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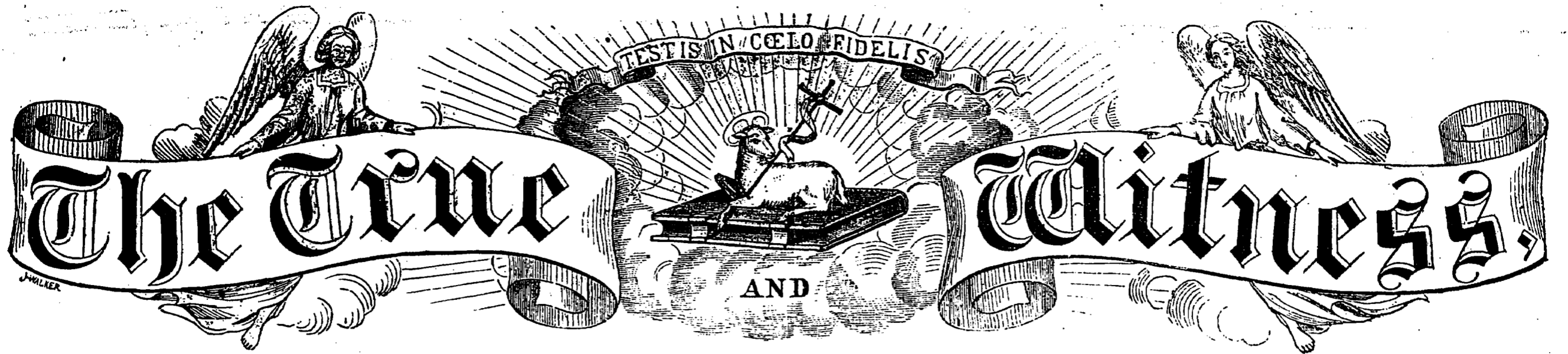
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXIII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, FEB. 21, 1873.

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whispers hurriedly with Roonan, and then passes to the left along a narrow corridor, terminated by a door marked "Private." He trips carelessly and, evidently free of the sanctuary, before his intimation is acknowledged, enters without further ceremony.

The intruder is a man of fifty years, but of active and powerful build. His upright figure and an unmistakable air would have betrayed him for a soldier without the evidence of the uniform, which, throwing aside his unseasonable overcoat, he displays. The cast of his face in repose is singularly unpleasant, but he has an extraordinary power of altering its natural expression, and constantly exercises the faculty—this desire to conceal his real aspect only serving to intensify the disagreeable impressions of his presence. On his sleeve he wears the chevron of a sergeant.

He finds himself on entering the apartment in presence of a young man who might be, at first sight, mistaken for Charles Raymond. This is, in fact, his brother Richard, two years his junior. But the order of age seemed to have been reversed, as to its appearance, in the case of these two brothers. The fresh manly beauty, the frank carriage, the free, unfettered manner of the elder, seemed to have faded out, or to have been never possessed by the younger. He was like Charles in person; but it was Charles demoralised. Dissipation had wrought its inevitable change not more upon the body than on the mind of Richard Raymond. He was seated at a table, on which were a bottle and glasses; and looked indeed as if he had been using these materials. As his visitor entered, Raymond looked up, and nodded in return for the military salute, performed with an off-handedness which caused him to bite his lip. He filled a glass with liquor, however, and, pointing an invitation to it, said:—

"You are late, Bradley. I have been in this cursed den these two hours. But that I had fallen asleep over this brandy—which you may tell Ruckle, from me, is most infernal stuff—I should have gone long since."

Bradley accepted the dram with a great flourish, and made a show of drinking it. He, however, scarcely tasted the liquor, and, setting the glass on a side table, out of view, delivered his apology.

"My time is not my own, Lieutenant—I mean Mr. Raymond. You should know that, I think. Besides, I wanted to kill two birds with one stone."

This man's face was most repulsive in its palsy. He smiled as he pointed in the direction of the meeting then in progress in another quarter of the Roost, and the smile was of that kind which belongs to one order of mankind, and is never seen on the faces of honest men.

"And for this reason I had to sit here and kick my heels till it suited your convenience to turn up. You might have waited here till these fools walked into your trap, and not kept me."

"Well, I am here now, and if you want me speak out. I have work to do, Mr. Raymond."

Raymond felt keenly the insolence of the fellow's manner, and his voice trembled with suppressed anger as he said—

"You remember our last conversation, my proposition, and the object of our present meeting?"

"I do."

"Well, what have you decided?"

"That depends on your offer."

"I have offered."

"I have refused."

"Come, Bradley, you know my position. Don't take advantage of it. What do you require?"

"I have already told you—a thousand pounds. Why, man, if I am to do this thing for you I tell you plainly I don't intend to let you off at that."

"But you want half the money in hand. I could not raise that sum."

"You can. I know you, and I know your brother. He has it, you have it. Come, Mr. Raymond, we are not children. Once for all, and for the last time, I repeat my offer. You pay me one thousand pounds, half, as you say, in hand. I engage to get your brother out of your way, by perfectly legal means; to put you in possession of the property, with your way clear to the person and fortune of Squire Harden's daughter. If this is a bargain say so; if not pay me fifty pounds for time and trouble already expended, and there's an end."

"I'll pay you no fifty pounds; and I have more than a mind to stop all dealing with you."

"That cannot be; it is too late."

"Why, you scoundrel, do you threaten me?" and Raymond rose to his feet. Bradley surveyed his slight tall form with a cool sneer, and continued in the same hard tone used from the beginning.

"Lieutenant Raymond, I don't carry my halberd under you now, so there's no use in playing the officer with me. I don't threaten. But I have you under my thumb, and I'll keep

you there. I knew you in the army, Lieutenant and I know—and you know I do—why you left it. Don't rodden—the secret is safe with me—on conditions. You forget, Sir, that the present matter between us would tell badly for you if it came to your brother's ears. It is cheap to keep it dark for fifty pounds."

Raymond paced the small apartment sullenly, and made no answer. The Sergeant changed his mode of address.

"When a man begins a business of this kind it's a faint heart that won't carry him through with it. You have a noble chance, Mr. Raymond—the finest girl in the province and one of the best estates. After all, too, when the thing is settled, your brother Master Charles may be provided for I don't see why we can't get him out of the country, if you would rather that than to have him shot by the soldiers or strung up by the hangman."

This harangue told on Raymond. He gulped down an eager draught of the brandy, and seemed to imbibe with it the spirit of resolve.

"I'll do it," he cried, "I must do it. It has come to this or suicide with me. I cannot live without this woman, who dislikes me because she loves my brother. For that I hate him."

"Well, if I don't hate him, I certainly envied him. This evening, Master Richard, when I carried orders to Major Craddock at Squire Harden's, and I saw the young lady and your brother walking in the garden, I overheard a word or two. She is a lovely girl, Lieutenant, and Castle-Harden is a splendid demesne."

The interview resulted in the final arrangement of a plot which will be developed in succeeding chapters.

CHAPTER IV.—A CASTLE CONFERENCE.

At the left hand, within the gateway of the Lower Castle-yard, there stands a house, notorious in Irish history. Surrounded by high walls, and with its dark stone front, the building presents a trist and prison-like aspect. It is a spot of gloomy reminiscences. Here was the residence of the infamous Sirr, and in this narrow court-yard he stood over his minions, and directed them in the work of torture. The lamp iron still remains in the wall, from which more than one wretch was hanged, without a trial and without shrift; and not many years ago a flag was to be seen in the pavement, with an ineffaceable crimson stain upon it, caused, it was said, by the heart's blood of a victim, slaughtered there by a drunken drummer. The stone was an unsightly testimony against misgovernment, and it was, therefore, removed.

The horrible deeds executed in this court-yard spread its reputation throughout the length and breadth of the land. The peasantry soon found a name for it—"Sirr's Purgatory." The educated quoted from the Inferno an inscription too often applicable to this place of torment. Most of those who entered here might well leave hope behind.

We pass through the gate this May night of 1798. Strong patrols of cavalry and infantry are drawn up on the Castle parade, and now and then an officer emerging with his orders from the Town Major's residence, marches off with his command. The guard lounge about the courtyard or engage in conversation with several civilians, mostly men of mean and ill-omened presence.

Now and then a name is called from inside, and one of these latter enters hastily and with trepidation. He soon re-appears with the air of a man who has been entrusted with important business, and either departs alone or accompanies some party of military.

These men are the members of that corps known as "The Battalion of Testimony," unhappily the most serviceable brigade in the employment of the British Government. Informers and spies through fear, for money, or by nature, they had the keenness of blood-hounds and their indiscriminate ferocity also; for not a man in their ranks hesitated in his denunciations between friend or foe, or cared whether his victim were innocent or guilty. As has been the case in later times, these instruments of a paternal regime were not considered secure among the people they helped to rule, and the Castle, large as it is, not affording accommodation sufficient for their number, they were quartered in special buildings at Kilmainham and elsewhere, and dared not stir abroad except under protection.

They are at present in the actual exercise of their profession, waiting for their turn to come before their employers and render an account of their respective missions.

Inside the house the virtual government of Ireland sit in council. Mr. Secretary Cooke and other members of the Executive are confronted from the opposite side of a table by a triumvirate whose sway over the capital is absolute. The triple despotism is composed of three Majors—Sirr, Swan, and Sandys, an aliteration, and will never cease to call forth in Ireland the hisses of the people.

Several magistrates of the city and county

were present. Among them was Mr. Harden. The table is heaped with documents and ledgers. These contain official minutes relating to information received, memoranda of events, and entries of names, forming a double and distinct roll. Opposite one set of the names are sums of money. The other catalogue is not thus adorned. The first are the record of the informers, the second the black list in which is inscribed their victims. Each spy has his prey written down and regularly credited to his account.

Despatches arrive at intervals which furnish fresh matter for the deliberation in progress. The secretary has just opened one which, having read, he tosses to Sirr, who glances over its contents, and hands it to his colleagues with an exclamation of indifference.

"But it may prove worth your attention," observes the Secretary.

"With all respect, Mr. Secretary," returns the Town Major, "I know it is not. Rest assured this is a mere device to foil our scent. I have information from one of my most reliable spies that Lord Edward has never left the city. In fact, I hope to take him to-morrow."

All present were struck at this announcement. The secretary expressed his surprise and gratification. Sirr's condutors looked more envious than admiration.

"If you succeed in this," said Cooke, "we have paralysed the rebellion, and can deal with it as we choose. For the other leaders, we have them in a net, and can take them when the moment comes, but a capable soldier like Lord Edward still at large is a greater danger than all these men together. This is the best news we have had, and I shall carry it at once to his Excellency."

Mr. Secretary Cooke took his departure, but this circumstance did not interrupt the conference.

It was plain from what transpired that the Government was in full possession of every rank and plan, but the detail of its movements, its points of rendezvous, the names and even the present whereabouts of nearly all its directory and leaders.

In no association in history was there a greater ostentation of secrecy than among the United Irishmen, and never were all the rules of silence and caution more needlessly or more outrageously violated. It was the most gigantic and lamentable example of the national intellectual inconsistency which produces the "bull." Thus, men swore each other members with the most solemn formalities, and invoking terrible vengeance upon the treacherous or indiscreet tongue. But they babbled in their cups. Besides, nothing could be more ridiculous than the safeguards employed, when every man in the brotherhood cut his hair short, and so betrayed himself to friends and foes alike, for it needed but a look at his shorn poll to know the "Croppie."

"Fifteen new names to-day," said Sirr with a deep breath of satisfaction as he reckoned up a list before him. "I think we have marked every man worth securing. I am glad to see, Mr. Harden," he continued, turning to that gentleman, "you have been doing good service in your quarter. Judging from your report you must have completely crushed the spirit of the disaffected in your neighbourhood."

"I wish I could say so," replied the Squire gruffly. "I have done my best at all events. I have placed a troop of dragoons at free quarters on my own tenants, lest any man should say I showed favour or affection. It has come heavy on some of them, but the fellows, I verily believe, still mean mischief, and I hold now as I held always that blood will come."

The three majors smiled. They thought so too, and for the best reasons they knew it would. Swan spoke this time.

"They need a cooling, and they shall have it," said he. Swan intended this for a dry hit, and his tone being caustic, it was successful. Everybody laughed.

Sirr who had not discontinued the examination of papers, here changed the current of remark. "Three of my gentry have not yet reported," he observed. "Sentry, call James O'Brien."

That engine of the Administration slouched in, wearing the baleful leer which made his countenance never to be forgotten by those who had once looked upon it. He bowed with a hideous humbleness to his employers, and then half supplicating, waiting to be questioned.

O'Brien's natural character was that of an insolent bully. But like most of his class he was master of his own aspect, and could alter the tenor of his whole presence by a single attitude.

"Well, O'Brien?" Sirr's tone and manner were rendered contemptuous by his frequent intercourse with creatures of this kind. Sometimes he forgot himself in different company, so powerfully had usage affected his demeanour.

O'Brien turned up the hat he had been handling as if it were red hot, and after some fumbling in its interior drew forth a dirty bit of paper, which he handed to the Town Major, performing another profound obeisance in the act.

Sirr, not noticing the reverence, looked over the billet, and, turning his gaze on the informer, asked, "Is this certain?"

O'Brien's answer was peculiar. He drew his finger across his soraggy throat, thereby intimating his readiness to suffer death if his intelligence were not satisfactory.

Sirr re-perused the note, which was signed "John Warneford Armstrong," and then opening the large, strongly-bound record wrote in a column headed "for arrest" the names—

John Sheares, } J. W. A.
Henry Sheares, } J. O. B.

Thus two lives were written away, and two other linked in infamy.

"Retire," commanded the Major, "and send in Newell."

Jemmy shambled out with the same ugly grin upon his face, and his place was directly taken by a fresh member of the unholy battalion. This was Edward John Newell, a portrait painter originally, but by instinct as well as by his present profession, a spy.

Swan interrogated this fellow, and at his instance wrote down the names of two tradesmen in the Coombe, who had treated Newell to drink and then allowed themselves to be sworn by him as United Irishmen.

The informer created great amusement and some eulogy for his zeal and cleverness by exhibiting a couple of likenesses of his unfortunate dupes, sketched by way of pastime during the carouse.

Newell, a fellow of brazen front, retired in his turn, and, in obedience to the summons he carried, the third agent entered.

It was Sergeant Bradley. Like Jemmy O'Brien, Bradley held an honorary military rank. He wore the uniform and received the pay of a non-commissioned officer in the corps of Antient Britons, and the military experience of his former life enabled him to enjoy the privileges of the service—which were many just then—when he chose. At other times he was on secret duty, his character of soldier enabling him to play a double part—one with the rank and file, the other with the people, who placed extreme trust in the soldiers; and, believing the majority of the army were well affected to their cause, ran every risk to make converts among them.

"This fellow looks as if he had something to tell," cried Sirr, as Bradley advanced to the table, and made his military salute. "Come, out with the mare's nest, whatever it is."

"I want to lodge an information, Major Sirr," he replied.

"O, a new man?"

"Yes, Major, a new man."

"Good; who is he?" And Sirr, setting an official form before him, prepared to write to Bradley's dictation.

"Charles Raymond, Esq., of Raymond's Park, in this county."

The triumvirate looked on astonished, one dubious, and one gratified. This last was Sirr, who had at one time suspected Raymond; but, unable to trace anything to him, had given up the endeavor, and was now pleased to find that his instinct had not deceived him.

Squire Harden jumped from his seat, and in the first impulse of his passion lifted his riding whip and advanced upon the informer.

"You lie, you ruffian!" shouted the irascible old man.

Sirr interposed, and with some difficulty succeeded in restraining him. He, however, continued to protest most vehemently against the charge made by Bradley, declaring it to be an infamous falsehood, and expressing his belief that Raymond, though a "Papist," was a loyal man.

Bradley smiled. "You don't believe me, Mr. Harden," said he. Well, then, when you go home ask your daughter one question. Ask her whether Mr. Raymond did or did not confess to her that he was an United Irishman?"

The Squire was staggered by the cool, confident manner of the informer.

"I am afraid, Mr. Harden," said Sirr, "that there is only too great probability in what this man says. You will follow up the clue, Bradley. And you, Mr. Harden, though Mr. Raymond's friend, are also a magistrate, and know your duty."

If it be true, I could hang him with my own hand," said Harden, as he strode from the room; anger and impatience giving unwonted agility to his burly figure. He called for his horse, and bestowed a ringing curse upon the dilatory groom, and sped at as round a pace as his weight and years would allow in the direction of Castle-Harden.

WHICH WAS THE TRAITOR?

A STORY OF '08.

(From the Dublin Weekly Freeman)

CHAPTER III.—ROONAN'S ROOST.

Among the low class taverns and houses of entertainment with which Dublin abounded at the period of our tale, none was of more dubious reputation or enjoyed a more extensive patronage than the hostelry known euphoniously Roonan's Roost.

It commanded the main lines of road from the South and West, and invited travellers by these avenues. The looser spirits among certain orders in the city were also among its customers. Here bull-baitings, cock-fights, and the business of the prize-ring, which then existed in the Irish metropolis, were arranged, and the plan and programme of the most notable popular disturbances and demonstrations which took place in the city originated within its walls.

Some of its clients had more to say of Roonan's Roost. Late of winter nights, they had seen horsemen, cloaked and armed, dismount hurriedly and watchfully at the door, and put up in private fashion with the landlord. More than one was ready to swear that among these mysterious visitors was a face which belonged to no man if not to James Freney.

The house had its traditions mostly of this character.

It was whispered that the landlord had at one time been a knight of the road himself. His appearance favoured the report, whether well-founded or not. A scar across his cheek and a halt in his gait, were as hints to invention or proofs of the truth. According to the belief prevailing, these were the results of Roonan's last enterprise on the highway. He had met his match, and retired wounded and disgusted to commence life anew in a profession less risky if less profitable.

The political movement had brought a large accession of visitors to Roonan's Roost. It was large and conveniently situated, and yet afforded opportunities for eluding Government espionage. A section of the United Irishmen—young tradesmen and artisans from the city, made this haunt their place of meeting. They knew the landlord for a cunning fellow, and, sworn brother that he boasted to be, they felt secure while their meeting were under his roof.

