

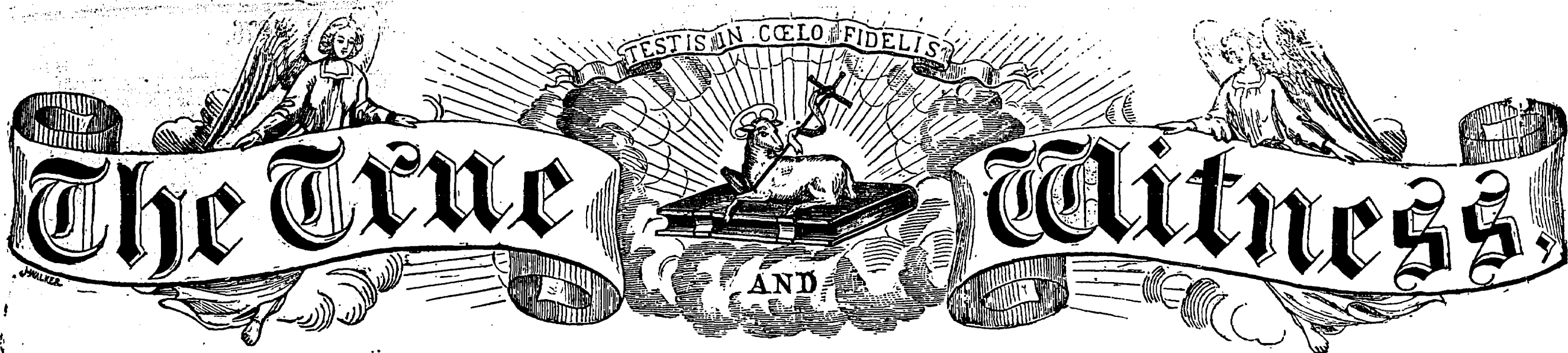
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXVI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 12, 1876.

NO. 39.

AGENTS FOR THE DOMINION. CATHOLIC PERIODICALS.

Table listing various Catholic periodicals such as 'New York Tablet', 'Boston Pilot', and 'Dublin Review' with their respective prices and frequencies.

JUST RECEIVED, A fine LITHOGRAPH of BISMARCK—'SATAN AND THE CHURCH'—size 19x24 inches, Price, 25 cts.

JUST RECEIVED, SERMONS BY THE LATE REVEREND J. J. MURPHY, who lost his life at the fire at Back River on the night of December 4th, 1875.

IN MEMORIAM

Of Mary A. Ford, wife of Augustine Ford, Esq., brother of the Editor of the Irish World, who departed this life on the 18th of April, 1876.

Well who the fond and cherished few Who watched her latest breath, Mourn darkly o'er the grave of her Whose light is dimmed in death.

WINIFRED, COUNTESS OF NITHSDALE.

A TALE OF THE JACOBITE WARS.

By LADY DACRE.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

'Hush, hush, dearest!—remember the children; they must not be orphans:—but we will not unnerve ourselves; I have still much to hear; as yet I have thought but of myself,—I blush that private feeling should so wholly have engrossed me.'

anxieties. But alas! while life was so dreary, so irksome, it was far less precious to him than when the sight of her had brought before him all he was to lose.

which saddened and dispirited her, although she could not, she would not, adopt his view of the subject. This produced a certain reserve. She felt he restrained his own feelings for her sake, that he smothered the anticipations of which she could not endure to hear the utterance; and the open communication of thought was at an end!

The 9th of February, on which day the lords were to receive their sentence in Westminster Hall, was fast approaching. On the 8th, Lady Nithsdale passed some hours with her husband.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

A SINGULAR HORSE DISEASE.—A horse belonging to Mr. J. B. Smith, was a few days ago discovered to be sick. He gave him rest, and applied such remedies as he thought would relieve him.

IRELAND.

ITS HISTORY and its PEOPLE  
ITS POSITION AMONG NATIONS.

We transfer to the True Witness from the *Catholic Record*, of April, 1873, the following admirable article on Ireland, from the pen of the late Dr. Moriarty. It will, we are sure, be read with interest.

With its back to Europe and its face to the West, receiving the full shock of the mighty billows of the Atlantic on its northern, western, and southern shores; stands the fair and fertile island named Ireland. Nature has bestowed on this little isle, this speck of earth, a mere freckle on the surface of the globe, the most bounteous gifts. As if destined to high fortunes, it is placed on the west of the Continent, an advanced post, the depository of the keys of the ocean, charged to open for European vessels the highways of commerce, and to offer to America's industry the first harbors, fourteen of which can receive its safe anchorage all the navies in the world. The bowels of its ground are enriched with precious metals; the most fertile soil in the world has been planted on the rock that serves as a base; the seaboard teems with a variety of the finest fish, and the land is so marvellously productive that it could maintain a population of twenty millions. Nature having made these rich presents, further labored to embellish the country. She has traced the mountains with infinite grace, interspersed the plains with smiling slopes and glistening lakes; with graceful meadows and full of sap and vegetation.

IRELAND'S PEOPLE.

This first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea, has a history, which, though generally shaded and sad, stretches away back amid the waves of time far beyond the Christian era. A race have trod its soil who have made themselves felt in almost every country of the globe. To civilization they have communicated some of the most quickening impulses; to science, poetry, oratory, history, art, they have given some of their most illustrious names. Heroic souls, whose achievements are conspicuous on the rolls of fame, and whose thoughts have influenced the world's destinies, claim Ireland as their birthplace. Glory has blended with her dust. It is a land of noble form, of gorgeous traditions, of heroic memories. Its monuments tell in their gray ruins that have withstood the storms of time, of a great past, to which the hearts of its people fondly and proudly turn. The voice of soldiers, scholars, saints, speaks from the dim past, amid the echoes of ages as they sweep along the avenues of time.

IRELAND'S MUSIC.

It is the land of song, and how rich and plaintive the music that comes from this region of the harp, stirring the pulses with its notes of sadness, or flushing the cheek with its fire and passion. That music, even now favorably received throughout the world, attests the genius of the people from whom these celestial effusions have emanated, and exhibits a state of society conversant with every graceful form of imagery and thought, with innocence that suspects no vice, impulsion that knows no selfishness, and resignation never verging on despair. That music, low and sweet, martial or melancholy, melting into softness or kindling to heroic ardor, has gone direct to the heart of the world. It tells of woes, wrongs, oppressions, as it sighs over the historic past. It seems to be the pathetic utterance of an imaginative, high-souled and passionate race, who are endeavoring to escape from a dreary present by taking refuge in the memories of a gorgeous past. Strikingly does it contrast with their wit and humor, gay, glancing, tender, buoyant, as though they were strangers to sorrow and tears. And when we add to these the fervor and genius of the people; their passionate love of kindred and country; their pure morals; their courageous faith; their unconquerable fidelity; their bravery; their ardor for civilization, have we not a land worthy the profoundest admiration! A land of which it is hardly too much to say:

"One-half its soil has walked the rest,  
In poets, heroes, saints and sages."

The bulk of the population is of the Celtic race, preserved in Ireland in more complete purity than in any other land; but it would be difficult to conceive of any people being more unfavorably circumstanced in regard to national development. That there is no inherent defect in the old Celtic stock is evident from even a slight examination of their history.

ITS ANNALS.

The Irish annals regarding the dark period of the first inhabitants are much of the same complexion as similar traditions of all other countries, giving suspiciously minute accounts of tribes that in succession poured into the country; and how much is legend and how much is fact, in what is recorded of them, no one can tell. Some persons who hate Christian Ireland, give vent to their malignity in revilements of the exalted extravagance of its legendary lore. But we may very justly remark, as Greece without offence had its Achilles, Latium its Eneas, Rome its Romulus, and it affords us literary pleasure to hear Homer and Vigil singing about "gods and godlike men," why should not bards and sennachs give to Ireland potentates and warriors of admirable renown, although of mythical character? In the twilight of history, the Celtic tribes of ancient Ireland cannot appear better or worse than their contemporaries in other lands.

When a dawning of historic light breaks through the gloom of antiquity, we find the veritable record of a grand noble tribe which Milesius conducted to Ireland many hundred years before the Christian era. Their tribal name was Scotti, and from the predominance they acquired, the whole population were long called Scots. That they enjoyed a high order of civilization in that far-off time, and were remarkably refined, throughout many generations, when the neighboring people were sunk in barbarism, is a fact attested by incontrovertible testimony.

ST. PATRICK.

It is close upon fifteen hundred years since a foreign saintly priest with the Roman name Patrick, arrived in Ireland to preach the gospel to the yet heathen inhabitants. The religion of the people at that period was not a gross, debasing superstition, but a worship of remarkable purity and simplicity. They adored a supreme deity under the name of Bael, and regarded the neat-giving, fruit-giving, and life-giving sun as his visible emblem. They had not to abandon cruel sacrifices or corrupting rites, hence they accepted the gospel without hesitation, and the life of that one Christian missionary saw the conversion of the whole nation. Apart from the special grace of heaven, the reason for this immediate acceptance of the truth lay in the fact that the nation, even then ancient and of an origin lost in the mist of ages, was in a state of high civilization, full of intelligence, fitted for the reception of sublime truth. In other countries the gospel seed had to be watered with martyrs' blood ere it bloomed and fructified; but in Ireland a general soil was opened to generous hearts for the law of charity, and the smiles of refined hospitality lighted the path for the apostle bearing the glad tidings of salvation.

THE SHAMROCK.

The Shamrock, which on one occasion supplied the holy preacher with a ready figure of the adorable Trinity, has ever since been the national emblem. It is a type of the inseparable conjunction between Irish intellect, Irish faith, and Irish patriotism. All these have passed through many trials and

tribulations, but that sacred emblem is still the guarantee of a living soul, a living religion, a living nation. The beasts of the field may trample the plant for a season, but the creative breath blows it; the sun of heaven shines upon it; the air of divine providence freshens it and it springs to life again brighter and more lasting than ever. A thousand times "the heathen raged and imagined a vain thing," nothing less than the extinction of a vain thing; nothing less than the destruction of the divine Shepherd, yet a thousand times they have been foiled and exhausted in the efforts to uproot that which Omnipotence has sown, wisdom has nourished, and sanctity has preserved. No malice can destroy the faith, the mind, and nation, while that token of heaven's covenant grows in the soil of Ireland.

From her new birth in Christianity, Ireland is seen moving along the stage of life in a golden age of surpassing brilliancy and marvellous duration. Of this we are informed by the chronicle of Irish worthies which makes up the largest page in the calendar of saints; this fact is attested in the archives of every nation attributing their revived civilization to Irish influence. There is nothing in history better ascertained, or so generally acknowledged, that when all learning in Europe was enveloped in clouds, the sombre darkness was repelled from the Church in Ireland, and the light reflected from the sanctuary preserved in her cloisters, the intelligence and science which irradiated whole empires, and eventually became the light of the world in the diffusion of knowledge, together with the sacred gift of revealed religion. Is it not well-known, even by those who have the least historical knowledge, that the barbarians who broke up the Roman empire, which included the whole of the then known civilized world, devoted in their savage march whole libraries to the flames, and sought with ruthless havoc to crush in one heap of ruin all the remains of classical antiquity? The lustre of learning, the elegance of fine arts, the sublimity of science, had no charms in the eyes of vandals; on the contrary, rather, served to upraid them with the disgrace of their ignorance.

THE DARK AGES.

Light was to them as the sunshine to the owl—they loved darkness because their deeds were evil. Ireland secured the sacred deposit of religion and of learning, and at the first opportune moment elevated the prostrated mind through the impulses of piety and education. Thus it happened that the missionaries of Christianity and civilization swarmed over Europe from those marvellous hives of erudition, the monasteries and colleges of the fair western isle. Until this day memorials of those benefactors of the nation are found among the people living near to the Neva, the Danube, and the Rhine. Many names of Irish promoters and patrons of truth and culture are inscribed upon the cathedrals and academies that dot the plains of France, the gardens of Italy and Spain, the mountains of Switzerland and the shores of the Mediterranean and the Baltic. Such monumental history elevates the character of a nation above the fog of myth, legends, and romance, and gives us substantial proof that the spirit of poetry, of Attic elegance, of chivalry, of fordid eloquence in religion, in politics, and the social life, all found a congenial home in Ireland.

THE LIGHT SHINES.

This ancient civilization, and the noble titles it bestows, are maintained, so that Ireland enjoys at the present time a vitality prolonging her religious and intellectual age far beyond the duration of other nationalities. In fact, the other character of the people in relation to religion, pure, holy, and unadorned, genuine civil virtue, pure morality, mental cultivation, and refined civilization, is, indeed, a profligy, which we consider the ordeal through which they have passed. Many thoughtful men, philosophers and scholars, in this country and abroad, have judiciously declared that if any other nation, even the most refined, such as France, Italy, or America, had endured a tibe of the destructive influences that for centuries have operated against Ireland, it would have been desolated like Egypt, Greece, or Carthage; it would be sunk in irretrievable barbarism. In fact, all that Satanic ingenuity could devise and human malignity could execute, has labored for the ruin of Christian Ireland. Infidelity toiled to poison the air of life, murder plied the dagger, robbery snatched the very crumbs of food, the despoiler used every machinery for extermination, so that throughout long ages the bright lines of her history are blotted, every page being wetted with the blood or tears she shed.

ENGLISH TYRANNY.

Under a foreign usurpation, which in the heraldry of iniquity is marked as the vice-royalty of hell, atrocious crimes have been committed, that are distinguished by a depravity more aggravated than is signified by their ordinary names in other regions, so that the cruelties, plunderings and assassinations committed in Ireland by barbarous, bloody, brutal Britain, associate ideas of peculiar and unique crime. That which the hell-inspired intruders named law would in the administration of Nero be designated a sanguinary edict. Those emissaries of Satan only legalized murder, it being decreed that it was no crime to kill an Irishman. Parricide was encouraged, the ap-statute son being rewarded with his father's confiscated property. Holy marriage, God's own fundamental institution, was made a capital felony. The slaughter of the servants of the altar was made a commercial enterprise, five pounds sterling being paid for the head of a murdered priest. More than all, Belshazzar Britain was not to be satiated by banqueting on flesh and blood within the halls of Time; it coveted to gorge its appetite in spiritual orgies, reaching into the domain of eternity. Yes, it sought for the ruin of the human mind, and forbade the teaching of a school under penalty of death. Let us remember that until a recent period Ireland was systematically and by degrees desolated by pestilence, fire, famine, and the sword. Ten out of the whole eleven millions of acres were confiscated and parcelled out amongst hordes of heathens and publicans; the population was reduced to nine hundred thousand, who had to betake themselves to the forests and the mountains. Now, let us ask, where in that Sahara, in that dreary waste and wilderness seemingly moistened only by the spray from each successive wave of foreign intrusion, crested with the foam of iniquity, where, we ask, can be found one single furrow wherein the smallest seed or the slenderest plant of learning and civilization could be set? Yet, mysteriously and magnificently over the whole land waves the everlasting harvest of the mind. With the index of contemporary history pointing to men and facts, we can confidently declare that in everything belonging to mortal, moral, and many excellence, Ireland is a prodigy. How is this to be accounted for? Most certainly the civilization that culminated in the refinement of holy faith at the first preaching of the Divine Word, never declined in ever blooming, verdant, fair, and fertile Christian Ireland. Examine the population judiciously, and after the most severe scrutiny, they will be found to be physically, morally, and intellectually, foremost in the human family. In philosophy, in literature, in liberal arts and science, Irishmen are favorably compared with the scholars of every nation.

