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The True Witness

AND

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, APRIL 19, 1872.

NO. 36.

FLORENCE O'NEILL, THE ROSE OF ST. GERMAINS, OR, THE SIEGE OF LIMERICK.

By Miss AGNES M. STEWART, author of the "World and Cloister," "Lily in the Cloister," "Grace O'Halloran," &c.

(From the Catholic Mirror.)

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

She sat up in her bed, and bent forward in the attitude of one who listens intently; and, at the same moment, a small Bleuheim spaniel, which always slept on her hearth rug, leaped on the bed, howling piteously.

"Ah, gracious heaven," she said to herself, "I am right; that noise is the crackling of wood, and the sagacious little animal warns me of danger."

The next moment, Florence had leaped from her bed, the air was already hot, the oaken flooring on which she stood felt warm, and had, doubtless, alarmed the instinct of the dog.

She hastily threw on a dressing-gown, put her feet in her slippers, snatched some valuable trinkets which lay on the table, and rushed from her room, closely followed by her dog.

Her chamber was on the same side of the palace as the queen's apartments; she had no thought but to save her life. A thrilling shriek burst from her lips, for she was aware now she was in the gallery, that the next suite of apartments was in flames, and with the speed of an affrighted fawn, she fled to the queen's chamber.

"Awake, madam, awake, shrieked the affrighted girl. "Here, lean on me," she added, dragging the queen, still half asleep, from her bed. "Hasten for your life, we may not yet be in time, for we must go back the way I came."

The queen, still scarcely conscious, was thus half through the gallery, before a knot of ladies and servants had found their way to her chamber, and the fire had made such progress that it was with difficulty they escaped with their lives.

In her night dress only, the queen was hurried into St. James' Park, still leaning heavily on the arm of her young maid of honor, the whole Park lighted up by the bright red glare from the burning palace.

Accompanied by the ladies attached to her person, the distressed queen made her way hastily along in the direction of St. James' Palace in this pitiable condition. But she was doomed to suffer still more mortification on this memorable night.

An immense throng of persons had, by this time, assembled, and a cry of "The queen, the queen," was raised, as Mary crossed the Park on her way to the Palace of St. James.

Amongst these persons were two gentlemen, Sir John Feurick and Colonel Ogglethorpe; they were both warmly attached to the interests of her father.

The bright red glow from the burning palace revealed to them the pale features of her Majesty, who was speechless with fear, and the soddenness with which she had been dragged from her bed. For naturally a very heavy sleeper, she had not been aroused by the shrieks of Florence, or the speedy alarm that had followed them. Indeed, she was, so to speak, but half asleep when hurried out of her chamber.

Sir John and the Colonel followed her through the Park, on her way to the Palace; it was too good an opportunity for these steady adherents of her father to let slip by without telling the queen the truth. Accordingly they reviled her with many hard words; they bade her remember that her filial sins would come home to her, sooner or later "and notoriously insulted her," says another manuscript authority.*

Doubtless, her savagely unfeeling conduct when she took possession of this very palace, the principal portion of which was consumed on that night, was still fresh in their minds, together with her shameful refusal to let her father have his personal wardrobe, or to restore to her unfortunate step-mother, the cabinet of silver filigree which she had asked for.

The long gallery was burnt, together with most of the royal apartments, with those of the king's officers and servants, and many invaluable portraits and treasures.

At length, overcome with terror, shame, and vexation, the queen reached the palace, and rooms were immediately prepared for her and her ladies, but to think of sleep again, during that terrible night, was out of the question.

The reproaches levelled at her in the Park, in the presence of others, were the more painful on account of their truthfulness. She was much dismayed, too, by the loss occasioned by this disastrous fire, as well as really ill from fright and exposure to the night air.

On the following day she kept her room.—The next morning she sent for Florence. "I have very much to say to you, Florence," said the queen, in a cold, frigid tone of voice. "I will commence by observing that you are too young, methinks, to take so much upon your-

self, as you have done; there are many now in the Tower, and there are some who have been condemned to death for far less than you have been guilty of. Nay, do not start and turn pale, child, but hear me out. It has come to my knowledge that you have presumed to mix yourself up with the conspiracy, for which Mr. Ashton has, this morning, suffered the extreme penalty of the law. Nay, even whilst you have been about our person, and enjoying our patronage, you took the opportunity of a visit to your aged uncle, to disguise yourself, and seek Ashton in his prison but two days before his execution. I would ask if you have come here to help, by your puny efforts, those malecontents whom I am resolved to crush by the strong arm of the law; if so, why should I not do by you as I do by others."

The tone of contempt, assumed by the queen, stung Florence to the quick; but she was wholly in the queen's power, and she replied:

"Gracious madam, I knew the unfortunate Ashton well. I crave your forgiveness for my stolen visit to him, but though I was aware I incurred the risk of your displeasure, I could not resist the desire I felt, once again, to visit him, before he suffered a violent death."

"Nor could you resist, young mistress, the wish to combine with those who have but suffered their just deserts. You have been within an ace of committing to the Tower; and know you why you are pardoned? I will tell you," continued the queen, "because you risked your own life to save mine on the night of the fire. On that night when I dismissed you, I had resolved to sign a warrant for your commitment to the Tower on the morrow. Moreover, by your acts you have laid yourself open to the loss of the estates you will inherit from your uncle, and from Miss O'Neill. But my pardon is full and entire: in any other person's case, within the whole of our kingdom, their lands would be forfeited to the crown, for far less contumacious behavior than your own. I forgive you, Mistress Florence, in memory of the night on which you periled your life to save my own."

It was as a part of the creed of Florence, to feel aversion for the princess who had usurped her father's throne. Nevertheless, she felt, at that moment, an attraction to the queen such as she had never before experienced; for well she knew, from the recent execution of Ashton, how unsparingly she had inflicted death itself on those who had presumed to aid her hapless father towards the restoration of his rights. At that moment, too, the expression which had so often reminded Florence of the unfortunate king, flitted across his once beloved daughter's face. For a brief period, she felt drawn towards the queen, whilst she expressed her gratitude for the full pardon she had received, and her happiness that it had been in her power to aid her.

"And now I expect, Mistress Florence, that you will make yourself contented in my Court, and mix yourself up with no affairs of State in future, for rest assured, whatever you may think of the matter, you are no strong-minded heroine, but a very timid one, imprudent and rash withal; and whilst you can do no possible good to those you love, may do very much mischief to yourself. As things now are, Mary of England cannot be unmindful of one to whom she doubtless owes her life, but had there been no fire at Whitehall, your own would have been in danger; or, let us say your liberty," she added, as though half sorry she had intimated the word "life," for a warm flush had mantled the cheek of Florence, as she thought of the peril she had so narrowly escaped.

Many conflicting feelings agitated her mind when she found herself in the solitude of her chamber. That Mary had had much to pardon in her conduct was no doubt, any more than the fact that the breaking out of the fire had been a providential thing for her; for well she knew the queen would have made good her threat. Then again came the question, how had Mary found out that Florence had mixed herself up with the plot, for which Ashton suffered; and, at last, she did not like to think that he had been so craven-hearted as needlessly to mention her name. She could not help cringing Lord Preston, and her suspicion was a correct one, and she came also to the not unlikely conclusion that emissaries of the government were actively employed in tracing out the movements of all those who were known to be of the Jacobite party; and that Mary's suspicious once excited, it was no very difficult matter to discover how she had spent her time on the day in which she left the palace avowedly only to visit her uncle.

That the young lady's pride and self-love was deeply wounded by the almost pitying and contemptuous language the queen had chosen to use, there was little cause for wonder, but she was compelled to own to herself that she was no match for Mary, and that it were wise to submit with a good grace, seeing that the queen had full power to do with her as best pleased herself.

Well was it for her that the confusion on the morning following the fire had put out of her head poor Ashton's execution.

The scene with his wife and children on the previous evening had been heart-rending, but

he died with courage and magnanimity.* He gave a paper to the Sheriff, in which he owned his attachment to King James, witnessed to the birth of the Prince of Wales, denied that he knew the contents of the papers that had been found upon him, complained of the hard treatment he had met with from the judges and declared that he forgave them before heaven.

CHAPTER XXI.—THORNS IN THE DIADEM.

Was Mary of England a happy woman after she had wrested the crown from her father's brows?

Alas, no; the path of wrong-doing and usurpation never can bring contentment, even apart from the aggravation of filial ingratitude and treachery to one who, be his faults what they may, was boundless in his indulgence to his children. From her first accession to the throne her path had not been strewn with roses, though she is reported to have made a smart repartee to her sister, who pitied her for the fatigue she suffered on the day of her coronation, replied:

"A crown, sister, is not so heavy as it appears."

The frenzied state of mind of the English people regarding religion proved Mary and William's sheet-anchor. But for the fanaticism and intolerance which then reigned supreme, the partisans of the sailor-king were so numerous and influential that Mary never could have gained her unrighteous ends.

Even as it was throughout the whole of her short reign, her mind was always in a state of agitation on account of the numerous risings all over the country in favor of the hapless king she had dethroned.

There can be little doubt in the minds of those who look impartially on the events which took place at the epoch of which we write, that the unfortunate Stuart race were in advance of the times in which they lived. After all, blame him as you may, James the Second asked but for that toleration of the down-trodden Catholics of these kingdoms which has been granted them in more tolerant and enlightened times.†

The greatest offence, too, was taken at his admitting Catholics into the army, for it was a breach of the Test Act, by which, besides taking the oaths, they were obliged, under the penalty of forfeiting five hundred pounds, to receive the Sacrament according to the rites of the Church of England within six months of their admission into any employment, civil or military.

For this, his most just and equitable attempt to relieve his Catholic subjects, as also for the Declaration of Liberty of Conscience, which he commanded the bishops to read in the churches, he has been most severely blamed; but the latter had been published a whole year before, so that it was no new thing. There was time enough to consider the matter, and, since many of them had complied with his wish, he most unfortunately grew obstinate, and thought himself justified in punishing with imprisonment zealous and worthy men like Sancroft, Kerr, and others who did not.

And even with regard to this Declaration, what was it that was so outrageous in the attempt of the king? Neither more nor less, we reply, than the heinous crime of trying to place the long suffering, persecuted, trodden-down Catholic Church on a par with the Church of England. As we write these lines we have but one feeling, and that is of profound astonishment that men so good and upright and conscientious as those bishops undoubtedly were (their conduct later with regard to James, who had thrust them into the Tower, alone proves this) should have allowed their minds to be so swayed by the intolerance of the times as to have denied the liberty of conscience to their Catholic brethren which they so prized themselves.

The uncompromising Sancroft was a sore thorn in Mary's side. When she sent for his blessing he sent back word to her "to ask her father's blessing first, without which his would be useless." He refused to crown her and her husband, as also to allow them to be prayed for as sovereigns, and with some four or five others, forsook their livings rather than violate their consciences.

Alas, for Queen Mary, the crown, despite all her ambition and love of power, must have been a weary weight oftentimes, during the short six years God permitted her to wear it.

On the day of her coronation she received it laden with her father's malediction, and to retain it she and her sister Anne spread the vilest reports as to the spurious birth of the Prince of Wales, then made religion, or rather the fanaticism of the times, the stepping-stone for the usurpation. She celebrated as a glorious victory the disastrous battle of the Boyne, and had the standards and other spoils taken from her father borne in triumphant procession, and then hung up in St. James' Chapel.

The irritation such actions as these produced amongst the adherents of her father may be better imagined than described.

Florence was now behind the scenes, and would have liked marvellously well to be en-

* Vide Smollett's History.
† Rev. James Stanier Clarke's Life of James the Second.

abled to transmit to the court at St. Germain faithful accounts as to how matters went on in the royal household, but no earthly being was near in whom she could confide, and her uncle was too aged, and, in fact, becoming too much of an invalid, to trust with any dangerous correspondence.

Jealousies, too, long brooding between the queen and her sister, had at length burst out into a flame. It is somewhat amusing to note, in looking over the records of the past, how these two royal ladies conducted themselves after they had played into each other's hands as far as their father was concerned.

Behind the scenes; yes, it is quite true, the truth cannot be concealed from dependents, whether our state be cast in the palace or the cottage, in public or in private life. I know not how it should be so, but that extremes oftentimes meet. Perhaps the difference in the disposition of her *protégée* to her own made Mary, in time, rather begin to like her than otherwise, as much as she could like any one beyond her husband. She must have known, too, that there was an aching void in the girl's heart, caused by herself, and of her own making, and so endeavored to make some small atonement for the tyrannical restraint she put upon her, by a meagre show of sympathy and kindness.

Any way, Florence was more frequently with her than any of her other maids of honor, and, consequently, she was privy to many a sorrow that the outer world recked little of.

Submissive wife! how well your Dutch lord rewarded you is no new matter.

"That property—whose was it, indeed, but the private fortune of my father, inherited from the Earldoms of Ulster and Clare—I asked him to give it for the endowments of public schools; and, oh, how bitter, Elizabeth Villiers, my rival in his affections, is to have it all; it is very, very hard," and as she spoke, a low, anguished sob from the queen burst forth, betraying the deep misery of her heart.

Unheard, unnoticed, Florence had entered the boudoir, an unwilling witness of Queen Mary's grief. She coughed aloud in order to attract her attention. In her own mind she thought it no great loss that the Irish, so grievously afflicted during the reign of William, had lost the benefit of the schools Mary would have endowed to perpetuate them from their faith; but of the infamy of the use the king had put the property to there could be no doubt.

But the joy expressed in her countenance whenever William of Orange honored Kensington with his presence, was enough to show the happiness she felt; and when he scolded, which, morose as he was, was not unfrequently the case, she was too submissive a wife to repine, but bore with the greatest patience the caprices and outbreaks of his sarcastic and cynical temper.

Behold them settled in their new palace, only for a season; for, as usual, the king's sojourns in England were short and interrupted. Florence held him in horror. Such coarseness as he was guilty of she had not been in the habit of witnessing. It was his inhospitality and vulgarity at the dinner-table which had so disgusted her uncle; and once, with unmitigated disgust, she beheld him, when a small dish of peaches, the first of the season, were put on the table, draw the whole before him, and devour them without offering one to the queen. She was not surprised, however, because she had heard Lady Marlborough mention, as an incident of the same kind, that the Princess Anne, having dined with the king and queen, some green peas were placed before her, but the king, having a mind to them, ate them without offering any to her or the queen.

Early one morning, a very short time after the king had returned to Kensington, Florence, being from habit an early riser, was just finishing her toilette, when the old, awful sound she had heard the night of the fire at Whitehall again broke upon her ears, but mingled with the roar of flames and the crackling of wood rose the voice of the king shouting for his sword. "His sword," thought Florence, "is he bereft of his senses?" But, no, no; as with his wife, the case was the same with him. They had treacherously usurped the crown, and so they imagined treachery always busy about themselves. The king had mistaken the noise occasioned by the destructive element, and the outcries of his attendants, for an attack upon his palace. And amidst all the horror and alarm of an awful fire, the risible faculties of Florence were aroused to a degree of mirth she could with difficulty conceal, on meeting the king in one of the adjacent galleries hastening forward, as one demented, and calling loudly for his sword.*

"It is fire, your Majesty," said Florence; "see, your attendants are coming to apprise you of it. We had best hasten away, the rooms near the stone gallery are in flames."

She was correct. It was found to be accidental, and it was some time before the flames could be subdued. Treachery had nothing to do with these two calamities which pursued the king and queen, one quickly after the other. Nevertheless, that they should suspect treason lurked under all the untoward accidents of

life, showed clearly that they knew they had just cause for apprehension.

CHAPTER XXII.—THE COCK-PIT; OR, THE HOME OF THE PRINCESS ANNE.

Such was the name of the residence which Charles the Second bestowed upon his niece, when she became the bride of Prince George of Denmark.

This mansion was adjacent to the palace of Whitehall, and was built by Henry the Eighth, who was, doubtless, well fitted to enjoy the brutal sport signified by the name the palace bore.

