

The Catholic Record.

"CHRISTIANUS MIHI NOMEN EST, CATHOLICUS VERO COGNOMEN."—"CHRISTIAN IS MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME."—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOL. 3.

LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY, SEPT. 30, 1881.

NO. 155

CLERICAL.

WE have received a large stock of goods suitable for clerical garments.

We give in our tailoring department special attention to this branch of the trade.

N. WILSON & CO.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Catholic Columbian.

MAN has two businesses to attend to. One is the saving of his soul, the other is the conservation of his body. If he attended to both of these as he should and could, this world would have little misery and trouble.

A Protestant exchange intimates that the Catholics by praying for the welfare of the country will get the inside track of the Methodists and God will turn the entire country over to them.

"A girl received a reward of \$10 from her father for climbing a church steeple at Saranac, Mich., standing on the knob, and cheering for Col. Ingersoll."—Ex. The devil offered a greater reward than that to our Lord when he took Him up to the pinnacle of the temple, if He would only adore him.

"If I could only believe in the Confessional I would be a Catholic," say many Protestants. Now we submit, is that a good reason? Does it not argue the very necessity of doing penance, of grief to confession? Confession supposes something to confess, and it becomes more difficult as the crimes increase in enormity. The great fear with Catholics is not the Confession, but that they may not make a good and worthy one.

"King Humbert, of Italy, has paid off all the debts of his father, the late Victor Emmanuel, and does not owe one cent himself."—Ex. How did he do it? The robber stole from Peter to pay his debts. Highway robbery is no less a crime in being perpetrated by Kings, and Humbert's conscience warns him of that fact. We pity him. Better he had the debts.

Those wise journals that are now discussing the so-called heresy of the Methodist minister, who taught that there is a "probation" in the next life, should study up Catholic doctrine, before connecting it with heretical ministers' assertions. The Catholic Church believes and teaches no such doctrine as that of probation in the next life. Passing through the portals of death every soul is immediately judged for eternity, but may be obliged to undergo a punishment in Purgatory. It can merit nothing, and therefore is not in a state of probation. If Rev. Thomas claimed that as Catholic doctrine, as he is reported to have done, it is only another instance of the ignorance of those who pretend to know all the Catholic Church teaches. If the gentleman had only invested to the extent of five cents in a little catechism, he might have ascertained the Catholic doctrine, or had he consulted a little child of the Catholic Sunday School, it might have enlightened him on the doctrine of Purgatory.

Western Watchman.

London, Sept. 13th.

The Methodist Ecumenical Conference to-day expressed strong feeling against Methodists sending their children to Romish schools. On the subject of "Skepticism," Todd, of Philadelphia, said skeptical science was the great enemy of the church.

The Conference strongly condemned theaters and dancing. Peck advocated religious entertainments as a counter attraction. A motion condemning the opium trade was introduced, but it was referred to the Business Committee at the suggestion of Peck, because it contained words censuring the action of the British Government.

The Methodists of the world would thus seem to have settled down to four articles of belief: 1st. It is wrong, very wrong, to send innocent Methodist children to "Romish" schools. They are quite sure about that. 2nd. They are satisfied, further, that "skeptical science"—whatever that may mean—is an enemy to Methodism. 3rd. Dancing is diabolical, and theaters are an abomination; but the parsons think a Methodist substitute might be invented. We think that with pastoral calls and an occasional camp-meeting our Methodist friends can get along very well without dancing, play-going, or any substitute thereof. 4th. The opium trade is a bad, soul-destroying traffic, except when governments engage in it. But in most of the countries in

Europe theaters are erected and maintained as government institutions. Is theater-going wrong in those countries? The Methodists should adopt a meteorological chart, like our signal service maps, and give people information as to the Methodism to be preached in different places and under different governments.

Baltimore Mirror.

REV. JACOB MULFORD, a Methodist minister of Camden, in Pennsylvania, preached an awful sermon on temperance one day last week. He had been a lawyer, and had fair success in his profession until he took to drink. Then he sank into the gutter of degradation, and was covered with the mire of filthiness brought on by intoxication. About twenty months ago he took the pledge, and became widely known as an eloquent enemy of alcohol. He became a preacher and was given charge of a congregation. On a recent Sunday morning he appeared in the pulpit drunk, and gave grave scandal to his flock. He was dismissed from his post as pastor, and went on a protracted spree. On the 8th inst. he was found dead at his residence, with a whiskey bottle nearly empty in his hand and a phial of laudanum half full beside him on a table. Where his soul is, who dare say? This is the moral of his end—if you cannot take liquor in moderation, don't drink a drop of it.

In the long ago the Church used to punish her bad children by temporarily denying them the Most Blessed Sacrament. She brought them to a sense of their sinfulness by refusing to allow them to go to Holy Communion. Then all Catholics were anxious to approach the Holy Table, and many of them received as often as they heard Mass, and that was daily. But now bad members of the Church punish themselves, and make their salvation next to an impossibility by remaining away from the sacraments for years; and all the while the Church invites them, urges them, admonishes them to be converted from their evil ways and to be again united to the Lord, the Vine, whose blood is the sap of eternal life. "Unless you eat my flesh and drink my blood," said our Divine Saviour, "you cannot have life in you." And without life, what remains but death, and death in the bottomless pit, the exterior darkness, where there is wailing and where there is gnashing of teeth.

London Universe.

WHERE is Dr. Falk, that he does not come forward in the nick of time and save his villainous laws from the disgrace which is impending over them? The truth is, thank God, that the constancy of the German episcopacy and priesthood, joined to the courage of the Vatican, have proved too strong for mere carnal brute force. The Prussian Parliament will be brave enough to admit, by altering the laws affecting the two powers, the Church and State, that all these years of persecution have been a blunder as well as a crime. The restoration of liberty to the Catholic Church in Germany will be one of the glories of the Pontificate of Leo XIII. Herr von Schloezer, as German Ambassador to the Sovereign Pontiff, will put the finishing stroke to this satisfactory state of affairs. This gentleman is thoroughly versed in the whole question in dispute: he knows, better, perhaps, than any living man, the beginning, middle, and end of the accused laws which are now about to be repealed.

In England the instigators of a riot are held more responsible for the consequences of a riot than the actual rioters, and very properly and justly so. In Ireland it appears to be the extreme opposite. Those who give cause for a riot are overlooked—it may be, patted on the back—whilst all who happen to be found in any way adjacent to a riot are pounced upon, arrested, punished, if not—by accident, of course—shot down. Last Sunday, according to even English newspaper accounts, some of the Scots Greys were at the Limerick railway station taking leave of their comrades. In a Catholic country, and in the presence of many of the Catholics of Limerick, these representatives of the power of her Majesty wantonly made use of expressions grossly offensive to the people of Ireland, such as "to hell with the Pope." A fight and a general riot were the consequences. Can anybody in England be surprised at this? Let us reverse the picture. Let us imagine a lot of Irish Catho-

lic soldiers publicly in England making use of such expressions with regard to the head of the Church of England. Would not every Englishman within hearing resent such an insult? Undoubtedly. And would not the ruffians be made use of such language be brought to account? Most certainly. Well, there is an inquiry as to the Limerick riot; but up to the present hardly any reference has been made in the English newspapers as to the actual cause of the riot?

Boston Pilot.

ANOTHER Englishman, the proprietor of the London Times, has been venting his venom before the American people. Mr. Walter arrived in New York last week, and was promptly interviewed. Asked his opinion of the Irish, he answered:—

"Oh, they would be very well if let alone. They are very credulous, very ignorant and easily managed, and can easily be convinced by the people who live in this agitation that they are the most oppressed people of the earth, and, of course, there is not a particle of truth in that. There is nothing on the face of the earth to prevent an Irishman from being happy if he will only work and not get drunk."

This Cockney fairly represents the English idea about Ireland. He maligns and insults the people with as lofty a Sir Oracle air as though they were mere chattels to come and go at the beck and call. They are very credulous and very ignorant, says the great Mr. Walter, but they might be very happy if they would "only work and not get drunk." Has the Times man ever looked into the statistics of drunkenness in his own country? Can he find anywhere the equal of the solid, brutal English sot, who kicks his wife, mauls his children, and disgraces before the world the human form that he wears? As for working, Mr. Walter has come to the wrong place to accuse the Irish of unwillingness in that direction. A practical refutation of his slander meets him at every turn. The readiness of the Irishman to take hold of any kind of work, and to do it thoroughly, is recognized all the world over, except by such persons as this Englishman, who cannot see beyond the narrow limit of his own prejudice.

RANK is a wonderful piece of human folly. Bonaparte was cut by the sovereigns of Europe for being a parvenu. He, in his turn, disowned his brother until the latter separated from his low-born American bride; and that bride bitterly quarrelled with her only son for marrying a lady of his own country and "preferring to join the common herd, born to draw nutrition, propagate, and rot." To-day kings, Bonapartes, Madame Patterson and all are dead—and rotten.

WHEN the Czar had embraced the Emperor William, in the interview of Dantzic, he spoke his little piece by saying:—"I have come to tell you that I have inherited all the sentiments my father ever cherished toward you. I will hold them all my life. I am happy, most happy, to have an opportunity of saying this to your Majesty." After that the talk turned on Nihilists, and the old gentleman from Berlin advised war to the knife. The German Courts, he said, had passed sentence on 3,000 Socialists in one year, and Socialism is not near so troublesome now. The chief object of the meeting seems to have been to agree upon ways and means of checking the Nihilists and Socialists. Bismarck's part in the conference was that of the man who pulls the wires that make the puppets dance.

THE long fight is ended, and the strong heart is at rest. The nation's watch by the bedside is ended. After eighty days of cruel suffering, the firm nature succumbed. The silent millions who, amid the bustle of market, exchange, factory and farm, had never lost consciousness of the wounded President, and his afflicted wife and children, may now as nutely pray for his soul's rest and for peace for the stricken hearts of his dear ones. Never beside the bed of a crowned king wept so vast a multitude of real mourners. Never has the artificial distinction and reserve of royalty wrapped a ruler with such infinite tenderness as our fifty millions felt for their wounded President. Here was no formalized sympathy, graded by classes and expressed by cold ceremony. Here were quivering lips and hearts that everyday cried out their manly and womanly grief with her who sat by the bed holding the wasted hand of her slowly-dying husband. By sor-

rows and losses we are purified and strengthened, nations as well as men. A few months ago, when the hand that will be accused forever shot the President, men's hearts were divided in bitterness and party strife. Public enemies glared at each other before the people, and hatred and wrath had fastened like deadly corrosion on the hearts of opposing elements. All of this evil has yielded to the universal solvent of grief. Party lines have been obliterated. Divisions among the people have healed. The virulent have been silenced. The majesty of the Nation's grief shamed the selfish into restraint and evoked all the judgment and dignity of the patriotic. North, south, east, and West, we are one at last. One hand lays the wreath on the President's coffin—the immortal hand of Columbia! One voice prays above his grave, the voice of America—God rest his soul!

Buffalo Union.

STEPHEN J. MEANY, the special Irish correspondent of the New York Star, in a recent letter to that Journal, thus comments on a cowardly outrage perpetrated in Rathcoole, county Cork, on the 28th ult:

God save Ireland! I say, with my heart and soul on my lips, but oh, God save Ireland from those on her own sons who would injure her character and destroy her fame and alienate from her the sympathies of free peoples and put back indefinitely her hopes and aspirations for freedom.

Every sincere lover of Ireland will heartily echo the above utterances.

PART of the revenue of "Bishop" McNamara of the Independent Catholic Church, New York, is, it appears, derived from the renting of the superfluous apartments of the episcopal mansion. He has been lately suffering from the secular and commonplace tribulation and troublesome lodgers. His recital of his grievances at police headquarters, whither he was accompanied by his coadjutors, the "Rt. Rev." Mrs. McNamara and Rev. Mr. Geoghegan, (we adhere to order of rank and office) elicited sympathy—for the lodgers; and the headquarters of the "Independent Catholic Church" was denounced as a neighborhood nuisance.

New York Freeman's Journal.

THE Methodist elders have also announced their disapproval of the practice of sending Protestant children to Catholic convent-schools. The elders think that the Catholic Church gains converts through the desire of Protestant parents to have their daughters carefully guarded from the evil influences which permeate secular and sectarian schools. And they are right. No parent who would not willingly see his daughter a Catholic should send her to a convent. The Sisters will not force controversial books into her hands or combine in an effort to convert her; but, if the school be worthy of the name, Catholic teaching and example must have their effect. In spite of this, Protestant parents will continue to send their children to Catholic convents, and the Methodists in council may protest as loudly as they please. Protestants who love morality know that the boarding-schools scattered throughout the country, controlled by ministers and laymen, "with an eye on the main chance," are no fit places for young girls. There is too much license allowed, and the pupils corrupt each other. Novelties in training and co-education of the sexes, may delude the thoughtless, but a parent desiring to preserve the purity of his daughter's mind avoids them. Hence, notwithstanding "Ecumenical" rebukes, observant Methodists look with favor on convent-schools. These schools would no doubt be better without the children of Protestants; but, until Methodism finds the secret of inspiring morality, convent-schools will continue to make converts.

McGee's Weekly.

DR. TALMAGE, in his sermon-lecture last Sunday, took occasion to "declare the theory of his religion." It is an infallible Bible. But how does Dr. Talmage know that the Bible is infallible? How does he know that it is even authentic? And granting its infallibility, how does he, confessing his fallibility, interpret it? Is not Bob Ingersoll's interpretation of the Biblical text as trustworthy as Talmage's, seeing that both are liable to err? If the Universalist finds no hell in his interpretation of the Bible, how will Talmage convince him of his error? If the Unitarian denies the divinity of the Saviour, what infallible proof can the Dr. adduce to prove that he

is wrong? If the leader of the Mormons find in the Bible that the patriarchs practised polygamy, will he take Talmage's *ipse dixit* that such a thing is condemned by the Bible now? Without an infallible and divinely appointed interpreter, the Bible must be ruled out as an infallible religious guide. This blind idolatry of a book by Protestants, that they cannot even prove inspired, and cannot understand even if they could, is as senseless and hardly as respectable as the worship of the sacred beetle, set up by the ancient Egyptians.

THE MURDERED PRESIDENT.

Public Meeting in Kingston—Address by Bishop Cleary.

On the 20th instant the citizens of Kingston held a public meeting to express sympathy for the American people on the death of President Garfield. The assemblage was a very large one, and the speakers on the occasion the most prominent men of the city.

Bishop Cleary, on coming forward, said:—Mr. Mayor and gentlemen, although the call to speak at this meeting was unexpected, yet it gives me pleasure in my representative character as head of the Catholics of Kingston to signify my concurrence in the Mayor's action in calling this meeting to express our indignation at the outrage committed, and our sympathy with the people who are its victims. We have all come to manifest by our presence the sympathy shared by all good men with the mother, wife and children of the deceased President, and with our sorrowing republican neighbors. We come to show our indignation at the cruel and cowardly crime, which we feel to be an offence against the highest laws of nature—to show our indignation at the crime, the criminal, and the abettors and sympathizers in the act. It is not alone to proclaim our abhorrence of the murderer that we have assembled—we would consider him unworthy of our attention; we can have no feeling but pity for the miserable wretch, whom we leave to the justice of public law and to God's mercy. No; we are desirous of showing our detestation of the crime which has inflicted injury upon the public life of a great Republic that guarantees to all its citizens such liberty of speech and action as the world has never before experienced. We believe with that Republic that every man has a right to speak freely, and to appeal to the reason of his fellowmen in confirmation of his opinions, and we hold that no man has a right to place the pistol to our head and prevent us from giving utterance to our sentiments. Such are the feelings which animate millions whose minds are now agitated by abhorrence of the dreadful action of the assassin. Every crime against the liberty of public speech, and the exercise of the right of free discussion is a blow at the public weal, for it aims at preventing that clashing of mind against mind which elicits the divine spark of truth. Our rights and liberties are offended because of this violence offered to a free man in a free state. As one of the greatest of the Romans said in his own elegant and pointed language, "Nulla vis unquam est in libera civitate suscepta inter civis non contra Republicanum"—no act of violence can be committed even in a free state among citizens without inflicting an injury upon the public weal. And the more free the state is, the greater the mischief that is caused by violence. For, whereas military and despotic governments trust to physical force for the maintenance of social order, and by armed repression of lawlessness maintain and strengthen public authority, the equilibrium of society is sustained in free, constitutional countries by a combination of moral forces that shrink instinctively from contact with violence. Free expression of thought, open discussion of rights and grievances, mutual respect of persons and parties for each other's feelings and opinions, readiness to make fair concession or necessary compromise for the termination of disputes, is above all the sense public security in the Council Chamber and that holds the scales of justice exposed to the stroke of the assassins' dagger? It is not in any of her lower members or less vital parts that the free republic of the United States has been wounded. The stroke was aimed at her head, the centre of her political life, and the criminal purpose was to assassinate justice itself in him who personified it before the nation. We therefore who value the great universal principle of constitutional freedom in our national life and who love justice as the first condition of social order, do heartily sympathize with the people of the United States in their great affliction; and, although we confide in their wonderful vitality and energy of character to prevent any permanent evil resulting from the shock they have suffered, we deeply deplore the outrage offered to the general order of social life, and we declare our detestation and abhorrence of it. Nor can we regard this grievous crime apart from the spirit of which it is the expression. For in these days all good men are pained at witnessing the spread of wicked principles that proclaim the right to enforce political opinions by means of assassination. It forms combinations in secret and wages war against men in high stations, whom God, the ruler of the world, in its moral as in its physical order, has invested with His own power and authority to rule His people in His name. It denies their sacredness of character. It disowns authority from on high. It professes to believe that each man's will is

to over-ride, if possible, the power of kings and governments and deal out death as the penalty of non-compliance with its behests. To us, therefore, who adore the God of Heaven as our king and the ruler of this world, from whom above all, authority comes and without whose sanction no human law has force to blind the consciences of men, the murder of the chief of a neighbouring republic is a crime of the deepest dye, an effort to dethrone God himself from his monarchy, and to overturn the order established by Him for the well being of society. On behalf of the Catholics of Kingston, therefore, I beg to express the sympathy and indignation which we all feel in consequence of the black deed which now absorbs the attention of the world. Those, whom I represent, are moved to this expression because whether the victim of the crime of murder be Queen or President, they regard not so much the individual, as the sacred authority with which he or she is clothed. If authority be not sacred, the result will be social confusion and anarchy. Consequently, we regard the present crime with deeper detestation than if it had struck down a private citizen. As lovers of order, as upholders of law, as believers in the sacredness of authority, we are called upon to view such an impious act with the deepest aversion. Passing from these general reflections to the special purpose of the resolution just read, we are to sympathize with the lady who watched by the sick bed of her husband with singular fortitude. We glory in the honour done by her to her sex, in the tenderness, meekness, self-denial, self-sacrifice and uncomplaining patience which this lady has displayed while discharging her duty to her wounded husband during those eighty days of excruciating sorrow, while his life was in the balance. We offer her our sympathy through you, Mr. Mayor, and pray God that he may pour balm upon her wounded spirit and give her plentiful consolation in return for her fidelity and patience.

