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BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE O'NEILL."
(From the Baltimore Catholic Mirror.)

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER XIV.—IN MEMORIAM.

"Hark! that is my summons, my dear boy," said Lord Balmerino to Edward; and his eyes grew humid and his hand trembled as he pushed back the clustering locks from the brow of his young friend and imprinted a fervent kiss on his forehead.

He was right. The ghastly scene of Kilmarnock's execution was over, the scaffold set in order for the next victim, and the entrance of the Warden was of itself a notice to him that his own time had come.

Edward was on his knees, the hand of his old friend closely locked within his own and wet with his tears, and it required a strong effort of courage on the part of Balmerino to break from him. Affection can make the bravest man weak as any woman, and can produce emotion such as torture or even death itself cannot cause.

"I suppose my Lord Kilmarnock is no more," said he to the Sheriff. "How did the executioner perform his duty?"

"With one blow, my Lord."

"Then it was well done. And now, gentlemen, I will detain you no longer, for I desire not to protract my life. Farewell, a last farewell, dear Edward," he said. "May you and Marion and my dear Peggy spend many happy days together." Then, cheerfully saluting all present, he drew tears from every eye but his own. Graceful without affectation, cheerful but not presumptuous, the aged peer had won the affection of all who had come in contact with him during his incarceration in the Tower.

Accepting the offer of refreshment, he took a small piece of bread and a glass of wine; but before swallowing the latter, he said:

"I beg you, gentlemen, drink me ain de grace to heaven." Then he besought God to help and succor him, and avowed his willingness to die.

"I am ready and prepared to meet my death. Lead on, gentlemen, I beg you, lead on," said he, and with an undaunted step he went on his rough and thorny way, and astonished those present who knew not the greatness of his soul. His noble form was arrayed in the very same regimentals, blue turned up with red, which he had worn at the battle of Culloden.

He then walked round the scaffold, bowed to the assembled crowd, and paused to read the inscription on his coffin. It ran as follows:—"Arthurus, Dominus de Balmerino, decollatus, 13 die Augusti, 1746. Aetatis suae 58." "It is quite right," said he, and passing to the block with a smile on his face, he looked calmly upon it, calling it his pillow of rest.

Then he drew a paper from his pocket, the contents of which he read to those immediately around him, and delivered it to the Sheriff, to

do with as he should think fit; and calling for the executioner, who was about to ask his forgiveness, Lord Balmerino stopped him, saying: "Friend, you need not ask my forgiveness; the execution of your duty is commendable. Here are three guineas for you," he added, placing them in the man's hand; "I never had much money, and this is all I now possess; I wish it was more for your sake; and I am sorry I can add nothing to it but my coat and waistcoat."

Drawing them off as he spoke, he placed them on the coffin for the executioner.

Then, amidst a dead silence, he prepared himself for the block by putting on a flannel waistcoat that had been made for the occasion, and a plaid cap upon his head; then, going to the block, he showed the executioner what he intended to be the signal for the blow; it was to be the dropping down of his arms.

Then he turned to Edward, who had insisted on accompanying him to the scaffold, saying:

"Be calm, and comfort my dear wife and poor Marion. Remember death is but the gate of eternity."

Then glancing round on the concourse of spectators, he said:

"I fear lest there should be any who may think my behavior bold;" and turning to a gentleman near him, he added: "Remember, sir, what I tell you: it arises from a firm confidence in God and a clear conscience."

He then took the axe from the hand of the executioner, felt the edge, returned it to him again, and showed him where to strike the blow. "Have no fear, I beg you," he said. "I exhort you to do your work firmly and with a good heart," adding, "for in so doing, friend, you will show your mercy."

Then, with a glad countenance, as if bidden to a wedding feast, he knelt down at the block, and with his arms extended, he prayed aloud:

"O Lord, reward my friends, forgive my enemies, and receive my soul."

Then he gave the signal to the executioner.

Terrified at his intrepidity and the suddenness with which he had given the signal, though the executioner gave the blow in the part directed, unhappily the force was not sufficient to sever the head from the body, though enough to deprive the sufferer of all sensation.

After the first blow, the head of the sufferer fell back heavily upon his shoulders, but it was not severed until two more blows had been dealt by the clumsy headsmen. The head was then received by the valet of young St. John in a piece of red baize, and, with his body afterwards deposited in his coffin and delivered to the latter for burial.

The paper given by Lord Balmerino to the Sheriff when on the scaffold ran as follows:

"I was brought up in true loyal and anti-revolution principles, and I hope the world is convinced that they stick to me to the last.

"I must acknowledge, however, that I did a very inconsiderate thing, for which I am heartily sorry, in accepting of a company of foot from the Princess Anne, who I know had no more right to the crown than her predecessor, the Prince of Orange. To make amends for what I had done, I joined the Pretender when he was in Scotland in 1715, and when all was over, I made my escape and lived abroad till the year 1734.

"In the beginning of that year, I got a letter from my father which very much surprised me. It was to let me know he had a promise of a remission for me. I did not know what to do. I was then, I think, in the Canton of Berne, and had no one to advise with, but next morning I wrote a letter to the Pretender, who was then in Rome, to acquaint the Pretender that this was done without my asking or knowledge, and that I would not accept of it without his consent.

"I had in reply a letter written in the Pretender's own hand, allowing me to go home, and told me his banker would give me money for any travelling charges when I came to Paris, which accordingly I got.

"When the Pretender's son came to Edinburgh, I joined him, though I might easily have excused myself on account of my age; but I never could have had peace of conscience if I had stayed at home.

"I am at a loss when I come to speak of the Pretender's son. I am not a fit hand to draw his character. I shall leave that to others. This much only I will say: he is kind, generous, and affectionate to a fault.

"Pardon me if I say wherever I had the command I never suffered any disorder to be committed, as will appear by the Duke of Buccleuch's servants at East Park; by the Earl of Findlater's minister, Mr. Latio; and by Mr. Rose, minister at Nairn, who was pleased to favor me with a visit when I was at Inverness; by Mr. Stewart, chief servant to the Lord President, at the house of Culloden; and by several others. All this gives me great pleasure, now that I am looking upon the block, on which I am ready to lay down my head. And even had it not been my own natural inclination to protect everybody, it would have been my interest to have done it, for (the Pretender's son), abhorred all those who were capable of doing injustice to any one.

"I have heard, since I came to this place, that there has been a most wicked report spread, and mentioned in several of the newspapers, that the Pretender's son, before the battle of Culloden, had given out orders that no quarter should be given to the enemy. This is such an unchristian thing, and so unlike the Pretender's son, that nobody (the Jacobites) that know him will believe it. It is very strange that if there had been

any such orders, neither the Earl of Kilmarnock, who was colonel of the regiment of foot guards, nor I, who was colonel of the second troop of life guards, should ever have heard anything of it, especially, since we were both at the headquarters the morning before the battle, and I am convinced that it is a malicious report industriously spread to injure.

"Ever since my confinement in the Tower, when Major White or Mr. Fowler did me the honor of a visit, their behaviour was always so kind and obliging that I cannot find words to express it. But I am sorry I cannot say the same of General Williamson; he has treated me barbarously, but not quite so ill as he did the Bishop of Rochester, and had it not been for a worthy clergyman's advice, I should have prayed for him in the words of David, Psalm CIX., from the 6th to the 15th verse.

"I forgive him and all my enemies. I hope you will have the charity to believe that I die in peace with all men. Yesterday I received the Holy Eucharist from the hands of a clergyman of the Church of England, in whose communion I die."

CHAPTER XV.—FAREWELL TO THE HIGHLANDS.

Barefooted, arrayed in an old black kilt coat, philabeg and waistcoat, a dirty shirt and a long red beard, a gun in his hand, a pistol and dirk by his side—such was Prince Charles Edward Stuart when joined by his friends Macdonald and Cameron, fugitives like himself. The three took up their joint residence in a small hut amidst the mountains, and from thence he sent a messenger to his beloved Lochiel, begging him to join them.

Lochiel having heard that the Prince had escaped from Skye, sent his two brothers in search of him, and after wandering about apart for some time, they at last fell in with each other again, and were so fortunate as to meet with Cameron, who took them at once to the Prince.

Notwithstanding the great hardships Charles had endured, and the destitute appearance he presented, they found him in good health and spirits. Some of Cameron's retainers were busily employed roasting a cow which had been killed on the previous day, and from which he afterwards made a hearty meal.

During several days he had taken refuge in a wood, sometimes concealing himself in one of the huts, and then again removing to another.

Altogether, the Prince's party now numbered eight persons, and their quiet was suddenly disturbed by Cameron ascertaining that a body of military were on the lookout in the immediate neighborhood. He had resolved, as well as his friends, to sell his life as dearly as possible if caught.

"There is nothing to be done but at once to leave the wood," said the Prince, and accordingly, they departed under cover of its friendly shade, and reached the top of a neighboring hill, and from thence toiled wearily up a rugged and craggy mountain path. Wounded repeatedly by the jutting rocks and stunted trees with which he and his party came in contact, the Prince, who had fasted the whole day, suddenly gave way, exclaiming, "I can proceed no further, I am faint and exhausted."

"Try, your Highness, if you can by any possibility continue, if supported," said Cameron; and signing to two sturdy Highlanders, they came forwards and tendered their support, one on either side of him; and onwards he tottered for full another mile, and was at length cheered by beholding in the distance a couple of well known friends, busily engaged in cooking by a cheerful fire a portion of a cow which was intended for supper.

But he might not tarry long; he must still proceed on his onward course. Could he but reach Badenoch he should see his beloved friend Lochiel. Thither he accordingly directed his steps, and when nearing the end of his journey, beheld him advancing to meet him. The chieftain at once prepared to do him homage on his knees, when Charles exclaimed: "My dear Lochiel, forbear! how do you know who may be perched on the top of yonder trees? If there be anyone there they will be sure from such actions that I am he whom they seek so anxiously, and we may apprehend very quickly what the consequences may be."

"Allow me, then, to introduce your Royal Highness to my hovel," replied Lochiel, leading the way; and on entering the hut, for it was no better, the Prince was speedily entertained at an excellent dinner, consisting of minced collops and sundry other luxuries. He was in excellent spirits and well pleased with his fare, and during the few days that he dwelt with Lochiel, often made the chieftain smile by protesting that "now he lived like a prince."

Still continuing his onward course, on bidding farewell to Lochiel, he traveled on to the heart of a wild and desolate district, in which he remained till the happy day on which he made good his escape to France.

It may readily be conjectured that the old Chevalier had felt the deepest anxiety and grief concerning the fate of his son. He had caused two vessels to be fitted out, and had deputed a certain Colonel Warren to seek for and carry off the Prince. Glenaladale selected Cameron as the person through whom all communications should be made, and at last the long delayed

hopes of the unfortunate Charles Edward were realized.

A misty morning, preceded by a heavy dew which had fallen since daybreak, concealed from the eyes of Charles, till he neared the coast, the vessel which was destined to bear him far from the persecutions of his foes; and the poor Prince was overwhelmed with joy when, the haze suddenly carried away by the beams of the rising sun, he beheld the masts of two vessels in the distance.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick, but when the desire cometh it is the tree of life." All his past sufferings were forgotten in the joy that filled his heart as he returned thanks to God for his miraculous escapes.

But the generosity of his character prevailed over fear of danger to himself; for even at this, the eleventh hour, he had a sharp contest with his friends for persisting in increasing the terrible risk of lingering nearly two days on the coast, in order that if any of those who had followed his fortunes were lurking about the neighborhood they also might be afforded a chance of escape.

At last the moment came when Charles Edward Stuart was for ever to bid farewell to the land where his forefathers had reigned. Twenty-three gentlemen and one hundred and seven men of the humble class embarked on board these two vessels, and some amongst them shed tears, so great was their love of the country they were leaving forever.

Can I do better, now that we are about taking leave of the unfortunate and dispossessed heir of three kingdoms, than quote to you the words of Lord Mahon, as used by Mr. Jesse in his History of the Rebellion?

"He went, but not with him departed his remembrance from the Highlanders.

"For years and years did his name continue enshrined in their hearts and familiar to their tongues; their plaintive ditties resounding with his exploits and inviting his return. Again, in these strains, do they declare themselves ready to risk life and fortune for his cause, and maternal fondness—the strongest, perhaps, of all human feelings—yields to the passionate devotion to Prince Charlie."

THE END.

ARMACH CATHEDRAL.

DEDICATION OF THE GREAT NATIONAL TEMPLE.

SERMON BY FATHER BURKE.

The dedication of the National Catholic Cathedral of St. Patrick took place, as already announced, on Sunday, August 24, with unusual circumstances of pomp and magnificence. No less than fifteen archbishops and bishops, along with the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin took part in the ceremony, and upwards of 400 priests were present. The Church, which is the most capacious in Ireland, capable of accommodating more than 8,000 persons, was filled to its fullest capacity, while thousands congregated in its neighborhood, unable to obtain admission. The Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Glogher, visted himself as celebrant for the performance of High Mass, at which the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin presided. Immediately after the Gospel, the Very Rev. Thomas Burke ascended the pulpit and preached the dedication sermon.

After the sermon the collection at the offertory reached fully £3,000, and the general receipts were close upon £10,000. Among the congregation were a large number of Protestants and Dissenters, and it must be mentioned that during the day the joy bells of the Protestant cathedral rang out several festive peals.

After the celebration in the cathedral, the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin and the Bishops were entertained at a dinner by the Lord Primate.

FATHER BURKE'S SERMON.

The distinguished preacher having taken the following for his text: "The just man lives by faith," proceeded to deliver an eloquent and impressive sermon. He said: These words, dearly beloved brethren, are from the writings of Saint Paul. May it please your Eminence, most rev. lords, and dearly beloved brethren, the Apostle of the Gentiles, divinely inspired by the Holy Ghost, laid down in these words one of the grandest and most consoling principles that can fall upon the ear of man. He says men live for various objects—some live to enrich themselves, some to gain power; but among the various ends, objects for which men can live, the Apostle selects one, and he says: "There is something else which a man can live for." My just man—this is to say, the just man in my estimation—is the man who lives by faith. As it is with individuals, dearly beloved brethren, so it is with a nation. A nation may live for this object or for that; a nation may live for the purpose of war or gain; a nation may live for the purposes of com-

merce; but a nation or a people may also live the higher life of which the apostle speaks.

A NATION MAY LIVE BY FAITH.