These meetings have been more frequent of late. There is a very large and very agitated gathering this evening. The brethren as they arrive exchange with the landlord, who receives them at the door, expressions of salutation, which, from their exact recurrence, are no doubt passwords. Those who observe this form follow the directions of their host, and, turning to the right, pursue a passage which leads them to the room in which their secret council is being held.

Only one individual among the initiated takes a different course. He gives and receives the same countersign; he greets others who happen to arrive at the same time with a peculiar grasp of the hand, and is treated by them with a certain deference. But on entering, instead of following their track, he

WHICH WAS THE TRAITOR?

whispers hurriedly with Roonan, and then passes to the left along a narrow corridor, terminated by a door marked "Private." He trips carelessly and, evidently free of the sanctuary, before his intimation is acknowledged, enters without further ceremony.

The intruder is a man of fifty years, but of active and powerful build. His upright figure and an unmistakable air would have betrayed him for a soldier without the evidence of the uniform, which, throwing aside his unseasonable overcoat, he displays. The cast of his face in repose is singularly unpleasant, but he has an extraordinary power of altering its natural expression, and constantly exercises the faculty—this desire to conceal his real aspect only serving to intensify the disagreeable impressions of his presence. On his sleeve he wears the chevron of a sergeant.

He finds himself on entering the apartment in presence of a young man who might be, at first sight, mistaken for Charles Raymond. This is, in fact, his brother Richard, two years his junior. But the order of age seemed to have been reversed, as to its appearance, in the case of these two brothers. The fresh manly beauty, the frank carriage, the free, unfettered manner of the elder, seemed to have faded out, or to have been never possessed by the younger. He was like Charles in person; but it was Charles demoralised. Dissipation had wrought its inevitable change not more upon the body than on the mind of Richard Raymond. He was seated at a table, on which were a bottle and glasses; and looked indeed as if he had been using these materials. As his visitor entered, Raymond looked up, and nodded in return for the military salute, performed with an off-handedness which caused him to bite his lip. He filled a glass with liquor, however, and, pointing an invitation to it, said:—

"You are late, Bradley. I have been in this cursed den these two hours. But that I had fallen asleep over this brandy—which you may tell Ruckle, from me, is most infernal stuff—I should have gone long since."

Bradley accepted the dram with a great flourish, and made a show of drinking it. He, however, scarcely tasted the liquor, and, setting the glass on a side table, out of view, delivered his apology.

"My time is not my own, Lieutenant—I mean Mr. Raymond. You should know that, I think. Besides, I wanted to kill two birds with one stone."

This man's face was most repulsive in its palsy. He smiled as he pointed in the direction of the meeting then in progress in another quarter of the Roost, and the smile was of that kind which belongs to one order of mankind, and is never seen on the faces of honest men.

"And for this reason I had to sit here and kick my heels till it suited your convenience to turn up. You might have waited here till these fools walked into your trap, and not kept me."

"Well, I am here now, and if you want me speak out. I have work to do, Mr. Raymond."

Raymond felt keenly the insolence of the fellow's manner, and his voice trembled with suppressed anger as he said—

"You remember our last conversation, my proposition, and the object of our present meeting?"

"I do."

"Well, what have you decided?"

"That depends on your offer."

"I have offered."

"I have refused."

"Come, Bradley, you know my position. Don't take advantage of it. What do you require?"

"I have already told you—a thousand pounds. Why, man, if I am to do this thing for you I tell you plainly I don't intend to let you off at that."

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The horrible deeds executed in this court-yard spread its reputation throughout the length and breadth of the land. The peasantry soon found a name for it—"Sirr's Purgatory." The educated quoted from the Inferno an inscription too often applicable to this place of torment. Most of those who entered here might well leave hope behind.

We pass through the gate this May night of 1798. Strong patrols of cavalry and infantry are drawn up on the Castle parade, and now and then an officer emerging with his orders from the Town Major's residence, marches off with his command. The guard lounge about the courtyard or engage in conversation with several civilians, mostly men of mean and ill-omened presence.

Now and then a name is called from inside, and one of these latter enters hastily and with trepidation. He soon re-appears with the air of a man who has been entrusted with important business, and either departs alone or accompanies some party of military.

These men are the members of that corps known as "The Battalion of Testimony," unhappily the most serviceable brigade in the employment of the British Government. Informers and spies through fear, for money, or by nature, they had the keenness of blood-hounds and their indiscriminate ferocity also; for not a man in their ranks hesitated in his denunciations between friend or foe, or cared whether his victim were innocent or guilty. As has been the case in later times, these instruments of a paternal regime were not considered secure among the people they helped to rule, and the Castle, large as it is, not affording accommodation sufficient for their number, they were quartered in special buildings at Kilmainham and elsewhere, and dared not stir abroad except under protection.

They are at present in the actual exercise of their profession, waiting for their turn to come before their employers and render an account of their respective missions.

Inside the house the virtual government of Ireland sit in council. Mr. Secretary Cooke and other members of the Executive are confronted from the opposite side of a table by a triumvirate whose sway over the capital is absolute. The triple despotism is composed of three Majors—Sirr, Swan, and Sandys, an aliteration, and will never cease to call forth in Ireland the hisses of the people.

Several magistrates of the city and county

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were present. Among them was Mr. Harden. The table is heaped with documents and ledgers. These contain official minutes relating to information received, memoranda of events, and entries of names, forming a double and distinct roll. Opposite one set of the names are sums of money. The other catalogue is not thus adorned. The first are the record of the informers, the second the black list in which is inscribed their victims. Each spy has his prey written down and regularly credited to his account.

Despatches arrive at intervals which furnish fresh matter for the deliberation in progress. The secretary has just opened one which, having read, he tosses to Sirr, who glances over its contents, and hands it to his colleagues with an exclamation of indifference.

"But it may prove worth your attention," observes the Secretary.

"With all respect, Mr. Secretary," returns the Town Major, "I know it is not. Rest assured this is a mere device to foil our scent. I have information from one of my most reliable spies that Lord Edward has never left the city. In fact, I hope to take him to-morrow."

All present were struck at this announcement. The secretary expressed his surprise and gratification. Sirr's condutors looked more envious than admiration.

"If you succeed in this," said Cooke, "we have paralysed the rebellion, and can deal with it as we choose. For the other leaders, we have them in a net, and can take them when the moment comes, but a capable soldier like Lord Edward still at large is a greater danger than all these men together. This is the best news we have had, and I shall carry it at once to his Excellency."

Mr. Secretary Cooke took his departure, but this circumstance did not interrupt the conference.

It was plain from what transpired that the Government was in full possession of every rank and plan, but the detail of its movements, its points of rendezvous, the names and even the present whereabouts of nearly all its directory and leaders.

In no association in history was there a greater ostentation of secrecy than among the United Irishmen, and never were all the rules of silence and caution more needlessly or more outrageously violated. It was the most gigantic and lamentable example of the national intellectual inconsistency which produces the "bull." Thus, men swore each other members with the most solemn formalities, and invoking terrible vengeance upon the treacherous or indiscreet tongue. But they babbled in their cups. Besides, nothing could be more ridiculous than the safeguards employed, when every man in the brotherhood cut his hair short, and so betrayed himself to friends and foes alike, for it needed but a look at his shorn poll to know the "Croppie."

"Fifteen new names to-day," said Sirr with a deep breath of satisfaction as he reckoned up a list before him. "I think we have marked every man worth securing. I am glad to see, Mr. Harden," he continued, turning to that gentleman, "you have been doing good service in your quarter. Judging from your report you must have completely crushed the spirit of the disaffected in your neighbourhood."

"I wish I could say so," replied the Squire gruffly. "I have done my best at all events. I have placed a troop of dragoons at free quarters on my own tenants, lest any man should say I showed favour or affection. It has come heavy on some of them, but the fellows, I verily believe, still mean mischief, and I hold now as I held always that blood will come."

The three majors smiled. They thought so too, and for the best reasons they knew it would. Swan spoke this time.

"They need a cooling, and they shall have it," said he. Swan intended this for a dry hit, and his tone being caustic, it was successful. Everybody laughed.

Sirr who had not discontinued the examination of papers, here changed the current of remark. "Three of my gentry have not yet reported," he observed. "Sentry, call James O'Brien."

That engine of the Administration slouched in, wearing the baleful leer which made his countenance never to be forgotten by those who had once looked upon it. He bowed with a hideous humbleness to his employers, and then half supplicating, waiting to be questioned.

O'Brien's natural character was that of an insolent bully. But like most of his class he was master of his own aspect, and could alter the tenor of his whole presence by a single attitude.

"Well, O'Brien?" Sirr's tone and manner were rendered contemptuous by his frequent intercourse with creatures of this kind. Sometimes he forgot himself in different company, so powerfully had usage affected his demeanour.

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O'Brien turned up the hat he had been handling as if it were red hot, and after some fumbling in its interior drew forth a dirty bit of paper, which he handed to the Town Major, performing another profound obeisance in the act.

Sirr, not noticing the reverence, looked over the billet, and, turning his gaze on the informer, asked, "Is this certain?"

O'Brien's answer was peculiar. He drew his finger across his soraggy throat, thereby intimating his readiness to suffer death if his intelligence were not satisfactory.

Sirr re-perused the note, which was signed "John Warneford Armstrong," and then opening the large, strongly-bound record wrote in a column headed "for arrest" the names—

John Sheares, } J. W. A.
Henry Sheares, } J. O. B.

Thus two lives were written away, and two other linked in infamy.

"Retire," commanded the Major, "and send in Newell."

Jemmy shambled out with the same ugly grin upon his face, and his place was directly taken by a fresh member of the unholy battalion. This was Edward John Newell, a portrait painter originally, but by instinct as well as by his present profession, a spy.

Swan interrogated this fellow, and at his instance wrote down the names of two tradesmen in the Coombe, who had treated Newell to drink and then allowed themselves to be sworn by him as United Irishmen.

The informer created great amusement and some eulogy for his zeal and cleverness by exhibiting a couple of likenesses of his unfortunate dupes, sketched by way of pastime during the carouse.

Newell, a fellow of brazen front, retired in his turn, and, in obedience to the summons he carried, the third agent entered.

It was Sergeant Bradley. Like Jemmy O'Brien, Bradley held an honorary military rank. He wore the uniform and received the pay of a non-commissioned officer in the corps of Antient Britons, and the military experience of his former life enabled him to enjoy the privileges of the service—which were many just then—when he chose. At other times he was on secret duty, his character of soldier enabling him to play a double part—one with the rank and file, the other with the people, who placed extreme trust in the soldiers; and, believing the majority of the army were well affected to their cause, ran every risk to make converts among them.

"This fellow looks as if he had something to tell," cried Sirr, as Bradley advanced to the table, and made his military salute. "Come, out with the mare's nest, whatever it is."

"I want to lodge an information, Major Sirr," he replied.

"O, a new man?"

"Yes, Major, a new man."

"Good; who is he?" And Sirr, setting an official form before him, prepared to write to Bradley's dictation.

"Charles Raymond, Esq., of Raymond's Park, in this county."

The triumvirate looked on astonished, one dubious, and one gratified. This last was Sirr, who had at one time suspected Raymond; but, unable to trace anything to him, had given up the endeavor, and was now pleased to find that his instinct had not deceived him.

Squire Harden jumped from his seat, and in the first impulse of his passion lifted his riding whip and advanced upon the informer.

"You lie, you ruffian!" shouted the irascible old man.

Sirr interposed, and with some difficulty succeeded in restraining him. He, however, continued to protest most vehemently against the charge made by Bradley, declaring it to be an infamous falsehood, and expressing his belief that Raymond, though a "Papist," was a loyal man.

Bradley smiled. "You don't believe me, Mr. Harden," said he. Well, then, when you go home ask your daughter one question. Ask her whether Mr. Raymond did or did not confess to her that he was an United Irishman?"

The Squire was staggered by the cool, confident manner of the informer.

"I am afraid, Mr. Harden," said Sirr, "that there is only too great probability in what this man says. You will follow up the clue, Bradley. And you, Mr. Harden, though Mr. Raymond's friend, are also a magistrate, and know your duty."

If it be true, I could hang him with my own hand," said Harden, as he strode from the room; anger and impatience giving unwonted agility to his burly figure. He called for his horse, and bestowed a ringing curse upon the dilatory groom, and sped at as round a pace as his weight and years would allow in the direction of Castle-Harden.

(To be continued)

A joint affair with only one party to it—Rheumatism.
Who lives for himself alone, lives for a mean fellow.

FATHER BURKE'S SERMON ON "The Resurrection."

A MAGNIFICENT DISCOURSE.

(From the New York-Irish American.)

The following beautiful discourse was delivered by Father Burke in the Dominican Church, New York City:

"And when the Sabbath was passed, Mary Magdalene, and Mary, the mother of James, and Salome, brought sweet spices, that coming, they might anoint Jesus. And very early in the morning, the first day of the week, they came to the sepulchre, the sun being now risen. And they said to one another, Who shall roll us back the stone from the door of the sepulchre? And looking, they saw the stone rolled back; for it was very great. And entering into the sepulchre, they saw a young man sitting on the right side, clothed with a white robe. And they were astonished. And he said to them: Be not affrighted. You seek Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified. He is risen, He is not here. Behold the place where they laid Him. But go; tell His disciples, and Peter, that He goeth before you into Galilee. There you shall see Him, as He told you."

Dear beloved Brethren: We are told, in the history of the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, which we have been considering the past few days—that after our Saviour had yielded up His spirit upon the cross, Joseph of Arimathea went to Pilate and demanded the body of the Lord. Pilate was surprised to hear that our Divine Lord was already dead. And yet, if he had only consulted his own memory, and remembered how the life was almost scoured out of the Saviour by the hands of the soldiers, it would not have seemed to him so wonderful that the three hours of agony should have closed that life. He sent to inquire if He was already dead; and gave orders that, in case He was dead, Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus were to take possession of his body. They came sorrowing, and again climbed the Hill of Calvary; and lest there might be any doubt that the Master was dead, the soldier drove his lance once through the heart of our Lord Jesus Christ. Then the body was taken down from the cross. They took out the nails, gently and tenderly; and they handed them down, and they were put into the hands of the Virgin Mother. They took the body reverently from its high gibbet, and laid the thorn-crowned head upon the bosom of the Virgin, who waited to receive it. With her own hands she removed these thorns from His brow; and the fountain of tears, that had been dried up because of the greatness of her sorrow, flows now, and rains the Virgin's tears upon the stained and disfigured face of her child. Then they brought Him to a garden in the neighborhood; and there they laid Him in the tomb. It was another man's grave; and He, the Lord, had no right to it. But He died so poor, that even in death, He had no place whereon to lay His head, until charity opened another man's tomb for Him. There they laid Him down; and, covered with blood and with wounds—all disfigured and deformed, they laid Him down, like the patriarch of old, with a stone for His pillow; and upon that stone they laid the wounded and blessed head of the Lord. They closed the sepulchre. Mary, the Mother, gathered up the thorns, the nails, the instruments with which her child was so cruelly maimed and put to death; and with them pressed to her heart, and leaning upon her newly-found son, she returned to her sad home in Jerusalem; and all, having adored, silently dispersed; for the evening was coming that brought the Sabbath. Only one remained. The heart-broken Magdalen lay down outside the tomb, and laid her head upon the stone which they had rolled against the Master's grave. There, she knew, He lay; and the instinct of her love, and of her sorrow, was so strong that she could not go away from the tomb of her Lord, but remained there, weeping and alone. Whilst she wept, evening deepened into night; and alone, the heart-broken lover of Jesus Christ saw that she must rise and depart. She kissed, again and again, that great stone that enclosed her Divine Saviour; and, turning to the city, she heard the heavy measured tread of the soldiers, who came with the night to guard the tomb. They closed around the tomb. With rudeness and with violence they drove the woman away—wondering at her tears, and the evidence of her broken heart. And then, piling their arms and their spears, they settled down to the night-watch, cautioned not to sleep—cautioned to take care not to let a human being come near that grave until the morning light. Excited by their own superstitious fears and emotions (for it was, indeed, a strange office for these warriors to be set on guard over a dead man), agitated by the strangeness of their position, excited by their fears, they slept not, but, waiting the night, watchfully, diligently, and with vigilance, they guard on the right hand and on the left; scarcely knowing who was to come; fearing with an undelivered fear; thinking that, perhaps, it was to be a phantom, a spirit, an evil thing of the night coming upon them; and ever ready to grasp their arms, and put themselves on their defence.

The night fell, deep and heavy, over the tomb of Jesus Christ. The whole of that night, and of the following day, they kept their watch. Mary, the mother, was in Jerusalem. Kneeling before these instruments of the Passion, she spent the whole of that night, and the whole of the following Sabbath-day, weeping over those thorns and over those nails; contemplating them, examining them, and seeing, from the evidence of the blood that was upon them, how deeply they had been struck into the brow, and into the hands and feet of Jesus, her divine child; her heart breaking within her, as every glance at these terrible instruments of the Passion brought up all the horrors which she had witnessed on that morning of Friday, on the Mount of Calvary. The women kept watch and wept round her, and so terrible was the mother's grief, that even the Magdalen was silenced and hushed, and dared not obtrude one word of consolation upon the Virgin's ear.

