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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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PETERS BLOSSOM AND MARTHA GO TO A PARTY.

(From Putman's Magazine, June 1868.)

Being at the breezy and very quiet village of Sudbury a part of a summer, I had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Peter Blossom; and I must say I enjoyed his conversation.

T. W.

You see, Marthy had a cousin Jimmy, who was married to a smartish young fellow, who went from Rutland and got a place in a store in New York.

Laws, Marthy, there ain't a hill worth talkin' about in the country 'round there; and as for water to drink, it has to be brought miles through nasty pipes, and tastes fishy then; and the milk they have is jest swill stirred up inside a cow, and drained off with a machine; and there ain't a garden in the whole town that will fetch a bill of beans; and as for a slay-ride, you can't have one less than four dollars; while here you can go for two and six as far as you like.

When I said this, and more on top on't, she said 'she didn't care—she was going; she'd got a new frock, and she was going somewhere to wear it.'

'Bless me,' says I, 'ain't there meeting twice a Sunday? and what's the good of paying for a pew if you can't wear your new clothes into it twice a Sunday?'

But it didn't do no good; she had something on her mind, and so she persuaded me to go.

Well, we went; and Jimmy was glad enough to see us; and I guess she bankered after Sudberry as much as Marthy bankered after York. At any rate, she was glad to see us. But bless us all, up three pair of steep stairs she had her rooms—nobody has a whole house in York—and up them stairs Marthy and I had to pull, and I had to carry Marthy's trunk. What made it so awful heavy I can't see; but I found afterwards she had all her clothes, and all mine, and then she'd chock'd 'em 'round with maple sugar—and that's as heavy as the ten commandments to a hostess. But the last pair of stairs Marthy giv' me a lift, and so we got up. I wasn't sorry afterwards, because Jimmy's children did enjoy those cakes of sugar. Dear me, it made me feel young again, and kind o' lonesome too, because, you see, Marthy and me we'd got no children of our own; and it made me feel kind o' lonesome to see the little creatures having such a good time over it. If I'd had eight or nine children, I could ha' made a barrel a-piece for them as well as out; but now Marthy and me, we didn't want more'n a barrel between us; so what was the use tappin' for more?

You must know that Jimmy had married Plunkitt, of Rutland. Reubin was a smartish, good-looking fellow, and that went a good ways with Jimmy, for she was always kind o' loving. But she was a good girl; and now Marthy had come to see her, she determined she should have a good time. Reubin had got into Stark & Pilfer's store, with a salary of three hundred and fifty; but they'd ha' found it rubbin' the skin nigh off, if there hadn't been some 'sweepings.' Sweepings, they tell me, is quite a circumstance in New York. The sweepings of the post office is about three thousand a year; and they do say that the sweepings of the custom house keeps eighty-nine 2.40 horses a-go'in' night and day. I don't know just what shape sweepings comes in, but we had a box of figs and bottled cider the first night.

Reubin was telling us how Stark & Pilfer was sending round oranges, and sweetmeats, and old sherry, and champagne, here and there; and then he said how Old Pickles was going to have a party, and had ordered everything—Injy sweetmeats, and barrels of oranges, and champagne, and curesoe (a kind of corjil), and everything.—Then it popped into Jimmy's head, and she cried out,

'How should you like to go to old Pickles's party, Marthy?'

As quick as flash Marthy answered,

'Go? I guess so—quick enough!'

Now Reubin didn't like to have it seem that he couldn't do anything, or go anywhere, so he joined in:—

'Yes, by all means, let's go. I know the cook well enough, and she'd be glad to do any thing I wanted her to do. Let's go.'

I didn't see just what the cook had to do with at; but I had learnt when to follow and when to

lead in this world, so I said nothing. It was decided that we would go.

Well, the evening came, and as Reubin was blacking up his boots, I giv' mine a shiny rub; and when I went into Marthy's room ('wa'n't bigger than a cartridge-box), she put on my neck a white han'kercher.

'Lord, Marthy,' says I, 'do you want 'em to s'pose I'm a Sudberry nason?'

'Now you jest keep still, Peter,' says she; 'I know.'

I went into the sittin'-room to wait, for Marthy hadn't begun. Well, I waited, and they didn't come—nobody came—and I waited till I got sleepy. Then I called:

'Marthy!'

'You jest keep still,' she said; 'I'll come when I'm reddey.'

Thinks I to myself, 'it'll all be over before we get there; but I sot down to wait. It was eight o'clock at night if it was a minute; and I begun to wish I could go to bed. Well, I sot there by the fire, and jest dropped off. Something woke me, and there was two wimmin in the room, strangers to me. I rose up, and bowed for I was kind of dreamy, and thought mebbly I was in heaven. But they laughed out, and then I see it was my wife and Reubin's wife.

But 'Lord-a-massy!' says I; 'you ain't going that way, Marthy!' She was stark naked all over her neck and arms.

'Now, Peter,' says she, 'don't you go to being a fool.'

I shut my mouth right up. When Marthy spoke that way, I knew twa'n't no use. I must say I wondered where she got that frock; and it wa'n't till after we got home that I found out she and Betsey Foot had shaped it out of one of the Lady's Books. It was an awful sight.—In a minute I see that her face and arms was streaked all over with white flour, and I got out my pocket han'kercher to rub it off, when Marthy pushed me away in a kind of huff—

'Do let me be, Peter. I never see a man act so ridiculus in all my life.'

Says I, 'Marthy,' says I, 'twon't wash.—(That was a way I had of saying things wasn't A 1—first chon—you know.) Says I, 'Marthy, 'twon't wash.'

Marthy was good natured enough when she had on her best clothes, and afore folks; so she only said—

'Now, Mr. Blossom, it'll wash well enough for me; and you haven't got to wash it.'

'Why,' says Jimmy, not knowing jest what I meant, 'why, Mr. Blossom, that blue'll stand—real ultrymoreen.'

But that wasn't what I meant. I was thinking of the flour on her arms and bosom.

Says I, 'Jimmy, we shan't have to stay long, for it's past nine, if it's a minute.'

She and Marthy looked at one another, as if they thought they knew more'n I did. Perhaps they did.

The wimmin put most of their clothes over their heads, and we tracked through the dirty streets till we got to the house. It was jest one blaze of light from top to bottom. There was carpets on the front steps, but we went into the lower door, and in the kitchen we found Reubin's friend, the cook. She had on ribbons, but nothing so fine as my wife and Jimmy. You ought to have seen the three wimmin kurchy to one another. Lord! I'd a'most thought they was going to set down on the floor. But they rose up after settling down, as proud as the Queen of Sheby. Reubin took the orders for groceries from the cook, and so he was quite pleasant with her. Says he,

'You're lookin' first rate, Miss MacBride.—I hone that last corjil set you up?'

'Yes, Mr. Plunkitt, it went right to the spot; but, somehow, it didn't last long—eh?'

Reubin spoke right up; 'Oh, I'll see to that.'

I didn't see how he could see to it, after she'd drunk it all up; but that's what he said. I've a notion that corjil was one of the sweepings.—But I know when to shut my mouth, and when to open it.

Marthy and Jimmy kept some little shawls on their naked shoulders. I was glad on't, for it reely seemed to me more'decent. If they was going to wear the shawls, I didn't see what they had their frocks all cut off for, that way.—But bless you, I hadn't lived for forty-odd year not to know that wimmin wasn't reasoning creatures. I never said a word, but I was glad they'd covered themselves up at the top.

I heard the band of music going on up stairs, and I wondered why the cook didn't take us up; but she didn't. Reubin said:

'It's going to be a first class bust, I suppose?'

'Oh, of course,' said Miss MacBride. 'All our fust families—the Jones's and the Brown's—is coming, and the Seedy's and the Wildy's, and all that set. Divil a bit of vulgarity 'll you see, anyhow.'

'But why don't we go up?' I asked; 'we

may as well see them before they begun to go home, eh?'

They all laughed at that.

'Going!' said Miss MacBride, 'going!—They won't half 'em get here 'fore eleven, and the supper won't be till one; and then they 'll dance the German and the whirly dances till two or three. Going! Divil a bit of going will they be after afore morning brakes over the say. And divil a wunk of sleep will I get this blessed night of Saint Patrick.'

'Why,' says I, 'why dont they put it off to the next day? That's the sense on't.'

They laughed again, but I didn't see what there was to laugh at, and I dont now. If I wanted to dance and work hard, I'd do it in the daytime, and not steal it from my nateral rest. That'll wash, that will.

