

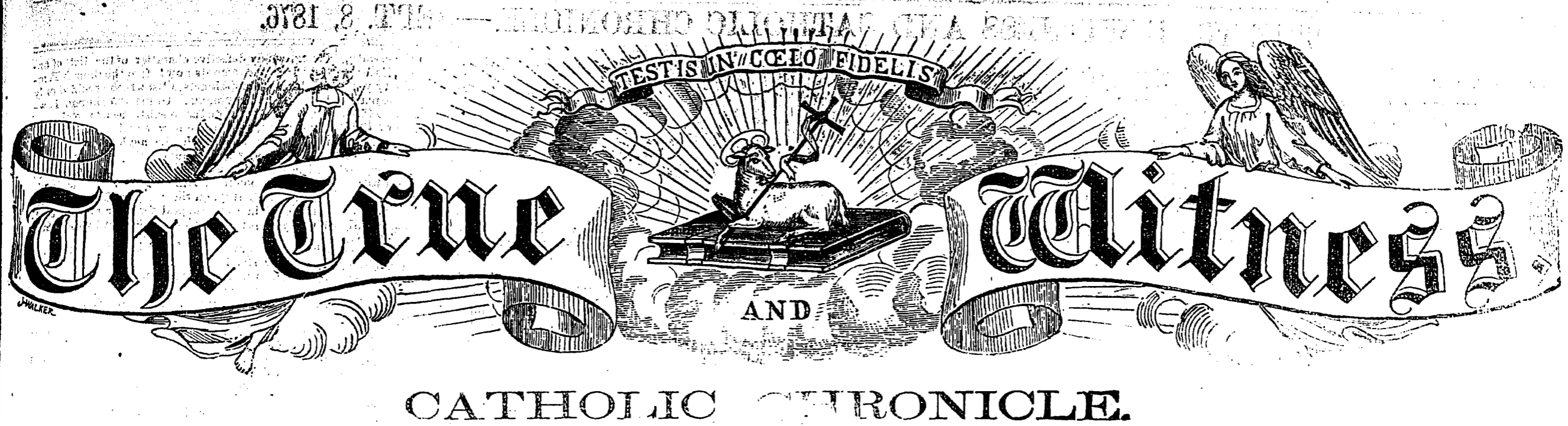
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXVII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1876.

NO. 4.

JUST RECEIVED,

A Most Beautiful Book. Glories of the Sacred Heart, by Cardinal Manning, 12 mo., 300 pages. \$1.00

AGENTS for the DOMINION.

CATHOLIC PERIODICALS.

Table listing various Catholic periodicals such as 'New York Tablet', 'Freeman's Journal', 'Catholic Review', etc., with their respective prices.

JUST RECEIVED, SERMONS BY THE LATE

REVEREND J. J. MURPHY, who lost his life at the fire at Back River on the night of December 4th, 1875. We have just received from our Agents in England a consignment of SERMONS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS, given by THE LATE REV. J. J. MURPHY, IN 1871. Price, \$2.00.

THE LION OF FLANDERS;

OR, THE BATTLE OF THE GOLDEN SPURS.

BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.

CHAPTER IV.

The journey which, at the suggestion of Charles de Valois, Count Guy was about to undertake, was a matter of no little risk, both to himself personally and to the whole land of Flanders; for there was only too much reason to believe that the king of France would think all measures good which might secure to him as long as possible the possession of those wealthy provinces.

with a canopy of blue velvet wrought with golden lilies, and hangings of the like falling on each side to the ground; a carpet, richly embroidered with gold and silver, covered the steps which led up to this magnificent seat. Philip the Fair was pacing up and down the hall with his son, Louis Hutin, behind them followed many French nobles, and among them one to whom the king often addressed his conversation. This favourite was Messire de Nogaret, the same who at Philip's command had ventured to arrest Pope Boniface, with circumstances of special contumely.

pleasantly comes a ray of joy into your darkling hearts! How easily do you forget your pains, to embrace an uncertain happiness, as if you had already emptied the cup of woe; while the dregs, bitter of all, still remain for you to drain! You see a smile on every countenance, and press the hand of every one that seems to sympathize in your happiness. But trust not the fickle dame Fortune, nor her ever-rolling wheel; nor yet the words of those who were not your friend when you were in adversity.

have not yet come to any determination on the subject." "You have said enough to let your intentions be seen," answered Joanna. "But be that as it may, I tell you, that if you disregard me so far as to set my wishes and opinion at naught, I will leave you; I will not stay here to be exposed to the consequences of your want of prudence and foresight. The war against Flanders has exhausted your treasury and your people; and now that you have the means in your hands of retrieving yourself at the expense of the rebels, you are about to receive them into favour, and to give them all back again! Never have our finances been in a worse condition; that Messire de Marigny can tell you."

These names had a terrible effect on all the company who, as if suddenly struck dumb, bowed their heads without speaking a word. At last the young William lifted up his hands, and cried despairingly: "Heavens! the cruel Joanna and Enguerrand De Marigny! oh, my poor sister! my father, we are lost!" "Well, then, now you understand," said Diederik; "those are the evil spirits which possess the good prince. You see, most noble Count, that your servant Diederik was not so far wrong, when he warned you at Wynandaal against this trap."



FOR THE "TRUE WITNESS."

THE MAGDALENE AT HER MOTHER'S GRAVE.

The night, it is dark, and the churchyard is drear,  
The wall of the wind is the one sound I hear,  
The night birds sing 'round me, in low, mournful  
tone  
All nature is dormant—I'm alone, I'm alone—  
Alone! near the grave of my childhood's best friend,  
Where my tears with the dew-drops of evening  
blend.

Alone! while the stars their patient watch keep—  
I sit by the grave of my mother, and weep.  
And I rest my white cheek on the cold marble  
stone  
That marks the green spot where she slumbers  
alone,  
And I peer thro' the darkness, till my weary eyes  
ache,  
In futile attempts one more look to take  
At the form of my Mother! May God grant her rest,  
Of all in this world, the kindest the best  
And I clasp the cold grave, in a long, wild embrace  
Midst the sweet scented flowers, hiding my face  
And calling on God, from the home of the blest—  
To bid my poor soul "Rest, weary one rest—  
Too long to sorrow and sin doomed a slave,  
Find respite from thy guilt—find quiet in the  
Grave!"

The Grave! 'tis the one only friend to be found  
By those upon whom the cold world has frowned.  
Thus musing and weeping, the dark night crept on  
The dawn will soon rise—and I must begone  
Perhaps, ere its close, I too may have flown  
To the land where sorrow and sin are unknown  
Oh call! call me hence, thou Magdalene's God  
'Tis a long, weary road, the path I have trod  
I've mourned for my guilt, with sorrow and tears—  
For the sin of an hour, I've languished for years:  
Prolong not my exile, Great God bid me come  
To find Mother and Rest, in thy Heavenly Home.

MARIE.

SAINT BERNARD AS NOVICE.

*Nobil porto del mondo e di fortuna,  
Di sacri i dolci studi alta quiete,  
Silenziosi amici e vaghe chiostrate, e liete!*

—TASSO.

By J. F. L., D.D.

I.

Carried along by Bernard's enthusiasm for the  
cloister, we had quite overlooked a touching episode  
in the history of his retirement from the world—I  
mean his bidding farewell to home, Bernard and his  
brothers, before shutting themselves up  
in Cîteaux, went to Fontaines to embrace their father  
and to ask his blessing. What a terrible sacrifice  
Teeclin was called upon to make! "To lose in  
one day five sons, whose noble qualities had been  
his delight! to be robbed in his old age of the  
rightful hopes of his whole life! It was too much  
for an old man bowed down beneath the weight of  
years." "The thought of this farewell," says an his-  
torian, "convulsed his heart, his eyes closed as he  
gazed on them, his voice failed him, and he almost  
lost consciousness." But those were ages of Faith  
and Teeclin remembering the words of Christ: "*Ye  
that love thy father and mother more than me, is not worthy  
of me*," checked the emotions of nature, gave them  
his blessing, and bade them depart in peace. How  
often has the sacrifice of Abraham been repeated  
in the Catholic Church! Of the six sons given him  
by Providence, one only—Nivard, the youngest—  
was left him, nor did this one stay with him long.  
As the heroic band of brothers were issuing from  
the castle-yard, they caught sight of Nivard, who  
was at play with his companions. Guido, the first-  
born of Teeclin, calling the boy, embraced him  
tenderly, and said, "Good bye, little brother, you  
are now sole heir of our father's possessions." "How  
generous of you," replied the child, "to appropriate  
heaven and leave me earth. No, no, this division  
is unfair." Returning home, Nivard wept bitterly  
and was so unhappy that in spite of the efforts of  
his father, relations and friends, he, too, left the  
paternal castle and followed his brothers to the  
monastery; followed in his turn by Teeclin himself  
who "died full of days in the arms of St. Bernard!"  
But while Bernard and his companions, with  
hymns and canticles are threading their way to  
Cîteaux through trackless forests, let us ask them  
what they are in quest of, and how it is that their  
hearts overflow with joy at the thought of leaving  
the society of men.

Paganism had its anchorites, Timon shunned  
the human race, Crates, they say, distributed his  
large fortune among the poor. Demosthenes in the  
beginning of his career retired into the deepest  
solitude. I employ these instances not as compar-  
ing, but as contrasting them with Bernard's retire-  
ment. Our hero and his companions were not  
Timons. They had no deep-seated grudge against  
fortune. It was not disappointed ambition nor the  
treachery of hollow friends that drove them to the  
woods. Not one of them felt inclined to say:

"I am misanthropos, and hate mankind."

Why should they? They were rich and noble,  
high in the favor of their feudal lord—some for  
deeds of valor achieved, others for deeds of valor  
expected.

Moreover, Paganism, the religion of a corrupted  
heart, can logically produce its Timons, and Protest-  
antism, the religion of an egotistic mind, can breed  
its Swifits, but can a true Catholic be a misanthrope?  
A Catholic misanthrope is as patent a contradiction  
in terms as a square circle. The term Catholic im-  
plies a community of thought with all true believ-  
ers, and of good-feeling with all mankind. It im-  
plies the sacrifice of peculiar opinions and selfish  
desires upon the altars of Faith and Charity. Hence  
neither "he that believeth not" nor "he that loveth  
not" can lay claim to Catholicity.

Demosthenes retired from the bustle of the world  
so did Bernard; but the Pagan orator retired, only  
to reappear with greater splendor; the Christian  
monk, in the hope and resolution that his name  
should die and be forgotten.

Bernard left his home, sold what he possessed  
and gave it to the poor; this Crates, the philosopher  
had also done, and many other pagans despised  
riches," says St. Jerome. But their motives were  
different. If we are to believe Cicero, the philoso-  
phers, in this, as in their other extraordinary ac-  
tions, were urged on by desire of praise and glory.  
It is not to be believed that the most cynical of  
them would have deprived themselves of the con-  
veniences of life, purely for philosophy. They  
could speculate and philosophize in a palace as  
well as in a hovel.

In Bernard's age, there was little glory to be  
gained in embracing a life of solitude and poverty.  
What was rare and striking among the Pagans  
had become an every day occurrence in the Church.  
His motives were higher. He retired into the wil-  
derness to secure the salvation of his soul, to mortify  
his passions, to commune with heaven. But why  
did he not stay in the world, he might enlighten  
the darkness of his fellow-men? Now, in the first  
place, who knows whether, instead of giving light  
to others, his own lamp might not have been ex-  
tinguished? whether, instead of converting others,  
he himself might not have been perverted? Our  
first care ought to be to save our own souls. And,  
secondly, it is a mistake which I hope you will not

full into, gentle reader to imagine that the prayers  
and the good works of the monks and hermits are  
of avail to themselves alone. Although they have  
left the world, they have not left the Church. She  
still claims them to be her members, and by an old  
maxim of philosophy, what benefits any part, bene-  
fits the whole. The Church is a large and well-  
disciplined army. She has no want of soldiers in  
the plains; but her chief reliance is upon those  
whose hands are uplifted on the mountains. Satan  
understands this well, for his first and fiercest as-  
saults are always directed against the heights on  
which our monasteries are founded.

But what a long digression!  
"In the year 1113, from the Incarnation of our  
Lord, the fifteenth of the founding of Cîteaux, Bern-  
ard, servant of God, about twenty-two years of age  
with upwards of thirty companions, Stephen being  
then Abbot, entered Cîteaux, and bowed his neck  
to the sweet yoke of Christ. And from that day  
the Lord has showered blessings, and the vineyard  
of the God of Hosts has yielded abundant fruit,  
and extended its branches to the sea, and beyond  
the sea its off-shoots."

The Cistercians adhered strictly to the rule of St.  
Benedict. They ate little, they slept little, and  
divided their time between prayer, study, and heavy  
work in the fields and forests. Not a moment was  
left unemployed. They assembled for prayer seven  
times each day, and their Hours were hours inde-  
ed. Seven hours more were devoted to manual labor—  
the clearing of the forest or tilling of the soil. Two  
hours remained for reading. This was the distribu-  
tion of time, according to the Benedictine Rule,  
subject to the discretion of the Superior, to whom  
the monks promised prompt and unreserved obedi-  
ence.

Bernard's conduct as novice is recorded to have  
been exemplary. His obedience, humility, recol-  
lection were such as to astonish and gladden the  
aged Abbot. As instances of his utter disregard  
for external things, we are told that he did not  
know, at the end of his year's novitiate, whether  
the ceiling of his cell was flat or vaulted, or that  
there were more windows than one in the chapel  
where he had daily prayed.

In his fasts and vigils he allowed his youthful  
ardor to carry him to an excessive length. His  
constitution, naturally frail and delicate, demanded  
a care and indulgence which the zealous novice was  
not disposed to exercise. In vying with able-  
bodied men in labor and penances, his health failed  
his stomach became incurably deranged, and, we  
may say, he never afterwards enjoyed a day's health  
until his death.

He, however, persevered in his efforts to comply  
with the rule, though it needed his spirit and reso-  
lution to dig the earth, fell trees, and carry wood  
while scarce able to stand. He was willing enough  
but it seems he was not a success as a farmer and  
forester. The following incident is characteristic:  
"When harvest time came all the brothers went  
out to reap, Bernard among the others. But he  
was so weak and so unskilful that he was ordered  
to stand aside. Immensely grieved he fell to pray-  
ing, and with large tears besought God to show  
him how to reap. The desire of the simple-hearted  
religious was accorded, and from that day he was  
acknowledged the most skilful reaper of them all."  
It was chiefly at this period of his life that Bern-  
ard acquired his unequalled knowledge of the  
scriptures. "To the present day," says the ancient  
chronicler, "he will confess to you that if he knows  
anything of scripture, he owes it to prayer and medita-  
tion in the woods and fields, and he is in the habit  
of saying pleasantly to his friends that he never  
had any other professor of Sacred Scripture than the  
oak or the beech tree."

After a year of novitiate Bernard and his com-  
panions pronounced with deep emotion the solemn  
vows which severed all connections between them  
and the world.—*Catholic Standard.*

THE SCENE OF ST. PAUL'S WRECK.

THE ROCKY COAST WHERE THE APOSTLE OF THE GEN-  
TILES WAS STRANDED—MALTA AS IT IS—A VISIT TO  
THE GROTTO OF CALYPSO.

Charles Warren Stoddard writes from Malta to the  
*San Francisco Chronicle* as follows:—  
"All day we plowed an ugly sea, slowly plowing  
our way toward Malta. Sicily lay like a blue cloud  
in the horizon when I went on deck in the early  
morning, and like a blue cloud it faded out of the  
horizon and was seen no more. I knew that Sicily  
was but sixty miles from Malta, and took hope,  
though St. Paul had a rough time of it in these  
waters, and came to shore on the little island in  
anything but ship shape. Towards twilight, before  
the sun was fairly down, we were all astir on board.  
Some one kindly raised the cry of land on our star-  
board bow, and though it was a poor land to look  
at, and might have passed for a big turtle asleep on  
the waters, we accepted it, and began to congratu-  
late ourselves that we would ride at anchor that  
night, and take breakfast right side up instead of  
horizontally, as was the case only a few hours be-  
fore."

Malta is certainly a very lovely island. It is  
quite the fashion to speak lightly of its soil; there  
is little of it; and to call the water brackish, and  
to wonder why there are three little islands in the  
group when one of that sort would be sufficient to  
satisfy any reasonable soul. The Maltese on board  
are indignant, and point out its celebrated resorts  
and speak with enthusiasm of its charming climate.  
It lies half way between Italy and Africa. It is better  
than either in many respects, the dwellers on this  
lonely rock think, which means, in reality, that it  
is neither the one thing nor the other. As we  
draw in nearer the shore, a fellow-passenger, who  
has made his home in Malta for many years, grows  
jubilant and seizes me by the arm to tell me the old  
story of St. Paul's wreck. "There is the very spot,"  
says he, "and many a picnic have I enjoyed in the  
cove under the hill!"

"Sure enough, there was a certain creak with a  
shore, and on the cliff above the shore, a colossal  
statue of the Saint, just distinguishable in the  
twilight, a great white figure like a ghost, brooding  
over the fretful sea. It was undoubtedly a favor-  
able season for refreshing one's memory of that  
notable shipwreck, and in half an hour no fewer than  
five versions of the wreck were given in as many  
languages by men who spoke as if they had been  
eye witnesses of the scene. We recalled how St.  
Paul was shipped to Italy, how he touched at Sidon,  
and how Julius courteously entertained Paul, and  
gave him liberty to go on with his friends and re-  
fresh himself." How afterwards they sailed under  
Cyprus and over the sea of Cilicia and Pamphylia,  
and came to Lysia. How they cruised by Onidus  
and Crete, and the Fair Havens, and then the pro-  
phetic lips foretold the danger that lay in store.  
But the old salts of those days had as little con-  
fidence in landmen as in this, and when the south  
wind blew softly they loosened sail and bore down  
under the shores of Crete. It was a bad move, for  
Euroclydon, a tempestuous wind, caught them, and  
they could not bear up against it, so "we let her  
drive," saith the Scriptures. For many days neither  
sun nor stars appeared, and the ship was driven up  
and down in the raging sea. They lightened that  
storm bound bark, they underrigged her, with their  
own hands they threw out the tackling of the ship,  
and yielded to their fate. Again the Saint was  
moved to prophesy, and had them this time. "You  
should have staid at Crete," said he; "yet fear not,  
for not a man of you shall be lost; but only the  
ship." They came to a land which they knew not  
for fourteen days of unmitigated misery. It was  
midnight and very cold. They sounded and found  
that it was twenty fathoms, and then they threw  
out four anchors at the stern, and wished for day."