The Sabbath passed away, dull and heavy the black cloud that had settled over Calvary and over Jerusalem, was lifted up. Men walked about with fear and with trembling. The sun seemed to have scarcely risen that Sabbath morning. The dead who started from their graves the moment Jesus gave His last cry on the cross, fitted in the darkening night to and fro in the silent streets of Jerusalem. Men beheld the awful vision of these skeleton bodies that rose from the grave. A fire of vengeance, and of fury seemed to glare in the empty sockets in their heads. They showed their white teeth, gnashing, as it would seem, over the crime that the people had committed. They fitted to and fro. All Jerusalem was filled with fear and terror. No man spoke above his breath, and all was silent during that long Sabbath day, that brought no joy, because the people had called down the blood of the Saviour upon their heads. The Sabbath day and evening had closed; and again night was re-embodied upon the earth. The guard is relieved. Fresh soldiers are put at the doors. They are again cautioned that this is the important night when they must watch with redoubled vigilance, because this night will seal the Redeemer's fate. He said: "I will rise again in three days;" and, if the morning sun of the first day of this week—the Sunday—rise upon the undisturbed grave of the dead man, then all that He had preached was a lie, and all the wonders that He wrought were a deception upon the people. Therefore the guards were trebly cautioned to keep watch; then, filled with fear and with an undefined alarm, they close around the sepulchre,

resolved that so long as hand of theirs can wield a spear, no human being shall approach that grave. The Magdalen lingered round, fascinated by the knowledge that her Redeemer and her Lord was there in that tomb, which she was not allowed to approach. And the guards watched patiently, vigilantly, with sleepless eyes; and the night came down and all the city was silent and darkened. Hour followed hour. Slowly and silently time rolls away. The night was deepening to its deepest gloom. The midnight hour approached. The moment comes when the third day in the tomb is accomplished. The moment comes when the Sabbath was over—the Sabbath of which it was written that "the Lord rested on the seventh day from all his works." That Sabbath had Jesus Christ made in that dreary silent tomb. Wounds and blood were upon Him. The weakness of death had fastened upon Him. Those lifeless limbs cannot move.—The sightless eyes cannot open to behold the light of day. Death, indeed, seems to have rioted in its triumph over the Eternal Lord of Life, and hell appears victorious in the destruction of the victim. The midnight hour approaches. The guards hear the rustling of the coming storm. They see the trees bow their heads in that garden, and wave to and fro, as by a violent trembling. They see them bending as if a storm was sweeping over them. They look. What is this orient light that blushes upon the horizon? What is this light which bursts upon them, bright, bright as the sun of heaven, bright as ten thousand suns? And whilst the light flashes upon them, and dazzled, they close their eyes, they hear a riot of voices: "Gloria in excelsis! Alleluia to the risen Saviour!" What is this that they behold? The great stone comes rolling back from the mouth of the monument into the midst of them! Save yourselves, O men! Save yourselves or it will crush you! The men are frightened and alarmed. Is it the power of Heaven. Or is it a force from Hell? Presently, forth from that tomb bursts the glorified and risen Saviour. Their eyes are dazzled with the spectacle of the Man that lay in that cold, dark, silent grave. A voice was heard: "Arise, for I am come for thee!" And the glorified soul of the Saviour, entering that moment into His body—bursts triumphant from the grave. Death and Hell fly from before His face. Fly, for a power is here that you cannot command! Fly, you demons, who rejoiced in your triumph, for Death and Hell are conquered. Arise, glorious sun from the tomb! Oh, what do I behold? Where, O Saviour, is the sign of Thy agony? Where is the disfigurement of blood? Where is the sign of the executioner's hand upon Thee? It is gone—gone! No longer the blood-stained thorn defiles Thy brow! No longer Thy sacred flesh hanging torn from the bones! No! But now, triumphant, glorified, incorruptible, impassible. He has resumed the grandeur and the glory which He put away from Him on the day of His incarnation; and He rises from the tomb, the conqueror of Death and Hell, the God and Redeemer of the world!

Behold, my brethren, how sorrow is changed into joy! Bursting forth in the light of His divinity, He went His way—the way of His eternity. The mountains, the hills of Judaea—of Jerusalem—bowed down before Him. The mountains moved and rocked on their bases before the assertion of Thy sovereignty, O God! He went His way, and left behind Him an empty grave, and the clothing in which His disfigured body had been wrapped up. An empty grave! But all the angels in Heaven were looking on at that moment. At that moment, when the face of the glorified Saviour burst from the grave, all the angels of Heaven put forth alleluia of joy and of praise. The heart of the Father in Heaven exulted. Rising from His eternal throne, He sent forth a cry of joy over the glory of His Son. All the angels in Heaven exulted; and, triumphing, they came down to earth, and gazed upon the sacred spot wherein their Master and their God had lain.

The morning came, and the dark clouds had disappeared. The very brows of Olivet seemed to shine with a solemn gladness, and the cedars of Lebanon seemed to lift their heads with a new instinct of life—almost of love and joy. Calvary itself seemed to rejoice. The morning rose, and the sun gladly came up from his home in the east, and his first rays fell upon the empty grave. And behold the Magdalen, and the other followers of our Lord, coming with ointment and sweet spices to anoint Him. They came; and questioning—as we have seen—questioning each other. How could Mary, with nothing but her woman's strength, how could Mary move that stone? But see; it is moved. And beneath they beheld an angel of God. His light fills the tomb. There is no darkness there, no sign of sadness, no sign of death. Robed in transparent white—even as the garments of our Lord shone upon Tubor—so did he shine as he kept guard over the deathbed of his Lord and Master. Then, speaking to the woman he says: "Woman, whom seekest thou?" "Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified." "Why seekest thou the living amongst the dead? He is not here. He is risen!" And then their hearts were filled with a mighty joy; for the Master is risen; whilst the soldiers, frightened and crestfallen, went into Jerusalem, proclaiming the appearance to the Pharisees and to the people, and that He whom they were set to guard, was the Lord of light and life, and the Son of God.

The eyes that were oppressed with the weariness of death, are now lifted up, shining in the glory of His resurrection. The hands that were nailed helplessly to the cross, now wield the omnipotence of God. The heart that was broken and oppressed, now enters into the mighty ocean of the ages of His divinity, undisturbed, unfettered, unnumbered by any sorrow. "Christ, risen from the dead, dies no more. Death has no dominion over Him." He died once, and He died for sin. "Therefore," says St. Augustine, "by dying on Calvary He showed that He was man; by rising from His grave He proved that He was God."

If, therefore, dear beloved brethren, during the past forty days the Church has called upon us for fasting and mortification, has called upon us to chastise our bodies and humble our souls ("humilitatem in jejuniis animam meam")—"In my fast I will humble my soul"—if the Church during the past weeks, called upon us to be afflicted, and shed our tears at the feet of Jesus crucified—if we have done this—above all, if we have purified our souls so as to let His light, and His glory, and His grace into our hearts—to-day, have we a right to rejoice; and the message which I bring to you is a message of exceeding great joy. Christ is risen! The Crucified has risen from the grave! Weakness has clothed itself with strength. Ignominy hath clothed itself with glory. Death has been absorbed in victory, and the powers of hell are crushed and confounded forever more. Is not this a message of great joy and triumph? And truly I may say to you, in the words of St. Paul, "Gaudete in Domino, iterum dico gaudete!"—"Rejoice, therefore, in the Lord, I say to you again, rejoice!"

Two reasons have we for our Easter joy and gladness. Two reasons have we for our great rejoicing. First of all, that of the friend to behold the glory of his friend; the joy of a disciple to see the glory of his Master: a joy centering in Jesus Christ—rejoicing in Him and with Him, for His own sake. Was it not for His own sake we sorrowed? Was it not because of His grief and suffering we shed our tears and cast ourselves down before Him? So, also, for His own sake, let us rejoice. We rejoice to behold our God resuming the glory of His divinity, and so participate that glory to His sacred humanity that the sunshine of the eternal light of God streams out from every member, sense, and limb of the sacred body of Jesus Christ our Lord. Pure light it seemed. With the transparency of Heaven it assumed all its splendor. All the glory was within

Him in Almighty affluence, and sent itself forth so that He was truly not only the light of grace for the world but the light of glory. For this must every true believer in Jesus Christ rejoice.

But the second cause for our joy is for our own sake; for, although we grieve for Him and sorrow for Him, for His own sake, upon Calvary, we also grieve for ourselves. And it is, for us, the keenest and the bitterest sorrow that the work of Calvary was the work of our doing by our sins; that if we were not what we were, He would never have been what He was on that Friday morning. That for us He bared His innocent bosom to receive all the sorrows and all the agonies of His Passion; that for us did He expose His virgin body to that fearful scourging and terrible crucifixion; that for our sins did He languish upon the cross; that they put upon Him the burden of the iniquities of us all; and "He was afflicted for our iniquities and was bruised for our sins." It is for our own sorrows and for our own sins that the very deepest sorrow has a place in the Crucifixion. Well did He—He, who permitted that we should be the cause of His sorrow—wish us, also, for our own sake, to participate in His joy. And why? Because the resurrection of Jesus from the dead was not only the proof of His divinity, the establishment of His truth, the conviction of His miracles, the foundation of His religion, but it was, moreover, the type and model of the glorious resurrection that awaits every man who dies in the love, and fear, and grace of Jesus Christ. Every man who preserves his soul pure, and every man who restores to his soul the purity of repentance—to every such man is promised the glory of the resurrection, like unto that of our Lord Jesus Christ. For as Christ rose from the dead, so shall we rise; and as He clothed Himself with glory, so shall we pass from glory unto glory—to see Christ in the air—to be like unto Him in glory; and so shall we be with the Lord forever. And that glory which comes to our Lord to-day, comes not only to His grand soul returning surrounded by the saints whom He had delivered from their prison, but it comes also to his body, wiping away and erasing every stain, every defilement, every wound, and communicating to that body the attributes of the spirit; for "That which was laid down in dishonour rose in glory"—that which was laid down in weakness rose in power—that which was laid down subject to grief, if not to corruption, rose a spiritual and incorruptible body. Even so shall we rise—for I announce to you a wonderful thing, that when the angels sound the trumpet, and call the dead to judgment, they that are in Christ shall rise first; and as the soul of the Redeemer went back to the tomb, and entered into His body, to make that body shine in its spiritual glory—so shall our souls return from the heights of heavenly contemplation to find these bodies again—to re-enter them—and to make them shine with the glory of God, if we only consent to live and die in the grace and favour of Jesus Christ. The eyes that now cannot look upon the sun in heaven without being blinded, these very eyes can gaze upon the face of God and not be blinded by His majesty. The ears that now weary of the music of earth shall be so attuned to the music of Heaven that the rapture of its hearing shall continue in all the ecstasy of delight, so long as God is God. The heart, so circumscribed as scarcely to be able to rise to the dignity of the highest form of human love—will then be so purified and exalted that it will be filled with the fairest forms of divine love—will purified, sanctified, animating every natural sentiment, every affection, until the body, growing into the soul's essence, shall all become spiritual and, as it were, divine. In a word, this gross, corruptible, material body of ours shall be so spiritualized—so glorified—so refined, as to be capable of the most exquisite pleasure of every spiritual sense; and yet pleasures purifying to the soul, in which every thought and every power of the soul and body shall be wrapped up into God.

But mark, dear brethren: the resurrection of our Lord is the pledge and promise that every soul shall realize; but two things are necessary in order to arrive at its glory. Two conditions are laid down in order to attain to this wonderful fulfilment of all the love of the redemption of Jesus Christ. And these two things are: First of all, we must keep a pure soul and a pure conscience. Mark how Jesus Christ came to His glory; He took a human heart, He took a human soul. He took a human conscience—for He was a true man. But He took every element of His humanity from a source so pure, so limpid, and so holy, that in heaven or on earth, nothing was ever seen or ever shall be seen until the end of eternity, that shall be compared with the Blessed Virgin's soul. Throughout His whole life of thirty-three years, nothing in it could have the slightest shadow of sin—nothing that could have the slightest feature of sin upon it, ever was allowed to near the blessed and most immaculate soul and heart of Jesus Christ. When at last He permitted the appearance of the sin that was not His own to come upon Him—to touch Him—nearly—it so frightened Him—it so horrified Him—that the blood burst, as we know, from every pore of His body. It seemed as if his body, as it were, could not stand the sight; this was the grace of purity. Oh, my beloved brethren, that we might attain to that self-same purity, as far as nature will permit us, that we might only know the beauty of that purity beaming from Him as its author and creator! Christ, our Lord, laid out in His Church the path of purity—the path of innocence. But for all those who fall, or stumble, or turn aside for a moment, He has laid another royal road to salvation, namely, the road of penance. One or other of these must we tread; whether we tread the way of purity or the way of penance, we must suffer with Christ if we wish to be purified with Him. But mark! All pure and holy as He was— infinite purity and holiness itself—no passion to disturb Him—no evil example to exercise its influence over Him—no secret emotion of pleasure, even of that purely human pleasure, to come and interfere in the remotest degree with the perfect union with His divinity—yet, with all this, He mortified that sacred body. He fasted; He humbled Himself; He prayed; and He ended by giving that body to be scourged and to be crucified! He shed His blood. What an example was this! That body of Jesus Christ was no impediment to His holiness. It only helped Him; for it was the instrument of His divine will in the salvation of man. Our bodies, on the other hand, impede us every day, and put between us and God. Every passion that dwells within us, rises from time to time to separate us from God. Every appetite that clamors for enjoyment would fain destroy the soul forever, for a momentary pleasure. Every sense that brings thought and idea to the spirit, brings also in its train the imminent, the dangerous, the poisonous image of the evil example of sin. That which, with Christ, was a work of pleasure, is, with us, a work of toil. It is toil to deny ourselves somewhat—to put the sign of the cross in penance and mortification, upon this flesh—to enter somewhat into the sufferings of our Lord—into His fasting—into His prayer—into His mortification—in order that our bodies may be chastened; for it is only chastened bodies that can contain pure and sinless souls. Those who are pure must chastise their bodies somewhat—must deny themselves—in order to preserve their purity. They who are penitent must do it in order to appease the justice of God upon that body which has led them away, some time or other, from God by sin, and so tended to destroy the soul. And this is the reason why the Catholic Church commands us to fast; that it tells us we must not enjoy over much the pleasures of the theatre; the pleasures of the gay and festive reunions. It tells us that we must, from time to time, be hungry, and yet not taste food—that we must be thirsty, and yet refuse to refresh

ourselves for a time with drink. And this, not only that these bodies may be chastened for a time, but transformed into fitness for the glory of Heaven. And here I would remark that whilst every other religion, whilst every false religion, puts away sadness and sorrow, puts away the precept of fasting, and says that men may pander to, and feed, and cherish their bodies, the Catholic Church, alone, from the very first day of its existence, drew the word of the spirit—the sword of mortification—and declares through her monks, through her hermits, through her virgins, through her priesthood, that the body must be subdued, it must be abased, it must be chastened, in order that the soul may rise to God by purity and grace here, and through them, to the spiritual glory of the resurrection hereafter.

I say there is a third motive for our joy this morning—and it is this: May I, dearly beloved, in this, which I may call the closing day of our Lent—may I congratulate those whom I see before me! The constant attendance of many amongst you during the last forty evenings of Lent has made your faces familiarly to me. Over these Catholic countenances have I seen from time to time, the expression—now, of sorrow—now, of delight—but, whether of sorrow or of joy, of sympathy with Jesus Christ. Oft is it a witness, and on this do I congratulate you. If it be true that the Christian man is, indeed, a man in whom Christ lives, according to the words of the Apostle: "I live no longer, I but Christ lives with me"—then, according to his words you are lost to yourselves; you are dead; and your life is hidden with Christ in God. If, then, the Christian man be the man in whom Christ lives, well may I congratulate you upon every emotion of joy and of sorrow that has passed through your hearts and over your faces during these forty blessed days that you have passed: because these emotions were the gift of Christ, and the evidence of the life of Christ in you, and of your familiarity with Christ's image.

May I congratulate you on a good confession and a fervent communion? May I, in heart and spirit, bow down before every man amongst you to-day, as a man whose heart is not an empty tomb, like that in the garden outside Jerusalem; not occupied merely by an angel, but whose heart is the sanctuary wherein the risen and glorified Saviour dwells this morning? May I congratulate you on this? I hope so! I hope that the words that have been heard here have not been spoken in vain. It would fill me with fear if I thought there was one amongst the audience who filled this church during the last Lent, whose hardened heart refused to make his Easter confession and communion; and to make it as the beginning of a series of more frequent—and, if possible, of monthly confessions and communions. It would fill me with fear if I thought there was such a one here; because then there would come upon me the conviction that it was my own unworthiness—my own unfitness—my own weakness that made the Word fall fruitless on my lips, and perhaps, make me a reprobat whilst I was preaching the Word. But, no! Nay, I will rather presume that God has done His own work—that the Divine Husbandman, who placed the seed of His Word in such hands as mine—most unworthy—that He has made that Word spring up, and that the fairest flowers of grace and sanctity already crown it in your hearts to-day. Upon this, therefore, I congratulate you as the third motive of your joy; that not only is the Saviour glorified in Jerusalem, but He is glorified in your hearts. Not only has He conquered death in the Garden of Gethsemane, but He has conquered death in your souls. Not only has He driven the devil and all the powers of hell before Him, as He bursts from the tomb, but He has driven Him from your hearts, into which He has entered this morning. Oh, brethren, keep Him! Keep Him as your best and only friend! Keep Him as you would keep the pledge of that future glory which is to come, and of which, says the Apostle, "Eye hath not seen and ear hath not heard; nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive;—what things the Lord God of heaven hath prepared for those who cease not to love Him!"

OUR PROTESTANT CONTEMPORARIES. THE PAST YEAR AND THE FUTURE OF PROTESTANTISM. (From the London Tablet.)

Our contemporaries have been busy with the obituary of the year just elapsed. Each regard it from his own point of view, or rather from that of his habitual readers. In so many journalistic sermons there are naturally various interpretations of the same text. The Times looks at the past year chiefly in its economical and financial aspects. The important exports have exceeded in value the amounts of all previous years; a fundamental fact, and decisive, as far as the English are concerned, of the merits of the year 1872. It proves, to our entire satisfaction, that "notwithstanding rapid fluctuations in the value of money, commercial activity has not been checked." What more can any reasonable man desire? With such thought the annual homily of the Times begins and ends, and then its readers are invited to sing a Te Deum upon the remarkable solidity of Consols, and the new commercial treaty with France, and "the awards of Geneva and Berlin." With respect to the latter, we should have thought that a De Profundis might have been a more appropriate devotion.

