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The True Witness,

AND

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, SEPT. 22, 1871.

NO. 6.

FATHER CONNELL; A TALE.

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

Tom Naddy began to doze. The sound of a latch-key turning in the door of the house, fully restored him to his powers of observation. It was either Father Connell or Mrs. Molloy who was about to enter. If Mrs. Molloy he did not care very much; if his master, he did fear a remonstrance against sloth and idleness, accompanied perhaps by some hard pulling at his ears; so without absolutely disturbing himself, he prudently bent his faculties of hearing, to interpret to his own mind the sound of the footstep which must follow the other sound he had just heard. He it remarked, that Mrs. Molloy had, as well as Father Connell, a latch-key to the house-door.

In one instant he became convinced that it was the priest who had come in; upon which discovery Tom Naddy had no resource but to cringe himself up along with his cat, into the corner of the hob he occupied, that fortunately being the one thrown into deep shadow by the side of the chimney opposed to the small taper on Mrs. Molloy's kitchen-table. The priest crept on tiptoe into Tom's presence, and for the reasons given, as well indeed as because his mind's eye had prepared itself for discerning solely the figure of his housekeeper, his "boy" remained quite unnoticed by him. But that boy did not, therefore, continue ignorant of Father Connell's larceny in Mrs. Molloy's bedroom.

Before going farther, there is a slight reason why you should be loosely sketched, Tom Naddy. You were, at this time, about sixteen or seventeen, though no one could venture to say as much by looking at you. You were very significantly described, by your homely neighbors, as a "hard-grown brat;" short for your years, and not making up in bulk what you wanted in height. You had a jaedaw-colored eye, of which it was not easy to define the expression. It did not, we hope, mean dishonesty; for according to Lavater's rule, you looked straight into one's face; yet there was something in your glance, which made the philosophical observer curious to find out what that something was. Again, according to the sage mentioned, your nose had no hypocritical droop in it, but was on the contrary—a goodly broad snub; and a further and a greater puzzle about you was, that nobody could ever say, whether it was a smile or a grin, which always played around your fleshless lips. And moreover, Tom Naddy, there appeared no boyishness about you. To be sure you had a certain easy slowness in your whole manner; not laziness, as your poor master would have called it, but a peculiar self-possession, often broken up by an unexpected briskness; and you were not a person of many words, although you whistled a great deal—not, however, it is conjectured, for want of thought; because your queer face never looked vacant; and even while seemingly given up, mind and soul, to produce the full pathos of "Molly Asthore," there used to be occasionally an abstract meaning in your eye, foreign from your harmony, and you would wink, or grin, or smile, or wag your white-haired head, in the very middle of the tune.

So, no sooner had Father Connell ascended to his own bedroom, than Tom Naddy, starting into one of his unusual instants of energy, very unceremoniously removed puss from his lap, darted through the open doorway of the house, and through that of the little yard also, and almost the next minute was shouldering into the cabin where he guessed Mrs. Molloy to be stationed, his assumption of briskness being, however, now forgotten; just as suddenly as it had seized upon him, while he moved very leisurely, and whistled slowly and beautifully.

When he confronted her, Mrs. Molloy paused in the midst of a holding forth, her hand suspended in mid air, and her tongue, for a novelty, between her open lips.

"Didn't I have you, well latched in, to mind the house?" she asked in stern astonishment.

"There's some latch-keys that opens what other latch-keys shots in," answered Tom.

"What's that you say?"

"Fhu!" (shivering) "it's a cowl'd bitter night to sleep widout blankets," was Tom's far-off answer, and he resumed his interrupted whistling.

"Didn't you hear me, Tom Naddy?—didn't I have you in charge of the place?"

"Yes ma—ma'am; but mostha, I couldn't stop his hand, if 'twas his liking to schrip the house from the kitchen to the tatch on the roof in it, what I b'lieve he'll do afore he laves off."

"It's the masher at his work agin, neighbors," cried Mrs. Molloy, starting up and seizing her cloak, "jist as I was telling you! He won't lave himself, poor fool iv a man, a blanket to cover his bed—no, nor a shirt to cover his ould skin! I'll tell ye something he done that-o-way, for the hundredth time, a little while ago—"

Tom Naddy deemed that she was staying too long from home, and interrupted her—"there's other blankets in the house as well as his own, and other things like shirts, too."

She started back, asking in her guttural tones, with utter surprise—"Is it my blankets, or any of my things you'd spake of?"

Tom broke up his whistling only with a sedate nod of assent.

Mrs. Molloy bounded, as well as she could, out of the cabin. She encountered Father Connell and Neddy Fennell in the middle of the yard, each heavily laden, and just about to escape with their spoil. She whisked the tails of her cloak over each arm, thus having her hands at liberty to stretch themselves out, while her voice croaked more than usual, and the beard on her two chins might be said to stir and bristle.

"Well to be sure! Isn't this a poor case! I'm down-right ashamed o' you, sir! It's a burning scandal, sir—an' will you never give up these doings?—an' I'll not stand this, sir—an' I'll not put up with it, sir—an' I'll have you to know that I won't, sir!"

Father Connell, thus detected, after all his precautions, only smiled inwardly, however, as he said in a temporising voice, "Peggy, Peggy, anger is a deadly sin!"

"An' what kind of a sin do you call thievin', sir? Yes, thievin'—I can call it by no other name, sir."

"Let me pass out, good woman," said the priest sternly, although he was now more disposed to laugh heartily; "and be patient, Peggy, be patient."

"Patient, in troth! patient! I can't be patient—and to ould Nick I pitch patience!—Look at that big hape undder your arm—my own things rowled up along wid yours!—patient! why, if a holy saint was sent o' purpose down to keep house for you, and to look after herself and yourself, you'd torment the very life and soul out iv her in a week, so you would; here I am, from Sunday morning to Saturday night, striving, an' scraping, an' piecing, an' patching, for the two or us—an' all to no purpose—no, but worse an' worse for all I can do; an' now to make up the matter, you come ov sich an evening as this, and ov sich a night as this will be, to make me an' you get our death o' cowl'd in our beds."

"There is no fear of that, Peggy; we can still manage to rest comfortably for one short night, in a good, warm house; but I must go with these things to the help of two poor, naked women, who might really perish before morning on the damp earth, and without covering of any kind; so you had better let us go on our way peaceably, Peggy."

Mrs. Molloy darted quickly at Neddy Fennell, making a grasp at his burden, as she vociferated—"go on your way!—the long and the short ov it is, since you put me to it, there is no blanket to lave this to-night—no, nor the thread ov a blanket."

Her master now became really severe and determined. He removed her arm from the boy's fardel, put her to one side, and saying, "Be silent, my good woman, be silent, and stand out of my way;—more than once since you came in here, you have uttered sin with your lips, and offended me—of that we will speak another time;—now, go out of my way, I say—I command you;—come, Neddy Fennell, come;" and without further opposition from Mrs. Molloy, who became perfectly stumped at this sudden and most unexpected annihilation of her authority—the priest and his follower cleared the premises.

A moment after their departure, Tom Naddy lounged to her side from the corner of an end wall of the stable, round which all along he had been listening and peeping; and while Mrs. Molloy still stood silent and utterly confounded, remarked—"Ho! ho!—so, the priest is to do whatever he likes in the house for the future."

"Get out, you kiln-dried brat!" was the housekeeper's only reply, as she stamped, in much dignity, into her kitchen; while on his part Tom only sauntered after her, and resumed his place and his cat upon the hob.

Father Connell, closely followed by Neddy Fennell, bent his steps, by the least observable route, back again to the shower of houses. On his way thither, however, he stopped at more than one suburb shop to purchase, with the shillings he had almost thieved from his own curious escrutoire, additional articles of comfort for the Widow Fennell and her aged aunt.

He has been observed re-entering the abode of the potato-beggars. A moment after, the two poor, shivering, half-dead women in the inner dungeon, saw, with feelings and sensations which only those who for a long time have been very, very poor, and neglected, can at all understand, the unloading from the shoulders, and the arms, and the hands of the old man and the boy, the nice, clean, fresh straw, the gracious roll of blankets, a basketful of bread, a little crock of salt butter, a whole pound of halfpenny candles, and two or three black bottles, with old corks in them, containing huxter's ale and porter.

Standing quite erect, a disencumbered man, after getting rid of his burdens, Father Connell passed a moment, to wipe his brow with his handkerchief; then silently went to the miserable couches of the two forlorn sufferers; squeezed their hands in turn, and passed into the comparatively aristocratic abode of Nelly Carty and Bridget Mulrooney; and just after

doing so, he thought he caught whisperings between Mrs. Fennell and her young son, as if in explanation of what had come about, and almost immediately following, sounds of suppressed crying, though not in unhappy cadence.

No matter how our hero, Father Connell, arranged with the two good ladies of the mansion, they quickly went in to their lodgers, to all appearance most benevolently, and, of course, fassily active. The priest sat down before their impudent little fire, calling Neddy Fennell to him. The little lad slowly though immediately obeyed his old friend's summons, reclining on the floor, and gently leaning the side of his head upon one of the priest's knees. He did not speak a word, but knowing that he was weeping plentifully in his silence, his patron just slid down his hand, fumbled for one of Neddy's, and squeezed it.

The pair rose up, as the two potato-beggars approached the fire, each with one of their poor inmates, carried like weak, burthenless infants, in her arms; and, be it added, both the hitherto destitute women well wrapped up in blankets, with intimations here and there about their necks of inside personal comforters, previously the property of Mrs. Molloy.

Father Connell then went back to their bedroom—with Neddy's help bore out portions of the bread and butter and a bottle of the small porter: mull'd some of the latter with his own hands, and leaving his proteges to enjoy so far, under the still bustling attentions of their landladies, unwonted luxuries, again took Neddy into the inner chamber, which he and his young assistant did not quit until they had heaped, breast high, their stolen straw into two palmy couches, and scientifically pressed each down, and covered each with a yet unappropriated blanket, torn asunder by them according to their best skill. In fact, that blessed night, our old fairy friend, poor little Fanny Fennell, and her infirm old aunt, went to sleep, the first time for many months, in downy comfort, and with a happy sense of animal warmth and refreshment, and a still, still happier moral sense of yet having a single friend left to them in the wide, cold world. Before they quite closed their eyes, as they laughed and cried at one and the same time, how often did their prayers and their blessings ascend, not unheard, we do reverently hope, to the foot-stool of The Throne, for the earthly and eternal welfare of their simple-hearted, unostentatious, humble Samaritan!

It was still necessary, for the second time this evening, that Neddy Fennell should guide his priest through the mazes of the shower of houses. They arrived at the spot where they were finally to part for the night. The priest here stopped for an instant to bid Neddy good-night, and give him his blessing. As he was turning homewards, the boy spoke in low, broken accents:—

"Wait a minute, sir, if you please—I want to say a word to you. It may be on your mind, sir, from the way that I helped you, and spoke to you, this evening, in the stable, with other things, that I'm a cold-hearted boy, with no thought or feeling in me, for my mother's and my aunt's distress, and for your kindness; but indeed I'm not, sir;—I'm not that, sir, indeed;—I—I—"

And here the giddy-pated little fellow could get no further, but breaking out into sobbing and crying, turned his back on the priest, and ran home as fast as he could. In a very short time afterwards, Father Connell, and Mrs. Molloy, and Tom Naddy, were as good friends as ever they had been in their lives. The housekeeper placed before him the little measure of ale, with a foaming head on it, which he emptied every night before he got to bed, and which, with a crust to eke it out, was his beau-ideal of luxurious indulgence. A good fire, renewed by cinders, heated his outstretched limbs, and glittered in the large silver buckles of his shoes. To his left hand was his allowance of ale; to his right, pen and ink; and while he sipped his beverage, and munched his crust, we may transcribe—peeping over his shoulders, as well as the protuberance of the great wig above his ears will allow—the following entries, made by him in a curiously-covered book, which he called his journal, and, in which, for very many years, he had made some daily notes.

"I got up at three o'clock this morning to say my usual matins: it threatened to be a bitter day, and a bitter day it has been. I went to bed at four, and slept very well until seven; attended the chapel at eight: the snow was pelting in my face. God help the poor! Will the disbeliever persuade the poor man that there is no heaven?—he would then make the lot of the poor man a hard one indeed. Those who sleep on beds of the softest down, and need but to wish for everything in order to have it, are they as good Christians as the Widow Fennell and her aunt have been? God bless the good friends whose bounty enabled me to put warm clothing on so many naked children and boys this day. Mick Dempsey would cover the shivering body of only a good boy—Mick does not remember that the blast is as bitter to the bad boy as to the good boy; and that the Lord does not send the sunshine to the good only. It is not wise to drive even the most wicked to despair; it they have no hope of be-

ing better they will not try to be so; and Mick Dempsey was not right when he gave me to understand that I was encouraging idleness. I humbly hope that I was doing something that may help to change it into industry. Neglected my middle of the day prayers. *Misere mei Domine!* Our prayers should never be overlooked, especially by a priest; a priest is bound to give good example; he cannot hope to do this without grace; and grace is chiefly to be obtained by prayer. Reprehended Peggy Molloy for her tongue and bad language—not too severely, I think—and she seems the better of it; she is faithful and honest; a faithful and honest servant is a treasure; but Peggy must be taught not to fall into a passion; violent anger is like drunkenness—for the drunken and the angry man both forget their wisdom; almost as many crimes spring from the one as from the other. The first fair day I have I must beg all through the town, and then in the country, for the Widow Fennell, her poor aunt, and young Neddy. God help them all. I love that little boy in my very heart, and with God's help will be an earthly father to him." And so ended our priest's entries in his journal for one day.

CHAPTER IX.

Active charity, like all other active things, when once put into motion, soon gains its goal. Father Connell had been saying and doing, and going backwards and forwards a good deal, to say nothing of contriving and suffering a good deal, since he first left his school-house for the shower of houses this evening; and yet though all his contemplated work is now over, and he is luxuriantly preparing for bed at home, it is still early in the night. Neddy Fennell arrived at the door of his lodgings, after his final parting with his priest, while the nine o'clock bell—the curfew—or, as it was locally and elegantly termed, the "blackguards' bell" rang out a quick peal from the curious wooden structure, very like an opera glass pulled out—surmounting the market-house of his native city.

His knock and request for re-admission were soon attended to, his small boy's voice outside being sufficient warrant to his landladies, of his identity. Passing into their house, a glance towards the fire showed him that the honest dames had contrived, during his short absence, to replace, as originally arranged, all the materials for their feast, which Father Connell's unexpected return caused them to push aside here and there and hide as well as they could, and the cook for the evening had the "tay" again nearly hot enough.

Without making further observations, however, the boy passed into the apartment occupied by his mother and her aunt, to observe how they were disposed of for the night. Under the influence of all the comforts they had just experienced, the poor women already began to doze. One of his mother's hands hung by the side of her couch. He went on his knees and gently stole it back again—but not before his lips had touched it—under the blankets; and then, bestowing a little thought on himself, Neddy took a goodly lump of bread from the basket on the floor; at the repeated invitations of Nelly Carty and Bridget Mulrooney, stole out on tiptoe, to their fire, accepted a proffered seat on one of the yellow clay hobs; and while industriously mulling way through his supper, he could not avoid becoming greatly interested in the resumed conversation of his hostesses.

"Well, Nelly," said Bridget, "here we are on the bunkers before our little fire again, and what is left of the tay and the cake a most as good as ever; and it's mad intirely I am, yis indeed, to hear the rest that you have to tell about that Robin Costigan."

"Well, an' sure, lanna machree, Nelly Carty won't be long till she satisfies you. Well, Bridget, sure, as I gave you to understand afore the ould priest kem in, Robin and myself were great cronies, and faix, I'll never deny that I liked the boy well. Bud, Bridget, sure it happened one of a time, that my poor Robin borry'd the loan iv a horse, widout axin' lave, an' sure over again, he was eotch on the back of that horse at a fair in the Queen's County; and they brought the poor boy to his trial afore the judge, an' I thought my heart would break, they found him guilty, an' sentenced him to die. An' sure enough, the ugly lookin' gallowas was put up for Robin on the Green abroad, and sure enough he was walked to the gallowas, and it was the same Father Connell that quitted us a little while ago, that stepped out by his side to the gallowas' fut. Well asthore. The day that was in it was a winter's day. I'll never forget it, one o' the dark, bleak days afore Christmas; and the evenin' began to fall a most before he turned off; and when the time came to cut the rope, cut it was; and sure mecess was the very girl that caught him in my arms."

"Yourself, Nelly?" half shrieked Bridget. As for Neddy Fennell, his jaws stopped grinding his loaf, while he stared in startled surprise at the narrator.

"Meecself, Bridget. Well, *alanna machree*, sure I thought I felt a stir in my poor Robin, Neddy Fennell had taken another bite at his loaf, but again stopp'd short in his preparations to masticate it.

"An' you couldn't count twenty afore I had him in a good warm bed, and Darby Croak the bleether there by his side; an' surely, the stir in poor Robin got more life in it from time to time; an' surely, surely, over agin, many hours didn't go by till we had my poor fellow alive, an' as well as ever—ay, an' laughing heartily too at the brave escape he had—the 'tho' that, after all, might be a little bit iv a secret be-tuxt himself an' the *shibbooth*—(hangman)—an' faix we spent as pleasant a night as kem from that to this—in wakiv' the poor corpse, as we called it."

"Are you telling the truth, Nelly Carty?" gaped Neddy Fennell quite aghast.

"Wait, Neddy, my pet—sure there's a little more to come. It was about an hour afore daybreak, when my poor Robin strolled out, jist to see how his legs would go on along some iv the roads convenient after the dance upon nothin' they had the day afore. In the course iv the night, sure he swore a big oath to us, that he'd never borry a horse agin, because they war unlooky cattle; but he made no oath agin cows, and it's as thrue as that I'm sitting here tellin' it, afore the mornin' quite broke, Robin borry'd a nice fat cow out of a field by the roadside. Well, *alanna machree*, the cow did not turn out a looker baste for Robin nor the horse."

"What's that you're going to say now," again interrupted Neddy Fennell; "was he hanged over again, Nelly?"

"Faix, an' if he wasn't, Neddy, my honey, he had very little to spare that he wasn't; for the man that thought he had a better right to the cow than Robin, soon missed her, an' ran thro' the town clappin' his hands, an' got all the help he could; an' sure they all kem up with the poor boy, on the road to the fair ov Bennet's-bridge, an' he in the cow's company; an' so they laid hault on him, an' he made him turn back, widout the cow, and they rammed him into their gaol agin."

"Well," whistled Neddy. "Well," *acushla-gal-machree*, there he was, shure enough—only not for a long time, for well became Robin, he found names ov breakin' out ov their gaol, an' from that blessed hour to this no livin' creature but myself ever set eyes on him in the town. But now, listen tell me, Bridget, and you, Neddy Fennell; after five-unt-thirty years is past an' gone, an' I an ould woman, I seen Robin Costigan, this day, as sure as I now see ye both forement me."

"Many were the ejaculations of surprise, and, indeed, almost of terror, uttered by the listeners. "And to-day, Nelly?—when? where? how?" they asked together.

"Whist! spake lower, none ov us spoke very loud yet, but now we are to spake lower than ever—and for a good reason. I said that Father Connell had a sharp eye, and that he ought to remember Robin Costigan, for wasn't it he that made his soul for him at the gallowas' fut? But the ould priest couldn't know him now, Bridget, for Robin is changed by years, and he is changed by contrivances, but I know him well, Bridget, from the minute I saw him. I can't say that he had the same knowledge of me when he looked me in the face—but I used to be too fond iv him long ago, ever, ever to forget him. And I tell you I saw him this very day, and I tell you more than that, I saw him in the very next house—in Joan Flaherty's house."

Bridget Mulrooney thumped her breast, crossed herself, and turned up her eyes. Neddy Fennell jumped off the hob, breathing hard, and frowning abhorringly, and it would seem indignantly, at the quote end wall of the hobel, which divided him from Joan Flaherty's house. This wall, however, did not rise higher than the point at which the wattles of the roof commenced, so that an inmate of either abode could, by standing on a chair, or even upon a stool, peep into the other.