The Bishop sat down amid loud and prolonged applause, elicited by his finished eloquence.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

If anything could make us contemplate without abhorrence the blowing to pieces of innocent people in the same boat with braggart Ministers, it would be the conspiracy of English Ministers and newspapers to confound the Irish cause with the eccentricities of a few Irishmen whom their treatment appears to have deprived of their reason. It is not enough that Harcourt should, in his assassin way in Parliament, insinuate that the revenues of the Land League come from the same hands that are charging infernal machines to blow up trans-atlantic passenger ships; the London newspapers are spending thousands of pounds in cablegrams recording every grotesque figment of the interviewers and every idle word of every insignificant madman in America, with a view of showing that our magnificent Ireland beyond the seas dreams of nothing except dynamite, and believes in no other prophet than Mr. O'Donovan Rossa. As usual, the conspiracy had succeeded in leading European opinion blindfold into the ditch. The Vienna and Berlin newspapers quote the London newspapers with horror, and the London newspapers quote the horror of the Vienna and Berlin newspapers with a pious satisfaction, and Europe comes to regard Irishmen as a race of criminal lunatics who are engaged in teaching Mr. Harcourt better manners by blowing Cunard liners into the air. As long as respectable Englishmen play this scurvy trick, they need expect no sympathy whatever from us in their panic. If Mr. O'Donovan Rossa does not mean what he says, he is a fool; and if he does mean what people says he says, he is a madman; but, if he is a madman, who has driven him mad? A free-souled, big-hearted, big-limbed, generous, lion-like young Irishman—what was it that turned his blood to gall and made him ready to pour it out to the last drop, if it could only poison England? He saw three thousand famine-corpses thrown into the one fosse before his eyes, and vowed they should be famine-corpses no more, even if there should be instead the more presentable corpses made by rifle-bullets. That was in his youth. He struggled and failed; struggled again and failed again; and seven of the best years of his manhood were spent in a prison-hell, the chained comrade of English brutes, kicked, tortured, and insulted by the jailers of that Liberal Premier who wept over the sorrows of King Bomba's interesting victims; drinking in detestation of the cruelty and hypocrisy of England with every breath he drew.

This makes the madman, who have made men mad by their contagion.

And when the madmen come to reflect that Clerkenwell Prison had to be blown down in order to call Mr. Gladstone to his prayers, and that he never thought of coming to his prayers again (politically speaking) until there was a revolution in full blast around him, it is not so surprising they begin to think that "though this be madness there is method in it." We have just this much further to say, that the nation which within the past few years used dynamite to suffocate Hottentots in their caves—which hunted down a sovereign King, Cetewayo, with bloodhounds, and hanged up the Chief Priest and forty of the chief people of Cabul for defending their country, does not figure well in the pulpit when mercy is the text. It is not that we dislike Mr. O'Donovan Rossa's doings less, but that we hate English can't and panic more.—United Ireland.

Don de A. N. Q.

For Love's Sake.

Sometimes I am tempted to murmur That life is flitting away. With only a round of trifles Filling each busy day...

A SCOTCH CATHOLIC SETTLEMENT IN CANADA.

Catholic World.

The chronicle of the emigrants of 1802 introduces one of the grandest figures in Canadian history—the Rev. Alexander (Allastair) MacDonald, or MacDonell, later the first bishop of Upper Canada.

About the year 1790 trade between the river Clyde and the North American colonies had been greatly injured by the proclamation of peace and the independence of those colonies.

The people's joy was very great at having their beloved priest with them once more. They gathered from near and far to bid him welcome.

Simon Fraser, of the house of Lovat descended from Mrs. Fraser, of Killbrock (the best female [Scottish] Gaelic scholar of her time, who instructed the Jesuit Farquarson in that language and was one of the means of keeping the faith from extinction in the Highlands).

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Mr. Parnell—I shall repeat my language. Sir W. Harcourt—The late Lord Beaconsfield called Fenianism veiled rebellion.

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where, at the age of eighty, he died universally beloved. Two brothers and two sisters died, aged respectively ninety-eight, eighty-two, seventy-three, and sixty-eight years; there are now living in Cornwall two brothers and one sister, aged eighty-eight, eighty-one, and seventy-eight years.

This latter was a man of very determined character and somewhat stern in his treatment of his flock, who one and all obeyed him as little children. It was no uncommon thing in those days to see a man with a sheep-skin on his head or a wooden gag in his mouth—a penance awarded by Father John.

Through great and manifold hardships have these people worked their way to comfort and ease. Coming from a life of freedom, and in many instances carelessness, in a sea-girt home where a wealth of fresh fish was always to be had for very slight exertion, agricultural labor was almost unknown to them.

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Alexander MacDonell, Bishop of Kingston, Born 1760—Died 1840. Though dead he still lives in the hearts of his countrymen.

The side altars have also fine statues of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, and the church throughout gives evidence of tasteful care. In the graveyard there are many old tombs, of which the inscriptions are defaced by time.

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Under the floor at the gospel side of the sanctuary lie the mortal remains of the good and revered Father John. Upon the main altar a statue of the patron of the church, St. Raphael, the "human-hearted seraph"—imported from Munich by the present parish priest, Father Masterson—looks as full of beauty and compassion as even Faber has portrayed him.

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him (Mr. Parnell) to the present Attorney-General for Ireland as to whether he intended to proceed against Mr. Davitt, the right honorable and learned gentleman informed him that he did not intend to proceed further in the matter. He did not know any cause for Mr. Davitt's arrest.

Under the floor at the gospel side of the sanctuary lie the mortal remains of the good and revered Father John. Upon the main altar a statue of the patron of the church, St. Raphael, the "human-hearted seraph"—imported from Munich by the present parish priest, Father Masterson—looks as full of beauty and compassion as even Faber has portrayed him.

Through great and manifold hardships have these people worked their way to comfort and ease. Coming from a life of freedom, and in many instances carelessness, in a sea-girt home where a wealth of fresh fish was always to be had for very slight exertion, agricultural labor was almost unknown to them.

Simon Fraser, of the house of Lovat descended from Mrs. Fraser, of Killbrock (the best female [Scottish] Gaelic scholar of her time, who instructed the Jesuit Farquarson in that language and was one of the means of keeping the faith from extinction in the Highlands).

Among the "places of interest" to a Catholic stranger in Canada West there is none more delightful than St. Raphael's, where so many historic memories meet and touch.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

A WIT says: "In Germany, when a paper says anything witty, they kill the editor, and not one editor has been killed there for two hundred years."

When a man and a woman are made one by a clergyman, the question is, which is he one. Sometimes there is a long struggle between them before this matter is finally settled.

It has become so common to write the beginning of an elegant, interesting article and then run it into some advertisement, that we avoid all such cheats and call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible.

DAY KIDNEY PAD CO., Buffalo N. Y.: Gentlemen—The Pad purchased of you gave immediate relief, and ultimately cured me of a kidney affection of long standing.

John B. Heil, Bellaire, Ohio. \$2. of druggists or by mail. Children's (cures "bed-wetting") \$1.50.

CHEAP BOOKS. We keep the following popular books in stock. They will be sent to any address, postage paid, on receipt of price:

Alba's Dream and other stories..... 25c Crucifix of Baden and other stories... 25c Fleurange, by Madam Craven..... 25c The Trowel or the Cross and other stories..... 25c Dion and the Sibyls, a classic Christian novel..... 25c

BETTER THOUGHTS. Resolve on a course of life which is honorable, and habit will render it delightful. The gem cannot be polished without friction, no man perfected without adversity.

Better worship in a lowly shanty that is paid for and belongs in every sense to the Lord, than in a magnificent cathedral burdened with debts.—Bishop McQuaid.

That is true Christian fortitude which enables the sufferer to look up with loving gratitude and resignation to God even when feeling the weight of his hand.

The strongest force in the world is that exerted by love.

Lotus and Lilly.

FROM KATHERINE E. CONWAY'S VOLUME OF POEMS "ON THE SUNRISE SLOPE," JUST PUBLISHED.

Sometimes a dark hour cometh for us who are bound to bear the burden of lowly labor, the fetters of lowly care. An hour when the heart grows sick of the work-day's weary round, Loathing each oft-seen sight, loathing each oft-heard sound! Loathing our very life, with its pitiful daily needs; Learning in pain and weakness that labor is doom indeed. And this the meed of the struggle:—tent, and raiment and bread? O for the "Requiescant," and the sleep of the pardoned dead!

REDPATH'S LETTERS.

In the North of Ireland—A Western Parish.

XI. GWEEDORE, CO. DONEGAL, August 17th.

For the last seven years, Mr. O'Doherty, of Londonderry, in his professional capacity, has fought the landlords of Donegal as the legal councillor of the tenants. Probably no man is more familiar with their record.

RELIGION IN DONEGAL. Pointing towards Donegal from the round fort of the Greenan, he called my attention to the fact that cultivation was gradually creeping up the mountain sides.

That rich or comparatively fertile district was "planted" like Derry with Protestant farmers, and all the best land in it was then occupied by them, and is still chiefly held by their descendants. The best districts of Donegal were thus appropriated. The old Irish, or Catholic by their inhabitants, were driven into bogs unreclaimed, or up the mountain slopes almost unclaimable, and it has been only after generations of incessant toil that these meagre hillsides and marshy flats have been forced to produce a scanty subsistence. As the more thrifty or fortunate Catholic peasants acquire the means, whether by the spade or in trade, they have been slowly buying such of the more fertile farms as have come into market. For many generations, under the operation of the Penal Laws, the Catholics had no opportunity to buy—they were debarred from buying—even when they had the means. Hence

THE MEANNESS AND THE CRUELTY of attributing to the influence of their religion the superior prosperity of Protestant districts, due solely to the original alienation or expropriation of Catholic estates, and to the persistent persecution of the adherents of the ancient faith. Whatever improvements have been made for a century past in the sterile districts of Donegal, have been due to the constant and unaided industry of the impoverished Catholic peasantry. This is the record of history in the north of Ireland. As a class—almost universally—the Catholics of Donegal have small and inferior holdings, while the great landlords, almost without exception, are nominally Protestants, who have robbed them by rack-rents from time beyond the memory of living men.

Although three-fourths of the population of Donegal are Catholics, yet with three exceptions all the magistrates are Protestant landlords or land agents. The public prosecutor (called Sessional Crown Prosecutor), is the law agent of most of these magnates. The poor relief is administered by landlords or their agents or nominees. The police officers are all partizans of the landed class. Nine tenths of the jurors from Legan and the Protestant district are Protestants, although, in land disputes, they are seldom influenced by religious prejudices.

DONOGAL LANDLORDS. Rack-renting is almost universal in Donegal. Tenant-right is also universal. But tenant-right (as I have already reported Mr. O'Doherty as saying), in this region means the right of free sale only; it does not secure fair rent or fixity of tenure.

Free sale on many estates is also offset by free rack-rents—the landlord increasing the rent on each succession or other change of tenancy so greatly, that the good will of the farm is practically worthless or reduced in value. Landlordism in Donegal is still oppressive in its exactions by charging special rents for peat bogs, for the privilege of gathering seaweed, by confiscations of mountain tracts and common grazing grounds. Landlordism has made itself exceptionally odious during times of famine. When the whole civilized world was contributing money

for the relief of the starving peasantry of Ireland, the landlords of Donegal gave nothing, but, on the contrary, they tried to make the benevolent abroad believe that no distress existed.

These general statements of Mr. O'Doherty I have heard repeated more than once since I arrived in Donegal, and I have collected a large mass of documentary evidence hitherto unpublished, to sustain the indictment.

WORK OF THE LAND LEAGUE. The Land League is not especially strong in Donegal. Cox, Boyton, and McSweeney—three of its official organizers—are in jail as "suspects," and three of the best citizens of this parish are similarly situated. Yet Mr. O'Doherty informed me that all over the mountain or Land League districts, since the formation of the Leagues in them, rents had been reduced 3s., 4s., 5s., and even 6s. 8d. in the pound. Partial reduction had also been made in the Legan or Protestant district, since the organization of the League there, owing to the spirit of resistance to landlord exactions that it had aroused. The existence of the League had also prepared the way for the establishment of peasant proprietorship, by making many of the landlords willing to sell their estates. Rents (along the western coast especially), could not be paid, excepting by money sent from exiles in America, and by members of the peasant families who annually migrate to England and Scotland.

So much for solid generalities. THE MIGRATION OF LABORERS. The annual migration of laborers from the western counties of Ireland, especially from Donegal and Mayo, to England and Scotland, is one of the most noteworthy phases of Irish peasant life. Before the great famine of 1847, it was estimated that 60,000 of these laborers migrated to the steppe lands to do harvesting and other farm work. They put in their little crops of potatoes in the spring, and left the women and children to attend to them until they came back in the fall. After the great evictions, their holdings were so poor and so small, that it was impossible to pay the rent and support a family on their produce. There are from 30,000 to 35,000 of these migratory laborers still. The fact that their movements I have seldom attracted even a passing notice from the press, is a compliment to the Irish peasant. No riot, no drinking, no disorderly conduct, either in passing through the Irish or British cities, marks their march; and one of the bitterest enemies of their agitation has been forced to admit that it "cannot recall even a single instance in which one of the tribe has figured in any of our police courts." "The most timid Dublin lady, walking without a protector, meeting a hundred of these rough-looking men, pursues her way without a momentary apprehension of so much as a word or a look of insult. . . . The appearance of these migratory laborers bespeak a life of active toil and self-denial, and the possession of much intelligence."

Yet these self-same bright, virtuous, sober, and orderly people as soon as they aspire to be free men instead of being serfs of the soil are branded at home and abroad by this same Dublin Evening Mail—the most zealous champion of the landlords—as a race of assassins and outlaws whom only coercion laws can control. GWEEDORE. This parish of Gweedore, from which I write, I have selected as one of the best representative parishes of Donegal of the conduct of the poorest peasant population. It acquired a celebrity, not to be envied, for its wickedness during the last famine, which was widely made known by the noble energy of Father James McFadden, the Catholic priest here. Just a year and two days since, it suddenly drew the attention of the outer world once more by an unprecedented kind of calamity—the flooding of the Catholic Church and the drowning of five members of the congregation assembled at the Mass! The church is built in a ravine. A little stream—they call it a river here—ripples through the glen, and then runs under the church. There was a rain storm a year ago. The mountain streams swelled the little river into a torrent, which swept down, choked its channel under the church and rushed into the doors as the congregation were on their knees. Before escape was possible, the church was flooded to the depth of seven feet.

Why was the church built in a ravine and over a stream? The old, old feud, between persecuting Episcopalianism and its opponents that the Covenanters resisted in Scotland, and Catholics were the victims of in Ireland! The Penal Laws forbade the exercise of the Catholic religion, and the saying of the Mass was a capital offence. The same PRICE WAS PUT ON THE HEAD OF A PRIEST as of a wolf—and for the same purpose—to encourage the extermination of both. So the persecuted Catholics, like the persecuted Covenanters, assembled in little wooden gleus, and there, in secret, with fear and trembling, keeping sentinels on the watch, they worshipped God according to their own forms, and as their conscience dictated. History shows that these persecutions are never successful; and yet to-day Gladstone and John Bright are employing the self-same agencies of coercion and brute force to exterminate that new faith of humanity which teaches that not to protect dead property but living men, is the proper function and province of government!

As I looked at the prostrate worshippers at vespers on the first anniversary of this calamity, I saw not them but THE HUNTED PRIESTS THERE A CENTURY AGO, and my own ancestors in the border glen only a few generations earlier—victims alike of a power that has always prated about liberty, and always fought to the bitter end against the rights of man. If I ever show a hatred of the British ruling class, both civil and ecclesiastical, it is because I have honestly inherited generations of wrongs at their hands; and if, without an Irish ancestor, I cordially espouse the Irish quarrel, it is because I believe it to be the common cause of the common people of England and Scotland, as well as of Ireland.