In a boudoir, tastefully decorated, adorned with hangings of pale blue and amber satin, a lady is seated, with an open letter in her hand. Her face is round and pleasant-looking, rather than handsome; she has rich chestnut hair, and a high color; the eyelids are contracted, arising from inflammation in the eyes in her childhood, and those who do not know the cause of this contraction, which imparts a sort of frown to the expression of an otherwise pleasing countenance, might think it the effect of a sullen temper.

Standing, or rather peering, against the chimney-piece, is a lady of bold and masculine demeanor. Her very appearance is that of a woman who will fight hard to carry any point in view. She is exasperated just now, and she nervously beats the ground with her foot, and picks off the waxen leaves of a camelia in a vase just by.

The lady we first mentioned is Anno, Princess of Denmark. The imperious dame beside her is the notorious Sarah Churchill, afterwards Duchess of Marlborough.

"Refused, and refused in such a way!" said the princess, in a tone of indignation, again perusing her letter as she spoke.

"Yes," was the reply, "and to dare refuse your request after all that my lord has done in Ireland, I really do not know how to contain myself. I feel so irritated, so enraged."

"And yet the refusal of my request, contemptuously as it is worded, is not worse for you than what the prince and myself have had to suffer at the hands of Caliban. Could anything be worse than that Dutch monster's leading him to believe that he might serve him as a volunteer at sea, and then when he has made his preparations, and sent all on board the ship he was to sail in, my sister floozeth refuses to let him go with the fleet? What do you think our feelings were when Rochester, whom we both love so dearly, was sent to explain the queen's pleasure (that Prince George was to relinquish his intention of going to sea, and let it appear as if he did so of his own free will.) Then when she found he would not submit to such a message, privately sent, there comes one in form to forbid his embarkation.†"

"Yes, madam, and it is a marvel to me how you can submit so patiently, and after giving up your place in the succession, too, to that Caliban, as you so justly call him, how you can meet the queen as if nothing had happened after such signal affronts, fills me with astonishment; but I, madam, am not so placable. The Order of the Garter is but a due reward to my husband's merit, and instead of taking that into consideration, the queen refuses, and couches her refusal in the most contemptuous terms."

"There is nothing to be done but to submit, my dear friend," said the princess. "I cannot help your disappointment. You well know what we ourselves are called on to undergo, and how my sister's anger has been excited by the pension of fifty thousand pounds having been granted to me. We cannot help ourselves while this Caliban lives."

"I pray you, madam, do not trouble on my account," replied Lady Marlborough. "I do know what you and the prince have to put up with, but a sunshiny day may yet come when we shall be rewarded for what we are at present made to undergo."

Lady Marlborough sat her down, and was buried in thought for a few moments. Vague ideas were floating through her mind as to whether they could not conspire with other disaffected ones, and so hurl the Dutch monarch and his consort from the possession of the regal power.

Meanwhile the unsuspecting Anne was thinking of Florence, and wondering why her sister should detain her at the court.

"What think you of Florence O'Neill?" she remarked. "Is it not strange the queen should keep her near her person. That young Jacobite's head has hatched plots already, she tells me, young as she is."

"Nay, madam, mayhap her majesty wishes to keep the young lady out of further mischief. She keeps a watchful eye, depend on it. A long head, too, that girl has got. She does not like Caliban, I am certain; she was so amused at certain anecdotes I told her about him, and yet was silent herself."

"But the queen found her at mischief once," replied Anno. "My sister told me herself that but for that girl saving her life when the palace at Whitehall was on fire, she knew that about her that she scarce thinks confinement in the Tower would have atoned for. She may have learned a lesson of prudence since then, and

* Tyndal's Continuation of Rapier.

† Dalrymple's Appendix.

* Birch M.S., British Museum.

have a wholesome fear of the queen's wrath." "And what a life for the girl to lead, madam. She is only like a prisoner, you know—a sort of captive, nothing else. Think, too, what the St. Germain people must endure about her. Why, the late queen loved the girl as though she were her own child, and the queen knows it. Then, too, she is kept unmarried; I really pity her. But, do you know, madam, such strange thoughts were running through my head when you spoke to me of Florence O'Neill."

"And, pray, what was the tenor of your thoughts?" asked the princess. "If the king over the water were here, madam, then we should not suffer at the hands of Caliban." "Ah, no, the monster," said Anne, laughing at the epithets which she and her favorite applied to the Dutch monarch when together, unconscious that they had a household spy in Lady Fitzharding, the sister of Elizabeth Villiers, through whom the king and queen always knew, in a very few hours, all that happened at the Cork-pit, and also every hard and abusive name that was applied to William."

"Would it be quite out of the question to apply to the king, madam; to the late king, I mean?" Lady Marlborough was coming more directly to the point she had in view. The princess flushed very painfully, her favorite was touching on a delicate subject. Anne had disseminated the vilest slanders as to the birth of the Prince of Wales, and had done all that lay in her power to despoil her father of his crown; how shall she retrace the steps she has trod; how undo the mischief she has wrought: sincere repentance can alone atone for the latter, the injury is far beyond her power to repair.

The imperious favorite saw the agitation of her mistress and again returned to the topic. "No more of this," replied the princess, "I charge you let the subject drop."

Lady Marlborough submitted for the present, but only to bring it forwards later, with what result the reader shall presently become acquainted.

† Cox's Life of Marlborough. (To be Continued.)

IRELAND'S VINDICATION.

REV. FATHER BURKE'S GREAT LECTURE.

"The History of Ireland, as told in Her Ruins."

(From the N. Y. Irish American.)

The following magnificent lecture was delivered on Friday, the 4th inst., in the Cooper Institute, New York, by the Very Rev. Thomas N. Burke, to a very large and highly appreciative audience. Colonel W. R. Roberts, in a few well chosen remarks, introduced the lecturer, who, on coming forward, was received with a burst of cheering which lasted for some minutes. When quiet was at last restored, he said—

Ladies and Gentlemen,—Before I approach the subject of this evening's lecture, I have one or two announcements to make. I have been requested to announce that, on Tuesday, the 30th April, I shall lecture in St. Stephen's Church, in the cause of the mission, which, by command of the Sovereign Pontiff, has been sent to America, to preach the Gospel to the colored people; and the subject of that evening's lecture will be "The Catholic Church, the True Emancipator." I have also to announce to you, that on next Sunday evening, in this hall, there will be a lecture delivered by Mr. Rogers, the subject of which will be "The Catholic Citizen of the United States." The gentleman who will deliver this lecture is a man who has sacrificed a great deal in order to follow his convictions, and his convictions led him from the Protestant to the Catholic Church. And he brought with him, on the day that he came into the Catholic Church a bright intellect, and an honest, loving heart; and therefore I recommend his lecture to you.

I have, finally, to apologize to you in all earnestness, for appearing before you this evening in my habit (applause). The reason why I put off my black cloth coat and put on this dress—the Dominican habit—is, first of all, because I never felt at home in a black coat (cheers). When God called me, the only son of an Irish father and an Irish mother, from the home of the old people, and told me that it was His will that I should belong to Him in the Sanctuary, the father and mother gave me up without a sigh, because they were Irish parents, and had the Irish faith and love for the Church in their hearts (cheers). And from the day I took the habit—from that day to this—I never felt at home in any other dress, and if I were to come before you this evening in black cloth, like a layman, and not like an Irish Dominican friar, I might, perhaps, break down in my lecture (laughter). But there is another reason why I appear before you in this white habit: because I am come to speak to you of the ruins that cover the face of the old land; I am come to speak to you, and to tell you of the glory and the shame, and the joy, and the sorrow that these ruins so eloquently tell of; and when I look upon them, in spirit now, my mind sweeps over the intervening ocean, and I stand in imagination under the ivied and moss-covered arches of Athlone, or Sligo, or Clare-Galway, or Kilkenny; or the view that rises before me of the former inmates of these holy places, is a vision of white-robed Dominicans, and of brown Franciscans; and, therefore, in coming to speak to you in this garment, of the glorious history which they tell us, I feel more myself, more in consonance with the subject of which I have to speak in appearing before you as the child and the representative—no matter how unworthy—of the Irish friars—the Irish priests and patriots who sleep in Irish graves to-night (tremendous cheers).

And now, my friends, the most precious—the grandest—inheritance of any people, is that people's history. All that forms the national character of a people, their tone of thought, their devotion, their love, their sympathies, their antipathies, their language,—all this is found in their history, as the effect is found in its cause, as the Autumn speaks of the Spring. And the philosopher who wishes to analyse a people's character and to account for it,—to account for the national desires, hopes, aspirations, for the strong sympathies or antipathies that sway a people,—must go back to the deep recesses of their history; and there, in ages long gone by, will he find the seeds that produced the fruit that he attempts to account for. And he will find that the nation of today is but the child and the offspring of the nation of by-gone ages; for it is written truly, that "the child is father to the man." When, therefore, we come to consider the desires of nations, we find that every people is most strongly desirous to preserve its history even as every man is anxious to preserve the record of his life; for history is the record of a people's life. Hence it is that, in the libraries of the more ancient nations we find the earliest histories of the primal races of mankind, written upon the durable vellum, the imperishable asbestos, or some-

times deeply carved, in mystic and forgotten characters on the granite stone, or pictured rock, showing the desire of the people to preserve their history, which is to preserve the memory of them, just as the old man dying said "Lord, keep my memory green!"

But, besides these more direct and documentary evidences, the history of every nation is enshrined in the national traditions, in the national music and song; much more it is written in the public buildings that cover the face of the land. These, silent and in ruins tell most eloquently their tale. To-day "the stone may be crumbled, the wall decayed;" the clustering ivy may, perhaps, uphold the tottering ruin, to which it clung in the days of its strength; but

"The sorrows, the joys of which once they were part, Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng."

They are the voices of the past; they are the voices of ages long gone by. They rear their venerable and beautiful gray heads high over the land they adorn; and they tell us the tale of the glory or of the shame, of the strength or of the weakness, of the prosperity or of the adversity of the nation to which they belong—(cheers). This is the volume which we are about to open; this is the volume which we are about to call forth from their gray and ivied ruins that cover the green bosom of Ireland: we are about to go back up the highways of history and, as it were, to breast and to stem the stream of time, to-day, taking our start from the present hour in Ireland. (Loud cheers). What have we here? It is a stately church—rivalling, perhaps surpassing,—in its glory the grandeur of by-gone times. We behold the solid buttresses, the massive wall, the high tower, the graceful spire piercing the clouds, and upholding, high towards heaven, the symbol of man's redemption, the glorious sign of the Cross. We see in the stone windows, the massive tracery, so solid, so strong and so delicate. What does this tell us? Here is this Church, so grand, yet so fresh and now and clean from the mason's hand. What does it tell us? It tells us of a race that has never decayed; it tells us of a people that have never lost their faith nor their love; it tells us of a nation as strong in its energy for every highest and holiest purpose, to-day, as it was in the ages that are past and gone forever (renewed cheering).

We advance just half a century up the highway of time; and we come upon that which has been familiar, perhaps, to many amongst you, as well as to me,—the plain, unpretending little chapel, in some by-lane of the town or city,—or the plain and humble little chapel in some some-by-way in the country, with its thatched roof, its low ceiling, its earthen floor, its wooden altar. What does this tell us! It tells us of a people struggling against adversity, it tells us of a people making their first effort, after 300 years of blood, to build up a house, however humble, for their God (cheers); it tells us of a people who had not yet shaken off the traditions of their slavery, upon whose hands the chains still hang, and the wounds inflicted by those chains are still rankling; it tells us of a people who sincerely yet know how to engage in the glorious work of church edification, because they scarcely yet realized the privilege that they were to be allowed to live in the land that bore them (loud cheers). Let us reverently bow down our heads and salute these ancient places—these ancient, humble little chapels, in town or country, where we,—men of middle age,—made our first confession and received our first communion; let us salute these places, hallowed in our memories by the first, and therefore the strongest, the purest, holiest recollections and associations of our lives; and, pilgrims of history let us turn into the dreary, solitary road that lies before us. It is a road of three hundred years of desolation and bloodshed; it is a road that leads through martyr's and patriot's graves; it is a road that is wet with the tears and with the blood of a persecuted and down-trodden people; it is a road that is pointed out to us by the sign of the Cross, the emblem of the nation's faith, and by the site of the martyr's grave, the emblem of the nation's undying fidelity to God (cheers).

And now what venerable ruin is that which rises before our eyes, moss-crowned, embedded in clustering ivy? It is a church, for we see the mullions of the great east window of the sanctuary, through which once flowed, through angel and saints depicted thereon, the mellow sunshine that warmed up the arch above, and made mosaics upon the church and altar. It is a church of the Mediaeval Choral Orders,—for I see the lancet windows, the choir where the religious were accustomed to chant,—yet popular and, much frequented by the people, for I see, outside the choir an ample space; the side-aisles are unnumbered, and the side-chapels with altars,—the mind of the architect clearly intending an ample space for the people; yet it is not too large a church; for it is generally one that the preacher's voice can easily fill. Outside of it runs the square of the ruined cloister, humble enough, yet most beautiful in its architecture. But now, church and cloister alike are filled with the graves—the homes of the silent dead. Do I recall to the loving memory of any one amongst you scenes that have been familiar to your eyes in the dear and the green old land? Are there not those amongst you, who have looked with eyes softened by love, and by the sadness of the recollections recalled to the mind, under the chancel and the choir, under the ample space of nave and aisle of the old abbey of Athlone; or in the old Abbey of Kilkenny, or such as these? What tale do these tell? They tell of a nation that, although engaged in a hard-fought and desperate struggle for its national life, yet in the midst of its wars, was never unmindful of its God—they tell of Ireland when the clutch of the Saxon was upon her,—when the sword was unsheathed that was never to know its scabbard, from that day until this, and that never will, until the diadem of perfect freedom rests upon the virgin brow of Ireland. (Here the audience burst into a prolonged shout of applause, which was again repeated). They tell of the glorious days, when Ireland's Church and Ireland's Nationality joined hands; and when the priest and the people rose up to enter upon a glorious combat for freedom. These were the homes of the Franciscan and the Dominican friars,—the men who during three hundred years of their residence in Ireland, recalled, in these cloisters, the ancient glories of Lismore, and of Glendalough, and of Armagh; the men who, from the time they first raised these cloisters, never left the land,—never abandoned the old soil, but lingered around their ancient homes of happiness, of sanctity, and of peace, and tried to keep near the old walls, just as Magdalen lingered round the empty tomb, on Easter morning, at Jerusalem (great cheering). They tell of the sanctuaries, where the hunted head of the Irish patriot found refuge and a place of security; they tell the Irish historian of the National Councils, formed for State purposes within them. These venerable walls, if they could speak, would tell us how the wavering were encouraged and strengthened, and the brave and gallant fired with the highest and noblest purpose, for God and Erin; how the traitor was detected, and the false-hearted denounced; and how the Nation's life-blood was kept warm, and her wounds were staunch by the wise councils of the old Franciscan and Dominican friars (cheers). All this, and more, would these walls tell, if they could speak; for they have witnessed all this. They witnessed it until the day came—the day of war, the sword, and blood—that drove forth their saintly inmates from their loving shelter, and devoted themselves to desolation and decay.

Let us bow down, fellow-Irishmen, with reverence and love, as we pass under the shadow of these ancient walls. And now stepping a few years—scarcely fifty years further on, on the road of our history,—passing as we go along under the frowning,

dark feudal castles of the Fitzgeralds, of the De Laceys, the DeCources, the Fitzdelms, and I regret to say, the De Burges,—the castles that tell us always of the terror of the invaders, of the land, hiding themselves in their strong holds, because they could not trust to the love of the people, who hated them; and because they were afraid to meet the people in the open field (renewed cheers);—passing under the frowning shadows of these castles, suddenly we stand amazed—crushed as it were to the earth, by the glories that rise before us, in the ruins of Mellifont, in the ruins of Dunbrodie, in the awful ruins of Holy Cross and of Cashel, that we see yet up-lifting, in solem grandeur, their stately heads in ruined beauty over the land which they once adorned. There do we see the vestiges of the most magnificent architecture, some of the grandest buildings that ever yet were raised upon this earth for God or for man (renewed cheering). There do we see the lofty side walls pierced with huge windows, filled with the most delicate tracery; there, when we enter in we throw our eyes aloft with wonder, and see the goined, massive arches of the ceiling upholding the mighty tower; there do we see the grandeur of the ancient Cistercians, and the Canons Regular of St. Augustine, and the Benedictines.—What tale do they tell us? Oh, they tell us a glorious tale of our history and of our people. These were the edifices that were built and founded in Ireland during the brief respite that the nation had, from the day that she drove the last Dane out, until the day that the first accursed Norman came (cheers). A short time, a brief period; too brief, alas! too brief! Ireland exhausted after her three hundred years of Danish invasion, turned her first thoughts and her first energies to build up the ancient places that were ruined,—to restore and to clothe the sanctuaries of her faith, with a splendor such as the nation never had seen before.