The funeral oration of the Standard is of such enormous dimensions—rivaling that of the ordinary Scotch preacher, of whom Mr. Buckle remarks that "the only limit to his loquacity is his strength"—that we cannot even enumerate its multifarious topics. "Profound distrust," it tells us, is the attitude of "the nations of the Continent," which do not seem to have profited much by recent revolutions. "In Spain," which was a great and glorious nation under its lawful monarchs, but does not seem to thrive under the son of an excommunicated Piedmontese, "no genuine advance has been made in the arts of orderly government." On the other hand, its "hopelessly rancorous or corrupt statesmen" have a huldless enmity to the Church, which the Standard probably considers an ample compensation for the loss of virtue, patriotism, and honor. In Italy, "besides the burden of debt and taxation, whole provinces have been laid under water by unexampled inundations, and night upon a hundred thousand mouths have been thrown upon public charity." If the English of this sentence is a little doubtful, the fact is grave enough to suggest to the Christians of Italy, who are still an immense majority, wise reflections than any which the Standard is able to offer. Meanwhile, a rabble of unclean ruffians, gathered from all parts of Italy, have made Rome a sink of iniquity, which Conservative journals appear to consider a pleasing fruit of the revolution, and a vast improvement on the intolerable condition of the city under the rule of the Popes. There is no accounting for tastes. In England, according to the Standard, everything is matter for congratulation, except the continuance of Mr. Gladstone in office, and the controversy about the Athanasian Creed.—But the latter will be easily arranged, after the usual fashion in the Church of England, because "the wisdom of the authorities," the Standard says wisdom, "seems inclined to leave this in the category of unsettled questions." The Anglican authorities are much too wise to "settle" anything, even if they knew how to do it.

The Globe, another Conservative print, disdains to notice the temporal features of 1872, and devotes its whole discourse to "The Church's Year." The rare merits of the Establishment, and its particular claims to the grateful esteem of a nation which it has conducted to such remarkable purity of morals and such unprecedented unity of belief, fill the Globe with admiration. We can only regret that its enthusiasm somewhat obscures its veracity. After enumerating the astonishing proofs of progress, in-

fluence, success, power, and general vitality, which "all unprejudiced observers,"—there is nothing which the Globe dislikes so much as prejudice, particularly in religion—must notice in the Establishment, the Globe terminates its oration with this jubilant doxology, in which the most comfortable article of its creed is victoriously proclaimed:—

"So great is the advance she has made of late years that if the real truth of her position was tested by a religious census, we believe it would be found that well nigh three-fourths of the nation are amongst her adherents. The almost frantic efforts that have been made by a certain section of her opponents to discredit this, is one of the surest proofs that they dread the real state of the case becoming fully known."

The Globe may be assured that it will be "fully known" before long, and that no "frantic efforts" will be able to save the English Establishment, in spite of its unexampled merits, from the dismal fate of its Irish offshoot, of which even the Globe gives this alarming picture:—

"The present condition of the Disestablished Church of Ireland is such as to cause serious anxiety to its best friends. There is a certain powerful action in the General Synod who are determined to push on Liturgical revision at any cost. Rash action now may cripple the Church of Ireland for generations yet to come. We need scarcely add that the temporal condition of the Irish Church is one of serious difficulty. . . . There is at present but a precarious and uncertain foundation on which to rest the incomes of the future clergy.—As to the income of the future Irish episcopate (with the single and brilliant exception of the see of Derry) there is scarcely any permanent provision whatever."

Let us hope that some future writer in the Globe may not be giving, a few years hence, precisely the same cheerless report of the disestablished Anglican sect. The Pall Mall Gazette is not so pious as the Globe, and indeed can hardly be said to be pious at all.—Like all its contemporaries, this evening journal takes a view of the past, and, unlike most of them, ventures to glance into the future. It does not share the optimism of the Globe, and is perfectly silent about the merits of the Establishment. "It is impossible not to observe," says this gloomy oracle, "in all the most important nations of Europe a general process of destruction of all the old bonds which hold society together." This dissolving process is particularly remarkable in matters of religion.

"Doubt, perplexity, and want of acknowledged rules and principles of conduct appear as by a sort of inexorable necessity to be spreading themselves in all directions. We noticed last week Mr. Gladstone's strange discourse upon Strauss. Its time and place were as ill chosen as possible, and its tone to our minds was, for reasons which we have already assigned, very weak; but it is undoubtedly true that Strauss is a sign of the times and a notable one. It is well that people should know that they have arrived at a period when a celebrated author thinks it right to warn 'those mocking writers of articles' ('jene spottlustigen Artikelschreiber') who make jokes upon the descent of man from monkeys ('die Affenabstammung des Menschen') that they must be careful how they laugh. 'Are they then aware that they have to choose between miracles, between a divine creative hand, and Darwin?' We have travelled a strange road indeed when people are solemnly warned that they must on no account treat the primeval apes with disrespect, lest they should be reduced to the degradation of believing in God.—This is but one instance of the length to which religious belief has been shaken in Europe. We do not quote it in order to hold up our hands in horror, and to suggest to others mild little moral recipes against an influence which insinuates itself in every possible form and penetrates every class of society."

How far this report of our actual condition is due to the personal wishes of the writer, and his candid desire that it may prove to be true, we have no means of judging. To us it seems considerably exaggerated, at least as far as Catholic nations are concerned. We have abundant evidence, though it would perhaps fail to convince the Pall Mall Gazette, that both in Italy and Spain, where the foul spirit of revolution has killed faith in many souls, a vast majority of the people are still profoundly Christian. This is so undeniable, as we learn from various and competent witnesses, that if the good would only do for themselves what they are too apt to leave it to Providence to do for them, they would make short work of the miscreants who are engaged in "a general process of destruction." As to Italy, we have seen that the unprincipled statesmen who are conducting it to ruin dare not consent to universal suffrage, because they know and confess that it would immediately establish a Catholic Government. A writer in the Fortnightly Review has told us lately that this is what "liberal" institutions have actually done in Belgium—which the Daily Telegraph truly describes as "at once the most thriving and the most devoutly Romanist nation on the Continent"—and seem likely to do in the United States. The Pall Mall Gazette is neatly alarmed. There is a good deal of religion still in the world—more, we are inclined to think, than there ever was—and the Church is able to save it once more from chaos and barbarism, as she has a good many times already.—Our disciples of Darwin and Spencer, our Communists and Republicans, are neither more hideous nor more formidable enemies than she has overcome in the past. She will overcome them again, because God is on her side, and when she has done it, we hope the Pall Mall Gazette will be able to bear the destruction of its hopes with resignation. Christianity is not dead yet, and we venture to predict, with confidence that not one of our contemporaries will ever assist at its funeral.

We are obliged, however, to admit, in a spirit of candour, that if the Protestantism which the Standard and the Globe esteem so highly could have its own way, the destruction of religion might easily become universal. The Pall Mall Gazette appears to agree with us. The peculiar "civilization" of the last three centuries, it observes, "has been thus far determined by the Reformation and the changes which may be traced to it." That beneficent event, of which the world has perhaps not yet reaped all the advantages, including the "destruction of all the old bonds which held society together," has brought us to this condition, says our contemporary, that "the age in which we live seems to us to have much in common, multa iustantia, with that of the early Roman Emperors," viz., "a religious and moral anarchy which bids fair to be quite as complete as theirs," and which, to quote the Pall Mall Gazette for the last time, has formed "a world, rich, busy, and comfortable, but sitting in darkness."

The Scotsman of the 23rd of December, affords us an unexpected confirmation of the opinions of the Pall Mall Gazette. This North British journal is worth reading. It gives us a report of the meeting of the Free Presbytery of Edinburgh.—"Dr. Gull, by leave of the court, addressed the Presbytery with reference to the evangelization of Edinburgh. Twelve months ago, he remarked, they were started by a report from Mr. Pirrie on the state of our lower population, in which that gentleman stated that, upon the whole, evangelical religion was losing ground in this city, and that the agencies at present in operation were altogether inadequate to the necessities of the case. They no doubt had made great advances on former efforts; but for every step they had taken, the enemy had taken two, so that, if the same process should continue to go on (which God forbid) no thing could be more certain than that, in two or three generations, Protestant Christianity would be substantially put down."

In the interests of true Christianity, we are glad

cerely glad to hear it, though we are hardly so sanguine as Mr. Gall. This Presbyterian prophet continues as follows:— "The most alarming circumstance of all, however, was the steady progress of Romanism, which, during the last 50 years, from being almost nothing, had succeeded in planting itself as a great religious and political power in our land."

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE CATHOLIC UNION OF IRELAND.—At the council meeting held recently, the Earl of Granard president of the Union, stated that he had received a communication from Rome informing him that the Holy Father warmly approved of the Union, and had expressed himself deeply gratified at its formation.

DUBLIN, Jan. 21.—The high price of fuel is producing one good effect in this country. It is stimulating invention and enterprise in making local resources which have long been neglected available to supply the demand.

THE LAST BELFAST RIOTS.—Our readers cannot have forgotten the riots which took place in Belfast last August, when several persons were killed, nearly one hundred wounded, and when two hundred and forty-seven houses were wrecked or injured.

THE TENANT FARMERS OF THE NORTH have begun what seems to be a very determined agitation for an alteration of the Land Act, so as to give them more security in their holdings.

THE ENGLISH CATHOLICS.—Dr. Ullathorne, the Catholic Bishop, addressed a large meeting of Catholics at the Town-hall, Birmingham, on the occasion of the annual Catholic reunion.

RE-APPEARANCE OF SMALL-POX.—Yesterday considerable consternation was experienced in Clonmel, owing to the somewhat sudden outbreak in several districts of small-pox.

LISTOWEL QUARTER SESSIONS.—His Worship in addressing the Grand Jury, said he was happy to find that the crown business was extremely light at the present sessions.

THE GALWAY PROSECUTIONS.—In the Court of Queen's Bench Jan. 24th, counsel on the part of the Lord Bishop of Clonfert moved that the venue in the prosecution instituted against him at the suit of the Attorney-General, be changed from the county Galway to the county Dublin.

A VILLAGE INTENDED.—Mr. John Mackey, sanitary officer for Mooncoin district, Co. Kilkenny, reports that village to be in a deplorable state through the inundation of water.

THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT re-assembled on the 6th instant. The following are the salient points in the Queen's speech:—England is at peace everywhere.

SOME SEVERE INJURY to property has been caused by the continued wetness of the season. In Cork the rivers were flooded yesterday to an extraordinary height, and the adjacent lands are inundated.

observe how much greater has been the excitement in this country on the occasion of the death of the late Emperor of the French than that created by the death of Napoleon I. at St. Helena in 1821.

THE LORD Lieutenant has addressed a well-timed letter to the Irish magistracy, calling attention to the great increase in the number of children under detention in the industrial and reformatory schools.

FROM WICKLOW AND WOXFORD, as from many other parts of Ireland, we hear sad news of the distressing effects produced by the recent rains.

THE LONDON BIBLE SOCIETY reports a remarkable scene at a recent meeting in the Birmingham School Board, when a number of candidates were examined in public as to the manner in which they would teach the Bible in board schools.

THE EMPRESS EDGEMOND'S INCOME.—The London correspondent of the Birmingham Post writes:—I hear from a well informed source that the Imperial family at Chislehurst are left with an income of about £12,000 a year.

INTEMPERANCE IN ENGLAND.—The Saturday Review finds it impossible to doubt the growing intemperance of the working classes in England.

THE TROOPS IN THE SOUTH ORDERED TO UTAH.—We are informed in a despatch from Washington that the President has ordered the United States troops now in the South to hold themselves in readiness to move out to the Plains, near Salt Lake City.

A FEMALE POOR LAW INSPECTOR.—Women's rights (says the London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian) have at length been recognised in high quarters.

MARRIAGE INCIDENTS.—A clergyman in Glasgow used to relate the following:—In marrying a couple he asked the bride, in the usual form, whether she would be a "loving, faithful, obedient wife."

THE AMERICAN PRESS are drawing prominent attention to a very lamentable phase of New York life, which was revealed a few days ago, in the arrest of a boy of thirteen years of age for shooting a child of the age of ten.

THE "CREDIT MOBILIER."—As there are some inquiries made as to the nature of this blood & corporation, we print the annexed extract from a speech of Mr. Greeley, made during the late campaign, which gives all necessary information.

ON WEDNESDAY evening last, says a New York paper, Mark Twain told a very large audience in Steiny Hall, in this City, what he knows of the Sandwich Islands.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1873.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

FEBRUARY—1873.

Friday, 21—Of the Feria.
Saturday, 22—Vigil. Chair of St. Peter at Antioch.
Sunday, 23—Quinquagesima.
Monday, 24—St. Matthias, Ap.
Tuesday, 25—St. Peter Damian, B. C. (Feb. 23.)
Wednesday, 26—Ash Wednesday.
Thursday, 27—Of the Feria.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The abdication of Amadeus is the chief news of the week, and is a fact pregnant with great events which may disturb the peace of Europe. It seems that the late King of Spain has long suspected the truth that he was destitute of all real authority, and the appointments made, in spite of his wishes, by his ministry brought conviction of the truth of his suspicions. Upon this he threw off his crown in disgust, and is about to return home to his excommunicated papa. In the meantime he has retired to Lisbon.

The party in power in Madrid has proclaimed a republic, but there are of course others to be heard. The Carlists for instance, the adherents of the legitimate King seem determined to have their say in the matter, and their word it is to be hoped may prove decisive as to the political future of Spain, which stands greatly in need of a strong government, and to be strong it must be based on right. Now the Carlists are the only party in Spain who can put forward such a plea. As yet there have been no massacres; but if the crisis be prolonged these will no doubt come, and the other Powers of Europe may be called upon in the interests of humanity, to intervene and put a stop to the wholesale throat-cutting, and blood-letting with which the Peninsula seems to be accursed.

Rumors reach us from Rome of an interview between the Sovereign Pontiff and some naval officers of the United States, in the course of which the Holy Father asked how he would be received on this Continent should he be compelled to quit his dominions, and seek refuge in a strange land? We do not attach much importance to these rumors, for we think it is said certain that the Pope intends to remain in his own City as long as possible, and it is not at present in the interest of the invaders to drive him out. The death of Napoleon has it is caused much uneasiness to his accomplice in crime, Victor Emmanuel, who sees therein a warning to put his own house in order. Prophecies are alluded to which long ago, so it is said, assigned to Louis Napoleon an end more tragic than that which overtook his predecessor on the Imperial throne, and who also was an enemy of the Holy See, and God's Church; and to Victor Emmanuel a fate more tragic still was assigned; he "was to die in his shoes." These words, it is said, are often in the mouth of the excommunicated king.

The war between the civil power and the Church in Germany is being prosecuted with great zeal by the government. The text of the new ecclesiastical, or rather anti-ecclesiastical law, is before the public, and is analysed by the London Times. The purport of this law is to transfer from the Church to the State the entire control of the spiritual order. Candidates for the priesthood are to go through a regular course of studies at the State University; seminaries for lads studying for the Church are to be abolished; the qualification of candidates for Holy Orders is to be determined by State examination; no appointments to any ecclesiastical office by a Bishop to be valid until approved of by a government officer; the power of suspending from spiritual functions; to be transferred from the Bishops to State officials. Bishops not filling up vacant cures within a year, and with an acceptable candidate, to be fined 1,000 thalers; in a word the entire direction of religion, faith, administration of the sacraments, &c., is by the new liberal law entrusted to the State; and the Government undertakes to prescribe the terms upon which the sinner is to make his peace with an offended God.

Of course this absurd legislation but provokes the contempt of the entire Catholic community. It is a self-evident proposition that it must be inoperative. Bishops will hereafter, as heretofore, ordain those, and those only whom they deem fit to be recipients of Holy Orders. The Bishops also will give, or withhold powers to exercise spiritual functions as to them it seems good; and just as in France the few miserable wretches who took the oaths of fidelity to the civil constitution of the Clergy were held in contempt by all men—whether Catholics or non-Catholics—so will it happen to the State appointed Clergy of the German Empire. No Catholic in health, or sickness or at the hour of death will ever pollute himself by accepting their services, even though they may be in receipt of the stipend paid by government to its tools. They will fall into universal contempt; and the real Bishops, the real priests, though reduced to poverty, as were the Irish Catholic clergy in the eighteenth century, will alone continue to be the objects of the respectful veneration of the Catholic laity. The law may indeed call such a man Bishop of such or such a diocese, and may give to another the title of parish priest; but unless the Catholic people recognise these appointments, by accepting the services of these government nominees—which it would be sacrilege, and mortal sin to do—the laws of the State must needs remain a dead letter.

The Galway priest prosecutions have commenced in Ireland. The Rev. M. Loftus was the first proceeded against, but the jury could not agree on a verdict, and he was in consequence discharged. The Government is no doubt well pleased at this; for it would find itself placed in a most unpleasant dilemma by a verdict in its favor. Certainly if the language attributed to some of the Galway priests has been correctly reported some of them were guilty of very bad taste, and made use of expressions which as Christians we deplore; but it must be remembered, that the violent language of the priests—if they did use violent language—was provoked, if not justified by the unscrupulous efforts made by the landlords to coerce their tenants to vote against the dictates of conscience, for the landlord's candidate. Spiritual coercion to vote as conscience bids may be a very bad thing; but material coercion to compel men to vote against conscience is still worse. There are therefore many who may deplore the manner in which the priests brought their influence to bear upon the voters, but who at the same time think it monstrous that the still more violent methods of intimidation and coercion employed by the landlords should pass unpunished. Under such circumstances what could the Government do with a verdict in their favor? A convicted priest upon their hands would be a more troublesome matter to deal with, than was the celebrated elephant which the unhappy gentleman won in a raffie to his utter undoing.

The new fangled republic of Spain has, it is reported been formally recognised by the Governments of Great Britain, France, Belgium, Germany, and the United States. In the meantime the Carlists seem to be making progress, and to be to a considerable extent masters in the North of Spain. Attached to their ancient liberties of which they have been robbed, the people of the Basque Provinces are fighting not merely for a dynasty, but for their *fueros*, and every lover of liberty should sympathise with them. Don Carlos is said to be in Spain, and at the head of his troops. Victor Emmanuel is represented as much offended by the abdication of his son Amadeus, to whom he at first refused leave to return to Italy; hence the retreat of the latter to Lisbon. It is added however that the abdication being a *fait accompli*, the King of Italy has withdrawn his opposition, and a man-of-war has been sent to convey the ex-King of Spain home. It would be premature to speculate on the fortunes of the republic—though it would not be rash to venture upon the prophecy of its ultimate failure. The army, which is after all in times of Revolution the chief political power, is represented as favorable to monarchy, and if so, would naturally be more in favor of an elective than an hereditary monarchy; since under the first named, the crown is ever for sale, and the soldiers have the selling of it to the highest bidder.

The report of a reconciliation between the two branches of the Bourbons in France is contradicted by *L'Univers* the organ of the legitimists.