I found Father McFadden at work, using dynamite to blast the rocks around the church, to make a new channel for the river. The site thus selected a century since by persecution, became the property of the church when the Penal Laws were repealed; and to avoid asking favors from

unfriendly landlords, it was determined to erect the chapel in the ravine in which the hunted Catholics had secretly worshipped God long ago in mortal peril, but immortal courage.

JAMES REDPATH. XII. IN DARK DONEGAL—A PARISH BY THE SEA.

GWEEDORE, DONEGAL, August 19. The ecclesiastical name of this parish is Tullaghbegley West. It is nearly identical with the Petty Sessions District of Bunbeg. It contains about 50,000 acres. It seems to have a fan-shaped area, which is shut in (or, as Father McFadden more poetically termed it, garrisoned) by great dark-grey granite mountains. The soil is wet, boggy, black moor, thickly strewn with great granite rocks and boulders. This is the character of all the adjacent region. The whole district is hilly even where it is not mountainous. The land is all broken and stony excepting where it is flat, and then it is or was, until reclaimed by the tenants (always at their own expense), a spongy bog, so soft that a child could hardly cross it. Neither the low land hills nor the flats, nor the mountains, in their natural state, were capable of sustaining animal life, excepting hares or rabbits, for they grow only heath and coarse mountain grass. It is the kind of land of which they say in Connaught that "IT WOULD TAKE A HUNDRED ACRES OF IT TO FEED A SNIFE."

The entire productiveness of the parish is the result of the ceaseless and patient toil of generations of unassisted tenants. The mountains, when the sun shines (it rarely does shine), are of the darkest gray, but mostly they look jet black. Some of them are covered with bog up to their summits.

Yet this stony, sterile, boggy, bleak parish is densely populated. There are little cabins every few acres. A thousand families, or about 5,500 persons, struggle for existence here. The holdings are not let by the acre but by the "cows grass." This is an indefinite term, and may mean more or fewer acres. Originally it seems, in Kerry, for example, to have meant land enough in the valley to raise food for the family while the tenant paid rent on the number of cows, or other cattle or sheep, or goats, he owned, and that pastured on commons or on the mountains. Whatever may have been the original meaning of the term here—nobody seems to know—yet there is no doubt that in practise it means that every peasant in all this district is forced to pay for permission to dig in a few wet acres, and to live in a filthy cabin

by his toil here, and by the wages that he earns during the summer months in England and Scotland.

The people are more wretched now than formerly. With the advent of "improving landlords" came severer distress than they had known before. At no time within living memory could the parish support itself without external labor supplementing the home earnings. It never has been known to yield enough, either in labor or produce, to keep its inhabitants for four months; but when Lord George Hill, a landlord once and still—in England—eulogized for his "benevolence," became a landlord in Gweedore, thirty-five years ago, the conditions of life were made harsher than even nature had rendered them.

Up to that time the mountains had been commons on which the peasants fed their sheep. Lord George Hill bought estates and gradually began to "improve" them. This was first

NECESSARY TO INAUGURATE A REIGN OF TERROR, or the peasants might have risen in insurrection. He candidly stated his method before a select committee of the House of Commons in 1858. He said: "I found it necessary to put the whole of the tenantry under notices to quit for a certain number of years—for the were troublesome subjects in each townland who might interfere with the new regulations, and, therefore, I put them under notice to quit for a number of years."

After keeping these wretched people for years in this state of suspense, liable at any moment to be thrown out of their wretched cabins to die on the roadside, Lord George Hill, at one stroke, took away from them the right of pasturage on the mountains. In other words, he took away from them 12,000 acres of pasturage without reducing their rent for their wretched holdings in the valley. 18,000 acres were thus taken from the people by all the landlords of the parish. "The right of grazing on the mountains," said Father McFadden, the present priest of Gweedore, "began a remarkable lull in the way of providing stock. The young folks who had been at hire and elsewhere, put their earnings to buy sheep and cattle. The yearly increase in the stock, the profits from wool and its manufacture, and the profits from buying young cattle, grazing them for a season or two, and then disposing of them at considerable advantage, constituted the happiness and prosperity of those simple peasant people. He was asked: "Have they (the tenants) paid the (increased) rents cheerfully?" "No; there was some demur when it was asked."

"And you have not been obliged to resort to ejectment?" "Not at all; but there was a police force brought by the Stipendiary Magistrate, Mr. Cruise, and then they paid the rents."

The salmon fishing rights, formerly rented at a living rate to the tenants, were leased to speculators also.

WHAT WAS THE CONSEQUENCE OF THIS TRIPLE ROBBERY? "The result was," writes Father Doherty, in an unpublished memorandum, "that the inhabitants of Gweedore were reduced to extreme poverty. The loss of these mountains deprived them of their means of living, and, with the increase of rent on their small holdings, it was like a sentence of death against them."

He is writing of Gweedore, the Rosses, Cloghanilly, and Glenveagh, adjoining districts. "Some of the tenants absolutely refused to pay the increased rents and were evicted. The place became disturbed. An extra force of police was drafted into Gweedore, and a heavy police tax imposed on the people, solely and entirely on account of the ruthless and unfeeling

treatment they had experienced at the hands of the landlords. AS EFFECT AND CAUSE, OUTRAGES FOLLOW OPPRESSION. The Rev. Mr. Nixon and Lord Leitrim were by far the worst landlords in Donegal—the one was shot at and the other murdered."

After these agrarian outrages by Lord George Hill and other landlords—for they all adopted the same policy—an appeal was made to the public for funds, and 1,200 peasants emigrated to Australia. Just as it serves their interest, the landlords of western Ireland make clearances by evictions or encourage subdivision. In Gweedore and this neighborhood there have been no extensive clearances, because the land is so poor that if toil on it ceased it would soon relapse into worthless bog. Hill and others after taking away the mountain land (without regard to the Ulster custom, as it was grazed in common), rented the mountains to Scotch graziers, but as they found that it would not pay, they encouraged young couples to settle on the bogs along the foot of the mountains, and reclaim it at their own risk. Where the land is good and could support the people in comfort,

THEY CLEAR OFF THE POPULATION, in order to get their farms for grazing; while, where the land is so poor that the present population could only subsist in comfort by having large tracts, they encourage what are called "new cuts" in the bogs.

The most active and conspicuous representative of these different policies for impoverishing the people was Lord George Hill, and yet, even in the latest pamphlet on Donegal—Mr. Tukey's "Irish Distress and its Remedies"—he is spoken of as a man "whose noble exertions for the people on his estate stand out in bright contrast with the apathy of surrounding proprietors!" No one, however honest—and Mr. Tukey is honest—can learn the truth by a flying visit to a hundred parishes in one journey in Ireland. This "benefactor," in addition to taking away (to be statistically correct) 12,307 acres, and 28 perches of grazing mountain land from his tenants,

ACTUALLY INCREASED THE RENTAL on the rest of his holdings £570 18s. 10½d, which has been paid every year since 1854. The guide books praise him for having built a hotel, "soberly with a view to the accommodation of tourists," and Frazer's "Hand Book for Ireland" adds: His Lordship, who purchased a large mountain tract in this district, locally known as Cloghanilly, chiefly with a view to its improvement and to ameliorate the condition of its inhabitants, has also built a large store at Bunbeg, where the inhabitants are supplied with all the necessaries at a fair rate. "At Bunbeg he also erected a small church, school, large mill, several houses, &c."

Now, Lord George Hill and his successor and son have always advanced the theory that philanthropic motives were the only ones that swayed him. Lord George even boasted that his mill had ground corn for the starving people during the great famine. "These improvements," he said loftily, "have had my unceasing attention for 20 years. I have expended my time and my means in improving the condition of that country."

So! But it came out in Mr. Maguire's cross-examination that the store was rented at a rate higher than Griffith's valuation; that 2d. a ton is charged on vessels that come into his harbor; that the noble philanthropist charged £1 a ton for the 688 tons of Indian corn that his mill ground in the time of the famine; that the cottages built are paying a "regulation" rental—in fact, that

ALL HIS UNSELFISH IMPROVEMENTS were turned to his worldly benefits. The truth is, he built his hotel as a head-quarter for tourists, and took away the mountain and stream privileges, or rather rights, from the tenants, in order that he might sell them to the wandering and wealthy visitors. I find it everywhere the same—in Donegal and Kerry, the landlord who has a self-made or agent-made reputation for benevolence abroad, is cursed as a merciless despot at home. Lord Lansdowne, who was praised in America for sending a shipload of potatoes to his Kerry tenants, I found was regarded by his tenants as a miscreant—and that although he did send the potatoes, he sold them on time at the highest market rates!

The other landlords in this parish who CONFISCATED THE MOUNTAIN LANDS, were Rev. Mr. Nixon, who took 1,940 acres; Mr. Joulis' predecessor, who took 1,130 acres; and Lord Leitrim, who took 285 acres.

Nixon raised his rents £119 17s. 1d a year; Keys, £39 6s. 9d a year; Mrs. Stewart, £17 19s. 6d a year; Mr. Joulis, £36 3s. 9d. a year; Mr. Olphert, £40 18s. 0d. a year; the Earl of Leitrim, £28 7s. 0d. a year; and Mrs. Russell, of the Dunleiveig estate, £88 12s. 0d. a year. Three thousand pounds were levied in taxes on the people, as police and sheep taxes, in addition to these large "land grabs" and permanent increase of rents! The total annual increase of rent has been nearly £1,000!

There are eight landlords in this parish—Captain Hill, son of Lord George, who owns 24,616 acres; W. A. Ross, who owns 7,092 acres; Benjamin St. John Baptist Joulis, who owns 35,000 acres; Rev. Alexander Nixon, who owns 3,212 acres; Richard W. Key, who owns 2,471 acres; Wybrants Olphert, who owns 1,937 acres; Mrs. Charles F. Stewart, who owns 1,167 acres; and the present Lord Leitrim who owns 492 acres.

NONE OF THEM LIVE IN THE PARISH. "Mr. Ross" according to Father McFadden, "is a noble exception to the family of landlords who have always trodden under their feet the poor of Gweedore. His property was heavily rack-rented before he purchased it, and for this he paid heavily in the courts. As a touch of land jobbing, the rents were raised by Mrs. Russell before the estate was put in the market. Mr. Ross, since his advent to the place, has spent £5,000 or £6,000 for the permanent good and benefit of his tenantry, and the good of the parish generally."

It is pleasant to have a good word to say about one Gweedore landlord; and while this testimony exonerates Mr. Ross personally from blame, yet, all the same, the income that he derives from the parish, is expended elsewhere, and if Ireland were entirely owned by such men the condition of her people would be but slightly

improved. Landlords may be good or bad, but Irish landlordism is ruining Ireland. JAMES REDPATH.

A SCOTCHMAN ON IRELAND.

The following letter is from a prominent merchant of Paisley, Scotland, to Mr. J. P. Farrell, the eminent importer of Broadway. As it contains much that is interesting about Ireland from a Scotchman's standpoint, with Mr. Farrell's permission we give it publicity after eliminating the business matter contained in it:

The receipt of yours of 1st inst. puts me in mind of an unfulfilled promise—namely, to tell you my impressions of Ireland from my short visits there. I think you know I am a partner in a chemical work for the manufacture of the products of kelp, and that a large portion of our supply comes from Ireland.

For several years we have confined our operations to the Antrim and Sligo coasts. This year we have extended our operations greatly and appointed agents all over the west coast to Kilrush. It was in connection with these arrangements that twice I have crossed the Channel this spring and spent a few weeks in Ireland; consequently I have seen a little more of real life than I would have as an ordinary tourist. The places I saw and at which we are now represented are Antrim, Donegal, Sligo, Connemara, Ennis, Galway, Clare. At each coast we have two agents, one for the north and another for the south. And I am glad to say that our operations on these shores have been of considerable benefit to the natives of those shores. One only requires to take a run through Ireland to see that

THERE IS SOMETHING ALTOGETHER WRONG THERE, and very different from our side of the channel. You drive along miles and miles of roads and nothing to be seen but bogs, huts (you can't call them cottages), people scantily clad, and children running about half naked, very few good farm-houses as we have them here. When I got into the Claremorris and Connemara districts I felt a little nervous from the reports that were in the daily papers, but so far as I was personally concerned I met with nothing but kindness wherever I went. At Ennis there had been a man shot the previous day in a riot, but I saw no trace of disturbance further than a lot of broken windows, etc. A small matter I could see made often a great noise; the people were easily worked up to anger, but it passed away as quickly. We were also on the road from Killarney and Cork when the riots took place there, and as my wife and daughter were with me I turned off at Malloy and went straight to Dublin. Had I been alone I should not have turned for the disturbance, as I have never done anything to hurt an Irishman, and I have never found they will meddle or hurt any one who does not meddle with them—whatever the faults of the Irish may be, ill nature or rudeness is not in the list.

The Irish peasants are as gentle a people as you can meet anywhere, and it is only when driven mad by cruelty, or what they consider to be so, that they are for a moment driven to fury. I am sorry the landlords have not tried to attach to themselves so kind-hearted and tractable a people. As it is, by the want of care, interest, and guardians they have been reduced to the condition and circumstances of savages, though there is NOTHING SAVAGE OR UNPLEASANT IN THEIR NATURE.

I had no idea till I saw it of the great extent of bog or unreclaimed land there was in Ireland. Miles and miles of it in every direction. Not like the bogs we have among the hills of Scotland, but good level bog, every foot of which might be cultivated. There seemed to me to be work in plenty for a far larger population and land to support them in comfort if properly attended to; for as far as I could judge the climate and growing powers of Ireland are very much superior to that of my native land. Another thing that astonished me was the number of huts and the small patches of land connected with each. I had no idea a man could exist on so little. I say exist, for it is not living. I had heard and read of the poverty and squalor of the Irish peasantry, but never realized it till I entered one for a drink of milk. The milk was given me, was very good, and the kindness and politeness of the people to be admired. The conversation was intelligent and good-humored, although somewhat one-sided on the land question, as was to be expected, and they would accept no payment for the milk. And this was in a house words fall me to describe—built of stone, certainly, with little or no mortar; the floor (the bare ground, rather) under the level of the road outside; a fire at the one end, and the smoke largely escaping through a hole in the roof; a broken table, a confused lot of odds and ends that served for bed, chairs, and other household furniture; a pig in one corner, and several young ones coming in and out of the door as it pleased them. The owner, his wife and daughter were there, also some hens and ducks. Outside the house was like the inside, much in want of a good cleaning up and a few improvements. I hope and trust that this new Land Bill will inaugurate

A NEW STATE OF THINGS IN IRELAND. I have not found that the English landlords in Ireland are any worse than the Irish landlords in their treatment of their tenants; on the other hand, I have found the native proprietors often the worst, and I think this comes from their poverty and inability to do anything. At Milton, Malby, for instance, I found Lord Lichenfeld spoken of with great respect, and Mr. Maloney severely blamed for rent-racking. If our Government continue as they are doing to strengthen the hands of the tenants and see that the land is made the best of, we shall soon have an end of the troubles and dissatisfaction so prevalent in Ireland. During my few weeks' rambles in the west I saw much that was beautiful, but little that approached the cultivated loveliness of the lowlands of Scotland. It is eminently a land suited for agricultural purposes, and I must say I hope it will never be anything else. Ireland should be the garden of the United Kingdom, and in it there is plenty of work for all its inhabitants many times over, as soon as they can get properly to work on it. The people in many ways are remarkably ignorant. I asked several why they did not use a plough on the land, but very few

knew what a plough was; they were quite contented with a spade and shovel. But ignorance will rapidly vanish now. Everywhere I could see the national schools were doing some work, and most of the rising generation could read and write; and poverty will, I feel sure, soon begin to vanish too. An educated people will not be content to live in pig-sties, undergoing the pain of hunger about half the time. In fact, they are not content, and nothing will now arrest the movement for a material reform, and the next generation WILL REAP THE BENEFITS IN A GREATER DEGREE.

We stayed at the Atlantic Hotel at Spanish Point for ten days. On the Sunday I went to the chapel to see assembly, and was very much pleased with the sermon preached by Father White. It was very useful and suitable to his congregation. On the following day I called at his house, and spent a very agreeable hour with him over a glass of wine. He is a Land Leaguer; with intelligent and commonsense views. He had great faith in Gladstone and his sincerity in promoting the welfare of Ireland, and would be pleased with the bill then brought in, but feared very much if he would carry it through the Lords. He spoke very feelingly of the state of the tenants in his parish and I could see took a great interest in them all.

When I commenced this letter I intended to give you my impressions of the country, and not of the people, and my pen has followed my thoughts in a very roundabout, wandering way. I have not time now to speak of the "Twelve pins," the cliffs of Mober, the beauties of Killeen, nor yet of the enchanting loveliness of Killarney; enough, we enjoyed them all. The guide we had at Killarney resembled you so very much in feature, size, and manner that I asked his name of his relations, and if he had none of the name of Farrell, etc., I could not believe but that he was a brother, cousin, or some near relation of yours. Going through the "GAP" and down the lakes he kept us quite merry with his endless stories and songs. It was only in Killarney we were troubled with beggars. I suppose this is a development of the tourist traffic. In Wales it is quite as bad.

I think I have now written as much as you will care to read. At another time I may give you another page or two of the sad story.

R. M. PATERSON. PAISLEY, SCOTLAND, AUGUST 20, 1881.

T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P., ON "IRISH BLACKGUARDS."