Now, dearly beloved brethren, what do these words mean—to live by faith? Whether we consider it in the individual or the nation it means simply this, that the Almighty God condescends to offer himself as the object and purpose of man's life. He places himself in the category of objects for which man may live. He takes his place, as it were, amongst created things and he says, "You may live to obtain riches; you may live to obtain power; you may live for political influence; but there is one grand object you can live for, and that is faith. And this, according to the apostle, is the highest form of justice, the highest, noblest nobility of man—for a man or a nation who lives by faith, first of all rises to the dignity of realizing the unseen. We cannot see Him, and yet we can live for Him. Therefore, the faculty of realizing the unseen, of realizing that unseen God with so much fervor, with so much vigor, as not only to live for Him, in pleasing Him, but to manifest that life in acting for God, in spreading the Kingdom of God, and, if necessary, in dying for God. Now, we are assembled here to-day, dearly beloved brethren, to make one great act of faith—

THE GREATEST ACT OF FAITH,

perhaps, that the Irish people have been called upon to make for several hundred years. We come together not merely as representing a nation, but as representing a race; and in the consecration of this mighty cathedral to God for the Catholic Church of Saint Patrick, we have the eyes of all the Irish race throughout the world fixed upon us, and we have, moreover, the legions of the saints of Ireland looking down from their high thrones in heaven upon their successors in the episcopacy in this faithful land, upon their successors in the ministry, and upon their faithful people. I regret, in common with you all, that the eloquent voice which we expected to hear will not resound in the midst of us to-day. It was befitting that one so high in intellect, so pure and holy in heart, so devoted in his life to the Irish people, that he has bound up his life and labors with them; it was befitting, I say, that such a man, who would have brought majesty to the consecration, and the weight of dignity upon his words to-day, were he here to attest and to render homage to the great head of the Irish race. We can only hope that God will prolong to him that high and holy life, and that on some future occasion, if not on many future occasions, we may have the opportunity of listening to that matchless and unrivalled eloquence that falls from his lips. This, I say, is one of the greatest occasions that ever presented itself to the Irish people, for it is the uprising, indeed, if not the manifestation of the resurrection of that Church which has never died, and of that race which never can be utterly conquered or utterly perish, because God, whom that Church represents, and to whom that race has consecrated itself, is within them and about them. Nearly 1,500 years have passed away since that most memorable event in the annals of the world and of the Church, when a stranger landed upon the shores of Ireland, and in an old Celtic town proclaimed to the princes and to the kings of this ancient land the name and glories of Jesus Christ, the son of God.

ST. PATRICK WAS FORTUNATE IN HIS APOSTLESHIP.

for he came to a people who seemed naturally created for a life of divine faith. He found amongst the Irish race the men to whom he preached a strange faculty of realizing the unseen and realizing the truth of their apostle's words; no difficulty crossed him; he had only to proclaim the name of God and the true God, the name of Jesus, the name of Mary, the mother of our Lord, when instantly, as if it came to them naturally, the whole people all like one man arose, and without taking from their apostle the testimony of one tear of sorrow, or of one drop of blood, the Irish nation, the Irish people sprang to the truth which came to them from St. Patrick's lips, and if the apostle was fortunate in the people to whom he preached, Ireland was also fortunate in the apostle whom Almighty God sent to her. He brought with him not merely the unction of his episcopal consecration, not merely the authority of the holy Church of God, not only commission from Celestine, the Pope of Rome, but he brought also with him a kind, loving heart, so like the hearts of the people to whom he preached. He brought also with him immense learning, and yet a simplicity of character most child-like because most Christian. He brought with him a becoming love for the nation and for the people, and a deep appreciation of all that is most beautiful in the natural character of the Irish race. At once, and with a divine instinct Ireland took her apostle to her bosom, and Patrick clasped the young Church in the embrace of his apostolic love. He remained

* For account of trial and execution of Arthur Lord Balmerino, see State Trials of 1746. Inscription on his coffin: "Arthur, Lord Balmerino, beheaded the 13th of August, 1746. Aged 58."

thirteen years in Ireland as a bishop preaching the Gospel in the midland portion of the country, and in the far west towards the western ocean. Then in the thirteenth year of his ministry, when he already had converted a great part of the island, when he had already built churches, and established missions throughout the land, St. Patrick bethought himself that the time had come when he should establish a primatial see, and the metropolitan jurisdiction of an archbishop over the newly-converted country. Divine providence guided the apostle's steps until he came amongst these hills, and here he obtained possession of a piece of land, and here, Patrick, the Apostle, founded the Church and the city of Armagh. He planted his own See. He lifted up for the first time his own hand in his own cathedral to bless the people thereof. He made the people of Armagh and the city that grew up around it the very

JERUSALEM OF IRELAND, the city of all jurisdiction, from whence he sent forth bishops of his own into every portion of the land, and priests consecrated by him by hundreds and thousands. Now it is that we observe that this Irish race lived by faith.—Amongst the annals of nations, dearly beloved brethren, we find that until a people are first converted to Christianity that it requires a long delay of years before that people can produce the matured harvest of a national priesthood. The only exception to this rule was the Irish nation. No sooner were they converted than they instantly rose to the sanctity and the grandeur of a national priesthood. No sooner were they converted than they became instantly a monastic nation, and the great centre of Ireland's monasticism and of her early success was the very spot on which you stand, the cathedral of the city of St. Patrick in Armagh.—Here for three hundred years was founded one of the mighty schools of Ireland. Here for three hundred years, from the fifth until the close of the eight century, scholars came from every part of the known world that they might derive from the successors of St. Patrick that great knowledge which they were to bring back to their own people and to their own nation, so that Ireland became through her schools, through these three centuries, the very light of the world for great learning, the very light of the world for the brightness of her sanctity.

FROM THE GREAT CENTRES OF IRELAND, monastic learning went through three centuries to evangelise the greater part of Europe. From St. Patrick's See, from Patrick's Cathedral of Armagh, and from a centre went forth all that life, that life of faith by which the nation consecrated itself in the highest form of monastic sanctity to God; that life of apostolic zeal by which our fathers became the apostles of the whole world; that life of supreme sanctity by which the island itself was made to be the mother of the brightest and the greatest saints of the Church of God. Thus, dearly beloved brethren, the first element in the life of faith by which the Irish race lived for God, the very first element was the element of enlightenment or knowledge, for this is the first essential feature of the life of divine faith. Faith itself is the virtue of intelligence, faith is the recognition, in God, of His infinite wisdom and infinite knowledge, and therefore the very first element in the divine life of faith of the man or the nation that lives by faith is knowledge. But the life of faith is more than this. The next great feature in the life of faith of any people is power, the aggressive power, and this, also the Irish race inherited from God through the ministry of St. Patrick. He made them not only a holy people, not only a faithful people, but He made our fathers to be a strong people, and the incentive and secret of their strength was their faith. After 300 years of monastic sanctity, it was in the design of God that the world should see that St. Patrick's children of the Irish race were not only the holiest, but were the strongest and the most powerful people on the face of the earth; and, in order to prove this, God let loose on Ireland the great scourge of the Danish nation. Before the conquering arms of the Danes many of the nations of Europe went down. They reached England and took possession of the land. They took possession of the northern provinces of France, and wherever they went they declared war against the saints of God, against the Cross, and against the Christian religion. For three hundred years, year after year, their fleet swept the seas, and their armies landed in thousands and thousands upon the shores of Ireland. But here they found the people united as one man upon the grand principle of their religion. They found the whole Irish race, all the men of the land, the fathers and the sons for generation after generation for 300 years clinging firmly and unitedly to their faith, and the Danish invader struck blow after blow at them until at length the great and mighty warrior king drew his sword

IN THE NAME OF THE CRUCIFIED, and smote the Danes that they never lifted up their hands against the Irish people any more nor dared to set foot on the soil of Ireland again. While the Danes settled in lands more powerful, and obtained a permanent footing in other countries, Ireland alone was able to drive them from her free bosom, because they assailed the religion of the people, and they struck a blow at St. Patrick's God and St. Patrick's laws. Thus the Almighty God showed, in the power of this people, a wonderful unifying power and strength, the power of the principle of divine faith. Meantime, this Danish invasion, as they all knew, produced the most lamentable results. In the year 833 they invaded this archiepiscopal city of Armagh, and destroyed St. Patrick's Cathedral. They banished the archbishop, they drove away the students from the school, and for ten years after held a footing here, and left behind them only desolation and ruin. It was not until 842, ten years later, that the Irish Prince O'Neill, gathered his men around him, assaulted the Danes at Armagh, and drove them away from the city and from Ireland. Now, another invasion followed still more terrible, and this time it was not the faith of the Irish people that was assaulted—it was only their national existence. And dear to every nation as its liberty and its national existence ought to be, and strong and heroic as were the efforts of Ireland's kings and princes to preserve the treasure of her national existence, still in the providence of God, it was designed that Ireland should shine out amongst the nations as unconquered and unconquerable only upon the question of the divine life and her faith. Powerful as was the principle of nationality, Ireland was defeated on this issue. God took it away from us.

THE NATIONAL LIFE OF OUR PEOPLE is not based on military glory, such glory is not ours; our interests are merged in those of another people. The providence of God has not brought out our national life in commerce and in wealth—all these things we have been indifferent to, and we have sacrificed them. But the providence of God brought out the unconquerable, the imperishable

life of the Irish race, only upon the question of their faith. On that alone every power in hell may rise against them. On the question of faith the Irish nation has risen a conqueror from every battle-field no matter how much blood she has shed. Four hundred years the stranger was in the land, and during this time the Irish bishops and primates of Armagh clung around the Cathedral of Armagh. To the Irish race Armagh was as Jerusalem was to the House of David, the fountain of her faith. But now 300 years ago a great change came over the thoughts of the English nation—a great change came over the manners and the morals of the land. England solemnly and sadly abjured the Catholic faith, and separated herself from the Church of God—a change that was effected with much bloodshed in the sister land, and was also sought to be effected in Ireland. Edicts went forth that,

THE NAME OF PETER or of his successor was no longer to be heard on Irish soil. When Patrick administered the Sacraments to the Irish people, it was in virtue of the power he received from the Pope of Rome, and St. Patrick tried to give to the Irish race the secret of all their religion, of all their faith, of their unity and imperishable life when he used these words:—Stand by Rome; if there be any dissensions or quarrels bring them to Rome, don't go to Rome as servants to a mistress; don't go to Rome as slaves to a master, but go to Rome as children to their mother. In other words, he went deep into the Irish mind, deep into the Irish heart, the secret of all religion, of all Catholicity, of all divine truth—namely, that the Almighty God left behind Him on earth a representative and a vicar, who speaks in the name of Jesus Christ; and the only man on the earth who has the authority to speak as Vicar of Christ and in the name of God, a man who is supreme in the Church of God, who witnesses to her faith with infallible voice, and who cannot mislead the people—and that man is the Pope of Rome. Patrick taught the people of Ireland that as long as they were united with Peter in Rome they were united with Jesus Christ, and no power on earth or hell can take your faith from you. Now, this is the very principle that saved Ireland in that sad day in the 16th century when called on to surrender her faith, and I wish to put this before you. When Henry the VIII. called on Ireland to become Protestant he did not at once ask the people to pull down the altars. He did not ask them to abjure the holy sacrifice of the Mass. He did not assert it was idolatrous. He did not break up the constitution of the Church in detail. All the Protestant King of England asked the Irish people to do was to renounce their allegiance to Rome; to give up their connection with Peter. It is a significant fact, and one worthy of remark in those days, that the Irish people were only asked to give up Peter—to sever their connection with Rome. We have seen that splendid illustration of her first sanctity. We have seen in her strength how the young nation was able to repel the Danish invader, and maintain incessant war for three hundred years—a thing we read of in the history of no other people ever created. We have seen the love which bound the people to the archbishops, bishops and priests during the 400 years of the Saxon invasion. They were the consoling of the nation, they wiped away the tears from her eye, and bade her never despair, for as long as she was faithful to God, God would never utterly abandon the Irish people. And now the decree goes forth to the bishops of Ireland

TO GIVE UP THE POPE, not to give up the Catholic religion, but to give up the Pope, and to acknowledge the King of England head of the Church, as well as head of the State. And on that day there was a man to whom Almighty God gave the high privilege to be the champion of the faith of Ireland, who spoke trumpet-tongued throughout the land to the people of Ireland, and said, "Peter, the Pope is the soul, and head, and heart of Catholicity; and the people who separate from him cease to be Catholic. Brace yourself up, if necessary, to fight rather than blaspheme Peter's prerogative." That word went forth throughout the land, and God be blessed, from George Crenour, who was the Primate of all Ireland, and the Archbishop of Armagh. The wonderful sight was seen by the world of a whole nation—priests, bishops, and people—standing up like one man and crying out, "Pro arce et focis!" Every heresy that has ever sprung up in the world has demanded its martyrs, and every schism in the Church of God has shed blood, but to English Protestantism was reserved the strange privilege of making not one man, not one family, not even a tribe of men, but a whole nation, the united champions of truth, and martyrs of Catholicity. The whole nation, from the day of her first trials, owes her salvation to the fearless and energetic voice of the Archbishops of Armagh—the Primates of Ireland. We now come to a period of persecutions the most terrible, and, dearly beloved, I will only call your attention to the fifteen bishops of Armagh who followed immediately the Reformation, to see in them and in their acts how much our fathers suffered. That Primate died in 1543, and the bishop who succeeded him, though consecrated, was never allowed to set foot in Ireland, and the Irish Church had not the privilege of beholding her spouse. Primate Dowd was the next Archbishop of Armagh, and no sooner was he consecrated than Catholic truth and Catholic doctrine resounded throughout the land. He was taken in the reign of Edward the Sixth, and dragged into prison and then sent into exile. He was recalled in the time of Queen Mary, and lived to see the faith for which he had suffered exile and imprisonment triumphant throughout the land. He was succeeded by Richard Grey, who governed Armagh from 1563 to 1585. He was twenty-two years Archbishop, which he spent in