THE STRENGTH OF IRELAND.

The Atlantean endurance of a world of oppressions proves the giant strength of the nation. The population is the wonder of the universe; it rises like the swell of the ocean, despite the drains of war, impoverishment, pestilence, and emigration, because it has all the virtues that render it productive. The industry of Ireland not only achieves

all which the jealousy of heathen England will allow it to achieve at home, but works the factories, opens the mines, digs the canals, constructs the roads, mans the navies, recruits the armies, and tills the soil of half the world that speaks the English language. Ireland is a competitor, most frequently a crowned rival, in every arena where laudable ambition aspires, and virtuous honor is rewarded. What feat of arms cannot the Irish people perform—what Senate will they not enliven with brilliant oratory—what forum will they not enrich with legal lore?—A very fair estimate of the character of Christian Ireland, may be obtained by the method of comparison. Let us then compare with its only malignant rival, brutal, blaspheming England. Although every earthly disadvantage has been on the side of Ireland, and every advantage has been enjoyed for centuries by her inveterate foe, if we take the mass of the people or man for man, we will find in all that appertains to cultivation of mind and heart, that the Irish are as superior to the English, as Americans are to Hottentots. The ignorance of the English people has been denounced in Parliament; it is published in reports of government inspectors; it has been proclaimed in the speeches of philanthropists; and from those sources of reliable information, we receive the exhibition of a social condition inferior to that of the Cannibal Islands. The rural population, the peasantry proper, are the least moral, the most ignorant and stupid in the world; they are named by an English writer, "*Barn-door Savages*." Whatever intelligence the operatives possess is applied to purposes of infidelity and immorality; crimes that cannot be named with them as ordinary usages of life. Ireland is the very opposite of all this English deformity.

IRISH VALOR.

The philosophy of history teaches that when a nation is inspired by piety and pure morality it is preserved in a generous blood, in a vitality always youthful and blooming. Hence always spring the gallant races, the vigorous stocks, the beautiful and robust nations of the earth. Such is the condition of Ireland. The military reputation of the Irish is a truism of history, and by it they are ranked amongst the bravest of the brave. It is principally on this account that France claims them for a kindred people. "In the long wars of Louis XIV.," says the Duke St. Simon, "the Irish performed prodigies of valor." Hence it occurred that the Great Monarch declared: "It is my will that the Irish enjoy the rights of Frenchmen without having need of naturalization." Spain verifies the tradition of the Milesian emigration from her shores, and claiming to be a kind of mother country of the Irish race, feels proud of her progeny. The present opportunity will not allow the full narrative of the martial deeds of Irishmen when battling alongside the noble Spaniard, when they felt the throb of the ancient kindred, and the blood of a common origin warmed their hearts, and they marched together when "Europe trembled beneath the tread of Spanish infantry." We may briefly and satisfactorily conclude on this point from Lord Holland's reminiscences of foreign travels, in which, speaking of Spain, he says: "There, amidst the most ancient and chivalrous nobility of Europe, the descendants of the Irish rank highest." We are sorry to see the chivalry of Ireland shaded by the piratical flag of perfidious Britain; but it serves our present purpose to notice the fact that the Irish are the principal strength of the British army, and have generally insured a victory. An Irishman, Wellington, with an army that was principally made up of Irishmen, swept the Peninsula, and immortalized the name of Waterloo. An Irishman, Keane, with Irish soldiers won the battle of Afghanistan, and planted the standard at Ghuznee. An Irishman, Gough, with the same forces subdued China, and afterwards conquered at Guzerat and the terrible battles of the Sutledge. We must pass over a vast number of heroic deeds conspicuous within this century; but we cannot omit the great battle of Menace in Northern India, when Sir Charles Napier, an Irishman, conquered the armies of Seinde. Against fifty thousand enemies he had only three thousand soldiers, of those four hundred only were Europeans, an Irish regiment of Tipperary men. When the General beheld them, sustaining single-handed the brunt of battle, with dauntless valor withstanding countless hordes, then dashing forward, sweeping all before them, he could not avoid exclaiming, "Magnificent Tipperary!"

THE BEMIGION OF IRELAND.

Charity, humanity, generosity, and all the noblest virtues of the heart, are at this hour the conspicuous characteristics of Christian Ireland, and they are the genuine results of its religion. The inestimable treasures of faith, hope and charity, it has preserved amid the corruptions and confusion of the surrounding world. The bitter enemies of Christianity have been endeavoring to detract from the honor of Ireland by dragging into notice some examples of degeneracy which have become depraved by falling into the purloins of corruption. Those exceptions, which, from their rarity, are the more noticeable, confirm the rule. The influx of evil associations from other regions, their political corruption and social contamination, have not been able to efface the honorable traits engraven on the national character.

Attacked in all his rights the Irishman had to yield to force in all save one—that of worshipping God according to his conscience. In the defence of his religion—the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Faith—the Irishman has never been conquered; invaded, oppressed, driven from his native soil by the "gates of hell," in the preservation of his religion he has enjoyed the sanctuary and the altar as a country a home. Neither infidelity, heresy, nor schism, could ever supplant the faith once given to the saints. All trials, and tribulations, anguish, famine, pestilence, expatriation, death have been endured, all, except apostasy from Christ and His Gospel. Although we have to listen sometimes to the invectives of heathens and publicans poured out in the Gentile rage against Christian Ireland, it is pleasant to hear the good things that people have to say about us. It is pleasant, therefore, to remember that Ireland's greatest enemies have been forced again and again to acknowledge that whatever faults and failings may be noticed in a few wanderers from the path of justice scattered about on the outskirts of civilization, no great national blot rests on their social and domestic lives. The voice of Ireland has never called for a divorce court. The voice of Ireland has never cast contempt on the Lord's own institution of holy matrimony. Not from Ireland has come that scorn for the old—that irreverence for years—that hatred of all religious influences so characteristic of the present day. Not from Ireland has come that degraded idea of womanhood, which would sacrifice the dignity of the mother and the spotless innocence of the maid on the altar of a wild recklessness, the sure and awful forerunner of a wilder licentiousness. Not from Ireland have come those fashionable mothers who care not for children, those fashionable wives who talk to their third and fourth husband whilst the first is living. The Irish have faults, and their parents to the time of Adam to answer for, but as a rule Irish homes are pure; national morality is a real thing; and this blessing is due to that reverence for religion which has always been warmly cherished. This strikes the observation of intelligent and upright men, who gratify their curiosity in researches after the beautiful, the good, and the true. Out of a vast number of impartial testimonies on this score I will be satisfied with one, Mr. Biley, a French gentleman and scholar. "In a narrative of his travels the eminent foreigner says of Ireland: 'The most remarkable element, the richest and certainly the most full of life,' of this land so life full, is the

population itself. No European race, that of the Caucasus excepted, can compare with it in beauty. The Irish blood is of a purity and distinction which strikes all strangers with astonishment.'

THE THAIRS OF THE PROPHET.

In Ireland there are as many different physiognomies as individualities. Rags, misery and manual labor have no effect upon those native endowments. Even beneath the thatched cabin of the poor peasant, in the midst of the potato-field, which yields the sole nourishment, those traits develop themselves with unmistakable vividness. In the most wretched streets of the older quarters of Dublin, the most ideal triflings of the pencil would grow pale before the beauty of the children; and in the crowd which each day passes along the various thoroughfares there is certainly the most magnificent collection of human beings it is possible to meet. The race is as strong as it is handsome, as vigorous as it is charming, and owes to the fervor of religious faith a domestic morality quite exceptional. All those beautiful young girls, with eyes so pure, foreheads of snowy whiteness, and of stature so commanding, know not even the name of evil. One can clearly see that the blood which flows in their veins has never been vitiated by the misdeeds of preceding generations.

We produce those references to Irish worth without any impulse of classish egotism, or the vulgar conceit of national adulation. Our motive is to pay the tribute due to Christian Ireland, and thus alight gratitude for the gifts of heaven; and benediction to Him who condescends to make His name glorious amongst the Gentiles. In the pursuance of such honorable purposes, it is gratifying to notice the repulsion of the howlings of the heathen through the admiration expressed for Ireland by Christians, scholars and gentlemen. Therefore, we cannot omit a recent testimony of an American gentleman in relation to Ireland, which is a most valuable retort upon the stupid, sordid, and sacrilegious calumnies of "The Holy Isle."

THE NORTH AND SOUTH.

In a lecture lately delivered before a crowded audience at Memphis, Tennessee, Mr. Walk, an eminent Protestant minister of the Episcopalian denomination, spoke of Ireland as follows: "My business is to state facts, not to make them. Of course I had ever been taught, in fact, I had read it in the Sunday school book, that the North of Ireland, which is supposed to be Protestant, is greatly superior to the South of Ireland, which is supposed to be Catholic. Now, I have been through Ireland, from the extreme South to the extreme North, and I aver, upon the honor of a gentleman and a Christian, that a grander fraud than the assumed superiority of the Protestant over the Catholic population of Ireland was never palmed off upon an innocent and unsuspecting public. It is pitiful when men attempt to coin religious capital out of such material. On the other hand, I saw more squalor, more abject misery, more poverty and wretchedness in Glasgow and Edinburgh, than in the whole of Ireland put together. Scotland is Protestant; Ireland is Catholic. I say it is my business to state facts as I see them, and not to allow religious prejudice to blind my eyes to the truth. The sun of heaven shines on no fairer land than the South of Ireland. From Malloy, on the Blackwater, to Cork, on the Lee, it is pure and beautiful as a dream in the heart of a sinless maiden. I saw just two cities in Europe which I should care to live in. One of these is Dundee, in Scotland; the other Cork, in Ireland, with a decided preference for Cork. Everywhere in Ireland I was treated like a gentleman. Never for a single instant was I maltreated by a human being. Comparing the types of female beauty in the various lands I visited, I must say that the Irish ladies are pre-eminently the most beautiful. There is no exaggerating the peerless, queenly beauty of your Irish lady. There are no such complexions in all this world."

When we see so many pages of history darkened by the accumulated calamities that oppressed Ireland during so many generations, it may be asked, "Why has so much woe befallen a nation so Christian, so pure and generous, in return for the great services rendered to religion and civilization?" All preplexity on this score vanishes when the enlightenment of gospel knowledge conducts us beyond the limitations of sensuality, unto a consideration of our relations with the supernatural order. In all that appertains to manly honor, to pure morality, and sincere religion, Ireland is unchanged, and preserved as an exemplary fact of the greatest importance. It is shown that, not only in the case of particular individuals, but even in a whole nation, the beauty of integrity will not wither in the cold, dreary catacomb; will not pine in the captive's cell; will not perish at the burning stake, nor die out on the martyr's scaffold; but will live imperishably until it smiles in the joyous light of eternal day. Ireland inspired by gospel truth, arose bright and glorious to the dignity of "Island of Saints." Until the present time she carried that noble distinction, unblemished and untarnished; and she triumphs in the hope that, like a summer's setting sun in our fair western sky, she will carry it in luminous type into the ocean of eternity, to be recorded in celestial glory.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

EXCHANGE OF SOULS—SCIENCE BAFLED.

The members of the Medical Juridical Society of St. Petersburg, have been greatly perplexed, and placed in extreme doubt and astonishment on being made aware of the following circumstances.

By an order of the Emperor of Russia, an investigation has been made into an extraordinary case of Metempsychosis, or the transmigration of one human soul into the body of another. The authenticity of this case is guaranteed by the medical hebdomad *Journal of St. Petersburg*. The facts were detailed in a newspaper published at New Westminster, British Columbia; these were afterwards affirmed by the Imperial Russian Governor at Orenburg, were minutely examined by Professor Orlov of St. Petersburg, and were attested by several medical men of New York, to whom Prof. Orlov communicated the whole facts and circumstances. In the month of September, 1874, a wealthy Israelite named Abraham Charkow, was very ill, confined to bed, and suffering from a very aggravated attack of typhoid fever, at his residence at Orenburg in Russia. He was a native of the place, was married, the father of seven children, and known to every one in the locality.

On the 22nd of the same month, he seemed to be on the point of death, and the doctor who attended him lost all hope of his recovery. Many Jews were invited to attend the last obsequies of their dying friend. They had commenced to recite the prayers for the dead wax tapers were lighted, and the wife and children wept bitterly. Suddenly the dying man rose up in his bed, drew a long sigh, and commenced to breathe more freely. He looked with astonishment on those who stood by his bed, and then fell off into a deep sleep.

The physician announced that the sick man would recover. He slept peacefully all night, but what happened next day is almost incredible. When he awoke from sleep, he could not recognize his wife and children, and pushed them angrily from him, when they approached. He spoke, besides, a language which no one could understand. Formerly he could speak nothing, but a corrupted dialect of German, Hebrew and Russian but when they spoke to him in that language which he had always hitherto employed, he could not understand one word. After a week of convalescence, he was well enough to leave his bed, but refused to put on the clothes he had previously worn. Several medical

men visited him and came to the conclusion that he had become insane. Charkow was tall in stature very thin and had dark hair. His beard was long and black and his forehead was deeply furrowed horizontally.

He continued to speak in an unintelligible language, and refused to recognize his family. His father and mother appeared also strangers to him. One day by chance he saw himself in the mirror, and he gave utterance to a loud and fearful cry. He fell down rubbing his long Hebrew oriential nose, passed his fingers through his long curling hair and flowing beard, and again he cried out in the bitterness of anguish, and became unconscious.

The circumstances produced the utmost sensation at Orenburg, and a report of it was made to the medical section of the Ministry of the Interior at St. Petersburg. The Government ordered that the Jew, his family, and other witnesses should be sent immediately to St. Petersburg to be interrogated and examined by the medical faculty there.

The enquiry was conducted by Professor Orlov, one of the most scientific men in Russia. What was the astonishment of the Professor when the illiterate Jew of Orenburg spoke the purest English with fluency and even with elegance. He wrote that language grammatically, and his orthography was correct; his family and his relations insisted on maintaining that Abraham, during his whole life had never spoken anything but a jargon, consisting of Hebrew, German and Russian and that he could only write in the Hebrew character.

