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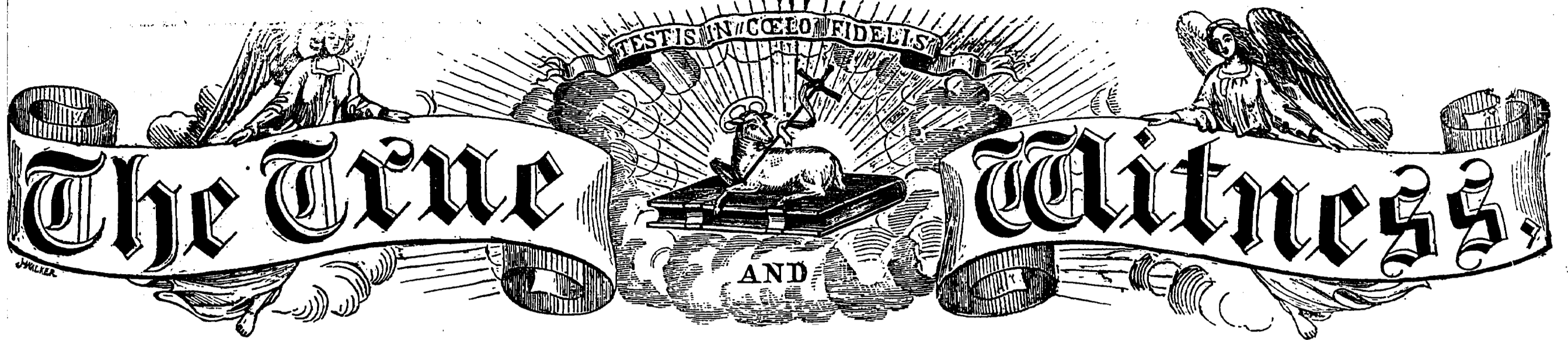
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

VOL. XXVII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 30, 1877.

NO. 33.

CALENDAR—MARCH, 1877.

30th—Good Friday. St. Acacius, Abbot, born, 525 probably in Palestine. At sixteen years of age he dedicated himself to God. In his writings he severely condemns enjoyments made by persons too young. He spent forty years in his hermitage, and at 75 he was chosen Abbot of Mount Sinai. Alaska purchased by the United States from Russia, for \$7,000,000, 1867. Victor Emmanuel proclaimed King of Italy, 1861. 31st—Holy Saturday. St. Acacius, Bishop of Antioch, remarkable for his courage and his magnanimity. He faced tyrants who thirsted for blood, without thinking of fear. The date of his death is not known. Haydn, Composer, born, 1732. Beethoven died, 1827. Treaty of Paris, 1826. Peter O'Neill Crowley, shot in Kilkenny Wood, 1867. APRIL, 1877. 1st—Easter Sunday. St. Hugo, Bishop of Grenoble, born, 1053, succeeded a mercenary and negligent pastor at Grenoble and rescued the people from sin. He was a perfect model of every virtue. At his sermons it was not unusual to see the whole audience melt into tears together. He died, 1132. Loss of the Steamship "Atlantic," 1875. The "Ashburton Treaty," settling the North-western boundary question, signed, 1842. 2nd—Octave. St. Francis of Paul, born, 1416. His bed was for years a rock, and his food herbs which he gathered in the woods. He obliged his followers to observe a perpetual Lent, and always to abstain from fresh meat, eggs, butter, cheese and milk. His intention in enjoying this perpetual abstinence, was to repair in some sort the abuses of Lent amongst Christians. Charles XIII., of France, paid the Saint the greatest honour. He died, 1508. Professor S. F. Morse, died, 1872. Battle of Copenhagen, 1807. United States mint established at Philadelphia, 1792. 3rd—Octave. St. Richard, Bishop of Chichester. Born at Droitwich, famous for its salt wells, six miles from Worcester. He became Chancellor of the University at Oxford. He died, 1253. First Baptism by St. Patrick in Ireland, 433. John Napier, died, 1792. 4th—Octave. St. Isidore, Bishop of Seville. He compiled many useful works, and was regarded as one of the most learned men of his time. Died, 636. Oliver Goldsmith, died, 1774. Sir G. Drummond, K.C.B., Administrator of the Govt. of Canada, 1815. 5th—Octave. St. Vincent Ferrer, born in Spain, 1357. Became a Dominican. He converted a great number of Jews and Mohammedans. Died, 1419. Battle of Capquoin, 1845. Canada discovered, 1499.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"AN IRISH CANADIAN," Ottawa.—Next week. "A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS," Victoria Road.—Many thanks. "J. B.," Port Hope.—Will try next week. "VERITAS," Ottawa.—Writes to "correct" a statement which appeared in the letter of our Ottawa correspondent. He informs us that a written invitation was sent to Mr. Costigan, and that the St. Patrick's Literary Association did its best to secure Mr. Costigan's attendance on St. Patrick's Day. A correspondent defends "The Lowe Farmer" of Ottawa, from the charge of bigotry which was made against him by "our Ottawa correspondent." We regret that we are not able to insert the letter. "PATRICK," Starnesboro.—Sends us an account of the celebration of St. Patrick's Day at Hinchinbrook. We regret that we find ourselves unable to give the report in full, but we may notice that the "respected pastor, Rev. Mr. McEvoy, delivered an eloquent historical dissertation on Pagan and Christian Ireland." "J. R."—Many thanks. We shall do our best. "M."—Yes. A fair correspondent defends Mr. Luby from an attack made upon him by the Star. We are forced to hold the letter over. "D. P.," Quebec.—Obliged to hold over. We shall be very glad to do as you desire. "G. G.," Brockville.—Comes too late. Next week. "F. F.," Prescott.—Next week. Came too late.

EASTER SUNDAY.

The day of mourning is past and the day of rejoicing has come. CHRIST our LORD has risen from the dead, and death shall no more have dominion over Him. The Christian world throws off its mourning, and rejoices at the Resurrection of their GOD. The humiliations of mortality exist no more; the great work is done; CHRIST crucified; and the Resurrection is come. All is consummated! In that beautiful book "The Catholic Offering" we find the following passage which so well illustrates the sufferings and the Resurrection of our SAVIOUR:—

"The mystery of the Resurrection is the demonstration of her faith, the foundation of the Rock of ages upon which reposes. Against that Rock the billows and storms of nearly two thousand years have raged in vain. Against that Rock the gates of hell shall never prevail; for He, by whom death and hell were overcome, has planted upon it, with His own right hand, His 'chosen Vine,' whose branches shall overspread the world and bring forth a fruit which shall remain until the consummation of time. How different from the mystery of His Birth is that of His Resurrection! At Christmas, we rejoiced, it is true, and great joy was announced to all people, because a Saviour, Christ the Lord, was born for us in the city of David. But whilst we rejoiced at our own deliverance, we could not be insensible to the humiliations of our most loving Redeemer. The wretched stable, the narrow crib, the poor swaddling-clothes, the piercing cold, the suffering members of our Infant King;—the amazing humiliation with which He was almost annihilated for the love of us, must fill our hearts with confusion and sorrow, and draw forth tears of compassion in the midst of all our joy. What was mortal has put on immortality, what was corruptible has been clothed with incorruption, and what was sown in weakness has sprung up in glory. 'The Lord hath reigned: invested Himself with beauty. The Lord had put on strength, and girded Himself' with might to execute judgment on the world, to cast forth 'the Prince of the world,' and, therefore, 'Death is swallowed up in victory.'"

A TRAITOR'S DOOM.

Mr. O'Keefe, M.P., was elected as a Home Ruler for the town of Dungarvan, at the last general election. Some time since there was an election for the County Waterford, and an Irishman, who is a Home Ruler, and a German resident of London, contested for the vacant seat. Everyone expected that Mr. O'Keefe would support his countryman, the Home Ruler; but no, Mr. O'Keefe stood by the obliging German, who condescended to come all the way from London to honour Waterford by standing for the representation. Well, the German was sent about his business, and the Irishman was returned by an overwhelming majority. And now we rejoice to hear that the political traitor O'Keefe, is likely to share the fate of his protage. We read in the Waterford News that:—

THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND AND THE CATHOLIC HIERARCHY.

Some time since the new Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Duke of Marlborough, gave a dinner at the Castle in Dublin. Besides the viceregal party there were a number of invited guests, among whom were some members of the Catholic Hierarchy. In the list of names that appeared in the papers as being present, the name of the "Rev. Father Burke" occurred, and for a while everyone thought that it was the great preacher,—"Father Tom" as he is often called. When the illustrious Dominican saw this report he wrote the following letter to the Freeman's Journal:—

LIBERTY IN GERMANY.

Day by day, Germany is falling from her high estate. Persecution and emigration are the engines which are working her ruin. Her trade is almost destroyed, liberty has fled the land, and military despotism rules supreme. The Irishman is of opinion that:—

Baron Von Loe, formerly secretary of the German Legation in Paris, has been condemned to one year's incarceration for his temerity in attacking the government in three articles published in the Reichsloche. Tyrannical must be the code which provokes the censure of a man occupying the social position of Baron Von Loe. He is not the only victim of the municipal court of Berlin. Dr. Gehlsen, the editor of the Reichsloche has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment, and Count Hermann Arnim, formerly Councillor of Legation, has to undergo three months of durance vile, for he, too contributed some caustic comments upon the despotism of modern Germany. Prussia has never been a pleasant place to live in, but the French war, instead of uniting the small states in a harmonious union, has distracted the relations between the central power, and the mass of the people. Kaiser William expected a qualified millennium under the Imperial sceptre; Bismarck looked for submissive order, obedience and complete subjection; both have been disappointed. German unity is a myth—it was once a dream, and it is still an unreality, a shadow without shape or substance. Bismarck's most poignant grief comes from beholding a united France standing face to face with a disunited Germany. In an unguarded hour the Gaul was overthrown by the Teuton. The result is a demoralised Germany and a regenerated France.

THE FAMINE IN INDIA.

During the terrible famines which took place in Ireland since 1800, the British Government did little or nothing to save the people. It would not interfere with the law of supply and demand. Lord John Russell will be forever execrated for the part he took during the last famine in Ireland. But English statesmen of to-day are treating their Indian subjects better than their predecessors treated the Irish. The one were cruelly allowed to perish of hunger, and in a land of plenty, to starve to death—and all owing to that "accursed Union." In India however the natives are being cared for with prodigal hand, and we hear through a London contemporary that:—

"The news from the Indian famine districts shows a decrease of about 60,000 on the relief works in Madras, and a slight increase in Bombay, but this increase is mainly owing to the return to work of labourers who have been on strike at Sholapur. Some deaths from starvation have been reported, but the rumour requires confirmation; and the Government works, such as the doubling of the railway lines between Madras and Arcotum, which is now in progress, will all contribute effectually, by the increased facility of transport, towards the relief of the distressed districts, and towards keeping the scourge in check for the future."

JOHN, ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.

"John, Archbishop of Tuam" is the most beloved Irishman alive. No living man can evoke so much enthusiasm in Ireland, because none can point to such a record of faithful allegiance to her cause. His benediction was never asked for in vain when Ireland was the issue at stake, and he has stood by his countrymen whenever he was expected or required to do so. He is the oldest and the most patriotic of her prelates, and the Irish people may well venerate his very name. He recently sent a subscription to the Butt Testimonial and with it wrote a letter in which he explained his reasons for believing in the ultimate triumph of the Home Rule cause, and then he concludes thus:—

"Mr. Butt and the policy of Home Rule to which he has pledged his energies—not a sham Home Rule, but a real, genuine Home Rule—in the restoration of a native Parliament, consisting of men knowing Ireland and interested in promoting the happiness of the land of which they are devoted children. Englishmen love their native land—they are jealous of its fame, and labour for its prosperity—and as far as they acquit themselves honestly of their duty towards it, none more ready than this present writer to second their feelings and applaud their patriotism. But let there be equal weights and measures, and whilst we grudge not to England its Parliament, with its freedom and its prosperity, I never shall resign the right or the hope of the restoration of our own Ireland's native Parliament, yet fresh in my recollection, as in that of the country, which, amidst all the penal laws—its sad contemporary companions—possessed the extraordinary virtue of charming those very penal laws out of half their political virulence.—Your faithful servant,

THE HOME RULE LEAGUE.

THANKS TO MONTREAL. (From the Dublin Freeman.) The council of the League met on Friday, at four p. m., in their offices, 29 Lower Sackville street. Among those present were—Messrs P McCabe Fay (in the chair), H J Gill, A M; Alfred Webb, George N Plunkett, Hon Judge Little, Thomas H Webb, George Delany, Dr J E Kenny, T D Sullivan, Philip Callan, M. P; A J Kettle, &c. The following letter was read:— "Montreal Branch, Irish Home Rule League. Montreal, 23rd Feb., 1877. "DEAR SIR—We beg to enclose a cheque on the

Bank of Montreal, London, for £25 sterling, payable to the order of Messrs. I. J. Kennedy and Thomas H. Webb, honorary treasurers of the League, as a contribution of the Montreal Branch to the funds of the parent association. We also enclose the names of the subscribers, and request that you will have those qualified—viz., subscribers of £1 sterling and upwards—enrolled as members of the League, and the names of the other subscribers entered on the National Roll. Please send cards for both classes of members by mail at earliest convenience.—We are, dear sir, yours very truly.

"EDWARD MURPHY, President. "A. BROGAN, Treasurer. "WILLIAM M'KAY, Secretary. "To J. M'Alister, Esq., Acting Secretary, Irish Home Rule League."

It was moved by Mr. Alfred Webb, seconded by Dr. Kenny, and resolved:— "That the best thanks of the League are due and are hereby tendered to the Montreal branch of the League, for the earnest and generous support they have constantly given us during the three years of our existence. That we are particularly grateful for this support, inasmuch as, coming from our fellow-countrymen living under a free government, it proves their conviction that Ireland requires self-government and freedom, which, in their opinion as well as ours, can only be obtained from a native parliament legislating in Ireland."

This remittance, with those formerly received, makes a total of £275 received from the Montreal Home Rule Association during the past three years. The council then examined the accounts due by the League for the past two months, and authorised the treasurer to pay same. Correspondence was submitted, including a letter from the Derry Home Rule Association, per Dr. McCloskey, remitting £5 14s. The secretary was instructed to write to Dr. McCloskey and ascertain if, in accordance with the rules, he had retained one-half the subscription for the local expenses, and if he had not done so to refund him that amount. The meeting then adjourned.

SUBSCRIBERS NAMES NEXT WEEK.

MANITOBA'S OFFERING TO THE HOLY FATHER.

The Catholics of Manitoba, are about sending a curious and valuable present to the Pope on the occasion of his Golden Jubilee. We learn from a contemporary that these presents consist of some rare furs—black elk skin—and represents a Missionary sled being drawn by dogs. We learn that:—

"The sled rests upon a ground of white cotton and is drawn by three dogs, whose harness is a miracle of patience, for nothing is wanting. On the sled are cooking utensils, an axe and some kettles; on the sides rise, over a closed net work of little bags or pockets, the raw hides used to cover the load which consists of the Missionary's bedding, the furs, etc., for the Altar, and the food for the Missionary and his dogs. These little bags, or pockets, which are of a very pretty design, will, this time, be filled with gold pieces, the fruit of the Easter collection taken up in all the churches of the Diocese of St. Boniface. Behind the sled and holding the guide rope, comes the Missionary with his snow-shoes, his long whip in his hand, his loins girt with a belt of arrows, the maskinout stuck in his girdle, and his cow drawn over his eyes. All this equipage is contained within a space nearly three feet long and six inches wide. Notwithstanding this, the smooth polished surface of the Great Slave Lake can be seen in the distance; and beyond that, at the other extremity of the sea of ice, rises a Papal flag, on which are two appropriate inscriptions. "The furs, the harness of the dogs, and the gloves and the shoes are all yellow and white, the Pope's colors. "The object of this miniature outfit is not merely to gratify an idle curiosity, but to give the Holy Father an idea of what manner of equipage our Missionaries are obliged to travel with, and of the wilds of the Northwest, and their long winters, during which they bear the light of the Gospel from one tribe to another, sleeping in the open air, traveling hundreds of miles without meeting a living soul, and exposed to the fearful storms that sometimes sweep over those vast and icy solitudes."

THE CLERICAL ABUSES BILL—ITALY.

The Pope is passing through one of those stormy chapters in the history of the Church, during which so many of our enemies have, with "seers eyes," proclaimed our discomfiture and our doom. But the old ship will weather the storm as easily as a sea bird, and in a short time all the world will wonder at her vitality and her power. The Italian Parliament is doing all it can to insult the Pontiff, and to humiliate the Church, but the faithful Catholic people of Italy are not slow in expressing confidence in the Pontiff, and to protest against the bigotry of the Parliament. Protests against the Clerical Abuses Bill are coming from all parts of Italy, and the best blood of Italy is rallying around the Pontifical throne. The Tablet says:—

"The great nobles who preside over the Catholic associations in Rome have issued formal and vigorous protests against the Clerical Abuses Bill, and against the impious language of its promoters. To these protests the Catholic nobles in the provinces have given their adherence in the most public manner. Letters have appeared from the chief men in Turin, Milan, Venice, Naples, Florence, and other great cities, in which the slanders upon Italian Catholics are refuted, and open professions made of loyalty to the Church and to her Head. Even men who rarely enter the arena of polemics

think it now necessary to issue from retirement and step forth in defence of the faith. Thus in Siena the Marquis Bichi, a nobleman advanced in years, and compelled by delicacy of health to avoid public controversies, felt himself forced to break through his habits, and make an open declaration of his opinions. "I, as a gentleman, and still more as a Catholic, feel bound to unite myself with all those who detest these blasphemous insults. Every sincere Catholic must entertain the greater affection towards the Church and her Visible Head in proportion as he perceives the one and the other to be outraged by certain persons, who seem to have lost, together with their Christian belief, every sentiment of civilisation and of good breeding. And I declare myself to be drawn the nearer to the Vicar of Jesus Christ in proportion as he is aggrieved and insulted by his disloyal and degenerate sons." The "Clerical Abuses Bill," which is understood to be the prelude to the abrogation of the Guarantees and the withdrawal of all the immunities left to the Vatican, has evoked everywhere in Italy expressions of attachment to Pius IX., and has made it evident that the country at large is thoroughly alarmed at the prospect of fresh persecution of the Pope and clergy. The Senate has been in no haste to approve the Bill, and three of the five Commissioners or Referes to whom it was submitted have pronounced against it. The interests of Catholics in every part of the world are affected by a measure which prevents the voice of the Pope from being heard outside the walls of the Vatican, and thus imprisons the mind, as well as the body, of the Head of the Catholic Church."

A NEW RELIGION IN ENGLAND.

