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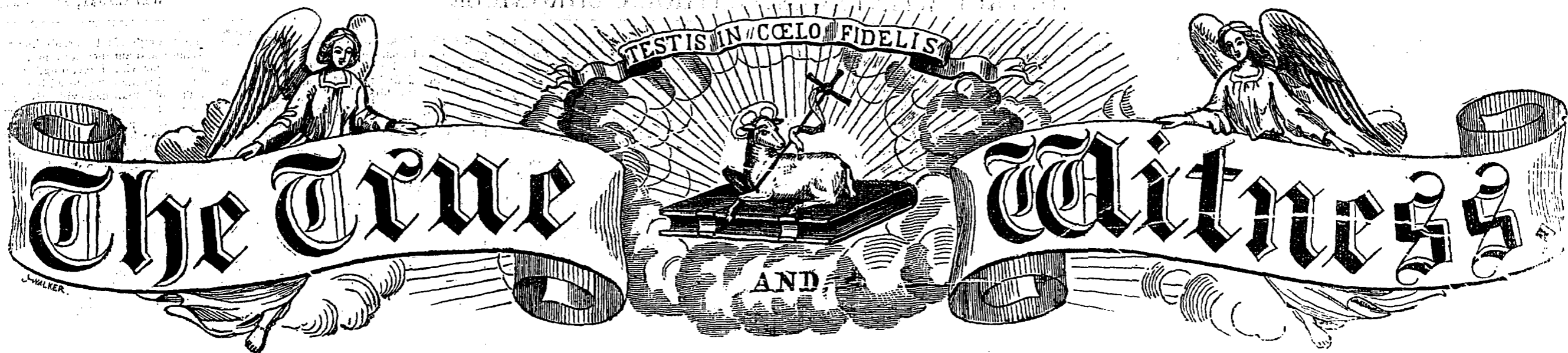
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXIX.—NO. 40.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MAY 21, 1879.

TERMS: \$1.50 per annum in advance.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

St. Peter's Roman Catholic Church, Baltimore, was consecrated by Archbishop Gibbons.

Rev. Patrick Fay died recently at Colchester, Conn., where he was Rector of St. Andrew's church.—May his soul rest in peace.

The fifth Annual Convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union will meet in the city of Richmond, Va., on Wednesday, June 11, 1879.

Mr. Sebastian W. Bingham was received into the Catholic Church this week at Florence by Father Weld, S. J.—London Tablet April 19.

A writer in the Portland (Oregon) Sentinel gives the account of a reception in the church at Yakima, of two ladies into the Catholic Faith. They are recorded as the first conversions in that section.

The Right Rev. Bishop of Alton warns the clergy and teachers of his Diocese, secular and regular, against purchasing the Historical Map of the World published by E. H. Ross, 1879.—Central Catholic.

The Bishop of Auckland.—It is generally stated in ecclesiastical circles that the Rev. George Harold, P. F. of Wicklow, and formerly curate in Ballybrack, has been nominated Bishop of Auckland, New Zealand.

ORDINATION.—His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec will hold an ordination service in the Basilica on Trinity Sunday, June 8th, before leaving on his pastoral visit on the next day, when several gentlemen of Quebec and the Lower Provinces will be ordained priests.

His Holiness the Pope is about to start a kind of official gazette of the Holy See in seven languages. No less than 32,000 subscribers, it is rumored, have been secured in advance. Monsignor Alimonda, Bishop of Albano, and one of the newly created cardinals, is to be the editor, whilst the printing will be done by the deaf and dumb boys of Father Ludovico da Casoria.

The Dominican Fathers have given a notable mission in the Wheeling (W. Va.) Cathedral, Very Rev. John T. Sullivan, Rector, 2,500 persons approached the Sacraments. At the last service of the Mission, some 2,000 persons attended in the Cathedral, probably the largest congregation it had ever held. Rt. Rev. Bishop Kain and his zealous clergy are holding their charge well in hand.

By the Danrobin Castle, the Rev. Mr. Beloid, a Roman Catholic priest, arrived in South Africa to serve as chaplain to the forces in Zululand. This gentleman received his commission as an army chaplain in 1873, and was stationed for some time at Bermuda. By the same vessel several monks arrived to conduct a Roman Catholic educational institution at Port Elizabeth, one of the plans formed by Bishop Richards.

THE CONVERSION OF DOELLINGER.—A telegram sent to us (from Rome) announces that Dr. Doellinger has returned to Catholic unity. Immediately after the election of the new Pontiff, Doellinger congratulated Pope Leo XIII. by means of a letter which he caused to be presented to His Holiness by learned ecclesiastic attached to the Pontifical Court. Before long, it is said, the retraction will be published by Dr. Doellinger who would have to go to Rome if his health permitted him.

His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. McCabe, Archbishop-Elect of Dublin, in a pastoral for the month of May, makes an allusion to the university question which our readers will perceive with satisfaction. Having discussed the matter at some length, he concludes by observing, in reference to the Catholic demands: "We ask for justice; less will not content us." Now as justice would put the Catholics of Ireland on an equality, in respect of university institutions, with the persons of all other religious denominations—that is, would establish a Catholic university or a Catholic university college suitably endowed—it follows that Dr. McCabe for one will not be content with such a wretched and degrading makeshift for giving university privileges to Catholics as the O'Conor Don is credited with contemplating. It is just as well that this should be made known in time to the member for Roscommon and to the Government.

Viscount Bury, the Under Secretary of State for War, who was received into the Church at the Oratory the other day, is the eldest son of the Earl of Albemarle; but he is also a peer in his own right, having been raised to the House of Lords in 1876. He married a Catholic—Sophia, daughter of Sir Allan Macnab, formerly Prime Minister of Canada—in 1855, and has children. At one time he was private secretary to the late Earl Russell, and at another Treasurer of the Royal Household. Lord Bury is, of course, the only Catholic member of the Conservative Government; and his seat in the Peers fortunately exempts him from those electoral trials and reverses which have followed conversion in the case of Lord Robert Montagu and other members for English constituencies. Lord Bury's conversion adds one more name to the list of Catholic Privy Counsellors, the others being Lord Ripon, Lord Kenmare, Lord Robert Montagu, Lord Howard of Glossop, and Lord Emly.