'When do they sleep?' says I.

'Oh,' says Miss MacBride, 'the missus and the young ladies they never gets up till twelve or one; and they dawdles round, and never dresses themselves till most dinner time.'

'Lord a massy!' says I, 'do they go round without clothes on?'

'No, no; but they doesn't put on their trimmings, and their waterfalls, and their paddins, and their hoopskirts, and their earrings, and their furbelows, till it's about time for the gentlemen to come into their dinner. Not never, unless they're going to receptions or the like of that.'

'But,' says I—'you see, I wanted to draw her out, so says I—but who does the work?'

'Oh, Lordy, ladies doesn't do no work, ladies doesn't. What should they work for?' (Says I to Marthy, softly, 'They wouldn't wash, up to Sudberry; they wouldn't. But Marthy didn't say a word; she was listening.) 'What should they work for? We does the work—the chambermaids and me; and the master, he makes the money to pay for it. What should they work for, eh?'

I didn't know what to say; but somehow I thought it must be kind of pleasant to have something to do every day. Why, now, in winter, I like to take care of my cows, I do, and get fences mended up; and Marthy, she's fond of making butter, and cooking up some nice things for breakfast—rice cakes, or waffles, or something like that. But dawdling round all day long—laws!

'No,' says the cook, 'they has as much as they're fit for to get their clothes on and off, and their hair done up, and patching and pottering round to keep themselves good-looking. You see, it's awful hard on 'em to be up nights so, and eating everthing cold and hot, and pattys and sallids, and every kind of nonsense such as they think they must eat to partys. Oh, its dreadful hard on wimmin; and we has the doctor here 'tween three times a week right along. Bedad, its all very well for me, but if I was the master, I'd give them a taste of my mind—that's what I'd do. And I'd button up my puss in my pocket.'

I was rather curious, so I asked, 'What does old Pickles do about himself?'

'Oh, he stays round, and gets his breakfast when he can. I try to see that the poor little man has something warm in the morning; but, bedad, mighty little breakfast he'll get from me the morrow, for I'll stay in bed meself, and that's the thruth of it.'

It it hadn't been for the cook's talking, I should have gone fast to sleep, for it was ten o'clock now if it was a minute; and I see Marthy and Jimmy was beginning to fidget; and then Jimmy whispered to Reubin, and he said,

'Well, Miss MacBride, we may as well go up.'

And then we did. We got in through the entry, and if you'll believe it, there it was full of bushes, and all along the stairs they stood, and some of them had flowers on them, though it was dead winter. I never see such a sight. But we got into a sort of back room, and the door was open so that we could see in.

Laws, such a curious sight! In the middle of one of the rooms was three wimmin—an old one and two young ones—and they was full as naked as my wife; but you see, what was took off the top of their frocks was put on to the bottom; and it was jest as much as they could do to keep from tripping up. 'The old one—that was Pickles's wife—she was kind of haggard, but she was streaked all over with flour, like Marthy, and her cheeks, I thought, was too red for a good old creature like that. Then she had diamonds or something sparkling in her ears; and her hair was tousled about so that it looked more like a mare's nest than anything. The young ones was pretty much like the old one, though one of them was haggard, and the other rather fat, and pimply in the face; but she had covered 'em up pretty well with flour, so that she looked tolerable.

Well, these three wimmin stood there in the middle of the room, and when I once set my eyes on 'em, I couldn't take 'em off. There they stood, for about two hours steady, receiving.

It was a curious piece of work. A kind of young minister or parson, in black clothes and white cravat, would bring in two wimmin on his arms: he'd make a kind of low bow, and let his arms swing out stiff in front, and his two wimmin would kurchy down jest about to touch the floor, and then old Pickles's wimmin would kurchy down jest about to the floor; then they'd all rise up proud, like the Queen of Sheby; then all three of Pickles's wimmin would say,

'How-de-do? So glad.'

And then the other three would say,

'How-de-do? So sweet!'—all jest alike every time.

Doing this, they'd get tangled-up with their clothes, and then they'd all of 'em take hold behind and pull 'em out, and untangle 'em, and get ready for the next little minister and his wimmin.

Now Pickles's wimmin did that a hundred times if they did it once. I never see anything so supple; and I say, if the truth was known, they had Injy-rubber springs on their joints, or they couldn't have kurchy'd down so, and up again. They did it every time jest the same, and they said every time, all three of 'em,

'How-de-do? So glad!'

Old Pickles wasn't anywhere about, not as I see. Now, if it was his party, I didn't understand it why he wasn't there. But maybe he was gettin' 'em into the front door.

By this time the rooms was swarmin', and there was a whole band of music playin' away as if they was crazy. I couldn't hear much of anything; but Miss Mac Bride would p'int her finger, and say,

'There! that's Miss Brown.'

'That's Miss Peters—that old one with the ringlets, grinnin' so.'

'There comes old Parker's daughter—that fat one, with the diamonds on her bosom—she's a ketch!—worth a million!'

Bless you! I'd rather had forty of Marthy than one like her. No catch for me—no, no!

'There! there comes Miss Raymond; and they say she's the lovin'est woman in the upper classes.'

What did she mean by that? I meant to ask her when we got home. I said to her now.

'Is that han'some young fellow with her, her husband?'

She laughed at that, and didn't say much.

'I guess she sees enough of him to home.—He never goes 'round with her—he! he! he!'

I couldn't see anything to laugh at in that.

The rooms was swarmin' with wimmin, and a whole bevy of 'em was as pretty creatures as ever I see—young and lithe and pretty. Dear me, I begun to think old Pickles's party was a sight to see. To be sure, they was all streaked with flour, like Marthy, and they was all naked along their bosoms and backs and arms; but somehow I was gettin' used to that. At first I trembled, for it seemed as though their frocks would jest drop off; and then, said I to myself, 'What on earth will they do?'

But they was smart, them girls was—I could see that. They knew what they was about, every one of 'em. They wasn't afraid, not a bit.

The band now stopped a little while, and then you never heard anything like it; every man and woman was hollerin' at one another as loud as they could; and if I was to bet, I'd bet they couldn't one of 'em hear a word any body said. But they kept at it, talkin' as though they was paid by the job, and meant to get through soon and get their monee. It beat all natur'. I've heard turkeys and chickens go on so when they was frightened; but nobody seemed to be frightened here,—not a mite. They just kept at it, nip-an'-tuck, until the band began to play another tune, and then, quicker'n lightning, every one of the little ministers slipped his arm softly round one of the pretty girls, and squeezein' her up pretty tight, went whirling her round the room so fast that I got dizzy.

'Laws!' says I to Marthy, 'they can't do that more'n once.'

'Don't be ridic'ulous Peter!' says she. 'Now, if you'll believe me—I I don't ask you to—when one of these ministers had whirled his girl 'round this wild way five minutes or so, he'd just fling her one side, and another minister would grab hold of her and go whirlin' her 'round the same way. It was about the queerest thing I ever did see. They didn't mind where they went; they jest bumped the girls up against every body, and nobody seemed to mind; and they twisted the long frocks 'round one another's legs. I thought every minit they'd fall down flat; but they didn't. You never see any thing like it; it beat any thing I ever see at the circus. Those tumbin' clowns wasn't a circumstance to these ministers and their girls. They kept this up steady two hours and more, and nobody died of it, not as I could hear of. It beat all natur', for these girls was, on the whole, weak-lookin'—didn't begin to be as strong as Marthy.'

I was completely puzzled, and was wonderin' what they did it for; for Miss Mac Bride said ladies didn't do no work, and I never see harder work than that.

My mind's kind of active, and then I remembered readin' in the Penny Magazine about Dervishes, who went whirlin' 'round this way when they felt uncommon pious. 'That's it,' says I to myself, 'that's it; these ministers have got their girls in, and are teachin' 'em—practisin'.' It's a kind of wor-ship.'

'Laws!' says I to Marthy, 'that beats all the sacraments I ever see. That wouldn't wash among our church members.'

'Beautiful!' she answered. It had affected her head too.

The band stopped now for a few minits, but they all went to hollerin' at one another again, jest as before, and all the wimmin whipped out their fans, and went to fannin' themselves;—I thought myself they must be hot, for the gas was hot, and they was crowded in putty close, and such steamy work would make any body hot.