The astonishment of the professor augmented, when the Jew informed him in English that he was not Abraham Charkow at all that those whom they said were his wife and children and relations were perfect strangers to him—that he was not a native of Orenburg—that he had never lived there, and that he was not a Russian—that his name was Abraham Durham—that he was born in the town of New Westminster, British Columbia—that he was a furrier, that he had a wife and one child there, that by some strange unaccountable accident he had found himself changed in appearance, that he had always been of low stature and stout and had fair skin and light colored whiskers and hair.

The Professor and his brethren did not know what to think. The man spoke English correctly whilst the wife and children and the other witnesses insisted that he was a Russian Jew without education and that his name was Abraham Charkow.

Whilst the enquiry was in progress and the Charkow family were kept under surveillance Abraham disappeared one fine morning on board an English vessel bound for Hull. After his departure, his case fell out of mind, but the facts that subsequently came out are still more wonderful.

In 1875 Professor Orlov was sent by the Russian Government to America to make arrangements on behalf of his Government for the exposition of Russian produce at the Centennial Exhibition.

Being in New York, a copy of the New Westminster Press happened to come under his notice, and he read the following notice.

An event has just happened in New Westminster which has caused the greatest wonder throughout the whole territory of British Columbia. On the 22nd September 1874, a fur merchant of this town, suffering from typhoid fever was not expected to recover. He had been given over by his medical attendant, and there seemed to be no hope for his recovery; but the dying man regained his strength, and soon became convalescent. A most astonishing circumstance, however, developed itself. The patient who was an intelligent Englishman, had completely forgotten his mother-tongue and spoke a language, of which none of his friends understood one syllable, but a person living in the town recognized in his words an idiom mixed with German and Hebrew.

The patient before his illness, was short, stout and fair, but now he has become thin and cadaverous in appearance and did not recognize his wife or his child. He persisted in saying, that he had a wife and children in another country. Every one came to the conclusion that he was laboring under a mental delusion. A short time afterwards a traveller came suddenly from Europe, who possessed the classic type of the Jew, and he insisted that he was the husband of the wife of the patient. He spoke to the woman in the same language that her husband had been accustomed to speak to her. He entered into the most minute details of their past domestic life, to the great astonishment of the family. On hearing them speak and converse the past, the woman was so much moved that she nearly lost her reason. She said to him, Who are you? How do you pretend to be my husband? When she heard him speak she was ready to believe that he was her husband, but the moment she looked at him, the charm was broken, for that stranger with the distinct Jewish type of features could certainly not be the husband whom she had nursed with so much care during his illness. But the man established his rights by divulging to her the most intimate secrets of their past conjugal life.

The Professor read and re-read this strange recital. The affair at Orenburg came at once to his recollection, and he was convinced that the two cases must have a connection with each other. He wrote to the Russian Minister of the Interior an account of the facts, as set forth in the newspaper, and obtained permission to go to British Columbia to make full and particular inquiries. In the month of June the Professor arrived at New Westminster, and to his great surprise he found the Jew of Orenburg there, Abraham Charkow, who had disappeared from St. Petersburg, insisting that his name was Abraham Durham.

But there was also the man whom the Jew had described to him: a man of small stature, stout, of a fair skin and light colored hair. This man, his wife, his friends and the neighbors called Abraham Durham an intelligent and well educated Englishman. But ever since the crisis of his disease, on the 22 September, 1874, exactly at midday, this man had completely forgotten his personal identity, and the English language which he formerly spoke, and then spoke amidom which no one could understand. Having conversed with him, the Professor at once perceived that he spoke the ordinary Jewish dialect of Orenburg. He asked him who he was, and he replied that he was Abraham Charkow, a Jewish merchant born and resident at Orenburg; in Russia, where his parents resided. He gave correctly the names and ages of all his relations, and described exactly their appearance and physiognomy.

The Professor was almost struck dumb with astonishment. There was evidently no trickery about the matter, for both these individuals were serious in their statements, and each had completely lost the language he had previously spoken and inversely had acquired the language of the other. Incomprehensible it was, that the change between the two men occurred precisely at the same moment of time on the 22nd September, 1874. Both men were ill of the same disease, typhoid fever, and both were in *articulo mortis* (on the point of death.)

The distance between Orenburg and New Westminster is about 9000 miles, but the two places stand exactly opposite to each other on the terrestrial globe, whence Professor Orlov concluded, that if Metempsychosis or the transmigration of souls were within the bounds, of possibility, the case of these two Abrahams, the one in Russia, the other in America, offered an indisputable proof. His opinion was fortified by the fact that these two individuals had undergone the change at precisely the same moment of time. The crisis of the Russian took place on the 22nd September, 1874, at midnight exactly, and the Englishman in British Columbia experienced a transformation the same

day at mid-day. The difference of time, and of longitude, between Orenburg, and New Westminster, causes that when it is midnight at Orenburg, it is mid-day at New Westminster.

Is the mysterious transmigration of these two souls to be attributed to the magnetic influence of the earth, or what can be the cause? These are the questions that are perplexing the professor.

Meanwhile the two Abrahams have been sent to St. Petersburg at the expense of the Russian Government, and a medico-physical enquiry is being made into this marvellous circumstance.—*Ben Public.*

**IRISH INTELLIGENCE.**

Lord Francis Conyngham, M. P., has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the county Clare.

John Kennedy Burke, Esq., Cloncoo, Woodford, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the county Galway.

John James Smyth, of Rathcoursey House, Ballinacorra, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the county Cork.

Raymond de la Poer, Esq., Kilkronagh, Waterford, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the county Kilkenny.

Curran Obius Wodehouse, Esq., of Ometh Park, Newry, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the county Louth.

Thomas J. Atkinson, Esq., junr., Cavan Garden, Ballyshannon, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the county Donegal.

Francis William Blackburne, Esq., Tankardstown, Slane, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the county Meath.

William Augustus Cooper, Esq., Cooper Hill, Ballinacorney, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the Queen's county.

James Smyth Douglas, Esq., Rosebrook, Boreva, Dungiven, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the county Londonderry.

The death is announced of Mrs. Kavenagh, the mother of the Very Rev. James Kavenagh, D. D., the President of Carlow College.

For the first time since the construction of the Newry Canal under an act passed by the Irish Parliament in 1730, the committee of the Newry Navigation Company are now able to recommend a dividend to the shareholders.

On the 10th ult., Mr. John O'Meara, auctioneer, Templemore, sold the interest in seventeen acres of land, the property of Mr. John Browne Leigh, Thurlis, at the annual rent of 15s. per acre, to Mr. Corneilus Molony, Thurlis, for the sum of £306, with auction fees.

The Quarter Sessions for the Naas division of the county Kildare opened on the 13th ult., before Robert Carson, Esq., Q. C., Chairman, who congratulated the Grand Jury on the fact of there being but three bills to go before them, and the cases were not of such a nature as to call for any special comment from him.

On March 25th, four acres, part of the glebe lands of Clongill, were sold by Mr. Lowrey, auctioneer, Kells. The bidding commenced at £150, and the land was finally knocked down to Mr. John Moyle, Chamberstown Cottage for £450, and five per cent auction fees. Twelve months ago, Mr. Boyle bought eighteen acres, part of the same lands, for £150.

The *Irish Times* of the 13th ult., says of Sir Peter Tait's Limerick factory:—"A report circulated here that this factory was to be re-opened shortly, is unfortunately, without foundation; and it is also to be regretted that the one hundred young women taken to London by Messrs. Gardiner, army clothiers, when the factory closed here, got sixty days' notice to leave, owing to scarcity of work in the great metropolis."

The Cork butter season of '75 and '76 closed on Saturday the 8th ult. The receipts during the year were £431,803, which showed an increase over the previous year of £63,320. The prices this year were lower than last, but a good average price was throughout maintained. The great increase in butter this year is owing (says the *Freeman*) to the number running into dairy farming in consequence of the depression in the fat-cattle trade.

A splendid china dinner service has been presented by the rev. gentlemen of St. Peter and Paul's parish, Clonmel, to the Very Rev. R. Power, on the occasion of his transfer to the pastoral charge of Tramore. The service is of remarkable beauty, and is very costly. Each article contains in the centre the crest of the Very Rev. gentleman's family, with the motto, *Per crucem ad coronam*. The set was specially manufactured by the firm of Griston Brothers, at their factories in Staffordshire.

There is at present living in the Half Parish, four miles from Castlebar, a man named O'Malley, who has reached the age of 114 years. He states that he and four of his brothers were engaged in the French invasion of '98. He fought at Vinegar Hill and Ballinacree, but escaped all the vicissitudes and perils of the conflict. He possesses all his faculties, speaks audibly and distinctly, seemingly exhibiting a most forcible and retentive memory.

On the 11th ult. a man named John Ryan was arrested in a lodging house in Waterford on suspicion of being concerned in the Mitchelstown shooting affray. When taken into custody he had a cheque for £120 on a Canadian bank and a quantity of gold in his possession. Not being able to give a satisfactory account of himself, he was taken before a magistrate and remanded till next day, when he was identified as one of the persons who had absconded, and was further remanded.

Permission has been given to James Aylward, Esq., of Shankhill Castle, Co. Kilkenny, a Justice of the Peace and Deputy Lieutenant for that county, that he and his issue may take and henceforth use the surname of Kearney in addition to and after the surname of Aylward, and bear the arms of Kearney quartered with the arms of Aylward, in compliance with the testamentary injunction of his maternal grandfather, James Kearney, Esq., of Blanchville, deceased.

Dublin was treated during the week ending April 15, to a succession of heavy thunder showers and falls of hail, sleet, and rain, the air being piercingly cold. On the 12th, there was a heavy fall of snow, covering the ground to a depth of some inches. The telegraph wire running over Merrion street was blown down, and two telegraph wires between the General Post Office and the Castle were depressed by the snow storm in Dame street to within about 12 feet of the thoroughfare.

A handsome and valuable gift was recently presented to the Rev. Hugh Devine, O.C., on the occasion of his translation a short time ago from the parish of Rynhoe to Donegal. To mark the high esteem in which they hold the rev. gentleman, a number of his friends, on hearing of his departure to a new sphere, subscribed with characteristic generosity, and presented their respected pastor with a magnificent gold watch, accompanying the presentation with many expressions of respect and affection.

On the 10th ult., John O'Hagan, Esq., Chairman of the district, opened the criminal business of the Ennis Quarter Sessions. The grand jury were sworn as follows:—James Bently, Michael Carmody, Michael Davoren, John Keane, James Lynch, Michael McMahon, Matthew Purcell, Denis Quinn,

Thomas Reynolds, Denis Slattery, Patrick Casey, James Kelly, Patrick Lynch, Michael McMahon, Martin Reidy, and John Coffey. He told them the calendar was so light that it afforded him pleasure to congratulate them on the extremely peaceable state of the district, containing only two cases of larceny and three of assault; while at Kilkenny Sessions there was not a criminal case of any kind to be disposed of.

The following land case was heard at Ballinasloe on the 12th ult., before Thos. Rice Henn, Q.C.:—E. Russell, claimant; Denis White, respondent. The tenant claimed £305 12s. 6d. for disturbance, improvements, and fine paid to outgoing tenant. It was proved that the claimant was a most improving tenant, and that the farm is now in first-class condition. After a patient hearing, the chairman decided that the tenant held the lands under an agreement for a lease for 21 years existing at the passing of the act, and that in consequence he was not entitled to any compensation for disturbance or for the fine paid to the outgoing tenant. On foot of the improvements he decided that the tenant should be paid £60.

At the Dundalk quarter sessions, Mr. Brabazon, sub-sheriff, addressing the chairman, said he had much pleasure in presenting him with a pair of white gloves, emblematic of the peace of the county. His worship addressing the sheriff and the gentlemen of the jury, said it was only a very short time after the assizes, and therefore the fact of there being no criminal business to go before them was not an absolute or conclusive test of the state of the county. However, he had gone through the towns of the county and the town of Drogheda, and everywhere he had received the same gratifying intelligence from the officers charged with the administration of justice. He hoped the county would long continue in this prosperous and satisfactory state.

The *Irish Times* of the 11th ult. says:—"On Sunday, Mr. William Burke, of Ballyhea, was laid to rest with his ancestors in the old church yard of Newtown Shandrum, near Charleville. Mr. Burke, it will be remembered, rode his own good steed from Cork to Derry, in 180 Irish miles, in eight hours, during the trial of the prisoners in the now historic Donemile conspiracy case, in the early part of the present century. It was a ride for life and right. Nobly did Mr. Burke do his duty. The arrival of O'Connell was the herald of joy to the traversers—ones of whom was Mr. Burke's own brother. Mr. Burke was highly esteemed, as the large cortege at his funeral amply testified. Mr. Burke was over eighty years of age."

On the 7th ult., the tenders were opened at Lurgan for the contract for the erection of the new chapel attached to the Convent of St. Joseph, in the town, necessitated by the addition of the late chapel to the increasing wants of the good inmates of the convent. That of Mr. P. Sweeney, builder, of Lurgan, was accepted at the cost of £1,100. Mr. Sweeney has almost, and very successfully, completed a handsome and commodious new male school quite near to the parish church of St. Peter at the end of North street. A very large and handsome new female school is also fast approaching completion almost adjacent to the convent and the contemplated new chapel, the foundation stone of which, it may be remembered, was laid early in the month of March last by the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, Bishop of Dromore.

The Ulster Railway Company have lodged a petition against the Northern Union Railways of Ireland Bill, now before Parliament. The petition alleges that the promoters of the Northern Union Railways were interested, as representing large creditors of the Belfast Central Railway, which they state was an undertaking also ill-conceived and constructed at a cost so enormous as to be wholly unjustified by the position and circumstances of the line, which was consequently in an embarrassed condition. Amongst other objections in the petition is the following:—"That the proposed railways, if made, would not connect any other railways or any towns which are not already equally well connected by means of existing railways, neither would the proposed railways afford communication with quays at other positions of Belfast which are not already equally well afforded by existing railways."

The remains of the late Lord Clanmorris were conveyed by rail from Lismany Ballinasloe, to Cregglare, where they were on the 10th ult. interred in a cemetery with the demesne. The hearse was drawn by four black horses, richly caparisoned. The coffin was of polished oak, very richly mounted, and bore the inscription—"John Charles Robert Bingham, fourth Baron Clanmorris. Born 28th November, 1826; died 5th April, 1876." Before the hearse a procession of the tenants of the estates in Mayo and Galway and their sons, composed of about 800 men, was formed four deep, and walked to the cemetery arrayed in shoulder scarfs and hat bands. Altogether the funeral was probably the largest seen in this part of Ireland for a long time. On arriving at the cemetery, the funeral service of the Church of England was read by the Rev. Mr. O'Sullivan, rector of Galway, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Nugent, rector of Ardahan.

