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The True Witness

ESTABLISHED IN 1844

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXIX.—NO. 34.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9, 1879.

TERMS: \$1.50 per annum
In advance.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

DEATH OF TWO SISTERS.—At the Convent of the Visitation Nuns, near Parkville, L. I., N. Y., the death of two Sisters—Sister Mary Clare Power and Sister Mary Teresa Sidell—occurred recently.

BISHOP FOLEY'S BROTHER.—The Rev. John Foley, brother to the late Bishop Foley of Chicago, Ill., is recovering, we are happy to state, from his recent severe illness, contracted while attending his brother.

The *Reichszeitung* of Bonn states that the two last of the "Old" Catholic students in the Faculty of Theology have returned to the fold of the Church, so that there is every prospect of the eleven professors of that faculty seeing empty benches before them.

Don Carlos, according to the Union, recently made a pilgrimage to the Conciergerie, descending, there, into the dungeon where Marie Antoinette was confined, and reverently pressing his lips to the crucifix which received the last kiss of the hapless Queen.

The Marquis de Ripon, who was here for some months as chief of the English Commissioners on the Alabama claims, and who subsequently became a Catholic, states that he is indebted for his conversion to the writings of Doctor (now Cardinal) Newman.

DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP PURCELL'S SISTER.—Miss Kate Purcell, a maiden sister of the Archbishop, died on March 12th at the Orphan Asylum of St. Peter's, at the age of eighty-four years. She had never taken any of the sacred vows, though her long life was filled with good works.

THE NEW YORK CATHEDRAL.—The Gregorian will be the music rendered at the opening of the New St. Patrick's Cathedral, in New York city, in May next. The musical portion of the services will be rendered by the Sanctuary Choir of the Church of St. Paul, Fifty ninth street, New York, under the direction of Father Young, C. S. P.

On Monday, March 17th, Right Rev. John J. Keane, Bishop of Richmond, was invited by the clerks of the Virginia House of Delegates to open that body with prayer during the present week. This is the first time that a similar invitation has been extended by that body to a Catholic prelate within the recollection of the oldest attendee of the House.

The bill now passed, which will strain will soon become law, wipes out an old stain on the intelligence and justice of Massachusetts. In the Senate, Mr. John D. Martin, of Boston, ably cared for the bill; and in the House its passage was secured by the excellent judgment of Mr. Mellen, and the able and ever-generous support of Judge Russell, of Boston. —*Boston Pilot.*

CATHOLIC EDUCATION IN FRANCE.—The report that M. Herold, Prefect of the Seine, had informed the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris that lay teachers were about to be put in the place of the ecclesiastics in all the schools of the capital is contradicted. The *Revue Religieuse* states positively that neither by word nor writing has any such communication been made to Mgr. Guibert.

The Detroit *Home Journal* states that a private individual has presented to the church of St. Peter and Paul, in that city, a beautiful chime of bells, which cost \$3,000. The largest weighs 2,800, all together, 9,800 pounds. They will be named Sacred Heart, Immaculate Conception, St. Joseph, St. Peter and Paul, St. Ignatius, St. Francis Regis, St. Francis Hieronymus, St. Aloysius and St. Stanislaus.

Leo XIII. has made a valuable addition to the Vatican Library in the shape of 135 volumes of the *Moniteur Universel* of Paris, containing the continuous issue of that newspaper, without a break, from the day of the publication of its first number on the 15th of November, 1789, to the end of the year 1861. The volumes were offered for sale at a recent auction at the starting price of \$400. The Pope gave an unlimited commission, and they were knocked down to him at \$800.

MEASURES IN BEHALF OF POLISH CATHOLICS.—The Roman correspondent of the *Pilot* says:—"It is said that the Holy Father, in conjunction with Cardinal Nina, the Secretary of State, is striving to bring to an end the violent measures to which the Catholic Church is subject in the kingdom of Poland. Sad reports have been received at the Vatican concerning the state of Catholics in that country, and urgent messages have been sent to St. Petersburg, in order to induce the Russian Government to enter upon a path of conciliation towards the Polish Catholics, and to end the miseries of which they complain."

GROWTH OF RELIGIOUS EQUALITY IN MASSACHUSETTS.—A bill, introduced by Representative Mellen, of Worcester, has passed to its last stages in the Massachusetts Legislature, giving liberty of worship to Catholic inmates of State charitable and reformatory institutions. It will be remembered that similar liberty was granted to inmates of the Massachusetts State Prison four years ago. The first successful movement in this direction was made by Senator M. J. Flatley, of Boston, who carried his bill through both houses, and saw it become a law in 1875. Mr. Flatley's bill at first included all State institutions; but the prejudice of legislators was so intense at that time, that to obtain even the remnant of fair play he had to cut down the just demand. For his faithful and memorable services in the Senate of Massachusetts, Mr. Flatley possesses and deserves the confidence and gratitude of the public.

Pope Leo's Change of Policy.
The *Vocella Verita* makes the following comments on the remarks, made by some of the Liberal papers of Europe, on the present attitude of the Holy Father:
"A number of liberal papers have stated and still continue to do so that the Holy Father has changed his policy, and has entrenched himself behind the 'Non Possumus,' and the claims of the temporal power, in consequence of a pressure brought to bear upon him by Cardinal Manning or by the French Episcopate."
—In California it is proposed to pass around a pledge as follows:—"I do pledge my honor as a truthful and honest man that I will not patronize 'coolie' labor or any person who employs such labor, and that I will make diligent inquiry when purchasing any commodity; and this pledge I take without mental reservation."

"We are in a position to deny in the most formal manner, the above fact invented by the Liberal press with an object not difficult to understand."
"Pope Leo XIII., like his predecessor Pius IX., has always protested and will protest until he is restored, as right and justice demand, in the dignity and freedom of the Holy See."

To these remarks the Paris *Univers* adds the following:
"As may be seen, this denial, which the *Agence Havas* has given in a most obscure manner, contains two points: First, the Holy Father has not changed his policy, because he has never had any other than that of his predecessors. Secondly, he has never received nor does he need to receive any advice or pressure from Cardinal Manning or the French episcopate."
Liberal papers are forever carrying on their sorry trade, which is to mislead public opinion.

Spain and the Holy See.

We have received the following from Rome:—During the last few days great interest has been felt in Rome concerning the formation of the new Spanish Ministry, and the more because Spain is a country which, amidst all the revolutionary movements which are sapping the foundations of society in other lands, keeps to a line which is more or less conservative. Great satisfaction, therefore, was felt here when the news arrived that the new Cabinet, even more conservative in its composition than its predecessor, furnished a new guarantee for the maintenance of that spirit and policy which cannot but conduce to the welfare of such a country as Spain.

And another source of gratification has been the admirable conduct of the Spanish Ambassador to the Holy See, Senor Cardenas, in refusing the offer of the portfolio for Foreign Affairs. For it would have been felt as a great loss in Rome if this personage, whose excellent qualities have gained for him the esteem and respect of all who have come in contact with him, had been removed from his present post.

The Sees of Dublin and Ardagh.

The ordinary telegraphic agency made an announcement, on Thursday, that the Most Rev. Dr. McCabe had been appointed Archbishop of Dublin and Primate of Ireland, and that the Most Rev. Dr. Woodlock, Rector of the Catholic University, had been appointed to the see of Ardagh. The announcement was true. The Holy Father had actually named both distinguished ecclesiastics to the vacancies created by the death of Cardinal Cullen and the late learned Bishop Conroy, Apostolic Delegate to Canada. We know that universal satisfaction will have followed the selection, although Dr. Woodlock did not appear in the list forwarded to Rome from the midland see. Dr. McCabe who now wears the dignity of an office whose duties he has discharged for some time, has the love of his people. He is about 65 years of age, and was born in Dublin. He was educated in the Rev. Dr. Doyle's School, SS. Michael and John's, an institution once famous for its pupils. From thence he went to Maynooth, where he passed through the curriculum with considerable honour, and was ordained in 1839 by the Most Rev. Archbishop Murray. His first mission was the curacy of Clontarf, which he held till 1853. In the meantime he had become familiarly known to the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, who was struck by his abilities, and the archbishop attached him to the staff of the Cathedral parish, of which he soon became administrator. Then he was transferred to the metropolitan parish of St. Nicholas—having the rank of Canon—and while here he displayed his vigour by the erection of fine schools. During this period he was named Vicar General. In 1862 the parish of Kings-town became vacant, and was bestowed upon him by his admiring friend and superior, the archbishop. It was in this growing resort that he found full scope for his energies. Everything was deficient—church accommodation, clerical aid, and all that was necessary to the spiritual welfare of the flock. He completed St. Patrick's, Monkstown, a building radiant with beauty, rebuilt his own church of St. Michael, provided St. Joseph's, Glashtule, and created schools, convents, orphanages and hospitals with astounding rapidity. No one knew where the resources came from; they seemed to grow by invisible means; and the great priest, with such quiet power did he work, seemed merely to put forth his hand and stately edifices rose up. He disliked public life, and kept away from it; yet he was the most potent force in Kings-town. The spell of his quiet strength infused itself into the daily life of the parish. When Cardinal Cullen grew weak in health, and was prevailed upon to seek the aid of an assistant, his choice at once fell upon Mgr. McCabe. That choice was ratified by the priests of the archdiocese when his Eminence passed away, and the Holy Father has now set his immovable seal upon it. Mgr. Woodlock has a record. He was connected with the Missionary College of All Hallows when he was requested to undertake the presidency of the Catholic University, and although he shrank from a post of such prominence his spirit of obedience overcame his reluctance. The success of the institution under his control and guidance is a proof of his capacity, and the historic see of Ardagh will be blessed in having so zealous, warm-hearted, and able a prelate. The professional staff and students of the University will bid him adieu with profound emotion, but they honour him too deeply to regret that years of so much loyalty and fruitful labor have been crowned by so glorious a reward.

IRISH NEWS.

The Parsonstown, Midleton, Sligo, Gweedard and Banbridge Poor Law Boards have adopted petitions in favour of Mr. A. M. Sullivan's Early Closing Bill.

The Killala, Antrim, Cavan, and Newry Boards of Guardians have resolved to petition Parliament in favour of Mr. A. M. Sullivan's Bill for closing publichouses at an earlier hour on Saturdays.

A frightful occurrence took place at Dromose, near Mallow, resulting in the death of one child, and fearful injury to another. The mother of the children had gone mad and in her frenzy committed the act.

The Letterkenny, Carrick-on-Suir, Loughrea, Carlow, Edenderry, and Ballina Boards of Guardians, have adopted petitions in favour of Mr. A. M. Sullivan's Bill for closing publichouses at an early hour on Saturdays.

THE SATURDAY EARLY CLOSING BILL.—A Licensed Victuallers' Association has recently been formed in Carlow for the purpose of protecting themselves against the Saturday Early Closing Bill. Nearly all the victuallers of Carlow are members of the association.

HEAVY LOSS BY LIVER DISEASE IN COUNTY CLARE.—Within the past few months it is estimated that no less than 15,000 sheep have succumbed to the disease known as "liver disease" in this county, and the loss thus sustained is put down at between £30,000 and £40,000.

SAD CASE OF DROWNING.—A few weeks ago three men, named Sharkey, Conolly, and Healy, went out fishing on Lough Gara, Co. Roscommon, during a storm and have not been heard of since. The boat bottom upwards, and three hats were found floating in the point of Anungh.

DEATH OF A BRAVE IRISHMAN.—Commodore William Davies, late of the Indian Navy, died at his residence, The Garland, Malrow, from the effects of illness contracted by him in the service during the Indian Mutiny. The funeral cortege was the largest and most respectable seen there for many years.

ILLICIT DISTILLATION IN COUNTY DOWN.—At the Newry Petty Sessions (before Mr. McCullagh, R.M., and some of the local magistrates), John O'Hare was charged with having on illicit still on his premises at Lisduff, near Newry, on the 8th March. After hearing the evidence, the bench imposed a fine of £6. The fine was paid.

MELANCHOLIC BOATING ACCIDENT AT MALAHIDE.—A most melancholy accident occurred near Malahide, by which two young gentlemen, students in the Bective College, Rutland square, came by their death. Their names were Mr. Willie Todd, aged about 18 years, son of Mr. Andrew Todd, of Warrenstown House, Sutton, proprietor of the mill at Jones's road, and Mr. Charles Woods, aged 18, son of the Rev. Dr. Woods, of Bective College.

A CURIOUS DISCOVERY.—A young man, while employed ploughing a field in a village called Spottstown, within a few miles from Monaghan, ploughed up some ancient ornaments which are evidently valuable. The golden ornaments had the appearance of ladies' cloak fasteners used some centuries ago, while the appearance of the rings would suggest to one that a likeness existed between them and the ring money which formerly circulated in this country. The gold which is contained in the first-mentioned articles is worth £4.

A FEMALE WATERLOO VETERAN.—At the Ballina Petty Sessions recently before A. M. Mitchell, Esq., R.M., an intelligent old woman, named Strogue, an army pensioner's widow, was brought up on a small debt case. Court:—I have a note from the clerk, saying you were at Waterloo. I suppose your husband was there? Mrs. Strogue:—Yes, and I was—and myself. Court:—You there! Mrs. S.:—Indeed I was, and went over the field to look for my husband after the battle. Court:—What brought you out there? Mrs. S.:—I went out with my husband. At the close of the case, which she conducted very cleverly herself, and got a decree, the court complimented her upon her intelligence. She is 87 years of age.

MAYNOOTH COLLEGE AND THE DUKE OF LEINSTER.—A report having gained some circulation that the Duke of Leinster had served the authorities at Maynooth College with notice to quit, we, on inquiry, are in a position to state that the rumour is but partially correct. It appears that his Grace some time ago had drawn up a certain form of lease, the condition of which all the tenants on his estates, with the exception of the College, accepted. When the latter was communicated with on the subject with respect to a small piece of land, consisting of about three fields, which they held from the Duke, the Bursar replied that he was unable to agree to the proposed lease till the meeting of the governing board in June. Mr. Hamilton, the agent of his Grace, as the gale day was in the present month, served the College with a notice to quit with respect to the three fields before mentioned, but appended to the document a note to the effect that if the lease were agreed to the notice would be withdrawn.

Cardinal Newman and the Irish People.

The *Dublin Nation* recently published an able review of Dr. Newman's life, from which we extract the following:—
When the Irish Catholic bishops determined to oppose the Queen's Colleges—institutions that were directed as much against Irish nationality as against the faith of the people—they resolved to found a Catholic University. And in order that its arrangements should be on a level with the requirements and the experience of the age, they applied to the great Oxford scholar to take charge of its foundation, and to become its first head. He consented, and established the university, governing it during the first years of its existence, and giving it the form, and even the regulations, which it has preserved to the present day. "This is not the

place to enter into details on this subject. We will only say that all that has happened during the last twenty years demonstrated that if the university has not been a success, this has not been owing to any lack of forethought, skill, or prudence on the part of its great founder. We will also remind our readers that one of the first academic acts of Dr. Newman was to establish the Chair of Irish Archaeology, to which he appointed Eugene O'Curry. From the first moment of his connection with the undertaking till he left Ireland—nay, long after his departure from amongst us—he continued to manifest the liveliest interest in all the studies connected with the Irish language and history, and to foster them in every way in his power. It is to his liberality that we owe the publication of the successive series of O'Curry's lectures, a most valuable contribution to our early history. Nor was it thus only that Dr. Newman showed his warm sympathy for the people whom he had come to assist in building up a great educational edifice. But in lectures and sermons, in short essays and more serious dissertations, he manifested his appreciation of our people in language of burning eloquence and glowing over with poetic feeling. Ireland will not forget that John Henry Newman, breaking with all the prejudices of his early Protestant education and Tory associations, did her ample justice. And now she feels that the honor done to him reflects to some extent honor upon herself. For had he not the largest share in helping to re-knit her educational traditions, broken for centuries, and to make a vigorous stand for her educational nationality and independence? And when hereafter men will point to Cardinal Newman with pride and reverence, she can remind them that he was the chief founder and first Rector of her Catholic University.

Dr. Newman read the article and wrote the following letter to the Editor of the *Nation*.

THE ORATORY, Birmingham,
March 9, 1879.

Dear Sir—I have just received the *Nation*, and have to thank you for the very kind notice of me you have inserted in its columns. It is a great pleasure and satisfaction to me to have in any degree gained the kind feeling and good will of the Irish people, whom I have sincerely wished to serve. Your faithful servant,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.

To the Editor of the *Nation* newspaper.

Ireland's Patriot Graves.

An able lecture, of which the following is a synopsis, was recently delivered in St. Teresa's Church, New York, by an Irish priest, the Very Rev. M. A. Hunt, of the Oblate Fathers, in England, at present on a visit to this country:—When "Charles the Fat," the grandson of Charlemagne, was in power, two Irish monks visited France. One of them persuaded the other to appear with him in the public market place as wisdom-sellers, and having been summoned by Charles, they announced that their mission was to preserve, in a God-forsaken people, the law of Mount Sinai. There is a glory that is national, and a martyrdom that is national. Ireland is the fruitful mother of martyrs and heroes. One of the things that Ireland boasts of is liberty, which God gave her, and of which she was deprived, but only for a time. The first grave to be noticed in that of Brian Boroiuine, whose struggle was like that in our own times, was "happy homes and altars free," and whose remains rest in the cathedral at Armagh. He fell at Clontarf on Good Friday, in the year 1014, when his army, numbering at the commencement of the battle 20,000, drove the enemy into the sea. This battle gave freedom to Ireland. The men who fell at Clontarf did not die in vain. No man dies in vain who falls for God or country. The period between Godfrey of Tyrconnell, and Art McMurrough was full of great victories for Ireland. Then we come down to the days of the Geraldines and Silken Thomas, the ancestor of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Situated amid the "short grass" of the county of Kildare, is the bloody field of Mullaghmast, a name connected with more infancy than any in the world for centuries. Four hundred of the Irish nobility, with one exception, were invited to assemble under the guise of hospitality, and were treacherously murdered. The one who escaped suspected the treachery in time to flee. The next grave to be noticed is on the southern shore of Lough Swilly, in the ruins of an abbey dedicated to "Our Lady of Mount Carmel." Here are associated the histories of Hugh O'Neill of the Red Hand, and Hugh O'Donnell. Hugh O'Neill died in Rome and was buried in the jacobinism in the Church of the Franciscan Fathers. Then came the "Plantation" of Ireland under Cromwell. Ireland then gave another martyr in Owen Roe O'Neill. On the banks of the Shannon, at Thomond Bridge, in Limerick, is the celebrated treaty stone that stands as another evidence of English perfidy. It tells the history of the "Wild Geese" who fled from Ireland rather than submit to oppression. Coming down to 1798 we find Lord Edward Fitzgerald, a man endowed with the delicacy of a woman and the courage of a lion; Wolfe Tone, the men of Antrim and Down, and glorious Wexford, with its Fathers Roche and Murphy, and, towering above all, Robert Emmet—a name so pure and so holy to Ireland that any speaker approaches it with reverential awe. The year 1848 was one memorable in Irish annals, when this country earned the lasting gratitude of the Irish race by taking the guns off the *Alcedonia* and *Jamestown*, and freighting them with a precious burden to save the starving people of Ireland. The lecturer spoke of O'Connell, Mitchell, Davis, Meagher, Dillon, McManus, Doherty, and the other noted men of 1848, after which he alluded to the martyrs Allen, Larkin, O'Brien and Barrett, in the movement of 1865, and said in conclusion that the records of Ireland's history will be consumed to ashes on the day of general judgment before the memories of these men shall be forgotten.