The cry is still they come. The Whitall Review of London tells us that we are soon to have a new Church in England. It is to be formed out of a section of the Episcopal Church, as the Review says:—

"In the first place a brand new Archbishop, with a very ancient title, is to be consecrated by one or more foreign prelates. Secondly, two suffragans, each with titles from old English sees, are to be consecrated simultaneously, but independently, and are to begin their conjoint labours in England, in the High Church interest, in July next. The names of the sees are already known. The difficulties attendant upon the consecration of the Archbishop and his suffragans (as far as regards any interference with existing jurisdictions, whether Catholic or Anglican) will be surmounted by the ingenious plan of consecrating them upon the high seas. The new prelates, as it is asserted, have either been already consecrated, or they will be consecrated very shortly. In regard to the 'faith' of the new Communion, it is reported to be founded on 'the faith of the undivided Church before the schism of East and West'—in the eleventh or twelfth century—with all reasonable and obvious dogmatic deductions therefrom. In other words, the formularies of this new ecclesiastical body, based upon the dogma, and rites of the Catholic and the Greek Communions are imagined to be acceptable to both. A brief 'Sacramentary' has been officially drawn up containing the Order for the Administration of the Seven Sacraments. This 'Sacramentary' or 'Manual of Essential Rites,' contains exact and express directions for the administration of the Seven Sacraments. The Manual contains also instructions for the use of the Christ or Prayer-Oil as in the Catholic and Greek Communions. The three Creeds of the undivided Church and of the Church of England, viz., the Apostles', Athanasian, and the Nicene will continue to be used in the new Communion. Finally, and this may be a sort of cold comfort to some of the Anglican Bishops, the new Communion will be non-aggressive and conservative—not destructive; while its chief pastors will only claim jurisdiction over those who are ready to render them obedience."

CHINA.

Chinese civilization is the most ancient, and the least progressive, of any civilized people in the world. Every adult in China is able to read and write, and as it is now, so has it been for many centuries. For eight hundred years the Chinese have been familiar with the art of printing, and their works in engineering, irrigation and industrial pursuits, have been commended by all observers. But they are as exclusive as ever. All the world is "outer barbarism" still. We hear that they entertain the idea of crushing all foreigners out of the country, for in a recently published report of the British Consul at Canton we are told:— "The import trade in foreign goods and produce in China has passed with few exceptions entirely into the hands of the Chinese, and some idea may thus be formed of the importance of the commercial revolution which time and circumstances have effected." And says the London Tablet when added to this statement about imports we have such startling announcements as the following: that the Government has purchased the Woosung Railway; that the steamer traffic on the coast and the Yangtze is gradually passing into native hands; that negotiations are now pending for the transfer of the vessels owned by the Shanghai Steam Navigation Company to the Pekin authorities; and that an offer has been made to the China Coast Steam Navigation Company with the same object; we can well understand that the Government of China is bent on being typically exclusive. We hear further that the Celestials mean to establish native houses in the great industrial centres of England, as well as on the Continent and in the United States, with a view to securing all the profits which may be derived from intermediary trade. Let it be remembered that there is much coal in China, that iron mines are being largely discovered; that cotton mills are about to be started, and that the cultivation of the poppy has become general; and we can understand that, with their resources of 'cheap labour,' the Chinese can carry out their ideas."

(From the Catholic World.)
HEREMORE-BRANDON;
 OR,
 THE FORTUNES OF A NEWSBOY.

CHAPTER VI.

I could not tell you on half the projects Dick formed and rejected as entirely hopeless before he at last succeeded in inducing a gentleman who had been very kind to him to make an offer to Mr. Brandon of some place in his office, which, while it would not be more than, with his now broken energies and failing health, he could easily perform, if he had the disposition, would give him something to help him live upon.

Soon after this offer was made and (with much grumbling) finally accepted, Dick, without really seeking it, found himself becoming known to Mr. Brandon; and, thanks to the patience with which he listened to that gentleman's railings against the world, and his own hard fortunes in it, taken into favor. It was a very sad sight for a hopeful, self-respecting, God-fearing Catholic like Dick to see this querulous man, from whom all vigorous spirit seemed to have fled, brooding over his losses, instead of holding up his head, and bravely going forth to make the most of what was left; a sad thing to hear these miserable railings for the long years of comfort and plenty with which God had blessed him. But Dick bore it patiently, and sought in every way which his simple experience could devise to draw him from the despondency; to inspire him with some trust in God. It was, however, without any apparent success, other than greater condensation from Mr. Brandon, who, at last, weak and nervous, would gladly avail himself of Dick's young strength in his walks home.

And so, in time, that which had seemed the impossible came to pass very naturally. Mr. Brandon urged Dick to enter the house, and he was received as a guest in Miss Brandon's home. Home it must be called, I suppose; though it was a dreary, desolate room, with "boarding-house" stamped in glaring letters all over the grey walls and badly-assorted furniture. Even Dick could realize that it must be a very different home from any which Miss Brandon had ever seen before; for it was far different from the only pretty rooms he had ever entered—those dear, clean, sweet rooms at Mrs. Alaine's.

"Mr. Heremore, Mary," was his introduction, accompanied by a patronizing wave of Mr. Brandon's hand. Do not be surprised; you know I have never said—not even in his days of prosperity—that he was a gentleman—"Mr. Heremore, Mary; a young man who has thought it not worth while to be unkind and disrespectful to an old man who has lost every thing."

"I have heard my father speak of you often," said Mary very quietly; but in such gentle tones that Dick wondered how any man could count himself poor—knowing her.

"I really felt very nervous," Mr. Brandon further explained, "about coming home alone. I have been so very uncomfortable to-day. But that's of no consequence, of course, now."

"I am very glad you brought Mr. Heremore," Mary answered readily, and with more warmth than before; "and I am sure he was very careful of you."

After that, conversation became somewhat easier; although Dick felt half like an impostor, and could not do much to second Miss Brandon's efforts to make the hour go by pleasantly. She had several albums and scrap-books of engravings with which she tried to entertain him; but to do his best, he could think of little else than the languid, weary manner which had replaced the quick step and stately sweetness he had known of old. When Mr. Brandon left them for a few minutes, she turned with animation and said:

"Mr. Heremore, I must thank you for your kindness to my father. I would not have him suppose I consider it kindness, but in my heart I know it is, and I know you mean it as such. Since things have gone wrong with him, he seems to have changed his whole nature; he does not appear to have any courage to stand against the tide. I suppose it would have been very different if Mrs. Brandon had lived; a wife would have kept his spirits up as no one else can."

"I know," stammered Dick, not knowing what to say under the gaze of her beautiful eyes, "I know—that the death of your mother last summer—"

"Mrs. Brandon, you mean," she interrupted in her quietest tones, "that is, my father's second wife. This Mrs. Brandon was not my mother; my own mother died long ago." This so coldly that, for some inexplicable reason, Dick fancied she was glad to correct him.

"You were in the carriage at the same time," said Dick, feeling that he must say something.

"Yes," answered Mary, "but I remember little about it; as soon as we found the horses were running away, Mrs. Brandon became very much alarmed, and almost before I could say a word to her, we were thrown out, and were both picked up senseless. She was not conscious of anything again. All these things together have completely unnerved poor papa, and I really feel very grateful to any one who is interested in him. His old friends have received but little encouragement to visit us here, although it is only a fancy of papa's, I am sure, that they feel any difference, and he is often quite lonely."

Mr. Brandon soon returned, and seeming to wish his daughter's undivided attention, Dick rose and said "good night."

It need hardly be said that he was after this more enthusiastically devoted to their fortunes than ever before. He spent a few hours there at different times during the winter and spring, and soon found himself at ease in that dreary room; but as he knew Mary better, his reverence for her, while it diminished not in the least, became a deep and fervent feeling, which kept her always in his thoughts. She, too, seemed to regard him with very kindly feelings, and the sympathy between them was so strong that it bore down many of their differences of association and education, and each was astonished to find an unexpectedly ready understanding in the other. But as yet Dick had said nothing of the little girl on the steps who gave him her candy one cold Christmas morning years ago.

Once at New Year's, and again on the 22d of February, holidays on which he was free, Dick had been down to the cottage in the country, and had seen Rose and the boys skate and make snow-houses, and spent two of the coziest, happiest evenings of his life around the bright fire, talking pleasant talk with those dear people, among whom alone he realized the faintest idea of the word home. Now time had gone by so rapidly that he was to spend a whole week there as he had the year before. But not exactly the same; for the last time he had been there—a clear, bright day in February, when they were all coming home from the skating-pond together—it had chanced that he and Rose had fallen far in the rear of children, who having skated since one o'clock in the keen air, professed themselves "ever so hungry," and, as Dick would not hurry with them, walked off in disgust, each declaring to the other that they didn't like Mr. Dick half so much this time as before; he was "so good" at all.

"What a magnificent day!" Dick said, for about the tenth time as he tramped by Rose's side through the crisp snow, just as the sun was going down in one great glow before them. "I think I never saw a more splendid winter day in all my life."

Not thinking of any addition to this speech, and not being able with truth to contradict it, Rose kept on her way, her neat little boots cutting the snow, and making, Dick thought, the most delicious music there ever was. Rose looked especially charming that afternoon; from the very crown of her head, with her wealth of golden hair, only half hidden by her felt hat, to the dainty little boots before mentioned, which her warm skating dress, looped up, did not even affect to conceal, Rose was charming. Dick thought that her very cloak seemed to nestle more lovingly to her plump figure than another's would; and as for the tiny muff, Uncle Carl's present, and the blue silk handkerchief knotted around her neck, Dick was certain that Stewart never sold anything half so pretty. So, if his lips talked about the weather, it is hardly surprising that his eyes embraced another subject; and I question if, when her demure glances met his gaze, Rose needed no words to tell her its meaning; for, after all, are words, the dearest and sweetest that come from the lips, any dearer or sweeter than those the eyes speak?

But whatever she knew, Rose was a true little woman, and showed no sign.

"This is the place where Mrs. Brandon was thrown," she said, as they passed a broad street cutting across the narrow road they were following. "Just by those trees. They say the horses could have been managed only for her screams; a woman who screams at such a time must have very little sense."

"I think so," answered Dick, looking sadly toward the place Rose pointed out.

"Miss Mary behaved wonderfully well," continued Rose, with one quick look into Dick's face as they passed on. "She was perfectly calm, and tried to quiet Mrs. Brandon. She was very much hurt herself."

"Yes, so I have heard; she shows it, too; you would hardly recognize her now, she is so thin and altered."

"But, of course she is more beautiful for that," said little plump Rose, who had a great idea of delicate girls.

"Not more beautiful, exactly," answered Dick, who had not a great idea of delicate, fragile girls, "but it makes one feel for her more."

"I know you feel for her very much," said Rose.

"I have always honored her very much," answered Dick warmly. "If almost seems presumption for me to say I feel for her; but I do, indeed I do."

"I am sure of it," Rose responded with great warmth, and then there was silence for a long time.

Rose broke it with a little trembling in the first word or two at her own audacity, but gathering courage as she went on: "I knew you did when you were here last summer; then I heard of her father's failure, and then it seemed more natural; and now—I am very glad for your sake. I hope you will be very happy, I do, indeed."

Now, Dick was no fool, and when the strangeness of this speech caused him to look harder than ever into the glowing but demure little face by the side of him, he felt for the moment a great inclination not to say a word; for provokingly innocent as she looked, he did not believe she was at all so ignorant of the real state of things. Rose felt the moment's hesitation, and poor little thing, got frightened at her own conjuring, which fright so changed the expression of her face that Dick's hesitation vanished, and he answered:

"Of course I know what you mean, Rose, although it is so strange. I do not think of such a thing—it would be very strange if I did. You know better, don't you, Rose?"

Rose looked up with a careless answer, but thought better of it, and said nothing.

"You never did really think it, did you, Rose?" he added, pursuing his advantage, and repeating it until there was no escape for Rose, who had to answer truthfully, "No." She having made this concession, he made one, and told her the story of his boyish days, and of the Christmas day when he first saw Mary Brandon. He had not felt very easy about Rose's opinion of much he had to tell her, and was greatly relieved when he saw all her assumed carelessness depart, and that she listened to him with earnest sympathy. He was so encouraged by the gentle, womanly interest she gave him that he did not stop with the history of his boyish days, but went on to narrate a later experience; very few words sufficed for this. When he told it, Rose understood very well why, if Mary Brandon were a queen upon her throne, she would be no more than friend or sister to him.

After that, there seemed no more to be said; for they finished the walk in the still winter twilight almost in silence.

That was in February, when Dick went down to Carlton to spend Washington's birthday, and it inaugurated a new era for Will. Rose had a sudden interest in the post-office, which was a long walk from the cottage, and, in rainy weather or on very busy days, was beyond her reach. I believe all her spare moments went into Will's coffers about that time, and I am sure all her cakes and apples went into his possession; but, for all that, he was an ungrateful page, and wished "there wasn't no post-offices in the world," which opinion Will may alter when his own time comes.

This was in February, and it was now August, and Dick was going down for a week, one whole week in the country. Rose was at the gate as she had been a year ago; but she did not say "you are welcome," as she had said before. The children took him into favor when they found he had not come empty-handed, but had brought the books for Will, the doll for Trot, and just such toys for the rest as were most desired; and though many times in their rambles Will did have his patience sorely tried by "Mr. Dick's everlasting lagging," he was, on the whole, admitted to be an acquisition. I believe, though, that Rose's bosom-friend, Clara Hays, who was always urged to be of every party, and sadly neglected when she got there, was the greatest sufferer; it is not every day you see lovers who go perfectly well-bred and considerate for everybody. My excuse for Rose and Dick is, that they only had a week, and a week is such a short time when one is very happy!

Dick's week was nearly at its end when his birthday, his twenty-first birthday came, and his good friends made a little rejoicing for him in their homely way. It was a very beautiful August day, and was celebrated like a holiday by all the family. Yet it was not exactly a cloudless day for Dick, thought it was the first birthday of his that had ever received the slightest notice from any one, and ought to have made him radiant with joy. He had received a present made for him with her own hands, which no one could tell how many loving thoughts of him worked in it, from his own dear Rose. His little table was covered with the first keepsakes he had ever received from any one, and still he was not happy. Among the treasures on his little table there stood one—which reminds me that I should not have called the others the first—from the mother whose face he could not remember and what might it not contain? Hitherto he had thought but little of the box of which Carl spoke so slightly years ago; but now that the day of opening it had come, he grew really afraid of it. He remembered stories of vengeance bequeathed from the graves, of crimes to be explained by the children of the perpetrators years afterward, of fearful confessions of sin and sorrow and wrong in countless forms; and Dick, in the first glow of his first joyous days, did not know how he could bear even a glimpse upon the rising sun of his happiness.

"Not until the last thing to-night," he said finally, laying down the box and turning away from the table. "I will be happy to the last minute," and

he went down to ask Rose to walk with him in the beautiful twilight after tea. It was earlier than he had thought when he went down, and Rose was reading in the shadow of the porch, or seeming to read, for a book was in her hand, and not, as he supposed, engaged in getting tea.

"I did not suppose I should find you here," said Dick.

"Shall I go away?" she asked, looking up and smiling.

"Yes, do," he replied, sitting by her, "you know there's nothing would please me better." But for all he tried to be gay, Rose saw that the shadow she had observed over him all day was deeper than before.

"Dear friend," she said, softened and made earnest at once, "something troubles you to-day."

"Yes, dear Rose, I am troubled to-day in spite of all the kindness shown me. My little box troubles me; I am afraid to open it."

"Then the best thing is to do it at once, is it not? One only makes such things worse by thinking about them."

"I know it. No, I will not open it now; I will have every moment of happiness I can first."

"What happiness can it take from you? You will be yourself still, let there be in it what there will. Our happiness is our own."

"O Rose!"

"O Dick! if we are good, are we not happy? And no body can make us bad against our will."

"But, Rose, this may tell me something that you—there is my fear, Rose, it may take you away from me."

"Oh! no, Dick, dear Dick, how can anything take me away from you? But even if it did, you know we always said, 'If it were for the best.' If it were not for the best, we would not wish it, would we, dear? Yes, we could help wishing it; when the good God saw it was not best, he would give us strength to bear it."

"I never could bear it, said Dick."

"Yes, you would; but I am not afraid. One should not be afraid of one's own parents. Come, there is a long time before tea. We will go up the hill where no one will interrupt us, and where we shall be within call if we are wanted. Won't you get the box, Dick, and we will open it up there? That is, if you want me with you."

"You make me brave, dear Rose. Perhaps, after all, it is nothing."

So he did as she advised; and, seated a little back of the house, the only spot in which there could be five minutes' reading possible, he broke the seal, undid the wrapping now yellow with age, while Rose spoke a word or two of courage, then turned her head a little away from him, and you may be sure prayed hard and fast for strength and grace for both to bear whatever of good or of evil was in store for them. Inside the wrapper Dick found a tiny key with which he eagerly unlocked the little mahogany box which was, perhaps, to make great revelations to him.

Then Rose drew still further away from him, and with a more earnest gaze watched the sun going down to the west; for they were young and many things that you and I would count the merest trifles, were of great importance to them; neither thought of anything worse than of something which should separate them. Poor little Rose trembled lest he should find a will therein—as she had read in story books—that would make him too rich and great for her to think of him; and Dick, to whom her love for him had always seemed a wonder—so great was his reverence for her and his own feeling of unworthiness—trembled lest he should find some legacy of disgrace that would make it impossible for him ever to see Rose again. So in silence and with wordless but earnest prayers, they sat together in the softening August sunlight, with hearts beating heavily for fear it might be for the last time.

CHAPTER VII.

After all, there was not much in the mysterious box. A square package, looking like a letter, folded in the old style, and just fitting in the box, lay uppermost; upon the outside of which, in a clear, round hand, was written the name *Richard Heremore*. Before breaking the seal of this, Dick took out two paper boxes, in each of which was a miniature, painted on ivory; he glanced at one, then with an expression of intense relief, not unmingled with something of awe, he, for the first time, turned to Rose.

"Look Rose," he said, in a low voice.

"Do you think this is your mother?" she asked, in a voice even lower and more reverential than his, after a long, long look; for it was a young and beautiful face, with clear eyes that looked frankly at you, and that bore in every feature the unmistakable stamp of true womanliness. "Do you think this is your mother?"

"I cannot tell yet," said Dick; "but as this is here, it's all right; there's nothing more to dread now!"

But Rose did not answer. Her quick eyes had seen more than the character; they had placed the original of that portrait in its proper social sphere, and that—the highest.

The other miniature was of a man somewhat older, though not more than twenty-five or thirty, if so much; but it was a face of less character and less culture. Dick showed it to Rose, but neither made any comment upon it. Dick then broke the seal of the letter, and again Rose turned away her face. A few slips of paper fell out as he unfolded the package; these he gathered up without looking at them, and then, calling Rose's name once more, he read in a low voice, from the yellow paper, his mother's letter:

"My Dear Child.—I have put aside a few little things that have been treasures to me, and as I may not live to see the day when I can give them to you, I write a few lines with them, which possibly may come to your eyes some day. A healthy, ruddy little fellow you are, creeping around my feet and trying to climb up my dress as I write, and I am so weak a woman that I may hardly stoop to raise my darling to my lap. It is hard for me, seeing you so, to write to you as a man; and what kind of a man I have no way to judge. I fear I shall not live long enough to leave any impression of your mother's face upon you; and what will become of you, my own dear child, in this terrible world after I am gone, I dare not think. You are so tender and good now that I cannot realize that you will change; but you will have no one to guide you. You put your arms up to me, your brown, hard little arms, as if to beg me not to speak of this, and I will try to believe that God will save you through everything; so that when you read this, you will be one whom I would be proud to own if I lived."