It is to be feared that in the case of the convicted murderer Stokes of New York, the galloos will yet be defrauded of its due. A Judge has been found to order a stay of proceedings in his case. Had the prisoner been a poor Irishman he would have been executed long ago; but in the United States there is one law for the rich, and another for the poor.

His Honor Judge Caron was sworn in as Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec on Monday.

Remittances in our next.

CANON OF SCRIPTURE.—A correspondent transmits to us a paragraph on this subject, taken from the *British American Presbyterian* for January 24th, 1873; and does us the honor of requesting us to make some remarks thereon. We give below the paragraph from the Toronto Protestant paper. It is headed "Why We Reject the Apocrypha."

1. "Because it (sic) was never written in Hebrew.
2. Because it was never quoted by our Lord.
3. Because it was rejected from the canons of the Jews.

4. Because it was rejected from the canons of Scripture by Origen, A.D. 200. St. Epiphanius, A.D. 368; and St. Jerome.

Besides these reasons for rejecting the Apocrypha in general, we especially reject the books of Maccabees as uncanonical and uninspired:

1. Because Pope Gregory I. A.D. 590 did so; and by the late Vatican decree, that must be an infallible judgment.

2. Because the author distinctly disavows inspiration, saying—"If I have done well in writing this history, it is what I desired; but if not so perfectly it must be pardoned me."—2, Macc. xv, 39.

1. What does the writer in the *British American Presbyterian* mean by the Apocrypha? He should at least have given a definition, or explanation of the term. But for the present, we will assume that he means those books of the Old Testament, only, to which by Catholics the term deuterocanonical is applied; and this premises, we thus reply to his objections against them in that they were not written in Hebrew.

2. But the same objection may be urged against other books of the Old Testament, as for instance against a great part of the book of Daniel, and that of Esdras or Ezra which Protestants receive into their Canon. These were written, not in Hebrew, but in Chaldaic, as were also many of the books which the Protestant canon rejects. It does not therefore follow that, because a book was not written in Hebrew, therefore it was not inspired, or that it was inspired because written in Hebrew.

2. But Our Lord never quoted from the Apocrypha. Whence did the *British American Presbyterian* derive his information? Some fragments of Our Lord's sayings have been handed down to us in the books called the Gospels; but these contain but little, but a very little of what Our Lord actually did say. Indeed, besides what is recorded about Him in the Gospels, there are so many other things that He said and did omitted, that the writer of the work called the Gospel of St. John, is of opinion that the world itself would not contain the books that should be written "if they should be written every one." All that the *British American Presbyterian* can say is, that in the very brief memoirs in our possession of the sayings and doings of Jesus, it is not recorded that He ever quoted from certain books. But this proves nothing either way, either for or against their inspiration.

3. There is a difference betwixt "rejected from" and not being received into the canon of Scripture. For instance: many of the books of the New Testament now received as canonical were for many centuries "omitted" though not "rejected, from" the canon: e.g. the Epistle to the Hebrews, Epistles of St. James, St. Jude, and 2d St. Peter *cum multis aliis*.—These books were not pronounced canonical, but neither were they condemned as uncanonical. So also was it with some of the books of the Old Testament, which the Church now places on her list. These were left out from the Canon by the Jews of Palestine; though before the advent of Our Lord, the Jews of the Dispersion who used the Septuagint version—and from whose hands the Christian Church received the sacred Scriptures, included the so-called Apocrypha in their Canon.

4. It is false that they were rejected by Origen, by St. Epiphanius, or by St. Jerome, though they did not cite them as canonical in their controversies with the Jews. And even this if true would prove nothing for or against their inspiration—since neither Origen, nor St. Epiphanius, nor yet St. Jerome can be attributed of infallibility be predicated; and none but an infallible witness is competent to determine the Canon of Scripture.

In like manner we reply that it is false that Pope Gregory I rejected the books in question from the Canon.

And again it is false that the author of the 2d Maccabees "distinctly disavows inspiration saying" in the language attributed to him by the *British American Presbyterian*—"If I have done well in writing this history it is what I desired; but if not so perfectly it must be pardoned me."—V. 39. What the writer really does say is—

38. "I also will here make an end of my narration.
39. Which if I have done well and as it becometh the history, it is what I desired; &c.

Thus it will be seen that the writer of Book 2d Maccabees betrays no doubts as to whether he has "done well in writing this history," but only as to whether he has written in a style becoming the subject by him treated; just as also does St. Paul in his 2d epistle to the Corinthians, e. xi, v. 6, who pleads guilty to being "rude in speech," *idiotus in loquo*, though perfect, or not wanting in knowledge, *all ou ty gnosi*. That this is the meaning of the writer of 2d Maccabees; that it is for the

manner of his narrative, or style which is his own, that he asks the indulgence of the reader, and not for the matter thereof, is patent from the words of the next verse, "so if the speech be always nicely framed it will not be grateful to the readers." The writer thought, as did St. Paul, that he might be rude in speech, or open to criticism as to style, though not deficient in knowledge.

But to what must we attribute the misquoting of the 2d Macc. c. 15, v. 39, by our *B. A. Presbyterian*? to ignorance, or to that strong tendency to mendacity so conspicuous amongst our evangelical acquaintances? We incline to the hypothesis of ignorance, and the more so, because the same *B. A. Presbyterian* betrays his crass ignorance on the subject of which he is treating, by alluding to the Books of Maccabees as if they were written by one and the same person: for the same silly reason that he assigns for rejecting the second Book, he also assigns as the reason for rejecting the first. Had he known that the author of one of the books was not the author of the other, even the *B. A. Presbyterian*, would have seen that his argument, even if conclusive, against the inspiration of the authority of the 2d Book would prove nothing against the inspiration of the author of the first.

But after all there is no use arguing about the Canon of Scripture with Protestants until they tell us how that Canon is to be determined. Is there any rule or principle by which this is to be done? How for instance does the *B. A. Presbyterian* know that any book of which the Bible—say the Gospel of St. Luke, is composed is inspired?

THE SCHOOL LAWS IN NEW BRUNSWICK.—We have received a very interesting and important document on the question of the constitutionality of the New Brunswick School Law of 1871. It is in the form of a reply by Messrs. William Doff, and Charles W. Weldon, gentlemen of distinction in the legal profession, and both, we believe, Protestants, to certain questions submitted to them by His Lordship Mgr. Sweeny, Bishop of St. John, N. B.

The opinion of these gentlemen, entitled to the most respectful consideration, is to the effect that the New Brunswick School Law of 1871 does prejudicially affect the rights and privileges with respect to Denominational schools, which Catholics had by law in the Province of New Brunswick, at the time of the Union; and that, therefore, in virtue of the provisions of Sub-sect. 1 of the Clause 93 of the British North America Act, the said School Law of 1871, involves an assumption of illegal power, or in other words, is *ultra vires*.

The opinion first defines the term "Denominational" as applied to schools. It is not necessarily synonymous with the terms "Separate" and "Dissentient," as is evident from this:—That whereas the last two terms are used in the 3rd sub-sect. of the 93 clause of the British North America Act, the term "Denominational" alone is employed in the first sub-sect.; evidently, therefore, the framers of the Act intended to denote by the term "Denominational" something not included under the terms "Separate" and "Dissentient." From this the framers of the Opinion conclude that the term "Denominational" applied to schools, is intended to denote schools of a distinctively and exclusively religious complexion, whether Catholic or Protestant.

Now such schools Catholics in New Brunswick enjoyed under the old School Law of 1858, 21 Viet., c. 29. Under the operation of that Act they could establish exclusively Catholic schools, in the fullest sense of the word, could be given to the pupils attending them; they could elect their own Trustees, and mark out their own school districts; these Trustees could engage Teachers, and on improper conduct being proved against these, could dismiss them. The rate-payers of the several districts could by sect. 7 of said Act of 1858, elect School Committees, to take charge of school-houses, libraries, and to watch over the expenditure of monies raised for school purposes. In virtue of this Act the Catholics of N. Brunswick did before the Union establish and support their own schools, which were recognised by the Provincial Government as public or Common Schools, entitled to their share of the funds raised for educational purposes.

Of all these rights and privileges with respect to Denominational Schools the Catholics of New Brunswick have been entirely deprived by the Act of 1871. Thereby the Act of 1858 is repealed; Catholics may no longer establish distinctively Catholic schools, in which Catholic books of devotion are used, and Catholic devotions employed. The 60th section of Act 1871 expressly enacts that all schools shall be "non-sectarian" that is to say non-Denominational. Even Catholic teachers belonging to a religious order, male or female, are excluded from the schools called into being by the new Act; for neither on the walls of the school room, nor on the persons of the teachers may any symbol or emblem of religious organiza-

tion be exhibited. The peculiar dress of the Christian Brother, and of the Sister of Charity are thus excluded; and the cross the symbol of man's redemption becomes a prohibited thing. As the document before us pithily sums up:—

"So long as the Act of 1858 continued to be law, the Board would not have dared to promulgate such a regulation. Catholics were secured against any such outrage by that Act. The Board moreover had no power under the Act 1858 to prescribe the books to be used in schools. We are therefore constrained to say, that in our opinion the 'Common Schools Act 1871' does 'prejudicially affect' rights and privileges which were secured to the Roman Catholics of this Province, as a class, in respect of Denominational Schools."

Having thus given their opinion on the legal aspect of the question, the learned Counsel advise the Bishop to carry the case before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, which is competent to hear and report therein to Her Majesty; and to be ready to substantiate his case by affidavits, and to support it by Counsel. This is the substance of the high legal Opinion embodied in the document before us, and it will be seen by our readers how exactly it corresponds with the views expressed on the same subject by the TRUE WITNESS. Our brethren in New Brunswick may be assured that the Catholics of this part of the Dominion extend to them their warmest sympathies, and pray heartily for their success—of which indeed we feel very sanguine, when once this case shall have been laid before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

To the queries of our Morrisburgh correspondent we reply:—

1. Josephine was the true, and therefore the only wife of the Emperor Napoleon I.

2. The Catholic Church never gave permission for the so-called Divorce; and never sanctioned Napoleon's so-called marriage with Marie Louise, which union in her eyes was but adulterous concubinage; and indeed the sanction of the Church to the divorce was never so much as asked, or sought for—as Las Casas tells the world, in his *Memorial de Ste. Helena*—"As to the divorce, civil separation was pronounced by the Senate. As to the religious separation, it was not proposed to apply to the Pope, neither was it necessary."—Vol. 3, p. 394.

The fact is that the servile Senate, and the servile Municipality of Paris declared the marriage of Napoleon and Josephine, celebrated in presence of Cardinal Fesch, null and void, because they pretended to find therein some infraction of the French civil law; but as the civil law can neither add to nor detract from, the validity of a sacrament, the Church of course attaches no consequence whatever in these matters to its behests. Napoleon and Josephine, in fact, remained man and wife, till death sundered them.

To sum up:—In what light the pretended Divorce, and pretended second marriage of Napoleon were looked upon by the Church, at the time of said second marriage, may be judged from the following facts. The Pope, the head of the Church on earth, was a prisoner in the hands of Napoleon, who was excommunicated; and the Cardinals, who were invited to give *eclat*, and a quasi sanction to the affair by their presence, to the number of thirteen, kept away, thereby incurring the displeasure, and constant persecution of the tyrant, and persecutor of the Catholic Church. It is false therefore that the Roman Catholic Church, ever sanctioned the union of Napoleon with Marie Louise, as she always held that he was sacramentally married to Josephine; and even the miserable Senate, and servile tools of the Emperor never pretended even to decree a Divorce; but went no farther than to decree that the marriage celebrated before Cardinal Fesch, was *ab initio*, null and void, and therefore Napoleon never had been married, to Josephine.

The F. Eusebe, Director of the Reformatory, writes to the *Nouvelles Mondes* in contradiction of a report to the effect that the boys now under his charge were, whilst at the St. Vincent de Paul Reformatory, badly fed and badly cared for. This is not correct, the writer says:—"The bread the boys got at the St. Vincent de Paul establishment was good; and when they were transferred to the charge of the Brothers they were not covered with vermin, but in a satisfactory condition as to cleanliness. The writer concludes—"seeking nothing but justice for ourselves, we desire to observe it with regard to others."

The *Minerve* congratulates the public, and with good cause, on the immunity of Montreal from serious crime. During the past year there was but one trial for murder, on which a verdict of *not guilty* was found. Fifteen condemnations in the Court of Queen's Bench, and Sixty-two in the Court of Sessions of the Peace, comprise the total criminality of Montreal for 1872. Well may the *Minerve* contrast the moral condition of this very Romish City, often spoken of as the Rome of North America, with that of New York, and the other cities of the Protestant United States!

CATHOLIC INSTITUTE GAZETTE.—We are glad to see that this monthly, published by the "Young Men's Catholic Association" of Newark, is flourishing. It has just commenced its Third volume, with every appearance of vigor and vitality. We wish it "God speed."

A DIALOGUE.

ANTIQUE AND MODERN.

When a certain Protestant clergyman of some standing in the English Church, expostulated with a certain Swedish minister about a prayer he had offered up in church, which sounded wonderfully like praying for shipwrecks, the honest Lutheran pastor assured him it was no such thing; that all the prayer meant was, that if shipwrecks had to be, they might all take place on that coast. I must confess, Moderns, having somewhat similar sentiments, I pray in my prayers about liars. If liars have to be, I pray in my prayers about liars. They make such good ones, and they do the Catholic Church so much good by their lying, that one cannot help hoping that the race may never become extinct. Our friend Tyndale is a very fair specimen of the class, but if you want a "modern instance" the world has just one in the person of our well-beloved countryman, Antony Froude, who—coming all the way across the broad water, and having undergone all the discomfited of sea-sickness, and all the dangers of the sea, in order to live—has done more good to the cause of truth, and has caused more keen and attentive study of Irish history, than all the truth-tellers could have effected in a century. Antony Froude deserves well of his country and especially of Ireland for his clumsy lies. But to return to our friend Tyndale—and in refuting Tyndale, remember we are refuting D'Aubigne, and in fact the whole host of anti-papal liars. It is a remarkable fact that some of the most eloquent and logical exhortations to the study of the scriptures are to be found in the writings of the middle ages. To give one only example, so perfect, and so logical, and so discriminating, that we challenge the modern world in the same number of lines to produce its equal. It is Guilielmus Remo who writes. You have doubtless never heard of him, Moderns. So much the better for our purpose, since it shows that we are quoting from the common herd, and not from one of those spirits, who in reformation jargon are said to be "ahead of their time." Our benighted middle age monk thus writes: "Certain fixed hours are to be set aside for the reading (of Scripture). Chance reading does not build up, but only renders the mind unstable. Things lightly admitted, fly lightly from the memory. One must dwell upon them with a certain ingenuity, and the mind must be made thoroughly accustomed to them. For in what spirit the Scriptures were written, in that same spirit we should seek to read them; in the same spirit we should seek to understand them. You will never understand the sense of Paul until you imbibe his spirit by means of a pure intention in reading him, and a zeal for assiduous meditation. You will never understand David, until by continued experience you clothe yourself with the very essence of the psalms. And so with the rest. In all cases of reading, study is as distant from mere reading, as friendship is from hospitality; social affection from chance salutation."

Now we challenge Tyndale the reformer to say anything so pretty, so apt, so logical, so conclusive as to the proper manner of reading the bible as this. Nor is it the only example of its kind. The student of Medieval literature could at any time supply a thousand. How then could Luther be so ignorant of that Bible which was so loudly praised and so deeply valued by anti-Reformation writers? We must confess that we see only one of two conclusions open to us. Either the assertion of Luther's ignorance is a lie; or Luther up to his twentieth year was as ignorant of the literature of the day, as he is asserted to have been of the Sacred Scriptures.

You will notice, Moderns, that I am rather indicating the line of argument, than developing it. In a newspaper article, especially where one has to depend upon the courtesy of the editor for its insertion, it would be ungenerous to do otherwise. It is for you to follow it up. My word for it, if you do, you will find in the writings of the ages previous to your glorious Reformation, such a rich fund of evidence of their love for, and study of the Sacred Scriptures, as will make you despise the Reformation world and your own ignorance for their so easy acceptance of reformation lies. I am next going to give you, Moderns, a few examples of abbot's, who have been highly skilled in Sacred Scripture and I shall ask you to argue somewhat thus: If these men had been deprived of their abbot's, as Tyndale asserts they were; how does it happen that they became so skillful in them as abbot's? A knowledge of the Scriptures is not attained in a day.

The biographer of St. Luidger, bishop of Munster, (A.D. 800) tells us that "he was well instructed in the Sacred Scriptures; that he did not neglect to lecture his disciples daily; and whatever he found enjoined in the holy books he studied to practise and teach." If Tyndale be right St. Luidger must have been an exception to the general rule, since instead of keeping the Sacred Scriptures from his monks, he seems to have most assiduously taught them to bark.

Of St. Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury in 961 we learn "that he used to spend such leisure as he could retrieve from public affairs in religious exercises and amongst other things in reading the divine writings and correcting the copies of them."

Of Lambert, Abbot of the monastery of Lobbes, about the year 1094 we are told "of his love of the word of God and his knowledge of the Scriptures to the study and comparison of which, whenever opportunity was afforded, he gave himself wholly."

Anselm, Bishop of Lucca, (1055) "knew almost all the holy Scriptures by heart, and as soon as he was asked would tell what each and all the holy expositors thought on any particular point."

Of Wulstan, Bishop of Worcester, William of Malmesbury tells us that "whenever he mounted his horse for a journey he began the psalter, and if the journey were long enough, finished it."

Arnold, bishop of Soissons, (1087) "never spoke a single word to any creature during three years and a half, which he spent in constant reading of the word of God and meditation upon it."

Thierry, Abbot of St. Hubert in the Ardennes, whom we have had no occasion to mention before, also "knew the Scriptures by heart and could quickly resolve even the most difficult and obscure questions respecting it."