On the 4th ult., Mr. Daniel Neill, a steward at Clonabreney, went out to shoot rabbits, and was found by Mr. Wade in about an hour afterwards lying on the ground in an insensible condition, with all the evidence of having received in his neck and head the contents of the gun which he carried. Mr. Wade dispatched messengers with all promptitude for the priest and doctor; but before either had time to arrive Neill breathed his last. As no person was present when the sad accident took place, the prevailing opinion is that the trigger of the gun caught in one of the branches of a tree while the deceased was in the act of climbing for the purpose of shooting rabbits therefrom, Mr. Neill was much esteemed for his honest, upright, and obliging qualities, and his untimely death has cast a gloom over the entire locality. The funeral, which took place on the 6th ult., was one of the largest witnessed in the neighborhood these many years, and fully testified to the widespread popularity of the deceased, as also the deep and sincere sympathy felt by all classes for his bereaved family.

At the Castlebar quarter sessions there were two land cases of some importance. Patrick Langan having refused to pay an increase of rent for a farm on the property of the Marquis of Sligo, asked and obtained the maximum amount for disturbance allowed by the law; the chairman observing that he did not consider the increased rent that might be asked by a landlord a fair criterion of the value of the land, for landlords knew that tenants often prefer to pay a very large sum for the good will of their holdings rather than run the risk of being ejected. The Rev. Mr. Griffin, P.P., Turlogh, also obtained seven years' rent for disturbance from a farm held by him under the Court of Chancery. He was ejected by the agent, Mr. Thompson, because he refused to pay fifty per cent. increase of rent. In the course of the hearing, Mr. Kelly, for the defence, said that the lands were valued by a competent engineer, and all the tenants agreed to the value but the Rev. Mr. Griffin, who refused to pay any increase. Rev. Mr. Griffin replied that the tenants all refused to pay; but they had to consent, having no place to go to.

The church of St. Patrick, Dungannon, which has been in progress of erection, during the last eight years, is now fast approaching completion, and when finished in the manner proposed, will be a model parochial church, uniting completeness of internal arrangement with grace and beauty, both within and without. It plan comprises both nave

and chancel, north and south aisles, and eastern chapels. A lofty bell tower and spire stand at the west end of the north aisle, and a spacious sacristy at the south side of the chancel. The baptistry occupies the west end of the south aisle. The dimensions of the church within the walls are 126 feet in length and sixty-five feet in width; and the height from floor to ceiling of nave is sixty feet, and to ridge seventy-two feet. The style of architecture is French Gothic of the 13th century, and of a severe type. The stone is from the Dunganon quarries. J. J. McCarthy, Esq., K. H. A., Dublin, is the architect, and Messrs. T. Byrne & Sons, Belfast, are the builders. The church is situated on the south side of the hill where once stood the famous castle of the O'Neills, Earls of Tyrone.

The report of the Killarney District Lunatic Asylum for the year 1875 has just been published. The accommodation as at present is for 220 patients, but additional buildings are being erected for 100 more. The number at the asylum at the end of the year was 273; the number admitted during the year was 61; discharged, 16; died, 30. Of the 273 inmates, 11 were never married, and seven are widowers or widows. There is no less than 23 of a suicidal tendency, but 18 of the whole are probably curable, and 5 of those are declared convalescent. Of those admitted last year, poverty and reverse of fortune caused 17 cases; grief, fear, and anxiety, 14; love, jealousy, and seduction, 3; domestic quarrels and afflictions, 15; religious excitement, 7; ill-treatment, 1; study and mental excitement, 2; and pride, 1 (a female). Of the whole number in the asylum lunacy is known to have been hereditary in 67 cases. There are 8 paying patients. The actual expenditure for the past year was £6,984 19s. 4d., and the average cost was £25 13s. 5d. The amount obtained by farming, including that of the stock in hands, was £402 4s. 1d., leaving a profit of £80 6s. 1d. There are 16 acres under buildings and courts.

At Ballyporeen Petty Sessions, on the 12th ult., a case which excited considerable interest throughout the district came on for hearing, Mr. Worrall, County Surveyor, Tipperary, acting by direction of the authorities, summoned Johanna Ryan for having built, or caused to be built, a hut on the public road near Dangan, contrary to the provisions of the Act. In 1875 an ejection was brought against the defendant's husband for non-payment of rent, and a decree for possession was given. The hut was then put up on a road hard by that one, and afterward removed and rebuilt on a farm from which the husband had been ejected. Proceedings in a superior court had to be instituted at the suit of the landlord, Nathaniel Buckley, six weeks before, and through the agency of the sheriff the hut was removed, when it was re-erected on the public road close to the farm, at Cooladerry, from which she and her husband had been evicted. Mrs. Ryan, who appeared in court, said she had taken no part in having the hut erected. She had no other place now to shelter herself or her children. The County Surveyor said the hut consisted of old dressers, old wheelbarrows, a few boards and other articles, heaped up promiscuously. Apart from its illegality it would be doing an act of humanity to have it removed. Mr. Eaton, R.M., said this business was going on for over twelve months, but such things could not be allowed to continue just as if there was no law in the land. Mrs. Ryan had been leniently treated, but the hut could no longer be tolerated. A fine of £5 or two months' imprisonment was imposed. Mrs. Ryan is wife to Ryan, the man whom Mr. Bridge swears fired at him some twelve months ago. He has since been in hiding.

**GREAT BRITAIN.**

Three thousand iron-workers of Sheffield, who were on strike, have resumed work at reduced wages.

Several thousand colliers are out on strike in North Derbyshire, and thousands more are coming out when their notices expire.

The Lords of the Admiralty have issued an order prohibiting the use of petroleum or mineral oils, or the carrying thereof, in transport or troop freight ships. The use of mineral oils is also prohibited in ships engaged in the conveyance of powder, ammunition, or combustibles.

The London *Examiner* is indignant at the barrenness of the Prince of Wales's visit to India, and says that the intelligent natives of Bengal were never brought into contact with him. If the native Princes, who gave him such regal receptions, are not invited to England in their turn, the *Examiner* predicts great evil.

CATHOLIC INDUSTRIAL AND REFORMATORY SCHOOLS, GLASGOW.—The children of St. Mary's Boys' Industrial School, St. Mary's Girls' Industrial School, and Westthorn Boys' Reformatory School, Glasgow, have presented the Rev. Sydney Turner with a handsome marble timepiece on the occasion of his retiring from the office of H.M.'s Inspector of Industrial and Reformatory Schools.

For some reason or other the English people during the last financial year increased their consumption of tea, coffee and tobacco, and diminished their use of intoxicating beverages, as shown by the customs and excise receipts. The country has got a surplus; but it cannot be remarked as it was a few years ago, that they have drunk themselves out of their difficulties.

CONVERSION.—We take the following from the London correspondence of the *Freeman's Journal*:—"Scarcely a week passes without the record of some convert to the Roman Catholic Church from amongst the ranks of the Anglican clergy. Most of the clergymen who thus renounce the doctrines of the Church of England are men of mark, noted for scientific or literary attainments, or of fame in the pulpit. The latest accession is that of the Rev. R. J. Webb, Vicar of Hamleton-with-Brampton, near Norwich, who, in addition to his profession of faith, has published a pamphlet, in which he asserts frankly that salvation is not to be found in the Church of England."

CHIEF OF THE EPISCOPAL SEMINARY, GLASGOW.—On Friday last, says the *Catholic Times*, evidently in preparation for the ordination of the following morning, there arrived at the Episcopal Seminary, Partickhill, Glasgow, two cases, containing six large altar candlesticks, two brass torch holders, thurible and boat, candles, and a set of Stations of the Cross, the gift of a benefactor. What enhances the generosity of the deed is the fact that it was done anonymously. The Rector is at a loss to thank the donor, and has requested us to give publicity to the deed, in hopes that this notice will meet his eye.

ORDINATIONS IN GLASGOW.—On Saturday His Grace Archbishop Eyre held an ordination in the chapel of the Episcopal Seminary, Partick-hill. Revs. Peter Donnelly and James Conaghan were ordained deacons; Messrs. Frederick Julius Evertz and Frederick William Hubert Beighemann, subdeacons; and the four minor orders were conferred on Messrs. Patrick O'neyn, S.J., Isaac Lee, S.J., Arnold Harris Matthews, and James MacDonald. His Grace had conferred the tonsure upon Messrs. Hogan, Lee, Matthews, and MacDonald the evening previous in his private oratory. All these gentlemen, with the exception of Messrs. Hogan and Lee, who are at St. Aloysius' College, Glasgow, are alumni of the Episcopal Seminary.—*Catholic Times*, April 7.

The gross injustice of banishing from England Irish people who may become paupers is so well known, and has been for years so generally admitted, comment upon it has grown stale, and had been for many a year unprofitable. A modest attempt is being made to remedy the evil. The 20th clause

of the Poor Law Amendment bill now before Parliament gives the right of irremovability after three years' residence to Irish paupers. One would imagine that Englishmen could not object to such a provision as this; yet we find a deputation from Lancashire and Yorkshire waiting upon the President of the Local Government, and urging the Government to strike this clause out of the bill. We earnestly hope that the good people of Lancashire and Yorkshire will lose no time in repudiating the inhuman request made by the gentlemen who composed this deputation.—*Universer.*

LONDON, May 2.—In the House of Commons this evening, Maurice Brooks, member for Dublin, gave notice that he proposed to question Mr. Disraeli on Friday next as to whether he intends to advise the Queen to extend mercy to persons imprisoned for breach of allegiance to Her Majesty. Mr. Disraeli in a vehement speech denounced as calumnious the statement by Mr. Lowe at a Liberal meeting in Bedford, that the Queen had asked two previous Premiers to introduce a Bill changing the Royal titles but both had refused. He denied the truth of the statement as far as it concerned himself and the late Earl of Derby, and cited a letter from Mr. Gladstone denying that the Queen ever made such a proposal to him. In conclusion Mr. Disraeli made a statement on behalf of the Queen, that Mr. Lowe's assertion was utterly unfounded. The Liberal leaders in the Houses of Lords and Commons have asked an explanation of the Government regarding the scope of the proclamation of the title of Empress of India.

"BULL-HEADED BIGOTRY."—We find in a late number of the *Dublin Freeman* the following account of the bull-headed bigotry of the heir to the British throne. Such conduct is worthy of the Grand Master of English Masonry. The *Freeman* says:—"The Prince of Wales has his faults, like other men, but certainly anything in the shape of religious intolerance has not been counted among them. It is then with deep pain we see that the Prince has, on his return from the East been guilty of an act more worthy of his grand-uncles of York or Brunswick than of a man of our own free and liberal age. On Friday his Royal Highness landed at Malta, where great preparations for his reception had been made. The great event of the Prince's visit was to be his opening of a 'conservatory,' an orphanage erected by Sir Vincenzo Bugejo, a Maltese millionaire. The object of this institution is, according to the *Times* correspondent, to 'feed, clothe, educate, and train to industrial occupations 50 female children deprived of their natural protectors through death, crime, or other misfortune.' Sir Vincenzo is to spend nearly £40,000 upon the building and endowment of this orphanage, and the Prince had formally undertaken to lay the first stone. On his landing, however, he expressed his regret that he was not able to lay the first stone of the conservatory, as it was 'a purely Roman Catholic establishment,' a circumstance previously unknown to him. The result was, says the *Times* correspondent, 'universal disappointment.' We cannot at all understand the ground of the Prince's action in this matter. Seeing that all the Maltese are Catholics it would be a strange thing for a Maltese gentleman to erect any orphanage which was not 'a purely Roman Catholic establishment. The Catholic religion is the religion established by English law in Malta, and it became the Prince to offer it such a slight in such a place. Every day members of his family open 'Protestant institutions,' and no one objects. The Prince is returning from a land in which he has seen the representatives of Britain paying abject honors to the creed of the murderous Sira and the lascivious Vishnu. His squeamishness, then, is quite a remarkable occurrence. We further see that the native Maltese nobles absented themselves from the Prince's reception owing to a gross insult of the authorities. Is there some dangerous fool-official in the island who was trying to create a 'Maltese question?'"

ARTHUR P. DEVLIN, who has achieved some notoriety in New England as an anti-Catholic lecturer, was arrested in Boston Friday for circulating obscene pamphlets devoted to the exposure of alleged immoralities of priests.

On April 18, in Jacksonville, Fla., Miss Belle Gross, in religion Sister Mary Cecilia, the Sister of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Savannah, received the habit of the Sisters of St. Joseph, from the hands of her Rt. Rev. brother, Bishop Gross, of Savannah.

THE BULLION PRODUCT OF THE PACIFIC.—San Francisco, May 2.—The *Bulletin* publishes, editorially, carefully collected estimates concerning the gold and silver production of the Comstock lode, which shows the total bullion product from the discovery to the beginning of the year in round numbers is \$200,000,000, of which \$80,000,000 is gold.

A WHOLE FAMILY DROWNED.—New York, May 2.—A Port Jervis despatch announces the drowning yesterday of a whole family, consisting of Orsin Boyd, his wife and two children, at Fishers' Eddy, on the east branch of the Delaware River, near Hancock. He was fording the river, when one of the horses fell, dragging the other down, upsetting the wagon and throwing all into the river. Mrs. Boyd's body has been recovered, but none of the rest.

Several years ago a Jew obtained a tax title to over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of church property in Dubuque, Iowa, by the payment of the tax of four thousand dollars. Bishop Hennessey, upon discovering that during the widowhood of his son the interests of the church had been thus neglected, took immediate steps to relieve the vast property of its incumbrance. The money paid in taxes was offered; ten, twenty times the amount was tendered; but the Jew would have his pound of flesh, and this time his pound was the whole property. The case was brought to the courts, and has terminated favorably to the claims of the Bishop.

MINING MYSTERIES IN COLORADO.—Mining excitement is active in Boulder County, and its promise is better than a hundred such as the Black Hills. Day before yesterday the Keystone Mine, in Magnolia District was sold. Since its discovery and opening, about the middle of last summer, it has yielded over and above all expenses, about \$16,000. The prices realized fit so definitely stated, but it was bonded some time ago for \$35,000. One report says that the sale was for \$45,000 cash; another that it was for \$35,000 and one-fourth of the stock in the new company. What object a person can have in selling a mine for \$35,000 that has paid \$16,000 net profit in less than a year, is one of those strange things that no one else can guess. The Melvina in Gold Hill District, is one of the wonders of the country. In the last month's work—February 20 to March 20—it produced ore that was sold for \$19,937, cash. The total expenses of the mine during the same time were \$670, leaving a net profit of \$19,267. When the John Jay Lode was found in November last, one of the discoverers offered to sell the other his half interest for \$10,000, and give him forty days to pay it in. The offer was accepted, and before the forty days were up the mine was opened, all the expenses met, and the \$10,000 paid. This was a new district, without roads, in midwinter, and with all the disadvantages of developing a mine under such circumstances. Why such a sale was made is another mystery. The man selling it knew that he could not possibly get the money unless it was taken out of the mine, yet he risked the chance of fabulous wealth—such as the mine now assures—for the no less uncertainty of \$10,000 in forty days.—It illustrates one of the phases of human nature as developed in the average prospector.—*Denver News.*

**UNITED STATES.**

Mr. O. Murphy has been re-elected Mayor of Quebec.