Now Marthy wanted to see all she could; it was nateral. Well, she had gradually edged along through the door into the room, and was standin' there, and Miss Pickles, the old man's wife, come 'round bow'n' and smilin', so that you could see her back teeth easy. She see Marthy, and come right up as though she hadn't seen her afore. 'How-de-do?' So glad!' she said, as sweet as surrup, and put out her fingers. Marthy kurchy'd down as supple as any of 'em; for if any woman could do a thing, Marthy could; and then I see that, somehow, she'd got on a pair of white gloves, too. She kurchy'd down so that she most touched, and Miss Pickles she kurchy'd down, too, and then she said so softly,

'What name did you say?'

'Miss Blossom,' says Marthy, 'from Vermont.'

'Oh!' said Miss Pickles. 'Sorry I didn't see you before. A s'ranger, eh? Take my arm; let me introduce you 'round.' In said Marthy, as bold as any of 'em. I didn't wonder Miss Pickles wanted to show Marthy 'round, for I'll say this, she was han'somer than any of 'em; and with her naked bosom, and the flour on her, she looked enough like the rest to be a 'member.'

But I was frightened. Says I to myself, 'She'll get in, but she'll never get out whole—never.' But Marthy went in like the Queen of Sheby, and I could see her kurchy'n' to them, and they kurchy'n' to her; and then I see her hangin' on the arm of one of the young ministers, and walkin' up and down, and he hollerin' into her ear.

'Bless us!' says I, 'if he goes to convertin' her, what'll Par-on Ruskin say? We shall have an awful time of it up to Sudberry, getting her cured.'

But Marthy she took to it as a duck does to water. She learnt quick, for she was a real woman. So in a few minits I got easy. Then the band played a lively tune, and the services began again. The young ministers and the wimmin went to whirling 'round, as though they hadn't done a stroke of work that night at all; they was as lively as the music. I couldn't have believed it, but they did.

Now come a kind of thunder-clap. I wasn't watching, but suddenly, right before my eyes, come Marthy in her minister's arms, a whirling 'round like the rest, and bumping any body who was in the way. 'Lord-a-massy!' said I, out loud, 'she'll go down; she can't do it—never!'

'Yes she can,' says Jimmy; don't you see does? All a woman wants is a chance. She can do any thing she's a mind-to!'

There was no denyin' it—she did it. She did it as if she was brought up to it, and had served her time.

'She'll be dizzy,' says I.

'No she won't,' said Jimmy, 'if she don't want to.'

'She'll catch on somebody and go down,' says I. 'Take care!' out loud.

'Hush,' said Jimmy; 'let her be. She'll do it well enough if you don't fluster her.'

She did do it, and I begun to feel kind of proud of Marthy. Not that I thought this whirling much of a thing to do; but it is kind of pleasant to know that your wife's as good as any body's wife. I knew Marthy was; but that she could cut right in among these tippy-hob-royals of New Yorkers, and beat them, kind of sot her up!

'But,' says I, 'Jimmy'—it kind of come over me—'it's ridic'ulous—quite ridic'ulous!'

'I know that as well as any body; but, cousin Peter, when you're among the Turks, do as the Turks do—eh? You've heard that?'

From our door we could only see into the back room, and all at once we heard a little scream, and a sort of fuss.

'There,' says I, 'some of them's down, I told you so.'

Right away Marthy come running into our door—holding on to her clothes very curious.

'Oh,' said she, panting, 'I've tore my clothes all off my back. Oh, what shall I do?' 'There's ten dollars gone,' says I. 'Now, Peter,' says she, 'I wouldn't have come with you if I thought you were going to talk that way. I wouldn't have stirred a step.'

'I should be most happy to oblige you, sir; but you see, as I'm the master of the house, it wouldn't be just the thing.' 'Oh, Lord,' says the other one, 'I beg your pardon, I'm sure. But I thought you were like me, enjoying yourself. I see you've got to pay the bills—eh?'

against it, we nevertheless gave proof of forbearance, and we deemed it advisable then to keep silent, chiefly supported by the hope that the Austrian Government, lending a docile ear to the just complaints of our venerable brethren (the whole prelates of Austria), would return to more wholesome ideas and adopt a sounder determination. But our hopes have been frustrated. In fact the same Government on the 25th of May of the present year, issued another law, which extends to all the subjects, even the Catholic ones, of the empire, deciding that sons born of a mixed marriage must follow the religion of the father, and the daughters that of the mother.

possession of the Commander-in-Chief, and will be brought to England. Magdala is described by the troops as a place with some pretensions to grandeur, and possessing an abundance of costly decorations, particularly in the chapel, in the rear of which, in stone tanks, was a supply of water equal to the demands of Theodore and his followers for six months. Throughout the whole country the natives treated the troops kindly, and were ever ready to render to them the most cordial assistance. A story is told us affecting the disposition of the troops before Magdala. The Commander-in-Chief, in giving directions to Gen. Stavely, intimated that he had intended to place the 4th regiment in the position afterwards occupied by the 33rd; but, upon the General saying 'I had intended to place the 33rd there,' the Chief said, 'Very well; as you please.' But, said one of the men, 'the result of this was, that while the 4th were doing nothing on the plain, we were admiring Theodore's ruses! Several curiosities were brought home in the "Crocodile," including some of the shields, spears, and other weapons; but the great object of interest was Theodore's horse, which was taken from Magdala by some of the 33rd, and afterwards found its way into the possession of the Adjutant, by whom it was brought to England. It is a small but well proportioned horse of bay colour, but it was seriously disfigured on the passage, in consequence of the sea-men having pulled out portions of its mane for souvenirs—a practice which was resorted to by several of the visitors on Monday. The saddle, harness, and trappings were decorated with gold and the bridle was of curiously wrought silver. Of the hardships endured throughout the march the men spoke somewhat reservedly one point only forming a subject of special remark. After having been for three days and nights without water, a heavy hailstorm came on, and collecting the fallings in their waterproof sheets, by means of pegging them to the ground, the men in this way sustained life and renewed their march up the hills. This circumstance was generally regarded as a providential interposition, and one which spared the lives of a great proportion of the army. The scenery from the heights of Magdala is said to be something beyond human conception, the foliage in the valleys, and the views on and around the summit of the sloping mountains, combining to render the effect picturesque and sublime. The drummer, Magner, was not a little surprised upon landing to find that his name had been mentioned in the despatch from the Commander-in-Chief; and when the fact was communicated to him he said, "Well, now, that's what I never expected at all; and when I was sent for, after the battle was over, I thought I was going to get into the devil's own row for running away from my regiment!"

