have not a tendency to become extinct in the presence of modern civilization; neither are they physically, morally, socially, or intellectually disqualified from contributing much to the modern spirit of progress. Possessed of a peculiar, but very striking civilization of their own, and predisposed to appreciate and return a friendly encouragement of intercourse, their cordial relations with Europeans should be invaluable to the young and rising States founded upon the seaboard. He considers that it would be a wise policy to cultivate cordial understanding with these curious people. It was the bygone cruel policy of the Mother Country that alienated the Indians; the colonists are now independent.

EUROPEAN STATISTICS.—From researches made by M. Levasseur as to the relative extent of territory and population of France, England, Prussia, Austria, Germany, and Russia, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and the subsequent increase or decrease, a vivid idea may be formed as to the changes which have since occurred in the positions of what were then the six great European Powers. In 1700 France had a territory of 493,000 square kilometres; Great Britain, 313,000; Prussia, 110,000; Austria, 510,000; Germany, 660,000; and Russia, 3,212,000; their respective populations being—France, 16,000,000; Great Britain, 9,000,000; Prussia, 2,000,000; Austria, 12,000,000; Germany, 20,000,000; and Russia, 10,000,000. In 1789 France had 526,000 square kilometres and a population of 26,000,000. Prussia had in the meantime doubled both territory and population, while the other Powers had made a considerable stride in population, but had remained relatively stationary in regard to territory. After the vicissitudes of the Revolution and the Empire, France found herself in 1815 with only 608 square kilometres less than in 1789, and a population of 30,000,000. Prussia, in the meantime, had again doubled both her territory and population, which stood at 280,000 square kilometres, 10,500,000. Austria had 665,000 square kilometres, and 30,000,000 inhabitants; Great Britain, whose superficies had remained unaltered, had a population of 18,000,000; and Russia had increased her size to 5,450,000 square kilometres, and a population of 45,000,000.—The France of to-day setting off the gain of Savoy and Nice against the loss of Alsace and Lorraine, has 528,080 square kilometres—or 6,000 more than in 1815 with a population of 36,000,000; Prussia has a territory of 352,000 square kilometres and 24,000,000 inhabitants; Austria has 622,000 square kilometres and 36,000,000 inhabitants; while Germany stands at 544,000 and 40,000,000 inhabitants. The population of Great Britain has nearly doubled since 1815, and Russia numbers 72,000,000 inhabitants, upon the 5,529,000 square kilometres of her territory. Italy whose existence as one power is only of recent date, has now 296,089 square kilometres and 26,500,000 inhabitants.

ARKANSAS AMUSEMENT.—They appear to have rare and exciting sport in Arkansas, if the following letter from the *Missouri Democrat* is to be taken as a specimen:—

MY DEAR BOY,—The double-barrel that you sent came safely to hand, and I was only shot at once while I was carrying it home, Bill Silvers popped at me from behind the fence as I was passing his house, but I had loaded the two-shooter as soon as I got it, and he didn't jump from behind that fence but once. I am glad that one of the barrels is a rifle, as I needed it for long range practice. The other I can fill with buckshot, and can riddle a man nicely at close quarters. I mean to try both barrels on those Jett's when I meet them. You see, old man Jett stole a mule from us in the war, and when it was over, pap laid for him and killed him. Then Nigger Tom Jett, as we called him—the black-faced one—he laid for pap and plugged him. Then I picked a fuss with Tom and cut him into gibbets, and since that time his brother Sam has been laying for me. I know that it is his turn, but I think my double-barrel will prove too much for him. If you want to see fun, come down for a while, and bring a rifle. It don't make any difference which side you belong to and it isn't even necessary to join the militia. It is easy to get up a grudge against somebody, and all you have to do is to lay for your man and knock him over. Behind my pig-pen is one of the sweetest hiding-places I know of, and it is so handy, A good many people come within range in the course of a week, and a man can pass his time right pleasantly. I wish you would send me a catalogue of Sunday-school books, with the prices, if there are any in St. Louis. If we can get them on time we will take a big lot of books. I am Superintendent of the Baptist Sunday-school now, and am running it under a full head of steam. Old man Byers, who was turned out, is right mad about it, and swears he will chew me up; but he will chew lead if he don't keep

clear of me. My wife wants to know if you can't send her a set of teeth without her getting measured for them. Her twenty-five dollar set was busted all to flinders by a pistol-shot which went through her mouth; but it didn't hurt her tongue. Write soon to your friend and pard,