DR. DOLLINGER.—We fear the joy over Dr. Dollinger's reposed submission was premature. Confirmation has not come. A Munich journal, discussing the news, discredits it. In June of last year the Professor wrote to a Westphalian paper, denying a similar rumour, and he then observed that it was the fourteenth contradiction he had been forced to publish. "You may be certain, however," he added somewhat vaguely, "that I will not dishonour my old age before God and man by a lie." As late as the 25th of March, during an academic sitting in Munich, he launched a rather warm attack upon the clergy, who did not go out of communion along with him, and German journalists therefore refuse to believe

that he made so sudden a change of attitude as the *Unita Cattolica* attributed to him. One explanation suggested is that he wrote a letter to His Holiness conveying personal love and admiration. Long before the vacancy that raised the Bishop of Perugia to the Papedom, Dr. Dollinger was wont to speak of Mgr. Pecci as one of the most holy and learned prelates in Christendom, and nothing that has since happened could alter his profound appreciation of the personal greatness of Leo XIII.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF TAMU.—His Grace the Archbishop of Tamu has consented, in compliance with an invitation from the Memorial Committee, to unveil, on the 24th of June, the Memorial statue, to be erected in Dublin, of the late Sir John Gray, M. P. for Kilkenny City, and proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal*. His Grace has written a vigorous and characteristic letter with reference to the recent disturbances in Clifden in sending a contribution to the fund being raised for the defence of the poor Catholics sent for trial on the charge of being ring-leaders in them. "While," says His Grace, "we have never been backward in manifesting our Christian charity and our social respect for the few Protestants living in our midst in this diocese, namely less than three per cent. of the entire population, including landed proprietors, Protestant ministers, and other officials, with their families and numerous following, we can no longer endure the efforts of a few hypocritical miscreants, who have been labouring incessantly for years, and who labour still, by bribery and corruption, to rob the poor people in some districts of the parish of Clifden of the faith which is dearer to them than their lives. Let the wretched emissaries of disorder pass across to England, and there spend their labour in the conversion of the religiously benighted people of that immoral land, and allow the simple and devoted people of Clifden to continue to practice, in a manner almost unknown in other countries, the sacred virtues of our holy religion."

THE LAST HOURS OF BERNADETTE SOUBIROUS.—BERNADETTE SOUBIROUS.—The *Journal de Lourdes* gives several details of the illness and edifying death of Bernadette Soubirous (Sister Marie Bernard). A few days before her death, in the presence of the representatives of the Bishops of Tarbes and Nevers, and the Superior-General of her Congregation, she solemnly affirmed the truth of her statements with regard to the Apparition of Our Lady at Lourdes. On the point of death she murmured twice the second part of the "Hail Mary," and the third time she said, "Sainte Marie, Mere du Dieu...." and could get no further. While the Sisters were saying, "Jesus, Mary, Joseph, help us in our last agony," Bernadette breathed her last. The body has been laid in the chapel of St. Joseph in the church of St. Gildas at Nevers, but a great wish has been expressed that it should be removed to Lourdes, and indeed there are obviously strong reasons why the body of Bernadette Soubirous should rest in the place where she was so singularly privileged. R.I.P.

DOINGS AT THE PAPAL COURT. ROME, May 14, 1879.—A numerous assemblage of British and American residents and sojourners gathered at the English College in this city to-day to present their congratulations to Cardinal Newman on his elevation to the cardinalate, and to present to the venerable prelate a rich suit of vestments and a complete set of beautifully wrought sacred vessels for use on the altar, subscribed for by Catholics of Great Britain. The gathering at the College consisted chiefly of Catholics, though other sects were not unrepresented. A large number of clergymen were also present, as well as many English, American, Irish and Scotch collegians. Lady Herbert, of Lea, a lady equally noted for book making and for her skill in organizing affairs of this sort, was the moving spirit. She read the address of congratulation and of presentation. Miss Stackpool also offered a beautiful flower piece. The venerable Cardinal, who was seated on a dais and clad in the scarlet robes appropriate to his dignity, and who was supported by the Right Rev. Dr. McGettigan, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland, and the Very Rev. Dr. Clifford, Bishop of Clifton, showed great emotion during the presentation. The Cardinal examined the gifts with attention and evident pleasure, and then in a few words expressed his thanks to the donors. He said he was deeply affected by such an affectionate demonstration, and, alluding to his advanced age, said it would be his pride to use these gifts as long as sufficient strength remained to him. Monsignor Stonor, the rector of the College, then presented the visitors, one by one, to His Eminence, and they each kissed his hand and received his blessing. Ever since his arrival in the Eternal City Father Newman has been literally overwhelmed with attentions. Before he left England the English and Scotch colleges had already commenced a contest for the honor of entertaining him, but his extreme age compels him to make his sojourn in Rome as little exciting as possible. The Italian journals contain many flattering remarks on the grand character and high standing of the new English Cardinal, and long accounts of his life, his conversion and his labors in the cause of the Church. It is said that King Humbert also has expressed a desire for an interview with the veteran theologian.

IRISH NEWS.

The country is a good deal agitated over Mr. Sullivan's, Saturday Early Closing Bill. After being out about seventeen weeks the iron workers employed in the Belfast mills and factories have returned to work at the old rate of wages. Capt. Vandeleur and the O'Gorman Mahon are, it is thought, the two most likely candidates for Clare. The O'Gorman Mahon, has fallen a good deal in popular estimation, but he is the best in the field. Colonel Bushe, J. P., an octogenarian magistrate of the County Waterford, dropped suddenly dead, on his way home to Glencairn Castle, from the Tallow Road Station of the Fermoyle and Lismore Railway.