Speaking at Strabane on Thursday, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M. P. for Galway, in the course of a long and eloquent speech said: Who, and what gave you the Land Act? Was it Gladstone? or Bright? or Hartington, or Baskshot Forster? (Groans.) You know very well what names should be on the back of the bill. I will tell you the names that should be on the back of it. First of all Michael Davitt (cheers); secondly, Charles Stewart Parnell (cheers); thirdly, John Dillon (cheers); and I tell you what it is, the Ulster Liberal members, the English people know as well as I do that it was these three men got you a Land Bill (cheers). And it was not the leaders alone that got you this Land Bill—it was the courage, the constancy, the fidelity, it was the principle animating the Irish tenant-farmers (cheers). Well, don't you think you could get a little more if you would try?

A voice: Yes, through you.

Mr. O'Connor: Don't say through me. You must do it through yourselves. You are getting a chance to-day (cheers). You have no right to expect us to waste the best years of our lives in your service if you are not willing to show your appreciation by being true to your country and your own interests. Now about this Land Bill. Englishmen are very much disgusted with the Irish members—I mean what they call the Parnellites too. They say, "How different are these men from the former Irish members. Why, twenty or thirty years ago we had Irish gentlemen in Parliament, but now we have nothing but Parnellites, obstructionists, and the like." Well now about twenty years ago there was what is called a respectable Irish party in the House of Commons. They did not give the Government any trouble; they did not make 125 speeches against the Coercion Bill, they did not want night sittings, they did nothing that was not in the mildest language—they were a thoroughly genteel party. One was John Sadlier and the other James Sadlier, and the third Edmond O'Flaherty, and the fourth William Keogh (groans). Those were the days when they had Irish gentlemen in Parliament truly (laughter). John Sadlier first committed forgery and then poisoned himself. James Sadlier forged and had to be kicked out of the House of Commons. Edmond O'Flaherty robbed, and then fled to the United States. William Keogh (groans) was nearly as bad as the rest, and being a "respectable" gentleman the Government placed him on the bench (groans). I don't know whether you want a respectable or gentlemanly party of suicide forgers, or robbers, or wish rather to put up with those "blackguards" like Parnell, Healy and myself (cheers for Parnell).

MR. HEALY'S JUDASES.

Mr. Healy, M.P., addressed a meeting yesterday at Castlebridge in support of the candidature of Mr. Rylett for Tyrone. On what platform, he asked, did Mr. Dickson come forward to claim the suffrages of the Tyrone tenant-farmers? While writing to a supporter on the previous day Mr. Dickson declared that "as to any fresh agitation in connection with the land question, nothing to his mind could be more deplorable or disastrous." Was that the sort of man the Tyrone farmers wanted to represent them? Would not they help him into Parliament to follow in the footsteps of his friend Litton, and get £3000 a year? Nearly every man they sent in from Ulster was looking for a place, and would it not be too bad if "honest Tom Dickson" alone were left out in the cold? (laughter). Every Judas of them, instead of being ashamed of his treachery and hanging himself decently and quietly, came back to them, jingling his thirty pieces of silver in his breeches pocket and asked them to return nine Judases to Parliament to keep up a supply in the market.

The Catholic Record

Published every Friday morning at 428 Richmond Street.

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Six months..... 1.00

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Ten cents per line for first, and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Advertisements measured in nonpart type, 12 lines to an inch.
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All matter intended for publication must have the name of the writer attached, and must reach the office not later than Tuesday noon of each week.

THOS. COFFEY,

Publisher and Proprietor.

Subscribers who change their residence will please send us, by Postal-card, their Old as well as New Address, and thus insure the prompt delivery of the paper.

We are in constant receipt of enquiries from subscribers as to "how much they owe," and requests "to send bill." By consulting the date on your paper both will be answered. The date on your paper shows the time your subscription is paid to.

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dition of affairs in countries where above all others the mantle of royalty has been thrown over the unchristian license of revolution. Monarchs, in forgetting that all power is from God, place themselves at the mercy of conspiracies, which know not God nor respect his laws.

Take for instance the case of Russia. The imperial policy of that country has been for years as cruel and heartless as ever policy could be. It has sought consolidation in church and state either by the shedding of innocent blood, or by forced expatriation to the trackless wilds of Siberian solitude. The Catholic Church there, as elsewhere, has been a special object for the exercise of a brutality unworthy a civilized monarchy. Upon its clergy and people, especially in the kingdom of Poland, have been inflicted cruelties and outrages without number, and of an atrocity without parallel. No respect has ever been shown in Russia for the rights of individuals. Every subject, be his station high or low, holds life and property at the mercy of court and courtiers. If the secret history of the Russian court could be written, we should have laid bare a series of crimes outdoing the monstrosities of Caligula and Nero, and the very worst of the Turkish Sultans.

Who then can feel surprised if Russia be to-day, as we know it is, a prey to internecine conflict? Who then can express any amazement at the retribution, now visiting that monarchy, whose whole history is one of dishonor, bloodshed, and infamy? If we turn to Germany what do we behold? A noble race held in military servitude to gratify the whims and sustain the ambition of crafty and selfish politicians. The Prussian monarchy has been unfortunately, ever since the days of that Frederick called the great, who first gave it place and prominence in Europe, more or less identified with the infidel tendencies which marred an otherwise illustrious career. The legitimate and inevitable result of the rebellion of Luther, the weakening and gradual obliteration of religious conviction, made itself manifest in Protestant Germany sooner than elsewhere. There it was as a consequence that the rivalry of Voltaire met with heartiest applause. Infidelity became fashionable. In the higher circles it is so to this day—as every one who knows anything of the state of German society is well aware. The persecution of the church set on foot ten years ago had long been meditated and determined upon. So long, however, as Prussia occupied a subordinate position in Europe, it was not judged safe to enter on so perilous a scheme. But with the removal of Austrian influence from the German States, and the complete overthrow of France, Bismarck felt himself free to enter on a policy so dear to his heart. Has he thereby strengthened the Prussian monarchy? Ten years of bitter and unsuccessful warfare on the church have done more to disintegrate the strength of Germany, than defeat at the hands of a foreign foe could ever accomplish. His persecution of the church has not silenced the Democratic conspirators. To-day they are more busy and active than ever. In the very metropolis of Germany itself they are powerful enough to elect members to the legislative bodies. In every large centre of population they have numerous, trusted and fearless adherents. They are evidently bent on the destruction of the monarchy that has sought to do their work and secure their support. Will they succeed? They most assuredly will, unless the German monarchy, throwing off all unchristian influence, makes itself the worthy representative of the sacred principle of authority. So also in Russia. The time has certainly come when monarchs must choose between right and wrong. If they take the latter, their lot will be woe and bitterness and humiliation.

WHEN a young man tells you he doesn't believe in churches begging all the time, and he won't go to church at all if he can't listen to a sermon without having a contribution basket stuck under his nose, you will generally see that man whack in to make up a purse for a horse race, or subscribe for the Sunday concerts without a murmur.—Hawkeye.

SUNDAY OBSERVANCE.

We are glad to learn from Quebec that the Sunday train nuisance is to be abated. *La Verite* deserves great credit for the thoroughly Catholic stand it took on this matter. The people of the Province of Quebec from whose means the Q. M. O. & O. railway was built, never intended that it should be used when built as an engine of Sunday desecration. We hope there will be no unnecessary delay in carrying out the wishes of His Grace the Archbishop, conveyed in his letter of the 5th inst. to M. Tardivel of *La Verite*. The nuisance has been fully established—let it be at once removed.

Apocryphal of Sunday desecration, we might remark that a little more of police surveillance in our public parks in this province on Sundays could do no harm, but possibly a great deal of good. There are many who frequent these places on the Lords day who need looking after. We know, also, that many are prevented from laudable recreation on that day in these places by the presence of persons to whom admission should be refused.

THE LAND LEAGUE CONVENTION.

We made reference last week to the Land League Convention then meeting in Dublin. The Irish metropolis never before witnessed so important and thoroughly representative a gathering. The volunteer convention of 1780 represented but a portion of the Irish people—the late assemblage every class and condition of Irish society. The resolutions adopted by the convention are vigorous, well-timed and in the present emergency, moderate. The great majority of the delegates showed but little faith in the Land Act. It was, nevertheless, resolved—and we think wisely—to test the act. If it stand the test, advantage will be taken of its provisions. In any case, the agitation for securing the Irish people possession of their own land will be continued. The proceedings of the convention—containing, as it did, more than twelve hundred delegates representing every county in Ireland—were marked by an enthusiastic unanimity almost impossible to procure in so large a body. Its resolutions will direct the people in their struggle with landlordism, which is assuredly doomed to die a speedy and well merited death.

DEATH OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD

The death of General Garfield, of which we made brief announcement in our last, has plunged the whole American nation into a depth of genuine sorrow and gloom unprecedented not only in its history, but in the history of all civilized countries. The late President had in a few months of official life won the heart of the American people. But it was especially during his illness that the true, inward, heroic nobleness of the man shone forth. We have heard and read much of party bitterness in the neighboring union, but from what we have learned of the American people during the past few weeks, we can say this, that whatever the acerbity of their election campaigns, they know how and when to bury the red hatchet of political animosity. The late President's lingering death drew, during its continuance, and at its bitter end, from all portions of the republic and from all parties amongst its people, expressions of such hearty sorrow, as might have been impossible under similar circumstances twenty or twenty-five years ago. The late Abraham Lincoln was not less than James A. Garfield a just, high-minded man. But the great triumph of his life represented the success of one portion of the country over the other—and his assassination, though sincerely regretted by patriotic citizens of every shade of politics, did not evoke the same intense grief now noticeable in every rank and amongst all classes of the American people. General Garfield will not, indeed, hold the same lofty place in history as Abraham Lincoln. The latter ruled the American people in one of the severest crises any national administration could be called to deal with. His administration was successful.

To the honesty of his motives, his just sense of right, and the probity of character, the success of the Federal Government in that critical time is very largely due. His death made him a martyr to just government and equality of race. General Garfield's death, while unsurrounded by the circumstances which made Lincoln's the sublime though saddening termination of a life long identified with the very existence of American institutions, and the endurance of American liberty, is not devoid of many ennobling traits which will ever endear his memory to the people who now so bitterly mourn his loss. The fortitude of his character, the kindness of his disposition, and the heroic patience under intense suffering shown every day during his long and nobly sustained struggle with death, can never, and will, we trust, never be forgotten. They should form the noblest heritage of the present generation of Americans to be handed down to the generations yet unborn. The memory of a good man should never be suffered to fall into oblivion. Let not then the memory of General Garfield die forever.

THE NEW PRESIDENT.

Already has Chester Arthur, elected in November, 1880, to the Vice-Presidency of the United States, assumed undisputed possession of the Presidential chair. He has done so in accordance with the terms of the American constitution, and will, we have every reason to believe, prove himself adapted to the high duties he has been so suddenly called upon to shoulder. We know of no more admirable provision in the American Constitution than that which provides for the succession of the Vice-President to the Chief Magistracy upon the death or inability of its incumbent. We have, indeed, seen it stated that this provision may lead to the accession to the Presidential chair of incompetent men. If it does so, the people have only themselves to blame. They should always select for the Vice-Presidency men qualified in case of an emergency to act as President. The new Chief Magistrate is without doubt a man of exalted talent. His impulsiveness and ready generosity have indeed led him into faults that have seriously injured his reputation. But he has a kindly, noble-hearted people to deal with, and with calmness, foresight and prudence can easily make his administration, if not brilliant or memorable, satisfactory to the masses of his people.

THE MOUNTED POLICE.

The growing demand for enquiry into the condition of the Mounted Police will likely find vent during the next session of Parliament. The force is costly, and organized as it was for an important purpose, should be kept in such condition as to preserve its usefulness. Incompetency and criminality both amongst officers and men should be vigorously stamped out. Charges of incapacity and of malfeasance have been for months freely made against the Mounted Police. Our readers are aware of the nature of these charges, and do, we feel confident, join with us in insisting that a strict and impartial enquiry be made into the present status of the Mounted Police. It is due to the force itself that such an enquiry be instituted at the very earliest date. We shall be only too happy to know that the result of such an enquiry should be the relief of the force from the odium of the charges preferred against it. But, if the enquiry should substantiate the truth of these charges or any portion of them, we shall not fail to demand the removal of the incompetent, and the punishment of the criminal.

The Earl of Dunraven, who is again in this country, draws the bulk of his great income from Ireland, and is one of the few Irish nobles of Celtic blood and lineage. Unlike his father, who was a Catholic, a true son of the soil, took the deepest interest in it and spent most of his time on it, Lord Dunraven seldom resides on his beautiful estate, Adare Manor, near Limerick, and still more rarely entertains there. He spends money freely, however, in his splendid house in London, and in Colorado, where he owns 30,000 acres and goes for sport. He possesses a large seat, Dunraven Castle, in Glamorganshire, South Wales, but there, too, is rarely to be found.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE authorities in England have sent very touching messages of sympathy to America in the loss of its President. These tokens of esteem for our neighbors are much more marked than when President Lincoln was shot. It is a pleasing circumstance to find different nations hold such friendly sentiments towards each other. America will accept of England's sympathy with becoming grace, and will not at the present time stop to consider whether unworthy motives have prompted so much gush. There are people who will perhaps be uncharitable enough to surmise that the operations of the Land League make it desirable for England to be on as friendly terms as possible with the government of the United States. And these uncharitable people may be numbered by millions.

In a recent learned work entitled "Egyptian Belief and Modern Thought," the author, Mr. James Bonwick, says: "It is well established that purgatory was a doctrine of the Egyptians thousands of years before the Christian era." "It is also curious," he says, "to note that in Egypt, as in Roman Catholic countries, flames appear in the wall-pictures as the most common symbolic expressions. There may be read on the walls of Egyptian tombs piteous appeals for earthly petitions from the unhappy departed who are seen surrounded by the surging flames. It seems clear that the duration of the purifying state was supposed to be indeterminate. The souls had to stay in purgatory until, cleared of their defilements, they were able to mount upwards to the Gods. The finally impatient sank into hell."—E. N.

THE London Times a few days since editorially said:—"There is no sign of any improvement in the state of affairs in Ireland. It is for the Government to defeat by any necessary means whatever the evil designs of those who are determined that Ireland, in spite of the Land Act, shall not be suffered to be at peace. If the Land Act is insufficient, there were other Acts relative to Ireland passed before it which might now be used more freely than they have as yet been to supplement it, but they must be used without respect to persons, if they are to prove sufficient for good." In other words, the Thunderer would have those Irishers shot down if they do not keep quiet under the operations of Gladstone's tattered and torn Land Bill. But the time has arrived when the people of Ireland can afford to treat with contempt the outpourings of haughty and impertinent Cockneys such as Walter and his associates.

The following is an English translation of the Latin address of the clergy of the archdiocese of Quebec, to His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. as taken from the French translation published in *La Verite*:

MOST HOLY FATHER.
The Archbishop of Quebec and his clergy, assembled, as is the custom each year to attend the holy exercises of the retreat, humbly prostrated at the feet of Your Holiness, desire to express the great sorrow caused them by the occurrence which took place on the occasion of the translation of the body of the well-beloved pontiff Pius IX.

The most barbarous and the most ferocious nations have always regarded as a terrible crime any insult offered to the remains of the dead. And behold, in these most unfortunate times, in the Holy City itself, the bones and the ashes of the most loving of Pontiffs could not be transported in peace to their resting place! During his lifetime iniquitous men hated him, covered him with insults, despoiled him of everything, and detained him in captivity; and behold, after his death they follow him with insulting clamours and blasphemies.

Let it be then permitted us, most devoted children of Holy Church, in our own names and in the names of the very faithful souls committed to our solicitude, to weep bitter tears in presence of your paternity, to protest against those crimes and to endeavor to cause some rays of consolation, and of hope to shine in the heart of our well-beloved pastor and Father who is to-day crushed down by all sorts of sorrows.

The more violent the tempest by which the Apostolic See is assailed, the more firm ought also be the unity of hearts.

We implore your Paternity's blessing on ourselves and all our diocese.

210 SIGNATURES.
Quebec, Aug. 13th, 1881.

A Chicago paper, speaking of the evangelistic efforts of the Rev. Mr. Harrison, otherwise known as "The Boy Preacher," says that "he did actually on Friday night jump up three feet and light on top of the narrow altar rail, where he hung like a rooster, and shouted, 'Glory to God,' until he lost breath. A New York clergyman, who was present at several of his meetings, says that Brother Harrison was incessantly telling the Lord and the people that the audience was 'spell-bound with divine power,' when 'The excitement was apparent out-

side of the shouting, nervous little evangelists, who for a peculiar whoop and clapping of hands and dramatic action is ahead of anything ever seen upon this earth." Another observer says: "His peripatetic exercise beat the caged bears in our parks. He is all over the pulpit platform, and down into the aisles of the Church, and back again quick as a flash." These peculiarities insure Brother Harrison a large audience wherever he goes, and make him well worth the hundred dollars a week which he charges for his evangelistic labors.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

It is rumored that the King of Wurttemberg has been converted to Catholicism.

The Bishop of Three Rivers, Que., is taking steps to have the Jesuits establish

AN INTERESTING EVENT.

Religious Excursion to the "Trinity of Capes" on the River Saguenay.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ROUTE, INAUGURATION AND BENEDICTION OF THE CROSS AND STATUE OF "OUR LADY OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION OF THE SAGUENAY."

It has been truly said that "to see the Saint Lawrence one must go below Quebec."

Such an opportunity was offered by the St. Lawrence Steam Navigation Company, who placed their fine steamers "St. Lawrence" and "Saguenay" at the disposal of those who might wish to enjoy the beauties of the "Lower St. Lawrence" and of "the far-famed Saguenay," on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 14th, and 15th September, at an unusually low rate, on the occasion of the inauguration and benediction of the statue of "Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception" at Cape Trinity, and of the colossal cross of some eighty feet in height which had already been placed there.