SCOTCH NEWS.

McDonald, a Scotchman, is the favorite of the King of Burmah.

John Dunn, the henchman of the negro King Cotywayo, is a Scotchman.

Fourteen inches of snow fell at Greenock and neighbourhood. A snow-plough had to be used clearing the lines of the local railways. The storm is the severest which has occurred at this season for twenty years.

The School Board poll in Pollokshaws shows at the head of the list the two Catholic candidates—the Rev. B. Tracey, with 1973 votes, and Mr. Alexander Crum, of Thornliebank, with 1626 votes. The others lagged far behind.

A large new purifying house at Paisley gas works, having double iron roof, fell with a frightful crash and is totally destroyed. The damage is estimated at several thousand pounds. It was fared Paisley would be in darkness on Saturday.

The Rev. Thomas Keane, of Irvine, Galloway, Scotland, was the recipient of an address and purse of money from the Catholics of Kelwinning, in acknowledgment of his great services to them. Mr. O. Marten read the address and Father Crawford made some happy remarks.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN GLASGOW.—The festival of St. Patrick was observed by St. Alphonsus parish by a supper held in the Coat Exchange Restaurant, at which upwards of 60 of the leading Catholic residents assembled. The chair was occupied by the respected parish priest, Father McEgan, supported right and left by the Rev. Alexander McDonnell, S. J., Messrs. J. Mullin, and E. Williamson, senior; the duties of croupier were ably discharged by Mr. McKernan, assisted by Father Gouffroy and Mr. J. Reynolds.

Mr. PARNELL IN GLASGOW.—Mr. Farnell, M.P., addressing a large meeting of Home Rulers in the City Hall, Glasgow, said Irishmen in England were in the centre of the enemy's camp, but could make their power felt in school board or Parliamentary elections. At the next general elections they could be of inestimable service to their country at home. He thought that Home Rulers and Nationalists could work for the good of Ireland, each on their own lines. Home Rule was a compromise, but if that was refused much longer Irishmen would take their stand upon the just rights of Ireland.

City of Glasgow Bank.

LONDON, April 2.—On the 14th of last month the Liquidators of the City of Glasgow Bank asked the Court of Session to issue an order authorizing them to enforce the payment of the first call levied upon shares to meet the liabilities of the bank. They stated in their application that the total number of shareholders was 1,278, of whom 715 have made default in payment due from them. The Court issued an order, but it being found that very little could be obtained from these shareholders, the 562 still solvent shareholders are now to be required to pay a second call on their shares, which is at the rate of \$11,250 per share of \$500. It is thought that a considerable number of these shareholders will be wholly unable to pay, and will be completely ruined.

Solar Cooking.

Mr. Mouchot's apparatus for cooking by means of solar heat has attracted much attention in Paris. It consists of a truncated cone mounted on a stand similar to the tripod of a level, so constructed that the axis of the cone can be adjusted to suit the position of the sun; the inner surface of the cone is polished, reflecting the rays of the sun toward the axis of the cone, where a glass cylinder is placed, serving as a receptacle for the water that is to be distilled or the food that is to be cooked. With a cone sixteen inches in diameter and ten inches high, Mouchot has succeeded in cooking beef in three hours and thirty minutes in France, while only the hours were required in Algeria; poultry was cooked in twenty-five minutes in France, and twenty in Algeria.

Newspapers in the United States.

In 1770 there were in the United States but 37 newspapers of all grades; seven were in Massachusetts, four in New York, and nine in Pennsylvania. One was a semi-weekly, the remainder were weeklies. To-day there are over 8,000 newspapers of all grades published in the country. New York has the largest number, Pennsylvania next, and Massachusetts ranks seventh or eighth. A hundred years ago there was a paper printed for every 30,000 inhabitants; now one to every 5,000. Three years ago the combined circulation of all the journals in the United States amounted to over 1,250,000. On an average for the five years preceding 1876, there were six newspapers started every day, but the actual increase in the number during the time was only about 2,000. The remainder died from various causes.

Treasonable Documents.

(New York Sun.)
Documents of a treasonable character have been discovered on an Irishman, who was on March 17th sentenced to a month's imprisonment at Newcastle-under-Lyme for assault. One of the papers contained rules and regulations for the management of the North of England Division of the I. R. B., and referred to the formation of a military organization, the secret arming of members, and the secret accumulation of war material. Another document, issued by order of "The Executive," had a foot note directing its immediate destruction after perusal, and contained the following paragraph:—"Let the universal satisfaction at our enemy's recent humiliating defeat by despised opponents stimulate us to exertions which shall hasten

our opportunity to strike also. A Cotywayo with unnamed followers would never have staggered the prestige or curbed the insolence of England. Arm, Ireland, and 'Rourke's Drift' nearer home may shake the empire to its base." The Magistrate sent the papers to the Home Secretary.

PROTECTION.

What an Honest Reform Paper Says.
The *Whitty Chronicle* (Reform) puts to blush the dishonesty of some of the contemporaries in saying:—"Whatever the defects of the new tariff, and however heavily the burden of the increased taxation may bear upon them, the majority of the people appear willing to accept them, and to be actuated by a spirit of patriotism in giving the new policy a fair trial. It will take some time to be able to speak as to the results, but meanwhile all are hopeful that the change is one for the better, that manufactures will increase and flourish, prices rise, and business generally become prosperous."

What They Said in the Last Century.

Our Free Trade friends should have lived in the eighteenth century. In 1710 the British House of Commons declared by resolution "that the establishment of manufactures in the colonies tends to destroy their connection with the Mother Country." In 1732 a bill was passed prohibiting the export of leather and felt goods from the colonies where they were manufactured, and also prohibiting their shipment from one part of the colony to another. In 1750 the colonies were prohibited from erecting smelting furnaces under a penalty of £200. Mills were declared to be public nuisances, and the Governors of colonies ordered to raze them. The Imperial policy in those days, like the Free Trade policy to-day, was to confine the colonists to the pastoral calling and force them to be the consumers of British-made goods.

Catholic Chaplains in the English Fleet.

In the House of Commons on Monday, Mr. O'Reilly asked the First Lord of the Admiralty what steps have been taken to carry out the intention of the Admiralty with regard to meeting the spiritual wants of the Roman Catholic seamen, as stated by him on 15th March, 1878, when he said: "It will be the duty of the Admiralty to endeavor to make such provision by attaching a Roman Catholic clergyman to a fleet of say five or six ships operating at a distance from its base or from any port, and if there should be no hospital ship it would not be difficult to provide for the accommodation of a chaplain in the ship." Mr. W. H. Smith—"The Commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean was directed to give effect to the Admiralty minutes laid before Parliament. I have received a telegram from him from Ismailia, dated the 14th of March. He says, with reference to the Roman Catholic chaplains, that the Board minute has been carried out, that the squadron has not been absent from the ports where the services of the Roman Catholic chaplains were available except for a short time, and that Roman Catholic officers and men have attended divine service whilst in port."

The Chinese.

The Chinese are reported as making trouble in Tahiti, not only in the way they have done it in California, New Zealand, Australia, and elsewhere, but also in other and peculiar respects. They have introduced opium smoking, to which the natives threaten to become addicted to an alarming extent. Concubinage is another feature they have grafted upon Tahitian society. This they did also in the Sandwich Islands, where, by reason of the scarcity of women, it has caused especial indignation. The labor market in the Society Islands is limited, and the Chinese are mostly in business for themselves; but being able to live on less their white competitors, who are mainly French, the retail trade is rapidly passing wholly into their hands. Whatever market there is for labor, they also monopolize. Formerly the vessels sailing around the island had white cooks, but now they are Chinese. The Government has been petitioned for measures to remedy this state of things. It is proposed, as it was in California, to prohibit the Celestials from owning real estate or transacting business without paying heavily for license.

Alcohol.

Dr. Willard Parker sums up his views on the temperance question in five conclusions: First—There is a wide distinction, which ought to be recognized by temperance reformers, between fermented and distilled liquors. In fermented liquor alcohol is found in its natural chemical combination; in distilled liquor it is found pure and simple. In the one case it may be employed in diet and regarded only as a medicine, and as a dangerous one, to be used only with caution. Fermented liquors include ale, beer, cider, and the various wines. Second—If men would use pure fermented liquors in moderate quantities, as a condiment, and only in connection with their meals, the use need not be harmful, and at least in the case of those past the middle life might be beneficial. Therefore the State ought to license only real inns, and for the sale of fermented liquors alone. Third—Total abstinence is a good thing for everybody, because the use of even fermented liquors is dangerous, in that in some individuals, especially in those who inherit a tendency to intemperance, it creates or awakens an appetite for drink, and healthy persons do not need them. Fourth—Distilled liquors are deadly. Their use is productive of more disease, physical, mental, and moral, than that of any known agent, and produces an immeasurably greater number of untimely deaths. Fifth—Distilled liquor is an indispensable medicine, but its sale should be confined to drug stores, and not the prescription of a physician.

REDMOND O'HANLON

An Historical story of the Cromwellian Settlement.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

"What, then, do his statements, as they affect me, amount to? ... "That Kathleen Fitzpatrick is not what I supposed her to be; what my father believed her to be, when he encouraged me to win her affections. ... "Kathleen Fitzpatrick, instead of being what I supposed, one of the largest fortunes in Ireland, is solely dependent for a dowry upon the good feeling of her aunt, a lady so young in years, and so jovial in disposition, that the great probability is, she will marry again. ... "It is well I have not committed myself with any formal declaration of love—without a regular proposal of marriage; and if I had," said Lord Arran, with some bitterness of feeling, and stings of selfish vanity—"remembering what happened to-day, there is a chance that the son of the Lord Lieutenant would have been rejected by a portionless country girl! ... "As it is, I am free, and I can cast back my eyes upon the past without reproach. I can, therefore, as a disinterested person, look to the circumstances disclosed in this letter, not as they reach me, but as they touch the interests of Kathleen. ... "Rich or poor, she is a lovely girl, and is worthy of having a friend, though I cannot sacrifice myself, my position, and my prospects, by becoming her husband. ... "If I believe this letter-writer, there are two persons, either of whom being living, she has not the smallest claim upon the property to which rumour had declared her to be entitled. ... "Either of these claimants, as a matter of course and right, will dispossess her. ... "And yet, let me think; if her claim be, as I fear it is, without a shadow of foundation, or a probability of success, how comes it that there is some dark undescribed conspiracy against her—a conspiracy in which that other girl's name is mentioned, in which the tall, black-joking Amazonian's father is a participator? or how is it that my father, the Lord Lieutenant, an actor in the affairs of Ireland for the last forty years, who must have known old Colonel Fitzpatrick, and must have heard the strange story of the son; how happens it, that he, so grave, so reserved, so cautious, so far-seeing, and so prudent, should have recommended me to seek for this young girl's hand, because with that hand would be transferred to her husband the richest lands and the finest fortune in Ireland? ... "There must be in all these inexplicable combinations of circumstances some state secret, which I have not the experience to comprehend, nor the wit to fathom. ... "One safe conclusion as regards myself I can deduce from it all, and that is, to be guarded in my advances—not to commit myself by word or look with Miss Kathleen Fitzpatrick; to act as the young lady herself has already told me she wishes I should conduct myself—that is, as a very well-behaved young gentleman—not to act the lover, but the friend. ... "With the knowledge I have of the maiden's expectations, it will not be necessary to repeat the warning; at least, I shall consult my father before I turn another compliment to her beauty. ... "Heigh ho! I wish she had the fortune she was represented to possess; for after all, I find I love her more than I wish; and that she has got such a hold on my affections, that I shall not be able, without a long and painful struggle, to shake her off. ... "God! I have her too much to wed her to the worst of all kinds of penury—poverty and a life. ... "I will sacrifice for her everything but myself; rather than make her my wife, without a fortune, I will endure the pangs of absence, the pain of regret, and many long nights of inconsolable sorrow. ... "Here are noble, generous resolutions. I must watch myself, or I shall never have the strength to keep them. ... "Meanwhile, what advice should I give to this fair maiden with respect to this anonymous letter? ... "To treat it seriously, or as a fabrication? ... "If I desire her to look upon it in a serious light, then I must always advise her to show the letter to Lady Diana; and the instant she finds any danger threatens her niece, or herself, through her niece, then she will—I know her well—at once fly to England; and so deprive me of these thousand agreeable tele-grams, and of the chance of becoming the husband of Kathleen, supposing Kathleen should eventually become possessed of a great fortune. ... "On the other hand, if I treat it altogether as a fabrication, Kathleen is too shrewd and sharp-witted to be blinded by me. I should lose the confidence she now reposes in me. ... "What then, is to be done? To say that the matter is not so serious as that it is necessary to alarm her aunt about it; but that one useful lesson may be drawn from it—to be more cautious for the future; not to go abroad; never to venture outside the park-walls without a strong armed escort, and to allege as a reason for this, an unusual attack of nervousness caused by the alarming reports she has heard of the fearful exploits of Redmond O'Hanlon. Yes, that will do; and meanwhile I have the advantage of possessing a secret in common with the enchantress Kathleen, a circumstance of no slight importance, should subsequent events render it desirable for me, and beneficial as regards herself, that I should publicly become a suitor for her hand. Yes, that will do; and now for the fair Kathleen, and a sonata in the drawing-room—an excellent whet for one of the amiable Diana Massey's luxurious dinners. ... "Lord Arran was thus thinking upon his future plans, as he advanced towards the mansion, when he suddenly found his steps arrested by a fashionable and handsome dame, who seemed approaching to the middle age, and whose mature beauties were on the present occasion heightened by the hectic flush in her cheek, and the more brilliant light in her jet black eyes. "Oh, my Lord, my Lord!" she cried, in a voice of alarm, "what a horrid country is this we live in! better to be a man than a woman in Ireland. They do not run away with men, and they do with women. Oh, the horrid Irish!" ... "The difference in Ireland between men and women," said Lord Arran, smiling, "is this; the men capture the women, but the women act with still greater cruelty, for they not only captivate the men, but sometimes kill them with their cruelty." ... "My Lord of Arran, this is no time for jesting," said Lady Diana Massey. "I have been informed that this moment of a frightful case of abduction; and you must have seen, no later than last Monday, the lady upon whom this awful outrage has been perpetrated." ... "An abduction—on Monday last—I must have seen the lady. I entreat of you, Lady Diana, speak more plainly; for at present, all I can say is, that I am utterly at a loss to comprehend the cause for your alarm."

"The lady I allude to is, as I am informed, a Miss Judith Lawson—a person of low birth, but large fortune." ... "Judith Lawson!" exclaimed Lord Arran. "Why, she has been before now the subject of conversation in this very spot. Strange that a name before unthought of, or unknown, should on a sudden be mixed up with events that may affect the whole future course and action of a life. What of Miss Judith Lawson; for I certainly did see her at the race-course on last Monday?" ... "I have just received a letter," said Lady Diana; "in which it is stated that Miss Lawson was, on her way home, attacked by Redmond O'Hanlon's gang near Drogheda; that her female attendants, and her two male servants, who were in waiting upon her, were robbed of their horses and money, but not otherwise injured; whereas Miss Lawson, not carried off, and it is now supposed, concealed in some of Redmond O'Hanlon's hiding places—but what will become of her no one knows, and no one can ever guess. ... "She may be detained to be the hundred-and-first wife of O'Hanlon, or she may be retained for the purpose of being sold to some poor royalist, on account of her large fortune; or she may be merely kept in safe custody for the purpose of extorting for her release a large ransom from her father, who is reported to be enormously rich. Whatever be her destiny, one cannot but pity the fate of the poor girl, and shudder to think what would be the lot of what in the world, for instance, would become of me, my Lord, if I were to find myself made the hundred-and-second wife of Mr. Redmond O'Hanlon?" ... "That you would find Mr. Redmond O'Hanlon for once in his life telling the truth," said Lord Arran, "and on his knees making, if you required it, his solemn oath, that his hundred-and-second wife surpassed in beauty all the hundred-and-one charmers who had preceded her." ... "Oh! it is all very well for you men to joke on such a subject; but for a poor, lone, and not very old woman as I am, the thought of such a terrible termination to one's career is enough to freeze the very soul in one's body with terror. At least," said Lady Diana, "I will not submit to it. I will not stay a week longer in this abominable, inhuman, woman-persecuting country. Before I am two days older, Kathleen and I shall be on our way to England. On Saturday next, your lordship will, I expect, be bidding us farewell, at the Ring's End, from which the passenger-vessel takes its departure." ... "Can you be really serious, Lady Diana, in thinking of flying from Ireland, because a young woman of low birth has been run away with, and, for aught we know, run away with by her own consent, and in accordance with an arrangement to which she was a consenting party; for such things I do, with all my respect and veneration for the fair sex, assert have happened from the days of Helena of Lacedaemon down to the present hour? Why, my good lady, I have seen the damsel by whose rumored misfortune you would guide your own destiny. As a gentleman, I am bound to say I saw nothing to her discredit; but as an observer of mankind—ay, and of womankind too—I would say, judging of her by her appearance, her jaunty dress, her bold mien, and her saucy face, she is exactly that description of an Helena who would not run away from a Thebes, in order that she might be forced afterwards to choose a drivelling Meneleus for a husband. Nature does not write with a true hand, if it has not stamped upon the face, feature, and figure of Judith Lawson the courage of a soldier, with the form of a woman. Be certain that the man who ran away with that lady against her will must, if he had common sense, have made his own will, before he ventured upon so perilous an enterprise. There was no abduction, be certain, in the case of Miss Judith Lawson. It was an unwise match, and called—for the purpose of saving the lady's honor, and to reconcile her father to a misfortune—an abduction." ... "Well! well! what stupid and lying fables are circulated about the plainest facts!" sagaciously remarked Lady Diana Massey. "It must be as your lordship says. It was no abduction at all, but a runaway match, for which all the preparations had been, no doubt, made before the young fugitive appeared on the race-course; and I dare say, that Mr. Redmond O'Hanlon, upon whose broad shoulders every misdeed that occurs in Ireland is fathered, had no more to do with the abduction of Miss Judith Lawson, than he had with the flight of that naughty lady who ran away with one of your ancestors, an ill-behaved King of Leinster." ... "I repudiate the connexion with Mac-Murrough, although I cannot undertake to vindicate the reputation of the celebrated chieftain, Count Redmond O'Hanlon, who, whatever his faults, his errors, and his crimes, cannot be denied to be, both by birth and education, a gentleman. We, Lady Diana, who can claim for ourselves purity of blood, and noble descent, should be the last to deny those advantages to one's enemy, when he is rightfully and justly entitled to them. My father, I know, would willingly see Ireland well rid of Redmond O'Hanlon, whether by rope or gun; by stratagem, the law, or open force; but saying so much against that notorious partisan, I am bound also to say, from all I have heard of the Count, that he would not, for the world's wealth, demean himself by a marriage with one whose birth was so low, or rather so sordid as that of Judith Lawson. But I hope," added Lord Arran, "I have said enough to change your determination as to leaving Ireland; that you will remain, as you have done here, in perfect peace and security, and, occasionally, I hope, more frequently for the future, gazing my father's court with your presence." ... "No, my Lord," said the lady, gravely shaking her head, "you have not changed my determination, for it has not been hastily adopted. I have, for some time past, been thinking of carrying it into execution, and the incident we have been speaking of has but served to provoke its sudden announcement, and speedily fulfilment. We are not sufficiently protected where we are. I am not old enough to be the sole protector of one so young, and so fair, and of such wealth as Kathleen will, when she comes of age, be mistress of. Affairs in Ireland, the state of anarchy into which society has been cast, and from which even the wise and prudent administration of your father, the Duke of Ormonde, has not yet been able to extricate it—the insecurity of life, of property, the frequency of such a crime as that of abduction,—all are warnings to me to batten myself to England as a place of safety, of security, of peace, of repose, of—"