THE TOWER OF LONDON. He was manacled with irons and reduced to starvation. He was offered everything in the world, honor, and power, his own See of Armagh, his own cathedral and all, if he would renounce one title, one iota of the Catholic faith, if he would give up Peter; but from the dungeon his voice came forth and thrilled the nation. "Hear me," he said "who speak from his dungeon, and his chains, let Ireland stand by Peter." That man was unconquerable; he died from poison in 1585. He was succeeded by Primate McGauran, who reigned from 1586 to 1598. He landed in Ireland, but he had to fly from his own city, and took refuge with a noble Irish chieftain named Maguire, of Yerranagh. There was a terrible battle fought between the English and Irish forces at a place called the Field of Motters. The Primate was on the field of battle; he was attending to the wounded and administering the Holy Sacrament to the dying, and for the crime of attending to these—the crime of holding the body of the Lord in his fingers—a troop of English lancers thrust their lances through his body as they passed in the route; so he fell a martyr to the faith and the holy sacraments of the Catholic religion. He was succeeded by Peter Lombard in the see. He was a man renowned for his learning, but he was never allowed even to set his foot in the diocese of Armagh. In 1627 Hugh O'Reilly governed this diocese until 1651. During his reign the Catholics of Ireland enjoyed for a time a period of prosperity. As Primate of Armagh he stood foremost in the ranks of those who endeavored to maintain Ireland's nationality. He was the foremost in her councils, the friend of Owen Roe O'Neill and the other heroes of this time, and he kept the faith of Ireland and her national glory alive, but the battle was destined to be lost, and Hugh O'Reilly had to fly. He died in 1651 on a small island on Lough Erne called Trinity Island, where he was hiding from Cromwell's partisan followers. His successor as Primate was Edward O'Reilly, who,

from 1664 to 1668 again served the Irish Church. And mark you, this was in the reign of King Charles the Second. However, he was banished from his See by a false accusation; and by this time seeing, by a hundred years' experience, that it was impossible to make Ireland give up the Catholic faith, the minister of the day thought he might try what freedom and teaching would do. The drawn sword was the only argument ever before used in relation to Ireland; but this Minister, with unusual cunning, thought that he might endeavour to extract some expression from the people, from the Primate of Armagh, from the bishop and the priest of the people some expression against the Catholic faith. Accordingly he got an apostate priest to draw up certain resolutions. There was nothing in them contrary to the Catholic faith; there were only a few things about the Pope of Rome. There was a great point in this, and it was for the purpose of making the Irish people sever from Peter that this apostate priest and the resolutions were prepared. What did this minister of the Crown of England do? why, he wrote a most kind letter to the Primate wishing him to come home to Ireland and to his See of Armagh, and that he would be received in the best manner, but that he was expected to subscribe to a document. He came, and called a Synod of the Bishops in Dublin, the document was put into his hand, and what did he say. He said there is enough in this document to separate Ireland from Rome and whatever tends to sap the faith of my people or destroy their allegiance to Peter I will not sign. I may die. You may burn my right hand off, but I will not sign this document. His example stimulated the other bishops, and the paper was flung into the face of the Viceroy, and the very next day they were flung into prison to languish and to die. This Primate died in exile. He was succeeded by a man immortalized in the history of this country—the gifted and sainted Oliver Plunkett. He presided over the See from 1669 to 1681. He was tried in London for his life.

HIS BODY WAS LITERALLY TORN TO PIECES. With his dying eyes he saw the hand of the hangman grasping to get at his heart and tear it from him; and his head was cut off, and his great soul went up to tell at the Throne of God the tale of Ireland's wrong. He was the last of the Irish bishops who shed his blood for the faith. His successor died in exile, as many others of those who came after him. The land of persecution relaxed, and the Irish people began to breathe. One hundred and fifty years ago our numbers were reduced to a miserable minority by what they are to-day. The eloquent preacher, having again dwelt on the noble temple erected on the ancient site—worthy to be the shrine of Ireland's God and of our Lord Jesus Christ; worthy to be a monument of Ireland's great apostle, the mighty Patrick; a blessing among the nation; worthy to be the representative of a race which was nurtured in monastic sanctity and matured in the holy sanctity of martyrdom, concluded.

THE POPES IN CHAINS. FROM ST. PETER TO THE HOLY FATHER PIUS IX. The capitol of the Catholic Church is the prison and the Cross, and the more the Popes require to be strong, powerful and jealous, the more the Lord permits that they suffer persecutions and torments. This order of Providence is attested by history, that in the afflictions, in the sorrows, in the martyrdom of the Roman Pontiffs, there is always demonstrated the preparation and the principle of a great victory for Catholicity. And as there is no dynasty which, for antiquity and robustness, can stand before that of the Popes, so there is found nowhere else such a series of kings who have suffered so many assaults and so many offences, often exchanging the throne for the prison, and the stole for the chain, to take back the stole again very soon, and to recend the throne more gloriously. In fine, from St. Peter to Pius the Ninth, every Pontiff has known how to repent with St. Paul: *Cam infirmum tunc potens sum.* And when the governments, in these days, pass in review, their armies versed in the art of war, and exhibit the multitude of their horses and the force of their cannons to show how they are to be valued, we Catholics console ourselves in a very different way, passing in review, as it were, our holy Pontiffs, and the chains and the prison which they endured. In this, however, all their power is found, and therefore our sweetest hope.

I. God having willed to found His Church on Peter, permitted that he should be twice in chains, and finally crucified. The first of the Popes had need of a singular power, and attained to it first in the prison of Jerusalem, then in that of Rome. Herod Agrippa, "to please the Jews," put Saint Peter in chains, whence he was miraculously delivered by an angel, and Nero kept him nine months a prisoner in Rome, in the Mamertine or Tullian prison at the base of the Capitol. Here the holy Pontiff was bound with a chain, which was afterwards brought into the Church of St. Peter, in *Vinculis* (in Chains), and when it touched the other with which he had been bound in Jerusalem, the two were miraculously united; and these are the two holy chains, the feast of which we hold to-day (Aug. 1st).

Nearly all the Pontiffs of the first three centuries were thrown before their martyrdom into horrid prisons, and by this means they became masters of Rome, not with bombs and cannons as General Cadorna did on the 20th of September, 1870. Linus, Cletus, Clement, Anacleto, Evaristus, the first Alexander, the first Sixtus, Telesphorus, Hyginus, in fine, more than thirty Pontiffs suffered chains and death. One died and was immediately succeeded by another. In Rome, observes Chataubriand in his *Etudes Historiques*, after the Imperial elections made by the sword, continued the peaceful elections of those other sovereigns, who reigned with the rod.—The two sovereignties, the one of faith and the other of the sword, were found face to face; the former knew how to enchain and to kill, the latter to suffer and to die. And yet there could be no doubt on the result of the struggle, and faith conquered.

Leo V., in 928, John X., in 936, John XI., in 964, Benedict V., in 985, John XIV., in 985. It appeared to be the end of the world, and antichrist was expected. III. But there appeared instead the great power of the Popes in the Middle Ages, and the chains of Peter begot the most glorious Saint Gregory VII. The Normans in 1053 imprisoned Saint Leo IX. at Benevento, treating him with the highest respect, which, however, did not prevent his being in chains; and Hildebrand, put in chains by the partisans of Henry IV., died apparently conquered, but recompensed shortly after by the liberty of the Church, the object of his life and the cause of his death.

Then we have the Crusades, those sublime wars of Catholicity, and Urban II. came to an agreement with Peter the Hermit, in the Flavian Amphitheatre (the Coliseum), bathed with the blood of the martyrs, to liberate Europe from the Ottoman slavery. In the midst of the persecutors' chains, the Popes had acquired the force necessary to break in pieces the chains which the Mahometans prepared against faith and Christian civilization. But other combats being reserved for the Church militant, the Roman Pontiff must suffer other chains! And in 1111 Paschal II. was put in chains by the Emperor Henry V., in 1118 Galasius II. by Cencius Franghane, a follower of the Imperial party; Boniface VIII. was put in chains in 1303, in Anagni, by Nogaret and Sciarra Colonna, and "Christ in His own Vicar captive made" is thus seen; and Clement VII. in 1527 was obliged to live besieged for seven months in Castle Saint Angelo, when the army of Bourbon invaded Papal Rome.

In the midst of these chains the Church gained the wise fortitude of Paul III., of Julius III., of Paul IV., in the Council of Trent, and the victory of Lepanto under Saint Pius V., and the defeat of Jansenism under Alexander VII., and the intrepid resistance of Clement X. to the ill-counselled pretences of Louis XIV. IV. When afterwards the French Revolution burst forth, which should change the face of Europe and prepare new and more terrible assaults to the Church of Jesus Christ, other two popes were put in chains, and in prison attained the force to combat and to triumph. On the 20th of February, 1798, the French seized Pius VI., dragging him away from Rome, and he said in Tuscany to the major-domo of the Grand Duke: "Our misfortunes begin to make us believe that we are not unworthy to be the Vicar of Jesus Christ and the successor of St. Peter. The state in which you see us brings back the first years of the Church, which were the years of its triumphs."

Then followed the imprisonment of Pius VII., who for full five years bore the chains of Napoleon I.; but Mauro Capellari, who afterwards became Gregory XVI., at the end of 1799, announced the triumph of the Holy See against the assaults of the Innovators. And the Holy See conquered indeed! Now God is preparing new triumphs, and He prepares them in Pius IX., and for Pius IX., in reward for his sufferings. Our Holy Father, like St. Peter, was twice imprisoned: in the Quirinal by the Republicans of Mazzini, and in the Vatican by those who entered by the breach of Porta Pia. The chains of Pius IX. are like those of the Prince of the Apostles; and although the hypocrisy of modern civilization does not allow us to see the heavy links, yet they press no less cruelly on the wrists of the sorrowful Pontiff. But they prepare for the Church other and more signal victories. Pius the Ninth in his Encyclicals, in his Syllabus, in the Vatican Council, proclaimed the doctrine of Jesus Christ. Now he causes it to triumph through the sufferings which he endures as formerly did St. Peter, spreading it in Rome, in prison, and from the Cross. So our Holy Father may repeat with St. Paul to the Colossians: "Adimpleo in quo desunt passioem Christi, in carne Christi mea, pro corpore eius quod est Ecclesia;" and fill up those things which are wanting of the sufferings of Christ, in my flesh for his body, which is the Church.

CONNELLAN. IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE COMING IRISH HOME RULE PARTY.—The new Conservative organ, the *Hour*, thus speculates upon the possibility of a large accession of Irish Home Rulers to the House of Commons.—How the next general election will alter the strength of the two great political parties in England is a matter of conjecture, and a cause of some hope on the one side, and some fear on the other. But it is morally certain that in Ireland a large number of members pledged to the doctrines of Home Rule will be returned. The leaders of the party reckon on carrying eighty seats; but even fifty or sixty Home Rulers in the House of Commons might exercise a powerful and disturbing influence on the conduct of public affairs. Of course fifty, eighty, or even a hundred Irish members could do little to secure the acceptance of their special creed which the rest of the British Empire unhesitatingly rejects. An annual motion, recognizing the right of Ireland to govern herself, would be annually negatived by the united votes of England, Scotland, and Wales. But fifty Irish members, well disciplined and acting in strict unison and in unwavering obedience to orders, might, by placing their votes at the disposal of the Opposition on critical occasions, seriously inconvenience the Government of the day. In fact, such a policy, when the two great parties in the State are pretty equally divided, on the part of a compact body belonging to neither party, would render party government almost impossible, and would create a problem not to be solved by any method at present known to the British Constitution.

SMOKING MURDER IN THE QUEEN'S COUNTY.—The painful particulars of a very brutal murder, alleged to be the result of jealousy, reached Carlow early on Monday morning. "It appears that a man named Browne, a shoemaker, was in a public-house in the neighbourhood of Ballylinan, in the Queen's County, on the previous Saturday evening, in company with two other men named Moran and Dowling, there being also a young woman present, about whom their appears to have existed a feeling of jealousy between Browne and Dowling. Shortly after leaving the public-house, the remains of the unfortunate man Browne were discovered brutally murdered by the roadside. Moran and Dowling have been arrested.

ATTEMPTED BURGLARY.—A MAN SHOT.—On Monday morning, between two and three o'clock, a burglary was attempted at the residence of Mr. Bristow, of the Northern Bank, near Dunmurry. Mr. Bristow's brother, hearing a noise, got out of bed and fired a gun at the burglars, who were in the act of running away. The contents of the gun took effect on one of the men a little above the hip. He immediately fell, but his companions fled. He was handed over to the police, who took him to the Belfast General Hospital. He is a respectable looking man, and refuses to give his name or the names of his accomplices. The reports of the Railway Companies, which are now holding their half-yearly meetings, present a satisfactory view of Irish prosperity, and may with confidence be set off against the recent returns which show a falling off in investments in the savings-banks and public funds. All the leading lines show an increase in traffic, and in most instances an improved dividend, notwithstanding the great advance in the price of fuel, materials, and labour. ORANGE OUTRAGE.—Orange bigotry has been sorely exercised by the recent dedication of the National Cathedral. On Sunday night the train which left Armagh at nine o'clock, with excursionists from

Dublin, who had been present at the dedication was attacked at Portadown by a mob of Orangemen. Stones were thrown, and one man in the train, received a severe wound on the head. The train, which was due in Dublin that night, did not arrive until five on the following morning.

We have to record the death of Lady Isabella Fitzgibbon, which took place on the 21st ult., at her residence in Lowndes-square, London, in her 76th year. Her ladyship was the youngest daughter of the five children of John, 1st Earl of Clare, once Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, by his wife Anne, second daughter of Mr. Richard Chapel. Whaley, of Whaley Abbey, county Wicklow, an aunt of the Countess of Kimberley and Lady Louisa Dillon.

A Whitworth Scholarship of the Royal College of Science, Stephen's-green, value £100 a year for three years, has been awarded to Mr. W. H. Warren. This is the fifth of these valuable prizes which has been obtained by students of the Royal College of Science.