The Messrs. Gradwell, of Drogheda, have placed the disposal of the Rev. Andrew Carney, P. P., piece of ground near the Court House, Ballybay, for the erection of a National School. In addition two efficient existing schools this want is now about to be supplied. A tablet will be erected in the church of Kilkenny in memory of the lamented parish priest, Rev. Timothy Breen, and a sum of money is already subscribed for the purpose, to which some respectable residents have subscribed liberally. The Protestant Rector of the neighboring parish, who co-operates with the reverend deceased in an effort to forward the local interests of occupiers, has presented a token of his personal friendship.—Munster News. DEATH OF THOMAS McSHEEHY, Esq. M. D.—We regret to read the death, at Vevay, Switzerland, on Sunday, the 21st, on his way home from India, of Thomas McSheehy, Esq., M. D., Staff Surgeon, 1st 7th Royal Fusiliers, and brother of J. T. McSheehy, Esq., J. P., Shannon Linn, Limerick, a young gentleman universally beloved by his brother officers as well indeed as by all who had the pleasure of knowing him. His loss will long be deplored by his deeply sorrowing relatives.—Lim. ev.ck Reporter. DEATH OF THOMAS BURKE, M. D., Sheriff and Kill also—We regret to record the death of the above much respected gentleman at his residence, Scariff, on the morning of Saturday, after an illness of about five weeks, resulting from an accident on his attending the poor, leaving a widow and thirteen children to deplore the irreparable loss of an exemplary husband and father. He was highly esteemed during his professional career, which extended over a period of many years, and in a wide district, the population of which fully appreciated his anxious and active services among them. He was prompt to the call of duty, eager to render assistance within the wide range of his circle, careful everywhere to show his zeal, attention and skill and kindness of heart. He was brother of the Rev. John Burke, P. P., Broadford, of the Rev. Michael Burke, P. P., Killealy, and of the Rev. Patrick Burke, C. S. S. R. His remains were yesterday conveyed in funeral procession from Scariff to Killealy, and were interred in the Hurley family vault at Killealy among the immediate relations of his mourning widow. The funeral was attended by the Right Rev. Dr. Power, Bishop of Killaloe, a large concourse of the clergy, the members of the medical profession of the district, and a vast number of sympathizing people.—R. I. P.—Ibid. THE IRISH ESTABLISHED CHURCH.—We (Northern Whig) understand that a petition, got up by the Protestant Defense Association, and of so bulky dimensions that it with difficulty got through the Post Office, has just been sent to the Home Secretary for presentation to Her Majesty. Doubtless Mr. Gathorne Hardy will, by and by, assure the senders of this memorial or petition in behalf of the Irish Establishment that it has been presented to the Queen, who has "been graciously pleased" to accept it. Then it will be heard of no more; and probably few will know or think of the trouble, toil and worry which have been endured in gathering up from the highways and byways signatures for this formidable looking roll, only in the end to become useless lumber in the Home Office. ONE HUNDRED AND TWELVE YEARS OLD.—On Sunday evening, June 21 a woman named Margaret Roche died at Buttevant, having reached the authenticated age of one hundred and twelve years. Mrs. Roche was, for her age, of quite remarkable physical vigor, and had been, up to the access of her brief death sickness, engaged in customary domestic duties. She retained entire possession of all her faculties to the last, and died calm and collected. Her reminiscences extended into the middle of last century. The principal events of this period she held in intelligent remembrance, and loved to converse on. The memorable year 1732, with the national agitation which attended the Volunteer movement, she remembered distinctly; and of 1793, the events of the great French Revolution, and of 1793, she talked as if they had only ended last January. Of the latter convulsion she retained an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, having been an eye witness of some of the chief incidents which mark it. Mrs. Roche was in receipt of a pension from the family of Sir D. J. Norreys, for services rendered three-quarters of a century ago.—Cork Examiner. An unfortunate accident occurred yesterday morning, between four and five o'clock, at the bathing place, Williamstown, adjoining the railway station. At that hour a young gentleman named Edward O'Flanagan, who resided in that locality, went by appointment to bathe with some young friends. It would appear that being older and a better swimmer than his companions, he went out for a considerable distance, and having got a cramp, he was drowned before the fact became known to his companions. When at length it became apparent to them that he had disappeared, every effort was made to rescue him but unfortunately, by the time the deceased was got to shore, life was extinct. The unfortunate young gentleman was only twenty-three years of age.—Dublin Freeman. We learn by a report of the proceedings of the Sligo Board of Guardians, published in the Sligo Independent of Saturday last that Mr. Gubbins came before the meeting and called their attention to the present disgraceful state of the Emlafad graveyard. He represented the matter in a most awful, yet, we believe, truthful light. He said he was informed that pigs go into the graveyard and root up the dead bodies, and in a case which occurred lately, the remains of a respectable young man interred there, were frightfully mutilated by dogs eating off the arms.—Roscommon Herald, June 20. IRISH EXILES IN POLAND.—It is not generally known, but it is an ascertained fact, that descendants of Irish exiles of the Cromwellian era, settled in Poland, and that there are now in the frightful captivity of Siberia, Irish clergymen and laymen compromised in the last and antedated efforts to shake off the Russian yoke. Two of the clergymen were, we believe, priests of the metropolitane diocese, and had their exact from the late Archbishop Murray; and there are hundreds of Polish priests and poor nuns wasting the remnant of their lives in the same hideous enslavement—banishment. St. JOHN'S EVE.—Yesterday being the eve of this saint, as customary the city and country round blazed with bonfires. From an early hour in the evening the city was clouded with smoke from the bonfires which were burning in all directions.—Cork Examiner, June 24. The premises on the Temor road, known as 'Sheep's Mill,' adjoining Waterford city, have been taken by the eminent firm of Donny and Son, Queen street, the great bacon merchants, as a scutching mill. This new enterprise of the Messrs. Denny will be the means of giving a large amount of employment to the poor people. A considerable quantity of rain has fallen since our last issue, and the appearance of the crop has, in consequence, been much improved. Copious showers are still required for the progress of vegetation.—Newry Examiner, June 24. Lately a very perceptible increase in the import of tourists to Killarney has taken place. A considerable number of them have been Americans. who are now coming here in large numbers immediately after the arrival of the steamers in Queenstown. The Prince of Wales has presented £50 to William Dargan's widow. James Killeen, Esq., has been re-elected chairman of the Town Commissioners of Kells. William Hagie, Esq., has been unanimously appointed chairman of the Commissioners of Cavan.

THE POPE'S ALLOCUTION.

The following is a translation of the Papal Allocution delivered in the secret consistory held on the 22nd June last:— 'Venerable Brethren—We should never have imagined that after the convention agreed to nearly thirty years ago between us and the Emperor and Apostolic King of Austria, to the great joy of all well-minded men, we should be obliged to lament over the miseries and serious misfortunes which, by the machinations of evil-disposed men, now afflict and annoy in a deplorable manner the Catholic Church in the Empire of Austria. In fact, the enemies of our divine religion have been unceasing in their efforts to destroy the said convention, and to do the greatest harm to the Church, to us, and to this Apostolic See. On the 21st of December last the Austrian Government passed an odious law to be carried out and strictly observed in every district of the empire, even in those districts where the Catholic religion exclusively prevails. That law establishes free liberty for all opinions—liberty of press, of every faith, no matter what confession or doctrine, it grants to the members of every confession the right of establishing public schools and colleges, and members of every confession are allowed to be admitted on the same footing with the members of the State. Although we felt great grief on being informed of the fact, and wished to raise our voice

HOW WE GOT INTO MAGDALA—A SOLDIER'S NARRATIVE.

With the detachment of the 33rd Regiment, which on Monday arrived at Portsmouth from Abyssinia, were the two men who first forced an entrance, and turned the gate at Magdala—namely, No 3691, Drummer Michael Magner, and No 949 Private James Bergin—accompanied their regiment. The account given by Magner of his adventures throughout the engagement are somewhat amusing. He was attached to General Stavely's staff as a bugler, and he states that, during the action of the 10th, the general gave the order 'Bugler, tell them to cease firing,' for the purpose of getting the attacking party in order. bugle was sounded, and then the general said to his side-do camp, 'Saunders, go and tell those men to unfix their bayonets. Where's your 4th now? Quick! Those devils are used to fire, but if they had all the devils in hell there, they couldn't stand against them.' Magner (under the influence, as he says, of some excitement) then left his regiment, ran up the hill, and made a clear breach through the stockade. He succeeded in getting in, and was followed by Private Bergin whom he assisted. Ensign Connor then said, 'Bugler, please help me through,' and that officer was accordingly assisted into the fort. Some other officers followed, and the whole at once gave three hearty cheers for the Queen, and were preparing to hoist the colours, when they were met by some forty of Theodore's troops. Fortunately, however, for Magner and his followers, the attention of the enemy was at this juncture attracted to the gate, and only a few of the natives prepared to attack the party of the 33rd. One native in particular appeared to be determined on mischief, and Magner observing that he was levelling his musket, said, 'Mr. Connor, there's a good shot for you. Shoot that con, as I have only this cheese knife (referring to a sword.) He's got a good firelock and cartridge bag, and that'll be of service.' Mr. Connor accordingly shot the native with his revolver, and Magner at once proceeded to the dead body, took possession of the firelock and cartridge pouch, and with these fought against his enemy. The man is proud that he still retains these articles in his possession, and his comrades are equally proud that one of their number should be the first to enter Magdala. Magner is an Irish man somewhat diminutive in stature, and has been fourteen years in the army. Various opinions were expressed as to the fate of Theodore, but the majority on board were adverse to the conclusion that he committed suicide. The King is said to have been wounded in four places—the leg, chest, mouth and neck—and when found he was on his face, his horse, which was gorgeously adorned, being by his side. In his hand he was holding a revolver—the same that was recently presented by Her Majesty—and this is now in the

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

His Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop left Dublin on June 25, by mail train for Carlow, to be present at the annual academic exercises in St. Patrick's Lay College, in which venerable institution he himself had been in early years a student, this being his first visit since his elevation to the high dignity of Prince of the Church. His Eminence, on his arrival at the station, was enthusiastically received by the assembled thousands, and as he entered his carriage, and drove beneath the arches of evergreens and flowers erected in his honour, the cheering was most vehement. An extraordinary spectacle was witnessed on Sunday, the 23rd ult., on St. Brendans Mountain, Kerry. The Right Rev. Bishop Moriarty celebrated mass on the top of the mountain, which is about 3,000 feet high, and is especially dedicated to St. Brendan, the patron saint of the county. There is a holy well at the top which is held in great veneration by the peasantry. An immense congregation assembled from all sides to witness the service. The people brought refreshments with them, but no tents were allowed to be erected. Saturday the 13th ult., will be long pleasantly remembered in the annals of Elphin; upon which day the good Sisters of Mercy arrived there—some from Roscommon, some from Sligo—to enter into possession of their splendid and spacious new Convent of the Sacred Heart. We have to add that the Elphin Convent of Mercy was built on a site generously and gratefully given by A. O'Connor, Esq., J. P., Elphin House, and was entirely erected at the expense of Mrs. Archbold, relict of Robert Archbold Esq., for many years M. P. for Kildare, and only daughter of O. D. J. Craze, Esq., V. L., Mantua.—Roscommon Messenger June 20.