The Saint was, after all, the best seaman of the lot  
for without him that company would not have got  
safely to shore. In the morning they got up their  
anchors, made sail, and drove their bow right into  
the sandy beach, and the ship went to pieces, and  
every one of the two hundred, three score and six-  
teen souls set foot on Malta without stopping to con-  
sider the beauty or barrenness of the island at the  
moment.

"My Maltese friend assures me that the snakes  
in Malta, and there are plenty of them, are all per-  
fectly harmless, and that this has been the case ever  
since St. Paul shook the viper from his hand into  
the fire, on the bank yonder, on the morning after  
the wreck."

"When I had come to the end of my sojourn in  
Malta, and was thinking on the chief point of in-  
terest on the sixty monotonous miles of coast, my  
eye chanced to fall upon this paragraph in a small  
history of the island that lay open before me.—"St.  
Paul's bay is now a watering place, where many of  
the inhabitants spend the summer months!"

"Half an hour's ride from Saint Paul's watering  
place is the grotto of Calypso. Could Homer have  
ever seen it, or was he born blind that he sung of  
the spot in a strain that ought to increase immigra-  
tion to Malta?—It is now celebrated for the enor-  
mous quantities of sandwiches and soda water con-  
sumed on the premises, and there is not a line of  
Homer discernible as far as the eye could reach."

"It was after sunset when we steamed into the  
harbor of Valett and let go our anchor. Half an  
hour before we had been rolling up and under the  
low cliffs of the island, and finding it difficult to  
picture any given object; but now we lay as still as  
a lagoon in the deep, quiet waters, only a stone's  
throw from the shore. All above us toward the  
hills that are literally clothed with fortifications.  
The city stands on end, with one house beginning  
where another leaves off, so that you can see north-  
ward but windows and roofs stretching from the  
water's edge to the very sky. There are hanging  
gardens, tier upon tier, that carefully hide all traces  
of verdure, and you don't know where there are green,  
and lovely gardens until you wander about the  
town, climbing hither and thither, and suddenly  
find yourself in one of them. The house windows  
are mostly pushed out over the narrow streets, like  
small balconies enclosed in glass, and dark blinds  
give them a tropical appearance that reminds us  
that we are not far from the African coast."

IRELAND NINETY YEARS AGO.

Nearly a generation since a little work entitled  
"Ireland Sixty Years Ago," was published in Dub-  
lin, and was attributed—we believe accurately—to  
a distinguished barrister, who afterwards found his  
way to the Bench, the late Mr. Hon. J. E. Walsh,  
sometime Master of the Rolls in Ireland. This  
little book attracted great and natural interest in  
this country. Written in a very simple and unpre-  
tentious style, it was a most graphic and amusing  
sketch of Irish society in the closing years of the  
last century, viewed, perhaps, from a too pessimist  
point of view, but we repeat, most graphic and  
amusing. Everybody read the little volume when  
it first appeared, but it has long since gone out of  
print, and Messrs. McLachlan and Gill have done a  
service to a new generation by their just issued reprint  
of the book (with notes) under the title of "Ireland  
Ninety Years Ago." We have just concluded the  
perusal of the new edition, and we must say that  
our early favorable impression of its merits is more  
than confirmed. The book contains very little of  
the politics of the last century, about which we can  
all discover enough elsewhere; but it does give a  
most interesting account of the social state of our  
country some generations ago, and it is especially  
rich in details of the Dublin of the eighteenth cen-  
tury. We would recommend the *libellus* as a useful  
dose for those who are apt to complain of the Dub-  
lin of our own times. Let us endeavor, from its  
pages, to summon up a sketch of what manner of  
city Dublin was less than a century back, when  
King George III. was on the throne, when the Irish  
Parliament still sat in College Green, when gentle-  
men wore swords and wigs, and ladies hoops and  
court-patches.

To commence with, he it always remembered,  
that ninety years ago Dublin had no police, and the  
sole guardians of the peace of the city were certain  
decent and useless old watchmen, appointed under  
an act which directed that the posts should be filled  
"by honest men and good Protestants." The state  
of the streets was from every point of view  
appalling. There were no areas in front of houses,  
and the spouts projected out either from the roof or  
half way down the wall so as to pour in torrents  
over a large space below after every shower. Sewers  
were few or none, and refuse of every kind  
was flung from the doors into the middle of the  
street. As late as 1811 there was not one covered  
sewer in the Liberty south of the Coombe, and  
when, in 1806, the Paving Board commenced a  
covered sewer in Capel street, it was covered in at  
the desire of the inhabitants and left unfinished.  
Even in Sackville street refuse of every kind was  
as late as 1810 received in pits dug before the houses,  
and covered in, and when one of these was opened  
and emptied, the appalling stench may be well im-  
agined. The streets were not alone abominably  
filthy, but they were miserably narrow. One ex-  
ample will suffice. Near Bridge street is a wretched  
purlieu, "Chancery-lane." Ninety years ago  
Chancery-lane was the Dublin Merrion-square,  
being one of the most fashionable streets in the  
city, and the residence of all the leaders of the  
legal profession. The streets were in such a con-  
dition that no one could help it ever thought  
of walking in them, the fashionable method of  
going from place to place being a sedan chair. The  
leading streets were miserably lighted; the small  
streets were scarcely lighted at all. In 1812 things  
had greatly improved, but even then there were only  
25 small oil lamps to light the four sides of Step-  
hen's Green. Ninety years ago the streets swarmed  
with footpads, who ran riot in the unit and un-  
policed city. Their method of plying their trade  
was peculiar. The robbers congregated in a dark  
entry, choosing the shady side of the street if the  
moon shone. A cord was provided, with a loop on  
the end of it. The loop was laid down on the pave-  
ment; the thieves held the end of the rope. Every  
passenger who went by was watched until one of  
them put his foot in the loop. The rope was in-  
stantly "chucked" by the thieves, and the passer by  
thus lassoed by the leg. The rope was pulled with  
might and main, the victim was thrown down and  
dragged with lightning speed to some entry in the  
lane, where he was robbed of everything he pos-  
sessed and sometimes murdered. But it was not  
of thieves alone that passengers in the streets stood  
in awe. Young gentlemen of fortune and station  
associated themselves into clubs known as "Hell  
Fires," "Mohawks," "Hawkbiters," "Cherokees,"  
"Sweaters," "Pinkindies," and so on. The ob-  
ject of these creditable associations was to haunt the  
streets of Dublin, waylay harmless passers-by, prick  
them with sword-points, and torture and assail them  
in every possible way. A detailed account is given  
of the doings of six of these marauders on the night  
of the 29th of July, 1784. They were all officers  
of high rank—one was a noble lord—and they had  
been dining with the Attorney-General of the day.  
We have not space to here relate the story at any  
length, but it must suffice to say that these gentle-  
men in the course of a few hours stormed and en-  
tered a public-house, "pinked"—that is to say, en-  
treated—the waiter, beat the publican, insulted his  
wife, had a grand battle with the neighbors, were  
driven out of the house, returned, added by some  
soldiers, again stormed the house, defeated the  
sheriff and his force, and were only driven off in the  
end by a party of the Volunteers.

In fact, not alone in Dublin, but in the country,  
not in one class but in all classes of society, fighting  
was the great pastime in the Ireland of ninety years  
ago. The list of noted duellists includes the names  
of Lord Chancellor Clive, Lord Chief Justice Clonmel,  
Baron Metge, Justice Patterson, Lord Chief  
Justice Norbury, Grattan, Curran, Hely Hutchinson,  
Dr. Duigenan, &c. The people followed the exam-  
ple of their betters, and for whole days the quays of  
Dublin were impassable owing to the furious battles  
waged between the tailors and weavers of the  
Coombe and the butchers of Ormond-market, on  
Ormond-quay. That the conflicts were sufficiently  
sauginary will appear from the detail. The but-  
chers were wont to "bough" their captives; with  
their knives, that is to say, to cut the tendons of  
their legs, thereby rendering the victims incurably  
lame for life; while the Liberty Boys having on one  
occasion captured the Ormond-market, dislodged the  
meat they found there, hooked several captive but-  
chers by the jaws, and retired, leaving the wretches  
hanging on their own stalls. It is an extraordinary  
specimen of the spirit of the times that in these des-  
perate battles a select body of the *jeunesse doree* of  
Trinity College were wont to make common cause  
with the Liberty Boys. On one occasion several of  
the students were captured by the Ormond butchers  
and it was instantly rumored that they had been  
hung up in the stalls as an act of retaliation for the  
fearful cruelties of their allies. The authorities, at  
the head of a large body of watchmen, marched to  
the spot, and there found the Collegians hanging,  
instead to the hooks, but only suspended by the  
waistbands of their breeches, for the butchers had  
taken pity on their age and condition. Drinking,  
gambling, and highway robbery was also among the  
national pastimes of ninety years ago. The volume  
before us adds a few to the countless stories which  
illustrate the conviviality of our ancestors. The  
devices for making men "drink fair" were legion.  
If a guest left the room, bits of paper intimating  
the number of rounds the bottle had gone, were dip-  
ped into his glass, and he, on his return, was com-  
pelled to swallow a glass for each, under the penalty  
of so many bumpers of salt and water. Sometimes  
the decanters had round bottoms, like soda water  
flasks, so that "stopping the bottle" was a physical  
impossibility. Sometimes the guests, as they sat  
down, put off their shoes, which were taken out of  
the room, and the empty bottles were broken outside  
the door, so that no one could pass till the close  
of an orgie, which often lasted forty-eight  
hours. Gambling was practiced by all classes the  
rich dicing away their estates, the poor thronging  
outside the room in Capel street, where the govern-  
ment lottery was drawn. The roads were haunted  
with desperate villains, such as Freney, Crotty, and  
Brennan; and the state of popular education may  
be shown by the fact that in the hedge-schools the  
manuals of education were the "Lives of Irish  
Rogues and Rapparees" and "Laugh and be Fat," a  
collection of grossly indecent tales. Such is in  
brief an outline of the picture of Ireland "Ninety  
Years Ago," presented by the book of that name.  
Ireland is yet very far from what her sons will  
make her; but when we look around us, when we  
notice that dawning day, when drunkenness disap-  
peared in the bitter classes, that gambling is con-  
fined to a few, that there are no highway-men and  
few footpads, that sanitary science has raised its  
head aiong us, that the streets of the metropolis  
are well watered and well lit, that the filth and  
misery of Old Dublin are rapidly disappearing, that  
the savage old manners only survive in a few out-  
of-the-way places—when we see these things, we  
are reminded that To-Day is brighter than yester-  
day, though we are allowed to hope that both may  
be eclipsed by the radiance of To-Morrow.—*Dublin  
 Freeman's Journal.*

The beauties which nature has, with bounteous  
hand, bestowed on Ireland, have been extolled by  
many pens and many tongues. Tourists have visited  
the country from England and Scotland, from  
France, Germany and other parts of the Continent,  
and all have paid the same tribute of praise to the  
grandeur of its coast and mountain scenery, and to  
the tranquil loveliness of its lakes and rivers, of its  
plains and valleys. What one of them has said of  
Wicklow, cannot, with truth be restricted to that  
county alone:  
"There may be seen lakes of Alpine beauty;  
streams that wind through quiet dells, or roll their  
sparkling waters down rugged precipices; deep  
glens and sombre ravines, where the dark moun-  
tain shadows make twilight of the summer noon;  
mountains whose bare and craggy peaks seem to  
pierce the clouds; romantic woods and picturesque  
glades, with fertile, warm and pleasant valleys."  
These natural advantages are enhanced by the  
ancient ruins which are scattered far and wide  
over the island. Liking the present with the  
glories of the past, those majestic remains stand for  
the most part in the midst of scenes of great natural  
beauty, and the additional charms which they im-  
part to such favored spots has been felt and acknowl-  
edged even by strangers, unacquainted with their  
history. Those old ruined piles possess a peculiar  
attraction for the Irishman who loves the country  
of his birth. He gazes on the ivy clad remains of  
once mighty castles, and his mind is carried back  
to the time when the walls and towers bristled with  
sword and spear, and the court yard rang with the  
 neigh of steeds and the tramp of armed men, when  
around those grim fortresses surged the tide of war,  
and the air was filled with fierce battle cries. He  
paces the roofless cloisters of famed abbey, like  
Glendalough and Clonmacnoise, or meditates with-  
in the walls of one of their churches; and if it be  
the evening time, when the shadows deepen, he al-  
most imagines that those hallowed spots, wrapped  
in gloom are once more peopled with the long robed  
monks, and that by monks steal softly on his ear. Or  
he seats himself beneath a lofty tower, and indulges  
in wandering speculation as to its original use;  
while, perchance near him gleam the limpid waters  
of one of the "Holy Wells," of which the poet sang:

THE ANCIENT MONUMENTS OF IRE-  
LAND.

The holy wells—the living wells—the cool, the  
fresh, the pure—  
A thousand ages rolled away, and still those fountains  
endure:  
As full and sparkling as they flowed ere slave or  
tyrant trod,  
The Emerald garden, set apart for Irishmen  
by God.

The Scripture of Creation holds no fairer type than  
they—  
That an immortal spirit can be linked with human  
clay.

These old ruins, then, are a treasure which every  
Irishman should prize; and the following item of  
news relative to them which came by one of the  
late mails, is calculated to afford pleasure: "At a  
general meeting of the Royal Irish Academy—we  
quote from the Dublin *Daily Express*—"The Presi-  
dent, Dr. Stocks, delivered an inaugural address; in  
the course of which, after referring to several of the  
more interesting papers read before the Academy  
during the last session, he said he sincerely hoped  
that Sir John Lubbock's Ancient Monument Bill  
would be passed during the next session of Parli-  
ament. No effort should be spared by Irish members  
in support of the measure. He would strongly urge  
on the Academy the desirability of recommending a  
uniform administration and consolidation of funds  
for the preservation of ancient monuments in Ire-  
land; and that the direction and administration of  
this work should be left in the hands of the Irish  
Government. He also desired to draw attention to

the extremely defective character of the list of an-  
cient Irish monuments now before the Church Tem-  
poralities Commissioners, a list which specified only  
twenty-five monuments. Of the 125 Round Towers,  
which were noted as in existence at the close of  
last century, only 75 are now standing. It will be  
truly a shame if, through the neglect and careles-  
ness of the present generation, they are allowed to  
perish, after having for centuries so nobly resisted  
the wasting power of Time. The verses of Denis  
Florence McCarthy, on the "Pillar Towers of Ire-  
land," contain a mute appeal for their preservation.  
We may be permitted to cite the first two stanzas:

The Pillar Towers of Ireland, how wondrously  
they stand  
By the lakes and rushing rivers, thro' the valleys  
of our land;  
In mystic file through the isle, they lift their heads  
sublime,  
These gray-old pillar temples—these conquerors  
of time!  
Beside these gray old pillars how perishing and  
weak  
The Roman arch of triumph, and the temple of  
the Greek.  
And the gold domes of Byzantium, and the pointed  
Gothic spires—  
All are gone, one by one, but the temple of our  
sires.

We earnestly hope that effective measures will  
be taken to preserve these relics of Ireland's past  
greatness. The preservation of her ancient language  
and literature will be the surest means of keep-  
ing alive the spirit of nationality, and of transmit-  
ting from generation to generation, that love of  
country for which her children have ever been re-  
markable.—*Dublin Irish Times.*

THE BITTER BITTEN.