"P. S.—That sneaking, ornary cuss, Sam Jett, crept up last night, and fired at me through the window, but he didn't happen to kill anybody except a nigger girl. I mean to go for him, though, to-day, and will be glad of a chance to try the double-barrel.

A merchant in one of our large cities, who was noted for his stuttering as well as for his shrewdness in making a bargain, stopped at a grocery and inquired:

"How m-m-many t-t-t-turkeys have you g-g-got?" "Eight, sir," replied the grocer.

"T-t-t-tough or t-t-t-tender?" "Some are tender and some tough," was the reply. "I k-keep b-b-borders," said the new customer.

"P-pick out the f-f-f-four t-t-t-toughest t-t-turkeys, if you p-p-please."

The delighted grocer very willingly complied with the unusual request, and said in his politest tones: "These are the tough ones, sir."

Upon which the merchant coolly put his hand upon the remaining four, and exclaimed: "I'll t-t-take th-th-these!"

A daughter of one of the first families in Kansas City thus rehearsed a "family jar": "Father got mad because mother starched his stockings; mother picked up the stockings and hit father with them, and it sounded as though they were sticks of wood; father then stuffed a hot wheatcake down mother's throat; then mother set the dog on father, and twisted the dog's tail to make him bite harder."

Things have changed in Washington. A representative said to a person at the door of the American Senate, "I want to get shaved and have my boots blacked." The man thus familiarly addressed happened to be one of the coloured representatives, who quietly replied, "Excuse me, I's not a wai-lah; I's a membah!"

FROM PENNSYLVANIA.

LANCASTER, PA., July 31, 1871.

MR. JAMES I. FELLOWS.—Sir: I am pleased to inform you that my health is improving under the use of your Hypophosphites. Excessive tax of the brain had so exhausted my body that I could neither work nor enjoy myself, and it was with difficulty that I could sleep at all. I tried rest, and active exercise, various medicinal remedies, and the most popular physicians, and accidentally heard of your Syrup in New York. I purchased three bottles at Caswell & Hazard's, and until I used that nothing relieved me. Now I can eat well, and have good reason to consider your Syrup a most surprising and capital restorer of the mind and nervous system, and advise all who have much brain work to take it. You are at liberty to use this as you may.

Yours very truly,  
JEROME SHENK, Insurance Agent.

To protect the understanding of humanity nothing there is like leather fastened together by CARL SCHWAB WINE. Boots and Shoes made in this way never rip, or leak or come apart.

DOMINION BUILDING SOCIETY,

Office, 55 St. James Street,

PRESIDENT.—Edm. Gravel, Esq.; Vice-President, P. Donnelly, Esq.

DIRECTORS.—Ls. Belanger, Esq., Chas. Lamoureux, Esq., M. H. Brissette, Esq., L. W. Telmess, Esq., Robt. McCready, Esq.

FOUNDED, 14th AUGUST, 1872.

First issue, subscribed Appropriation Stock, \$1,000,000.

Second issue, \$2,000,000, open for subscription until 1st November, 1872.

As the Subscription Books for the first issue, are now closed, persons wishing Books of \$1,000, payable fifty cents a week during about thirteen years, can do so only by purchasing and having transfers made of Books from actual members. Owing to the success of the first issue, and the many applications for new shares, the Directors have resolved to issue 20,000 new shares of appropriation stock in Books of \$2,000 each, payable at the rate of one dollar a week, during about 13 years, with an entrance fee of one dollar a Book. Subscription Books for such second issue are now open, the entrance fee and Book are payable on subscription, the first weekly payment to be made about the first of November.

