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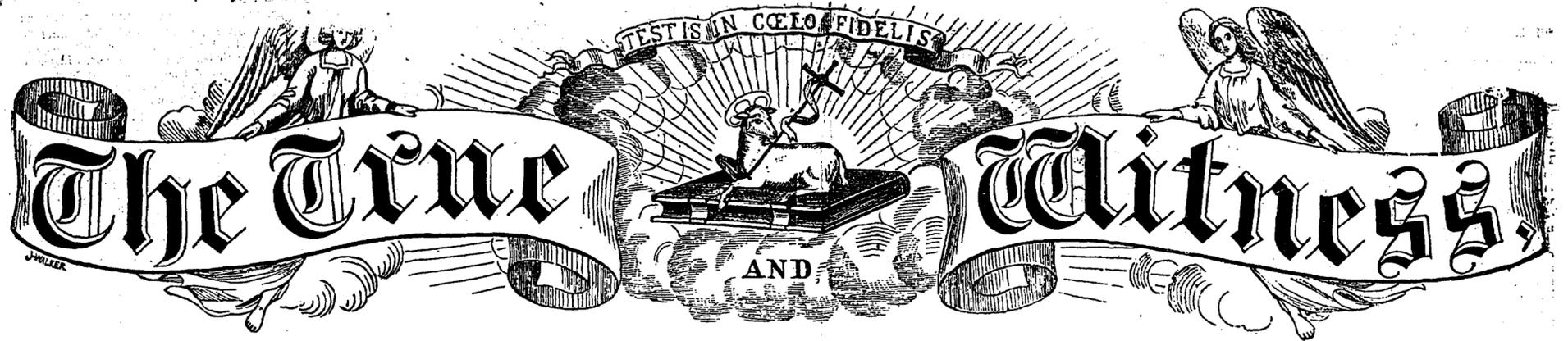
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# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXV.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, FEB. 5, 1875.

NO. 25.

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## TALES OF THE JURY-ROOM.

**RAMUS IN JUS.**  
PLAUTI: *Pomilius*, Act v.  
Dogberry. Are you good men, and true?  
Much ado about Nothing.  
BY GERALD GRIFFIN.  
AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE MUNSTER FESTIVALS," ETC.

## THE FOREMAN'S TALE.

**SIGISMUND.**  
Rosaura arrested her steps, however, on perceiving Astolpho, and concealed herself, while her heart burned with jealousy and anger, behind the arbour where the royal relatives were seated, while the conversation proceeded.  
"Where the sun shines," said Astolpho, "no lesser luminary can appear, neither can darkness longer exist; but that you may be convinced that you alone reign within this breast, I will bring thee that portrait of which thou speakest. Pardon me, Rosaura," he added within his own mind, as he bowed and hurried from the arbour, but without having kept their vows, any more than I do mine to you."  
The instant Rosaura perceived that he had left the garden, she presented herself before Estrella.  
"Oh! I am glad to see thee," said the princess. "I was longing for a confidant, and to you alone can I entrust the secret which I am anxious to communicate."  
"Madam," said Rosaura, "you may rest assured that your confidence shall be honored."  
"The little time," said Estrella, "that I have had the pleasure of knowing you, you have by some means, of which I am myself unconscious, found the entrance to my heart. I will therefore confide to you what I have been anxious to conceal from myself. But this is it. My cousin Astolpho, (I said cousin, because there are some things the mere thought of which is as palpable as the utterance of others,) is about to wed with me, thus compensating by one felicity for a number of misfortunes. I showed some pique this morning, when I saw him, on account of a portrait which hung from his neck, and he, who is I am sure very sincere in his professions, has just offered to bring it to me. It would annoy me to receive it from his hand, and I must beg of thee to remain here and obtain it for me.—Farewell a little while. I say no more, for I know you are discreet and beautiful, and know I am sure, what love is."  
"I would," exclaimed Rosaura, "that I knew it not so well," and she gazed at the princess with a look of deep sorrow rather than of envy. "But what," she continued, "shall I do in this strange situation? Does there exist in the world a more unfortunate person than myself? If I discover myself to him, Clotaldus, to whom I owe my life and safety here, will have deep reason for offense, for he advised me to expect redress from silence only, but what will my silence avail if he but chance to see me—my tongue—my voice—my eyes—may refuse to inform him, but my soul will contradict them all."  
At this moment Astolpho entered the arbour.  
"I have brought you," said he, "the portrait which—but what do I see?" and he paused in deep and sudden confusion.  
"Why does your highness start?" said Rosaura calmly. "What is it that surprises you?"  
"You, Rosaura, here!" said Astolpho.  
"I, Rosaura," she exclaimed, appearing surprised; "your highness must mistake me for some other lady. My name is Astrea—far too insignificant a person to occasion so much confusion to your highness."  
"Nay, Rosaura," said Astolpho, "you have carried the feat far enough. I may gaze on thee as Astrea, but I will always love thee as Rosaura."  
"My lord," Rosaura replied, still with the same air of calmness and surprise, "I do not understand what you have just said, and therefore, I cannot answer you. All I can say is, that the princess commanded me to wait your arrival here, and on her part to receive from you the portrait which you promised her. It is just I should obey her even in matters that jar with my own inclinations."  
"How ill dost thou dissemble, Rosaura," said Astolpho, "notwithstanding all thy efforts."  
"I wait for the portrait, my lord," Rosaura replied, extending her hand coldly.  
"Well! well!" said the prince, since you choose

to carry on your dissimulation to the end, I shall answer you in the same manner. Go, Astrea, and tell the princess that I love her so truly, that I could not be satisfied with sending her merely the portrait she demands; I will do her a still greater pleasure, by presenting her with the original, which you can easily convey to her in your own person."  
The taunt threw Rosaura off her guard. "I came here," she said, indignantly, "to receive a portrait, and although I could convey the original, which as you observe is far more precious, I should go slightly, to go without the copy; your highness will please to give it me, then, for I shall not leave this until I have obtained it."  
"But how shall that be," returned Astolpho, "if I choose to keep it?"  
"Thus, ingratitude," replied Rosaura, making a vain effort to snatch it from his hand, "no other woman I am resolved shall ever possess it."  
"How angry you are," said the prince.  
"And how perfidious thou."  
"No more, my Rosaura."  
"I thine! villain—it is false."  
The altercation had reached this point, when Estrella suddenly re-entered the arbour. "Astrea!" she exclaimed—"Astolpho, what is this?"  
"Here comes Estrella," said Astolpho to Rosaura, who, after a moment's consideration, addressed the princess. "If you wish to know, madam," said she, "the cause of our dispute, it was this:—The prince has by some means obtained a portrait of mine, and, instead of delivering that which you commanded me to receive from him, he even refuses to give me my own. That which he holds in his hand is mine you may see if it does not resemble me."  
Estrella took the portrait from the hand of the astonished Astolpho, and looking on it, said—"It is prettily done, but a little too highly colored; you have grown pale, Rosaura, since you sat for this portrait."  
"Nay, madam," said Rosaura, suppressing a sigh, "but is it not vividly mine?"  
"Who doubts it?" said she, handing it to her.  
"Now," said Rosaura, darting a smile of malicious triumph at the prince, as she withdrew, "you may ask him for the other; he may give it to you more readily than he would to me."  
"You heard what Astrea said," said Estrella, addressing the prince; "although I intend never again to see or speak to you, yet I will not, since I was so silly as to ask for that portrait, suffer it to remain in your hands."  
Astolpho continued for some time in much perplexity. "Beautiful Estrella," he at length said, "I would gladly obey your commands, but it is not in my power to give the miniature, because—"  
"Thou art a vile and unaccountable lover," replied Estrella, haughtily, "but I will not now receive it, for I would not thus remind myself that I stooped to require it."  
Saying this, she withdrew, and proceeded in high indignation towards the palace, while Astolpho endeavored in vain to detain her. "By what enchantment," said he, "has this Rosaura so suddenly appeared to thrust me back from happiness—what wizard brought her here from Muscovy? Has she come to ruin me and herself?"  
We shall now return to Sigismund. During supper the attendants administered to him a second sleeping potion. A deep trance succeeded; during which, by the orders of the king, they restored him to his rude clothing, his dungeon, and his chains.  
"Here," said Clotaldus, on beholding him once more stretched upon the sandy floor, "here, where it first arose, thy languishment shall end."  
"Sigismund!—ha!—Sigismund!" exclaimed Clarin, who had accompanied Clotaldus, "awake, and you will find some change in your condition."  
Clotaldus, who apprehended a man's indiscretion from Clarin, resolved to have him also shut up, and said to the attendants, "prepare a room for this gentleman, who can talk so loud in the tower, where he can entertain himself until his lungs are weary—Stay! let it be in the adjoining room—this is the man," he added, pointing to Clarin.  
The attendants approached and seized him.  
"Me!" said Clarin, quite surprised, "why so?"  
"Because," replied Clotaldus, "my good Clarin, my cousin, my trumpet, you know some secrets, and sound a note too loud."  
"But," said Clarin, "I never yet sought to kill my father, nor have ever I flung a man through a window; nor do I ever dream, although I may sleep now and then, and why should you shut me up like Sigismund?"  
"Come—come—trumpet, come—Clarin."  
"Do you call me Clarin? Nay! but I will be a cornet if you please, and then I shall be silent, for that is a vile instrument."  
The attendants here dragged him away. Perceiving Basilus approach, whose curiosity had led him to witness the demeanour of Sigismund in his dungeon, Clotaldus pointed him out to the monarch as he lay stretched on the ground.  
"Alas! unhappy prince," said the king, "born in an unlucky hour. Approach, Clotaldus, and awake him, for the beverage he drank has deprived him of his vigor and his cruelty."  
"Sire," replied Clotaldus, "he seems very restless, he dreams and speaks aloud; let us attend."  
Sigismund here turned uneasily on his back, and murmured:—"He who punishes tyrants is a pious prince; let Clotaldus die by my sword, and let my father kiss my feet."  
"He threatens my life," said Clotaldus.  
"He wishes to humble me with the dust on which he treads," said the king—"but hark."  
"Let me," continued Sigismund, "put forward upon the great arena of the world the valor that I feel burning in my veins, and let me slake the thirsty vengeance of my soul, by shewing the world prince Sigismund triumphant over his father."  
At these words he awoke, and Basilus, wishing to avoid him, concealed himself in one of the adjacent passages of the tower. The astonished Sigismund stared wildly around him.  
"Alas!" said he, "where am I—am I again the same—again do I behold my chains—art thou, oh hated tower, again my tomb. It is so—then what dreams have I had."  
Clotaldus went towards him, and said, "ever since I left thee soaring in mind with the eagle, in whose track my poor brain could not accompany you, I have been absent from the tower. Hast thou been all this time asleep?"

"I have," said Sigismund, "nor can I say that I am now awake, for if that which passed palpably before me was nothing more than a dream, I may be dreaming still. If I could see while I slept, it may be that I sleep now while I see."  
"What didst thou dream of, then," said Clotaldus.  
"Since it was but a dream," replied Sigismund, "I will tell thee. I awoke as I thought from the sleep in which I was left by thee, and found myself lying on a bed, which by the rich variety of its colors might be compared to the flowery couch which the spring spreads upon the mountain. Here hundreds of noblemen came forward, bowing submissively, bestowing on me the title of prince, and presenting me with embroidered clothes and jewels.—My suspense was turned into joy, when thou camest unto me and saidst that though I had been in this condition, I was nevertheless the prince and the heir of Poland."  
"No doubt you rewarded me well for my news," said Clotaldus.  
"Not so well," returned Sigismund. "I was twice about to put thee to death as a traitor."  
"What! did you treat me with so much rigor?"  
"Ah!" said Sigismund, "I was lord of all, and I wrought revenge on all. A woman alone I loved, and this is the only feeling from which I have not yet awoke."  
The king at these words withdrew altogether, and Clotaldus, addressing the Prince, said—"As we had been speaking of the eagle and of the empire of the earth, they haunted thee in thy dreams; and even in thy dreams it would have been well to have had some respect for him who reared and instructed thee, for even in sleep there is a pleasure in doing good."  
"It is true," replied Sigismund, thoughtfully, "let me then represent this fierceness of temper—this fury—this ambition—in case those dreams should return, which they will surely do, for life is now nothing more. Experience tells me that all who live are dreamers, and death the voice that awakens them. The monarch dreams of changes of state and government, and of power and flattery, but his fame is written on the wind; death comes, and his pomp and royalty are crumbled into ashes; and yet knowing that death shall wake them, there are men who wish to reign; the rich man dreams of his wealth, that costs him many a tear; the poor man dreams of his misery, and frets at shadows; the ambitious man dreams of grandeur and self aggrandisement; the courtier dreams of rank and office; the injured man dreams of revenge; all, in a word dream of their several conditions. I dream that I am here loaded with these chains; and but now I dreamed that I filled a happier station; life itself is an illusion, a shadow, an empty casing; the happiest sorrow is but light, and the brightest joy but vain, for life is a dream, and there is nothing in it that can boast a foundation."  
In the mean time poor Clarin paced the chamber in which he was confined in much peevishness and discontent.  
"Here I am," said he, "confined in this tower for what I know I shall will they do to me then for what I do not know? I pity myself very much, and people will say that is very natural, and so it is; for what can be more mournful than for a man who has got such excellent grinders as mine to be left without a morsel to keep them in practice, while I am starving with hunger. Here, all in silence around me—me who can never close my lips, not even when I sleep—here am I, a soul fellow, without a companion—no, I tell you nothing, I have plenty; there are plenty of rats and spiders, pretty robins to chirp about my windows; my head is filled with the frightful visions that have been haunting me since I entered. I have seen spectres, ghosts, hob-goblins, elves and fairies; some mounting, some descending and cutting all kinds of strange capers; but what I feel most particularly is, that I am kept starved ever since I came here; yet I deserve all this, and more, for having kept a secret while I was a servant, which is the greatest infidelity I could be guilty of to my masters."  
His soliloquy was interrupted by the sound of drums and trumpets outside and by the cries of a multitude of people, who were heard exclaiming, "here he is—this is the tower—let us dash the door to pieces."  
"What's this," cried Clarin, "they are looking for me, there is no doubt of that, for they see here I am, and this is the tower. What on they want me for? Here they come. Hallo! there is a crush!"  
At the same instant the door was forced from its hinges, and an armed mob burst into the room.  
"That is he," said a soldier.  
"It is not he," replied Clarin, who was apprehensive that they might not mean him kindly.  
"Sire!" cried one of the soldiers, "thou art our prince."  
"Yes, thou art our prince. We will not have a foreign king, while a natural one remains to us. Allow us to kiss your highness' hand."  
At these words all shouted, "live our prince, long live our prince!"  
"They are in earnest," said Clarin to himself. "I should wish to know if it be the custom of this country, to shut up a man every day in this tower to make a prince of him, and then bring him back to his prison again. Yes, there's no doubt of it, for I saw the same thing done yesterday. Well, well I shall play my part to-day."  
"Sire!" said one of the soldiers, "we have all told thy father the same thing, that you alone shall be our king, and not the prince of Muscovy."  
"What," cried Clarin, "were you wanting a respect to my father?"  
"It was through loyalty for thee," said a soldier.  
"Then," said Clarin waving his hand, "if it was through loyalty for me, I forgive ye."  
"Come out and reign thy crown," exclaimed the people. "Long live Sigismund!"  
Clarin hearing the prince's name, started in some surprise. "Sigismund they say," he repeated to himself, "but what do I care for that? Do I not know that they call every counterfeit prince, Sigismund?"  
Sigismund, however, who heard his name proclaimed, called aloud from the inner dungeon, "Who called on Sigismund?" The soldiers hearing this voice, hurried Clarin into the next room, and beholding a man in chains, and so rude-