nor property, nor liberty in England! What do you mean?" ... "Simply what I say," replied Lord Arran. "Has not your ladyship heard anything from your friends of the Popish plot?" ... "To be sure I have," replied the lady. "I have heard that some vile impostor, a notorious swindler, named Oates, combined with other persons, already convicted of villainous offences, have been concocting an improbable tale, in which all sorts of incomprehensible and impossible falsehoods are blended together; and I have heard that a fanatic named Dr. Tongue, and that notorious rascal, the Republican Ashley Cooper,—the same base man who sat as a judge, and condemned to death men who had been participants in his own crimes of high treason against the late King—I have heard that these persons have been disturbing the public mind in England with tales of terror about what they call 'the horrid, hellish Popish plot.' But how does that affect me? or why should such a lying tale be of the smallest interest to me, neither I nor my niece being Roman Catholics?" ... "Lady Diana Massey," said Lord Arran, in deep solemnity, and showing by his manner that he was deeply affected by what he said to her, "I pledge you my honor as an Irish peer, that if you had repeated in England the words you have just spoken to me had you thus ventured so to speak of the Rev. Dr. Oates, or Mr. Bedloe, or the Rev. Dr. Tongue, or my lord Shaftesbury, or expressed but a thousandth part of the doubts you have uttered to me as to the truth of the accusation now made against the Roman Catholics, you would, most probably, be torn to pieces by the mob, you would certainly, if you escaped with life for the moment, be conveyed to the most fetid dungeon in Newgate, and most probably be tried at the next sessions upon a charge of being a participator in 'the horrid, hellish Popish plot.'" ... "Whatever Oates might invent and swear against you, and that Bedloe would swear and corroborate, would be believed by judge and jury, though you had a thousand witnesses to contradict them, and you would, before three months had passed away, be convicted and executed as a traitor. There is not a man of common sense in England who does not think as you do of Titus Oates and his confederates; but at the same time, there is not a man of common sense who would place himself in the hands of his enemies, by expressing aloud what in his heart he believes respecting them, their perjuries, and their plot. England is, at this day, laboring under the feverish heat of a popular mania, and a universal delusion, and that mania and delusion are now comprised in the same words—the horrid Popish plot—a plot in which the accused are the victims, and the accusers the real conspirators; but upon the whole story, the application is this—that true or false, credible or incredible, possible or impossible, it all comes to a case, where the multitude are taken captive in their imaginations, and have no longer any other rule, measure, will, or liking, than what they draw from the dictate of their leaders. And who are their leaders? A fanatic madman named Tongue, a canting knave, Titus Oates, and an unbelieving hypocrite, Shaftesbury, of whom it has been most justly, truly, and aptly said, that 'he was as good a Protestant as any one can be supposed to be who could atheistically call the New Testament the new cheat.' I may add, that to give these several leaders or concocters of the Popish plot their due, there has been nothing wanting to their purposes that either fraud, industry, confidence, or hypocrisy could furnish. And you, Lady Diana, propose to exchange the comparative quietness of Ireland for the purpose of plunging into the midst of the sanguinary tumult that now pervades all parts of England. I tell you, in all sincerity, that with your outspoken honesty, you could not calculate upon a day's seclusion, or an hour's repose in England. As yet we are free to speak what we think of the Popish plot; but how long we may be so is more than I can venture to promise. That the attempt is making to extend the flame to this country, I am certain; for I see the proofs of the pressure upon my father by the proclamations he has been issuing against Popish priests, bishops, and Jesuits. Better, however, for you to live in a land governed by him, than to place yourself in the power of the English Privy Council, and within the reach of a warrant corroborated with the ready and corrupt oaths of an Oates, a Bedloe, a France, or a Dangerfield." ... "Oh dear! oh dear!" cried the now-terrified Lady Diana, "how numberless are the anxieties and how great the dangers that beset a poor woman who has lost her husband! What a sad thing it is to be a widow!" ... "Excuse me, Lady Diana, for differing in opinion from you," said Lord Arran; "but at present you are much safer as a Protestant widow, than you would be if your first husband were still living, and you never had been a widow; for he was a Roman Catholic, and his wealth and position would have rendered him an object of suspicion, and you, as his wife, would be involved in the same danger to which he was exposed." ... "Then your lordship's advice to me is to remain in Ireland," said Lady Diana. ... "Decidedly so," answered Lord Arran; "but as your ladyship honors me by asking my opinion as to the course you should adopt, I would take the liberty of recommending to you, considering the state of this country, how its roads are beset with highwaymen, and how many men of desperate fortunes are to be met with in every province; that neither you nor your niece should ever venture abroad unless attended by an armed escort, on whose vigilance and courage you could rely." ... "I will do exactly as your lordship suggests," replied the lady; "but I have detained you too long in the open air; let us proceed towards the house." ... "Honor me by resting on my arm," said Lord Arran, as he walked onward with the lady; "and now as your ladyship has so favored me with your confidence, and as you cannot but be conscious how deeply I am interested in all that affects yourself and the honor of your family, I would take the liberty of asking if you have ever heard a rumor of Colonel Fitzpatrick and of his son being both still living." ... "They are idle rumors, my lord," replied Lady Diana; "they are the vague and baseless visions of the Irish peasantry, who are attached to a child-like truth and fidelity to the ancient owners of the soil, and who, wishing the Colonel and his son were both living have readily circulated an idle tale, as if it were an unbounded fact." ... "Is there any possibility of your ladyship being mistaken?" asked Lord Arran, with an anxiety he could not conceal. ... "Not the slightest," replied the lady. "If the Colonel, or the Colonel's son, were living, I should be the first to hear of them. There is no reason why either should conceal from me the knowledge of his existence. On the contrary, I ought to be, and I am sure I should be, the very first person to whom such a communication would be made. But supposing an impostor in the case, supposing some knave desired to set up a false claim to the property, then the last person he would wish to see or to communicate with would be myself; because I must be, beyond all others, in a position to detect the impostor." ... "Lord Arran's heart bounded with delight, at the hearing of these positive declarations from Lady Diana. He walked on for some time in silence, considering within himself whether the present was not a propitious moment for avowing himself a suitor for the hand of Kathleen; and it was with the intention of leading to such a declaration, that he thus resumed the conversation.—

"I have heard such rumors as I have referred to; but henceforth I shall know how to treat them; or any one venturing to support them. I hope that the time, the place, and the opportunity may be afforded to me, when I may meet face to face either the person calling himself Colonel Fitzpatrick, or the son of Colonel Fitzpatrick, and on the instant I will denounce such persons as knaves, and publicly brand them as impostors." ... "As Lord Arran gave utterance to these words, he felt himself struck suddenly and sharply on the cheek, and at the same instant perceived that the blow was inflicted by a glove that had been flung at him. As he did so, he perceived a man standing within a thick clump of trees and close-set bushes, which he had just passed. His assailant, he perceived, was a tall, fair-complexioned young man, in the riding dress of a gentleman of the day, and that he stood with one hand grasping his sword, and the fingers of the other hand to his lips, as if challenging him to a combat, and at the same time warning him to be silent. ... "Such was the interpretation Lord Arran put upon the incident that had just occurred; and (therefore, concealing as well as he could his emotions from the lady, he walked on leisurely with her for about a hundred yards, and trying to occupy her attention with a conversation so vague, that he could not tell the substance of it when it was over, he stopped suddenly and said, 'I beg your ladyship's pardon, I wish to return for one of my gloves which I dropped in the park; I am sure I know the very spot where I can find it again.'" ... "One of your gloves, my lord!" said Lady Diana; "your lordship is laboring under some delusion; why, you have, at this moment, both your gloves on your hands." ... "Oh! true, true," replied Lord Arran, stammering and confused, "but the glove I wish to find again is a riding glove. There are some circumstances connected with it, which would cause me great grief if I could not recover it. I pray your pardon, Lady Diana, I shall be with you again in ten minutes." ... "Lord Arran, as he spoke, hurried back to the spot where the glove was still lying. Before he could reach it his assailant advanced from the clump of trees in which he had been concealed, and taking up the glove stood there, holding it in his hand, and awaiting his lordship's approach. ... "A thrill of surprise passed through his lordship's frame, as he regarded the stranger, a man about thirty years of age, and in height nearly six feet, with broad shoulders and well-knit frame, alike indicative of great strength and activity. It was not, however, the stranger's manly form and noble bearing that excited the surprise of Lord Arran; but it was his likeness in features to Kathleen Fitzpatrick, and beyond all things, in his long, flowing, flaxen, yellow ringlets, which covered his shoulders, and in his luminous large blue eyes. ... "I presume, sir," said Lord Arran, "you are the owner of the glove, which was flung at me." ... "I am," replied the stranger; "and by my hand it was cast at you." ... "With the intention of insulting me?" said Lord Arran. ... "Yes," answered the stranger; "I repelled an insult with an insult." ... "Insult you, sir!" said Lord Arran. "I never saw you in my life before this moment." ... "An offence can be more strongly conveyed by words than looks," remarked the stranger. ... "You are aware, I presume, from your appearance, of the consequences of what you have done," said Lord Arran, and his color slightly changed as he spoke. ... "Certainly—and ready on the instant to encounter them," answered the stranger, laying his hand on his sword. ... "Not here, sir—not now, at all events," replied Lord Arran, "for here we would be liable to interruption. You compel me, sir, to embark in a quarrel that cannot be appeased without bloodshed; I have a right to know that I risk my life with an equal." ... "I did not, until this moment," said the stranger, with a somewhat scornful voice, "suppose that a Butler would bear a blow from an inferior; that an offence given would level all distinctions, in the estimation at least of the offended party. But be satisfied, my Lord, although I do not bear a title, I am, as a gentleman, your equal." ... "And your name is—?" said Lord Arran, eagerly. ... "Vincent Fitzpatrick," replied the stranger. ... "Well, Mr. Vincent Fitzpatrick, meet me in the park to-morrow evening at five o'clock, with one other person to vouch for you as the person you describe yourself to be, and then we shall cross swords with each other." ... "Be it so," replied Vincent Fitzpatrick; "but as it is not your lordship's convenience to dispose of this quarrel at once, and where we stand, may I venture to suggest, that mutual friends may arrange for us both the time and the place where they and we may be secure from that interruption of which you are now apprehensive." ... "Very well, sir," answered Lord Arran. "Let me know where you are to be found, and a friend shall wait upon you." ... "The hotel in Cook-street, of which a man named John Elliott is landlord," said Vincent, as he turned away from Lord Arran. ... "This is no impostor," said Lord Arran to himself. "There can be no doubt he is what he calls himself. His look—his very voice, are the same as his cousin's. His quarrel is a just one; but then he has struck me, and that blow must be avenged, and can alone be wiped out with blood. Would it were not so; but the laws of society are inexorable; and before to-morrow's sun has set, he or I shall be one of its victims."

few phials of medicine. The room was boarded on all sides, and it appeared to be one of many small rooms, which had been, like the boxes in the coffee-room, made out of one large apartment; by being divided from each other by thin partitions. ... "Her ladyship's right hand swathed with linen bands, and his cheeks more pale and haggard than usual, showed that he had gone through much bodily pain and weakness in the course of the last few days. ... "I had hoped to find you better and stronger," said Ludlow, as he clasped the outstretched left hand of Lawson within both his own; "I had even hoped I might have found you out of bed, and able to betride a horse for some hours; because, in all my experience of men, whether soldiers or civilians, I never knew one, where an enterprise, requiring courage and skill, was to be undertaken, upon whose strong hand and cool head, I could place such unhesitating reliance as Ebenezer Lawson." ... "Reserve your compliments for those who attach value to them," sulkily replied Lawson, his brutal temper irritated by the pain of his wound, and the weakness of his body. "I am as God made me, a sure friend, and an unrelenting enemy. Instead of speaking of me, tell me of yourself, what you have done, and what you are prepared to do." ... "I have had the house and park at Palmers-town, where Kathleen Fitzpatrick resides with her aunt, beset with spies day and night; I have ascertained the number of domestics, male and female, in the house; I have found out in what part of the house are the sleeping apartments of the ladies; I have discovered what are the habits of all in the house; their time for going forth and returning home; the time spent by them in the park, and I have also ascertained that the only person of consequence who is a constant visitor at the house is Lord Arran, the second son of the Lord Lieutenant." ... "What age is the second son of the Duke of Ormonde?" asked Lawson. ... "Five-and-twenty." ... "And unmarried?" ... "Yes." ... "Then be sure," said Lawson, "that the cunning sly old fox, the Duke of Ormonde,—who never yet did anything for King or Commonwealth, but with a view to his own interests,—has marked out Kathleen Fitzpatrick as a wife for his son, Lord Arran. Our wily old Lord Lieutenant is as proud as Lucifer; and rest assured, he never would consent to his son marrying a woman without a title, unless she had fortune sufficient to purchase a coronet." ... "I care not what may be the schemes of the Lord Lieutenant," observed Ludlow, "provided my simple plan of abduction be crowned with success, and of that—"

you have first to do, is to have prepared a safe place to retreat upon, a place with which you have no connexion, a place in which the lady's friends would never think of seeking her; or of finding you, suppose by any accident you were suspected of being a participator in the putting upon her person. I can, without a moment's reflection, suggest a better place than yours; for here I have the means to aid you. What think you of carrying the young dame to my house? You know how lonely is its situation, how few ever resort to it." ... "Take her to your house!" repeated Ludlow, musing over the unexpected proposition just made to him. ... "Yes, take her to my house," added Lawson. "You are aware the only mistress it possesses is my daughter Judith. I can easily invent an excuse—a trip for a few weeks to England, for example—to induce her joyfully to abandon the place for as long a time as you may want it. Take my word for it, many days will be required to reconcile a young lady, who expects to be married to Lord Arran, to the change of accepting in lieu of such a lord, one of your age and appearance, as a husband." ... "I am more disposed for open force and undisguised violence. In such a case as this," said Ludlow, "I never expect to win the lady's love; all I am struggling for is the possession of her fortune." ... "I admire your sentiments, and, in this case, entirely approve of them," observed Lawson. "The desire of a brisk young fellow to revel in a lady's fortune is an excuse for any rudeness of which he may be guilty. At the same time, the less there is of open force and undisguised violence, the better; not that I object to them, you will observe, if they are indispensable—that is, if they are absolutely unavoidable. But say, do you approve of my plan for carrying away the lady to my house? because if you do I will on the instant write a letter to Judith, directing her to come with the waiting-maid, and the two men especially devoted to her service, at once to Dublin." ... "Pardon me, Captain Ludlow—forgive me, comrade Lawson, for intruding upon your private conversation," said the robust landlord of "the Cock"; "as he entered the room, his broad, honest face now clouded by an expression of grief that he did not desire to conceal. "Excuse me, I say, for this breaking in upon you; but there is at this moment a rumor circulating amongst the company below stairs, which is of such deep interest to one of you, that I could not refrain, even for a moment, communicating it, in the hope that he whom it most deeply concerns, may be in a position to contradict it." ... "Ludlow and Lawson looked at each other in mute surprise, and both nodded their heads to Elliott to proceed. ... "I fancied," said Elliott, wishing to break the intelligence he had to tell, as well as he could, "that I heard my former comrade, Lawson, say, as I opened the door, he was about to write to his daughter." ... "Yes, I did say so," replied Lawson. ... "And where," asked Elliott, "were you about to address a letter to her?" ... "To my own house in the country," answered Lawson, as yet without the slightest suspicion of the evil tidings that were about to be conveyed to him. ... "And when did you last hear from her?" said Elliott, trembling as he put the question. ... "Upon last Saturday, when she wrote, amongst other things, to say she was going to some grand festival at which the Lord Lieutenant was expected to be present." ... "Alas! alas! my poor old comrade! said Elliott bursting into tears. ... "What mean you, John Elliott?" exclaimed Lawson, bounding up in the bed. "Speak out—speak out; has anything happened to Judith? has she broken an arm, or a leg, or is she dead—dead—dead? Speak, I say, at once, or you will drive me mad; you see I am cool; I am collected; I am calm; I can say, I suppose, that Judith, my beloved Judith, is dead—dead; and yet you see I am firm, very firm, John Elliott. Speak out, man; say the worst at once; say she is dead, and there's an end on't." ... "Would that I could say she was dead," replied John Elliott; "she is worse than dead." ... "Not dead! and yet worse than dead," said Lawson, his faculties so benumbed that there was a long, solemn, and fearful pause between every word he uttered. "Not dead—and yet—worse than—dead," he repeated. ... "What can he mean? Why must I be tortured with riddles? John Elliott, as you hope for salvation, as you always had the character of an honest man, speak out in plain language the rumor respecting her?" ... "The wretched man's voice trembled, for he felt he had not strength to pronounce the name of Judith.—Repeat, I entreat of you, whatever you have heard of her, in the very words they were told to you." ... "Well, then, so adjoined, my poor comrade," answered John Elliott, "I will tell you what I have heard; but though I believe it is not all truth, there is, I fear, too much truth in it for your peace of mind." ... "Speak on—speak on," said Lawson, scarcely able to articulate the words with his parched lips, and his voice choking in his throat. ... "The topic of conversation in the coffee-room," said Elliott, "is your daughter—Judith." ... "My daughter became the town-talk? O God!" cried Lawson, sinking back upon the pillow. "But proceed, John Elliott; you see I am calm—very calm—very, very calm, and so patient!" and as he spoke, he gnawed the sheets between his teeth. ... "It is said that your daughter, in returning from the races with her fire-woman and two men-servants, was attacked upon the road near Drogheda, by Redmond O'Hanlon and a large band of armed Tories and Rapparees; that the fire-woman fainted; that the two male-servants fled, or were in collusion with the leader of the gang, O'Hanlon; that Miss Lawson defended herself bravely, that she shot two of the assassins, and would have killed Redmond O'Hanlon himself, but that one of her servants gave her an unloaded, instead of a loaded musket." ... "My own brave daughter! my gallant, high-spirited, generous, and courageous Judith!" exclaimed Lawson. "Go on, Elliott, for as yet you have told me nothing but what is grateful to me to hear." ... "Ah, I wish my tale stopped there," added Elliott; "but, alas! I must proceed. Your daughter and the servants were taken prisoners by O'Hanlon's gang. The servants were robbed and sent away otherwise unharmed; not so with your daughter." ... "What mean you, Elliott?" cried Lawson, as Elliott here paused, as if to recover breath, before he proceeded. "What mean you? Assuredly they did not maltreat her; they did not commit any act of cruelty upon her, because she had courageously defended her life?" ... "I cannot tell you what they did with her, comrade," replied Elliott. "I have told you all that is known. What is certain is, that your daughter has been carried away a prisoner by Redmond O'Hanlon's gang; and the rumor is, that the abduction was a long-

time planned, because she is known to be your only child, and because it is said she has a large fortune, and it is now supposed she never will escape, if she escape at all or murder her life, but by accepting some thief or murderer, or follower of O'Hanlon's, as a husband, and therefore, ought not to be degraded or dishonored.