On Saturday the sanitary officers in Newry seized on the premises of a local butcher the carcasses of six sheep which were in a very putrid state, and were at once condemned by Dr. Cressie. The carcasses were buried. The Carvan board of guardians have unanimously adopted a petition sent them from the Monaghan Union, in favour of compelling every description of property liable to income tax to contribute to the relief of the destitute poor.

No portion of the three months' tax of £80 assessed on the Clifden district under the Peace Preservation Act, in the early part of the present month, has yet been collected. The constable at first appointed as collector has therefore been removed, and another put in his stead. The bootmakers of Dublin went on a strike against a reduction of wages, which the masters declared they were obliged to insist on to meet the growing competition of English trade. The men have resolved to appeal to the public "against starvation wages."

Dublin is again returned by the Registrar-General as having the largest mortality in the United Kingdom, its death-rate for the last week being 35 per 1,000, which is 6 in excess of that of Manchester, Plymouth, and Leicester, which show the highest rate in England.

IRISH OFFICER KILLED.—Lieutenant Johnson, who fell in the engagement before Ekowe, is second son of Mr. William Johnson, J. P., of Cork, secretary of the county grand jury. He was Musketry Instructor in the 90th, which regiment he joined six years ago. He was only twenty-eight years of age, and gave great promise in his profession.

An iron screw steamer was launched from the ship-building yard of Messrs. Harland and Wolff, Queen's Island. The vessel, which received the name of the "Maharani," was built to the order of the Asiatic Steamship Company, and is the fourth of a fleet of sister ships constructed on the Queen's Island for the same owners.

It is expected that the new swing bridge over the River Liffey, at the Custom House, will be opened for traffic on the 10th of August next. On the same date the lateral wings of Carlisle bridge will be opened, and the contractor will then proceed with the centre of the structure. The entire work is to be completed by the 10th of August, 1880.

DEATH OF COLONEL BUSHE, J. P.—We regret to announce the death of Colonel Gertrude P. Bushe, of Glencairn Abbey, near Lismore, in the county Waterford. Deceased was a magistrate of the county, was a nephew of the late Chief Justice Bushe, a grand-nephew of Henry Grattan. He served in the 15th and 7th Hussars, and was very much respected. —Freeman.

At Blarney Petty Sessions Denis Murphy gamekeeper to Col. Wood, was summoned by the Excise authorities for carrying a revolver on the public road on the night of the 11th March without a "ten shilling license." The magistrates imposed a fine of £2 10s, with a recommendation that it should be reduced as low as possible, owing to the defendant's ignorance of the law.

Of 161 specimens of flour submitted last year to the public analyst of Dublin for analysis the whole were either pure or doubtful, and not any clearly adulterated. Out of 1,265 specimens of milk only 35 were found adulterated. Very few other articles were submitted to him to be analyzed. During the year, nearly a quarter of a million pounds of food were condemned as diseased or unsound.

LINE OF STEAMERS BETWEEN NEW YORK AND BELFAST.—During the ensuing month a regular direct line of powerful steamships will commence to run between New York and Belfast. This line—Vanderbilt's Unicorn line—will be in connection with the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad. The first steamer will leave New York about the 15th of May.—Daily Express.

Information was lodged with the constabulary of what is believed to be an outrage of an agrarian nature. The facts as disclosed in the informations are that some time since Mr. Whitfield, a farmer residing near Frankfort, took some land under circumstances which were known to create ill-feeling against him. Men in disguise entered his premises, and fired three shots through the windows. Although parties are suspected, there is no evidence to warrant any arrests.

At Naas Petty Sessions on Monday two Sub-constables were prosecuted by Sub-inspector R. B. Somerville for neglect of duty in permitting a prisoner to escape from the temporary barracks erected at Punctestown Racecourse. The barracks are a wooden structure, and one of the boards, about eight inches in width, had been removed to give ventilation. It is supposed the man escaped through this. The head-constable's evidence exonerated the accused, and the bench dismissed the case.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF ST. LOUIS.—At the usual weekly meeting of the Thuries' town commissioners, held last week, the chairman (Mr. Corcoran) suggested the propriety of presenting the Most Rev. Dr. Ryan, Archbishop of St. Louis, with an address on the occasion of his visit to preach at the conse-

cration of the cathedral, which is to take place on the 22nd of June. The matter was warmly taken up, and it was resolved to hold another meeting on that day fortnight for that purpose.

Mr. Peter O'Leary, who is staying on a visit with a friend in Kerry, attended the meeting of the Kerry Tenants' Defence Association on Saturday, and made some observations on the land question. The solution he proposes is to give the landlord 25 years' purchase of his income, and let the land to the tenants in perpetuity. He recommended improved organization and the formation of clubs in every district throughout the country.

THE EARL OF LEITRIM'S WILL.—We have reason to believe that the prolonged litigation which it was thought would arise out of the will of the late Earl of Leitrim is practically at an end. The Earl, who left an estate of £300,000 a year, willed it away from his heir, the present Earl, and to his kinsman, Colonel Clements. The new Earl took the preliminary steps for disputing the will, but we understand that an amicable arrangement, under which the Earl will get about £10,000 a year, has closed the dispute.—Freeman.

SCOTCH NEWS.

Gratifying news has reached Dundee in regard to the Newfoundland seal fishery. Three of the Dundee fleet, the "Aurora," "Arctic" and "Narwahl" have been very successful, the former having secured 26,000 seals, the "Arctic" 11,000, and the "Narwahl" 8,000. Previously all the Dundee vessels prosecuted the Greenland fishing, but it was believed that fishing was becoming less and less remunerative, hence the despatch of a number of the Dundee vessels to the Newfoundland ground. The change has been, on the whole, highly satisfactory.