We will pass on. And now, a mountain road lies before us. The land is filled again, for three centuries, with desolation and with bloodshed and with sorrow. The hill-sides, on either hand of our path, are strewn with the bodies of the slain; the valleys are filled with desolation and ruin; the air resounds to the ferocious battle-cry of the Dane, and to the brave battle-cry of the Celt, intermingled with the wailing of the widowed mother and the ravished maid; the air is filled with the crash and the shock of battle. In terrible on set, the lithe, active, mail-clad, fair-haired, blue-eyed warriors of the North meet the dark, stalwart Celt, and they close in mortal combat. Tolling along, pilgrims of history as we are, we come to the summit of Tara's Hill, and there we look in vain for a vestige of Ireland's ruins. But, now, after these three hundred years of our backward journey over the highway of history, we breathe the upper air. The sunshine of the Eighth Century, and of Ireland's three centuries of Christianity is upon our path. We breathe the purer air; we are amongst the mountains of God; and a sight the most glorious that nation ever presented opens itself before our eyes—the sight of Ireland's first three centuries of the glorious Faith of St. Patrick. Peace is upon the land.—Schools rise upon every hill and in every valley.—Every city is an immense school. The air again is filled with the sound of many voices; for students from every clime under the sun—the German, the Piet, the Cimbric, the Frank, the Italian, the Saxon, are all mingling together, conversing together in the universal language of the Church, Rome's old Latin. They have come, and they have covered the land; they have come in thousands and in tens of thousands, to hear from the lips of the world-renowned Irish saints, all the lore of ancient Greece and Rome, and to study in the lives of these saints, the highest degree and the noblest interpretation of Christian morality and Christian perfection (cheers). Wise rulers governed the land; her heroes were moved to mighty acts; and these men, who came from every clime to the university of the world—to the great masters of the nations—go back to their respective countries and tell the glorious tale of Ireland's strength and Ireland's sanctity,—of the purity of the Irish maidens,—of the learning and the saintliness of the Irish priesthood, of the wisdom of her kings and rulers,—of the sanctity of her people,—until at length, from out the recesses of history, there comes, floating upon the breezes of time, the voice of an adoring world, that proclaims my native land, in that happy epoch, and gives to her the name of the island of heroes, of saints and of sages (loud applause).

Look up. In imagination we stand, now, upon the highest level of Ireland's first Christianity. Above us, we behold, the venerable hill-top of Tara; and, beyond that, again, far away, and high up on the mountain, inaccessible by any known road of history, lies, amidst the gloom,—the mysterious cloud that hangs around the cradle of every ancient race, looming forth from pre-historic obscurity,—we behold the mighty Round Towers of Ireland. There they stand—

"The Pillar Towers of Ireland! how wondrously they stand By the rushing streams, in the silent glens and the valleys of the land— In mystic light, throughout the isle, they rear their heads sublime,— Those grey old pillar temples,—these conquerors of time." (Great cheering).

Now, having gone up to the cradle and fountain-head of our history, as told by its monuments and its ruins, we shall pause a little before we begin again our downward course. We shall pause for a few moments under the shadows of Ireland's Round Towers. There they stand most perfect in their architecture; stone fitted into stone with the most artistic nicety and regularity; every stone bound to its bed by a cement as hard as the stone itself; a beautiful calculation of the weight which was to be put upon it, and the foundation which was to sustain it, has arrived at this,—that, though thousands of years have passed over their hoary heads, there they stand, as firm to-day as on the day when they were first erected. There they stand, in perfect form, in perfect perpendicular; and the student of art in the 19th century can find matter for admiration and for wonder in the evidence of Ireland's civilization speaking loudly and eloquently by the voice of her most ancient Round Towers (cheers). Who built them? You have seen them: they are all over the Island. The traveller sails up the placid bosom of the lovely Blackwater, and whilst he admires its varied beauties, and Iris very heart within him is ravished by its loveliness, he beholds, high above its green banks, amidst the ruins of ancient Lismore, a venerable Round Tower lifting its grey head into the air. As he goes on, passing, as in a dream of delight, now by the valleys and the hills of lovely Wicklow, he admires the weeping alders that hang over the stream in sweet Avoca;—he admires the bold heights throwing their outlines so sharp and clear against the sky, and clothed to their very summits with the sweet-smelling purple heather;—he admires all this, until, at length, in a deep valley in the very heart of the hills, he beholds, reflecting itself in the deep waters of still Glendalough, the venerable "Round Tower of our days" (cheers). Or he has taken his departure from the Island of Saints, and when his ship's prow is turned towards the setting sun, he beholds upon the head-lands of the iron-bound coast of Mayo or western Galway the Round Tower of Ireland, the last thing the eye of the lover or traveller beholds (renewed cheers). Who built these towers, or for what purpose were they built? There is no record of reply, although the question has been repeated, age after age, for thousands of years. Who can tell?—They go so far back into the mists of history, as to have the lead of all the known events in the history

of our native land. Some say that they are of Christian origin; others, again, say, with equal probability, and perhaps, greater, that these venerable monuments are far more ancient than Ireland's Catholicity; that they were the temples of a by-gone religion, and, perhaps, of a long forgotten race. They may have been the temples of the ancient Fire-worshippers of Ireland; and the theory has been mooted, that, in the time, when our remotest forefathers worshiped the rising sun, the priest of the sun was accustomed to climb to the summit of the Round Tower, to turn his face to the east, and watch with anxiety the rising of the morning star, as it came up trampling in its silver beauty, above the eastern hills. Then, when the first rays of the sun illumined the valleys, he hailed its rising, and proclaimed to the people around him their duty of worship to the coming God. This is a theory that would connect Ireland's Round Towers with the most ancient form of religion—the false religion which truth dispelled when, coming with the sun of Heaven, and showing before Irish intellect the glories of the risen Saviour,—the brightness of the Heavenly sun dimmed forever the glory of the earthly, and dispelled the darkness of the human soul, which had filled the land before with its gloom (loud cheers). This is not the time nor the place to enter into an archaeological argument as to whether the Round Towers are of Pagan or Christian origin, or as to whether they are the offspring of the famous Goban Saor, or of any other architect (laughter), or of the men of the fifth or of the sixth centuries; or whether they go back into the times of which no vestige remains upon the pages of history or in the traditions of men—this, I say, is not the time to do it. I attempted this once, and whilst I was pursuing my argument, as I imagined, very learnedly and very profoundly, I saw a man sitting opposite to me, open his mouth, and he gave a yawn (laughter); and I said in my own mind, to myself, "My dear friend, if you do not close your dissertation, that man will never shut his mouth;" for I thought the top of his head would come off (tremendous laughter and cheers). But no matter what may be the truth of this theory or that, concerning the Round Towers, one thing is certain,—and this is the point to which I wish to speak,—that, as they stand to-day, in the strength of their material, in the beauty of their form, in the perfection of their architecture, in the scientific principles upon which they were built, and which they reveal, they are the most ancient amongst the records of the most ancient nations, and distinctly tell the glorious tale of the early civilization of the Irish people (cheers). For, my friends, remember that, amongst the evidences of progress, of civilization, amongst the nations, there is no more powerful argument or evidence than that which is given by their public buildings. When you reflect that many centuries afterwards,—ages after ages,—even after Ireland had become Catholic,—there was no such thing in England as a stone building of any kind, much less a stone church,—when you reflect that, outside the pale of the ancient civilization of Greece and Rome, there was no such thing known amongst the Northern and Western nations of Europe as a stone edifice of any kind; then I say, from this, I conclude that these venerable Pillar Temples of Ireland are the strongest argument for the ancient civilization of our race (cheers). But this also explains the fact that St. Patrick, when he preached in Ireland, was not persecuted; that he was not contradicted; that it was not asked of him, as of every other man that ever preached the Gospel for the first time to any people, to shed his blood in proof of his belief. No; he came not to a barbarous people,—not to an uncivilized race; but he came to a wonderfully civilized nation,—a nation which, though under the cloud of a false religion, had yet attained to established laws and a recognized and settled form of government, a high philosophical knowledge, a splendid national melody and poetry; and her bards, and the men who met St. Patrick, upon the hill of Tara, when he mounted it on that Easter morning, were able to meet him with solid arguments; were able to meet him with the clash which takes place when mind meets mind; and when he had convinced them, they showed the greatest proof of their civilization, by rising up, on the instant, to declare that Patrick's preaching was the truth, and that Patrick was a messenger of the true God (loud applause). We know for certain that, whatever was the origin of those Round Towers, the Church—the Catholic Church in Ireland—made use of them for religious purposes; that she built her Cathedrals and her Abbey Churches alongside of them; and we often find the loving group of the "Seven Churches" lying closely beside, if not under the shadow of the Round Towers (renewed applause). We also know that the monks of old set the Cross of Christ on these ancient Round Towers,—that is, on the upper part of them; and we know, from the evidence of a later day, that when the land was deluged in blood, and when the faithful people were persecuted, hunted down,—then it was usual, as in the olden time, to light a fire in the upper portion of those Round Towers, in order that the poor and persecuted might know where to find the sanctuary of God's altar (loud cheers). Thus it was that, no matter for what purpose they were founded, the Church of God made use of them for purposes of charity, of religion, and of mercy.

Coming down from these steep heights of history,—coming down like Moses from the mountain,—from out the mysteries that envelope the cradle of our race; but, like the prophet of old, with the evidence of our nation's ancient civilization and renown beaming upon us,—we now come to the hill of Tara. Alas, the place where Ireland's monarch sat enthroned, the place where Ireland's sages and seers met,—where Ireland's poets and bards filled the air with the rich harmony of our ancient Celtic melody, is now desolate; not a stone upon a stone to attest its ancient glory. "Perennial etiam ruine!"—the very ruins of it have perished. The mounds are there, the old man is there, showing the circumvallation of the ancient towers of Tara—the old man is there, still traced by the unbroken mound whereby the "Banquet Hall," three hundred and sixty feet long, by forty feet in width, was formed and in which the kings of Ireland entertained their chieftains, their royal dames and their guests in high festival and glorious revelry. Beyond this no vestige remains. But there, within the mound,—in the very midst of the ruins—there, perhaps, on the very spot where Ireland's ancient throne was raised,—there is a long, grass-grown mound; the earth is raised; it is covered with a verdant sod; the shamrock blooms upon it; and the old peasants will tell you, this is the "Cropp's Grave" (cheers). In the year 1798, the "year of trouble," as we may well call it, some ninety Wexford men, or thereabouts, after the news came that "the cause was lost" fought their way, every inch, from Wexford until they came to the hill of Tara, and made their last stand on the banks of the river Boyne. There, pursued by a great number of the King's Dragoons, they fought their way through these two miles of intervening country, their faces to the foe. These ninety heroes, surrounded, fired upon, still fought and would not yield, until slowly, like the Spartan band at Thermopylae, they gained the hill of Tara, and stood there like lions at bay (renewed cheers). Surrounded on all sides by the soldiers, the officer in command ordered them their lives if they would only lay down their arms. One of these "Shemaliers" laid that morning sent the Colonel of the Dragoons to take a cold bath in the Boyne. In an evil hour the Wexford men, trusting to the pledged faith of this British officer, laid down their arms; and, as soon as their guns were out of their hands, every man of them was fired upon; and to the last one, they were enshrined among the ancient glories of Ireland, and laid in the "Cropp's Grave" (renewed cheers). And they tell how, in 1843, when O'Connell was

holding his monster meetings throughout the land,—in the early morning, he stood upon the hill of Tara, with a hundred thousand brave, strong Irishmen around him. There was a tent pitched upon the hill-top; there was an altar erected, and an aged priest went to offer up the Mass for the people. But the old women,—the women with the grey heads, who were blooming maidens in '98—came from every side; and they all knelt round the "Cropp's Grave"; and just as the priest began the Mass, and the one hundred thousand on the hill-sides and in the vales below, were uniting in adoration, a loud cry of wailing pierced the air. It was the Irish mothers and the Irish maidens,—pointing out their souls in sorrow, and weeping with their tears the shamrocks that grew out of the "Cropp's Grave."

"Dark falls the tear of him that mourneth
Lost hope or joy that never returneth;
But, brightly flows the tear
Wept o'er a hero's bier," (Renewed cheers).

Tara and its glories are things of the past; Tara and its monarchs are gone; but the spirit that crowned them at Tara has not died with them (loud cheers);—the spirit that summoned bard and chief to surround their throne has not expired with them. That spirit was the spirit of Ireland's Nationality; and that spirit lives to-day, as strong, as fervid, and as glorious as ever; it burned during ages of persecution; as it ever lived in the hearts of the Irish race (tremendous cheering, again and again renewed).

And now, my friends, treading, as it were, down the hill-side, after having heard Patrick's voice, after having beheld, on the threshold of Tara, Patrick's glorious episcopal figure, as with the simplicity that designated his grand, heroic character, he plucked from the soil the shamrock and up-lifted it, and appealed to the imagination of Ireland,—appealed to that imagination that never yet failed to recognize a thing of truth or a thing of beauty,—we now descend the hill, and wander through the land where we first beheld the group of the "Seven Churches." Everywhere throughout the land, do we see the clustering ruins of these small churches. Rarely exceeding fifty feet in length, they rarely attain to any such proportion. There they are, generally speaking, under the shadow of some old Round Tower,—some ancient Celtic name, indicative of past glory, still lingering around and sanctifying them. What were these seven churches?—what is the meaning of them—why were they so numerous? Where, they were churches enough, if we believe the ruins of Ireland, in Ireland during the first two centuries of its Christianity, to house the whole nation. Everywhere there were churches,—churches in groups of seven,—as if one were not enough, or two. Now-a-days we are struck with the multitude of churches in London, in Dublin, in New York; but we must remember that we are a divided community, and that every sect, no matter how small it is, builds its own church; but in Ireland we were all of one faith; and all of these churches were multiplied. But what is the meaning of it? These churches were built in the early days of Ireland's monasticism,—in the days when the world acknowledged the miracle of Ireland's holiness. Never since God created the earth—never since Christ proclaimed the truth amongst men—never was seen so extraordinary and so miraculous a thing as that a people should become, almost entirely, a nation of monks and nuns, as soon as they became Catholic and Christian (cheers). The highest proof of the Gospel is monasticism. As I stand before you, robed in this Dominican dress—most unworthy to wear it,—still, as I stand before you a monk, vowed to God by poverty, chastity and obedience,—I claim for myself, such as I am, this glorious title, that the Church of God regards us as the very best of her children (cheers). And why? Because the cream, as it were, of the Gospel spirit is sacrifice; and the highest sacrifice is the sacrifice that gives a man entirely, without the slightest reserve, to God in the service of his country and of his fellow-men (loud cheers). This sacrifice is embodied and, as it were, combined in the monk; and, therefore, the monk and the nun are really the highest productions of Christianity (renewed cheers). Now Ireland, in the very first days of her conversion, so quickly caught up the spirit, and so thoroughly entered into the gains of the Gospel, that she became a nation of monks and nuns, almost on the day when she became a nation of Christians. The consequence was that throughout the land—in the villages, in every little town, on every hill side, in every valley,—these holy monks were to be found; and they were called by the people, who loved them and venerated them so dearly,—they were called by the name of *Culdees*, or servants of God.

[We regret that, for want of space, we are unable to give the entire lecture in the present issue; the other part shall appear in our next.]