ly clothed, inquired in some surprise, "what man is this?"  
"This man," said the prince, "is Sigismund."  
"Sigismund!" exclaimed a soldier, turning hastily to Clarin—"then how hadst thou the audacity to call thyself by that name?"  
"I call myself Sigismund?" exclaimed Clarin, "it is false, it was you who had the audacity to nickname me Sigismund."  
"Great prince," said a soldier, addressing himself to Sigismund, "we find by the token that were given us, that thou art our lord sovereign. Your father, the great king Basilus, terrified by the prophecy, which says that thou shalt one day wrest the sceptre from his grasp, has resolved to rob thee of thy right and transfer it to Astolpho of Muscovy. For this purpose he assembled his court. But the people, have learned that they possess a native prince in thee, have refused to submit to the yoke of a foreigner; they have sought thee, therefore, in this tower, in the hope that thou wilt use their arms for the recovery of thy birthright—come forward then, for the plains beneath this mountain, a numerous army awaits to proclaim thee. Liberty attends thy coming. Hark, and hear her accents."  
The cries of "long live Sigismund" had been gradually increasing, and now they were heard swelling like the roar of a winter ocean.  
"Again," exclaimed Sigismund, "must I again hear those sounds, again must I dream of splendour and fame shall so soon fade. Must I again stand among shadows, and see majesty and greatness vanish before the wind. It must not be. Ye shall not see me yoked again to fortune's car; and since I know that life is but a dream, vanish ye shadows that pass before my troubled senses, forging a substance and a sound, which in reality ye do not possess. I wish not for false majesty, vain pomp, fantastic splendours, which at the first breath of morrow, will fly and disappear like the early blossoms of the almond tree, which the gentle breeze will scatter on the earth bereft of colour, beauty, brilliancy and fragrance. I know ye; and know further, that the same delusions pass over the minds of all who sleep. You can deceive me no longer, for I know that you are dreams."  
"My lord," said a soldier, "if you think that we deceive you, turn thy eyes toward yonder mountain, and see the multitude that awaits thy orders."  
"Aye!" said Sigismund, "that very thing I saw once as clearly and distinctly, as I now behold it, and yet I did but dream."  
"Great things, my lord," returned the soldier, "are always ushered in by presages and those visions you speak of, where the dreams that foretold the reality you now behold."  
"Rightly, thou sayest rightly," replied Sigismund, "and though they were dreams alone, there can be no harm since life is short, in dreaming once again, and dreaming with so much prudence and caution, that on my waking, I may find no cause for sorrow; knowing that I must wake at sometime, my disappointment will be less when that time arrives. And knowing that my power is merely borrowed and must be restored to its owner, let me use it worthily. Subjects!" he exclaimed aloud, starting to his feet, "I value your loyalty as highly as it deserves. In me you will find a prince, who boldly and successfully, will free you from the foreign bondage which you fear. Sound to arms, and should I wake before this is accomplished, and before I have prostrated my father at my feet—but what do I say; my old passion has returned upon me; this is not right, it is not right to say it, even though it never should be done."  
As he uttered these words, the shouts were again renewed, and Clotaldus hurried with a look of terror into the apartment. "What shouts are these?" he exclaimed; "I am lost. Prince," he added, throwing himself on his knees before Sigismund, "I am come to receive my death at thy hands."  
"Not so, my father," replied the prince, "arise from the earth, for thou shalt be the guide of my inexperience in this warfare. I know that to thy cares and anxieties, I am indebted for my education."  
"What say you?" replied Clotaldus, in astonishment, at the mild and sterner manner of the prince.  
"That I am dreaming," replied the latter, "and that there is a pleasure in doing good even in dreams."  
"Then my lord," said Clotaldus, "if it be thy intention to act according to the dictates of wisdom, let it not offend thee that I should follow those of duty. If you purpose making war on your father, I cannot aid you with my council, for he is my king. I am at thy feet; give me death."  
"Willan," exclaimed Sigismund, "traitor and ingrate—but," he added, suddenly repressing his anger, "why do I speak thus, when I know not if I am yet awake. I must restrain this violence. Clotaldus," he added mildly, "I admire thy fidelity; depart, and serve thy king."  
Clotaldus withdrew, bowing respectfully, and admiring the moderation of Sigismund, while the latter exclaimed, "whether or not, let me act as virtue directs. If these things be real, I shall have done much good, if otherwise, I shall gain friends for the moment of waking. With these words he departed, to place himself at the head of his troops."  
In the meantime, Basilus and Astolpho, alarmed at the powerful insurrection which menaced the throne, had placed themselves at the head of a large body of forces and taken the field. Basilus was in the act of consulting with the prince on the best measures to be immediately adopted, when Clotaldus arrived, breathless and exhausted, at the royal tent.  
"Clotaldus here!" exclaimed Basilus; "what then is become of Sigismund?"  
The old man explained the circumstances which had taken place at the dungeon, and Basilus calling for his horse hastened to place his army in a posture fit to receive the insurgents. Clotaldus was about to follow, when Rosaura entered and detained him.  
"Stay," she exclaimed, "and hear me for a moment. You know that I came to Poland poor and unfriended, until I was fortunate enough to obtain your protection. You commanded me to remain disguised at the palace, and to avoid the sight of Astolpho, but he has seen me, and so little regards

the promises he once made, that he is to meet Estrella this very evening in the palace garden. I have obtained the key, and by favouring your entrance that way, we may compel him to do me justice."  
"It is true, Rosaura," said Clotaldus, "that since I first saw you, the interest you excited within me was such, that I would have given my life for yours, if the sacrifice was demanded. I had then resolved to compel Astolpho to fulfil the promise which he had made you, but our position has since been altered. Astolpho has saved my life, at the risk of his own, when I lay prostrate at the feet of Sigismund. I cannot therefore lift my sword against him, for it would be a detestable action."  
"It is true," replied Rosaura, "that I owe you my life, yet I have heard you say, that he who lives under an offence, does not in fact live at all. Then if I still remain undressed, I owe you nothing and my life is my own. But if you will prefer your affection to your gratitude, I hope yet to receive it from you. Be liberal first, and then be grateful."  
"Thou hast convinced me, Rosaura, and I will be liberal. I will give thee my fortune, with which thou mayest retire, as thy virtue is yet unspotted to a monastery. I behold my country distracted by civil feuds, and must not add to them. Thus I shall be loyal to my king, liberal to thee, and grateful to Astolpho; and I think I could do no more, Rosaura," he added speaking with much tenderness, "were I even thine own father."  
"Were you my father," exclaimed Rosaura, with much indignation, "I might endure this insulting speech, but not otherwise."  
"What then do you intend?" said Clotaldus.  
"To redress myself," replied Rosaura.  
"This is madness," exclaimed Clotaldus.  
"Be it so," replied Rosaura, "it is a virtuous madness, and it shall be executed." Saying which she hurried out of the room, unheeding the efforts made by Clotaldus to detain her.  
The drums were now heard at a distance, and Sigismund still attired in his dress, appeared in the adjacent plain attended by Clarin and the soldiers. A trumpet was heard, and Clarin addressing the prince, said, "I see yonder a courier, which, if I am not much deceived, bears a woman on his back—here she comes, beautiful as the bridal day. It is Rosaura," he added, with astonishment.  
"She is restored to me," said Sigismund, with rapture. Rosaura at the same instant reined in her steed, and alighted.  
"Gracious prince," she said, "you see before you an unfortunate woman who finds herself compelled to implore your protection, I find me thine ear but for a few moments, and thou shalt know why it is that I am compelled to trouble thee."  
Sigismund waved his attendants to some distance, and requested Rosaura to proceed.  
"I was born," she said, "of a noble mother, in the court of Muscovy; she doubtless was very beautiful for she was very unhappy. A jealous husband tortured her by unfounded doubts, and at length deserted her; I was the fruit of their unhappy union, and the heiress, if not to the beauty, at least to the misfortunes of my parent. Astolpho, the prince of Muscovy, forgetting the sacred vows which he once pledged to me, has come hither to Poland to espouse Estrella; thus have I been left, despised, contemned, forsaken, to mourn in secret the perfidy of the man whose promises I had too readily met by reciprocal vows of attachment. I wept over my forlorn condition in a lonely chamber, where no one entered to disturb me; one day my mother, Violante, suddenly broke into my prison, and finding me in tears, drew from me the secret of my desolation; she advised me to follow Astolpho to the court of Poland, and handing me the sword which I now hold, she bade me contrive to show it to the nobles of the court, one of whom would recognise it, and afford me protection. I obeyed her, and the issue proved her words true. All my modes of redress have, however, failed me, and I now throw myself at thy feet, to seek the assistance which is necessary to prevent the completion of my misery."  
Sigismund heard this discourse with a mixture of surprise and sorrow.  
"If this be true," said he to himself, "let memory depart, for it is not possible that a dream should comprehend so many things. What man was ever tortured by such a multitude of perplexing doubts. If that day of pomp and splendour was in reality a dream, how happens it now that this woman again appears before me, and relates so many perplexing things with such a scrupulous minuteness. It was no dream; it was reality. Is glory then so like a dream, that the happiest are shadows, and the briefest only real. How like the copy is to the original—Well then, since grandeur, pomp, power, and majesty, shall one day pass like visions, let me profit by the moment of illusion, and use them worthily. Rosaura is now in my power. I love her, and might make her mine forever. I can now dream of happiness, but for that dream I must forfeit my eternal honor. A happiness once passed, is but a dream we hold no more of, than the shadow that lingers in our remembrance. Then since I know that pleasure is but a beautiful flame converting into ashes the lofty mansions of virtue, of glory, let me only strive for that which is eternal; the happiness that never dies, and the greatness which never passes away. Rosaura then is safe."  
Saying this he ordered the drum to beat to arms, and prepared to give battle with his undisciplined troops, carefully avoiding Rosaura with his eyes.  
"Does not your highness answer me," exclaimed the latter; "am I then rejected; you do not even look upon me?"  
"Rosaura," said the prince, "I do not answer thee, because my deeds must speak for me, nor can I look upon thee, while I wish to preserve thy honor." Saying which he hurried out of the tent, leaving Rosaura more perplexed than ever.  
Clarin remained until now at a distance, approached Rosaura, saying, "am I allowed to see you, Madam?"  
"Ah! Clarin," exclaimed Rosaura, "where have you been?"  
"Locked up in a tower," answered Clarin, "with death grinning in my face, and ready to die of vexation."  
"Why so?" asked Rosaura.  
"I knew a secret," said Clarin, "and had no way

CONTINUED ON SEVENTH PAGE.

THOMAS MOORE AND HIS POETRY.—SPLENDID LECTURE BY NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

On Thursday, the 7th, the Town Hall of Lindsay was crowded by an influential audience to hear Nicholas Flood Davin lecture on "Moore and his Poetry." John Knowles, Esq., in the chair. The lecture was delivered at the suggestion of the Rev. Father Stafford for the poor of Lindsay. Mr. Davin is a Protestant, but the MSod that flows in his veins is formed by tributaries from the two classes into which Irishmen have been so long and so fatally divided; and as regards his countrymen, he knows neither Protestant nor Catholic, but only Irishmen. Mr. Davin commented by saying that the history of the gayest hearted people in the world was the most sorrowful in the annals of time. We should never forget what England had done for mankind; but to Ireland she had been traitorous, stepmotherly, tyrannical and corrupting; and the saddest page in that book of "lamentation and mourning and woe" was the one which recorded how one genius after another had been quietly appropriated by England, and not only appropriated, but often corrupted. Besides was not content if Ireland had anything besides rags and chains and beggary. We must speak of Moore as he was—the time having come when all historical verities might be given. Equally gifted, Moore was not a great man, and was unequal to the demands of his time and his country. His fate was a comic tragedy, full of laughter and wine and levity, with rottenness beneath the flowers and a death's head amid the drinking glasses. But he was a man of genius, and genius is ever interesting, and its career can always point a moral.—It was perhaps some consolation, for the keener was a sensitive spirit feels that generous hearts are ever ready to condone faults and weakness for the beautiful sake of stirring thought and entrancing picture, and of wit that has shot its fire through the night of dull controversies, and humor which spans our sombre sky with rainbow light, and throws flickering laughter on the soles of death himself even in the act to strike. We might pardon genius much; we owed it much, and too seldom reflected that the same high-strung nature which makes him an Aeolian harp, from which every gust of circumstances can awaken enrapturing airs, leaves him more than commonly open to the seductions of the world. There was profound meaning in Byron's words regarding poor Sheridan—a man of greater ability, in Pitt's opinion, than Charles James Fox—a man, who, had he had but character, would have been among the few greatest ones of all who stand upon "Fame's crowning slope."

"Ah! little do they know That what to them seemed vice might be but woe." Yet they need not despair of meeting with heroism, for they would not merely have to sing wine songs, and make trifling love, and to fit among the butterfly vanities of fashion, but to visit in her lonely vigils—while her husband was away in some drawing room singing songs or chirping compliments—a noble woman, always sickly, yet bearing up a mighty burden; who would stand under the scaffold of a true hero, whose name centuries hence would make Irish hearts burn; they would not merely hear their gay little "bird"—the wife, Bessy, always called him her "bird"—warbling in the leafy sunshine of Bowood and Holland House, but should stand near him when winter had come, and there was no leaf and no sunshine, and the blue had faded from the sky, and desolation was as broad as the horizon, and there was nothing for the sweet songster but to stretch out his legs and die. In dealing with Moore we owed a duty not merely to him, but to his country. The Irish are a people singularly rich in poetic gifts. Was Moore an adequate expression of the Irish heart? He was born and lived in critical times, and took an active part as a political writer. What verdict must be passed on his conduct? He sprang in early manhood from a humble position into the highest society in the most aristocratic capital in the world, snatched the wreath of poetic fame while yet "in law an infant," divided the attention of his time with Byron and Scott, was a satirist whose shafts are diamond-tipped with wit of the finest and truest quality, and as a lyricist was at once the Burns and Beranger of Ireland. Born in 1779 he came on the scene when the atmosphere was electric and the world of men was volcanic. The American war was raging, and the train was already laid for that conflagration which afterwards terrified Europe, and the smouldering embers of which at times still flame up and redden the European sky, making the Seine flow blushing to the sea. He was born in Aungier street, in the city of Dublin, on the 28th of May, 1779, four years after Bunker's Hill was fought. His parents were Roman Catholics in an humble position; his father carrying on a small grocer's shop. A short time before his birth, as a direct consequence of the breaking out of the American war, some trifling concessions were granted to the Catholics, whose condition was still miserable beyond description. Not merely were they excluded from Parliament and the professions, and all civic trust—they were not allowed to educate their children according to their views of right; they could not hold real estate; they could not even have a good horse. Catholic priests and Catholic schoolmasters were liable to prosecution as such. Oppressive restrictions on trade and manufacture reduced the country to a state of fearful distress. English statesmen of that time were only influenced by fear; and what the satire of Swift and the eloquence of Flood and Grattan could not accomplish, American independence and its acknowledgment by France achieved. Catholics were permitted—magnificent generosity—to take and dispose of leases, and the priest was not hounded down, nor the schoolmaster subjected to imprisonment. But Moore literally came into the world "with the slave's yoke round his neck;" yet it was a noble time too, to have been born in. While his first infant cries were uttered the noble Grattan—the pure Demosthenes of the hour—was asking in the Parliament of Dublin for boons alike for Protestants and Catholics—he was asking for free trade for Ireland—and the agitation round Moore's cradle rose and fell to one clear luminous vote. "I wish for nothing," says Grattan, "but to breathe in our land the air of liberty. I have no ambition, unless it be the ambition to break your chain and to contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British connexion clinging to his race; he may be naked, but he shall not be in irons; and I do see that the time is at hand; the spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted, and though great men should apostatize, yet the cause will live, and though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ which conveyed it; and the breathe of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him." (Rapturous applause.) The Protestant Volunteers raised in 1779 were now a body of National importance, and numbered 50,000. On the 15th February, 1782, the patriotic Protestants met, and among several resolutions, expressed their pleasure as Irishmen—as Irishmen, as Christians, and as Protestants—at the relaxation of the penal laws; they supported Grattan in his national policy; on the 22nd February, Grattan brought forward his motion for Irish Independence, and it was carried on the 16th of April. (Cheers.) When the bill had passed giving Ireland legislative independence, declaring that only the King, Lords and Commons of Ireland had power to make laws for that kingdom, Grattan rose and cried: "Ireland is now a nation! In that character I salute her, and, bowing to her august presence, I say, *exto perpetua!*" (Cheers.) No wonder he was exultant. What a vision must

at that moment have passed before him! He saw a country called into being by the fiat of his eloquence. A country whose genius has more kindred with that of Greece than any modern nation—the country of Goldsmith, of Burke, and Curran, and Swift, of Flood and of Molyneux—unfolding itself into ever greater prosperity—breaking, like the sun amid clouds of dazzling beauty, from the night of centuries. Alas! Parliament was unreformed, and subject to corrupt influences. Nothing had been done for the Catholics; the landlords were untouched; an alien church oppressed the people of tithes; and Grattan, after a few years, that it was only as if morning, after going on towards noon, should suddenly be extinguished in a somber night. (Cheers.) Yet, so powerfully does the feeling of nationality work in generous hearts, that this result of legislative independence was immediately felt in greatly increased prosperity; and from 1782 until 1800, the date of the Union, the population increased from 3,000,000 to 5,000,000. (A voice: "More power to them.") Yes! more power to their children now (cheers); for, as to most or all of them, "Their bones are scattered far and wide By mount, and stream, and sea."

Dublin is at this hour a beautiful city, though its splendour is widowed and its beauty is beauty in distress—Well! all the noble buildings are due to the period of independence; nor is there any exaggeration in Lord Clarendon's words, that no nation on the habitable globe had advanced in cultivation, commerce and manufactures with the same rapidity as Ireland from 1782 to 1800. (Cheers.) Do you not see the influences under which Moore was brought up? A bill abolishing commercial restraints goes to London and is sent back, having been made worthless. Bitter cries of disappointment and despair arise. Rack-renters and litigious proctors dealing out more than an Egyptian oppression; a bloated pension list. What wonder if men began to think of violent resistance? Furious mobs surge through Dublin. Disloyal ballads are sung. Moore's parents wished to educate him for the bar, and his mother took care to have him so educated that they could take advantage of any relaxation in the penal laws. But there was no sign; the bar was barred; and the University—the so-called national University—was "a well shut up, a fountain sealed." Can you not fancy the wild hope that the first "dazzling outbreak" of the French revolution would inspire in a people so wronged? But there were domestic influences at work which proved only too potent. Moore had a talent for acting and recitation, and his mother cultivated his gifts. Dublin was a gay place at this time, and the Dublin tradesmen were bent on enjoying themselves, even while talking treason. At tea parties—where other fluids besides tea be sure were drunk (laughter)—Moore, very small, was brought forward to recite or sing. When he grew a little bigger his mother procured for him an introduction into several families occupying a much higher position in society than her own. She thought he would thus learn superior manners. His wit and natural politeness seconded her efforts, and Moore was soon moving in society where he could never meet any of his parents. This, was, in some respects, beneficial. It must have polished his manners; it must have increased his self-possession; it must have deepened in him a love for refined society. But it had one drawback which more than counterbalanced all this. It applied too house pressure to the development of his natural vanity. It was tainted with snobbery; and his life during these early years types his whole history. He was a "show child" all his life. The stage and audience were only changed; the actor who delighted Dublin tradesmen and their wives was the same who, surrounded by peers and great ministers and famous beauties, warbled in Bowood and Holland House. (Cheers.)