A dramatic entertainment in aid of the poor under the charge of the Sisters of Nazareth was held in the hall of the Catholic Association, Chapel court, Aberdeen, on the 28th, 29th and 30th ult. The pieces produced were a drama in two acts entitled "The Innkeeper of Aberlone" and a farce called "The Irish Tiger." The parts were sustained with great ability by the members of the dramatic club of the association, and the entertainment was a most unequalled success. There was a large and appreciative audience. The Sisters will receive about £71 towards the charity which they have in hand.

Visitors to the mud kirkyard of Alloway will regret to learn that "Wee Jamie," who, during many years past has acted as guide to the haunted ruins immortalized by Burns is no more. James Crawford knew every foot of the place, and every legend connected with it. His great pleasure consisted in pointing out the various last resting places in the cemetery, the scene of the witches' dance, the "wincock bunker in the east" where his satanic majesty

"Screwed his pipes, and gair'd them skirl, Till roof and rafters 'a' did dirr!" the holy water font, and the old roadway by which Tam o' Shanter approached when he neared the scene of the unearthly contrivings. He had Burns at his finger ends, and latterly no one could disassociate him from the churchyard. He died in poverty, advanced in years, but he will long be remembered, not only by the townspeople, but by tourists from all parts of Scotland, and by many foreigners, in whose ears he often recited in the broadest west country dialect, the lays which came so readily to his lips.

Drunkennes in Scotland.

On the morning of the 21st of December last I reached Edinburgh, and the first—not the second or third, but the first man I met, apart from the railway officials, was stupidly drunk, although it was but the first hour of the day. What transpired in the city in the course of the day I cannot tell in full, but I very soon made the discovery that it was unsafe to move out on foot. With evening things became uproarious. The entire city appeared to have given itself up to the worship of Bacchus. Driving out to the bridges, sights were seen that baffled description, and I shall never forget the scene round the Tron Church as we drove back to the New-Town near midnight. The high street was filled with a surging, drunken crowd, drawn by the evil influences of the hour from all manner of dingy closes and towering tenements. The corner where John Knox's house stands was dimly visible through the "reeky" fog, and above the yells of the crowd were heard the frenzied appeals of a street preacher, a master of gesticulation and interjectional English. It was impossible to linger. More than one bottle was thrust with jolly rudeness in at the cab window, and loud were the invitations to "have a dram." Men and women alike were armed with bottles. As we entered North Bridge street the iron clock struck the last hour of the dying year, and in a moment every individual of the crowd we had just left seemed to open a throat of brass to howl a welcome to 1879. As to the observance of the next day I can hardly trust my own judgment; or I might say that it was disgraceful to civilization, but this is the dictum of one of the leading dailies:

It may safely be asserted that drunkenness was not so prevalent as on the previous New Year's Days, but this cannot, unfortunately, be attributed so much to an improvement in the morals of the people as to a lack of money. The cases of drunkenness which did occur were to a large extent confined to young men, numbers of half-grown lads going about in a most pitiable state. In the evening these victims of the public houses increased in number, and some rather sad scenes were to be witnessed—such as a young child, with a frightened face, piloting its father home, or a young woman striving to convince a young man that he had already had quite enough.

It may be that these bacchanals were not all Scotch. Scotland is entitled to the doubt, although, judging from the New Year's Day reports from all parts of the country, she has unquestionably too many "drouthy" sons. Whatever the cause, the fact remains that the scenes above described were enacted in Edinburgh, the "Modern Athens," the seat of Scottish law, theology and medicine, in the years of grace 1878-79, and the evil they indicate must be deeply seated, indeed, if one or other of these facilities cannot deal with it. Can it be that the Presbyterianism of Scotland is less powerful than the Roman Catholicism of France?

In France drunkenness is a disgrace, and is so regarded among all classes of the community; in Scotland a debauch is something to laugh over whenever the victim was so far removed as to be able to summon up a laugh. How the present character of Scotland is maintained may be illustrated by the following: I was in a country town (north of the Clyde), and when doing my best to dine, was asked by the man-of-all-work, and waiter by courtesy, of the establishment, a few questions about France. What had evidently been uppermost in his mind came last, in the form of the following interrogatory: "Is't true, men, that on our get drunk on brawndy in France for sixpence?"

ST. GABRIEL WELCOMES BISHOP FABRE. His Lordship's Pastoral Visit to St. Gabriel Village—Impressive Ceremonies—The Ordination of a Priest. On Sunday morning the residents of St. Gabriel village were in a state of great excitement on the occasion of His Lordship Bishop Fabre's pastoral visit to this village. It was desired to offer His Lordship the escort of the parishioners from Point St. Charles to the residence of Rev. Father Salmon.

Accordingly, at 9 o'clock, a procession numbering some five hundred persons—all classes and nationalities—was formed on Centre street and marched to Wellington street, where His Lordship was met, and the escort tendered him by the Rev. Father Salmon. Bishop Fabre gratefully acknowledged the compliment conveyed, and expressed his gratification at being the recipient of such an ovation.

The procession was reformed in the following order and returned to the church—St. Gabriel's brass band, T. Butler, leader; French members of the congregation not connected with any society; St. Joseph's Society. A white silk flag with the Dominion coat of arms beautifully worked in silk lined the St. Gabriel section of the St. Jean Baptiste Society. Following were about one hundred girls and boys, the members of the St. Gabriel Temperance Society, preceded by their beautiful banner and the officers wearing their richly decorated collars, walking in advance of His Lordship's coach. The following gentlemen, occupying the most prominent positions in the demonstration, were assigned the honorable situation of post-guard to His Lordship—Mr. E. McKeown, Mayor; Mr. John Lynch, President of the St. Gabriel Temperance Association, and Mr. Lawrence Quinn, President of St. Gabriel's Y. I. L. & B. Association. On arrival at Father Salmon's residence, the processions halted in open order, two deep. As Bishop Fabre drove up, the assembled multitudes devoutly bowed their heads to receive the Episcopal benediction, which was bestowed on them from the open carriage.