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DANGERS AND DUTIES OF THE TIMES.—The Very Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Dean of Limerick, has lately delivered a lecture on the above important subject to the Queenstown Young Men's Society. The Most Rev. Dr. Keane, Bishop of Cloyne, presided. "The dangers of these days are not, perhaps, so much to be found in the sum of human depravity as in its organized power. We have had at many epochs, as many sinners, individual crimes,—injustices,—murder,—deceit, robbery, villanies of all kinds; but the greatest difference between the times past and the present age appears to be that when in former times error was a little soon vanished or settled into forms that kept truth in check, and wickedness died with the lives of the wicked, and whereas to an almost universal extent up to the 16th century wickedness was unshamed to make a creed of crime, we now have Atheism reduced to formula, and Infidelity pronounced as divine, and the train laid to the very centre of the citadel of civilization, society, and God, and we see unless belief—Christian, Catholic belief make organization and resistance a question of life and death, our own very days may see the fall of heaven's worst malediction spread over the Island of the Saints, and the records of a thousand years become the accusers of national apostasy." Having disavowed the intention of imputing infidelity to the principles of the Commune to any political party in Ireland, and described what the result would be of a complete revolt against God, he continued: "Disorder among men, decay and barbarism, have always progressed in the same ratio to divergence from the grand law of man's nature.—To represent the light. Made in the image and likeness of the Deity, his reason harmonizes with the eternal melody of Divine thought, and according as he employs his freedom in sustaining this concord his progress is sure, successful, and also happy. In fact, he is 'going God's way.'" The lecturer then proceeded to consider the various divergencies between man and God which history records, and said: "The first divergence which paid the penalty of its faithfulness in many an age of wretchedness was Paganism. Yet, this rebellion was not so malicious or so entire as to invoke all the evils which the more modern one threatens. It is a curious thing to see how,—as the fire was kept in the well and the faith and piety of a Tobias and a Daniel reared monuments of spiritual glory during the captivity,—the nations consider the various divergencies between man and God which history records, and said: "The first divergence which paid the penalty of its faithfulness in many an age of wretchedness was Paganism. Yet, this rebellion was not so malicious or so entire as to invoke all the evils which the more modern one threatens. It is a curious thing to see how,—as the fire was kept in the well and the faith and piety of a Tobias and a Daniel reared monuments of spiritual glory during the captivity,—the nations consider the various divergencies between man and God which history records, and said: "The first divergence which paid the penalty of its faithfulness in many an age of wretchedness was Paganism. 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carried with them immortality of the soul and human responsibility, but they were of the class who tended to influence the thoughts of others; and the great reign of a conscience was not so limited as a cursory glance at antiquity might lead us to imagine.

glance at antiquity might lead us to imagine. Overlaid on errors to be sure it was, but religion entered into the life of man—religion which supplied motives for good and right and against evil and wrong. And the Great Jupiter, and severe Juno, and beautiful Aurora, and terrible Mars, had their grand parts to play, while the Penates of the hearth brought to the tribunal and the affections of the pagan world to the strength and harmony of human institutions. The strength and harmony of human institutions. The strength and harmony of human institutions.

And this suggests another shameful defect in the National system of education. It teaches no history, not even English history; best, perchance, if any branch of that most essential study were permitted, Irish history should be introduced into the schools, and the youth of Ireland should come to learn the glories of the Island of Saints, and be rendered more Irish and more Catholic by the knowledge of what their forefathers did for the advancement of Christian civilization, not only among their own people, but also among the inhabitants of England, France, Germany, Italy and other European countries.

DEATHS MARCH 15.—The magistrates in Killybegs were engaged on Tuesday in the investigation of a charge of riot arising out of the recent election for the County Kerry. Thirteen persons of the humbler class were prosecuted by the election agent of Mr. Dease and defended by the agent of Mr. Blennerhassett. The case assumed the character of a preliminary skirmish before the trial of the petition, and the partisans of the sitting member and his opponent mustered in full force. The alleged riot occurred on the night of the 27th ult., when the return of Mr. Blennerhassett was celebrated by public rejoicings. Tar barrels were lighted and carried through the town, followed by a noisy mob. The police, under the command of Mr. Bodkin, resident magistrate, and Mr. Colomb, sub-inspector of Constabulary, interfered, and endeavored to get possession of the tar barrels, which the people were told it was illegal and dangerous to carry through the streets. The populace refused to give them up, and the police then seized and smashed them. Mr. Stokes were immediately thrown at them, and Mr. Bodkin and some of the constables were struck. Before the intervention of the police, which was alleged to have been the cause of the disturbance, the parties carrying the tar-barrels were about to set fire to the office of Mr. Dease's agent. Mr. Galway, chairman of the Court, in giving their decision, said the magistrates wished it to be distinctly understood that there was no objection to public rejoicings, but the practice of carrying lighted tar-barrels through the town at night was a mischievous one. Seven of the prisoners were sent for trial at the Assizes; the rest were discharged.—Times Cor.

DEATHS, MARCH 22.—The Assizes are drawing to a close, the Judges having received the last towns in the circuits, and it is gratifying to observe that they are still enabled to report favorably of the condition of the country. In Cork there was an exceptionally heavy calendar. Mr. Justice O'Brien remarked that the number of cases was considerably more than at other Assizes for the last few years. There was one charge of murder of an atrocious character. In another case a coroner's jury had returned a verdict of murder, but it was the result of an imperfect investigation. The other charges were of the ordinary character—assaults, burglaries, sheepstealing, and felonious assaults on women. His lordship added that he had consulted all the resident magistrates except one, and received from them a favourable account of the state of the county, with the exception of the Mitchelstown district, where an agrarian outrage had been committed. There was nothing, however, to warrant any apprehension that the county was in a lawless state. The total number of offences returned by the police since last Assizes, a period of seven months, was 55; but he was sorry to find that intoxication was still on the increase, and that 3,000 persons had been punished for it by the magistrates. A great many of the offences which were committed, especially assaults, arose from indulgence in that fatal habit. Mr. Justice Barry was detained at Tralee by an unexpected delay of a list of cases. Among the prisoners tried were eleven persons charged with the riot at Castleisland during the recent election for the county of Kerry. The principal was a man named O'Neill, a local patriot, who took an active part in promoting the return of Mr. Blennerhassett. He conducted his own defence. The incidents of the riot were related by Mr. Dease, Archdeacon O'Sullivan, P.P., Mr. Daniel James O'Connell, and other witnesses. They described the violence of the mob, who struck them with sticks, pelted them with mud, stones, and other missiles, including a butter skin and

roots of mangold wurzel, and tried to thrust one of them down through a hole in the bridge into the river. The jury found two of the prisoners, McCarthy and Carroll, guilty of riot and assault, and they were sentenced, one of them to three and the other to two months imprisonment and hard labour. The rest were found guilty of rioting, and sentenced to a fortnight's imprisonment and hard labour. The Assizes have been adjourned until the 9th of April.—Times Cor.

NATIONAL EDUCATION IN IRELAND.—In the wading lessons of the National School you will search in vain for evidence of a desire to cultivate the spirit of faith and holiness. The subjects are selected with the manifest intention of keeping out of the children's thoughts all that might create and cherish it. Not a word about the Catholic Church, her divine commission to teach mankind the way of heaven, her trials and heroic sufferings, her splendidly successful efforts in the cause of civilization, her religious institutions of learning and beneficence, her miraculous unity, her inflexibility and other most wonderful prerogatives given her by God.—Not a word about the Mass, the sacraments, the priesthood and its supernatural powers; the Blessed Virgin, Mother of God, the most perfect of pure creatures, the most exalted personage known to the world's history, God Himself alone excepted. The saints and martyrs are not even mentioned, as if their lives, their acts, their sufferings and sayings services were unworthy of record for the instruction and edifying example of youth.

And this suggests another shameful defect in the National system of education. It teaches no history, not even English history; best, perchance, if any branch of that most essential study were permitted, Irish history should be introduced into the schools, and the youth of Ireland should come to learn the glories of the Island of Saints, and be rendered more Irish and more Catholic by the knowledge of what their forefathers did for the advancement of Christian civilization, not only among their own people, but also among the inhabitants of England, France, Germany, Italy and other European countries.

Mr. Gladstone has been invited by a large and influential delegation to visit Belfast and deliver an address. The Premier took occasion from this to explain his Irish policy in full, and closed by giving a conditional promise to visit Ireland.

THE INTERNATIONAL IN IRELAND.—A meeting was held at Cork recently, convened by the working men, to denounce the International. The place of meeting, the Athenium, was crowded to excess. Among those on the platform was a Mr. De Morgan, a reputed local secretary of the International. A mechanic, named Murphy, presided, and opened the proceedings. He quoted pamphlets to show the connexion between the International and the Paris Commune. De Morgan and some of his supporters interrupted him, and after a fight De Morgan was elected as the chairman, and continued to speak in the same strain. The Internationalists renewed their interruptions and a second scene ensued. The platform was invaded from the body of the hall, chairs and tables were broken and the pieces were used as weapons. Partial order having been restored, a copper named Cronin proposed resolutions denouncing the International, and declaring it the instigator of the atrocities committed in Paris. This caused a renewal of the tumult, and the legs of chairs and tables were freely used as weapons, both parties being apparently equally successful. A man named McCarthy succeeded, notwithstanding, in making a brief speech recommending the acceptance or rejection of the International on conditions. The uproar became so great, however, that the chairman had to declare the meeting dissolved. The International party then sought to continue the meeting on their own account, and the disorder was renewed, and when the excitement was at its height some of the International party seized a red tablecloth and hoisted it amid triumphant shouts from their own adherents and hisses from the other side. A struggle ensued which ended in the obnoxious flag being torn down. The meeting was a scene of disorder during the whole time it lasted—an hour and a half. One Internationalist is said to have produced a revolver.

AGRICULTURAL STATISTICS FOR IRELAND.—The agricultural statistics for Ireland show that there are five hundred thousand and a half acres under crops, including meadow and clover, an increase over the previous year of 60,000 acres; nearly 10,000,000 is under grass, 4,000,000 bog and waste. Meadow and clover increased 100,000; barley, 19,000; oats and flax each decreased about 35,000; wheat decreased 20,000; total number of Irish holdings is 590,000.—The one-tenth of the land is held by 1,500 occupiers, who each till over five hundred acres. Four hundred and thirty thousand persons hold less than thirty acres and take up quarter of the land.

From recent statistical returns we learn that during the last twenty years 2,062,409 emigrants have left Ireland to seek their fortune in other lands. It is noticeable, however, that the number has been for some seasons past steadily declining, while the reverse is the case with England. In the first seven months of 1871 there were 4,893 fewer emigrants from Ireland than in the corresponding period of 1870. At the same time it is remarked that the average last year under crop was considerably smaller than during the previous twelvemonth. In cereal crops the decrease was as much as fifty thousand acres, while in flax there was also a decrease of thirty-eight thousand. In green crops, however, and meadow land, the increase was very large. In Ireland there are still four million acres of wild unoccupied land, most of which might be turned to profitable account. The attention of the farmers is being given more and more to stock-raising, and the value of this species of property is consequently largely on the increase, being as high, when the latest statistics were compiled, as thirty-seven millions of pounds sterling. The number of sheep has diminished, but cattle, horses and pigs

show an enormous increase. All this is to be borne in mind when we read of the continual agitation and dissatisfaction in Ireland.

DEATHS, MARCH 23.—Preparations for the Exhibition of Arts and Manufactures, which is to be opened in the Exhibition Palace, are being pressed forward with diligence and energy, and the promoters are confident that all will be ready at the appointed time. A thrill of pleasure has been produced by a report which is believed to have some basis of authority, that the Queen intends to evince her generous patronage of the Exhibition and her interest in the progress of Ireland by honoring the city with a visit in May next. Although no announcement of the fact has been made, and no definite arrangements have yet been planned, the statement has assumed a positive form, and finds ready acceptance in the circles in which it is reported. There can be no doubt that if the intention attributed to Her Majesty be realized a loyal and hearty reception will await the Royal visitor. Abundant proof has been given of the personal popularity of the Queen among all classes of her Irish subjects. The wildest Fenian would give at least a respectful welcome, and by the vast majority of the people, certainly all by whom intelligence, worth, and social position are appreciable, Her Majesty would be greeted with enthusiasm.—Times.

MR. ISAAC BUTT, who had taken the oaths at the beginning of the sitting, made his first speech to this Parliament, advocating the enactment of a new Catholic College within the walls of the University of Dublin, which he knew Mr. Gladstone could not grant—and urging very forcibly that it was a simple remnant of the old tyranny to say to have either secular education, or education in a Protestant establishment. A division showed the Irish Catholics voting in a minority of 21 against a majority composed of Liberals and Conservatives of 281.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE FROM TEAM.—Some months ago a shoemaker named Gannon, who had just returned from America, opened a boot and shoeshop, in Hope-street, in this town. Gannon, who was sober, industrious, and a good tradesman, seemed to succeed very well in his shop. However, on the evening of the 1st of March he went down to breakfast with his brother-in-law, also a shoemaker. As it was at this man's house he used to board, he was told that breakfast was not quite ready, so he went for a stroll, saying that he would be back in half an hour. He never came, nor has tale or tidings been got of him since. Suspicion, slumbering for some days, has been awakened by the finding of Gannon's cap on the bank of Ballyvaughy river, about two English miles from town. The police are prosecuting inquiries into the matter. They have taken possession of the papers and other effects of the missing man, but have discovered as yet no clue to his whereabouts, or to any sinister intention against his own life which he might have harboured. Gannon was apparently healthy, independent, and in his usual good spirits the last morning he was seen in town.

SHAM LOAN SWINDLES.—On Saturday, Thomas House, an Englishman, was committed for trial at the Assizes by the Cork magistrates, on the charge of having defrauded a farmer named Shea of three guineas by means of the sham loan office swindle. Having seen an advertisement in the papers offering loans at six per cent., Shea, who lives near Ballincollig, applied for £50, and was induced to advance three guineas as interest, in return for which he received a half note for £50 on a sham bank. The prisoner was hunted up by the London police, and was found to be conducting the swindle on an extensive scale in conjunction with a confederate named Jacobs.

MR. PARR HENNESSY.—This gentleman, who has lately been appointed Governor of the British Possessions on the West Coast of Africa, and was formerly Governor of Labuan, has just been presented by his friends in the county of Wexford with an handsome service of plate to commemorate the Parliamentary contest of 1869. The service comprises then and coffee-pots, cream jug and sugar basin, a handsome corkscrew, and a large salver, on which are engraved his Excellency's name and the date of the contest which the gift is intended to commemorate.

DEATH OF LORD INCHICINN.—We regret to announce that Lord Inchicinn, the elder brother of the late Mr. Smith O'Brien, died on Friday at Drogheda, in his 71st year.

A Dublin correspondent of the Boston Globe, writes that the intended visit of Mrs. Woodhull, to lecture on the blessings of Free Love, has created the most intense and universal indignation, both there and in Cork. The writer says:—"Knowing the man of Cork well, I advise Mrs. Woodhull to secure a safe means of exit before she tries his excitable temper too far." Woodhull, Child & Co. would do well before they start to consider the dangers of free speech in countries where auditors have the ways of forcibly expressing their notions.

The Catholic journals express dissatisfaction at the speech of Mr. Gladstone upon the Trinity College debate, and insist upon the duty of the Government to make provision for giving Catholics the benefit of University degrees.

In the House of Lords on Friday Lord Dufferin stated the measures relating to Ireland which the Government intended to introduce. They comprise a Bill to Amend the Grand Jury Laws, a Prison Bill, one to sanction loans for building labourers' cottages, and probably one referring to the disposal of Irish private business.

GREAT BRITAIN.