CHAPTER VIII.

Upon both sides of the small apartment in which Ebenezer Lawson lay, and in rooms not larger than his, there were, at the moment of the outbreak of rage and agony described in the last chapter, three persons. In one of the rooms Vincent Fitzpatrick and the individual John Elliott, had called "Mr. Brown," and in the other, sitting alone, the old man who had sat opposite to Lawson and Lawson in the coffee-room, and in the attempt to insult whom Lawson had received the wound which now confined him to his bed.

The cries of Elliott for "help" did not induce any one of these three persons to respond to his call; for it so happened that in both rooms had been heard much of the conversation which had preceded Lawson's maudlin demonstrations of grief, rage, and despair.

Instead of aiding Elliott, or rendering the smallest assistance to Lawson, Vincent Fitzpatrick and his friend remained in their room, and the old man descended to the coffee-room.

"What villains these are!" said the old man to himself, "and yet what miscreants are they victims to? Strange that the very weapon which Lawson was employing to destroy the peace and happiness of another's family should be turned against himself, and the misery and despair to which he was about to consign his neighbor, should have overwhelmed himself, and converted his stable homestead into a mass of ruins."

I was right in sending an anonymous letter to Kathleen to put her on her guard against both Lawson and Ludlow. I must now address to her another, recommending to her never to stir outside the house, or at once to betake herself to England. I must afterwards see if I cannot contrive the means, either here or in England, to bring about an interview between her and Vincent; and on the success of that interview I look to the restoration of the fortunes of the Fitzpatrick family. Meanwhile, I must endeavor and ascertain who are the persons who have run away with Lawson's daughter. I strongly suspect that the strange story which John Elliott last night told in the coffee-room, of the boasting young Welsh captain, and the arrest of some French woman, as a partner in an Irish Popish plot, has something to do with this abduction.

I must see Elliott again, and try if I cannot detect those wretches in the commission of their rank crimes. It is impossible this delusion as to the Popish plot can be much longer maintained, whilst every fact tending to show the wickedness of those who have promoted it, can but serve to its speedier explosion. That which these plot-makers are aiming at is as plain as light to my eyes; they are seeking to deprive a good and brave prince of his inheritance, to exclude my friend, my patron, and my benefactor, the Duke of York, from the throne, and the ultimate object aimed at, is the promotion of that which they call "the good old cause," the cause of crime, of anarchy, and of tyranny—the re-establishment of a republic in England and Ireland. In fighting against those anarchical principles, I have suffered much, lost much, and am prepared to lose my life. My opponents, to retain their ends, have stopped at the commission of no wickedness; they have employed against my last sovereign all the arts the demon himself could suggest, and to deprive the future king of his rightful crown, they are now invoking, from the very dregs of society the vilest and most abandoned wretches, and by flagrant perjuries, sending the innocent to death, and bedewing the very Gospel itself with blood!

The courts of law, which ought also be courts of equity, are converted into so many shambles; for an oath may be good in law, and yet carry a man to the devil on the point of conscience. So writes to me about this "concocted Popish plot," my honest old friend, Roger L'Estrange; and how just are these his remarks as to the popular delusion existing with respect to that plot: "TREASON was called truth and faith; SLANDER was only liberty of speech; PERJURY was hallowed by the lips and credit of a king's evidence; FORGERY (if detected) was but a mistake; REBELLION, a true Protestant association; A SHAM NARRATIVE passed for the discovery of a damnable, hellish, Popish plot, and the people were stirred up and instructed to hate and persecute the Papists, in despite of the evangelical precept, that bids us love one another; SUBORINATION was authorized under the name of reward; MURDER was recommended, under the varnish of public justice."

—These are the views of an honest, sincere, truthful, and conscientious English Protestant, upon the present persecution of us Catholics; and how just, also, are his opinions as to the manner in which this persecution against them has been moulded, managed, and directed! "As to the time-faction had the ascendancy of the government, and the multitude bore down all before them like a torrent, the witnesses led the rabble, the plot-mongers led the witnesses, and the devil himself led the leaders; for they were to pass to their ends through subornation, perjury, hypocrisy, sacrilege, and treason."

"Yes," continued the old man, "that is the truth, the plain, simple truth; treason is at the bottom of all this business, and for the sake of promoting that crime, every other is committed. It was so in the old rebellion, which ended in the decapitation of Charles I. That rebellion was popularized in England by denunciations of Popery and Irish Papists, and false accusations against my countrymen, of having stained their hands with a 'general massacre' of Irish Protestants. And now the same arts are renewed, and again we, the Catholics, are victims, and suffer by the sacrifice of our lives, and the spoliation of our properties, and all this upon false accusations which have not, in themselves, even the semblance of truth. Our present sovereign is despoiled of his prerogative, and his successor is sought to be debarred of his rights; and in the name of a republic, the reign of Cromwell, the reign of the thirty tyrants, of Cromwellian major-generals, is sought to be reimposed upon the British dominions."

"But that which I see," added the old man, "that which is plain to every candid and impartial mind, the multitude will not see; they cannot discern; for they are blinded by passion, by ignorance, and by prejudice. But will it be always so? I hope not, I trust not, and the best and surest means of putting an end to it is, to do that which I am now doing—to follow the villains into their private lives; to see how they employ their time, and how they are turning to their own selfish purposes, and converting to their own wicked ends, the power which they are now permitted to exercise. It is well that they

practise against each other the same arts that they have employed for our destruction. And now then, if possible, to trace out the perpetrators of the abduction of Lawson's daughter. Drawer," said the old man as he entered the coffee-room; "tell your master I would wish to speak with him, the first leisure moment he can spare me."

"Master Elliott," said the old man to the host, "I was engaged writing on a matter of some importance to myself last night, when I heard you telling of some curious discovery with respect to an Irish Popish plot, in which, as I fancy, a Welshman had some concern. I did not pay much attention to the matter at the time; but I have since been thinking about it. Perhaps you would let me know the particulars; and, whilst you do so, aid me in drinking some of your own excellent claret, which would, in my judgment, do credit to the table of the Grand Monarque himself."

"Your very good health, sir," said John Elliott, willingly complying with the invitation thus given him. "You are one of those guests I most reverence; for you are a good judge of a good glass of wine. My wine comes direct from Bordeaux, and it is sent to me, it is so served to my customers. I charge a high price; I have, I avow it, not only a fair but a large profit on what I sell; but that which I buy is sold in the same condition in which it reached me—the only difference between the article as it was manufactured from the vine, and as it is disposed of by me, is the time it has been in my cellars."

(To be continued.)

THE MISSIONS AT ST. LAURENT.

THEIR ORIGIN—INTERESTING ACCOUNT.

(Translated for the New York Freeman's Journal from Les Missions Catholiques.)

The Rev. Father Fourmond, O.M.I., has written to us from Saint-Laurent Mission, Canada, under date of September 1, 1878, as follows:

"I am going to try to give an idea of our young mission to the readers of Les Missions Catholiques. We have here even the Grandin Post Office. The English Government, as a mark of its respect and gratitude, has given the name of our venerable Bishop to one of its postal stations in these remote regions."

"The Saint-Laurent Mission was commenced in the Fall of 1870. A number of half-breed families settled on the southern branch of the Saskatchewan, some twenty-five miles from Carlton, the chief headquarters of the Hudson Bay Company. Desiring to have a priest among them, they sent one of their number over to the Island of La Croix. Rev. Father Moulins consented to spend the winter with these good people, and his presence was productive of much good among them. The idea of founding a permanent mission among them not having been decided upon as yet, Father Moulins had to go to Lake Caribou."

"In the following Spring (1871), Rev. Father Andre, from the house at Saint-Albert, was appointed by Mgr. Grandin to go and take the place of Rev. Father Moulins and to accompany the band of winter sojourners on their hunts over the prairies."

"Father Andre then returned to Saint-Albert. Mgr. Grandin gave him an assistant in Rev. Father Bourguin, and the two Missionaries reached their destination on the 8th of October of the same year. These Christians built a chapel and a log house with thatched roof. In the summer the rain penetrated on all sides, and in the winter the inmates froze, notwithstanding a large heater."

"But, if the founders of the Saint-Laurent Mission had much to suffer, the piety and fervor of the faithful afforded them great consolation. They came every morning to assist at the Holy Sacrifice, and every evening they gathered around them to listen with docility to their familiar instructions."

"Providence gave our people a plentiful year by sending into their vicinity large herds of buffaloes. These good Christians testified their gratitude to God in a most touching manner. The Missionaries had told them about the trials of the Holy Father, of the duty of loving him, of praying for him, and even of helping him. In spite of their poverty, they took up a contribution among themselves of buffalo skins, to be sold for the benefit of the well-beloved Father of all the faithful. This collection amounted to 600 francs, and subsequently merited a Brief from the illustrious Pius IX., to our Christians."

"It was four years before the people could make up their minds to establish a permanent colony by laying out farms as advised by the Missionaries. The prairies and their herds had still too many attractions. On a farm it is necessary to work from morning till night, and, sometimes, to endure great privations, whilst the chase, to say nothing of the charm about it, affords the means of living without much labor. To spend whole days on horseback or in a wagon and, then, after firing a few shots, to smoke a pipe, drink tea and make good cheer under a lodge or tent, is the ideal of life with our Indians and half-breeds. The majority of them, as long as they can find a few buffaloes to keep them from starving, even if they are obliged to hunt them for whole weeks together, will never have the courage to give up their nomadic life. It is useless for us to tell them over and over again, that they can never be truly civilized unless they abandon this wandering and savage life, so full of dangers to their souls as well as to their bodies. The wilderness, ever a source of weariness and disgust to the civilized man, is especially so to the Missionary, who encounters the severest trials of apostolic life, but to our Indians or half-breeds, it is a land of enchantment, to which they feel themselves irresistibly attracted. So much is this the case that, after leading the life of a colonist for years, after having, with great trouble, acquired a few agricultural implements and a little stock, after building a house, clearing land, cultivating a garden, if the half-breed hears that a herd of buffaloes has been seen within a week's or ten days' journey from his habitation, he hitches up his wagon, loads his goods upon it, sells his stock or takes it with him, and starts off, happy and contented, smoking his pipe; he forsakes his farm, and away he goes in search of new adventures."

"This wandering feature in our half-breeds has rendered the task of the missionaries a very difficult one. It was only after four years of counsel, and effort, that Fathers Andre and Bourguin succeeded in settling a certain number of half-breeds about one day's journey beyond the place first selected, and which they called the winter-quarters of the little town. This new site had the advantage of being still nearer the prairies, which they could not reconcile themselves to giving up altogether, and combined, moreover, all the requisites for an agricultural settlement. The rising colony was placed under the patronage of the glorious Saint Lawrence. This was four years ago. Now, a modest Chapel of Roman architecture, a presbytery, a school, some out-houses, and stables, rise up among the delightful groves that skirt a little lake

on the left bank of the southern branch of the Saskatchewan, near the road leading to the English colony of Prince Albert. Both banks of this majestic river are covered with farms and houses, inhabited by about one hundred families.

"One mile from here, on the banks of the magnificent Lake Sibikabakahigan, we founded a third mission, not far from the trading house established some three years before, by the English Company of Stowart & Hughes, competitors of the Hudson Bay Company. The buildings at our new station, which are under the patronage of the Sacred Heart, are forty feet long; twenty-five feet wide, and fifteen feet high. They consist of a Chapel, a School, and a Mission House. Quite a number of houses have already sprung up all around them."

"What is most remarkable about the settlement is that it was established largely with Protestant money. Mr. Douglas Stewart, the head of the above Company, paid half the expenses; Mr. Moore, of Prince Albert, contributed half the shingles for roofing; some Protestants subscribed nearly 400 francs for a bell; another, an honorable gentleman of the Hudson Bay Company, gave 300 francs towards the establishment of a Sisters' School. Finally, the builder was also a Protestant. The Sacred Heart has blessed these generous Englishmen. Some have become converts, among others the builder of the Chapel is now one of our best Catholics, and best colonists. The others have prospered in their business."

"The governor of the North-West Penney, residing at Battleford, came last month to visit the Sacred Heart Settlement. He expressed his surprise at finding it already so far advanced."

"One day's journey from the Mission of Saint Laurent, on the other bank of the northern branch of the Saskatchewan, opposite the post at Carlton, Rev. Father Moulins is engaged in establishing the Mission of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. Is it not right that Mary Immaculate should have a place by the side of her adorable Son, in the hearts of our children of the woods and prairies? For, it is their love for Blessed Mary, the Mother of God, that makes us overlook all their faults and rudeness. Follow the half-breeds wherever you will, at home, on their journeys, on the hunt, night and day, you will find them with their Rosary, which they call *Ayane-heu-minak* (the beads of the good prayer), and it is in reciting it that they find strength, virtue and consolation."

"We will have to establish many more missions, and especially schools and orphanages. On the one hand, Canadian immigration is beginning to reach us, sending us, as an advance guard, those who are poorest in spiritual and temporal things. On the other hand, the different Indian tribes that inhabit this region, having made their treaties with the government, and who are getting ready to establish themselves on the reservations allotted to them, have a better appreciation of the necessity of prayer, and become converted. At Saint Laurent we have eighty-five Indian lodges to evangelize. For their use alone we require a priest, two schools and an orphanage. All we can do for the present is to visit them from time to time, to keep alive their good dispositions and to keep Protestant ministers away from them."

"Hardly two months ago Father Andre and two Missionaries were among some two hundred and thirty lodges, assembled on the large prairie, to receive the government subsidies. Many of the Indians were still pagans. They nearly all, however, attended the solemn Mass, celebrated by Father Andre; the neophytes went with joy at the sight of so touching a scene. There were two ministers present, one a Presbyterian, the other an Anglican. Notwithstanding all their efforts to draw off the Indians, not one of them yielded to their importunities."

"How many things there yet remain for us to do! If we were not so poor, how many children we could rescue from barbarism, misery and death! How many Indians we could win over to the gospel and to civilization!"

Men With Tails.

Mr. Goldie, the naturalist, who has passed eighteen months in New Guinea, has, among other matters, informed the Brisbane Courier that his party came in contact with a tribe of natives in the interior whose custom "suggested to him the probable origin of the rumors that have been always current of a race of tailed men in some remote corners of the globe." These natives wear artificial tails of such cunning construction as to entirely mislead a casual observer. They are entirely naked, except for the caudal ornament, which is a plait of grass fastened round their loins by a fine string, and depending behind to about half way down their legs.

Fox Hunting in Kentucky.

(From the Lexington (Ky.) Press, March 20.) In view of the fact that the red foxes are becoming very numerous in this county a move is on foot to organize a fox hunting club. The idea is to purchase a pack of fox hounds, procure the services of a huntsman, and a master of the kennel, whose duty it will be take care of the dogs. The club will wear red coats and yellow pants, and their horses will have the tails squared. The number of gentlemen to comprise this organization will be limited to fifty—twenty-five from the country and twenty-five from the city.

About Marriages.

The dying wish of Mathew Crooks, a San Francisco millionaire, was to witness the marriage of his daughter, and the ceremony was performed at his bedside, several weeks before the time that had been appointed. The deceased desire of Mr. Hayden, of the same city, was to break the engagement of his daughter, and he made her promise on her knees to discard her lover. Detroit has had a variation of the common foreign Count matrimonial episode—the husband running away with the bride's money and jewelry, but proving after all to be a real Count. A young woman engaged a section in a sleeping car at Pittsburg, blushing explaining that she would be joined by a husband at Harrisburg. When the train arrived at Harrisburg, a young man got aboard with a clergyman, who married him to the purchaser of the section, and the honeymoon tour was at once commenced. A rustic couple dashed into a Washington oyster saloon, and implored the proprietor to get them married as soon as possible. They had eloped, and parents were on their track. The oyster man not only summoned a Justice to tie the knot, but provided stews for the party after the ceremony. Miss Locke married Mr. Aiken in Denver, Col., on his assurance that he was, as she phrases it, "a wealthy Christian gentleman"; but within four days she learned that he was a professional horse thief, and parted from him. Miss Ruggan's wedding day was appointed in Clurberne, Texas, and she made herself ready; but in the morning she received a note from her faithless lover inviting her to come and see his marriage to another girl. She committed suicide.

Latest About Louise Lateau.

Account of a Recent Visit to the Stigmatae of Bois d'Haine, by a Missions.

(From the Northwestern Chronicle.)

On the afternoon of October 31st, 1878, I left Louvain, accompanied by several friends, for Bois d'Haine the birth-place of Louise Lateau.

We arrived at our destination about 7 p. m. but, finding that the little village could boast neither an hotel nor a railway station, we were obliged to pass the night at Manage, a neat and business-like town situated about a mile from Bois d'Haine. A brief sketch of the now universally celebrated "stigmatae" of Belgium may not be out of place. Louise Lateau was born in Bois d'Haine on January 30, 1850. Her father was a very modest farmer, what is called here "un petit cultivateur," owning about an acre of ground; fortune certainly did not smile on him; in the eyes of the world he was indeed poor in the extreme, but in the sight of God he was rich for he possessed those virtues which adorn the Christian soul and assure its happiness.

THE DESIGNS OF PROVIDENCE are replete with mysteries. The birth of Louise, this child of grace and benediction was apparently the sign of great calamities for her family. Her mother in giving birth to her narrowly escaped death, and having contracted a dangerous and lingering illness, she remained for over two years bed-ridden. The support of the family in the meantime depended solely in the father who overtaxed his strength, and being attacked by the small-pox he died at the age of 23 years.

At this time two months old, caught the disease from her father, and, as her sisters, Rosina and Adeline were still too young to render assistance to their mother and to her the family was reduced to the last extremity. Destitute of all human aid, it seemed that their last hour had come; but God, the Beginning and End of all things, looked down propitiously upon them, and when least expected delivered them from danger. The life of Louise is full of incidents which show how Divine Providence has been watching over her from her earliest childhood, how she has been prepared in the school of suffering to bow her will in humble submission to the will of God.