Chief Justice Pyne, who was appointed Chief  
Justice of the King's Bench in 1864, had the re-  
putation of being influenced in his judicial capacity  
by gifts. He had a landed property on the banks  
of the Blackwater in Munster, called Waterpark, to  
which he repaired after the fatigues of the Munster  
Circuit. Being of a bucolic taste, he cultivated good  
breeds of cattle, and was noted for the value of his  
stock. The trial of a very important record, in  
which the claims of a Mr. Wellar were opposed to  
those of a Mr. Nangle, was fixed for the Cork As-  
sises. On the day before that on which the Chief  
Justice was to leave Waterpark for Cork, he received  
a present of twenty-five splendid heifers from  
Mr. Wellar, the defendant in the action. The Chief  
Justice returned a very gracious message to Mr.  
Wellar by his steward, who came in charge of the  
cattle. This man was treated with great courtesy.  
He returned home to his master, well pleased with  
the urbanity and kindness of Chief Justice Pyne.  
The judge set forth the next day for Cork. When  
driving along in his coach and six, passing near  
Rathcoacum where the bridge spans the Bride river,  
the road was blocked up by a drove of cattle. The  
Chief Justice looked out, and beheld a prime herd  
of most valuable short-horns. He beckoned a man  
who was driving the cattle to approach him, and  
demanded, "Whose beasts are these, my man?"  
"They belong, please your honor to a great gentle-  
man of those parts, Judge Pyne, your honor," re-  
plied the countryman. "Indeed," cried the Chief  
Justice, in much surprise; "and where are you  
taking them now?" "They are grazing on my  
master, Mr. Nangle's farm, your honor, and as the  
assizes are coming on at Cork, my master thought  
the judge might like to see that he took care of  
them, so I am taking them to Waterpark to show  
to the judge." The judge felt the delicacy of Mr.  
Nangle's mode of giving his present. Putting his  
hand in his pocket, he presented the herd with a  
guinea, said he was Judge Pyne, and "that as his  
master, Mr. Nangle, had taken such good care of  
his cattle, he, the judge, would take good care of  
him." At parting he desired the herd to give the  
animals to his steward at Waterpark, and bade his  
coachman "drive on," which he did. During the  
hearing of the action of Nangle v. Wellar, the bear-  
ing of the Chief Justice seemed, at first, quite in  
favor of the defendant, and that gentleman nodded  
often to his attorney, as much as to say, "It's all  
right—I have secured the judge." But, as the case  
went on, and it was the province of the Chief Jus-  
tice to charge the jury, he put the case so strongly  
for the plaintiff, that, to the dismay of Mr. Wellar,  
the jury brought in a verdict for Mr. Nangle with-  
out leaving the box, and the judge certified for im-  
mediate execution. Mr. Nangle and his counsel  
were, of course, quite satisfied. No exceptions were  
taken to the judge's charge, and the case was won.  
When, on his return from the Munster Circuit, the  
learned judge arrived at Waterpark, his first ques-  
tion was, "Are the cattle all safe?" "Perfectly, my  
lord," replied the steward. "Where have you put  
the beasts I received when leaving for the Cork  
Assises?" "They are where you left them, my lord."  
"Where I left them—that is impossible!" exclaimed  
the Chief Justice. "I left them on the road near  
Rathcoacum." The steward was puzzled. He thought  
the writ of the Chief Justice were not so clear as  
those of a Chief Justice ought to be. "Con," said  
Sir Richard Pyne, putting on his hat, "I'll have a  
look at them myself." The steward led the way  
across the lawn to the grassy paddock, and there  
were found within twenty-five fine heifers cropping  
the grass; as happy as if their late master retained  
his property. "I don't mean those," said the Chief  
Justice, rather testily. "I want to see those fifty  
short-horns which came after I left home." "Bedad,  
the long and the short of it is, them's all the cattle  
on the land, and except what we bred ourselves, my  
lord." And so it was; the sagacious Mr. Nangle  
had so timed the departure of his cattle as to meet  
the Chief Justice on the road. He had properly  
drilled his herd, who, with the tact of his country,  
relished the plot of "doing" the judge, for Mr.  
Nangle had no great faith in the integrity of that  
functionary. The judge's coach was no sooner out  
of sight, than the herdsman turned his cattle and  
before nightfall they were once more in the famil-  
iar fields of Mr. Nangle, where they were reared.  
The Chief Justice felt he had been outwitted, but,  
of course, had no power of showing his disappoint-  
ment.—*The Munster Circuit in the Dublin Univer-  
sity Magazine.*

INFLUENCE OF GREENBACKS.—He looked like a man  
who might have had fifteen cents last fall, but who  
had used the last of it weeks ago. When he sat  
down in the restaurant the waiters paid no heed to  
him, and he rapped several times before a colored  
man said that way.

"I want fried oysters," said the man, as he look-  
ed over the bill of fare.  
"Dey is jist out, fried oysters is," replied the waiter.  
"Bring me a chicken, then."  
"Dot isn't a chicken in de place."  
"Got any venison?" inquired the man.  
"Not an inch, sah."  
"Any ham and eggs?"  
"No, sah."  
"See here," said the man getting vexed, "I want  
a square meal. I've got the duca's right here, and I  
can pay for my dinner; and buy your old cook-shop  
besides!"

"He lifted a big roll of greenbacks out of his pocket,  
and shook it at the darkey and continued:  
"Have you a chicken?"  
"Yes, sah, I gues's so, sah; I have de biggest kind  
of belief dat since we commenced to talk a chicken  
has blown right into de kettle and been cooked."  
And now about that venison and dose fried oysters  
they had also arrived.



**IRISH INTELLIGENCE.**

William Alexander Craig, Esq., of Naas, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace.

Captain Dawson-Townley, of Tullyvin House, Tullyvin, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the County Cavan.

The Waterford News of the 11th ult., says—“The harvest is coming in very fast, and never was seen finer weather for cutting down the growing crops.”

The Limerick Reporter of the 8th ult., says—“The weather has again taken up beautifully, promising a fine aftergrass crop, and sending in loads of mushrooms, the sign of a plentiful season. The potato crop is excellent.”

On the 6th ult., a large and influential deputation, representing the clergy of the Diocese of Waterford, waited on the Very Rev. Father Lynch, at his residence, the Parochial House at Painstown, for the double purpose of congratulating him on his recovery from a long and severe illness, and of presenting to him a very munificent testimonial.

A farmer named Frank Daly, residing near the Curragh, lost twenty sheep worried by dogs, on the 5th ult. Mr. Waldron and Mr. John Walsh lost some sheep on the night previous from the same cause. On the ground where Daly's sheep were killed are 450 sheep. The farmers suppose that this nightly slaughter is caused by wandering dogs from the Curragh Camp.

A sample of potatoes (says the Tuam Herald) grown in the gardens of the (Protestant) Lord Bishop of Tuam has been kindly forwarded by the gardener at the palace to our office this week. They are probably the largest and finest specimen of the “founder” species we have ever beheld. Six of these potatoes, when weighed, turned the scale at seven pounds four ounces.

At the last Tallaght petty sessions a summons at the suit of the Corporation against the Old Bawn Paper Mills Company for an alleged pollution of the Dodder by the outcome from the mills came on for hearing. It appears that the Company are under liquidation, and the case was adjourned for a month, in the expectation that in the end of that time all the materials in the mills will have been worked off, and there will be no further pollution of the river from them.

We are happy to learn (says the Kilkenny Journal) that at the Chapter of the Irish Province of the Franciscan Capuchin Order, held on the 8th ult. at the new convent, Rockstown, Cork, the Very Rev. Albert Mitchell, O.S.F.C., was elected “Custos Provincial” of the order in Ireland. While Father Mitchell was stationed as guardian in Kilkenny he won the esteem and respect of all, by his zeal and exertions in the cause of religion, and whilst the citizens rejoice at his promotion to the highest office of the order, they will hear with regret of his departure from amongst them.

The managers and teachers (says the Belfast Examiner) of schools attended by half-timers in Belfast some time ago memorialised the Commissioners of National Education to reduce the number of attendances necessary to qualify those half-timers for the result examinations. Owing to the change from the half-day to the alternative system, about the beginning of 1875, very few half-timers attending on alternate days would have been eligible for examinations if the number of attendances for ordinary pupils had been adopted as the standard. The commissioners have granted the prayer of the memorial.

An inquest was held on the 5th ult., on the body of Mr. Nicholas Furlong, an opulent and highly respectable farmer, residing near Ballycogley, county Wexford, whose body was found lying on the side of the public road at Tulliscanna, on the evening previous. From the evidence elicited it appeared that Furlong was proceeding home from Wexford on his car, which was drawn by a high-spirited young horse, which, it is presumed ran away and threw him on his head against a stone wall, and that his death was caused by concussion of the brain, the result of the fall; death was almost instantaneous. Furlong was about seventy years of age. He was a married man and leaves a large family.

The Most Rev. Dr. Ryan, Bishop of Killaloe, has recently made the following alterations amongst the clergy of his diocese:—Rev. James Meagher, Roscrea, to administration of Lorrha; Rev. Eugene Moloney, Nenagh, to curacy of Lisecra; Rev. John Kennedy, Borriskane, to curacy of Nenagh; Rev. Denis O'Brien, Monsea, to curacy of Templeddery; Rev. Hugh Gleeson, Doonas, to Castleconnell; Rev. John Walker, of Ballywilliam, to curacy of Toomavara; Rev. Mr. Moeller, to curacy of Ballywilliam; Rev. Mr. Mariane, to curacy of chapel of Roscrea; Rev. John McNamara, from Killybarrow, to Lorrha; Rev. Mr. Hickey, to Borriskane; and Rev. Michael Courtenay to Monsea.

NATIONAL DEMONSTRATION IN KINGSCOURT.—A correspondent of the Weekly News, writing under date Kingscourt, August 14th, 1876, says:—“The picturesque village of Balleiberoo presented a most patriotic appearance on Thursday last, 10th inst. A gathering of about thirty thousand people, very orderly and sober, assembled to hear Mr. Fay, M.P. for Cavan, and Mr. Kirk, M.P. for Louth, and our pious and eloquent curate, Rev. Father Torney, the gifted pulpit orator of the diocese of Meath, communicating their views on national subjects, which were heard with great patience and respect.”

The long desired college for the training of ecclesiastical and secular students for the see of Cork will soon be established in the modification and enlargement of St. Vincent's school, which has come into the Bishop's hands on the expiring of the lease of the Vincentian Fathers. What is contemplated now is the establishment of a boarding school, in conjunction with a large and highly efficient day school. To effect this, of course, a building of a totally different character from the existing one is required. The new establishment will be of greater capacity and especially adapted to the requirements of a college and day school, as the acquisition of a fine dwelling house in King street enables the college to cover an immense area, extending from King street to Sidney place. Rev. Father Coghlan is to be president of the new college, which will be called St. Finbarr's.

The crops throughout Galway are in a promising condition. The turnip crop will exceed anticipation. The mangold crop is much improved, and it is anticipated that the yield will be fully up to that of last year. The oat crop is not up to expectation, as the straw is short and the produce will not be up to that of last harvest. This is not a wheat-growing locality, but in districts where it has been sown it is doing well. In many instances the meadows laid out and saved, although they are short in quantity it is anticipated, that there will be sufficient food for cattle from the present prospect of aftergrass. With regard to the potato crop, it is an excellent one, and the tubers are perfectly sound. Sprouting has not been recently seen in the tubers, and the yield is anticipated to be good. At the last meeting of the Limerick guardians—

Hon. Mr. Fitzgibbon in the chair.—Mr. J. Barry proposed that the board should adopt a resolution congratulating Mr. Richard O'Shaughnessy, the junior member for the city of Limerick, on his promoting and successfully carrying through Parliament a bill, extending the age for boarding out pauper children in Ireland from ten to thirteen years. He moved that the board tender their warmest congratulations to Mr. O'Shaughnessy, M.P., for his parliamentary action relative to such an important measure. Mr. M. Keenan, J.P., supported the resolution, as did also Mr. John S. Dwyer, J.P., who expressed himself to the effect that Mr. O'Shaughnessy was eminently deserving of the vote of thanks, as he by his action in Parliament has shown that he was not a mere party man or the slave of any party (hear, hear), but that he could successfully devote himself to the carrying of measures tending to the benefit, social and commercial, of the country. The resolution was carried unanimously.

SALE OF LORD POWERSCOURT'S WEXFORD ESTATE.—The Wingfield estate of Viscount Powerscourt was put up for sale in the Court-house, Gorey. The entire estate, containing 1,735 acres, was put up in one lot. A private offer of £126,000 had previously been made, but this was considered insufficient, and there being no offer in advance of that amount now made, the estate, the aggregate rental of which is over £5,777, was then put in separate lots, and although thirty years' purchase was offered for some of the lots, none were sold except one, it being the wish of Lord Powerscourt that the estate should not be broken. The lot sold was Lot 18, being part of Bomodown, containing 94 acres 16 perches, yearly rent £87, which was sold to Mr. McDermott, of Dublin, for a sum of £2,320. Messrs. Bennett & Sons were entrusted with the sale by Messrs. Battersby & Co., Dublin. There was a very large attendance, and it is understood there is every prospect of an immediate sale by private offer. The portion sold to Mr. McDermott, as it adjoins another estate, does not break up that of Wingfield.

The Irish Times of the 11th ult., says of the crops in the King's County.—“The weather during the past fortnight has been of the most favorable description for the harvest operations, which are now in full swing throughout this county. Complaints regarding the yield of grain are few and far between and the prospects in every instance are of the most reassuring character. Hay is the only commodity which is likely to be scarce, and farmers are freely paying from £5 to £7 per ton for mediocre descriptions at our markets. There is now a plentiful supply of new potatoes selling at from 8d to 10d per stone. The crop is everywhere likely to be remunerative and there is no sign of blight in this locality. Root crops, in general, are making rapid progress, and with the present genial weather, are likely to be up to the usual standard. Late meadows and aftermaths are wonderfully improved, and the pastures present a green and luxuriant appearance. Corn-cutting is advanced in many parts of this locality. Fruit crops, peas, beans, &c., are extremely remunerative.”

The Local Government Board have caused an inquiry to be made at Nottingham relative to the case of Margaret and Ellen Slattery, who were deported from that town to Limerick some time ago, and have ascertained that the women had been resident in the same house in Nottingham for a period of three years without any intermission save one fortnight in 1872, when Margaret Slattery came over to Ireland for a holiday to see her friends, with the expressed determination of returning. As it appears upon these facts that the women had acquired a clear “settlement” in Nottingham at the time they were deported, the Local Government Board have taken the necessary steps to appeal against the order and have apprised the Limerick board of guardians of their intention. A general expression of approval of the Union Rating Bill was evoked on the same occasion. Alderman Myles said that the country was greatly indebted to Judge Barry, for it was he, when member for Dangarran, who first raised the question of union rating in Parliament, and made the first favourable impression in its regard (hear, hear). The question then lay in abeyance, until it was taken up by Mr. Richard O'Shaughnessy, and he urged it in such an able and convincing manner that Sir Michael Hicks Beach asked him to withdraw his proposal, and that the Government would bring in a bill. They did bring in a bill, and though it did not give city ratepayers all they were entitled to, it gave them a good deal.

Sunday, the 6th ult., being Rosary Sunday—a day of special solemn devotion with the Dominicans, as it is the anniversary of the institution of the Holy Rosary—was observed with the usual time-honored devotions in the Dominican church, Drogheda. The ceremonies were all the more impressive from the fact that probably it will be the last time of its observance in the old church, as before the next annual recurrence of the festival the splendid new church will be opened for the celebration of the Divine Mysteries. On Sunday the old church, which was first opened in dark and troublous times, both in Drogheda and Ireland, when the holy sacrifice of the Mass was offered up in retired places and yards in the cities and towns, was filled to overflowing, many coming to bid a last farewell to its hallowed and sanctified precincts wherein the fathers and mothers of those present were wont to kneel in prayer to the God they adored in the long years gone by. High Mass commenced at twelve o'clock, the celebrant being the Rev. Mr. Farrelly, O.S.F., deacon, Very Rev. M. A. Cavanagh, ex-Provincial O.S.F.; sub-deacon, Very Rev. P. V. Mend O.P. (Prior); master of ceremonies, Rev. Douglas Boyd, O.P. After Mass the Very Rev. J. B. Cooney, Prior, O.S.F., preached an instructive and eloquent sermon appropriate to the occasion. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament brought the sacred proceedings to a close.

THE IRISH COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.—In the House of Commons, immediately before prorogation, a discussion arose on the subject of the vacancy in this court, of which the Freeman correspondent writes:—“As sundry notices for next session had to be given, very little time was left before the approach of Black Rod for the disposal of serious business. Several of the Irish members, however, had two or three little matters to settle before the end came, and soon after the Speaker took the chair Mr. Butt raised the question as to the vacancy in the Court of Common Pleas. So far as could be gathered from Mr. Butt, who spoke in an unusually low tone, the hon. and learned gentleman did not enter any objection on the general policy of the reduction of the number of judges, but he strongly objected to the reduction in the case of the Common Pleas, as that court had so much to do with election petitions. Sir M. Hicks Beach turned very sharply on the member for Limerick, and cast upon him the whole responsibility of the existing state of things in having opposed the passing of the Supreme Court of Judicature Bill. Then the Chief Secretary fairly took away the breath of his hearers by declaring, with charming sang froid, that the court as at present constituted was recognised for its ability, and had the entire confidence of the public in the matter of election petitions. Mr. Butt, apparently paralysed, but from his side started up Dr. Ward to express surprise at the marvellous statement, the House had just heard from the Chief Secretary. Did he mean to say that Justice Keogh or Justice Lawson had the confidence of the people in the matter of election petitions? This and other matters relating to Ireland occupied the House in its last moments, and hon. members seemed as if they were only waiting down to a long night's business when the knocking of Black Rod was heard all over the chamber.”

**GREAT BRITAIN.**

Cardinal Manning recently evinced his earnestness in the temperance cause by presiding at an open-air meeting on Clerkenwell Green, London, when His Eminence dwelt upon the home blessings and comforts which the spread of temperance was bringing to the people of the metropolis and the country.

In sentencing a prisoner at Gloucester Assizes, Mr. Justice Grove said that temperance had destroyed large numbers of people, and at its present rate of increase would in time destroy the country itself. He characterised as rubbish the cry of “robbing a poor man of his beer,” and held that intoxicating drink was totally unnecessary.

The Agricultural Gazette, Aug. 14, says:—“The trade in Canadian horses and cattle is increasing in importance. On Wednesday the Dominion steamer Dominion landed at Liverpool 110 very fine horses in splendid condition. They were little or no worse for the voyage. The Dominion also landed three thoroughbred, nine harness, and nine cart horses, all very fine. The last importation of these horses brought by auction from 75 to 100 guineas each.”

ROBBING THE MAILS, LONDON, Aug. 29.—A sorter of letters named Bauer, employed in the travelling post-office on the railway between Holyhead and London, which carries the Irish mails, was brought up at Bow-street yesterday on a charge of stealing bills of exchange from the United States. The arrest was made in consequence of the loss of many valuable letters from America.

BRITISH CORN TRADE WEEKLY REVIEW, LONDON, Aug. 28.—“The Mark Lane Express in its review of the corn trade says:—“Harvesting is progressing satisfactorily, and the bulk of the grain crop has been secured. The wheat yield will be less than an average, and probably not larger than that of 1875. This result is disappointing. However, the quality is fine and the weight heavy. New barley is satisfactory.”