EXPEDITION OF PARLIAMENTARY BUSINESS.—The City for something practical in the way of reform of Parliamentary procedure received an amusing illustration on Tuesday. Sir David Wedderburn, seconded by Sir Robert Anstruther, moved for a Select Committee on the affairs of Scotch business. He advocated the appointment of Grand Committees, but his second thought that they should not be composed exclusively of Scotch members, and that there should be a Cabinet Minister for Scotland. Sir E. Colebrooke said such an office would be a sinecure, but thought the Grand Committee plan deserved consideration, while Mr. McLaren was opposed to Grand Committees, but wanted a Minister for Scotland. Mr. Pim introduced the Irish grievance, and claimed attention for his scheme for Irish Grand Committees, moving that the Select Committee should extend its enquiry to the inconveniences attending the transaction of Irish business; a motion which was seconded by Serjeant Sheil, though he thought that the Irish question should be referred to a separate Committee. To all this Mr. Gladstone said, on the part of Government, that the mind of the House was not ripe for any of the measures proposed. Admitting that the Scotch and Irish grievances were real, he maintained that England had hers also—six important English subjects having been long awaiting legislation. "For his own part he objected to handing over, under any circumstances, to the representatives of any one country exclusively legislation having particular reference to that country"—a declaration which, as Lord St. Lawrence said, will cause great regret in Ireland. We now come to the point of the incident; the debate on the expedition of public business ended in a count-out.—Tribune.

BRITISH BARRIES.—The most bitter comment on the social state of England, the most scathing denunciation of English civilization that we have seen, is a bill which, on the motion of Mr. Charley, member for Salford, passed its second reading on Tuesday evening in the House of Commons. It is called "the Infant Life Protection Bill," and its provisions are sufficiently indicated by its title. To such an extent is the horrible and inhuman art of "baby-

farming" being carried on just now in England that it has become a regular British institution, requiring to be suppressed by an act of the Legislature, and accordingly Mr. Charley proposes that persons who for a money consideration place themselves in loco parentis toward two or more infants for a longer time than a day shall obtain a certificate of good character and fitness from a medical practitioner, minister of religion, or justice of the peace; that a register shall be kept by persons so licensed of the infants entrusted to them; that in case of death a coroner's inquest shall be held, unless a certificate is furnished by a registered medical practitioner that the death arose from natural causes; that no burial shall take place without a coroner's certificate; and so on, the most elaborate precautions being all through adopted to prevent the murder of little children by women who are supposed to be civilized and Christian. We hardly think there is another country in the world besides England in which such a bill would be necessary.—Nation, March 9.

MR. ISAAC BUTT, who had taken the oaths at the beginning of the sitting, made his first speech to this Parliament, advocating the enactment of a new Catholic College within the walls of the University of Dublin, which he knew Mr. Gladstone could not grant—and urging very forcibly that it was a simple remnant of the old tyranny to say to have either secular education, or education in a Protestant establishment. A division showed the Irish Catholics voting in a minority of 21 against a majority composed of Liberals and Conservatives of 281.

THE TIEBORNE FAMILY.—Besides the Childivek Elizabeth, who suffered death in the reign of Queen Elizabeth for having been connected with Babbalanza's plot for the escape of Mary Queen of Scots, and whose verses written on the evening before his execution were quoted by the Attorney General at the close of his celebrated speech, there were two others of the family who suffered death in the same reign. The first of these, Nicholas Tieborme, gentleman, suffered for having aided in the rescue of a relative, the Rev. Thomas Tieborme, a priest, who was a prisoner on the charge of being a priest. Having heard that the priest was to be removed from one prison in London to another, in the charge of only one officer—a stout young man, a native of Buckinghamshire, Mr. Thomas Tieborme met them on the way, knocked the officer down and enabled the priest to escape. Mr. Nicholas Tieborme was accused of being party to the rescue, was tried, condemned to death and executed at Tyburn on August 24th, 1601. The priest, Thomas Tieborme, was soon afterwards retaken, brought to trial, on the charge of being a priest ordained abroad and coming back into England. He had been detained a prisoner for many years before the rescue already mentioned; he was now condemned to death, and was hanged, drawn and quartered, at Tyburn, on April 26th, 1602.

The Grand Jury at the Old Bailey, returned a true bill of indictment against the Tieborme claimant, charging him with forgery and perjury.

LONDON, April 10.—The claimant to the Tieborme estates appeared in the Court of Old Bailey to-day to answer to the indictment yesterday presented against him. He pleaded not guilty to all charges. In the meantime he has been re-committed to Newgate.

JUSTICE FOR WALES.—We are informed that the High Sheriff of one of the Welsh counties is fully determined that his fair country-women shall have their full rights accorded to them, and for that purpose intends summoning them upon the panel of the jury of both assizes and sessions. This will be done in order to test the point as to their liability to serve on juries. What will Miss Becker say?—The Cambrian.

POPE GIVES A HINT TO BRO. JONATHAN in a cartoon representing a figure of the Tieborme claimant in chains, and inscribed upon his expiatory punch, "He who obtains what he wishes, when he's caught is sent to prison," as posted upon a wall, upon which gazes Jonathan with a frightened aspect, while John Bull, bill-poster for the nonce, surveys the scene with a waggish air of jollity.

Mrs. O'Connor, the mother of the crazy boy who attacked the Queen, has said to an interviewer that she and her husband detested the crime of which her boy had been guilty. She appeared utterly broken down under the affliction, which is increased by the suspicions against herself and her husband. They both assert their entire loyalty. Their son's violent action is a puzzle to them. The mother thinks he must have imbibed his wild notions in some secret clover. The father is as stern as the mother is heart-broken, and attributes his son's freak to trashy reading and an ungovernable spirit.

The claim of the Earl of Aberdeen to be summoned to Parliament was before the House of Lords on Friday, when evidence taken in America, to prove the death by drowning of the late Earl, then serving as first mate on board a merchant vessel, under the name of George Osborne, was submitted. The case was adjourned.

The funeral of Murphy, the Protestant lecturer, attracted an enormous crowd, which behaved in a most disorderly manner, notwithstanding the presence of a strong police force from Birmingham.—Times.

Dr. Hardwick, who has interested himself in London emigration, publishes a report in which he says that 20,000 souls are living, like Esquimaux, in underground dwellings. One item from the report is: "In Cirencester street was a man, wife, and five children in a front room choked up with furniture, and articles of wet linen hung all over the room; two fine children were suffering from whooping-cough, and two had died the previous week of the same disease."

Enquiry has been made concerning the pretended rumours of the Queen's abdication, and there is no doubt the whole story is the purest invention, as there is not the slightest foundation for the pretence of such a rumour.

LONDON, April 2.—The number of emigrants who left the British Islands during the month of March, exceeds that of February by 7,000.

LONDON, April 9.—The Grand Jury sitting at the Old Bailey, have found true bill against Arthur O'Connor, the assailant of the Queen, charging him with misdemeanor. Prince Leopold, who was riding with Her Majesty at the time she was attacked by O'Connor, will appear as a witness against the prisoner.

UNITED STATES.

Some ugly facts have transpired in the investigation at Washington respecting the sale of arms to France. It was asserted, in justification of the course pursued by United States officials, that the

Government had arms and ordnance stores to sell, for a fixed price, to anybody who applied and paid the money. On Friday, however, a Mr. Murkley testified that he had received a fee of \$10,000 for managing the sale of 10,000 rifles to Pottitney and Trimble. If the arms were for sale to all comers, then Pottitney and Trimble must have been very simple to pay this sum to Murkley for simply acquiescing Secretary Robinson with their desire to become purchasers. But Pottitney and Trimble are shrewd business men, and were the agents of the Remingtons. Senator Schurz, who has pursued the investigation into the arms scandal with much persistence, seems now on the eve of bringing home the charge of corrupt dealing to military officials holding important positions. There is no evidence, however, that the President has any knowledge of or connection with the matter.—United States.

A MOON PRAYER.—The following "beautiful" prayer was, according to the Boston Commonwealth, lately offered up by the Rev. Mr. Cudworth, Unitarian Chaplain of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, during a debate on a railroad bill.—"All Thy works praise Thee, Architect Divine, in all places of Thy dominion. We rejoice before Thee to-day that, although fire and water mingled prodigious antagonism, that antagonism we derive power and progress most promotive of human welfare; and we pray, amid the fire and water of opposing convictions touching a great common interest under consideration, that the throats-valve of circumstances may start a power among us which shall force the divines-valve of opportunity along the broad highway of human good, until the grand democratic tempest is reached—the greatest good of the greatest number. Amen."

The facilities for divorce are about to be increased in this State by the passage of what is popularly known as the Motion-in-Laws Bill. The Senate has reported favorably upon it, and there is hardly a doubt that it will pass. It is designedly making a wife's life more miserable, depriving her of the society of her husband and relatives, and preventing her from attending to the duties of a wife. Some of your citizens of this city have been facetiously called New York Divorcists of the East. This bill, if all that is said of it is true, will make us deserve the title.—A few young couples have recently been fished up out of the mire in this city by the Episcopalian set and "converted." They are called "Calyon converts from Romanism." I don't know what the conversion was.—N. Y. Cor. of Western Catholic.

FEMALE MORTARIES FOR A SINGING EMPRESS.—"You are, if you please, madam, said the conductor to an elderly lady who had got aboard at a way station. The elderly lady had just opened a drawing for a letter, said with a voice that was shrill: "Two of Mr. M.'s children are dead, and they've written me to come to the burial to-day, isn't it terrible?" The conductor looked at the old lady, and expressed sympathy. "And," continued the old lady, "I want to be buried in the same grave as my husband." "I can't let you ride here unless you have a pass," returned the conductor. "So not to give a funeral?" said the old lady. "No, madam," replied the conductor. "I'm sorry to say that the rules of the road are very strict, and I am not allowed to discriminate." "Well, I think you ought to charge folks for going to a funeral," persisted the old lady. "If we let everybody going to funerals ride free," again spoke the conductor, "it wouldn't pay. Besides, it would be encouraging the funeral business, a way that would cast a gloom over the entire country. Your fare is a dollar and a half, madam." "Well," returned the old lady, drawing out a well-filled purse, "I think that you might let me go free," especially as I'm going to a double funeral." "Mr. M.'s two children is both dead, and they'll be buried in the same grave, I reckon. Oh! give a terrible blow!" And the old lady, wiping her eyes, paid her fare. As the conductor moved on the turned to a passenger, and remarked, with some indignation, "These rail-roads is the most unfeeling folks I ever seed."—Knoxville Press.

The practice of enamelling faces has become fairly established in this country among a class of frivolous women who are willing to risk their health for a temporary gratification of their vanity; but it is sometimes attended with disastrous results. The Louisville Ledger tells a story of a lady of that place who visited an Eastern city five months ago and made a contract with a not a French enameller, by which he agreed to beautify her face in such a manner that it would remain unchanged for three years at the least, and a year or two longer if extra care was taken to wash it in a prescribed manner. The lady received the smelting and returned to Louisville. Since her return she has disappeared from society. The poisonous ingredients used in the enamel have produced an almost total paralysis of the facial nerves; her eyes are severely inflamed, and she is rapidly losing her sight, while her whole countenance is disfigured, distorted, and ulcerous. Her physicians have but faint hopes of saving her life.

A Mr. Miller has claimed exemption from service as a jurymen in an American Court because he is a member of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, which maintains that it is wrong for its members to incorporate with the government of the United States, inasmuch as it does not acknowledge God as the source of all power, Jesus Christ as the ruler of nations, and the Bible as the foundation of law. The judge struck the man's name from the panel on the ground that he must be too great a fool for a jurymen.

THE FISHERIES.—The dead-lock on the Alabama Treaty leaves the fisheries question between the United States and the Dominion of Canada in statu quo. Canadian-catch fish can only be imported into the United States on the payment of duty, and Massachusetts skippers can only ply their calling in Dominion waters by taking out a license therefor. As respects our tariff the Canadians seem to possess their souls in patience, but the skippers of Massachusetts revolt at the idea of a Canada license.—The season is just opening and they avow a determination to arm themselves and fish where they will, license and treaty to the contrary notwithstanding. As a Gloucester smack can hardly be expected to prove a match for a Dominion revenue cutter, the upshot will be some heavy seizures of Yankee schooners, and no end of international complications must follow. The entire annual value of Massachusetts is not equal to the property valuation of that wretched Territory Arizona, and yet for such an interest the skippers of Cape Cod are ready to violate the national faith as pledged in treaties and plunge the country into war.—New York World.

JUVENILE SUICIDES AND COMMON SENSES.—It is not strange that youth should become infected with that sin of self-destruction which seems to have increased so rapidly within the past few years. In the full flush and joy of boyhood it hardly seems possible that any career should be so great or any grief so bitter as to prompt a desire for life to end. But, on the other hand, it hardly seems possible that youthful depravity can be so common as it is, and that the true and good in human nature can be so soon sullied and contaminated. The boys and girls of the present day can hardly take up a daily paper that does not contain some harrowing account of suicide. The young readers see that self-destruction is easy. The stories are worked up in the most sensational style, and at a time of life when the mind is flexible and plants it is very easily influenced for good or evil. We can understand, therefore, how it is that even boys and girls are driven to take life by their own hands. But the explanation does not divert the tact of its fearful significance or of its terrible lesson.—Buffalo Express.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, APRIL 19, 1872.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.
APRIL—1872.

Friday, 19—Of the Perin.
Saturday, 20—Of the Immaculate Conception.
Sunday, 21—Third after Easter.
Monday, 22—St. Soter and Caius, P. M.
Tuesday, 23—St. George, M.
Wednesday, 24—St. Fidelis of Sigmaringa, M.
Thursday, 25—St. Mark, Ev.

DR. MARSHALL.—We have much pleasure in announcing to the public that the celebrated Dr. Marshall, author of the great work on *Christian Missions*, and the world renowned *Comedy of Convocation*, will be here on Wednesday the 24th inst., and will deliver a lecture in the St. Patrick's Hall, on the subject of *Progress of the Nineteenth Century*. We bespeak for him a large audience, and can promise his hearers a rare intellectual treat.

REV. FATHER DOWD.—We are much pleased to learn that the subscription list to the Testimonial to be presented to Father Dowd, briefly referred to in our last, is rapidly filling up.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Queen has returned from Germany where she has been travelling, under the title of the Countess of Kent. Many wild, but utterly groundless rumors as to the object of her Continental visit have been set afloat; amongst others, one to the effect that Her Majesty meditated abdicating the throne, and was anxious to take counsel thereon with some of the relatives of the Royal family. Of course there are no grounds for this story.

The young man O'Connor was tried at the Old Bailey on the 11th inst., on the charge of assaulting the Queen. A plea of insanity was put in, but rejected by the jury, who found him guilty. Hereupon O'Connor was sentenced to twelve months hard labor, and to be whipped with twenty lashes.

The claimant to the Tichborne title and estates has been arraigned for perjury, and forgery. He pleaded not guilty, and was then sent back to Newgate, where he now lies awaiting his trial. The fellow has published a begging letter, to try and raise funds for his defence. We do not think that he will be able to squeeze much more out of his dupes.

Spain continues in a very disturbed state; the Carlists are active, and the Internationals seem to have chosen it as the base for their next operations against social order, and all the governments of Europe. The report of an alliance betwixt Germany and Italy circulates, but is certainly not confirmed; still their respective Governments being bitterly hostile to the Church, the report is easily credible. The position of affairs at Rome remains unchanged.

Fighting occurred in the streets of Rome, between Pontifical Gens d'armes and citizens. One soldier was killed and two wounded. It is reported that Cardinal Antonelli has sent a memorial to foreign powers on the outrage, but the report is denied.

A London paper advertises a lecture by the Rev. Mr. Benson on "the sounding of the trumpet of the fifth angel," and "hot maple sugar to be served at the close."

The Bishop of Ottawa has subscribed \$100 to the fund which is being raised in Quebec to help to pay off the Prussian war indemnity.

The claimant to the Tichborne estates, now in confinement at Newgate prison awaiting trial for perjury and forgery, succeeded in obtaining bail in the requisite £5,000, as fixed by Lord Chief Justice Boville; but the Judge on the presentation of his bondsmen declined accepting them, and the prisoner consequently will remain in gaol until the day of his trial in June next.

LONDON, April 14.—The *Observer* says Lord Tenterden and Hon. Caleb Cushing will present the counter cases of their respective Governments at the Geneva Tribunal. The sitting of the Board will be very brief. Messrs. Cushing,

Davis and Everret, counsel for the American Government will prolong their stay in Paris until June. They are of opinion that the Board of Arbitration is bound to adjudicate upon the Alabama claims after the delivery of the counter cases, even should one of the litigants withdraw.