"You are my greatest comfort, and such a comfort! It seems as if you knew everything, and could console for everything; and often I think that for you I shall in some way find strength to struggle on for a few years more. Dear child, I know not how much or how little to tell you. I would like to write volumes for you, that you might know me in the future days when no father, mother, or brother will be near to help you in your troubles. But I can only write a little."

"I have been married five years, and you are my oldest but not my only child. You have a sweet little sister asleep on the bed. I say the words to you aloud, and you creep on tiptoe to look at her, turning and smiling at me as you go. Even if she would live after I am gone, which I cannot wish for, I cannot tell whether you will be kept together; if not, I know you will care for her if it is possible, if only because your dear mother asks it. I cannot believe the wonderful child-love you

have for her and me will be permitted to die out, or that your heart can ever grow hard, your heart so tender now. There! kiss the dimpled hand ever so softly and come away, for you must not wake the darling now. Will you love her always, let what may be her fate? Remember always, she had no mother to guide her. Your father I have not seen for two years, since Mamie was a few months old. I have since heard that he is dead. I know none of his relatives; for he brought me an entire stranger to New York three years ago, and seemed unwilling that I should make many acquaintances. I have no relatives whom I have seen, in the world, except my father who lives, or did live, at Wiltshire, in Maine. I do not know if he is living or not; I have written to him again and again, but I have heard nothing from him. He would have come to me if he were alive, for he was always devoted to me. I could write you a hundred letters about his love and devotion; and now, if I could only let him know where I am, he would come to me wherever he might be. I have named you for him. He saw you once when you were a month old; he came and took me home for the summer; he loved you dearly, as he loved me, and was proud enough of you. If only I could put you and Mamie in his hands now, how contentedly I could die! For this I toiled and struggled from the day I saw your father last, until this poverty and sickness have killed all hope. Not all hope; for I think every step I hear—I hear thousands passing by—that my father has come to me to save me, to take my darlings under his care, and to let me die on my own white bed in my own dear room at home."

"There, darling, there's no more to tell. Why should I tell more? You come of good blood, my child, of a brave, upright race. My child, my darling, put your arms tight, tight around mamma's neck, and promise for the man that you will be worthy of your name and race. Be good, be true, be honest. How I should blush in my grave, it seems to me, if child of mine, if these dear children, so pure and innocent, who cling to me now, covering me with kisses, should soil their white souls with falsehood, deceit, or dishonesty. God knows what I would say. Fatherless, motherless, I must leave my little ones; no earthly help, no comfort, nothing, only the one hope that will not leave me to my latest breath, that my father lives, will find me out, save me, and take care of you."

"It has been hard for me to write this poor, childish letter; one poor apple-woman—poor, yet not so poor as I—has been my only friend; to her I have talked for hours of you, and she has listened earnestly, and will her utmost for you two. God will aid her, I know. I will not put any 'good-byes' on paper so little likely even to be seen by your eyes; but I will kiss you a thousand times, my darling, while I take one last look at these portraits of your father and me, you leaning against my knee, looking at them too. You, pure, unselfish child, shall cling to me, and answer, though you cannot understand, the promises to be good I ask of you to fulfil through all your life. Your mother,

"MARY HEREMORE BRANDON."

"Brandon!" repeated Rose and Dick together, when he read the signature. Then Dick read the slips of paper that had fallen out of the letter; they were all the same, notices of her marriage from different papers:

"MARRIED.—At the residence of the bride's father, on Wednesday, May 6th, Charles Brandon, of New York, to Mary, only daughter of Dr. Richard Heremore, of Wiltshire, Maine."

Rose looked at Dick almost with terror in her face. Dick knew not how to answer her.

"It may not be the same," she said at last.

"The letter does not seem sure of his death," suggested Dick.

"But you have met him—would he not have noticed your name?"

"I should think so. But it was long ago, and perhaps he has known others of the name. Besides, Miss Brandon—O Rose! if she should be that sister!—Miss Brandon told me her mother died long ago; she seemed so proudly to disclaim this Mrs. Brandon, whom I called her mother."

"How could she be with your father, if Mr. Brandon is that, and he not know anything about you?"

"I cannot understand it. I will go to see him to-morrow."

"O Dick!"

"Yes, dear Rose, I must. I have only two days of vacation left, and I must know all before I go back."

"And then you will not be here for so long?"

"Yes, I will, Rose; I'll be here if I have to walk all night, see your windows, and go back before day-light! Yes, I will see you. I will not bear all the long separation as I did before, it is too much! Now, may I go to-morrow?"

"Yes, Dick, you must go. O Dick! what a mother she was! I can just see her, so weak she could not lift little you in her arms; and yet, I am sure, giving you a thousand caresses, and crying over you as she wrote that letter! If she could only see you now!"

"I know she does see me; but see does not see me as I ought to be, having had such a mother."

"She is proud of you if she sees you."

"See how patient she was, Rose! She says she is poorer than the poor apple-woman, and yet no complaint; and she was not used to trouble, I am sure, from her face."

"So sweet and grave as she is! Really, Richard, look! Upon my word, Miss Brandon has just such eyes! It is so! See! the same blue grey eyes, so clear, deep, and looking at you so frankly and graciously; not with the frankness of a question asked;—but I can't describe it—but that calm, straightforward way Miss Mary has when she listens to you; always as if she would encourage you, too, to go on. Indeed, you must go to-morrow!"

"It is so strange, Rose. I feel my head almost turning. Have we time to read it over once more?"

"I fear not, for it is already quite late; but you will tell mamma and Aunt Clara about it, and Uncle Carl?"

"Oh! at once; as soon as I can. I shall think of nothing else till to-morrow. Rose, he must have treated her badly, or she would have given me his name instead of her father's."

"I think, perhaps she meant Brandon to be added."

"She does not say a word against him; but she does not praise him. I will make him tell me, himself, if he is the man. Do you think he is?"

"I am sure of it! And Miss Brandon is your sister; perhaps that is why she spoke to you that Christmas day, and why you have always been so attracted to her."

Women and children never tell their sorrows to those who are entitled to help them."

"Why, Rose?"

"Oh! I cannot tell you that! I only know it's so. Here we are at home. Have patience; for though to-morrow you will have the news, to-night is all I have!"

"And no matter what happens, Rose," said Dick, as they lingered a moment outside the house, "you will trust me just the same?"

"Of course I will," Rose answered readily. A question and answer that have been given—and falsified—I wonder how many times since the world began; falsified, for even a woman's faith is not without limit; though Rose thought it was, as may have thought before her. "Of course I will; why should you ask, Dick?"

"I don't know; only that everything seems whirling around with me to-night, and the only thing that seems clear to me is that I must not lose you."

"It will be your own fault if you do," said Rose. "But you must not try me too much; for things might get whirling around with me, too, some day, and I should not know faith from want of pride; so be good."

"And if it is possible, I must come down at once and tell you how it all ends. If it could only be that I could have you close at hand to tell you all!"

"Indeed! I am glad," exclaimed Rose, who, much as she loved Dick, could not endure to think of the time when she should have to leave her home. "Come in, now. What will Uncle Carl say to all this, I wonder?"

Uncle Carl did not say much when, the children having been sent out to play, the elders drew their chairs closer around the still standing tea-table, and listened intently to Dick's story. The others received it with many exclamations and much wiping of eyes; but the stolid German smoked his big pipe and looked, or tried to, as if he had known it all before.

"I'll know before this time to-morrow if it's the same," said Dick, when the reading was finished, and many conjectures had been put forward and discussed.

"It is the strangest thing ever was heard of," exclaimed Mrs. Alaine, "that he should meet you so often and not know who you were!"

"With your mother's name, too," added Mrs. Stoffs.

"Perhaps, after all, he is not so ignorant," suggested Dick. "It may be that it was on account of my name he made so much of me."

"I think he must be devoured with remorse," Mrs. Alaine said forcibly, "whenever he thinks of his beautiful wife."

"This Mrs. Brandon could not hold a candle to her," added Mrs. Stoffs.

"I never saw her," said Dick.

"She was very pretty," explained Carl, speaking unexpectedly.

"Pretty!" cried Mrs. Stoffs, in great surprise.

"Pretty!" repeated Mrs. Alaine, with great contempt.

"Pretty!" echoed Rose, with great incredulity.

"Why, Uncle Carl, she was a little doll baby!"

"She was very pretty," persisted Carl.

"Well, indeed, if you call such a baby pretty, I give it up!" said Mrs. Stoffs. "Why, Mr. Dick, she did not look as if she could say boo to a goose, and yet she ruled the whole house; it was her extravagance that ruined the poor man."

"I think it was his own dishonesty," said Carl.

"O, Uncle Carl!" remonstrated Rose, "right before Mr. Richard."

"We don't know yet that he has anything to do with Mr. Richard, as you call him; but I'd say it, if need were, to the man's own face. His wife may have been a little, tyrannical, extravagant fool; but the more fool he for letting her take other men's money out of his purse."

"Indeed, Carl, that's a thing they'll never say of you," responded his wife, laughing. "But now come away, and let Dick get some rest, for I suppose he'll be off by day-light."

"Well, good night! Mr. Dick, you must not let these things keep you awake; if you find your family out, it may be the last time you will sleep under our roof."

"If I thought that, Mrs. Stoffs, I should seek them with a heavy heart; but nothing can make that so but death, can it?"

"Go to bed, good people," grumbled Carl; "all your noise makes my head ache."

He went up with Dick and had a long conversation with him after the rest were asleep.

"Go find Dr. Heremore, Wiltshire, unless there comes to be no doubt that he is gone away or dead," were his parting words; "he is better worth seeking for. You will need money, and you shall owe me for this." And he gave him a few gold pieces which Mrs. Stoffs in the sanctuary of her own room, had hurriedly and gladly brought out from countless rags, all tied up in an old stocking, at her liege lord's command, for the purpose.

"But, Mr. Stoffs, I have, I think, enough for this."

"Then do not spend mine, but take it with you for fear of accident. Good-night; do not be fooled by anything Mr. Brandon may say—he's an artful one—but find out all you can about your grandfather, remember that."

So Dick was left to pass a sleepless, feverish night, filled with the strangest fancies, and perplexed by a thousand fruitless conjectures. At the first glimmering of daylight he was up, and, after making a show of eating the substantial breakfast his kind friends had prepared for him, turned, without being able to say more than a word or two, to leave.

"Dood-by," said Trot, sliding down from her chair, with her bid on and her face not over clean, to get his parting kiss, as well as to put in a reminder for his return. "What 'oo bing Trot from the 'tore?"

"What do you want, Trot?" asked Dick, lifting her up.

"Me wants putty tat," she answered with animation; "dear 'ettle titten!"

Dick promised to do his best, shook hands silently all around, tried to laugh at the old shoe Minnie had ready to throw after him. At last the gate closed behind him, and he was alone on his way to the little yellow station house.

"He'd better be alone," Rose had said when something had been said privately about accompanying him. "He has a great deal to think about, and he can do that best while he is walking in this fresh morning air."

"O, mamma!" she said, when Mrs. Alaine stood beside her, after Dick had passed out of sight, "Oh, mamma! if Mr. Brandon should take it angrily!"

"You may be sure he will not," replied Mrs. Alaine, "he is so broken down, he will be very thankful to find a son like our Dick, who will be worth so much to him. He is the most selfish man ever lived, Mr. Brandon is."

"Well, I wish it were over," sighed Rose, turning back to the house and the day's round of household duties.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

The settled expression of determination that mantles the face of a man who is just starting out to have

For the TRUE WITNESS.

THE CLOSE OF THE MISSION.

Beyond the pearly gates, to-night, Throughout the highest heaven, A song of thrilling joy is heard, And praise to Him is given, Whose mercy hath been limitless To thousands kneeling there, Around St. Patrick's altar bow'd In humble heartfelt prayer.

BELLELE.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

CATHOLIC COLONY IN TEXAS.—The Bishop of Galveston has given his sanction to an enterprise about to be undertaken by Rev. Father McShane, O.S.A., who is about to establish in Texas a thoroughly Catholic colony.

THE FEAST OF THE ANNUNCIATION.—The Feast of the Annunciation, March 25, fell this year on Palm Sunday. While the indulgences attached to the day remain, the mass and office are transferred to the first vacant day after the Easter octave, namely Monday, April 9.

A LOVED PRIEST GONE.—The obsequies of the Very Rev. James Titta, O.S.F., were solemnly celebrated in St. Anthony's Church, Sullivan Street, New York, on the evening of the 14th inst. The deceased was pastor of the church, and died at the parochial residence on the previous Sunday, at the age of forty-five.

RECEPTION.—At the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Willoughby avenue, Brooklyn, on Friday the 16th inst., Miss Sarah Carlyon, of Quebec, in religion, Sister Mary Gabriel, received the white veil from the hands of Rev. Father Thomas Taaffe, pastor of St. Patrick's who made some eloquent and very impressive remarks suitable to the occasion.

The remains of Sister Magdalene Mooney, daughter of Mrs. Mooney, of Dolphin's-barn, county, Dublin, were, on Feb. 26th, interred in the cemetery attached to the Convent of Mercy, Athlone. Deceased, who at the time of her death was in the eighteenth year of her religious profession, bore her short but painful illness with the most exemplary patience and resignation.

The Unita Cattolica announces with much satisfaction that the Duchess of Norfolk has just brought to a conclusion the works of the fourth of the five churches she vowed she would build in commemoration of the Wounds of our Lord. Monsignor Howard adds the Unita Cattolica will take his title of Cardinal from the church of St. John and St. Paul which was held by his ancestor, Cardinal Howard, who died in 1694.

A most successful mission, conducted by Fathers Johnson, Lombard, and Perranzo, from the Redemptorist Monastery at Kinnoull, Perth, Scotland, was brought to a close Sunday week, at Barhead. The exercises had extended over three weeks and had been attended by crowded audiences. On Sunday morning over 550 approached Holy Communion. In the afternoon the Most Rev. Archbishop Eyre administered the sacrament of Confirmation to 404 persons, mostly young. In the evening the closing service took place.

LATEST THINGS OF LOUISE LATEAU.—Even our non-Catholic English contemporaries are directing attention now to the wonders related in regard to Louise Lateau. Several of them have noted, within the last few days, the fact that the Journal de Brazill's publishes a letter stating that Louise Lateau has not slept nor taken any kind of nourishment for four years. This is a fact, the writer of the letter states, which is affirmed on oath by the girl and her sisters, and it cannot be contradicted. Meanwhile notwithstanding the continued bleeding of the stigmata on Fridays, Louise is in as good a condition and looks as fresh as she did two years ago.—London Weekly Register.

FATHER DAMEN'S MISSION.—A correspondent of the Catholic Review adds some details concerning Father Damen's wonderful mission at St. Patrick's, New Orleans. "According to the pastor and the clergy Father Damen's mission was a grand success, yet, the Jesuit Fathers themselves accustomed to the overflowing missions of the North were not astonished by it. They had between 4,000 and 5,000 communions, thirty converts to the faith, among whom is Gen. Longstreet and several other persons of quality and education. Ninety-five adults were prepared for first communion. Father Damen has left for Mobile, where he gives a mission in Bishop Quinlan's cathedral. Father Brouseguet with two other fathers have gone to Montgomery, Ala.

BISHOP WALSA'S VISIT TO ROME.—Sunday, 18th inst., an immense congregation assembled in St. Peter's Cathedral, London, Ont., to greet Bishop Walsh on his first official appearance after his arrival from Europe. The proceedings were very interesting. High Mass was celebrated by Rev. G. Northgrave, and the whole staff of the Cathedral priests assisted. After the Gospel His Lordship addressed the congregation giving a very interesting account of his visit to Rome, and of his interview with the Holy Father. After High Mass, the Papal benediction was given by his Lordship the Bishop, accompanied by a "plenary indulgence," accorded by special authority by his Holiness the Pope.

The Confraternity of the Holy Family is making rapid progress, and a marked change in the people of Drogheda. The male portion of the Confraternity is placed under the spiritual guidance of

the Rev. Paul Ginnity, C. C., St. Peter's, and number about 1,500; the female portion, composed of young girls, about 1,000 in round numbers, is under the spiritual guidance of the Rev. Charles McEvoy, C. C., St. Peter's. Both these clergymen are most zealous and attentive to their charge, and the large numbers who usually attend in the church on each occasion of the Confraternity assembling for religious devotion is abundant proof of the good it is doing in the community.

THE JUBILEE OF HIS HOLINESS AND THE EDINBURGH CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.—The Council of the Edinburgh Catholic Young Men's Society have resolved to send an address of congratulation to his Holiness, on the occasion of his approaching jubilee as a bishop of the Church; and, at the same time, to present to his Holiness a jubilee offering, which they will strive to make worthy of the event. The council have also under consideration a proposal to make the day of the jubilee a day memorable in the history of Catholicism and of the society in Edinburgh, by holding a grand celebration of it in their hall, at which it is proposed, among other things, some clergyman or layman of distinction shall deliver a panegyric on the life and labours of Pius IX.

His Holiness has taken a very important step, in anticipation of the juncture when it shall be necessary to elect a successor to the chair of St. Peter. He has ordered a complete inventory to be made of all the property in the possession of the Holy See, and there is a clause in the instructions which provides that two catalogues shall be made out—one embracing everything over which the Pope has exclusive right of disposition, and another embracing whatever can give rise to any claims on the part of the Italian Government. When the inventories are completed they will be deposited in the keeping of the Cardinal Secretary of State, who will make such notes upon them as he may deem necessary. This measure, it may be added, is quite in harmony with the opinion held by Cardinal Simeoni since he assumed the responsibilities of his present office.

CATHOLICITY AMONG THE INDIANS.—The Indian Territory, with a population of 75,000 souls, has heretofore been attached to a diocese that is not able to give any material help to the missions of the Territory, or to assign a single priest exclusively to their care; but within the past year the Holy Father has erected this Territory into a Prefecture under the care of the Benedictines of France, who have named the Very Rev. Isidore Robert, a zealous young priest of their Order, Prefect Apostolic of the Indian Territory. He has recently established his seat at Atoka, and has entered on the discharge of his labors. The district of country known as the "Indian Territory" is bounded on the North by Kansas, and on the South and West by Texas. It is about equal in area to Arkansas, and it has been set apart by the Government permanently and exclusively for the Indians who are willing and are permitted to settle in it.

DIocese OF DOWN, IRELAND.—REMARKABLE FATALITY AMONG THE CLERGY.—Never (says the Ulster Examiner, March 3rd) was there in the Diocese of Down and Connor such a number of distressing incidents within such a short space of time, and possibly we are the least prepared for it, from the fact that our Diocese has hitherto enjoyed, in this respect, an exemption as exceptional as the present cases are remarkable. The week opened with the death of the Rev. Father Fitzsimon. We were but a few days older, when Time, on the gray-haired pastor of Castlewellan, had done its worst, and a holy life of 89 summers was brought to a close. The news, though sad, was not surprising, for Father McAleenan had passed by nearly a decade the limits which nature has allowed to mortals; but surprise was not wanting, for with that news came also the tidings of yet another death in another district of our Diocese—that Father Martin, P.P. Danee, had closed his journey here below. Death has seized another victim from the ranks of our zealous clergy, for the Rev. Michael McCurtan, P.P., Portlengone, had breathed his last.