Mass was celebrated by Monseigneur Fabre, assisted by Canons Dufresnoy and Plamondon, Father Martinou, S. J., and others. During the service the Rev. Father Alphonse Beaudet, of St. Therese College, St. Theresas de Blainville, was received into the priesthood. The ordination ceremonies were very impressive and lasted during the Mass, at the conclusion of which the postulant was ordered to go forth to the world "to preach, baptize and offer the Divine Sacrifice." After Mass two addresses were read to the Bishop, one in French by Mr. Alphonse Levesque, and the other a counterpart in English, which was given by Mr. W. Wall, ex-Mayor of St. Gabriel Village.

The Miracle Play.

The courts of San Francisco have sustained public opinion and the Board of Supervisors in stopping the Miracle Play which to the disgust of all decent people was played for a short time in that city. The chief actor, O'Neil, having been obstinate, was imprisoned for violating the municipal ordinance. O'Neil had been sentenced, in Police Court, to pay a fine of \$50, or be imprisoned in the county jail for twenty-five days. The decision is heartily approved by the San Francisco papers.

REDMOND O'HANLON.

An Historical story of the Cromwellian Settlement.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Is your friend and associate here, Mr. Fitzgerald?" said Gerald Geraghty, as he ascended to the upper rooms of an obscure dwelling close to St. Nicholas gate. "Did he do good service yesterday before Judge Donnellan, in riding me of a troublesome old woman, and I have called to pay him the twenty Louis d'or I promised. There is nothing like paying what you owe, Mr. Fitzgerald, especially if it has been honestly earned."

"Murphy is at home, in his apartment, but I am greatly afraid not in a condition either to recognize you or to receive the money you have brought with you."

"What can be the matter with him? Not ill, I hope. Yesterday he appeared in excellent health and spirits."

"And he was so," replied Fitzgerald, but, unfortunately, he went, from curiosity, through the various cells of Newgate, and in one of them he unexpectedly encountered his old Archbishop, Doctor Plunkett. What passed between them I know not, but on his return, Murphy appeared like a man distracted; commenced drinking usquebaugh, and never ceased so long as he was able to move his hand to his head. He fell asleep drunk, snored in such an awful manner as to frighten every one in the place, and to be heard even in the next house. He awoke this morning to demand more usquebaugh. Some have given him, but I greatly fear, from the way he is going on, that he is insane. I was on the point of going out for the purpose of bringing to him a person he is very anxious to see, a Mr. John Smith, a doctor I believe."

"I should like to speak with him," said Geraghty, "it is very probable this is nothing more than the passing result of an extraordinary drinking bout."

"Come this way," said Fitzgerald, as he conducted Geraghty to Murphy's bed-room.

Upon a wretched bed, on which he had flung himself in his clothes, Murphy was now seen lying, shivering from head to foot, as if he were in an ague fit; his hands and legs trembled, and his eyes wildly staring constantly about him, as if he was endeavoring to discover either where he was, or as if under the apprehension of being attacked by some enemy.

"Good morning, Mr. Murphy," said Geraghty, as he approached the bed, and looked down upon the unhappy man. "I am sorry to find you are not well this morning."

"Well, well, very well I thank you, Mr. Geraghty," replied Murphy, speaking in a rapid manner, as if it were a relief to him to utter, in one breath, all the words he wanted to say.

"I promised yesterday to give you twenty pounds in gold," said Geraghty. "Where are they? Give 'em to me at once—this minute—instantly; do ye hear?"

"Here they are," said Geraghty, "twenty shining jolly yellow Louis d'ors, as fine a coin as ever came from the King's mint."

"Thank you thank you," answered Murphy, stretching out his hand, but instead of lifting the coin, which Geraghty presented him, his fingers, as if it were in spite of him and beyond his control, clutched at the bottle of usquebaugh he relaxed his gripe of the bottle, again tried to lay hold of the gold, and again his fingers clutched at the bottle!

"Strange! strange! my own hand won't do what I want it. Even it is turning against me. But hang it—I will force it to obey my wishes. Give me another chance at the gold, Geraghty."

"Here," said Geraghty; "I wish you to take it. I brought it to you."

"Thank you thank you heartily. There, Fitzgerald, take the bottle out of my way, lest my fingers play me another trick. Let there be nothing between me and the money. Now, now, now, I will die or have the money. Ah! ha! I have it! I have it! You see I did force my hand to take it. At last—at last—yes, at last I have it—money—gold. I love usquebaugh much; but I want gold more. Oh! I do want it so very badly at this present time."

"And why want it so very much at present?" asked Geraghty.

"I'll tell you, I'll tell you. No, no, I'll whisper it to you. Go away, go away, Fitzgerald. I don't want you to hear what I am saying. Is Fitzgerald gone?"

"Yes," answered Geraghty, "he is gone out of the room; and, I believe, out of the house. Now you can speak aloud."

"No, no, no, he might hear me outside the door. It's a secret; such a secret! Listen! Are you listening to me?"

"To be sure I am," said Geraghty.

"Whatever be the secret, you may depend upon it I will never mention it again."

"Now, mind, you have promised to keep what I am going to say to you, as a secret."

"As a dead secret."

"As a state secret—a secret of the greatest importance."

"Yes, yes."

"Well, then, I'll whisper it to you—listen."

"Go on."

"Are you listening?"

"I am."

"Well, then, the secret—the great secret is this—mind, you are not to mention it again, without my leave."

"You may be sure of that."

"Well, then, the great secret I have to tell you is this. David Fitzgerald—your know David Fitzgerald, of Drumsna, in the County Limerick, Esq."

"I do."