WHEN A LITTLE OVER TWO YEARS OLD she was rescued from death by drowning by her mother and elder sister. When but eight years of age she was installed as nurse to an aged invalid, whom she tenderly nursed for six months, and shortly afterwards she filled the same office at the bedside of one of her aunts. In the meantime she was also obliged to drive cows to the pasture, and on one occasion was violently thrown to the ground by one of the animals, and trodden under foot by another. She received serious internal injuries, and a severe illness succeeded, from which, however, she happily recovered. Thus schooled in affliction she learned to love suffering; her charity soon knew no bounds, she who was so tried by adversity, was always ready to lend a helping hand to the sick and needy. An occasion soon presented itself for the exercise of her self-sacrificing devotedness. In the year 1866, the cholera broke out in Bois d'Haine, and was making sad havoc in the little village. The zealous pastor was unable to meet the wants of all. He made an appeal to charity, and Louise alone, having received permission from her mother, responded. From that moment her time was spent in burying the dead, comforting the dying, comforting the sick, assisting the poor, in a word practising the virtue of charity in the most sublime degree—and all this at the tender age of sixteen years. What a lesson for the young of our day. Amid these labors and fatigue, Louise seemed to enjoy excellent health, but shortly after was attacked by an illness which soon brought her near to the grave; she received the last Sacraments and bade adieu to her disconsolate family, when suddenly she was impelled to ask Almighty God to restore her to health. She felt that her prayers were heard, and announced to those around her that she would soon visit the church, and, contrary to all expectations, when life had all but fled, she rose, as she had predicted, from her bed of sickness, went to the church and received with her customary fervor our divine Lord in the holy Eucharist. It was during this sickness that Louise received the stigmata or sacred wounds of Christ Crucified, on her feet, hands and side. Later on, the marks of the Crown of Thorns became perceptible. Every Friday since the first stigmata appeared she has experienced, and continues to experience, all the tortures of the Passion and death of our Redeemer. In former years blood flowed from all the wounds; but during the past two years it oozes forth only from the wounds on her hands—except on some great feast day, when it flows likewise from the wound in the side.

ASIDES THE STIGMATA she has the most sublime ecstasies, during which a most celestial expression overspreads her whole countenance. While in ecstasy she is conscious only of the voice of ecclesiastical authority or of the proximity of sacred or consecrated objects; she understands and participates in all the prayers of the Church, which are recited in her presence, no matter in what language expressed. At the age of eleven Louise made her first Communion, and on account of her marked fervor and humility she was allowed to approach the Holy Table every fortnight; later, by her fervent and repeated requests, she obtained permission to receive daily, and during the last eight years the Blessed Sacrament has been her only nourishment, the sole sustenance of the material life as of her spiritual. I will now endeavor to relate briefly what I witnessed at Bois d'Haine: Our little party left Manage at 6 A. M., on the feast of All Saints, for Bois d'Haine, and after a brisk walk of twenty minutes over the open country, we arrived at the neat and newly built church of the village. After hearing Mass we met the venerable Cure, who had already given us permission to assist at the Communion of Louise and be present at the ecstasy which takes place every Friday between 2 and 3 P. M. A procession was formed to accompany the Blessed Sacrament. We arrived at the house at 7.30 P. M. and shortly after repaired to the chamber of Louise, to which the Blessed Sacrament had been carried. Who can describe the feelings and emotions which arise in the soul when one sees for the first time this soul so highly favored of God! In a little room, scarcely 8x10—on a low wooden couch lies the saintly Louise. Opposite the bed is a small window near which is placed a small table, covered with a snow-white cloth; bearing a wooden crucifix, two candles and a vase of holy water; this table is used exclusively for the Blessed Sacrament. At the head of the bed stands a cane-bottomed chair; in the right corner, at the foot of the bed; hangs a picture representing the Passion of our Saviour; over the bed hangs the Formula of the Benediction: sent her by

the immortal Pius IX., at the head of the bed is a simple steel engraving of B. Maria Alacoque. These articles constitute the entire furniture of the room, about which reign an air of THE MOST SCRUPULOUS NEATNESS.

There were quite a number present at the Communion of Louise, and the room was literally packed. While the priest recites the prayers before Communion, Louise is lying on her back, her eyes are closed and her face is covered with a deadly pallor; she gasps for breath, her mouth repeatedly opens and closes and the distortions of her face denote that she is suffering the most acute agony—her lips are parched and bloodless, and one would conceive her to be in the last agony of death. When the great moment has come, and the priest pronounces the words, "Domine non sum dignus," and conveys

TO Louise, her agony seems to become more intense; but from the instant that the adorable particle is received she gives no signs of life. She is "mystically absorbed," and unconscious of everything going on around her. She remains in this state for twenty-seven minutes. During the "mystical absorption," the linen cloth in which her hands had been enveloped during the night was removed, and we saw, for the first time, the stigmata. The hands and wrists were covered with blood, which had also saturated the sleeves of her calico sacque. She had been bleeding since Thursday at midnight, and the blood had coagulated around the stigmata, which are on the back of each hand. The cure requested a physician, who formed one of our party, to remove the clots of blood; he did so, and we could then plainly see the blood oozing out slowly but continually. Before retiring, which all do before Louise comes to, in order to avoid unnecessary embarrassment, each visitor passed in turn by the bed-side to contemplate and admire the striking scene; they touched and kissed her hands, which were icy cold; some placed their rosaries on them, and thereby procured a little of the blood, which they will preserve with jealous care and devotion. This scene has been enacted weekly for the past eight years. What reverence and devotion towards the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar does it not excite in the hearts of those who have had the privilege of witnessing the communion of Louise! How their faith is strengthened in the Real Presence before this wondrous triumph of the Holy Eucharist!

IN THE AFTERNOON our party again gathered before the little cottage of the Lateau family, and awaited somewhat anxiously the coming of the good Cure, Monsieur l'Abbe Niels, who made his appearance at five minutes past two, and immediately entered the cottage to ascertain whether Louise has as yet entered into the ecstasy. With the exceptions of her pastor, high dignitaries of the Church, and medical men commissioned to make experiments, no one is allowed to be present when she enters into the ecstasy. At 2.15 P. M., the Cure returns to inform us that we may enter, and in a few moments we find ourselves in the presence of Louise, who is sitting upright in bed; her hands are extended in prayer, her eyes, of light blue, are widely opened and steadily fixed on high, in the directions of the picture of the Passion—they seem fixed in the contemplation of a far off apparition—from time to time we perceive a slight twinkling of the eyelids and a slow movement of the pupils as though they were following attentively the different persons of a distant procession. The face that before was so homely is now truly beautiful, it is lit up with an expression of celestial happiness—but suddenly a change comes on, the smile of gladness turns into a look of mingled pain and longing as if she were about to lose some cherished object, which she would fain retain, and in another instant she falls back heavily on the bed and gives no sign of life. Several of the visitors who possessed relics now asked the Cure for permission to present them to her, which was kindly granted. I will only mention the presentation of

A RELIC OF THE HOLY CROSS. This was held at some distance from her—both out of reach and sight—but she rose immediately, without the aid of her hands, to a sitting posture and endeavored to grasp it while an expression of ineffable sweetness diffused itself over her entire countenance. The relic was then handed to her, and clasping it with great eagerness her attention seemed to be augmented—tender sympathy and compassion were depicted in her looks, a sweet smile played about her mouth which gently opened displaying a full and handsome set of teeth. The relic was then removed from her hands, though it was with reluctance that she relinquished it. Shortly afterwards pain and suffering were depicted on her face. She seemed to breathe forth a prayer replete with all the sentiments that a fervent and pious soul can contain; her eyes were greatly dilated and seemed to implore mercy. Suddenly she appeared to be a prey to the most cruel terror, and fell back on her pillow with a dull, heavy sound, as though she were a corpse. The priests present then began to say Vespers, and when they came to the "Magnificat anima mea Dominum." The first two verses were recited, but the third one being intoned by the Cure, the following one was caught up by the visitors, and thus alternately the verses of this sublime hymn of praise and thanksgiving were wafted up to the Most High.

THE SALVIFERINA was then sung, and it had the same effect on Louise, namely, she remained sitting upright; her hands extended; her gaze lost as it were in the infinity of space; her every look expressing joy or sadness according to the sense of the prayers that those about her were saying, and which, nevertheless, she could neither hear nor understand; for during the whole hour she was unconscious of all that was going on around her.

AT THE HOLY NAME OF JESUS at the words, "Miserere cordi Domini" or "Miserere," a bright smile illumined her whole countenance. The hymns finished, Louise fell back as an inanimate body would fall. It is now nearly three o'clock P. M., a religious silence reigns throughout the little chamber, the looks of all are fixed on Louise, who suddenly rises to a sitting posture, the hands extended forward as though she would fly to Calvary's Mount to relieve the suffering Jesus during the last few moments that preceded His death on the Cross, (for be it remembered, the different scenes of the Passion are represented to her during the ecstasy) on her face are painted successively the most lively expressions of tender compassion, acute pain, and fervent prayer. Then passes a scene that can never be effaced from the memory. The whole body gives signs of the greatest terror and suffering, the eyes closed and simultaneous with the first stroke of the clock, as it strikes the hour of three, Louise falls back as though dead, the mouth opens, and the arms are extended on the bed in the form of a cross. "Consummatum est," it is consummated. The end of the ecstasy is near at hand; Louise is about to return to real life, and all must leave the room. The Cure follows, and after a little chat with him, we bid adieu to the

home and birthplace of the saintly Louise. This, dear readers, is what passes at Bois d'Haine every Friday afternoon.

LOUISE CARRIES ENGRAVED IN HER VEST, PLASH the blood-stained banner of Christ, the emblem of our Holy Religion—the Cross. Louise on the bed of suffering recalls to man the last and scene in the work of his redemption. She is, as it were, the safeguard and glory of our religion in Belgium, the blessed instrument of Divine mercy, destined to dissipate the doubts, conquer the incredulity and excite the fervor of thousands of souls, not only in this little country, but throughout the world. Whether the wonders that characterize the life of Louise Lateau, the humble and suffering handmaid of the Lord, are miracles or not, is not for us to judge; for the Church, who alone has power to speak in such a case, has not as yet decided; ever prudent in her undertakings, she is waiting the right time and occasion. Distinguished scientists and medical doctors from every quarter of the globe have endeavored to find a solution of the problem that would accord with the laws of nature alone, thereby rejecting all supernatural agency; but so far their search has been in vain. Whatever it may be, it is one of the greatest amongst many marvels that are marking the passage of this 19th century over the Ocean of Time. Whoever has had the happiness to assist at the ecstasies that take place every Friday, quits the humble home of Louise Lateau deeply moved and affected. . . . His mind is pre-occupied with the strange phenomena he has seen, and if he possesses the precious gift of Faith, his soul breathes a fervent prayer of thanksgiving to Him who has deigned to give in the person of Louise a striking proof of His infinite mercy and omnipotence, and who has verified in the person of this humble daughter of the Church those words of St. Paul. "But the foolish things of the world hath God chosen that He may found the wise, and the weak things of the world hath God chosen that He may confound the strong."

P. L. C. [For a full account of Louise Lateau and her marvellous life we refer our readers to the admirable little tract translated and edited by Very Rev. Dr. Walsh, Vice-President of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, Ireland, for the Catholic Review and published by Hickey & Co., 11 Barclay St. New York.]

The Plague of Rabbits. New Zealand, like Australia, groans under the rabbit pest. A Mr. Cowan killed 26,000, on 29,000 acres, in four months. The cost of destroying them was three pence each, or over \$1,670, and the skins only fetched half that sum. A member of the Legislature said that they had rendered whole districts worthless. It is estimated that a couple of rabbits will in four years increase to the enormous total of 250,000.

The Burmese Question. RANGOON, April 2.—The authorities here have announced that the Indian Government maintains a defensive attitude, and will avoid all rupture with the King of Burmah unless brought about by overt acts of aggression and insult.

LONDON, April 2.—A Rangoon special says the official announcement and warring policy of the Indian Government has produced a bad effect, as it is considered an acknowledgment of weakness. The King of Burmah has summoned all his subjects capable of bearing arms.

Howell. Howell is making money as well as fame out of his feats on the track. Not only does he take back to England the fortune that fell to him in Gilmore's Garden, but purses are offered to him for exhibition walks in different cities. He has just finished a few miles run in Philadelphia for which he received \$500, and a Boston manager gives him as much more for a similar performance. While Weston was popular he used to receive \$100 for walking two hours at rural fairs. Howell will take back more money than will most of the best artists of Mapleson's opera troupe. There are few of the professional or business men of New York who have made as much in a year as Mr. Howell has made in a month.

The Prince Imperial. Like the knights of old, the young Prince Imperial of France has gone to the wars to win the lady of his love. It is said to be a fair case between himself and the Princess Beatrice of England. Prince Louis's father, the late Emperor, stood very high in the regard of Queen Victoria, she has a strong sympathy for his mother, the widowed Eugenie, and she is an ardent advocate of the cause of the son. With a military reputation acquired at the Cape, he will return and demand the hand of the princess. Having won his spurs, the queen will not oppose the match. Young princesses live a life of seclusion, and the attachment of Beatrice for Louis is probably on the principle that a young girl kept in solitude will fall in love with the first suitor that presents himself.

"Gloomy Prospects." Mr. MacIver, in the Times, says that no other nation at present has such gloomy prospects as Great Britain, and the balance of trade is overwhelming against England. He says he sees nothing except ruin for the home industries, whether manufacturing or agricultural, if the present state of things is allowed to continue. The export trade from Liverpool to the United States is so small that whenever the restrictions on the importation of United States cattle are removed, gentlemen are prepared to put additional steamers to the trade, and deliberately intend to make the outward voyages with ballast only, without joining in the scramble for the little outward freight, which the other owners have been recently carrying as ballast at merely nominal rates.

Drunkennes Increased in Maine. Neal Dow is ever ready to claim great and good practical results for the prohibitory law in Maine. Mr. Ingraham, a member of the Legislature, recently said, in an official report, that drunkenness had increased and business interests declined. Mr. Dow replies that there is not a distillery or brewery in the State, and that the importation of liquor is exceedingly small. He thinks that \$500,000 a year would cover the value of all the liquor smuggled in. "Our vast West India trade," he says, "used to be little else than sending lumber of many kinds to the islands, and taking home rum for our own consumption, and molasses to be converted into New England rum in our distilleries, also for home use. In those old rum days the people were poor and unthrifty; now, everything in the State, in that respect, is reversed, as the result of the vast saving; direct and indirect, coming from the law which has driven the rum trade out." Portland, in 1866, lost 10,000,000 in a conflagration, but its valuation is now greater than ever, having gained \$480,000 last year under prohibition; while Boston, with free rum (license), lost \$70,000,000; and New York and Brooklyn, with rum enough, have not gained, I think,

The True Witness

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, A WEEKLY EDITION OF THE "EVENING POST"

IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY

761 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL.

By M. C. MULLIN & CO. Proprietors. Terms (by Mail) \$1.50 per Annum in Advance City (Delivered) \$2.00

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9.

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To Our Friends West.

Our friends west of Belleville are respectfully informed that our general travelling agent, W. E. Mullin, will shortly call upon them in the interests of the EVENING POST and TRUE WITNESS, when we bespeak for him a cordial reception at the hands of our generous patrons.

Neglected Branches of Learning.

If some of our public schools undertook to teach their young pupils dress-making, millinery, cooking, and other useful branches of domestic economy, the experiment should prove a successful one.

Cruelty to Animals.

What is the Society for Cruelty to Animals doing in Montreal? If we are to judge by rumor we would answer—little or nothing.

Hon. Mr. Blake.

Canada is too barren in men of ability to be able to afford the continued absence of the Hon. Mr. Blake from Parliament. It is, too, more than ever desirable that the Opposition should be strengthened by his presence on the floor of the House, for a weak Opposition too often means an over-confident, and, sometimes, corrupt Administration on the right of the Speaker's chair.

Bronze.

The duty placed on oats has been the cause of merriment at the expense of the people hailing from the "land of brown heath, and shaggy wood; land of the mountain and the flood," Scotland. We all know how those "Irishmen in a mist" plod to the front in commercial enterprise the world over, and how they pile up the "baubles" while other people waste their time in building castles in the air.

petulancy, and when we are told that Scotchmen are angry because of the duty on oats, we marvel why, and vaguely guess that there is something under the surface, which baffles the paternal mind. But all at once we are reminded that Scotchmen inherited some of the customs of the ancient Irish, and in a Scotchman's love of "brouse" we are told that we may find his antagonism to the duty on oats. The question is not so much one of tariff as of oatmeal, for if the duty on oats is high, a Scotchman cannot get oatmeal, and without oatmeal the cup of a Scotchman's bitterness would be drained to the dregs indeed. "Alas, poor Scotland," no longer "stands where she did," when "her faithless sons betray her" thus.

The Taxation Cry.

The Reformers are raising the Taxation cry with a vengeance. All their papers are full of it; all their arguments tend with it; and the debate on the Tariff is honeycombed with it. It is taxation! taxation! everywhere. This is all for political effect. Taxation makes a good cry. But, if the Reformers were so anxious about keeping down taxation, why did they not cut down the salaries of the Ministers of the Crown, and of the members of Parliament. Such a Reform would have exhibited a sincere desire on their part to "relieve the oppressive burdens of the people."

Judge and Jury.

In our edition of Monday, we published a letter in reply to an article that appeared on the previous Saturday, on "Judge and Jury." The writer of the letter was on the jury referred to, and he attempted to explain how it was that the jury first brought in an irregular verdict, then twice returned with "not guilty," and then, after the Judge had made a new charge, the jury returned a verdict of "guilty." The writer, who did not clearly understand the case until the Judge had charged the second time. This is the substance of the letter, and we have waited up to the present in order to ascertain if any more weighty reasons could be assigned for the singular spectacle of a jury swallowing a thrice-told tale.

The Election Law.

Mr. Casey's Bill to amend the act respecting the election of members of the Commons was defeated in the House last night. The object of the bill was to make treating or bribery at elections more difficult than they are at present, and the Government voted Mr. Casey down. No doubt the Election Law is capable of much improvement, but we think the first steps that should be taken to purify elections should be to do away with the vicious and demoralizing system of canvassing. It is a remnant of a past age, when the press was unknown as a factor of public opinion, and when the difficulties of placing the views of the candidate before his constituents could only be overcome by a personal visit. It is an anomaly in this age of the ballot and the penny press, and it is only resorted to in order to bring personal pressure to bear. Public men should stand upon their public acts, and not go having in every interest that can influence the vote of every Tom, Dick and Harry in their constituency. Canvassing is an unmitigated evil, degrading to the candidate and demoralizing to the electors. Do away with it, and at once the worst evils of the election law are destroyed. It is, too, a fruitful source of falsehood, as well as fraud. Promises are made to "get rid of the fawning squire," who is, in turn, induced to play the hypocrite. The canvassing system is neither necessary nor useful, and the plea of "personal acquaintance" is a delusion. Public men should be treated on their merits as public men, not because they can bring pressure to bear. Let men go frankly before the public, and let their record and their public utterances be the test of their claims and qualifications. It appears to us that it is an insult to the intelligence of the electors to interfere with the dictates of their conscience, and by "private" promises to induce them to vote one way or the other. But many men are elected because of "private" promises—promises which these same men had not the courage to make public, and thus canvassing favors the charlatan while it tells disadvantageously against the honest man.

The Indians.