Mr. W. H. Kerr Q. C., has been elected batonnier of the Montreal Bar.

The stone masons and bricklayers of Ottawa have struck for \$2 75 per day.

Chatham has sixteen taverns licensed at \$330 each, and six shops at \$390 each.

The Canada Central and St. Lawrence and Ottawa Railways have decided to pay no more commission to ticket agents.

The assessment roll of East Nissouri, for the year 1876, foots up a total of \$2,381,225, being an average of \$61 52 per acre.

Windsor claims 6,599 population. The assessment shows \$1,560,220 real property, \$171,150 personal property, \$49,100 income: or a total of \$1,780,470.

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The intention of the managers of the Richelieu Company to change the hour of their departure from Quebec to five o'clock instead of four as heretofore, meets with general satisfaction.

The duties paid at the Kingston Custom House for April were \$10,197 26; Tonnage dues, \$61 29; Port license fees, \$34. Value of goods exported \$26,243; Receipts at Inland Revenue Office for April, \$3,731 55.

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Editor—Rev. Dr. O'REILLY, Miss. Ap. TERMS YEARLY IN ADVANCE: To all country subscribers, Two Dollars. To all City subscribers whose papers are delivered by carriers, Two Dollars and a half.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, May 12, 1876.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR. MAY, 1876. Friday, 12—SS. Nereus, Achilleus, Domitilla, and Pancratius, Martyrs. Saturday, 13—St. Catherine of Sienna, Virgin (April 30). Sunday, 14—FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER. Monday, 15—St. Stanislaus, Bishop and Martyr (May 7). Tuesday, 16—St. Ubalduis, Bishop and Confessor. Wednesday, 17—St. John Nepomucen, Martyr. Thursday, 18—St. Venantius, Martyr.

NEWS OF THE WEEK. It is announced that Cardinal McCloskey is recovering. His Eminence met an accident lately which has shaken his constitution, which has been failing much of late, but he is now expected to return soon to New York.

The clause sanctioning religious toleration has been carried in the Spanish Cortes. We venture to prophesy many of the deputies will live to see the mistake in thus opening the hedges of the vineyard to the curse of religious dissensions which seeks the ruin of all virtue.

Disraeli has accepted a notice of a resolution on the Royal Titles Proclamation, given by Sir Henry James,—as a want of confidence motion, and has fixed the discussion on it for the 11th inst.

The Chinese have built a man-of-war and christened her the "Terror to Western Nations." Her career up to the present has not been fortunate. There was a difficulty in launching her, because the Chinese officials declined to allow sufficient grease for the ways. When fitted with engines, the steam would not come properly, and she could not leave the docks for the very excellent reason that the engines could not work the screw. When the mail left the Chinese were wondering how they were to get her to start on her mission of terror.

A despatch from Madrid announces the death of the Archbishop of Seville.

In reference to a motion made in the House for the production of papers relative to Russia's seizure of Khokand, Disraeli said the understanding between Great Britain and Russia was never better than at present, and that England did not regard the natural development of the Russian Empire with a jealous eye.

A few more indemnity settlements would go far towards liquidating the great national debt of the United States, if we are to suppose that American Commissioners are uniformly successful in making out a good case for their side. Besides the large unexpended balance of the Geneva award, amounting to over \$12,000,000, they are bragging of having made a nice little sum out of Japan. A Yankee captain tried to force his vessel through the Straits of Simonsaki, in 1863, prior to their being open to foreign commerce, and was fired on by a Japanese Prince. He received no damage, but was compelled to take another and longer course. Indemnity was demanded for loss of time and other grievances, and while the Japanese Government was considering the matter an American man-of-war visited the waters, sank several Japanese vessels and blew up the forts commanding the Straits. A second expedition followed and completely opened the disputed passage to foreign commerce. For trouble and expense in these civilizing processes an indemnity of \$750,000 was demanded from Japan and paid. It now turns out that only \$50,000 of this sum has been distributed, the balance being clear gain for Uncle Sam.

The German journals are beginning to shower compliments on France. This sudden-born admiration has its origin, according to some of the European papers in the announcement that a universal exposition is to be held in Paris in 1878. Such may be the true explanation; but calm observers cannot easily resist the impression that Germany's messages of peace to the French people are more or less the result of the dangerous aspect of the affairs in the East, and of Russia's attitude on that question. If Germany did not fear the future, few compliments to France would be expressed upon the right bank of the Rhine.

The glass dome of the Centennial art gallery will be lighted by 2,000 gas jets. The dome is 266 feet above the level of the Schuylkill, and will be visible at night all over Philadelphia.

It is announced that the Bishop of Tarbes, in France in whose diocese the famous shrine of Lourdes is situated has received and is going to publish a brief by which the Holy Father decrees the coronation of Our Lady of Lourdes. This news will be joyfully received by Catholics in every part of the world. As soon as the brief appears we shall place before our readers a translation of the glorious tribute which Pius IX. pays to this devotion which has for several years past attracted such vast crowds of pilgrims towards the famous grotto of the Pyrenees.

MORTUARY RETURNS.—The total number of deaths for the week ending Saturday, the 6th, was 103—Protestants, 15; Catholics, 88; married, 27; single, 10; males, 58; females, 54.

St. Bridget's Refuge.—Report of relief given in St. Bridget's Refuge—night refuge department—from 1st December, 1875, to 1st May, 1876.—Total of night lodgings with breakfast, 14,344; males, 12,276; females, 2,568; Irish, 10,722; English, 821; Scotch, 240; French Canadians, 3,061; Catholics, 9,659; Protestants, 5,185; extra meals, 7,318, making a total of meals, 22,162.

It is reported that the Vermont Central R. R. Company will equip and run the Graham Railway to Richmond, and that soon

DISHONEST CONTROVERSY.

A popular mode of vilifying the Catholic Church is to make her hold wicked and foolish doctrines, and then attack and refute those doctrines with scathing virulence. Another is to forge false letters purporting to be reclamations and wholesale defections of good Catholics. Again, Bishops and leading men are made to say foolish things or stultify themselves by contradiction. All these disgraceful tactics of controversy have come under our notice in casting our eyes over a Protestant journal of this city, during the last week. A gentleman writing to this paper quotes an article thus: "The Shepherd of the Valley which is the organ of Archbishop of St. Louis, says" etc.—then follows an article most uncatholic in tone and false in statements. The disingenuous clipper did not say the Shepherd of the Valley is many years a defunct journal; and perhaps he may have known that this journal was not only not the organ of the Archbishop of St. Louis, but that prelate had withdrawn all approbation from it before it ceased to exist.

The organ of a bishop or diocese is a phrase much misunderstood by our Protestant friends. They fancy the Bishop and therefore the church are committed to the teachings and statements of journals called their organs. This is not true. Such journals may be channels of communication to their people; they may have their encouragement as more likely to give safe literature than journals that openly impugn religion and truth, but the bishop is only committed to those sentiments which are published under his own signature. There is a decree of the Council of Baltimore explaining this important relation between the ecclesiastical authority and the press. But what signify these facts so long as a statement can be construed into an attack on the Catholic Church.

The same Protestant daily gives what it justly qualifies as a curious selection, an extract from the Church Quarterly Review in which it makes a Roman Cardinal say:—

"Who enjoys at this moment the best established reputation in Europe as a learned and accurate theologian? Dr. Ignatius Dollinger. Who is universally acknowledged to be the most eminent canonist? Dr. Schulte. Who is the most eloquent preacher? All the world answers, Pere Hyacinthe, the barefoot Carmelite. To the superiority of these men the world itself does homage, and all three are devout and loyal Catholics."

The fact that all these have fallen away from the church and are the rotten branches cut from the tree, gives a fine opening for Protestant jubilation and boast. The whole article is adroitly concocted to make it appear that the leading men—the great men of the church left her to join the ranks of heresy. What mattered it that they were proud and impure men, already despised for their improper lives; they became the pillars—not of Protestantism—but of one of the three hundred or more sects that seek to drag out an existence outside the Catholic Church. These proud men never equaled the fame of Nestorius, of Arius, or Eutychius, men higher in the church than the blessed trio, surreptitiously put forward as the greatest men of to-day; the sank to the oblivion and disgrace their pride and immoralities deserved.

THE POLICE REPORT FOR THE CITY OF MONTREAL DURING 1875.

We have received a copy of this important return. Those who take interest in the public welfare and who have devoted themselves to relieve the evils of suffering humanity will find a deeply interesting study in this statement. We would wish to produce the whole document but space only allows us to notice a few of the most salient points.

The Chief of the Department acknowledges the insufficiency of the department on account of numerical weakness and this explains the consoling fact when we want the police we can't get them. Well 'tis the same with the street cars and we must be satisfied; neither will pass your door just the moment you want them. Nevertheless the body is well disciplined and have rendered invaluable services. Notwithstanding the long distance between stations and the length of the men's beats nearly one half of the fire alarms were given by the police. The detective force recovered nearly \$52,000 of stolen property being \$8,000 more than the year before. There has been a marked decrease in cases of intemperance; this comes from the hard times. In 1874 there were 6,398 and in '75 only 4,463 whilst those who sought protection were 75 per cent more than last year.

Statistics about houses of infamy are sad and telling. There are 75 of those dens of sin, sheltering 245 inmates; of these only ten are Irish; there are 192 French Canadians 17 English 3 Scottish 8 British Canadians, and 14 United States.

The following remarks of the Chief show the vigilance of Satan in baffling the efforts of legislation on this matter of the social evil which reaps such a harvest of souls for perdition:—

If, on the one hand, it is a matter of congratulation that the number of disreputable houses has not been much on the increase, it must be confessed on the other, the fact being fully proved, that what are called doubtful houses—that is to say, places where one disreputable female only is kept—are increasing every year; this is an evil which I find very difficult to eradicate, and which it is next to impossible for the law to reach, except under peculiarly favorable circumstances.

Among those who were arrested were 4 doctors, 2 editors, 33 gentlemen, 349 laborers, 201 clerks, 1 auditor, 4 architects, 2 auctioneers, 5 advocates, 6 medical students, 2 music teachers, 2 notaries, 2,933 of no occupation, 1 organ grinder, 1 sculptor, 2 ship captains, 4 teachers, 3 travellers, 1 telegraph operator. The total number of persons arrested for 1875 was 11,516.

THE CANAL CHAPLAIN.

We have great pleasure in announcing that Father Crombleholme has been appointed by His Lordship, the Bishop, as chaplain to the men employed on the enlargement of the Lachine Canal. Some two thousand men will be employed on these works during the summer, and the Government have decided to commit the charge of the Catholic laborers to Father Crombleholme, who is at present one of the assistants at St. Patrick's. From the well known zeal and devotion of our esteemed friend, we believe the appointment will meet the grateful acknowledgments of the contractors and workmen, who will be benefited by his prudence and exertion in the arduous task committed to him.

EARLY RECORDS OF THE CHURCH.

Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, editor of the True Witness, delivered a lecture last Friday evening in the Mechanics' Hall on extraordinary records of the early church. Mr. Edward Murphy took the chair, and amongst other gentlemen on the platform were Rev. Father Salmon, Messrs. M. P. Ryan and Hatchedette.

Rev. Dr. O'Reilly stated that in the course of his remarks he would reproduce the issues of studies made some years ago in the ancient capitol of the world. He had chosen the subject of the extraordinary records of the early church, not because it was familiar to him, but because of the paramount importance of the conclusions which they would suggest. As they were aware, in those days of assumed freedom of religious belief men had used the pruning knife in matters of religion as freely as they would with respect to flowers in their garden. They said that the long time that had rolled over the world since Christianity was first introduced to it, wrapped it in clouds of obscurity, until it resembled the object which received a false value in the distance; mountains that rose on the horizon in the distance were sometimes not easily discerned through the mists crowning their summits, but on nearer approach the grand, blue cliffs stood out in all their reality, and their outlines were clearly seen on the vault of heaven. It was thus when they looked through the long vista of the past, and gazed at the records of history; shadows were supposed to mingle with the realities of record, but on investigation it was found that the grand old memorials of Christianity stood out like mountains in their way, and were beacons for their guidance. In the confusion that nowadays was scattered around them, they believed that the memorials of the past were guides and pilots in the darkness of many minds. If a man was wavering it often happened that he had nerved himself to definiteness by the example of his father's; thus, too, he wished to throw out these suggestions for two classes of persons; he desired to bring the records of the early church on the one hand before fellow-Catholics, and on the other hand before those who might be separated from them by the large Gulf of religious opinion. The one would be consoled with the reminiscences of heroes who in the hour of trial had fought a good fight and with whom they were united in an unbroken chain of union; and the other might perhaps be startled with the antiquity and apostolic institution of dogmas and practices which they rashly enumerated amongst modern innovations. He would introduce his subject with an extraordinary anecdote concerning a fact of extraordinary importance, bearing upon the early history of the church. In the city of Rome, at one gate, long before Michael Angelo had designed the magnificent entrance which now adorned the city, and long before the Pincian Hill was the rendezvous of the fashionable world, and when it was only a grass-covered hill where children and lambs played, there existed an extraordinary, haunted enclosure, in the centre of which stood a tall nut tree, in whose branches appeared, from time to time, extraordinarily ugly beings, which spoke with a human voice. Stories were told around the Roman firesides of this terrible place, and even those who had the hardihood to venture inside the enclosure were attacked, and even torn to pieces. This, they were told by tradition, went on for six or seven hundred years, until at length, in the time of Pascal the Second, in the year 1089, this Pope, believing that much of the horrors of the place arose from the superstitious fancy of the people, levelled to the ground, and swept away every vestige of the enclosure. The trouble, however, became worse; the noises were greater than ever; and soon the evil spirits of the haunted spot rejoiced in a larger field for mischief. It was said the old Pope prayed and fasted, and was puzzled. Finally, the Pope had a strange dream, when he saw, right in the centre of this strange place, a number of demons, dancing around an ancient urn, such as was used to contain the ashes of the great dead during the early portion of the Empire. He immediately understood the reason for its being haunted; and on the following day he had an excavation made in the very spot, where he had seen the demons dancing. He soon came on the old walls of an ancient tomb, and inside was found an urn, exactly as had been seen in the dream. On it was written, in legible characters, an inscription which told them that there lay the ashes of Nero. The people, disgusted and horrified, gathered round, and with ropes and sticks, the crowd rolled the execrated urn to the banks of the Tiber, where it was smashed into a thousand pieces. The execrated ashes of the great tyrant were scattered on the waters of the river and carried to the ocean, where the demons that protected them might haunt them with impunity. This extraordinary circumstance aroused the whole populace of the city, and a magnificent church, dedicated to the Mother of God, was erected on this spot. Inside the high altar was to be seen an inscription relating this circumstance, which was related by the most eminent historians. The persecutions were very violent; and it was recorded that on one occasion 18,000 Christians were at one time put to death, and the blood of Christians flowed twelve inches deep over the Emperor's gardens. It was a consoling fact that there now stood on their sites the grandest basilica—St. Peter's—which the hand of man had never raised. During these persecutions the catacombs began to be used. They were originally sand-pits, which were further excavated by the Christians to serve as cemeteries. And as such they were employed for three hundred years, during the ten persecutions of the Church, and they covered a space equal to fourteen square miles. The labyrinth of passages would form a line seven hundred miles in length, and they contained seven millions of graves, of which one and a half millions were the tombs of martyrs. The passages, which were narrow, intersected each other in every direction; and in them the most experienced guides frequently lost their way. A young lady and an entire band of students, it was related, had perished in these labyrinths, unable to discover means of exit. On every side were tombs, in places one over the other, and sometimes six, seven or eight in a row. In little recesses were found human bones in every shape and form of decay, accompanied by inscriptions.