FATHER LANGAKE ON ST. PATRICK.—The last early morning discourse of the mission in St. Francis Xavier's, N.Y., happening to occur on the Feast of St. Patrick, the Rev. Father Langake made the saint his subject. There, were, he said, three great lessons to be drawn from his life. First, he was a man of prayer and penance. He used to get up at night to pray when most people were in their beds. Then he imposed upon himself the most rigorous penances, over and above those prescribed by the Church. We should at least observe the ordinary fasting days. Second, he banished toads and snakes from the Emerald Isle. Let all, young men especially, banish from the ale of their souls the toads of impurity and the snakes of drunkenness. Third, St. Patrick was an apostle of Catholicity. His children, scattered all over the world, should be missionaries likewise. In this country especially, they should, by their good example bring outsiders into the Church. St. Patrick is not honored by those who wear green ribbons, set the shamrock and listen to or make fine speeches, composed largely of gas, but by those who follow his example and practice the virtues and truths he taught.

ARCHBISHOP VAUGHAN.—A number of Catholic young men of the city of Sydney have presented to the Coadjutor Archbishop of Sydney a handsome crozier. The crozier is about six feet in height. The massive crook, which is composed of solid colonial gold, is of the orthodox pattern, and is made up of a number of scrolls, beautifully entwined one in another. The staff is made of polished myrtle wood, the joints or sockets being of pure gold fringed with golden leaves beautifully frosted. The whole, as it is held aloft, with its massive golden crook and beautifully polished and chastely ornamented staff, is a work of art that reflects great credit on the establishment that turned it out. The whole crozier is colonial, both in composition and manufacture, and is the first of the kind made in the colonies. There have been 30 oz. of gold used in the manufacture of it, and its estimated value is 200 guineas. On the top joint, at the base of the crook, Dr. Vaughan's crest has been beautifully engraved. The ferrule is also of solid gold. A beautifully polished colonial cedar case, richly lined and padded with silk and velvet has been made for holding it.

The new bell has been successfully elevated to its place in St. Patrick's new church, Belfast, which is rapidly approaching completion. The ceremony of blessing was performed by the Most Rev. Dr. Dorrinan, bishop of the diocese assisted by the clergymen of St. Patrick's. Owing to its great weight—two tons—much difficulty was experienced in getting it hoisted into its position in the lofty tower. It is placed 100 feet from the base of the edifice, and is fixed in a massive frame, which has been constructed in a most ingenious and substantial manner. The process of raising it occupied about ten hours. The first note was rung by the Rev. Father Cahill, C. C., St. Patrick's. It may be mentioned that the bell tower, the completion of which was for some time delayed for the elevation of the bell, will be at once proceeded with, and it is expected that the finish will be placed upon it about July. The church is now in an advanced condition, and it is expected that it will be ready for opening by the close of the approaching summer. The present bell is only one of a peal which it is intended to put in the tower of the church, and it is so placed as to admit of the introduction of the remaining seven.

THE BRAHMO-SOMAJ AND CATHOLIC CEREMONIES.—The Ceylon Catholic Messenger has the following: "The Archbishop (of Calcutta) recently presided at

St. Thomas' Church at the reception of a nun. One of the leaders of the Brahma Somaj and some Brahmo ladies were invited to witness the ceremony. They readily accepted the invitation, and the impression they received, while witnessing one of our soul-elevating religious ceremonies, will be read, we doubt not, with special interest. A ceremony of the Roman Catholic Church is full of the profound symbolism of spiritual life. How much of spiritual life there may yet be in the ceremonies it is difficult for us to say; but the symbolism, when witnessed, cannot fail to awaken in the mind an intense appreciation of the glorious genius which underlies the faith and practices of the Roman Catholic religion. Last week we witnessed a reception service, at St. Thomas' Church, Middleton Row, with a number of Brahmica ladies. A young lady took the white veil of the novitiate, and the service was performed by his Grace Archbishop Steles. In the precepts uttered on the occasion the principles of conventual life in relation to the freedom of will and deliberation allowed to those who adopt it were clearly explained, and the vows of Poverty, Purity, and Obedience were set forth and elucidated in a very effective manner. The young applicant for religious life seemed to understand her position very well. In fact, so far as these principles go, we have little to find fault with; it is their application to life that first creates the difficulty.

FATHER BRUYERE'S ELEVATION.—The following is a translation of the document brought by Bishop Walsh from his Holiness, elevating Very Rev. Vicar-General J. M. Bruyere to the dignity of a Roman Prelate, in recognition of his virtue and ability:—To Our Beloved Son, John Mary Bruyere, Vicar-General of London, in Canada.

MCS IX., POPE.

BELOVED SON.—Health and Apostolic Benediction. We are aware of your merits so consonant with the excellence and dignity of an ecclesiastical person, that we are induced to confer upon you an honor which will be an evidence of our paternal affection for you. Wherefore we absolve you from all ecclesiastical censures, which would be an obstacle in this matter, if you have incurred any, and by these letters, and our Apostolic authority, we choose, appoint and declare you to be a Monsignore of this city, that is to say our domestic prelate. Therefore, beloved son, you may freely and lawfully wear the robe and cape commonly called Mantelletin, of violet color, and outside of the Roman Court, the Rochet; and by the same authority, and in virtue of these presents, we grant to you the enjoyment of all the rights, faculties, indulgences, privileges, prerogatives and precedencies which our other domestic prelates use and enjoy, and which they are or will be entitled to use and enjoy, all other Apostolic constitutions and decrees to the contrary notwithstanding.

Dated at Rome at St. Peter's, under the Seal of the Fisherman, 12th December, 1876, in the 31st year of Our Pontificate. (L. S.)

INVESTITURE OF A KNIGHT OF THE ORDER OF CHRIST.—The solemn ceremony of the investiture of a Knight of the Pontifical Order of Christ, was performed on the morning of Friday, March 2nd, in the private chapel of Cardinal Borromeo in the Altieri Palace. The new Knight is Count Gabriel de Caix de St. Aymour, one of the private Chamberlains to his Holiness. Mass was said by his Eminence Cardinal Borromeo, and the Count de St. Aymour received Holy Communion. When Mass was terminated the Count was presented to the Cardinal by two Knights of the same Order, namely, Monsignor de Stacpole, Carmerio Segreto, and Prince Altieri, captain of the Noble Guards of the Vatican. The brief of appointment was then read by Monsignor Cataldi, Master of Pontifical Ceremonies, and the new Knight then read aloud the formula of the Profession of faith and took the prescribed oath upon the Holy Gospels. The collar and cross of the Order was next placed by the Cardinal round the neck of the new Knight who received the embrace first of the Cardinal and then of the other knights present. The party then left the chapel and proceeded to an adjoining apartment, where the certificate of investiture was signed by the knights, and by those who had been invited to witness the ceremony. Among those present at this investiture were the Bishop of Laval, Prince of Altieri, the Duke della Regina, the Marquis Sacchetti, Foriere of the Vatican Palace; Commandatore Deshorties de Beauville, of the French Embassy; the Marquis de Baviera, Cavalier Paul Meneucci, and Commandatore Datti.

THE CONFESSORIAL IN ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.—"England is nearly twice, and Scotland nearly three times worse than Ireland. Something worse had been added, from which no consolation can be derived. The proportion of illegitimacy is very unequally distributed over Ireland, and the inequalities are such as are rather humbling to us as Protestants, and still more as Presbyterians and as Scotchmen. The division showing the lowest figure is the Western, being substantially the province of Connaught, where about nineteen-twentieths of the population are Celtic and Roman Catholics. The division showing the highest proportion of illegitimacy is the Northeastern which comprises, or almost consists of the Province of Ulster, where the population is almost equally divided between Protestant and Roman Catholic; and where the great majority of the Protestants are of Scotch blood, and of the Presbyterian Church. The sum of the whole matter is, that semi-Presbyterian and Semi-Scotch Ulster is fully three times more immoral than wholly Popish and wholly Irish Connaught—which corresponds with wonderful accuracy to the more general fact that Scotland, as a whole, is three times more immoral than Ireland as a whole. There is a fact, whatever may be the deductions. There is a text, whatever may be the sermon; we only suggest that the sermon should have a good deal about charity, self-examination, and humility."—Extract from the Scotsman, one of the leading organs of Presbyterian Scotland.

THE CREED OF PIOUS IV.—As is well-known the professions of faith known as the Creed of Pious IV. embodies the doctrinal definitions of the supreme ecclesiastical authority down to those of the Council of Trent inclusively, and is made by all Bishops, ecclesiastics charged with the cure of souls, rectors of universities, professors, &c., and others on special occasions. It is not to be wondered at that in this formula a paragraph has been now added containing an acceptance of the more recent declaration and definitions of the Vatican Council. By the Decree of the Sacred Congregation of the Council, dated the 20th January last, it is declared that the Holy Father, on the opinion delivered by that Special Congregation of Cardinals, has ordained and commanded that after the words, "precipue sacrosancta Tridentina Synodo," shall be added, "et ab Oecumenico Concilio Vaticano tradita, definita ac declarata, presentium Romanorum Pontificum Primatum et infallibilitatem magisterio," and that for the future this profession of faith shall be made by all who are bound to make it, in this and no other form, "under the communications and penalties laid down by the Council of Trent and the above named Constitutions of Pious IV. of blessed memory." The paragraph as amended will accordingly run as follows: "Cetera item omnia sacris Canonibus et Oecumenicis Conciliis, ac precipue sacrosancta Tridentina Synodo, et ab Oecumenico Concilio Vaticano tradita, definita ac declarata, presentium Romanorum Pontificum Primatum et infallibilitatem magisterio, indubitanter recipio atque et infallibilitatem magisterio, atque hareses profector simulque contra omnia, atque hareses quascumque ab Ecclesia damnatas et rejectas et anathematizatas ego pariter damno rejicio, et anathematizo."

IRISH INTELLIGENCE

There were exported from Cork, in the month of January, 18,721 firkins of butter.

The Castlebar Telegraph of March 3rd says:—"Early potatoes (fully the size of hen eggs), grown in the garden of A. B. Kelly, Esq., Solicitor, of this town, have been shown to us this week by his gardener, John McKeon."

The deplorable state of the entrance to the harbor of Wexford is now engaging the serious attention of the Wexford public, and a public meeting is on foot with the view of devising some means of restoring it to its former good condition.

Edward Perceval Westby, Esq., of Roebuck Castle, Dublin, and Doonahilly, Kildaha, county Clare, has been appointed to the commission of Deputy Lieutenant for the county Clare, in place of the late Admiral Sir Burton McNamara.

GOVERNOR POPE HENNESSY.—This gentleman, on vacation in his native city, has returned thanks for the freedom of Cork conferred on him. His speech is gracious and feeling, and such as must gratify the citizens of the Lee.

SUNDAY CLOSING.—Captain Talbot and the Recorder of Dublin have now been examined before the Select Committee, and no one can doubt that the weight of their evidence is against the scheme of total closing on Sunday.

The Clonmel Chronicle is informed, upon excellent authority, that within a considerable area around Clonmel there is noticeable a marked decrease in the number of cattle housed for stall feeding; in fact there is not one beast for the hundred which were "stalled" a few years ago.

The walls of Kinsale are placarded with notices to the effect that, on and after the first Monday in April, the masons in that town will cease to work for less than 5s per day, and will work only three quarters on Saturday. Some of the laboring hands are said to have struck also for 12s a week.

HOME RULE OFFICERS.—The Very Rev. Patrick O'Reilly, P.P., V.F., Drumlane, has been re-elected Chairman of the Cavan Home Rule Club for the ensuing year, John F. O'Hanlon Esq., Anglo Celt Cavan, Hon Secretary, and Thomas Plunkett, Carrismore House, Treasurer.

The Assizes for the county Westmeath were opened on March 1st, at Mullingar, by Baron Deasy, who congratulated the Grand Jury on the satisfactory state of the county, as appeared by the reports of the county officials. Chief Justice Morris presided in the Record Court.

DUBLIN LIBRARIES.—The Dublin Freeman says: "It is a melancholy fact that while in this city there are three noble libraries—Trinity College Library, with its 130,000 books; King's Inns with its 40,000; and Marsh's with its 20,000—all are confined to the better classes, and we have not scarcely the semblance of a popular library."

NOTICE TO QUIT ON THE GALTEE ESTATE.—We learn (says the Cork Herald) that fresh notices to quit have been served on some of the tenants of Mr. Nathaniel Buckley's estate, in whose cases a dismissal was given at the Clonmel Quarter Sessions recently. Notices are expected to follow in the cases of the remaining tenants who were defaulters on that occasion.

On March 1st, a meeting, convened by the Lord Mayor, was held in the Mansion House, Dublin, with a view to take steps to insure a proper representation of Irish art and manufactures at the Paris Exhibition of 1878. Sir James Mackay presided, in the unavoidable absence of the Lord Mayor. An influential committee was appointed to carry out the objects of the meeting.

KINGSTOWN AND QUEENSTOWN.—Sir Colman O'Loghlen, M.P., having made a blunder in his Bill to transfer the Gasbel seat to Kingstown, and the metropolitan suburban townships, a blunder exposed by the people of Kingstown, he tells them in answer that he will substitute Queenstown instead. The Irish people credited Sir Colman with more sense. Neither Kingstown nor Queenstown have any claim for the seat compared with Cashel and the other towns of Tipperary.

Messrs. Marsh and Son held their weekly sale of dairy and store cattle at their Repository, Copley street, Cork, on Feb. 24. There was a very large attendance of buyers and fair demand; upwards of 120 sheep were quickly disposed of, ewes fetched from 4s. to 5s., and hoggets from 3s. to 3s. 6d. There was about 60 head of cattle on sale; yearling bullocks and heifers sold from £4 to £7 5s., and dairy cows at from £13 5s. to £19 per head.

The several works of improvements at Ashford, near Cong, which were partially suspended during Sir Arthur Guinness' late illness, have been resumed, together with other works, and extensive employment is given to tradesmen and laborers in this town and locality. There are at present employed on the different works, 367 laborers, 83 tradesmen and artisans, 1 head and 6 under-stewards, 2 engineers, 2 clerks of works, 1 forester and 8 regular assistants, 1 head and 4 under gardeners, 2 time keepers, 2 game-keepers and 12 assistants, exclusive of horses and carts and farm laborers, office clerks, &c., &c., and stewards employed in minor positions.

On Sunday evening, 3rd March, the most noble William Drogo Montagu, Duke of Manchester, was admitted with more than usual circumstances of splendour a knight companion of the Order of St. Patrick. A chapter of the order was held at 10 o'clock in St. Patrick's Hall, Dublin Castle, at which the Lord Lieutenant presided as Grand master. The knights companions attended in their mantles, stars, and collars. There was a grand procession of heralds, knights, and esquires, and the investiture of the Duke of Manchester with his sword, insignia, and banner was carried out with all ceremonial pomp. A well-trained choir under the direction of Sir Robert P. Stewart sang a noble programme of music.

IRISH LANGUAGE.—Mr. O'Clery, M.P., Wexford county, has questioned the Chief Secretary for Ireland in the House of Commons regarding the conflict of consideration shown to Ireland and her native tongue, and that shown to the Welsh people, in the matter of Cymric, in primary schools under State inspection. Sir M. Hicks-Beech made some statements that are entirely unfounded with respect to the extent to which Irish is spoken, and others regarding the superior position, as a written language, of Cymric, which are mainly accurate, but the drift of his answer is eminently humiliating to Celtic pretensions. As has been already stated, a society has been formed in Dublin for the protection and the promotion of the Irish language, so that the whole question is sure to obtain the fullest discussion.

HOW IRISH WHISKEY IS MADE.—The Freeman's Journal gives the following:—"Before the Sunday closing Committee yesterday one of the witnesses examined was Mr. Superintendent Corr. In the course of his evidence he gave an astonishing account of the compound sold in Dublin by illicit dealers as whiskey. On one occasion he put a cork into a jar of night-house whiskey. It flew out with an explosion, and as often as the cork was put in the same thing happened! He also stated that one keeper of a night-house had confessed to him that he could make six or seven gallons of whiskey out of a pint of 'French polish.' This evidence fully confirms the belief we have always entertained that the madmen we have often seen reeling about the streets of Dublin are not drunk but poisoned."

Mr. Thomas Nagle hold at the Commercial Sale Rooms, 121 George's street, Cork, on Feb. 24th, the following lots, situate in the barony of Duhallow near Kauturk the property of Cornelius O'Callaghan.—Lot 1.—Part of the lands of Dromskehy, containing 202 acres 0 rods 24 perches, producing £182 10s per annum; sold subject to a head rent of £64 12s 4d., and title rent—charge, £24 11s. 6d., in exoneration of the other lots. Mr. Barry, solicitor, was declared the purchaser at £3,320. Lot 2.—Part of Dromskehy, and the lands of Dromahoe, containing 643 acres 1 rood 38 perches, producing £387 15s. 5d. sold subject to a jointure of £300 a year to Mrs. Sarah Callaghan, now aged 72 years, for her life. Mr. Barry, solicitor, was declared the purchaser at £5,900. Lot 3.—Part of Dromskehy, containing 145 acres 0 rods 19 perches, producing £99 19s. 11d. a year. Mr. O'Connell was declared the purchaser at £2,250.

THE DUKE OF CONAUGHT IN OSSEORY.—His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught lately spent a few days in Kilkenny Castle, one of the most splendid mansions in the three kingdoms, the guest of the Marquis of Ormonde, who gathered round his Royal Highness not only the rank and station of that splendid county and its adjoining ones, Carlow, Wexford, Waterford, Tipperary, and Queen's but also the middle and professional classes and the traders of the ancient city. In the hunting field H.R.H. met some of the most accomplished sportsmen to be found in Europe, Kilkenny being classic ground for country gentry. In the noble picture gallery of the castle the Duke of Connaught saw the portraits of more than one Butler, Catholic Archbishops of Cashel, one of them author of Butler's Catechism, an outline of Christian doctrine familiar over the globe wherever a child of St. Patrick is to be found. His Royal Highness expressed to many the intense gratification afforded him by his visit. He examined the city where the Confederate Catholics rallied for God, for the Church, for the King, and for the people; James, Marquis of Ormonde, being the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. These visits of the Duke of Connaught must soon familiarise him with the genialities of Irish life and attach him to the warm-hearted people amongst whom he is so cordially received.

WHAT HOME RULE MEANS.—The following extract, on the principle underlying the demand for Home Rule, is from a new book by Mr. McCarthy, M.P. It applies to all countries as well as to Ireland:—"But over and above these material advantages is the great moral one of Civil Liberty. If there be any one thing about which it is safe to say that all the civilized world and all political thinkers are agreed, it is that ordinarily speaking, a community gets on better when it manages its own affairs than when these affairs are managed for it by another community; just as, ordinarily speaking, a man gets on better when he has the management of his own affairs than when he is in bondage or tutelage to any one else. This thought underlies all the praises of civil liberty that were ever said or sung. Unless the community or the man be mad, they know their own business better than any one else knows it. Unless they be sneaks, they will feel as an intolerable grievance the pretension of any one else to supersede them in it. Keep a man in such bondage or tutelage, you will make him a milkop. All inventiveness, all brightness of genius, all force of character, all aspiration to achievement will die out in him. No such man does any real good for himself or any one else. Keep a community in such bondage or tutelage, and you emasculate it for all good purposes, and put it in the way of tamponing to all bad ones. Public spirit, self-reliance, self-control, self-knowledge, national faith, national hope, national charity will decline. No such community prospers, or ever yet prospered, since the world began." (pp. 16-18.)