The True Witness.

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MONTEAL, FRIDAY, JULY 24, 1868.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.  
JULY—1868.

Friday 24—Vigil of St. James.  
Saturday 25—St. James, Ap.  
Sunday 26—Eighth after Pentecost. St. Ann, W.  
Monday 27—Of the Octave.  
Tuesday 28—SS. Nazarius and Comp., MM.  
Wednesday 29—St. Martha, V.  
Thursday 30—Of the Octave.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

We learn by telegram that Lord Stanley stated in the House of Commons, on the 16th inst., that the British Ministry had informed the United States Government that they were ready to accept the American view of neutralization, but that the question was still under consideration, and, besides, there was no time to pass a bill this session. From Ireland we regret to learn the serious illness of His Eminence Cardinal Cullen; we can only trust that it will be of short duration, as his loss would be heavily felt by his country at this moment.

On the 19th inst., an immense popular demonstration took place in Hyde Park, London, in favor of Parliamentary measures for the abolition of the Irish Church Establishment. Several speeches were delivered strongly protesting against the recent vote on that measure in the House of Lords, and resolutions unanimously carried sanctioning the action of Mr. Gladstone.

The excessive heat of the past week has caused an unprecedented and alarming number of deaths throughout the United States and Canada. In the city of New York, the daily deaths from the effects of the sun are numbered by hundreds; whilst in Montreal the mortality list reached the fearful number of 209 during the past week.

The Hon Mr. Howland has been gazetted as Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario; and the Hon. Judge Wilmot, of Fredericton, as Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick.

THE ORPHANS' PIC-NIC.—We are happy to inform our fellow-citizens that the very energetic Committee entrusted with the management of this charitable work, are sparing no pains to ensure its success. Gailbault's Gardens are in excellent condition, and, with the very attractive programme which is being prepared, we can easily predict the results of the Pic-Nic. It is not often we are treated to such a day's legitimate recreation, whilst at the same time discharging one of our most sacred duties—the relief of the helpless orphan.

THE TORONTO BLUE LAWS.—The case of the young man whose premises were illegally not to say burglariously invaded by the Toronto police a few Sundays ago, and who himself was dragged to jail and fined for playing the "Last Rose of Summer" on a Sunday afternoon in his own room, has provoked some discussion in the Upper Canada journals. The *Globe* defends the action of the Toronto Dogberry, but one of his correspondents with better reason, strongly denounces it as an outrage which free British subjects are bound to resist. The *Globe's* arguments are amusing indeed, and sound strangely from the mouth of one who calls himself the champion of civil and religious liberty. From such liberty good Lord deliver us.

Quoth the *Globe*:—"The question of what ought to be the character of our Sabbath laws is a very important one, in no way to be mixed up with the personal spite which sometimes takes the form of zeal for liberty."

Were there any regard for consistency, any thing like adherence to principle, any true respect for civil and religious liberty in Upper Canada, there would be, could be no question whatsoever as to the "character of its Sabbath laws;" for the simple reason that there would be no Sabbath legislation at all. The *Globe* boasts that in Upper Canada there is no semblance of connection between Church and State; and if the latter therefore legislate on the Sabbath at all, it follows that the State assumes to itself the right of interpreting God's revealed law, and of regulating, not only man's relations towards his fellow-man but his relations towards

God. In other words, in Upper Canada Church and State are one, and the latter is that one.—The Province of Ontario is politically considered, a theocracy.

Where will this infernal tyranny stop? or what shall be the limits of the encroachments of Puritan fanaticism on the one hand, and the concessions of a superstitious and priest-ridden population on the other? Men and boys are fined and imprisoned for fishing on Sunday, for playing a tune on the violin on Sunday, for other innumerable conventional offences of man's devising—the offspring of an anile superstition; carry out the principle which underlies this legislation, and there is no reason why ere long the pillory and the whipping post should not, as in the olden times, and in the glorious days of Protestant Ascendancy, be the doom of the so-called Sabbath breaker; why mothers should not be again scourged on Monday for kissing their babes on the Sunday, or why the gallows should not be erected for the profane contemner of Blue Laws who dares to recreate himself on Sabbath afternoons by a stroll in the fields, or lake shores. If the State *per se* have the right at all to define what constitutes Sabbath breaking, or how Sunday is to be observed; if it have the right to inflict any penalty however slight for violation of its decrees on these heads it has the right to enforce its decrees by what penalties it pleases, it is inconsistent to bound to enforce them by such penalties as shall by experience be found most efficacious. This is the logical deduction from the principles laid down by the *Globe*, and according to its logic, no one has the right to sneer at the theocratic despotism which it advocates:—

"A great deal of foolish talk is often indulged in about doing as one likes, and about any interference with individual action being an infringement of liberty. For the thousandth time it has to be said that the very idea of society is incompatible with such claims, and that for the sake of certain advantages, every one, in becoming a member of a civilized community gives up a portion of what he might claim and exercise were he perfectly alone. The regulations made by these communities may be wise or foolish, just or unjust, but those aggrieved have no alternative but to leave that community altogether; or submit, and seek to have these laws changed by argument, or resist, and endeavor to have them changed by force."

We fancy that the *Globe* would change its tone were the Catholic majority of Lower Canada to enforce by law upon the Protestant minority the observance of their peculiar holidays, and to punish violations of that law by fines and imprisonment. In such a case we fancy that the *Globe* would forget its Liberalism, and like an ultra-Tory stand up as the champion of that "individual liberty" and freedom of action for which it now betrays such supreme contempt. In such a case we can well fancy that the *Globe* would stoutly maintain "that every one has a right, as before the State, to do as he likes" so long as he does no injury or wrong to any one of his fellow citizens, or deprives no one else of the right of doing as he likes. The *Globe* has apparently been reading, or making believe to read some of Jean Jacques' *Contrat Social*, and has not been able mentally to digest what he has read. Hence his flatulence, and wordy but meaningless eruptions.

And what will the *Globe* say in future about the legislation of countries which like Spain punish the vendors of irreligious, heretical, and obscene books, and fine blasphemers, and imprison the preachers of false doctrine, and contemners of God's revealed law? with respect to the Sacraments, and the honor due to the Saints? Wherein does such legislation differ in principle from that of the Toronto magistrates? Nay! rather wherein it does differ is not all the advantage on the side of Spain. No one is injured morally or materially, by another man's fishing on Sunday, or by another playing "The Last Rose of Summer" on his violin in his own room, and if the sole legitimate function of the State be the prevention of injuries—in these matters the State has no right to interfere. But the public blasphemer, but the itinerant vendor of heretical and obscene works, spurious bibles, and seditious treatises, who like our Upper Canadian contemporaries whose pages are on one side devoted to the preaching of a high morality and on the other side to the dissemination of useful information about abortion medicines, and certain "*Female Pills*" peculiarly suited to married ladies—(see advertising columns of *Globe* for instance)—well know how to reconcile the service of God and Mammon—but men like these we say are offenders against man as well as against God—doing not only to the latter foul dishonor, but to the former grievous and irreparable injury. Rightly therefore does the State step in to punish the scoundrels, and to protect its subjects.

THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

And so the abominable iniquity of Irish State Church is approaching its termination. A creature of that peculiar legislation by which Ireland was governed in the past, it could only thrive so long as the spirit which evoked that legislation existed. But a new generation, and new times, are upon us, and the worn-out piece of state machinery is cast contemptuously aside. Is there no helping hand to save that system which furnished the world with the admirable spectacle of a compromise between the most crying injus-

tice and the most exalted piety. Where are the Beresfords? What has become of Todd Magee and the other uncompromising champions of the blessed Establishment? What has become of pious Plunkett, and the other mighty men who were the pillars and most secure foundation of that Establishment in days of yore. Alas! we have fallen upon evil times. The arguments that were considered perfectly satisfactory and conclusive in defence of the cause, are now scornfully rejected, not only by the English people themselves but by every nation on earth.—Public opinion has become too strong for the vampire robber that has so long been sucking away the hearts' blood of a gallant, generous, and faithful nation. The *fat* has gone forth—this State Machine—this willing instrument of venal Premiers—this purchased support of tottering Cabinets—this headless, handless, stupid, powerless Dagon of state-craft—this boast of petty squires and amecure parsons—this rotten bulk that tried to float upon a sea of soup, the souls of the true-hearted Catholics of Ireland, into the devilish breakers of heresy—this *Church* is about to fall.