Confession in the Church of England was discussed in the House of Lords recently, by Lord Oranmore and Browne, who believed that there were now several thousand clergymen who practised it, notwithstanding that the bishops had spoken against it in their charges. There were now notices in several churches in the diocese of London to the effect that the churches would be open for two hours three days a week for the purpose of confession and absolution. The Bishop of Manchester had said in his pulpit that, though he did not approve of it, he dared not forbid it, so many of the most earnest of his clergymen being favorable to it. In the speaker's opinion, that was a direct sanction to the practice. The clergy encouraged young women to attend confession surreptitiously. Lord Oranmore narrated how a clergyman in the diocese of Canterbury kept his church open between 10 A. M. and 5 P. M., to hear confession and give absolution, and described the case of one girl whose family relations he has embittered by enticing her to the practice of confession.

On the 1st of January last year, there were, according to a Parliamentary return just issued, in the several union work-houses in England and Wales, 54,088 men, 47,370 women, and 44,634 children. Of these, 52,968 men, 46,260 women, and 43,030 children were in English, and 1,120 men, 1,110 women and 1,604 children in Welsh workhouses. Of the total number, 43,731 men, 36,391 women, and 35,592 children belonged to the “Church of England,” while 10,275 men, 10,835 women, and 8,996 children belonged to other religious communities. Of all the counties in England and Wales, Middlesex claimed the largest number of paupers at the date mentioned, and Rutland the smallest, the numbers being—for Middlesex, 9,626 men, 11,234 women, 7,678 children; for Rutland, 66 men, 23 women, and 42 children.

TRUTH BEAUTIFULLY EXPRESSED.—At a recent meeting of Catholics in England to consider the subject of Catholic education, the Marquis of Ripon made this noble declaration:—“There are those who represent the Catholic Church as the enemy of education and of knowledge. Send back your answer from this great meeting. (Applause.) Tell them that you are no friends of ignorance that you are thirst for knowledge as any of your countrymen, and that you ask for education as loudly as they. All that we ask in addition is this—that for us, at all events, education shall be complete and full, that it shall embrace not the intellect only but the soul, and shall be applied to the moral qualities as well as to the mental faculties of man; above all, that its base shall be laid deep and strong on the solid foundation which, as we believe, it is alone possible to raise in true and perfect beauty the glorious fabric of human knowledge. (Applause.)”

THE EDUCATION QUESTION IN ENGLAND.—Cardinal Manning, on taking the chair at the educational meeting held in London recently, said “he believed that they were now in a crisis. Some years ago the denominational schools were the great system of English education, and had been traditional from the time of their forefathers. Five or six years ago a system was set up necessarily, he would admit, for those who could not agree in religion, and altogether inevitable for those who, unhappily, had not got a religious unity left—and it was believed that system was to supplement the existing one and to provide for those who would not take advantage of the traditional means of education. But he was sorry to say that doctrinaires and those whom he must call educational revolutionists had been endeavoring to invert the old order, and to cover the face of England with a new system, and to make the old traditional schools which were voluntary and Christian, merely supplemental. Whatever system might be found necessary for those who were concerned in religion, he hoped that that system might be treated as exceptional, supplemental, and exclusive for them. He knew nothing more certain than that only Christian education could raise a Christian people, and education from which Christianity was excluded would rear the people without Christianity, and a people who remained without Christianity would very rapidly become anti-Christian. Therefore at the present time, they were at that point between ebb and flow at which they ought with great energy to develop not only the extent of their voluntary schools, but also their efficiency, to the highest pitch.”

THE INITIALS OF THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES, S. J. Tilden, and T. A. Hendricks, stand for “Shall Justice Triumph?” and “Truth and Honesty,” the Republican, B. B. Hayes, and W. A. Wheeler, for “Ruin Beyond Hope,” and “Worse and Worse.”

In 1869, when General Grant went into office, he found 54,207 civil employees on the pay rolls. In 1871 the number, under his administration, was increased to 76,805. In 1873 he still further increased the payroll to 86,600. And in 1875 he ran it up to the enormous figure of 94,119. (Cries of “Worse and Worse.”)

A new Orleans longshoreman, Tom Cox by name, has saved eleven persons from drowning in two years. His last exploit was rescuing a woman and two boys whose skill upset some distance from the shore.

are parched almost to a cinder. The little creeks and streams are nearly all dried up.

What we wish is to put a man in the President's place who will honestly and diligently search out, expose and remedy the corruption and other evils of Grantism. What the Republican leaders wish is to elect a man who will keep them buried, and never disturb the dust which gathers about the suspicious departmental pigeon holes. Therefore they are for HAYES, while we are for TILDEN.—N. J. Sun.

Two men who applied for admission to membership in the Seventh United Presbyterian Church of Pittsburg were refused on the ground of their connections with secret societies. One of them was an Orangeman and Odd Fellow, the other an Orangeman and Good Templar. The question of their reception was afterwards referred to the Presbytery, which decided that, according to the standards of the United Presbyterian Church, members of secret societies cannot be admitted to Church fellowship.

THE BISHOP OF NEBRASKA.—On the 20th August, the Very Rev. Dr. James O'Connor, of the archdiocese of Philadelphia, was consecrated as Bishop of Nebraska, in the chapel of St. Charles Borromeo's Theological Seminary, at Overbrook Station near Philadelphia. For a number of years he presided over that seminary, and then, after a trip to Rome, he accepted the pastorate of a Catholic church at Holmesburg. At his request the consecration was performed. Archbishop Ryan, of Missouri, officiated as consecrator, and was assisted by Archbishop Wood, Bishop O'Hara, of Scranton, and Bishop Quinlan, of Alabama. Bishop O'Connor is to go at once to Omaha.

Chicago is in rebellion against gas extortion. The city has shut down on the gas companies, notifying them that after the 1st of September it will pay only \$1.50 per thousand feet; if it is not furnished at that rate by some company then the jets are to become lamps again, and are to be supplied with “kerosene, whale oil, or other illuminating agency.” The companies have been charging the city the same prices that prevailed in war times, taking no account of the reduction in the price of labour and staples. The Council has remonstrated in vain and now heroic measures are adopted.

POSSERS FOR PROTESTANTS.—The Baltimore Mirror puts the following very pertinent questions to Protestants:

1. Did Christ establish a Church?
2. Did he promise that the gates of Hell should not prevail against her; that the Holy Ghost should teach her all truth, and that he himself would abide with her forever?
3. On what day of what year did the Church err?
4. If the Church erred before Luther existed, or before he had founded his Church, was she not a false Church, and consequently no Church?
5. If the Church erred, did not the gates of Hell prevail against her, and consequently did not Christ himself err?

EXTENSIVE FIRE IN SAN FRANCISCO.—SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 29.—About eleven p.m., last night a fire broke out in a box factory on Brandon street, in the southern part of the city, in a neighbourhood closely built up with frame dwellings, stores, and manufacturing establishments; and before two o'clock this morning the fire had almost completely swept away the large block bounded by Brandon, Townsend, and Third and Fourth streets, the only buildings saved being the offices of the Central Pacific Railway and a few frame houses of small value. Over two hundred poor families were buried out of doors. The losses will aggregate half a million dollars. A fireman fell from a ladder and was instantly killed. A number of minor accidents are reported but few of them are of a serious nature.

The actual suffering among the poor of New York says the Graphic, surpasses the conception of most people. Business is very dull, and work is scarce and hard to get at any price, and the prices paid for it in some cases are frightfully low. The burden falls most severely on poor women who have families to support, and in one case a mother and daughter could earn only fifty cents by working from morning till midnight, and after paying their rent had just twenty cents to support five persons. There are numerous cases of same sort, but they are less painful than the instances coming to light every day of people who have no work at all and are actually dying for want of food. With such a state of things in midsummer the outlook for midwinter is black enough.

**CANADA.**

The main roads leading to Ottawa through the township of Maniwaki is in a very bad state. It is expected, however, that it will soon be repaired, as there is nearly one thousand dollars in the hand of the Warden for the country to be applied to that section of the road, being the amount due the township out of the Seigneurial tenure fund.

The Brantford Examiner says:—“It was ours to ‘inter-view’ a couple of young men lately returned from Texas after a four years' experience of ‘the lone star’ State. An hour's relation of their experience will give any intending resident of that country the cold chills, dreams of fever and ague, knives, scorpions, alligators, and—a particularly hot locality. Young men and maidens, think twice before you leave the shade of the maple leaf.”

RIVER DESERT, 26th.—The harvesting of oats has fairly commenced in this section Owing to the lateness in getting in the seeds, on account of the high water during the spring, and the exceptional dry and warm weather for the last two months, the yield will not be up to the average. Fall wheat is a failure. The farmers state that it is scarcely worth the cost of sowing. Spring wheat is likely to produce a fair average yield. The potato crop looks very well, and a bountiful yield is expected.

The Strathroy Age illustrates the mischievous results of practical jokes by relating the following incident which occurred in that town.—On Friday night last Mr. H. H. Ireland, of the Revere House, while making change for some customer, laid his pocket-book, containing \$25, on the counter, and when his back was turned Mr. John Atkins, who was standing by, took the pocket-book, unnoticed and entirely in a joke, and walked out. Mr. Ireland did not miss his money until the next morning, and as the circumstances just mentioned occurred late the night before, he concluded that the theft had been committed during the night by some one who stayed in the house. He accordingly took out warrants on Saturday morning for two young men, the only strangers who had been in the house over night. In the afternoon the joker returned the money to Mr. Ireland, who was considerably chagrined at what had happened.

The Annapolis Review relates the following almost incredible case of a person surviving serious cranial fracture.—Last week a son of Mr. Patrick Greeley, of Fitzroy, was chopping down a rather tall ramble, which midway up, had been nearly burnt through by fire. In falling the ramble broke at this point, and the top part came back, striking the young man on the side of the head, and crushing him into the sand. He was for some time unconscious, but recovering himself, went home, and apparently was not much the worse. But presently a swelling made its appearance on the side of his head, and accordingly Dr. Cranston, of Annapolis, the latter lanced it, when a discharge of pus blood took place. No sooner had the accumulated blood been

removed, however, than it filled up again, and the doctor on further examination discovered that the whole side of the head had been crushed in by the blow, the edges of the fracture being plainly discernible. The boy was seventeen years of age. We have not heard how he has fared since, but it is probable the skull will have to be raised before he can recover. It is something remarkable that insensibility did not at once set in from the pressure on the brain, which must have been caused both by the depressed parietal bone and the hemorrhage.

The Judges appointed by the Algoma Electoral Division Agricultural Society to visit the different settlements and award the prizes for wheat offered by the Society, have made their report, from which we make the following extracts:—“On arriving at Eilton, St. Joseph's Island, we were much surprised at finding as fine fields of oats, wheat, and peas as could possibly be desired. Great credit is due to the farmers in this section who have, in spite of no roads, and bad school accommodation, truly made the wilderness blossom as the rose. We are fully satisfied that all that is required to settle up the large extent of good land lying contiguous to the great highway to the west is a different land policy and the opening of leading roads which can be intersected by the hardy settlers already here. There is excellent land here, in sufficient quantities to make homes for thousands who are now wandering to the land of grasshoppers and treeless prairie. The next point visited was Manitoulin Island, and here we found crops which cannot be surpassed in Ontario; heavier crops of wheat, barley, and oats, we never saw anywhere, and we also found a continuation of the difficulties which beset the settlers upon St. Joseph's Island, namely, bad roads and no schools. We also visited the American side and found excellent crops of grain of all kinds. The land policy adopted here is such, that if a person purchases a piece of land as a homestead, and does not improve it within the space of six months he forfeits his claim thereto, and some one else has an opportunity of getting it; 640 acres are reserved in every township for school purposes, and all roads are built by the State. We visited the township of Korah, and found a marked improvement there, partly arising from the inducement offered by the Agricultural Society; several small fields of wheat were examined, which are equal in quality to any we have seen in the district, but there was an evident want of good farming; the soil here is superior to that on the American side, and in much larger quantities than is found at Manitoulin Island, and fully equal to it in quality; and from all we have seen, and the information given us, we are convinced that for the production of all kinds of grain, Algoma stands second to none in the Dominion. The prizes were awarded as follows:—First prize, ten acres, Robert Johnston, Manitoulin Island; second prize, ten acres, John and Hector Brown, Michigan; first prize, five acres, Martin Hise, Manitoulin Island; second prize, five acres, William Shuk, Michigan; first prize, two acres, Richard Fisher, Hilton, St. Joseph's Island; second prize, two acres, Thomas McCulloch, Korah, Sault Ste. Marie.—Globe.

**The Connubial Controversy.**

The bolt on the back door had needed replacing for a long time, but it was only the other night that Mr. Throcton had the presence of mind to buy a new one and take it home. After supper, he hunted up his tools, removed the old bolt, and measured the location for the new one. He must have some new holes, and Mrs. Throcton heard him roaming around the kitchen and woodshed, slamming doors, pulling out drawers, and kicking the furniture around. She went to the head of the stairs and called down:

- “Richard do you want anything?”  
 “Yes, I do!” he yelled back. “I want to know where in Texas that corkscrew is?”  
 “Corkscrew, Richard?”  
 “Yes, corkscrew, Richard! I've looked the house over and can't find it!”  
 “Why, we never had one, Richard!”  
 “Didn't, eh! We've had a dozen of 'em in the last two years, and I bought one not four weeks ago. It's always the way when I want anything.”  
 “But you must be out of our head, husband,” she said, as she descended the stairs. “We've kept house seven years, and I never remember of seeing you bring a corkscrew home.”  
 “O, yes. I'm out of my head, I am!” he grumbled, as he pulled out the sewing machine drawer, and turned over its contents. “Perhaps I had better go to the Innatic asylum right away.”  
 “Well, Richard, I know that I have never seen a corkscrew in this house.”  
 “Then you are as blind as an owl in daylight, for I've bought five or six! The house is always upside down, anyhow, and I never can get anyhow, and I never can find anything!”  
 “The house is kept as well as any of your folks can keep one!” she retorted growing red in the face.  
 “I'd like my mother here to show you a few things,” he said, as he stretched his neck to look on the high shelf in the pantry.  
 “Perhaps she'd boil her spectacles with the potatoes again!” answered the wife.  
 “Do you know who you are talking to?” he yelled as he jumped down.  
 “Yes, I do!”  
 “Well, you'll be going for York State, if you don't look out!”  
 “I'd like to see myself? When I go this house goes?”  
 “Look out Nancy?”  
 “I'm afraid of no man that lives, Richard Throcton!”  
 “I'll leave you?”  
 “Add I'll laugh to see you go!”  
 Going close to her he extended his finger, shook it to emphasize his words, and slowly said:—  
 “Nancy Throcton, I'll apply for a divorce tomorrow! I'll tell the judge that I kindly and lovingly asked you where the gimlet was, and you said we never had one in the house, which is a bold falsehood, as I can prove!”  
 “Gimlet, she gasped.  
 “Yes, gimlet!”  
 “Why I know there are three or four. You said corkscrew!”  
 “Did I?” he gasped sitting down on the corner of the table; well, now, I believe I did!”  
 “And you went and abused me like a slave because I wouldn't say a gimlet was a corkscrew?” she sobbed falling on the lounge.  
 “Nancy,” he said, tenderly lifting her up.  
 “Oh Richard!” she obediently answered.  
 “Nancy,” I'll go right out of doors and kill myself!”  
 “No, you needn't—I love you still! only—only you know a gimlet is not a corkscrew.”  
 “It ain't—It ain't, Nancy; forgive me and less be happy!”  
 “And that household is so quietly happy a canary bird would sing its head off if hung up in the hall.”  
 It is related of Foote, the humorist, who was a man of great coolness and courage, that as he was once “strolling” along in London at night, he was met by a stout fellow who pulled out a poniard and demanded his purse. “Capital!” exclaimed Foote. “I was just about to make the same demand on you. But come, as I find that I have fallen in with one of ourselves, I'll give you a chance in a prime job—I have 'em in hand. Come along.” Deceived by this assurance the real rogue, joined the counterfeit, and as they stole along together, they were met by a patrol into whose hands the cunning humorist delivered his associate.



The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY THE PROPRIETOR, JOHN GILLIES, AT NO. 195 FORTIFICATION LANE.

TERMS YEARLY IN ADVANCE: To all country subscribers, Two Dollars. To all City subscribers whose papers are delivered by carriers, Two Dollars and a half.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, Sept 8, 1876.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

- SEPTEMBER, 1876. Friday, 8.—Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Saturday, 9.—Of the Octave. Sunday, 10.—Fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost. HOLY NAME OF MARY. Monday, 11.—St Nicholas of Tolentino, Confessor. Tuesday, 12.—Of the Octave. Wednesday, 13.—Of the Octave. Thursday, 14.—Exaltation of the Holy Cross.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

It is stated on reliable authority that Sir Peter Tait is about to re-open his army clothing factory in Limerick, the closing of which some months ago occasioned much distress. It is stated that Sir Peter has got several government contracts which will be sufficient to keep the factory working for a very long period. The managers of the firm have arrived.

In the diocese of Limburg there are now 18 parishes without a priest. The bishop who is almost blind, and in very delicate health, is constantly travelling from one to the other, in order to procure for the faithful the blessing of a Mass now and then, for he, as the bishop, has a right to say Mass in every church of his diocese.