THE MACKENZIE RIVER MISSION.—We publish below some facts with regard to this Mission, which we hope may interest our readers, and prompt them to respond generously to the appeal in behalf of its funds, about to be made to them, by our Sisters of the Grey Nunnery, who are in charge of the Orphan Asylum, and the schools attached to the said Mission. A collection will be taken up for the Sisters on Sunday next, in the St. Patrick's Church.

It is generally known that the Mackenzie River Mission was founded some years ago by the *Peres Oblats*; to God alone however are known the hardships which the zealous missionaries have had to undergo, whilst preaching the Gospel in this remote, and inhospitable region. So important nevertheless has this Mission been deemed by the Holy Father, that he has appointed a Bishop to rule it, with power of selecting a co-adjutor to help him in its cultivation; a task indeed frightful to human nature, but to men of Apostolic spirit, full of charms, since the poor souls for whom it is designed are the most destitute, and most in danger of perishing everlastingly.

To ensure the success of his Mission, Mgr. Ferard assisted by his fellow-laborers, the Rev. MM. Grolier, Hand, Kearney, and Petitot, all like himself Fathers of the *Oblats* Community, thought it well to make an appeal to the Sisters of Charity to come, and carry on amongst the savage Indians of the North West, the noble works that they have so long wrought in civilized countries. The choice fell on the Sisters of the Grey Nunnery, who on the 23rd of December last celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the happy death of their Founder, the saintly Mad. Youville; and at once five of the Sisters, answering to the call, set off some five years ago, to join the branch of their Community at the Red River. To-day there are no less than fifty Sisters scattered over the immense North Western district; Thirty-two are established in the diocese of Mgr. Tache, and eighteen in the Apostolic-Vicariat of the Bishops Grandin and Ferard. On the sufferings and labors of those brave women, and devoted spouses of Our Lord, we propose to say a few words.

DIFFICULTIES OF THE ROUTE.

The Mackenzie River is distant from Montreal about 4,500 miles, and the mode of travel is partly by land carriage, partly by water, across rivers, lakes, and long and difficult portages. For three months the traveller is destitute of shelter of any kind, and is, at night exposed to all the inclemencies of the season, and of the severe climate. Should provisions fail, death is certain, as the country traversed affords not the means of sustaining life; the strongest men often succumb to the fatigues of the journey; how much more then must these fatigues tell cruelly on the tender women who, for the love of God, and of immortal souls, voluntarily encounter them. Only last year, for instance, the Rev. P. Tissier, O.M.I., a young man full of zeal, and in the thirty-fifth year of his age, had the misfortune to have his feet frozen; his provisions ran short, and yet exposed to the most intense cold, he had to continue his journey for 900 miles.—Overcome by suffering, he found shelter at last in an old Indian's lodge, where he remained for four months, having for food part of the flesh of a dog, which he shared with his Indian hosts. Only on the return of Spring was it possible to rescue him, in a most wretched plight, and devoured by vermin. Tongue cannot describe his sufferings. These however the Sisters brave cheerfully for the love of Christ, and to the astonishment of all who encounter them. A *metis*, or half-breed, was observed to shed tears when he saw the Sisters embarking for the Mackenzie River; he offered his services to restore them to their homes, urging them to abandon their design. "You know not," he said to them, "to what you are exposing yourselves." The sufferings of the Sisters, and the state of emaciation to which during the journey they were reduced, moved their companions to tears.

THE CLIMATE.

We cannot easily conceive how terrible must be the cold in the far North West. To form some idea of it, we must bear in mind that the greatest rigors of our Canadian winter which last for but a few days at a time, are the ordinary temperature of a Mackenzie River winter. The missionaries have no comfortable houses wherein to shelter themselves from the effects of the bitter cold; during a great part of the season, the cheerful rays of the sun are visible but for four out of the twenty-four hours; darkness and cold reign supreme during the long dreary months of winter in the Mackenzie River Mission.

THE DIET.

Dried fish, often stinking, always eaten without bread or salt, forms the entire dietary of those who dwell with the Indians of these inhospitable regions, varied, occasionally with the dried flesh of Caribou; when a supply of fish roe can be obtained there is a feast. But even these supplies sometimes fail, and the missionaries are reduced to what of seeds they can gather in the woods. Bread of course is entirely unknown. During the scarcity of last year, four dried fish per day for the man, and two for the women formed the entire allowance of food; and this scant diet the Sisters, during the winter, shared with their orphan charges, for whom no allowance of food was made, but with whom they would not part. How the Sisters managed to prolong life during this period is a marvel.

HABITS OF THE INDIANS.

The physical sufferings of the missionaries, are surpassed by the moral sufferings caused by the customs of the Indians amongst whom they dwell. A collection of squalid *cabanes* of conical form, built of sticks, and covered with skins, forms the Indian village in the vicinity of the Mission. The filth of these dwellings is almost intolerable by one used to civilisation, and defies description. Here nevertheless the Sisters visit, and tend the sick. There is one building—the Church—a building about 30 feet in length, by 18 in width, and 7 in height. Herein some four or five hundred Indians assemble to hear Mass; but so dirty are they, that often the officiating priest is scarce able to continue the service because of the sickening odors. Nor is this by any means the worst; for the almost insuperable obstacles that the Sisters and Missionaries encounter in their efforts to alleviate the physical and moral sufferings of their charges, is the source of most poignant grief. For what can be more heart-rending than to witness such miseries, and yet to feel oneself impotent to give relief? What to the Christian can be more sad than the spectacle of so many immortal souls, for whom Our Dear Lord died, perishing for lack of succor? The Sisters do what they can; but alas! though their heart are willing, the means at their disposal are small. They visit the sick; they sustain an orphan asylum, with 26 inmates; and a school which they have opened is attended by about 40 pupils. These might be greatly increased, if the Sisters had but the means of supporting them; but these means the country where they reside does not afford, and they are therefore compelled to seek them elsewhere. The Sisters therefore hope that some charitable persons will come to their aid, by undertaking the charge of supporting some of the wretched Indian orphans. The cost will not be very great, since from \$25 to \$30 per annum will suffice for the support of an orphan; and this sum might be easily obtained, were several Canadian families or parishes to club together to raise the funds. How pressing are the claims of these poor orphans upon the charitable, how great the good that, if encouraged, the Sisters might accomplish, may be judged from the following facts, which we could multiply to any extent, had we more space at our command.

Some time ago, in the first days of the Mission, one of these poor children, about 5 or 6 years old, was found by His Lordship Mgr. Grandin. The Bishop picked him up, and adopted him, though himself at the time in a condition of great distress. Alone, and with none to help him, His Lordship brought up the poor child, rendering to it all the kind offices of a parent during several years before the Sisters arrived. On another occasion, one of the Sisters when travelling, and being at a distance of about 1,200 miles from the establishment, received the present of a little orphan girl of about 18 months old, whom all of its tribe had abandoned. This child, the Sister carried with her to the mission house, having no one with her, but a young lad about 10 years old, to aid her in guiding her frail canoe; and having for all provisions of food, but a scant supply of dried Caribou meat; her own clothes she had in great part to tear up to make a covering for the child. Yet in spite of all these difficulties, throughout that long and painful journey, the Sister kept her poor abandoned charge, and had the happiness of at last bringing it to the Mission. That child is now growing up, and gives hopes of being a sincere and practical Christian, and of thereby becoming an instrument in the hands of God for the conversion of her fellow savages. Thus has God blessed the devotion of our good Sisters.

These few details, this simple story, will suffice to show how worthy of our sympathies are the Grey Nuns at the Mackenzie River; and to indicate how great the work which they will yet accomplish, if only we who live at home at ease, do our part towards encouraging and strengthening them. In the full confidence that they will be so strengthened and encouraged, the Sisters commend their cause, and the cause of their orphans to God, and to His charitable servants upon earth.

It is, as we have already mentioned, on Sunday next, that, in the St. Patrick's Church, an appeal in aid of the funds of the Mackenzie River Mission will be made, and a collection for that purpose taken up. We may add that of the Sisters attached to the North West Mission, there are ten Irish Sisters, of whom one, our well known Sister Ward, is actually at the Mackenzie River.

WAS PETER EVER IN ROME.

Objection 3. "St. Paul when writing to the Romans writes much as if no Apostle had ever been amongst them." (Comp: Rom: I. 16-15 XV 15-24.)
The cautious wording of this objection is amusing, and shews how little the objector relies upon it for any solid advantage. Being moreover a negative argument, it might well be allowed to pass for exactly what it is worth, were it not, that the passages adduced prove so little for our adversaries (if they do not absolutely go against them) that it is well to glance at them, as specimens of the straws at which drowning men will snatch.

In the first passage adduced St. Paul, about to visit Rome en route for Spain, declares (Cap. I v 10) that he prays for a prosperous voyage to bring him to Rome (11); that he longs to come in order to impart to them some grace. Modifying this assertion with his usual modesty, he declares at v 12 that he hopes as well for mutual edification. (13) That he has often wished to come in order that he might have some fruit amongst them as amongst other gentiles. (14) He is a debtor to Greek and Barbarian. (15) He is ready to preach the gospel to those also that are at Rome.

One would think that a passage such as this, can afford but cold comfort to the adversaries of the Popedom; in fact, that it should be adduced at all is in itself sufficient evidence, that our adversaries feel they have a lost cause. But when we consider, that we are expected to accept it as conclusive against the whole strong body of that tradition, which we have already shewn to exist, we cannot but be lost in amazement at the stupidity of the objectors.

It is noticeable, that in quoting this passage, Bishop Brown does not dare to point out the particular words, whereon he relies for the sustenance of his argument. We are thus left to conjectures.

Verse 10. His prayer for a prosperous voyage cannot certainly be taken as a proof that Peter was never in Rome. 11. His longing to impart some grace to them, will be equally inconclusive unless we suppose, that he looks upon them as already altogether graceless; which supposition is immediately dispelled by the explanation, that he hopes for mutual edification. (13) His wishing to come amongst them in order to have some fruit as amongst other gentiles, is not incompatible with the previous presence of an apostle, and is elucidated by the fact of his being peculiarly the Apostle of the Gentiles. 15 His readiness to preach to them, is certainly not a very logical proof, that no one had ever preached to them before, and would be relied upon as such by none but desperate men.

But the worthy Bishop's second citation caps the climax. In the 15th c. St. Paul explains his reasons 1° for wishing to come amongst them, and 2° for having written so frankly. In the 15 v he asserts his preeminence as the Apostle of the Gentiles; and this instead of being an argument against St. Peter's episcopate, may with far more probability be looked upon as an apology for writing so strongly to those to whom others, greater in jurisdiction, and prior in call, had already preached.

But it is on v. 20. wherein St. Paul declares that he builds on no man's foundations, that our adversaries chiefly rely. Now it is well to notice, that this visit to Rome is only a chance visit consequent upon his visit to Spain. The Apostle is about to set out for Spain. Rome lies on his way. He could not pass by so important a church without calling upon it; the more so especially as it is largely composed of Gentiles to whom he is the chosen Apostle. But what is he to do? Hitherto he has always undeavoured not to build on any other man's foundation: not to preach or teach where others have preached or taught. Must he break through this rule? Hitherto it has kept him away, and still does. What then is he to do on his journey to Spain? Is he to pass them by without a word, because others have already been there, and he does not wish to interfere? No: he is the Apostle to the Gentiles, and the Roman Church is largely Gentile—moreover he has finished his work in the East ("no more places in these countries") and being about to pass their doors on his way to Spain—these are sufficient reasons why for once he should break a rule not hitherto invariably kept.

To any one not bent on the annihilation of the Papacy by hook or by crook, this must be the obvious meaning. To say the least of it, it is as probable as any explanation offered by our adversaries; and has this superiority over theirs—that it does not contradict tradition.

That St. Paul had no intention of founding the Church of Rome, is evident as well from the fact, (Rom. I. 8.) that their faith was al-

ready "spoken of in the whole world;" (XVI 19) their "obedience published in every place;" as that his visit to Rome was only contingent on his journey to Spain. That the Church of Rome had been already founded when St. Paul wrote, it would be impossible to deny; nor do our adversaries attempt to do so; they have recourse rather to a most clumsy explanation. The Roman Church had, they say, been founded by those "strangers from Rome" (Acts II 10) who as the Acts relate heard the Apostles "when the days of the Pentecost were accomplished" speaking divers tongues. How forced an interpretation this is, is evident; since if Rome the greatest of all the churches, was founded by those Romans who listened to the Apostles in Jerusalem, on the great day of Pentecost, why did not the Parthians and Medes, and Elamites and Mesopotamians who were also present on that great day, do the same for their own countries; and thus save the Apostles their numberless wanderings and prodigious labours.

Objection 5. "When Paul was at Rome, it was clear from the narrative that the Jews of Rome had no communication with any chief teacher amongst the Christians; at least any who had been converted from Judaism; they were therefore desirous to hear of him what he thought, knowing only that the sect of Christians was every where spoken against." (Acts 28. v. 22.)

This is a sweeping conclusion from slender premises. The third day after St. Paul's arrival in Rome, being yet in custody, he called together "the chief of the Jews" to confer with them concerning his appeal to Caesar. After hearing his case, they give him slight comfort; and conclude, by asking him (as coming so recently from the cradle of Christianity) his opinion of the sect "which they have everywhere heard spoken against." On the fact of this request our worthy Bishop of Ely builds his theory, that "they had never heard any chief teacher amongst the Christians, at least any converted from Judaism." As we said before this is a most sweeping conclusion to draw from so weak premises. To expect that an Apostle must of necessity convert all who hear him, is ridiculous, and is not founded on fact. Though these very men—chief of the Jews—appointed a day whereon to hear St. Paul, and though they came at the appointed time, and heard him "persuading them concerning Jesus from morning until evening" whilst some believed others did not. Now if on the arrival of some other Apostle after Paul, these same unbelieving men had asked that other Apostle's opinion of this sect, would it be right to conclude that therefore they had never heard of St. Paul? We think not. So likewise with St. Peter. He may have preached in Rome for years on years, and not still have converted all that heard him. Nor does it further follow, that if St. Peter preached in Rome, all the Jews must have gone to hear him. And yet both these things must be first taken for granted before the assertion of our adversaries can have any weight. Truly men must have a tottering cause, when they seek to support it by such flimsy assumptions. Theories, assumptions, and assertions are generally relegated by all sane men to the region where all the old moons go to.—SACERDOS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We cannot comply with the request of *Vindex* with respect to publishing the details of the case in which a Baltimore Methodist minister is concerned. In the first place those details are impure; in the second place, by publishing them we should but degrade ourselves to the level of the evangelical Protestant press, and of the *Montreal Witness*. There are bad men to be found amongst the clergy, and ministers of all denominations; amongst Catholic priests, occasionally, as well as amongst Protestant ministers; but we hope, and indeed believe, that amongst the latter, as well as amongst the former, the bad, the unchaste, are the rare exceptions. Our columns are open to *Vindex* to attack the doctrinal, and philosophical errors of Protestantism; but not to publish indecent and personal attacks upon its ministers. When indeed an Achilli, a Gavazzi, a Chainiquy, and a Murphy, make statements, or depose to events as having occurred, we may logically appeal to the antecedents of these men as explanatory of their abandonment of the Catholic Church, as valid reasons for not accepting their statements, and for discrediting their pretended revelations; but it is no argument against Methodism to show that a minister of that persuasion, at Baltimore, is a very immoral person. This is the style of argument in which evangelical editors indulge; but it is one which the Catholic journalist can not have recourse to, without degrading himself to their level.

THE GREY NUNS.—His Lordship the Bishop of Rimouski has published a Circular addressed to the Clergy of his Diocese urging them to encourage the several flocks committed to their charge, to respond liberally to the appeal now being made to them in behalf of the Mission at the Mackenzie River, where the Sisters have established at much cost, and with much labor an orphan asylum, and schools for the Indian children.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, April 11.—The Germans yesterday arrested the editor of a newspaper at Vitry-le-François, for writing an article offensive to the military authorities. The prisoner has been taken to Rheims.

A Carlist, formerly a Colonel in the Spanish army, has been captured by the French officers near the Spanish frontier.