The other day Mr. Dawson said in the House of Commons that there were 90,000 Indians in the Dominion, and he thought "it contrary to the spirit of the age" that they should have no representative in the House of Commons. But if all Mr. Dawson said be true, if the Indians in some cases are "highly educated and very intelligent," we can see no reasonable ground why these 90,000 Indians should not have a representative on the floor of the House of Commons. In New Zealand, and the Maories have several representatives in Parliament, and their presence has done a great deal in enabling the colonists to understand the Maori question better, and to fathom the motives of the Haw-haw's and the King party. The natives, through their representatives, learn that the colonists mean peace and good will, and the result is that mutual concessions are made, and peace and order now reign all over the land. It is the same case of the Maories, representation is more easily secured than it could be in the case of our Indians. In New Zealand there is but one native language; here there are many, and the Maories are more concentrated, and consequently more powerful, in proportion to their numbers, than the Indians of the Dominion. But yet it appears inexplicable that the Indians of the Dominion should be denied the franchise, as Mr. Dawson says they are in Ontario. Even in Quebec an Indian must separate himself from his tribe in order to enable him to take advantage of the law of enfranchisement. The

subject of this is to break up the tribal system, a mischievous and a delusive hope. The Indians are clanship, and they have just as much right to hold on to their clanship as the Irish, Scotch or English. Mr. Dawson told the House that he heard an old and wealthy Indian say that he would rather surrender his wealth than break from his tribe, and sever himself from his people. The tribal system has been, and is, the salvation of the Indians. Break it up, and you throw a community of individuals by mutual good will, upon individual resources, and that you cannot do with safety. However, we shall hear more of the question when the papers for which Mr. Dawson has moved are brought down.

The Irishman at Home and Abroad.

The Spectator is becoming facetious. In an article on "The Irishman at Home and Abroad," it merrily twits the Irish of Canada with being "agin" the Government, and winds up by advising the Irish people to "change their skin," or they will "lose it." The Spectator thinks it wicked on the part of Irishmen to expect class representation, and it seriously assures its readers that it is the Irish people only who clamour for representation. Did the Spectator ever hear of the couplet:

"Forgiveness to the injured doth belong, They never forgive who do a wrong."

Our contemporary confesses that "until a generation ago" the Irish "were compelled to endure most barbarous wrongs." This is a discovery of no startling note, but it is an index to the couplet quoted; they who did the wrong will not forgive those whom they injured. But our contemporary says that "only a few institutions can be called peculiarly Irish; for, besides the brogue and the shamrock, they have hardly anything that was not imported." The Spectator is wrong. The "brogue" is an importation, and not an un-musical one. He is infinitely more pleasant than what Thackeray called the "undistinguishable dialects of some parts of Great Britain," in the midst of whose native would the clergyman was asked, in reply to the question: "Do you know Christ?" "Nay, who be He; pitmon, or a bonk mon?" The "brogue" is certainly an importation, and that we cannot forget that the Irish speak their own language well, and they speak English indifferently, while the English speak their own language so badly, and conduct themselves so oddly, that some time since an English judge exclaimed: "Good God, is this a Christian land." And then the "shamrock." Well, that is national, and, like a woman's honor, we do not care to joke about it. It would not be safe to "see how we could stand it." But the "brogue" is so long settled in Ireland that we accept it as a native, and are quite satisfied with the definition of the Spectator—that all the rest are importations. In fact, after all the rest are importations. In fact, after all the rest are importations.

The Letellier Business.

If the Conservative press was angry with the Governor-General because he refused to dismiss the Lieut.-Governor of the Province of Quebec on constitutional grounds, we would give them our cordial sympathy. All men of independent views will, we are sure, resent any attempt on the part of the Governor-General to override the will of the people. Right or wrong the Parliament of Canada demands the dismissal of the Hon. Mr. Letellier, and it is the duty of the country to sustain the Government upon the vital issue at stake. The Parliament of Canada was elected by the people of Canada, and the instant that the Governor-General attempts to interfere with the expression of their opinion, in matters which are purely Canadian, that instant it is time for the people to stand by those who fight the battle of responsible Government on constitutional grounds. Thus far we go with the Conservatives. Let the Reform papers say what they please, yet the spirit of Canadian nationality is that Canada should be mistress of her own affairs. Downing street rule brought rebellion in the past; it cannot be permitted to bring rebellion in the future. We cannot join in the disrespectful language used towards the Marquis of Lorne by some of the Conservative press, but we are in thorough accord with them when they say the men who live in this country are the best judges of their own affairs, and that the will of the people must be obeyed. Parliament was wrong in dismissing the Lieut.-Governor; just as wrong as the Government of the Hon. Mr. de Boucherville. Both committed mistakes. But that is not now the question. The question has assumed a new aspect, and it is this: Is Canada to be ruled from Downing Street or from Ottawa? What will the people say? Who in this country will be prepared to make the will of the people, on questions which are purely Canadian, subject to any intion on earth? We prefer the rule of Canadians, even if wrong, to the rule of Downing Street if right. Canada cannot—and, we hope, will not—permit any interference with its sovereign will. But, while saying all this, let us not forget that the Conservative press is angry because the party has been, so far, thwarted. We are angry because the will of the people has been interfered with. The Conservatives are in arms because their party has been snubbed. We are in arms because Canada has been offended, because responsible government is at stake, and because we are a free people in a free land, and as such we should resolve to continue.

The Artful Dodger.

It is all a trick of Sir John A. Macdonald's. The wily leader of "a quarter of a century" was in a trap and he concocted the "referring to England" business as a means of extricating himself. The Quebec Conservatives were going crazy over the Letellier affair, while some of the Ontario Conservatives took an opposite view, and Sir John was between two fires. He put his wits to work and advised the Governor-General to "refer to England." Who blames Sir John A. now? Not a soul! He has shifted the blame from himself to the Governor-General, and the Governor-General has in turn, handed it over to Downing Street. Wily Sir John! What an artful dodger you are! It was evident from the commencement that Sir John A. Macdonald did not desire the dismissal of the Lieutenant-Governor. That was a matter of public notoriety. But the French Canadian Conservatives forced his hand and he "referred to England." Again, let us notice the tone, the indignant tone of the Conservative press. It is all the "party." Everything is for fear of the "party." The "party" has been snubbed, the "party" has been rebuked, the "party" is not the king it should be, and hence the anger. "Canada" has, it would appear, nothing to do with this question at all. But we think it is essentially a National and not a party question. The "party" was wrong in dismissing the Lieut.-Governor, for it placed Canada in the miserable light of sustaining Mr. Letellier under a Reform administration, and of denouncing him under Conservative rule. The Reform "party" voted Mr. Letellier "right"; the Conservative "party" vote Mr. Letellier "wrong," and what can the people think but that the country is governed by factions, where all are for the "party," and none are for the State. And they talk of "Constitution!" Last session the "Constitution" was in favor of Mr. Letellier; this session it is against him. A funny "Constitution," and a pliable one, surely. But, wrong as the "party" was, it is our duty now to stand by it. Right or wrong, we want to be governed by Canadians—not by Englishmen. If we do not possess the full measure of responsible government, then let us have it, and the sooner the better. Separation from the Empire we do not desire, but responsible government we must have. Separation from the Empire would be a calamitous event for Canada, but the loss of responsible government would be a greater calamity still. But let us note the amusing feature of the game. The Herald is now raising the "loyalty" cry. What a pity that article about annexation was written! And more, it talks about Sir John A. Macdonald being "an eminent constitutional lawyer," because he said that the Governor-General was right in "referring to England"—that is, the Governor-General was "right" in doing what Sir John advised! How cleverly the Artful Dodger plays his cards!

Retrenchment.

At last some one has had the courage to speak of retrenchment. In the Senate, the Hon. Mr. Macpherson made a speech that will be read with satisfaction over the country. The revenue is falling, and the expenses of Government should be reduced, said the Hon. Mr. Macpherson. We are not aware that anyone denies this. The cost of collecting the revenue has increased all over the country, while the revenue itself has declined. The figures he quoted, and which we publish, were conclusive. The fact is that the expense of governing the country is ruinous, and the graining knife must be applied first to the fountain head of expenditure and extravagance—the Houses of Parliament themselves. This has been our reasoning for some time, and this, we are glad to see, is the reasoning of the Hon. Mr. Macpherson. Here are his words:—"The present scale of salaries had been adopted at a time when the cost of living was greater than it was now, and it could be greatly reduced. He also contended that the indemnity to members of Parliament should be reduced. The cost of legislation last Parliament was \$618,000, of which \$303,000 was

paid as indemnity to members. Notwithstanding this immense expenditure, he thought if the people of the country were consulted on it, they would not give two cents on the dollar for all the legislation they had received for it; they had got it besides the supply bills, only two important measures—the Supreme Court Act and Whitewashing Act. Unless an era of retrenchment were inaugurated, not only at Ottawa, but in the Provincial Governments, the people would rise in their indignation and visit them with their wrath for such an extravagant expenditure of their hard earned money."

This is the language of a man who looks to country first and party afterward. Such men deserve to know that they are sustained by the people at large. He is the best friend to his party who is the truest friend to his country, and if the Hon. Mr. Macpherson fights this question out on the lines he has commenced, he may, we believe, rest assured of the sympathy of the country.

But, let us add a few statistics to those furnished by the Hon. Mr. Macpherson, in order to better enable us to understand the weight of taxation we have to bear. In the Dominion we have a Governor-General, and eight Lieut.-Governors, fourteen Legislative bodies, sixty-five Executive Councilors; while the cost of civic government, salaries, contingencies, &c., is set down at \$1,224,000. After this we have the cost of legislation—that is, indemnities, &c., and that comes to \$1,016,000; the administration of justice, \$1,320,000; education, \$1,320,000; customs, post-office, government railways, &c., \$5,885,000, making a total of \$10,750,000, or over \$2.50 per head of the population. There are \$3,690,000 paid in annual subsidies to the Provinces out of the general fund. Any one outside the circle of office-holders or expectants must see that the expenses of governing such a country as Canada are altogether out of proportion to its requirements, or to its resources, and we hope the Hon. Mr. Macpherson will persevere in his advocacy of the policy of retrenchment, which he, last night, so boldly announced, and which must result in good to the people.

Whew!

What are we coming to; whether are we drifting? The Herald hinted at Annexation, while the Gazette threatens Independence! In an article on "What reciprocity means" in the Herald the following passage occurs:—"With no encouragement from the Mother Country to remain in the Empire, and with the heavy taxation that our rulers have seen fit to impose upon us, it would not be strange if our people, for the sake of some measure of relief, and for the access to the markets of the United States, which such a course would afford them, were willing, at last, to enter the fold of the Republic." This is plain talk, and if it is any reflex of the opinions of Reformers, it must give the Annexationists hope. But where has all the "loyalty" gone? Has it vanished because Canada is proclaimed a land where Canadians can do as they please? So much for the Herald. Then we have the Gazette coming out quite as seriously in favor of separation from the Empire. In an article on the refusal of the Governor-General to dismiss Mr. Letellier, the Gazette says:—"There have been evidences of the most painful character lately of the tendency towards the revival of personal as distinguished from responsible or parliamentary government, and it may be that the old battle, which was so heroically fought, and, as everybody supposed, won, may have to be fought over again. If this is the case, we have no fear for the result. The people of Canada have enjoyed too long a system under which

the government of the country was carried on by Ministers responsible to the people, as represented in Parliament, to willingly give it up; and it will depend upon the action of the Imperial authorities whether a discussion which all loyal men would deeply deplore is to be forced upon the people of Canada."

Goldwin Smith triumphs. English prognostications are being fulfilled, and Canadian "loyalty," like a benighted bird of passage, shatters itself to pieces against the "light-house of the constitution." No doubt the condition of Canada is, as Mitchell said, the condition of Ireland was under the constitution of 1782, "anomalous and insecure," and facts, we fear, tend to prove that "loyalty" to England is measured by lip-service and dollar bills. First of all, we have the Reformers threatening Annexation because the majority of the people of this country pronounced in favor of Protection; and now the Conservatives threaten a renewal of the battle for responsible government, which simply means Independence. We have no idea where all this will land us. We are in a fog, but as we have an anchorage, we prefer to hold on to it, as long as we can. The first of it is that the Herald says that if the Governor-General had dismissed the Hon. Mr. Letellier, he would have "aimed a fatal blow at constitutional government in this country," while the Gazette, not to be outdone in bold opinions, says the opposite. But meanwhile where has all the "loyalty" gone? "Loyalty" Party men do not appear to know the meaning of the phrase. "Loyalty" to them means the triumph of their own opinions, and the Herald and Gazette have proved it in spite of themselves.

Loyalty! Pshaw, it is conditional on success. You, a party man is loyal to the triumph of his own side of the House, and he would fling Queen, "Mother Country" and everything else to the winds, in order to secure the success of his friends. Where now is this "loyal" Gazette of the time of the "National" Society? Where now is the loyal Herald? One receives a check to his ambition and loyalty is thrown, with physics, to the dogs; the other is defeated, and he for Annexation! These are the uses to which these "loyalists" put the adversities of their parties.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS and POST. DEAR SIR,—Monday evening's News raised its ire at me for pointing out that Sir John should give decent offices to Catholics, and likewise for calling the offices Sir John gave "paltry." When Sir John represented Kingston he promised Dr. Sullivan the surgoenship of the penitentiary, and never gave it. So far as calling the offices he gave "paltry," I maintain that, in the first place, the commonest laboring man can earn more than \$300 per annum. How then can Mr. Collin's situation, at \$300, or Mr. McCarty's, at \$60, be anything more than "paltry." As far as the Government carting is concerned, I have it from the ex-Governor Carter, who two weeks ago told me that, for a whole year, he could take his oath and say that he did not make \$100. Now, then, Mr. News, prove those offices more than "paltry." Again, it says I am an "ironclad Grit." It may be of that opinion if it chooses, but I beg to say that I never gave a Grit vote in my life. But I tell the News this—that I am an independent Catholic, who thinks that equal rights for Catholics is their due, and if they do not get it, I will revolt against every Government that will not treat the Catholics fairly. The News informs me that the asylum is the gift of Mowat. The News did not mention that the post-office was the gift of Sir John, oh, no!

Yours truly, INDEPENDENT CATHOLIC. Kingston, April 1, 1879.

Miscellaneous Items.

Farmers in the Eastern part of Pennsylvania find it very profitable to raise their own trout, and have large quantities to spare for market. The trout pond on a farm is becoming as common as an orchard. The late Lord Wensleydale, an eminent English Judge, better known as Baron Parke, states in a letter just published that the Lancashire juries were the best in England; that those of Westminster always acted with a prejudice, and that in any nice and doubtful case juries nine times out of ten decide wrong. Lord Lansdowne, Lord Carlisle writes, said it was unquestioned that the three greatest novelists in the world were Cervantes, Fielding, and Le Sage. Macaulay, who was present, said he thought "Don Quixote" the first novel of the world, and "Clarissa Harlowe" the next. He thought it well established that "Gil Bias" is a translation from French novels.

A largely signed petition has been sent to the Governor-General by settlers to the west of Manitoba, praying for the extension of the western boundary of the "Prairie Province" to the 102nd degree of longitude. The petition also asks for the continuation of the present restrictions on the manufacture and sale of liquor, and prays for representation in the Manitoba Legislature and the Dominion House of Commons.

ALLEGED MURDER NEAR ARMACH.—An affray happened on St. Patrick's Day in this town between some Protestants and Catholics, the result of which has proved fatal. During the evening several rows, one of a serious nature, arose among people named the McKenzies and the Croziers on the land, and the Carberry on the other. In the melee that ensued, it is alleged that McKenzie drew a gouge and struck one of the Carberrys in the abdomen, from which wound the latter has since died.

FOR LIVER COMPLAINT use Dr. Harvey's Anti-Bilious and Purgative Pills.

A NEGLECTED COUGH, COLD, OR SORE THROAT, which might be checked by a simple remedy, like "Brown's Bronchial Troches," if allowed to progress may terminate seriously.

DOES THE BABE START IN HIS SLEEP AND grind his little teeth? Nine chances out of ten it is troubled with worms, and the best remedy for these is BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMBIFITS or Worm Lozenges. They are tasty and the children will love them. Drive out the worms and the child will sleep sweetly. Sold for only 25 cents.

FOR INDIGESTION NOTHING IS BETTER THAN BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA and Family Liniment. It brings up the wind from the stomach, removes the terrible balling which is experienced by the sufferers, and strengthens the stomach, without implanting an appetite for strong drinks.

THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE OF AN OLD NURSE. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP is the prescription of one of the best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and has been used for thirty years with never-failing success, by millions of mothers for their children. It relieves the child from pain, cures dysentery and diarrhoea, griping in the bowels, and wind-colic. By giving health to the child, it rests the mother.

TELEGRAMS.

Russia. St. Petersburg, April 4.—Wholesale arrests of nihilists continue to take place.

Burma. London, April 4.—A despatch from Calcutta says disturbances in Burma are expected to-morrow at the coronation of King Thibau.

Egypt. London, April 5.—Mr. Baird's report of the famine in Upper Egypt states that over 10,000 have died of starvation in Ghengas, Kina and Esna.

South America. London, April 4.—A despatch from Rio Janeiro says Peru and Bolivia have concluded an offensive and defensive alliance, and have jointly declared war against Chili.

Italy. London, April 4.—In the House of Commons this evening Sir Stafford Northcote, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in reply to a question, said reports that negotiations with Yakoub Khan had been broken off, and the advance on Cabul ordered, were incorrect, but on the contrary, negotiations were actively proceeding.

Italy. London, April 4.—With respect to the story of the contemplated assassination of Queen Victoria in Italy, various sensational stories are in circulation, and it is believed that the anonymous warning given to the Italian Government was imparted in good faith. There is reason to believe that conspirators on the continent are determined to continually attack the lives of all sovereigns who come within their reach, whenever opportunity serves, sparing neither age nor sex, and that an attempt upon the life of the Queen was really contemplated.

Ireland. London, April 4.—The return of Justin McCarthy, Home Rule candidate, as member of Parliament for Longford, excites no surprise, as the Home Rules are all-powerful in Longford. His return makes no change in the numerical strength of parties, as he takes the seat of another Home Ruler, Mr. America, where he lived for three years, is Mr. McCarthy who has many personal friends in years old. He has been a journalist and magazine writer for more than a quarter of a century, and he is the author of several clever novels.

The Zululand Campaign. London, April 4.—No little relief has been given to the public mind to-day by the receipt of a despatch from Sir Bartle Frere, announcing that reinforcements which had arrived at Capetown were rapidly advancing to the relief of Colonel Pearson, whose perilous position at Ekowe has so long been a source of pregnant anxiety. No intelligence whatever has been received from Colonel Pearson, and it is by no means certain that the advancing column will be able to reach him, if indeed he has not already been captured and massacred. The Gazette publishes a statement from King Cetewayo, declaring that he never desired a war or refused the terms offered, and proposing that both sides put aside their arms and resume negotiations with a view to the settlement of all questions in dispute between King Cetewayo and the British.

The Times, referring to King Cetewayo's statement, says a portion of it is palpably false; that it is not easy to negotiate with a Sovereign who declares that he only wishes for peace, when he is known to be meditating fresh attacks.