A severe blow has been inflicted on the cause of apostasy in Switzerland. Three years ago, when an utterly incompetent "diocesan conference" presumed to supersede the lawful Bishop of Basle Mgr. Lachat, the entire body of the priests of the Bernese Jura protested against this supererogation, and thereupon were one and all ejected from their houses and turned out of the country. About three months ago the Federal Council of Switzerland declared that this action of the Cantonal Government was illegal, and called upon them to reinstate the exiles into their livings, "or at least allow them to officiate in a private capacity." It was a very mild and very absurd way of trying to do justice, and yet showing the persecutors a method of evading the law; but even that was not enough for the petty tyrants. The very first priest who availed himself of the judgment of the Federal Council to celebrate Mass and baptize a child in a private house was indicted at once and sentenced to a fine of £10. The "culprit" (Abbe Mouttet) again appealed to the Federal Council, and a decision has now been come to by this body, quashing the judgment and acquitting the abbe. In consequence of this all the exiled priests will be able to return and minister "in a private capacity," and of course the people will betake themselves to the barns where their true shepherd officiates, and the deserted churches will remain as empty and desolate as they have been these three years.

In the district of Bromberg, province of Posen, there was an orphan-house at Wongrowitz, managed by Sisters of Charity. It had been ordered that the Sisters should retire from it on August 2, and that it should be taken in charge by suitable lay persons. But the trustees have obtained from the Government a prolongation of the term till October 1, for the simple reason that it has not been possible to find "suitable lay persons" who could be put in charge of the orphanage.

The Nova Scotian Local Government has offered a reward of \$500 for the discovery of the parties who endeavored to wreck the Windsor & Annapolis Railway train on Saturday near Mount Uniacke.

The battle of Sedan was celebrated on Saturday throughout Germany; all of the newspapers had leading articles in honour of the day, almost all of which are remarkable for their tone of conciliation toward France.

The editor of the semi-official newspaper Istok has received numerous letters from the Permanent Committee of the Skuptschina, or Servian Parliament, municipalities of Belgrade, and Provincial towns, and from mercantile corporations, thanking him for advocating a continuance of the war. The letter from the Skuptschina Committee was signed by all the members.

A very important verdict has just been returned in a suit which has been pending for over ten years, between the Italian Government and the Sanctuary of Assisi. In the year 1860, Popoli, Royal Commissioner for the suppression of convents in Umbria, commenced his operations, and annexed, for purposes of public utility, all the houses in that province, with the exception of the Church of St. Peter, at Perugia, the Convent of the Benedictines at Bastello, and the Sanctuary of Assisi, which latter was left to the care of half-a-dozen monks. On the 7th July, 1866, was decreed the suppression of all religious orders, and in consequence of this decree, the Government thought fit to disregard the former exception made in favour of the Convent and Church of St. Francis at Assisi, and to treat it as the rest. The monks had the courage to go to law about the matter, and have seen their exertions crowned by a verdict whereby the State is condemned to restore all the property belonging to the convent to the Father Superiors, and to defray the expenses of the suit. So unexpected an act of justice deserves certainly to be recorded.

A new unheard of act of religious despotism has just been perpetrated in Prussia. The Protestant Baron von Dyhern, in his quality as patron of the Catholic Church of Ober-Herzogenwalden, near Freystadt, has nominated the Alt-Catholic priest Strucksberg parish priest of that place, although it does not contain one single Alt-Catholic. Even the Ober-President entertained some doubts about the legality of the nomination, and referred the matter to the Minister of Public Worship. Dr. Falk decided at once in favour of Strucksberg. "The appointment of Alt-Catholic priests in Catholic parishes," says the Ministerial decree, "is not forbidden by the May Laws, as these do not recognise any difference between Alt-Catholic and Catholics."

DOES THE CATHOLIC CHURCH ADMIT OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT?

DO PROTESTANTS RELY EXCLUSIVELY ON PRIVATE JUDGMENT?

We never think of the conduct of the Reformers without being strongly reminded of the good herb helleboraster, which grew in the old woman's garden in days long gone by for the cure of worms in her neighbour's children, for that it wrought too roughly to give to any of her own. Persecution was all very just and righteous when administered to their neighbours, but "wrought too roughly" with themselves; Private Judgment was an herb which stirred the worms in their stomachs more judiciously. They might persecute Catholics, but the Catholics were by no means to persecute them. Though natural this conduct was inconsistent, and doubly inconsistent in men who professed to be such ardent advocates of Private Judgment.

In its definition of Private Judgment the Edinburgh Review tells us it implies the right to judge for ourselves. Now, this right the Catholic Church not only concedes to her children, but absolutely ordains as a duty, as we have already shown. And as a matter of fact the Catholic uses his private judgment as much as and far more consistently than the Protestant. There are two ways of judging for oneself. The first by using one's own knowledge and one's knowledge alone. The second is to consider the authority of others more skilled in the things under examination and from their skilled and deeply studied conclusions to draw our own. The first is Private Judgment pure and simple and ought to be the Protestant's sole rule of faith, if he indeed feels the profound faith in it he professes to feel, and if it really be the inestimable blessing his orators would persuade him it is. The second is Private Judgment founded on authority, and is that Private Judgment which all Catholics use before they attain to that faith which is a supernatural gift coming from God and which is above all reason and authority. The sole difference between the Protestant's Private Judgment and the Catholic's is the mode and time of using it. The Protestant is bound to use it on each and every article of religious belief; the Catholic uses it only on the one article of the divine commission in his church to teach and its complementary (we use the word mathematically) doctrine of infallibility, and this once established, he has obviously nothing further to do than yield himself up to that teaching; at this point his Private Judgment is satisfied, and remains in abeyance until such time as he may by any unfortunate accident be so unhappy as to lose his faith, when it again comes into play to enable him to again study the grounds of his faith.

We have said that Private Judgment pure and simple ought to be the Protestant's sole rule of Faith. This leads us to our second question.

Do Protestants rely on Private Judgment alone? That they profess to do so is certain, and that they would feel surprised and insulted, if you told them they did not. One thing, however, is beyond doubt; if they do so in religion, they do so in nothing else.

But do they do so in religion? we think not. In the first place, they have creeds or standards of belief to which they expect their members to adhere—this is authority, not private judgment pure and simple. The Anglican Church does not, since she professes to conform her teaching to the teachings of the first four centuries. The Methodists do not, since they claim a certain personal or individual inspiration or "getting religion" as it is popularly called. The Edinburgh Review does not, since it treats as "absurd" the idea, that each one should judge for himself between all religions. "Can anything be more absurd?" does any one suppose, that those who contend for the Right of Private Judgment mean that none can actually exercise it but those who have first certified themselves by actual inspection of the proofs adduced in favour of every religion that has subsisted or still subsists in the world, that their own is the only true one?

The reviewer's Protestantism evidently allows him to take his religion at second-hand. And it is very evident that between the Catholic's Private Judgment and the Protestant's, there is very little difference.

THE "TRUE WITNESS" AND THE "OTHER" ONE.

"It has always been understood that our English Roman Catholic contemporary, the True Witness, was founded, and is supported for the sole purpose of watching this journal, and of counteracting, as far as its circumstances will permit, the influence of the Witness upon its Roman Catholic readers. We are bound to say that it accomplishes the first part of its mission with the greatest diligence. As regularly and as orderly as clock-work, it takes up each of our articles in any way bearing upon the Roman Catholic Church, and laboriously sets itself to the task of contradiction and refutation. We trust it finds its reward for so much zeal in the commendation of its masters. Although we feel highly flattered at these attentions, we regret that the language and spirit which characterizes most of our contemporary's articles prevent us from responding to them."

So, our valued contemporary "the only religious daily" in an article, several weeks after date, professing to reply to observations of ours on Catholic and Protestant Liberty. We do not feel at liberty to complain of the prudence which postpones an answer until the original complaint shall have passed from the public memory. Any arguments then, the most incoherent and illogical, may find acceptance with the ignorant. Nor do we experience surprise at the fact that, after the lapse of adequate time to retrace the records and hunt up

REASONS WHY IRELAND SHOULD HAVE HOME RULE.

Reason No 1. The lamentable ignorance of her English legislators. An English member of Parliament the other day in the debate to amend the Land Law, declared that evictions had never been very general in Ireland.

Supplement No. XI appendix to 3rd Report on the Poor Law Inquiry declares that a return of the ejections actually tried in thirteen out of the twenty three counties constituting the South of Ireland during the seven years ending in 1833, shows them to have been 10,336; and that the mere names of the causes form a folio of 213 closely printed pages. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

The good old town of Treves, Germany, has become, if possible, more Catholic than it was before the death of its martyr bishop.

historical illustrations no better results have been arrived at than an invention of "facts" on which to base its position—a misrepresentation of our views and demands in avoidance of the real issue; and that expedient of abusing the advocate while the merits of his brief remain untouched. There was a great deal of cool worldly philosophy in the Irish lawyer who instructed Counsel—"We have no case: abuse the plaintiff's attorney," and the simple fact in Natural History of the cuttle-fish preventing pursuit by voiding its black secretions on the waters is no inapt illustration of the retreating editor who will cover the weakness of his position by an overflow of inky fluid.

"Founded and supported for the sole purpose of watching this journal, and of counteracting as far as its circumstances will permit the influence of the Witness upon its Roman Catholic readers!" We find ourselves unconsciously adding notes of admiration; admiration at the cool self-conceit that deems itself of such paramount importance in the journalistic world as to need a special watchfulness on the part of the highest interest in the State; admiration at the bold pretence that there are any Roman Catholic readers, amongst the few who in defiance of episcopal command patronize out of curiosity, capable of being influenced by its teachings or led by its principles; admiration above all of the false suggestion—knowing it to be false!—that "the True Witness was founded and is supported for the sole purpose" indicated in the extract above quoted. To counteract all false teaching; to defend our Faith and its ministers from systematic misrepresentation and persistent abuse whenever and by whomsoever indulged in; to resist the wrong and insist on the right; to meet Bigotry in its own strongholds by uncompromising exposure; to remove Prejudice by the irresistible logic of Truth, no matter for its surroundings of place or power; to act in all ways and in all times in a full recognition and regard of the responsibilities of our journalistic mission—these are the purposes—the sole purpose—of our being and conduct; and it is somewhat of an assumption—though perhaps not wholly unjustifiable—that the "other" Witness is the objective point of all the duties involved in our undertaking, because—'tis true, 'tis pity: and pity 'tis, 'tis true—the said Witness endeavors to make itself the concentrated essence of all that it is our pride and privilege to oppose. Our contemporary's information is none of the best—or else its invention is wonderfully prolific in the statement by implication that we are subsidized for the special duty of keeping watch and ward on its antiquated antics—"supported" is the word. Perhaps we have some yearning that our generous contemporary could be made to prove his words; there are few journals in these latter days to which special funds in subsidy or in sustentation would not be acceptable; it might be an agreeable episode in editorial labors to have "calls" made in "the name of the Lord" for supporting special organs of religious propagandism—or irreligious as the case may be; but this auxiliary and grateful aid has not been for us; outside of the legitimate income of our paper we know of no support and calculate on no subsidy. We hold it to be a privilege to work for good without subordination; we take pride in the fact that we work zealously in the interests of our subscribers, and depend alone on the simple results of the mercantile arrangements mutually recognized. Can our virtuous and disinterested religious daily say as much?

We have attached too large an importance and given too much space to this matter of personal application to ourselves; and left no room for reference to the crudities and casuistries surrounding the reply to our article on Catholic and Protestant Liberty. These matters will however keep for another day: indeed according to the practice of our esteemed in these matters they would keep for weeks, and yet never be the loser for the delay. There is one misrepresentation affecting ourselves, however which demands a word at once because of its gratuitous insolence. "Our Contemporary" says the "other" Witness "seems to forget that in the Dominion Government the profession of the Roman Catholic religion is not considered an essential qualification in a Cabinet Minister" No, sir, we did not forget nor did we so argue—but we held and do hold—and urged and still urge, that the profession of the Roman Catholic religion should be no bar to a man's recognition in the State and that other qualifications being equal to the requirements, Creed should be no barrier at the threshold of a Cabinet Minister's department. We shall of course return to this subject. Meantime we may close by offering to the Roman Catholic readers "who are said to be influenced by" the teachings of the Witness—the following precious morsel for digestion—Our contemporary says, "The Roman Church has always had control of the education of the Roman Catholics in this Province and while she does fairly well at turning out priests, doctors, lawyers and notaries, she has purposely left the great mass of her people in the most besotted ignorance." There, ye besotted and ignorant masses! There, bow down and acknowledge the influence of your prophet and your guide and laugh to scorn the prohibitory appeals of your priesthood, and the protecting edicts of your episcopacy. There!

LIGHT AT LAST.

The Grand Jury of St. John Co. in their presentment on Thursday condemned, the armed procession of Orangemen in St. John on the 12th of July, also censured persons holding commission under Her Majesty, whose duty they say it is to discourage anything calculated to provoke ill-feeling or disturbance among Her Majesty's subjects.

We find this paragraph "going the rounds" in our exchanges. It evidences a new light at last—the growth and influence of a sober-minded intelligence in our midst. Not in pro-Catholic newspapers—not from platforms in "the Popish interest" has this significant condemnation come; but from a legally constituted body having charge in an especial degree the peace and well being of the country—the Grand Inquest of an important section of the Dominion. And not one moment too soon has this declaration been made. Emboldened by the "stolen march" of the last 12th July the Orange party in our own locality are already boasting of an advancing preparedness for the next "glorious and pious anniversary. In the face of deceptive declarations that no parade would be attempted this year the Orange Young Britons sprung a surprise on the community; and though the improvised display was as contemptible as it was cowardly—as ridiculous as it was ineffective they boast of it as a triumph justifying a repetition of the insult and irritation. Well, we shall see. It is to be hoped by all good men who would stamp out these antiquated incentives to disorder that the better Counsels officially proclaimed in the paragraph above quoted will lend practical aid in furtherance of the wish expressed to "discourage anything calculated to provoke ill-feeling or disturbance among Her Majesty's subjects." We, ourselves, shall with all the zeal we can exercise so as to give effect to the suggestion within the sphere of our influence; and we act thoroughly in this spirit now by offering a word of warning in time to those fanatics and fools, or worse, who in the pretended interests of loyalty to the Throne, would insult any class of the subjects of Her Majesty or in hypocritical attachment to the doctrines of Christ would pursue their fellow-Christians with the provocatives of hate and scorn. It is not in human nature to bear these things uncomplainingly and without resistance—not in that human nature particularly which derives its instincts and inspirations from Celtic descent. It would doubtless be a high order of philosophy to "keep never minding" the bravado of the bigot; the sublimest illustration of Christian Charity to turn the other cheek when smitten by the ungodly and the intolerant; but preach these things as we may we have not yet reached in practice that standard of religious excellence. If there be irritation there will be retort; if insult resistance, and upon the heads of those who deliberately prepare and make calculations for conflict be all the consequences of the "bad blood" sure to be stirred into bad demonstrativeness. Not only on the dupes of the system should the condemnation fall. Those who from the safe shelter of their editorial desk, or in the protection of the pulpits of a desecrated sanctuary minister to and incite the worst passions of their readers and hearers are in a greater degree amenable to anathema. The one party may be excusable in their invincible ignorance; the conduct of the other can only be explained by the suggestion of self-interest. But both—before Man and God—commit a crime against humanity—outrage religion and imperil the integrity of our social system.

We would not be misunderstood by our Protestant fellow citizens. To Protestantism we do not refer in this connection though indeed prominent publicists pretending to represent the opinions of their co-religionists and reverend preachers presumably expounding their creeds have undertaken to declare that one means the other—that Protestantism and Orangemen are indivisible—that to attack the one is to imperil the existence of both and much more stuff in the same direction which we believe to be untrue and untenable. We know Protestants in our midst who indignantly repudiate the "unholy alliance"—men who while holding to the tradition of "the blessings of the constitution as established at the Revolution" believe that "William the Third saved the Protestants from Popery, and the Roman Catholics from slavery," hold also that the present age is too enlightened to admit of public testimonials of triumph which formerly might have been tolerated in which Protestants might have mixed as pageants or have considered as standards to rally round in time of danger—but that the danger now to be apprehended is the revival in its worst shape of a foul and fell party spirit. Let us then repeat our word of warning. If this foul and fell party spirit is to be aroused it will not have its exemplification at one side only. If the public peace then is to be disturbed on the next 12th July—of which we have already the premonitory boastings—if days of misery are to be the effects of processions, party colors or other symbols of triumph, if in the seeming of loyalty but in the spirit of faction any body of men in the aggregate—or any individuals in the sphere of private or professional influences—lend protecting or advisory aid to measures liable to produce such effects it will be the duty of the Government or of the Parliament to inquire into the legality of such proceedings—at any rate it will be the duty not less than the impulse of an insulted people to protect themselves from outrage and protest against the insult.

In all soberness of thought we would ask our Orangemen—and that spawn of bigotry the Young Briton organization, what is to be gained by these irritating pageants and processions for which we are told they are preparing—what the good of reminding the public of feuds which we wish to God were for ever buried in oblivion—how are they better citizens or wiser men by even the drinking of toasts unexceptionable perhaps in themselves, but needlessly insulting to their Catholic countrymen. They gain no end by it except unpopularity; they excite no spirit but that of dislike; they add no strength to their own nor do they diminish the force of the adverse party and they delay the kindly influences which that greatest of all conciliators Old Father Time is gradually introducing. In the interests of peace—for the sake perhaps of the preservation of human life—we hope the Orangemen

THE REV. FATHER O'NEIL.