The latter boat—with which the present writer has more particularly to do—left St. Andrew's Wharf on the last mentioned day at 12.30. By some means or other an announcement appeared in some of the French city papers of the previous evening and the rumor gained credence that the boat would leave only at three in the afternoon, and this, doubtless, had the effect of considerably lessening the number of the excursionists when the steamer took her departure at a little after midday. Those who failed to be on board at the proper hour were, however, the losers, as 'tis safe to say, a more agreeable or a more pleasant excursion has never been enjoyed even on the well-appointed and well-managed "Saguenay." Capt. Lecours, Purser St. Onge, Chief Officer Rivier, Chief Steward Gagnon, the Saloon Officer, Mr. Nolet, and, in a word all the crew seemed to vie with each other in promoting the comfort of the excursionists, and they succeeded to a nicety. The table was at all the meals well and amply supplied, and the attendance was exceptional and it is only fair to the excursionists to say that they seemed to do themselves and the viands placed before them the most impartial justice—the best proof that everything was to their satisfaction. The address presented to the captain and officers on the homeward trip will be found to endorse this statement.

While deserved praise is thus being bestowed, it would be out of place to omit giving credit to the organizer of the festival.

MR. CHARLES NAPOLEON ROBITAILLE.

The erection of a monument or statue or cross or bell on Cape Trinity is by no means a new idea. The idea has crossed the minds of many, but "what's everybody's business is nobody's business" is a remark trite as old, and it remained for Mr. Robitaille to carry out the idea. He set to work somewhat over a year ago, and on the Fifteenth of September, 1881, he had the gratification of seeing the results of his zeal, his energy, and his devotion blessed and solemnly dedicated by one of

THE PRINCES OF THE CHURCH

under the shadow of one of the grandest and most sublime of the handiworks of the Almighty Ruler of the Universe. Mr. Robitaille's conception was the placing of a cross on the summit, a statue of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception on the second, and a bell on the third or lower plateau of that which is known as Cape Trinity in the far famed River Saguenay, but which the present writer thinks would be better described as the Trinity of Capes. Natural and other difficulties presented themselves, and the programme has been slightly altered, the cross being placed on the second and the statue on the third level. The bell, an exceedingly fine toned one from the celebrated "McShane Bell Foundry" of Baltimore, Maryland, weighing 1500 lbs., will be temporarily placed in the belfry of the Cathedral Church of the newly erected diocese of Chicoutimi.

At 12.30 p. m. on Wednesday the 14th September, the "Saguenay" steamed away for her destination. The bell above referred to was placed on the forward deck, being gaily decorated for the occasion through the careful attention of Miss Coveney, the ladies' maid.

Leaving Quebec behind, the first object that caught the eye was the sylvan image of Beaufort with its string of cottages, the residences of the contented *enfants du sol*, with the handsome parish church about midway. The milk-white torrent of the falls of Montmorency next met the view, and then away past the beautiful *Ile d'Orleans*—or Island of Bacchus as it was first named, with its wonderful cave of Maranda. The island is about twenty miles long and from half a mile to five miles wide. On it are, on the north and south shores, six Catholic and one Protestant churches, the latter being for the accommodation of summer visitors. The population is about six thousand. The Catholic churches on the south shore of the Island, and which are the only ones visible to the tourist, are those dedicated under the patronage of St. Petronilla, St. Lawrence, St. John and St. Francis. The pretty little Protestant temple built in Gothic style is called "St. Mary's." Right opposite on the South shore is one of the chain of forts erected within a short period. *Cape Tourment*, its summit covered by the sign of redemption and a handsome chapel there erected by the Seminary of Quebec at a height of 1,900 feet, is the next object that claims attention, with the village and parish church of St. Joachim seated at its base. St. Joachim is the summer retreat of the reverend gentlemen of the Seminary of Quebec. The first "model farm" in Lower Canada was established here, and is the property of the Seminary. Here also is obtained a distant view of the Shrine of the Thaumaturgus of Canada—La Bonne Ste. Anne de Beaufort, with its splendid new church recently erected, and now in charge of a colony of the Redemptorist Fathers of the Belgian province. Here a splendid panorama of Islands, great and small, opens itself out. Passing by *Madame Island* and *Ile aux Rois*, the sadly notable *Gross Isle*, where rest the bones of over seven-thousand Irish immigrants, who "fleeing from Famine and Pestilence in

their own Land, reached America to find but a Grave," let us, according to custom, say a *De Profundis* for the repose of their souls.

A number of capes—amongst them Cape Gribonne, at the elevation of 2,170 feet, now present themselves to the great wonder of the beholder, until the beautifully situated little church of St. Francis *de la petite Riviere* is reached, and here the tourist bids farewell to the Archdiocese of Quebec—the mother diocese of this great Northern Continent, and enters upon the territory of the youngest of her Canadian children, the diocese of Chicoutimi. Comparatively a wilderness as yet, this vast country would seem to be destined to be in the near future the homes of a very numerous and prosperous people. The strides which the movement towards colonizing the fertile valley of the Lake St. John has lately made, would seem to fully warrant this prediction. A railroad having its southern terminus in the City of Quebec, is already in course of construction, and to-day one may travel over it as far as the thriving town of St. Raymond, making a call, *en passant*, at the romantic Lake St. Joseph, a sheet of water embosomed in the lofty ranges of the Laurentide Mountains some six or seven miles long, and in parts two miles wide. The first place of call on the present occasion was the picturesque Bail St. Paul. After a short delay, the boat passed out at the lower end of the *Ile aux Couvres*. Concerning this island there is said to be a tradition that it is, in reality, a slice of the mainland which had been at some time or other cast into the St. Lawrence by one of the earthquakes for which this section of country has been, and still is, notable; and the conformation of the north side of the Island as compared with that of the bay is said to give an appearance of truthfulness to the tradition.

The next stopping place was *les Eboulements*, which was reached at 4.55. The parish church in the centre of quite a village, is situated on the summit of the mountain at a height of about 2,500 feet and presents a very striking appearance.

Meanwhile, on the south shore, or right hand, may have been distinguished the thriving parishes of St. Michel, St. Valier, Bethier, St. Thomas, Cape St. Ignatius and other parishes, but as the river here widens to some fifteen or twenty miles the tin-covered church spires glistening in the bright sunlight is about as much as can be made out by the naked eye. A group of conical-shaped hills which came in view soon after leaving the wharf at Eboulements, attracted the attention of those on board. Murray Bay was reached at 6.30 when, after taking some additional passengers on board, the vessel continued on her voyage. At seven o'clock, the bell which had been rung at intervals along the route, pealed out the *Angelus*, and this was the signal for the Catholics on board to assemble in the saloon, when the *Ave Maria Stella*, *nous vous invoquons vous, the Magnificat* and other appropriate canticles, were sung, to the evident delight of the few non-Catholic tourists present; Mr. A. T. Marquis led in the vocal department with great ability, and Miss Larue-Davis, of *Pointe-aux-Trembles*, presided at the piano with a remarkable skillfulness of touch. Nor was this the only occasion at which this lady and gentleman, as well as Mr. Moffett of *Le Courrier du Canada*, and a number of others among the passengers, contributed to the enjoyment of the occasion by their rendition of sacred music; special mention must also be made of the youthful Master Bourget, of Levis, whose performances on the piano elicited the praise of all present. Riviere du Loup—on the South shore about 120 miles below Quebec—was reached at 9.30, where, after taking on board a number of passengers, including Rev. Messrs. Dion, of Riviere Ouelle, and Hebert, of Kamouraska, the voyage was resumed at 10 o'clock. An interesting feature at this place was a number of the "children of the forest," who were assembled on the wharf.

Back again, across the broad St. Lawrence to Tadouac, which was reached at midnight; and here, for the first time, at the entrance to the Saguenay, the sweet tones of the bell of "Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception of the Saguenay," precisely at midnight awoke the echoes of that famed river, at the hands of two representatives of the press, the present writer, Mr. Mathew F. Walsh, representative for the occasion of the Catholic Record, and Mr. F. Moffett, city editor of *Le Courrier du Canada*. (A French Canadian and an Irishman, be it noted.) Here the boat returned for the night. As early as five o'clock next morning the majority of the passengers were wending their way to the parish church, which is dedicated under the invocation of the Holy Cross, where a low mass *pour le succes de l'oeuvre* was celebrated by Rev. Mr. Dion. This chapel—for it is nothing more—is said to be the first in which Mass was celebrated in Canada. With what feelings of reverential awe did one enter these sacred portals! Truly might he say in the words of Genesis: "This place is awful! it is the house of God;" and although wanting in the embellishments of modern times—it is in fact a very plain and unpretending place—one could scarcely refrain from repeating the words of the Psalmist: "How lovely are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!" The walls of the sanctuary are, however, decorated with two excellent oil paintings, one of them bearing the inscription: "Beauvais, 1752," represents the presentation of the B. V. M. in the Temple, and the other, without either name or date, represents the Good and the Evil Angel. And when on that morning of the Octave of the Nativity of the Immaculate and Ever Blessed Mother of God, the previous day had been the festival of the exaltation of the Holy Cross, the white robed priest of His infallible church pronounced the words: *Introibo ad altare Dei; ad Deum qui lætificat juventutem meam*, could he help going back in spirit to the day, over 350 years ago, when the same words were pronounced, possibly for the first time in Canada, on this self-same spot! Assuredly not.

The Tadouac Hotel and the house built by Lord Dufferin are two remarkable features of the place the present day. The boat left Tadouac at 6.45 when the *Veni Creator* was sung and after a call at *L'Anse St. Jean*, noted for the beautiful sweep which the shore takes, wended its way to the "Trinity of Capes." The capes rise one above the other, with a plateau at the foot of each of the two upper ones, the summit of the high-

est being at an elevation of about 2,000 feet. The water is as deep at five feet from the base of the lower one, as it is in the centre of the stream, and from actual measurement many portions have been ascertained to be a thousand feet deep, and in the shallowest parts not less than a hundred.

At a distance of some fifteen or more miles the cross and statue which had been previously placed in their respective positions—the former on the second and the latter on the lower cape at an elevation of about 800 feet—became visible. The placing of both the objects, was, as might naturally be expected, attended with considerable trouble and an expenditure of money in excess of the original calculations. As the "Saguenay" approached the Cape the *Ave Maria Stella* was again chanted by nearly all on board, who were assembled in the bow of the boat. At the foot of the Cape the "St. Lawrence," which had left Quebec for Chicoutimi on Tuesday, came alongside at 9.45, bringing His Lordship Bishop Dominique Racine and a number of clergymen. His Lordship immediately embarked on board the "Saguenay," and having been vested with surplice and rochet proceeded to the benediction of the cross and the statue, surrounded by the following clergymen:—Rev. Messrs. Kirouack, Sirois, Tremblay, Hout, Roberge, Pelletier and Gerard, of the diocese of Chicoutimi; Herb-rt, Dion and Beaujeu, of the Archdiocese of Quebec; and Gagnon, of the diocese of Rimouski. Before the benediction he addressed those assembled to the following effect, taking for his text the words: "To Thee have I lifted up my eyes, who dwellest in Heaven," Ps. cxxxii:—"Ladies and gentlemen, I will merely make a few remarks on the occasion of the solemn dedication of the statue and cross at the request of Mr. Robitaille. The words which I have chosen are addressed by the Church to the Blessed Virgin, to whom we raise our eyes—the mother of Jesus Christ—that she may obtain for us all graces. To-day this supplication rises to her from the Saguenay, and I ask her protection in the name of all for what the Indians used to call the "Kingdom of the Saguenay." Our Lord said *Eccc mater tua*—"Behold thy mother!" She is our mother, the Star of the Sea. The protection we ask the Immaculate Mary she will give us, and the graces we ask she will obtain for us. "This conveys but a very faint outline of the effect of the eloquent words of the venerable bishop. His Lordship then also announced that a collection would be taken up towards defraying the expenses; it amounted to \$164. He then assumed the mitre and being seated, the 86th psalm was chanted, and the benediction took place with the appropriate prayers and the aspersions with holy water. The scene was truly grand. Both boats lay at a distance of about 250 feet from the foot of the cape, the topmost point of which is 2,500 feet from the water and this, together with the immense height, caused the statue, which is in reality 25 feet high, to appear as if it were only about six feet. The sun shone out splendidly, on the left hand side, whilst the moon, as if desiring to add splendor to the occasion, was visible on the right. The hundreds of voices which joined in the sacred chants and the piety and devotion visible on the countenances of all made an impression not easily to be forgotten. And as to the place in which this impressive service was held, a remark made by an American Protestant gentleman, who was a spectator, is deserving of reproduction. "The Pope, himself," said he "never officiated in so grand a Temple." For my part I never did and I scarcely hope to again witness a more imposing spectacle. Words fail me to describe its grandeur. At the conclusion of the ceremony, His Lordship announced an indulgence of 40 days to all taking part in the proceedings and the same to all who, hereafter, passing by the statue, will recite three *aves*. This was then done for the first time, His Lordship reciting the first part and the concourse of assistants responding with the second, all kneeling. His Lordship then again addressed the audience and said he considered it a fitting way to conclude the ceremony by appointing—which he then did—the Rev. Mr. Hebert, of the Archdiocese of Quebec, Vicar-General of the diocese of Chicoutimi, in recognition of that gentleman's great services in the colonization of the district of Saguenay. This announcement, which took all—including the Rev. Mr. Hebert himself—by surprise, was received with loud applause. It was a graceful act gracefully done, and his lordship was the first to shake hands with and to congratulate the newly appointed V. G. The Rev. Mr. Dion then spontaneously intoned the *Domini Salvum fac Episcopum*, which was taken up and continued by those present. Among others of the sponsors for the statue and cross were His Lordship the Bishop, and Mrs. Guay; Mr. E. Beaudet, M. P., and Mrs. Vincellet; Mr. Ernest Gimon, M. P., and Mrs. Gimon; Mr. Audet, M. P., and Mrs. Audet; Colonel Laurin, M. P., and Mrs. Laurin; Mr. Vincent Cazeau, and Miss Cazeau; Mr. and Mrs. Francois Gourdeau; Mr. and Mrs. Fois; Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Martineau; Mr. and Mrs. Olivier Rochet; Mr. and Mrs. J. U. Gregory (represented by Mr. Marquis and Miss Leduc); Mr. and Mrs. James Gibson, Mr. Lapointe and Miss Dumas; Mr. Flavien Moffett and Miss Davis; Mr. M. F. Walsh and Miss Walsh; Mr. and Mrs. Collard.

The boats then left the Cape at 10.30 A. M.; the "St. Lawrence" proceeding to Quebec, and the "Saguenay" to Ha! Ha! Bay, where an address of felicitation was presented by Mr. Bousoigney, Mayor of Tadouac, to the promoter of the undertaking, Mr. Robitaille, to which that gentleman replied by thanking all for their kindness and making reference to the many difficulties he had had to encounter, acknowledging, on the other hand, the kind manner in which his efforts had been met. Mr. Rouillard, of *Le Nouvelliste*, then called for cheers for Captains Barras and Lecours, which were heartily given. His Lordship said he desired to add to what he had already said, his testimony to the manner in which Mr. Robitaille, had worked and the pleasure it had given him to affix his approbation to the movement when that gentleman had submitted his ideas to him. He said he had himself often felt the want of some fitting religious movement on Cape Trinity and had

often thought of three crosses, but it had remained for Mr. Robitaille to take the matter in hand.

Rev. Mr. Sirois made a few remarks, thanking the Bishop for his kindness in putting aside other important business to attend on that occasion; and he was followed by Mr. Marquis in a few well-chosen remarks. Mr. Walsh then made a call for three cheers for the Diocese and the Bishop of Chicoutimi and coupling therewith the name of M. Robitaille, which was responded to in the most hearty manner, and the "Saguenay" proceeded to St. Alphonse, where she arrived at noon. This seems to be a very thriving place, possessing eight stores, a hotel, &c. After a stay the boat proceeded to *Grande Baie*, where a number of vessels were found being loaded with lumber. Off St. Fulgence (*Anse aux Fois*) a government dredge was engaged in clearing the channel. *En passant*, it would be well if the parties in charge would take care to move the dredge when steamers are passing, as otherwise, the channel being so narrow, the latter are apt to be run aground. The town of Chicoutimi, containing about 5,000 inhabitants, and possessing what seems to be the inevitable attendant on civilization—a Jail and Court House—was reached at 5.20 and after a visit to the college, a building of about 120 feet in length, and where some 100 pupils are being educated as well as 15 ecclesiastics, and to the Convent of the Good Shepherd, where six nuns are also engaged in teaching, all assembled in the Cathedral, when the *Te Deum* was sung and benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the *Ciborium* was given by his Lordship, robed in cape and mitre and attended by Rev. Messrs. Sirois and Girard in dalmatics. The church is a very substantial and withal a handsome structure, and contains no less than seven altars. The throne is on the Gospel side and is surmounted by a canopy. The venerable Cure Auclair of Quebec, who had just arrived from the interior of the country was present in the sanctuary. The writer cannot let the occasion pass without thanking the Rev. Mr. Gibbons of Hamilton, Ont., a professor in the College, for his kindness in supplying him with many interesting details. At 8.30 on Thursday evening, farewell was taken of Chicoutimi and its venerable Bishop amid loud cheers and letting off rockets—a salute of the latter being also fired when passing the statue—and all left for home delighted beyond description with the pleasure they had enjoyed. Calls were made at P'Anse St. Jean, Tadouac, Riviere du Loup, Murray Bay and Baie St. Paul. After leaving the latter place the presence of Captain Lecours was requested in the saloon, when a highly flattering address—but not more so than they deserved—was presented to him and his officers by Mr. Moffett, to which he replied in fitting terms. Speeches were also made by other gentlemen and a fitting compliment paid to the very obliging and affable purser, Mr. St. Onge, in which all heartily concurred. In response to an unanimous call, Mr. Waddington, an American Catholic gentleman, of New York, spoke on behalf of the English-speaking passengers, many of whom were tourists from the States and England, and bore testimony to the worth of the good steamer "Saguenay" and her officers and crew. His remarks were loudly applauded. After this music and social chat filled up the interval until the Ancient Capital was reached at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of yesterday, when a general exchange of hand-shaking and good-bye took place and the hope expressed that the proposed tour to the statue of "Our Lady of the Saguenay" next year would be carried out and that many who had within the past three days formed warm friendships would live to meet again on the 15th August, 1882.