After a few moments, Nelly Carty resumed slowly, and in whispers, and Neddy again opening himself on the hob, changed his wide opened, glowing eyes from the end wall to her face.

"An' he is a beggarman, now, iv you please; and he has a poor, withered limb, *morya*, an' I seen childer wid him that he takes into the street, when he goes a-begging."

"Tell me this, Nelly," asked Neddy Fennell suddenly, and as if wishing for an answer in the affirmative, "if the judge heard he was alive, wouldn't he have him hung over again?"

"Faix, an' I'm thinking he would, my lanna; sure they owe him the last hanging, at any rate; an' I'd go bail if they had a hault iv him now, they'd—but be asy wid your tricks, ye young limb."

A handful of small pebbles, as it seemed, clattering and jingling among Nelly's "tay-things" caused her thus suddenly to interrupt herself.

"It wasn't I that did it, Nelly, though I often played you a trick before now," answered Neddy Fennell very slowly, and in the least possible whisper—"it wasn't I that did it; but just turn your head behind you, and look towards the far end of the room."

"Don't Bridget! Don't for the world wide," admonished Nelly—"it's himself is in it—I know it is; for there is no male creature living,

on Joan Flaherty's flure along wide him.
So neither of the good ladies obeyed Neddy Fennell's command. The boy, however, was indistinctly, in the almost complete darkness, at the remote point he peered at, the head and shoulders of a man elevated over the imperfect division wall.

"Is the ould priest gone?" asked this apparition, in stealthy and husky tones.

Nelly winked at Bridget to answer, and Bridget accordingly said—"He is gone these three hours, neighbor."

"Will he come agin to-night, ye ould collocks?" continued the same voice.

"No, surely, neighbor; he is gone for this night, sartain."

"Bunnath tath, then," and the head and shoulders disappeared. A dead silence succeeded. Nelly Carthy held up her hand, and significantly looked her meaning at Bridget Malrooney, who, in return, nodded her head.

"Neddy Fennell," added Nelly, "for the worth of the life that's in you, and that's in all our bodies,"—she whispered these words into his very ear—"don't let out of you a breath of what you have heard here this night;—mind my words."

They all went to bed, Neddy lying down on some straw, confronting that side of the house occupied by Monsieur the pig; while his gentle hostesses, unfolding certain rolled-up parcels in the corners to the right and left of the fire-place, but which, after all, contained only straw pallets, with very wretched covering, made their own couches thereof.

(To be Continued.)

[Written for the TRUE WITNESS.]

SKETCHES OF IRELAND.

BY "TIERNAN-O'GEE."

DUBLIN.

It would be an idle task to attempt to describe, however faintly, the City of Dublin in one sketch; and indeed an abler pen than ours might fail to do it justice. As the mists of morning rise into mid-air beneath the potent spells of the day-god, so the mists of years with all their varying hues while leaving to us the feeling that away beyond leagues of space is our home as dissipated by the sun of memory; but as it requires all the majestic glories of noon to make bright the day, so it would be required of us that we were in the flesh, as indeed we are in spirit, not looking through the light of memory, but revelling in the sun of home, in the city of the splendid buildings; where stands in mournful greatness the pile that once re-echoed the thunders of Plunket, Flood, and Grattan; where the liquid tones of Bushe fell like the melody of streams upon the legislators of Ireland; that pile where, in a horrid reversal of principle, the odious creature who thanked his God that he had a country to sell, with the whip of torture, perjury, bribery and dishonor, drove the Genius of Freedom from her Temple, and changed her votaries into the engravers of bank-notes and the purchasers of foreign stocks. We should be there in the flesh indeed would we appreciate as only the returned exiled can Old Trinity and City Hall and Four Courts and Post Office and Custom House, while floating down the stream of time and hastening to the unknown shore, we would see the students listening to an Emmet, the corporators enchained by an O'Connell, and belligerent barristers and bloody-handed judges wincing beneath the scathings of a Curran; and then perhaps an unbidden tear would fall when we would see Conciliation Hall changed into a flour store, or hastening through Thomas street, we might remember the gallant but unfortunate Fitzgerald, while from whatever side we might look, we would see the olden Castle with its grim tower, and the royal standard of England waving over all. Dublin is a very ancient city. Ptolemy, enumerating several cities as having had existence before him, A.D. 130, in Ireland, describes Eblana, a maritime city, situated about the centre of the eastern side of the island. Following in the wake of prejudice there are many persons who assert that Dublin was founded by the Ostmen. Their object evidently is to destroy if possible the antiquity of Ireland; but as it was not until about 820 that the Danish marauders invaded Ireland, and as we find in the Annals of Tighernach, year 166, that "Con of the hundred battles" and Mogha Nuadhath divided Ireland into two parts, by a line drawn from Athelith Dublinne to Athelith Meadraighe, or from Dublin to Clarins Bridge near Galway, the assertion therefore is utterly without a shadow of justification. The city is remarkable for the beauty of its situation. Fronting upon a bay which rivals that of Naples, it stands in the midst of a fertile plain, while away in the distance are visible the Dublin and Wicklow mountains, and the heather and fern and yellow wheat upon their sides blend in magic as a thousand streams and rivulets reflect their simple graces. But it is not as a city of fine situation or of splendid buildings that the Capital appears to the Irish eye and appeals to the Irish heart. Its chief glory, its high attraction is that patriot eyes have feasted upon its beauties, and that patriot voices have told the oft-repeated tale of Ireland's rights and wrongs in its halls and assemblies. There "the poet of all circles and the idol of his own" sung his unrivalled melodies. There Davis wrote the harbingers of her resurrection and there he sleeps. There it was that a spectre-figure glided in almost unearthly solitude of thought, like a vield shadow in the setting sun, throwing himself athwart his country's name until Mangan and Ireland seemed one in fame and misfortune.—There it was that the giant form of O'Connell strode in conscious power, while the thunders of his eloquence shook the temples of bigotry, and the lightnings of his genius blasted the idols of Ascendancy on their very altars. There the dogs lapped the blood of many a high-souled child of Erin, who preferred to die as a rebel Celt, than live as a mongrel West Briton,

and it is to there that the eyes of millions are turned hoping for a return of its olden power, when the money-changers shall be driven from the legislative halls, and the representatives of Ireland shall make laws for Ireland on Irish soil. The citizens of Dublin are famed for their charity. In the highest ecclesiastical city in the world, where the Vicar of Christ reigns, the Capital of Ireland is known as the "City of Charity." The Rev. G. F. Haskins, a worthy priest of Massachusetts, who said in a work published in 1856: "Never can I forget the little Irish boy, my own pupil, who, in exchange for the letters I taught him, first taught me Christianity," speaking of Dublin in the same work, p. 259, said: "In Dublin—and the same we afterwards found true of every city that we visited in Ireland—there exist public institutions and charities as numerous as the diseases and infirmities to which the human frame is liable. Here are hospitals for the diseased; refuges for the penitent; retreats for the aged; asylums for the blind, deaf and dumb and the insane; and infirmaries for the sick and maimed and for women with child.—Nearly all them (Italics our own) are supported by the spontaneous and voluntary offerings of the people." "I cannot give a description of the charitable institutions of Dublin because I could not obtain any printed documents giving a history of their doings. In fact, the patrons of these establishments do not seek for notoriety, but only to do good." Dublin is essentially a Catholic city. Its episcopal ruler is remarkable for his energy in promoting sound Catholic education, and wears a Cardinal's hat. Its priests are pious and vie with each other in attendance upon their flocks, and strangers look with surprise at the chivalrous bearing of the mere gnomes whenever a Sister is near.—The Carmelites, the Dominicans, the Franciscans, the Passionists, the Fathers of Mary Immaculate, the Jesuits, are represented, the churches are always open, and our Lord is never alone. If Dublin were the Capital of a nation instead of being the principal city of a province; if an Irish Parliament sat in College Green, it would be one of the finest cities in Europe, and as it is a moral impossibility that the Faith of Ireland should ever fail, so would the best interests of religion be promoted if national prosperity obtained instead of national squalor, if nationhood crushed provincialism.—The designs of Providence are beyond our mortal ken, but fervently do we pray that we shall live until the dawn of deliverance. It is coming, if justice be not dead, and political morality a myth; but until it comes the duty of the Irish Catholic is plain, whether at home or abroad, principally abroad because it is most urgent. It is to uphold the Faith of St. Patrick. To cling closely to the Apostolic See. To show by his zeal his devotion to the Great Truth: which not all the fendish machinations of impious men for centuries could destroy.—Yes, fellow-Irish Catholics, this is our duty. We may be in rags, we may be the scorned of men, Prejudice may dip its arrow into poison, and Hate may hurl the death-dealing shaft upon us, but beyond the stars where the Beautiful ever live, where the Ever-Young revel in the beatitude of the Lord, Patrick and Brigid, the Mary of Ireland, and Columba, are waiting for us, and praying for us, and glorying before God in the faith of us their children. Let us preserve that holy faith.—Through the wilderness of our sorrows it has served us as a cloud by day; in the inky darkness of despair it has been to us as a pillar of fire.—Above all give sound Catholic education to your children, and then pray that in after life they may not lose that to preserve which our fathers bled and died. The Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin devotes almost all his energies to this vital question, knowing that dangers surround the paths of those who possess not the advantages of Catholic education. Then again, looking at the question politically, the better Christians we make our children, the greater shall be their worth as men to the community. The honorable, respected citizen of Irish birth honors his name and country, and thus almost unconsciously forwards Ireland's interests.—Deep is our prayer for Ireland's future, and our feeling of hope tells us that ere long the "splendid phantom" of O'Connell shall become a magnificent reality. Then Tiernan-O'gee, with many a kindred soul, will rush to Erin, to its Capital and there feast upon the living joys of a resurrected nation.

ENCYCLICAL EPISTLE OF HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS IX.

To all Patriarchs, Primate, Archbishops, Bishops and other Ordinaries in Communion with the Holy See.

VENERABLE BRETHREN, HEALTH AND APOSTOLIC BENEEDICTION.

Often, Venerable Brethren, during Our long Pontificate, have We turned to you and intimated how gratefully We have received the proofs of devotion and love which the God of all mercy has put it into your minds and into the minds of your faithful flocks to show to Us and the Apostolic See. When the enemies of God began to invade its civil dominion, in order that, if it were possible, they might prevail against Jesus Christ and His Church, "which is His Body and the fulness thereof," you, Venerable Brethren, and the Christian people, have, without ceasing, besought God, whom "the winds and the sea obey," that He would still the tempest; nor have you desisted from repeating again and again the testimonies of your love, or from discharging every duty by which you could console Us in Our tribulation. And when this City, the Capital of the whole Catholic world, was wrested from Us, and We were placed at the disposal of those who had oppressed Us, you, together with the multitude of the faithful of your Dioceses, redoubled your prayers, and with your numerous denunciations you asserted the sacred rights of religion and justice that had been most audaciously trampled upon. And now that, by an event unknown since the days of Saint Peter, and unprecedented in the whole succession of the Roman Pontiffs, We have attained the 26th

year of Our Pontificate in the Chair of Rome, you have given such magnificent proofs of your joy on account of this great mercy granted to Our littleness, and you have so brilliantly exhibited in action the vigorous life with which the entire household of Christ is animated, that We have been profoundly affected at it; and, uniting Our prayers to yours, We have been afresh encouraged to look with greater confidence than ever for the complete and absolute triumph of the Church. It has been most gratifying to us to know that in every part of the world the faithful have made, in vast crowds, pilgrimages to celebrated sanctuaries, and that great assemblages of Catholics have been gathered at those sanctuaries, and there, under the leadership of their own pastors, have publicly offered up their prayers and made their communions to thank God for the great mercy he has bestowed upon Us, and to beseech Him to give the victory to His Church. We felt Our sorrows alleviated, may turned into joy at the congratulations contained in your letters, at your assurances of loyalty, at your prayers, and at the very numerous arrivals of Catholics from all parts, amongst whom were many distinguished by noble rank, and by ecclesiastical and civil dignities, and still more ennobled by their faith; all of whom being united in feeling and in act, together with a large number of the citizens of Rome and of the provinces that have been seized on—from different and distant realms have travelled hither with one accord, and have voluntarily exposed themselves to the same perils and insults to which We are exposed in order that they might come face to face with Us and there testify the pious sentiments of themselves and their fellow-citizens, and also might present to Us volumes, containing many hundred thousand signatures of the Faithful of all nations to addresses, in which they characterized in the severest terms the invasion of Our Primedom, and earnestly maintained that its restitution was demanded and enjoined by every principle of religion, justice, and even of civilization. By this occasion also there hath accrued to Us a receipt of money larger than ordinary; both poor and rich having exerted themselves to relieve the poverty that had been brought upon Us; added to which there were also manifold presents of various kinds and of great value, forming a magnificent tribute of the productions of Christian art and genius, excellently adapted to exalt the twofold power, Spiritual and Royal, granted to Us by Almighty God; there was also an extensive and splendid supply of sacred vestments and church furniture, out of which We were enabled to assist the poverty and meanness of a great many churches in different places. Truly it was a wondrous spectacle of Catholic unity, and one which clearly proved that the Universal Church, although spread over the whole world, and made up of nations differing in manners, in character, and pursuits, yet is animated by the same spirit of God, and is all the more marvellously strengthened thereby, the more fiercely the impious persecute and distress her, and the more craftily they plot to cut her off from all human aid. Let, therefore, abundant and most hearty thanks be rendered to Him who glorifies His own name, and at the same time by showing forth His ever ready power and help raises up our afflicted souls to the hope of final and certain triumph. If, however, We refer all the good things that We have received to God their giver, yet at the same time We do feel the utmost gratitude towards those who have been the agents of Providence, and have discharged abundantly towards Us all the duties of help, consolation, loyalty, devotion, and love. Lifting up Our eyes and hands towards heaven, We offer to the Lord all that has been conferred on Us in His name by Our children; earnestly beseeching Him that He would vouchsafe speedily to hear their united prayers for the liberty of the Holy See, for the victory of Holy Church, and for the peace of the world; and that He would bountifully reward each one with earthly and heavenly blessings, which is beyond Our power. In truth, We could have wished to express to each and to all personally. Our gratitude, and to give to each and to all the assurance of Our warm affection; but the great number of presents, letters, and addresses that have come in from every quarter render this plainly impossible. In order therefore that Our desire may in some manner be carried into effect, We communicate Our sentiments to you, Venerable Brethren, first of all; and beg that you would announce and explain them fully to your clergy and to your flocks. And We exhort all that they continue instant in prayer unitedly with yourselves, and in full confidence of soul; for if "the continual prayer of the just penetrateth the clouds, and turneth not back, until the Most High regardeth;" and Christ has promised that wherever two or three are gathered together in His name, and agree as to what they shall ask for, His Heavenly Father will do whatsoever they shall ask, much more must the Church Universal, by her continual and united prayer, obtain all that she asks for—so that, Divine justice being appeased, she may behold the powers of hell crushed, the efforts of human malice defeated and brought to nought, and peace and justice restored to the earth. But do you, Venerable Brethren, above all things, labor with your soul and strength to this end, that, being ever united together in a close phalanx, you may confront the enemies of God, ever attacking, with fresh plots and violence, the Church, which no force shall ever destroy—that you may the more easily and successfully resist their onset and defeat their armies. This is what We do most earnestly desire and most fervently pray for, and with all Our heart do We ask it for you and for the whole household of the Catholic Church; and as a pledge of that most wished-for issue and of the Divine favor, and as an undoubted proof of the special affection and gratitude that We feel towards you and each one of you, Venerable Brethren, We do from Our inmost heart very lovingly impart to yourselves, your clergy and flocks, the Apostolic Benediction. Given at

Rome, at S. Peter's, August 5, being the Feast of Saint Mary of the Esquiline (Our Lady at Nives), Anno Domini 1871, in the 26th year of Our Pontificate.

PIUS PP. IX.

THE HOME RULE ASSOCIATION COMMÉMORATIONS.

THE Freeman's Journal tells us that the meeting of the Home Rule Association on Tuesday opened with an occurrence pleasingly significant of the growing strength of the movement. No less than seventy-five new members were admitted into the Association; and these included gentlemen of every shade of political opinion, of every religious creed, and from every district. At the sitting thus prosperously initiated some remarkable speeches were delivered, and notably one in which the Rev. Mr. Galbraith sought to impress on the Catholics and Protestants of Ulster, and in a particular degree of Derry, the folly of their interecine contests, and the ruin which they were bringing on their suffering Fatherland. We earnestly hope that Mr. Galbraith's words will sink deep into the convulsed and passion-torn hearts of Ulster. We honour the transparent sincerity of his motives—we recognise the value of his services, but he must permit us in all courtesy and all good faith, while we applaud his advice, to differ *to toto* from his estimate of the facts of the case. Stripped of the eloquent and generous phrases in which his maxims are enveloped, his plan for putting an end to the annual disturbances at Derry is, that the Catholics should abandon their Defence Association, and should permit the celebrations to proceed as they were wont in former years. Now, let us at once say that this piece of advice should, in our humble opinion, be addressed to the Derry Orangemen, and not to the Derry Catholics. The cause of complaint which the Catholics have against these demonstrations is unanswerable. They allege in the first place—and this, of course, no man can gainsay—that these demonstrations are intended to commemorate certain very grievous disasters which in old days befell the Catholic cause in Ireland; they allege also that at these demonstrations language of the foulest and most outrageous character is used; and, what is more important, that persons who participate in them work themselves up into a state of frenzy which often leads them into gross attacks on the lives and properties of unoffending persons. Professor Galbraith knows very well how often Orangemen have wound up demonstrations at Derry or elsewhere by wrecking a house, beating the brains out of some unhappy Papist, or sending a volley through the windows of a dwelling-house. We do not dwell on these matters for the sake of awakening bitter memories. Heaven knows that none are more anxious than we are that the dead past should bury its dead, that these miserable feuds should be blotted out for ever. But the Freeman alludes to these facts to show how unjust, how unreasonable it is to expect the Derry Catholics not to use every legal method of putting a stop to these celebrations at once so absurd, so offensive, and so dangerous. Forgiveness is an excellent thing, no doubt. A wise oblivion is the Linbo to which these Ulster feuds should be consigned. Grant all this; but let us ask Mr. Galbraith—are forgiveness and oblivion to be expected while an insolent faction continues to annually outrage the sentiments and, if permitted, attack the homes and the persons of the Derry Catholics? The reverend gentleman carries with him all honest Irishmen when he condemns the feuds and heartburnings of Ulster. But early associations so warp a powerful mind and an honest heart that he cannot see that the sole responsibilities for these feuds rests with the Orangemen of the North. In old days, in that blood-stained seventeenth century when the world was torn with wars of religion, Ulster was the great battle-ground on which Catholic Ireland and Protestant England fought it out. Both sides had their triumphs and their disasters; and yet one side alone keeps alive the recollections of these civil struggles. True it is that the siege of Derry was a glorious triumph for the arms of Protestant Ulster. But equally glorious for Catholic Ireland was that famous field where Owen Roe smote hip and thigh the choicest levies of Protestant Ulster and its Scottish allies. And yet what Catholic ever seriously proposed to celebrate the triumph of Benburb? What liberal Englishman ever dreamed of a commemoration of the fight at Marston Moor? What Tory Englishman ever thought of celebrating one of Prince Rupert's victories? Do the German Protestants illuminate Frankfurt on the anniversary of one of Gustave Adolphus's successes, or does Vienna commemorate the day when the troops of Tilly triumphed over the Protestant hero? No; the Ulster Orangeman is the only living being so ungenerous and so ignobly vulgar as to perpetuate with insulting joy the memory of disasters suffered by his own countrymen; and it is to him and not to the Northern Catholic Professor Galbraith should appeal.

THE IRISH REPRESENTATIVES.