There is no truth in the report that Rouher took three million francs to the ex-Empereur Napoleon at Chiselhurst.

President Thiers recently observed in conversation "that it is quite possible the French may decide upon a return to Monarchy, and it is possible that they may wish to retain the Republic. But for the present there is only the latter, and that merely Provisional, which has any chance of being accepted. A Provisional Monarchy would be an utter impossibility."

March, 23.—An article which appears in the *Bien Public* to-day, a journal which is believed to represent the sentiments of the President of the Republic, in discussing the rumours of foreign alliances, says that, according to reliable information, there is no truth in the rumours spread.

"All Powers maintain a prudent reserve. They studiously avoid giving life to fresh complications; they ardently desire peace. Alliances are formed to counteract political projects, whereas the only project and aim of France is to avoid fresh complications. No one threatens France. Germany in no wise seeks to interfere with her internal affairs. There is only one fact which is correctly represented by rumour—namely, the identity of political as well as religious interests both of Prussia and Italy. Italy loudly disclaims planning for the recovery of Nice and Savoy. It is true that family ties exist between Spain and Italy, but they involve no principle hostile towards France. M. Thiers, in wishing to postpone the discussion of the Roman question, did not act from any fear of reprisals on the part of Italy. That country can have no hostile feeling towards France. The President of the Republic wishes to avoid a barren discussion. There is no one who could at present solve the Roman question. The efforts of France are directed towards making the relations of the Holy See and the Kingdom of Italy tolerable. France is not powerless, but prudent. Prudence is a duty and a law to be followed by all, even the most powerful, especially in a new order of events."

SPAIN.

MADRID, April 12.—Senor Castelar, a well-known Spanish Republican, addressed a meeting of his followers in the city of Seville last night. He said his party aspired to the formation of the United States of Europe, and the formation of a universal Republic.

Official advices show that the Carlist movement in Catalonia and Arragon is becoming more popular. There was a slight engagement yesterday between the troops and one of these bands in the district of Catalonia.

The frontier is carefully watched by the French, and Carlists who escape into France are arrested, disarmed and interned.

The government of Catalonia report that the Carlist bands which appeared in the Province of Barcelona numbered 900 men and that the leader was a prominent member of the International Society.

Internationalists are active in Spain, and there is reason to fear the Society is organising a movement which will declare itself simultaneously here and in other countries in Europe.

ITALY.

The Italian Chamber has adopted by a considerable majority the financial proposals of the government. It is semi-officially denied that any treaty of alliance exists between Germany and Italy, although there is a very cordial understanding.

The report which the *Wanderer*, of Vienna, has spread of the conclusion of a Treaty between Germany and Italy is filling the columns of the press with speculations. It is such a convenient thing to assume that a statement of this sort is true, and write long leading articles on that assumption, which only tend to exasperate public feeling unnecessarily, apparently merely for the pleasure of exasperating it. However, it must be owned that the tone of some of the Italian papers in regard to France is by no means warranted, and shows a want of feeling and ordinary gratitude which go far to justify the intense bitterness and aversion with which the French regard their late allies in the Peninsula, all which tends to produce a display of feeling on both sides which will render the German-Italian alliance, whether a Treaty exists or not, a matter of certainty. The simplest solution of the whole question would be for France to act generously and make a present of Nice to the Pope. She would gain morally by this transaction more than she would lose territorially, and forestall a part, at all events, of the bargain which must form the basis of any agreement between Germany and Italy, according to which, in the event of another war against France, the former is to recover for the latter the Provinces of Savoy and Nice, which were the price paid by Italy for French co-operation in 1859.

Rome, April 9.—The Pope has refused to receive the sum of money which was offered him by the Italian Government. His Holiness in declining the gift declared that when it became necessary for Him to accept alms as a means of subsistence he would only receive them from the Catholic world.

Mosses to Mazzini.—The committee to provide for the erection of a monument to the memory of Joseph Mazzini has been organized with Garibaldi as President.

Rome, April 11.—The Pope will hold a consistory on the 29th inst. for the consecration of a number of Italian and Polish bishops.

S. PETER'S JOURNEY TO ROME.—A correspondent writes that the great Teïdo at S. Peter's, in reparation for the outrages against the Apostle in the late public discussion in Rome, was most successful. At least 70,000 persons were present; and the writer says of the demonstration that "it was truly a *plébiscite*." Proving the fact from the words of the "very Protestants" themselves, the *Weekly Register* gives the following extract from *L'Unita Cattolica*:—"Let us choose the most convincing from among many. Calvin.—As for me, I cannot dispute about the martyrdom of S. Peter in Rome, for all the writers unambiguously agree in stating it." (Inst. B. iv. c. 6). Grotius.—"No Christian will doubt that S. Peter was in Rome." (Annot. to the Letter of S. Peter, c. v.) Cave.—"S. Peter made the Church of Rome glorious by his martyrdom." Not only was S. Peter in Rome, but he also built up the Church in this city; whosoever dared to question this, would indeed prove himself a blockhead." (Volmersten Christen). Gebbet.—"S. Peter died in Rome as a martyr sixty years after Jesus Christ." (Letters), Burthold.—"The presence of S. Peter in Rome, and

his martyrdom there is of a perfect historical certainty." (Intro. to the New Test.) Gieseler.—It is but phrensy of Protestant disputants who, following after the example of the Pope's enemies in the Middle Ages, would deny S. Peter had ever been in Rome." (Hist. of the Church). With the above agree Newton, Janius, Leclero, Young, Kipping, &c. In vain, then, Gavazzi and Scirelli lately strove to state and prove the contrary in Rome!"

GERMANY.

The German Empire is costly to the smaller States which compose it, and which used to enjoy cheap Government. Taxation is growing at an alarming rate, and is beginning to give rise to a demand for centralization. The income tax is greater by a third in the Grand Duchy of Coburg than in Prussia, and as the only apparent means of keeping down the expenditure is to get rid of some of the officials, a strong desire is growing up for a consolidation of jurisdictions. This will tend to make Germany more completely homogeneous.

In the war with the Ultramontanes, the direction of Prince Bismarck to the Bishop of Ermland to withdraw an excommunication inflicted on a school teacher, under penalty of losing his State salary, is a distinct attempt to prohibit spiritual action by secular means. In Baden, the State, under directions from Berlin, has gone even further, having prohibited all monks and non-German priests from preaching in the State Churches, and suspended the law of compulsory attendance at school whenever the teacher is an infallibilist.

RELIGION AND NATIONALISM IN PRUSSIAN POLAND.—In Upper Silesia the expulsion of non-native priests and religious is being actively followed up. At Berom the Burgomaster has written the following letter to the parish priest:—"The minister of the Interior has ordered me no longer to permit the residence in this district of foreign Jesuits and other religious. Consequently I have the honour to inform you of this action of the ministry." In addition to this, the government has requested Mgr. Ledochowski, Archbishop of Gnesen and Posen, to prohibit his clergy's joining the Polish Association on popular education, under the pretext that this association covers revolutionary designs. The Archbishop has complied with the request. But to such a pitch have the repressive measures of Prince Bismarck raised the agitation amongst all classes of the Polish people, that a great number of the clergy have taken notice of the Archbishop's message. When read at the meeting of the association in Posen, it was received with volleys of hisses; as was also a letter containing the resignation of a priest named Taskulski. But a telegram from Ostrowo, announcing the adherence to the programme of the association of the parish priest of that town and forty other priests, was received with prolonged acclamations; and the hall rang with shouts of "Honour to the Clergy"—"Down with the Prussians"—"Long Live Poland." Many other priests spoke on the occasion, announcing the decision of the clergy never to be separated from the people.

OLD CATHOLICISM IN PRUSSIA.—It is reported that the Prussian liberals intend introducing a law to ordain Catholic priests to bless the marriages and burials of the members of the old Catholic sect. In the meanwhile, Minister Falk has decided that the latter have virtually ceased to be members of the Catholic Church, and are excepted thereby from the usual contributions to the support of the clergy.—But they are not therefore to be disturbed in any of their offices; and so Professor Wollmann is to continue to be professor of religion in a Catholic university, although by the Minister's decree he has long ceased to be a Catholic. There is to be evidently one scale for the papist and another for the sectarian.

BERLIN, March 17.—Not a day elapses without the Government making a move against the priests or the priests reciprocating the compliment by word or deed. The fight has fairly begun along the whole line, and though confined to skirmishing, yet by the alacrity displayed on both sides gives a good idea of what the battle will be. The past week was marked by a considerable number of engagements.—(From *Times* Prussian Correspondent.)

RELIGIOUS TEACHERS IN GERMANY.—The Government organs announce that, in order to put a stop to the practice of employing nuns as school-teachers, a normal school for the training of female lay teachers is to be established at Düsseldorf. At present Bismarck's one policy is to exclude Catholicism from the school, and, if possible, to convert the priest into a mere civil functionary. And all this time socialism is making vast progress in Prussia. They have had a great meeting in Kopenick at which the question of the community of wives was discussed with so much heat, as to lead to blows and bloodshed. The affair has since been called by the *Journals* "The battle of Kopenick."

The Baden Second Chamber on Monday adopted the bills excluding members of religious orders from any share in the instruction of youth at public establishments, and forbidding members of those orders who are introduced into the parishes without Government authorisation from giving missions or rendering aid to the regular clergy. Dr. Dollinger, in his latest lectures in the Munich University, comes out more strongly against the Pope than ever before. In a recent lecture on the Reformation he openly acknowledged the merit of Luther, whom he called the greatest genius, an intellectual Titan, and one of the best men Germany ever possessed. While, he said, Luther spoke inspired by the Spirit, his adversaries only stammered; while he purified the Church, Rome sank deeper and deeper in corruption. In point of fact, Dollinger approved most things Luther has done, only blaming his abrogating the Episcopal office, and thereby breaking the continuity of Apostolic succession. In other words, he all but sanctioned the position taken up by the Anglican Church. Coming from Dollinger, whose utterances only a year ago were so very reserved, these theses naturally created an immense sensation.

RUSSIA.

REOPENING OF SEBASTOPOL.—Intelligence of the most portentous character reaches us from Russia. Sebastopol is to be reopened as a naval and military arsenal as well as a commercial port. Docks for the construction, equipment, and repair of men-of-war, together with barracks for the reception of an army, and arsenals to correspond, are to be constructed. All the vessels, bays, and inlets of the Crimea are to be armed and protected by forts mounting the newest and most formidable ordnance; and one reason for doing this appears to be that the railway connecting Sebastopol with the net of lines which already unites the great military centres in the interior of Russia, will be completed probably within the present year, or in the beginning of the next. By a strange coincidence, it was in this very month, sixteen years ago, that Russia signed the Paris Treaty—the hard-won fruits of the Crimean war—whereby she engaged and solemnly bound herself "that the Black Sea should be neutralised, and its waters and its ports thrown open to the merchant ships of every nation; and that neither Russia nor the Sultan should establish or maintain upon its coasts any military or maritime arsenal." It was also stipulated by the Paris Treaty of 1856, that "no ship of war belonging to Russia or any Power occupying the coasts of the Black Sea, nor any vessels of war of any other Power, should enter its water." Passing over the fact that, immediately after France, our ally in the Crimea, had been crushed by Prussia in 1870, Russia proceeded to violate the Paris Treaty, so far as regards its most important stipulations—namely, those for neutralising the Black Sea, and excluding Russian men-of-war from its waters—we now find the St. Petersburg Government taking another step, on the first opportunity, and resolving to rebuild Sebastopol as a vast

military and naval station, and arm and fortify the whole Crimea in the very heart of the Black Sea. Russia having granted the decoration of St. Stanislaus to Monsignor Marini, who is intrusted with the negotiation of the appointment of the Bishops in Russia, this distinction is considered at Rome to indicate the renewal of official relations between the Holy See and Russia.

PYRENEAN MAPLE.—Of all the fruits in cultivation this comprises the greatest number of varieties. More than two thousand have been noticed in American and English catalogues, and the Horticultural Society were at one time growing upwards of nine hundred sorts in their gardens at Chiswick. Many of these were worthless; and we are indebted to them for a catalogue, showing that many were so like each other as to be on that account reducible to the best only, and not a few were identical.

For instance—Fry's Pippin, Golden Drop, Knight-wick Pippin, Phillip's Reinette, Wood's Huntingdon, Week's Pippin, and Yellow Pippin, are all neither more nor less than the celebrated Court of Wick. The Golden Reinette is sold under ten different names; the Golden Pippin under nine, and many other favorites under three, four, and five.

The apple is indigenous in Great Britain, but is cultivated freely all over Europe and North America. We have seen an American trade catalogue with fifteen hundred sorts, so far as names will make them so.

The sorts we have strongly recommended for domestic purposes, and proved for years, are—Alfredon, Aromatic Russet, Bleheim Orange, Court of Wick, Emperor Alexander, Golden Pippin, Golden Reinette, Kerry Pippin, Lamb Abbey Pearmain, Ferns Pippin, New Town Pippin, Ribston Pippin, and Boston Russet. From these you cannot select a second-rate fruit. The whole are good for the dessert, and all the larger ones first rate for the kitchen.

The culture of the apple is so simple that if you have a good loamy soil, they simply want planting with the roots near the surface, and fastening to stakes, to keep them steady in case of wind. It is, however, necessary to look to the roots; and if there be any that have a tendency to grow downwards, like a carrot, cut them up close, for it is the side roots that are the most useful. With respect to the heads, they have only to be pruned into form by shortening any branches that have grown too long for the rest of the tree, and little wry, weak shoots should be cut off close.

In purchasing these trees, you have to make up your mind what form you wish them—for there are dwarfs which have branches to the bottom and grow like large gooseberry or currant trees; or spaliers, which are trained flat and fan-like to wooden frames, or upright stakes, exactly as they would be on a wall; and standards, or regular trees, with stems from four to seven feet long.

In limited gardens we prefer espaliers, because they take very little room, are easily pruned, or the fruit thinned and gathered without trouble, being all within reach; and, above all considerations, vermin are easily seen and removed, which, in standard trees, and out of reach, is not the case; the enemy is only seen by its effects when too late.

In buying these espaliers be particular in requiring those which have been grafted on what are called paradise stocks. They do not grow so fast, and come into fruit earlier, and are better adapted for espaliers and walls; but except the New Town Pippin, there are no apples that are better for wall culture.

If, at any time during the growth of an apple-tree a branch (or branches) takes the lead, and grows more vigorously than the rest of the tree, use the knife, for if allowed to grow its own way, a shoot that is more vigorous than the rest will actually outstrip everything, and take the whole vigor of the plant; therefore, as soon as any part is seen to grow faster than the rest, it must be checked.

If the crop happens to be very heavy, by all means thin the fruit, those remaining will be all the finer.

A NEW PAPER.—We publish the following prospectus as decidedly rich—

I propose to start a religious (evangelical) paper, on the gift enterprise plan. It will be devoted to sanctity and sowing machines, piety, politics and patent medicines.

Subscribers for one copy of the *Church Cancer* will be presented with a box of oil paste blacking. This is a very superior article; it will black boots or stoves and may be used as a hair dye. (See testimony from leading clergymen, statesmen and boot-blacks.)

Subscribers for two copies will receive a box of sardines. Subscribers for ten copies will be presented with a pair of iron clad spectacles, with glass eyes warranted to suit any age as well as another.

Subscribers for twenty-five copies will receive a nomination for Congress with a library consisting of a bottle and a pack of cards.

Subscribers for a thousand copies will be presented with a farm in New Jersey, fenced in and mortgaged.

Clergymen acting as agents for the *Cancer* will be presented with one pair of brass knuckles and an acre of coal plaster.

A negro preacher at a Georgia camp-meeting told his hearers that they could never enter heaven with whiskey bottles in their pockets, and urged them to "bring 'em right up to the pulpit, and he would offer 'em a sacrifice to the Lord." The consequence was that the good shepherd was in the evening so overcome by the spirit as to be unable to preach.