Permanent Stock, shares \$100, payable ten per cent, every three months; dividends half-yearly.

MONEY TO LEND,

On Mortgage, repayable yearly, or half-yearly, or by monthly instalments, during any period of time the may suit borrowers, from one to twelve years, or more if necessary. Also on Collateral Securities repayable on call, at short dates, or by monthly half-yearly, or yearly payments, to suit borrowers.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Until further notice, interest at the rate of six per cent shall be granted on all loans, under \$500, made to the Society on call or short notice, as in a Saving Bank.

Five per cent shall be given on loans of over \$500, but arrangements can be made to obtain six per cent on such amounts over \$500, if lent to the Society for fixed dates.

The 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th Appropriations of the first issue have been declared for Saturday, 11 19th Oct., 1872.

Persons wishing to subscribe in the Permanent Stock, or in the second issue of Appropriation Stock are requested to do so at once.

F. A. QUINN, Secretary-Treasurer.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

IS HEREBY given that the Corporation of the Town of Terrebonne, will apply to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at the next Session for the passing of an Act: to change and extend the limits of the town, to extend the powers already granted as to acquire others for the confection and repairs of its roads and streets, to empower the Council for the payment of a certain contribution, for the use of the water furnished by the Town Water Work, and for other ends relating to the internal management of the Council and Town. By Command,  
O. FORGET,  
Secretary Treasurer.

CITY HALL,  
Terrebonne, 14th October, 1872.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869,

AND AMENDMENTS THEREOF. IN the matter of GEORGE DE LORMIER, of the village of Caughnawaga, Trader.

An Insolvent. I, the undersigned, Andrew B. Stewart, have been appointed assignee in this matter. Creditors are requested to file their claims before me, within a month; and are hereby notified to meet at my Office in the said City of Montreal, on Thursday, Fourteenth day of November next, at the hour of Two o'clock in the afternoon, for the publication of the Insolvent, and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally. The Insolvent hereby notified to attend.

A. B. STEWART,  
MONTREAL, 12th October, 1872.

**WANTED**—A Male Teacher, to teach in the R. C. S. Section No. 1, in the Township of Grattan, during the remaining part of the current year—application to be made to,  
**JAMES BONFIELD,**  
**B. E. RODDEN,**  
**M. J. KEARNEY, Trustees.**  
 S. HOWARD, Secretary & Treasurer.

**Select School for Young Ladies.**—ON MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 2nd, the MISSSES GRANT will OPEN A SELECT SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, in the House formerly occupied by the late Capt. Ibbotson, situated near Papineau Square. The Course of Instruction will embrace the usual English branches, with French and Music. By unremitting devotion to the moral and mental improvement of those placed under their charge, the Misses Grant hope to merit a share of public patronage.  
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Half-Boarders.....	25 00 "
Tuition only.....	10 00 "
Music, Piano, \$1 50 per month.....	15 00 "
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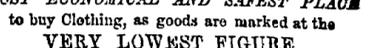
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O'FLAHERTY & BODEN, (Successors to G. & J. Moore), HATTERS and FURRIERS, No. 269 Notre Dame Street. The Subscribers would respectfully inform their patrons and the public that they have removed the whole of their Stock-in-trade from 221 McGill to No. 269 Notre Dame Street, the premises lately occupied by Messrs. G. & J. Moore, and next door to Savage, Lyman & Co., Jewellers. Their stock comprises every novelty in Hats from the best houses, and they would invite attention to their stock of STRAW GOODS, which is large and varied. They will make it their constant study to merit a continuance of the generous patronage bestowed on them, for which they beg to tender their most sincere thanks.

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