Wolphelm Abbot of Brunwillers, near Cologne (1091) "so profited in the reading of the Scriptures that what he once read he never forgot." It is worth while to mention, says his biographer, that this man the Lord caused the whole of the Old and New Testament to be read through every year. The four Gospels however as they could not be read at the same time and in the same order as the other books, he appointed to be read at four periods of the year by four deacons in the four sides of the cloisters. From these examples, Moderns, it will be easily seen, that if the Catholic Bishops and Abbots of those days kept the Scriptures from their monks and lay least they should bark, these good Abbots and Bishops at least learnt most assiduously to bark themselves. But unfortunately for Tyndale's theory, some of our authorities as above quoted go to show, that both Abbots and Bishops not only did not take away the Sacred Scriptures from their monks, but most anxiously imposed it on them. Luidger did not neglect to lecture his disciples, and whatever he found enjoined in the holy books he studied not only to practise but to teach. Anselm bishop of Lucca, in like manner far from concealing the scriptures from those who inquired "as soon as he was asked would tell what each and all the holy expositors thought on any particular point." Wulstan, Bishop of Worcester, when on a journey, made his clerks recite the psalter with him lest they should learn the tales on the road. Wolphelm, abbot of Brunwillers, caused the whole scripture to be read through every year in his monastery, and the

four Gospels to be read by four deacons from the four sides of the corridors. How these facts pre-supposing them to be facts are compatible with Tyndale's assertion, that "the abbots took the scriptures from their monks, lest they should bark," it is beyond my power to determine.

OBITUARY.

We have received from an esteemed correspondent an Obituary Notice of the late Reverend Robert Walsh one of the Professors of the Seminary of Nicolet by whose members he is deeply regretted. We regret that the limited space at our command renders it impossible for us to give this document in its integrity; but we will endeavor condensing it, to lay its substance before our readers.

The deceased had barely entered on the 33rd year of his age, and the ninth of his priesthood, when cut off by an attack of brain fever on the 31st of January. The late Rev. Mr. Walsh was a native of Kilkenny, and arrived in Quebec with his family in 1847. Shortly after his arrival his parents were carried off by the terrible ship-fever, and he with two little sisters were left orphans. A home however was found for them by the exertions of the Rev. Mr. McGauran, V.G. of Quebec, in the house of a F. C. family of the name of Pare by whom they were treated as members of the family. In 1854 his kind protectors sent young Robert to Nicolet College, where he went through his studies with much credit to himself and assumed the ecclesiastical dress. In 1863, he was sent to St. Michael's College, Toronto, to perfect himself in English, and in the following year he was raised to the Priesthood in the parish of St. Celestin, and in a short time he finally settled down on the staff of the Nicolet Seminary, of which he approved himself a distinguished ornament. In the month of May, 1871, he carried out the long cherished project of revisiting his native land, which he accomplished in company with the Rev. M. Proulx with whom also he visited the chief places of Europe. In his visit to Ireland he was unable to obtain tidings of any of his early friends and relatives; this to his sensitive nature was a great disappointment.

The deceased was loved and respected by all who knew him as an amiable gentleman, and an accomplished scholar; but his great ambition was to approve himself a faithful and diligent servant of Christ. His loyal devotion to the Holy See, and his sympathy with the Holy Father, and the Church in his person persecuted, were conspicuous on all occasions; and out of the humble means at his disposal, he made many a sacrifice to promote the cause he ever had at heart, contributing freely to the funds raised in Canada for the defence of the Holy See.

Death came upon him suddenly, but for death his whole life had been a preparation; therefore it took him not unawares; and so on the last day of January he passed away to enjoy, as we confidently hope, the reward of a truly Christian life. Our correspondent concludes his article with the following interesting details:—

We consider that we cannot close this notice of our reverend friend more appropriately than by giving the following extract, referring to him, from "The Irish in America," by the late lamented John Francis Maguire, himself, alas! now no more:— "A decent couple had sailed in one of those ships (meaning the emigrant vessels of 1847), bringing with them two girls and a boy, the elder of the former being about thirteen, the boy not more than seven or eight. The father died first, the mother next. As the frightened children knelt by their dying mother, the poor woman, strong in her faith, with her last accents confided her helpless offspring to the protection of God and His Blessed Mother; and told them to have confidence in the Father of the widow and the orphan. Lovingly did the cold hand linger on the head of her boy, as, with expiring energy she invoked a blessing upon him and his weeping sisters. Thus the pious mother died in the fever-shed of Grosse Isle. The children were taken care of, and sent to the same district, so as not to be separated from each other. The boy was received into the home of a French Canadian; his sisters were adopted by another family in the neighborhood. For two weeks the boy never uttered a word, never smiled, never appeared conscious of the presence of those around him, or of the attention lavished on him by his generous protectors, who had mistaken him to believe that they had adopted a little mute, or that he had momentarily lost the power of speech through fright or starvation. But at the end of a fortnight he relieved them of their fears by uttering some words of, to them, an unknown language; and from that moment the dying, wrought as it were, by the cold hand of his dying mother, passed from the spirit of the boy, and he thenceforth clung with the fondness of youth to his second parents. The Irish orphan soon spoke the language of his new home though he never lost the memory of the fever-shed and the awful death-bed, or of his weeping sisters, and the last words spoken by the faithful Christian woman who commended him to the protection of God and His Blessed Mother. He grew up a youth of extraordinary promise, and was received into the college of Nicolet, then in the Arch-diocese of Quebec, where he graduated with the greatest honours. His vocation being for the Church he became a Priest and it was in 1863 that, as a deacon, he entered the College of St. Michael Toronto, to learn the language of his parents, of which he had lost all remembrance. He is now one of the most distinguished professors of the college in which he was educated; and in order to pay the debt incurred by his support and education, he does not accept more than a small stipend for his services. Of his Irish name, which he was able to retain, he is very proud; and though his tongue is more that of a French Canadian, his feelings, and sympathies are with the people and the country of his birth. The prayers of the dying mother were indeed heard; for the eldest of the girls was married by the gentleman who received both into his house, and the younger is in a convent."

The funeral services of the deceased were chanted in the Parish-Church of Nicolet and in the Chapel of the Seminary on the 4th inst. after which his mortal remains were deposited in the vaults of the Chapel.

THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT AND THEIR GOD-LESS SCHOOLS CASE.

The Local Government, having for a time maintained the most profound secrecy as to the nature of the case they had prepared for submission to the British Law Officers and the Judicial Committee so that it was all but impossible, we believe, to procure a copy of it, lately sent it to several, if not to all, of the papers in their interest for the purpose of having it published or such portions of it as the editors of those papers may think best calculated to attain the object they only conceive. They can scarcely hope by such means to affect the Judicial Decision. It may be that they deem it necessary to keep up the flagging spirits of their adherents, and perhaps they hope that a feeling may thus be excited, which, reacting on the members of the Assembly, will make the position of the Government more comfortable during the approaching Session. They did not send a copy to the Freeman. Under the circumstances this was a sad lack of courtesy. They probably preferred that those only should see it in the first place who would proclaim that it was an able, exhaustive, overwhelming argument. However, thanks to the kindness of a friend, we have obtained a copy, which now lies before us. We suppose we may without impropriety comment upon it as others have done.

We are quite delighted with it. We believed that our case is so strong that a decision in our favor must be had; but we know how apt the most impar-

tial and painstaking are to be deceived, when they look long and intently on one side of any case and hear nothing of what is to be said on the other, and we confess that we therefore looked with some anxiety for the case on the other side.

We have got it, and we repeat we are delighted with it. It is as feeble and as flimsy as we could have wished it to be.

It betrays also the dread and apprehension with which the Government look to the result; their consciousness of the intrinsic weakness and badness of the cause they labour to defend. Their organ, the Telegraph, some time ago, told its readers that they need not be afraid of the result of this appeal to what may be called the highest judicial tribunal, and its whole article then proved quite to our satisfaction that the Telegraph itself and some others were very much afraid indeed; and now this "case," which was prepared when the article in the Telegraph was written, fully explains the reasons why they were afraid. When their case was made up they could not help feeling that it was feeble and flimsy.

At the close of their remarks they again show their unconquerable dread of an adverse decision. They say that "in making the foregoing remarks they do not desire it to be understood that they are assenting parties to the submission to the opinion of the Law Officers of the Crown in England of the right of the New Brunswick Legislature to deal exclusively with the subject of Education; on the contrary they now most respectfully enter their protest against any such submission," and say they "force the greatest dangers as likely to arise from such a course." The subject is now before the Supreme Court of New Brunswick, they say, and should the opinion of the Law Officers differ from the decision of the Court, neither the Legislature nor the Courts of New Brunswick, would feel bound by such opinion; and were the Dominion Parliament, acting upon the opinion, to legislate upon the subject, such legislation might be held by the New Brunswick Courts to be ultra vires and of no force or effect. They would regret to see such a conflict of law as might thus arise. They do not seem to be satisfied with the mode of submission to the Judicial Committee either. They say that appeal can be made from the decision of the Supreme Court of this Province by the dissatisfied parties, and that—

"Any other course than this will not prove satisfactory to the people of New Brunswick and in no other judgment will they permit their rights in the matter of the Act in question to be settled."

A decision of the Judicial Committee will settle the legal question, no matter who dislikes it.—St. Johns Freeman

THE IRISH PROTESTANT BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

The president of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society has received the following letter:—

OTAWA, 7th Feb., 1873.

Sir,—I am instructed to convey to you His Excellency's special thanks for the considerate kindness which he received on the occasion of his attending the concert of the Society of which you are President. From first to last he is sensible that the utmost care was taken to make whatever arrangements were most agreeable to his feelings, and he will always entertain the most pleasing recollection both of your individual courtesy, of the cordial reception which he met with at the hands of the audience, and of the peculiar compliment paid to him by the introduction of so many of his mother's songs into the programme.

Among the many gratifying incidents of the entertainment nothing perhaps caused a greater satisfaction than the presence upon the platform of the Presidents of the St. George's and St. Patrick's Societies. Employed as His Excellency has been during the greater part of his life, in endeavouring to promote harmony between all sections of his countrymen in Ireland, it is an unspeakable delight to him to observe that at all events in Canada ancient animosities have been forgotten, and that all classes of Irishmen work together in perfect amity for the good of the Dominion.

As an Irishman he is proud to think that it has been under the auspices of Irish Governor-Generals, and in no small degree by the co-operation of Irish statesmen, that the consolidation of the British Provinces of North America into a mighty State has been so successfully effected.

I have the honor to be, Sir, Your obedient servant, J. LEARD PATTERSON, Private Secretary. THOMAS SIMPSON, Esq., President I. P. B. Society, Montreal.

BOILER EXPLOSION.

Yesterday afternoon, about half-past one o'clock, a fearful boiler explosion took place within the precincts of Bonaventure Station yard. The Hemmingford, a pony engine, numbered 334, was standing on the siding, at the fence nearest Bonaventure street, and within a few yards of the telegraph station and gates, at the foot of Mountain street. The driver was quietly oiling and polishing the works and preparing to do some of the shunting service to which it was exclusively devoted. Suddenly, apparently without any sign or warning, the boiler exploded. The sound was not a very loud one, but the shock was very great, and persons living in the neighborhood started from their houses under the impression that an earthquake was shaking the ground. The driver or engineer, Alexander Kelly, aged 38, was hurled up

and dashed against the side of the adjoining house. On falling to the ground he gave only a few gasps and expired. How far he was lacerated by the explosion we have not yet been able to ascertain. The fireman, Henry Fall, is said to have been under the engine at the time of the accident. He was thrown upon his hands and knees and enveloped in steam and boiling water. The consequence was that he has many bruises and was

badly scalded, although, we are happy to learn, his life is not imperilled. He was immediately transferred to the General Hospital, where he received medical assistance. A woman named Androgan or Hendricken, living in a tenement looking out into the road, had just come down with a pail to fetch water, when, on appearing at the lower door, she was

struck on the head by a fragment of boiler and felled to the earth. She was immediately transported up stairs, and laid upon the floor, suffering terrible agony till Drs. Macdonald and Scott came to her relief. When we visited the house, she had been carried to her bed and was tenderly nursed by two Grey Nuns. Her wound is directly on the top of the head, and so profound that a finger can be introduced into it. The hair was shaved, plasters applied, and cold water kept on, so as to alleviate her torture as much as possible, but there is every room to fear that her case will terminate fatally. All that neighborhood swarms with children, and if the accident had happened half an hour earlier—during school recess—the effect might have been much more disastrous. As it was, the wonder is that more people were not injured. We are told that pieces of iron fell as far as St. Antoine street, and the roof of a Mr. Descairie's house had a

large hole made into it. The adjoining fence is torn to splinters, and the buildings near by are more or less damaged. Poor Kelly was a widower and leaves two children. He was an old and faithful servant of the Company. Fell was unmarried. The coroner impelled a jury and opened the proceedings, but

the main portion of the evidence, that relating to the origin of the accident, will not be heard till today.—Gazette Saturday.

ERRATA.—In the list of officers of the St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society, published in the TRUE WITNESS of last week, we regret that the name of Mr. James Dillon was omitted by mistake, from the Executive Committee.

A. D. Chisholm, Esq., Alexandria, has kindly consented to act as Agent for the TRUE WITNESS in his neighborhood. We hope our Catholic friends there will assist Mr. Chisholm in his efforts to extend the circulation of the paper.

A SHOCKING SCENE.—On Friday night the attention of the officers of the Chaboulez Square Station was directed to the inhabitants of a hotel in Little St. Antoine street, who were creating a shameful disturbance. They at once proceeded to the place, and found on entering the room the dead body of an aged woman, named Hughes. The room was covered with filth, and all the occupants were in a state of intoxication. A man called James Hill and Ann Hughes, daughter of the deceased, were making the air ring with their shouts, and just outside of the door was a strapping young fellow named James Hughes, a son of the dead woman, who was like the rest, in a state of drunkenness. He had spent some time going from one saloon to another begging for a drink, an occupation in which he generally engaged himself. The police arrested the three, and the Recorder on Saturday morning, thinking their services might be required for the funeral of the poor woman, discharged them with a caution not to appear there again under pain of imprisonment.—Mont. Gazette Monday.

THE NOMINATIONS.—As expected, F. Cassidy, Esq., was this morning elected by acclamation for the Mayoralty. His proposers were Messrs. Damasse Masson and James Howley, seconded by A. Boyer M. P., J. Pratt, A. Roy, George Smith, and supported by a number of influential citizens. Mr. Masson made a few remarks in French, and Mr. Howley followed in English. Mr. Cassidy returned thanks in both languages.—Evening Star, 12th inst.

THE SOCIAL EVIL IN QUEBEC.—The Quebec Corporation Act, passed during the last session of the Local Parliament, contains a very important provision, imposing a penalty not exceeding \$200, with the alternative of six months imprisonment, on any person who knowingly leases or sub-lets any premises within the limits of the city for purposes of prostitution. The penalty is to be imposed for every infringement of the law. This enactment aims at depriving the immoral classes of their places of resort, and gives police officers authority to interfere much more effectively than the former law. The Quebec Chronicle asserts that there are in the city nearly 200 houses of ill-fame, with about 600 inmates, who have hitherto been left practically un molested.

STARBUCK AFFRAY.—A most bloody affray took place on Monday between Caintown and Mallorytown. A party consisting of 5 young men, aged about 16 years, was proceeding to the shanties near McIntosh's Mills. Proceeding as they were, they had been indulging in liquor. On their way they overtook a young man named Giles, who was driving a cow, compelling the boy and the cow to go into the deep snow. This irritated Giles, who swore. A little way ahead the young man found that they had dropped a bottle of liquor, and two of them, named Tom Jerry and Dan Hollingsworth, went back over the road to look for it. On their way they met Giles, and Jerry called out "I believe I can lick you." Giles hearing this turned upon Jerry and stabbed him in the back, the knife entering the lung, and again in the arm and face. Hollingsworth, who had remained a short distance off, then came up, and seeing what had occurred, said to Giles, "It is a knife you are using, is it?" and pushed him into the deep snow. "Yes," replied Giles, "and I have a revolver to back it, if it won't do." Giles then passed on, and the other young men coming up, they took Jerry into the sleigh. The doctor pronounced the wounds dangerous, and it is not known as yet whether the boy will recover.—Brookville Recorder.

A touching scene was witnessed at Halifax on the departure of the "Himalaya," having on board the members of the 3rd Brigade, Royal Artillery. Some eighteen women with their children, who were married without leave to the members of the corp, demanded to be allowed to accompany their husbands and parents. Of course this could not be permitted under the regulations, but a subscription was taken up to pay their passage to England in the steamer of the next mail steamer.

A mass meeting of the Catholics of St. John, N.B. was held in the Cathedral a few days ago to protest against the School Act. The Bishop gave an account of the working of the Catholic schools for the past year. The expense of the schools amounted to \$2,930. Of this sum \$2,800 had been raised by the generous subscriptions of the Catholic people. Over 1000 children were receiving a good Christian education from seven Christian Brothers and six Sisters of Charity, to whose care they were entrusted. He closed his address by calling upon his hearers to renew their efforts to support their schools until such a modification of the school law was secured as would give them the rights to which he claimed they were entitled.

PERUVIAN STRAP.—This valuable medicine has been silently making its way into public favor by the numerous remarkable cures it has performed. Its singular efficacy is owing to the protoxide of iron which in this preparation remains unchanged, and is the only form in which this vital element of healthy blood can be supplied.

The blood is composed of minute particles or discs resembling the scales of a fish. Nervous force is the agent by which these discs are conveyed to the exercised muscles. In the several members of the body, the muscles are mostly voluntary, those of the heart, lungs, stomach, &c., are involuntary. In order to restore a diseased or enfeebled organ, it is necessary to promote the strength of muscles through the nervous system. We have no nervous tonic at once so reliable and convenient as Fellows Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, and we, therefore, gladly recommend it in the diseases of such organs as depend for health upon involuntary muscular action.

DIED.

In this city, on the 10th inst., William Heaney, aged 24 years, 5 months and 9 days.—R.I.P.

In this city, on the 14th inst., Michael Keys, aged 17 years. Deceased was a member of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club, by whom, together with a large concourse of people, his remains were followed to the grave on Sunday last, from his father's residence, McCord Street. The funeral was one of the largest that has taken place in Montreal for some time past.—R.I.P.

MONTRÉAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes Flour #1 of 196 lb., Superior Extra, Extra, Fancy, Fresh Supers, Ordinary Supers, Strong Bakers, Supers from Western Wheat, Supers City Brands, and Fresh Ground.