Probably the only characteristic, that has been acknowledged indisputably that of the Irish, is the true, sincere generosity with which they welcome the stranger. This trait is so wholly theirs, that neither years, exile nor poverty can obliterate it. Whether, an Irishman, beneath the scorching sun of the South, longs for the cool, sweet vale "Where the bright waters meet;" or amid the frozen regions of the North, he sighs for the cosy turf in the "old log cabin at home," he is still the same warm-hearted, hospitable Celt. And should a stranger whether a "country man," or not, come to share his exile, his is the task to welcome him to his hearth and home, if he has one. Without, however going so far as the poles, we can find an example of this in our own beautiful city. During the past few days, it has been the lot of our Irish friends, to tender a good old Irish "Cead mille failte," to as noble a specimen of the fine Celtic gentleman, and the true Catholic priest, as ever stepped on Canadian shore, Rev. F. O'Neil, brother to our respected fellow-citizens Messrs J. and R. O'Neil, and P.P. of Grignon, County Carlow, accompanied R. O'Neil, Esq., to Montreal on the occasion of the latter's recent visit to the old country, and many were the hearts awaiting the advent of the good ship, to give a "real Irish Welcome" to the honored guest, of their friend Mr. O'Neil. Met on his arrival by several of our prominent citizens, he has since been entertained by the leading Irishmen of Montreal—Messrs. Mullarky, A. Shannon, M. P. Ryan, J. O'Brien, O. McGarvey, W. O'Brien, W. Wilson and others. But the crowning feature of the week's enjoyment was, a grand rural dinner, held at the back River, and given to the Rev. gentleman by the many friends he has made for himself in Montreal, prior to his departure for Kingston about 200 ladies and gentlemen sat down to a sumptuous repast, prepared by Mr. Lajeunesse, and served up in first class style. After partaking of it, and subsequently enjoying the beauties of nature for a couple of hours, the whole party returned to the city, "by the sweet silvery light of the moon." The Rev. Mr. O'Neil is at present in Kingston, whence he proceeds to Port Hope, and thence he returns to Montreal. In leaving us, for a time, our esteemed guest, only goes to meet hosts of other friends, to whom his warm-hearted manner and gentlemanly bearing will endear him. We trust the Reverend visitor will be as well pleased with his trip to Upper Canada, as he says he has been with that to Montreal: for we feel confident, our friends in Kingston and Port Hope, will tender the same cordial greeting to the respected traveler, as it has been our lot to give.

THE SECRET OF HOTEL KEEPING.

Amongst the self appointed vocations to which every man deems himself equal and in which but so few succeed is the art and mystery of hotel keeping. Capital, energy, business habits in other callings are of no avail in this, unless there be a special aptitude for the intricate details investing it, and therefore it is that we see in so many instances dissatisfaction to the public and disastrous ruin to the proprietor. "To run a hotel" with pleasure and profit, is not an easier matter to the uninitiated than to "run a newspaper" by men who, whatever their literary abilities, generally have had no practical training for journalistic work. Amongst the successful one however in Hotel enterprise we must class our genial host, Mr. Guthrie of "the Waverley House," St. John, N.B., and a late sojourn therein enables us to endorse the universal tribute of travellers that the "Waverley" is "amongst the first in the favorite houses of the Province." Always in the foremost rank of the Dominion hotels, the proprietor has kept pace with the spirit of the times by improvements, which make it equal to the best and not surpassed by any. A genial host—a generous table, promptness and civility in attendance and scrupulous cleanliness are the characteristic corroboratives of the general opinion that the proprietor of the "Waverley" knows his business and does it—proves that he has acquired the rare accomplishment of "running a hotel" without loss to himself or complaints by his patrons. This year more than ever the "Waverley" has been sought for by Tourists and Travellers; and we can avouch that one stay in the house is the best invitation and advertisement to a future visit.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

which we are much pleased to see has re-appeared again, none the worse after the late fire, in its issue of the 26th ult., contains a well executed portrait of Miss Hortense Murphy. This young lady bore off Lord Dufferin's medal in the undergraduate course at Villa Maria Convent. Miss Murphy is daughter of our respected citizen P.S. Murphy, Esq., Roman Catholic School Commissioner whose well known efforts in favor of Catholic Education in this city, is recognised in the following graceful tribute paid to him by our contemporary and which we heartily endorse:—"We may add that it is principally owing to Mr. Murphy's untiring efforts that the cause of education amongst our Catholic fellow-citizens in this City, has been elevated to the high standard it now occupies. And it is due to him to state that he is cultivated taste and love of art we owe the splendid structure and ornamental grounds on the Plateau, St. Catherine Street, and the many other fine buildings erected by the Catholic School Commissioners which embellish and adorn various parts of our City."

NEW AGENTS.

Mr. John L. Barry, of Halifax, N.S., has kindly consented to act as Agent in that city and neighborhood for the True Witness.



CORRESPONDENCE.

COLONNE FRANÇAISE.

No. 3.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

See London's Column\* pointing to the sky, Like a tall bully, lift its head and lie.—Pope.

M. ENRÔLE.—In my letter of last week, I alluded to an article published in the Daily Witness of Aug. 18th, entitled "The worship of Ste. Anne," of which the following is a condensed summary:—"The place where she has consented to reside and to receive the worship of her votaries, is at Ste. Anne de Beaupre, a little village below Quebec. Here the priests are trying to initiate, on a corresponding scale, the immense pilgrimages made in France to the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes. They have got the people to believe that there are supernatural healing qualities in the waters of a spring a little distance from the church, and the pilgrims bring their vessels to be filled with the water." But here, according to the Witness, occurs a hitch: "The clergy are not all agreed to worship Ste. Anne at Beaupre; and a rival shrine has been established in the Parish of Yamachiche. In order to prove that Ste. Anne does not dwell exclusively at Beaupre, the priests of the former parish organized a miracle, which is supposed to beat anything in the same line in the latter. The subject was a young lady of St. Justin, named Toupin, who had lost the use of a leg and walked with a crutch. After confessing and partaking of the Sacrament, she took up a position near the statue of Ste. Anne, and in presence of a number of persons, she pronounced in a loud voice these words:—"O great and good Ste. Anne! You must heal me: I give you my crutch—take it!" After saying these words she rose up crying—"I am healed—I am healed!" She then walked with a firm step to the church to return thanks to Ste. Anne for her miraculous cure!

Whether this miracle be true or false, it is not my object at present to investigate. There is one consideration, however, which inclines me to pronounce in favour of the former hypothesis. There is a total absence of claptrap Amaronic literature about the occurrence. We are not told, for instance, that the name of the "young lady" was A.—of the Parish of B.—&c. The account boldly challenges investigation in every particular; and the simple words of that honest Canadian maiden have in them the unmistakable ring of true faith. My object shall be to pourtray the Editor of the Daily Witness and the Redacteur of the Colonne Francaise sitting in the seat of pestilence, or, as it is beautifully expressed in the Protestant version, sitting in the chair of the scorchers,—Psalm 1. Because the Lord persistently refused to reward the labours of the French Canadian Missionary Society with a miracle, they blasphemously try to persuade their dupes that He is fallen asleep or incapable of performing now what He did in olden times, when He was the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

Before proceeding further, it may be as well to have a definite idea of what constitutes a miracle. As defined by Webster, a miracle signifies a wonder or wonderful thing;—in theology,—an event or effect contrary to the established order of things,—or a deviation from the known laws of nature. This definition may be supposed to include human miracles,—diabolical miracles, and divine miracles. In every miracle there must be presumed an effect of which the cause is, to a certain extent, a secret. Thus, to a rustic, a common watch is a miracle—a human miracle. The wonderful and dazzling combination of its manifold parts,—its lifelike pulsations and bifurcate tongue unceasingly whispering the hours and the moments as they fly, is to the ignorant man, as to the uncultivated savage—a wonder—a miracle. Not so however to the watchmaker or the man of science. Again,—the tricks of the prestidigitator or juggler are to the vast majority of mankind, neither more nor less than human miracles,—effects of which the cause, except to a few, is a secret. The same remarks hold good when applied to diabolical miracles, of which the secret is known to God and the devil. But the secret of DIVINE MIRACLES—the secret of raising the dead to life,—of opening the eyes of the man born blind,—of causing the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak,—of lame to walk and leap like the roe, as in the case of the good girl Toupin of the Parish of St. Justin,—is the secret and the work of God alone.

The Editor of the Daily Witness and the Redacteur of the Colonne Francaise:—

"Oh! for a forty painter power to sketch!"

that pur noble fratrium—seated as above described in the chair of the Scorchers,—ridicule,—flout the idea of such a thing as the possibility of divine miracles, in this enlightened nineteenth century, or in fact, at any period since the days of the Apostles. I doubt very much if either of those worthies believes one iota of the miracles of Christ and the Apostles or any of the other wonders of God recorded in the Old or the New Testament. Hear the grinning Redacteur. He is trying Aug. 19th to account for the miraculous spring which burst from the dry rock at Notre Dame de Lourdes, at the command of the Ever Blessed among women, the Immaculate Conception. "Any one acquainted with the Pyrenees, or any mountainous country,—no matter where,—knows perfectly well that springs will bubble up at a moment's notice; and that you have only to Scratch" (with the index or forefinger, I suppose) "and presto—a Spring wells up." That he may not accuse me of mis-translating, I will quote the original passage:—"C'est un pays où les Pyrénées on simplement un pays de montagnes, quelque soit, savent que des sources y surgissent a tout moment, et que si peu qu'on gratte, on y en fait sortir." "What a mortal pity that neither Monsieur le Redacteur nor Albert Bedon were in the camp of the Israelites when Moses struck the rock of Horeb with his rod, and caused the waters to gush forth. That event happened also in a Mountainous Country called the wilderness of Sin. Monsieur le Redacteur could have performed that celebrated miracle with a simple scratch of his forefinger.

Whilst I have him here, as it were in a vice, and screwed to his chair, I will take the liberty of branding him to the readers of the True Witness and to his dupes of the other Witness, as an arrant liar and deceiver. How otherwise could he have had the unblushing effrontery to palm off as an extract from some authentic source, every line bristling with quotation marks, the garbage of his own rabid anti-catholic heart? Observe, he says, how the whole affair was managed between the cure's godmother acting the role of the Virgin, and the simple little girl. Thus—"You will come here on a certain day followed by a great crowd: I will not appear to you on that occasion, but you will scratch down there, beside that rock, and forthwith a spring will burst out. You will then spread a report that I have ordered a church to be erected here for pilgrimages, and you will reveal to no one what you have just heard on pain of being plunged instantaneously into the flames of hell." So much in the meantime for Monsieur le Redacteur's indexical receipt for working miracles! I shall return to him again by and by,—at present, I think we cannot do better than to have a little quiet talk concerning the marvelous perpetration of divine miracles in the Catholic Church. It is well known

that they have ceased to exist in Schismatical communities, and they have never had any existence whatever in any protestant sect or denomination. The object of our Lord in performing so many miracles, appears to me to have been threefold. True God—he yet condescended to dwell amongst us as a man and a brother. As such he went about dispensing the treasures of his brotherly love, by raising the dead, healing the sick, giving sight to the blind and causing the lame to hang up their crutches, as at the present day. His miracles were all of a beneficial nature. He could have removed mountains with the same facility as he cured the woman who touched the hem of his garment, but he performed no startling miracles of the former nature with perhaps one exception, when he said to Peter—Matt. XVII. 26. Go thou to the sea and cast in a hook, and the fish which shall first come up take, and when thou hast opened its mouth thou shalt find a stater; take that and give it to them (the taxgatherers) for me and thee. The second object of our Lord's miracles was evidently to constitute a proof of his divine doctrine and mission. If they will not believe for my words, let them believe, at least for my works." The third object may be deduced as a corollary, from the first and second. "As my father sent me, so do I send you; continue till the end of time the work which I have begun." "Heal the sick—raise the dead—cleanse the lepers—cast out devils—freely you have received, freely give." Matt. X. 8. From all this it follows, that the Catholic Church, in claiming for herself the exclusive power of working miracles in the name of her divine Master (for it would be blasphemy to suppose that the Almighty will ever perform a miracle to whitewash a lie,) is only carrying out the provisions of the legacy bequeathed to her during his sojourn on earth—to go and teach all nations, assured of his continued aid and ever abiding presence in the Holy Sacrament of the Altar. If she has never attempted to repeat the astounding marvel of the multiplication of loaves and fishes, she has ever essayed to attain the same result, by multiplying asylums and houses of refuge for the aged, the infirm and the indigent. While she, reigned predominant in England, Ireland, and Scotland, and over the extensive area of Christendom, anterior to the Reformation, no man nor woman was ever reduced to the frightful alternative of finding a day's work, or starving. No Monarch of England before Queen Elizabeth ever had occasion to utter the doleful cry. "Pauper ubique jacet" (The poor lie around every where.)

I am afraid I have already encroached too freely on your columns; but there is such a remarkable co-incidence between the unbelieving Jews and the brace of editors, writing, at the pillory, that I cannot avoid alluding to it now—lest it should escape my memory. I advise then all your readers, Catholic and Protestant, to read carefully the ninth chapter of St. John. It treats almost exclusively of the stupendous miracle of giving sight to a man born blind. Jesus spat on the ground and having made clay of the spittle spread it upon his eyes and said: Go, wash in the pool of Siloe. He went his way therefore and washed and came back seeing. Now this man was a beggar,—every body knew him,—he had been sitting begging at the door of the Synagogue for years, like the blind beggar that you may remark every Sunday, devoutly saying his prayers in the porch of St. Patrick's. Did the Jews believe that he had been miraculously cured. Not a bit. Listen to their witticisms,—and (as I told you before, so I tell you again) read the whole chapter,—it won't hurt you. Is this the man that was born blind? Is this the man that eat and begged? No.—He is very like him, but it can't be the same. To clear up the mystery, they send for a brace of Pharisees,—scribes or writers) and as Solomon saith, "what is hath already been, and there is nothing new under the sun"—it is as likely as not that the Pharisees in question were respectively the editors of the Daily Witness and Pharisaical Column of that period, who came to interview the poor man. They first interviewed the parents. "Is this your son, who you say was born blind?" "Ask him—he is of age" was the curt rejoinder of the astonished—maternal parent (I do firmly believe.) But however incredulous those canting Pharisees remained after the superabundant evidence placed at their disposal, I decidedly prefer their conduct to that of the two pharisaical editors of the Montreal Daily Witness. The former took the trouble at least, to interview their subject,—the latter appear so confident that the Almighty has gone to sleep, that they did not think it worth their while to take a like precaution, whether in reference to the "Young lady" Toupin or to an affair of more recent occurrence—the infamous slander levelled against the Rev. Father Proulx.

Mr. Editor, as in the course of a few days my time will cease to be at my own disposal, I shall be unable to continue my review of the Montreal Daily Witness with the regularity of a practised correspondent. I beg you, however, to lay aside half a dozen numbers or so of that sheet for future use. Though I read it (permissu superiorum) I do not meditate any additional outlay on that sort of literature, over and above what has been absolutely necessary for the compiling of these papers. I will in the meantime, take the lash of the back of that abortion of journalism—the Colonne Francaise. As it stands in the Religious Daily, reposing on its ornate pedestal of hypocrisy, it is nothing but a pillar of rottenness propping up the huge paper roof of the Temple of Mendacity. The modern Emerson destined to tear down this edifice about the ears of a gaping multitude—gaping to devour lies—needs no superhuman strength, like the renowned Samson, the Son of Manue. Neither is it necessary that he be endowed with extraordinary mental capacity;—but what he will absolutely require,—and without which he may not undertake the Herculean task of cleaning out the Augean Stable of British North America, is an ofatory organization proof against a hecatomb of Limburgh cheese.

(Sold at Gravel Bros, 513 Craig Street, ad't gratis.) A. G. GRANT.

ST. HYACINTHE DESTROYED. LOSS OF LIFE AND ACCIDENTS—TERRIBLE DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY. ST. HYACINTHE, Sept. 3.—The city of St. Hyacinthe is almost burned down. The fire commenced about 1 o'clock p.m., and a strong wind blowing eastward fanned the flames from house to house until 10 streets and about a mile in length of the city was consumed; hotels, banks and churches were burned. The Montreal firemen were telegraphed for and responded to the call. By a special train, which was placed in readiness for them about 3 p.m., by the Grand Trunk Railway Company, a steam fire engine and several firemen were despatched. On their arrival at St. Hyacinthe station thousands of the inhabitants of the place gathered around the fire engine for the purpose of lifting it off the platform car bodily, and it was with difficulty that they were prevented from doing so. The train hands and firemen lost no time in removing the fire engine, and steam being on, were directed to operate upon a large shoe factory, in which about one hundred hands are employed. They succeeded in saving this building and several others, amongst which was Rev. Mr. Ducloux' French Protestant school. An aged woman, after leaving her dwelling which was on fire, returned again, it is supposed, for some hidden treasure, and was burned to death. In the consternation of the inhabitants fleeing from the flames, with horses and vehicles, several people were knocked down and run over; one man had his leg broken and several others were more or less injured. The tavern and hotel-keepers dealt out ginger ale and intoxicating drinks whilst flames were consuming buildings in which they were. The Insurance Companies will suffer severely.

STREETS BURNED. The greater part of William, nearly the whole of Cascade, St. Antoine, Marguerite, du Bord de l'Arc and St. Louis, St. Francois, St. Simon, Mondor, De la Piete, St. Marie, Concorde and Michel. Nearly all the buildings in those streets are completely destroyed, and not a vestige of anything remains save chimneys and walls. In nearly all cases these are ruins. The Courier office will be re-built, and in a few days the paper will be re-issued. A press, which the proprietors endeavored to carry off, lies in the street destroyed, and the power press lies in the ruins of the building, utterly ruined. The shareholders have not yet decided where to locate. L. Page, Chief of the St. Hyacinthe Fire Brigade, was vigilant in the prosecution of his duty, and arrested several persons for stealing. Two of these worthies name Pouliotte, specially were going into the business extensively, having appropriated fifteen barrels of flour, eight or nine bottles of brandy and several other articles.