Perhaps the most remarkable fact of the late Session is that almost every individual and every party has come out of it with diminished influence and diminished prestige. The country is indignant with the Commons for the manner in which valuable time has been consumed in wearisome talk; it denounces the Lords for their obstructive policy; it laments over Liberal incapacity and Liberal blunders, over the match tax, and the sailing of the Megera; it sees nothing to admire in the hollow and insincere tactics of the Opposition. But, turning from Imperial to national views of policy there can, indeed, be no doubt that we have had no such melancholy shipwreck this Session as that of Irish membership. Each succeeding year since the general election Ireland has more and more lost confidence in some of her representatives. In '68 Ireland, by the most superhuman efforts and sacrifices, at the cost of much individual suffering, in defiance

of the landlord's terrorism and in despite of the rich man's gold, returned to Parliament some sixty or seventy persons pledged to support the national cause. How have they since borne themselves? Let us take as a test the two most important divisions which, as far as Ireland is concerned, took place this Session; we mean the division on the Westmeath Coercion Bill and on Sir John Gray's motion with reference to the Park affray. On the first of these occasions only eleven gentlemen could be got to go into the lobby against an attack on the liberty of the subject so gross and unprovoked, that the very Ministry which forged the weapon have been ashamed to use it. On the second occasion, when all that was asked for was that some inquiry should be made into the circumstances attending the furious onslaught of the police on a crowd of inoffensive people, only twenty-three M.P.s. recorded their votes in favor of the member for Kilkenny's motion. The fact of it is that many of our Irish members are so steeped to the lips in party ties, party obligations, party hopes, that they would sooner see Ireland share the fate of one of those Polynesian isles which the Pacific occasionally amuses itself by swallowing up than annoy Mr. Glynn by giving an adverse vote. There is no such argument for Home Rule as the extraordinary effect which the Westminster atmosphere has upon Irish patriotism. How wonderfully does the enthusiasm of the hustings cool down after a Session or two, and the patriot submerge in the partisan! And this London air appears to have an effect as unfavorable on Irish ability as it has on Irish honesty. The four or five Irish members who occupy a prominent place in the House and maintain the old reputation of the country are all middle-aged men. Where are the young athletes training to take their places? Among recent accessions to the Irish representation, perhaps the only man who has earned a high reputation is Mr. Plunket, who, in a couple of Sessions, has exhibited powers which strengthen the general belief in the hereditary character of oratorical gifts. But we must chronicle this success at once with pleasure, for the Irish heart would be cold indeed if it did not feel some interest in the fortunes and successes of the descendants of William Conyngham Plunket; with sorrow, deep and heartfelt to see a young man of the highest promise, the most unquestioned abilities, "to party give up what was meant for mankind." No man who has looked into Mr. Plunket's Life of his grandfather can doubt the writer's profound sympathies with Ireland and liberalism. As a lecturer at King's Inns, it was notorious that he took the broadest and most democratic views on all disputed constitutional points. And yet, such is the stern irony of circumstances, this man sits in Parliament amongst the dull bigots of Ulster, steals his heart to the cry with which to-day the dear old country calls on all her sons, and deprecates vote by Ballot lest it may increase the number of Irish members devoted to the cause of Home Rule. Mr. Plunket is a type, a favorable type we admit, of the Irish member in the English Parliament. In an Irish Parliament such a man would be a useful and honored servant of his Fatherland. His devotion to its cause would be freshened and intensified by all his surrounding circumstances. Living in an Irish city, mixing in Irish society, breathing the same air that Curran breathed, and sitting beneath the roof which once rung with the immortal eloquence of Grattan, the national aspirations in his heart would be quickened into activity and life, and would bear noble and enduring fruit. But what is Mr. Plunket or any other clever Irishman in the Palace of St. Stephen? His individuality soon becomes lost, his nationality is obliterated by the English influences which surround him; like Samson of old, he is "in brazen fetters doomed to grind, with his Heaven-gifted strength." The iron of selfishness soon enters into his soul, and after a time he has no higher aspiration than to escape from Parliament altogether, and for the rest of his life doze placidly in some sinecure post. When Ireland had a representation of her own it was famous the wide world over for its eloquence, genius, and capacity; but in her present provincial state, her representation in a foreign land must ever wither, a sickly exotic.—Dublin Freeman.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE DUNGANNON INQUIRY.—The inquiry which is now proceeding into the conduct of the magistrates at Dungannon is a subject on which we will have something to say at its conclusion. But we cannot permit the evidence which is contained in our morning contemporaries to pass without at once noticing the all-important fact disclosed in it. It is certain that Orange drumming parties are, on the well known anniversaries, in the habit of disturbing the town of Dungannon, and that their conduct is regarded as most offensive by the Catholic inhabitants, and as very reprehensible by many of the Protestants of the town. Now, the Catholics of Dungannon allege that the local magistracy foster and encourage these drumming parties, which it is their manifest duty to discourage. This serious allegation is confirmed by the resident magistrate, is denied by the local magistracy; and it is to try and inquire into the issue thus joined that a Commission is now sitting at Dungannon. One of the magistrates implicated in the charge of partiality is Colonel Stuart Knox. That gentleman had joined with his brother magistrates in denying that there was any truth in the allegation as far as he was concerned. A morsel of evidence adduced on Monday at once puts an end to all doubt on the subject. A certain Sub-constable Colgan deposed, that on the 12th July, '69, he saw an Orange drumming party enter the town. At its head was a certain Tom Johnston, wood-ranger to Colonel Knox. This person was exceedingly violent, shouted out to some Catholics who were in the neighbourhood, "Come on now, ye cowardly rascals." This exhortation had the desired effect—the Catholics came on, and nothing but the presence of the police prevented a very serious riot. This one fact, we hold, disposes of Colonel Knox's defence. Does anybody in his senses imagine that Johnston, would have joined this drumming party unless he knew in his heart that his master did not—to say the least—regard it with disapproval? What hope can the Catholics of Dungannon have of justice in party matters when they see the confidential servant of one of the magistrates, unrebuked and unpunished,

ake command of an Orange mob, and address his Catholic fellow-townsmen in words of the grossest insult.—*Dublin Freeman.*

OUR PROSPECTS.—The Registrar-General of Ireland has just issued the summary of agricultural statistics for the year. In one important branch these statistics are of an unfavourable character—viz., flax-growing. In a series of articles which we published a short time ago we minutely entered into the question of flax cultivation, and endeavoured to show the profits that might be derived from its more extensive cultivation, not only in Ireland, but in Great Britain. It has been clearly demonstrated, we believe, that flax could be grown with profit in many localities. Flax culture, however, appears to be losing its hold in Ireland. This year each of the provinces exhibits a decline in the acreage under the cultivation of flax, as compared with last. In no one of the districts in Ulster do we find that any advancement has been made in the number of acres; on the contrary, each and all return a decline, which, in the aggregate, reaches to 33,224 acres. In 1870, there were in Ulster, 189,412 acres under flax, while this year there are only 147,188. Passing on to Munster, where the acreage was never heavy, we find that this year there is a total decrease of 1,263 acres, as compared with 1870, the figures being—1870, 4,192 acres; 1871, 2,929. In Leinster, we find that the falling off this year, as compared with last, is about in the same ratio to the total decrease as in the other divisions. The total number of acres under the cultivation of flax is this year 3,109, whereas in 1870 there were 4,238, showing a falling off amounting to 1,039. In Connaught, where flax receives generally a wide acreage, we find a falling off of 2,620 acres as compared with last year, the respective seasons being—1870, 6,068; 1871, 3,448. We draw the following conclusions, therefore, from the returns in respect of the cultivation of flax throughout Ireland.—That flax was grown to the extent of 194,910 acres during the year 1870, while during the present year there are only 156,764 acres, showing a total decrease, in 1871, of 38,146 acres. Of the entire number (1,513) of scutching mills in 1870, 1,409 were in Ulster, 39 in Leinster, 39 in Munster, and 31 in Connaught.—*Dublin Freeman.*

A Kells correspondent writes:—"The foot and mouth disease, which has made such fearful havoc amongst the principal herds in the county Meath, is gradually disappearing and it is gratifying to learn from the different parts of the county where it made its appearance in violent form, that it is almost totally eradicated. One grazier in the neighbourhood of Kells has lost not less than sixty beasts."

An Enniskillen correspondent, writing on the 21st ult., says:—"In the north and north-west the number of potatoes damaged is far larger than has been for some years past. In some parts of Fermanagh fields of potatoes are found in which not one-fifth of the crop is sound. The farmers are bringing large quantities to market, fearing that the disease may get worse."

A man named Anthony Barrett, one of the parties charged with being implicated in the late murder at Dallycrov, was arrested a few days since and conveyed to the Mayo county prison. There are now seven persons charged with the murder.

Land of the value of £1,789,913 has been sold in the Landed Estates Court of Ireland, since 1st of January, 1870. The account is brought down to the 10th of July, 1871.

DISCOVERY OF PAGAN REMAINS.—An interesting discovery (perhaps the most important antiquarian "find" made in Ulster, or, indeed, in any part of Ireland, for many years) occurred last week upon a portion of the property of Mr. G. V. Porter, at the "Bar," a wild, hilly district, a few miles northeast of Trillick, County Tyrone. It appears that Mr. Gillespie, overseer or contractor in the erection of a national school on the Porter property, being in want of building material, set some of his men to excavate what appeared to their eyes a natural knob or hill, and which promised to turn out a not unprofitable quarry. During the progress of their work the men uncovered several cists or graves containing human bones and some remains of urns. One chamber, beside the bones presented what was described as a beautifully formed elf-stone. It is to be regretted that this specimen of flint manufacture, as well as the fragment of pottery, have, through the superstitious feeling of the finder, been thrown away and probably lost. One tolerably well-preserved skull, and portions of several others, were conspicuous among the bones. They appear to have belonged to a race remarkable for the great length of their heads from the front backwards. Such of the teeth as remained were admired for their soundness and regularity. Only in one instance was it found necessary to remove the covering of a cist. This was accomplished by the united strength of several men, who slowly raised the "teuch" upon one of its edges, thus affording an uninterrupted view of the interior of the grave as it had remained since "the age of stone." In another cist was a very beautifully ornamented and perfect urn of the kind usually styled "spunehal," but which not a few well-informed antiquarians begin to believe may have been at times used for holding food. It lay on its side upon a flat stone, and was quite empty. There was no lid or cover to it.

THE LORD LIEUTENANT.—The *Echo's* Dublin correspondent, writing lately, says:—"Rumours are again flying about as to the resignation of Earl Spencer as Lord Lieutenant and the appointment of Mr. Chichester, Fortescue in his place, the right honourable gentleman being first raised to the peerage. It is well known that Lady Spencer dislikes Ireland, and that she feels irksome her quasi-regal position. It is also suspected that Lord Spencer will not be sorry should he be allowed or called on to resign. Popular report, not altogether unfounded, had it that the Countess Waldgrave declared that she would never go back to Ireland, except as a wife of the Lord Lieutenant, and as this puts her husband in a difficulty, the matter was temporarily settled by his removal to the Board of Trade."

THE POPE AND THE LADIES OF IRELAND.—The following letter addressed to his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin, will be read with deep interest.—*Rome, August 2.*—"MY DEAR LORD—I thought it better not to delay handing the ladies' offering to his Holiness; so yesterday, the Feast of the Chains of St. Peter, I had that honour. I read the translation of the address in full to his Holiness, which exceedingly moved him. He stopped with great interest at the words 'Who would be children of Christ must be children of Rome.' I explained to him the Irish tradition of this beautiful maxim, and repeated for him twice the Latin words. He was quite taken with the entire address, and, as to the magnificent offering of 3,200*l.*, was equally surprised and grateful for so generous and substantial a proof of the filial affection of his Irish daughters. I told him that the original was to come, signed by about two hundred thousand names; however, in anticipation of its arrival, and to give at once a proof of his paternal affection to them and of his appreciation of their generosity, he took the rough copy of the translation which I had with me and wrote under it his blessing and signature, and charged me to send it at once to them. He made it a point to write the first letter of his name, P. very large for them, and when he had finished it he looked at it and smiled most heartily at his success. This shows in what spirit he was at the address and offering of our devoted country-women, on whom, doubtless, the blessing of the Vicar of Christ cannot fail to call from Heaven every grace and consolation they require.—I have the honour to be your Eminence's most devoted,
"P. KIRBY."

INCREASE OF THE POPULATION.—We learn from the quarterly returns of the Registrar-General that the

number of births registered during the quarter ended 31st March last were 41,637; the deaths 26,513; the number of emigrants, being 11,355; an increase of 3770 would, therefore, appear to have taken place in the population of Ireland during that period.—*Tablet.*

QUEENSTOWN CATHEDRAL.—This work, which promises to be by far the most costly and the most magnificent of our new Cathedrals, is now about 25 feet above the pavement, and 50 feet above the roadway from which there is a rapid descent. The church, which measures over 200 feet by 130 feet, is being erected entirely of Dublin granite, a material which, we need scarcely state, is almost indestructible. The works, which have been suspended for some time past, are again in active operation, and the architects, Messrs. Pugin and Ashlin, hope to have the building roofed in in 1874.

The departure of the French deputation from Dublin was made the occasion of a popular demonstration, almost amounting to a "monster procession." Regard for France and dislike of England were ostentatiously evinced by cries and banners bearing suggestive mottoes. The Limerick Farmers' Club has passed resolutions expressing dissatisfaction with the Land Act, and insisting upon fixity of tenure.—*Times.*

THE DUBLIN JURY PANEL.—Whenever the British Senate, yielding only to the most urgent necessity, cherishes only to a modicum of justice to this country, it is the custom of superficial observers in England to cry out "there is no satisfying Irishmen." "We give them everything they ask for and can't please them," "we give them all the advantages of our glorious constitution and they won't submit in peace." The *Freeman's Journal*, commenting on the late scandal of the Government being unable to bring an unfortunate prisoner to trial because of the refusal of jurors to attend though summoned on a fine of £100, calls attention, for about the six hundredth time, to the iniquitous state of the jury panel of the metropolis of Ireland. Of 104 jurors summoned to attend the last commission *six* only are Catholics, whilst according to the late census the Catholic population of Dublin is 194,595; the Protestants of all denominations numbering but 50,127. In addition to this injustice to the Catholic population it has been the invariable custom of the crown officials to insult the religion of the people by challenging promiscuously any Catholic however respectable who might by accident find his way unwillingly to the jury-box when there was a prisoner whose alleged offence bore even a remote political aspect. By this course the authorities have, for a long series of years, been endeavouring to teach Catholics that a juror's oath was a mere conventionalism, meaning no more than the legal plea of "guilty" or "not guilty," and positively implying that the function and the duty of the Catholic juror was to protect the prisoner as far as he could from the overstraining of the laws. The respectable Protestant jurors of Dublin are, perhaps, at last awaking to a sense that the insult attached equally to them by implying that it was not their oath, "well and truly to try, without fear, favour, or affection," that was to be relied on, but their prejudice or their vindictiveness. The absence of jurors at the late Commission may be an indication that the Protestants of Dublin prefer being indicted in heavy fines to permitting themselves any longer to be used in a manner so insulting to themselves and their Catholic fellow-citizens.—*Dublin Correspondent of Tablet.*

THE FEMALE EMIGRATION SCHEME.—The *Drogheda Argus* of last week had the following:—"Father Nugent seems determined to do one man's work, in lessening the food with which the social evil is sustained. On Tuesday the Cunard steamer 'Calabria' took off 18 young women who left this town through the means raised for them by Father Nugent. These young women were receiving for their labour here as slop-children, &c., about three shillings a week, out of which they had to clothe and support themselves, which effort must be very hard upon all such at the present rate of provisions ruling here. Upon their arrival in the United States they will have situations found for them at a rate of wages of £30 a year. Father Nugent exacts a promise from his proteges, that when they are comfortably located, they will remit a portion of the outlay which was incurred in their passage and outfit, so as to enable others to be sent to America. Having got the young women safely off, Father Nugent organised an excursion for the boys living in the Refuge provided for them by his exertions, and whilst I write some 200 street Arabs are disporting themselves on the beach at Llandudno. To see the neat appearance of these lads this morning as they marched from the Refuge to the steamer, and look back for a few moments when the same lads were running naked through our streets, no one could imagine them to be one and the same. Many of the well-to-do inhabitants of the town accompanied the boys at the special invitation of Father Nugent, and no doubt much good must result from Father Nugent's consideration for his juvenile charges."

THE IRIH FARMER'S GAZETTE SAYS.—In consequence of the conflicting reports which have appeared in different journals relative to the extent of disease in the potato crop of this country, we addressed letters of inquiry to correspondents in various parts of Ireland. We have to thank them for the prompt attention they have given to our request, and trust that they will continue to apprise us of the future state of the crop, as it is a matter of great importance that information which may be relied upon, with respect to this matter, should be published at present. We may, with safety, say that, from the general tone of our reports, there is no reason at present to be apprehensive of what might be termed a failure of the crop. Very few reports speak despondingly, whilst the great majority are most favourable, and if the fine weather continue it will go far to check the disease where it has already appeared. We attribute the cause of alarm, which has been widely circulated, to the blighted appearance of the stalks, the state of the tubers not being taken into account, and this opinion is confirmed by most of our correspondents from every part of Ireland."

THE ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP THE KINGSTOWN OBELISK.—The *Dublin Freeman's Journal* give the following particulars respecting the attempt made to blow up the large granite obelisk erected in honor of George the Fourth at Kingstown. The explosion took place at ten minutes past twelve precisely, was heard at a considerable distance, and is described as "as loud as a cannon." There were two policemen on duty near the scene of the explosion, but the statement that one of them was injured is, we are glad to say, incorrect. Near the obelisk were found the fragments of a carpet bag and tin case, in which it was evident the powder had been. On examination it was found that the obelisk had not received any injury whatever. The bottom of the shafts and the four globes on which it rests were blackened by the explosion, and this was the only sign visible of its effects. It is apparent that whoever fired the train was either ignorant of the effects of gunpowder, or really did not wish to blow up the obelisk. From the explosion it is plain that a considerable quantity of gunpowder was used; and, had it been tightly rammed under one of the globes or into a fissure which may be noticed in the base of the monument the solid block of granite would probably have been blown into fragments. The powder was, however, laid loosely between the base and the shaft, and thus expended much of its explosive force in a lateral direction. The absurd trick is universally reprobated in Kingstown, and is the only exception, if exception it can be called, to the profound order which reigned there on Sunday night.

A sailor lately fell from the top of Blarney Castle while attempting to kiss the famous stone, and, strange to say, is not dead. His name is Callaghan,

and he belongs to the *Lord Warden*, ironclad, now in Queenstown Harbor. He was with a messmate named Abbott, on the outworks of the castle when he fell, alighting on his head. Abbott courageously sprang after him, and landed without the least injury. He had the injured man removed at once to the inn, where he remained in an unconscious state till next morning, when he was removed to his ship. The injuries are of a very dangerous character, comprising severe concussion on the brain and extensive contusions.

THE BISHOP OF ORLÉANS AND IRISH AID FOR FRANCE.—Monsieur Dupanloup has written note to Mr. Magille, of Drogheda, in which he expresses his regrets at his inability to accompany the French deputation to Ireland. The letter is in acknowledgment of the last remittance of £145, which completed the sum of £845, entrusted by the committee of the Drogheda Bazaar to the French Prelates for distribution.

The *Down Record*, speaking of the crops in that county, says:—"A considerable breadth of wheat and oats has fallen before the sickle this week. In all directions the scythe, sickle, and reaping machines are busy at work. The present state of the potato crop is creating some uneasiness. The stalks have become greatly discolored, presenting all the appearance of blight. For so far, however, the tubers are comparatively sound. The turnip crop looks remarkably well."

EMIGRATION.—According to the returns obtained by the commentators, the number of emigrants who left the ports of Ireland during the quarter ended 31st March last, amounted to 11,355—7,425 males and 3,930 females—being 1,368 less than the number who emigrated during the corresponding quarter of 1870.

GREAT BRITAIN.