Thank God! it has come at last! It was tardy; but the cause had to pass through the weary Chancery of bigotry, prejudice and hatred.

To Mr. Gladstone there is a certain qualified meed of praise due. We say qualified, for not so much to him as to the peculiar circumstance of the times, is due the present almost unanimous movement against the great wrong. We are afraid that if those circumstances were other than they are, neither that able man, nor any other English statesman, would defend the right for mere justice sake. Public sentiment is aroused in opposition to the Establishment. To take advantage of this, is Mr. Gladstone's object. It happens luckily to run counter to the State Church in Ireland. If it expressed itself upon any other subject, in the same manner, it is probable he would throw himself into the foremost ranks, and become an ardent advocate of whatever the people desired. And this he would do, not so much through affection for Catholics, not so much from antipathy to the Establishment in Ireland, as from a spirit of opposition to Disraeli. The successful audacity of the latter statesman has aroused in Gladstone and the party he represents a fierce antagonism. The trickery and cunning which the Israelite Premier displayed in manoeuvring the hard-earned laurels of others into his own hands, in the late measure of Reform, rankles in Gladstone's breast. The latter, in advocating the disestablishment of the State Machine, is, in reality, attempting the overthrow of his clever antagonist. Were Disraeli down, we suspect that Gladstone would not find so many good reasons for rejecting Disraeli's proposition for postponing a discussion of the question. He fully understands the object of the Premier's extreme anxiety for delay. That purpose is to so work upon the passions and prejudices of the English people, by vague allusions to the Throne and Constitution—to indulge in such dark forebodings for the stability of Protestantism—that a reaction may set in which may effect the majority of voters and thus enable him to appeal to the country with the certainty that he should carry the election in his own favor. Mr. Gladstone is fully acquainted with the fickleness of the larger portion of his supporters, hence his eagerness to push forward, without delay, his attack upon the State Church in Ireland. While we praise him for his advocacy of the right, we must not forget that he does so simply because such a course is under present circumstances, the most effective way to overthrow Disraeli.

Indeed, it must be perfectly apparent to any one who gives himself the trouble to study the matter, that Irish Catholics have very little reason to applaud either Whig or Tory for any consideration they may receive. If English policy demands that concessions should be made to Catholics, they will be made. No question affecting Irish Catholic interests favorably, is ever discussed upon its merits alone, no matter what political party may be in power. Truth, right and justice are made subservient to the triumph of party. The moment that the Irish State Machine ceased to be a political weapon, English statesmen began to prose eloquently about injustice and the dangerous irritation of oppression. Slaves of popular opinion, they care little whether a cause be good or bad, so long as they can please the people. Like the *Times* newspaper, they do not lead that opinion, but dexterously follow it while pretending to lead. The crowd cry "Injustice," and forthwith statesmen fall to moralizing, and tickle the public ears with solemn disquisitions on the enormity of not treating others as we would be treated ourselves. Another mob shouts "It is not justice!" and lo! wise men begin to scan the political heavens with gloomy brows, and indulge in oracular anticipations of the destruction and ruin that must surely follow any departure from the well-tried, time-honored principles of our forefathers, &c. Advocacy or opposition depends solely upon the relation of a question to a majority of the "masses"—not upon its relation to right and justice. The remark applies to public men in

general, although there have been, and are, many honorable exceptions.

It is not to be supposed that the present movement against the State Church of Ireland does not excite the most rabid opposition. Fearful of losing their fat berths and sinecures, the parsons are in a state of frantic distress and fear. It is not, they say, because their livings are endangered that they are disposed to howl so loudly and piteously. Disinterested men of God, they are far above any such mercenary motives. The past testifies so strongly to the truth of this assertion, that further reference to their pious plea is altogether unnecessary. The sole cause of their anxious wailing arises from the consideration of the dreadful danger to which the Throne, &c., is exposed. We are creatures of that Throne, they argue, (it not in words, by implication), and what is an attack upon us but a covert onslaught upon the fountain-head of our order, dignity and benefices? Poor, dear gentlemen, their care is very touching, indeed!—That such sensitive loyalty should be so buffeted about by justice and common sense, is certainly very aggravating, especially when theirs is no abstract loyalty but a real Simon Pure article, founded upon substantial motives of pounds, shillings and pence. But alas! to what refuge shall they fly, when even the Royal Lady,—who is the object of their holy, unselfish affection—snubs them as did Her Most Gracious Majesty a short time ago? Such a cringing, fawning, whipped spaniel sort of petition they got up—such mean, contemptible, Eastern idolatry they displayed. Such a whining, writhing pack of Uriah heaps they were, that every honest Protestant must blush for shame at such an exhibition of helpless inanity and terror. O, glorious days of Ascendancy! how are the mighty fallen!—once so proud: now "so very umble." The cause which once counted a Whately and Usher amongst its defendants, is now so fallen that it receives comfort from the support of an Ogle R. Gowan, or the renowned Billy Johnson of Ballykilbeg. But, in spite of all their efforts, the tide is setting in that shall overwhelm the poisonous fungus of an Establishment that has so long cursed and darkened the existence of a great people.

Let us be thankful, then, that the day has come when prejudice begins to waver and to admit that Ireland, in this respect, at least, has just cause for complaint. As this hideous monster of state-craft becomes more and more exposed to view, so shall the execrations of indignant civilization increase and deepen, up from the unknown graves of myriads of a stricken race,—wherever one of the oppressed people of Ireland has laid down his weary head to rest, there shall arise a glad cry of rejoicing. For, it robbed them, and then sneered at their poverty; it drove them to bay with injustice and cruelty, and then murdered them in vindication of outraged law and loyalty; it deprived them of education, and then quoted their ignorance as the necessary result of their faith; and, as if all this were not enough, it broke sacrilegiously into the sacred temple of conscience, and strove to elevate, above the ruins of the Cross, the filthy satyr of Pride, Lust and Falsehood, called Protestantism.

Earthly legislators may abolish, but the injustice, the heartless cruelty, the cynicism and appalling record that this Establishment has furnished the world, have yet to pass before that All-Wise Legislator, Who hateth iniquity and loveth justice. The sophistries which now deaden the guilty consciences of the Pharisaical parasites of a monstrous wrong, shall be subjected to the test of an awful philosophy of which they have never dreamt. Before that Tribunal millions of the sainted dead of Ireland are lifting up their hands, praying for justice. They petition O? Who is mindful of the widow's tears and the orphan's cry—O?e, Who was Himself a man of sorrow and acquainted with infirmity,—O?e, Who, through weary centuries, has looked down, with infinite sympathy, upon the poor, suffering, faithful Catholics of Ireland,—O?e, Who Knoweth how to avenge.

J. M. J. G.

WILL THE GARRISON CHURCH BE DIS-  
ENDOWED?—Without pretending to discuss the justice of the case in this simple and momentous question, we may still be allowed to speculate upon the chances,—for, after all, it is but a matter of chance,—that a Garrison Church ought to be disendowed, its very structure propped. A bayonet is at all times but a poor prop, be it for an Establishment, or be it for a Dynasty. It may do well on the teated plane or on the bivouac. The snowy canvass stretched upon an improvised triangle of bayonets makes no mean shade for thirsty and footsore and weary soldiers; but after all 'tis at best but an improvise—a prop—to be blown over by the first rude blast and can never form a permanent or stable stay for any edifice. Christian faith has ever symbolised the apostles in the pillars of the material fabric of the Church. That as the foundation of the true Church is Christ, so the pillars are the Apostles. How different all this is in the Garrison Church, is seen at a glance.—

Bayonets for pillars shew the truly nomad character of the edifice, and its utter want of claim to aught of permanency. And the inconsistency of its advocacy (for, gentle reader! there are men found inconsistent enough for this advocacy) is in nothing more clearly seen than in this: that whilst the Protestant world is declaiming loudest against the maintenance of Papal temporalities by French bayonets, as the phrase has it, this same Protestant world is battling hardest for its own Garrison! Church. Perhaps it is with them after all only a squabble for the temporalities, and could these be but retained, all the rest might go without a sigh.