POTATO WALL, OR EDGING TO SERVE ROUND FRISSAGE OF FISH.—Mash in a mortar as many potatoes as you may want with a good piece of butter. Then with the bowls of two silver spoons raise a wall of it two inches and a half high within the rim of the dish to be used. Let the upper part be a little thinner than the lower, smooth it, and after brushing it all over with eggs, put it into the oven to become hot and a little colored. Before egging it, the outside may be ornamented with flowers, leaves, etc., by the small tin shapes used to cut paste.

MUTTON SCOLLERS.—Mince dressed mutton with very little fat, season lightly with pepper and salt, and put into scollop-shells about half full. Then put potatoes mashed with a little spoon, and brown in the oven.

POTATO PIE.—Skin some potatoes and cut them into slices, season them, add some mutton, beef, pork, or veal. Put alternate layers of meat and potatoes. GRAFTING PEARS ON OAKS.—W. G. Burke, Glen Mills, Pa., grafted a cion of pear on the root of an oak, and it grew vigorously, and bore fruit very early. Did the root sustain the cion until it formed roots of its own, or did it waste with it? A. S. Fuller said very likely the cion threw out roots of its own; he doubted if any union was formed between the oak root and the cion.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL OUR PATENT IVORY AND LIGNUM VITÆE EYE CUPS.

Spectacles rendered useless, Chronic Sore Eyes cured, and all diseases of the eye successfully treated (cure guaranteed) by the greatest invention of the age.

DR. J. BALL & CO.'S PATENT EYE CUPS.

The value of the celebrated well-known Patent Eye Cups, for the restoration of sight, breaks out and blazes in the evidence of over 6,000 testimonials of cures, and recommended by more than 1,000 of our best Physicians in their practice.

The Patent Eye Cups are a scientific and philosophical discovery, and as Mayor Ellis, of Dayton, Ohio, writes, they are the greatest invention of the age.

Certificates of cures performed by the application of Dr. J. Ball & Co.'s Patent Ivory and Lignum Vitæe Eye Cups—

CLAYSVILLE, Washington County, Pa., Sept. 29th, 1871.

DR. J. BALL & Co.—Gentlemen.—I have now thoroughly tested and proved the Patent Eye Cups; they are the *ne plus ultra* of all treatments of impaired vision, from advanced life or other causes, and are an invaluable cure of Myopia and Near Sight. I have in the last few days entirely cured several cases both of acute and what is called chronic inflammation. These had tried every known and available species of treatment without the slightest benefit, but on the contrary detrimental, and great expense.

My mother, an old lady of sixty-four years, is an enthusiastic advocate of the Cups. Three months since she could not read a letter, or letters as large as her thumb, as she sometimes expresses herself. Certain it is, that her eyes were unusually old, and worn beyond her age to such an extent that she could not read the heading of the *New York Tribune*, without her glasses. You may judge, therefore, the effect of the Cups, when I inform you that she can now read every portion of the *Tribune*, even the small diamond type, without her glasses. She now habitually reads her Testament, ordinary print, without her glasses. You can imagine her pleasure.

The business is beginning to assume something like form and shape. I have inquiries from all directions, and often great distances, in regard to the nature of the Cups. Wherever I go with them, they create intense excitement. But a few words are necessary to enlist an attentive audience anywhere the people can be found. I was at our fair last Tuesday, 27th inst., and I can safely say that I myself, or rather the Eye Cups, were no mean portion of the attractions of the occasion. I sold and effected sales liberally. They will make money, and make it fast, too. No small catch-penny affair, but a superb, No. 1, tip-top business, that promises, so far as I can see, to be life-long.

I am, very truly yours, HORACE B. DURANT, M.D.

FENTON, Mich., July 17, 1871.

DR. J. BALL & Co.—Gentlemen.—It is with pleasure that I am able to inform you of my success with the Patent Eye Cups. I have been slow in my operations, but work on a sure plan. People are afraid of been humbugged, but I have convinced them of reality. The Patent Eye Cups are a perfect success. They have restored my son's Eye Sight who was blind in his right Eye since he was a lad, the optic nerve was injured; after applying your Patent a few times he can read with that eye unassisted. He can shoot as many birds from the cherry tree, with his right eye that was blind, as any other person.

I have applied the Patent Eye Cups, with Myopic attachments, to two persons eyes who are Near Sighted; their sight is improving at an astonishing rate.

My old eyes of 14 years standing are perfectly restored. Many blessings on the inventors of the Patent Eye Cups, for the great good they have done to suffering humanity.

I remain, most respectfully, REV. ISAAC MORTON.

BLOOMING VALLEY, Pa., Sept. 4, 1871.

DR. J. BALL & Co., OCEANERS.—Gents.—I received your Patent Eye Cups by the hand of Mr. Rondebush; after testing the efficacy of the Cups for two weeks, I am satisfied they are what they are purported to be.

After wearing glasses for 19 years, for reading and writing, I can now see to read any print in your pamphlet without my spectacles. I can, therefore, recommend the Patent Eye Cups.

Very respectfully yours, REV. J. SPOONER, Blooming Valley, Crawford County, Pa.

CHICHESTER, Sussex Co., England, Dec. 15, 1871.

DR. J. BALL & Co.—Gentlemen.—On the reception of the Patent Ivory Eye Cups, on the first application, I found benefit, and now, I am happy to say unhesitatingly, from my own practical experience, that in my opinion the result produced through using your Patent Ivory Eye Cups is one of the greatest boons that ever God bestowed or man received (Spiritual Eye Sight excepted).

Over 12 years I have worn spectacles, and to my own wonderment, I can read Newspaper print, and I am writing this letter without my spectacles.

I cease to wonder at once why people are so anxious for them, now I have tried them myself, and proved them with an ocular demonstration. They are simple in construction, and could not possibly, I think, be more suitably adapted for the Eyes, besides being harmless, painless and pleasant. I speak with all due deference of the Faculty, but at the same time, I cannot divest myself of the fact that the present treatment, in the cases of Myopia, or Near Sightedness, Dimness of Vision, Cataract, Partial or Total Blindness, is a failure in nineteen cases out of every twenty when they resort to the knife, and am sorry to say I know cases that have ended in total blindness, which cannot possibly occur in using the Patent Ivory Eye Cups?

And now in conclusion, I beg to return you my sincere thanks for the inexpressible benefit received by using your Patent Ivory Eye Cups. Yours faithfully, REV. J. FLETCHER.

CASBORO, C. W., June 13th, 1871.

DR. J. BALL & Co.—Gentlemen.—It has been a long time since I wrote to you. I have wanted to see what effect the Patent Eye Cups that you sent me last January would have upon my eyes. I can truly say the effect produced upon my eyes is truly astonishing. Before using the Eye Cups, a printed sheet was like a dirty blank paper to my naked eyes, but now I can see to read without glasses any print with apparent ease. The glasses I was compelled to use before I applied the Eye Cups were of the greatest magnifying power to enable me to read or write, but now I have laid them aside and can read diamond print, and write without them. My sight is restored as in youth.

A young lady, the daughter of my tenant, which I have on my place, was affected very badly with near-sightedness, brought on by inflammation. She came to me to have the Eye Cups applied to her eyes, and, strange to say, after a few applications, (for reading) the book was removed from six inches focus to nine inches focus, and she can see objects at a distance distinctly, a thing she could not do before.

The Patent Eye Cups are the greatest invention of the age. May heaven bless and preserve you for many years, for the benefit you may confer on suffering humanity.

Yours most truly, ISAAC BOWMAN, Canboro, Haddamund, Co., C. W.

NEAR BOONE FURNACE, Greenup Co., Ky., February 8, 1872.

DR. J. BALL & Co. Gentlemen: This is to certify that, having been afflicted with sore eyes for several years, to such an extent that my sight was almost gone—could not see to walk about—having tried almost everything known in the Materia Medica, I was constrained to

try Dr. Ball's celebrated Eye Cups, with happy results. My eyes are entirely cured, and my sight is fully restored. After such results, one of my neighbors, who had been entirely blind for three years, commenced using the Eye Cups, and now he can see to do any kind of work, and is restored to his full eye-sight. To those suffering from such afflictions, regret the cost. Yours respectfully, E. C. HOLBROOK.

J. R. THOMPSON, Justice of Peace.

DEMORSTVILLE, C.W., Feb. 2, 1872.

DR. J. BALL & Co. Gentlemen: When I obtained your Patent Eye Cups from you I was suffering very much from inflammation, dimness of vision, and weak eyes; I have been so bad for several weeks that my sight became so affected that I could not distinguish a man from a woman eight rods off. I applied your Patent Eye Cups a few times, as per your special directions, and to my great delight, they have perfectly and permanently restored my sight, cured all inflammation and weakness of my eyes. I am now able to see a bird, where I could not see a man at the same distance.

I will also state my friend's case, who applied your Patent Eye Cups. I returned this morning from visiting an old lady that was almost totally blind in one eye, and could see no person standing before her with the other eye. After I made an application with the Patent Ivory Eye Cups of two and one-half minutes, she could see her hand and fingers with her eye that was totally blind, and the other was greatly improved. Your Eye Cups are simple, can do no harm to any eye, and far surpass any invention of the present age. I remain, Very respectfully yours, REV. JOHN HILL.

LEEDS, C. E., March 13, 1872.

DR. J. BALL & Co. Gentlemen: I sold a pair to a man that was so blind he had to be led about by the hand; now he can see to go where he pleases. I sold another pair to a boy that had sore eyes, and had spent \$100 trying to get his eyes cured; the Eye Cups have cured him.

JOHN DONAVAN, Leeds Village, Canada East.

LUCAN, C.W., Feb. 7, 1872.

DR. J. BALL & Co. Gentlemen: I have some good news to tell you. My father and mother have been using the Cups since I received them; they are improving fast. Father is beginning to read without his spectacles, after using them for over 20 years. Yours, &c. P. WALDEN, M. D., Lucan, Middlesex Co., Canada West.

Reader, these are a few certificates out of thousands we receive, and to the aged we will guarantee that your old and diseased eyes can be made more spectacles be discarded; sight restored and vision preserved. Spectacles and surgical operations useless. See our advertisement in another column of this paper.

All persons wishing for full particulars, certificates of cures, prices, etc., will please send their address to us, and we will send our treatise on the eye of forty-four pages, free of charge, by return of mail.

Write to DR. J. BALL & Co.

No. 91 Liberty street, New York City, N. Y.

Agents wanted for every County in the United States and the Dominion of Canada not yet disposed of. Send for Pamphlet, Circulars, and price list, sent free of charge.

MONTEAL, January 28, 1872.

MR. J. D. LAZLER: Sir—Having much pleasure in testifying to the superior working qualities of the *Lazler Family Sewing Machine*. It runs very light, makes a most beautiful Lock Stitch, alike on both sides of the fabric, is simple and remarkably easy to understand. F. E. CLARK, 77 Cathcart Street.

MONTEAL, January 24, 1872.

MR. J. D. LAZLER: Sir—Having thoroughly tested the working qualities of the *Lazler Family Sewing Machine*, I am happy to inform you that it is, in my estimation more suitable than the *Florence* or any other high price Machines that I have ever used, for general Family use.

MRS. J. A. WILKES, 750 St. Catherine Street.

MONTEAL, 24th January, 1872.

MR. J. D. LAZLER: Sir—It affords me much pleasure in recommending your *Family Lock Stitch Sewing Machine*. I have used American made Machines and candidly say that yours is the simplest and easiest to manage, and makes as neat and uniform Sewing as the most expensive Machines.

MRS. H. BAYLIS, 24 St. Monique Street.

MONTEAL, 15 March, 1872.

MR. J. D. LAZLER: Sir—In answer to your inquiry about the working qualities of the *Lazler Family Sewing Machine*, I have the pleasure of informing you that it works in the most satisfactory manner; its stitches are exceedingly uniform; it sews equally well in either light or heavy material, and it is light and easy to operate. Finally, I am satisfied in recommending it as the machine required for family purposes.

MRS. GUSTAVE R. FABRE, No. 27 Berri Street.

MONTEAL, February 1st, 1872.

MR. J. D. LAZLER: Sir—Having used the *Lazler Family Sewing Machine* for the last ten months, I beg to state that we are perfectly satisfied with its working qualities. It is remarkably light, very easily managed, and makes a most beautiful and neat stitch on the finest as well as the heaviest material.

A. MASSON, of Messrs D. Masson & Co., 406 Dorchester Street.

MONTEAL, January 24, 1872.

MR. J. D. LAZLER: Sir—I have been using the *Lazler Family Lock-Stitch Sewing Machine* for about two years, and I like it very much. It runs remarkably easy, and makes a very neat stitch, alike on both sides of the material, and works equally well in either heavy or light Goods.

MRS. JOSEPH WALKER, 18 University Street.

MONTEAL, 30th January, 1872.

MR. J. D. LAZLER: Sir—I am happy to inform you that the *Lazler Family Sewing Machine* works to our satisfaction. Mrs. Brown prefers it to the most expensive Sewing Machines for Family use.

R. G. BROWN, of Messrs. Brown & Chignell, 26 St. Francis de Sales Street.

PANSON'S PURGATIVE PILLS—Best family physic; Sheridan's Gentry Condition Powders, for hoarseness.

JUST PUBLISHED: THE ENGLISH INQUISITION WORSE THAN THE SPANISH.

FOR SALE AT D. & J. SADLER & CO., AND AT THIS OFFICE—PRICE 5 CENTS.

THE POPULAR LIFE OF GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE, by Miss EMILY V. MASON, is for sale at this Office. Price, \$3. Sent free by mail on receipt of price.

NOTICE. NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made, at the next session of the Parliament of Canada, for Act to incorporate the "Canada Guarantee and Investment Association."

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of M. BERTRAND & CO., Montreal, Insolvents.

I, the undersigned James Tyre, Official Assignee of Montreal, have been appointed Assignee in this matter. Creditors are requested to file their claims before me within one month.

CIRCULAR. MONTREAL May, 1867

THE Subscriber, in withdrawing from the late firm of Messrs. A. & D. Shannon, Grocers, of this city, for the purpose commencing the Provision and Produce business would respectfully inform his late patrons and the public that he has opened the late business at No. 451 Commissioners Street, opposite St. Ann's Market, where he will keep on hand and for sale a general stock of provisions suitable to this sale.

Consignments respectfully solicited. Prompt returns will be made. Cash advances made equal to two-thirds of the market price. References kindly permitted to Messrs. Gillespie, Moffatt & Co., and Messrs. Tiffin Brothers.

D. SHANNON, COMMISSION MERCHANT, And Wholesale Dealer in Produce and Provisions, 451 Commissioners Street, Opposite St. Ann's Market. June 14th, 1870.

NEW AND IMPORTANT PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE, PROPHECIES AND REVELATIONS OF THE VENERABLE MARY ANNE TAIGI. Her recently supposed connection with the Prophecy of the 3 days darkness will make the Life of this Venerable Woman a most entertaining book at this time.

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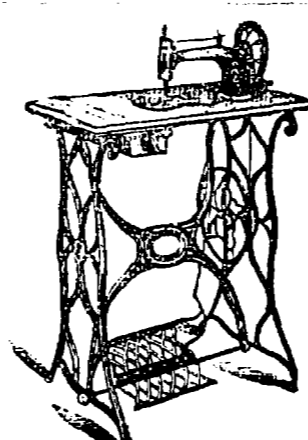
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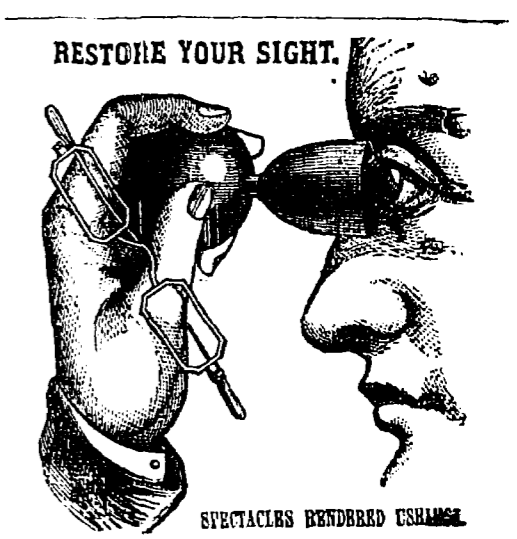


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