TORONTO FARMERS' MARKET. Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes Wheat, Barley, Oats, Peas, Rye, Dressed hogs, Beef, Mutton, Ducks, Geese, Turkeys, Butter, Eggs, Apples, Potatoes, Cabbage, Hay, and Straw.

KINGSTON MARKETS.

Flour—little change; XXX at \$7.50 to \$8.50 per barrel; spring extra, \$6.50 to \$7.00, and No. 1 superfine wholesale \$3.00, retail \$3.15, retail per 100 lbs.

GRAIN—Barley selling at 55 to 60c. Rye 55 to 60c. Wheat \$1.10 to \$1.20. Peas 55c. Oats 33 to 35c.

POTATOES are plentiful, at about 55 to 65c per bag. Turnips and carrots are scarce at 40 to 50c per bushel.

BUTTER—Ordinary 15 to 16c, packed by the tub or cask; choice lots bringing 2 cts higher; fresh sells at 18 to 20c for lb. rolls. Eggs scarce at 25 to 30c. Cheese, no change on market, 12c; in store 13 to 14c.

MEAT—Beef steady at \$4.50 to \$5.50 per 100 lbs.; killed, fresh selling at \$6.50, best quality. Pork sells mostly at \$6.00, but may be quoted from \$5.50 to \$6.50. Mutton and lamb sell at 5 to 6c. Hams 15 to 18c. Smoked shoulders.

POULTRY—Turkeys from 75 to 1.50 upwards; Geese 60 to 75c; Fowls per pair 50 to 80. Hay \$11.00 to \$12.00 a ton; Straw \$9. Wood selling at \$5.00 to \$5.25 for hard, and \$2.50 to \$3.25 for soft. Coal steady, at \$7.50 delivered, per ton.

MARKETS—Markets has declined, \$7 for unrimmed per 100 lbs. First class pelts \$1.40 to 1.60; Lamb skins the same; Pulled Wool, 35c. Calf Skins 10 to 12c. Tallow 7c per lb, rendered; 4 1/2 rough; Deacon Skins 50 to 60c. Pot Ashes \$5 per 100 lbs.—British Whig.

ST. PATRICK'S HALL ASSOCIATION.

A SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING of the STOCK HOLDERS in the above ASSOCIATION to receive report of Committee named at last annual meeting, and for other purposes, will be held in PERRY'S HALL, Craig Street, on THURSDAY the 27th inst., at 7:30 P.M.

SINTE PARVULOS VENIRE AD ME.

COLLEGE OF NOTRE-DAME, COTES DES NEGRES—NEAR MONTREAL.

PROSPECTUS.

This Institution is conducted by the fathers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. It is located on the north side of Mount Royal, and about one mile from Montreal. The locality is both picturesque and beautiful, overlooking a delightful country, and is without doubt unsurpassed for salubrity of climate by any portion of Canada; besides, its proximity to the city will enable parents to visit their children without inconvenience.

Parents and Guardians will find in this Institution an excellent opportunity of procuring for their children a primary education, nurtured and protected by the benign influence of religion, and in which nothing will be omitted to preserve their innocence, and implant in their young hearts the seeds of Christian virtues. Pupils will be received between the ages of five and twelve; the discipline and mode of teaching will be adapted to their tender age. Unremitted attention will be given to the physical, intellectual and moral culture of the youthful pupils so early withdrawn from the anxious care and loving smiles of affectionate parents. The course of studies will comprise a good elementary education in both the French and English languages; viz: Reading, Spelling, Writing, the elements of Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography and History, besides a course of Religion suitable to the age and capacity of the pupils.

TERMS:

- 1. The scholastic year is of ten months. The classes begin every year in the first week of September and finish in the first week in July.
2. Parents are perfectly free to leave their children in the college during the vacation.
3. Board and tuition, \$12.00 per month, payable quarterly in advance, bankable money.
4. Washing, bed and bedding, together with table furniture, will be furnished by the house at the rate of \$2.00 per month.
5. The house furnishes a bed and straw mattress, and also takes charge of the boots or shoes, provided that the pupil has at least two pairs.
6. Doctor's fees and medicines are extra.
7. A music master is engaged in the Institution. The piano lessons, including use of piano, will be \$2.50 per month.
8. Every month that is commenced must be paid entire without any deduction.
9. Parents who wish to have clothes provided for their children will deposit with the Superior of the house a sum proportionate to the clothing required.
10. Parents will receive every quarter, with the bill of expenses, an account of the health, conduct, assiduity and improvement of their children.—3m26

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of LUDGER STEBBEN, Grocer Trader Montreal.

Notice is hereby given, that the Insolvent filed in my Office a deed of composition and discharge, executed by the proportion of his creditors, as required by law, that if no objection is made to said deed of composition and discharge within three judicial days after the last publication of this notice, said three days expiring on Monday the third of March 1873 the undersigned Assignee will act upon the said deed of composition and discharge, according to the terms thereof.

L. JOS. LAJOIE, Official Assignee.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of NAPOLEON CHAQUETTE, Trader of Montreal.

The Insolvent has made an assignment of his estate and effects to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at his place of business, 284 St. Joseph Street in Montreal, on Wednesday the fifth day of March 1873, at 11 o'clock a.m. to receive statements of his affairs and to appoint an Assignee.

L. JOS. LAJOIE, Interim Assignee. Montreal, 13th Feby 1873.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The future of France is still dark. Every one seems to believe that another revolution is at hand. The South from Bordeaux to the Alps is "redder" than ever, and Gambetta is a "Moderate" in the opinion of its favorite politicians. But on the other hand a great Catholic reaction has set in. The churches are crowded; and men are declaring themselves openly to be true Catholics. In Paris the hundred churches cannot contain the people who frequent them upon the great festivals. On Christmas Day many had to go away unable to obtain admittance, and this is also the case during Novenas and other public devotions. The Archbishop of Paris has obtained a Rescript from the Pope sanctioning the immemorial practice of Midnight Communion at Christmas. The churches were thronged with devout worshippers, and it is estimated that at least 40,000 persons received Holy Communion in Paris on that night alone. The Archbishop has also instituted conferences or sermons for men, not only at Notre-Dame where they have been in use for years, but in various quarters of Paris; and they are exceedingly well attended. About 30 priests have been told off for this work; and they are reaping a real harvest of souls. It is also remarked that in many of the public institutions a considerable change of feeling has set in. Thus one of the Generals noticed the other day the contrast which the present state of St. Cyr presents to its state before the war. A man who knelt down to pray beside his bed is no longer mocked and laughed at, and the same change is observed among the officers in the army and even among the men.—*Tablet*.

M. Thiers appears to have spoken with great frankness to the deputation of the Right who questioned him with reference to M. Bourgeois's departure from Rome. He said, "I regret like you the formation of the kingdom of Italy, but to modify existing facts we should go to war." He also observed that there is at present in Europe "a crusade against the Papacy," the man at the head of this campaign is M. de Bismarck. M. Bismarck's interpellation in the Assembly on Wednesday led to a gratifying discussion. The Government were called upon to choose between Revolution and the Pope. M. Dufaure promised that the Protectorate of the French churches in Rome should remain with the Ambassador at the Vatican. This was the chief point in dispute, and, of course, the interpellation was withdrawn on its concession.

PARIS, Jan. 21.—A significance, which a moment's reflection will show to be quite undeserved, has been made to attach to the conversation of the Comte de Paris with the Duc de Bisaccia, in which the former is said that "there is now only one Monarchy in France." Those who have known what the attitude of the Comte de Paris has been from the first will not see in this sentence any change in it. The head of the Orleans branch has always acknowledged the Comte de Chambord as the head of the family; has always declared that, in the event of his being called to the Throne of France by the nation, he would gladly become his first subject; and has gone so far as to regret that the impracticable position taken up by the Comte de Chambord has rendered any such contingency impossible. The revival of the old story of the Fusion is, therefore, either the invention of the enemies of Monarchy, who want to bring the dynastic question on the tapis at the very moment when it is for the interest of order and good Government in France that the topic should be buried, or it is another instance of the political stupidity of certain Monarchists, who are the *enfants terribles* of their party and run after every canard that flies. In point of fact no Fusion is possible unless the Comte de Paris adopts the White Flag and makes himself as impossible as the Comte de Chambord, or the Comte de Chambord adopts the Tricolor, and thus repudiates his own solemn declarations and the more sacred traditions of his family. Both Princes are perfectly logical, if one does not seem to be very reasonable; but it is quite evident that until the French nation fuses with the Bourbons it will not be possible for the Orleansists to fuse with them, and then they would as a matter of course. It is this *impasse* which contributes, in one sense, the strength, if in another it may be said to be the weakness, of the Conservative party. Both their candidates being clearly impossible, at all events for the present, a Monarchy becomes also impossible, and, in default of a Monarch, the sooner the Monarchists drop the name of Monarchists the better. There is not the slightest difficulty in constituting a Republic which can be turned into a Monarchy at any moment by the simple process of calling the President King. Hitherto the institutions of France have not changed with the name. M. Thiers is working the Republic with the Imperialist machinery untouched, and any King who comes after him can work the Monarchy with the same machinery which has served both the Empire and the Republic. There is certainly this difference—that the successor of M. Thiers, if he were a King, would probably not be so anxious to make his appearance constantly in the Tribune of the Assembly; but this may be the case with the succeeding President.—*Times* cor.

The Japanese Ambassadors, who are travelling through Europe in order to study the refined civilization of modern society, were present on Sunday last at the performance of *Robert le Diable*, the libretto of which, as it ever was, as unintelligible to Frenchmen as it must have been to the Japanese. But it was desired to offer a politeness to our Eastern visitors which is not extended to others, and during the interval which precedes the ballet they were taken behind the scenes, where they were enabled to make a close investigation of European civilization, and to observe what goes on behind the curtain. They found themselves amid a crowd of ladies and girls with cheeks painted with pink, arms and shoulders with white, the corners of the eyes and the eyebrows with black, the lips and ears with carmine, the hair with yellow, with feet imprisoned in instruments of torture of white satin, their bodies covered with a silken web and a mouset of gauze, and their arms, and heads with copper ornaments and artificial gems. All these ladies, who hold that all Orientals must be possessors of incalculable wealth, offered their smiles as gracefully as their painted faces would permit. The Japanese withdrew, filled with admiration at the marvels they had been permitted to witness, and there is no doubt that he among them whose duty it will be to report to the Mikado the results of their experiences must have written to his august master in something like the following terms—

"The most refined European civilization in Europe consists in building great houses which are inhabited by persons who seat themselves in inconvenient chairs in a hall where there is no air, but stifling heat, and where, to please them, a body of unhappy slaves are compelled to undergo the most dreadful sufferings. Some of these blow into copper tubes with a degree of vehemence which exposes them to the risk of an attack of apoplexy; others have wooden sticks which they strike with all their force upon stretched skins or strings; while one placed alone, holding a wooden stick in his hands, waves it about like a Fakir in an ecstatic state. Others, again, appear dressed up in various disguises, and utter cries which recall the shrieks of a victim under the scalping-knife of a Red Indian. There are still others whose limbs have been broken, whose feet are imprisoned, who are painted in different colors, and who are covered with artificial flowers, cotton, and copper, and who go through the most of a fearful contortions, and make the most extraordinary leaps. They walk upon the points of their

toes, whirl about, place their heads, arms, and bodies in the most frightful positions, and are compelled in the midst of this abominable torture to cast the most beautiful smiles upon those who are witnessing their movements, as though their fearful agonies were the most agreeable enjoyment in the world. May it please Ten Si Dai Zen, the Divine Ancestress of the Mikado, for many years to come to preserve the sacred soil of Japan from the products of such civilization."

But what would the Ambassadors have said had they known that on Wednesday, the 15th of January, there was buried in England the former French Mikado, who had lost his throne 30 months previously, and that not a single shop in all Paris was closed on that account, not a theatre suspended its performances? Having made a remark upon this subject to a lady attached to the Bonapartist party, she lifted up the veil which covered her breast, and, showing me a bunch of violets, the emblem of the party, she told me that if I wished to know how many persons that day were mourning for the Sovereign whose funeral was being solemnized at Chislehurst, I had only to observe how many, like herself, wore bunches of violets. "I am sure," she said, "that you could not walk many paces up the Boulevards without meeting many." I at once, as a man seriously desirous of ascertaining a fact, started for a walk up the Boulevards. The weather was splendid, and the crowd so great that it was difficult to make one's way through it. But I sought in vain to find a single bunch of violets among the promenaders. At last, after two hours' search, and when I was about to abandon the attempt, I perceived a tall young man with a bunch of violets at his button-hole. I could not resist my curiosity, and, advancing towards him, I said, "Pardon me, Sir, is that a token of mourning that you wear?" "No," replied he, with an air of surprise, and with an American accent—"I wear them because they are so sweet." This anecdote undoubtedly does not prove that Napoleon III. did not leave behind him in France numerous and sincerely attached friends; but it does prove that in France and everywhere else it is a very rare thing to find men who have the courage of their opinions. Unfortunately, in France, whenever an attempt is made to correct upon the stage a vice or an absurdity, the opposite result is brought about. M. Sarrut, in the *Famille Benoiton*, sought to attack extravagance in dress. The result of his play was the introduction of more extravagant fashions and more costly dresses, known as "*Voilettes Benoitons*." All that now survives of *Rabagas* are the bonnets of most extravagant shape which are worn by all ladies, young or old, dark or fair, and which are known by the name of "*Chapeaux Rabagas*." Never was there such an outcry against luxury, never were so many attempts made to inculcate in ladies' minds the propriety of simple dressing, as since the period of the Commune. Any one who strolls along the Boulevards may see to-day in the window of a *magasin de nouveautés* dresses of black tulle, embroidered by hand, which cost when made £48 sterling each, which are liable to wear in trying them on, and which a fashionable lady, even if they did not cost, could not wear on more than two occasions without losing her character as a woman of fashion.—*Times* cor.

The French Government has issued instructions to the authorities along the Spanish frontier to redouble their vigilance for the prevention of the violations of French neutrality.

SPAIN.

King Amadeus has abdicated. The telegram reports give some details.—MADRID, Feb. 12.—The two Houses assembled at a late hour in the day. The formal message of abdication of King Amadeus was read in each Chamber separately. It opens with the statement that the King has maturely considered the question of what course he ought to pursue with reference to the Spanish throne, and had firmly resolved on that course when he accepted the crown. He did so under the belief that the loyalty of the people who had called him would compensate for the inexperience which he brought to the task. He had found that herein he was deceived. If the enemies who had beset his path had been foreigners, he would not have taken the course now determined upon, but they were Spaniards; by these Spain had been kept in perpetual disquiet. All his efforts to quiet her, or put an end to the intrigues which were the source of her agitation, had proved unavailing. It was not enough that he had a partisan support. He had no wish to remain on the throne as King of a party. He therefore announced his abdication on behalf of himself and his heirs.

Upon the completion of the reading, the Senate and Congress met together in the chamber of the latter and constituted themselves the sovereign of Spain.

Senor Rivero, President of the Congress, was called to the chair, and in a brief speech declared himself ready to answer for the preservation of order and the execution of the decrees of the sovereign power. A vote was then taken on the question of accepting without discussion the abdication of Amadeus, and it was accepted unanimously.

A COMMISSION TO ACCOMPANY THE KING TO THE FRONTIER.—A commission from the members of the Senate and Congress was then appointed to draft a reply to the message, and another commission to accompany the King to the frontier.

A REPUBLIC PROCLAIMED.—Senor Pio then proposed a resolution establishing a republic and vesting in the Assembly the supreme power. The resolution was adopted by a vote of 256 yeas 32 nays. The Assembly was still in session when the foregoing was telegraphed.

LONDON, February 12.—The following despatch from Madrid has just been received.—It is believed here that Senor Rivero, President of the Cortes, will be elected President of the Provisional Government, established by the vote last night. Perfect order is preserved. The attitude of the troops of the regular army and of the National Guard is satisfactory. Arrangements had been made for King Amadeus and the Royal family to leave that city at six o'clock this morning.

It is said the principal Communists of London, Brussels and Geneva have started from those cities for Madrid.

SWITZERLAND.

A BISHOP EXPELLED.—BERNE, February 12.—The Federal Council have decided to expel Bishop Mermillod from the Canton of Geneva.

SWITZERLAND AND THE POPE.—BERNE, Feb. 12.—The Federal Council have addressed a letter to the Papal Charge d'Affaires at Bern, denying in a sharp manner the right of the Pope to dismember the bishoprics in Switzerland. The letter also requires Bishop Mermillod to decide quickly whether he intends to obey the Pope or the Swiss Government.

ITALY.

NAPLES, Feb. 12.—An Italian frigate has sailed from this port for Lisbon to meet Amadeus and convey him to this country; another man-of-war has gone to Valencia to bring away the ex-King's attendants and court equipage.

ROME, Jan. 15.—The Pope, in replying to an address of the Committee of the Roman Curia to-day, spoke of the three temptations of Christ, and added "We, too, continue to be the object of temptations. The worst of these temptations is held out by those who offer us money, and say, 'Holy Father, let us come to the best terms we can; we will give you peace and tranquillity, and from three to six millions. All these things will I give unto thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me.' His Holiness said that the Almighty would give him strength to resist these temptations, and added "You may re-

peat my words to your parishioners, and thus I shall have spoken to the people of Rome. Let us be humble and resist the lust for money. After the temptations of an angel came and ministered to Christ; and thus the angels will come and comfort us."

THE DECEASED EMPEROR.

For many years this man was the arbiter of Europe. His sagacity won the respect, his prosperity the envy of the world. Though comparatively young, he was the Mentor of Sovereigns. The statesman of other lands, including the greatest, shaped their policy in submission to his, and France under his rule became once more the first power in Europe.—Thus far he resembled his uncle, and untaught by the prodigious calamity which had crushed the founder of his dynasty, perished, like that dethroned Colossus by an act of treason against the Holy See. And for this crime, which Italy could not have consummated without his permission, judgment has overtaken him. His whole career, from the day in which he betrayed Pius IX., was a series of transparent blunders, equally fatal to France and to himself. The astute and politic Prince seems from that hour to have been smitten with a kind of imbecility. Every action of his later life was both a mistake and a disaster. The only result of his foolish Italian campaign was to weaken Austria, which might have been the most useful ally of France, and to create Italy, which will be her most unscrupulous enemy. He abandoned the unhappy Maximilian, to whom his word was pledged, but whom he had not the manliness to defend in opposition to the United States, and Mexico will never cease to be a memorial of his dishonor, as Villafraanca will be of his delusion. He allowed Prussia, when he might easily have barred her away, to sign a treaty of peace under the walls of Vienna, and thus enabled her a little later to encamp her armies around the walls of Paris. But by this time his career was ended, and a few hours sufficed to convert the most powerful sovereign in the world into a broken and ruined exile. Such is the fate of Catholic princes who are false to the Holy See.