The lecturer having strongly condemned the fufighting weakness of Moore's mother, and passed rapidly over the other pleasant associations of the poet's early years; and having praised his mother for her devotion to his education, took his hero to the University, which, in 1793, was thrown open to the Catholics in consequence of the meetings out of which the United Irish movement sprang. (Cheers.) He contributes to a Dublin magazine, and experiences the delight of all men of literary temperament on first seeing his name in print. He tried his hand at political satire, and tells a pleasant story how he used to read the *Nationalist* for his family from a little corner near the fire. Do you not see that little group and the young genius with his paper in hand in the chimney corner? Do you not feel how, having sent a letter to this paper, he opens it the next evening with a trembling hand? Oh fame! Oh youthful pride! Oh glowing hours that bridge the years of youth and manhood! What moment afterwards could equal that in which the young man sees his letter in all the glory of leaded type, and reads it, and hears it praised? (Cheers.) But his mother says it is "too bold," and he is afraid to avow the authorship. She, however, discovers the secret, and though proud of the ability displayed, takes Tom aside and extracts a promise from him that he will never become a member of any secret society—a promise which, it may be, saved him from an early and tragical fate—for at this time he was a generous youth, uncorrupted by the world.

At the University he makes the acquaintance of the Protestant patriot, Robert Emmet (enthusiastic applause) of whom he afterwards wrote, "O breathe not his name"—verses suggested by poor Emmet's last words: "Let no man write my epitaph. Let my tomb remain unadorned till other times and other men shall learn to do justice to my memory." "O breathe not his name!" But what child of the country for which that noble life was poured out on the scaffold can obey the sad injunction? We will breathe his name until it is canonized amongst martyred patriots with universal consent (loud cheers); for, though the page of our country holds out to us many names of the valiant, the fearless, the true, there is no one of whom we have so much reason to be proud as of him who, with his blood sealed his principles, his bright endeavor, his sacred cause (renewed cheers) who gave up for his country, life, love and youth and genius! (Cheers.) He had won the love of Curran's daughter, and it is of her Moore sings in the melody, "She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps"—where her young hero sleeps in a traitor's grave! Good God!

Emmet was the leader of the popular party in the debating society connected with the College, and seems to have possessed an eloquence which speaking to stones, would have made them capable. A visitation of the College was held, and Moore, to his astonishment, found that some of his most intimate friends were associated with measures which placed their lives in jeopardy. Why to his astonishment? I can respect the rebel—and Moore says, he was brought up one—who means his rebellion even to the death. But I hate cheap treason. We need never be sorry for men who die for the right and in behalf of the oppressed. Remember that the keystone of christianity is the principle of sacrifice. The fate of such men is a noble one; and how bright and how beautiful they show against a background of the general mob of the self-indulgent, the dollar-getting, the mean and the self-seeking! Nor is their lifeless usefulness that noble. It is not merely that they give heroic example; they do not fail. They may hang upon a scaffold as did Emmet; they may be buried in a lime-pit, within the prison walls; the hireling scribes of oppression may brand them as traitors; it may be made by law a sin and a shame to utter the name save in derision and contempt—nevertheless their spirit will live; and though generations pass, and others share as dark a doom, that spirit will assert itself, and smite, like beams of light piercing the dark ether through pas-

sion and prejudice to the home of generosity in the human heart; and then other men will be crowned for doing that which heroes were crucified. It is this old story; one generation slays the prophet, and another builds them tombs; the world is steeped in the night of sorrow and oppression before it rolls into the morning and gladness of freedom; the powers of hell were strong yesterday, but to-day Christ burst the bands of death and His followers dry their eyes and lift up their heads, and contemplate with joyful countenances His glory and His triumph. So, causes which to-day or yesterday were as shrouded in defeat and darkness, have their destined hour of resurrection, and the fit moment of their triumph is written in the unchanging tablets of divine purpose. (Cheers.) But for '98 they would be struggling in Ireland for Catholic Emancipation now; and the Gladstone that should give the Irish tenant justice would be in his small clothes—if in deed he would be born. (renewed cheers.)

And all this time Moore is only translating Anacreon, and thinking of making love verses! Oh! I cannot forgive that. Mr. Davin pointed out that there were passages in Lalla Rookh which showed that the impression of the time were not wholly lost on Moore, though this want of strong passion and the higher form of imagination left him incapable of rising to the full height of the situation; and he recited the well-known passage, "Oh for a tongue to curse the slave," and then gave Moore's excuse—one of the most beautiful of the melodies—"O blame not the bard." The sentiment of this beautiful ballad was ignoble, and it was on that sentiment Moore acted—often chanting the sorrows of his country in the drawing room of the Marquis of Lansdowne, who had the day before voted for a coercion bill!

'98 passed with its gloomy vista of fruitless bloodshed and scaffolds, and the only really stirring song having reference to it, due not to the laureates of Ireland, but to a scholar of Trinity College, Dublin. "Who fears to speak of '98" has more that is heart-stirring in it than all Moore ever wrote, and will live with a freshness which his songs will not preserve. (Cheers.)

Having taken his degree, Moore went to London to publish his odes of Anacreon, obtained permission from the Prince of Wales to dedicate it to him; and we soon learn from Moore's letters that his songs are such a "rage," that Johnson of Covent Garden sings them, and that he is obliged to sing every one of them twice. Anacreon was a success. The young poet receives, unasked for himself, the most flattering attentions from people of fashion. The Prince of Wales compliments him. He has six invitations for an evening; dines with the Bishop of Meath, sups somewhere in company with Mrs. Fitzherbert; is made free of the library at Danington Park. His name is printed among distinguished persons at great parties, and he is evidently intoxicated. Henceforth he sacrificed everything to being the lion of fashionable drawing-rooms.

In 1801 he published "The Political Works of the late Thomas Little," the warmth of which a few years later, called forth even Byron's youthful censures. He gave up all thoughts of the law, and looked openly for a government place. Lord Moira procured for him the laureateship, which he threw up after writing one birth-day ode and then the Registrarship of the Admiralty Court in Bermuda; and Moore, rejoicing over "the claim it afforded him on government" set out in September, 1803—about the time when Emmet was being led to the scaffold—and Moore familiar with the great, and no effort made to save his former friend—for Bermuda where he spent four months, and then traveled through America and Canada, the result of his travels being "epistles, odes and other poems," and in which he is Anacreontic and writes about the fierce young Republic in the spirit of a Whig lordling.

In 1806 "all the talents" came into office, and Moore feels himself on the brink of fortune. His new volume of poems is out. He writes to Miss Godfrey—sister of Lady Donnell—February 4th, 1806: "I am quite in a bewilderment of hope and fear and anxiety. The very crisis of my fate has arrived. Lord Moira has everything in his power. Tierney goes Chancellor to Ireland, so there a hope opens for my father's advancement." Light breaks in on all sides and fortune smiles. He it to have a commission in Ireland, and now he only waits for the *Edinburgh Review* to see what is said of his poems, and then "a long farewell to all his greatness—London would never see him act the part of gentlemanship more." The *Edinburgh Review* came down upon him with the justest censure, condemning him in the strongest language for his license and warmth of expression in which he had indulged—in fact accusing him as a corrupter of the public morals and denouncing the book as a "public nuisance." Moore challenged Jeffrey, the editor. They met at Moorfields; but, just as they were going to fight, they were surprised by the police, driven to London and taken before the magistrate. They were bled off. On examining the pistols it was found that a blunder had been committed in loading them. Moore's pistol had a bullet in it—that of Jeffrey none. This was soon changed into Moore's pistol being loaded with only a paper pellet—Jeffrey's being without one, naturally, as he had fired his pellet off in the *Edinburgh*. (Laughter.) The duel is chiefly remarkable as leading a few years later to a friendship between Byron and Moore which was life-long. The allusion, in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," to Little's needless pistols rendered an explanation necessary; and the explanation issued, as I have said, in a friendship which is almost as great distinction as Moore won in other ways.

There was another disappointment most serious. In the ministry of "all the talents" Lord Moira was only Master of the Ordnance—an office to which very little patronage attached—and Fox's death made useless a promise of the great orator. If Moore was dissatisfied with "all the talents," he was furious with their successors. "Fine times," he says, "for changing a ministry, and changing to such fools too." Amongst the "fools" were Palmerston andanning and Wellington. He now wrote satire, married Miss Elizabeth Dyke, the daughter of an actor, whom he met and played with in private theatricals at Kilkenny, who proved a most heroic woman, and as we have seen, used to call him her bird, and who—poor thing!—found him a bird very fond of hopping away. (Laughter.)

He had already commenced his melodies and began to pour forth playful, pungent satire, which is destined to live as long as his melodies, and outlive all his other work. In his "Two penny Post Bag" he parodies the Prince Regent's letter, February 13, 1812, in which he alluded to his father's insanity.—"A strict waist-coat on him and restrictions on me, A more limited monarchy could not well be."

(Laughter.) You all know how the Prince treated Mrs. Fitzherbert, and the character of Hertford. Now mark this— "When asking songs, the Regent named 'Had I a heart for falsehood framed;' Whirl gentle Hertford begged and prayed For 'young I am and sore afraid.'"

Take this again—an epitaph on a tuft-hunter:— "Heaven grant him now some noble nook! For rest his soul he'd rather be, Gently damned beside a Duke, Than saved in vulgar company." (Laughter.) When Lord Moira went to India as Governor-General Moore expected something. "But how could he? Lord Moira owed the appointment to the Prince Regent, and Moore had unmercifully lampooned the Prince Regent. "I see an end," writes he "to the long hope of my life." But he says he had this consolation, that he was "free to call a rascal a rascal wherever I met him." He felt himself quite

shipwrecked and found refuge in Holland House, and entered the Whig service as a light skirmisher. Mr. Davin gave a graphic picture of Moore's gay life, of his literary industry, of his impudence, of his giddy gaiety of character, and ranked the Melodists above all his works. He showed what a noble creature, Bessy was, and gave Moore full credit for his filial virtues. As to Moore's genius he said:— "When Moore tells us that his poetry sprang from his love of music, we have a good guide to a proper comprehension of his genius. Exquisite melody, tender feeling, rapid transition, and sweet fancy are the characteristics of all he has written. He is as charming and even great, spoiled for want of earnestness. He lacks force, and herein he is an inadequate representation of Irish genius. He is the only poet who is Irish by reason of profession. Swift and Goldsmith—both, I need not say, greater men—simply contend for a place among English writers. But Moore stands forth as the 'Minstrel of Erin.' Well, I am sorry the Minstrel of Erin was not a greater man—where is the passion and consuming indignation that the countryman of Swift and O'Connell, and Grattan and Flood should have? He gives no evidence of having been ever pre-occupied with those questions of life and death which raked the brain of Byron. There is not, throughout all he has written, a trace of sublimity and the wild, Irish harp undoubtedly lost power in his hands. His Muse has too much of the drawing room young lady about her, and instead of the free-flowing tunic, she wears costly dresses, and is tightly laced. Nothing could be more finished than the work he gives us; but the directness and simplicity of the greatest poets are wanting. His thoughts never rise from the musing soul proudly impressed by the greatness, the sorrow, the beauty, the inaffable joy and rapturous melancholy of life and its mysterious incidents; no words of his sweep in beautiful cadence round the heart, like vague sacred memories of some lost and happier sphere; his sarcasm does not scorch and blight like the lightning of true passion; his appeal to nationalist feeling would never fill any man's breast with heroic pining to die for his country; there is more dangerous power in a single verse of "Who Feels to Speak of '98," than in all the "Glories of Brian the Brave," with Malachi's "Collar of Gold," thrown in; that strain would create legends ready to

"Venture life, and love, and youth, For the great prize of death in battle," where Moore would only bring a tear into a maiden's eye; the scent of the bouquet is around him—a suspicion of hand boxes; his was not real fiery consecration; he does not come to us rough, and grand, and powerful, from the vast wilderness and solitude of a mighty spirit, but is set down at our door from a miniature brougham; his landscapes are never steeped in the fiery haze of imagination; and Fancy is the wizard on whom heretics to charm his reader. For all this he was a true poet, and as a lyricist must always keep a place, and a first place in our literature. He was not a great man, but, on the contrary, a very small one—vain, slight, yet a finely strung nature, from which certain gusts of feeling and passion evoked exquisite strains. Compare him with Byron and we see his shortcomings. He is a summer zephyr to a storm. Byron wheels like a wounded eagle amid cloud and tempest. Moore is a bee humming from flower to flower, extracting their nectar and distilling it into the sweetest rhymes Moore has much beauty, which often degenerates into prettiness; Byron is most himself when he is most sublime. They would both illustrate the theory of those who hold that the body is the expression of the mind and that when there is a fault in the one there will be found a corresponding defect in the other. Thus the mind of Moore, like his body, was not massive, but compact and graceful; while about Byron's there was a lame grandeur. (Cheers.)

All poets, and Moore amongst them have sung Burns' strain that "man is made to mourn," and he was destined to prove it in his experience. Sorrow, disappointment and infirmity cast their shadows across the evening of his days. He followed his three children to the grave; but not before his eldest son belied his hopes and broke a fond mother's heart. Disease too was doing its work on his splendid intellect. The fate of Swift and Scott and Southey overtook him. The brain softened. By degrees he sank into a state of childish infirmity. Hearing a melody of his own he asks whose it is, for he thinks he has heard it before. "Trust in God, Mary; trust in God," he would say to his wife as she waited on him with unflinching love. In 1835 a pension of £300 a year was conferred on him, and in 1850 £100 on his wife, "in consideration of the literary merits of her husband and his infirm state of health. He lingered on for two years after this, lost to the world and unconscious of his fame. Look at the little old man as he lies there after the toil and pleasure of 70 years. Alas! what is fame or pleasure to him now? Can either light up the dull eye or kindle once more the soul that has burned itself out on its altar? Strew the bed with flowers; put a garland on that chill brow; tell him those flowers may wither, and that garland decay, and he himself return to the dust, but that his memory will be kept green by his generous countrymen. He heeds you not. The ruling passion is strong in death. The helpless hands play with the counterpane as on a piano. Hark! how he warbles! The swan is gliding down the cold stream, and as he dies he sings!

Mr. Davin resumed his seat amid loud cheers, and was awarded an enthusiastic vote of thanks.—*Irish Canadian.*

PROTESTANTISM AND CIVIL ALLEGIANCE.

Civil allegiance is the duty which binds the subject to obey the laws of the State. The State, in its objective form, is the Government. The end of all human government is the protection of life and property. Its end is therefore temporal. It must never conflict with the eternal laws of God, which relate to man's supernatural destiny. If it does conflict, its laws are not laws, but violations of law, and cannot be obeyed by any one who would serve God rather than man. The State in its objective form is, in some countries, an absolute monarchy, as in Russia; a constitutional monarchy, blended with aristocracy and partial democracy, as in England; or a constitutional democracy, as in the United States. Supposing the legitimacy of each, its just laws must be obeyed in conscience by the subject. There is no power but from God, and those who wield it are His ministers. But God cannot give power against power. Neither can man make law against a higher law. And as all men, as such, are fallible, and those in power ambitious, there must be some authority to judge and decide what laws are just. Private conscience will not do. The private conscience of the ruler should count for as much as the private conscience of the subject. In cases of doubt, authority must be obeyed. While Christendom stood by the one Faith of Jesus Christ, the word of the Supreme Ruler of the Church decided between rulers and their subjects. By the voice of the Church the consciences of Catholics are still strengthened, directed and decided in judging the morality or the immorality of a doubtful law. But never has the Church counselled bloodshed, or armed rebellion. Never have Catholics followed in their duty when the State called to arms. Not so with the Protestants. Their religion had its birth in disobedience and rebellion; and they have since been the leaders and fomentors of rebellion against authority. Recall the thirty years' war waged in the name of religion, against the State in Germany. Remember the rebellion of the Netherlands against Spain! Recall the plotting and treason of the League in France. Turn to England,

and see the blood of Charles flowing at Whitehall. See James flying before his traitorous subjects, and his dynasty excluded from the throne. Listen to the Orangeman of Ireland, threatening to rebel if Home Rule be granted to the land of their birth. And if Victoria should become a Catholic to-morrow would not the "Protestant people of England" hurl her from the throne? All these wars against the States were begun and carried on in the name of Protestantism; and yet with the effrontery of the Devil, the civil allegiance of Catholics is impeached by Protestants. How a European despot could offer the insult, we can understand; and that daily and weekly journals should whisper it here is intolerable. Suffice it to say that Americans should be the last to speak of civil allegiance, or accuse Catholics of a want of it.