A Cookstown, County Tyrone, correspondent of the Derry Standard is responsible for the following:—"I have it on reliable authority that an event, perhaps unprecedented in the annals of this country since St. Patrick converted the kings of Tara to Christianity, occurred last week a few miles from this town. The circumstances of the incident are as follows:—On the farm of a man named Barns there grew a very large tree, which defied human skill to cut it down. It is alleged that when any person attempted to bow it a voice from the inside would say, 'Don't cut it down,' and immediately the axe would turn in the hands of the hewer. On the present occasion a carpenter was working in the farmer's house, and, being unacquainted with the circumstances of the case, was "act drunk" by the man Barns, and despatched to cut down the tree. On giving the trunk the first cut of a hatchet, the usual words of admonition were spoken from the inside, to which our hero replied that he would take it to the ground if the old gentleman himself were in it. Accordingly he cut away, and in vain the voice entreated him to forbear; but when he had the trunk almost cut through, a figure, supposed to be that of a female, was seen by a crowd of spectators to leave the heart of the tree, while the carpenter fell to the ground in a spasmodic fit. The persons assembled to witness the fall of the wonderful tree were so terrified at the sight that they could not tell where the figure went. The unwise carpenter not recovering from his alarming symptoms, Dr. Henry Pomeroy, was soon in attendance, and pronounced his disease to be rheumatic fever. Some of the local inhabitants allege that there is a tradition to the effect that a female was hanged on the tree in former times.

INTERESTING IRISH RELICS. Speaking of the treasures of the Royal Irish Academy, which is open to the public, the Dublin Freeman says:—"In the Strong Room the visitor will find the gems of the collection.—The Tara Brooch, the Cross of Cong, the Bells of St. Patrick, the Ardagh Chalice, the Donnach Airdig, in which our oldest MSS. of the Gospel, said to have belonged to our patron saint, was formerly enclosed. The leaves of this book have grown together, and the two parts look like brown dust heaps. The Cross of Cong will soonest catch the eye. An inscription on the Cross itself tells us that it was made for Turlough O'Connor, the father of the celebrated Roderick, the last of our native kings. It may indeed be fairly stated that "no finer specimen of goldsmith's art has been preserved in any country in the west of Europe." The late Professor McCullough, of T.C.D., presented this gem to the Academy. The visitor will not pass rapidly from this sacred treasure, or readily yield his admiration of its beautiful workmanship. Hard by you see the rude bells which in St. Patrick's time called the Irish to glad tidings of great joy. Its cover is beneath, and gives proof of the art of the time. The Tara Brooch will not fail to arrest the admiring attention, especially of the fair. The story of the brooch is now dim, but the thing itself is rarely beautiful. The Ardagh Chalice, of which facsimiles have been made, will start a thousand reflections. A lad digging potatoes found it in Ardagh, County Limerick. It is of white metal, adorned with gold filigree and enamel of exquisite beauty. It is composed of no less than 354 pieces, held together by a score of rivets. It bears an inscription in strange letters, giving the names of the Apostles, St. Paul being named instead of Iscariot. There are, also, many autograph letters of men of note—of chivalrous Grattan and gentle Gerald Griffin, and blundering Goldsmith; and the fierce Flood, and the pusillanimous Tyrconnell, and the last of the vaporing Stuart kings, James writes from Edinburgh, and scrawls in French.—There, too, we have a letter from the brilliant Berkeley, and an angry howl from the savage Swift. There is a chatty epistle from Thomas Moore, and a bit of his melody in words and notes. And, lastly, there is a bright, cheerful, hearty line from Brinsley Sheridan—the greatest mind that an age of wits produced."

The True Witness

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, March 30, 1877.

REVIEWS.

We are forced to hold over several notices
of Magazines, &c., until next week.

THE REV. A. J. BRAY

ON THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Like dead-sea fruit, the Rev. A. J. Bray is becoming nauseous to our taste. From the "distinguished pastor of Zion Church," he is degenerating into a sensationalist of the Baxter type. He aimed at higher game, but he has missed his mark. He hoped to become a Spurgeon in his way, but he is more likely to become a Chiniquy. Even his present congregation is not satisfied with his doctrines, and symptoms of rebellion have marked the conduct of some of the members of his flock. He is sowing the dragons teeth with a vengeance. One would think that he was ordained to abuse the "Churches of Christendom." His last lecture was on the "Episcopal Church of England," and he assailed it as a political institution, while invoking God's blessing on the "great enfranchised Church." As usual, the Rev. A. J. Bray made history. He is a good hand at that kind of thing. He spoke of Luther and of Leo, of Wickliff and Erasmus, of Harry the VIII. and his "virgin" daughter, Elizabeth, of Mary and of Edward VI., and he spoke of them all in a way that has the merit of originality. What is the testimony of Macaulay, of Lingard, of Cobbett and the rest, to that of the Rev. A. J. Bray, "the distinguished pastor" of Zion Church, Montreal? Of course they are nothing. The Rev. A. J. is the master of them all. He is the clerical aurora of our spiritual world. Astonished mankind look with amazement on the brilliancy of his intellectual flashes. Behold ye miserable sinners all, now is the accepted time—glory hallelujah—the Rev. A. J. Bray is at hand. But let us take another aspect of this gentleman's sayings, and his prophecies about the "Churches of Christendom." We wonder how he and of his few supporters would feel if we gave our version of the "Reformation." We wonder what the Protestants of Montreal would say if we gave them our reading of the character of Luther and of Calvin, of Henry the VIII. and of Elizabeth, of Mary and of Edward VI. Suppose some Catholic gave a lecture upon the "Reformation" and held up all that had ever been bad in the Episcopal Church, we wonder what the Protestants of Montreal would say?

What a storm would arise in the Protestant press, and how the "firebrand" would be relegated to other climes and pastures new. We hope no Catholic will be drawn into such a position. It may have to be done in self-defence, but we confess we are anxious to see it avoided. There is enough of bad blood already between the few followers of the Rev. A. J. Bray and the Catholics of Montreal, and it is our wish to limit the current rather than to direct it into a deeper channel. But what a counter picture, to that traced by Mr. Bray, could be drawn. Aye what a picture, Protestant authority would furnish us. How Hallam could be quoted as showing that the "Reformation" appealed to the ignorant, and that a knowledge of the true character of its agents "cools every honest man's zeal for the cause in proportion as his reading becomes more extensive." How Buckle shows that Catholic parents were obliged to send their children to Protestant colleges, and how the "Reformation" triumphed, mainly because of the coercive measures used to enforce it. How Macaulay could be quoted to show that "the years during which the political power of the Anglican hierarchy was in the zenith were precisely the years during which the national virtue was at the lowest point." How Lecky tells us that "the corrupt suppression of the conventual system was very far from a benefit to women or to the world, and no fact in modern history is to be more deeply deplored." How Professor Merivall says that the authority which the Pope lost, was seized not to increase liberty, but to place the power of the State over the Church. The "Change of Masters," of which Hallam wrote, was a change, for the worse for human freedom. What would the Calvinists think if we drew a harrowing picture of the burning of

Cervitas, because he was an Unitarian. And as to that "Reformation," how was it begun? We can scarcely mention it without hurting Protestant feeling. But what a tale of horrors we could disclose. How the Reformation was begun by Henry the murderer of his wives, continued by Somerset the murderer of his brother, and completed by Elizabeth the murderess of her guest. Yes we could a tale unfold of all those great "reformers" of the day. Of Luther, of whom Hallam said, that "he spent his life in bellowing bad latin." Yes it was a sad time when the pulpit took the place of the altar. Did the Rev. Mr. Bray ever read the *Church News*. That journal called "Cranmer Ridley, Latimer and Jewell, apostates, traitors, perjurers, robbers, and persecutors," while Dr. Littledale said that they were "unredeemed villains." Did not the Rev. Baring Gould—a non-Catholic too—say that the "Reformation was a miserable apostasy." Was not the early Church of England reproached by Guizot and Lecky, for its "extreme servility," because of its policy of non-resistance to the crown? Did not Grindal and Coxe suggest the application of torture to Catholic priests, and does not Froude tell us that they were hunted in every county in England as if they were beasts and wolves. Did not both Houses of Convocation urge Elizabeth to put Mary to death "being an idolator." Was not the cruelty of Protestant prelates and statesmen in Ireland such that Dr. Samuel Johnson said "there is no instance even in the ten persecutions of such severity as that which they exercised against the Catholics." Did not Calvin say of Luther, "would to God that he would think a little more of his own vices," while Bucer said of Calvin that he was "a mad dog." Did not the biographer of Tilford after describing the frightful state of Scotland up to the close of the last century say "that in early times a degree of civilisation and prosperity prevailed from which the country had gradually fallen. As in England" he adds, "so in Scotland, the reclamation of lands, the improvement of agriculture and the building of bridges were mainly due to the skill and industry of the old churchmen. When their ecclesiastical organization was destroyed, the country speedily relapsed into a state from which they roused it." Did not morals decline when the Reformation became a fact. Does not Protestantism in the present hour teach one religion which can hardly be distinguished from Deism, another which is almost identical with our own, and another which may be defined as a sort of Calvinistic Methodism, and can all be true? And do we rejoice at those things—not at all, not at all—we deplore and regret them. Do we attack the errors of the Church of England or assail the convictions which must be so dear to every conscientious Protestant in the world? Do we wish to rake up all the bad the Episcopal Church has done, and revive the bitter religious feuds, which can do no good, and which always do harm. Every conscientious and educated Protestant knows as well as we do, that the early Episcopal Church committed many excesses, just as we are prepared to admit that some men among our own ranks made serious mistakes. Religious fanaticism ran high in those days, but we are prepared to argue that no church in the world resisted persecution so much as our own. One or two Popes may have gone astray, a few bishops may have become Arians, and many clergymen may have been lost, but the old Church has never wavered—it cannot waver.—IT CANNOT ERR. Yes, if we gave our reading of the Reformation, we are satisfied we could draw a different picture to that presented by the Rev. Mr. Bray. But we have no wish to do so. We are not mad enough to hold the Protestants of to-day responsible for the errors of their forefathers, as the Rev. A. J. Bray holds our priesthood as having inherited all the "errors and the colossus of crime," which he charges against the fathers of our Church in the past. If in self-defence we may be forced to show what Protestants say of the "Reformation" and of its leaders, we are not insane enough to think that that spirit of persecution or of bigotry is the prevalent passion with the Protestants of 1877. We know better, and we know too, that the vast majority of the Protestants of Montreal desire no quarrel with us. But Mr. Bray is not only bigoted against the "Romish" Church—he is greedy as well. We certainly do not envy him his \$5,000 a year, his share in the profits of Zion Church and the proceeds of his lectures. If his congregation is satisfied, we would be very sorry to cast reflection upon Mr. Bray because of his handsome income. We are sure he earns it all, but he might be satisfied without wishing for a share in such a poor concern as the TRUE WITNESS. As to the omission of the explanation about the word "Romish" not being intended to offend his "Roman Catholic friends" that is easily explained. The word "Romish" became insignificant before the array of insults he heaped upon our Church. It was

the least offensive of fifty insulting phrases, and it was used after the Rev. A. J. Bray had disclaimed his intention of not meaning to insult "his Roman Catholic friends." His "Roman Catholic friends" must be singular fish indeed.

THE IMMIGRATION QUESTION.

The Catholic who would place the interest of either Reform or Conservative politics before the interest of his religion, is a man that ought to be shunned. Such a man has ceased to be a Catholic, and he has become a mere politician. He pleads "independence" in order to cover his apostasy. He may outwardly conform to the usages of the Catholic Church, but he has no inward devotion. He is simply a hypocrite, and he should be regarded as a dangerous man. Upon purely political questions, however—independence of thought and of political action is the right of every man, and the Catholic Church gives the amplest latitude to all her children, to act as they think best. They may be Reformers or Conservatives, Grit or Tory, as they think fit. But when Catholic interests are affected, then mere political interests must stand aside, and the true Catholic will stand by the banner of his faith, against all and every combination. In pursuance of this policy we search for such influences as may be likely, either in the present or in the future, to have an influence upon our Church. One of those influences is the question of Immigration, to which we have already given some attention. We frankly confess too that we expected the Catholic press of the Dominion would assist us in our undertaking, and we were not disappointed.—The St. John Freeman—Mr. Anglin's paper—has stood by us, and the *Irish Canadian* too has championed our cause from the very first moment that we sounded the tocsin of alarm. They both recognised the danger which would arise if this influx of Orange Immigration was permitted to continue. The *Tribune*, however, has thrown its lot in with the present administration from the commencement, and it has declared its belief that we have been "misinformed." When we brought facts to light to sustain us, the *Tribune* was silent, but still we remained "misinformed." When we proved from the blue books that there was but one "agent" in Ireland, and that that agent was an Orangeman, the *Tribune* was still silent, but we remained "misinformed." We have pointed out the exceptional powers wielded by this Orange agent—Mr. Foy—how he printed 40,000 pamphlets for distribution in Ulster, and how no "special agent" dare write pamphlets, yet the *Tribune*, this Catholic *Tribune*, said not a word about that, but yet we were "misinformed." When we declared our readiness to produce, a man who was ready to swear that Mr. Foy received \$500 dollars as a special grant to encourage Orange Immigration from Ulster, while not one dollar as a special grant was given to encourage emigration from any other part of Ireland, still we were miserably "misinformed." When we produce a gentleman who has been an emigration agent himself, and when he substantiates every word we have written,—no matter it all means nothing,—and we continue to be "misinformed." All the facts we have placed before the public have been met by the assertion that we have been "misinformed" and the *Tribune* still champions the policy of the administration, and that upon a subject which vitally affects the interests of the Catholic people of the Dominion. Up to the present we have been slow to notice this singular policy upon the part of the *Tribune* of Toronto, as we are anxious to avoid conflict between two journals which ought to run, on Catholic questions, upon parallel lines. Let it however not be considered that we regard the *Tribune* as the prototype of the dangerous Catholic to whom we referred, or that we think the editor wilfully champions an anti-Catholic League. By no means. But we think it odd that a Catholic journal, should give no substantial weight to the facts we placed before the public—facts which have not been denied, and when combatted by Mr. Lowe, only had the effect of making our case stronger than before. The *Tribune* has placed itself in a very delicate position, and while we do not charge it with a wilful betrayal of Catholic interests, yet we must confess our surprise, that it persistently avoids all that tells against the Reform administration, even when those damaging facts affect the interests of the Catholic people of the Dominion. Now we shall put a few questions to the *Tribune*, and we shall pin our position to a fair reply. Here then they are.

Is it not a fact that Mr. Foy—the emigration agent of the Dominion in Ireland—was known to be an Orangeman before he went to Ireland, at all?

Is it not a fact—proved by the blue books—that he is the only "agent" in Ireland, the rest being "special agents" and consequently not vested with as much power?

Is it not a fact—also proved by the blue books—that he caused to be printed 40,000 pamphlets, written by himself and by the authority of the administration, while no special agent in Ireland dare write a pamphlet by his own, or by any other authority?

And what about the \$500.
What about Mr. Foy daring Dr. Taylor to encroach upon his preserves.

The *Tribune* says that it must have been in the interest of the Conservative party that Mr. Foy was acting. Well suppose we grant it. What then? Has not the Reform administration perpetuated the evil, and is not Mr. Foy still the Orange agent of the Dominion in Belfast.

What about the right he possessed to send out emigrants without being compelled to write to London for "forms of application?"

Will the *Tribune* answer these questions, in a frank and in a Catholic spirit. Mark some of them we have proved, and the others we shall prove before we have done with this question of Orange Immigration. It will not do for the *Tribune* to say that we have not proved all we have asserted. As a Catholic journal we looked to our Catholic contemporaries to assist us in our efforts, and we must say that the *Tribune* has done nothing of the kind. It has screened the Government as openly as a Catholic journal dare, and we think, more openly, than a Catholic journal should. The *Tribune* cannot deny that there was ground for strong suspicion, and that alone should have induced it to approach the question with anxiety for Catholic interest, irrespective of Reform or Conservative policy. But from the commencement the *Tribune* has thrown cold water upon this important question, has ignored our facts, and has bolstered up the policy of the Government, apparently irrespective of Catholic interests. What is the position of an Orange Immigration agent in the North of Ireland? He is shunned by the Catholic people. The bitter feud which unhappily rages there cuts away nearly all social intercourse, and the Orange agent is thrown entirely among his Orange fellows. But we shall see the question out if it is in our power. Mr. Sheil's letter which we publish in another column is an additional proof in our favour, and our readers may rest assured that the battle is not half fought yet.

MR. DEVLIN, M.P.

Mr. Devlin, M.P., has done good service for the Catholics of the Dominion. His speech on the representation of minorities was a masterly production, and as an oratorical effort, was a great success. Considering the state of Mr. Devlin's health it is a marvel that he was equal to the task, and we hope that he will soon find his health restored, and that he may be able to enter upon his duties with fresh vigour and renewed energy. We regret that the corrected report of the speech comes to us at an inopportune time, and that we are forced to go to press without being able to find space for it all in the columns of our paper. The speech is very long, and we can only refer to those passages which directly interest the Catholics of the Dominion. And those passages are important. In speaking of the "humiliating position in which the minority in the Dominion find themselves to-day, Mr. Devlin says:—

The population of Ontario, according to the last census, is set down at 1,820,851, and the various elements of which it is composed may be thus summarised. English, 439,429, represented in the House by 24 members, all English and all Protestants. Irish Protestants 285,280, represented by 12 members, all Irish Protestants. Scotch, 328,889, represented by 42 members, all Scotch and all Protestants, with one exception, the member for Cornwall. French Canadians, 75,383, represented by one member, a French-Canadian and a Catholic. Unnamed nationalities, 217,708, represented, I presume, by the six members whom I notice are not credited with any particular creed or nationality, and by three members two of whom are stated to be Germans, and the third of the United States, making altogether 88 members charged with the representation of the English, the Irish Protestants, the Scotch, the French Canadian and the undescribed nationalities. But, Mr. Speaker, the same census tells us there is an Irish Catholic population of upwards 200,000 souls also in the Province of Ontario. Then let me ask how many representatives of their creed and nationality have they got in this House elected from Ontario?