The foregoing has been penned with the idea of giving some faint description of the beauties of the "Lower St. Lawrence" of the wild grandeur of its important feeder the Saguenay, and of the beautiful and impressive ceremonies attendant on the inauguration and benediction of the Sign of Redemption and of the statue of Our Blessed Lady high up on its majestic banks. The excursion throughout was one that will be long remembered by the participants, whether of the one fold or not; the loss is really to those who did not have the happiness of being present. *Bructavit cor meum verbum bonum: dico ego mea Regi.*

It would be unfair to close the present summary of the proceedings without once again referring to the highly successful manner in which Mr. Robitaille has surmounted the many difficulties that have beset him, and to express the hope that a discerning public will generously come to his aid to relieve him of the pecuniary responsibility which still rests upon his shoulders. The expenses have been in the neighborhood of \$5,000, of which some \$1,750 still remain unpaid. Mr. Robitaille is a gentleman of rare energy, which, doubtless, there is no one more ready to testify to than the head of the respected firm with whom he is engaged.

Finally, the representative of the *Record* desires to thank the venerable Bishop and clergy, the organizers of the excursion, the officers of the "Saguenay" and all concerned, for the great attention shown him and the great facility given him in the object he had in view—the giving of an account of the very interesting trip to the FAR-FAMED SAGUENAY.

Quebec, St. Mathew's Day, 1881.
BRANNAGH.

HAMILTON LETTER.

Requiem—Clerical—Father Mathew—The Bazaar—A Financial Success—The Three Nations—National Sympathy.

REQUIEM MASS.

On Monday morning in St. Mary's Cathedral a Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated in commemoration of the late Bishop Farrell. Vicar-General Heenan was the celebrant, with Fathers O'Leary and Maginn deacon and sub-deacon respectively. The choir was well represented and another thing noticeable was the fair attendance on the part of the congregation.

CLERICAL.

The Rev. James Crinnon, recently ordained in this City, has been appointed curate to the very Rev. Dean Laussie, of Arthur. Father C. entered upon the duties of his new position on Tuesday last.

FATHER MATHEW.

The F. M. T. A. Society of this city purpose commemorating Father Mathew's anniversary by holding a concert and lecture on Monday, October 10th. It is expected that the Rev. Father Nugent, of Liverpool, Eng., will deliver the lecture on that occasion.

THE BAZAAR.

Notwithstanding early indications to the contrary, the bazaar has turned out to be a complete financial success. The exact results have not yet been ascertained, but it is supposed that they will be at least equal those of the last bazaar, which were considered most extraordinary.

THE THREE NATIONS.

The Hamilton *Times* is a liberal sheet. In matters of religion, this has been its prevailing characteristic during a period of twenty years, and the man who accuses it of bigotry displays a complete ignorance of its history. Aside from this, the *Times* occasionally exhibits a bias, perhaps without due consideration. A few days ago it tried to prove that the German is a being superior to all others, at least to any within the United Kingdom. It assumes that Scotchmen are "more German" than either the Irish or the English, and on that assumption makes the flat assertion that Scotchmen have "the advantage" over their fellow-subjects, then a *fortiori*, it is still more advantageous to be a German. In the first place, the ethnology of friend *Times* is rather at fault. One third of the Scottish people are Celtic—of the same race as the Irish, and if among the rest the Anglo-Saxon element prevails, it is not to a greater extent than in England. Besides, even if the whole race north of the Tweed were purely Germanic the *Times'* conclusion should not necessarily follow. While willing to acknowledge that the Teutonic race is as good as most of its neighbors, we fail to see what secular "advantage" Germans possess over Irishmen, Englishmen or Scotchmen.

NATIONAL SYMPATHY.

A public meeting called by the Mayor was held in the Academy of Music, on Saturday afternoon, to express sympathy with the United States in the loss of its President. This sympathy was further expressed on Monday by flags flying at half-mast and a temporary cessation of business.

SEAFORTH LETTER.

We are sorry the following letter of our Seaforth correspondent came to late for last week's issue:

We had a visit last week from one well known to all the readers of the *Record*, namely, Rev. Father Lennon, of Dundas, who has so lately returned from Europe, where he has been for the benefit of his health. He is the guest of our pastor, Rev. Father Shea, and last Sunday treated the congregation of St. James' to one of the finest sermons that it has been our pleasure to listen to. He is a very pleasing speaker, and his manner of delivery is at once entertaining and instructive. His language, too, is of the choicest, and strikes the intelligent observer with the fact of his undeniably mental qualifications, which is seen only in those who have drunk deep of the fountains of knowledge as preserved in the Catholic Church. No wonder the good people of Dundas highly appreciate his splendid talents, as seen by the expression of good will towards him previous to his departure for Europe, for a more intelligent, sociable, and gentlemanly person it would be hard to find, and our only wish is that he may be spared many years more in the vineyard of His Master, carrying consolation to those in sore trouble, and acting the Good Samaritan to all in need of his kindly and beneficent counsel.

Our bazaar arrangements are being carried to completion with great vigor, and it promises to be one of the most successful ever undertaken. An efficient committee, composed of the leading members of the church, has been formed, and our esteemed pastor is leaving no stone unturned whereby its success will be jeopardized. To give your readers some idea of the magnitude of the undertaking, I may say that nearly \$700 in prizes will be distributed to the lucky ticket holders, and this is not all, for many useful prizes have been added since the tickets were out, so that all that we want to complete its success is good weather.

The jubilee opens here on next Sunday week. It will be conducted by the Carmelite Fathers, of New Jersey, and will last for one week. It is to be hoped that its effects will be lasting among the members of the congregation, as it may be the last jubilee in this generation, and, therefore, all should avail themselves of its saving graces. VERITAS.

Seaforth, Sept. 19th, 1881.

WINDSOR LETTER.

The following address was presented to Rev. Father Ouillette, in the school house, Sandwich East, on the 15th instant. It was read by Miss Barrett. At the same time and place a presentation was also made, Mr. Tierman being the gentleman chosen to bestow the gift.

Rev. and Dear Father,—We the teachers and pupils of S. S. No. 7, Sandwich East, wish to express our regret at your departure from the parish after having labored zealously so long amongst us and gained the love and respect of both old and young. You have been to us a true pastor and friend. You have borne patiently with our many faults and shortcomings, and labored diligently for our temporal and spiritual welfare. We now, dear father, ask you to pardon our many imperfections and to remember us in your prayers at the Altar of God. And we will ever pray that God may protect and restore our good priest to health and strength. We beg of you to accept these volumes as a token of our love and esteem for you. We hope that you will not measure our love by the value of the gift but as a token of gratitude for us all.

It grieves us, dear father, to say farewell, but the time of parting has come for the present. We hope ere long we shall meet again and that in the interval we will

apply ourselves more diligently to all our duties and if we have the happiness to meet again, we trust that you will find us following the many good advices you have given us.

We now, dear father ask your blessing.
J. MALCOLM MORRISON, } Teachers.
ROSE E. BARRETT, }
Signed in behalf of pupils by JOSEPH TIERNAN and MARY SULLIVAN.

DUBLIN ITEMS.

The largest consignment of salt ever shipped by one firm in Canada was shipped by Joseph Kidd, proprietor of the International salt works, Goderich, last week, for Chicago market and points in Georgian Bay and River Detroit. This was loaded on board the steam barge *Erin* and consorts *Maggie* and *Fortune*, the three taking in proportion fifteen hundred tons in bulk for Chicago, the *Heather Bell* and *Josephine Kidd* taking 2,200 bbls, making in all say 17,200 barrels.

Business is exceedingly lively in our ambitious village and prosperity seems pictured in all our business peoples' faces. No doubt Dublin deserves such a blessing, as its people are known to be very charitable and hospitable to all creeds and classes.

Large quantities of wheat crowd our market daily, and big prices rules the day.

CARD OF THANKS.

The undersigned beg to tender their most sincere thanks to the Sisters of St. Joseph's Convent, London, for the disinterested care and attention bestowed on our late and lamented sister, Margaret Flannery, while under their motherly care, sparing neither trouble or expense to make her happy while in this world, and after death by assuming all the responsibility incidental to the funeral arrangements, defraying all expenses of carriage from London to Seaforth.

MICHAEL FLANNERY,
JOHN FLANNERY.
Seaforth, Sept. 17, 1881.

ST. PETER'S SEPARATE SCHOOL.

It is proposed to enlarge our school accommodation at once by the erection of a brick wing to cost over \$3000. This wing will be added to after a time, when we will then be in possession of one of the finest school buildings in London. A neat and commodious hall for the accommodation of our different societies will be a prominent feature of the new structure.

LOCAL NEWS.

A sad shooting accident took place at Pantons' Hotel, Hamilton Road, on Tuesday last. It appears two men named Peter Laphan and Wm. O'Reilly went in to have a drink, when O'Reilly asked Mr. Panton to let him examine a revolver which he had in his hand. Mr. Panton cautioned him against handling it carelessly, when he remarked there was no danger, and had hardly the words out of his mouth when the weapon was discharged, the ball entering the abdomen of Laphan. Drs. Street and Gardner were immediately called in and had Laphan removed to the Hospital, and not till the next day were they able to extract the ball, which they found deeply imbedded in the muscles of the back. Laphan is about forty-four years of age and is only out from Ireland a little over a year. The doctors hold out no hopes for the recovery of the unfortunate man.

The Feehleys, who were arrested in Michigan in connection with the Biddulph murder trial, have been remanded until the spring assizes.

THE SOUL'S EXISTENCE.

Professors Mivart and Huxley.

Professor Mivart once more brings Professor Huxley to bay in the following letter, headed "Animism," and published in *The Times* of Tuesday:

Sir:—Permit me to point out that in affirming the presence in certain living organisms of "that which co-ordinates and regulates physiological units into an organic whole" Professor Huxley implicitly asserts the existence of a "Soul" or "Form" in spite of the general tendency of his recent address. I said "implicitly," because in the phrase quoted he evidently refers to the nervous system. But a plain man may well ask, What co-ordinates and regulates physiological units in organisms which have no nervous system? What co-ordinates and regulates the nervous system itself, and what co-ordinates those developmental processes by which the very nervous system is first produced?

To represent the doctrine of Aristotle and his school as the outcome of "the animism of primitive men" shows an utter misconception of it, as also does the assertion of its substantial identity with the views of Harvey. The Aristotelian doctrine may or may not be true, but it is at any rate a profound philosophical conception—one of those fundamental doctrines which, in Professor Huxley's words, "underlie all physical science."

Descartes, in his desire to exalt the soul of man, put forth an exaggerated and untenable theory respecting it, which has been the parent of two opposite systems alike repudiated by the healthy common sense of mankind. With reason does Professor Huxley oppose post Cartesian animistic doctrines and declare that physiology has been occupied in successful efforts at expelling them. But these efforts have no force against the Peripatetic view, with which the most recent biological discoveries perfectly accord and which seems to me to be even demanded by their underpinning of a permanent discord in our intellectual nature.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient servant,
St. GEORGE MIVART,
WILMSHURST, Uckfield, Aug. 12th.

WHAT IS SAID OF THE RECORD.

Thos. Coffey, Esq., London.
DEAR SIR,—I beg to enclose two dollars, with thanks, for your charming as well as instructive paper. Respectfully yours,
MOORE, APRIL, 1881. N. E. McEWERRY
DEAR SIR,—Enclosed you will find \$4. my subscription to your paper. Am well pleased with its contents as a Catholic paper, and it is looked upon as a welcome visitor to my house.
MICHAEL KELLY.
Belleville, May 2, 1881.

MISCELLANEOUS.

What law has been the greatest terror to evil-doers since the world began? The mother-in-law.

Snakes as Life Destroyers.

The loss of life in India due to the ravages of venomous snakes is almost incredible. Yet Consumption, which is as wily and fatal as the deadliest Indian reptile, is winding its coils around thousands of people while the victims are unconscious of its presence.

A Losing Joke.

A prominent physician of Pittsburgh said jokingly to a lady patient who was complaining of her continued ill health, and of his inability to cure her, "try Hop Bitters!" The lady took it in earnest and used the Bitters, from which she obtained permanent health.

"BETTER late than never," if applied to going for a train, is incorrect, as a man has only so much extra trouble by going. Old gentleman (watching a crowd round an omnibus): "What a bustle!" Stout Old lady: "Old your tongue, impertinence."

What Every One Says Must Be True. All unite in praise of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry who have tried its efficacy in curing Cholera Morbus, Cramps, Dysentery, Nausea, and Stomach and Bowel Complaints, generally in children or adults. Every person should keep a supply on hand.

A COLLECTOR in this city has the following pasted up in his office as his motto: "Never put off till to-morrow what can be 'dunned' to-day."

A Wretched Score.

A score of years is a long time to look back upon, but when attended with continual suffering, it seems almost a century; and all this pain could be avoided if, when your liver commenced to trouble you, you had taken Burdock Blood Bitters. Price \$1.00, trial size 10 cents.

FIFTEEN years ago an innocent young girl promised her lover that she would wait for him. To prove how she kept her word it is merely necessary to remark that, although she is now his wife, she frequently waits for him until two A. M.

I Feel Myself as Good as New!

From Mrs. S. B. Bemis, of West Fairlee, Vt. "For seven or eight years I have been in poor health and for the past year very feeble. My flesh and strength wasted away, until I was unable to work or even go up-stairs without great exhaustion. I suffered from frequent and distressing attacks of palpitation of the heart, my food distressed me, causing acidity and pain in the stomach; and I suffered from extreme nervousness, constipation and debility of the system generally, my blood being thin and poor and sluggish in circulation, and I was for years suffering all the tortures of a confirmed dyspeptic. About six months since I concluded I would try a bottle of PERUVIAN SYRUP, and received so much benefit from it that I purchased five bottles more, and have continued the use of the Syrup until quite recently. It has restored my health to such an extent that I feel myself as good as new. My digestion is good and my weight has increased in the past four months from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty-eight pounds; my strength has returned, and my general health is thus wonderfully improved, and I can truly say I owe it all to the use of your PERUVIAN SYRUP."

LITTLE Johnny was visiting at a neighbor's house. He was offered a piece of bread and butter, which he accepted, but not with any degree of enthusiasm. "What do you say, Johnny?" asked the lady, expecting him to say, "Thank you!" "I say it ain't cake!" was the impolite response.

"Summer Complaint."

For diarrhoea, dysentery, bloody-flux, cramps in stomach, and colic, whether affecting adults, children, or infants, Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed is a sovereign remedy. It is compounded from the best French brandy, Jamaica ginger, smart-weed, or water-pepper, anodyne, soothing and healing gums. Sold by druggists.

As old highlander, rather fond of his toddy, was ordered by his physician, during a temporary illness, not to exceed one ounce of spirits daily. The old gentleman was dubious about the amount, and asked his son, a school-boy, how much an ounce was. "Sixteen drachms," was the reply. "Sixteen drachms! What an excellent doctor!" exclaimed the highlander. "Run and tell Donald McTavish and big John to come down the night."

A PROLIFIC SOURCE OF DISEASE.—A trifling indiscretion in diet may lay the foundation of confirmed dyspepsia, and there is no fact in medical science more positively ascertained or more authoritatively asserted than that dyspepsia is the parent of a host of unbodily ills, not the least of which is contamination of the blood and the maladies of which that is the direct consequence. Their original cause is, however, thoroughly eradicated from the system by NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY AND DYSPEPTIC CURE, a medicine which only requires regularity and persistence in its use to cure dyspepsia and the many ills that arise from it. No deleterious mineral ingredient is contained in it, and though its action is thorough in cases of costiveness, it never produces gripping pains in the abdominal region, or weakens the bowels like a violent purgative. It invigorates the system through the medium of the increased digestive and assimilative activity which it promotes, and is also a most efficient remedy for kidney complaints, scrofulous and all diseases of the blood, female weakness, &c., &c. Price, \$1.00. Sample bottle, 10 cents. Ask for NORTHROP & LYMAN'S Vegetable Discovery and Dys-

peptic Cure. The wrapper bears a fac-simile of their signature. Sold by all medicine dealers.

They were getting ready for a Sunday excursion, and the father said: "Wife can carry the sandwiches; Billy can carry the shawls and spy glass; Johnny can carry umbrellas and lemon-sugar, and I'll carry the money."

Would Not be without It. One who has fairly tested Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, though prejudiced against proprietary medicines in general, writes—"I would not rest over night without this reliable remedy for sudden attacks of Cholera, Cramps and Cholera Morbus so prevalent in the Summer season. I keep a bottle ready at hand."