Cambridge Wins.

LONDON, April 5.—The 26th race between the Oxford and Cambridge crews for the blue ribbon of the Thames, which came off to-day over the regular course of about four miles and two furlongs, from Putney to Mortlake, brought together the usual immense concourse of spectators. The banks of the Thames on both sides of the river were crowded with a vast moving throng of people, and the aristocracy occupied seats in carriages at advantageous points along the course, while the press and umpires, boat and other crafts on the river were filled with an interested crowd. Several of the rowers were present. The weather was bright and clear, a slight breeze prevailed but not sufficient to roughen the water, and everything was propitious to the result of the race. The commencement of the race was in the usual manner, the start was given by the umpire, and the crews putted off towards the finish. The Oxford crew, under the command of the Captain, a well-learned victory. Long before the hour of starting the police had cleared the river of all small boats, and the crews took their positions. At the start the Oxford crew pulled with a powerful oar, their stroke oar keeping his crew well together. The Oxford crew rowed well, but the Cambridge crew, under the command of the Captain, pulled with a powerful oar, their stroke oar keeping his crew well together. The Oxford crew rowed well, but the Cambridge crew, under the command of the Captain, pulled with a powerful oar, their stroke oar keeping his crew well together.

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The low grade of civilization of the Australian aborigines, is attested by the total absence from the continent of ferocious and powerful animals, the ease with which the poor and limited quantity of their food is obtained, and their national isolation.

The Schools of Our Fathers

Eloquent Lecture by Archbishop Bede Vaughan, of Sydney, N. S. W.

The following is the continuation of the fascinating lecture of the Archbishop of Sydney, N. S. W., delivered before the Mayor, Bishop and principal citizens of Sandhurst, Victoria:

WHO IS THERE NOW THAT READS ARISTOTLE?

How many know Plato's books, or even his name? Scarcely here and there a few old men in their retirement turn them over. But our countrymen and fishermen the whole world speaks of; they are, indeed, the "universe." It is evident, therefore, that the school of Christ, perpetuated by His followers, emerging in the great-Christian polity, and spreading itself abroad throughout the world took possession of, and transformed the mind and heart of man on a large and extended scale. It revolutionized the Roman world with a "not" and "and" did what no philosopher of olden times ever dreamt of effecting. Now, let us give a turn to the kaleidoscope of history. The Roman Empire and all its force is giving way under the combined pressure of inward corruption and outward assault. I need not go through the history of the barbarian invasions, nor recount how the hardy, the fierce, hungry, and powerful races of northern Europe, like a deluge, submerged the old civilization of Augustus, and brought to nought the work of ages. Whilst the creation of the military genius of the emperors and of the organizing force of the Roman mind melted and dissolved under the fierce heat of the barbarian incursions, the philosophy of Christ did not succumb to the conquering foe. The work of man, in all its colossal greatness, came to nought; the work of God remained to regenerate and conquer the conquerors of the empire. The fierce and lawless children of the north had to be tamed. Their minds had to be opened to a knowledge of obedience and of stability of mind. The great for plunder had to give way to the practice of honesty and industry, and the thirst for blood and domination to peace, love, forbearance, and mutual offices of kindness. And they who came to savage had to be taught to remain to become honest citizens and lovers of order, self-control, and disinterestedness. I will not trouble you by recounting what the Church in her pontiffs, her bishops, and her clergy did in furtherance of this great work. I would rather briefly refer to the special school of our fathers whose vocation it was to lay the foundations of the civilization and recreation of the tribes of the North. Whilst the Church herself has ever acted as the great school of the world teaching and instructing, and forming the character of her growing children, reclaiming them, and reprimanding and encouraging them as they have required it, whilst she has, age after age, been engaged in this world work she has ever had at her command special instruments of power to meet special emergencies. This we find to be the case in the period of which I treat. The school of Christ.

IN THE MOUNTAIN OF BEATITUDE,

had to be brought vividly before the barbarian mind. The savage, with all his wild ways and uncultivated strength, had to be tamed, subdued, refashioned, Christianized in heart and conscience, as well as in external manner. His imagination and his senses had to be attracted and overawed; his eyes, and ears, and his natural love of the beautiful had to be influenced so that his heart might be gained and his soul saved. How was this principally effected? By one of the most beautiful of the schools of our fathers. It was now simply in form, and that form seems especially adapted to the special wants of that unruly age. Look, for example, at the distant mountain. On its summit, or nearly so, you see a sombre, large, and imposing mass of masonry. It is filled with men who have dedicated their lives to a special service. The mountain side and the fruitful valley, far along the stream and up the mountain side on each side of it, are killed and cultivated for miles around. Here and there under some ancient tree, is a crucifix, or a little oratory to some favorite saint. This mountain once the resort simply of wild beasts and wild birds. The river was a morass; the pasture land and tillage land were portions of a black interminable forest; the great building was a fissure in the rock. How has this change come about? It is through the action of one of the schools of our fathers.

BENEDICT WAS HIS NAME WHO FOUNDED THAT SCHOOL.

He is simply a disciple of Christ. He does not pretend to lead, but it is his special boast to follow. He leaves the wicked city. He enters the wilderness; he collects others round him. He writes his philosophy, which is simply a repetition of the philosophy of Christ. The world is abandoned that men might live together in Christ's love. His love is a first principle, and the basis of the whole teaching—Christ rules. He is seen in the Abbot; his voice speaks when he commands; and the brethren not only look on each other as his representatives, but also on strangers and pilgrims and guests, and especially the Prior as representing him. Their life is spent in the love of this great exemplar, and Christ's presence is the secret of all their love and gentleness, and purity and grace. They truly build their home in the solitude; they raise a large and splendid church; they spend the night in the divine praises, singing together in melody to God; and in the day, when they are not engaged in prayer or in study, they patiently reclaim the savage earth, and turn the wilderness into a blooming garden. Their great virtue is stability, remaining in their place and doing their work in obedience under authority, and out of the love of Christ. Each individual of that holy throng has been spending his life trying to put on Christ, and sweet and gentle in his converse, meek and humble are his ways; laborious and silent and contented, and, filled with spiritual thoughts, he spends his days waiting for the great revelation when all this world is over, and that becomes a reality for which he lives. Fancy such a thing as this; imagine the hardy ruthless, wild barbarians coming for the first time in contact with such a polity, and with such men as these. Here they would find all that they lacked; here they would find in full force those virtues which uncivilized tribes do not possess; here they would find what would attract the eye in the beauty of the ceremonial, and in the glorious splendor of the Gothic Church; here they would be transfixed with surprise, seeing so many men, and yet—

SO SILENT, SO ORDERLY, SO OBEDIENT,

so completely under control. Here they would for the first time in their lives discover how men can live together in brotherly love, thinking more of each other than of themselves, and animated by one great active principle—that of the personal love and worship of Him who gave His law upon the Mount; thus they would find how this earth

can be cultivated whilst the heart and affections are set on heaven; and how men can learn many things and deed things, too, and yet never be puffed up or carried away by the vanity of human learning. They would discover that the world does not want blood and iron—and armed force to make man great or make him happy, but that there is an internal influence which is far stronger than brute force and can penetrate deeper than sword or spear. A barbarian, coming thus in contact with this form of teaching, and this practical and yet poetical philosophy, would naturally, after a time, begin to love that which at first he wondered at. He would make friends with more gentle, peaceful men; he would learn many things from them; his children would join their company; he would himself take up his abode not far off, and gradually he would learn the philosophy of Christ and the civilization of His cross.

HE WOULD LEARN TO OBEY.

to be self controlled, to rest in one place, to cultivate the earth, to build, to form centres of population, and what was at first a mere home of two or three followers of St. Benedict, would finally become a great city and flourish, and community, all filled with one spirit and all modeled upon one example; and all, after all looking upon this life as only valuable because it is the means given for attaining the vision that cannot pass away. I would not ask you to look on this school of our fathers if it had not been one that had a large success.

PLATO AND ARISTOTLE AND PYTHAGORAS,

the nearest approach to a monk among the pagans, are simply egregious failures when compared with St. Benedict. They had but a narrow circle. He civilized Europe, and was the great teacher of the world during six centuries at least of European history. You have simply to imagine thirty-seven establishments such as I have described to realize the influence these men must have exerted over the hardy Northmen whom they so successfully subdued.

"THE INFLUENCE TO WHICH MONASTICISM ATTAINED,"

says Draper, "may be judged of from the boast of the Benedictines, that Pope John XXIII., who died in 1334, after an exact inquiry, found that, since the first rise of the order, there had been in it 24 popes near 200 cardinals, 7000 archbishops, 15,000 bishops, 15,000 abbots of renown, above 4000 saints, and upward of 37,000 monasteries. There have been likewise of this order 20 emperors and 10 empresses, 47 kings and above 50 queens, 20 sons of emperors and 43 sons of kings; about 100 princesses, daughters of kings and emperors; besides dukes, marquises, earls, countesses, etc., innumerable. The order has produced a vast number of authors and other learned men. Their Alcuin founded the University of Paris. Their Dionysius Exiguus perfected ecclesiastical computation. Their Guido invented the scale of music; their Sylvester, the organ. They boasted to have produced

ANSELM, ILDEFONSUS, AND THE VENERABLE BEDE."

Here, as in all schools which have been founded on the teachings of the Benedictines, and on our Lord's great sermon on the Mount, the basis of all culture as well as of all religion was supernatural. Around that one great love all things concentrated and found their place. The great creed of Christianity lived with an energetic life, and acted upon the entire man. It was no dead-letter, no mill stone around unwilling necks; but the diploma of fellowship with all that was high and pure in thought and worthy in action. Here the moral law was not only expounded but marvellously illustrated by examples, more forcible than and precept, living before the eyes; and here was one great and loving worship, that of Christ, for sake all things had been left, and to see whom all dearest things on earth were renounced—personal liberty, human love, and all possessions; so that nothing might impede the absolute dedication of the entire man to the paramount worship of our Blessed Saviour. Here, in creed, and morals, and worship as well as culture and progress in their highest sense—here the Church, in one of her off-shoots, beyond comparison, the most successful efforts of the ancients. All human beauty and power fail and grow languid in the presence of Jesus Christ.

WITH THE GROWTH OF POPULATION

and with development and knowledge the schools of our fathers took another form. The dialectics of Aristotle had worked a revolution in great and contemplative minds; the learning of the East and the wisdom brought to Paris through Spain was not without its effect. The quiet woodland, the calm bill-side, the banks of the river, and the mountain top were abandoned for the gay and noisy city. The period of mediæval universities commenced when the philosophy of St. Benedict had done its work. The patriarch of the West, with his fingers on his lips, gives place to the chivalrous and acute St. Dominic. The schools of Paris take the teachings of Cassiano and St. Goll; and the schools of our fathers are typified in the methods and teaching in the great order of friars and teachers.

PARIS BECAME THE CENTRE

of the intellectual world. Here all flocked who desired to develop their faculties and enlarge their minds. A council at Rome, in 1078, ordered that a school of liberal arts should be set up alongside every episcopal cathedral, and thus, under the shadow of St. Peter, that form of philosophy was perpetuated which was first given to the world from Divine lips upon the Mount. Here, as in the school of St. Benedict, the master was a representative in his own person of that which he taught. Perhaps the most perfect exemplar of this university teacher is to be found in the Angel of the Schools.

ST. THOMAS OF AQUIN

embraces in his own person and character the transition from the Abbey to the Hall of the scholastics. Personally a contemplative, living in the unseen world, he, of all men of his age, was the most keen logician, and the most powerful reasoner and deepest thinker of his or any other time. The whole world, it may be said, flocked to Paris, flocked to see and hear his lectures. He yet eminently represents the schools of our fathers in the middle age. Paris was overcharged with other colleges and halls besides that of the Dominicans; but they may be said to have summed up in their method the system of that day, and by the success of their exposition and the exceptional brilliancy of their professors, took the lead and gave the tone to those teachings. I need not describe to you the methods by which the youths of that day were drilled in profane and sacred knowledge. My especial point is this; that the same fundamental principle that is wanting in the pagan schools, and is ever found in the system of our Saviour, which underlay and permeated the methods of St. Paul and St. Benedict, was now so strongly marked in that of St. Dominic and the Christian teachers of the university period and in the middle age. Indeed, it may be said that this age was

THE SPECIAL AGE OF PHILOSOPHICAL AND THEOLOGICAL THOUGHT.

Men's minds were possessed with a craving

after spiritual knowledge; the activity of human speculation seemed bent on probing the mysteries of religion; and men and boys seemed more intensely interested in those things which had a bearing on the future, on the life beyond the grave, than on the things that they felt most quickly perish. In the midst of all the excitement of mind and craving after knowledge, there were certain fundamental truths which no one dreamt of doubting. The heritage handed down from the revelation of our Saviour was still in its full force; and the philosophy of the Cross was the basis and substratum of the whole course of teaching in the school of our fathers. The teachers themselves set the example. They were generally men of attainments and of wide cultivation. Carefully did the order prepared them for their vocations. They spent years in being trained and drilled. They abandoned all things to follow out their vocation. Often they were men who had made a noise in the world as advocates, as statesmen or judges, but who, stricken with a vocation to join the philosophy of Christ, entered the order of friar preachers, and dedicated all they had and all their gifts to the one great object of enlightening the intellect and purifying the hearts of their fellowmen. To show you how great was the activity in the great intellectual centre in which St. Thomas and St. Bonaventure gave such evidence of their great ability, I need not remind you that men of all nations flocked to Paris in those days. Whoever came there ranked under one of four bands—as French; which included Spaniards, Italians and Orientals; as English or German, which included Hungarians, Scandinavians and Poles; or as Picard or Norman. So great at one time was

THE NUMBER OF STUDENTS

that during a procession, the first rank was entering the Church of Notre Dame when the last was just leaving at St. Mathurin's, Kings would assist at their splendid pageants, and receive the homage of five thousand graduates at a time. On one occasion the university authorities undertook to send 25,000 scholars to increase the pomp of a funeral. In 1262 Olfred gave his lectures to 10,000 scholars at Padua. In the sixteenth century there were 40,000 students. Bologna, Padua, Salamanca, Naples, Upsal, Lisbon and Rome were not behind. In 1260 there were 10,000 students at Bologna; in 1265, some say there were 20,000 there; in 1200 there were 4,000 scholars at Oxford; in 1231, 30,000; and in 1253, 15,000. Cambridge boasted of 5,000, and in the universities of France and Italy there were numbers proportionately as large. And what was the ruling principle animating these vast bodies of intellectual men?

IT IS PERSONIFIED IN ST. DOMINIC,

and illustrated in St. Thomas of Aquin. It was no new independent principle discovered by the great Spanish founder. It was no antagonistic rival to that of the patriarch of Western monks. It did not pretend to be an advance upon St. Peter, or to throw in the shade the teachings of Christ upon the Mount. Just the very reverse. The least of St. Dominic and his followers was that they perpetuated and carried on that very same principle which had been taught by the great King of thought and art and worship, Jesus Christ. They fixed all their efforts on the earnest striving to follow humbly in His footsteps. They knew that to attempt to supplant Him would be to destroy themselves; and the secret of their success would be, as it had been that of those who went before them, in keeping as close as possible to the great Model which had been followed by Peter and Benedict, and all successful teachers down to their own day. And more than this, the school of St. Peter which dominated the world, and had the earth for a school-room, had even kept jealous watch over the teachings of the various minor academies which were spread through Christendom. Each school of arts under the shadow of the cathedral of each bishop, was carefully watched by the all-seeing eye of Rome. His faith who was not to fail and he who had to confirm his brethren, would never allow false principle, or false dogma, or morality, or worship to be taught without a warning, and if that were not heeded, without a condemnation. The colleges and halls of the mediæval universities were under the same healthy control.

No professor could bring in the Arabian philosophy or dwell approvingly on the aberrations of the commentators of Aristotle without being called to order. The creed, and moral law, and worship which Christ introduced were not to be tampered with. Human ingenuity and pride of intellect were not permitted to run riot amid the certainties of religion and the traditions and revelations of a venerable antiquity, guarded and guided by the spirit of truth itself. Thus for years, whilst ample liberty was accorded to science and to human thought, it was not allowed that license which declares that truth and error have equal rights, and that a man is at perfect liberty to think exactly as he likes. The philosophy of Christ penetrates deeper than that. It does not content itself with dealing with overt acts, or with spoken words; it penetrates into the heart and conscience, anathematizes a dishonest desire with as absolute a condemnation as the act of its fulfilment. Thus the minor schools were under some protection; and the great central school of St. Peter, living on in his successors, has ever warned and corrected, and called to order, and, if necessary, punished those who went astray.

AS TO THE INFLUENCE OF THE SCHOOL OF CHRIST,

in fostering a spirit of learning, and in multiplying universities and halls and colleges, every scholar knows that all the greatest and most renowned centres of learning throughout Christendom owe their existence to it. I need not remind you of England, which cannot speak of Oxford or Cambridge, of their halls and their colleges, without calling to mind the enlightened beneficence of some Pope, or the large-handed liberality of some Catholic bishop. It is the same all over Europe. The school of Christ has been the prolific mother of all true culture, and the earnest advocate of every liberal art. Not to speak of Italy, and Spain, and Ireland, countries which were learned and foremost in letters and philosophy, because they were Catholic; but, later, even Scotland. To whom do our Scottish friends owe those universities which have enabled them to grasp the lion's share in every department where head and perseverance and keenness are required? They owe them to the school of Christ—to the school of St. Peter. St. Andrew's established 1410, Glasgow in 1450, and Aberdeen in 1495, were the handwork of the school of St. Peter. The grammar schools in the burgh corporations are of a like origin. To the school of St. Peter is owing that

THE SCOTCH PARLIAMENT OF 1490

made the education of those who would have the responsibility of ruling and correcting others compulsory. All barons and freeholders of substance were compelled, under heavy fine, to do two things—first to make their sons study Latin at the grammar schools; and, secondly, to send them for three years to the schools of art and jure, so that they might know enough law to do their duty

later on upon the bench. In fact, the spirit of the school of St. Peter has made itself felt throughout the world, and those who now are enjoying the fruits of our fathers' labors are reaping a harvest sown by Catholic hands. When that great revolution took place in human thought which resulted in the rejection of the principle of authority which was the principle of the Sermon of the Mount, another form was taken in the schools of our fathers for meeting the peril.

THE PRACTICAL, REVERENT, AND SPLENDID ST. IGNATIUS.

drew men still closer to the Cross. He founded a society of active, energetic, practical-minded men, whose vocation it was not to bury themselves in solitude, or simply conduct the deputations in the schools, but to come in direct contact with the spirit of revolution, which was based upon the denial of all authority and the rejection of all external restraint. The members of the great school were formed upon the most severe model of divine obedience. They were essentially military in their spirit. Obedience and discipline, and freedom from ties, and sacrifice of self in every form, and one absorbing object—the saving of men upon the Divine model—was the scope which they proposed to themselves in joining St. Ignatius. These men were especially connected in their spirit with the great overruling school of St. Peter. One of their great aims was to support his power, and to defend his prerogatives, and to impress the world with the paramount necessity of submission to legitimate authority and obedience to the Holy See. It is not for me, at this hour, to detain you with an account of the exploits and sufferings and successes of the Society of Jesus.