It is not a grateful task to speak thus of one whose misfortune invite sympathy, and who has mere claim to our regard in spite of his faults, than the crowd of sordid calumniators who fawned upon him when in power, and defamed him in adversity. A kind master and a true friend, who never forgot a service nor failed to acknowledge it, he merited from the France which he made so great and prosperous at least the decency of silence. Yet it is over his dead body that the baser sort of Frenchman, "half fiend and half monkey," raises a howl of exultation. And even this does not satiate the odious passions of such men. To insult a lady is perhaps the lowest infamy to which even a Communist can descend, and when that lady has sat upon the throne of France, and adorned it by all the charms of supreme grace and distinction, she has not on that account lost her title to respect and consideration. Yet she also, the faithful wife and Christian mother, has been the object of cruel jibes and vociferous insults of ruffians who call themselves Frenchmen. The brutality of such men reminds us of the famous words in which Edmund Burke described the still more ill-fated wife of Louis XVI., and most Englishmen will feel that the eulogy of the great orator might be not less fitly applied to the Empress Eugenie than to the Queen Marie Antonette. But the heirs of Danton and Marat pursue her with brutal revilings, and though her virtues might have won pardon for her husband, they cannot even obtain indulgence for herself.

If we have alluded to the great fault of the Emperor's life, which has been so fatally expiated, it is an inexpressible consolation to know that few men have made a nobler or more Christian use of trials and sufferings. In the patient dignity of his resignation, the habitual practice of religious duties, the devout reception of the Sacraments, and the manly profession of true faith and perfect submission to the teaching of the Church, he was greater in the salutary humiliation of his exile than when seated on a throne. In the close of his life he has bequeathed a noble example to his son, who may perhaps one day inherit his honours without his misfortunes, and many a prayer will be offered by the citizens of that England to which he was so faithful a friend, not only for the widowed mother and her child, but for the eternal rest of the husband and father whom they have lost.

We are persuaded that such prayers will be offered also by the august Pontiff whose infallibility the Emperor confessed with so much energy towards the close of his life, while he bit rily deplored his loss of power to restore to him the temporal authority of which he has been for a moment deprived. Pius IX. has outlived Victor, Prim, and Napoleon. Perhaps he will outlive Victor Emmanuel.—*Tablet*.

DEATH OF GOVERNOR GEARY.—EX-GOVERNOR John W. Geary, of Pennsylvania, died suddenly in Harrisburg, at nine o'clock on the morning of the 8th instant. Governor Geary earned considerable distinction as a soldier in the Mexican war and in the rebellion, towards the close of which he commanded the Second Division of the Twelfth Corps. He was once Territorial Governor of Kansas, by appointment of President Pierce, and twice Governor of his native State. At the time of his death he was in his fifty-third year.—*Irish American*.

On the 4th instant, while John Barry, of 55 Spring street, New York, was cleaning snow from the roof of the house, 57 Madison street, he fell to the sidewalk, and died shortly afterwards.

Governor Dix, in a letter to the Sheriff of Erie declining to commute the sentence of John Gaffney now awaiting the death penalty, uses some very significant language expressive of the attitude he is likely to assume in the case of similar appeals for clemency in behalf of other criminals. He says: "I am willing to have it understood that circumstances of a very extraordinary nature will be needed to induce me to interpose for the purpose of annulling the deliberate and well considered determination of juries and Courts."

A Terre Haute girl of 14 years is 6 feet 1 inch in her hose.

Two sick persons should never occupy the same room at one time. Great care should be taken to keep the room well ventilated, and, if needful use a disinfectant. The bedding should be kept sweet and pure.

REMEDY FOR DANDRUFF.—A writer to the *Journal of Pharmacy* states that, having tried without success the ordinary remedies for this troublesome and inconvenient affection, he made a mixture of one ounce of sulphur in one quart of water, and after repeated agitations decanted off the clear liquor. This was applied to the head every morning, and in a few weeks every trace of dandruff had disappeared. After a discontinuance of the treatment for eighteen months, there had been no return of the disease.

CHAPPED HANDS AND LIPS.—This trouble generally afflicts those persons with a languid circulation, relaxed condition of tissues, and impure blood. This being the case, to effect a cure it is evident that these feet a cure it is evident that these predisposing conditions must first be remedied. Consequently all the resources of hygiene should be employed to purify the blood, equalize and strengthen the circulation, and invigorate the muscular and other tissues of the system. One of the best local applications is glycerine, which may be applied in small quantities several times a day, and should be thoroughly rubbed in. It serves to keep the affected parts soft and pliable, and to protect from the air. Gloves lined with wool are good to protect the hand from the cold.

ARGUMENT FOR BEARDS.—There are more solid inducements for wearing the beard than the mere improvement of a man's personal appearance and the cultivation of such an aid to every day diplomacy of life. The hair of the moustache not only absorbs the moisture and miasma of the fogs, but it strains the air from dust and the soot of our great cities. It acts also in the most scientific manner, by taking heat from the warm breath as it leaves the chest, and supplying it to the cold air taken in. It is not only a respirator, but with a beard entire we are supplied with a comforter as well, and these are never left at home like the umbrella and all such appliances when they are wanted. Moffatt and Livingstone, the explorers, and many other travelers say that at night no wrapper can equal the beard. A remarkable fact is, too, that the beard like the hair of the head, protects against the heat of the sun; it acts as the thatch does to the ice-house; but more than this, it becomes moist with perspiration, and, then by evaporation, cools the skin.

A man who accepts this protection of nature may face the rudest storm and the hardest winter. He may go from the hottest room into the coldest air without dread; and we verily believe he might sleep in a morass with impunity; at least his chance of escaping the terrible fever would be better than his beardless companion.—*American Artisan*.

DISCOLORATION OF THE SKIN.—Often persons receive an accidental blow or a fall, from whence discoloration of the skin is apt to ensue. To prevent this, take a little dry starch, or arrow root; merely moisten it with cold water, and lay it on the injured part. This must be done immediately, so as to prevent the action of the air upon the skin. However it may be effectually applied some hours after. Raw meat is not always on hand, and some children have an unsurmountable repugnance for having it applied. These applications are not always of certain effect. There is no remedy for a black eye but bathing in hot water, which is often very tedious, but if immediately applied it is a sure remedy or preventive.

A NEW WAY TO WASH LINEN.—A new mode of washing linen has been introduced and adopted in Germany. The operation consists in dissolving two pounds of soap in about three gallons of water as hot as the hands can bear, and adding to this one tablespoonful of turpentine and three liquid ammonia; the mixture must be well stirred and the linen steeped in it for two or three hours, taking care to cover up the vessel which contains them as nearly hermetically as possible. The clothes are afterward washed out and rinsed in the usual way. The soap and water may be reheated and used the second time, but in that case half a tablespoonful of ammonia must be added. The process is said to cause a great economy in time, labour and fuel.

CEMENT FOR BROKEN CHINA.—A writer in Harper's *Bazaar* recommends the following: "One of the very best methods of uniting pieces of broken china is by the use of boiling milk. The broken surfaces must be very clean, and brought into the closest contact by means of twine, which after being loosely tied, should be twisted up so as to create considerable pressure. The article to be mended having thus been prepared, is placed in a pot and covered with milk that has been carefully skimmed. The pot is placed on the fire, and the milk allowed to boil for an hour or so. After being taken out and allowed to cool, the pieces will be found very firmly united; but it is advisable to leave them tied together for at least a week or ten days, after which they may be freely handled and exposed to moderate degrees of heat and moisture.

KEEPING CREAM.—Next in importance to having milk perfectly pure and sweet, and free from all animal odors, comes the matter of keeping the cream after it is taken off the milk. In the first place, the less milk there is with the cream at the time it is set in the cream jar the better. A great deal of carelessness is shown in this matter, for it is known that milk makes cheese, while the cream only makes butter; and the more milk there is in the cream at churning time, the more cheesy-flavored will be the butter, and therefore, the more likely to spoil afterward, unless excessively salted. Really pure, good butter, requires very little salt, while butter as ordinarily made will soon spoil, unless well salted or kept covered with brine.

BONE FELON.—Of all painful things, can there be any so excruciatingly painful as bone felon? We know of none that flesh is heir to. As this malady is quite frequent, and subject of much earnest consideration, we give the latest receipt for its cure, which is given by that high authority, the *London Lancet*.—"As soon as the disease is felt, put directly over the spot a fly blister, about the size of your thumb nail, and let it remain for six hours, at the expiration of which time, directly under the surface of the blister may be seen the felon, which can be taken out with the point of a needle or a lancet."

BREAKFAST—EPPE'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Eppe has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills.—*Civil Service Gazette*. Made simply with Boiling Water or Milk. Each packet is labelled—"James Eppe's & Co., Homeopathic Chemists, London." MANUFACTURE OF COCOA.—We will now give an account of the process adopted by Messrs. James Eppe & Co., manufacturers of dietetic articles, at their works in the Euston Road, London.—See article in *Cassell's Household Guide*.

WANTED.

A MALE OR FEMALE TEACHER for School Section No. 3, Grant, County Newfrew. Application stating salary, to be made to THOMAS POWER, DAVID BEHAM, JOHN POWER, Trustees or to, S. HOWARD, Sec.-TREA.

A RARE CHANCE

GOING TO IRELAND AND BACK FOR ONE DOLLAR.

To be Drawn at the Fair to be held April, 1873, for the Building of the Immaculate Conception Church, (Oblate Fathers) Lowell, Mass. A First Class Cabin Passage from New York to Ireland and Back, donated by the Inman Steamship Company. TICKETS, \$1 00

Can be had at this Office, or by addressing Rev. J. McGrath, O.M.J., Box 360, Lowell, Mass. The Oblate Fathers appeal with confidence to their friends on this occasion.

N.B.—Winning number will be published in this paper.

ARTISAN'S MUTUAL BUILDING SOCIETY.

Notice is hereby given that the subscription book of the Society for shares in the new class of 1873, of the Accumulating Stock, will be open at the office of the Society, No. 13 St. James Street, on Saturday the first day of March next, and the ensuing days, if required.

By order of the Directors, J. B. LAFLEUR, Sec.-Treasurer. MONTREAL, 1st February, 1873. 26-1m

INFORMATION WANTED.

OF JEREMIAH McCARTHY, Blacksmith and Machinist, who left Cork, Ireland, in June '44 in Her Majesty's Ship "John Bolter" bound to Cape Town. Was in Puebla, Mexico, in May '45; in Kingston, Canada, September of the same year; in Quebec in '46, when last heard from he was in Souris, Prince Edward Island, working at his trade. There is £2,000 left with the undersigned, being the proceeds of his property left in the keeping of James E. Barry, lately deceased, which will be paid to him if alive or to his heirs if he be dead, duly attested. JAMES WALLACE, JOHN B. O'CONNOR, Millstreet, Co. Cork, Ireland.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada, at its next Session, for an Act to incorporate a Company under the name of "The Landed Credit of Canada," with a head office at Montreal. MONTREAL, 6th February, 1873. 26-2m

The beginning of the year is a fit time for subscribing to the valuable, and very cheap reprints of the leading Periodicals of the British Empire, by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company; we therefore publish their advertisement, showing how very moderate are their terms:—

FIRST-CLASS PERIODICALS. BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE. AND THE Edinburgh, London Quarterly, Westminster, and British

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DOMINION BUILDING SOCIETY, Office, 55 St. James Street, MONTREAL.

APPROPRIATION STOCK.—Subscribed Capital \$3,000,000 PERMANENT STOCK—\$100,000—Open for Subscription. Shares \$100 00 payable ten per cent quarterly.—Dividends of nine or ten per cent can be expected by Permanent Shareholders: the demand for money at high rates equivalent by compound interest to 14 or 16 per cent, has been so great that up to this the Society has been unable to supply all applicants, and that the Directors, in order to procure more funds, have deemed it profitable to establish the following rates in the

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT: For sums under \$500 00 lent at short notice..... 6 per cent For sums over \$500 00 lent at short notice..... 5 " " For sums over \$25 00 up to \$5,000 00 lent for fixed periods of over three months..... 7 " " As the Society lends only on Real Estate of the very best description, it offers the best of security to Investors at short or long dates.

In the Appropriation Department, Books are now selling at \$10 premium. In the Permanent Department Shares are now at par; the dividends, judging from the business done up to date, shall send the Stock up to a premium, thus giving to Investors more profit than if they invested in Bank Stock. Any further information can be obtained from F. A. QUINN, Secretary-Treasurer.

JANUARY 1873. GREAT CLEARING SALE OF FURS ALL THIS MONTH AT R. W. COWAN'S, Cor. Notre Dame & St. Peter Str's.

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

ALL ORDERS CAREFULLY AND PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM FOR

COUGHS, COLDS, LOSS OF VOICE, HOARSENESS, BRONCHIAL AND THROAT AFFECTIONS.

THE GUM which exudes from the Red Spruce tree is, without doubt, the most valuable native Gum for medicinal purposes.

Its remarkable power in relieving certain severe forms of Bronchitis and its almost specific effect in curing obstinate hacking Coughs, is now well known to the public at large. In this Syrup (carefully prepared at low temperature), containing a large quantity of the finest picked Gum in complete solution all the Tonic, Expectorant, Balsamic and Anti-spasmodic effects of the Red Spruce Gum are fully preserved. For sale at all Drug Stores. Price, 25 cents per bottle. Sole manufacturer, HENRY B. GRAY, Chemist, Montreal, 1873.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. AND ITS AMENDMENTS.

CANADA, Province of Quebec, } In the SUPERIOR COURT District of Montreal. On the twenty-first day of February next the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said act

EMERY LALONDE, per D. D. BONDI his attorney ad litem. MONTREAL, Jan'y, 15th 1873

EDUCATIONAL ESTABLISHMENT FOR YOUNG LADIES,

DIRECTION OF THE SISTERS OF ST. ANN, ST. REMI, (Near Montreal, Can.) THIS institution was established in 1870, and recommends itself, both by the elegant style of the building, its spacious dimensions, the comfort it affords, and by its facility of access from Montreal and the United States, being situated on the Montreal and New York Railway line, and only at a short distance from the Provincial line.

TERMS OF THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR. (Payable Quarterly, and invariably in Advance.) Board and Tuition (Canada currency) \$50 00 yearly Half-Boarders..... 25 00 " Tuition only..... 10 00 " Music, Piano.....\$1 50 per month..... 15 00 " Drawing..... 0 50 " " " " " 5 00 " Washing..... 1 00 " " " " " 10 00 "

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

FALL TRADE, 1872. NEW WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE IN MONTREAL. J. & R. O'NEIL, Importers of British and Foreign DRY-GOODS, DOMINION BUILDINGS, No. 138 McGill Street, Montreal.

TO THE DRY GOODS TRADE OF CANADA: In presenting to you a notice of our having commenced the business of Wholesale Dry Goods and Importing Merchants, we have much pleasure in informing you that we will have opened out in the above large premises a very full and complete assortment of General Dry Goods, to which we respectfully invite your inspection on your next visit to this market.

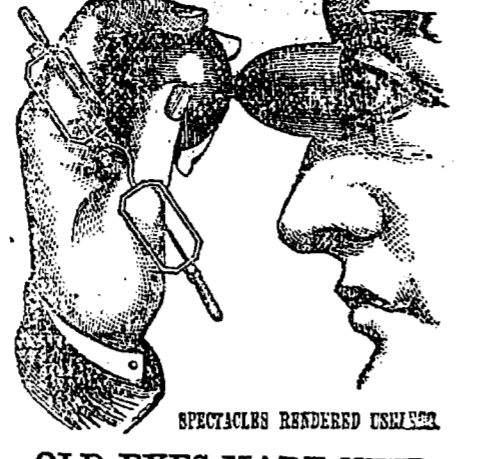
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MANUFACTURERS OF every Kind of Marble and Stone Monuments. A large assortment of which will be found constantly on hand at the above address, as also a large number of Mantel Pieces from the plainest style up to the most perfect in Beauty and grandeur not to be surpassed either in variety of design or perfection of finish.

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OLD EYES MADE NEW. All diseases of the eye successfully treated by Ball's new Patent Ivory Eye-Cups.

Patent Improved Ivory Eye Cups. Many of our most eminent physicians, oculists, students, and divines, have had their sight permanently restored for life, and cured of the following diseases: 1. Impaired Vision; 2. Presbyopia, or Far Sight-ness, or Dimness of Vision, commonly called Blurring; 3. Asthenopia, or Weak Eyes; 4. Epl-phaera, Running or Watery Eyes; 5. Sore Eyes, Specially treated with the Eye Cups, Cure Guaranteed; 6. Weakness of the Retina, or Optic Nerve; 7. Ophthalmia, or Inflammation of the Eye and its ap-pendages, or imperfect vision from the effects of In-flammation; 8. Photophobia, or Intolerance of Light; 9. Over-worked eyes; 10. Mydriasis, moving specks or floating bodies before the eye; 11. Amaurosis, or Obscurity of Vision; 12. Cataracts, Partial Blindness, the Loss of sight.

2309 CERTIFICATES OF CURE From honest Farmers, Mechanics and Merchants, some of them the most eminent leading professional and political men and women of education and re-finement in our country, may be seen at our office. Under date of March 29, Hon. Horace Greeley, of the New York Tribune, writes: J. Ball, of our city, is a conscientious and responsible man, who is incapable of intentional deception or imposi-tion."

Prof. W. Merrick, of Lexington, Ky., wrote April 24th, 1869: Without my Spectacles I pen you this note, after using the Patent Ivory Eye Cups thirteen days, and this morning perused the entire contents of a Daily News Paper, and all with the unassisted Eye. Truly am I grateful to your noble invention, may Heaven bless and preserve you. I have been using Spectacles twenty years; I am seventy-one year old.

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