MGR. NARDI ON THE POSITION OF THE POPE.—The Rt. Rev. Mr. Nardi, Prelate of the Pope's household and Auditor of the Sacred Rota in Rome has been on a visit to Liverpool. He delivered a short address on Sunday, the 20th ult., at the High Mass in St. Francis Xavier's Church, Salisbury-street, on the present position of the Pope. There was a crowded congregation. After the Gospel, the Rev. Geo. Porter, S.J., announced the presence of Mgr. Nardi. He said that no doubt the congregation would be anxious to learn some facts as to the real position of the Sovereign Pontiff at the present time, and Mgr. Nardi would be able to place the truth before them. The right rev. prelate addressed the congregation in excellent English. He said: "In fulfilling the wish of your worthy pastor, I shall fulfil my own, and address a few words to you. I see in Liverpool so many proofs of your devotion, and of your zeal and attachment to our dear Catholic Church, that I consider it unnecessary to encourage you. I see so many large churches built by you; and the church in which we are assembled is one of the finest and largest I have seen in England. I know you have numerous schools and hospitals, and many convents, and I know your generosity towards your zealous and pious clergy. To encourage you therefore is simply superfluous. I admire and praise you, and I pray God that you may go on in the same course, and show to those of different forms of belief that our dear Catholic faith is not dead nor dying, but glorious flourishing and bearing fruit in that soil in which it has been planted by St. Augustine and the other glorious Apostles sent here by the glorious and immortal Pontiff, St. Gregory the Great. Now, I know you are anxious to hear some news of the successor of St. Gregory—Pius IX. As I have had the honour and happiness to attend him, and to have been one of the prelates of his household for many years—as I have spent at his side the last eleven very trying months—I can speak of him with full knowledge. You know that there was no other sovereign in Europe who conferred so many benefits on his people as Pius IX. He did not neglect anything that could be useful to his country. He forgave his enemies, and carried indulgence as far as he could, without injuring the sacred rights of justice. His people were happy; they paid the lowest taxes in Europe; they had no military service; and they enjoyed the greatest amount of moderate liberty that could be reconciled with justice, peace, and security. They were governed by men who feared God and followed His law. It was a mild, paternal government, which took every care to improve trade by creating splendid roads and railways, and fine harbours, and which aided agriculture by draining the Pontine marshes, and by covering the hills with plantations of trees. It encouraged industry and fine arts by a most generous liberality; and on many occasions the subjects of Pius IX. showed their gratitude to him, especially in the beginning of his glorious Pontificate, and again in 1860, when he made a progress through his kingdom, and again on the eve of the late sacrilegious invasion. But the revolutionary party of Italy, or speaking more truly, of Europe, had, for many years, no other aim—under different names and leaders—than to destroy the Sovereignty of the Pope, which was an obstacle to the triumph of their principles. They knew that there was no more Conservative power than the Catholic Church, and that to destroy the Papacy would be to destroy the Church, because the Pope was the centre of her power. They were aided in their infernal work by Freemasons, and by the enemies of God of every country. They used the most dreadful means; but I will not follow the course of their treachery. Some of them are now fallen or dead, and the most guilty of them is now under a terrible judgment of God—a judgment which overtook him in 1870. That Prince was the first author of the events of 1859 and 1860; but, as God has pronounced His sentence upon him, I will not speak a bitter word against him or against some men of this country who at the time aided his iniquitous policy. The Pontifical States were seized, and eleven months ago 60,000 men entered that small piece of territory left to the Pope, and took the city of Rome, confining the Pope to his palace of the Vatican. They offered to the Pope, it is true, some amount of money, and they offered him a nominal sovereignty. But the Pope refused with horror their money, and considered it a mockery to call a man a sovereign who was a prisoner in his own house. The Italian Government, which took everything from the Pope, could not take from him his honour or his conscience. His honour and his conscience commanded him to maintain his rights, or, more properly, the sacred rights of the Holy Catholic Church, to which eleven Christian centuries gave the possession of a small territory, in order that the successor of St. Peter might exercise with full liberty his sacred duties to the Catholics of the different parts of the world, without being suspected of obeying the influence of any particular power. The glorious and generous fidelity of the Pope to his sacred rights, and his most gracious, most noble and pious character, did not touch his enemies, but on the contrary, it increased their fury, and the venerable prisoner of the Vatican is daily insulted by a detestable press, which respects neither grey hairs nor misfortune, nor the noblest of virtues which can adorn a human heart. They say that the Pope is not a prisoner, and that he can go out when he likes. It is a lie; for he is truly a prisoner. He could walk out, but a furious mob in five minutes would surround his carriage and utter their dreadful cries, 'Death to the Pope!' 'Death to the priests!' 'Death to the Jesuits!'—cries uttered under his very windows twice in the first week in July. But hypocrites would shout for him, and their shouts would be worse than insults. How can the Pope expose himself to those indignities and insults? How can he come out in a city where priests and prelates are beaten in the streets, or grossly insulted, and some of them severely

wounded? How can he go to hear the blasphemous language which has now become so common in the streets of Rome, to see the images of saints broken, and to see convents taken from their rightful owners, and to see the triumph of irreligion and immorality? No, he must respect his dignity; and he cannot expose himself to the brutality of a lawless mob. But, in the midst of those hard trials we have some consolations. The first and greatest is to see our dear Pope so firm and steady, and faithful to his duties—never vacillating, never doubting, but guiding with the firm hand of an experienced pilot the helm of the Church. And, God be blessed! he enjoys the best of health, and for many years he has never looked so well as now. He has also another consolation. He sees the real Romans faithful to him, for the people of the streets are not Romans, but people who have flocked there from all parts of Italy and Europe; and you would hear in the streets of Rome every dialect of Italy, and I do not know how many languages of Europe. Numbers of them are not at all Romans, and the real Romans are faithful to the Pope. Nearly all the nobility, the great majority of the citizens, and all the clergy, nearly without exception are faithful to him, and they fill the halls of the Vatican, and give every sign and proof of their loyalty. No fewer than 1500 of his officials refused to take the oath to the new Government, and they preferred to sacrifice their places and their prospects for the future. The Pope has another great consolation. He has Catholic children everywhere in the world faithful to him. Their attachment to his person and cause is wonderful, especially in this country, and everywhere the most fervent prayers are offered for him. Your prayers and the prayers of all the Catholics of the world are now the whole hope of the Pope, for the sovereigns have forgotten their duties towards him, and, to tell the truth, their own interests. In conclusion, the right rev. prelate asked the prayers of the congregation for the Pope, and said that when he returned to Rome the first thing he would tell the Holy Father would be that the Catholics of Liverpool prayed fervently for him.

The Executive Committee of the Birmingham Liberal Association has decided, after a warm discussion of the action of the Lords on the Ballot Bill, that "it is desirable to hold a conference of representatives from the great towns, with a view of obtaining a reform in the House of Lords." A committee was appointed to arrange for the holding of this conference at an early date. It transpired that the Chairman had received a letter from the Right Hon. John Bright in reference to the meeting to protest against the action of the Peers in the matter of the Ballot Bill. Mr. Bright says, "I am glad you have held the meeting, the case is one that calls for protest. I wish not to write or say anything on public affairs at present. I have appropriated this year, if it is permitted to me, to the recovery of my health, so that I keep out of all conflicts on public questions." It appears from the letter that Mr. Bright's health is improving.

THE LONDON PREACHING SEASON. We have just encountered the following announcement:—"The St. James's Hall Sunday Services have closed for the season." For what season? Other "Special Sunday Services" seem also in the habit of closing about this time of year "for the season." Can it be London season? The Upper Ten, and most other respectable people have gone to the moors, the seaside, or elsewhere. Have these Special Services been closed because their promoters and the preachers have gone, or because they find that their congregations have? We were told at the first that these Services were for "the masses"; if so, why are they closed? The masses are still where they were though they may now be taking a little extra allowance of Sunday outings. We do not wish to be uncharitable, far less to seem to throw cold water on the zeal of any who have the good of their fellow-creatures at heart; but we cannot help fearing that there has been some-what of clap-net in this matter—some theatricality, metaphorically as well as literally. We are afraid that great preachers are not free from infirmities which dim lesser lights, and that they rather like pious noblemen and noblewomen, and other celebrities, on the platform during the performance. They are "instant in season," as St. Paul recommends; but not "out of season," which he recommends also.—*Globe.*

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF A PRIEST.—At the Cardiff Police-court, John Sullivan, an elderly man, was charged with unlawfully wounding, with intent to do grievous bodily harm, the Rev. Father Carvill, of the Order of Charity. The complainant said:—"About a quarter past twelve o'clock on Friday I was passing near But-bridge when I saw the prisoner. He had passed me about three yards, when some children who were near told me that the prisoner was pointing a pistol at me. I turned round, I saw him snap the pistol at me, which missed fire. I asked him for the pistol, when he said he would not give it to me, but would put the ball through me. I then walked on, and in about a minute the children again called out, 'Take care, sir, is firing at you.' I was in the act of turning round when I heard a report, and found the sleeve of my coat burning. The shot having just grazed my arm. The prisoner then threw the weapon into the canal. The one produced I believe to be it. On the complainant being asked by the magistrates the reason why he thought the prisoner had attempted to take his life, he answered, 'I believe it is that, through madness, and my reason for thinking so is that, three or four months ago, the prisoner used to come into the church in the daytime and say his prayer aloud, and on speaking to him about it, he said he would shoot me. He had also threatened to shoot another priest who refused him admission to the church. The Rev. James Cornodes said: 'I am professor of French at Radcliffe College, near Leicester. I was with the last witness, Father Carvill, on Friday. I observed the prisoner with a pistol in his hand. He attempted to fire, but the pistol failed. Father Carvill tried to take the pistol from him, but could not, and went on. The pistol was fired again when the prisoner was about two yards from us. I saw the prisoner then throw the pistol into the canal. The magistrates expressed some surprise at the witness not taking the pistol from the prisoner when he knew his intention.' The prisoner, in defence, stated that the priest had threatened to curse him, and make him speechless, and strike him blind, and he knew that no one but God had any power to do so. The prisoner was committed for trial."

CHILD MURDER IN ENGLAND.—Three thousand a year! That is the estimated amount of baby murders annually perpetrated in England. Thirty thousand innocents killed in ten years! The churchyards are full of little graves, but the three thousand are thrown anywhere. Last year 481 small bodies were found in the streets of London. How many were flung into the Thames or other rivers is unknown. They are found everywhere—in church bellies, stable lofts, on roofs of houses, in dead boxes, neglected graveyards, in sewers, ash-pits, ponds, under the horses' feet in streets. They are discovered under the seats of railway carriages, at railway goods stores or parcel offices, in every imaginable place where the morsel of humanity wrapped in a fragment of a newspaper can be flung.

SALE OF LIVINGS IN THE GOVERNMENT CHURCH.—Dr. Fraser, Bishop of Manchester, in a discourse on the 17th ult., delivered while reopening an old church, denounced the sale of livings in strong but temperate language. Nothing, he said, so alienated the Nonconformists, or so lowered the ideal of the Ministry. The evil did not work so badly as it might be expected but it worked badly nevertheless, more especially in creating a system of evasions of law which were most demoralizing. What was the difference between purchase an hour after an incum-

ben's death and an hour before it? but the first legal, the second illegal. We may observe that no clergyman really "purchases" a cure of souls. What he purchases is the preferential right among his order to be selected by the Bishop, if fit, according to the law of the Church. A Bishop can warn the patron or even refuse to institute on any moral or doctrinal ground; and as to capacity, that should be settled before ordination.

GLADSTONE AND THE BIGOTS.—A correspondence has been published between the Edinburgh Anti-Pal League and Mr. Gladstone, in which the former asserts that Mr. Gladstone was seen, when in Corfu some years ago, to kneel within the railings of a church, and demands whether he is not a member of the Church of Rome. Mr. Gladstone replies that the story is false, and the secretary rejoins that if he does not receive a further reply, he shall consider silence an acknowledgment of the charge.

A letter-carrier in London died from insufficiency of food. His wages were 18s. per week for 12 hours daily work. The Coroner severely condemned the inadequate payment made to the lower classes of Post-office servants.

UNITED STATES.

DEATH OF REV. THOMAS QUINN.—Among those who accompanied our army during the late rebellion and cheered our soldiers by their spirited counsel, we knew none more genial or amiable than Rev. Thomas Quinn, Chaplain of the First Regiment, Rhode Island Volunteers, whose society it has frequently been our privilege and our pleasure to enjoy during his visit to the Burgh. It is therefore with deep regret that we heard yesterday of his death which took place on the 31st ult. at Providence Rhode Island, from rheumatism of the heart contracted while in the army.—*U. S. Paper.*

BOSTON, Sept. 16.—The Coroner's Jury have returned a verdict that the accident on the Eastern Railroad at Revere, was directly caused by the negligence of conductor Newland, of the Beverly train, and engineer Brown, of the Pullman train. The jury, however, but no less certain cause of the accident, was the delay in starting the Beverly train, the said delay being occasioned by inadequacy of rolling stock. The jury give several reasons where the read is mis-managed, and in conclusion say:—"We find that the president and directors of the Eastern Railroad Corporation are to a great extent responsible for the loss of life."

In a recent case tried in the United States District Court for Northern New York, a curious point was decided. A person coming from Canada into the United States refused to allow certain trunks to be examined by the officers of the customs, whereupon the trunks were seized, opened, and ascertained to contain \$7,000 in coin and notes, besides certain articles upon which duties were payable. The act of Congress of June 27, 1864, Section 1, provides that, if any person passing goods through the Custom House refuses to allow any package to be inspected, it shall be opened, and, if found to contain dutiable goods, the whole contents shall be forfeited. In the case above mentioned, suit was brought in the United States District Court, and the attempt to smuggle into the United States one shawl and one silk dress resulted in the forfeiture not only of the articles of clothing, but of the \$7,000 in coin.

GOLESS EDUCATION.—The *Pittsburgh Catholic* says:—"Look at the apples of Sodom. Beautiful and rapt to the sight, the traveller gazes on them with rapture; his mouth waters for the great prize. He grasps, and ashes reward his labor. Outwardly beautiful and attractive, inwardly filled with ashes. So also to the stranger appears our mode of education. Coming here from a foreign land, he looks with admiration on the noble buildings which are everywhere springing up over the land. He sees in them monuments of the progress and culture which are fast placing our people in the first rank amid the nations of the earth. But this beautiful outlook is, after all, a great sham, a vile deception, the very ruin, socially and morally, of our children. We close these few remarks with an extract from the *Chicago Tribune*, which at least shadows forth, to a certain degree, the truths which we have endeavored from time to time, during the past year, to lay before our readers:—"The favorite theory in this country—indeed the only one which has been preached in any considerable extent—has been that the common school is not only the bulwark of our liberties—speaking in a flowery and general manner—but the basis of our morality, public and social, speaking in a more exact and prosaic manner. The popular theory has been that to make an American in every sense a sovereign, that the equal of Kings and the safe custodian of the power of Government, it was only necessary to let him light his lamp at the fountain fire of liberty, the common school; that all he needed, as a constituent molecule of that pure and crystal mass which constitutes our body political and social, was to put him through grammar according to the plan of the latest author, infuse into him a little natural science, teach him a smattering of languages, whether quick or dead, and get him well up in the 'ologies, and sharpen him in a commercial college. It is a pleasant theory, and one which has tickled the national complacency not a little. And now comes the Missouri Governor, and tells the school-masters—those virgins with the well-trimmed laps of learning—that they are dangerous creatures; that their torches, which are none the less for lighting their neighbors, are but incendiary flambeaux at best; and that they must be covered at once with the lantern of morality, or they will kindle an explosion which shall leave not a respectable fragment of timber in the whole imposing fabric of our great and glorious Government. And the worst of it is that Governor Brown is so nearly right in these reflections. The complaint to which he has given voice is, that the education afforded to the rising generation, whether in the public schools or in other places of development, is becoming every day more exclusively intellectual; and that the development of the intellect and its faculties without a corresponding development and direction of the moral faculties, is the most dangerous of processes. We all know that knowledge is a power for good or for evil, according to the judgment and impulses of the possessor. Hence the serious danger of our present modes of education, which develop power in the adolescent mind without instilling those moral precepts which guide the use of that power, and prevent its application to purposes of evil."

An Englishman arrived at Chicago at night, and found the place so full that he could not get a lodging anywhere. He lay down in a comfortable spot, and slept soundly; on waking up, he found he was in the cellar. A house had been built over him in the night—such is the fastness of life in that quarter.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—There is but a breath of air and a beat of the heart between this world and the next. And in the brief interval of a painful and awful suspense, while we feel that death is with us, that we are powerless, and lie all powerful, and the last faint pulsation here is the prelude of endless life hereafter, we fall in the midst of stunning calamity about to befall us, that earth has no compensating good to the severity of our loss. But there is no grief without some beneficial provisions to soften its intensities. When the good and the lovely die, and the memory of their good deeds, like the moon-beans on the stormy sea, lights up our darkened hearts and lends to the surroundings a beauty so sad, so sweet that we would not, if we could, dispel the darkness that environs us.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1871.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

SEPTEMBER—1871.

Friday, 22—Ember Day. St. Thomas of Villanova, C. Saturday, 23—Ember Day. St. Linus, P. M. Sunday, 24—Seventeenth after Pentecost. Monday, 25—Stigmata of St. Francis. Tuesday, 26—St. Cyprian and Justina, MM. Wednesday, 27—St. Cosma and Damian, MM. Thursday, 28—St. Wenceslaus, M.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

No political events of any great importance have occurred in Europe since our last. In France a proclamation for the disarmament of the National Guards has been issued, and requiring the surrender within two days, of all arms belonging to that body. The process of disarming is going on without any resistance. The Mont Cenis tunnel has been opened, and has been traversed in 38 minutes; the London Times correspondent speaks of this great engineering work as completely successful. A demonstration was to take place in Rome on the 20th inst. to commemorate the capture of that City by the Piedmontese a year ago; some violent scenes may be looked for. The health of the Sovereign Pontiff is reported good in spite of the wrongs which he has endured, and the outrages to which in his person, the Church is daily exposed from the usurpers.

The signs of the approaching, inevitable struggle betwixt "labor" and "capital" in England are becoming day by day more menacing. The importation of foreign labor is denounced, and the London Times seems inclined to take sides with the so-called labor interest. That the communistic spirit is rife in England, and that ere long extreme measures will be taken to give practical effect to the theories of the International Society can scarce be doubted. A correspondent of the Times describes the British wheat crop as sadly deficient, and if so, dear bread will add to the general discontent, and hurry on the catastrophe. From Ireland we learn that a monster meeting having for its object the taking of steps preliminary to the prosecution of the police for dispersing the late gathering in the Phoenix Park, was to have been held on Sunday last in the suburbs of Harold's Cross.

The truth of the very grave charges lately brought against the members of the New York ruling civic body are to be made the subject of judicial enquiry. The whole truth in this matter will we hope thus be brought to light—and due punishment inflicted on the guilty parties, if guilt be brought home to them. Of course it would be premature at this stage of the proceedings to pronounce any opinion on the merits of the case. We have as yet heard only one side; and as the proverb says "one story is good only till the other be told."

To the Grammar School Trustees of Trenton—to Lawyer Francis and the 25 signatories of his petition—until to the world at large these letters are respectfully dedicated.

LETTER III.

GENTLEMEN,—A similar act of cruelty on the part of Mary's Privy Council during her absence from London will be found in the treatment of poor inoffensive Mr. Underhill "the hot gospeller" as he was styled. In his zeal for the Calvinistic religion this noble fellow had penned a satirical ballad against Papists, and for this was committed to Newgate. Here again Mary's part in this iniquitous transaction was only the pardoning it. A few days after her arrival in London, Underhill was released, and finally found himself restored by this Queen of the sour temper (popular idea) to his place of Gentleman pensioner, with his salary paid in full even for the time of his arrest. (Was Mr. Bond as fortunate?)

A similar act of mercy—in this case almost bordering on the pusillanimous—is recorded of Mary in her conduct towards the Duke of Suffolk. Brought to the Tower with his daughter, Lady Jane Grey, they were lodged in pri-

son rooms. Hearing of her husband's arrest, Francis duchess of Suffolk hastened to Mary, to beg his release. "Her husband was ill and would die if shut up in the Tower," Mary granted her request and the Duke—co-conspirator with Northumberland—was set at liberty—"a wonderful instance of mercy" says Bishop Godwin. Truly wonderful for a queen "37 years of age, of a temper soured by her mother's and her own disgrace (which never existed) "and warmly attached to the Catholic worship."—(Trenton Trustees Class Book).

"Thus unharmed in body or estate," says a Protestant historian, "Suffolk paid the penalty of but three days' imprisonment for his conspiracy with Northumberland." Well done, Bloody Mary!