"Well, then, the great secret I have to tell you about him is, that the same David Fitzgerald is a great rascal."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, and I am another great rascal."

"Is it possible?"

"It's a fact—a fact—a downright fact; but I have not yet told you all. You are Gerald Geraghty?"

"Yes."

"Well, you are the greatest rascal of us all."

"I am, I suppose, to keep that a secret also?"

"No, of course, of course you are. It would not do to go publishing it to the world. The world, you may be certain, will find it out soon enough. Meanwhile, what are you, and I, and poor David, and all the other witnesses to do?"

"The best thing for you to do, Mr. Murphy, is to keep quiet."

"Keep quiet! Keep quiet! how am I to keep quiet? Look at me; my hands are always going as if I was playing the spinnet; my feet are always going, as if I was dancing a hornpipe; my eyes are always going, as if they wanted to see everything at once; my tongue is always going, as if it never would stop; my head is always going—turning, turning, in—despite of me, as if one was whirling a real inside my skull; and my heart is always going beat, beat, beating in-

side me, as if it was determined to break through one of my ribs. Quiet! quiet! quiet! How is a man ever to keep quiet who can never sleep? How do people go to sleep, Mr. Geraghty? If you know the secret tell it, and I'll give you, back, though I am sadly in want of them, the twenty Louis d'or you have just handed me."

"The reason you cannot go to sleep, and the reason why you cannot keep quiet, Mr. Murphy, is this, and nothing else: you have got wrong notions into your head."

"Wrong notions! wrong notions! What notions are those? Answer me, what notions are those, for I'm in a hurry! Oh! such a hurry!"

"Humph! I'll ask you, by-and-by, why you are in such a hurry, my fine fellow," said Geraghty, considering he had to deal with a half lunatic, and from whom it would be easy to worm any secrets he had to tell. "You ask me what wrong notions you have. Why your own bad opinion of yourself?"

"I deserve it."

"Then your bad opinion of Fitzgerald?"

"He deserves it."

"Then your bad opinion of me?"

"You deserve it."

"I deserve it why do you say so?"

"Why do I say so? Eh! Why do I say so? Why do I think badly of you? Why, simply and solely because you are the most remorseless old villain I ever met, saw, heard, read, or thought of. Hercules, who slew a Nemean lion, a Lernaean hydra, an Erymanthian boar, a Cretan bull, Arcadian vultures, and such monsters and robbers as Geryon and Cadmus; yet never rid the world of a greater pest, plague, abomination, and monster, than yourself, Gerald Geraghty."

"Oh! Mr. Murphy, this is all vague abuse, without a single fact to justify it. Why do you think so badly of me? What have I done?"

"What have you done? Eh! Is that the question you are putting to me? Ah! but it's I that will give you an answer, and that answer will be comprised in one name and two words—Judith Lawson."

"Judith Lawson!" exclaimed old Geraghty, and though he fancied he was talking to a downright madman, still, that name coming so unexpectedly to his ears, from the lips of the raving wretch before him, made drops of cold perspiration burst from his withered brow; and his limbs, for a moment, trembled like those of Murphy."

"Ah! ha! I know I could give you an answer. But see me now!—see me now!—just mind me, Gerald Geraghty, and what I am going to say to you—it's as true as the Gospel. You know very well my early history; you know I was a divinity student; you know I intended to enter into holy orders; you know that I broke my vows, and you know the life I have been leading ever since. Well, Geraghty, that much you know; but there's something I'm going to tell you that you don't yet know, and that is, that the man who acts as I have done cannot do so with impunity; that the devil gets a hold of him—and once the Old Boy has a grip of a man like me, it isn't a single sprinkle of holy water, nor ten Paters and Aves that can get rid of that chap."

"No, no, no, he is a cleverer fellow than you or I after all. Now, the devil has got his paw upon me. Do you doubt it? Look at me; there he is quivering in every limb, shaking in every joint, jumping in the pupils of my eyes, capering on the top of my fingers, playing cutchy cutchoo with my legs. He has made an object of me; but it is an old saying, 'we should give the devil his due,' and therefore I'll tell you a truth about him. If he has taken from me a power over my own body, he has made me some compensation—he has sharpened my senses, and he has given me faculties I never before possessed; and, therefore, I see what you can't see, and I know what you don't know; and, therefore, I say, Gerald Geraghty, don't do what you are thinking of doing, with Judith Lawson, or before another week is out you'll be dead and damned."

"Then you can tell," said Geraghty, with a sneer, "my intentions with respect to Judith Lawson."

"Tell your intentions! to be sure I can; would I be bothered speaking with you at all and I in such a hurry, if I could not tell them?"

"Well, what are they?"

"You intend to kill her."

Geraghty winced for a moment under this reply, but considering he was only conversing with a lunatic, he endeavored to hide his emotion under a forced laugh, as he said— "Oh! fie! Mr. Murphy, what could put such a horrid notion into your head? Why should an old man like me think of killing a nice young lady like that?"

"Ah! ha! The devil, I tell you, is cleverer than the two of us put together. He only lets one know a bit of the truth. If I knew your reasons for wanting to massacre Judith Lawson, I might be able to show you why you ought to forego so base and cruel a design. I only know what you intend to do, not the reason, nor the cause for your intention. But now I tell you, don't do it; for, as sure as you and I are talking together, if you do make the attempt, she will slaughter you; yes, you will die by the hand of Judith Lawson. Even whilst I am speaking to you, I see, as plainly as I see myself, a little devil, not as high as my knee, standing by your side, and he has a coffin on his back, and he is grinning at me, and pointing his finger in derision at you, as much as to say, 'There is no use in talking to him; for I shall soon have him pecked up in this, you see it is intended for him.' And as the weary limb of Satan in indicating so much to me, he turns his back that I may see whose name is on the coffin: as I am a living creature with eyes in my head, it is your name is on the coffin—id. There it is plain as I could read my A. B. C.—Gerald Geraghty, I aged 72 years, three months, and six days;—there is a blank for the number of days, as if, whether you did well or ill, you should not outline the month; the actual number of days depending upon the exercise of your own free will for good or for evil."