The lecturer continued to give some very interesting details of the paintings and inscriptions on the tombs, amongst which he gave some very interesting and touching anecdotes drawn from the ancient acts of the martyrs. He then proceeded to draw the following very forcible conclusions:— We find in the Catacombs the doctrine of the Real Presence, the consoling dogma of the forgiveness of sins, and from a thousand monumental slabs we read the true meaning of that article of the Creed which gives us the Communion of Saints. There we have the Madonna and child, rudely painted 'tis true, but there over the crystal arch as certain as we find the effigy to-day in all the magnificence of gold and silver over the altars of our modern basilicas.

Here we stand on the threshold of a great truth; most of you are aware, in the great changes that have sprung from the religious war so memorable in the sullied pages of the history of the 16th century, all these dogmas are ignored; there is a vast difference between the Church that maintains them and the system of religious belief that considers them superstitious, or at least unnecessary. Here the common ground of Christianity must be abandoned. English controversialists have felt the difficulty of reconciling the various forms of modern worship with the testimonies of the Catacombs, which, you must remember, were in use before the Bible was all written. A work has been written lately, and published in this country, to show that the Catacombs belonged to the Church of England.—(The Catacombs by Rev. Mr. Withrow.) The Protestant Bishop of Chester has said (I have not seen the original, but I have seen it quoted in another work), that the Catacombs are a myth, for in the Middle Ages the monks got down into them and introduced inscriptions and paintings to which they could appeal in defence of their own superstitions. But the most common and perhaps the most popular means of avoiding the difficulty is to ridicule the reverence Catholics pay to these memorials of the past.

A wholesale rejection of the mementos and relics preserved in the hallowed memories of Christianity, involves a consistency that should cause a blush to the education of the nineteenth century. Is there a nation—a family or an individual that does not show some reverence for the historic memorials of the past.

The sacred fig-tree under which it was supposed that Romulus was suckled by a wolf, was preserved for centuries in the Roman Forum. The first bridge that was cast across the Tiber, and memorable for the heroism of a Scævola, was so dear to the old Romans it was still preserved in wood long after the Sublucian spanned the yellow torrent. It was committed with religious reverence to the custody of the temple, and hence most probably arose the title of Pontifex—from pons, a bridge, and facere, to make). The last and greatest treasure sacrificed by the pagan converted to Christianity was the penates, or household gods of his ancestors; not so much from their material value as the family traditions that endeared them for ages.

The love of the past is not alone a pagan virtue; the lock of hair, the photograph of some dear one passed away, the last memento of severed love is pressed to the bosom with all the ardor of blighted affection. No gold would purchase the faded pictures that hang in the ancestral halls of our mediæval castles; far away at our Antipodes some poor Irish exile will reverently close in his prayer-book a blossom from the hawthorn-bush that grew near his cabin door. Is this universal and natural respect which all classes of society show to the mementos of the past to be cried down as superstitious and sinful when applied to the memorials of our common Christianity. There are persons who would turn with scorn from the blood of a martyr taken, fresh and liquid from the crypt where it has been preserved for sixteen centuries, and would go into ecstasies over the mutilated torso, a Mosaic pavement, or a coin covered with verdigris. They ridicule our respect for the memorials of the sainted, and they would pay large sums of money, as they have done a few days ago in Philadelphia, for the chair on which Moody sat, or the handkerchief in which Sankey blew his nose!

The world points with complacency to her shrines; and history has a mission of its own to hallow the spots that were witnesses of mighty vicissitudes. She will show the spot where Numa planned the gigantic scheme of paganism, where Hannibal encamped in sight of the walls of Rome, where Cicero spoke in the immortal eloquence of the ancient Forum, where Cæsar fell, and the Tarpeian cliff frowned from the rock of the Capitol. "Where the traitor's leap cured ambition." She will show the blood-stained battlefields where fallen nations have wailed in the murmur of maternal agony the cry of humiliation and defeat over the mangled forms of their heroes. Will not tradition of a more holy and sacred character show the spots crimsoned with the blood of the martyrs sanctified by their miracles or honored with their remains? Crushed by the weight of tradition, overwhelmed by the testimony of history, the victims of the so-called Reformation, would have us believe that the sacred memories of the past, the Acts of the Martyrs, the miracles wrought at their tombs, are but the dreams of enthusiastic pilgrims, huge concoctions of pious fraud. In the gilded fabrications of modern churches there is no past. They have no Catacombs, with their thrilling lessons that prove the unbroken chain of union with the disciples of the Apostles; they have no honored histories or heroes of unblemished sanctity; they have no sanctuaries holy in the hallowed reminiscences of centuries, hence they endeavor to sweep away everything that would remind their credulous followers of the mushroom growth of institutions that were not known in the early church. If the teachings of the Reformation be true, if the Catholic Church is not the Church of God, then the tale told by the Roman Catacombs become terrible and thrilling, the sleeping dead, whose millions of crimson tombs tell of awful suffering, were but the victims of a gigantic imposition sanctioned by the miracles of the Most High.

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The CATHOLIC CHURCH—HER WORKS OF CHARITY.

LECTURE BY BISHOP McQUAID OF ROCHESTER, N. Y. IN HAMILTON, ONT.

About two months ago the Roman Catholics of Hamilton established the Hamilton Catholic Literary Association, having for its object the religious, social, and intellectual improvement of its members. During the brief period of its existence the Association has made considerable progress. All the lending Catholics of the Ambitious City joined heartily in the undertaking, suitable rooms were engaged in a convenient position on James-street, a library was started which now numbers over 500 volumes, arrangements were made for weekly meetings at which essays are read and debates take place, the membership speedily rose to more than two hundred, and the attempt to provide for the general improvement of the Society was crowned with success—a result largely due to the energetic efforts of the President, Mr. Donald Smith, and the Chaplain, Rev. P. J. Maddigan. On the 2nd inst., a lecture in aid of the funds of the Association was delivered by the Right Rev. Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, N. Y., in St. Mary's Cathedral which was filled with a highly respectable audience, who paid the most earnest attention to the remarks of the eloquent prelate. The Bishop of Hamilton was present during the lecture. An overture by Beethoven having been played by Mr. D. J. O'Brien, the organist, Mr. Filgiano sang the "O Salutaris" as a bass solo. The choir then gave the "Gloria" from Hayden's 2nd Mass, after which Mr. N. J. Power, who possesses a good tenor voice, sang the beautiful air, "If with all your hearts," from Mendelssohn's "Elijah." Mr. J. F. Egan followed with the "Pro Pœnitentiâ," from Rossini's "Stabat Mater," and this was certainly the gem of the evening from a musical point of view.

Bishop McQuaid then delivered his lecture on "The Catholic Church—her works of charity." He said that to judge a man correctly, his acts and his conduct more than his words and fine sentiments required examination. To judge a Government or a State, the results of its laws are of more consequence than the beauty of the theories written by learned men. To judge a religion and make no mistake in passing judgment upon it, while its principles and doctrines should necessarily attain to a high order of excellence, the putting in practice those doctrines because they were adapted to man's needs, and were calculated to raise man up and make him better, would be a surer test of the truth and soundness and availability of those principles and doctrines for man's welfare. By this test he proposed to judge the Catholic Church that evening. More than 1800 years ago One from Heaven, born on earth, became a lawgiver, a propounder of doctrines, an exponent of fine theories—to look at them in a human sense alone. The standard this new lawgiver raised up before the

eyes of men was a high and sublime one. Nothing like it had been known on earth before. He claimed to bring this law, this new spiritual and social life, from heaven as a new testament to men. Men had already a law given by God, announced with great solemnity, the voice of God speaking to their startled ears, a law engraven and placed in an almost imperishable manner before their eyes for their future guidance; but this one came with a new commandment, higher, better grander than any which so far men's ears had heard. This commandment was recorded in the 13th chapter of the Gospel of St. John, where this new lawgiver said—"A new commandment I give unto you, that you love one another as I have loved you; that you have love one for another; by this shall all men know that you are my disciples, if you have love for one another." And again in the 15th chapter He repeated the same idea—"This is my commandment, that you love one another as I loved you," and they knew that He loved them to the giving of His life, to the suffering of unheard of cruelties. No one ever suffered for another as this new lawgiver suffered for them. "Greater love than this no man hath, that he lay down his life for his friends." All might be summed up in these few words. The new law brought into the world was the law of love, and it was not simply enunciated in the one word leaving them to find out its significance and extent and power, for they were told its character—that it went so far that the man who had it in his soul stood ready to give his life for another whom, in the name of this lawgiver, he loved as he had been commanded. This lawgiver was no other than Christ Jesus their Saviour. To understand the need of the law, its importance and necessity, it was needful to take a glance at the condition of mankind when Christ came. They spoke of the great nations of those days as Pagan nations. Pagans they were, but civilized Pagans—civilized to a very high degree, and in material and political interests equal to anything they had to-day. They could not point to the railroad, the telegraph, or the steam-engine, but their pyramids, aqueducts and temples outrivalled anything which could be accomplished by modern engineers or architects. Their statues were models of study to-day, and their frescos surpassed in beauty of form, exquisite taste of drawing, and brilliancy of colour anything which had been produced in later times. In literature, what was there in the modern world, in America and Europe combined, to compare with the writings of the great men of Rome and Greece? In political matters they laid down theories of government excellent in character and carried them out well to the advantage of the people. It was true that large masses of the people were excluded from the benefit of these laws, that Governments were formed for the advantage of the few to the exclusion of the many, but their principles of Government were sound and had served as a guide for us. When, therefore, Christ came into the world with his new law, He did not come among a barbarous, uncouth, uncultivated people. Where they were defective was in their moral and social life, and that because this new commandment of which Christ spoke was unknown among them. Had they known the true God, then would they have understood that they were but for a while in this world preparing for a better; that One all wise and just overlooked their actions, and one day would judge them; but in their ignorance of these heavenly truths they lived in a state of gross moral degradation. Vice abounded among them, impurity had lost its shame no blush came on the cheek of fair maiden at words and deeds that to-day would shock the general sense. Vice was exalted and deified, and as a consequence selfishness abounded. Their thoughts scarcely went beyond this life. They had dreams of the future world their poets had spoken of such a place, and some of their wisest and best men spoke of the immortality of the soul, but as a rule they lived for the day and the hour, for the pleasure that was close at hand, and gave themselves over to every indulgence of mind and sense. Every one lived and laboured for himself. What cared he for the outcasts of humanity, for the cripple, the suffering, the poor, the weak, the helpless? They were burdens on society. They were in the way, and no better method of treating them could be thought of than readily getting rid of them. In one word, there was no love among the human heart that lay deep in sensual nature, that only developed the brutish traits in a man's character. It was vice, gross, inferior, and low, that they knew, but the love born of God and brought from Heaven by Christ Jesus, sweet and lovely and beautiful, calculated to raise the man's mind and elevate his soul, formed to develop the best traits of character in him, was unknown until Jesus came. His love was so rich, so grand, so noble, that it reached to every human creature, so that he who had it was ready to give his life for his neighbour, and more he could not give. If any body of men calling themselves disciples of Christ failed to come up to this standard, that body was not the one which Christ called into existence, and it was their right as well as their duty to look over the world in search of that body still existing among men. Many such bodies were found, known by the various names of religion. Great claims were put forth by all these religious denominations, but Christ had given the sign and mark of His own. Other marks there were, but this was sure and certain, placed on the front of his religion, to be seen of men and known by them. Christ gave his own life for those whom He came to save, and He gathered around him men—common men, very ordinary men, chosen from lowly walks of life, possessing no worldly advantages, not men of education or family or wealth, and sent them out to do His work, to teach not what they might think ought to be taught but to teach exactly and with precision the very doctrines which he had given. The pictures which Christ drew for them was one of a common brotherhood. He often spoke of His Father, and this Son of the common Father spoke of them as His brethren. Thus they were brethren of Christ. Among the Romans and Greeks vast bodies of men were held in bondage and slavery. A few ruled—thousands laboured for their pleasures. The master owned the right of life and death over his slaves. The slave was his creature, for every vile purpose as well as for useful service. A degradation of men to man existed such as the world had never seen known, bad as it had been in after ages in some countries. In teaching this doctrine of love one for another Christ had in mind no doubt a change of this wretched and miserable condition of society under which it was impossible to bring about that reformation of morals and conduct and character, needed to make a Christian people on the face of God's earth. In teaching this doctrine of love He founded it upon the relationship of man to Himself, who gave his life and shed His blood to the last drop that salvation might be brought to the Emperor on his throne if they wished, but also to the veriest slave under the most cruel master that could be found on the face of the earth. No one was excluded from this boundless love of the heart of Christ Jesus. By this principle must any religion claiming to be Christ's be judged. The Catholic religion claimed it was of God, founded and established by Christ, the same to-day that Christ had made it 1,800 years ago, and to be the same till the end of time. The Catholic Church came with universal brotherhood to all mankind, with love on her lips, but, better far, with love in her heart. She had but all over the world countless numbers of children, men, and women, with minds attuned to this high teaching of universal love, and souls overflowing with zeal and devotion, putting in practice the teachings of Christ, her master. Scarcely had the Apostles begun their work of teaching than they found dependent upon



FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

The freedom of Germany was fittingly illustrated on the 25th of March in Wiesbaden. The Catholics were attending High Mass in their parish church—the only Catholic church in Wiesbaden. During the service the Curé read a decree from the Government, which he had just received, containing an order to give up the church to the Old Catholics. When the decree was read, the astonished people broke into loud indignation, which the pastor had difficulty in pacifying. There is a convent chapel in Wiesbaden, which can scarcely hold fifty persons; and this is all that is left to the 12,000 Catholics. The German correspondent of the London Register gives another instance of the justice of the Empire:—"On the 20th of March the parish priest and a thief stood together before the tribunal at Cosel. The crime of both the defendants was as different as their exterior. The priest was accused of having given religious instruction to the children in a private room, which he had hired for the purpose, because he was forbidden to give it in school. He was proved guilty of having defied the orders of the authorities, and was sentenced to 100 marks fine, or ten days imprisonment. The other man, who had been accused of theft, was discharged for want of proofs."