We have said that the disendowment of the Garrison Church is but a matter of chance; and if the resultant of innumerable and unequal and unknown forces may be said to be chance, then it is so. The different interests of the combatants are so many and so various, their motives of action are so dissimilar, that it is impossible to calculate the result. One thing however is certain; justice and right will never be considered in the struggle. They may perhaps be made a political shibboleth by English radicals, to be used by canting hypocrites as battle cries, but though the scarf be on the arm, depend upon it, the heart will be far from the lady fair.—Justice and right in the scramble for power will be found the least appreciable units of the future and at present unknown resultant.

There is one phase of this advocacy of the Garrison Church which is not unworthy of a passing notice. The most zealous defenders of the Establishment—those precisely, in fact, who, enjoying its revenues, may be said to be most interested in its preservation—oppose its disendowment on the principles of justice. "You are destroying vested interests." When we hear this plaintive plea our mind irresistibly falls back a few centuries in our country's history, and hears, or fancies it hears, the faint echoes of the voice of some grey-haired priest of God's Catholic and Apostolic Church declaiming from his pulpit, at the risk of his head, against the spoliation of God's Church by England's myrmidons—Cromwell's samts. We have even looked upon the principles of justice as immutable and invariable; as independent of the gross accidents of time; as one in all ages and in all climes. If, then, it be robbery to alienate these temporalities *now*, how much more was it robbery to alienate them *then*? If the voice of the whining and pampered sycrurist be to be heard *now*, how much more ought the warning voice of the priest to have been heard *then*? The voice of the priest was the voice of the servant, claiming and defending his master's goods, that master a divine master. The voice of the modern interloper is the voice of the thief, calling "right! right!" when he himself has never respected right. It is a maxim of morals, that an unjust title can never be made good by lapse of time. Where then is the right that can ever be acquired in this spoliation?

Were we to declare our belief that the Church Establishment *will not* be disendowed, it would only be declaring, in as many words, our belief in another and a cognate proposition—that English bigotry will be too strong for the occasion. We know the justice of the cause, and we know the proverbial love of our countrymen for fair play; but there is a justice, too just for English bigotry—a fair-play, too fair for English constitutions to stomach. An Englishman's love of justice is indeed all but universal, extending, as it does, to Mahometan, Jew, and Atheist, but stopping short alas! at Papist. That the radical element in English politics is all but supreme, we admit; that the principles of Reform are essentially opposed to a State Church we likewise admit, but there is a principle instilled into the breast of Englishmen—sucked in with their mother's milk—engrafted in their very nature, which will, when duly evoked, override it this and turn in due time this lover of fair play and justice. It only requires the No-Popery cry to transform the staid Englishman into a Danton or a Robespierre, into the flaming firebrand and howling fanatic. Let it not be said, that Englishmen are now-a-days too enlightened for all this, that this is the picture of the Englishman of former years. That Englishmen now-a-days are better educated and better read, and, consequently, raised above the petty quarrels of sectarian strife. How much the Englishman of the present day is superior to his brother of former days, when the No-Popery cry is heard in the land, may be seen by comparing the Murphy riots of to-day, with the Lord George Gordon riots of former years—the rejection of the Bill, for the Repeal of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill with the solemn mockery of justice in the court of Judge Jefferys.

SACERDOS.

ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION OF A PURSE OF \$140 (ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY DOLLARS), TO REV. JOHN O'DONNELL, WESTPORT.

On Sunday, July 19th, a deputation of St. Edward's Church, Westport, waited on Revd. John O'Donnell, and presented him with a purse of \$140, and the following

ADDRESS:

Rev. and Dear Sir,—Please to accept from the Congregation of St. Edward's Church, Westport, the accompanying purse, as a token of our esteem towards you. Though small, yet we trust not less acceptable, as it overflows with our affections. It is but an expression of our gratitude as a people, towards our pastor, which we are always ready to perform.

Since your arrival amongst us, you have by your unwearied zeal, and pastoral devotion, shown yourself a true successor of that Holy Apostle-ship, which our Lord sent forth to evangelize and save a fallen world.

We shall conclude this hurried expression of





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Spartan, Capt. FAIRBANKS on Mondays. Passport do Sinclair on Tuesdays. Kingston, do Farrell on Wednesdays. Grecian, do Kelly on Thursdays. Magnet, do Simpson on Fridays. Corinthian, do Dunlop on Saturdays.

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Ayer's Cathartic Pills, For all the purposes of a Laxative Medicine. Perhaps no one medicine is so universally required by everybody as a cathartic, not only for the relief of constipation, but also for the cure of many other ailments. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and for more effectual relief than any other. Those who have tried it, know that it cures them; those who have not, know that it cures their neighbors and friends, and all know that what it does once it does always—that it never fails through any fault or neglect of its composition. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and for more effectual relief than any other. Those who have tried it, know that it cures them; those who have not, know that it cures their neighbors and friends, and all know that what it does once it does always—that it never fails through any fault or neglect of its composition. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and for more effectual relief than any other. Those who have tried it, know that it cures them; those who have not, know that it cures their neighbors and friends, and all know that what it does once it does always—that it never fails through any fault or neglect of its composition.

For Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Flatulency, Langor and Loss of Appetite, Biliousness, Constipation, Headache, Sick Headache, Jaundice or Green Sickness, Bilious Colic and Bilious Fever, and all other ailments of the stomach, bowels, liver, and other organs of the body, restoring their irregular action to health, and by correcting, wherever they exist, such derangements as are the first origin of disease. Minute directions are given in the wrapper on the box for the following complaints, which these Pills rapidly cure:—

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BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA IS THE ONLY SURE AND SAFE PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD. IT NEVER FAILS CONTAINS NO MINERAL, And is safe for Infants and Delicate Persons. Full directions will be found around each bottle. Devins & Bolton, Picault & Son, H. R. Gray, Davidson & Co., John Gardner, Lyman, Clare & Co., Druggists. Also by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicines. May 1868.

PREMIUMS FOR 1868. PREMIUMS! PREMIUMS!! PREMIUMS!!!

THE SUBSCRIBERS HAVE RECEIVED A LARGE SUPPLY OF BOOKS, SUITABLE FOR PREMIUMS, IN ELEGANT BINDINGS, AND VARIOUS PRICES, LIBERAL DISCOUNT MADE TO THE REVEREND CLERGY, COLLEGES, CONVENTS, TEACHERS, BOOKSELLERS, LIBRARIES, &c., &c., &c. D. & J. SADLER & CO., Montreal.

JOSEPH J. MURPHY, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor-in-Chancery, CONVEYANCER, &c., OTTAWA, O.W. Collections in all parts of Western Canada promptly attended to. June 22, 1865. THE "CAPITAL" BOOT AND SHOESTORE, York Street, Lower Town, OTTAWA. A Large Supply of Ladies' Gent's, Boy's, Children's and Misses' READY-MADE WORK Kept constantly on hand at the Lowest Figure. Special attention given to the MANUFACTURING DEPARTMENT. GEORGE MURPHY.

A. M. D. G. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, MONTREAL PROSPECTUS.

THIS College is conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. Opened on the 20th of September, 1848, it was incorporated by an Act of Provincial Parliament in 1852, after adding a course of Law to its teaching department. The course of instruction, of which Religion forms the leading object, is divided into two sections, the Classical and the Commercial Courses. The former embraces the Greek, Latin, French and English languages, and terminates with Philosophy. In the latter, French and English are the only languages taught; a special attention is given to Book-keeping and whatever else may fit a youth for Commercial pursuits. Besides, the Students of either section learn, each one according to his talent and degree, History and Geography, Arithmetic or higher branches of Mathematics, Literature and Natural Sciences. Music and other Fine Arts are taught only on a special demand of parents; they form extra charges. There are, moreover, Elementary and Preparatory Classes for younger students. TERMS: For Day Scholars, \$3.00 per month. For Half-Boarders, 7.00 " For Boarders, 15.00 " Books and Stationery, Washing, Bed, and Bedding as well as the Physician's Fees, form extra charges.