So far from Mary having been of a sour temper it appears to have been a speciality of her reign that all who could get personal access to her were sure to obtain mercy. Let us hear the Authoress of the Queens of England on this subject.

"Several instances are to be found of the queen's interference to save persons from the cruelty of her privy council. Those who were of a rank or consequence sufficient to find access to her, were tolerably sure of protection. This peculiarity gave a tone to her reign, which renders its character singular in English history; for examples of political vengeance were made chiefly on persons whose station seemed too lowly for objects of State punishment, because being lowly and obscure they were not able to carry their complaints to the foot of the throne." (Vol. III., P. 445). A rather strong panegyric, Gentlemen, on a Bloody Queen.

If Mary was lenient towards the Duke of Suffolk, she was equally humane to the body of the greater traitor Northumberland. After the Duke's execution John Cock the Lancaster herald, and an old retainer of the Duke, sought an audience from the Queen to beg the head of his master for decent sepulture. "In God's name," said the Queen, take the body too and give it proper burial." With such evidence before us, Gentlemen, there appears to be abundant proof, that at her accession at least, and when left to the dictates of her own good heart, Mary was not "of a temper soured by her mother's and her own disgrace," as "the popular idea"—the great Protestant tradition—as taught by your Class book would have your pupils believe. It would have been well, Gentlemen, perhaps had you, in your treatment of Mr. Bond, not allowed your horror for Catholicity to run away with your cooler judgment. Those who are influenced by facts rather than by fictions, and popular ideas, will be apt to condemn your conduct.

That Mary was not answerable for the Star Chamber decisions of her Privy Council is abundantly evident. This junta sat in the Star Chamber of Westminster Hall, (hence its name), "to apportion the inflictions which seemed good in its eyes, as vengeance on personal affronts to the reigning monarch." Its existence dates back to a very early period. Owen Tudor was evidently summoned before some such tribunal under Henry VI. The unfortunate victor, who under Edward IV. lost his life through an incorrigible habit of joking—"he would make his son heir to the crown" (publichouse)—may probably attribute his sentence and its execution to the strictly loyal sentiments of the same tribunal. Whether John Gough the tapster's boy, who under Lady Jane Grey was nailed by the ears to the pillory, for groaning dissent to Northumberland's proclamation, was punished by the same court, we are not certain. But its decisions were at all times iniquitous, being guided by nothing but the private pique or prejudices of its members. Most of the extortions of the reign of Henry VII., and the bloodshed of that of the Bluff King Hal, may be attributed to the operations of this illegal, inquisitorial, and iniquitous tribunal. One thing is certain, that Mary's influence as long as she had health to exert it was largely used towards the softening its rigors. "In the latter part of Mary's reign," says Agnes Strickland, "when she was utterly incapacitated by mortal sufferings from interference with their proceedings, her cruel ministers inflicted more tragic punishments on old women who "ruled against the Queen's majesty."—(P. 446, V. III.)

We know, Gentlemen, that it is "a difficult and dangerous task" to endeavor to stem the tide of "popular ideas," especially when they have set in on the side of "the great Protestant tradition." Even the rich mass of documents edited by such men as Madden and Tytler can hope to avail little against that inveterate bigotry (Dr. Darwin believes in the law of inheritance) which three centuries of popular ideas have handed down to our age.

As we are not writing a history of Mary, but merely pointing out to your honorable body the inaccuracies of your Class Book, (for doing which to your sons and daughters Mr. Bond was dismissed), we must pass over many interesting facts of Marian history in order to confine ourselves strictly to our subject. Having dissipated the popular idea of Mary's sourness of

temper, we pass on to the next sentence of your Class Book. In it we find the suppressio veritatis in a very disingenuous manner. "One of her earliest acts therefore," says your Class Book, "released from prison Catholic nobles and prelates." We have already shewn in our first letter from Protestant authority that this first act extended release to both Protestants and Catholics. This your Class Book did not wish to record, lest, like Mr. Bond's annotations, it should give the sons and daughters of Canadian Grammar School Trustees too fair an insight into Marian history when tested by facts.

The next sentence of your Class Book accuses Mary of a breach of promise. "And in direct violation of her promise to the men of Suffolk, the religious laws of Edward VI. were repealed. Is this correct? Did Mary make this promise? Without pretending to discuss the question, as to Mary's right to change the national religion—(to restore the old religion, would be a correcter phrase)—we would still remind your honorable body, that Mary was by law "Head of the Church"—she inherited that office from her father. It was in virtue of this power that Edward VI. had made Protestantism the national religion, for England under Henry had been merely schismatical. Mary therefore—if it was she and not the people who effected the change—only exercised the power, which Edward had wielded before her, when she changed the national religion.

But did Mary break her promise? This will depend upon another question—Did she ever make one? for she could not break it, if she had never made it. Did she then ever make a promise to the Protestants of Suffolk? Intelligent criticism will say that it is extremely doubtful, if not absolutely false. The assertion that she did, is founded upon the indifferent authority of Foxe (III. p. 12) and even he furnishes the strongest proof that she did not. During the persecutions—long after Mary's accession—the Protestants of Suffolk presented to Mary a petition in favor of their religion. The document is long, a presumptive proof that it was meant to be exhaustive. This petition was certainly just the place to remind her of her promise, had it ever been given. But the petition as preserved by Foxe does not mention it. Verily Foxe testifieth against Foxe.

We feel, Gentlemen, that it is an ungracious task thus to dispel one, by one long cherished popular idea. The up-rooting from one's soul of time honored prejudices is a work of anguish—(like drawing one's eye tooth suggests Uncle Toby;) but the most powerful forceps is ever the most merciful instrument; and if the decaying stump has to be eradicated, lest it contaminate its neighbors, the firmer the hand that draws, the more merciful withal.

SACERDOS.

We publish below a communication over the signature of T. O. R. Keatinge, D.D., L.L.D. With the writer personally, we have no quarrel, and no desire to engage in controversy. Our quarrel with the editor of the Hearthstone is, or rather was, about the publication in that paper of a tale of very immoral tendencies, and one which should not be admitted inside the doors of any Christian family. Without further comment, and hoping that we may never be compelled to revert to the unpleasant subject again, we, as a matter of fair play, give insertion to Mr. Keatinge's rejoinder:—

(To the Editor of the True Witness.)

SIR,—As I never intrude personal matter into the "Hearthstone," I am compelled to request of your courtesy permission to reply in the True Witness to that part of your Editorial on "Current Literature," that personally concerns myself. The inference of your remarks is plain enough. "If the Rev. T. O. R. Keatinge, Editor of the Hearthstone, be the Rev. T. O. R. Keatinge, who figured in Boston as "a brand snatched from the burning," then we are not surprised that such a production as "A Terrible Temptation" should find its way into the columns of the Hearthstone. A little lower down in the article, it is said, "love your neighbor as yourself for the love of God is the great Catholic law." Surely, Sir, this "great Catholic law" should have prompted you to examine into facts before you made rash statements. To begin with, I never figured as "a brand snatched from the burning," that statement is your own.—Then your inference that the Hearthstone publishes an immoral story because I am the Editor, thereby insinuating that I am personally immoral, is malicious and slanderous. If you take the trouble to examine the file of the Hearthstone since I have been Editor, you will see that its tone has improved exceedingly. My controversy with Father Hecker is too well known to need recapitulation. I did say that since it was impossible to impugn that gentleman's erudition, his misstatement of known facts could only be wilful. The tract "Is it honest?" was then under review, and I repeat again what I said in Boston, and what even Catholics have said, that it is a gross perversion of truth. As to the statement about Dr. Newman, your quotation is most garbled. The judgment of Lord Chief Justice Campbell contained these words: "I am sorry to see a gentleman of your position descending to become a slanderer and defamer." As Dr. Newman's statements about Dr. Achilli were proven slanderous and defamatory, it only shows that in the heat of polemical controversy the holiest men may degenerate to the level of the worst. This was cited apropos of the slanders respecting myself. Although this is a painful subject I am compelled to disprove your insinuations by alluding to it. Certain charges were at one time made against me of such a character that no one who knows me would believe them for a moment. These charges were made by personal enemies of mine, all of them guilty of the very offences with which they charged me, to rebut grave charges by myself. One of these parties happened to be assistant Editor of the Christian Union at the time, and this gave prominence to the charges which else would have been ridiculous.

* Every one of them was clearly proved.

Not a vestige of proof was ever alleged in support of these charges. Indeed though the Boston Watchman and Inquirer, and other prominent journals, repeatedly call for proofs and facts, years have nearly elapsed and none have been forthcoming.

One of the persons making these charges was the infamous woman O'Gorman, a wretch so utterly depraved that even her own partisans are ashamed of her.

Though I have repeatedly sought for opportunity to reply *seriatim* to these charges, my letters have invariably been refused publication. The Protestant Religious Press has been quick to condemn, but has uniformly refused me a hearing. The Christian Union is a specimen.

I am, however, only awaiting a suitable opportunity to vindicate myself, and shall shortly publish the whole history of my life. If any journal in Montreal will court an action for libel by publishing these charges, I shall be only too ready to try the issue in a Court of justice. The reason why Mr. Beecher was not indicted for slander in New York is that no dependence can be placed in the securing of a verdict according to evidence where the defendant is rich and the plaintiff poor.

I regret that you should have gone out of your way to indulge in personalities. You might have selected papers professing to be religious in the extreme who are daily publishing stories to which "A Terrible Temptation" is highly moral. I did not expect that so large hearted a gentleman openly proclaiming to "love your neighbor as yourself for the love of God is the great Catholic law," would join those whom he must despise, or those who utterly set at naught this "great Catholic law," and in whose Christianity Christ has no place.

I am, Sir, yours very faithfully, T. O. R. KEATINGE, D.D., L.L.D. Priest of the United Church of England and Ireland, Editor of the "Hearthstone," and author of "Ten Years in Rome." Sept. 12th, 1871.

The annexed letter was received by us too late for translation, and insertion in our last issue. It purports to be a reply—how far it is so the reader will judge for himself—to two questions addressed by us to those who accused the Priests and Professors of Joliette College of having excited their pupils to acts of violence against the persons and property of Protestants.

We need only remark that an investigation conducted by "indignant" Protestants, could not have been either calm, or impartial; and that the refusal of the accusers to give when called on to do so, the names of the priests to whom they attribute improper conduct, convicts them, the accusers, of cowardice and slandering. Truth loves the light: is outspoken and fearless, and courts the most rigid scrutiny. With these remarks we insert, as translated by the Witness, the letter sent to us from Mr. Vernon:—

(To the Editor of the True Witness.)

One of our friends has sent us an article from your paper of the 18th of August, in which you affirm that a portion of our complaints against the Anti-Protestants of Joliette are not well founded. In the transport of your zeal you have made accusations against us in bitter terms. We wish to make no rejoinder to words so hasty, but for the edification of your honest readers, we wish to give you a little more light upon that most lamentable affair.

We have complained that on the 9th and 10th of July last, a number of fanatics and bad citizens rudely disturbed our religious assemblies, interrupted the speaker, and wounded those who wished to hear him, and created a terrible uproar in several of the streets of Joliette, and even under the windows of the Crown Council. In reflecting upon these acts, so dishonoring to Popery, we remember another outrage quite as criminal and revolting, committed several years ago in the same little town of Joliette. A depository of sacred books in a house there, rented by Mr. J. Vessot, was then publicly broken open and pillaged, the books were torn and scattered about the town, and in the college and primary school kept by the *freres*. Some of the guilty scholars confessed in the presence of their parents and of a lawyer (whom we could name if necessary) that their masters had encouraged them to the commission of the offence. Do you ask by whom the investigation was made? We made the investigation ourselves, assisted by the whole indignant community. Yes, Mr. Editor, this revolting scene excited a profound indignation in the minds of all impartial Catholics of the town and vicinity.

We ask you in turn, whose business is it to make an inquiry in order to bring the guilty to punishment? Would not such an outrage, committed in time of peace in any other free and civilized country, have awakened the earnest attention of the men of law and the guardians of the peace? But these gentlemen were afraid of displeasing an occult government, and that you know as well we. Suppose, for instance, that we have a bank at Joliette, and that, during the day or night, the bank is broken into, its safes forced and their contents abstracted, and that traces of the pillage are found in all quarters of the town, in profane houses and in religious establishments: In such a case would not the municipality of Joliette, or its police, be very reprehensible if they did nothing to seek, arrest and punish the perpetrators?

Now, Mr. Editor, you know well that to profess openly our religious faith and publicly to propagate the Gospel in our beloved country, is our right and our duty. This right is more sacred in our eyes than gold or bills are precious to bankers. You ought to know that. Why, then, should we have made the investigation in the two or three instances in which our most precious and inalienable rights were ostensibly violated? If our representatives of the law have failed in their duty, it is because they feared that the light would displease those whom the Hon. Mr. Cauchon, recently characterized as "detestable extinguishers" (*detestables eteignoirs*). Do Mr. Vessot's books, found torn at the college and school, prove nothing against their directors and their professors, whatever may be their names?

This is all we have to say upon the subject in hand. If you wish for more light, come you self and reconnoitre with us the investigations. Many of our Roman Catholic fellow citizens will aid us, for they are still indignant. You ask that the priests be named to you. We shall give you no names, but we hold them all responsible, in different degrees, for the abatement of the moral, intellectual and religious standard of Lower Canada, and of all countries owning submission to the Pope. We hold them responsible, in different degrees, for the barbarous acts so often committed in many parts of the country, and especially at Joliette at various times.

If some good priests have publicly denounced these savage acts, we know that there remains to all of them the dark and secret confessional. Secret societies are generally injurious in all countries where they exercise an influence, but none are more dangerous than that whose members receive their watchword, on their knees and in the darkness, at

* Name him. † Nothing; till we know who put them there.

the feet of a mortal who pretends to open and shut the gates of Heaven at his!

Yours, &c., J. A. VERNON, President, NOEL RONDEAU, Secretary.

Joliette, Sept. 9, 1871.

It affords us great pleasure to insert the following tribute to the labors and successes of Father Stafford. His noble efforts in the cause of religion and morality are bearing their legitimate fruits. By following his precepts, and by acting in spirit and deed with his intents and wishes, the Catholics of Lindsay will strengthen themselves morally and physically. In crushing the demon of intemperance Father Stafford has done a good work; and in laying the foundation of sound practical Catholic education he is conferring a boon upon the present, and securing the well being of the future, of his people. May God bless the good work and reward the workers:—

The Rev. M. Stafford is the Catholic Pastor in Lindsay, and deeply is Lindsay indebted to the zealous Priest; and largely too are religion, education and the good cause of temperance his debtors. But a little over three years have elapsed since Father Stafford took charge of this Mission, and yet how notable and striking the change. St. Mary's Church, is now renovated, neatly appointed and elaborately painted building, with a gallery stretching full across the main entrance, paneled and corniced classically on the face and capable of seating with ease about 250 or 300 persons. In these improvements, and reducing the debt on the church, no less a sum than \$3,400 has been expended; and in addition to this, the new church at Fenelon Falls is yet another monument to the incessant toil and energy which Father Stafford has brought to bear upon his Mission.

And the Rev. gentleman's religious zeal is paralleled by his concern for the advancement of education. The dingy log-cabin which formerly served as the alma mater of the Catholic youth of Lindsay has disappeared and upon its ruins has sprung up a school house in brick, two storeys high, handsome in design and structure, at a cost of \$6,000. This building is the most complete of its class in the Dominion, and has been pronounced by Dr. Ryerson himself as surpassing, in many improvements, even the Normal and Model schools of Toronto. A spacious play-ground surrounds the school, which is protected by a substantial fence of wood, the posts being sheathed with galvanized iron and a well-lined drain running beneath, which carries away the surplus water of the grounds and prevents the portion of the fence below the surface from decay. There are two departments in the school—male and female—in which attend 200 children. Mr. Flynn is the efficient and educated director of the male branch, Miss McDonnell having charge of the other, with Miss Dunn as assistant. There is also a select school in Keenan's Block, in which the more advanced are educated, and this is superintended by Miss Robertson. Yet there is not room enough for the increasing demands of the Catholic community, and Father Stafford finds it absolutely necessary to erect another building, which is intended as a seminary for young ladies. It will be located near the Church, and already is on the ground material for the foundation. The building will be commenced next spring, and will cost \$10,000—\$1,500 of which is now in bank. Add to this two new school houses in the Township of Opps, erected at a cost of \$1,000 each, and you may form a faint idea of a labour undertaken and carried to a successful issue by the Parish Priest of Lindsay.

If religion and education owe much to the single purpose and indefatigable will of Father Stafford, so also does the not less holy and noble cause of temperance. Before the zealous Pastor's advent to Lindsay, the curse of intemperance was wide-spread and defiant. Many farmers who had once been independent and wealthy had lost all through indolence and neglect brought on by dissipation—by a too free indulgence in whiskey. And this state of things still prevailed. It was a critical moment; but Father Stafford was equal to the emergency. He at once crumpled with the "curse" by establishing a temperance society. God blessed the work, and it was fruitful and multiplied. The grain of mustard-seed fructified not more amazingly than did this society, till now it numbers 2,050 happy and prosperous souls. Travel where you will through the Townships of Emily and Opps, and you seldom meet a Catholic who is not a member of Father Stafford's Temperance Society. "We want not office or emolument," said the devoted Pastor, "Give us first temperance, and all the other virtues are certain to follow." Irish Catholics would do well to ponder seriously this maxim, and as many of them as are affected by its truth, should shake of the fell destroyer and resolve to mend their ways. P. B.—Irish Canadian.

(To the Editor of the True Witness.)

SIR,—Can you explain how it is that the members of the body calling itself the Anglican Synod, now assembled in this City are, at every moment, and at every stage of their proceedings, obliged to invoke the interference of the Dominion Parliament for permission to do this, or leave to do that? So that, as one delegate is reported in the Gazette as having remarked, a publication of the Consolidated Statutes of the Episcopal Church in Canada will soon be required.

Why is this? We have no established Church in Canada; and I see not why gentlemen, members of the Protestant Episcopal Church here, should not meet together and arrange their own Ecclesiastical affairs without interference from Parliament, just as the other Protestant sects do; just as do the Bishops of the Catholic Church who meet when, where, and as they please, and enact such laws as to them seem good, without troubling Parliament in the matter. I cannot understand the cause of this difference; neither certainly do I carry the peculiar and not very dignified position of our Anglican fellow-citizens.

MINOR MAOIS.

Montreal, Sept. 16th, 1871.

Our correspondent *Minor Maquis* will see an explanation in the Montreal Herald of Saturday. The Anglican Synod is simply the "creature of law," and has no authority but what the law gives it.

Mr. James Murphy, Crier, Superior Court, Quebec, has kindly consented to act as our Agent in room of the late lamented Mr. Neville.

THE GIBBARD CASE.—The decision of the Court of Queen's Bench, in Appeal, having been unanimously given against the claimants, it was reported that the Institut Canadien proposed to carry the case before the Privy Council; whether this resolution will be adhered to, or abandoned, we cannot say.

ERRATA.—In the names appended to the address presented to the Rev. J. C. Lynch, Allumette Island, by his parishioners, and published in the TRUE WITNESS of July 21st, for John Fitzpatrick read Patrick Fitzpatrick.

LACROSSE MATCH.—On next Saturday, 23rd inst., on the Montreal Grounds, the Shamrock Lacrosse Club—the Champions of America—will play a match for the Championship, with the Toronto Club. We expect a large attendance upon this occasion as the match will be one of the most exciting played this year.

At the monthly meeting of the St. Bridget's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society, held at their Rooms, Sept. 3rd, 1871, the following Resolutions were unanimously carried:—

- "Whereas an all-wise Providence, in his mysterious dispensation, has seen fit to take from our midst, our friend and esteemed Treasurer, Mr. John Dillon, therefore be it
"Resolved, that we deplore the event which has cut off our dear friend in the midst of his usefulness, therefore depriving his sorrowing family of a kind father and protector, and our Society of a sincere and worthy member.
"Resolved, that we tender to his sorrowing wife and children our heart-felt sympathy for the great loss they have sustained.
"Resolved, that a copy of these Resolutions be transmitted to his wife and children, and that they be also published in the TRUE WITNESS.
"By Order,
" M. DUNNE, Sec."