MR. BOUCAULT AND THE POLITICAL PRISONERS.

Undeterred by the strange reception given to his generous offer of a relief fund for the families of the Fenian prisoners, Mr. Boucault, we are glad to say, is carrying out his humane and patriotic project on their behalf. Our readers will recollect the announcement which he made not long since in our columns of his intention to give for their benefit one representation of his national drama, "The Shaughraun," in several of the great English towns and in the chief cities of the Western States of America. The play has recently been produced in some parts of Scotland and in the North of England, and the result of the special performances for the families of the Fenian prisoners is communicated to us in the following note, which we have received from Mr. Boucault, and have much pleasure in printing:—

Paris, April 6, 1876.

My dear Sir—My agent, Mr. H. J. Sargent, reports the representations of the "Shaughraun" given in Scotland and the North for my benefit (the proceeds of which were to be devoted to the relief of the families of the Irish political) have so far realized £178 16s, which amount will be at once deposited in bank to the credit of the "Dublin Fund."

Permit me to enclose you one of the bills we have in circulation throughout England and Scotland. It serves not only to keep the question living before the public, but was necessary to purge from the minds of many persons false impressions as to the nature of the offences charged against the prisoners.

A hundred thousand of these bills will be circulated in Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, so this question may not be lost sight of when England joins in the American ceremonial intended to celebrate the independence of the United States and to exhibit their prosperity.—Yours faithfully, Dion Boucault.

The handbill referred to in the foregoing note is of large size, and bears a black border surrounding the text, which is "set out" in a very striking manner. The following is a copy of its contents:—

IN MEMORY OF THE IRISH POLITICAL PRISONERS, CONDEMNED FOR LIFE, AND ABOUT TO SUFFER THEIR TENTH YEAR OF PENAL SERVITUDE IN ENGLISH AND AUSTRALIAN JAILS.

The following list has been abridged from the official Returns of the British Government, furnished in 1874 in reply to the motion in the House of Commons, demanding the names of the Political Offenders, the offences with which they were charged, and the sentences inflicted:—

Charles McCarthy—Tried in Ireland at court-martial in May, 1866. Charged with breach of the Articles of War; coming to the knowledge of an intended mutiny and not giving information to his commanding officer, &c. Sentence—Death; commuted to penal servitude for life. Duration of penalty to this date is nine years and ten months.

Articles of War; mutinous conduct, and desertion. Sentence—Penal servitude for life. Duration of penalty to this date is nine years and seven months.

Thomas Hesselet—Tried in Ireland at court-martial in August, 1866. Charged with breach of the Articles of War; mutinous conduct, and desertion. Sentence—Penal servitude for life. Duration of penalty to this date is nine years and seven months.

Michael Davitt—Tried in London, at the Central Criminal Court, in July, 1870. Charged with treason-felony, conspiring to depose the Queen, &c. and to levy war, &c. (supplying arms to the Fenian organisation). Sentence—15 years' penal servitude. Duration of penalty to this date is five years and seven months.

James McCoy—Tried in Ireland at court-martial in August, 1866. Charged with breach of the Articles of War; mutinous conduct, &c. Sentence—15 years' penal servitude. Duration of penalty to this date is nine years and seven months.

Thomas Delaney—Tried in Ireland at court-martial in August, 1866. Charged with breach of the Articles of War; mutinous conduct, &c. Sentence—10 years' penal servitude. Duration of penalty to this date is nine years and seven months.

John Shine—Tried in Ireland at court-martial in August, 1866. Charged with breach of the Articles of War; mutinous conduct. Sentence—10 years' penal servitude. Duration of penalty to this date is nine years and seven months.

John Wilson—Tried in London at the Central Criminal Court in July, 1870. Charged with treason-felony, conspiring to depose the Queen, &c. and to levy war, &c. (supplying arms to the Fenian organisation). Sentence—7 years' penal servitude. Duration of penalty to this date is five years and seven months.

Edward Shore—Tried at Manchester special assizes in October, 1867. Charged with being accessory to the murder of Police-sergeant Brett, at Manchester, 1867. Sentence—Death; commuted to penal servitude for life. Duration of penalty to this date is eight years and five months.

Patrick Meely—Tried at Lancaster assizes, March, 1868. Charged with being accessory to the murder of Police-sergeant Brett, at Manchester, in 1867. Sentence—Death; commuted to penal servitude for life. Duration of penalty to this date is eight years.

The object in publishing this official return is to keep before the minds of the English people the true nature of the offences of the Irish political prisoners, and to afford justification to those who advocate a mitigation of a penalty they feel to be excessive.

DION BOUCAULT.

Mr. Boucault, it will be seen, is taking great pains in the first place to influence public opinion in favour of those suffering men, and in the next place to get together a fund which will suffice to give a substantial and permanent relief to their bereaved families, and obviate the necessity which appears to exist for continuous and urgent appeals to the generosity of a kindhearted but not wealthy class of people. We have no doubt that the sufferers in prison will feel deeply grateful to their gifted and patriotic countryman for his spirited endeavours to obtain for them the priceless boon of liberty, as well as for the aid which he proposes to render to those who are most dear to them. The persons to whom this aid is to be rendered cannot fail to be thankful to so generous a benefactor, and in fact every right-thinking person will join in honouring Mr. Boucault for an act the motives of which lie in some of the best feelings and noblest impulses of human nature.—Dublin Nation.

SOUTHWEST MISSOURI.

EMIGRATION, LANDS, POTTER'S CLAY, AND GRAPES. Meandering through the Southwest for several days, I gathered a few items which may not be uninteresting to your numerous readers.

Between St. Louis and Springfield the appearance of the country, as seen from an Atlantic and Pacific express train, is anything but encouraging, and far from inviting to the scores of "home-seekers" who are daily launching out on the tide of emigration to Southwest Missouri.

Leaving Springfield, however, the scenery is very agreeably changed. Emerging from a broken, brushy surface, but rich mineral country, we at once enter a purely agricultural region, where extensive beautiful farms in a high state of cultivation greet the eye at every turn, and cheer the almost disappointed land hunter, filling his soul with new courage, stronger faith and greater ambition.

Through Lawrence, Newton and Jasper counties—which seem to be the favorite location, and destination of a large proportion of the incoming emigrants—the land appears to be evenly divided between timber and prairie, much of the former being already in cultivation and in crop.

The wheat, oats and rye, which were sowed last fall, are now several inches over ground and look remarkably healthy and prosperous, while the farmers everywhere are in the fields displaying great energy and industry, and are evidently anticipating a good season and large yield of all the cereals.

The emigration to these three counties this spring is far in excess of all former years, and while many nations and nearly all the States are represented, it is a remarkable fact that the Irish Catholics are largely in the majority, and the country around the two Catholic churches in Lawrence and Newton counties is rapidly going into the hands of this class of emigrants. They are from Canada, Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania and nearly all the Eastern and Middle States. They are a strong, healthy, athletic, energetic people, and being well provided with both muscle and money, are easily distinguished from the "old settlers" whom they are rapidly buying out.

A LUCKY SETTLER.

While digging a well on his new home, Mr. Bernard Mulrennin, a recent arrival from Wisconsin, discovered a bed of very superior quality of potter's clay, which varies from 16 to 20 feet in thickness, and is apparently inexhaustible in quantity. A company has already been organized and a manufactory for the production of all kinds of pottery, pipes, etc., will shortly be erected in Peirce City from the profits of which Mr. Mulrennin will undoubtedly receive a handsome income.

Moral: "Go West Young Man"—and buy a farm.

Several Irish Canadians from Ontario have purchased large tracts of land on the Sarcoxie prairie in Newton county, where they intend establishing an extensive cheese factory and opening up several large dairy farms.

SCHOMBORN'S VINEYARD.

On a very pleasantly situated farm six miles west of Neosho, I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. E. Schomborn, the owner of one of the best cultivated, and most profitable vineyards in Missouri, or perhaps in the West. This highly educated and industrious gentleman came here in 1866, purchased this farm of 160 acres of wild land and at once set about building himself a comfortable home. How well

he succeeded, his apple and peach orchard, of over 4,000 trees, and his three acres of nearly all varieties of grapes, stand enviable monuments of his testimony. From 1,000 peach trees Mr. S. raised over 600 bushels of peaches, and from one acre of Delaware and Virginia seedlings he produced 1,100 gallons of wine, which find a ready market at an average of about \$1.40 per gallon, or yielding over \$1,500 from one acre.

Of course, Mr. S. showed me how to raise wine before I left. Returning to Neosho, I found Mr. R. J. Henderson, the local land agent of the A. and P., diving into piles of applications for land and surrounded by plats, contracts and intending land-buyers.

I remained long enough in Mr. Henderson's office to learn that a grand excursion of land explorers would start from St. Louis on the 5th of May, on which day round trip tickets, good for 30 days, would be sold at the land office, 25 South Fourth street, St. Louis, for ten dollars. PHAROS.

THE SLANDERER.

Here is the portrait of that most contemptible of all low characters the slanderer, drawn by a "Master's hand":

"'Twas slander filled his mouth with lying words, Slander the foulest whelp of sons; the man in whom this spirit entered, was undone, This tongue was set on fire of Hell; his heart Was black as death; his legs were faint with haste To propagate the lie his soul had framed. His pillow was the peace of families Destroyed, the sigh of innocence reproached, Broken friendships, and the strife of brotherhoods, Yet did he spare his sleeps and hear the clock Number the midnight watches on his bed Devising mischief, and early rose, And made most hellish meals of good men's names, From door to door you might have seen him speed, Or placed among a group of gaping fools And whispering in their ears with his foul lips Peace fled the neighborhood in which he made His hamlets, and like a moral pestilence Before his breath the healthy shoots, the bloom Of social joy and happiness decayed."

The Mistletoe Affair.—Concurring in the finding of a Naval Court of Inquiry at Portsmouth, the Admiralty has ordered Staff-Captain Welch to be reprimanded for not keeping the Alberta on a course which was certain to clear the Mistletoe, Captain the Prince of Leiningen being held blameless, as he was supposed to be in immediate attendance on the Queen. The widows of the master and mate of the Mistletoe receive £500 and £400 respectively, and the seaman whose arm was broken £75 as compensation, while £3,000 is awarded to the owner of the yacht, Mr. Heywood, who expresses himself perfectly satisfied and hopes that nothing more will be said about "this lamentable accident."

A work will soon be attempted by the British Government which out to be of interest to American engineers and mechanics. It has been decided to raise the Vanguard, an ironclad steam ram of six thousand tons, which was sunk in the Irish Channel by a collision with another ram about eight months ago. On the second of September, while in a fog off Bray Head, the Iron Duke rammed the Vanguard, and sunk her. The immense mass of iron lies on the Kish Bank, in about 20 fathoms of water. The masts and upper deck guns have been removed by divers; but the sand has drifted into the hull, increasing the dead weight to be raised to probably 10,000 tons. To raise such a weight, in a tempestuous sea will be a signal success for science. The plan is to attach a large number of hollow iron air vessels by hooks to the hull; to pass chains under it; to place 2,000 air balloons in the ship, each having a lifting power of one ton; to draw her into shallow water; and when she has risen to a short distance below the surface, to lower a floating dock and catch her. The mechanical difficulties presented by the darkness and the enormous pressure of water, seem almost overwhelming; but men do not usually enter into a contract without good hope of being able to do the work.

VANDALIC PROTESTANTISM.—The Cork Examiner makes the following comments on the vandalism at Bristol:—"Low" Protestantism has distinguished itself at Bristol as well as at Chatham. The hatred of Romanism has aroused an iconoclastic mob, and some statues on the west front of the beautifully restored old cathedral have been smashed to bits. The barbarism is a little startling. So steadily has the progress of refinement gone on in England of late years that we had almost arrived at the conclusion that the Mahomedans were now the only people in Europe who could conceive no use of a sacred image except to worship it. But we perceive that this was to do injustice to the intensity and stupidity of Bristol fanaticism. It has already denied the devil, and now it smashes the saints. A statue of the Mother of our Lord was an object of peculiar abomination to them. If any one broke an image of the Queen of England in their presence, they would probably lynch him; but they think it a testimony of their soundness of faith to smash an image of the Queen of Heaven. Truly, religion is advancing nobly in that ancient city, and the Protestant mob have very lofty ideas of religious duty. Their creed has the merit of being easily followed and of being very attractive to those of humble rank. To split up a carved stone work into fragments is as simple as using a hammer, and it is very amusing to the great masses who have no sense of artistic beauty or of association of ideas. Wordsworth thought he depicted a very low stage of the intellect when he said:

A primrose by the river's brim A yellow primrose was to him— And nothing more.

But it would be yet a baser sort of creature who saw in the lovely handiwork of nature only a something to be torn up and destroyed. That much lower are the Bristol mob than Wordsworth's country clown. They cannot see that the image of a carved saint awakens in pious minds recollections of great achievements or marvellous suffering in the cause of God. They do not understand that piety may be awakened, devotion intensified by a likeness or a relic, just as we seem to bring our dear ones back to life by a glance at a photograph or a lock of hair. To them a stone image is a stone image and something more—a thing to be pounded to bits. Bravo! enlightened Bristol mob.

The Rev. Father Egan, of Tarrytown, N. Y., is now permitted to celebrate Mass, in the Westchester County Poorhouse. This is a very recent concession of the Superintendents of the Poor.

EPH'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. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with Boiling Water or Milk.—Sold only in Packets labelled—"James Epps & Co., Homoeopa-

thio, Chemist, 48, Threadneedle Street, and 170, Roper Alley, Works, Boston Road, and Camden Town, London.