HOME RULE IN THE NEXT PARLIAMENT.—The *Echo* (Gladstonian organ) acknowledges that the next election will bring a large accession of Irish Home Rulers to Parliament, but takes comfort to itself that most of them will only be half-hearted in the cause. It says.—But of the 103 Irish members, about sixty professed Home Rulers may be chosen at the next general election. But it may be surmised that at least one-half of these will be Home Rulers only on special occasions. They will, of course, vote straight when the question is raised in a definite form, that is to say, once or twice in a Session. But in all their divisions they will be found in the Liberal or Conservative lobby, just as if they called themselves Liberals or Conservatives, and nothing more. It will be very surprising if we find more than thirty through going Home Rulers,—men, that is, who would overturn the Ministry should an opportunity offer, and, indeed, make Parliamentary government impossible, to the utmost of their power, solely in the hope of exacting Home Rule. We are not quite sure that even thirty is not too high a number, probably, two dozen would be more near the mark. But, at the same time, it would be easy to show that, if the men were forthcoming, thirty constituencies would be found to elect them. The County of Tipperary, for example, in the face of the anathemas of the Church, and without the protection of the Ballot, three years ago elected a Fenian convict. What reason have its people since given us for crediting them with more moderate opinions? Again, Meath rejected the nominee of the priests and landlords in favor of a Presbyterian gentleman farmer; and Longford was as near as possible doing the same thing. Kerry preferred a Protestant gentleman of moderate views and absolutely unknown to the relatives of the House of Kenmare, with all the influence of high rank, official station, and pure Catholicism at its back, and with the Catholic Bishop himself blessing the candidate. Only the other day Waterford compelled Mr. Villiers Stuart to swallow a Home Rule pledge, though the Houses of Deputies and Waterford had united for once in his favor. In all these counties, and in conjunction with others which might be named, as well as in cities like Cork and Limerick, and in boroughs like Dundalk, it is only too likely that the more extreme Home Ruler the more acceptable will be to the voters. In Queen's County the influence of Lord Castleown and of Sir C. Coote, though considerable, is not likely to prevail against the charms of Home Rule; neither is that of Lord Rosse in King's County, nor of Mr. Smith Barry in Cork. In Galway, as we all know, Major French did not receive a majority of the votes, and the priests are scarcely likely to commit a second time the error they were guilty of in his case. Clare will not, perhaps, again return a Conservative and a Ministerialist.

CORK.—The time-honored, triennial ceremony of "throwing the dart" was performed by the Right Worshipful John Daly, Mayor of Cork, attended by the members of the Corporation and a numerous party, on Thursday the 21st. The *Examiner* thus explains the significance of the ceremony, an explanation which, in default of a better, we would advise our readers to accept.—It symbolises, we believe the claim of the Corporation to exercise supreme jurisdiction over the waters of the port. Our ancestors were a rather combative lot of gentlemen, and not content with laying claim to the jurisdiction, they were in the habit periodically of sending a select deputation to the mouth of the harbour to ascertain, like the Donnybrook Irishman, whether any roving Norseman could be persuaded to question their authority, and if so they knocked him on the head. By degrees the tone of society became more pacific, but the Mayors of Cork still continued their periodical marine excursions, and, evinced by a martial train of sword-bearers and javelin men, with solemn councillors and doughty aldermen at their back, cast their weapon into the broad waters as a general gage of defiance to the enemies of the city. On such occasions our worthy progenitors naturally became considerably elated at their prowess and authority, and the ceremony has always been associated in the civic chronicles with good cheer and festivity. And so the usage has come down to us through innumerable generations, a venerable custom, in which the preservation of ancient rights is happily blended with a considerable amount of enjoyment on the part of our civic fathers. We have not been able to ascertain the precise manner in which the franchises of the city are affected by this warlike performance. At least, no one is able to say with any degree of certainty what would happen if the dart were not thrown; but there seems to be a very strong feeling that, having regard to the strength and length of the traditions in its favour, it is very advisable to keep up the ceremony.

We deeply regret to say that from all parts of the country most unfavorable accounts reach us of the condition of the crops. To the veriest tyro in farmers' matters there is no necessity to say that the fearful weather of the past few days, must have been most injurious to agriculturists. Our Clare correspondent gives us an account of his district, which is of the gloomiest character. He says that the potato blight has already made considerable ravages, and that in low lands the extensive floods must inevitably rot the potato. Vast districts of hay meadow and bog are submerged in Clare, and in the elevated lands we are told the hay is cut and rotting, there being no fine weather to save it in. A correspondent writing from the county of Galway does not give so dark an account of the situation, but states that the blight has appeared in the potato crop, that the quantity of ground under corn is small, and that the annual inundation of the grounds lying near the river Suck has commenced. From Monastereran, also, we hear bad accounts of the crops. The fearful rain storms of the past few days were in the last degree calamitous, especially at a time when the country wanted a good harvest to make up for 1872, the worst year the country saw for over a decade.—*Dublin Freeman.*

How instructive are the ways of Divine Providence! and how humiliating to human pride are the judgments of Heaven as displayed in that irresistible march of events which confounds the vain dreams and schemes of crafty men! Little more than a hundred years ago, while the penal laws were still in full swing, an individual was prosecuted by the Government in Dublin because he had the audacious courage to harbor a young Catholic lady, who had taken refuge in his house from the importunities of her friends, who were forcing her to conform to the Established religion, and he was publicly told, in a reprimand from the Bench, "that the laws did not presume a Papist to exist in this kingdom, nor could they breathe without the connivance of Gov-

ornament." To men of narrow minds and bigoted fanaticism, there seemed to be, at that time, an end of Catholicity in Ireland. Even Swift, with all his genius, and with that marvellous insight into the hollowness of the state of things around him, could only speak of the poor Papists in Queen Anne's time as deserving only of the most abject pity and contempt. The theme is a humiliating one. The country which had been distinguished many centuries before for the fervour of its sanctity, and for the extraordinary pre-eminence of its religious men, was smitten to the dust; and the most solemn offices of religion were performed in fear and trembling, with attendant scouts on every hill-top to blight the advent of a foe, whose sacrilegious proclamations were all the more fiercely and pleasurably ragged when the victim was some poor aged priest caught in his sacred vestments at the Altar of Sacrifice. All this, thank Heaven, is changed. The glorious spectacle upon which St. Patrick looked down on Sunday, the 24th August, in the National Cathedral at Armagh, which bears his illustrious name, was one that, speaking merely from human feelings, one might be tempted to believe would add a joy even to the delights of paradise. The Saint's vision is, perhaps, about to be fully realised at last. A public national ceremony, like that at Armagh, in which no less than fifteen Archbishops and Bishops officiated, in presence of a Prince of the Church, Cardinal Cullen, and which was attended by nearly 500 priests, besides many thousands of the noblest and best of the land, was, undoubtedly, a noblest and best of the land, was, undoubtedly, a great event in the history of the nation, and full of hope for the future of Ireland.

IRELAND'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO ENGLAND'S GREATNESS.—That was a splendid period in Irish political history which is known as the Parliamentary Period. Hallam calls it "a period fruitful of splendid eloquence, and of ardent, though always uncompromising patriotism." The year 1782 was, in fact, the year of Irish revolution; a whole series of laws was swept away, and Ireland, except in allegiance to the English Crown, became an independent nation. Much criticism and amazement have been bestowed on the Parliamentary era, but there are some men who rise far above both. Such a man was Henry Grattan, who showed how pure and elevated a statesman Ireland could produce. Character is a more valuable element in statesmanship even than ability, and there are few lives which have reflected more moral lustre on our annals than that of the high-minded Grattan. Greatly as he succeeded, first in the Irish Parliament, and afterwards in the Parliament of the United Kingdom, as an orator, at the bar he did not obtain the high reputation of many of his contemporaries. Curran is, perhaps, the best example of that forensic eloquence which has so prominently distinguished Irishmen both at the Irish and English bar. Another brilliant Irish orator was Sheil. He was born near Waterford, and brought up amid the splendid scenery of the Suir. One of his first writings was concerned with some of the intellectual glories of Irishmen, in his "Sketches of the Irish Bar." In 1836 he came into Parliament, and for many years his brilliant oratory was one of the greatest ornaments of the House of Commons. For sheer eloquence there was hardly anyone to equal him. Colclough said, "He was not like any other man I had ever heard making a speech; he seemed to be like one possessed." Even an unfriendly critic, Christopher North, said, "Nature has given him as fine a pair of eyes as ever gazed from human head—large, deeply set, dark, liquid, flashing like gems; and these fix you like a basilisk, so that you forget everything else about him." He fell into bad health and his political friends made him English Minister at Florence, where he died. This striking eloquence, which we might almost say is an endowment peculiarly Irish, was strongly exemplified in the late judge, Mr. Justice Streeby. He was of Irish parentage, and characterised by the present Lord Chief Justice as the most eloquent advocate that had ever adorned this or any other forum. The present Lord Chief Justice Whitehead has admirably maintained the oratorical honors of Ireland both in the forum and in the senate. His famous speech on the trial of O'Connell was pronounced the most brilliant effort of the kind since the days of Curran. In Townsend's "Modern State Trials" there is a remarkable account of this eminent judge's splendid eloquence. Like other Irish orators, there is something truly classic in his vein of eloquence; in one of his speeches, in his peroration, he almost translates literally from the speech of Eschines on the Crown. His parliamentary career was eminently successful; he always pleased and kept the ear of the House. It is not by forensic eloquence alone that Irishmen have distinguished themselves at the bar. The illustrious ex-Chancellor, Lord Cairns, was long the most successful and learned pleader in the Equity Courts, and was Lord Chancellor and leader of the House of Lords at an earlier age than had ever hitherto been known in our annals.—People's Magazine.

CHANGE OF ASSAULTING A CATHOLIC CLERGYMAN.—A special court of petty sessions was held at Markethill to investigate charges made against a number of men for having on the 24th of August last waylaid and assaulted the Rev. Peter Kerley, C.C., on the road between Markethill and Armagh. The attack on the rev. gentleman took place as he was returning from the dedication of St. Patrick's Cathedral, at Armagh. Evidence having been given, the bench refused to return any of the prisoners for trial, on the ground that they had not been fully identified. They were accordingly discharged.

The Cork Examiner says:—"It is stated that one of the results of the recent visit of the Lords of the Admiralty to Haulbowline was to cause the discharge of forty hands, skilled and unskilled, from the works of her Majesty's dockyard."

DUBLIN, Sept. 16.—A serious riot took place at Tralee to-day. Several houses were re-buffed. The police were obliged to charge on the mob with fixed bayonets before it could be dispersed.

THE MILITIA RIOT.—Sentence has been passed by the Court of Inquiry appointed to consider the conduct of the two militia regiments engaged in the unseemly riot of the 10th ult. Both regiments will be at once disbanded. Lord Sandhurst's memorandum ascribes the origin of the affray to a drunken squabble in the canteen.

GREAT BRITAIN.

CONVERSIONS.—The Rev. G. Angus, late Curate of Presbury, near Cheltenham, has been received into the Catholic Church. The Church Herald says:—"We learn with regret, but with no surprise, that the intemperate and ignorant theological utterances of Lord Arthur Hervey, Bishop of Bath and Wells, are not unlikely to be the means of detaching several, both clergy and laity from communion with the National Church."

The great crime of the Church of Rome, as every right-thinking Englishman knows, is to have "corrupted" both the form and the creed of the Primitive Church. The newspapers say so, and they are not often mistaken. A good many preachers agree with the newspapers. Yet as nothing seems to be easier than to "revive" the Primitive Church, an operation which a multitude of "pure and reformed" communities have effected with complete success, the Church of Rome has not done so much harm after all. At all events the mischief has been extensively repaired. It is quite astonishing what a number of undoubtedly Primitive Churches there are just now in the world. In certain soils they seem to be a natural growth, and spring up spontaneously. There are said to be about one hundred and twenty Christian sects, each of which, though differing from all the rest, boasts to have reproduced, to the great confusion of the Church of Rome, exactly the faith and discipline of the Primitive

Church. And they are all equally confident, by clear demonstration of Holy Writ, that theirs is the true and genuine article, and that every other is spurious. There is our old friend the Church of England, which everybody admits—at least everybody who has the good fortune to belong to it—to be an exact copy of the original institution. The resemblance is perfect in every particular. We must suppose, therefore, if we have the privilege to be Anglicans, that in the Primitive Church, which we have so happily revived in our England, it was usual to practise Confession, and to revile it at the same time; to exalt the Priesthood, and to laugh at it; to adore the Real Presence, and to ridicule it; to believe in Regeneration by Baptism, and to deny it; to abhor heretics, and to remain in communion with them; to call schism a crime, and to rejoice in every fresh example of it; to consider unity essential, and to be in communion with nothing and nobody. The Primitive Church may have been all this, as its Anglican restorers appear to believe, but perhaps the evidence of the fact is not quite decisive.—Tablet.

HOME RULE.—The Standard of Monday morning says:—"Men remember that the statesman who carried the Irish Church Act is the author of the policy of 'Irish ideas.' In denouncing in 1835 the policy of the Irish Church, which he passed in 1869, Mr. Gladstone himself expressly connected the Irish Church and the legislative independence of Ireland together. Opposing the Appropriation Clause, he said:—"In principle you propose to give up the Protestant Establishment: if so, why not abandon the political government of Ireland and concede the Legislative Union?" "Why not?" Mr. Butt continues to ask. One part of the work is done and the rest is still to come, and Home Rulers naturally regard Mr. Butt as only gathering up the waters of popular excitement until it should suit their minister to ride upon their tide. It is this state of things that gives the Home Rule party strength, and for the sake of Ireland and of the general community it is urgent that the public should as speedily as possible make it clear that Liberal politicians have no power to commit the country to this policy of Home Rule, and when the question of disruption of the United Kingdom is involved, no political party dare lend itself to the enemies of the Union.