Mr. Devlin—The answer, I grieve to say, is not one. And why not one? Can any good or sufficient reason be given for their total exclusion from all participation in the government of the country? Have they repudiated their allegiance and committed treason against the State, that they should be treated as an outlawed class, denied the privileges of the constitution, compelled to wear the badge of inferiority, and forced to submit to political degradation? This, I apprehend, will not be pretended. What, then, is the reason? Is it the fault of the law? No doubt it is to a certain, perhaps to a great extent, due to this cause, but not wholly so. The remarkable indifference in this matter of the leaders of both the great parties which divide this country into what may be styled two hostile camps, has contributed in no small degree to the shameful proscription of the Irish Catholic people in Ontario, for I cannot bring myself to believe that they would be as they are to-day, and as they have unfortunately been for many long years in a state of political bondage, if the Reform and Conservative leaders had resolved to make a serious and an honest effort to secure for them some representation in the Councils of the country. But, as the law now stands, and is taken advantage of the door of the Chamber might well be labelled with these words: "No Irish Catholic from Ontario can enter here." Sir, this grievance is intolerable, and demands an immediate, an effective, remedy, and assuredly no one can affect surprise if at the

next general election, which is not very far distant, the entire strength and influence of the Irish Catholic body should be found arrayed, as it undoubtedly will be, against the party, be it Reform or Conservative, that denies them a fair and reasonable share in the representation of the country, and refuses to place them upon, in this respect, an equality with the rest of their fellow citizens. Sir, I heartily regret that there should exist a necessity for making these remarks, the subject is far from being a pleasant or agreeable one to deal with, but the cause of this disgraceful political disability can no longer be kept out of sight, or remain buried in oblivion, unless, indeed, they who have it in their power, certainly, to mitigate, if not wholly to eradicate the evil, are prepared to maintain that the Irish Catholic in Canada is not entitled to the rights and privileges of citizenship, that he must contribute his share to the revenue of the country, bear his equal proportion of its burdens, but without being permitted to take any part in the making of its laws, or in the administration of its Government.

And here, sir, let me invite attention to the marked difference between Quebec and Ontario, in the matter of representation. The population of the Province of Quebec was, according to the last census, 1,196,115; of that number, 1,019,850 are Catholics, and 171,000 Protestants. Well, sir, Quebec is represented in this House by 65 members, 13 of whom are Protestants—one of them, the Honourable Post Master General, a Minister of the Crown, and elected, he it remarked, by constituencies, in many of which Catholics had, and still have, the majority of votes. Sir, if the example of Quebec was more closely followed, if her liberal and enlightened policy in this matter was more generally adopted, the 500,000 Irish Catholics, whose hearts, and homes, and interests are centred and fixed in this Dominion, would not find themselves to-day, with all told only six representatives from their ranks in the House of Commons.

Sir, as I have already said, this branch of my subject is not its most agreeable one, but I trust to the honest, fair-minded Protestants of this Dominion for a just appreciation of the reasons which have induced me to bring so prominently before the House the humiliating position in which the Irish Catholics are politically placed. Sir, I believe they will agree with me in the opinion that they should be acknowledged in the representation of the country, and not left, as they now are, without a single representative from Ontario upon the floor of the House of Commons.

We endorse every word of this. Nay more, we can add additional weight to the arguments. Let us look at the Province of Quebec again. Let us take the Legislative Council, and let us see how Irish Catholics of the Province are represented in that Assembly. In the Legislative Council there ought to be 24 members, and there are six Protestants representing the Protestant Minority. This is more than they are numerically entitled to, but we should be sorry to see it reduced by a single member. But where is the Irish Catholic? What have we done to insure our exclusion from the Legislative Council in Quebec? In Ottawa we are sent right about by Reform Ministers, and in Quebec we are sent off by the Conservative Administration. We are insulted by "both their houses." There are at present three vacancies in the Legislative Council of Quebec, and the Irish Catholics of the Province have a right to expect that two of their number will be called to take their places in the chambers. Even this is not one-half of what is due to us. We are more numerous than the Protestants, who have six representatives, and the time is come when the Irish Catholics of the Province must see that they are fairly represented in the Council. We promise our readers that we shall not loose sight of this question, and that we shall continue to ask—What is the reason that the Irish Catholics of the Province of Quebec have not a single representative in the Legislative Council?

MAYOR WALLER OF OTTAWA.

Mr. Waller has made a speech in Ottawa that has attracted much attention, and one which is likely to challenge comment from the Catholic people of the Dominion. He expressed himself in favour of the abolition of the "Catholic vote." He said the Methodist and the Presbyterian vote was never mentioned, and he saw no reason why the "Catholic vote" should be held in terror over the conflicting elements of party warfare. He praised the Scotch for their industry, and their desire for learning, and encouraged his hearers to imitate their example. We differ from one and all these remarks. In the first place we cannot see how it is possible to abolish the Catholic vote. Let anyone read Mr. Devlin's speech and then say whether it would be judicious or not to hear no more of the "Catholic vote." In our opinion we do not hear enough of the "Catholic vote." Do away with it and goodbye to Catholic influence. If we do not hear of the Methodist, or of the Presbyterian vote, it is because there is no necessity. Both Methodists and Presbyterians are safely housed. They can afford to assume a virtue. They are in power—not because of their superior intelligence, but just because we do not hear enough of the Catholic vote. Anyone who reads Mr. Devlin's speech and our comment upon it, will, we are sure, rest satisfied that the "Catholic vote" is more necessary now than ever, and that it behoves every Catholic in the land to stand to his colours. We would say more upon this important question, but we think what we publish in another column, must set it at rest.

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REV. A. J. BRAY.

At the conclusion of the Rev. A. J. Bray's lecture on the "Episcopal Church of England" he is reported to have said:—

I have been asked several times by many friends if I am going to answer the lecture of my friend of the True Witness. No, I am not (Laughter.) I have nothing to answer. (Renewed laughter.) I want to tell you here I do not accept the editor of the True Witness as anything like a fair and able exponent of the historical effect of the doctrines of the Church of Rome. (Hear, hear and applause.) As all of you know, I used the word "Romish" Church in utter ignorance, and spoke of my ignorance after but he put in no disclaimer, and the man that has not confidence in me puts himself outside the pale of discussion. (Applause.) Then again he asked if I know anything about a man named Macanlay. (Laughter.) I might as well ask him if he knows anything about St. Patrick and the Shamrock of Erin. (Laughter and applause.) Then again he defended the character of Clement the Sixth, and the man that does that is very far gone. (Laughter and applause.) Then again he represents nobody but the True Witness. And again I have been told by liberal Catholic friends that Captain Kirwan does not represent the Roman Catholics. He wants to go back to the time when Roman Catholics and Protestants used to preach in the same church. I would be glad were it so now. I will go and preach in any place for them, and the priest can come and preach here at the same time. (Laughter and applause.) At the same time he (Captain Kirwan) does not represent the liberal Catholics, the intelligent Catholics, or the nominal Catholics of Montreal, and when that is said nothing remains. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) Again, he falsely stated something which is inexcusable. He said that I had stated that the Jesuits should be driven out of Canada. I said nothing of the kind. I simply stated that any body of men who should assume authority and create discontent, the State must do its duty. (Applause.) Once more Captain Kirwan is only working for the True Witness. I am not going to help him more. I have helped him sell a great number of copies already, and I shall not do any more, (laughter) unless he gives me part in the editorship of the paper, that I may see that it is not too vulgar or violent, and further, have a share in the profits. (Loud laughter.) Finally, I shall be glad to discuss this question in any of its phases, past, present or future, but I will accept no one to discuss it with but a Bishop of the Church of Rome. (Loud applause.)

The following letter was written in reply to these remarks of the Rev. Mr. Bray:—

To the Editor of the Montreal Herald:

Sir,—Absence from Montreal prevented me from noticing a statement which the Rev. Mr. Bray is reported to have made at the conclusion of his lecture on the "Episcopal Church of England." "Again," said the Rev. Mr. Bray, "he falsely stated something which is inexcusable. He said that I had said that the Jesuits should be driven out of Canada. I said no such thing. I simply stated that any body of men who should assume authority and create discontent, the state must do its duty." This is from the Rev. Mr. Bray, and was delivered in Zion Church on the 29th inst. Now let us see what the same gentleman said in the same Church on the 21st ult? He admits that the report of his lecture on the "Romish" Church, as it referred to the Jesuits is correct, so that I shall quote from the only two papers that are at hand—the Herald and the Gazette. "He reviewed," says the report in the Herald, "the conflict between Church and State in Prussia; the ultimate expulsion of the Jesuits. The Church had said that was persecution, but he said, no, it had to be done (loud applause) on behalf of the German nation. The people had declared against a vice God, and rebelled against the plotting Jesuits. He wanted them to take particular notice of this, as we may want to do it some day ourselves (loud applause.)" Again, he says: "The expulsion was not persecution, but the just action of a Civil Government, determined to protect the people. The Pope had no favor to expect from Germany, though he was infallible still he was not happy." The Gazette says of the same passages that "The lecturer then clearly showed that the Church of Rome had set itself up as a superior to the state in Prussia; had openly declared revolt and rebellion. Bismarck's answer was not persecution but national defence. The policy was not one of opposition to the creed of Rome but of protection against the political intrigues of the Jesuits. "Mark this well," said the lecturer, "for we in Canada may want to do it some day ourselves." "The expulsion of the Jesuits was not persecution but the just action of a civil Government determined to protect the people." I shall now leave your readers to judge if I made a "false statement," "which was inexcusable." I can, too, assure Mr. Bray that I do not aspire to be the "champion" of the Catholic people. They need no "champions." All I claim to be is a simple Catholic of mediocre ability, such a one in fact, as was considered equal to the little occasion that arose. If there was any necessity for better men, Montreal could furnish them in goodly numbers. As for the rest of Mr. Bray's remarks—"share in profits of True Witness, &c., &c., &c." I must at present decline to discuss, and I think the Rev. Mr. Bray would have displayed better taste if he had not mentioned them at all.

I am, obediently yours, M. W. KIRWAN.

Montreal, March 23, 1877.

THE REV. MR. BRAY.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Sir,—The Rev. Mr. Bray said that there were Catholics in Montreal who would not accept of you as their leader. I wonder, who are they? Is Mr. Doucette, Mr. Bray's particular friend, the gentleman with whom he walks arm in arm—one or the whole of them? Answer ye pavements in front of Zion Church, Montreal.

Yours &c., PATRICK.

THE REV. MR. BRAY.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Toronto, March 26th.

Sir,—So the Rev. Mr. Bray will not fight anyone less than a bishop. Yes sir, he will no longer notice you. You did not recognise his explanation of the word "Romish." Why the word "Romish" occurs all through his lecture. At the commencement he said he did not intend to offend and he used the same word on to the end. Now what does this mean? It means that Mr. Bray tried to make a loop hole to escape by. He saw himself caught in a trap, and he feared the consequences. A bishop indeed! Poor Mr. Bray. He denies that he said that the Jesuits should be turned out of Canada. I have his lecture as reported in the Montreal papers and nothing can be plainer than his direct incentive to work for the expulsion of the Jesuits. I marvel when I read of his hardihood in denying this. But he sees that he has made a mistake and he retreats from his position, beaten and felled, like a whipped hound, he slinks into his lair. J. B.

I enclose my card.

TEXT.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

"The religion of impulse not the religion of principle."

I have no doubt that the Rev. Mr. Bray considers that he came into Montreal, in order that he "should bear witness unto the truth."

There is one admonition which he seems to have forgotten,

"Follow peace with all men."

He may have, according to his own idea, a "heart sprinkled from an evil conscience." He may think that he has a direct message from Heaven to abuse all Churches and Religious communities but his own. He may think that he has a duty to perform in reviling men whose shoe latches he is not worthy to untie. He may consider that he is possessed with a superior station as a Minister, or intellect as a scholar—a second Mephistopheles who does not pause to reflect, in the use of his wonderful gifts what a curse he is spreading in our midst. He may think that he practices in life what he, no doubt, duly prays for—Charity, that charity which is not puffed up. He may believe that there is no sacredness in the ordinances of worship outside Congregationalism, of which he is the Bishop, and that there is no temple but that of Zion on the hill, so well fitted for the blind and the lame to offer up their hymns of praise and thanksgiving. He may console himself by saying our Church comes from God, is allowed by Him, therefore it must be good! He may have forgotten that lowliness is the depth of the Grace of Him, who is the head of all Christian Churches. He may never have been taught by Him who died for the sins of men, to regard all Bishops, Priests, and Deacons as God's instruments. He may deny the saying:—"that a pure religion before God is the busy and charitable religion that visits the fatherless and the widow, leaving no time for corrupting trains of thought, reading, or conversation." He may say it is work of supererogation to practise a life of self-denial and self-sacrifice. He may daily examine his own conduct and conversation, to avoid that which can by any possibility give pain. In fine, he may think, imagine and do all that becomes a Congregationalist, but there is one thing he has either forgotten or not learnt—that God and not man is the searcher of hearts and of motives. A Catholic.

Name enclosed, but not for publication.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

I was much pleased with the compliments paid you by the Catholic Young Men's Society. They were compliments very justly merited, not only from them, but were also due from every sincere Catholic in the Dominion. You have certainly refuted in a very able and gentlemanly manner, the calumnies of that infatuated bigot, who has so recently come amongst us, and whose mission it is, to slander innocence, defame virtue, libel charity, and insult Catholics.

Why has not this would-be Divine, the honesty and decency of telling the truth at least once in life and acknowledge his shameful defeat. But no he endeavors to evade the difficulty, by the most foolish and cowardly means.

Because the Editor of the True Witness did not acknowledge Mr. Bray's explanation of the word "Romish" he has placed himself outside the pale of discussion. Could a man find a more insignificant plea, in vindication of his fallen cause. Again Captain Kirwan is not considered as representative of the Catholic community, and this Mr. Bray states on the authority of respectable Catholics. I would like to ask, whom Mr. Bray considers respectable Catholics. Are they men who are punctual in the observance of their religious duties, frequent the sacraments, assist at mass on Sundays, and Holidays. If this be Mr. Bray's idea of respectable Catholics, I unhesitatingly deny, that any good practical Catholic gave utterance to the opinion, which Mr. Bray says, has been expressed. If they are men who are negligent in their religious observances, I would rather classify them among those persons of whom Christ complained when he said, "these people heareth me with their lips, but their hearts are far from me." What was the meaning of that large assembly of the wealth, respectability and intelligence that was present on the evening of Captain Kirwan's lecture, Mr. Bray? What the meaning of the presence of the many clergymen, who were also present on the same occasion? But Mr. Bray, as though he afterwards became mindful of the fact, and realizing perfectly well the position in which it involves him, evades the difficulty by the most cowardly subterfuge, and became so suddenly conscious of his own self-importance that he declares that his discussions on the "Romish" Church for the future will be carried on by no less a dignitary than the Bishop himself.

It is certainly mortifying to have been so shamefully beaten by a Catholic layman, who is a member of that church of "popular ignorance." I trust that Mr. Bray, however, will give the respected editor of the True Witness the credit of being an exception to the general rule. He has certainly shown himself the scholar and the gentleman, too, and has given an example which others, who doubtless pride themselves on their fine-spun etiquette, might well endeavor to imitate. But bad example is more contagious than good, and so Mr. Bray had followers. The Protestant Defence Association held a meeting a short time ago, and, as might be expected, the aggression of the Catholic Church, its greedy ambition and bare-faced outrages, together with a host of other insulting epithets, made up the subject-matter of the debate. We are not surprised consequently to find the Rev. Mr. Bray figuring so prominently in the assembly, but must confess my astonishment that other Protestant clergymen should so far degrade the sacred character which they bear, as to take part in the strange proceeding. And yet such, however, has been the case. I noticed among the names of those comprising that assembly men with the title of Rev. prefixed to their names, men consequently profess to be preachers of the gospel of charity and peace, men also who to read the Bible, and who have there learned that lying lips are an abomination to the Lord; nevertheless came publicly forth to give endorsement to what is known by the whole country to be a downright error, and thus by their examples they teach others to speak uncharitably of their neighbours. But by their fruits they shall know them.

HONESTY.

THE IMMIGRATION QUESTION.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Sir,—The Toronto Tribune criticises my letter in the True Witness of the 9th March, and endeavors to show, after a fashion peculiarly its own, that the statements which I made therein are not evidence sufficient to warrant the charges promulgated by the True Witness. The Tribune very adroitly ignores from the first your astounding quotations from the Dominion Government's Official Blue Book, in reply to Mr. Lowe, the Secretary of the Department of Agriculture. That was too much "evidence" for the editor of the Tribune to combat; accordingly he bided his time until after the appearance of my letter. To all reasonable minds, the official records of the Department would contain evidence enough to convict or be able to fling to the winds the charges of the True Witness, if Mr. Sheil had never been in existence; but evidently these official documents are not sufficient to satisfy the Tribune, as, so far as it appears to know, they are not in existence.

The mission of the Tribune, it is needless to say, is somewhat different from that of the True Witness. Its mission is to defend the acts of the Government, good, bad, and indifferent, but while professing as strong an adhesion to Catholic principles as "any other man," yet its Catholicity is not strong enough to allow it to act a little independently when Catholic interests are at stake. Party, in the estimation of the Tribune, comes before Religion, especially Irish Catholic religion. This is to be deplored when it is remembered that our people have so few organs of religious and public opinion in this country. If an Agent-General exceed the bounds of his duty in connection with British emigration, a cry is raised by a certain portion of the press of Canada, and ere long Mr. Jenkins' "resignation is accepted." But when an honest endeavor is made, irrespective of political bias, to get a grievous wrong in connection with Irish Catholic emigration set right, the very first journal to endeavor to keep the unfair, nay, iniquitous, system in vogue is the Toronto Tribune, one of the few organs in Canada professing Catholic principles.