A schoolmistress asked one of her pupils, "What do you see above your head when you walk in the open air?" "The sky," answered the little girl. "But what do you see there in rainy weather?" "An umbrella," was the prompt reply.

Soothing Syrups Superseded. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the best remedy for infants teething, it is safe, pleasant and reliable, and cures promptly all forms of Bowel Complaints. For Canadian Cholera or Cholera and Dysentery of either children or adults there is no better remedy.

"Sam, you are not honest. Why do you put all the good peaches on the top of the measure and all the small ones below?" "For de same reason, sah, dat makes de front of your house marble and de back gate chiefly slob-bar!" sah.

Public Speakers, Actors and Vocalists find, and state that Dr. Thomas Electric Oil relieves hoarseness and irritation in the throat better than remedies specially advertised to relieve that difficulty. This Oil has a wide scope, since it cures external hurts, corns, sores, frost-bite, piles, and a variety of other unhealthy conditions.

A newly-acquired habit: "Look heah, Uncle Mose, who fooled me wid dat hoss I buyed from yer last week. He just drapt dead in his tracts." "He nebber drapt dead in his tracts or anywhere else as long as I had him, goin' on twenty year."

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry Cures all forms of bowel complaints in infants or adults. The most safe, pleasant and perfect remedy known. Purely vegetable and free from opiates or poisonous drugs.

D. SULLIVAN, Malcolm, Ontario, writes. "I have been selling Dr. Thomas Electric Oil for some years, and have no hesitation in saying that it has given better satisfaction than any other medicine I have sold. I consider it the only patent medicine that cures more than it is recommended to cure."

A Hard Task

To find a better remedy for dyspepsia, indigestion, and impurities of the blood, than Burdock Blood Bitters. Price \$1.00, trial bottles 10 cents.

Fresh air is indispensable, but when you need a fresh pen be sure it is one of Estebrook's make. Wholesale dealers, Toronto News Co., Toronto.

In the Whole History of Medicine

No preparation has ever performed such marvellous cures, or maintained so wide a reputation, as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which is recognized as the world's remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs. Its long-continued series of wonderful cures in all climates has made it universally known as a safe and reliable agent to employ. Against ordinary colds, which are the forerunners of more serious disorders, it acts speedily and surely, always relieving suffering, and often saving life. The protection it affords, by its timely use in throat and chest disorders, makes it an invaluable remedy to be kept always on hand in every home. No person can afford to be without it, and those who have once used it never will. From their knowledge of its composition and operation, physicians use the CHERRY PECTORAL extensively in their practice, and clergymen recommend it. It is absolutely certain in its healing effects, and will always cure where cures are possible. For sale by all druggists.

MATTHIAS, THE MINER'S BOY.

On the 22d of February, 1812, a miner, Hubert Goffin, of Ams, near Liege, descended the shaft of a mine with one hundred and twenty-six men, who was under his orders. His son, Matthias, a brave boy of twelve, accompanied him.

When this miner descended into the depths of the earth he left, five hundred feet above, a wife and six children. Suffocating vapors may poison him, the gas may take fire and explode, the walls may fall in and crush him; and yet he is happy and of good courage. In his subterranean halls he sings and rejoices at the sparkling splendor of the metal. Hubert instructed his son Matthias in the art of discovering the veins of ore.

About ten o'clock in the morning some water suddenly rushed down upon them out of an old mine and threatened to inundate the shaft. The prudent Hubert wished to call his men together, but the water pressed in with such force that he could not get at the alarm bell. Another workman risked his life to save his companions. He waded to the bell and rang it. His life was sacrificed in vain; it was too late when the others came. The water rushed down the shaft by which they generally ascended and their retreat was cut off.

The flood rose higher and higher, and threatened to drown them. All pressed up to the saving-rope, which alone could bring them up above. Each wished to be the first, but the stream rushing violently down, seized them and carried them onward with it. Hubert was tall and strong. He lifted up his son in his arms. He was nearest the rope, and might have saved himself; but he looked upon the others.

"No; they are my friends," he said, "I cannot leave them to perish." But his son would save at all events. But the young miner protested: "Father, I came with you; I will return with you, too, or remain where you remain."

Hubert took courage. He called to his comrades: "Let us see whether we cannot break

through into the next shaft. Our lives depend upon it. Let us make the attempt."

But this was not so easy. Two days passed away in this terrible position. They worked on unweariedly, still the hard walls of the mine yielded but slowly. Once they thought they heard a noise, and with joy exclaimed: "We are saved! We are saved!"

But they were deceived, and the young men among them threw themselves down before Hubert and exclaimed: "Sir, you have led us hither; you must save us, too, we cannot die so young!"

Hubert himself was utterly exhausted, and seemed to have lost all courage. He thought of his wife and children who were down with him in the mine, and to whom death and destruction were so near. Not one of them was able to strike another blow.

Then Matthias came up to him, and, boldly striking into the rock with an ax, said:

"If men weep like boys, boys must work like men." These courageous words nerved them to fresh hope. They worked on bravely. Suddenly there was a fearful cry; they had come upon a suffocating steam of gas.

Hubert rushed up quickly and stopped up the aperture whence it proceeded, pointing the workmen to another part where they could continue their labor.

In this sad state they had already passed thirty-six hours. The last lamp had gone out. Thick darkness reigned around them. All were suffering the keenest pangs of hunger. Several sunk down utterly exhausted. Matthias clasped his father firmly and said to him:

"Courage, father, all will be well yet." Still they worked on in the darkness. At last voices came to their ears on the other side of the stone through which they were breaking. Other strokes were meeting theirs. Yet a few minutes more and they would be saved. Hubert and his son were the last who were carried up above.

"I should never have dared to look upon the light again if I had returned without my companions," said the brave miner.

The Emperor Napoleon presented him with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and gave him a free admittance to the college at Liege.

PROFANITY.

The Catholic Sentinel, speaking of the unfortunate and degrading habit of profanity, says: "Profane language, moreover, contributes no elegance to our conversation nor does it render our diction more graceful and our logic more emphatic. Although it is void of every emphasis and elocutionary embellishment, nevertheless, we hear it often employed by so-called scholars bragging of their erudition, refinement and blandishments. To give the whole matter in a nutshell, we state that the wanton use of curses and blasphemies betray a great want of erudition and accomplishment; it is most positively disgusting to all reflecting people, and an open defiance of God, denying His supreme majesty and holiness. Such wicked conduct being not only a standing reproach to intelligent beings but a direct insult to God, can not remain unpunished. It is defying God's infinite justice, crying to Heaven for vengeance. Let the profaners bear in mind that God's vengeance is slow but sure.

"To curse and blaspheme God is a shocking audacity. Where is the servant who will dare curse his master upon whom depends his life? Yet man, in his thoughtlessness of mind and depravity of heart, has the base effrontery to blaspheme the Master of masters—his Maker and Judge. Man, in His very presence, grossly insults Him on whom depends his existence and whatever he possesses. God has forbidden such use of His holy name, and threatened the profaners thereof with the severest chastisement affecting soul and body. He has spoken, and His command will be executed."

THE GREAT CONVENIENCE

OF THE NEW YORK CATHOLIC AGENCY is that by the writing of one letter, making one remittance, keeping one account, paying one freight or express charge, one can get any kind of goods wanted, and never pay more (generally less) than when ordering direct from the dealer. It also has facilities for transacting any private or public business-matters needing personal and prompt attention. The advantages it offers in acting as your agent are more valuable than ever.

Address THOMAS D. EGAN, New York Catholic Agency, 33 Barclay street, and 38 Park Place.

Meetings.

CATHOLIC MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION.—The regular meetings of London Branch No. 4 of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association will be held on the first and third Thursday of every month, at the hour of 8 o'clock, in our rooms, Castle Hall, Albion Block, Richmond St. Members are requested to attend punctually. ALEX WILSON, Rec.-Sec.

Professional.

WOOLVERTON AND DAVIS, Surgeon Dentists. Office—Cor. Dundas and Clarence Sts., London. (Over Brown & Morris.) Charges moderate and satisfaction guaranteed. SOLO WOODVERTON, L.D.S., late of Grimsby. GEO. C. DAVIS, L.D.S.

DR. W. J. MCGUIGAN, GRADUATE, of McGill University, Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur. Night calls to be left at the office. Office—Nitschke's Block, 272 Dundas street. 2-ly.

L. McDONALD, SURGEON DENTIST. Office—Dundas street, 3 doors east of Richmond street, London, Ont. 4-ly.

DR. WOODRUFF, OFFICE—Queen's Avenue, a few doors east of Post Office. 38-ly.

J. J. BLAKE, BARRISTER, AT-TORNEY, Solicitor, etc. Office—No. 33 Dundas street, London.

Miscellaneous.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.—P. K. FINN, Proprietor. Rates \$1.00 per day. Entire satisfaction given. Opposite D. & M. Depot, Grand Rapids, Mich.

FUNERAL FLOWERS AND WEDDING BOUQUETS PRESERVED IN A SUPERIOR STYLE BY MRS. COLVILLE, 471 QUEEN'S AVENUE, LONDON, ONT.

UNDERTAKERS.

W. HINTON (From London England.) UNDERTAKER, & C. The only house in the city having a Children's Mourning Carriage.

FIRST-CLASS HEARSES FOR HIRE. 202, King St., London Private Residence, 254 King Street.

KILGOUR & SON, FURNITURE DEALERS AND UNDERTAKERS HAVE REMOVED TO THE CRONYN BLOCK Dundas st., and Market Square.

OFFICIAL. LONDON POST OFFICE

Summer Arrangement.

Table with columns: MAILS AS UNDER, CLASS, A.M., P.M., F.M. Lists various routes and times for mail services.

For Great Britain.—The latest hours for dispatching letters, etc. for Great Britain, are—Mondays at 10 a.m., per Canada packet, via New York. Tuesdays at 1 p.m., per Inman or White Star Line via N.Y. Thursdays at 7.30 a.m., per Inman or White Star Line, via New York. Postage of Letters, &c. Rates of postage on Letters between places in the Dominion—3c per 1 oz., prepaid by postage stamp; if posted unpaid will be sent to the Lead Letter Office. Letters posted exceeding 1 oz. in weight, and prepaid only 3c, will be rated double the amount of deficient postage not prepaid.

Money Orders.—Issued and paid on and from any Money Order Office in the Dominion of Canada, Great Britain and Ireland, British India, Newfoundland, and the United States. Post Office Savings Bank.—Deposits will be received at this office from \$1 to \$500. Depositors obtaining the Postmaster-General's special permission can deposit \$1,000. Deposits on Savings Bank accounts opened from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Office hours from 7 a.m. to 7 p.m. Letters intended for Registration must be posted 15 minutes before the closing of each mail.

N. B.—It is particularly requested that the senders of mail matter will kindly send the names of the Counties to the addresses.

R. J. C. DAWSON, Postmaster. London Post Office, 12th June, 1881.

CARRIAGES.

LONDON CARRIAGE FACTORY J. CAMPBELL, PROP.

All kinds of Coaches, Carriages, Buggies, Sleighs and Cutters manufactured, wholesale and retail.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

CARRIAGES SHIPPED TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Has been in business over 25 years, and has been awarded by the Provincial and Local Fairs 178 FIRST PRIZES, besides Second, Third and Diplomas also been awarded Medal and Diploma at the International Exhibition in Sydney, New South Wales, Australia.

FACTORY: KING ST., W. of Market.

CARRIAGES W. J. THOMPSON, King Street, Opposite Revere House.

Has now on sale one of the most magnificent stocks of

CARRIAGES & BUGGIES IN THE DOMINION.

Special Cheap Sale During Exhibition Week.

Don't forget to call and see them before you purchase anywhere else.

W. J. THOMPSON.

BEST IN USE!

THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER

Is the most popular Baking Powder in the Dominion, because it is so uniform in quality, is just the right strength, is not injured by keeping; it contains no deleterious ingredients; it is economical, and may always be relied on to do what it claims to do.

The constantly increasing demand for the COOK'S FRIEND during the course of year's it has been before the public attests the estimation in which it is held by consumers. Manufactured only by

W. D. McLAREN, 57 Colborne Street, Montreal. Retailer everywhere. 73-ly.

HANRATTY

Will hold a daily Fair during the Exhibition, and make the grandest display of new

DRY GOODS

MILLINERY,

MANTLES,

SHAWLS,

GENTS' FURNISHINGS

CARPETS, ETC.,

EVER MADE IN LONDON.

Cheap Goods and plenty of them for Cash Buyers.

Large premises packed full. Come and secure Bargains at

HANRATTY'S

DUNDAS STREET, NORTH SIDE,

Opposite Ferguson's Grocery Store,

BOYD, WATSON & CO.,

102 Dundas St., 101 Carling St., LONDON.

WHOLESALE IMPORTERS

GENTS' FURNISHINGS, FANCY DRY GOODS, SMALL WARES, FANCY GOODS, STATIONERY, & NOVELTIES.

Our FALL STOCK is now complete. Our assortment is simply immense and should be seen by every merchant visiting London.

OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT. OUR TERMS ARE LIBERAL.

BOYD, WATSON & CO.,

(WHOLESALE ONLY)

THE IMPERIAL HARVESTER

EQUIPPED WITH OUR NEW RAKE.

When we tell you the Imperial Harvester is the most perfect reaping machine made, we also lay before you the facts in order that you can judge for yourselves.

Not only does this machine possess more valuable patented improvements than any other machine made, but in construction it is the simplest; in strength, and durability, combined with lightness, compactness, symmetry of design, convenience in handling and capacity for performing extraordinary ranges of work with ease and perfection, it has no equal. It is adapted to work on any farm field, in any kind of grain, and it possesses advantages over all others, equipped as it is with both of the acknowledged perfect rakes now in use, either of which farmers can choose when purchasing.

Farmers be not deceived by any statements made by agents anxious to sell you reapers of other makers. You now have the opportunity of purchasing the only perfect machine in the market, and do not let that opportunity slip from you.

The Imperial is sold under full guaranty that it is just as we represent it. You run no risk in buying it. It will do all we say, and more too. Therefore send in your orders at once. It costs no more to purchase now than it will at harvest time. By having your machine at home before you require to use it, you will become so familiar with its construction and operation that when you begin harvesting you will be able to go right through without a single delay. This to every farmer is a matter of great importance.

Our agents will have sample machines at different points for inspection during the winter and spring months, where you can see them and leave your orders. Or you can send your orders to us direct. We will ship you a machine, and if it does not fulfil every representation we make concerning it, when you receive it, send it back and we will return your order. This is the way we do business. In dealing with us you run no risk whatever. You want value for your money, and we want your custom, and if we would keep your custom we must give you the worth of your money. When you buy the Imperial you not only have the best machine made, but you likewise have the cheapest, for the best is always the cheapest. The IMPERIAL HARVESTER can be obtained only at the Globe Works, London, Ontario, or through the regular agents of the Company. Bear this in mind and order your machine now.

In your orders specify which rake you want, the "Johnston" or the "Imperial" rake shown in the above cut.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue to

GLOBE WORKS, LONDON, ONT.

NEWS BY TELEGRAPH.

Ireland.

Six men have been committed at Tuam; Ireland, for trial for secret drilling.

Several imprisoned suspects have been released unconditionally within the last few days.

Right Hon. Mr. Forster, Chief Secretary for Ireland, replying in a letter to Messrs. Dickinson and Gavan relative to the imprisoned suspects and Davitt, points out that the Coercion Act is not for the punishment, but for the prevention of outrages.

On that memorable Saturday morning when the news of the attempted assassination of our honored President cast a gloom over the entire nation, filling every loyal heart with horror, another sad announcement (less wide-spread and important, it is true), but fraught with tender sorrow to many a loving friend, was whispered from lip to lip of the children of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the clients of His ever immaculate Mother.

Simple but impressive fact? Four little pathetic words which awoke in hundreds of souls the purest, tenderest memories of the grand old religious, who full of years and holy works, had passed in the early dawn of that July morning into the mighty dawn of God's Eternity!

Mr. Edward Greer, Sessional Crown Solicitor of the County of Armagh, has been appointed Assistant Legal Commissioner under the Land Act.

London, Sept. 21.—Several imprisoned suspects have been released unconditionally within the last few days.

The Flying Column has completed two hundred evictions at Mitchellstown. The tenants, except a dozen, paid the rent and were reinstated.

The Land League of Great Britain has passed a resolution of condolence with Mrs. Garfield.

A riot occurred in Tubercurry on Thursday on the occasion of the release of Sheridan. The police were stoned and the Chief Constable severely injured.

Thomas Power O'Connor, the Home Rule member of Parliament for Galway, sails for New York on October 5th.

Parnell received an ovation at Dublin on Sunday on his return from Wicklow. The people unhorsed his carriage and dragged it to the Land League rooms, where an address was presented to him.

Great Britain.

London, Sept. 22nd.—The Princess Louise has returned here from the continent. She is about to make several farewell visits previous to her departure for Canada.

The story is brought by a spy from Herat that the British soldiers who were captured by Ayooop Kan's force in the disastrous Malwaid encounter were sold into slavery.

Tunis.

The French papers are again exciting the patriotic readers by wild prophecies of the approaching occupation of Tunis, the despatch of a whole corps d'armee to Africa, and the critical position of the Bey. The bey is on excellent terms with the French authorities; there is no intention of sending any large reinforcements to Tunis, and the occupation of the capital is certainly not contemplated or desired.

United States.

56,700 immigrants arrived in the United States in August.