Coming home to ourselves, how do we find our fellow-citizens obeying the State? With us the State is represented by the Constitution. The man who violates it, no matter what his office is, is a traitor, and as such should be impeached. "Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion or the free exercise thereof." What Congress cannot do, the President dare not attempt. Yet our President has established a religion in Oregon, and in doing so has robbed the Catholic Church.—The Bill of Rights says for Ohio: "All persons have a natural and indefeasible right to worship Almighty God according to the dictates of their own conscience. No person shall be compelled to attend, erect or support any form of worship against his consent, and no preference shall be given by law to any religious society; or shall any interference with the rights of conscience be permitted." Whoever violates, in one particular, this charter of liberty, has forfeited his allegiance, is a traitor to the fundamental law of Ohio, and as such should be punished. Not only should he be punished, but all who aid abet, and encourage him should be made amenable to the law.

Now look to the State institutions of Ohio. In how many of them are the rights of conscience respected? When the State pays or the Superintendent invites a Protestant chaplain, and compels Catholic inmates to receive his ministrations, does some one not trample on the laws of the State? "No man shall be compelled to attend any form of worship against his will," says the law. I shall compel him says the Superintendent, and if he does not obey I shall suspend him by the thumbs or throw him into solitary confinement. "Nor shall any interference with the rights of conscience be permitted," says the law. I shall interfere, says the Board, and shall place a Protestant chaplain over that institution, and he shall direct the consciences of all. I shall interfere, says the Superintendent, and although the priest be admitted, shall prevent those under my charge to confess their sins, no matter what their conscience says on the matter.

Is it not time that officials who are paid from the taxes of the people should learn to respect the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the State of which they claim to be citizens? Were the Catholics of any country guilty of even a shadow of the flagrant violation of the law of which they are guilty, how the sectarian and daily press would howl! But now there is not a word but that of approbation; and yet Catholics are accused of being untrustworthy citizens. Out upon you, base hypocrites! Catholics obey the civil law and respect the Constitution for conscience sake; but you obey only when it suits your own selfish ends. The only disloyalty Catholics are guilty of is their quietly permitting you to trample on our laws. How long will they remain passive?—*Cleveland Catholic Universe.*

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE WORK OF ST. PAUL.—We directed attention, a week ago, to the presence amongst us of the Rev. Father John Kleiser, a German ecclesiastic, whose present mission is to interest the people of this country in a work to which he and other learned and zealous Catholic priests are devoting their lives—which may be generally described as the elevation of the Catholic Press all over the world to the dignity of an Apostolate, and the immediate aim of which is, by the establishment of a sound and cheap Catholic Press in those countries where the Church suffers persecution, to supply a means of teaching and guiding the faithful whose priests have been condemned either to banishment or imprisonment, whose churches are closed, altars desolate, and pulpits silent. We quote from a circular in which the nature and importance of this work are set forth:—"The Work of St. Paul has these characteristics of an Apostolate:—(1st) It has received the approbation and the blessing of our Holy Father, and of a great number of bishops. (2nd.) It has solicited and obtained the prayers of convents, and of the 'Apostleship of Prayer.' (3rd.) With regard to the members of this Association of St. Paul, there are, as in every body, members with different offices Class I.—Members who make it their only vocation to labor for the Apostolate of the Press. [A.] Priests of St. Paul. [B.] Working people—men or women—in the printing offices, who set in type the persecuted Truths, expecting their reward in the other life. [C.] Writers of St. Paul especially trained for journalism. Class II.—Members who devote a part of their life, time, and work, for the Apostolic Press according to their situation and calling in the world. [A.] Who pray especially for the success of the Work, and for the readers and writers of Catholic Truth [religious orders and the clergy]. [B.] Who undertake to be regular correspondents [priests and laymen]. [C.] Who make contributions towards establishing the printing offices [people of wealth]. [D.] Who undertake to circulate the Catholic papers among the people. [E.] Who subscribe to the journals and periodicals. The members of this great work co-operate solely for love of Truth. [4th.] By this spirit of sacrifice and charity, which is the life of the work of St. Paul, the Apostolic Press is rendered cheap; and thus the Gospel can be preached to the poor by means of the Press; and the way of the Gospel is opened to the working classes, where an immense field of action presents itself for the work of St. Paul, namely, to evangelize the working classes, an enterprise in which the solution of the social question is alone to be found. By such an organization the Press becomes, as it were, baptized and elevated to the dignity of an Apostolate for evangelizing the world. The work of St. Paul is a natural outcome of the great Vatican Council. It will be, as it were, the continual "Echo" of the infallible truth of the Apostolic See, as the Holy Father himself desires. The work is not a private undertaking for one country, but is calculated to extend itself to the whole Church." Father Kleiser pleads with special power for this noble work of charity, for he is himself at the present moment under sentence of imprisonment for a breach of those iniquitous laws which have robbed whole peoples of the saving light and strength of religious ministrations, and his claim to help should be doubly strong with us, and the more readily acknowledged since the specific "offences" for which he has been condemned to banishment is that he preached against the persecution in Germany, and held up the glorious example of the Irish people in the days when they suffered in like manner for their faith, as one to be imitated by his countrymen. We are glad to learn that the Rev. Father's reception in Cork has been such as he might have anticipated from an enlightened and truly Catholic community, and he has requested us to say how deeply grateful he feels to the citizens for the kindness, sympathy, and practical co-operation which he has found them ready to accord to him, and to those with whom he is associated. "Father Kleiser's stay here is limited to three or four days more, during which time he will be glad to communicate with anyone who may desire to assist him in his mission."—*Cork Examiner.*

THE CASE OF MATERIALISM.—Among the many criticisms which Professor Tyndall's Belfast address has called forth...

So mixed in him, that nature might stand up and say to all the world, "This [is] a man."

NUMEROUS investigations have been set on foot with a view of discovering human tribes on a level with dogs and beavers.

IRISH POOR LAW.—An official summary just issued by the Local Government Board, shows that the whole expenditure on the Poor Law in Ireland for the year ended 30th September, 1874, was £1,003,513, being £43,777 in excess of year proceeding.

When Mr. Gladstone in a blaze of triumph entered office, he said that it was his greatest ambition to cut away three branches from the Irish Yggdrasil.

THE LAND WAR IN LOUTH.—While the Tenant Associations of the Kingdom are wisely organizing a National Land Conference to arrange for earnest and united action in the coming year...

Louth, messengers for which are to proceed at the Ardara sessions next Thursday, we draw good hope from the earnest meeting of the D-fence Association held last Monday in Dundalk.

THE IRISH SPEAKING POPULATION OF IRELAND.—In 1871 the entire Irish speaking population numbered only 817,965.

THE PROPOSED TENANT-RIGHT CONFERENCE IN DUBLIN.—As it seems to be taken for granted in various quarters that a national conference on the land question will be held soon in Dublin, the time has come when the proposal must be fully considered by every Tenant-right Association in Ireland.

GREAT BRITAIN. CATHOLIC STATISTICS.—The Catholic Directory for 1875 issued by Messrs. Burns & Oates, London, contains some very interesting facts and statistics.

young, during the terrible gale which raged with great fury, for several successive days. A boat having seven persons on board; three men, two women, and two grown boys, left Bantry on Tuesday afternoon for Adrigole.

THE PROTESTANT CHURCH.—Great discovery! There is no such thing as the Protestant Church. There never has been any such thing.

THE ENGLISH WINTER ASSEMBLY.—In the course of the recent controversy, about crimes of violence it has occasionally been asserted that they are not really on the increase.

laws, which deal with them need revision.—Fall, Mail Gazette. THE KAPAL, MOUNT OF, DRESS.—The London Tablet on this subject says:—In the desire to compress as much as possible our answer to Lord Acton's charge against St. Pius V. we omitted four words which were necessary to the full expression of our meaning.

MAY CATHOLICS CRITICISE POLITICAL ERROR IN THEIR BISHOPS?—The authority of Bishops, as all acknowledge, is so salutary and sacred as to make it a duty imperative on all Catholics to do no act or utter no word intended to depreciate their influence, or to lessen the respect in which they are held.

SCOTLAND MOVES FORWARD in the direction of disestablishment with an energy which leaves no doubt of the final result. Great meetings have been recently held in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Dundee, and Aberdeen, at which resolutions calling for an entire separation of the Church from the State were enthusiastically welcomed.

of persons as converts? that I have sneered at them as 'womanish'?

UNITED STATES.

DIVORCE MADE EASY.—The legislature of Oregon decrees that in that Commonwealth the voluntary separation of man and wife shall work the legal effect of divorce.

SETTING AND ITS RESULTS.—On Tuesday before the Lord Mayor, James Charles Smith, a young man employed as a clerk by Messrs. Ryan and Co., Cannon-street, was charged on remand with embezzling money amounting in the whole to about £250.

SHOCKING CASE OF BABY-FARMING.—Boston, Jan. 24.—An old man and woman named Nelson and Mary Reynolds have been arrested at Holly Stone, Middlesex County, in this State, on suspicion of perpetrating a terrible series of crimes, by which it is said no less than five infants have been put out of the way by these persons within the short time of two months.

WHERE DOES IT COME FROM.—The New York Herald says.—In the year 1874 there were imported at the cities of New York and Boston 153,082 baskets of champagne, or 1,836,984 bottles; in fact considerably less than a bottle and a half apiece for each of us for one year.

From the statistics it appears that of 487 divorces in Maine last year, 238, or almost one half, have been granted for simple desertion, 82 for adultery, 79 for cruelty, 55 for drunkenness, and 33 for all other causes, including incompatibility of temper, want of harmony, neglect to provide, &c.

Our old friend Nobbs, who emigrated to Texas last winter and bought a farm, says the first thing he does in the morning is a squint down into the orchard "to see if there is anyone hung upon the trees you know."

An old spindle has been revived in the South. "Agents" are travelling through Texas selling a compound which is warranted to straighten the kinky wool of the negroes. The contractors buy eagerly the vile decoction, which takes away their hair entirely.

A-NON DISTURBANCE.—Sunday Visitor, "What is that boy of yours playing at, Mrs. Mullington?" The Vicar's Wife.—"Oh, well, of course he can't have his ball to play with on Sundays—we let 'em have the sofa-cushion to kick."—Punch.

Party politics are ignored in Nevada. "His intelligent composer set it up." Party politicians are ignorant. The editor got mad, but the subscribers wanted to promote the composer to editor-in-chief for his knowledge of the situation.

The True Witness

AND  
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,  
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to whom all Business Letters should be addressed.

G. E. CLERK, Editor.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1875.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

FEBRUARY—1875.

Friday, 5—St. Agatha, V. M.  
Saturday, 6—St. Titus, B. C.  
Sunday, 7—Quinquagesima.  
Monday, 8—St. John of Matha, C.  
Tuesday, 9—St. Raymond of Penafort, O.  
Wednesday, 10—Ash Wednesday.  
Thursday, 11—St. Polycarp, B. M. (Jan. 26.)

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Alfonso, so we have been assured by telegram after telegram during the past week, is just going to begin the arduous process of crushing the Carlists; but the latter, contumacious dogs that they are, object to the crushing process, and seem inclined to turn the tables on the crushers. Neither in Germany nor in Italy have any events worth recording occurred to disturb the political tranquillity of the past week. In France the different parties in the Assembly are as a matter of course at daggers drawn with one another; all, however, intent upon establishing a stable Government in France, and all of course failing in the attempt. So it will go on to the crash of doom, unless there should dawn upon the French legislators the light of the simple truth, that it is not given to man to make constitutions. In default of a Government, a strong military despotism would be the best thing that could happen to France, in whose deplorable political condition we see the inevitable results of Revolution.

The action of His Excellency the Governor-General in the Lepine case, has been approved of by the Imperial authorities. The problem which he had to solve was an arduous one, requiring much tact and much courage on the part of those who had to deal with it; and we think that on calm reflection the country will generally admit that Lord Dufferin has done the best he could in the difficult circumstances in which he found himself.

FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE—A sad accident took place at Boucherville on the morning of the 23rd ult. A farmer named Dulude had on retiring to bed the night before made a grate fire in his stove; he with wife and eight children slept upstairs.—About two o'clock in the morning he was roused by a smell of fire. He shouted to his wife to come down with the children, but already the staircase was a blaze, and to do so was impossible. He then ran to his barn for a ladder, but before he could get it up to the window, the smoke had stifled all those whom he had left in the house; and when the flames had done their work the calined remains of Made. Dulude and the eight children were all that remained to the wretched husband and father, of wife and family. He himself was badly burnt, and for some time his life was in danger.

Another fire occurred in the Beauport Lunatic Asylum on the 29th ult., and of the female inmates two are reported as having perished in the flames; others are missing.

We have received some further details of the burning of the Beauport Female Lunatic Asylum, transmitted to us by telegram. From these it appears that the fire originated, not in accident, but in the act of a dangerous lunatic, one Marie Breton, who placed a lighted candle underneath her bed, and then left her cell. This story, if true—and we by no means vouch for its truth—displays an incredible amount of culpable negligence on the part of those who had charge of the institution. Incredible, we say: for it can scarcely be believed that the authorities should have left a lunatic like this woman Breton—a woman known to be of a very "vicious character," so vicious that she had been placed under special restraint, and who had been heard to avow her design to "have her revenge out on the cursed place"—alone, and with a lighted candle in her possession. Not worse, scarce as bad, would it have been to have entrusted her with a sharp knife, or a loaded pistol. For the credit of the authorities we trust that this story is false. Any how the matter should be enquired into, in order that we may learn what kind of watch is kept by the authorities over furious lunatics known to be of a vicious, and therefore dangerous character.

For the rest, the exertions made by the authorities to save their patients are deserving of the highest praise, and, considering the circumstances, were eminently successful. Three women are believed to have perished; the rest were, at much risk, rescued from the flames. There seems, however, to have been a sad lack of appliances for extinguishing fire on the premises, which, considering the very inflammable nature of the building, is much to be deplored.

Great credit is due to His Honor the Mayor of Quebec, Owen Murphy, Esq., who, with several other members of the Corporation, hastened to give their aid. Special mention is made of Alder-

man H. A. Murphy, and Capt. Heigham, who nobly, and at great danger to themselves, contributed most effectively to the rescuing of the patients; and to the names of these should be added that of M. Vincelleto. In fact all worked well, and all that man could do, was done. Only, we ask, how came it that a vicious lunatic like Marie Breton was left alone in her cell, in possession of a lighted candle? after having been heard to avow the design of having her vengeance on the "cursed place." Lunatics of that class are well known to be very cunning, to be very tenacious of purpose, and should be carefully watched.—The matter should be enquired into.

PAPAL INFALLIBILITY.

We copy below from the Montreal Witness of the 23rd ult., a challenge which a writer in that paper throws out with a great flourish of trumpets:—

"I hereby challenge the Rev. James Murphy, the Rev. Mr. Moylan, of the Jesuit College here, or any other person, to produce any catechism, or other genuine authorized book printed in the English language, in any part of the globe, in which this dogma or doctrine, (I care not what they call it) is taught or even mentioned; published prior to the last twenty-five years." (The doctrine alluded to is that of Papal Infallibility.)

We have ventured to underline the words "authorized" and "dogma or doctrine," in the above extract, in order more particularly to attract attention to them.

For, before attempting to reply to the challenge therein thrown out, we want to know what we are to understand by the terms dogma or doctrine, as used by the writer in the Witness; for these words are susceptible of two different meanings.

They may be used in a restricted sense; as signifying some proposition couched in definite terms, propounded under pain of anathema to the acceptance of all the members of the Church. In this sense, that only which has been explicitly defined is a dogma or doctrine.

Or again, the same words may be used in a more general or extended sense, and applied to everything involved, or implicitly contained in the original depositum, even though undefined, or not explicitly asserted in any of the Decrees of Councils, Canons, or other formularies of the Church.

If we take the words in their first, or restricted sense, the Consubstantiality of the Son to the Father was not a dogma or doctrine of the Church before the Council of Nice.

Neither was the distinct Divine Personality of the Holy Ghost a dogma or doctrine of the Catholic Church before the Council of Constantinople A.D. 381; so neither was the Incarnation of God, the second Person of the Trinity, in the womb of the B. Virgin, a doctrine of the Church before the Council of Ephesus; and so, in the same sense, the infallibility of the Pope, in his capacity of Head and teacher of the Church, and when speaking *ex cathedra*, was not a dogma or doctrine of the Church before the Council of the Vatican.

But if we admit that the doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation, of the Consubstantiality of the Son to the Father, of the Personality of the Holy Ghost, were, though not always set forth or defined in explicit terms, dogmas or doctrines of the Church from the beginning, because by implication, if not explicitly, contained in the original depositum; then also we must admit that the dogma or doctrine of the infallibility of the Pope in his capacity as Head and teacher of the Church, and as defined by the Council of the Vatican, may have— we do not say must have, but—may have been a dogma or doctrine of the Church from the beginning. The argument therefore from the absence, prior to the Council of the Vatican, of any explicit definition on the subject, is not conclusive against its having always been a dogma or doctrine of the Church, in the sense in which the Consubstantiality of the Son to the Father was a dogma or doctrine of the Church before its definition by the Council of Nice. The challenge therefore thrown out in the Witness is a mere *brutum fulmen*. Even if unaccepted, what then? Granted that there be no catechism, or any other authorized book printed more than twenty-five years ago in the English language in which the infallibility of the Pope is even mentioned, it would not follow that the said dogma was not involved, or by implication contained, in the original depositum. How many books think you were written either in Latin or Greek before the year 300, in which the words Consubstantial, and Trinity can be found?