A scene of desolation was to be seen on the Island when day broke after the fire. Furniture that had been left lying in the water by tired men was then taken out, and here and there a family huddled together for mutual comfort. As if the fire had hot completed the misery of the sufferers; a misty drizzling rain poured down pitilessly on scores who had no means of shelter. People moved about in a dazed kind of way, and seemed scarce able to believe the calamity had occurred whose effects they were suffering from. PROVISION FOR THE SUFFERERS. The Relief Committee held a meeting about noon and resolved upon a plan of action. The large convent of La Presentatione, Sister St. Mark, superiors, is devoted to the reception of the homeless, and 150 persons were lodged in its apartments up to 10 o'clock, while applicants were constantly arriving. The fall term of this establishment should have commenced to-day, but the Sisters decided on postponing it for another fortnight. Monsiour Proulx was indefatigable in his exertions, and in fact the clergy on all sides left nothing undone that lay in their power. They flocked in from the surrounding parishes, and when the calamity seemed to have paralyzed the energies of the citizens, they found employment in looking after the victims. The Sisters of Charity also were hard at work, and when our reporter called at the convent of the Presentatione the Sister Superior was busy with a staff of assistants—peeling potatoes. The large kitchen of the convent is admirably suited for the mammoth cooking arrangements to be conducted for the benefit of the sufferers. The citizen's Committee of Relief received the large quantity of bread sent from Montreal, and superintended its delivery. Those who were able and inclined to do so paid for the bread, while the poor and destitute were provided with sufficient for their wants.

On receipt of the news that the city of St. Hyacinthe required assistance and food, Ald. Roy, Acting Mayor, and Mr. Alfred Perry sent in all directions to bakers, asking for bread for the sufferers. The following gentlemen returned prompt answers, and at about six o'clock over 1,000 loaves were laid down in St. Hyacinthe:—Mr. Martineau, 83 loaves; Mr. Trudeau, 84; Mr. Lafleur, 100; Mr. Lassalle, 114; Mr. Watt, 50; Mr. Scott, 120; Mr. Desnoyer, 100; Mr. Smith, 50; Messrs. Vian & Fere, 300. The bread was handed over to the authorities, and by them sold or given away, as circumstances warranted, to the citizens. Those who were able paid for the bread, and the poor received it gratis. After some little delay a meeting of citizens was held, and it was decided to organize a citizens' relief committee, constituted as follows:—G. C. Dessaulles, chairman; Rev. M. Gendreau, Rev. Mr. Gravel, Rev. N. Decelles, of the College, Rev. Mr. Decelles, cure, De La Hiller, M. M. P., Bochard, H. Mercier, J. B. Germain, V. B. Sicotte, F. Codrette, Dr. Turcotte, Leon Plamondon, Louis Delorme, Louis Belanger, Azarie Beauregard, A. Ladarante, F. Renaud, J. Clunette, B. de la Bruere, H. P. Blanchard, and the whole Council of St. Hyacinthe, including the Mayor, G. C. Dessaulles, J. Sabourin, P. Roy, Joseph Nault, L. Cote, and B. St. Jacques. The total loss cannot be far short of \$1,500,000, and the insurance on this amount will probably reach about \$250,000. Many of the residents are utterly ruined, and although they did not seem to actually realize the full extent of the calamity it will not be many days ere the full appreciation of the disaster is thrust upon them.

A hopeful feeling seems to exist, however, and although some of the burned-out storekeepers and merchants are of a despondent turn, the prevailing opinion is in favor of building the burnt district, widening the streets, and purchasing a couple of fire steam engines. The sight of the city at present is not a very encouraging one, the business part of it being a forest of tall chimneys, and a more thoroughly desolate spectacle is difficult to imagine.

GREENBACKS BOUGHT AT 10 DIS. American Silver bought at 12 to 15 dis.

MONTEAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.—(Gazette.)

Flour 47 btl. of 186 lb.—Follards.....\$0.00 @ \$0.00 Superior Extra..... 5.40 5.50 Fancy..... 5.10 5.20 Spring Extra..... 4.60 4.65 Superfine..... 4.30 4.40 Extra Superfine..... 5.25 5.30 Fine..... 3.80 3.90 Strong Bakers..... 4.80 5.05 Middlings..... 3.25 3.50 U. C. bag flour, per 100 lbs..... 2.30 2.32 City bags, [delivered]..... 2.35 2.40 Wheat, [Spring]..... 1.07 1.09 do White Winter..... 0.00 0.00 Oatmeal..... 4.10 4.25 Corn, per bushel of 32 lbs..... 0.52 0.53 Oats..... 0.35 0.37 Pease, per 66 lbs..... 0.89 0.90 do do..... 0.00 0.00 Barley, per bushel of 48 lbs U. Canada..... 0.65 0.66 do do do U. Canada..... 0.60 0.60 Lard, per lb..... 0.12 0.12 do do do..... 0.00 0.00 Cheese, per lb..... 0.08 0.08 do Full makes..... 0.00 0.00

DOMINION ITEMS.

THE MELLOR SWINDLE.—Mr. Alphonse Doutré, the official assignee to the Mellor estate, had a very successful time searching for more of the creditors' property up at Prescott and Ogdensburg. He reached Prescott on Friday morning and first carefully examined the sides, covers and contents of the trunks which were held by the Mayor of Prescott. The lids of two were found to be hallowed out and to contain 35 and 21 ounces of gold respectively, being the 66 ounces reported on Saturday as having been found. In one of the trunks he found a child's wheel of fortune, which on being closely examined, was found to contain a large number of precious stones, and was veritably a fortunate wheel. After finishing his search at Prescott, Mr. Doutré crossed over on Friday evening to Ogdensburg, and had an interview with the United States Customs authorities relative to his visiting Malone to search for Mrs. Mellor and her baggage; however, as he was walking through the streets, to his surprise he met Mrs. Mellor and her children. She stated that she was anxious to get her luggage at Prescott. She declined to say where she was stopping, but Mr. Doutré tracked her to a widow's house on the west side, where were found the old lady and three trunks. Mr. Doutré told the ladies they would either have to be arrested on charge of defrauding the American Customs or voluntarily cross the river with him and allow their things to be searched. After some deliberation, in which the old lady got angry, they decided to go over to Prescott. As it was nearly midnight the trunks had stopped running, and a very heavy thunder storm was pouring down rain. However nothing daunted, Mr. Doutré, though not in the best of health, found out where the captain of the ferryboat "New York," was stopping, woke him up, and arranged for him to fire up his steamer, and take the ladies and trunks over to Prescott. The passage was made in the midst of a terrible commotion of the elements, and the party driven to Daniel's Hotel, where Mr. Doutré ordered beef tea for the children, and refreshments for the ladies. A watch was kept over them till morning, when the trunks were searched and found to contain about \$1,000 worth of melted gold, brooches, &c. A lady in the hotel at Mr. Doutré's request, searched the children and ladies. The old lady made a great fuss, and said it was a fearful outrage to have to submit to, but, astonishing to say her bustle was found to conceal a black bag, containing a large number of jet medallions set with diamonds, rings of great value, and gold. When the treasure was removed from her, the old lady utterly broke down and wept bitterly. The whole family joined in her grief, and the scene was suggestive of great misery. Mrs. Mellor said they now had all but about \$100 in money, and Mr. Doutré, being anxious to do all he could for them, paid their hotel board up to Monday morning, bought them new trunks in place of those which had been broken, and arranged for their return to Ogdensburg. He arrived here on Saturday evening with all the property, which is valued at a high figure.

HARVEST TIME.—The haying season is about over in this locality, and in some of the neighboring districts the harvest has already commenced. The yield promises to be fully up to the standard, except where severe storms of rain have broken down the growing crops of grain.—Quebec Budget.

CHATHAM, Sept. 1.—Wm. C. Rathgeber, station master of the Great Western Railway, Chatham, has absconded. It is rumored he has embezzled through false shipping bills to a large amount. Several persons have been victimized in town. The embezzlements are said to exceed \$10,000.

DIED. In this city, on the 31st ult., at his late residence, 22 St. Louis Street, Eugene Flynn, Sub-Chief of Police.—R.I.P.

Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Charles O. Rolland, of the Manor House, Ste. Marie de Monroir, eldest son of the late Hon. Jean Roch Rolland, Chief Justice of Montreal, who departed this life on the 23rd ult., aged 52 years and five months, fortified with all the Rites of Holy Church.—R.I.P.

From this forth all Letters and Communications intended for this office should be addressed "to the Publisher."

OPEN STOCK EXCHANGE REPORTS.

(CORRECTED FROM THE MONTREAL "GAZETTE.")

Table with columns: STOCKS, Sellers, Buyers. Includes Montreal, British North America, Ontario, City, People's, Molson's, Toronto, Jacques Cartier, Merchants', Hochelaga, Eastern Townships, Quebec, St. Lawrence, Nationale, St. Hyacinthe, Union, Villa Maria, Mechanics', Royal Canadian, Commerce, Metropolitan, Dominion, Hamilton, Exchange.

Greenbacks bought at 10 dis. American Silver bought at 12 to 15 dis.

MONTEAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.—(Gazette.)

Flour 47 btl. of 186 lb.—Follards.....\$0.00 @ \$0.00 Superior Extra..... 5.40 5.50 Fancy..... 5.10 5.20 Spring Extra..... 4.60 4.65 Superfine..... 4.30 4.40 Extra Superfine..... 5.25 5.30 Fine..... 3.80 3.90 Strong Bakers..... 4.80 5.05 Middlings..... 3.25 3.50 U. C. bag flour, per 100 lbs..... 2.30 2.32 City bags, [delivered]..... 2.35 2.40 Wheat, [Spring]..... 1.07 1.09 do White Winter..... 0.00 0.00 Oatmeal..... 4.10 4.25 Corn, per bushel of 32 lbs..... 0.52 0.53 Oats..... 0.35 0.37 Pease, per 66 lbs..... 0.89 0.90 do do..... 0.00 0.00 Barley, per bushel of 48 lbs U. Canada..... 0.65 0.66 do do do U. Canada..... 0.60 0.60 Lard, per lb..... 0.12 0.12 do do do..... 0.00 0.00 Cheese, per lb..... 0.08 0.08 do Full makes..... 0.00 0.00

TORONTO FARMERS' MARKET.—(Globe.)

Wheat, fall, per bush..... \$0 00 1 04 do spring do..... 0 00 1 02 Barley do..... 0 60 0 61 Oats do..... 0 00 0 00 Peas do..... 0 00 0 00 Rye do..... 0 00 0 00 Dressed hogs per 100 lbs..... 0 00 6 00 Beef, hind-qs. per lb..... 0 00 0 00 "fore-quarters..... 0 00 0 00 Mutton, by carcass, per lb..... 0 00 0 00 Butter, lb. rolls..... 0 22 0 24 "large rolls..... 0 20 0 21 "tub dairy..... 0 18 0 19 Eggs, fresh, per doz..... 0 15 0 17 "packed..... 0 11 0 12 Apples, per bbl..... 1 50 2 00 Onions, per bush..... 0 95 1 00 Turnips, per bush..... 0 22 0 28 Potatoes, per bus..... 0 50 0 60 Hay..... 08 00 10 75 Straw..... 8 00 09 00 Geese, each..... 0 60 0 90 Turkeys..... 0 50 1 00 Cabbage, per doz..... 0 40 0 50

THE KINGSTON MARKET.—(British Whig.)

Flour—XXX per bbl..... 6.00 to 6.25 " 100 lbs..... 3.25 to 3.40 Family " 100 "..... 2.40 to 2.50 GRAIN—Barley per bushel..... 0.00 to 0.60 Rye " "..... 0.60 to 0.61 Peas " "..... 0.70 to 0.72 Oats " "..... 0.37 to 0.40 Wheat " "..... 0.00 to 0.00 Fall Wheat..... 0.00 to 0.00 MEAT—Beef, fore, per 100 lbs..... 0.00 to 0.00 " hind " "..... 0.90 to 0.90 " per lb..... 0.00 to 0.08 Mutton per lb..... 0.05 to 0.08 Ham " in store..... 6.15 to 0.17 Veal " "..... 0.00 to 0.00 Bacon " "..... 0.12 to 0.13 Pork..... 8.50 to 9.25 Hides—No 1 untrimmed..... 4.00 to 4.50 " 2 "..... 4.00 to 0.00 " pelts..... 0.15 to 0.20 Calf Skins..... 0.10 to 0.12 Dekin Skins..... 0.25 to 0.30 Lambskins..... 0.00 to 0.00 Tallow..... 0.04 to 0.07 Poultry—Turkeys, each..... 0.75 to 1.00 Geese..... 0.50 to 0.60 Ducks per pair..... 0.60 to 0.70 Fowls per pair..... 0.30 to 0.40 GENERAL—Potatoes, per bag..... 0.60 to 0.75 Butter, tub, per lb..... 0.17 to 0.18 do print..... 0.22 to 0.22 Eggs, per dozen..... 0.15 to 0.17 Cheese, home made..... 0.08 to 0.10 Hay, per ton, new..... 11.00 to 12.00 Hay, per ton, old..... 0.00 to 00.00 Straw..... 5.50 to 6.00 Wood, Hard..... 3.50 to 4.00 Coal, per ton, delivered..... 6.50 to 7.00 Wool, per lb..... 0.26 to 0.26

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

WANTED—A situation as Nursery Governess by a lady who can produce most satisfactory references. Address "STELLA," True Witness Office.

TEACHER WANTED for School Section number two, North Algona, a male or female Teacher, holding a second class certificate of qualification. Application to be made to the undersigned at Eganville, P.Q. EDWARD MADIGAN, AUGUST BESINTHAL, Trustees.

THE SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS of the parish of St. Sophie, County of Terrebonne, wants four Teachers capable to teach French and English. Liberal Salary. N. MARION, Sec.-Treas.

MOUNT ST. MARY.—The classes of the Boarding School and Day School of this Institution will be opened SEPTEMBER 4th, 1876. 2-3

CATHOLIC COMMERCIAL ACADEMY OF MONTREAL.—PLATEAU AVENUE, No. 1077 St. CATHERINE STREET.—The re-opening of the Academy and of the Polytechnic School will take place on MONDAY the 4th of SEPTEMBER next. For conditions of admission and other information apply to the Principal at the Academy. U. E. ARCHAULT, Principal.

DEAF & DUMB INSTITUTION—MILW END.—The re-opening of the classes of this Institution will take place on the 1st of SEPTEMBER. 2-2 ALF. BELANGER, Pte. S. V.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1875, (AND AMENDMENTS THEREON). In the matter of DAVID A. FLEMING, An Insolvent. The Insolvent has made an assignment of his Estate to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at my office, Western Chambers, No. 22 St. John Street, in the City of Montreal, on Friday, the twenty-ninth day of September next, at four o'clock in the afternoon, to receive statements of his affairs, to appoint an Assignee if they see fit, and for the ordering of the affairs of the Estate generally. EDWARD EVANS, Official Assignee. Montreal, 23rd August, 1876. 1-4

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, 1065. District of Montreal, SUPERIOR COURT. DAME SOPHIE DOROTHEE BRUNEAU, of the parish of Saint-Bruno, in the district of Montreal, wife of TANOREDE BOUCHER DE GROSBLOIS, of the same place, esquire, physician, and duly authorized to enter in justice, Plaintiff, vs. The said TANOREDE BOUCHER DE GROSBLOIS, Defendant. An action for separation as to property has been instituted in this case on the first day of September instant. LACOSTE & GLOBENSKY, Attorneys for Plaintiff. Montreal, 1st September, 1876. 5-4

NOTICE.

Owing to the large amount of space hitherto occupied by the insertion of notices of addresses and presentations, and the publication of educational and bazaar prize lists, pic-nics, &c., in justice to ourselves we have decided that for the future we shall charge each matter at the rate of ten cents per line. As with persons in other commercial pursuits, so with newspaper publishers—they are in duty bound to make their business yield to the full all legitimate profits. Space is one of the sources of the printer's income; and when this is taken up with reading matter not of general interest it should be paid for. We therefore respectfully invite attention to these conditions, which are as reasonable to those who avail themselves of the advantages of our circulation, as they are necessary to us in the discharge of our liabilities.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We do not wish in these hard times to be calling on the pockets of our subscribers; but they must be awakened some how. To send our agent around to each person who has not paid us for the present would force us to an expenditure that is inconvenient. We try to do our duty; we endeavour to give good value for our subscriptions, and as there are many, very many, in both city and country now much indebted to us, we require some money from every body who is as honest as our purpose is to serve them. We therefore, request those so indebted to pay up quickly.

Donation.—The French Government has subscribed, through Mr. Lefebvre, the French Consul in Quebec, the sum of 500 francs in aid of the burned-out sufferers.



FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

German railway managers have been discussing a change of freight tariffs, so as to make the space occupied, instead of the weight, the basis of rates.

The reported discovery of a conspiracy in Pamplona, Spain, is confirmed. Two sergeants of the Spanish army were found guilty of high treason and immediately shot.

The French papers report the finding at Osedlaro, near Cremona, of 5,000 or 6,000 Roman Consular medals, of silver, in perfect preservation and of fine execution.

Marshal MacMahon recently entertained at dinner Sergeant Boeltz, a brave soldier who in the late war defended valiantly a small post, received military honours from the Germans on his surrender, and was eulogized by the Government commission appointed to enquire into the defence of strongholds lost during the war.

Progress.—The 'Krauszeitung' discusses the fact that the German Empire is obliged to import yearly cereals to the value of 120,000,000 marks (£8,000,000). It attributes the increase in the imports of food to the impoverishment of the landholders and farmers.

SILHIA.—On 24th July, at Peiskretscham, there was an assembly of the parishioners for the purpose of holding an election for a parish priest according to the May Laws.

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS IN FRANCE.—'Mixed Juries' is no longer an unmeaning expression. It has been shown during the past week that the institution both exists and works.

Disaster by floods has befallen the cantons of Thurgovia, Zurich, Appenzel, St. Gall and Argovie, Switzerland. From the 10th to the 12th of June rain continually fell, swelling the smallest rivulet into a rushing stream, and every stream into a torrent, carrying appalling destruction in its course.