WILLIAMSTOWN, GLENGARRY.—The annual Devotion of the "Forty Hours" adoration of the Most Blessed Sacrament, was celebrated here on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 12th, 13th and 14th inst.

Father MacCarthy was assisted by the Rev. Fathers Clune, O'Connor, MacDonell and Masterson.

From early morning till late, the Confessionals were besieged; upwards of nine hundred persons received the Holy Communion.

The pupils of Notre Dame, assisted by a few gentlemen, rendered the musical portion of the divine service very brilliantly. The High and Side altars, decorated with the greatest taste by the ladies of the Convent, presented each evening during the "Act of Reparation" a sight so lovely, so gorgeous, that it would be presumptuous to try to describe anything so truly beautiful, so well calculated to raise our poor hearts from earth to heaven, to the contemplation of that City paved with precious stones, of golden walls. The Home of God—our Home also—if only faithful to the graces He grants us so abundantly.

The Devotion was closed by a Grand High Mass, procession and Solemn Benediction, at the termination of which the Rev. Father O'Connor gave a short but impressive instruction on the virtue of perseverance.—Com.

LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF A NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH AT WINDSOR ONT.

MR. EDITOR.—As you have had the kindness to notice in your valuable journal the laying of the corner-stone of St. Alphonsus' Church, which was to take place on Sunday, the 3rd of September, permit me now to present to our readers a few remarks concerning that solemn and imposing ceremony.

At the appointed hour the site of the new church and environs were filled with crowds of people from Windsor, Sandwich, Detroit, Amherstburg, &c., amounting in the aggregate to at least five thousand. At three p. m. sharp the procession, headed by the cross-bearer and acolytes, began to emerge from the old frame church and wended its way towards the platform erected near the corner-stone. In the procession were His Grace the Most Rev. J. J. Lynch, Archbishop of Toronto, His Lordship the Right Rev. John Walsh, Bishop of London and several clergymen. First the procession proceeded to the place set apart for the main altar, where according to the Roman Ritual, a cross had been planted the day previous. Arrived here, the choir sang in the solemn tones of the Gregorian Chant the 83 Psalm, "How Beautiful are Thy Tabernacles," &c.; and then the Venerable Archbishop besprinkled the spot with holy water, at the same time saying a dedicatory prayer to St. Alphonsus de Ligouri, the patron of the parish. After this the procession returned to the platform, where, after the chanting of the Litanies of the Saints, the corner-stone was blessed in the usual manner, according to the rites prescribed in the Roman Ritual, and was laid on a firm and solid basis by His Grace the Archbishop, the choir singing in the meantime the 126th Psalm, "Unless the Lord Shall Build a House," &c. This being done, the procession went around the whole foundation of the new church, which the Most Rev. Celebrant besprinkled with holy water, while the choir chanted the 51st Psalm, "Have Mercy on Me, O God," &c., and the 86th Psalm, "His Foundations are in the Holy Mountains," &c. After some other prayers prescribed by the Ritual, and after a very eloquent and persuasive discourse by the Rev. Father McCann, of Toronto, the procession returned to the old frame church, and the crowd of the faithful went to their homes, bearing in their hearts a lasting impression received from the attendance at one of the most solemn ceremonies of our holy church.

The TRUE WITNESS, and the principal journals of the Dominion were deposited in the cornerstone. Besides papers, were deposited also a roll of money, containing the principal coins in use in the country, a beautiful chromo-lithograph likeness of Pius the IX., and a parchment bearing the following inscription:—

Die Tertio Septembris, Anno Domini MDCCCLXXI, Jubilante Pontifice Maximo, Cum toto Orbe Catholico, PIO NONO, Eo quod Attigisset dies Petri. In Britannia Regnante VICTORIA, His autem Provinciis Fœderatis Coniunctis Lisgard Præfidente, [Urbis Windsor Præfecto,] DONALDO CAMERON. Episcopo Londinensi, Reverendissimo et Illustrissimo, JOANNE WALSH, Parochia Theodoro Rectore, Reverendo JACOBO THEODORO WAGNER, Præfidente, Reverendo JOSEPHO JOANNE McCANN, HIC LAPIS a Primo Archiepiscopo Toronto, Benedictus atque collocatus fuit sub invocatione SANCTI ALPHONSI De Ligorio, Nuper declarati Doctoris Universæ Ecclesiæ, Præsente supra dicto Londinensi Episcopo Multis cum sacerdotibus Atque magnum fideliū concursu. Architecta—DOMINO TURNER. HYPOLITO REAUME atque ANTONIO DELISLE—Constructores.

Before His Grace the Archbishop and His Lordship the Bishop of London left for their homes, Father Wagner presented to their Lordships the following address:—

To His Grace the Most Rev. J. J. Lynch, Archbishop of Toronto; and to His Lordship the Most Rev. J. Walsh, Bishop of London: My Lords,—Permit the pastor of St. Alphonsus Church to present to Your Lordships, as a grateful memorial of your blessing the corner stone of our new church this chronio likeness of our holy father Pius IX. These commence a new series of issues, 14,000 of which have been the humble instrument of spreading throughout the country, as many links that bind all Catholics to the Holy See of Peter. Begging Your Lordships' special blessing upon a work which has only been commenced, as well as upon the kind and charitable all over the land, who for God's glory and the spread of the holy church have lent us a helping hand in this great undertaking, or may yet do so at some future time. I am Your Lordships most humble servant in Christ.

J. T. WAGNER, Rector.

To which their Lordships, replied, as follows. My Dear Father Wagner,—I receive with pleasure and gratitude this beautiful and well styled likeness of our holy father. I humbly invoke the choicest blessings of God upon you, your parishioners, and all who have aided or shall aid in this glorious work of preparing a glorious mansion for Christ upon earth. May he prepare for all mansions in His father's house.

J. J. LYNCH, Archbishop of Toronto.

My Dear Father, Wagner.—His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto has but expressed my own sentiments on this subject, and I sincerely hope you will obtain all the support which your praiseworthy enterprise so eminently deserves.

JOHN WALSH, Bishop of London.

This address and the responses thereto furnish another reason why a great number of charitable persons all over the country should encourage the Rev. Father Wagner in his last undertaking of the chromo of Pius IX. This is not a simple work of private charity; it is also and more especially a work of filial piety toward the church in the person of its chief pastor. Hoping, Mr. Editor, that you will excuse me for the somewhat long communication. I have the honor to be yours truly,

CATHOLICS.

(To the Editor of the True Witness.)

MR. EDITOR.—As I have different times in the columns of the TRUE WITNESS seen glowing accounts of pic-nics, lotteries, and concerts, given for the benefit of charitable and religious purposes, I take upon myself to transmit to you a short report of a pic-nic, held at Uxquhart's Point on last Wednesday, for the benefit of the Cornwall Catholic Church.

The place selected for the occasion is a beautiful grove situated on the banks of the river St. Lawrence, a mile distant from Cornwall. It is difficult which to admire the most, the green and undulating pasture sloping towards the river and picturesque ravines, or the second growth clustered maple, whose foliage ruled by the Western breeze, fanned those heated by the many amusements of the day. The sun arose in its usual splendour amidst a serene sky, and everything portended the right day for the intended picnic. At ten o'clock hundreds on foot and in carriages were seen wending their way to the grove, so that about eleven o'clock upwards of two thousand persons of all denominations were present, either mingling in the dances on the different platforms, where the very best of music, including a brass band, highland pipes, and violins, was in attendance, or engaged in games, or in little merry groups seemingly satisfied with the gay scenery.

Everything was conducted under the supervision of Father Murray; and the mastery order in which every department was managed reflects the greatest credit on the Reverend gentleman as well as on the ladies and gentlemen composing the Committee or in charge. Father Murray has not been long in charge of this Parish; but by his genial and urbane manner on that day, having a kind word for the great many persons he came in contact with, I would judge him to take well with the people as a priest and a gentleman without in any way compromising his dignity and character.

About noon Vicar General Hoy of St. Andrews followed by upwards of a thousand of his parishioners made his appearance; and although I was sorry to see him the only priest outside of our parish who honoured the pic-nic with his presence, still every heart gladdened at his coming, as apart from his generous parishioners, he is a host in himself wherever he goes, and he has that veneration and happy influence with which a man of his character always commands respect, and sways and pleases, all classes of the community. Matters got on thus well until suddenly about 4 o'clock the sky became cloudy, and soon rain fell in torrents, which materially injured the financial part of the pic-nic; still as it is the proceeds are ten hundred and sixteen dollars clear of all expenses, and had the day continued fair three or four hundred dollars more would have been added.

Yours, &c. A VISITOR AT THE PIC-NIC. Cornwall, Sept. 11th, 1871.

Father Salmon's Bazaar, for the benefit of the Church on St. Gabriel Farm of which he is Pastor, is succeeding, even beyond what past success, and the well known liberality of an Irish Catholic congregation, warranted its projectors to expect. We have seldom had to tell of more earnest, hearty, exertions

in a similar cause than it was our happiness to witness on Friday evening last at the scene of this Bazaar. Almost immediately upon our entrance we were greeted by an old and worthy citizen of Montreal, Edward McKoon, Esq., J.P., who evidently took a fatherly interest in the good work; and well he is being assisted by his respectable neighbors, Messrs. Asselin, Wall, McNeil, McMinerhan, Bracken, and others. Of all forms of charitable labor none seems more genial to the benevolent woman than that of the Bazaar; here she appears to be indeed at home, arranging, assorting, and selling nice things,—often the work of her own hands,—in the cause of charity. Father Salmon's Bazaar is not devoid of this pleasing feature. The Misses Bracken, Mrs. Dwyer, and Mrs. Lynch at one table; Mrs. Grace, Mrs. Mooney, and Mrs. Green at another; and the numerous band of young ladies who do the skimming work,—Miss Asselin gallantly leading on,—constitute a strong force, indeed. Not the least gratifying fact in connection with Father Salmon's Bazaar which came under our notice, was the liberal patronage being conferred upon it by Protestants of the locality, all, as we could learn, personal friends of the good Priest. This is a feature in the early growth of the population at and near Point St. Charles of vast importance in all respects. May it increase and strengthen. The Bazaar will continue during the greater part of this week.

RENING A NEWSPAPER.—There is more truth than poetry in the following paragraph, which come from a Memphis exchange. It may be suggestive to some of our readers, it is terribly suggestive to many newspaper publishers. The Acubanche says: By some unaccountable misapprehension of facts there is a large class of people in the world who think it costs little or nothing to run a newspaper, and if they buy a copy from the newsboy, when too far from the office to come and beg one, they are regular patrons and entitled to unlimited favors. Men call every day at newspaper offices to get a copy of the daily, just from the press, for nothing, who would never dream of begging a pocket handkerchief from a dry goods store, an apple from a fruit stand, or a piece of candy from a confectioner, even upon the plea of old acquaintance, having bought something once before. One paper is not much, but a hundred a day amounts to something in the course of time. But this is a small drain compared with the free advertising a newspaper is expected to do. Some men who have paid two dollars at an early period of life for an advertisement worth four or five appear to think they are stockholders in the establishment for eternity. They demand the publication of all marriage and funeral notices, obituaries and family episodes, for the next forty years gratis. Speak of pay and they grow indignant. "Don't I patronize your paper?" "Yes; but you receive the worth of your money for what you paid." "But," says patron, "it will not cost anything to put this in," which is just as ridiculous as to ask a man to grind your axe on his grindstone and graciously tell him it went cost him a cent.—It takes money to run a newspaper as well as any other business, and no paper will succeed financially that carries a dead-head system. Any mention of the people's affairs that are anxious to see in print is worth paying for, and when printed is generally as valuable as any other investment of the same amount.

A MAN RIPPED OF \$1,000.—As Mr. Thompson, a lumberer from Ottawa, was going down Prescott Gate steps, about noon to-day he was jostled by several persons, one of whom relieved him of the sum of \$1,000 and then took to his heels round the Ramparts, the lumberer following him closely and crying out, "stop thief," &c. Seeing he was pursued the robber jumped the battery wall, over the rock, and went headlong in to the Lower Town falling in rear of the Supervisors office, where he was picked up by the water police, severely hurt. Being so hotly pursued he dropped the money on the route which was all recovered, and he is now in custody. It is said that there are two or three of those fellows around town, and as three gold watches have been stolen at the Exhibition yesterday people should be on their guard and no doubt this fellow's abode will be discovered and thoroughly searched. He declares his name to be George Watts, aged 25, from the United States.

FORKS DEAD.—An elderly man named Robert Mitchell was found dead yesterday morning in a small room off the Masonic Hall, Muir's Block, corner of Notre Dame and Place d'Armes Square. Mitchell has for some time past been employed as messenger for the different lodges which assembled in the above mentioned hall, and on Saturday evening was about town delivering a number of notices of lodges. It is supposed he became under the influence of liquor and went up to the room of the hall, and under the impression that he was in his own bedroom had taken off his clothes and went to bed on a number of cushions, covering himself with a large piece of white cloth that was in the room. Not making his appearance at home, in Ottawa street, his family became anxious, and at a late hour were making enquiries at places they thought likely he would be found at, but without success; and this morning the hall was thought of and was immediately visited by two members of the family. The shocking discovery was then made of the death of their father. Intelligence reaching the Central Police Station of the fact, Sergeant Kehoe came to the hall and despatched a message for medical assistance. Dr. Leprohon quickly arrived, and examining the body declared life to have been extinct for two hours, and that death had been caused by apoplexy. The Sergeant next sent for Coroner Jones, who gave permission to the relations of the deceased to carry the body home, which they did yesterday afternoon. An inquest will be held this morning, when the exact cause of death will be ascertained.

OFFENSE TO THE HOLY FATHER.—On Wednesday, the 23rd August, the Holy Father completed the full years of the Pontificate of St. Peter at Rome, to which tradition assigns a duration of 25 years, two months and eight days. The expression of the joy of the Catholic world and of its attachment to the chair and person of the Supreme Pontiff, which his Holiness acknowledges with so much emotion, has not yet exhausted itself. The Rev. Edmund P. Roach, P.P. of Prescott, was presented to his Holiness and laid at his feet the address sent by the Catholics of the Diocese of Kingston, together with a cheque of \$1,557, which accompanied the address as an additional proof of their love and affection.—British Whig.

The farmers of Canada seem to be driven to their wits' ends this year in trying to find laborers who are willing to assist them in gathering the crops. In some instances they have offered to share the profits, but, so far, have been unable to induce men to leave the towns. Last week a farmer went to a large boarding-house in Ottawa, and declared that he would pay two dollars per day and board to any number of men who would go to work on his farm. Two only accepted the offer, and they did not remain longer than two days, when they grew tired of country life and discharged themselves. We have a great many men in this city at the present time who would be glad enough to find employment for the season, if they could procure the means of transportation to Canada, or elsewhere.—N.Y. Times.

ENTERPRISE.—The Quebec Mercury says a firm in Kamouaska have inaugurated a new business. They pack, in hermetically sealed boxes, sardines which are caught in vast numbers in the St. Lawrence, and which equal in flavor those imported from Europe. The resources of the fisheries are only now being developed and new branches of industry

opened up and the sardine trade if properly conducted, should be equal in success to any local enterprise yet undertaken.

AS OLD FRIENDS.—The friends—and they count by the hundred in England, France, and the Channel Islands—of the Rev. Brother Abban, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, will learn with much regret that he is not to return again amongst them—having been lately appointed by his superiors Directeur of a school at Chambly, near Montreal. Brother Abban was well known in Liverpool, having had, a few years ago, charge of St. George's Boys' Industrial Schools. He was latterly in charge of an institution in Jersey, in which place as well as in Liverpool, he was universally and deservedly respected. He sailed from Liverpool for Canada—his native country—in June last, that being the first time for him to visit the land of his birth since leaving it almost a boy fifteen years ago. There are few who have known Brother Abban but will pray success may crown his efforts, and wish him God speed in his noble mission.—Liverpool Catholic Times.

The Brockville Recorder learns that on the evening of the 26th ult., as Mr. S. McBratney, Reeve of the township of Elizabeth town, with his wife, were driving home from Brockville, when about half a mile from their own house, the horses are supposed to have taken fright at something. The consequence was the upsetting of Mr. and Mrs. McBratney, by which the latter was killed. Mr. McBratney, we are told, although stunned at the time, only received a few bruises. It is said that Mrs. McBratney was driving the team at the time.

A young girl named Lena Brooks, whose parents reside in Oshawa, was dangerously burned by the upsetting of a coal oil lamp, on Tuesday night, in the house of the family she lived with in St. Catharines. The girl was in bed at the time reading, the lamp resting on a shelf near the head of the bed, when, by some means not explained, the lamp was upset, the burning fluid spreading over the bed, badly burning the girl about the head, face, breast, shoulders and arms, before assistance could be rendered. Her injuries are very severe.

The singular effects of a stroke of lightning and the narrow escape of a whole family, are reported by the London Free Press. The electric discharge took place at Mr. Murdoch Munro's farm, 8th con. Charlottetown, on the night of the 4th or morning of the 5th ult. A thunder storm came up after most people had retired to bed. Among others the family above named were alarmed by the violence of the storm and rain. Mr. Donald Munro, jr., went out of his bed to shut an open window, when he was suddenly struck down senseless by a shock from the electricity that had invaded the house. The lightning entered from the middle of the roof, penetrated first at the north-east window where Mr. D. Munro was, and then found its way below to a bedroom where the elder Mr. and Mrs. Munro were asleep. The plaster was knocked off the partitions of all the rooms, the lightning penetrated in its zig-zag course, and the old people were covered with plaster. A bureau in the room was thrown down, and a clock which was on the bureau was thrown to the other side of the wall were all damaged, and the house presented the appearance of a general wreck. After the first shock the daughter of Mr. Munro went in search of her brother, who was found below the window doubled over a trunk. He was carried to bed and Dr. McPherson, who attended him, found him very much prostrated and only recovering sensibility. After restorative had been applied, he recovered, but is still suffering from the effects. The members of the family were all more or less stunned, but no fatal effects are anticipated from the accident. The lightning discharged its final fury after wrecking the house by penetrating into the cellar, where it scattered the milk and other culinary fixings and disappeared in a hole in the centre of the ground floor of the cellar.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

- Cape Cove, J. Doherty, \$2; Hereford, Mrs. M. J. W., 1; East Greenwick, E. I., Rev. T. E. Carroll, 2; Pakenham, Rev. D. J. Lavin, 4; Halifax, N. S., P. Power, 2; Carlsruhe, Rev. F. A. Bassaerts, 2; Smithville, T. McKeough, 1; Hamilton, Rt. Rev. J. Farrell, 10; Saintfield, J. O'Leary, 2; Cornwall, W. Chisholm, 2; River Bourgeois, Rev. W. M. LeBlanc, 2; Halifax, N. S., Staff-Sergt. J. Mesard, 2; St. Sylvester, D. Moran, 150; St. John, N. B., Mrs. J. Murray, 2; Savage's Mill, D. Kilpatrick, 1; Ashburnham, P. Sullivan, 1; St. Gervais, Rev. P. Pouliot, 2; London, J. Stee, 3. Per Rev. P. Kelly, Frampton—M. Miller, \$1.50; P. Duff, 75c; M. Donohue, 75c. Per J. Heenan, Pembroke—J. McCarthy, 2. Per M. Teedy, Richmond Hill—Patterson, J. A. Strong, 2. Per T. McEury, River Beaufort—Self, 2; D. McIntyre, 2. Per J. Nolan, Kingston—Portsmouth, R. Howard, 4. Per C. Donovan, Hamilton—T. Beatty, 2; W. Kavanaugh, 2; W. Harris, 2.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes Flour, Middlings, Fine, Superior Extra, Extra, Fancy, Fresh Supers, Ordinary Supers, Strong Bakers', Supers from Western Wheat, Supers City Brands, Fresh Ground, Canada Supers, Western Supers, U. C. bag flour, City bags, Wheat, Oatmeal, Corn, Oats, Pease, Barley, Lard, Cheese, etc.