Commodore Nicholson has been ordered to command the United States European Squadron.

CHICAGO, Sept. 18.—There is no doubt that the schooner D. Avan Valkenburg foundered on Thursday night, and all hands are lost except Thomas Brennan. The crew consisted of Captain Andrew Keith, first mate, second mate Richard Keith, and Seamen Hennessy, Curtis, Brennan, and an unknown man.

EAST SAGINAW, Mich., Sept. 17.—Micha. Crowley, a single man, about thirty years old, walked off a dock into the Saginaw River last night while drunk.

Topeka, Kas., Sept. 22.—The locomotive of a freight train between here and Puzons, on the Missouri Pacific, exploded yesterday, wrecking the engine and a dozen cars, and killing Geo. Adams, engineer; Simon Bailey, fireman; John Denny and O'Neill. The victims were blown one to two hundred yards, terribly mangled. Bailey's head was blown off and could not be found.

A train of thirty-five oil cars broke into three sections at Sterling Junction, New York, on Friday. The middle section ran into the forward portion of the train, breaking the car in two.

Canadian.

LUCAN September 19.—Two barns belonging to James Marr, on the 3rd con. McGillivray, five miles from Lucan, together with all the contents, were burned down this morning. Loss about \$2,000; insurance \$800.

St. Catharines, Sept. 20.—On Monday evening while a little boy named Wm. Devaney was handling a revolver to a boy named Crosby, to whom he had sold it, the weapon went off and the charge lodged in the neck of a nine-year-old boy named Athur Connors. The ball cannot be found and the result is uncertain.

The Grand Jury at the Assizes now being held at Orangeville has brought a true bill against McCormick, the man brought from Michigan on a charge of murder.

Major Timothy Ronan, a Waterloo veteran, and a hero of the Peninsular War, died on Tuesday at Guildford, aged 105 years. He has lived in Canada since 1832.

IN MEMORIAM.

Madame Elizabeth Tucker.

RELIGIOUS OF THE SOCIETY OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS, WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE AT THE ACADEMY OF THE SACRED HEART, NO. 1334 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, ON JULY 2ND, 1881.

On that memorable Saturday morning when the news of the attempted assassination of our honored President cast a gloom over the entire nation, filling every loyal heart with horror, another sad announcement (less wide-spread and important, it is true), but fraught with tender sorrow to many a loving friend, was whispered from lip to lip of the children of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the clients of His ever immaculate Mother.

"MADAME TUCKER IS DEAD!" Simple but impressive fact? Four little pathetic words which awoke in hundreds of souls the purest, tenderest memories of the grand old religious, who full of years and holy works, had passed in the early dawn of that July morning into the mighty dawn of God's Eternity!

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Madame Elizabeth Tucker was a woman possessed of the rarest gifts of nature and grace. Born in London in 1809 of an old and distinguished family, of which it was her boast that it had never, throughout all the tempests of royal persecution, swerved from the ancient faith (her father even as a little boy at a Protestant college, preferring to live on bread and water, and endure the jeers of his heretical school-masters, rather than break his abstinence on Fridays and Saturdays, and other days appointed by the Church)—Madame Tucker was sent for her education to Amiens, France, in which city she finally entered the Society of the Sacred Heart.

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all who unite with me in spirit to adore Thee. Vouchsafe, out of Thy great goodness, to hear and answer them, chiefly for that one among us who first shall end her mortal life. Sweet Heart of Jesus! pour into her heart in her death agony Thine inward consolations; take her within Thy sacred wounds; cleanse her from all stains in that furnace of love, that so Thou mayest soon open to her the gates of Thy eternal glory, there to intercede with Thee for all those who tarry yet in this land of exile!"

And when, beside the grave of Mother Tucker in the old cemetery at "Eden," fond memory recalls in tenderness and tears the well remembered voice enunciating (as it only could) that last pathetic prayer, the hearts of her bereaved children go up in one pleading petition to Jesu Corona Virginum; and, close at the feet of Our Lady of Dolours whom she, like St. Ignatius, loved so well the listening angels catch such words as these:

O Heart of Jesus! who hast gently pour'd Thy inward sweetness in this dying soul, Take her within Thy sacred wounds, dear Lord!

And keep her spirit in Thy safe control. Cleanse her from every stain. O Love divine! Deep in the furnace of Thy glowing Heart; Those gates of glory which, eternal shine Before her happy vision, rend apart!

That there, releas'd from pain and sad regret, Thy Heart's best treasures she may, ceaseless, share; And intercede for all who tarry yet, Poor exiles in a land of sin and care!

E. C. D. FEAST OF ST. ELIZABETH, July 23rd, 1881.

"THE THUNDERER" AMONG US.

Mr. Walter, M. P., is the proprietor of that organ of Cockney opinion which is supposed by the innocent Londoner to make the world tremble. This organ has been surnamed "The Thunderer" because it never thunders, but always mildly reflects the opinion of the winning side. It kicks sometimes, but always when its man is down. It used to be held in respect outside of London; but, since the telegram has come into general use, the "provinces" disregard the Voice, and their journalists have learned to think for themselves.

Mr. Walter has come amongst us; and, of course, a representative of the Herald rushes to meet him and, on bended knee, to jot down his oracular utterances. "When I open my lips, let no dog bark." It was a touching sight to see the meeting between this truly great Briton and the humble Herald man whose proprietor may yet succeed in hiring the uncle of a lord to "shake 'em up." The Herald man, having reverentially reflected that the Londoner might have been a Russian or a Prussian, or even an American, but that he was an Englishman, permitted himself to be overcome with admiration and fear. Upon this, Mr. Walter metaphorically extended the tip of his sceptre to the awe-struck Herald man. "I know the customs of the country," he said, with such sweet, sweet affability, that the Herald man, who had expected to "be shaken up" by a clap of Cockney thunder, made another salaam.

The interview began. If the reporter followed the policy of his paper, we may imagine him apologizing for introducing the low Irish into conversation. After this preliminary, he tremblingly asked Mr. Walter for his opinion on the Land Bill. In replying, Mr. Walter became sharp, almost stormy. The mention of the Irish exasperated him. Upon this, we can see the affrighted reporter starting back and saying, "I am not an Irishman, Sir"—it is said they address Mr. Bennett that august title in the Herald office—"I am a Dublin University man." Mr. Walter was mollified. "The Irish," he remarked, in a tone in which sorrow and anger struggled—"the Irish are very credulous, very ignorant and easily managed, and can easily be convinced by the people who live by this agitation that they are the most oppressed people on the face of the earth; and of course there isn't a particle of truth in that. There is nothing on the face of the earth to prevent an Irishman from being happy, if he will only work and not get drunk."

Nothing—except starvation, extortionate rents which make a man little better than a pauper on almshouse-land, evictions, and no justice. Nothing to make him unhappy—except grinding penury, absolute dependence on a despotic agent, slow death for his little ones, no future on earth for his grown-up sons and daughters, no hope in his own land—no hope at all if he does not leave it. Mr. Walter is not ignorant of the real state of Ireland. If he were a Dublin University man, hired to lie about his countrymen, his words would not seem remarkable; but, coming from the proprietor of the London Times, they imply a depth of wilful prejudice, bigotry and mental degradation which is appalling. Mr. Walter thinks that the Irish are "very credulous, very ignorant and easily managed." Mr. Froude, who hates the Irish as bitterly as Mr. Walter or the Herald, and who is doubtless the favorite historian of both, would not corroborate this. The Irish have never been credulous enough to accept the promises of Protestantism, or ignorant enough to be satisfied with the pittance which England has offered them from their own store. If Mr. Walter will consult Froude, he will discover that even the peculiar processes of the "scientific" historian can not show that the Irish are "easily managed." England has never been able to manage them. Henry II. could not manage them. They converted the Normans and made them more Irish than the Irish. Elizabeth, tigress regnant that she was, could not manage them. Cromwell tried it at Drogheda, and he who could coerce the English people and depose their king did not succeed. The Union itself, born of bribery and corruption, could not effectually bind Ireland to England. This Union bound to destroy. And yet the unfortunate Irish struggled. Mr. Gladstone's recent concessions are disapproved of by Mr. Walter. But would the English people, of whom Mr. Gladstone is the representative, grant this concession if the Irish were "easily managed"? The hardest problem that any Government has had to consider within the last hundred years is—as every man versed in politics knows—the management of the Irish people. Is it think that has peopled America with Irish immigrants and the sons of Irish immigrants, "the bone and sinew of the land"? The men and women whom one meets at Castle Garden after the arrival of a steamer do not look like

drunkards. They have come willing to be hewers of wood and drawers of water in a foreign land, rather than to suffer, like paupers, in their own—rather than to have their crusts doled out by a tyrannical landlord, and every extra potato in a good season made an excuse for an increase of rent.

Mr. Walter, in his light, airy, careless way—he is accustomed to settling the affairs of the world—declares that there is not a particle of truth in the impression of the Irish that they are the most oppressed people on the face of the earth. It is true that they have only of late begun to recover from penal laws which would have disgraced Russian administration in Poland. It is true that very lately they paid tithes, under the penalty of the law, to support a religious establishment which they regarded as heretical. It is true that to-day they worship in such houses of God as they have raised, while the churches built by their forefathers are in the hands of foreign intruders. It is true that their cries of hunger are unheard in England, which choked their industries, exiled their sons, made them beggars, that rents might flow the more quickly toward absentee landlords and corporations in London; deprived them of every right of human beings—even of that of self-defence; which gives them the Coercion Bill, and offers them half a loaf when they ask for their rights. All this is true; and yet this Cockney journalist, who would gauge Eternity by the sound of Bow Bells, and who patronizes the world in his stupid and bovine way, tells us that the Irish would be happy if they did not drink—that oppression is imaginary; that famine is imaginary; that exile is imaginary. He would have us believe that Home Rule is a phantasm of mania-a-potu, and that Emancipation and the Land Bill were soothing sop thrown to a nation which, having delirium tremens, dreamed she needed them!

"It's a curious thing," continued Mr. Walter, in that condescending manner which is traditional in the Times' office, Mr. Delane having learned it from Lord Palmerston, "that when the Irish come here they give an open lie to their previously-declared predilection for agricultural pursuits. They don't like to become farmers, but loaf about the big towns, keep whiskey shops, and do everything else but farm. On my last trip to America I met two Lincolnshire farmers who had done very well in Iowa. They had employed Germans, Danes, Swedes, Irishmen—all nationalities—as agricultural laborers, and the only ones, they told me, with whom they really had trouble were the Irish."

What have the English landlords left the Irish farmer who comes here? He does not say good-bye to the "old country" until hope is dim. He may have a few pounds, and these he lays out to the best advantage. But he does not loaf, although the opportunity to invest his little money in a whiskey-shop may prove enticing to him. He does what his hand finds to do, but it is always honest. Irishmen—and the records of the railroads and all corporations will bear this statement out—have done more hard work in the last fifty years than any other class of men in the country. Loaf! Mr. Walter may think he knows the customs of the country; but he does not know the people; if he expects them to swallow calumnies contradicted every day by their own experience. Mr. Walter's Lincolnshire farmers may have told the truth. An Irishman and a Lincolnshire farmer could not be expected to love each other. But, if Mr. Walter will make an attempt to dissipate his insular ignorance of America while he is here, by impartial observation, he will change his opinion of the working-qualities of the Irish in America. They have done two-thirds of the work of building up the material resources of the country. Many of them are enjoying a reward which was denied to their labors in that land which ought to be happy, according to Mr. Walter, under benign British rule.—Freeman's Journal.

A CABLEGRAM FROM MR. PARNELL TO PRES. COLLINS.

The Hon. P. A. Collins, President of the Land League of America, received the following cable despatch from Mr. Parnell, Sept. 18th, summing up the result of the Convention:

DUBLIN, Sept. 17th, 1881. To Collins, President Land League, Boston: The Convention has just closed after three day's session. Resolutions were adopted for national self-government, the unconditional liberation of the land for the people, tenants not to use the rent-fixing clauses of the land act, but to keep out of court and follow old Land League lines, and rely upon the old methods to reach justice. The executive of the league is empowered to select test cases, in order that tenants in surrounding districts may realize for themselves by the result of cases decided the hollowness of the act. The laborers' organization is merged in that of the tenants, who, with the artisans and traders, are banded together in one solid organization, and will not move forward for the freedom of Irish land, the development of Irish industries, and for Irish legislative independence. The direction of the movement here will probably claim my instant attention and my presence in Ireland for many months hence, rendering a visit to America unlikely. T. P. O'Connor and Mr. Dillon Eagan will sail for Boston early in October, and will represent my views and those of the Irish organization fully. (Signed) PARNELL.

OBITUARY.

We regret to chronicle the death of Mr. Daniel Sullivan, of the parish of Maidstone, which took place at his sister's residence, Mrs. Knox, in Detroit, on the 17th inst., after a few days' illness. The deceased was a young man aged 25 years, was a blacksmith by trade, and worked for some time past in Essex Centre. He was highly beloved and respected by all who knew him. His funeral was very largely attended. He was buried at Maidstone, amidst the tears of his relatives and friends. His friends wish to show their love and respect by erecting a monument to his memory. A subscription list is open and a considerable sum subscribed.

OFFICIAL. C. M. B. A. NOTES.

To the officers and members of the C. M. B. A.—There seems to be some misunderstanding about the amount Branches should transmit to their Supreme or Grand Records upon a death-call, under the present graded scale. In my communication of April 27th, 1881, published in the official organs, promulgating the amendments adopted by the convention held at Erie, Pa., I used this language: "Under the graduating scale the full amount received by the branches on each assessment should be transmitted to their Grand Supreme Records." I thought this language sufficiently plain to make all further enquiry unnecessary. By virtue of the new Beneficiary assessment law, members in the Association before its adoption went into effect, over the age of thirty-five years, are assessed the sum of \$1.00. They now pay that amount as an assessment and as a part of the beneficiary fund, and there is no law permitting branches to hold back the ten cents over the dollar paid, any more than there is permitting them to hold back the eighty-five cents over the dollar paid by a new member of the age of forty-five years and upwards. The adoption of the new graded scale of assessment repealed and abrogated all former laws inconsistent or conflicting with its terms and provisions, and the Association at large is now assessed and working under our constitution. The Supreme Council is the general guardian of the beneficiary fund under our present laws. It accumulates in its treasury, and is disbursed by its officers. Then in all matters affecting the Beneficiary fund, in the nature of things, the Supreme Council must be the final arbitrator. It will not permit Canada, Michigan or Pennsylvania to assess under one system and New York to assess under another; and it is the only body having power to correct such an evil. When Branches are in doubt about the construction of a law, they should apply to the officers of the Grand Council, and abide the decision. When grand officers are in doubt, they should apply to the officers of the Supreme Council, and abide the decision. It is only reasonable to expect as much obedience in the one case as in the other. There can now be no further room for misunderstanding in the matter, and payment of the full dollar and ten cents into the Supreme Treasury for each member so assessed and collected will be strictly enforced against Grand Councils and officers. J. T. KEENA, Supreme President.

Detroit, Sept. 20, 1881. The foregoing was explained in our C. M. B. A. notes at the time it became law, and our Grand Council and Canadian Branches have been working under it since. If other Grand Councils have not done so, the amount in arrears, by said non-compliance with our law, should be exacted. S. R. BROWN, Secretary Grand Council.

Durham, Sept. 22.—During the thunder storm which prevailed here this morning the barn of Mr. T. Hutton, about one mile from here, was struck by lightning, and, with its contents, totally consumed. Loss, about \$2,000; no insurance on either the machinery, crop or barn. When it was struck Mr. Hutton and other members of the family were near it, and were all paralyzed, but recovered in time to let loose the stock, and take precautions to save the house.

DIED. In this city, on the 24th Sept., Mary Gertrude Maude, fourth daughter of Peter McCann, Esq.

COMMERCIAL.

Table with columns: London Markets, GRAIN, and FLOUR AND FEED. Lists prices for various commodities like Wheat, Corn, Beans, etc.

Table with columns: LONDON STOCK MARKET, and LONDON OIL MARKET. Lists prices for various stocks and oils.

Table with columns: SKINS AND HIDES, and MISCELLANEOUS. Lists prices for various skins, hides, and other goods.

Table with columns: W. M. MOORE & CO. REAL ESTATE AGENTS, etc. Lists various real estate services and prices.

MILLINER WANTED. MILLINER WANTED—FOR MRS. F. GALLENA, 148 Dundas St.

TO THE FARMERS!

And Freeholders of Middlesex. IF YOU WISH TO INSURE YOUR PROPERTY in a sound and reliable company, insure in the old WESTERN OF CANADA.

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Rates as low as any reliable company. Prompt Payment in case of Loss. No Policy or Survey Fee Charged. No Premium Notes. Have nothing to do with travelling agents. Come or send direct to the old-established insurance Office, Albion Buildings, Richmond Street, London, opposite Bank of British North America.

ARTHUR WALLACE, F. B. BEDDOME, City Chancery. 155-1w Knabe PIANOFORTES, UNEQUALLED IN Tone, Touch, Workmanship, & Durability WILLIAM KNABE & CO. Nos. 204 and 206 West Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md. No. 112 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Wm. E. Marshall, the engraver on steel, who so distinguished himself by his admirable engravings of Lincoln and Grant, has just published through Oscar Marshall, of New York, two admirable likenesses of President Garfield, which have evidently been long in labor and are not a hasty catch at the market. The two portraits are first a profile which brings out admirably the projection of the countenance, and a nearly full face view; both strongly lined and expressive likenesses. We call special attention to the advertisement that appears in another column.