PLAIN SPEAKING.—The following advertisement appeared in the Times a few days ago:—"For Horticultural Schools, Tutors, Governesses, apply by letter to the Rev. Charles Voysey, Camden-house, Dulwich, S.E." As an outspoken announcement it beats anything of the kind we have ever met with. Applicants to Mr. Voysey must not complain if he supplies them with the real article. We wonder how much heresy, or how little truth, Mr. Voysey will undertake to guarantee. We presume he has specimens of various degrees of strength on hand to suit the taste of his patrons, who, we fear, if they can only summon up courage, will not be few nor far between. As to schools he can have no difficulty in recommending establishments where no religion whatever is taught. But perhaps the whole thing is a hoax, and Mr. Voysey has no agency of the kind.—Tablet.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," saith the poet; and no student of human nature will deny that all mankind, be their epidermis white or black copper-coloured or olive, are wonderfully alike in their affections and their fears, and that Shakespeare would have been just as correct, if for "nature" he substituted "superstition." The simple act of sneezing, which, in many parts of Ireland is looked upon as an ill omen, and causes the nearest aged female piously to cross herself with a "Deu avertet omen," would have been sufficient, three thousand years ago, to have dispersed an assembly of polished Greeks, whether in the senate or the circus. The obi of the African fetish-woman has its counterpart in the waxen eidolon of the English witch, into which the sticking of a number of pins brought so many nangs of anguish to the living object of the incantation. The divinations of the haruspex, forecasting the outcome of some mighty enterprise of the world's mistresses, have their caricature, in the teacup prediction, of local fortune-tellers of our own age; and the amulet and the charm are common alike to the peasant of Candahar and Catania. The truth of this proposition is well demonstrated in an incident which occurred a few days ago in the good old fishing port of Newhaven. It seems to be an established fact there that the best means of injuring an enemy is to throw salt on the fire and wish him ill, using at the same time certain magical signs and words known to the inhabitants of the place. The existence of this simple method of gratifying personal spite was lately the cause of a breach of the peace in the aforesaid fishing village. A middle-aged fishwife appeared one day in the vicinity of the pier, shouting, bawling, and making a great uproar. The cause of her excitement was that she had seen her niece, a Mrs. Murray, carrying a bag of salt, the very sinews of war, according to Newhaven gossip, to her husband's herring boat. This spectacle excited the liveliest apprehensions in the mind of the poor woman, since she had been credibly informed that Mrs. Murray had "beseeched" her godman to perform a "diabolical act" with a view of injuring her, and had implored him not only to throw salt on the fire, but three handfuls of salt on the fire, the consequences of which proceeding are of course, incalculable. The worthy fishwife's anxiety unfortunately relieved itself in language and conduct so unbecoming to a public thoroughfare that the matter ended in the Loth Police-court, where the aunt was fined half-a-crown for the energetic scolding administered to her niece.

Mr. Bright has become, as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, a great "patron" of Church livings. After the Premier and the Lord Chancellor, who holds the Queen's conscience, Mr. Bright takes almost the next place as "dispenser of Ecclesiastical preferment." As he means to fulfil the duties of his office, he will undoubtedly also insist on the full enjoyment of its incidental privileges, although he is a Nonconformist—"a Dissenter of Dissenters," as he once described himself—before ascending to office, in the days when he talked of Home Rule for Ireland, etc. Will his "patronage" be given to that inauspicious form of Protestantism which approaches nearest to dissent from dissent; and will he further grieve the honest soul of Archdeacon Denison in favor of Mr. Voysey's dissenting views? As a "liberal" politician, and no churchman, he will probably take the impartial course of appointing by turns High and Low and No-Churchmen, as a sure way to re-establish Christian peace and concord in the Established Church.

Archdeacon Denison, in a letter to the Daily Telegraph, says: "I propose to insist, at future opportunities, upon the manifold privilege, use, and blessing of private confession and absolution both to priest and people." This is in reference to a sermon he lately preached in Wells Cathedral, combating the ground taken by the Anglican Bishops in denouncing to the petition of certain of their clergy for facilities to hear Confessions.

One hundred tons of American bar iron sold at Liverpool at £11 10s, thus underselling the English market.

LONDON, Sept. 16.—Advices from Cape Town state that the Ashantees have defeated the British boat expedition on the River Perah.

The price of coal has again advanced, the best household qualities being now quoted in London at 38s per ton.

The Mark Lane Express says the potato disease is spreading rapidly. The same paper estimates that England must import 12,000,000 quarters of wheat this year.

THE IRISH IN ENGLAND.—The Freeman's Journal gives the following excellent advice to the Irish in England. Now that the Irish vote in England is rapidly becoming a something to be propitiated by politicians and incipient statesmen, it is of importance that that vote should be directed by reason and common-sense. In the constitutional struggle for Irish rights the Irish electors in England can lend their country most valuable aid. They can decline to support the candidate who is personally or politically hostile to the interests of Ireland. They can give their warm support to the candidate who would support the concession to Ireland of her just claims, and notably her claims to Local Self-Government. At the next General Election, in many English urban constituencies, the equal balance of parties will render the Irish vote of vast importance, and it is well that it should be generally understood that that support is only obtainable by candidates who are willing to treat Ireland fairly. At the same time, there is one consideration which it would be most unsafe to entirely lose sight of. We should serve our country with prudence and moderation, as well as with zeal.

DYING FROM STARVATION.—Through a scarcity of subjects peculiar to the three or four weeks which follow the prorogation of parliament, one of the daily papers has mustered up sufficient humanity to plead the cause of the poor—"God's poor," as they used to be called in the good old days of Catholic England, when poor laws and workhouses and starvation and the Church instituted by Henry VIII. were unknown. Our contemporary seems to have only just heard for the first time that people are allowed to die of starvation in London—in the richest city of the world—"with charities of all sorts, with palatial hospitals, and with a poor law system very costly if not efficient;" that death by hunger in the metropolis of England is a common incident; that starvation in the boasted centre of charity and civilization is positively a permanent disease. Happy contemporary, to have been able thus long to remain ignorant or oblivious of this humiliating, this saddening, this old standing national fact! Your intercourse with the working classes of the metropolis, your opportunities of becoming acquainted with their inner lives, must indeed have been rare! Our contemporary is puzzled as to the cause of this public disgrace. No wonder, when the writer of the article to which we are referring goes on the presumption that the humanitarian character of our early poor-law system is beyond dispute, and that in kindness to the poor it surpasses all other systems, unless, perhaps, that of Mecklenburg. That the unfortunate for whose special benefit this expensive mode of dispensing charity was supposed to have been instituted, and who have had a practical experience of its working, think otherwise, is proved pretty convincingly by the oft repeated facts of poor people preferring starvation to workhouse relief or shelter. Why, asks our contemporary, should nearly a hundred persons be allowed to die annually from starvation in the midst of a community affluent, benevolent and energetic, and provided with an elaborate legal machinery to render such horrors impossible? To a person not blinded by prejudice and bigotry—and to a person who has had opportunities of reading English history by other than Protestant and the atrociously misrepresenting state records which were compiled for certain, not honest or honorable, purposes during the reign of the eighth Henry and the first and last, pray God, the last Elizabeth—an answer to the question is obvious. When England was in the enjoyment of the blessing of one united Catholic Church—long before the Reformation which has cursed the land with Low Churches and High Churches, Broad Churches and Narrow Churches, and religious isms and isms and isms without number—the poor of our country were treated as objects of interest and sincere pity, instead of as objects of contempt and indifference. Poverty was not treated as a crime. It was, as it is, treated as an affliction permitted by the Almighty. It was not dealt with on the strength of any laws made by man. It was provided in accordance with the law of God Himself. The poor were looked upon as God's poor, and they were helped and soothed and saved from many of the natural consequences of poverty through the many religious houses and religious men and women whom Henry the Eighth did his best to exterminate. The acceptance of such brotherly and sisterly assistance and consolation did not entail a breaking up of the homes of the poor; it did not mean the destruction of all further chance of holding on in the struggle of life. In the hope that better times might come, it did not mean the snuffing of every family fire; it did not mean the surrender of every affectionate bond; it did not mean public humiliation, public degradation, and utter loss of self-respect and self-dependence; it did not mean a forfeiture of all that makes existence upon earth worth living for. The poor-law relief system, which was begot of the ever lamentable Reformation, entails and means all this. No wonder that our poor should abhor and shudder at it; no wonder that a hundred human beings should every year, in London alone, prefer the lingering sufferings of death by starvation than they should accept succor on such terms.

This is the secret of there being such an alarming amount of distress in the midst of such unexampled plenty and with the existence of one of the most elaborate and costly poor relief systems to be found anywhere. One hundred people allowed to starve every year in the metropolis of a nation whose capital has been increased during the past ten years by the incredible and incomprehensible sum of £1,000,000,000! One hundred poor sufferers who lose their lives every twelve months through want of food, and £1,000,000,000 being added yearly to our money resources! One hundred fellow-creatures suffered to die annually through a want of the common necessities of life, and a state Church and state archbishop and bishops and clergy—who presume to be the successors of those unostentatious and genuinely earnest apostles to whose kindly consideration and care our Savior recommended in a special manner the poor—living in wanton and unbecoming luxury on the spoils of the Church persecution and wholesale robbery on the strength of which they came into existence. A Church and a hierarchy and a poor relief establishment swallowing up yearly as much money as would provide a comfortable life competence for every man, woman and child in the United Kingdom, and yet a hundred of God's creatures dying every year of starvation and without a knowledge of their Maker. What a spectacle! What a result of 300 years' working of the misnamed Reformation! How long is it to be borne? This has been truly an affliction. Thank God, there are at last hopeful indications of the passing away of this just punishment for the sins and cowardice of our forefathers, who, through corrupt influences and through fear, were induced and forced to fall away from the real and only Church of Christ, and thus assisted in the calamitous work which Henry VIII. and some of his followers accomplished but too well. The Almighty has begun to remove the horrid nightmare by which England has been afflicted for over 300 years; and the eyes of the people are being opened to the error which their forefathers have bequeathed to them. The people of England have come to inquire and to think as to what was the character and the work of the Church which existed for ages before Henry VIII. found it inconvenient to the prosecution of his vile passions, and swept it away. Catholic religious houses are again springing up in all parts of England, and everywhere these much needed institutions are able to live on the voluntary assistance of Catholics. The work of undoing what has been done, and what has too long cursed the land, is progressing slowly, but surely—so surely that England's return to Catholicity and the swallowing up of all

existing schism can be not very far away in the future.—London Univers.

EMIGRATION.—The Times of Monday morning says:—"While England is daily called upon to admit a long list of shortcomings by the measure of her own lofty pretensions and in comparison with her numerous rivals, there is one point at least in which it cannot be denied that she is first among the nations. To the British Isles it is given, above every other territory or realm, to increase and multiply the people and replenish the earth. A large part of the world would stand still and have to declare itself betrayed and insolvent, if this much-abused country did not feed it regularly with British hearts and hands. In round numbers we last year supplied the world with 300,000 persons, of course of all ages and both sexes, but with much more than their proportion of strength, health, activity, and fitness for work. This was about 40,000 more than we sent abroad in either of the years 1870 and 1871.

The British press treat with unparading ridicule the failure of the trans-Atlantic balloon project.

UNITED STATES.

NOT THE RELIGION OF THE POOR.—The Methodist, the chief organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, tells its readers that Methodism "has always been the Religion of the poor." It is a most singular fact, that as a Protestant Church becomes rich it becomes exclusive. The preacher will tell you that all are invited, all welcomed to their ministrations; and yet, few other than the worldly respectable ever darken the doors of their churches. Why is this? Evidently because the poor man and the poor woman do not feel themselves at home in their temples. They are somehow made to feel that they are intruders, that the Gospel therein preached is not intended for them. Here and there a philanthropist among the preachers will be seen visiting the poor and trying to instruct them by the enunciation of stale and empty platitudes. But rarely does it happen that these ministerial visits have the effect to induce those to whom they are made to attend the Sunday services in Church. There is something in the surroundings which is antagonistic to the poor man's nature.—The very make-up of the congregation is suggestive of touch-me-not exclusiveness, and he feels better away. Only the Catholic is the religion of the poor. The Church of God speaks to the poor man's heart, and in her temples he feels that he is in his proper place. She follows him with loving activity from the cradle to the grave. There is not a phase of his existence disconnected from her ministrations. Is he sick, God's minister is at his command. Is he burdened with sin, that same minister is ready to absolve him on assurance of repentance. In her visible temples and out of them he is made to feel that the Church is his true Mother, loving him and caring for him with watchful tenderness? And why is this? Because the Spirit of God abides with her; because she is fulfilling the command laid upon her by her Divine Founder to preach the Gospel to the poor.

ORANGEISM.—Like flies in amber, not because they are rich or rare, remarks the Catholic Review, the wonder being how they got there, paragraphs such as the following, are the curiosities of the Christian Intelligencer. We may state, however, in explanation, that it is from the pen of one of its foreign correspondents. Coming from any source, it is an honest testimony to the character of as ugly a set of ruffians as the globe can produce, and coming from the source that it does, it may convince many good people that their Orange pets, either here, in Canada, or in Ireland, need a vast amount of civilization. But we quote:—"The twelfth of July has passed over quietly in the North of Ireland. There were great gatherings and long processions of the Orangemen, a vast deal of drumming and music, and of tall talk about our Protestant institutions. But the practical effect of these demonstrations, as far as Roman Catholics are concerned, is only to irritate and exasperate them; to remind them that they are a conquered race, and that there are many who make loud boasts of their Protestantism, who would still keep them in a degraded position if they had the power, and thus to prejudice them most effectually against Protestantism and the Gospel. The universal testimony of our correspondents is that they have free access to Romanists, and can sell many religious books among them when they are away beyond the influence of these displays; but that whenever they come into districts where party spirit prevails, and where party processions are the order of the day, the door is closed against them. And so far as the Orangemen themselves are concerned, the effect of the addresses that are delivered to them is to nurture the delusion that they are the very cream and bulwark of Protestantism, and to lead a set of ignorant dupes to substitute Orangeism for the Gospel, and to flatter themselves that they are the special favorites of Heaven. I have sometimes been called upon to visit such persons upon their sick beds, and have found them to be utterly ignorant of the first principles of Christianity. Those who witnessed the processions of the 12th inst., state that they were chiefly composed of the lowest orders of the people. Very few of the better classes gave them any countenance. And I have heard several persons in different towns state that they never witnessed so much drunkenness, or observed so many of the Orangemen under the influence of drink. And yet a few ministers of the Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Methodist churches still countenance this system, and some by their fiery harangues inflame the worst passions of the ignorant multitudes."

AN ASTRONOMER SOLID.—They say that the chief astronomer at the Washington Observatory was dreadfully sold a few days ago. A wicked boy, whose Sunday-school experience seems only to have made him more depraved, caught a fire-fly, and stuck it, with the aid of some mauling, in the center of the largest lens of the telescope. That night when the astronomer went to work, he perceived a blaze of light apparently in the heavens, and what amazed him more was that it would give a couple of spirits and then die out, only to burst forth again in a second or two. He examined it carefully for a few moments, and then began to do sums to discover where in the heavens that extraordinary star was placed. He thought he had found the locality, and the next morning he telegraphed all over the universe that he had discovered a new and remarkable star of the third magnitude in Orion. In a day or two all the astronomers in Europe and America were studying Orion, and they gazed at it for hours until they were mad, and then they began to telegraph to the man in Washington to know what he meant. The discoverer took another look and found that the new star had moved about eighteen billion miles in twenty-four hours, and upon examining it closely he was alarmed to perceive that it had legs! When he went on the dome, the next morning, to polish up his glass, he found the lightning-bug. People down at Alexandria seven miles distant, heard part of the swearing, and they say he infused into it much whole-souled sincerity and vigorous energy. The bills for telegraphic dispatches amounted to \$25,000, and now the astronomer wants to find that boy. He wishes to consult with him about something.—Max Adeler.