"Accident has helped you to the exact knowledge of my age," said Geraghty, "but allow me—"

"Don't let the devil cheat you out of your soul, by fancying accident has anything to do with any, even the simplest thing that occurs in this life. If I can be shant cheat me, and that's the reason I am in such a hurry. Accident, indeed! Is it an accident that enables me to see what's going to happen to you, and how you will come to your death? Why, whilst I'm speaking to you, I see your white beard becoming red with blood—aye, and it is your own blood, too! If you are a wise man, you will let Judith Lawson alone, and send her home to her father. She never did any harm yet. Drive her to desperation, and she will be the death of you. Mind what I say, and I repeat it, before the week is out you'll be dead and damned."

"I'm much obliged to you for the warning," answered Geraghty, upon whom Murphys words made not the slightest impression; "but now let us say one word about yourself. Why are you in such a hurry? Where do you want to go?"

"I don't know where I want to go to. I only know I want to go somewhere out of this. Oh! I am in such a hurry—such a hurry."

"Wherefore?"

"I am in such a hurry—such a hurry—such a hurry to get away from you."

"From me?"

"Yes, yes, yes, from you. I am such a fool in your hands. I was with that other rascal, as great a rascal as myself, but not as great a rascal as you: I was with Fitzgerald when Judith Lawson was seized upon; that was bad enough, and I added to the poor girl's sufferings by my own bad language. I was your tool then, but what is worse, I was your tool yesterday. I did not know that Abigail Gregg was the only attendant on poor Miss Lawson in Brass Castle; and you told me you only wanted to frighten the old woman, and to keep her from annoying you, by sending her to Newgate; but instead of that (the devil, you see, has told me some of your secrets), your real purpose was to take from the young woman her only protection, so that you might carry out your plan for killing her, without any let or hindrance; and, again, I warn you, let Judith Lawson alone, or she will be the death of you. But why say the same things over again, and I not having a minute to lose, for I am in a hurry—such a hurry. I want to be away out of your hands. I want to be away from you, and Fitzgerald, and Hetherington, and Mayer, and—all the other witnesses to the Plot."

"But why, Mr. Murphy, wish to get away from such company? You always appeared to me to be the merriest man amongst them."

"Ah, Lord help me! merry! merry! yes I was, but all is not gold that glitters, Geraghty; and the heart is often ill at ease when there are smiles on the lips and laughter on the teeth. But what says the Scripture? 'Sand, and Salt, and a mass of iron, is easier to bear, than a man without sense, that is both foolish and wicked.' And I have been without sense, and foolish, and wicked, and, therefore, intolerable in the sight of earth and heaven, and my punishment has come upon me. Do you doubt it? Look at me now; but I'm in a hurry—such a hurry to get away from it. Oh!" cried Murphy, sitting up in his bed, and extending his outstretched hands as wide apart as he could, and then vehemently clapping them together. "Oh, the sight, the sight, that I saw yesterday! Listen to me, you poor, weak, miserable, wicked old man—listen to me, may be it's for your good I am telling it. I was in Newgate yesterday; I was through its cells, its dark, filthy, foul, miserable cells—this sordid chamber is a palace compared to the best of them—and there I saw my Archbishop, and when I opened his cell he was on his knees, and he was kneeling before, before—but it's not right for my lips to mention it; and I saw—yes, I saw as plainly as I see your withered face at this moment—I saw from it shining rays of light, and they all fell upon the head and neck of the Archbishop, so that his face, and hair, and head seemed to be encrusted with diamonds, that is, all his head was one sparkling brilliancy, as if, whilst living, heaven had chosen to shed upon him a portion of its splendor, whilst his black cassock was changed into the colour of blood, and he looked as a martyr who was rising to be glorified out of his sufferings in the cause of truth. And as I looked at him, I remembered I was one of the witnesses against him. There will be a muster of these same witnesses one day; it will not be before a human court, but all will be called upon to answer for what they did, and what they swore: and I'll take right good care I shall not be one of them. I'm in a hurry, such a hurry to get away from them and from you. Yes, Geraghty, watch me as much as you like, still I'll baffie you all. I tell you I will not swear what I said I would. I'll get away from you—away—away from you! Oh, I'm in such a hurry to get away!"

And as Murphy so spoke he fell back again upon the bed, seemingly insensible, the quivering of his limbs being the sole indication that he was alive and suffering.

"He is mad, raging mad, with drink," remarked Geraghty as he looked at the prostrate body before him. "Now I must take care, however, he does not carry his intention into effect. I will, at once, procure an order for his removal from Ireland. I must do the same for his friend, whose footsteps I hear ascending the stairs."

"Oh! I am glad to see," said Geraghty, as Fitzgerald, accompanied by two other persons, entered the room, "that you have brought physicians with you. I cannot stay longer, but I shall call or send this evening, to hear how our friend goes on. To me he appears to be, at present, stark staring mad; utterly unable to speak one word of common sense."

The two persons who entered the room with Fitzgerald as Geraghty departed, were John Elliott, and the old gentleman that Murphy called by the name of John Smith.

"Who is that old man?" asked Elliott.

"His name is Geraghty," replied Fitzgerald; "and from all the ravings of Murphy this morning, I conjecture that his main reason for wishing to speak with Mr. Smith—"

"There is no longer any necessity for concealing my real name," said the old gentleman, I am Colouel Fitzpatrick; the warrants issued for the arrest of my son, and myself have been cancelled. I am not, however, known to this unhappy man here by my real title or name."