Let us look at the matter a little closer. Would it be correct to say—because the Catholic Church as yet has given no explicit definition of the nature or extent of the inspiration of Scripture; or of the condition after death of unbaptized children, or the heathen who have never had the Gospel preached to them—that, were she, in order to meet the errors of the Universalists, or of those who deny in whole or in part the inspiration of her sacred scriptures, to define in explicit terms what is to be held by the faithful on these matters—she was creating new dogmas, or imposing novel doctrines upon her children?

We admit therefore without hesitation, that, in the first or restricted sense in which we defined the words "dogma or doctrine," that of the infallibility of the Pope is not to be found in any book, in any language, published before the Council of the Vatican. It was not an explicitly defined doctrine before that date.

The real question at issue however is this:—Was the doctrine of Papal infallibility as defined by the Council of the Vatican, involved, or by implication contained, in the original depositum? If it was not, then is it a new doctrine which neither Pope nor Council has power to impose? if it was, then the Council of the Vatican proclaimed no new dogma or doctrine; but merely defined in explicit terms what had always from the beginning been one of her doctrines. But how, and by whom is the question to be determined as to whether the impugned doctrine was, or was not, by implication contained in the original depositum?

Two methods of solving this all-important question present themselves. 1st. The Protestant method; that of private judgment, or method by which every man for himself determines the contents of revelation and the true meaning of that original depositum; and 2nd, the Catholic method,

which is that of authority; the authority of an infallible Church, which, if infallible, is competent and alone is competent to determine what were the contents of that depositum. Now the Catholic Church, that is to say her Bishops in Council assembled, or congregated, and in union with the Pope, have determined this question. They have defined in explicit terms that which by implication was contained from the beginning in the depositum of which they are the guardians. In so far as Catholics—that is to say of all who admit that the Church, is the Bishops of the Church in Council congregated and in union with the Pope, is infallible—are concerned, this question as to the contents of the original depositum is settled for ever. The Church has declared that the dogma or doctrine of the Pope's infallibility formed part of the original depositum. If in this the Church has erred, then she is not infallible; and if not infallible, then have we no reasonable grounds for accepting any of her dogmas or doctrines from the days of the Council of Nice down to those of the Council of the Vatican.

Our readers will now see why we insist upon a sharp and exhaustive definition of the words "dogma or doctrine." We want to know in what sense the writer uses them.

Again, before accepting his challenge, we should like to know what he means by any "genuine authorized book" other than a catechism. What is an "authorized book?"

Was Dr. Brownson's Review published in the United States more than twenty-five years ago with the approbation and patronage of all the Bishops of that country an "authorized book" and if so, was not the infallibility of the Pope "mentioned therein?" We copy from two articles, both on the question of infallibility, and in reply to a Protestant controversialist Dr. Thornwell—the one in April, the other in October, of 1848.

In the first article Dr. Brownson states the doctrine of infallibility as held by him, by the majority of Catholics throughout the world, and as subsequently defined by the Council of the Vatican.

"No Catholic holds the Pope in his individual capacity to be infallible. He is infallible as we hold, and as we presume Dr. Lynch also holds; but only in his capacity of Supreme Head of the Church."—Brownson's Review, April, 1848.

"This is just what we all hold to-day, February, 1875. Where then is the new doctrine, even if its definition be new? Again, in the October number of the same Review, we read as follows:—

"All Catholics agree, and must agree, for it is *de fide*, that the Pastors of the Church, that is, the Bishops in union with the Pope, their visible head, are infallible in what they teach, both when congregated in general council, and when dispersed; each bishop in his own diocese; and the great majority hold that the Pope alone, when deciding a question of faith or morals for the whole Church, is also infallible."—Brownson's Review, October, 1848.

Most persons accustomed to read English will think agree with us, that, in the above extracts from a book published in the English language more than twenty-five years ago, Papal infallibility is more than "mentioned."

Again we may be permitted to quote from another book, a translation of Balmes' famous work on "Protestantism and Catholicity." We quote from the American edition of 1851; but an earlier translation of the same work by Messrs. Hanford and Kershaw, had previously appeared. It is therefore more than 25 years since it was first laid before the British Catholic public.

In this work Balmes, one of the most celebrated Spanish theologians of modern times, whilst admitting as do all Catholics at the present day, that as a private person the Pope may err, expressly says:—

"It is known that the Pope when speaking *ex cathedra* is acknowledged to be infallible, but not as a simple individual."—c. 56, p. 342.

Thus when Balmes wrote, *circa* A.D. 1840 it was well known that the Pope was generally believed to be infallible when speaking *ex cathedra*, which is all that the Vatican Council teaches.

At the risk of being tedious, we must notice an act of injustice of which the Protestant writer in the Witness has been guilty towards an eminent dignitary of the Catholic Church—the late lamented Dr. Wiseman, Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. Speaking of this illustrious man, the writer in the Witness says:—

"Cardinal Wiseman in the second of his three published volumes of Essays in an article on another subject, incidentally observes that the opinion of the Pope's infallibility, although held by divines in Italy is not admitted elsewhere. Not having the book at hand I cannot quote the passage *verbatim*, but his words are to that effect."—Witness, 23rd ult.

We suppose the writer alludes to the following passage which occurs in the second volume of Essays, p. 123; in an article on "Dogmatic Authority":—"At the same time, while all agree that this infallibility resides in the unanimous suffrage of the Church, whether united in Council or dispersed over the world, the Italian doctrine extends it to the plenitude of authority residing in its head, and makes his dogmatical decrees of force, antecedently to the expressed consent, or implied acquiescence of the other pastors. The Gallican denies this, and maintains that time must be given for the Church to assent or dissent; and only in case of assent considers the decree binding. Practically, as experience has proved, either opinion leads to the same results."

The reader will note that, in the above passage, the Cardinal employs the term "Italian," not in a geographical, but in a moral sense; as the opposite of the term "Gallican," just as we now-a-days use the term "Ultramontane" without reference to the Alps or other geographical boundaries. As by the term Gallican, the Cardinal meant to denote all, irrespective of nationality, who held what are known as Gallican principles, and never dreamt of restricting its application to natives of, or residents in Gaul—so when he used the word "Italian" (applied to qualify not "divines," but "doctrine") he meant to denote all, who, no matter what their origin or where they dwelt, held what are called Ultramontane opinions with respect to the extent of the Papal prerogatives. What then must we think of the intelligence or good faith of the writer who positively asserts that the words of Cardinal Wiseman are to the effect that—though held in Italy, outside of that Peninsula, and beyond its geographical limits, ("elsewhere") the doctrine

of Papal infallibility, was not held! And yet, whatever we may think of it, this is a fair specimen of the manner in which Protestants quote—or rather garble Catholic authors.

STATE-SCHOOLISM IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

To our sorrow, but not to our surprise, serious riots, attended with loss of life are reported from the Province of New Brunswick. The scene of these disturbances is a place known as Caraquet bay—the occasion, an attempt, apparently, to seize property for the payment of the odious State-School tax. This attempt, as was often the case in Ireland, when the Protestant State-Church taxes were once levied at the point of the bayonet provoked resistance; constables and military were called in; shots were fired, and a man named Gifford, a constable, was killed, apparently whilst forcing his way into a house inhabited by a French family, whose members defied themselves.—Others were wounded, amongst these a Frenchman, who has since died from his wounds. Such are the fruits of State-Schoolism in New Brunswick, as reported by the papers.

As yet we have seen only one side of the story, that given by the New Brunswick Protestant press; and our long experience of the gentry who for the most part run this New Brunswick press makes us very cautious how we accept as perfect truth all their tidings. They of course will throw all the blame on the French population who are Catholics; but if it be true that the man Gifford, who was shot, and who was the first victim, fell whilst breaking into a private house, it would seem as if he and his party were the aggressors. We copy from the telegrams:—

"In company with nine or ten special constables they went to the house and enquired of the owner if any Frenchmen were there, who answered in the negative. The party immediately rushed up stairs to the upper flat. Gifford led, and as his head appeared just above the landing a shot was fired from a group of Frenchmen in a room, and Gifford was soon a corpse. The others sprang quickly up, and throwing themselves to the floor fired at the party of Frenchmen, wounding two, and taking the rest prisoners."

Now from this account it appears that Gifford and his gang were the aggressors; it certainly does not appear that they showed any warrant to apprehend any person or persons in particular; for it can scarce be believed, that even a New Brunswick Protestant magistrate would issue a warrant for the apprehension of Frenchmen in general; and if so, the inmates of the house, Frenchmen though they were, were perfectly justified in resisting by force the armed intrusion on their domestic privacy. An Englishman's house is said to be his castle; we see not how in a British possession a Frenchman's house should not enjoy the privileges of an Englishman's house. However we are as yet so imperfectly informed as to the facts of the case, that we offer no opinion upon its merits; beyond this, that human nature being what it is, there are limits to human patience, and that it is not to be wondered at, that having been persecuted and robbed by their Protestant neighbors, the settlers of French origin in New Brunswick should at last turn upon their oppressors; and, as the law gives them no protection, and holds out to them no chance of obtaining justice—should take the law into their own hands, and execute a wild justice for themselves. This we do not defend, on the contrary we deplore it; but we cannot wonder at it. Indeed if this iniquitous system of State-Schoolism in New Brunswick be persisted in, we believe that we have only seen the beginning of the trouble; and that on this side of the Atlantic will soon be re-enacted the bloody scenes for which Ireland was celebrated in the last century.

If there is to be permanent peace in New Brunswick, the compulsory system must be abandoned, and Education must be left Free. Freedom of Education is all that the Catholics of New Brunswick ask for; that at their own cost they be left free to feed, clothe, and educate their own children, without being called upon to feed, clothe, or educate any other man's children. Is not this a just and reasonable demand?

Far from us being any intention to justify or even palliate armed resistance to law, even to a law so oppressive as that under which the Catholics of New Brunswick suffer. Moral resistance to the School Law we advocate, and the employment of all legal means to throw obstacles in the way of its working; but physical violence all Catholics must condemn, since it is condemned by their Church. As to the particular question before us, in default of reliable details, we hazard no opinion further than this: that, if the man Gifford who at the head of an armed band of some nine or ten others, broke into a house inhabited by Frenchmen had no legal warrant for so doing—that he showed any such legal warrant does not as yet appear—the inmates of the house had a perfect right to defend themselves from such illegal invasion, and violation of the sanctity of domicile. All that as yet appears is, that Gifford without displaying any warrant for the arrest of any particular person therein named, forced his way with a lot of others into a private house, and was shot down by some of the inmates. Whether the latter were justified, depends upon the strict legality of the action of the deceased Gifford, and on this point, we hazard as yet no opinion.

The conversion to the Catholic Faith of the Rev. Mr. Alfred Newdegate, lately Vicar of Kirk Hallam, who, together with his wife, has been received into the Catholic Church, is announced.—From the similarity of names we suppose that he must be a relative of the notorious Newdegate of No Popery fame. His Lordship the Bishop of Salford has issued a Circular to all the clergy of his diocese forbidding them to allow Mr. Henry Petre of Dunkelhalgh to partake of Holy Communion until that gentleman shall have fully submitted himself to the Church; and acknowledged his errors in respect to the decrees of the Vatican Council.

We see by the papers that the first Carmelite Convent ever established in Canada has been commenced at Rimouski, a body of Carmelites from Albany having arrived in that diocese.

BISHOP WALSH'S PAMPHLET.

We have to return thanks for a copy of a very valuable contribution to our Catholic literature, in the shape of a pamphlet from the pen of the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Bishop of London, Ontario, on the Doctrine of Papal Infallibility, and its effect upon the "Civil Allegiance" of Catholics. The writer begins by defining infallibility, showing what Catholics mean, and what they do not mean by the word. He gives a series of extracts from the Scriptures, the Fathers, the Decrees and Canons of Councils on the same subject, and the opinions of the Theologians, all asserting, some implicitly, others more distinctly the same doctrine as that promulgated as *de fide* by the Vatican Council; and in an Appendix His Lordship discusses the question as to whether this definition and promulgation of the doctrine of infallibility has in aught affected the civil allegiance which in conscience all Catholics are bound to yield to their lawful rulers in the Civil Order.

The appearance of this pamphlet is most opportune; it treats of the greatest question of the day as it should be treated by a learned scholar, and a Prelate of the Church. Strongly do we recommend all who wish to study the question to procure this treatise and make themselves masters of its contents. It is to be procured at the store of Messrs. Sallier, Notre Dame Street, Dawson Bros., St. James Street, J. T. Henderson, St. Peter Street, and Battie Bros., Bleury Street, as well as at this office.

DEATH OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL.

We regret to have to announce the death of the most Rev. Dr. Leahy, Lord Archbishop, of Cashel, Ireland. He was one of the most beloved and revered prelates, in Ireland. His name will long be remembered in the history of that country in consequence of his efforts to put down the Sunday trading of liquor in his diocese. For many years back every Catholic keeper of a public house in town or village in his diocese kept their stores closed in obedience to his orders on Sunday, and the result was that a marked improvement took place in the people and crime of every description decreased. During his life he used ever exertion to have a Cathedral in Thurles, the residence of the Archbishop of Cashel, worthy of that historic diocese, and his appeals for aid to erect that building always met with a hearty response. We believe the Cathedral of Thurles is now second to none in Ireland except St. Patrick's at Armagh.

He was an able speaker; one of his best orations was given in Dublin a short time ago, on the defeat of Gladstone's Government, on the Irish education question. His decease has brought sorrow to not only every Catholic homestead in Ireland but in this country and all over the world, wherever an Irish Catholic is to be found.—R.I.P.

FREEMASONRY.

The Duke of Abercorn has been installed as Grand Master of the Freemasons of Ireland, in the place of the late Duke of Leinster. In his inaugural address, His Grace defined Freemasonry as "a widely spread community for the extension of human sympathy and human brotherhood, embracing myriads of men of all nations and all creeds." From this we deduce that, according to the fundamental principle of Freemasonry, Christianity does not suffice for the same purpose—to wit, that of uniting all men, of all races and of all countries in one bond of brotherly love; for otherwise there would be no need of Freemasonry. His Grace also claimed for his society an antiquity of 3,000 years. It must in that case have existed upon earth long before the coming of Our Lord; and in that case, the last named, when he gave as professedly a new commandment, the precept to love one another, was an impostor, for the command must have been many hundred years old. In a word, even by the showing of its best and ablest friends, the claims of Freemasonry are incompatible with those of Christianity; for if Christianity suffice to bind all men together in the bonds of love, there is no need of any other society to effect that object; and if it be not, then it is a humbug, and its author was an impostor.

CIVIC ELECTIONS.

Our Civic Elections are at hand, and from the tone of the Witness it is evident that an attempt will be made to make the question of taxing churches, and all charitable institutions a test question. The Witness, we regret to say, is doing its utmost to make this a religious question.

It is not so. It would indeed be so, were it proposed to confer on Catholics any especial favor, or immunity from burthens to which Protestants are exposed; but the fact is that it is proposed to deal with Catholics and Protestants exactly alike, and to exempt the places of worship, and charitable institutions of both from City taxation. How this will work to the detriment of Protestants it is hard to see.

For instance, the assessed value of the church buildings held by Protestants, and which it is proposed to exempt from taxation, is \$1,015,000; the value of Catholic church buildings being put down at \$1,070,000. At the rate at which these properties would be taxed there would be a balance of about \$68 to the advantage of Catholic; but as these constitute about two-thirds of the population of the City the advantage would not be very great. In fact, in proportion to their numbers Protestants would enjoy exemption from taxation to a far greater extent than would Catholics, in the matter of Churches.

The name of Lord Camoys is now very properly omitted from the list of the Catholic Peers published in England. Of course, by his late action and writings, Lord Camoys has placed himself outside of the Catholic Church, though he may not as yet have joined either the Anglican church, or any other of the Protestant sects.

MARCY'S SCOTSCION MANUAL.—This is a short treatise on the interesting instrument known as the Scotscion, an improved Magic Lantern, with full instructions how to use it. In schools where the instrument is employed for the purposes of instruction or recreation this Manual will be found very useful.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO

The "Unity of the Church."

The Archbishop of Toronto delivered another of his lectures on the doctrines of the Catholic Church in St. Michael's Cathedral, on Sunday evening, 24th ult., taking for his text—"The Unity of the Church."

His Grace said—

We shall employ this evening in answering a number of queries and objections, with as much succinctness as possible; consequently we will not trespass on your patience so long as on former occasions.

The first of these reads:—"No matter what church a man belongs to, if he be only a good man he will be saved." or in other words, all religions are equally good provided a man practices them.