PRICES CURRENT OF LEATHER.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes Hearn's Spanish Sole, do do, Slaughter, do, Waxed Upper, do do heavy, Grained do, Splits large, do small, Kips, Canada, whole, do ordinary, Calfskin, do, Sheep-Skin linings, Harness, Buffed Cow, do, do, do, Patent Cow, do, Rough, do, English Oak Sole, English Kips.

ONE OF THE SEA SERPENT FAMILY NEAR MONTREAL.—It is said that on Saturday night a boatman of Hochelaga, named Masson, noticed a strange looking object floating in the water. Going up to it, Masson found that the object was alive; and throwing a rope around it towed it ashore. The brute is believed to be a veritable sea serpent about nine feet long, with neither fins nor feet, scaly, flat head, like that of an alligator, with the eyes sunk in. It has a large mouth, with large hooked teeth. The brute died soon after landing.

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

TEACHERS WANTED.—TWO FEMALE TEACHERS wanted in the Parish of St. Sophie, Terrebonne Co., capable of teaching the French and English languages. One hundred dollars will be given for ten months' teaching. Teachers to provide their board and fuel for the School. Applications, prepaid. Address, P. Carey, Sec.-Treas., St. Sophie, Terrebonne Co., P.Q.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned shall apply to the Quebec Legislature at its next Session for a Bill to allow the Board of Notaries of the Province of Quebec to admit, after Examination, William Fahey as a Notary. Montreal, Aug. 20th, 1871. WILLIAM FAHEY.

HIGH COMMERCIAL EDUCATION. MANSON COLLEGE, TERREBONNE, (NEAR MONTREAL) P.Q., CANADA. THE RE-OPENING OF THE CLASSES will take place on the FOURTH OF SEPTEMBER. J. GRATON, Sup.

CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL AND COMMERCIAL ACADEMY, PLATEAU STREET, MONTREAL. THE Opening of the Classes of the above Institution will take place on MONDAY, the 11th SEPTEMBER next, in the New School Building erected on the "Plateau" by the Catholic School Commissioners of Montreal. The opening has been deferred till this date to allow the completion of divers essential works about the building. For the Prospectus—and further particulars—apply to the Principal at the Academy, Plateau Street. V. E. ARCHAMBAULT, Principal.

JOLIETTE COLLEGE. THE above Institution is situated in one of the most agreeable and healthful parts of the Diocese of Montreal. A Steamboat leaves Montreal twice a week (Tuesday and Friday) for Lanoraie, in connection with the Joliette Railroad. Able Teachers are always provided for the various departments. The object of the Institution is to impart a good and solid education. The health, morals and manners of the pupils will be an object of peculiar attention. The course of instruction includes a complete Classical and Commercial Education. Particular attention will be given to the French and English languages, as well as to Arithmetic and Book-keeping.

Board and Tuition \$100 (Advance Year.) Payable half-yearly in advance. EXHIBIT. Piano \$20, Violin 15, Drawing 10, Bed and Bedding 4, Washing 6. The Annual Session Commences on the FIFTH SEPTEMBER. C. BEAUDRY, Principal.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL. SUPERIOR COURT. DAME ELLA LOUISE or ELLEN or IRLEN LOUISE BRUNKEHOPF, Plaintiff.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS COCHRANE, of the City of Montreal, Trader, Defendant. An action on Separation de biens has been instituted in this cause. Montreal, 28th Aug. 1871. DOUTRE, DOUTRE & DOUTRE, Att'ys for Plaintiff.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DIST. OF MONTREAL. SUPERIOR COURT. No. 491.

NOTICE is hereby given that OLYMPIE GUERIN, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of MAURICE MONTMARQUET, Carpenter, before, of the City and District of Montreal, at present absent of the Province of Quebec and the Dominion of Canada, has instituted before this Court, en separation de corps et de biens, an action against her husband, the said action returnable before this Court on the seventeenth day of August instant. Montreal, 17th of August, 1871. LEBLANC, CASSIDY & LACOSTE, Attorneys for the Plaintiff.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1871. CANADA, Province of Quebec, SUPERIOR COURT. Dist. of Joliette.

In the matter of LOUIS MARSAN and JOSEPH TELLIER dit LAFOURTUNE, Insolvents.

The undersigned, one of the Insolvents, has deposited at the Clerk's office of this Court, the consent of his Creditors to his discharge, and will, on the nineteenth day of October next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, apply to the said Court for the ratification of the discharge thereby effected. JOSEPH TELLIER dit LAFOURTUNE, By GODIN & DESROCHERS, his Attorneys ad litem. Joliette, 9th September 1871.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of LEON GIROUX, Insolvent.

THE Creditors of the Insolvent are hereby notified to meet at the office of L. O. Turgeon, Esq., situated on St. Paul Street, No. 338, in the City of Montreal, Wednesday, the twentieth day of September next, at three o'clock in the afternoon, to receive the resignation of Claude Melancon, Esq., one of the undersigned Assignees, and to substitute another in his place, if necessary. Montreal, 24th August, 1871. C. MELANCON, L. O. TURGEON.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, Sept. 14.—A proposition introduced in the Assembly yesterday by a deputy from Paris, that the Government should grant complete and general amnesty to all Communist prisoners, was rejected by an immense majority.

VERSAILLES, Sept. 15.—The Assembly today elected a Committee of Control, created by the bill of prorogation to supersede the Government during the recess. It is composed of 11 members of the Right Wing, 8 of the Left and 6 Moderates.

PARIS, Sept. 15.—Rumours are current of fresh changes in the Diplomatic representation of France with the Governments of Switzerland, United States, Italy and Germany.

The Duke D'Harcourt it is also said will be appointed Ambassador to Florence, in place of Count D'Choissal, who will be transferred to Berlin.

The negotiations now in progress at Versailles between Count D'Remusat and Herr Von Arnim are said to involve a territorial rearrangement which will rectify the frontiers of France and Germany.

The scenes of daily occurrence, in the French Chamber revive the old doubt whether a popular Assembly can govern France. The members appear entirely unable to restrain themselves. Whenever anything is said they desire they roar, jump to their feet, rush at each other, and set their President, a very determined man, at defiance. He was wholly unable to obtain a hearing for M. Thiers upon the important question of the National Guard, and the Head of the Executive was so enraged that he offered his resignation. No rule appears stringent enough to check these ebullitions, which are fatal to discussion, and which spread among the public a dangerous longing to be done with a body so devoid of self-respect.

MORE FIRES IN FRANCE.—The burning of churches and monasteries still continues in France. Part of the magnificent Abbey of La Trappe has been destroyed by fire. And the little seminary of Autun has had a narrow escape, having been saved from destruction by the prompt arrival of assistance soon after the breaking out of the flames. The Monde pertinently asks:—"Are we to have systematic fires?"

THE EVACUATION.—300,000,000 francs have been paid on account of the third half-billiard of the war indemnity, and it is reported that the rest of the half-billiard is to be paid by the end of the month.

ITALY.

PIEDMONT.—A despatch from Italy announces that the Mount Cenis tunnel has been successfully opened, and trains are now passing through without delay.

THE USE OF THE DAGGER IN ITALY.

(To the Editor of the Tablet.)

Sir,—The following letter having been refused insertion in the Daily Telegraph, showing how universal the determination seems to be among the Protestant papers to give the public a one-sided version only of matters connected with Italy or Rome, I send it to you, hoping you may perhaps find room for it in your valuable paper.

Yours faithfully,

G. F.

London, 21st August, 1871.

(To the Editor of the Daily Telegraph.)

Sir,—In your leading article in to-day's paper on the use of the dagger in Italy, the writer says:—

"What with gas, railways, a free press, constitutional liberty, and other trifles of civilization, stabbing seems, within these last 10 years, to have been fading out of the manners and customs of the Italian Peninsula."

This, I am sorry to say, can be hardly borne out, and, indeed, is directly controverted by very sad and stubborn facts. The Governmental Opinion, of 26th February last, says:—

"It would be denying the truth to deny the increase of crimes of blood (reati di sangue) throughout the whole Peninsula, a few districts excepted."

And, as the Examiner of the 1st April, in an excellent article on Italy, says—"The depressing confirmation of all that the Opinion has stated, and more, has just been supplied by the frightful statistics which the Prime Minister, Signor Lanza, has laid before the Chambers, in support of his demand for still more extraordinary measures of public safety; unfortunately the minister's statistics place beyond a doubt that the increase of murderous crime is confined to no portion of the country."

The following are some of Signor Lanza's statistics:—

	1863-64.	1869-70.
Palermo.....	1299	2025
Naples.....	2748	4368
Perugia.....	674	1417
Florence.....	374	857
Turin.....	836	1148

"And be it observed," continues the Examiner, "that the minister expressly states that he has confined his enumeration to the gravest offences only, i più gravi reati; it is also the sad truth, he adds, that most of the malefactors are headless boys, such has been the training of young Italy. Two statements that you make, that "hitherto the most flourishing school of stabbing has been in the Eternal City," and that "the dagger was an integral part of the argumentation employed at the Vatican," I pass over without comment, being so unlike your usual fairness that I think you will regret their having been made as much as I do, now that they have been brought under your notice. I request, in the interest of truth and fair dealing, you will insert this in your next issue, and enclose my card.

Yours faithfully,

G. F.

London Institution, 17th August, 1871.

DISCOVERY OF THE BODIES OF THREE SAINTS AT MILAN.—A singular discovery was

made lately at Milan under the great altar of the Church of Saint Ambrosio, in presence of the Archbishop, the Vicar-General, the members of the Chapter, and the Mayor. A large coffin was removed from a crypt in which it had rested for more than a thousand years, and the lid was taken off with great care. The interior was found to be two-thirds full of clear water, through which might be distinguished three bodies, well preserved and attired in rich robes, and all in the position described by the tradition: "Sollicit quod S. Ambrosius est in medio Sanctorum Protaxi et Gervasi." A chemical question arose as to whether the water was prepared in the time of Engibert for preservation of the bodies, or been infiltrated. A decision has been taken to closed the coffin for the moment in order to have it reopened more solemnly in presence of all the civil and religious authorities. All the bells of the city soon after announced to the faithful the discovery of the three bodies of the three saints, and the Archbishop sent a special message to the Pope.—Galignani.

ROME.—RELIGIOUS LIBERTY AT ROME.—We Tablet are told every day that the utmost liberty is allowed at Rome to every kind of religious demonstration. Yet an unfortunate shopkeeper in the Corso was attacked and beaten for illuminating on the Feast of the Assumption. The cry was raised of "down with the lamps," and the master of the shop came to the door. "Am I not free," he asked, "to illuminate 'in honour of the Blessed Virgin'?" The reply was a shower of blows which has reduced him to a dying state. His assistant, who came to the door, was stabbed and is already dead. We extract these facts from a correspondence in the Univers.

ATTACK AND SEIZURE OF THE ROMAN CONVENTS.—The Roman correspondent of the Pall-Mall Gazette, writing on the 17 ultimo, makes an extraordinary statement regarding the forcible seizure by the Italian Government of a number of the Roman convents. The correspondent avers that the Italian Government has forcibly seized and appropriated four of the Roman convents, namely, 1—Santa Maria Maddalena, by the Quirinal, assigned to the King's civil list, in place of the Consulta; 2—San Domenico Sisto, also by the Quirinal taken for the Court of Audit; 3—Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, of St. Francisco Aripo; and Saint Antonio Abbate, near Santa Maria Maggiore—which are converted into barracks. Some of the journals affirm that M. De La Villenstreux, Charge d'Affaires of France, has asked Signor Visconti Venosta for an explanation of the law for the suppression of religious communities at Rome, and of the confiscation of the estates of clergy. This statement is an exaggeration. The French Charge d'Affaires intervenes only in behalf of the French establishments which, as well as those of other foreign countries, will be made the subject of special stipulations with the powers to which they belong.

The Fathers of the Minerva have received notice of the decree of the expropriation of their house, which, as your readers are aware, is the residence of the Father-General of the Order. In that monastery is the famous library of Casanata. All will be lost! All the religious houses in Rome are in the most imminent danger. The Liberta defends the Government against the charge of being dilatory in the matter of the Convents. It says that it knows that the Commission of Enquiry has just sent in a report, in which 80 houses are marked for expropriation! Eighty religious houses marked for robbery and sacrilege! It is Henry VIII. and Cromwell over again. Quousque tandem?

THE INTERNATIONAL AND ROME.—It is expected that a Congress will be held at Rome next month of delegates of Working Men's Societies. Some of those are political and some Socialist. The International organisation in Italy say it will probably establish its chief seat at Rome.

AUSTRIA.

SALZBURG, Sept. 13.—It has been decided by Bismarck, Von Beust, and other diplomatists, who remained here after the departure of the Emperors William and Francis Joseph, to suppress the International Society, and to settle finally with the Schelswig question.

GERMANY.

BERLIN, Sept. 14.—It is asserted in diplomatic circles that the secret alliance entered into by Bismarck and Von Beust, on the part of the Governments of Germany and Austria, is in opposition to the alleged coalition between France and Russia.

The Viennese papers are trying to convince the world that a league of some kind was arranged at Gastein to which Germany, Austria, and Italy are parties. The Krone Zeitung endorses this rumour, and both intimate that the basis of agreement was a revolution of the European peace. Such a league would, of course, be directed in the first instance against France, and a report that Russia approved is angrily contradicted by St. Petersburg papers. No official evidence has yet been produced for this story, and some hints are given that the Emperor of Germany was not satisfied either with the policy or the bearing of his brother Kaiser. The Hapsburgs, indeed, the Emperor excepted, took pains to mark—by quitting Gastein during the Imperial visit—that they had not forgiven their expulsion from the Germany they once ruled.

In Prussia the anti-Catholic press is somewhat less virulent in tone, and the higher powers are said to be cooling in their support of the schismatics. The change is not, however, apparent in the way matters are managed in reference to educational affairs.

The case of the Nuns at Rohlfeld (Diocese of Munster) is illustrative of the present position of affairs. There is a teaching order, and the Nuns have always passed most creditably through the different examinations and inspections required by Government. They have a

great number of schools in the Bas Rhin under their care; and the Government has repeatedly acknowledged their marked success in their management of the children, while they have everywhere gained the esteem and confidence of the parochial authorities. All at once, without any reason assigned, a ukase issued from Berlin, that the good Nuns are to be employed no longer. It is regarded by Catholics as a blow at Catholicism in two ways: First, the active orders must soon die out if they are to be denied the liberty of working in the sphere prescribed by their rule. Secondly, the schools themselves must suffer; there being no other available teachers so well qualified as the Religious, or possessing the confidence of parents in any degree comparable to them.

At a conclave of the North German bishops in the cathedral here (Fulda) to-day, it was determined to adopt serious measures in regard to the conference, and take immediate and decisive steps against the unjust and aggressive policy pursued towards them by the Prussian Minister Muhler. They are determined to repel all advances of Minister Muhler in reference to their mode of worship which they intend to adopt to suit the views of the new departure, and request Minister Muhler to attend to politics, reserving for themselves liberty and powers to deal with matters ecclesiastical.

Having fully expressed their views and shown their indignation at the interference of this statesman, the Bishops brought in a joint resolution, which received their unanimous approbation, stating that in all matters touching the Church they were determined to disregard his decrees in toto, and concluded by ordering one petition to be sent to the Reichstag and another to Kaiser Wilhelm, for redress.

The nobility of Westphalia have publicly thanked the Bishop of Euerlond for his courageous opposition to the Prussian authorities in their anti-Catholic support of the excommunicated professor, Dr. Wollmann. A fund is being raised for the purpose of establishing Catholic schools free from the antagonistic influence of the Government authorities.

MUNICH, August 25.—The Munich authorities insist upon opening St. Nicholas Church to Dr. Freidrich, in opposition to the command of the Archbishop, on the grounds that it is city property. Doctors Dollinger and Freidrich having commenced their usual lectures at the University, two of the clerical professors have refused to continue their services.

It is said that since the annexation of Strasbourg to Germany, twenty three, thousand of the inhabitants of that city, have emigrated to France and America.

There were 93 cases of cholera at Konigsberg on the 12th inst., and 63 deaths on the 13th. There were 68 new cases and 45 deaths. The disease has disappeared from Dantzic, and it is merely sporadic at Stettin.

RUSSIA.

The Moscow Gazette of the 6th inst., compares the marine fortifications of Germany with those of Russia. The writer points out the great importance for the German navy of Wilhelmshafen and Kiel, and shows that when the projected canal between these harbors is completed Germany will be able suddenly to combine her North Sea fleet with that of the Baltic, and throw the whole of her naval force into either of these seas. Another advantage possessed by Germany is that she does not require any ships of war to protect her principal harbors, such as Konigsberg, Dantzic, Stettin, Rostock, Lubec, Hamburg, and Bremen, as they are sufficiently protected against the attack of an enemy by their geographical position, and a few coast batteries. In Russia, on the other hand, the capital itself is exposed to the attack of a hostile fleet, "St. Petersburg was built in such a hurry that the most important precautionary measures were disregarded; it was placed close to the sea, although there was nothing to prevent its being built ten or twenty versts higher up on the banks of the Neva. The first of the disadvantages caused by this mistake was the exposure of the city to inundations which might cause losses of many hundred millions of roubles. In 1824, when St. Petersburg was much smaller than it is now, the loss caused by the inundation was valued at a hundred millions. The second disadvantage—that of being defenceless against a hostile fleet—is even more important; it compels Russia to keep a strong fleet in the Baltic merely for the protection of the capital. * * * And even this fleet, which cost sixteen millions, does not afford complete security, for it would not be able to resist the attack of a first-rate power." The article concludes by urging the government to strengthen the fortifications of Cronstadt, which, it says, are old-fashioned and no longer capable of resisting modern artillery, and to build a huge earth-work, five versts long, on the coast south of the capital.

HANDWRITE.—A quiet family in the country were electrified the other day by the receipt of a telegraphic dispatch from a daughter who was teaching in a distant city. The telegram was passed around and duly admired. The dashing boldness of the chirography came in for its share of praise. The old lady shook her head with an air of gratified pride as she ejaculated, slowly: "Anna Maria allers didt write like a man; guess she's ben takin' writin' lessons: this here beats her last letter all holler!"

OUR NEIGHBOR'S GOOD NAME.—Anybody can soil the reputation of an individual, however pure and chaste, by uttering a suspicion that his enemies will believe and his friends never hear of. A puff of the idle wind can take a million of the seeds of a thistle and do a work of mischief which the husbandman must labor long to undo, the floating particles being too small to be seen and too light to be stopped. Such are the seeds of slander, so easily sown, so difficult to be gathered up, and yet so pernicious in their fruitage. The slanderer knows that many a wind will catch up the plague and become poisoned by his insinuations without seeking the antidote. No reputation can refute a sneer, nor human skill prevent mischief.

A HOME EDUCATOR.—There is nothing, says an exchange, that will so soon induce children to read as a home newspaper introduced into a family. As it

contains every week many items that will directly interest them, they very naturally form a desire to take it up and peruse its columns; and it gradually but surely inculcates a disposition for information, that no other class of reading matter does, thus laying the foundation, for an early, practical education, treating as it does on the every-day affairs of life. School teachers finding the tastes of their scholars improved by reading good papers have in numerous instances recommended them in every family, one of whom writes to a contemporary: "It would be for the interest of every school-teacher to do the same for his district throughout the country. I teach in the same place I did last year, and coming back, I find the children who have not been in the habit of reading a newspaper, backward; hence my anxiety." The home newspaper can be made an important auxiliary to teachers, by introducing it into every household in the country, and thus foster and build up a desire for knowledge, which is the ground-work for higher educational achievements. We hope our friends throughout the country will consider and act upon this sensible suggestion.

FOR THROAT DISORDERS AND COUGHS.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are offered with the fullest confidence in their efficacy. They have been thoroughly tested, and maintain the good reputation they have justly acquired.

These Lozenges are prepared from a highly esteemed recipe for alleviating BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS, ASTHMA, HOARSENESS, COUGHS, COLDS, and Irritation or Soreness of the Throat.

PUBLIC SPEAKERS AND VOCALISTS.

will find them beneficial in clearing the voice before speaking or singing, and relieving the throat after any unusual exertion of the vocal organs, having a peculiar adaptation to affections which disturb the organs of speech. Sold at 25 cents per box, by all Dealers in Medicine.