WANTED for the first of July next, a MALE TEACHER, able to teach English and French, for a Common School in the Township of Tinty, Ontario. A competent salary will be given—the applicant should forward his certificates and state his salary. Apply to REV. J. MICHEL, Lafontaine, P.O., Ont. 37

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FOR SALE, an EXCELLENT FARM, known as MOUNT ST. COLUMBA FARM, West Williams, North Middlesex, Ontario, containing 130 acres, all enclosed, of which 110 are well cleared, and in a high state of cultivation, and 20 acres of woodland well timbered, plenty of good water, first class frame buildings, stone wall cellars under dwelling house, large bearing orchard, and well fenced all around, within a quarter of a mile of the Catholic Parish Church and Separate School; four and a half miles from Park Hill Station on G. T. R. Road; thirteen miles from Stratford, and twenty-eight miles from London; good gravel roads to and from it. Apply (if by letter, post paid) to the Proprietor on the premises, L. C. MCINTYRE, Bornish P.O., North Middlesex Ont. 1

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W. H. HINGSTON, M.D., L.R.C.S.Ed., Medical Referee. [Montreal, January, 73

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TERMS: Board and Tuition in French and English....\$6.00 Music and Use of Instrument.....2.00 Drawing and Painting.....2.00 Bed and Bedding.....1.00 Washing, &c.....1.00 Entrance Fee.....3.00 No deduction made, when the Pupils are withdrawn before the expiration of the term except in case of sickness

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No Pupil will be admitted without a recommendation.

Uniform: Black and Plain.

Board during the two months vacation, if spend at the Convent \$10.00.

The Scholastic year commences in September and closes at the end of June.

YOUNG FOLK—MERRY FOLK.

Who is She. There is a little maiden— Who is she? Do you know?— Who always has a welcome Whenever she may go.

What is the difference between the death of a barber and a sculptor? One curls up and dyes; the other makes faces and busts.

When a loafer enters the sanctum of a busy editor, and the editor says, "Glad to see you're back," what does he mean?

An old dutchman froze his nose. While thawing it out he said, "I haf carry dat nose fordy year, unt he nator freeze himself before. I do not understan dis ting."

A Wisconsin editor illustrates the prevailing extravagance of the people of the present day by calling attention to the costly baby carriages in use now, while, when he was a baby, they hauled him around by the hair of the head.

"Madam," said a trance-medium, "your husband's spirit wishes to communicate with you." "No matter," said the widow, "if he's got no more spirit in the other world than he had in this, it's not worth bothering about."

Could anything be neater than the old darkey's reply to a beautiful young lady whom he offered to lift over the gutter, and who insisted that she was too heavy? "Lor, missus," said he, "I use used to lifting barrels of sugar."

An officer in the army laughed at a timid woman because she was alarmed at the noise of a cannon when a salute was fired. He subsequently married that timid woman, and six months later he took off his boots in the hall when he came in late at night.

The Chinese are evidently Pagans. They spend their holidays in paying their debts, forgiving their enemies and shaking hands all round. Do we want any such barbarians among us? No! They would fly in the face our time-honored customs.

Across the water and the wine—Engaging child: "Oh, Mr. Jenkins, do let me see you drink!" Mr. Jenkins: "See me drink! What for my dear?" Engaging child: "Oh, mamma says you drink like a fish!"

A train on the Northern road ran into a cow the other day. It didn't hurt the cow, but it threw the engine off the track. People accustomed to the best steak furnished in the boarding houses of this section express much surprise at the slight damage done to the train.

A little boy said to his mother: "Ma, I had the beautiful dream last night you ever saw I dreamt that I wouldn't go to school, and that you went out into the yard and cut a great long switch, but just as you were going to give me an awful dressin' the world came to an end. Didn't I get out of it easy, though?"

One friend to another who has just returned from a trip abroad. "Did you enjoy your European tour?" "Very much indeed." "Did you call on any of the big ones?" "Yes I called on two queens one evening." "Called on two queens? Was it a pleasant affair?" "No, not very; for after I called I found the other chap had three kings."

When a man gets both of his legs mashed, rendering him unable to work for three months, there's nothing that cheers him up so much and so effectually keeps the wolf from the door as for his fellow-workmen to pass a series of resolutions praying for his speedy recovery, and ordering an engrossed copy of the same to be presented to his family.

In a little village of Southern France, the physician quarrelled with one of his friends a merchant, because the latter had said that physicians were asses. The merchant soon fell ill, but the doctor refused to see him unless he would take back his opinion of the medical profession. Ten years passed on and one day as the paralyzed merchant was sunning himself before his door, he saw the doctor pass. "Hullo, Dr. Bussaigne," he cried, "you can come to see me now; I have changed my opinion." "So much the better," replied the doctor, "for unless you had, I should never recognize you." "Yes, I've changed my opinion, entirely changed it," continued the merchant; "formerly I said physicians were asses." "You were wrong," "I know it; it is the patients who are the asses." "Why so?" "Because if they were not asses they would not send for the doctor."

WHAT I HAVE SEEN.—Some one who has seen a goodly share of the world tells some things he has seen: I have seen a young man sell a good farm, turn merchant, and die in an insane asylum. I have seen a farmer travel about so much that there was nothing at home worth looking after. I have seen a man spend more money in folly than would have kept his family in comfort and independence. I have seen a girl marry a young man of dissolute habits and repent as long as she lived. I have seen a man depart from truth when truth and candour would have served him to a much better purpose. I have seen the extravagance and folly of children bring their parents to poverty and want, and themselves to disgrace. I have seen a prudent and industrious wife relieve the fortunes of a family when her husband pulled at the other end of the rope. I have seen a young man who despised the counsels of the wise and advice of the good, and his career ended in poverty and wretchedness.

INDISPUTABLE EVIDENCE. St. Elmo, Ill., July 8, 1874.

B. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.:—I wish to add my testimony to the wonderful curative properties of your Ait. Ext., or Golden Medical Discovery. I have taken great interest in the medicine since I first used it. I was badly afflicted with dyspepsia, liver deranged and an almost perfect prostration of the nervous system. So rapid and complete did the Discovery effect a perfect cure it seemed more like magic and a perfect wonder to myself, and since that time we have never been without a bottle of the Discovery and Purgative Pellets in the house. They are a solid, sound, family physician in the house and ready at all times to fly to the relief of sickness—without charge. We have never had a doctor in the house since we first began the use of your Pellets and Discovery. I have recommended the use of these medicines in several severe and complicated cases arising from, as I thought, an impure state of the blood, and in no one case have they failed to more

than accomplish all they claimed to do. I will only mention one as remarkable, (though I could give dozens), Henry Coster, furniture dealer, of this place, who was one of the most pitiful objects ever seen, his face swollen out of shape, scales and eruptions without end, extending to his body, which was completely covered with blotches and scales. Nothing that he took seemed to affect it a particle. I finally induced him to try a few bottles of the Golden Medical Discovery, with daily use of Pellets, assuring him that it would surely cure him. He commenced it; use some six weeks since, taking two Pellets each night for a week, and the Discovery as directed. The result is, to-day his skin is perfectly smooth, and the scaly eruptions are gone. He has taken some seven or eight bottles in all, and considers himself cured. This case had baffled the skill of our best physicians. Messrs. Dunsford & Co, druggists, of this place, are selling largely of your medicines and the demand steadily increases, and they give perfect satisfaction in every case. Respectfully, W. H. CHAMPLIN, Agt. Am. Exp. Co.

BRAIN WORRY.—Many of us pray to be delivered from sudden death, and do we not worry ourselves into it? And if we do we do not help it? "Men do not really die of Heart disease as often as it is supposed, but of apoplexy, or congestion of the lungs, so they do not die of brain work but Brain Worry." Scott died of it, Southey, Swift, Horace Greeley, and probably Thackeray."—London Times.

As Brain Worry induces premature dissolution by its depressing influence upon the general nervous health, by eating the brain faster than the waste is repaired, and as the means of sustaining and increasing nervous health is no longer impossible, those who suffer the debilitating influence of mental anguish or extreme mental fatigue, need only resort to the preparation of Hypophosphites invented by Mr. F. Colow, as that will conduct the subject safely over the rapids of despair, and create in him strength to grapple with every difficulty. This is no idle assertion, but an established fact.

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The above is prepared under my direct supervision with the greatest care and accuracy, and strictly according to the original recipe of Dr. W. B. McGowan, Surgeon Dentist, of this city.

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Montreal Feb. 26 1875.

LIST OF BOOKS, DEVOTIONAL AND INSTRUCTIVE, FOR THE SEASON OF LENT AND HOLY WEEK.

Lenten Thoughts. By the Bishop of Northampton \$0 75 The Lenten Manual. By Rt. Rev. D. Walsh 50 The Lenten Monitor; or, Moral Reflections, etc 60 Sermons for Lent. By Fr. Liguori, S.J. 1 50 Feasts and Fasts, and other annual observances of the Catholic Church. By the Rev. Alban Butler, D.D. 2 25 The Office of Holy Week according to the Roman Missal and Breviary; in Latin and English; containing Instructions when to kneel, stand, etc 60 Easter in Heaven. By Rev. F. X. Weninger, S.J. 75 The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius. 1 00 The Christian Directory, Guiding Men to their Eternal Salvation. Parsons. 1 75 Meditations for the use of the Clergy for every Day in the Year. 2 vols 2 75 St. Anselm's Book of Meditations & Prayers The Day Sanctified; being Spiritual Reading for Daily use 1 10 Prayers and Reflections for Holy Communion, with a Preface. By Cardinal Manning 1 50 Think Well On't. By Challoner. 20 St. Liguori's Way of Salvation 75 " " on the Commandments Sacraments 40 " " Spirit of 30 " " Moral Dissertations. 38 " " Life of 75 " " On the Love of Our Lord Jesus Christ. 30 " " Jesus Hath Loved Us; or Clock of the Passion of Jesus Christ. 75 " " Christian Virtues 1 25 " " Meditations on the Incarnation 1 50 The Science of the Saints in Practice. By Paganini; 4 vols 4 50 Anima Devota; or, the Devout Soul. 60 Student of Jesus Crucified. 38 A Little Book on the Love God. 60 Spirit of St. Theresa. 60 The Words of Jesus. 60 The Spiritual Consoler. 60 The School of Jesus Crucified. 60 The Christian Armed. 38 Introduction to a Devout Life. 75 " " cheap edition 35 The Sinner's Conversion. 40 Prayers of St. Gertrude. Cloth, 10, cloth red edge. 60 Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. 75 Light in Darkness. 75 Practical Piety, St. Francis de Sales. 1 25 Spiritual Retreat. David. 1 10 Christian Perfection. Rodrigue; 3 vols. 4 00 Sinner's Guide. 1 25 The Sincere Christian. By Hay. 1 50 " Devout " 1 50 Arnold's Imitation of the Sacred Heart. 1 50 Cottage Conversation. 75 Manual of the Sacred Heart. 60 Spiritual Doctrine of de Lallemand. 1 50 Mental Prayer. 75 Life of Revd. Mother Julia. 1 50 Flowers of Mary, or, Devout Meditations. 1 00 Religion in Society. Martineau. 30 Sacred Heart of Jesus and Mary. 30 Following of Christ. 40 St. Augustine's Confessions. 40 God our Father. 90 Holy Communion It is My Life. 90 The Love of Jesus. 45 Devotions to St. Joseph. For the month of March 60 Legends of St. Joseph. By Mrs. J. Sadlier 80 Life of St. Joseph. 60 Month of St. Joseph. 60 Little Crown of St. Joseph. 90 Novena to St. Patrick. 15 Life of St. Patrick. By Rev. M. J. O'Farrell 75 Our Lady of Lourdes. By Henry Lassare. 1 25 Daily Steps to Heaven. 1 00 Jesus and Jerusalem, or, The Way Home. 1 50 The Devotions for the Ecclesiastical Year. 1 50 The Spiritual Combat. 35 Gentilism, Religion previous to Christianity. By Rev. Aug. J. Thebaud, S.J. 3 00 Life and Labors of St. Thomas of Aquin. By The Most Rev. Roger Bede Vaughan, O.S.B. 8 00 Sermons for every Sunday and Holy Day of Obligation. By Rev. Wm. Gahan. 2 50 History of the Catholic Church in Scotland. By Walsh. 2 75 Lives of the Saints; Illustrated, 1 vol. 2 00 Mathilda of Canossa. By Anna T. Sadlier 1 50 Life and Letters of Paul Signer. 1 50 Life of St. John The Evangelist. By M. L. Bannard. 2 00 The Child. By Dupanloup. 1 25 The Bible and the Rule of Faith. 1 00 The Flower of Heaven, or, The Examples of The Saints. By Abbe Orsini. 90 Life of St. John of the Cross. By Lewis. 1 25 Devout Communicant. 50 Lenten Thoughts. 75 In Heaven we know our Own. 75

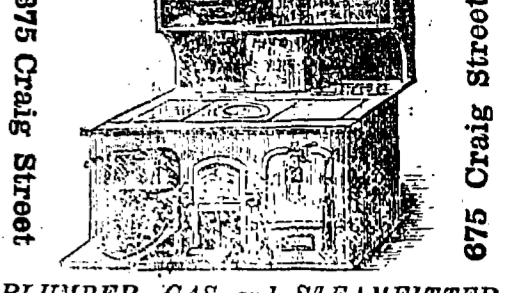
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CANADA, SUPERIOR COURT. PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal. 1876.

LUCY BISSONNETTE, of the City of Montreal, said District, wife common as to property of EUSEBE MARTIN, carpenter, of the same place, duly authorized to sue, Plaintiff;

vs. The said EUSEBE MARTIN, her husband, Defendant.

An action for separation as to property has been instituted by the plaintiff against the defendant. Montreal, 24th April, 1876. PREVOST & PHEFONTAINE, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

DOMINION OF QUEBEC, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal. SUPERIOR COURT. DAME ABIGAIL E. HOLDEN, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of HARLOW CHANDLER of the same place, Merchant, duly authorized a ester on justice, Plaintiff;

vs. The said HARLOW CHANDLER, Defendant.

An action for separation as to property has been instituted in this cause this day. Montreal, 28th April, 1876. GILMAN & HOLTON, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal. In the SUPERIOR COURT. DAME PAULINE DREYFUS, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of ZACHARIAH AUERBACH, of the same place, Merchant, duly authorized a ester on justice, Plaintiff.

vs. The said ZACHARIAH AUERBACH, Defendant.

An action for separation as to property has been instituted in this cause this day. Montreal, 12th April, 1876. KERR & CARTER, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

INSOLVENT ACTS OF 1869 and 1875. CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal. In the matter of DAVID ARTHUR LAFORTUNE An Insolvent.

On the Eighteenth day of May next, the above named Insolvent will apply to the said Court for his discharge under the said Acts. Montreal, 5th April, 1876. D. A. LAFORTUNE, By AUGÉ & DANIEL, his Attorneys ad litem.