The objection contains a difficulty, if he be only a Theist. How can he be a good man who perverts the Christian's command to hear the priests in resisting Christ's command to hear the Church? "He that will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican." him be to thee as the heathen and the publican. Besides, we don't pronounce those churches good which were founded by man. We only call that church good which was founded by Christ. Is the Mormon religion good, and other eccentricities of religion? Another reads—"Let a man be in the religion in which he was born." This principle carried out, would prevent the Jews and Pagans from embracing Christianity. It is no reason that because your father was wrong, you should continue so. Again—"To be an honest man is quite enough." This falls under the first objection. Honestly supposes honesty at once towards God and man. Christ said—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart and with thy whole soul, and with all thy might and with all thy strength and with thy neighbour as thyself." Yet no man says it is sufficient to love thy neighbour. Can he be honest who deprives God of His true worship, love, and honour? Another reads—"As many roads lead to Toronto, so many roads lead to Heaven." And as many roads lead away from Toronto, so many roads lead away from Heaven. But Christ has said—"I am the way," and consequently we must make Him our model and follow Him in the Church which He has established. Again we read—"Man dies, and that is the end of him. The soul is not immortal." This is a Paganism which has not yet invaded our country to any great extent. The soul is immortal. Those who are so ready to make the contrary assertion are without doubt those who would suffer most severely if the soul were immortal. Hence the endeavour to drive the bugbear from their own minds by trying to deceive others. There is no use of entering into argument with a man who would propose such a proposition. He is worse than the Pagans of old, who, yielding to reason, recognized this doctrine and believed in it almost without exception, as well as in the kindred doctrine that the soul is liable to future punishment. "But that thought is too great a curb on the passions; away with it!" say those senseless people. Are, then, of all those churches Catholic holding all His doctrines? No. The Catholic Church alone is the Church of Christ, as we can prove from its being founded by Christ, from its professing all the doctrines of Christ, and from its being governed by prelates and pastors having their authority from Christ. We speak now to Christians who believe in the divinity of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, that He became man for our salvation, and that of all mankind; that by His death He paid the ransom due for our sins, and reconciled us with His Father; not, however, so as to leave us nothing to do on our part; that after having paid the debt of reconciliation, He established a Church through which His redemption should be applied to individual souls, firstly, by the preaching of the true faith; and, secondly, by reconciling men through the medium of the Sacraments. Christ preached the doctrines and announced the faith which His apostles should believe and preach, under pain of being excluded from the redemption which He had brought. In the first place, belief in Christ's divinity was necessary. "Now this is life eternal; that they may know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou has sent." (John xvii. 3.) And St. Paul says—"Without faith it is impossible to please God" (Heb. xi. 6.) Not only must we believe in His divinity and His humanity, but we must, of necessity, believe to those truths which He promulgated. For instance, Christ taught that to be saved all must be baptized in the belief and name of the blessed Trinity. The Church of Christ, then, must hold that doctrine; and any Church not holding it is not the church of Christ. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be condemned" (Mark xvi. 16). Having chosen His Apostles, He perpetuated through them His doctrines. They as heads of His Church, received His promise of perpetual assistance for the preservation of that Church as the guardian of faith and morals. In entrusting Divine Truth to the Church, He promised to protect it in the Church, by means of the ministers. He appoints to defend this deposit of truth against all the attacks of heresy and schism. Christ left His Church an embodiment of Himself; and as we were obliged, under pain of damnation to listen to the redemption which Christ preached, so are we obliged to hear the Church.

And this Church is only one not many. Christ said to Peter, "Thou art a rock; and upon this rock I will build my Church; not churches. And again He said, "he that will not hear the Church let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican." In placing His Apostles over the Church He said to them, "He that heareth you heareth me; and he that despiseth you despiseth Him that sent me." To revolt, then, against this Church is to revolt against Christ Himself. Christ predicted that many revolts would be made against the Church, that many heresies should arise; and He told His Apostles to beware of these false teachers who coming in the clothing of sheep, ar inwardly ravenous wolves. The Church of Christ is therefore one. "And now I am not in the world, and I come to thee. Holy Father keep them in thy name whom thou hast given me, that they may be one as we also are" (John xvii. 11.) And further on, "And not for them only do I pray, but for them also who, through their word, shall believe in me; that they all may be one, as thou Father, in me, and I in thee; that they also may be one in us; and the world may believe that thou hast sent me. And the glory thou hast given me, I have given to them, that they may be one as we also are one." Whence this Church is one as Christ is also one. Scripture abounds in such proofs. (Eph. iv. 3, 4, 5, 6.) "Careful to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. One body and one spirit; as you are called in one hope of your calling. One faith one Lord, one Baptism. One God and Father, of all, who is above all and through all and in us all." What can be clearer than this text? If one of the Apostles had been a Presbyterian, and another a Methodist, all preaching different doctrines how would the Gospel have been preached or the truth preserved? In that case schisms would be in the constitution of the Church whereas St. Paul ranks heresy and schism among the greatest sins. (1 Cor. i.)

But are there not in the Catholic Church various sects—as the sect of Jesuits, the sect of the Franciscans, the Dominicans, etc.? To this we answer no. All these religious orders are bound to and do actually believe all the doctrines of the Church, are in full communion with the Church, and submissive to the Pope as its head, and to their bishops in their respective dioceses. But their work in the Church may be peculiar. The Jesuits have as their object teaching and the com-

batting of heresies by their books. The Dominicans and Franciscans apply themselves more particularly to the giving of retreats and to preaching. Others again have the conducting of seminaries and colleges as their specialty. They are distinct, yet one, just as the various companies of the State, all contributing to the good of the State, as railroad companies, insurance companies, &c.; and in an army, sappers and miners, sharpshooters, and skirmishers, cavalry, and infantry &c.; various occupations with one end.

We have been asked what is the difference between the Catholic and Protestant religions? In the first place they, at least a majority of them, reject the Sacraments, saying that Christ did not attach grace to any material thing. On the other hand, the Catholics admit and profess the necessity and utility of the Sacraments. In some Protestant Churches, indeed, they admit two, Baptism and the Lord's Supper; but they have robbed even these sacraments of their efficacy, and here they are divided again. Even in the Church of England one party deny that in Baptism there is any regeneration or grace bestowed, calling it a mere ceremony without spiritual consequences. Another party maintains that sanctifying grace follows the administration of this sacrament, and that original sin is thereby cleansed from the soul. Other sects deny that the soul of the child is stained with any sin;—contrary, however, to the Sacred Scriptures in many places. Protestants, too, differ with respect to the Lord's Supper. All admit that their ideo change in the substance of the bread and wine; that is they deny transubstantiation. Some say that Christ is received spiritually; that is by a reception of the mind, when the bread and wine are taken by the mouth; that the physical reception of simple bread and wine aids this mental receiving of Christ into the soul. Others maintain the doctrine of Impanation; that is, that Christ is present in the bread, with the bread, that he permeates the bread. But all know that though mere simple bread we cannot receive Christ into the soul. The Catholic Church has seven Sacraments, all instituted by Christ for peculiar ends and purposes, Baptism, by which the soul is regenerated and freed from original sin, and the original sin in which man is born cleansed away. (Eph. ii. 3.) "As we were by nature children of wrath, even as the rest." And in the 50th Psalm: "Behold I was slain in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me." The next sacrament is Confirmation, by which the strength of the Holy Spirit is conferred on the soul. The Apostles always conferred this sacrament on those who were baptized (Acts, viii.). We have, too, the Holy Eucharist, by which the life of the grace of Christ is maintained in the soul. "Unless you eat the flesh and drink the blood of the Son of Man you shall not have life in you" (John vi. 34.) The next Sacrament is Penance, which the soul of the sinner becomes reunited to God. "Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain they are retained." (John xx. 23.) When persons enter into the most solemn engagement of life they enter another sacrament—Matrimony—prepared by God. "This is a great sacrament but I speak in Christ and in the Church." (Eph. vi. 52.) Holy Orders is a sacrament by which the power is communicated to the ministers of God to govern a faithful, and to administer the other sacraments. By this sacrament apostolic succession is continued. By it the powers given by the Father the Son, and by Him to His Apostles, are communicated by them to their successors. "As the Father sent me I send you." And in fine we have the sacrament of Extreme Unction, instituted for the ritual strength and succour of dying persons prepare them to meet their God. (James v.)

Besides this immense difference we have differences in government. Protestant churches have their government centred, some in the head of the State, Kings, Emperors, Queens, &c.; others in Synods or General Assemblies; and again others in the peculiar congregation of each church. The Catholic Church has as its head and governor Peter and his successors; and under him, Archbishops, Bishops, and Priests of the Church. This mode of government was instituted by Christ Himself. There are other doctrines on the same authority—the Sacrifice of the Mass, Purgatory, the necessity of good works, veneration and invocation of Saints, and other matters already treated of. We have been asked again why we use Latin in saying Mass and administering the sacraments. The Holy Church of Christ has its ancient forms, doctrines and worship which, on account of their antiquity, appear very strange to the uninitiated. We use the Latin language in the celebration of the Mass and in the administration of the Sacraments. But when we instruct the people it is always in vernacular. The reason for retaining the Latin language in our liturgy are first, that Latin was the old language of the Church, and for centuries the only language of learned men in Europe; secondly, that, not being vulgarly spoken, it is a language in which the doctrines of the Church are best preserved, since the meanings of the words do not change as in our modern tongues. We use Latin also for convenience. We all know that Europe, in almost every village in Germany and France, and in fact all over the Continent, there is a different patois. It would be very inconvenient for a priest celebrating Mass in such a variety of dialects. A priest from Germany could not offer up Mass in France, or confer any sacrament until he had mastered the French language. As the Mass is a collection of prayers, and the churches very large, it is more convenient for the people to have in their prayer books a translation of the prayers the priest uses, or some prayers analogous to them so that the people suffer nothing from the priest's reading the prayers in Latin. The Hebrews in like manner did not change the language of their liturgy from the old Hebrew although the spoke Chaldaic. The Greeks, Copts, and Armenians, as well as other peoples of the East, have their service in their ancient tongue, in which their liturgy was originally written.

There is also another great difference between the Catholic and Protestant churches. The Catholic acknowledge more inspired books of Scripture than the Protestants are willing to admit. Besides this, the translations frequently differ; and, moreover, each person, being allowed to interpret a text to please himself, puts whatever construction he wishes. Not so among Catholics. The Church alone is the judge in disputed passages of Scripture. As the subject of the authenticity of the sacred books is a vast one, we will reserve it for another feature.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Two more replies to Gladstone's expostulation have appeared, one from the pen of Bishop Vaughan of Salford, the other from Monsignor Capel, Rector of the Catholic University. Both treat Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet as an apology for the base of our 'igs, political atheism, which, as every Catholic knows, denies the sovereignty of God in the political order. The London Spectator (Dec. 19th.) reviewing the Bishop of Salford's Reply says: "Bishop Vaughan is always able and downright, and we have never been in the least disposed to question his main position—that it is the duty of the State to secure the acquisition of freedom, to submit oneself to the guidance of a divine teacher. The only question between him and us is just the question whether the Church of Rome is such a 'Divine' teacher or not." But this is not all the question at issue between the Bishop and Mr. Gladstone. The latter claims (Prop. 3) absolute independence for man and the temporal order, and ergo rejects—implicitly at least—a

divine teacher to that order. It is, unfortunately, too apparent that Mr. Gladstone has written as a political atheist; and as such Bishop Vaughan handles him. The Spectator, evidently, does not perceive the real principle at stake in this important controversy, and hence it "fights shy" as the saying is—in attempting to introduce the question of the Church's claim to be a Divinely commissioned teacher.

The London Times of Dec 24th devotes a leader to Monsignor Capel's argument in Gladstone, and pronounces it a very shabby composition. The Thunderer has spoken, and, of course, a certain class of Protestants, those who talk loudest about "mental freedom," will, without further effort, proceed to feast and to merrily over this "still another" discomfiture of Rome and her agents. But all clear headed men, who may read the leader to which we refer, can form but one opinion of the Times as a critic, and that not complimentary to the pretensions journal. For—mark well—these strictures on Monsignor Capel as a polemic are principally founded, according to the Times' own admission, on the following passage in the ecclesiastical work:—

"The new political system holds itself entirely independent both of religion and morality, and recognizes in the political order no law for sovereigns and peoples but decisions of State or simple convenience. It rejects all moral laws for society, and founds politics on the simple law of force. It rests on the principle that might gives right, or that right is always on the side of the strongest, and takes it for granted that the weak are always in the wrong."

Of course—you say—the Times' man establishes beyond doubt the falsity of the above assertions? Not a bit of it. He does not even question their veracity, but disposes of the whole subject in the following convenient fashion:—

"If ever Uncle Toby's reply of a loud prolonged whistle was an appropriate relief to one's amazement it would be after reading this statement, with its concluding sentence. Monsignor Capel, as we said at the outset, has written for Catholics. We are writing for persons in possession of their ordinary senses, and we must leave them to wonder in what unheard of world Monsignor Capel's unfortunate lot has been cast."

"Clear as mud," isn't it? After that, Uncle Toby may whistle away into eternity's end, and England may feel proud of the sound logician she possesses in the Times' critic and reviewer.

In a circular letter, bearing date Jan. 2nd, 1875, the Bishop of Salford, England, informs his clergy that Mr. Henry Petre of Dunkirk, in the diocese of Salford, has (in a letter to his Lordship) declined to say whether he admitted the power of the Church to make definitions of faith, and whether he accepted the definitions of 1854 and 1870, or not. In consequence whereof, his Lordship enjoins the clergy, under penalty of suspension, to refuse the Sacraments to the said Mr. Petre, or any one they may suspect to be Mr. Petre, presenting himself for the same, unless he will admit ex anino and unreservedly the power of the Church to make definitions of faith, and accept in the same spirit the definitions of 1854 and 1870—the Immaculate Conception and Papal Infallibility. "To be, or not to be," Mr. Petre must soon decide. "To be" means submissive obedience; "not to be," rebellion—Protestantism.

The Catholic vote, we are glad to perceive, is of no mean influence in the Province of Ontario. In order to secure it during the late contest, each party nominated several Catholic gentlemen as candidates in its interest, and the result was that seven of our co-religionists were elected to sit in the Legislature of the Province. This is, after all, only a faint recognition of the rights of a large minority, and we hope that justice will, next time, be meted out with a less ungenerous hand. It is fair play and no favor. While we strongly claim that a Catholic citizen, presenting himself for any honor (of which he is personally worthy) in the gift of his fellow-citizens, should not be deprived of it simply because he is a Catholic, we are not so unreasonable as to expect Protestants, who may differ from him politically, not to oppose him on purely political grounds. Therefore, we attach no blame to Conservatives who vote against a Catholic as the Reform candidate; nor to Reformers who offer opposition to a Catholic as the nominee of the Conservative party. This should be well and widely understood. M.J.W.

BROWNSON'S QUARTERLY REVIEW—Last Series: vol. 3, No 1 January 1875.

The New Year numbers in our old and esteemed friend the Quarterly Review edited by the most distinguished lay Catholic writer on this Continent. The current number well sustains the reputation of its predecessors. First we have an article on Professor Tyndall's Address, in which the essentially atheistic tendencies of the Protestant Scientific World are exposed with Dr. Brownson's usual vigor; next we have an article on the Last of the Napoleons, being a review of a book lately published under the same title at Paris. With the views expressed in the article we fully agree; we believe that the Church has in modern times no more bitter enemy, or what is worse more dangerous friend than Louis Napoleon. In him and his policy the calamities of the Church in Italy and Germany have their origin, and for his fall no Catholic has cause to weep. In the article itself however there are some expressions, which we cannot but think savor too much of tall writing, and are unbecomingly the dignity of the Review; as for instance where treating of England the writer speaks of her, as "a moral monster dyed with the blood of all nations." Many and great have been the national sins of England; and of her treatment of Ireland up to a recent date it is difficult to speak in too harsh terms. But at the same time it must be remembered that there is at the present day no country in the world where the Catholic Church is so free as she is under the British flag; and that in so far as respect for the rights of conscience is concerned, England has nothing to learn from the United States, where a tyrannical system of State Schoolism, as unjust, and to the Church more injurious than, was the State Churchism of Ireland in its most palmy days, still obtains in full vigor. The third article treats of Maria Monk's Daughter of which the Reviewer expresses a far more favorable opinion than we entertain; but Christian charity and respect for the author's sex forbid us from saying all we think and feel about her, and her work. For her sake, we hope that it may be soon forgotten. Next we have an article on Mary Queen of Scots, being a review of a work lately published by a Jesuit Father on the correspondence of Sir Amias Poulet, one of those to whom the custody of Mary during the long years of her imprisonment in England was confided by the treacherous Elizabeth. A critique of Gladstone's pamphlet on Papal Infallibility and Civil Allegiance forms the subject matter of the fifth article; followed by a sketch of the times of the great pontiff, St. Gregory the Seventh. The usual Literary Notices and Criticism complete the number which may be had of the Messrs. Sadlier of Montreal.

THE ALDINE.

The Aldine for February, 1875 (No. 14 of the current series, as the publishers seem to prefer calling it), leaves the reader a little in doubt whether the impression created by the previous number—that it was a trifle better, especially in variety, than could be kept up as an average—was indeed well

founded. For the February number is quite the equal of the January in variety, and it has one or two features of even rare excellence. Artistically, there are few better drawings, and scarcely ever any better wood-engravings, than "Keeping the Peace," a dog-picture by Peter Moran, quite worthy of Landseer in his best days, with which the number opens. The late John A. Hows supplied, just before his death, the three exquisite "Views of the Conemaugh," which follow; and not even he could do any better work than some of the rock, tree and water-elaborations of these fine pictures. "Two Pleasant Occupations," and "The Fortunate Moment," are companion pieces, after Rudaux, pleasantly telling the conclusion of that rural love story of which the Aldine has before given more than one charming glimpse by the same artist. "Hunting the Stag" is a noble full-page picture, well conveying that grand sport in the costumes and manner of the olden time; and a singularly well-drawn little picture, without name, but showing two girls rolling about on the summer grass, and three views of oddly beautiful Peterborough Cathedral, one of the handsomest in England,—make up the art-contents of the number, really perfect enough, well to warrant the secondary name: the "Art Journal of America."