THEIR ENEMIES AND THEIR FRIENDS

combine in declaring that they have proved themselves the most influential body of spiritual men of modern times. They succeeded to the schools of St. Benedict and St. Dominic. The education of Europe may be said to have been in their hands. And they have, from the day when St. Francis Borgia established their first college, in 1546, to the present, persistently and successfully maintained, amidst a difficult world, the high principles of the school of Christ. Like St. Peter, St. Benedict, and St. Dominic, St. Ignatius found his liberty and strength in identifying himself in an especial manner with the great school of St. Peter. He did not declare his independence, or boast of having found a new philosophy, or of having improved on that of the great Teacher who went before him. He was simply an humble and docile disciple of the Crucified. His school was not even named after himself. He named his order, not the Society of Ignatius, but the Society of Jesus; and the one great, persistent aim of all his followers was to perpetuate that name and all it represented amongst the children of men. I need not refer to the growth and spread of that great institute. I need not refer to its vitality, and to what it had effected for education and for the world. You may recall for a moment the astonishing success of its early efforts.

AT THEIR FIRST CENTENARY JUBILEE

the members of this school of our fathers amounted to 13,112, distributed over 32 provinces. A century later they had increased to 22,689, and were possessed of 24 provincial houses, 669 colleges, 176 seminaries, 61 novitiates, 335 residences, and 275 missionary stations in infidel countries, and in the Protestant states of Europe. What they have done in modern times you will know without me going into detail; you know it from what you have heard or seen, perhaps yourselves; and you will know what they will do still better in a few years, when not only Melbourne but Sydney, not only Adelaide but Dunedin, shall witness to you that the old school has not died out, and that the schools and colleges of St. Ignatius are perpetuating in these modern days, in this new country, the good principles of the Sermon on the Mount, and are keeping alive in the hearts and intellects of the thousands of these colonies that clear dogmatic creed, that precise morality, that divine form of worship, which of old days lifted the world from degradation and darkness and despair into the hope and splendour of a glorious future. For eighteen hundred years the powers of passion and pride have fought with Christianity, and with the principles of Christian education and against the schools of our fathers. But Christ is too strong for their combined efforts. Never was the Catholic, indeed the Christian, world more alive to the paramount importance of the philosophy of Christ than at the present hour, and never was there less prospect of socialists and infidels and unbelievers driving out our faith by means of a system of godless and irreligious schools. But it is objected that

THE SCHOOL OF ST. PETER DWARFED AND STUNTS KNOWLEDGE,

and is opposed to science and to progress. Let us now meet this threadbare objection. Take Italy when under the papal influence, and in the very height of its Catholicity, when the school of St. Peter and no other school may be said to have exerted a paramount away. Take Lord Macaulay as being, so far as the school of Peter is concerned, an impartial witness to say the least to it. He says—"The crusades, from which the inhabitants of other countries gained nothing but relics and wounds, brought the rising commonwealth of the Adriatic and Tyrrhene seas large increase of wealth, dominion and knowledge. Their moral and geographical position enabled them to profit alike by the barbarism of the West and the civilization of the East. Their ships covered every sea. Their factories rose on every shore. Their money-changers set their tables in every city. Manufactures flourished. Banks were established. The operations of the commercial machine were facilitated by many useful and beautiful inventions. We doubt whether any country in Europe, our own perhaps excepted, has at the present time reached so high a point of wealth and civilization as some parts of Italy had attained four hundred years ago." Take some single city, in the very heart of its Catholicity, as a specimen of what I mean.

LOOK AT FLORENCE

in the earlier part of the fourteenth century. Macaulay again says: "The virtue of the republic amounted to six hundred thousand florins, a sum which allowing for the appreciation of the precious metals was at least equivalent to six hundred thousand pounds sterling; a larger sum than England and Ireland, two centuries ago, yielded annually. Elizabeth—larger than, according to any computation which we have seen, the Grand Duke of Tuscany now derives from a territory of much greater extent. The manufacture of wool alone employed two hundred factories and thirty thousand workmen. The cloth annually produced sold, at an average, for twelve hundred thousand florins; a sum fairly equal, in exchangeable value, to two millions and a half of our money. Four hundred thousand florins were annually coined. Eighty banks conducted the com-

mercial operations, not of Florence only but of all Europe. The transactions of these establishments were sometimes of a magnitude which may surprise even the contemporaries of

THE BARINGS AND THE ROTHSCHILDS.

Two houses advanced to Edward III. of England upwards of three hundred thousand marks at a time when the mark contained more silver than fifty shillings of the present day, and when the value of silver was more than quadruple of what it now is. The city and its environs contained a hundred and seventy thousand inhabitants. In the various schools about ten thousand children were taught to read; twelve hundred studied arithmetic; six hundred received a learned education. The progress of elegant literature and of the fine arts was proportioned to that of the public prosperity. No tongue over furnished more gorgeous and vivid tints to poetry; nor was it long, before a poet appeared who knew how to employ them. Early in the fourteenth century came forth the Divine Comedy, beyond comparison the greatest work of imagination which has appeared since the poems of Homer. The following generation produced, indeed, no second Dante, but it was eminently distinguished by general intellectual activity. No tongue over furnished more gorgeous and vivid tints to poetry; nor was it long, before a poet appeared who knew how to employ them. Early in the fourteenth century came forth the Divine Comedy, beyond comparison the greatest work of imagination which has appeared since the poems of Homer. The following generation produced, indeed, no second Dante, but it was eminently distinguished by general intellectual activity. No tongue over furnished more gorgeous and vivid tints to poetry; nor was it long, before a poet appeared who knew how to employ them. Early in the fourteenth century came forth the Divine Comedy, beyond comparison the greatest work of imagination which has appeared since the poems of Homer. The following generation produced, indeed, no second Dante, but it was eminently distinguished by general intellectual activity. 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Three in the Evening

By Father Ryan. O Heart of Three in the Evening! Thou nearest a thorn-crowned Head...

HOME READING.

LYNN RICE CAKES. One pound of ground rice, two teaspoonfuls of Borwick's baking powder...

SOUP MAIGRE. Four carrots, two leeks, one turnip, two large potatoes, and a handful of dried peas...

OMELETTE. Break three eggs into a basin, add a spoonful of cream, and a little piece of butter, pepper and salt...

WHITE TURNIP SOUP. Scrape and peel and cut up turnips according to the quantity of soup required...

BRITANNY POTATO SOUP. Take potatoes and half as many onions (say twelve and six), boil in a quart of water...

SAVORY BISCUITS. Take twelve eggs, and their weight of good crushed sugar, also take the weight of seven eggs of flour...

WAFFLE CAKES. Roll out puff paste nearly one quarter of an inch thick, and with a small saucer or tin...

American and French Breakfasts. American housewives have not studied the art of cooking the various kinds of meat...

Things Worth Knowing. 1. That fish may be scaled much easier by dipping into boiling water about a minute...

A little salt, or both, or a little gum arabic dissolved. 11. That beeswax and salt will make your rusty flat-irons as clean and smooth as glass...

What is the difference between a certain Roman Emperor and a drunken man? One's Titus an Emperor, the other's tight as a brick.

Little Johnny says: One time a lion met an elephant and the elephant said: "You better go and get your hair cut..."

The politest man of the time lives in New Orleans. He went into a tobacconist's store, bought two cigars and said courteously to the proprietor...

"See here, captain," said a sharp boy, who was seeking employment from an old seafaring man, "first father died, and then my mother married again..."

This naval joke is going the rounds. A midshipman who recently joined his ship was interviewed by the captain...

When a Hartford woman patted her friend's seven-year-old youngster on the head and said, "I should like to have such a little boy as you are..."

The circus is coming and once more we will have the pleasure of witnessing the cheerful spectacle of seven church members taking one little two-year old child "to see the animals..."

ACCIDENT TO A CANADIAN LADY.—The following will be read with painful interest by many in London. The Field says: "A painful accident occurred soon after the meet near Kilbride Hill (Co. Dublin, Ireland)..."

Then hurrah for our Zulu foes, For their solid and deep array, For the whelming crescent's close, And the whizzing assegai.

IMPORTANT USE OF NATURAL GAS.—The petroleum product of Pennsylvania now reaches the immense sum of sixteen millions of pounds sterling...

AMERICAN HONEY.—American enterprise has discovered a means of getting yet more work out of "the busy bee." Sets of small boxes are placed in the upper part of the hives...

The Empress and Mr. Kavanagh. The Empress of Austria was filled with wonder on meeting Mr. Kavanagh, M. P. for the County Carlow, with the Kildare hounds...

The Falk Laws. LONDON, April 3.—Advices from Rome state that there is a general anticipation in clerical circles that differences between Germany and the Vatican will soon be practically settled...

Among the Hurons and Iroquois. Catholic Progress. (The first half of the seventeenth century.) It was no easy task to instruct the Indians of Canada in the faith...

AGRICULTURAL. Hints for the Month of April. These hints are intended to suggest thoughts which may be made helpful in the study of farm work and the learning of the best practice...

Carrots and Parsnips, as field crops, are not to be recommended, unless for sale, when we can grow sugar-beets and many varieties of mangels with half the trouble of cultivating and harvesting...

Flax.—This crop promises to become a staple, East as well as West, as flax manufacturing is becoming established. Low, moist ground, newly cleared swamp or meadow-land suits flax exactly...

Sheep.—Lambs and sheep intended for sale should be pushed as fast as possible with safety. But most haste in this respect often secures least speed...

Cows.—There is no better feed as a steady diet for cows, than grass; but there may be cases in which some stimulating food may be used with benefit...

Horses.—As the coat begins to loosen, the skin is often irritable. This may be corrected by giving in the food daily one ounce of an equal mixture of sulphur and cream of tartar...

Brood Mares.—As foaling approaches, brood mares should be turned into a loose box. The extra exercise is beneficial and they rest more at ease...

Pigs.—Pork is looking up, and pigs are worth more than they were a few months ago. While prices are low, the cost of feeding should be reduced...

Sundry Matters.—Poultry should be kept free from vermin; dig up the ground in the runs and clean the houses and so escape gapes. Provide good coops for young chicks...

Cattle Raising. It is not easy to estimate the effect which the enormous additions to the grain producing and cattle-raising areas of the West will have upon the older portions of Canada...

The Murdered Actor. Boucicault said of Porter, the murdered actor, in an interview with a Cincinnati Commercial reporter: "He was not much of an actor; he was a stage manager, and a good one..."

Discontent. LONDON, April 2.—The popular discontent with the manner in which affairs are going on in Afghanistan has become unmistakable, and is rapidly increasing...

For Sale. PLANING, SAWING, MOULDING. And other MILL MACHINERY, for sale at half price, or exchange for Lumber.

Italian Warehouse. T. CARLI, 86 Notre Dame Street, Montreal. Mr. T. CARLI has the honor to inform the Clergy, Religious Communities and the public generally...

STATUARY. SUCCESSOR OF C. CAPELLI ET CARLI. Mr. T. CARLI has the honor to inform the Clergy, Religious Communities and the public generally...

THE LORETTO CONVENT OF LINDSAY, ONTARIO. Classes will be RESUMED ON MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 2nd.

FURST PRIZE DIPLOMA. QUEBEC PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION, SEPTEMBER 1879. IMPERIAL FRENCH COOKING RANGE.

MR. JOHN BURNS. DEAR SIR:—The COOKING RANGE which I have purchased from you has given me the most entire satisfaction...

FREE. We will furnish employment to all our work. Samples and instructions free. Send Postal to Box 1768, Montreal, Que.

No More Sleepless Nights. BY USING HAWKES' HYPNOTIC. Employed with success in case of Wakefulness, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Toothache, Migraine, Asthma, Nervousness, and all other Maladies or Accidents which prevent sleep.

TO THE MOST REV., RIGHT REV. AND REV. CLERGY, AND TO SUPERIORS OF RELIGIOUS COMMUNITIES.

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PREMIUMS! The True Witness For 1879. PRIZES FOR EVERYBODY

The TRUE WITNESS is the weekly edition of the EVENING POST. It is now in its twenty-eighth year, and has been recently enlarged and reduced in price from \$2.00 to \$1.50 a year.

A GENERAL PREMIUM. A FREE COPY to the sender of a Club of 5 subscribers, at \$1 each, without other Premiums.

Every subscriber whose name is sent in by the bank for premiums or otherwise, will have the choice of the following:— 1st.—SIX PURE NICKEL SILVER TEASPOONS, beautifully finished.

SHOW THE PREMIUMS to those whom you wish to get as subscribers, and they will subscribe at once.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

Read and Carefully Note the Following Items: The subjoined table shows the name and cash price of the article, and gives the number of names sent in at the regular cash price of \$1.50 a year that will secure any Premium article.

TABLE OF PREMIUMS.

For subscribers to the TRUE WITNESS. Open to all. No competition.

Table with 3 columns: NAME OF PREMIUM ARTICLES, Price, and No. of Subscribers with Prize. Includes items like Improved Corn Shelter, Signal Service, and various books.

N.B.—Having secured from Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier & Co. a large quantity of the latest Catholic publications, we can now offer them as inducements to subscribers at their list prices.

P. DORAN, UNDERTAKER AND CABINET MAKER, 186 & 188 ST. JOSEPH STREET. ELEGANT OVAL-GLASS HEARSE, Which he offers for the use of the public at extremely moderate rates.

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SCOTT'S EMULSION PURE COD LIVER OIL. THE BEST AND MOST RELIABLE PLACE TO GET CHEAP, STYLISH AND SERVICEABLE HATS.

NEW SCHOOL BOOKS FOR THE SCHOOL TERM OF 1878-79.

- The Metropolitan Primer. Do 1st Reader. Do 2nd " Do 3rd " Do 4th " Do 5th " Do 6th " Do Young Ladies' Reader. Do Speller and Definer. Do Catechism of the History Do Illustrated Bible History. Do English Grammar. Do Key.

Orders from all parts of the Province carefully executed, and delivered according to instructions free of charge.

DIOMA.

Nervous Debility, Weak and Impaired Power, and all Kidney Diseases POSITIVELY CURED BY ITS USE.

That are coming into the City of Montreal to purchase Overcoats, Suits and Usters, are invited to call at I. A. BEAUVAIS before going elsewhere.

CHEAPER THAN EVER.

- Good Overcoat, for... \$4.50. Good Overcoat, Beaver for... \$6.00. Good Overcoat, Nap for... \$7.25. Good Overcoat, Diagonal... \$8.50.

I. A. BEAUVAIS,

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\$66 a week in your own town. Terms \$100 and \$500 free. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

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Pianos Against battle on high prices. Beating War on the monopoly renewed. See Beatty's latest Newspaper full reply sent free.

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Church, School, Fire-alarm. Fine-tuning, low-price, warranted. Catalogue with 700 testimonials, prices, etc., sent free.

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Bell Founders, Troy, N. Y. Manufacturer of a superior quality of Bells. Special attention given to CHURCH BELLS.

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MANUFACTURER OF PRIME SOAPS AND CANDLES. Orders from Town and Country solicited, and promptly attended to.

HATS! HATS!! HATS!!! FOR THE MILLION, AT EDWARD STUART'S, Corner Notre Dame and McGill streets. The best and most reliable place to get cheap, stylish and serviceable Hats.

Circulars, Bill Heads.

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NEATLY EXECUTED AT THE "EVENING POST" OFFICE.

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Manufacture those celebrated Bells for CHURCHES, ACADEMIES, etc. Price List and Circulars sent free.

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MANUFACTURER OF EVERY STYLE OF PLAIN AND FANCY FURNITURE.

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CHEAP FARMS AND FREE HOMES IN KANSAS

HOW TO GET THEM in the best part of the state, 6,000,000 acres for sale, free copy of "Kansas Pacific Home-Steer," address Land Commissioner, Salina, Kansas.

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Has been used in the practice of an eminent physician for over Twenty Years with success. PRICE - \$1.50 per package. Six packages, \$8.00. Advice-Gratis.

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MANUFACTURER OF PRIME SOAPS AND CANDLES. Orders from Town and Country solicited, and promptly attended to.

Edward Hanlan's Prospects in England—Courtney and Riley—What the Coming Season May Develop. (New York Herald.)

ROWING.

In a letter sent the Herald some time ago, I foreshadowed the effect of Ross' preceding Hanlan to England, drawing the conclusion that both would suffer annually.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

Considerable interest is now being manifested by the city volunteers in the approaching celebration of the Queen's Birthday.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND PRINCESS LOUISE

will honor the city with their presence, and will witness the review. The officers of the district have requested the Government to provide a suitable appropriation so that the day may be honored in a manner befitting both it and the visitors to the city.

THE CITY COUNCIL

take the matter in hand, and show that it appreciates the compliment paid the city by its selection to do honor to the Queen's Birthday.

THE CITY VOLUNTEERS

will have new uniforms before the 21st, their appearance will, undoubtedly, be extremely creditable.

THE BEAUCONNEIL VINEYARD.

The season for planting being close at hand, the public are invited to send in their orders without delay.

EPHRAIM'S COCAINE-GRAPEFUL AND COMFORTING.

By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operation of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a palatable and refreshing beverage.

A Witty Frenchman!

Old Mayor Quincy, of Boston, U. S., was the officer deputed to extend the civilities of that city to General Lafayette in 1824.

COURTNEY AND HANLAN.

When asked which he thought could whip the sculler, Courtney said that he believed Hanlan to be the fastest sculler in the world.

HANLAN'S CHANCES IN ENGLAND.

As to Hanlan's chances in England, Riley thinks he will have a good chance, but that Elliott will beat him.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Readers of the True Witness will have noticed the advertisement elsewhere of Messrs. A. C. Senecal & Co., importers and dealers in Church ornaments, vestments, etc.

A Chinese Funeral.

New York, April 1.—The Christian Chinaman Lo Chung, who died from eating opium, had a respectable funeral at the expense of his countrymen.

THE ORDER OF THE DAY.

At a public meeting in Port Hope resolutions were passed in favor of letting the market by tender and of reducing the salaries of corporation officials ten per cent. on the amount of such salaries.

THE NEW ALLAN STEAMER NOW BUILDING.

It is now the largest steel vessel in the world. She is to be 4,000 tons gross, and is to carry cattle and other heavy merchandise between Liverpool and Canada and the River Plate.

NATIVE TALENT.—Mr. Maurice Ahearn, a native of this city and residing at the Chaudiere, is now engaged finishing an oil painting of the "Crucifixion," on which he has been engaged for the past six months, and expects to have it finished by Easter Sunday.

ROWING AND WALKING.

Dr. J. W. Ranney gave a lecture the other evening at Chickering Hall on anatomy and physiology, with special reference to athletic exercises.

OCEAN CABLE.

Though reposing in apparent safety on the bottom of the sea, ocean cables have a hard struggle for existence against their many enemies, and never survive fifteen years.

A CANAL FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC.

Go a little farther north than the Isthmus of Darien to the Lake of Nicaragua, says M. Blanchet, and you avoid all difficulties. The climate is good, the country comparatively well peopled.