THE HARVEST IN FRANCE.—In the neighborhood of Paris the greater part of the crops have been gathered. Farmers, not usually an optimistic race of men, declare that this year's harvest is one of the finest within living memory.

THE EASTERN WAR. PROCLAMATION OF ABDUL THE SECOND. RUSSIAN OFFICERS ARRESTED IN HUNGARY. Drifting into war again.

An official despatch from Constantinople, dated August 31, announces that Sultan Murad Effendi has been deposed, and Abdul Hamid proclaimed Sultan. The deposition of Murad occasions no excitement or disturbance.

to Bosnia and the Herzegovina. A despatch from Peeth says the passage of Russian officers through Hungary is becoming a source of irritation, and several parties have been arrested and imprisoned.

A young man married a widow who had a grown-up daughter. His father, a widower, eventually married the daughter. Hence all the complication of relationship involved.

A Good Case for the Genealogists. If you happen to be in Rome over on a Holy Thursday, remain after the Miserere until the hour of church closing, and give yourself up to the exquisite reverie and quiet, you will gain a repose to the soul that is unusual.

A Wonderful Fox Story. The Reese river (new Reveille is answerable for the following:—'There was one old fox which, for a period of several years, had continually evaded the fleetest and keenest-scented hounds.

ST. MARY'S CONVENT AND ACADEMY. Newcastle, Miramichi, New Brunswick. Conducted by the Ladies of the Congregation of Notre Dame.

St. Peter's by Night. If you happen to be in Rome over on a Holy Thursday, remain after the Miserere until the hour of church closing, and give yourself up to the exquisite reverie and quiet, you will gain a repose to the soul that is unusual.

WANTED—Two Elementary Teachers for St. Columban, County of Two Mountains. Places open just now. For salary and particulars apply to JOHN HANNA, Sec.-Treas.

SITUATION WANTED as Teacher by a young lady, holding a McGill Normal school Diploma, capable of teaching both English and French, and has had eight years experience.

INFORMATION WANTED OF MARY ANN CLINTON, native of Gashell, King's County, Ireland, who arrived in Montreal, in May, 1839, since which time she has not been heard from.

SEND 25c. to G. P. ROWELL & CO, New York, for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of 3600 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising.

EPPE'S COCOA.—GRAEFWOL AND COMPANY. 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's has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills.

CALLAHAN & CO., GENERAL JOB PRINTERS, No. 195 FORTIFICATION LANE, (Under "True Witness" Office).

WILLIAM H. HODSON, ARCHITECT, No 59 & 61 St. BONAVENTURE STREET, MONTREAL.

DE LA SALLE INSTITUTE, Nos. 18, 20 & 22 Duke Street, TORONTO, ONT.

COURSE OF STUDIES. The Course of Studies in the Institute is divided into two departments—Primary and Commercial.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT. Religious Instruction, Reading, Orthography, Writing, Grammar, Geography, History, Arithmetic, (Mental and Written), Book-keeping (Single and Double Entry), Algebra, Mensuration, Principles of Politeness, Vocal and Instrumental Music, French.

ST. MARY'S CONVENT AND ACADEMY. This Institution, situated in a healthy and elevated position in the vicinity of the Intercolonial Railway Station, offers rare advantages to parents desirous of procuring for their children a solid, useful and refined education.

GRAND BAZAAR. The Catholic Ladies of Brockville have the honor to inform their friends and the public generally, that they intend holding a Bazaar of useful and costly articles on Monday, 11th September, and the following days of the week.

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JUST PUBLISHED. THE LAST LECTURE DELIVERED BY THE LATE FATHER MURPHY, GRATTAN and the Volunteers '82, (With a Portrait of the lamented deceased).

COLLEGE OF OTTAWA, CHARTERED IN 1866. UNIVERSITY COURSE. THE COLLEGE OF OTTAWA, under the direction of the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate, is situated in one of the most healthy localities of the City.

DEGREES OF "B.A." and "M.A." are conferred after due examination. The scholastic year is divided into two Terms of five months each.

GRAND LOTTERY, TO AID IN THE COMPLETION OF THE HOSPITAL FOR THE AGED AND INFIRM POOR OF THE GREY NUNS OF MONTREAL.

LOTTERY PRIZES. 1. 1 Lot of ground, near the Village of Chateauguy, south-east side of the river, 45x120 ft., with a handsome stone residence, valued at \$1,200 00

100,000 Tickets. The month, day, hour and place of drawing will be duly announced in the Press.

For further particulars apply at the Institute, BROTHER ARNOLD, Director, Toronto, March 1, 1872.



SCRAP BOOK.

There is a notice on a suburban garden fence which reads thus: "Possibly no more stealing allowed on these premises. No exceptions."
A bid little boy rubbed cayenne pepper dust all over the back of his jacket. The schoolmaster thrashed him briskly, but dismissed school immediately to run to the nearest chemist for eye lotion.

Lord Clive asked a chaplain to one of his regiments in the East India Company's service for a toast. "Alas and alack-a-day! what can I give?" said the latter. "Nothing better," replied his lordship, "Come, gentlemen, a bumper to the parson's toast, a lass and a lac a day!"
A Cat Sucking a Man's Breath.—The Moberly (Missouri) Enterprise tells the following story:—Mr. French, a member of the Thorne Dramatic Troupe, playing an engagement in this city, retired to rest at an early hour, and soon fell into a deep slumber. After the lapse of an hour or two, he was aroused by a feeling of overpowering oppressiveness and suffocation, and was horrified to find that a huge cat was sitting on his breast, and had its head to his mouth and was sucking away his breath. He found himself in an almost exhausted condition; so much so that he was unable to shake off the vampire fiend attacking him. Struggle as he would, the cat only fastened his claws the deeper into his breast, and went on at his horrible feast. His groans and cries of agony, however, brought some neighboring lodgers to his relief, and he was rescued from his frightful position. Even then they were compelled to turn him out of bed and roll him over on the floor before the cat could be made to release its hold and abandon its purpose. Mr. French's face and chest bear frightful evidences of his terrible battle with the monster.

A QUANT OLD BILL.—The following curious account for restoring a chapel was engraved in French on a watch crystal in the Swiss department of the Vienna Exposition. The whole was placed on a scroll less than an inch square. A painter had been employed to repair a number of pictures in a convent; he did it, and presented his bill in full for 59 francs and 11 centimes to the curate, who refused to pay it, saying the committee would require a full detail. The painter produced it as follows:—Corrected and revised the Ten Commandments, 5 francs and 12 centimes; embellished and renewed Pontius Pilate, and put a new ribbon in his bonnet, 3 francs 6 centimes; put a new tail on the rooster of St. Peter, and mended his comb, 3 francs 20 centimes; replumed and gilded the left wing of the Guardian Angel, 4 francs and 17 centimes; washed the servant of the High Priest, and put carmine on his cheeks, 5 francs 12 centimes; renewed Heaven, adjusted two stars, gilded the Sun and renewed the Moon, 7 francs 14 centimes; reanimated the Flames of Purgatory, and restored some souls, 6 francs 6 centimes; revived the Flames of Hell, put a new tail on the Devil, mended his left hoof, and did several jobs for the Damned, 4 francs 10 centimes; put new spatter dishes on the Son of Tobias, and dressed in his back, 2 francs; cleaned the ears of Balaam's Ass, and shod him, 3 francs 7 centimes; put ear-rings in the ears of Sarah, 2 francs 4 centimes; rebordered the robe of Herod, and read-times; justified his wig, 4 francs 4 centimes; put a new stone in David's Sling, enlarged the head of Goliath, and extended his legs, 3 francs 2 centimes; decorated Noah's Ark, 3 francs; mended the shirt of the prodigal Son, and cleaned the pigs, 4 francs 9 centimes. Total, 59 francs 11 centimes.

FILL UP THE BLANKS.—DANIEL IN SEARCH OF A DOG.—Fill the fifteen blanks with the name of as many varieties of dogs.
There was a man whose name was Daniel,
1. He had a handsome;
2. He though he'd change it for a better;
3. So, he bought instead, a splendid;
4. Though soon he sold it to a farther;
5. And tried to buy a well-trained;
6. But found the salesman a deceiver;
7. And took instead a black;
8. And then to make him all the merrier;
9. He purchas'd a most lively;
10. Then stepped aside and bought an eagle;
11. Yet fancied he should like a;
12. Which undesirable he found;
13. So changed it for a young;
14. Then saw upon a crimson rug;
15. What he declared "a lovely";
16. He wished to own it when his eye
17. Fell on a little dog from;
18. But as he whistled "Yankee Doodle,"
19. Up sprung a very clever;
20. While close behind him there did stand
21. A huge black coated;
22. And yet to purchase it was folly;
23. Or thought to get one might be hard;
24. He'd like to have a;
25. Just than a man like an Albanian
26. Led by a snowy;
27. But how the little creature snarls!
28. 'Tis snappish as a small;
29. So many dogs did he quite confuse;
30. And Daniel found it hard to choose;
31. And quite impossible to find
32. One that was suited to his mind;
33. Some were to large and some to small;
34. And so he'd have no dog at all.

Does Not Allowed in the Cars.—It happened the other day on the Lehigh Valley Railroad. The train had just left Easton, and the conductor was making his first round, when he observed a small white dog with a bushy tail and bright black eyes sitting cozily on the seat beside a young lady, so handsome that it made his heart roll over like a lob-sided pumpkin. But duty was duty, he remarked in his most deprecatory manner: "Oh! my, is that so?" and she turned up two lovely brown eyes at him beseechingly. "What in the world will I do? I can't throw him away. He's a Christmas present from my aunt." "By no means, miss. Well put him in a baggage car, and he'll be just as happy as a robin in spring." "What put my nice white dog in a nasty, stuffy, dusty baggage-car?" "I'm awfully sorry, miss, I do assure you, but the rules of this company are as inflexible as the laws of the Medes and them other fellows, you know. He shall have my overcoat to lie on, and the brakeman shall give him grub and water every time he opens his mouth." "I just think it's awful mean—so I do; and I know somebody will steal it,—so they will," and she showed a half-notice to cry, that nearly broke the conductor's heart; but he was firm, and sang out to the brakeman, who was playing a solo on the stove: "Here, Andy, take this dog over to the baggage car, and tell 'em to take just the best kind of care of him. The young lady pointed, but the brakeman reached over and picked the canine up as tenderly as though it was a two-week-old baby, but, as he did so, a strange expression came over his face, like a wave ora camp colic and he said hastily to the conductor: "Here, you just hold him a minute, till I put this poker away," and he trotted out of the car door and held on to the brake wheel, shaking like a man with a headache. The conductor no sooner had his hands on the dog than he looked around for a hole to fall through. "Wh-wh-why this is a worsted dog." "Yes, sir, said the little miss; (damurly); "didn't you know that?" "No, I'm most awfully sorry to say I didn't know that," and he laid the Christmas dog on the owner's lap, and walked out on the platform, where he stood half-an-hour in the cold, trying to think of a hymn to sing to the worsted dog man on the Lehigh Valley Road. 71

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INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } SUPERIOR COURT. District of Montreal. In the matter of EDOUARD POITRAS, An Insolvent. On Friday, the Eighth day of September next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act. EDOUARD POITRAS, per A. HOULE, his Attorney ad litem. Montreal, 3rd August, 1876. 52-5

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } SUPERIOR COURT. District of Montreal. In the matter of JOSEPH DECHENE, An Insolvent. On Friday, the Eighth day of September next, the undersigned will apply to said Court for a discharge under the said Act. JOSEPH DECHENE, per A. HOULE, his Attorney ad litem. Montreal, 3rd August, 1876. 52-5

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } SUPERIOR COURT. District of Montreal. DAME ONEZIME BUTEAU, wife, common as to property, of PIERRE ARBEC, farmer, of the parish of St. Joseph de Chambly, said district, duly authorized to sue, Plaintiff.

vs. The said PIERRE ARBEC, her husband, Defendant. An action for separation as to property has been instituted in this cause. PREVOST & PREFONTANE, 1-5 Attorneys for Plaintiff.

CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } In the SUPERIOR COURT. District of Montreal. MALVINA BOURQUE, of the Parish of Montreal, District of Montreal, wife of JEAN BTE. FORGET dit DEPATI, Trader, of the same place, duly authorized a ester en justice, Plaintiff;

vs. The said JEAN BTE. FORGET dit DEPATI, Defendant. An action en separation de biens has been instituted in this cause on the ninth day of August, instant. MONTREAL, 16th August, 1876. BOURGOUIN & LACOSTE, 2-5 Attorneys for Plaintiff.

CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } In the SUPERIOR COURT. District of Montreal. MARIE HACHETTE, of the Parish of Montreal, District of Montreal, wife of ISIDORE FORGET dit DEPATI, Trader and Undertaker, of the same place, duly authorized a ester en justice, Plaintiff;

vs. The said ISIDORE FORGET dit DEPATI, Defendant. An action en separation de biens has been instituted in this cause on the sixteenth day of August, instant. MONTREAL, 16th August, 1876. BOURGOUIN & LACOSTE, 2-5 Attorneys for Plaintiff.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } SUPERIOR COURT. District of Montreal. DAME MARY COLLINS, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of WILLIAM GAFFENY, of the same place, Blacksmith, duly authorized a ester en judgement, Plaintiff;

vs. The said WILLIAM GAFFENY, Defendant. The said Plaintiff has this day, instituted an action for separation as to property, against the Defendant in this cause. MONTREAL, 7th August, 1876. JUDAH, WURTELE & BRANCHAUD, 1-5 Attorneys for Plaintiff.

CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } SUPERIOR COURT. District of Montreal. DAME ARTHEMISE DESCHAMPS, of Cote St. Antoine, Parish of Notre Dame de Toutes Graces, in the District of Montreal, wife of PIERRE BOUCHARD, of the same place, Manufacturer and Carpenter, authorized a ester en judgement, Plaintiff;

vs. The said PIERRE BOUCHARD, Defendant. An action for separation as to property has been instituted in this cause. MONTREAL, 4th August, 1876. DOUTRE, DOUTRE, ROUIDOUX, HUTCHINSON & WALKER, 52-5 Attorneys for Plaintiff.

NOTICE is hereby given that DAME OELINA CAILLE, of the town of St. Henri, District of Montreal, has, on the Fourth day of August, 1876, instituted an action for separation as to property against her husband, EDMOND RHEAUME, Boot and Shoe Dealer, of the same place, and has appointed M. HOULE, Attorney for Plaintiff. MONTREAL, 4th August, 1876. 52-5

PREMIUM LIST OF ELEGANTLY BOUND CATHOLIC BOOKS SUITABLE FOR ROMAN CATHOLIC COLLEGES, CONVENTS, SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASSES, PRIVATE CATHOLIC SCHOOLS, AND ALL CATHOLIC INSTITUTIONS.

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He held it and he ran in debt for things to wear and eat; When merchants dunned him, he would say, "wait till I sell my wheat!"

When Smith goes off to buy a thing he spins around the town, And tries with all his might and main the price to banter down;

"Live and let live," are golden words; the other motto, too, "Do unto others as you'd wish that they would do to you."

Wife, if you take a berry and dry it in the sun, 'Twill shrivel up till it takes two to make the size of one;

God bless the farmers of our land! They are not all like him, Who walk around the smouldering pile now in the twilight dim;

God bless the men, where'er they are, in country or in town, Who do not think it's life's great work to crowd their neighbors down;

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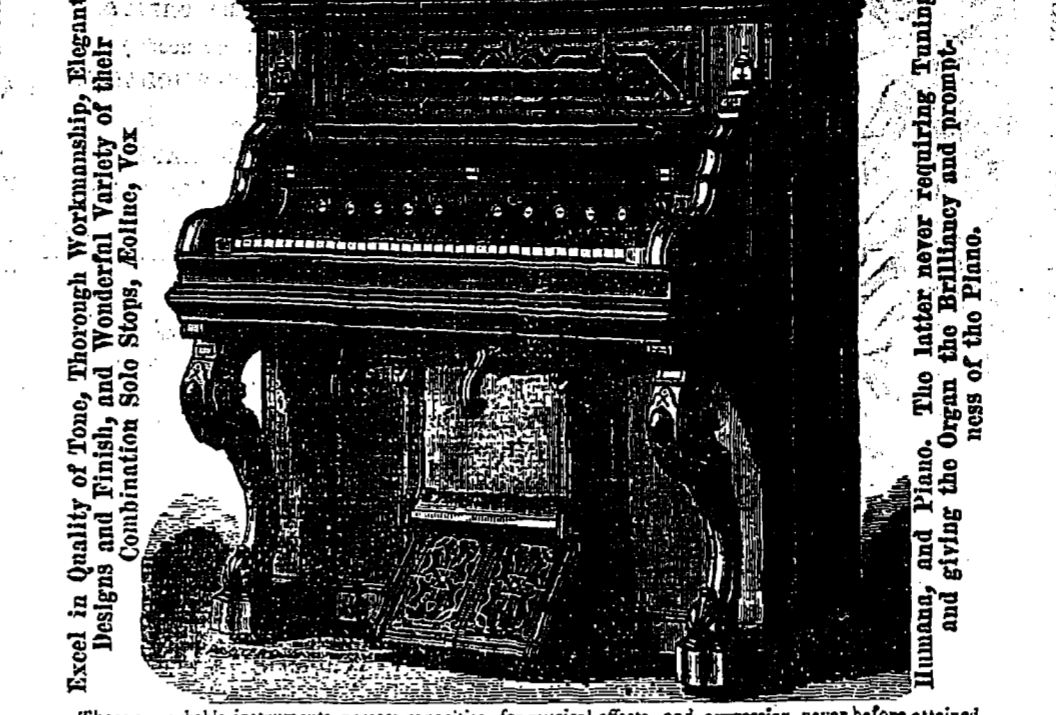
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