THE DEAD DUKE OF BRUNSWICK.—Some curious facts appear in the obituary notice of the Duke of Brunswick, printed in the London papers. The Times of Aug. 21 says: "It is not in the Almanach de Gotha that we have to look for a record of the later years of Duke Charles of Brunswick. His rejection by his people, and the calm approval of that rejection by the German Diet, removed the

sayings and doings of the Duke of Brunswick out of the sphere of politics. He was only six-and-twenty when, as it appears, not only the indignation of his subjects but the Conservative instincts of the Frankfurt Diet rejected his pretensions to government. Thenceforward his career had no connection with the politics of Europe. With boundless wealth and the inheritor of a noble name, the Duke, dispossessed as he was of his sovereignty, had, if he had been able to use it, a splendid opportunity before him. There was no Court in Europe which could refuse to recognize his dignities; none, if he had been wise, which could have an interest in refusing to do so. His income of a million a year was enough, with the prestige of his birth, and his former position, to make him a place in the inner circle of the highest society of Europe. Strangely—so strangely that it seems as though madness were somewhere at work—the Duke of Brunswick gambled away for forty years his magnificent chances. His noble birth, his vast fortune, all the opportunities of his position seemed in his hands to wither into worthlessness. Many dispossessed Princes have taken a place in society more respectable and respected than the prosperity of usurpers, but this decent dignity Duke Charles of Brunswick seemed never able to attain. His name for a whole generation was in the mouths of men in England and in France, but it was associated with all kinds of malignant, and disreputable gossip, with talk which more and more permanently disconnected the Duke's name from the idea of any possible return to sovereignty. No one would have cared about his taste for ballooning, or for expending upon the most costly jewels, if the Duke had limited himself to these harmless eccentricities; but he became by some misfortune or fault of temper, the centre of many quarrels and the mark of many slanders. His wild conduct, both in the English and French capitals, excluded him first from the English Court and then from the more tolerant salons of the Tuilleries. The Duke, as an accomplished epurée, and the owner of, perhaps, the finest collection of jewels that has ever been brought together by a private person, was tortured by two terrible fears—of poison and of robbery. The eccentricity of his precautions against these dangers excited amusement, first in London, and afterwards in Paris. With these stories were mingled others of a more repulsive kind, which took a colour of reality from the exclusion of the Duke of Brunswick from those courtly circles in which by right of birth he had an unquestioned claim to move. Though he was the ward and kinsman of two of our Kings—George IV. and William IV.—though he was the intimate friend of Prince Louis Napoléon before he became Emperor of the French, Duke Charles of Brunswick was never a welcome guest at the Court of St. James or at the Tuilleries. A generation ago the doings of the Duke of Brunswick were among the sensations of London life, and at a later period Paris gossiped about his eccentricities and his diamonds. A man who was always persuaded that he was the mark of attempted assassinations and burglaries was likely enough to be laughed at by a sarcastic and sceptical people like the French, nor is it less natural that his illusions, his vanity, and his insolence should have disgusted the common sense of Englishmen. Whatever may have been the cause, the fact remains unquestionable. The Duke of Brunswick, despite his noble birth, his high connections, and his wealth, was a failure both in London and Paris. The absurdities of his conduct attracted some derisive attention. The notorious length of his purse made him the mark of impostors. He was, perhaps, more harshly treated in France than he was in England. Englishmen were merely amused when he insisted upon his dinner being served in locked dishes; Frenchmen were indignant. His frequent declamations against the injustice of the popular movement and the political decree which expelled him from Brunswick, attracted more notice in France than in England. It may be that English loyalty refused to canvass a decision to which an English King, the uncle of the dispossessed Duke, had publicly declared his assent. It may be that the charges brought against the Duke of Brunswick in this country, which he courageously repelled in our courts of law, alienated from him a people among whom he resided for many years. He was not much more fortunate in Paris, where, if his diamonds were popular he himself was not. With the Empire, to which he hung on, though the Court of the Tuilleries never liked him, the Duke of Brunswick vanished from France and betook himself, as it appears, to Geneva, where he has bequeathed his large fortune to strangers. His testamentary dispositions are marked by the perversions of mind which ruined and degraded a life that might have been ennobled by his opportunities, and might have obtained a place of honor in the world's history.

A correspondent of the Morning Post writes:—"It happens to fall within my knowledge that years ago that eccentric Prince, the late Duke of Brunswick, made the Prince Imperial his sole legate, thus leaving his millions to the heir of a civil list of a million a year. He informed the Emperor of this intention, and forwarded to him a schedule of his many investments. It was this schedule, found at the Tuilleries among the Emperor's private papers by the insurgents of the 4th of September, that gave rise to the fable of the hoarded wealth which Napoleon was said to have placed in English, Dutch and other securities. Since the Emperor's death it has been proved how poor a man he died. Not the least singular part of the story is that immediately on the fall of the Empire the Duke of Brunswick revoked the disposition of his vast fortune—which would now, indeed, have been invaluable to one who has little more than a great name for inheritance—and cast about for some other object sufficiently and securely wealthy to justify the demise of further riches. He was residing at the flourishing city of Geneva, and it seems to have struck him that the ancient Swiss Republic was possessed of a vigorous and stable existence, and Geneva of abundant resources. Accordingly, on the 5th of March, 1871, carefully excluding all his relatives, he devised the whole of his real and personal estate to that city, subject only to the charge of a princely funeral and the erection of a magnificent mausoleum, in which his embalmed and petrified remains are to be entombed amid statues of bronze and marble."

The will of the Duke of Brunswick was opened at the Registry Office in Geneva on Aug. 10. The Duke directs that his body shall be examined by five medical men, in order that they may ascertain whether his death has been due to poison or not.—After the post mortem examination, the body is to be embalmed or petrified. The funeral is to be conducted with princely honors, and the remains are to be deposited in a mausoleum modeled after the Scaligeri tomb at Verona. The mausoleum will contain an equestrian statue of the Duke, with statues of his father and grandfather, in bronze and marble. The testamentary executors are forbidden to make any compromise with his relatives, Prince William of Brunswick, the ex-King of Hanover, his son, the Duke of Cambridge, or any other member of the family. The executors are enjoined to endeavor to obtain possession of what remains of the property of the Brunswick family in Hanover, Prussia, or America. All the Duke's landed and personal property, including his jewels and the property retained at Brunswick since 1830, are bequeathed to the City of Geneva. Mr. Smith, an Englishman, is nominated administrator general, and receives a bequest of £40,000. M. Ferdinand Chorguier, advocate at Geneva, is assistant administrator. The will is dated Geneva, March 5, 1871, and is written, as well as signed, by the Duke, and was entrusted to the care of M. Biazet, notary, on the 6th of March. The value of the real property left by the Duke is estimated at £1,000,000. Part of the property is situate in Geneva.

The True Witness

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G. E. CLERK, Editor.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1873.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR. SEPTEMBER—1873. Friday, 26—St. Cyprian and Justina, MM. Saturday, 27—St. Cornelius and Comp., MM.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The news from the Continent of Europe for the past week presents little of interest. The royalist forces in Spain maintain the contest gallantly, but have not as yet gained any decisive victory.

In the United States there have been some extensive commercial failures, and trouble in the financial world is anticipated. The chief matters of interest in Canada continue to be the Royal Commission and the stolen letter business.

The most important witnesses examined before the Royal Commission during the past week were Sir J. A. Macdonald and Sir Hugh Allan. Their depositions were very lengthy, and gave a complete history of all the transactions in the Pacific Railroad business.

Under our political system—and this it is which makes the matter so embarrassing—there is no tribunal competent to entertain and adjudicate upon, criminal charges against a Ministry; as there is in Great Britain, where one branch of the Parliament, the House of Lords, is invested with judicial as well as legislative functions.

Can the practise of confession to a minister of the Church of England be put down by law? We think not; we think that the ritualistic gentlemen in M. B. * coats and Roman collars who ape the dress of Catholic priests, will be able to set their adversaries at defiance on this point at least.

the charges were proven. But in Canada, and under our political system, no such machinery exists for bringing political offenders to justice. Our House of Commons in the first place is not Parliament, but only a branch of Parliament!

Parliament is summoned to meet for the transaction of business on Thursday, 23rd October, when of course the Report of the Royal Commission will be laid before it.

The Catholic movement is making itself felt everywhere, for it is on God, not on man, that Catholics rely for the deliverance of the Church, and especially of the Holy Father, from the hands of her and his enemies.

When, or how the deliverance shall be wrought it is not for man to determine. The ways of God are not as are man's ways, and He alone knows the hour, and the instruments to be employed.

Yet even now are there causes in operation which may of themselves well inspire all Catholics with courage. The so-called Italian Kingdom is but a house built on the sand, ready to crumble away at the first shock of the winds to which it may be exposed.

Then we have the glorious revival of faith and loyalty in France—to say nothing of the gallant contest carried on by the Carlists in the North of Spain.

Fifty, thirty or twenty years ago, he would have been deemed little better than a fool, than a vain dreamer, who should have ventured to announce a Pilgrimage in England.

What a change has come over England! how far is she already from the England of George IV., or even from the England of the first years of Queen Victoria!

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lighted candles on their communion tables, elevation of the consecrated bread, the adoration thereof, and others which have hitherto formed the chief points of contention, the Civil Courts could find in the articles, rubrics and liturgy, passages on which they might base a sentence adverse to the ritualists;

Confession, with the object of obtaining absolution, cannot by the Privy Council—should the question be brought before that tribunal, as in all probability it will—be condemned as immoral, as evil of itself; for not only is it provided for in the prayer book, but its use is highly recommended, and all ministers are by the rubrics ordered to urge the laity to resort to it, whenever in the course of their ministrations they find any who after examination shall be troubled by the reproaches of his conscience.

And by His authority committed to me, I absolve thee from all thy sins. In the name of the So., &c., &c.

Now we suppose that, even the Privy Council, though it has been irreverently said of a lately deceased eminent Judge in England, that he "abolished hell with costs," will scarce deny that all mortal sin is a "weighty matter" which in all cases should trouble the conscience of him guilty of it.

And illogical as are Anglicans of all degree on matters of religion, they would scarce deny that their church, in that it in certain cases—i.e. where the conscience is troubled with weighty matter—urges to special confession, teaches in so far as it may be said to teach anything—

The argument is this:—All sin should, and must be a weighty matter to all who consider what God is, and what man is; but the Anglican minister is enjoined to move those whose consciences are troubled with any weighty matter to make special confession; therefore the said minister is bound to urge all who believe that they have been guilty of sin to make special confession thereof.

Should the case come before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, we expect a legal victory for the ritualists; but the bishops whose business it is to check zeal, and to keep things quiet may be very careful not to provoke legal action. Yet as something must be done, and that quickly, to put down the rapidly growing practice of "sacramental confession," so the Anglicans call a practise which numbers amongst its advocates some 2,000 of the Anglican clergy, it is more probable that a revision of the prayer book will soon take place, and that Parliament will have to draw up a new form of worship and scheme of salvation, from whence all Romish doctrines shall be most scrupulously eliminated.

The Reformation was achieved in the name and by the authority of Reason. It appealed from the Church to Common Sense for the interpretation of Scripture. Such is the Edinburgh Review's ultimate analysis of the Protestant Reformation. The Review is right. The Reformation was the revolt of Reason against Revelation; the setting up of Common Sense above the Supernatural.

At a session of the Old Catholic Congress yesterday, Dr. Walcott of Avesburg made a bitter attack on the French, accusing them of provoking the late war, and holding them responsible for all its horrors.

To set up for themselves, we suppose, another sect of "Older Old Catholics," and which, in its turn, will split up into Lord knows how many other sects and sub-sects ad infinitum. Go on, gentlemen, and "split," whilst Catholics look on, and laugh.

The charges against certain of the wardens of Newgate prison, to the effect that they had accepted bribes to effect the escape of the fellows convicted of the forgeries on the Bank of England, have, after investigation, been proven unfounded.

mysteries of revelation? As well might an idiot claim to preside over the deliberations of a nation.

Reason can only preside within her own kingdom. To assert authority beyond, were a mere usurpation—nay, a piece of useless braggadocio which must serve only to bring her into contempt abroad, to render her suspect of un-reason at home.

We are prepared to give to Reason all the authority she may justly claim. We can never be disloyal to her as long as she is not disloyal to herself. We grant her a Queen of most imposing mien and gracious carriage. Her laws we believe are to be obeyed, because she rules by right divine.

In nothing perhaps more than in this does the folly and unholiness of the Reformation appear manifest; in that it erected the Goddess Reason above God and His revelation. Catholics are accused of ignoring the Sacred Scriptures. But this at least they have never yet done; they have never yet so degraded those sacred writings as to subject them to the interpretation of private judgment; or to make them the mere bondwomen of Reason and Common Sense.

THOSE IRREPRESSIBLE JESUITS.—The correspondent of the London Times treating of the persecution of the Jesuits in Germany and Italy, is quite at a loss to say how they are to be put down. Persecution does them no hurt; and they have shown that where left unmolested, but unencouraged, they thrive.

To those who fear and would gladly put down the Jesuits, one might ask, "Can you do it? Have not the hunted out of all countries, and have they not invariably come back stronger and more mischievous than before? Was not Switzerland divided into two camps for the sake of these very Jesuits at the time of the Sonderbund War, and has not the victorious party decreed the perpetual exclusion of the Order from the Confederation?"

There seems nothing for it but to follow the counsel of Gamaliel—"Refrain from these men, and let them alone; for if their counsel or their work be of men it will come to nought; but if it be of God, ye can not overthrow it—lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."—Acts 5, 38, 39.

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We are happy to see it announced that the health of Mgr. Farrell, Bishop of Hamilton, is improving.

A sad description of the moral condition of Scotland was given by the assemblies of the two Presbyterian sects, lately held in Edinburgh, and of which an analysis is given by the correspondent of the Catholic Review:—

THE DEPLOABLE CONDITION OF SCOTLAND.