The Tribune says—"That Mr. Foy had not to do as Mr. Sheil did with respect to assisted passages, is quite likely, as Mr. Sheil was not accredited by the Dominion Government, while Mr. Foy was," quite ignoring the fact that Mr. Larkin, Mr. Foy's colleague, was similarly situated as myself. I stated that Mr. Larkin, the Dominion "special" agent had no more power than I, the Ontario agent, but the Tribune ignores this important point, and endeavors to refute my statements by comparing the status of Mr. Foy and myself. Had Mr. Larkin been accredited with the same power as Mr. Foy, the one the Catholic and the other the Protestant Dominion Agent, I, as the Ontario Agent, would not have complained. But such was not the case. The Tribune quotes from my letter as follows:—"It is well known by Irish Catholic emigration agents generally, that they are not expected to exert themselves, whereas apathy on the part of an English or Scotch agent, would ensure his suspension." And asks, "does this mean that Catholic agents are paid to do no work, or is Mr. Sheil talking at random." There is no "random" about it, Tribune, that's just what I mean, and you "hit the nail on the head" squarely. Don't tell me that Irish Catholics will not come to Canada—I mean those who are forced to emigrate to some colony—if properly encouraged. I know better. Our paternal government could send a special ambassador all the way to Constantinople to treat with the Mennonite Tribes, and on another occasion charter a special steamer to proceed to Iceland for a cargo of emigrants, besides sending agents to Scandinavia and Germany, yet it would not advance a cent to help a poor Irishman to pay his fare from Conemaugh—the poorest spot in Ireland—to Liverpool, much less give him a free passage! It is as well to state here that the agent in Belfast has the advantage of two or three lines of steamers calling regularly at that port and at Derry, whereas the South of Ireland emigrant, if for Canada, must travel all the way to either of those ports, or cross over to Liverpool as best he can before he can get a steamer. The emigrant from Ulster has to pay but a trifle compared with what he would have to pay if from say, Kerry or Galway, as all the steamers calling at Queenstown are for the United States, with an occasional exception. Hence it is that so few emigrants from the South and West of Ireland find their way to Quebec of late years. I believe Irish Catholic agents have, at different times, asked the Government to advance a portion of the fares necessary to enable the South of Ireland emigrant to reach the seaport, but each time it was refused. Here is an instance of the manner, my contempt, with which Irish emigration was held by the officials in the London Office during my first official experience. Learning that a steamer would call at Queenstown for Quebec—a rare occurrence—at a certain date, I hastened to Cork three weeks in advance of the date of sailing, in order that I might meet some families who had been corresponding with me, and that I might save them the expense of going to Liverpool to embark, a matter of vital importance to them, as they were generally very poor. Shortly after announcing my arrival publicly, I had numerous personal applicants as well as a goodly number of letters on the subject of emigration to Ontario. The steerage passage was £4 6s., and the Government "assisted passage," £4 15s.—an assistance to the emigrant of £1 11s., not much apparently, but a good deal to a man with a large family, as he had to pay the same price for each child, eight years and over, as for himself. As the applications came in I wrote to the Agent in London for assisted passage warrants, and got no answer; wrote again, with the same result telegraphed, no reply; wrote to the agent in Dublin, and he had no power to assist me; wrote to Allan's office in Dublin and in Liverpool, and the answer came in each case, "apply to London Office of the Canadian Government." Time flew, and my intending emigrants were waiting, and gradually increasing in numbers, yet no reply from London. At last, four days prior to the date of sailing, I got a reply that the proper way for me to do was to send for forms of application for assisted passages, which meant that before I could issue warrants to emigrants I must get the application forms filled up and return them to London "for consideration." To procure the forms from London, get the emigrants to fill them up—some of whom resided miles away in the country, return the forms to London, return the tickets if granted, send them or hand them to the emigrants, notify the Allan Office in Liverpool of the number of berths, was more than I could accomplish in four days. As it was I could do nothing, and 75 emigrants were disappointed. Some of them took the first steamer for New York, others returned home after having bade their friends adieu, and a few who had some means, including some help which I gave them, crossed over to Liverpool, and took the next steamer for Quebec. Messrs. Jas. Scott & Co., Passenger Agents of Queenstown and Cork, will bear me out in this statement. The same system was carried out after the accession of Mr. Mackenzie to office, and is, I understand, in existence still. In conclusion, I again congratulate you on the able manner in which you have brought out this immigration question. In addition to your own consciousness of having done right, you have the sympathy of your fellow countrymen and co-religionists in Canada, irrespective of political considerations. And, I repeat, you have not been "misled." Your obedient servant,

CHARLES J. SHEIL.

Montreal, 19th March, 1877.

OUR OTTAWA LETTER.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

A NEW VERSION OF JONAH AND THE WHALE—DIVORCE—BUSINESS IN THE SENATE—THE SESSIONAL SONG—WRITER—PARLIAMENTARY NOTES—REPRESENTATION OF MINISTERS—RELIGIOUS SERVICES, &c.

The Reverend Mr. Hunter, Pastor of the New Dominion Church here in Ottawa, is truly a great man, like the famous Earl of Chatham, as regarded France, the reverend gentleman with one hand smites the "superstitious papistical Church," while with the other he wields the free and chainless bible." His latest effort in the Dominion Church, has been the demolishing of all the hypotheses and theories that ever existed concerning Jonah and the whale, and establishing one of his own which is as incontrovertible as the fact that three angles are equal to any right-angled triangle. In effect this is what Mr. Hunter advances, "it is not possible that any whale could swallow man, for the reason that his throat was too small, therefore a whale did not swallow Jonah" (who of course was a man.) That, he flatters himself, is a syllogism of the description John Stuart Mill places in class A. "A class syllogism." There were then, and there are now, white sharks in the Mediterranean which can find no difficulty in swallowing a man, Jonah was a man, therefore he was bolted by a white shark." It would take a clever casuist than I, but I call upon all the expounders, translators, and commentators in the world to read this and forever after hold their peace. Mr. Hunter advances in parallel lines with Tyndall, Darwin, and professor Huxley, he does not for a moment allow miracles to help him out of a difficulty, no, he reasons, and in this manner will make short work of the chainless bible which he continuously keeps hurling at the heads of benighted papists.

The author of "sessional songs" was pained and annoyed when he saw the "unwarranted attack" made on him in the True Witness. He was more, he was astonished that any one in his senses could accuse him of bigotry. To prove that he was not bigoted he caused to be reprinted in the Ottawa dailies a piece of poetry which appeared in the Free Press three years ago. This morceau might have been written by a raving lunatic on his way to Beaufort, and is to the effect that a certain Irish lady has black eyes and that he loves her and she loves him, and that for this they were both to be sent to a more than tropical climate in some unknown region by their respective religious advisers. This is a queer method of proving his liberality. Your correspondent would not care a straw if the Government gave the celebrated author not four but forty dollars a day or more if the country could afford it, but he does not think it fair that for value received or to be received, he should in the columns of the daily press heap scurrilous abuse upon the Catholic religion and its clergy. He has been very careful ever since, if he has not dropped the "songs" altogether.

Mr. Devlin's speech on the representation of minorities was long and eloquent, and was listened to with very great attention, although owing to the state of his health his fine voice did not sound so clearly as usual. Mr. Dymond, made one of his furious and incoherent attacks on Mr. Devlin which had very little effect. Mr. Dymond is member for North York, a constituency which is one third Catholic. He is one of the editors of the Globe, speaks in leading articles, and finds it difficult to refrain from the use of the editorial we when addressing the house, has a majestic, silvery beard and a bald head. With all these advantages Mr. Dymond is a dead failure in the house. Mr. Blake supported the motion and so did Mr. Casey the young member for West Elgin. A committee composed of five Catholics and five Protestants has been appointed to report upon it.

His Lordship Bishop Duhamel preached in the Cathedral on Palm Sunday on the necessity of Catholics performing their Easter duties under the severe pronouncement of the Church that those neglecting "should be excluded from the house of God whilst living and deprived of Christian burial when they died." His Lordship who spoke first in English and then in French said that people who refrained from their Easter duties could not properly be considered Catholics, that they gave scandal and that parents were responsible for their children, more especially when they did not set the good example themselves. The effect of his eloquent sermon is observable in the large numbers thronging the Churches to-day for confession. Indeed it is expected the present Holy week, in this regard, will be the busiest witnessed in Ottawa for many a year.

The long and tiresome debate on the tariff closed on Friday night, or rather on Saturday morning, in a division or series of divisions, the Government in the want of confidence vote, being sustained by a majority of 51. It was a strict party vote on a strictly national question.

A deputation waited on the Premier to-day and solemnly presented him with a gold-headed cane, from the Roman Catholic ladies of Lindsay.

It is in contemplation by his friends to accord the Hon. Mr. Langevin, an ovation on his arrival in Ottawa.

Parliament will adjourn for Easter holidays tomorrow. There is a lull in the lecturing business. Where is Mr. Bray? Echo sharply answers "Eh!" The civil servants are looking up their arithmetics and dictionaries, and sweetly praying for Mr. Casey.

The True Witness is read extensively in Ottawa. Mrs. Margaret Louisa Kelly, wife of P. J. Gleason, a prominent Merchant, died this afternoon. Deceased was a sister of the famous Tammany Chief of N. Y.

There is a rumor round town that Mr. Anglin is about resigning the Speakership, but I don't believe it has any foundation.

PERSONALS.

MULLIGAN—Mr. James Mulligan is a candidate for the mayoralty of St. John, N. B.

JESUITS—The Jesuit Fathers are giving a successful mission in Quebec.

WALSH—Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Bishop of London, Ont., has returned from Europe.

GOLDWIN SMITH—Goldwin Smith returns to Canada in July.

LANGEVIN—It is rumored that Mr. Langevin's return is to be contested on the grounds of bribery.

PUS IX—The Holy Father is, it is reported, again unwell. The present condition is causing much anxiety.

TWED—"Boss" Twed is to return \$3,000,000 to the city of New York. It is rumored that he will testify against Sweeney and Hall.

O'CONNOR POWER—Mr. O'Connor Power, M. P. returns to England in a few days. He does not expect to visit America again for some years.

SHEEHAN—Mr. Sheehan, an Irishman and a Catholic, has carried off the highest honors at the Buffalo (N. Y.) University.

MCCLOSKEY—Cardinal McCloskey celebrated the thirty-third anniversary of his episcopacy Friday. May he live to celebrate his golden jubilee.

O'Keefe—Rev. Robert O'Keefe, late parish priest of Callan, has retired to the Trappist Monastery of Mount Mellary.

BIGGAR-PARNELL—Messrs. Biggar and Parnell give notice in advance that they will not support a weak-kneed Irish policy in Parliament.

LONGSTREET—General Jas. Longstreet, the ex-confederate, was received into the Catholic Church by Father Dames on the 4th inst., at New Orleans, La.

YOUNG—The New Governor of Ohio, Hon. Thomas Young, is an Irish-American. He educated himself during a service of ten years as a private soldier in the regular army.

MOORE—The Tom Moore Society of San Francisco has been established with the object of honoring the memory of the Irish poet, one of the means being the establishment of a library.

MORRISSEY—The New York correspondent of the Springfield Republican says that John Morrissey "is unquestionably the honestest man in New York politics."

MAGILL—The Republican candidate for Mayor of Troy, N. Y., at the late election was an Irish-American, John Magill, as was also the Democratic candidate.

LANNING—Wm. L. Patten & Co. of Denver, Colorado, have appointed George Lanning, late of Montreal, their agent in Sydney, Nebraska, his office is on Chestnut st., between First and Second sts.

MULLOON—The Boston Pilot has received a communication asking for information concerning James and Mary Muldoon, of Petigo, Co. Fermanagh, Ireland, whose uncle died recently in London leaving them \$25,000.

QUORMAN—At the Home Rule conference in Dublin, Major O'Gorman, M. P., remarked that Mr. Butt "was far too civil to those English fellows in Parliament; he was constantly crying 'Hear, hear,' when he ought to cry 'No, no.'"

BUTT—The Irish Catholic Bishops are taking up the Butt Testimonial with much earnestness. We regret that the times are so hard here that we are forced to allow our share in the work to remain in abeyance for the present.

SULLIVAN—Edward Sullivan, of Thomaston, Ga., is said to be the smallest compositor in the country. He is eight years old, weighs 55 pounds, and can set a column of "solid minion" a day.

KIRKPATRICK—The grandfather of the ex-Empress Eugenie, Mr. Kirkpatrick, was once United States Council in Scotland, at a time when it was not unusual to appoint foreigners to such service.

LEE—The Mormon bishop, who was a leader in the massacre of a party of one hundred and forty emigrants from Arkansas to California, at Mountain Meadows, Utah, about twenty years ago, has been executed.

O'CONNOR—When Charles O'Connor made his great speech before the Electoral Commission he had had no sleep for two nights, and his feeble frame was exhausted that he had great difficulty in getting through.

MEANY—Mr. S. J. Meany arrived in this city Sunday morning. We are rejoiced to notice that he is looking hale and hearty after his four months trip to Ireland. We believe it is Mr. Meany's intention to settle down in Montreal.

DEVILIN—We regret exceedingly the illness of Mr. B. Devlin, M. P., for Montreal Centre. He has been ordered to Colorado by his physician. We wish him God speed on his journey, and sincerely hope he will return to us at an early day in the full enjoyment of good health.

SHERLOCK—The Edenderry Home Rule Club have notified Sergeant Sherlock, one of King's County's representatives in Parliament, who was elected as a Home Ruler, but who seemingly forgot all about Home Rule after election, that he is unworthy of the trust reposed in him.

QUIGLEY—Rev. Dr. Quigley, author of "The Cross and Shamrock," "Proft and Loss," etc., is preparing an historical, biographical, and statistical work on the Irish race in California and on the Pacific coast. The book will be sold by subscription only.

PARNELL-BIGGAR—Messrs. Parnell and Biggar have begun their threatened policy of obstruction in the British parliament. They have given notice of opposition to nearly every important English and Scotch bill. This will have the effect—under a rule of the House—of preventing the discussion of these bills after midnight.

STUART—Robert L. Stuart, of New York, who is worth \$6,000,000, is the son of an Irish woman who, when left a penniless widow, began to earn a livelihood by making molasses candy which Robert sold in the streets for a cent a stick. From this humble beginning arose a large confectionary and sugar refinery.

MCCULLOUGH—John McCullough, the tragedian is accepted by the St. Louis people as the greatest actor of our age. At the request of the leading citizens, he repeated his "performance" of "King Lear," which is styled in the letter of "invitation" the greatest triumph of histrionic genius that has been presented on a St. Louis stage for a number of years.

CANONIZED POPES.

The following are some Popes who have been recognized as Saints or canonized by the Catholic Church. In January the feast occurs of St. Telephorus, St. Hyginus, St. Anicetus, St. Fabian, and St. Marcellus, who all governed the Holy See during the first three centuries before the conversion of Constantine the Great secured the peace of the Church.

In February the church celebrates the memory of Pope St. Gregory II. (A. D. 731) and of Pope St. Gregory X. (A. D. 1276). The former sent St. Boniface to convert the Germans, and condemned the image breakers of the East. The latter held the fourth general council, that of Lyons, in 1274. St. Thomas Aquinas died on his way to the Council, and St. Bonaventure during its sitting.

In March we come across the names of St. Lucius, martyr A. D. 253, and of St. Sixtus III. (A. D. 440); of St. Simplicius (A. D. 483); St. Gregory (A. D. 604); and St. Zachary (A. D. 752), who confirmed Pepin, the Mayor of the Palace as King of France, and ordered St. Boniface of Germany to crown him.

In April St. Sixtus I., St. Anicetus, St. Soter, St. Caius, martyrs of the early ages, are numbered, as so is St. Julius I. (A. D. 352), in whose Pontificate the Synod of Sardica (A. D. 344) was held; St. Anastasius (A. D. 401), and St. Celestine (A. D. 432), who confirmed the decrees of the Council of Ephesus, which defined the title "Mother of God" as belonging to the Blessed Virgin, and who sent St. Patrick to convert the Irish. The feast of St. Leo the Great (A. D. 461) in whose Pontificate the Council of Chalcedon was held, and who met and repulsed Attila from the gates of Rome, is also celebrated on April 11. St. Leo IX. (A. D. 1054) is another great Pope we meet with in April. In his Pontificate St. Peter Damian wrote his celebrated works on the clergy; Lanfranc taught at Bec; Hildebrand (afterwards Pope Gregory VII.) exerted great influence on Transubstantiation and excommunicated.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S VILLAGE.

"SWEET AUBURN" AS IT IS TO-DAY. The site of the "Deserted Village" is on the road from Athlone to Ballymahon, about six miles from the former town; and as crops of new "Auburns" are springing up around in all directions, it is only necessary to mention the poet's name in order to be set on the proper track to "Goldsmith's Auburn" as the Westmeath peasantry call it. At a little distance from the entrance to Lissoy, and at the same side of the road, is the very pool alluded to by Goldsmith, and the noisy geese are now as ever gabbling over it. It is bordered by a few stunted hawthorn bushes, having upon them a strange impress as of old. Over against it is a ruinous cottage, the residence of a "wretched matron" whose tale of her own happier years assuredly merits a sympathetic listener.

She only left, of all the harmless train, The sad historian of the pensive plain.

The fields near her cottage were, up to a recent period, covered with a deep embowering wood; but all this has been cut away, and now only the discolored stumps remain, as if to heighten the apparent desolation of the scene. Ascending an incline, which certainly deserves not the name "hill," we come to the cross of the "Three Jolly Pigeons," where the ruins of the alehouse may be seen; also the scapemore on which the signboard of that little inn used to be so invitingly hung in years that are over. Here, too, at the opposite side of the road, grows a later representative of that famous hawthorn bush, which, though no fragment of it now remains where those envious old people would so often sit and chat, and where those artless lovers were to bloom in fancy's garden forever. To the right, a little off the road, leading northwest, are the hoary, rootless walls of the once "busy mill." Most of the wheel has been taken away, doubtless by visitors, each scrap being in some sort as a faded palm branch from one of the Delphian vales, the other Palestine, the Meccas of the mind. The old rather millstone alone is likely to endure for a while beneath the ceaseless agencies of change and decay.

THE POPE.

The Paris Univers relates the following curious anecdote of Pius IX., before his elevation to the chair of St. Peter:—

"A very singular confirmation of the popular feeling, then entertained in Italy (1846) that Cardinal Mastai Ferretti would be Pope, occurred at Fossombrone, a village between Imola and Rome, through which the Cardinal was passing on his way to the Eternal City on the occasion of the death of Gregory XVI. The sound of wheels rattling through the streets of that village caused its inhabitants to come to their doors and look at the passing carriage. It was soon whispered abroad that the occupant of the vehicle was the Cardinal Archbishop of Imola, and the people, who knew that the Pope was dead, began to say, 'Perhaps Mastai Ferretti will succeed him; assuredly he would make a good Pope; he is so charitable and pious.'

"Whilst they were still engaged in talking about the Cardinal, who had descended for the purpose of giving them his blessing, a white dove flew over his head, and alighted at his feet. The people, seeing this took it for a sign, and they began to cry out, 'Long live the Pope! Long live the Pope that is to be!'

"Now it so happened that the good people of Fossombrone knew of a certain tradition which connects the appearance of doves with elevations to sacred functions. The village is a dependence of the Archbishopric of Ravenna, and it is a common belief with the people of that city that the election of the twelve first successors of St. Appollinaris in that See was announced by the appearance of a dove over their heads; and the same thing happened to St. Peter Chrysologus when he was substituted by the Pope, Sixtus III., for the candidate that was elected by the clergy and people of that city in the year 430. This St. Peter Chrysologus was a native of Imola, of which Mastai Ferretti was the Cardinal Archbishop.

"When, therefore, the people saw the dove alight at the feet of the popular Cardinal, they took it for a sign. They tried to frighten it away with a long rod, but although it moved off for a few minutes, it returned again, and the shouts of 'Long live the Pope that is to be; redoubled. Thus was the election of Pius IX., predicted by the villagers of Fossombrone."

A GREAT ENGINEERING WORK.

THE END OF CÆSAR'S TASK. One of the most remarkable works of modern times, the draining of Lake Fucino, has just been finished by Prince Alexander Torlonia, a citizen of Rome, says a Rome correspondent of the New York Post. The draining of Lake Fucino, which was the largest lake in Central and Southern Italy, covering an area of 37,060 acres, has been the dream of the Romans since the idea was first conceived by Julius Cæsar. The lake was situated in the province of Aquila, fifty three miles east of Rome and ninety-six miles north of Naples, and before its draining covered the greater part of a vast table land, one of the largest in the central part of the Apennines. This table land, 2,084 feet above the level of the sea is surrounded on all sides by spurs of the main chain of mountains, and it is separated from the adjacent valleys in such a manner that the waters

found no outlet to discharge themselves into the neighbouring rivers. The only means of discharging the lake was by evaporation into the air or absorption into the earth, and as often as the rain fell was larger than the amount of water thus subtracted the volume increased and overflowed the surrounding country. The proportions of the lake, thus depending of atmospheric changes, were exceedingly variable. Sometimes the water even filled the entire basin of 173,000 acres contained within the circle of mountains, and drove the poor inhabitants gradually away from their farms to the surrounding hills. When the water sank the people returned timorously to the lands; but scarcely did they begin to make them productive when a new rising of the lake drove them away. They lived in a state of continual anxiety, their fields being often for several years at a time covered by the advancing waters; and when at last they were able to take possession of them they incurred heavy expenditures in rendering the land fit for cultivation and were also exposed to malady from the swampy condition of the soil. This state of things was especially serious at Lake Fucino, because the people in the neighbouring mountains had no other plain than that of Fucino to which they could look for their supplies of cereals and other produce of the soil, the rest of the territory being nothing else than steep mountain sides, on which cultivation was almost impossible. It was a favourite project with Julius Cæsar to drain the land covered by Lake Fucino, as a productive tract of country so near Rome would have been very desirable to supply the city with grain. This was one of several magnificent projects, which his murder by Brutus defeated, designed to prevent the terrible famines that so often afflicted the great population of Rome. At the death of Cæsar the work was discontinued, and was never resumed by his successors until Claudius succeeded to the imperial dignity. The works which he caused to be executed are considered by Pliny the most extraordinary of that brilliant period. This attempt of Claudius to drain the lake, after an immense expense and employing 30,000 men during a period of eleven years, was only partly successful.