HEARSE! COFFINS! NOTICE.—M. CUSSON begs to inform the public that he has procured several new, elegant, and handsomely finished HEARSEs, which he offers to the use of the public at very moderate charges. He begs also to inform the public that he has at his Establishment COFFINS, at all prices, Gloves, Crapes, &c. HEARSEs for Hire or Sale. M. Cusson flatters himself that he will receive in the future even more encouragement than in the past, seeing that Mr. Groves will have henceforward nothing to do with Hearses, having sold them all. M. Cusson will do his best to give satisfaction to the public. XAVIER CUSSON, 115 St. Joseph Street, Montreal. 6m. April 4, 1867.



HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer

Has stood the test of seven years before the public; and no preparation for the hair has yet been discovered that will produce the same beneficial results. It is an entirely new scientific discovery, combining many of the most powerful and restorative agents in the VEGETABLE KINGDOM. It restores GRAY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL YOUTHFUL COLOR. It makes the scalp white and clean; cures dandruff and humors, and falling out of the hair; and will make it grow upon bald heads, except in very aged persons, as it furnishes the nutritive principle by which the hair is nourished and supported. It makes the hair moist, soft, and glossy, and is unsurpassed as a HAIR DRESSING. It is the cheapest preparation ever offered to the public, as one bottle will accomplish more and last longer than three bottles of any other preparation. It is recommended and used by the First Medical Authority. The wonderful results produced by our Sicilian Hair Renewer have induced many to manufacture preparations for the Hair, under various names; and, in order to induce the trade and the public to purchase their compounds, they have resorted to falsehood, by claiming they were former partners, or had some connection with our Mr. Hall, and their preparation was similar to ours. Do not be deceived by them. Purchase the original: it has never yet been equalled. Our Treatise on the Hair, with certificates, sent free by mail. See that each bottle has our private Revenue Stamp over the top of the bottle. All others are imitations. R. P. Hall & Co., Prop's. Nashua, N. H. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

WEST TROY BELL FOUNDRY. [Established in 1826.] THE Subscribers manufacture and have constantly for sale at their old established Foundry, their superior Bells for Churches, Academies, Factories, Steamboats, Locomotives, Planations, &c., mounted in the most approved and substantial manner with their new Patented Yoke and other improved Mountings, and warranted in every particular. For information in regard to Keys, Dimensions, Mountings, Warranted &c., send for a circular. Address: E. A. MENEELY, West Troy, N. Y.

SELECT DAY SCHOOL, Under the direction of the SISTERS OF THE CONGREGATION DE NOTRE DAME, 111 ST. ANTOINE STREET. HOURS OF ATTENDANCE—From 9 to 11 A.M.; and from 1 to 4 P.M. The system of Education includes the English and French languages, Writing, Arithmetic, History, Geography, Use of the Globes, Astronomy, Lectures on the Practical and Popular Sciences, with Plain and Ornamental Needle Work, Drawing, Music, Vocal and Instrumental; Italian and German extra. No deduction made for occasional absence. If the Pupils take dinner in the Establishment \$5.00 extra per quarter.

JAMES CONAUGHTON, CARPENTER, JOINER and BUILDER, constantly keeps a few good Jobbing Hands. All Orders left at his Shop, No. 10, St. EDWARD STREET, (off Beury), will be punctually attended to. Montreal, Nov. 22, 1866.

LUMBER! DEALS! LUMBER! 4,000,000 Feet. The Subscribers offer for Sale the Largest, Cheapest, and Best assorted Stock of Lumber in this City. We have recently added to our stock half million feet 3-inch Pine Deals, all of which we will sell at remarkably low prices. Dealers and persons requiring lumber will be liberally treated with. We have the following stock:— 200,000 feet 1st and 2nd quality of 2-inch Pine Seasoned; 10,000 do 1st and 2nd do, 1 1/2 inch do; 100,000 do 1st and 2nd do, 1 1/2 inch do; 200,000 2 in. Flooring Dressed; 260,000 1 1/2 inch do; 1 1/2 inch do; 1 1/2 inch Roofing; 2 inch Spruce; 1 inch do; 3 inch do; 4 inch Basewood; 1 inch do; Butternut Lumber; Hardwood do of all descriptions; 30,000 feet Cedar; 1,500,000 Sawed Laths; Lot of Saw and Split Shingles; 80,000 feet of Black Walnut Lumber, from 1 inch to 8 inches thick, all sizes and widths. JORDAN & BERNARD, 19 Notre Dame Street, And 362 Craig Street, Viger Square. December 13, 1867. 12m

DEALS! DEALS!! DEALS!!! 50,000 Cull Deals, CHEAP, FOR CASH. J. LANE & CO., St. Roch, Quebec. Nov. 9, 1865.

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BROCKVILLE AND OTTAWA RAILWAY. Summer Arrangements, commencing 20th April 1868. Trains will leave Brockville at 7.15 A.M., and 3.15 P.M., arriving at Sand Point at 12.40 P.M. and 9.00 P.M. Trains leave Sand Point at 5.15 A.M., and 1.30 P.M., arriving at Brockville at 11.30 A.M., and 7.45 P.M. H. ABBOTT, Manager for Trustees.

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P. ROONEY, WHOLESALE MANUFACTURER OF IRISH LINENS. AND IMPORTER OF DRY GOODS, No. 457, St. Paul Street, MONTREAL. Nov 8, 1866.

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FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, THE TOILET, AND THE BATH. This most agreeable and refreshing of all perfumes, contains in its highest degree of excellence the aroma of flowers, in full natural freshness. As a safe and speedy relief from Debility, Headache, Nervousness, Fainting Turns, and the ordinary forms of Hysteria, it is unsurpassed. It is moreover, when diluted with water, the very best dentifrice, imparting to the teeth that clear, pearly appearance, which all Ladies so much admire. As a remedy for foul or bad breath, it is when diluted, most excellent, neutralizing all impure matter around the teeth and gums, and gums and making the latter hard, and of a beautiful color. With the very elite of fashion it has, for a quarter of a century, maintained its ascendancy over all other Perfumes, throughout the West Indies, Mexico, Central and South America, &c., &c.; and we confidently recommend it as an article which, for soft delicacy of flavor, richness of bouquet, and permanency, has no equal. It will also remove from the skin ROUGHNESS, BLOTCHES, SUNBURNS, FRECKLES AND PIMPLES.

It should always be reduced with pure water, before applying, (except for Pimples). As a means of imparting rosiness and clearness to a sallow complexion, it is without a rival. Of course, this refers only to the Florida Water of MURRAY & LANMAN. BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS Buy only from respectable Druggists, always asking for the genuine MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER, prepared only by the proprietors, LANMAN & KEMP, Wholesale Druggists, New York. Devins & Bolton, Druggists, (next the Court House) Montreal; General Agents for Canada. Also, Sold at Wholesale by J. F. Henry & Co., Montreal. For Sale by—Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, Davidson & Co., K Campbell & Co., J Gardner, J A Harte, Picault & Son, H R Gray, J. Goulien, R. S. Latham. Also by all respectable Druggists, Perfumers, and Fancy Goods Dealers. May, 1868.

BRISTOL'S SUGAR-COATED PILLS Purely Vegetable. The need of a safe and perfectly reliable purgative medicine has long been felt by the public, and it is a source of great satisfaction to us that we can, with confidence, recommend our BRISTOL'S SUGAR-COATED PILLS, as combining all the essentials of a safe, thorough and agreeable family cathartic. They are prepared from the very finest quality of medicinal roots, herbs, and plants, the active principles or parts that contain the medicinal value being chemically separated from the inert and useless fibrous portions that contain no virtue whatever. Among those medicinal agents we may name PODOPHYLLIN, which has proved to possess a most wonderful power over the Liver, and all the bilious secretions. This, in combination with LEPTANDRIN and other highly valuable vegetable extracts and Drugs, constitutes a purgative Pill that is greatly superior to any medicine of the kind heretofore offered to the public. BRISTOL'S VEGETABLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS will be found a safe and speedy remedy in all such cases as Piles, Headache, Jaundice, Bad Breath, Foul Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Liver Complaint, Habitual Costiveness, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Heartburn and Flatulency, Dropsy of Limbs or Body, Female Irregularities, And all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Kidneys. In diseases which have their origin in the blood BRISTOL'S SUGAR-PARILLA—that best of blood purifiers—should be used with the Pills; the two medicines being prepared expressly to act in harmony together. When this is done faithfully, we have no hesitation in saying that great relief, and in most cases a cure, can be guaranteed when the patient is not already beyond human help. For general directions and table of doses, see the wrapper around each phial. For Sale in the Establishments of Devins & Bolton; Lyman, Clare & Co., Evans, Mercer & Co., Picault & Son, H. R. Gray, John Gardner, Druggists. Also by all respectable Druggists.