The literature of the number, meanwhile, quite keeps pace with the pictures, in excellence and variety. The leading paper, in many regards, is what promises to be the first of a series, called "Secret Facts in History," by Walter Pleydell Earle of London—the opening paper, after an introduction, dealing somewhat startlingly with the question: "Who was the Real Lady Macbeth?" Such a series of papers, if pursued with the same care and force, may take more attractive feature in the Aldine than even the publishers know. The editor once more airs his conservatism in a leader: "Letting Things Alone—A Lost Art of the Present" over which there will probably be nearly as many conflicting views as readers, while the subject is certainly worthy of the thought thus excited. "Mignon's Baby," a short sketch by M. S. M. P. Butts, is singularly pure and sweet, even for the theme; and "The Painter's Mantle," by Alice D. Wilder; "Vestiges of Summer," by Jimmy Burr; "About Weeds," by W. W. Bailey; "Charles Sumner's Art Legacy," by Earl Marley; a very quaint and enjoyable continuation of the serial story "Lost Lillian Bracy"; and papers on Music, Art, and Literature, make up a full justification of our charge of "infinite variety." Of rhymes, there is equal variety, in a poem somewhat long and full of odd interest, "My Early Bird," by Henry Morford; "Questioning the New Year" (something that many persons are doing, just now), by Mary D. Brine; "Songs in Sleep," by Wm G. Richards; "The New and the Old," by Etie Rogers; and "A Midwinter Serenade," by D. L. Paine. The opinion is worth repeating, that the Aldine in this new issue well keeps up to the standard of January; and no higher praise is needed.

The Aldine Company has determined to establish an Art Union, similar to the well known Art Union in England, and distribute its works of art both sculpture and paintings, which are constantly collecting, among its subscribers. Art premiums valued at \$2,500, will be distributed among each series of 5,000 subscribers. Subscription tickets, at \$6 each, entitle the holder to the Aldine for a year, to the new chromo, and to a ticket in the distribution of art premiums. The Art Union Company, publishers, No 58 Maiden Lane, New York City.

ST. BRIDGET'S TOTAL ABSTINENCE AND BENEFIT SOCIETY.

CONCERT AND BALL. On Monday evening, the annual concert and ball of this Society came off at the City Concert Hall, and it may be said to be a tremendous success in every way. Never before, we believe, was there such a large and open house. This doubtless was owing to the popularity of the Society, the very good bill prepared, and the low charge of admission, which was only twenty-five cents. Perhaps other Societies would do well to take pattern by St. Bridget's with regard to the charge, as certainly they would lose nothing by it.

Several prominent citizens were on the Stage. Among others we noticed Rev. Fathers Landrigan and Murphy, Messrs. M. P. Ryan, Dr. Hingston, B. Devlin, F. MacKenzie, T. White, Jr., and the Presidents of the various sister Irish Societies. The President Mr. T. J. Donovan, delivered the opening address, in which he reviewed the doings of the society since their formation. When the matter was first mooted only four men attended, and now they had over four hundred. It was a very prosperous Society. They had a benefit branch attached, and they pay \$100 to a family at the death of a member, and how they made up that was by a subscription of six and a half cents per week. They had now placed to their credit at the bank some \$2,500. He went on to state the several other attractions of the Society, concluding by returning his sincere thanks for the large numbers in which they attended. Eloquent addresses were delivered by the Rev. Father Murphy, Mr. Devlin, M.P., and Mr. Thos. White, Jr.

CONGREGATION DE NOTRE DAME.—WILLIAMSTOWN.—The Semi-annual examination of the classes in this Institution, was held on Monday, 25th ult. English and French grammar; history—ancient and modern; geography, logic, composition; botany, use of the globes, Science of familiar things. (Brevier) Arithmetic, algebra, Vocal and Instrumental Music, formed the programme, which was gone through in a manner alike creditable to the young ladies and their devoted Teachers, the renowned daughters of the Sainly Mother Bourgeois. M.J.

WILLIAMSTOWN.—The Bazaar held by the ladies of St. Mary's in aid of the New Church, about to be erected at Lancaster, realized the respectable sum of \$1,115 85cts.—Com.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.—(Gazette)

Table with 3 columns: Commodity, Price, and Unit. Includes items like Flour, Superior Extra, Extra Superfine, Fine, Strong Bakers', Middlings, U. C. bag flour, City bags, Oatmeal, Corn, Pease, Barley, Lard, Cheese, Pork, Ashes, Firsts, Pearls, Butter, and Roll.

TORONTO FARMERS' MARKET.—(Globe)

Table with 3 columns: Commodity, Price, and Unit. Includes Wheat, Barley, Oats, Peas, Rye, and Apples.

Table with 3 columns: Commodity, Price, and Unit. Includes Cheese, Turkeys, Cabbages, Onions, Dressed hogs, Beef, Butter, Eggs, Turnips, Parsnips, Hay, and Straw.

THE KINGSTON MARKET.—(British Whig)

Table with 3 columns: Commodity, Price, and Unit. Includes Flour, Grain, Meat, Hides, Lambskins, Calf Skins, Deakin Skins, Tallow, Poultry, Eggs, Butter, Cheese, Hay, and Straw.

J. H. SEMPLE, IMPORTER AND WHOLESALE GROCER, 53 ST. PETER STREET, (Corner of Fronting.) MONTREAL. May 1st, 1874. 37-58

THE DOCTRINE OF PAPAL INFALLIBILITY STATED AND VINDICATED; WITH AN APPENDIX ON THE QUESTION OF CIVIL ALLEGIANCE.

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND JOHN WALSH, D.D., Bishop of London, Ont. For sale by Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Dawson Bros., J. T. Henderson, Battle Bros., and the True Witness Office. Price, 25 cents.

JUST PUBLISHED, THE SYLLABUS.

An Approved English Text, with Notes COMPILED FROM THE "DUBLIN REVIEW" BY A CATHOLIC LAYMAN. Price—10 cents.

For Sale by Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier, 275 Notre Dame Street; J. T. Henderson, 187 St. Peter Str.; Battle Brothers, 9 Beury Street; and the "True Witness" Office.

R A F F L E: A SPLENDID PICTURE, (OIL PAINTING WORTH \$200.)

and true likeness of VERY REVEREND T. N. BURKE, O. P. Mrs. WILLIAM BIRNAN has been so kind as to charge herself with this beautiful work.

TO TAKE PLACE ON The 25th of FEBRUARY, 1875, AT MRS. BIRNAN'S RESIDENCE, No. 3 ST. THOMAS ST., St. Ann's Suburb. One throw 50 cts., and three for \$1.00.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869, AND ITS AMENDMENTS.

In the matter of OLIVIER JETTE, An Insolvent. I, the undersigned, Charles Albert Vilbon, Esq., of St. Jean Baptiste Village, Parish and District of Montreal, have been appointed Assignee in this matter.

The creditors are required to file their claims before me within one month; and they are also notified that a meeting of the creditors in this matter will be held in my office, at Montreal, No. 6, St. James Street, the first day of March next, at two o'clock p.m., for the examination of the Insolvent, and for the general administration of the Estate. Montreal, 28th January, 1875. CHS. ALB. VILBON, Assignee.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC—SUPERIOR COURT

DELIMA CHAGNON, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of ALEXANDRE VEZINA, Saddler, of the same place, and duly authorized by the Judge a cetera in justice, to the effect of these presents, Plaintiff;

vs. ALEXANDRE VEZINA, her husband, Defendant. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Plaintiff has instituted an action for separation, as to bed and board, et cetera de biens, from the Defendant, her husband. Montreal, 30th January, 1875. QUIMET, ST. PIERRE & AUGÉ, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE.

Paris, Jan. 28.—In the Assembly to-day the debate on the Constitutional Bill of D. Ventanous was resumed. The bill provided for the withdrawal of all constitutional powers from the chamber. Motion rejected.

M. Laboulaye then moved an amendment to M. Ventanous's bill, providing that the Government be composed of a Senate, a Chamber of Deputies and a President of the Republic, who shall be chief of the Executive power. M. Laboulaye said the object of his amendment was to recall the fact that the Republic was the existing Government of France and to convert that fact into law.

Paris, Jan. 29.—The Assembly this evening, by a vote of 335 yeas against 359 nays, rejected M. Laboulaye's amendment to the Ventanous Bill, providing that the Senate, Chamber of Deputies and President of the Republic should compose the Government, the last named to be chief of the Executive power.

THE VOTE ON M. LABOULAYE'S AMENDMENTS.—Paris, Jan. 30.—M. Louis Blanc, notwithstanding the motion and speech he made yesterday, voted for M. Laboulaye's amendments, as did all Radical deputies. The entire Ministry and Right Centre voted against it. The clause of Ventanous's bill, providing that the legislative power shall be exercised by the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, the latter to be elected by universal suffrage, was debated and passed M. Wallon, Bonapartist, moved an amendment providing for the organization of Government without proclaiming a Republic. Discussion on this amendment was postponed until to-morrow. The Left will probably give its support to the proposition to make the President eligible for an indefinite period.

The *Moniteur* publishes some interesting statistics on the wages earned by different classes of working men in France. It says—

"The daily average wages obtained by those employed in the 62 trades regulated by the Statute of 1853 were 1f.59c. It has been found that in 1871 the rate was 3f.55c, or an increase of 40 per cent. The workman boarded by his employer earns about one-half less, but, except in the country, a workman is seldom boarded. For men in all France, the smallest wages are those of the weaver, who earns the strangely small amount 2f. 31c., the shoemaker 2f. 34c., the ropemaker, 2f. 38c. The highest wages fall to the lot of the ornamental sculptor, who earns 4f. 50c. The watchmaker only earns 3f. 43c. Before him come the metalturner, who earns 3f. 47c.; the stonecutter, 3f. 48c.; the jeweller, 3f. 58c. The workman whose average wages make the least progress is the pastrycook. From 1853 to 1871 he has obtained an increase of only 17 per cent. The baker on the other hand, during the same period has been blessed with an increase of 54 per cent. Those who have made the greatest progress are the barber and the Sawyer, whose average wages have improved 65 per cent. The average wages of the men of all trades taken together is 2f. 90c, and that of the women is 1f. 29c. The lace-maker earns 1f. 71c., the artificial flower maker 1f. 70c. There is no employment for women better paid. The increase in women's wages during the abovementioned period has been only 38 per cent. In Paris the wages greatly exceed the above averages. The ornamental sculptor earns 7f.; the watchmaker, 5f.; the jeweller, 6f.; the metalturner, 6f.; the stonecutter, 6f.; and the ropemaker, 4f. The average wages of the Parisian workman is 4f. 99c, and that of the Parisian workwoman 3f. 78c. SPAIN.

MADRID, Jan. 29.—The movement of the army of the North has begun. Three important positions have been captured in the Valley of Carascal. There is a gradual advance all along the line. A general attack on the Carlist positions is expected on the 30th.

ITALY.

Italy has congratulated Spain upon her reception of Alfonso XII. Is there possibly yet remaining a "lower depth" into which the government of the usurper will have to descend? Victor Emmanuel sends Amalons to take possession of that throne which literally was going a begging, which young boys had refused. Amalons, with all the coarse instinct of a freebooter, gladly imitated his venerable parent, and flew to appropriate the property of another. In a few weeks, however, Don Spaniard, who is always a gentleman, found that he had been betrayed into a somewhat vulgar and thoroughly immoral transaction, and so the ugly Piedmontese was sent packing. He returns to the paternal roof, and to the happy family, the real head of which is the Countess Mirafiori. And to-day the leading telegram informs us that the House of Savoy has congratulated Spain for its discernment and sense of right—for having in fact, administered "the kick out" to its own scion.—*The Universe*

The Council of the Roman Society for the protection of Catholic interest has received a letter from the Catholic Union in England, dated the 24th ult., communicating the resolutions adopted at the recent meeting at Willis's Rooms—namely, that English Catholics fully accept the Vatican decrees and repudiate any sympathy with the sentiments expressed in the letters of Lord Acton, Lord Camouy, and Mr. Henry Petre, who are not representatives of the Catholic laity of England.

SWITZERLAND.

The *N. Y. Nation*, (Protestant) publishes an interesting account of the *Old Catholic* movement, from a correspondent.

The issue on trial at the late election was a religious one. Most of the recent elections have turned on religious questions. The cry of the triumphant party—the Radicals—was "The application of the laws," meaning the crowding of the Roman Catholics to the wall. On the other side was a feeble and hopeless wail of "Let us alone!" "No more harassing legislation!" "Quit inventing and engineering new state churches, and attend to the affairs of this life for a while!" The more sober and temperate Protestants, the little company of the disciples of Father Hyacinthe, and in (self-defence) the Ultramontane Catholics, combined their strength in opposition to the Radical party. But the vote of the latter was an overwhelming majority. For a year to come, it is settled that the utmost power of the canton, unrestrained even by an effective minority in the legislative and executive councils, is to be applied to the worrying out of the Roman Catholic clergy and faithful.

It must be acknowledged that the affair begins now to take a form approximating persecution. When the law for the election of priests by their parishioners was applied in the city of Geneva and its larger suburbs, the free-thinking Catholics went in for liberty with a shout and a rush, and elected their liberal priests by a vote which proved that it was the wish of a large majority of the born-Catholic population to repudiate the Roman hierarchy. But when it comes to the application of the same law in the Catholic country parishes, it is a totally different matter. The old parish-priests can be turned out of their churches and parsonages by tendering them an "iron-clad" oath, which they cannot in conscience take; and by the same process all priests in good and regular standing with the Roman hierarchy can be made ineligible to the position. But the law requires that no election of cure shall be valid unless at least a quarter of the registered Catholic vote of the parishes is actually cast, on one side or the other; and when, a few weeks since, an election for cure was held at the rural parish of Grand Saconnex, the villagers were able to defeat the choice of a liberal cure by simply staying at home. The number of persons who could be persuaded to vote at all fell

far short of the requisite one-fourth. But the root-and-branch men, who have complete control of the affairs of the canton for another year, give notice that they do not mean that the "application of the laws" shall stop there. By hook or by crook—most likely by the latter—not only are the Ultramontane clergy to be dispossessed, but the churches, parsonages, and salaries are to be transferred to a new clergy, detested by their parishes, disowned by bishop and pope, but in full fellowship with M. Carteret and the rest of the Protestant council of state.

Meanwhile, the religious Protestants, a large proportion of whom considered the denouement of the Catholic Church a clever stroke of politics, have been disgusted by an application of almost the same law, word for word, to the National Protestant Church. According to the new statute, the sole condition of becoming a pastor of the old church founded by John Calvin is to pass examination at the university, or give some equivalent proof of scholastic training, and then get a majority of the universal suffrage of the Protestant community. No ordination is required, there is no test of orthodoxy, there is no enforced liturgy nor catechism, and there is no limitation whatever on the subjects of which the preacher shall speak, nor on his manner of treating them. There is nothing to hinder a Jewish Rabbi from becoming a minister of the State church if he can get votes enough. In fact, I regard it as highly probable that the learned and eloquent Grand Rabbi Wertheimer may some time be invited to be one of the preachers from the old chair of John Calvin. Of course, all the old Protestants, of any earnestness of religious conviction, are getting ready to quit the church of their fathers, declaring that it has ceased to be a Christian church; and all persons of the slightest political forecast are looking for the speedy and complete dissolution of all connection between Church and State.

On the whole, I am slowly and reluctantly making up my mind that this Old-Catholic movement is not going to have much of a future. Here, in this canton, it has had a noble, sincere, though not very sagacious leadership in its clergy, but a most scurvy though numerous following of small politicians, unscrupulous and irreligious. In the Berne Jura there has been a sort of drumhead Reformation, under the main direction of M. Bodenheimer, Protestant Minister of Public Instruction. I will not deny that Bodenheimer is a pretty fair makeshift Catholic Bishop, and has done the best in his power for his flock. But his best efforts to recruit a new clergy for his diocese of sixty-nine parishes, even with the most moderate regard for validity of ordination, have resulted in bringing together from the contiguous countries a scanty supply of men of doubtful quality. But these have practically no parishes. For it is a pretty well established fact that the Liberal Catholic, although he will turn out with alacrity on election day to vote against the clergy, will not go to church except under the stress of some unusual combination of motives; and, further, that the Liberal Catholic's wife and children will, generally go to the Ultramontane worship unless he does something to stop them.

Further north, in German Switzerland, there does seem to be a somewhat greater depth and reality to the Old Catholic movement; and if the scholar-like and pious Professor Herzog, of Olten, should really become the Swiss bishop, as is proposed, he will do much for the character and success of the movement. But the difficulty with it, both there and in Germany, is that it is a movement that does not move. It begins in the universities, and never travels far beyond them. Instead of pushing and propagating their principles, the Old Catholics are content with making their protest, demanding their rights, and waiting on Providence.