"In exact proportion to the increase of Protestant churches and of Protestant ministers in a community, is the increase of irreligion and immorality. This is not my assertion. God forbid that I should ever say anything so uncharitable. But it is the assertion of the two assemblies of the Presbyterian Church now in session at Edinburgh—the assemblies of the Established and of the Free Presbyterian churches. Since 1853, say the official reports of these bodies, at least one thousand churches and a thousand ministers have been added to the Ecclesiastical Protestant staff in Scotland; and what is the result? Every year has shown a steady increase in 'Drunkness and Licentiousness'; in these respects the country has been going on steadily—or, perhaps unsteadily—from bad to worse; and, unless some miracle happens, we are morally certain to soon see the time when every man in Scotland shall be drunk and every woman unchaste.

The anti-Catholic press may sneer as it will at the Pilgrimages, but that it attaches much importance to them is clear from the fact that their every movement is watched, noted down, and carefully reported by a special correspondent, as in the days of the Crimean War or the Siege of Paris.

THE PARAY-LE-MONIAL PILGRIMS.

"Not only the advanced guards of the Pilgrims en route for Paray-le-Monial, which came via Calais and Boulogne, but also the main body, under the guidance of the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Walter Kerr, have reached Paris in safety; and at an early hour to-morrow they hope to proceed to Paray by railway at least 800 strong.

During our journey the programme published in your columns on Monday was followed almost to the letter. In every carriage, and indeed in every compartment, after the first congratulations were over and the train was in motion, we heard the words of the 'Itinerary,' recited alternately by the priests and the laity in each compartment.

"For myself, I was extremely fortunate in the fellow travellers whose compartment I shared. I happened to have a slight acquaintance with one of the clergy who had undertaken the conduct of the Pilgrimage, and, fortified with his introduction, soon found myself quite 'at home' among strangers. I made no secret of the fact that I had resolved to join the Pilgrimage from less than the highest motives, and that I purposed hereafter to describe what I saw and heard; but this avowal in no way sealed up their spring of communicativeness, and was soon lost into their plans and objects, for 'secret' they had none.

"So far as I could glean by conversing among those with whom I was brought into contact, would seem that very many of them would wish to see the Pope restored to his Temporal Power; and all these with whom the last 12 hours have brought me into contact are, I think, devoutly anxious to show to the world at large that the spirit of

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The Royalist party in France is very sanguine that the Monarchy will be proclaimed by the National Assembly immediately after its meeting in November. The Comte de Chambord is accepted by the entire party as the future Sovereign, subject to certain reservations which the Constitutional Monarchists make in respect to a Charter to be adopted by the Chamber and assented to by the King. It is believed that the Comte de Chambord will eventually make some concessions in the that direction. The Paris papers Le Seir and the Dix Neuvieme Siecle are about to appear as Royalist organs. The Minister of the Interior has issued a circular to the Prefects, directing them to prevent any political manifestations on the 4th September in commemoration of the institution of the Government of National Defence. The trial of Marshal Bazaine is to be held at Trianon.

The anniversary of the downfall of the Empire and of the establishment of the Republic was celebrated privately by the Democratic party in many towns of France, but no public demonstrations were made and no disturbances seem to have occurred. A rumor was current yesterday in Paris that, upon the recommendation of the Pope, the Comte de Chambord had consented to accept the tricolor flag, but it does not appear to have any substantial foundation.

As an instance of the remarkable activity which Marshal MacMahon has succeeded in infusing into every department of the administration, we may state that the important question of eight field guns for the army has been already settled, and Colonel Remy has been ordered by the Marshal to commence the delivery of the guns in batteries within three months. The Colonel has replied that he can undertake to deliver six, or even eight batteries every week, if necessary. Thus the "last arguments" are being prepared for the next great European controversy. God speed the right!

Letters received state that the English pilgrims, contrary to the experience of the French pilgrims, have been everywhere received in the most respectful manner.

SPAIN.

The Pall Mall Gazette thus sums up the present condition of revolutionary Spain:—

"A couple of years ago, while comparatively peaceful and prosperous, she had to estimate the deficit at five millions—a deficit which, as it was confessed in the Cortes, was doubled in the reality. Now the returns from her rich colony of Cuba are very different from what they used to be, and a great part of the peninsula itself is altogether inaccessible to the Government tax collectors. The Carlists have taken the North into their own hands; in the South the Communists have often anticipated the Treasury. Commerce is contending against difficulties which are daily increasing. In the Mediterranean, the ironclads that break away at intervals from Carthage make the trade with Malaga, Cadiz, and Almeria worse than precarious. In the north, where Madrid is still in command of the seas, the insurgents have everywhere cut the communications which open the markets of the interior to the seaports. It is out of the question for Senor Salmeron to come upon the foreign exchanges for accommodation. We know that the most hopelessly embarrassed Governments do succeed in negotiating temporary loans; yet we should say that the most speculative of usurers would hesitate to treat with the Ministry on any security it can offer them. Senor Salmeron is making a very good fight of it, but his personal position is extremely doubtful, and he cannot possibly answer for his successors. Any one who lends to him backs the success of that body of moderate Conservatives which answers perhaps to the old Union-Liberal, and must assume that he can answer for any Government that shall repress anarchy without adopting legitimacy and ultramontanism. That is a doubtful chance to count upon. But besides that there is the triumph of the Carlists or the Communists or the probability of a pronouncement by some successful general to be taken into consideration. The Carlists announce officiously if not officially that they will be responsible for no loans which have been undertaken by the ephemeral Governments of the existing period of anarchy. The Communists will infallibly repudiate every liability contracted while Spain was still a nation. A military autocrat will be likely to cut with his sword illusory obligations which would seriously embarrass him. Consequently, if Senor Salmeron has succeeded in persuading financiers to help him, we can only suppose he has played most dexterously on the Spaniard's love for gaming; and even in that case he must have taken for the motto of his Ministry, Apres nous le deluge."

Intelligence from Carlist sources states that, according to official documents communicated by the Spanish Minister of the Interior to some friends, the Carlists have 40,000 men under arms in 19 Provinces of Spain. They are constructing a cannon foundry at Areso, three leagues from Tortosa.

The Carlist forces in Valencia and Aragon are stated to number 8,000 men.

The Carlist troops do not require much time to turn out in marching order. A man is considered equipped when he is provided with arms, 60 rounds of ball cartridge, his food for the day, and a spare shirt. As for marching, I have never seen their superiors, four miles an hour in six continuous hours being frequently accomplished by them, the men looking as fresh at the end of their journey as when they started. The rations are good and ample; in fact, the Carlist receives a quarter of a pound more meat than the British soldier, the daily allowance for the former being one pound of meat, two pounds of bread, and two pints of wine, which is of fair quality and far superior to average French

vin ordinaire. In addition to this he is paid one real, or 2d., a day. The officers, on the contrary, have but a pittance, a captain receiving but little more than a sergeant in an English cavalry regiment. However, as they are almost all persons of some position, money is not so important to them as to the individuals in the higher ranks of the Republican army. There is one great drawback, speaking of the Royalist soldiery; for although they are all volunteers, who love fighting for fighting's sake, and are as brave and fine-looking a body of men as a General could wish to command, they hate the idea of drill, and very little instruction is given them, as, if much time were occupied with this particular, the Carlist troops would soon dwindle away. Their Generals are aware of this weakness, for they do not press the point too closely.

ITALY.

The Italian Government has issued instructions to the provincial authorities to enforce observance of the laws in the event of a contemplated general workmen's strike being attempted. The agents of the International Society are known to be actively engaged in arranging for a general strike in all industrial establishments.

A WARNING.—Deputy Billin, well known to all readers of the debates in the Italian Parliament for his violent hostility to the Religious Orders, has just added another instance to the long list of victims to an awfully sudden death. He died yesterday at the Baths of Santa Caterina. The Milanese gives the following terrible details of Billin's death. He had just been present at a political dinner, at which he had indulged in the most blasphemous language against the Church, and, on his return home to the Baths, where he was staying, was caught in a violent storm and drenched to the skin.—Seized with a severe cold, he nevertheless joined in a dance which was going on, and is said by those present to have danced like one possessed, and indulged in the most frightful imprecations on his own illness, which at length, however, showed itself so severely that he was obliged to go to bed. Next day he died in agonising pain, his cries being so dreadful that the doctors and assistants fled and left him, and his body after death turned black, and decomposed so rapidly that it was with difficulty that the undertakers could remain in the room. The parish priest of course refused to perform the rites over a professed enemy of the Christian religion, but the Freemasons forced their way to the oratory near the Baths and placed the coffin there till his relations came for it. The Bishop of Como has ordered the ceremony of Purification to be performed in the Oratory before the Holy Sacrifice is again celebrated in it. So passed to his place another enemy of Pius IX.

FATHER SECCHI.—An instance of stupid intolerance has just occurred which will be the everlasting shame of Italy among men of science. The illustrious astronomer, Padre Secchi, S. J., who is now residing at the College of Mondragone, proposed giving a course of lectures and instructions not only to the inmates, but to any without the College who might be capable of understanding his conferences. The Italian Government has actually refused the necessary authorisation save on the condition that Padre Secchi submits to the examination of a jury to determine his competency! It is to be hoped after this we shall hear no more of Galileo and the Inquisition.

SWITZERLAND.

In Switzerland matters are getting worse and worse. In the Canton Berne, the parish priest of Trimbach, Herr Haubler, has been sentenced to two months' imprisonment and two years' banishment for having baptized a child, and priests are constantly being denounced and punished for the performance of purely spiritual duties. Five priests in one parish are summoned for having heard confessions; one for having given Benediction with the "Zyboire," as the gendarme who informed against him spells it. A young priest arriving from the German College at Rome, is immediately summoned before the judge to declare his views, and to state whether he has received any facilities from the Bishop. A parish priest preaches to his parishioners in his own barn, and is informed against. The Abbe Stouder being turned out of his parish at Courgenay, retires to his native place, Delemont, and there he is severely treated by the Protestant prefect for having appeared in choir with the other clergy and once or twice sung Mass. The same prefect instructs a mayor to prevent a priest, who had recently arrived to administer a parish deprived of its cure, from exercising his functions, as he had not been appointed by the State, observing that if the parishioners really feel an urgent want of a cure or vicar, or other ecclesiastic, they must apply to the Direction of Public Worship, "which is at present the superior ecclesiastical authority." This "superior ecclesiastical authority" is Herr Tousscher, a Protestant, and the prefect who issues this decree is the identical lawyer who insulted the procession of Corpus Christi last year.—Tablet.

AUSTRIA.

CHOLERA.—VIENNA, Sept. 19.—It is officially reported that there have been 2,755 cases of cholera in Vienna since the outbreak of the disease, and of this number 1,110 were fatal.

GERMANY.

FRANCE BIEMARCK'S NEXT STRIKE.—The Spectator does not think it impossible that the Crown Prince of Germany may have recently carried with him to Copenhagen a proposal which might strike the King who is a purely German Prince, as it would not strike the patriotic among the Danes, to restore Sleswick-Holstein, or at all events Sleswick to Denmark, if the Danes would enter Germany on the terms granted to the Bavarians—that is, with their autonomy preserved on all but Imperial questions. That such an offer might be made, or rather hinted at, we can (the Spectator says) readily believe, for Denmark, small as she is, might become a great danger to Germany, giving all her enemies a landing-point in very disagreeable proximity to Berlin. There would, it is true, be Sleswick to give up, and the present Hohenzollern gives up nothing; but the Imperial Crown Prince may be German even more than Prussian, and the immense addition to German safety may weigh with him more strongly than his father. The real point of resistance to such a project would not be found in Berlin, but in Copenhagen, St. Petersburg, and Europe generally, and it may be worth while to study a little how much resistance is to be expected in either quarter. A year ago we should have said that the Danes would have died in arms or have submitted to emigration en masse rather than accept such a proposal, but we are not so clear just now. They would as

lief be governed by Berliners as by devotees of the Sacred Heart. Then the sense of smallness has been growing in Denmark since the plan for a Scandinavian Union died away, and since they felt their sudden but utter powerlessness in 1870; while there has arisen a new fear—a fear of socialism, which is growing powerful in the little State, and seems everywhere that it exists to kill out nationalism among the upper classes. But Russia would oppose? If Russia could; but Russian zeal would be cooled readily by the despairing impression among her statesmen, that if they quarrel with Germany they will never be allowed to occupy Constantinople. And Europe? Europe in such circumstances means France, England, and Austria, and we doubt if the latter would be trustworthy in any anti-German conflict. The difficulty, on the other hand, of inducing England to fight a great war, such as a war with Germany would be, in order to resist a parliamentary vote in another country and a Federalist project would be almost insuperable, certainly insuperable with the existing Government; while France, would thus be left to do the one thing she will not do without an ally—fight Germany before she is perfectly prepared. There would be little aid, we fear, for Denmark in the world, and if her course were taken slowly with her own parliamentary consent, there would be none. We write with the utmost detestation of the idea which, if realized, most extinguish one of the oldest nationalities in Europe, and another of the small States where alone they dare experiments in living, but we cannot bind ourselves to the many and powerful motives which oblige all parties to consider the chances of such a solution.

That "the devil takes care of his own" is generally supposed to be a truism. The Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung does not, however, so accept it, for in a recent number it printed a labored appeal in favor of the protection by the State of "irreligiosity," and "unbelieving philosophy." It finds these matters constantly attacked from the pulpit and by the Catholic press, and calls upon the Government to punish the assailants with becoming severity. The latter has forestalled the appeal of the Allgemeine Zeitung and is at present actively punishing—or persecuting, rather—both pulpit and press, and there is small reason to doubt it will continue that course. But none the less for that will Catholics cease from attacking with tongue and pen the beauty—we use the word designedly, and in its true meaning of those pertaining to the lower class of created animals—secularism of the day which threatens to swamp all religion in a sea of infidelity. "Irreligiosity" is, thanks to such people as, for instance, form the majority of the Liverpool School Board, rapidly growing in England where, beyond all question, the devil is taking uncommonly good care of his own.

BERLIN, Sept. 16.—Addresses, signed by a large number of Catholic clergy of the United States, have been received by German priests, approving of their attitude in opposition to the Prussian Government.

A new farce has been brought out at Cassel under the title of "A Conference of Professors of Canon Law." In other words, some nine or ten heretical professors recently met at that place to decide amongst themselves the whole religious matters as at present pending between Church and State in Germany. They came to many very deep and no doubt very philosophical resolutions, but as they happened to start by begging the whole question in declaring that the Old Catholics are to be considered members of "the Old Catholic Church recognised by the State," such resolutions are null, void, and of no effect. "Old Catholics" are not members of the Catholic Church, and until the Professors prove they are, their further proceedings are utterly useless.