"Troches," so called, sold by the ounce, are a poor imitation and nothing like BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, which are sold only in boxes with facsimile of the proprietors.

JOHN I. BROWN & SON,

on outside wrapper of box, and private government stamp attached to each box.

This care in putting up the Troches is important as a security to the purchaser in order to be sure of obtaining the genuine BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

A DOWN TOWN MERCHANT.

Having passed several sleepless nights, disturbed by the agonies and cries of a suffering child, and becoming convinced that Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP was just the article needed, procured a supply for the child. On reaching home, and acquainting his wife with what he had done, she refused to have it administered to the child, as she was strongly in favor of Homeopathy. That night the child passed in suffering, and the parents without sleep. Returning home the day following, the father found the baby still worse; and while contemplating another sleepless night, the mother stepped from the room to attend to some domestic duties, and left the father with the child. During her absence he administered a portion of the Soothing Syrup to the baby, and said nothing. That night all hands slept well, and the little fellow awoke in the morning bright and happy. The mother was delighted with the sudden and wonderful change, and although at first offended at the deception practiced upon her, has continued to use the Syrup, and suffering, crying babies and restless nights have disappeared. A single trial of the Syrup never yet failed to relieve the baby, and overcome the prejudices of the mother. 25 cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Be sure and call for

"MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP,"

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

The age of railroads and the telegraph give rise to fast living, and increases the desire for making rapid fortunes,—some wishing to outstrip, and others to be at least equal to their neighbors. In order to keep up with this eager and unequal contest, the brain is taxed to its utmost power, while humanity is rendered an easy prey to disease. The Heart, Liver, Stomach, Lungs, or Nervous System becomes afflicted, and sickness, in the form of Heart Disease, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Bronchitis, Consumption, Paralysis or Mania, is the result. The use of FELLOW'S Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites will enable the mind to sustain a greater strain unimpaired by conflicting thoughts and unwearied by continued study. It imparts power of concentration. What before seemed difficult of solution becomes comparatively easy, and the body is physically stronger under its use.

"Five Minut' a for Refreshments." Everybody who has travelled by railroad has heard the above announcement, and has probably suffered from eating too hastily, thereby sowing the seed of Dyspepsia. It is a comfort to know that the Peruvian Syrup will cure the worst cases of Dyspepsia, as thousands are ready to testify.

Incipient Consumption cured in many cases by Johnson's Anodyne Linctum used internally.

LAWLOR'S SEWING MACHINES.—Principal office, 365 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

HOSPICE ST. JOSEPH, MONTREAL, August 5th, 1871.

MR. J. D. LAWLOR: Sir,—On former occasions our Sisters gave their testimonials in favour of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, but having recently tested the working qualities of the "Family Singer," manufactured by you, we feel justified in stating that yours is superior for both family and manufacturing purposes.

SISTER GAUTHIER.

MONTREAL, April 23, 1871.

MR. J. D. LAWLOR: DEAR SIR,—In answer to your enquiry about the working qualities of your Family Singer Sewing Machines, which we have in constant operation on shirts, we beg to say that they are, in every respect, perfectly satisfactory and we consider them superior to any American Machine, and consequently take much pleasure in recommending them as the most perfect, useful and durable Machines now offered to the public.

Most respectfully,

J. R. MEAD & Co.,
Shirt Manufacturers,
381 Notre Dame St

ALABAMA CLAIMS.—We are informed that the most persistent and unyielding of the private citizens who have claims against the British Government are Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., of Lowell, Mass., the manufacturers of medicines. They will consent to nothing less than that their demand for medicines destroyed by the British pirates shall be paid in gold and in dollars to the last cent. They are emboldened by the fact that the destruction of their goods by the English in China and elsewhere (for where are not that troublesome nation tramping upon somebody?) have hitherto been paid in full, and they now say that they shall be. They however propose this compromise:—Give us Canada and we will call it even, because we can then send our remedies there without duty.—Washington News.

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

WANTED.

IMMEDIATELY for the N. O. MALE SEPARATE SCHOOL of Belleville, a First-Class R. MALE TEACHER. Salary Liberal. Must be well recommended, application (if by letter, prepaid) to be made to the Very Revd. J. Farrelly, Vicar General, P. P. Belleville, Aug. 4, 1871.

PROGRAMME OF TUITION

IN THE

LYCEUM OF VARENNES

PREPARATORY COURSE.

French and English Reading. Mental Arithmetic. Writing.

FIRST YEAR.

The Elements of French and those of English Grammar. Sacred History. Reading in French and in English. Arithmetic. Epistolary Art. Writing. Vocal Music. Geography.

SECOND YEAR.

Syntax of French Grammar and Syntax of English Grammar. History of Canada (French Domination). Arithmetic (all the Commercial Rules). Book-Keeping by Single Entry. Writing. French and English Reading. Translation of English into French. Vocal Music. Geography.

THIRD YEAR.

Exercises on all the parts of French Grammar and of English Grammar. Translation of English into French and French into English. Book-Keeping by Double Entry. The Principles of Literature and Composition. Notions on the English Constitution and that of this country. Notions of Agriculture. Notions of Algebra and Geometry. History of Canada (English Domination). Vocal Music. Geography.

Tuition in English is on the same footing as in French.

Book-Keeping in all its branches is taught by an Accountant well versed in all commercial transactions.

The utmost care is bestowed on the morals and health of Pupils.

Should a number of Pupils desire to learn Instrumental Music, Drawing, etc., a Professor will be given to them; but Pupils will have to pay extra for that particular teaching.

N. B.—Pupils, before passing to the second or third year of the Course, will have to stand an examination and prove that they have made satisfactory progress.

Pupils may either be boarders or half-boarders (the latter going out of the house only for their meals), at the following rates:

Boarders.....	\$90.00
Half-Boarders.....	10.00

The children of the Parish of Varrennes standing in an exceptional position with regard to the Establishment, their parents will have to come to an understanding with the Director of the College.

Pupils will find in the house the Books and all the other school requisites, at current prices. Religious teaching forms part of tuition in each class.

F. X. SAURIOL, Ptre,
Director.

VARENNES, 15th August, 1871.

CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } SUPERIOR COURT.
Dist. of Montreal.

No. 1476.

DAME LOUISE VERDON, of the City and the District of Montreal, wife of NOEL GAGNON, Trader, of the same place, duly authorized a *ester en justice*,

Plaintiff;

vs.
NOEL GAGNON, Trader, of the same place,
Defendant.

AN action *en separation de biens* has been instituted in this case, on the fourteenth day of August, instant, returnable on the fifth day of September next.
Montreal, 17th August, 1871.

BOURGOUIN & LACOSTE,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } SUPERIOR COURT.
District of Montreal.

NOTICE is hereby given, that Emelie Mercier, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Joseph Laurent Cadot, Miller, of the same place, has instituted, before this Court, *en Separation de biens*, an action against her husband, the said action returnable before this Court on the fourth day of September next.

Montreal, 22nd August, 1871.

LEBLANC, CASSIDY & LACOSTE,
Attys for the Plaintiff.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } SUPERIOR COURT FOR
District of Montreal, } LOWER CANADA.

In the matter of JOSEPH POULIN, the younger, An Insolvent.

THE undersigned has filed in the office of the said court, a deed of composition and discharge, executed by his creditors in his favour and on the eighteenth day of the month of September next, at half past ten of the clock in the forenoon, he will apply to the said court, in the said District, for a confirmation of the discharge thereby effected.

Montreal, 7th August, 1871.

JOSEPH POULIN, Jr.,
By LEBLANC, CASSIDY & LACOSTE,
His attorneys *ad litem*.

APPLICATION TO PARLIAMENT.

LES CURE ET MARGUILLIERS DE L'OEUVRE ET FABRIQUE DE LA paroisse de Notre Dame de Montreal will apply to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec at its next Session, asking that the Act 33 Victoria chapter 52 entitled: "An act to amend the Act of the 32nd Victoria Chapter 72, respecting the Cemetery of Notre Dame des Neiges," be amended in such a manner as to allow the Court or a Judge to appoint the commissioner who, by the Act, should be named by the party or the parties interested, in the event of the latter's refusal to name any, or of a vacancy occurring amongst the said commissioners, and for other purposes generally.
Montreal, 9th August, 1871.

CIRCULAR.

MONTREAL, May, 1867

THE Subscriber, in withdrawing from the late firm of Messrs. A. & D. Shannon, Grocers, of this city, for the purpose of commencing the Provision and Produce business would respectfully inform his late patrons and the public that he has opened the Store, No. 443 Commissioners Street, opposite St. Ann's Market, where he will keep on hand and for sale a general stock of provisions suitable to this market comprising in part of FLOUR, OATMEAL, CORN-MEAL, BUTTER, CHEESE, PORK, HAMS, LARD, HERRINGS, DRIED FISH, DRIED APPLES, SHIP BREAD, and every article connected with the provision trade, &c., &c.

He trusts that from his long experience in buying the above goods when in the grocery trade, as well as from his extensive connections in the country, he will thus be enabled to offer inducements to the public unsurpassed by any house of the kind in Canada.

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.

TO THE CLERGY, DIRECTORS OF CATHOLIC EDUCATIONAL ESTABLISHMENTS, AND ORGANISTS. PETER'S CATHOLIC CHOIR, A New Monthly Magazine, published on the 20th of each Month, and devoted exclusively to Catholic Church Music, comprising Masses and Vespers, Motets, Litanies, Offertory pieces, Hymns, etc., etc., with Latin words, arranged mostly for mixed voices, with occasional pieces for female voices, and consisting of Solos, Duets, Trios, Quartets, and Choruses,—the whole with Organ or Harmonium accompaniment.

Each number contains about 36 pages of Music, printed on fine white paper, and from full-sized Music plates, and will contain from \$3 to \$4 worth of choice new Music, by the very best authors. The first number—just published—contains a complete Mass for 4 voices, by Spoth, an Ave Maria, by Panzeron, a Veni Creator, by Lortzing, a Salve Regina, by Abbe Janssen, an Ave Maria Stella, by Meyerbeer, and a Tantum ergo, by Mine.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. 1 Year (12 numbers).....\$6 00 6 Months (6 numbers)..... 3 50 A single number..... 1 00 Country Subscribers must add 30 cts. to the 6 months' or 60 cts. to the yearly Subscription to cover postage. Now to be had of A. J. BOUCHER, Music Dealer and Agent, 260 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

MONTREAL SELECT MODEL SCHOOL. NOS. 6 AND 8, ST. CONSTANT STREET. THE duties of the above Institution will be resumed on MONDAY, the FOURTH DAY OF SEPTEMBER next, at Nine o'clock A.M. For terms, and other particulars, apply at the School, or at 185 St. Denis Street. Wm. DORAN, Principal.

CONVENT OF THE SISTERS OF THE CONGREGATION OF NOTRE DAME, WILLIAMSTOWN, ONTARIO. THIS Institution is directed by the Nuns of the Congregation of Notre Dame, who have charge of the most celebrated establishments for young ladies, in the Dominion. The system of education embraces the English and French languages, Vocal and Instrumental Music, drawing, painting and every kind of useful and ornamental needle work. Scholastic year, 10 1/2 months. Terms: Per Month. Board and Tuition, (English and French).....\$6.00 Music..... 2.00 Drawing and Painting..... 1.00 Bed and Bedding..... 1.00 Washing..... 1.00 Bed and bedding, washing, may be provided for by the parents. Payments must be made invariably in advance. (Quarterly.) The Convent having been considerably enlarged there is ample accommodation for at least fifty boarders. Williamstown, August 5th, 1871.

KEARNEY & BRO., PRACTICAL PLUMBERS, GAS AND STEAM FITTERS, BELL HANGERS, TINSMITHS, Zinc, Galvanized and Sheet Iron Workers, 699 CRAIG CORNER OF HERMINE STREET, MONTREAL. JOBBING PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO. THE subscribers beg to inform the public that they have recommenced business, and hope, by strict attention to business and moderate charges, to merit a share of its patronage. KEARNEY & BRO.

OWEN M'GARVEY MANUFACTURER OF EVERY STYLE OF PLAIN AND FANCY FURNITURE, Nos. 7, 9, and 11, ST. JOSEPH STREET, (2nd Door from M'Gill Str.) Montreal. Orders from all parts of the Province carefully executed, and delivered according to instructions free of charge.

WRIGHT & BROGAN NOTARIES, OFFICE—58 St. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, MONTREAL.

JOHN CROWE, BLACK AND WHITE SMITH, LOCK-SMITH, BELL-HANGER, SAFE-MAKER AND GENERAL JOBBER, No. 37, BONAVENTURE STREET, No. 37, Montreal.

ALL ORDERS CAREFULLY AND PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO. JOHN BURNS, (Successor to Kearney & Bro.) PLUMBER, GAS & STEAM FITTER, TIN & SHEET IRON WORKER, &c. Importer and Dealer in all kinds of WOOD AND COAL STOVES AND STOVE FITTINGS, 675 CRAIG STREET (TWO DOORS WEST OF BLEURY.) MONTREAL. JOBBING PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO.

GEO. T. LEONARD, Attorney-at-Law, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, PETERBOROUGH, Ont. OFFICE: Over Stethem & Co's, George St

F. A. QUINN, ADVOCATE, No. 49, St. James Street, MONTREAL.

MONTREAL HOT-WATER HEATING APPARATUS ESTABLISHMENT. F. GREENE, 574 & 576, CRAIG STREET. Undertakes the Warming of Public and Private Buildings, Manufactories, Conservatories, Vineries, &c., by Greene's improved Hot-Water Apparatus, Gold's Low Pressure Steam Apparatus, with latest improvements, and also by High Pressure Steam in Coils or Pipes. Plumbing and Gas-Fitting personally attended to.

P. J. COX, MANUFACTURER OF PLATFORM AND COUNTER SCALES, 637 Craig Street 637 SIGN OF THE PLATFORM SCALE, MONTREAL.

F. CALLAHAN, JOB-PRINTER, CORNER OF NOTRE DAME AND ST. ST. JOHN STR., MONTREAL. WILSTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY. COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION, LUNG DISEASES.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption. Probably never before in the whole history of medicine, has anything won so widely and so deeply upon the confidence of mankind, as this excellent remedy for pulmonary complaints. Through a long series of years, and among most of the races of men it has risen higher and higher in their estimation, as it has become better known. Its uniform character and power to cure the various affections of the lungs and throat, have made it known as a reliable protector against them. While adapted to milder forms of disease and to young children, it is at the same time the most effectual remedy that can be given for incipient consumption, and the dangerous affections of the throat and lungs. As a provision against sudden attacks of Croup, it should be kept on hand in every family, and indeed as all are sometimes subject to colds and coughs, all should be settled with this antidote for them. Although settled Consumption is thought incurable, still great numbers of cases where the disease assumed settled, have been completely cured, and the patient restored to sound health by the Cherry Pectoral. So complete is its mastery over the disorders of the Lungs and Throat, that the most obstinate of them yield to it. When nothing else could reach them, under the Cherry Pectoral they subside and disappear. Singers and Public Speakers find great protection from it. Asthma is always relieved and often wholly cured by it. Bronchitis is generally cured by taking the Cherry Pectoral in small and frequent doses. For a Cough and Cold, no better remedy can be had. Take small doses three times a day and put the feet in warm water at night, until the disease is broken up. For Influenza, when it affects the throat or lungs, take the same course. For Whooping Cough, give small doses three or four times a day. For Croup, give large and frequent doses until the disease is overcome. No family should be without the Cherry Pectoral on hand to protect them, in case of attack, from the above complaints. Its timely use often spares the patient a great amount of suffering and risk, which he would incur by waiting until he could get other aid. Parents, keep it in your houses for the exigencies that arise. Lives dear to you may be saved by it. So generally are its virtues known, that we need not publish certificates of them here, or do more than assure the public that the best qualities it ever possessed are strictly maintained. Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & Co., Practical and Analytical Chemists, Lowell, Mass., and sold all round the world.

LEEDS CLOTH HALL. JOHN ROONEY, CLOTHIER, 35 St. LAWRENCE MAIN Str., MONTREAL. BOYS' TWEED SUITS.....\$ 3.50 MENS' ".....\$ 8.00 MENS' BLACK CLOTH SUITS.....\$10.00 MENS' TWEED COATS.....\$ 4.50 MENS' TWEED VESTS.....\$ 1.50 MENS' TWEED PANTS.....\$ 2.50 THE Subscriber has opened this Establishment with a large and unequalled Stock of

TWEEDS, CLOTHS, AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS, In endless variety, which he now has the pleasure to offer at Wholesale Prices. He has unusual facilities for purchasing his Stock, having had a long experience in the Wholesale Trade, and will import direct from the manufactures in England, giving his Customers the manifest advantages derived from this course. In the CLOTH HALL, are, at present employed, five Experienced Cutters, engaged in getting up MENS' and YOUTHS' CLOTHING for the Spring Trade. Gentlemen, leaving their orders, may depend upon good Cloth, a Perfect Fit, Stylish Cut, and Prompt Delivery. L. KENNY (Late Master Tailor to Her Majesty's Royal Engineers) is Superintendent of the Order Department. Inspection is respectfully invited.

JOHN ROONEY, 35 St. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET, MONTREAL. JAMES CONAUGHTON, CARPENTER, JOINER and BUILDER, constantly keeps a few good Jobbing Hands. All Orders left at his Shop, No 10, St. EDWARD STREET, (off Bleury), will be punctually attended to. Montreal, Nov. 22, 1866. DANIEL SEXTON, PLUMBER, GAS AND STEAM FITTER, 43 ST JOHN STREET 43, Between St. James and Notre Dame Streets, MONTREAL. JOBBING PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO.

G. & J. MOORE, IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS of HATS, CAPS, AND FURS, CATHEDRAL BLOCK, No. 269 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL. Cash Paid for Raw Furs. JONES & TOOMEY, HOUSE, SIGN, AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTERS, GRAINERS, GLAZIERS, PAPER-HANGERS, &c., No. 118 & 120 ST. ANTOINE STREET, MONTREAL. ALL ORDERS PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO.

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Depart 7.45 A.M. 4.00, 5.30 P.M.

Trains on this line leave Union Station five minutes after leaving Yonge-st. Station.

NORTHERN RAILWAY.—TORONTO TRM.

City Hall Station.
Arrive 11.10 A.M. 8.10 P.M.
Depart 7.45 A.M. 3.45 P.M.

Brock Street Station.
Arrive 10.55 A.M. 7.55 P.M.
Depart 8.00 A.M. 4.00 P.M.

TRY IT.

GRAY'S "SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM."
This Syrup is highly recommended for Coughs, Colds, Asthama, Bronchial and Throat Affections. Its flavor is delicious, and its Balsamic, Expectant, Tonic and Healing Properties render it especially adapted to the annoying Coughs and Throat Affections so prevalent at this season of the year. It is for sale at the following respectable drug establishments, price 25c. per bottle.

MEDICAL HALL,
DEVINS & BOLTON,
E. MUIR,
R. S. LATHAM,
J. A. HARTLE,
RICHMOND SPENCER,
JAMES GOULDEN,
J. D. L. AMBROSSE,
JOHN BIRKS,
LAFOND & VEINIER,
SELLEY BROTHERS,
MUNHO & JACKSON,
T. D. REDD,
DR. DESJARDINS,
DELOIRMIER & DUCLOS,
DR. GAUTHIER,
RICHARD BIRKS,
TATE & COVERTON.

And throughout the Dominion. Country merchants can be supplied by any of the above, or by the following wholesale houses, where also western druggists can send their orders:—

EVANS, MERCER & CO.,
KERRY BROS. & CRATHERN,
LYMANS, CLARE & CO.,
and wholesale and retail at the store of the Proprietor,
HENRY R. GRAY, Dispensing Chemist,
144 St. Lawrence Main Str.
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SELECT DAY SCHOOL.

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The system of Education includes the English and French languages, Writing, Arithmetic, History, Geography, Use of the Globes, Astronomy, Lectures on the Practical and Popular Sciences, with Plain and Ornamental Needle Work, Drawing, Music Vocal and Instrumental; Italian and German extra. No deduction made for occasional absence. If 1 Pupil take dinner in the Establishment \$6.00 extra per quarter.