CIVIL MARRIAGE—Some interesting details regarding the practical working of civil marriage laws in Catholic continental countries came out during the discussion on the subject in the Swiss National Council, the result of which was telegraphed on Friday. The chief speaker against the proposal for making the civil contract a necessary preliminary was M. Weck-Reynold, a Catholic member from Erlburg; and he showed that the similar law of Italy was very largely evaded on purpose by those who desire to be wedded without incurring certain legal obligations. Thus officers and non-commissioned officers of the Italian army, being forbidden marriage except with certain guaranteed means, avail themselves of the priest's services to contract a union which is valid in their own eyes, though it does not bring them under any penalty. Similarly, widows of public officials drawing their pensions from the State notoriously frequently remarry in the church, and are treated in all respects as married by society, while the State which refuses to recognize merely ecclesiastical wedlock, has to continue to pay them their annuities. In Italy, therefore, the State seems to suffer; but in France, where the civil rite is not merely indispensable but must precede the other, conscientious Catholics, women especially, are often cheated out of what they consider an essential part of the ceremony by the spouse suddenly refusing to go through the second form when the civil official has once made them legally man and wife. The statements do not seem to have been in any way contradicted, but the majority of the Assembly held that the objections named will not hold in Switzerland, and adopted the French system by a vote of very nearly two to one.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

GERMANY.

The Protestant pastors of Germany are almost as active in denouncing the civil marriage laws as the Catholic priests, and we are sorry to have to add, suffering in consequence as cruel a persecution. Pastor Meinhold, for instance, has been summoned to appear before the tribunal because he participated in the Conference of Gnadat. Doctor Wackernagel, the celebrated musical historian, has had his pension stopped for the same reason, and other ministers of the Lutheran and Evangelical Churches are also ill-treated.

The German papers announce that Von Bismarck recently caused a sewing-machine girl to be arrested and taken to prison for "speaking ill of him." The unfortunate young woman was so terribly frightened that she wrote a letter apologizing for what she had said. Bismarck sent her back another to the effect that she must appear before the tribunals and that no mercy should be shown her. This girl is eighteen years of age and very poor and there is considerable sympathy expressed for her. The next step for this irritable persecutor should be that of arresting all the children who speak ill of him. As he is not very popular just at present he might with great ease fill the prisons with archons of all ages.

TURKEY.

A letter from Constantinople, published in the *Paris Temps*, informs us "that the local authorities of Angora, Armenia, have decided not to give the faithful Catholics of that city, the succor granted to the other victims of the famine, because they refuse to acknowledge the Old Catholic or schismatic priests who have been sent out by the Turkish Government. This horrible outrage has provoked the indignation of everyone here, and a protest has been drawn up, which has already received hundreds of signatures."

DR. RICE'S INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR SMALL POX, SCARLET AND TYPHOID FEVERS.—If used upon the first symptoms of Small Pox will cure the disease in from twelve to twenty-four hours. DIRECTIONS.—In Small-Pox immediately upon the first symptoms—In Pain in the head, limbs and spine, chills, vomiting, with soreness of the muscles, take internally three large table-spoonfuls every hour until relief is experienced, then continue the dose every two or four hours. In other fevers a dose once in three to four

hours. For children, one half the above dose. In connection with this remedy it is essential to use the *Preparative*. Price \$2.00 per bottle. None genuine without our signature over the top of the Bottle. DEWIS & BOLTON, Chemists, Wholesale Agents, next the Court House, Montreal.

BREAKFAST—EPPA'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. —*Civil Service Gazette*. Made simply with Boiling Water or Milk. Sold by Grocers in Packets only, labelled—"James Epps & Co, Homoeopathic Chemists, 48, The Arcade Street, and 170, Piccadilly; Works, Easton Road and (Morden Town, London." MANUFACTURER OF COCOA.—"We will now give an account of the process adopted by Messrs. James Epps & Co, manufacturers of dietetic articles, at their works in the Easton Road, London."—See article in *Cassell's Household Guide*.

All that Art can accomplish in beautifying, strengthening and preserving the human hair is effected by *Burnell's Cocaine*. This incomparable Hair Dressing imparts a glossiness that is healthy and natural. It is a cooling, vegetable oil, agreeable and clean and dresses the hair perfectly.

DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER.—The best and most popular Family Medicine in the world. A blessing to the rich; a friend to the poor; within the reach of all, it has saved more lives and relieved more suffering incidental to traveling than any other medicine.—See advertisement.

To preserve your health, cleanse your blood when it becomes vitiated and foul. Many are the symptoms which sound the note of alarm. Fail not to heed them. Indigestion, Nausea, Lassitude, Headache, Wandering Pains, Bilious and Eruptive Affections, are so many signals to tell you of a disease in the blood. Remove it, and they disappear. How?—Take AYER'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SASSAPARILLA. It is effectual for its purpose: purifies the blood, expels disease and restores the deranged functions of the body to their healthy action.—*Corydon (Ind.) Argus*.

TO ONE AND ALL.—Are you suffering from a cough, cold, asthma, bronchitis or any of the various pulmonary troubles, that so often terminate in consumption? If so, use "Willor's Pure Cod Liver Oil and Lime," a safe and efficacious remedy. This is no quack preparation, but is regularly prescribed by the medical faculty. Manufactured only by A. B. Willor, Chemist, Boston. Sold by all Druggists.

EAST INDIA HEMP

And What We Know About It.

Instead of devoting a column to the merits of this strange and wonderful plant, we remain silent and let it speak for itself through other lips than ours, believing that those who have suffered most can better tell the story. We will here quote word for word from letters recently received, simply adding our testimony to the rest, in saying that when this plant is properly prepared, we know that it positively cures consumption, and will break up a fresh cold in twenty-four hours.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, Allegheny City, Pa., Nov. 10, 1874.

The East India Hemp has been taken by Rev. Matthias Binder, O. S. B. and Rev. Sebastian Arnold, O. S. B., both assistant pastors of this church, and so far has given relief to both. They suffered from affections of the lungs and bronchial organs. We have recommended, through charity to sufferers, the Cannabis Indica to different persons, and continue the same in good conscience, knowing the effects by experience. Please find inclosed check for twelve bottles of syrup, pills and ointment. We shall inform you in due time what further success the medicine shall meet with.

Yours truly, REV. FERDINAND WOLFE, O.S.B., 87 Washington Street.

CHINA GROVE, Rowan Co., N. C., Oct. 21, 1874.

Send one dozen Ointment and one of Cannabis Indica. When Mr. J. W. Fisher brought his wife to me for examination, I found her in the incipient stage of tubercular consumption. Then it was I concluded to make a fair trial of Indian Hemp, and now there is a general demand for those remedies. The Ointment excels everything and anything of its kind I ever saw or tried; in many cases it acts like a charm.

Fraternally yours, P. A. SIMMONS, M.D.

RIDGEVILLE, Caswell, N. C., Sept. 12, 1874.

Inclosed is \$10 for more of the Indian Hemp. I can truly say that this medicine has done me more good than all the doctors, and I had several of the best in the country. My cough is a great deal better, and my chills and night sweats are gone. You may look for several orders soon, as many have seen the effect of this medicine on me.

W. A. FULLER.

COLUMBUS, O., Oct. 30, 1874.

Your treatment for consumption has so improved my condition, that the inquiry comes every day from my friends, What are you taking? Several are talking of sending for some of your medicine, and James Huff desires me to order for him \$9 worth of the Hemp.

Wm. HUNT, North High Street.

F.S.—It is my opinion that an agent at this place would sell considerable for you.

W.H. DECHERD, Franklin, Tenn., Sept. 12, 1874.

Send three more bottles of your consumption and bronchitis cure. My son began taking the Hemp last night three weeks ago, and he is improving rapidly. The last ten days have made him look and act like another person. I have great hopes.

J. M. BRATTON.

DEEP RIVER, POWESHAM, IOWA, Jan. 3, 1874.

I have just seen your advertisement in my paper I know all about the Cannabis Indica. Fifteen years ago it cured my daughter of the Asthma. She had it very bad for several years, but was perfectly cured.

JACOB TROUT.

N.B.—This Remedy speaks for itself. A single bottle will satisfy the most skeptical \$2.50 per bottle, or three bottles for \$6.50. Pills and Ointment, \$1.25 each. Sent at our risk. Address CRADDOCK & CO., 1032 Race Street, Philadelphia.

INFORMATION WANTED OF MICHAEL HAWLEY, a Manotic, Township of North George and Conn. of Carleton, Ont., when last heard from he was based land in the State of Minnesota which he purchased in his present whereabouts. Any information, unasked for, will be most thankfully received by his father, mother, brothers, &c. Address ROGER HAWLEY, Manotic, Ont.

INALIENABLE RIGHTS.—Every woman has a right to be any age she pleases, for if she were to state her real age no one would believe her. Every one has a right to wear a "moustache" who can. Every woman who makes puddings has a perfect right to believe that she can make a better pudding than any other woman in the world. Every man who carves has a decided right to think of himself by putting a few of the best bits aside. Every woman has a right to think her child the "prettiest little baby in the world," and it would be the greatest folly to deny her this right for she would be sure to take it. Every young lady has a right to faint when she pleases, if her lover is by her side to catch her.

WANTED—A First Class ORGANIST (gentleman) for St. James' Church, Carthage, Jeff. County, N. Y.

WANTED—For the R. C. Separate School in the Village of Refrew, a MALE TEACHER, holding a Second or Third Class Certificate. Application, stating salary, &c., to be addressed to F. DEVINE, Refrew, Ont.

WANTED A TEACHER for the BEACH RIDGE CATHOLIC SCHOOL. Wages, \$16.00 per month. Apply immediately as the School is vacant. None but a Catholic need apply. Apply to, MICHAEL LEARY, or CHARLES GORMAN, School Commissioners, Norton Creek.

WANTED—For School Section No. 4, Township of Alfred, a TEACHER holding a Second Class Certificate, and capable of the French language.—Apply, stating salary required, to the undersigned Trustees,

JOSEPH M'GAUVRAIN, JOSEPH CHARTRAND, Montebello, Que., Dec. 17, 1874 15-3

WANTED—A MALE TEACHER for the Roman Catholic Separate School of Cornwall. To competent person a liberal salary will be paid. Testimonials as to character required. 20-3 MICHAEL M'ENRY, Sec.

WANTED—A MALE TEACHER for the Catholic Separate School, Eganville. Apply to Rev. M. BYRNE.

MAP OF PALESTINE.

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SIGISMUND.—(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE)

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Board and Tuition, per month, \$12 00. Half Boarders, " " " " " " 7 00.

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT. 2nd Class, Tuition, per quarter, " " " " " " 4 00. 1st Class, " " " " " " 5 00.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT. 2nd Class, Tuition, per quarter, " " " " " " 6 00. 1st Class, " " " " " " 6 00.

Payments quarterly, and invariably in advance. No deduction for absence except in cases of protracted illness or dismissal.

EXTRA CHARGES.—Drawing, Music, Piano and Violin. Monthly Reports of behaviour, application and progress, are sent to parents or guardians. For further particulars apply at the Institute. BROTHER ARNOLD, Director. Toronto, March 1 1872.

ST. GABRIEL ISLAND SAW AND PLANING MILLS, SAW, DOOR AND BOX FACTORY, ST. GABRIEL LOCKS, MONTREAL, MCGAUVRAN & TUCKER, PROPRIETORS, (Late J. W. McGaughran & Co.)

Manufacturers of Sawn Lumber, Dressed Flooring, Doors, Sashes, Blinds, Mouldings, and every description of house finish. A large and well-assorted stock of Sawn Lumber of the various grades, thickness and kinds, constantly on hand, and for sale on liberal terms. Orders addressed to the Mills or Box 371 promptly executed. [T]—Aug. 28, 1874.

CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION.

STOCK AND MUTUAL PLANS COMBINED. CAPITAL, - - - \$500,000.

SPECIAL FEATURES.—A purely Canadian Company. Safe, but low rates. Difference in rates alone (10 to 25 per cent.) equal to dividend of most Mutual Companies. Its Government Savings Bank Policy (a specialty with this Company) affords absolute security which nothing but national bankruptcy can affect. Policies free from vexatious conditions and restrictions as to residence and travel. Issues all approved forms of policies. All made non-forfeiting by an equal and just application of the non-forfeiture principle not arbitrary, but prescribed by charter. Mutual Policy-holders equally interested in management with Stockholders. All investments made in Canadian Securities. All Directors peculiarly interested. Consequent careful, economical management. Claims promptly paid. Branch Office, 9 ST. SACRAMENT STREET (Merchants' Exchange), Montreal. Agents wanted. Apply to

H. J. JOHNSTON, Manager, P.O. W. H. HINGSTON, M.D., L.R.C.S. Ed., M.D. (Medical Referee). [Montreal, January, 23.

ALLAN LINE.



Under Contract with the Government of Canada for the Conveyance of the CANADIAN UNITED STATES MAILS. 1874-5—WINTER ARRANGEMENTS—1874-5.

This Company's Lines are composed of the best-constructed First class, Full-powered, Clyde-built, Double-Engine Iron Steamships:—

Table listing ship names, tonnage, and commanders. Includes SARDINIAN, GIBRALTAR, POLYNESIAN, SARMATIAN, HIBERNIAN, CASPIAN, SCANDINAVIAN, PRUSSIAN, AUSTRIAN, NEWTONIAN, MORAVIAN, PERUVIAN, MANITOBIAN, NOVA-SOOTIAN, CANADIAN, CORINTHIAN, ACADIAN, WALDESIAN, PHENICIAN, ST. PATRICK, NEWFOUNDLAND.

The Steamers of the LIVERPOOL, MAIL LINE (sailing from Liverpool every THURSDAY, and from Portland every SATURDAY, calling at Loch Foyle to receive on board and land Mails and Passengers to and from Ireland and Scotland, are intended to be despatched from Portland:—

Table listing ship names and departure dates. Includes POLYNESIAN, SCANDINAVIAN, HIBERNIAN, MORAVIAN, PERUVIAN, SARMATIAN, POLYNESIAN.

Rates of Passage:— Cabin.....\$70 to \$80. Steerage.....25.

The Steamers of the Glasgow Line are intended to sail between the Clyde and Portland at intervals during Season of Winter Navigation.

Rates of Passage:— Cabin.....\$60. Intermediate.....40. Steerage.....25.

An experienced Surgeon carried on each vessel. Berths not secured until paid for. Caskage will be charged at the rate of 2c per bottle to Cabin Passengers supplying their own Wines or Liquors.

For Freight or other particulars apply to:— In Portland to H & A ALLAN or J. L. FARMER; in Bordeaux to LAFFITE & VANDEGUYRE or E. DEPAS & Co.; in Quebec to ALLAN, RAE & Co.; in Havre, to JOHN M. CURRIE, 21 Quai d'Orleans; in Paris to GUSTAVE BOSSANGE, Rue du 4 Septembre; in Antwerp to AUG. SCHMIDT & Co., or RICHARD BRUNS; in Rotterdam to G. P. IJZMANN & ROOS; in Hamburg, W. GIBSON & HUGO; in Belfast to CHARLES & MALCOLM; in London to MONTGOMERY & GREENBERG, 17 Gracechurch Street; in Glasgow to JAMES & ALEX. ALLAN, 70 Great Clyde Street; in Liverpool to ALLAN BROTHERS, James Street; or to

H. & A. ALLAN, Corner of Youville and Common Streets, Montreal. Jan. 15, 1875.

SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.

MONTREAL AND BOSTON AIR LINE. On and after MONDAY, Dec 7th, trains will run as follows:—

TRAINS GOING SOUTH. DAY EXPRESS will leave Montreal, 8.10 a.m.; arrive at St. Johns 9.20 a.m.; West Farnham, 9.55 a.m.; Newport, 1.04 p.m.; Boston 10 p.m.

NIGHT EXPRESS AND MAIL will leave Montreal 2.30 p.m.; arrive at St. Johns 4.42 p.m.; West Farnham 5.17 p.m.; Newport 9.32 p.m.; Boston, 8.40 a.m.

TRAINS GOING NORTH. DAY EXPRESS leave Boston, Lowell Depot, 8 a.m.; Newport 5.27 p.m.; St. Johns 9.20 p.m., arrive in Montreal at 10 p.m.

NIGHT EXPRESS leave Boston at 6 p.m., arrive Newport 4 a.m.; St. Johns 8.33 a.m., Montreal, 10 a.m.

Entire trains run between Montreal and Boston, without change. Pullman Sleeping Cars are attached to the Night Express Train, and run through between Montreal and Boston.

This is the most direct and best Route to Boston and other New England Cities. Through Tickets for Boston, New York, St. John, N.B., Halifax, N.S., and all points in the Eastern and Southern States, including Jacksonville, Florida, Mobile and New Orleans.

For Tickets and all information call at the general office. 202 ST. JAMES STREET. A. B. FOSTER, Manager.

MIDLAND RAILWAY OF CANADA

TRAINS Leave Port Hope for Peterboro, Lindsay, Beaverton, Orillia as follows:—

Depart at.....9:45 A.M. " " " " " " 10:45 " " " " " " 11:45 P.M. " " " " " " 12:30 P.M. " " " " " " 9:45 P.M.