THE DEVIL NEVER HOWLS TILL HE IS HURT.—We congratulate the Catholics of Jersey City. The two or three miserable little daily papers, over there, are greatly excited. They say there has been a great meeting of Catholics at, or near St. Peter's Church. And they plainly intimate that these Catholics, somehow or other, have heard, and heeded, the voice of the Catholic Church, saying that "Catholic parents cannot, with a safe conscience, send their children to any schools where the Catholic religion is not taught as the principal thing, in primary schools especially, or which the Catholic priests, as such, cannot visit at any time, to examine both pupils and teachers!"

We very much congratulate the Catholics of Jersey City on their manly, public Catholic spirit. We congratulate, also, Jersey City, and the real estate owners there. If the Catholics of Jersey City, priests and laymen, take this stand, and act on it, there will be a very considerable accession to the population there of Catholics who wish to live in just such an atmosphere.

And as to our left-hand friends, the bigots, we inquire, without any special anxiety to know, what they are going to do about it?

The day that Catholic children are, universally, withdrawn from the Public Schools, the fate of those schools is sealed. They have proved a cumbersome, extravagant, wasteful and unsatisfactory machinery. The good practical sense of Americans would have abolished them long ago, except for the belief, and the hope, that they will prove—as they are doing—the deadliest enemy to the Catholic religion.

So far as we learn, the Catholic clergy of Jersey City, so far from being frightened at the "Stage thunder" of the little papers of their town, took the occasion of the beginning of the School year to warn parents against sending their children to Godless schools, under any pretext—and to point them to Catholic schools.

Among others, Father Moynihan, of St. Patrick's New Orleans, preached for Father Hennessy, who is building the splendid new St. Patrick's, of Jersey City. Here is part of what Father Moynihan said, as partially reported in the Herald:

"He took for his text from St. Paul's First Epistle to Timothy, v. 8.—'But if any man have not care of his own, and especially of those of his house, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel.' By these words Jesus Christ, speaking through the lips of the Apostle Paul, lays a solemn injunction on all men to care for those of their household—not merely to care for them in a temporal sense, by furnishing them with food and raiment and making them proficient in human sciences, which are of little value in fitting them for eternity, but by exercising over them a spiritual care and advancing them in the science of God, that they may become worthy to serve Him forever in the better world beyond the grave. This being undeniable, it is not difficult to perceive that the words of the text refer to the great obligation which parents owe their children as regards their early training. From time to time it has been given out from every pulpit—because it is the mission of the ministry to preserve the deposits of the faith and to hand down from age to age the doctrine pure and unadulterated that has been received from Christ—it has been given out that parents should, with all earnestness,

CONSIDER THIS GREAT CONTRACT.

that they have made with God to bring up their children in the ways of righteousness, to make them faithful members of the Church and of society, and worthy heirs of heaven. If a man possess a noble horse, or even a dog, he will not suffer that animal to grow up to an old age without breaking him in—say, he will give him to the best trainer. And if this be admitted (with regard to animals), is it not infinitely more true of young children? The young mind is like the melted wax, which, if not moulded in due time, becomes unuseful to impressions. Unless you educate the child in his younger years, you cannot teach him when he grows old the duties he owes both to God and to his fellow-man. 'Train up a young man according to the way in which he

should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.' Now the State pretends to attempt so to train children in her common schools, and I doubt not that in many cases the State does so in good faith and with the best intentions. Hence I yield to no man in giving the State full credit for her efforts in this direction, and I applaud her for the interest she takes in our youth. But I contend that no State can feel as great an interest in her children as the Catholic father feels in his children in obedience to the command of Christ. But if we Catholics believe that we cannot conscientiously obey the solemn injunction of Christ by sending our children to schools as they are at present constituted by the State, it is wrong to make us pay taxes to support such schools. The avowed and sole object of the State in educating our children according to present system is to make them good citizens of the State. But surely we can make as good citizens of the State as she can."—N. Y. Freeman, Sept. 6.

New York, Sept. 13.—Professor Wise publishes a card defending his theory of the easterly air current, and announces his readiness to start for Europe at any time in a gas-tight balloon. He also censures attempts to turn great scientific experiments into an enterprise for money getting.

The London Gazette announces the elevation of Mr. Bruce to the peerage, by the title of Baron Aberdare of Duffryn, Glamorganshire; and also the appointment of Mr. Ayrton as Judge advocate General.

A NEWSPAPER GRANTS.—We have occasionally come across adepts in the arts of advertising: we have seen scraps on this line of business from Barnum and from Josh Billings; and we have also taken a glance at the productions of the Joker who runs the Danbury News, but for real honest puffing, we think we can commend the genius who owns the Floreville, Miss., Star, who gives his journal the following elaborate puff:—

"A weekly newspaper, published in the city of Floreville, Bolivar county, Mississippi, by one of the most elegant men in America, at the extremely low price of Three dollars a year—cash in advance, or hands crossed over the bloody chasm. As freemen who know our rights, and knowing dare maintain, we shall yield obedience to no order that is not accompanied by the cash; but will always 'rally' round the flag, boys, when the greenbacks are unfurled.

"The Star will shine brighter than a pewter dollar on a black stump, and will be a blessing and a guide to all who shall walk in its light. We shall lead the people from the graves of buried mistakes out into the clear paths of living progress and reform. No animal is so happy as a hog on corn, and no human being can be 'great, glorious and free' unless he has the Star to comfort and cheer him. There are degrees of excellence in Newspapers, as there are of beauty in women and virtue in whiskey—but no home is perfectly furnished where the Star does not weekly lend its wondrous way, and on the table its light display.

"We advocate the education of the people, and an appropriation of millions of circulation of this paper would not cause us to shed a tear because the light shed among the people by the free circulation of the Star would be too sweet for sinners. We shall make this paper so marvellously interesting that the good children will cry for it with their morning bitters, and the bad be encouraged to goodness by the hope of securing its virgin sheets for kite-flying.

"As Bolivar is one of the most fertile bodies of land in the world, and Floreville the future great city of the Mississippi delta, so it is our firm conviction, 'unawed by influence or unbribed by gain,' that the Floreville Star is the most wonderful production of human genius that ever flickered on the face of time, and we don't care if three hundred thousand more citizens of great respectability slap up three dollars apiece to prove their faith in this declaration. We know the great value of this journal, but we are not going to blow about it, because self-praise is half scandal and sufficient unto the evil is the day that he eat thereof.

"Any man of ordinary intelligence can read this wonderful paper and be happy for three dollars (oh! shameful sacrifice of sense!)—a year in advance; that is to say, brethren, you can pay the three dollars instant, and worry out the year in reading the paper if your spelling propensities are not equal to the effort in a week.

"Taking for our motto the time-honored maxim that gold is greater than glory, we shall consider it not labour to count cash, and will spare no expense of mind or muscle to induce the currency of the country to come and see us. Our paper will be finely illustrated (with patent medicine cuts) and will contain several stories (whoppers) every week, either from the cultivated pen of the raving maniac who does the regular editorials, or from some other gifted inklingler.

"As an encouragement to agents who may wish to embark in the highly lucrative and honorable occupation of roping in subscribers to this paper, we are authorized by the heavy stockholders in Europe, to offer the following startling premiums:— "To any first-class fool sending a thousand dollar advertisement we will remit by return train, c. o. d., a picture of the editor, and a lock of hair from the lye brush.

A DANBURY MAN'S ADVENTURES.—A Danbury man started for Greenwich, Friday, to see an iron fence.

What he wanted to see an iron fence for we don't know, and it really makes no difference. He went. He wanted to go on the 9:50 train, so he hurried home to get ready. His wife and a vicious outside woman were cleaning house, and it was some time before he could get his society suit ready. In the meantime, he opened fire on the largest half of a custard pie, holding it in his hand, and dancing around and yelling for his things. When she brought his overcoat, he set the pie in a chair to put on the coat, but in his nervousness stepped on the end of a long-handled whitewash brush which was balanced across a pail, and the other end flew up and discharged about a pint of the awful mixture over the sofa, wall paper and his panting and indignant wife. She made a remark, and he contradicted it; then he sat down in the chair where the pie was, and got up again with a howl that would have melted the stoutest heart. She wanted him to wait while she scraped off the surplus, but he was too mad to converse in words of more than one syllable, and started for the depot, and boarded the train, and in the seclusion of the baggage car removed the offensive lunch. He got to Greenwich all right, and looked at the fence. We hope he admired it. Then he started for home, but missed the train, and as the train was an express, and didn't stop at Greenwich, he was obliged to walk to the drawbridge at Cos Cob or stay in Greenwich all night. So he walked up there in the rain, but didn't mind it much, as he had an umbrella and the pie was pretty well dried in. When he got to Cos Cob he stood up on the fence to look on the scenery, when a sharp gust of wind took his hat and carried it across a bog lot. Then he stepped down on the other side, too amazed to express himself, and another gust of wind came along and turned the umbrella inside out. A brief conversation here ensued between himself and the umbrella, and he again started for the hat. When he got up to it he kicked it around several times and then jammed it down on his head, and started once more through the bogs as the train drew up at the bridge. It was a terrible struggle, as the bogs were uncertain, but he strained, and coughed, and spit, and howled, and it did seem as if he would catch it after all. What he thought as he stood on that fence and waddled

that train sail across the bridge, no human being can tell. An hour later he appeared in Stamford, wet through to the skin, splashed with mud, and with an expression on his face that would have scared a hydrant. Basking himself against the depot, he stood there until near midnight, and then went up on the owl train to Newwalk, falling asleep in the meantime, and narrowly escaping being carried by the depot. Here he took the freight train for Danbury, arriving at home just before daylight. His wife was abed, but not sleeping. She lay there torn by forebodings and harassed by suspense. Perhaps he is dead, and lying on the cold ground, in the rain. Then she thought of his lifeless body, and groaned; and thought of the pie, and groaned again. She knew his knock the moment it sounded, and rushing down stairs in the costume appropriate at that hour, she threw herself into his hair and hysterically shouted "Oh, you old rascal, come in here!"—Danbury News.

CATHOLIC COMMERCIAL ACADEMY, OF MONTREAL.

PARENTS' ENTRANCE; NO. 699 ST. CATHERINE STREET.

PUPILS' ENTRANCE; NO. 846. ONTARIO STREET.

The re-opening of Classes will take place on MONDAY, the First September next. Former pupils should present themselves on the first day; otherwise, they expose themselves to be crowded out by the new applications, who are unusually numerous for the next year.

BUSINESS CLASS.

Youths somewhat advanced in age, or having special reasons, to be submitted to the approval of the Principal, may be admitted to follow the classes of Arithmetic Book-keeping, Commercial Correspondence and Penmanship only.

SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT.

Young men desirous of qualifying themselves for industrial pursuits, Civil Engineering, Mining, &c., are invited to follow this Class, in which Physical and Chemistry will be taught in the most practical manner, and ably illustrated by the aid of experiments performed with the most perfected instruments.

Mathematics applied to science and industry, Architectural Drawing, Logic, &c., &c., will likewise be taught with the greatest care.

For terms and other particulars, apply to the Principal, at the Academy. U. E. ARCHAMBAULT, Principal.

2-4

PUBLIC NOTICE

IS HEREBY GIVEN that the LADIES of the HOTEL DIEU, of this city, want to borrow two hundred thousand dollars, bearing interest at the rate of 6 per centum per annum. The said ladies would borrow by sums of one hundred dollars and over, payable after one month's previous notice to that effect.

Apply at the Hotel Dieu of Montreal, to Rev. Sister BOSNAIC, or to the undersigned. J. G. GUIMOND, Agent to said Ladies.

August 22.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

Pro. of QUEBEC, } In the SUPERIOR COURT. Dis. of Montreal. } In the matter of ISAAC EBBITTS,

An Insolvent. On Wednesday, the Twenty-Fourth day of September now next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act.

Montreal, 14th August, 1873. ISAAC EBBITTS, By his Attorney ad litem, L. N. BENJAMIN.

1-5

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of THEOPHILE LEBRUN, of the City of Montreal, Contractor and Trader, Insolvent.

The Insolvent having made an assignment of his affairs to me, the Creditors are requested to meet at his business place, No. 254 St. Joseph Street, Montreal, on the 32nd day of September next, at 10 A.M., to receive statement of his affairs, and to appoint an Assignee.

Montreal, 8th September, 1873. G. H. DUMESNIL, Interim Assignee.

4-2w

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

Pro. of QUEBEC, } In the SUPERIOR COURT. Dis. of Montreal. } In the matter of JOSEPH DION and CYRILLE J. B. DION, both of the City of Montreal, Traders, heretofore Copartners under the name of DION BROTHERS,

Insolvents. The undersigned have filed in the office of this Court a deed of composition and discharge executed by their creditors, and on Wednesday, the Twenty-Fourth day of September now next, they will apply to the said Court for a confirmation of the discharge thereby effected.

Montreal, 13th August, 1873. JOSEPH DION, By his Attorney ad litem, L. N. BENJAMIN, CYRILLE J. B. DION, By his Attorney ad litem, L. N. BENJAMIN.

1-5

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

CANADA, } AND ITS AMENDMENTS. Pro. of Quebec, } In the SUPERIOR COURT. Dis. of Montreal. } In the matter of ROBERT BYERS DODDS, of the City of Montreal, Grocer and Trader,

An Insolvent. On Thursday, the Eighteenth Day of September next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act.

Montreal, 6th Aug. 1873. R. B. DODDS, per his Attorneys ad litem, ABBOTT, TAIT, & WOTHERSPOON.

Montreal, 6th Aug. 1873. 5-52

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

CANADA, } AND ITS AMENDMENTS. Pro. of Quebec, } In the SUPERIOR COURT. Dis. of Montreal. } In the matter of HUGH MCGILL, trading at Montreal, under the name and style of HUGH MCGILL & COMPANY.

An Insolvent. The undersigned has filed in the Office of this Court a deed of composition and discharge executed by his Creditors, and on Thursday, the Eighteenth Day of September next, he will apply to the said Court for a confirmation of the discharge thereby effected.

Montreal, 6th Aug. 1873. HUGH MCGILL, per his Attorneys ad litem, ABBOTT, TAIT, & WOTHERSPOON.

Montreal, 6th Aug. 1873. 5-53