EPPE'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Eppe has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which will save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette. Sold only in Packets labelled—"James Eppe & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, 48, Threepenny Lane, and 170 Piccadilly, London."

WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.—The advantage of this compound over the plain Oil is that the nauseating taste of the Oil is entirely removed, and the whole rendered entirely palatable. The offensive taste of the Oil has long acted as a prominent objection to its use; but in this form the trouble is entirely obviated. A host of certificates might be given here to testify to the excellence and success of "Wilbor's Cod Liver Oil and Lime." But the fact that it is regularly prescribed by the medical faculty is sufficient. For sale by A. B. Wilbor, Chemist, Boston, and by all druggists.

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WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.

McGee's ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.—On what resources, by what degree of encouragement, Mr. Jas. McGee has undertaken to fill this great desideratum in our Catholic literature, we do not know; but assuredly, his undertaking is marked by such a power of energy, discernment, system, and above all, of good taste and artistic genius, that the Illustrated Weekly must need prove a success. Were Mr. McGee to fail, the failure will only be an additional proof to the charge of supineness, indifference and apathy, the seeming consequences of ignorance, a charge often brought against us by our enemies. The late article of December 23rd, in the Springfield Republican, should bring shame to the brow of every intelligent Catholic.

Were Mr. McGee's efforts properly appreciated, the circulation of his Illustrated Weekly should, within a twelve-month, amount to at least fifty thousand. This is no exaggeration. Stated only a few weeks ago, we have now before us the fourteenth number, exhibiting, in the whole, the choicest collection of representations, inferior to none in artistic beauty. Mr. McGee's serial will compare most advantageously with the London Illustrated News.

Oh, for decency sake, for the honor of the Catholic name, let us support Mr. McGee's enterprise. It will do honor to the Catholic community. The subscription (three dollars per annum) is so low, that surely two hundred thousand Catholics in the United States can afford to take it. Let every Catholic editor come forward and pay the well deserved meed of praise and of encouragement. If they see fault and shortcomings, and even shall, in a future, expose them candidly, let them bravely point to them, but in the spirit of kindness and brotherly encouragement. Let us, one and all, remember that the introduction of McGee's Illustrated Weekly may prove the means of eliminating from the Catholic domestic press those abominable periodicals of the New York Press, a most powerful engine in the Devil's hands, which hold to scorn all that is virtuous, all that is Catholic. Can parents, can priests be insensible to the great havoc made in the hearts of our boys and of our girls, by the immoral press of the day? Ah! what a responsibility priests and parents are incurring before the awful Tribunal of God! Here we have a glorious opportunity of crushing a great moral evil out of our homes. Let us not lose it; but, on the contrary, let us put our shoulders to the wheel, and endeavor to make as wide a place as possible, in our homes, in our parishes, in our missions, wherever we may have any influence, for McGee's Illustrated Weekly.—Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph.

McGee's ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.—We rejoice to hear that this publication, devoted to Catholic Art, Literature, and Education, which was started in New York last December is succeeding very well, and already enjoys a good share of the patronage it so well deserves. It is a real pleasure to be able to make this statement, on account of the fears we entertained when the announcement of a new illustrated Catholic paper was made that it would soon languish for want of support. Fourteen numbers have now been issued, and the steadily increasing circulation is sufficiently large to cover the expenses of publication, great as they must be. A high standard of excellence was assumed in the first numbers, but the Editor assures us that he will make improvements in proportion as the number of subscribers increase. This publication is a valuable addition to Catholic periodical literature in the United States, and supplies a long-felt want. It is thoroughly Catholic (we mention this as a first excellence), and the contents are both varied and entertaining.—As to the illustrations, they are good—many of them very good—and the selection of subjects evinces rare good taste. The paper used is of a superior quality, and the printing could hardly be better. There is ample room for this new journal, and if well supported it will do much to counteract the vicious influence of the many infamous illustrated weeklies with which the country is flooded. The editor and proprietor is James A. McGee, Barclay Street, New York. Subscription price, \$3 per year.—Ave Maria.

McGee's ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.—It is with great pleasure that we call the attention of our readers, at home and abroad, to this promising Catholic periodical, whose progress we have been watching with much interest, since its first appearance on the 25th of November, 1876. The result of our observation has been eminently satisfactory, and we begin now to hope that a long and prosperous career of usefulness awaits our excellent contemporary. The Illustrated Weekly supplies a want long felt by the Catholic community in this and other cities; its publisher seems willing to spare no cost to make it a success, and for the ability, zeal, and general fitness of the editor, for the onerous task he has undertaken, and which we feel convinced is to him truly a labor of love, we can honestly and sincerely vouch. That our friend who has already done good service as a frequent contributor to the classic pages of the Catholic World, has now extended his sphere of usefulness in this direction, is matter of congratulation to the Catholic public, and we earnestly hope that this effort to establish a really good Catholic journal, in the face of many and great difficulties, will meet with the encouragement it so eminently deserves. It is time that the vile and persistent calumniator of Catholics and their religion, Harper's Weekly, which has been wont to amuse and entertain its thousands of readers with the most disgusting caricatures of all that Catholics hold most sacred, should be taught the useful lesson that the Catholic millions of this country can provide some fitting illustrations of Catholic men and things. Let them be taught that Catholics are not so craven-spirited as they seem to take it for granted that they are, and that the day is gone by when they and their religion lay helpless victims at the mercy of its rillid caricaturists. In the last number of our Illustrated Weekly there is a very good portrait of the true Catholic hero, Don Carlos of Spain, with a sketch of his life and character. Every week there is in it a portrait of some personage deservedly known to fame.—New York Tablet.

McGee's ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY (New York).—This is a really beautifully got up journal. The plates are fully equal to either the London Illustrated News or the Graphic, and very much superior to any Transatlantic picture paper we have ever seen. From a literary point of view McGee's is decidedly the best that has ever reached us from the States. Irish stories are an especial feature and they are admirably told and usually of unflagging interest. The price is only six cents (three pence), and were the paper published in those countries at that figure it would be the cheapest of cheap.—The Celt (Waterford, Ireland).

IRISH-AMERICAN LITERATURE.—Our fellow-countrymen in America seem to be pushing ahead, if the speed of national newspaper literature is to be taken as a test. Our exchanges during the past few weeks have included several numbers of McGee's ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY a journal possessing peculiar interests for Irishmen from the fact that it is edited by a brother of the gifted but unfortunate D'Arcy McGee. Colonel James E. McGee has already made an honorable mark in Irish-American literature by his own contributions to it, and the taste and judgment he has already shown in his editorial management of the new weekly promise soon to lift it into the front rank of journalism. The illustrations are of a high artistic order and accompanying letterpress is equally meritorious. Amongst the contributors we notice the name of William Collins, whose gifted pen has given to Irish poetry much to enlarge and enrich it.—United Irishman (Liverpool).

McGee's ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.—There has been started in New York an illustrated Catholic weekly, which in point of literary style and artistic excellence, affords great promise. Hitherto Harper's Weekly, which is animated by bitter anti-Catholic sentiments, has had almost a monopoly of this branch of journalism. We are glad, therefore, to see the appearance of its youthful rival, for which we do not hesitate to predict a brilliant success.—Cork Examiner.

\$3.00 per year. Six cents per copy. Specimen copies sent free. J. A. MCGEE, Publisher, 7 BARCLAY STREET, NEW YORK, U. S.

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The month, day, hour and place of drawing will be duly announced in the Press.

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Savings Bank of the City and District, 176 St. James Street, and at its different Branches—St. Catherine, 392; 466 St. Joseph, and corner of Wellington and St. Stephen Streets. At Messrs. Devins' & Bolton's, 195 Notre Dame Street.

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CITY ITEMS.

It is expected that the Windsor Hotel will be opened by Dominion Day. Fifteen warrants are issued daily from the Recorder's Court for the recovery of damages for water-rates.

Mayor Beaudry has offered the amount of his yearly salary to the city in view of the general policy of retrenchment.

As Mr. Hague proceeds with the examination of the affairs of the Merchants' Bank, his convictions are that the affairs of the bank are better than is generally believed.

A low dwelling house known as "Noah's Ark," kept by a notorious scoundrel, was broken up last week. Within its confines young men were inveigled, where they were drugged and afterwards robbed.

It is proposed to ask the Commander-in-Chief of the troops at Halifax for permission to allow the 20th and 26th British Regiments to remain here, as well as at Toronto, for a week or two previous to their departure for British Columbia.

It is said that L. J. Campbell, who cleared out under such suspicious circumstances some time ago, was recently arrested in New York by Messrs. Mitchell, Vance & Co., brass founders, for a debt of \$1,000 for chandeliers which were put up in Mr. Campbell's mansion, in this city.

An investigation into the affairs of the City Passenger Railway Company is now being proceeded with, and it is anticipated that about April the 1st report will be given to the shareholders. It is thought that criminal proceedings will be taken by the shareholders against the old Board if matters are really as they have been stated.

CANADIAN ITEMS.

Thunder Bay magistrates are "going for" those who sell liquor without a license along the line of the Canada Pacific Railway works.

Wendell Phillips lectured in St. John on the 17th, his subject being "Daniel O'Connell."

The Fergus News Record thinks the escape of prisoners from constables is becoming suspiciously frequent in that locality.

A party of fifteen mostly French Canadians, left the Eastern Townships on Monday for Valley Falls, R. I., where they go to work in the large cotton mills there.

Danville has passed a by-law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors in that township. There seems to be a decided temperance movement setting in all through the Eastern Townships.

The licensed victuallers of Northumberland county have formed an association for the purpose of opposing the passage of the Dunkin Bill, or, as one of their number put it, "to resist the perpetration of an injustice to the people in the rural districts of this county by creating a monopoly for their friends in the town outside the jurisdiction of the county."

The Windsor Mail has the following good story, illustrative of road management in Nova Scotia:—A farmer across the river, while passing a bad piece of road, upset his load of potatoes. He got mad and swore he would "chaw up" the road commissioner. However, after referring to the list, he discovered, as he was the Commissioner for that district, he would overlook this neglect of the roads.

A postmaster says the name of the county in which the post-office is situated, as well as the name of the post-office itself, should be put on all letters, except such as are destined for cities and large towns. The omission to state the county and part of the address is the cause of letters being delayed, and sometimes being lost altogether.

The Government has caused to be issued wrappers for newspapers, periodicals, etc., with a one-cent stamp printed on the right hand corner. The stamp is oval in form and blue in colour. In the centre of the oval is an engraving of the queen's head, and surrounding it are the words, "Canada Postage—One cent." The wrapper is about twelve inches in length by about five in width, and has a well-gummed edge. They are got up after the manner of those which have been in use in England for some years past.

A contemporary has the following interesting information and sensible advice:—"The question is very often asked, what is the difference between a registered letter and any other? The difference is that a registered letter does not go into the mail proper. It passes from hand to hand outside the mail benches, every person through whose hand it passes being required to sign a receipt for it on receiving it, and to secure a receipt for it on passing it over to the next transit. The person holding the last receipt is thus always able to show who is accountable for the loss. The responsibility rests on the man who has signed a receipt for the registered package, or a receipt from somebody else for it. The safest way to send money is by money order. Where it does not go to a money order office it should always be sent in a registered package. Money ought not to be sent in an ordinary letter under any circumstances. There is no way of "tracking such a letter."

PRESENTATION TO ST. JOSEPH'S SOCIETY, DIAMOND HARBOR, QUEBEC.—As the St. Joseph's Society was leaving Diamond Harbor to join the procession, they were presented with a beautiful wreath of flowers by Mrs. Delaney, who had already presented the society with the regalia worn by their officers; and also a beautiful silk flag. Mr. Robert Lannan, President of the Society, though taken unawares by the graceful, but unexpected compliment, returned the following reply to Mrs. Delaney, in acknowledgment thereof, on behalf of the Society:—"Dear Madam,—It affords me great pleasure, as President of St. Joseph's Society, to come forward on this glorious occasion, and thank you, on behalf of its members, for this nice wreath you have presented, and which now surmounts our beautiful banner of St. Joseph, as one of its greatest ornaments. Also, to testify to you, noble and generous lady, our gratitude for the great interest you have taken in our regard. Behold! those magnificent collars, the work of your generous hands; so beautifully ornamented with the Cross and Shamrock; emblems of the Faith and Patriotism of the children of dear Old Ireland; and so long as the Society of St. Joseph exists and one of these beautiful collars ornaments the shoulders

of one of its members, the name of Mrs. Delaney will be remembered with gratitude." They then gave three hearty cheers for their kind benefactress, and for Bro. John, the director of the Society, and marched away to the airs of Fatherland, so excellently executed by the Emerald Independent Brass Band.

Nova Scotia is likely to possess at no distant day an extensive railway system. Even now she has a line forming part of the Intercolonial, commencing at the boundary between the two Provinces and running to Truro. She has a line from Truro to Halifax, and from Halifax to Annapolis, thence to Digby, a line in course of construction from a point on the Annapolis line to Yarmouth, and a line about being constructed from a point on the Annapolis line via the Nictaux and La Have Rivers to the Southern shore, is a line from Truro to Pictou Harbour, a line in course of construction from near New Glasgow to the Strait of Canso, and another from the Spring Hill Mine to Paroboro. Then a short line is projected between the Joggins mines and Maccou. Besides, a number of other lines has been spoken of, many if not all of which are sure to be built. There will be a southern extension from the New Glasgow Strait of Canso line to White Head, and possibly an eastern extension line from the Strait of Canso to Louisburg, and several branch lines in Cape Breton. There will be a Cape Tormentine line without doubt, and probably a branch from the Intercolonial to Pugwash and Wallace.

DEATHS.

CUSSAN—In this city, on the 22nd instant, Peter Paul, youngest son of Maurice Cussan, aged 2 years, 8 months and 22 days.

LAMOND—At her son's residence near York, Ont., on the 17th of March, Isabella Durward, Relict of the late Chas. Lamond, senr., in the ninety-fourth year of her age. May her soul rest in peace. Amen.

CORCORAN—At Ottawa, on the 17th inst., Mary, relict of the late Thomas Corcoran, aged 70 years.

REGULAR STOCK EXCHANGE.

Table with columns: STOCKS, Value of Shares, Last Half-yearly Dividend, Buyers per \$100, Sellers per \$100. Lists various banks and financial institutions.

GREENBACKS AND SILVER.

Table with columns: Bought, Sold. Lists Greenbacks and American Silver.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.—(Gazette.)

Table listing various commodities like Flour, Superior Extra, Extra Superfine, etc., with prices.

TORONTO FARMERS' MARKET.—(Globe.)

Table listing various agricultural products like Wheat, Barley, Oats, etc., with prices.

THE KINGSTON MARKET.—(British Whig.)

Table listing various goods like Flour, Grain, Meat, etc., with prices.

GUELPH MARKETS. Table listing various goods like Flour, White Wheat, Treadwell, etc., with prices.

OTTAWA MARKET. Monday, 26th.—There was a very small market to-day with no change in prices.

GRAIN MARKET. The following is a list of prices reported daily by Alex. Taylor, flour and grain merchant, corner of Rideau and Cumberland streets, and 320 Wellington street.

J. H. SEMPLE, IMPORTER AND WHOLESALE GROCER, 53 ST. PETER STREET, MONTREAL.

HOMES IN THE WEST. A new paper called "THE EMIGRANTS GUIDE," containing reliable information about the lands, employment, renting, timber, soil, climate, Catholic churches, Schools, Railroads, Markets, Irish Settlements, how improved lands are sold on seven years' credit, where improved farms may be obtained, how free transportation is procured, how the products will pay for the land and improvements, how, where, and when to go West.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL meeting of this CORPORATION will be held in the ST. PATRICK'S HALL, corner of Craig and St. Alexander Streets, on MONDAY EVENING next, 2nd APRIL, at EIGHT o'clock sharp, for the ELECTION of OFFICERS-BEARERS for the ensuing year. Every member is expected to be present.

HOME RULE LEAGUE. THE REGULAR MONTHLY MEETING of the Montreal Branch of the HOME RULE LEAGUE, will be held in the ST. PATRICK'S HALL, Corner of Craig and St. Alexander Streets; on WEDNESDAY EVENING, 4th inst.

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JUST RECEIVED, AT THE CENTRAL CLOTHING HOUSE, A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF French Coatings, Tweeds, &c. JOHN HATCHETTE & CO., LATE MOORE, SEMPLE & HATCHETTE, (SUCCESSORS TO FITZPATRICK & MOORE), IMPORTERS AND GENERAL WHOLESALE GROCERS, WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS, 54 & 56 COLLEGE STREET MONTREAL. [37-52]

BOARD OF LICENSE COMMISSIONERS FOR THE CITY OF MONTREAL.

PUBLIC NOTICE. IS HEREBY GIVEN, to all whom it may concern, that a List of Applications for Tavern, Restaurant and Grocery Licences, within the Limits of the City of Montreal (fill date), is prepared and open to public inspection at the Offices of the Montreal License Commission, 175 St. James street, of this city.

BOARD OF LICENSE COMMISSIONERS FOR THE CITY OF MONTREAL. The undersigned duly appointed License Commissioners for the City of Montreal under the authority of an Act of the Local Government past in the City of Quebec hereby give Public Notice that they are prepared to receive in the forms prescribed by Law all applications for the sale of Spirituous Liquors within the limits of the City of Montreal, for the year beginning May next.

LA W L O R ' S CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES. Price \$35 with Attachments. The New LAWLOR FAMILY MACHINE is unequalled in light running, beauty and strength of stitch, range of work, stillness of motion and a reputation obtained by its own merits.

FATHER FABER'S WORKS. All for Jesus; or, the Easy Way of Divine Love. The Blessed Sacrament; or, The Works and Ways of God. Growth in Holiness; or, Progress of the Spiritual Life. The Flower of Heaven, or, The Examples of the Saints. By Abbe Orsini.

LIST OF BOOKS, DEVOTIONAL & INSTRUCTIVE

Table listing various books with authors and prices. Includes titles like 'Voice of Jesus Suffering to the Mind and Heart of Christians', 'The Atoning Heart', 'The Perfect Lay Brother', etc.