"It is my belief, that Murphy's principal desire in wishing to see you was to talk to you about the best means of his avoiding to appear as a witness against Doctor Plunkett; and next to it, the thing he talked most of was a young lady named Judith Lawson, who was in the power of the old man who has just left the room."

"A young lady named Lawson, and an old man named Geraghty! oh! poor Murphy must indeed, have been raving; I know nothing of any such two persons," observed Colonel Fitzpatrick.

"Lawson is a name that ought to be very well known to you," remarked John Elliott. "It is the name of one who was an instrument in the hands of Ludlow, when that person was seeking after your son, then a boy, to slay him."

"Lawson had sufficient command over his feelings not to allow the waiter to perceive how deeply he was agitated by the sight of this memorial of his lost child; but the moment he was alone with his associate, he burst into tears as he covered the kerchief with kisses, and exclaimed—"

"At last—at last—at last! Ludlow, there is hope of tidings of my beloved child. This tiny article of dress belonged to her! It was one of my own gifts to her. See where the darling has embroidered her own name upon it. Oh! I would not give this tiny, tiny kerchief of Judith for all the wealth we have been talking about. But I hear the heavy steps of an old man on the stair. He has been the bearer of this precious treasure. Now—now—oh! now for some certain tidings of the lost one. But, I must try and master my feelings. Aid me, Ludlow—aid me in my inquiries of this old man, for I know and feel

inn. "The Cook," in Cook-street, from the night he had been wounded."

"I hope," said Ludlow, as he entered the room, "that I find my old friend better than when I last saw him."

"Yes," sighed Lawson, "better in health—much better. I feel no pain now, though I have but just recovered the use of my hand; but as to my spirits—alas! my child—Judith!—no tidings—no tidings of her!—not even a trace of her!"

"Keep up your spirits, Lawson; you are sure to hear of her. All this pain is inflicted upon you for no other purpose than to enhance the price of her ransom. You will have her back; be sure of it, sound and safe, heart-whole as she was taken from you. But you will have to pay a swinging price for her?"

"Oh! to have my dear, dear child once more in my arms, the same as when she left me. Let me but have that happiness, and I would assign to those who so restored her to me all the Fitzpatrick lands I hold, as well as all I hope, by virtue of your bond, yet to possess."

"The Fitzpatrick estates!" said Ludlow; "it was with respect to them I called upon you. I wished to have a consultation with you about them."

"It is in vain to consult me about anything of the sort, until I have news of Judith. Be you, Ludlow, the means of restoring her to me, and I will make you a present of your bond, and the lands to boot."

"But what if the bond be valueless—not worth the paper it is written on, and the lands are no longer your own; then your promised reward for the restoration of your daughter would amount to nothing?"

"What mean you? I cannot understand you. How come you to say that your own bond is worthless, and the lands I hold not my own to dispose of to whom I please?"

"I will not trouble you, Lawson, in your present enfeebled state, with a detail of the many misfortunes that have lately occurred to me. Sufficient is it for me to have to tell you the sad result: I was out-maneuvred by older, better, and more cunning campaigners than myself. The consequence has been I was driven into so false and so untenable a position, that I had to surrender at mercy. I had, in fact, to choose between the gallows and conditions which bound me to quit this country soon; and before doing so to abandon to one of the Fitzpatrick family all the portions of their estate, which at any time came into my possession. A portion of the restitution thus required to be made by me includes, of course, property many years ago assigned by me to you."

"I tell you, it was to murder her, and for all I know, he left the room to carry that plan into effect, Sir," cried Murphy, again trembling in every limb, and his hair standing up with fright. "There he is, there he is, listening to you all outside the door."

John Elliott rushed to the door and threw it wide open, so that Murphy might see he was mistaken.

"Ah!" said Murphy, "that is one of his old tricks, rendering himself invisible, that is, his body invisible; but it is not so with his spirit. I can see what you don't see. I can see his dark spirit brooding over the contemplated murder. I can see him, in revenge for my telling on him, getting a band of thieves to murder me—they are coming, they are coming, I hear the heavy stamp of their iron-studded boots on the stairs; there it is, there it is, stamp! stamp! stamp! Oh! I must fly from them—hurry, hurry, hurry—"

And as Murphy so spoke, he started from his bed, threw open the window, and was on the point of flinging himself outside into the street, when he was caught by Elliott and Fitzgerald, and by main force dragged back to the bed, the clothes placed over him, and then tied down about him, so as to prevent him from doing himself or others any injury.

"I thought to escape, I was in such haste to do so, and now you have tied me down, so that old Geraghty can come in upon me at any time and cut my throat, and he'll do it, he'll do it, I tell you. Still, I will not hold my tongue. I say old Geraghty is going to murder Judith Lawson. Will none of you do your best to prevent him?"

"There may be truth in the ravings of this poor fellow," observed Colonel Fitzpatrick, "and we are bound as men, and as Christians, to protect the daughter of Lawson. Where is her father now to be found, Elliott? I think you told me he left the hotel unexpectedly this morning."

"And so he did," replied Elliott. "He and Ludlow were closeted for a long time together yesterday, and now I remember one of the drawers telling me that a very curious looking old man was for some time in the same room with both. Can that visit have had anything to do with the dreadful surmises of Murphy?"

"In such a case, we must lose no time in vain surmises. Do you, Elliott, see if you can trace out to their present abode either Lawson or Ludlow. I will betake myself to the Castle, where, through Lord Arran, I hope to be able to get, backed with all the powers of the Government, the means of preserving Miss Lawson from any harm that may be concocted against her."

"No good—no good—no good," cried Murphy from the bed. "Geraghty is determined on doing the devil's work, and the devil always takes care of his own."

"Poor man! poor man!" said Colonel Fitzpatrick, as he looked with compassion upon Murphy. "I must send such a strange case of madness. I suppose his disease has some peculiar name?"

"It has, Colonel," replied John Elliott; "and I am very sorry to say it is one but too well known in this country. It is—Delirium Tremens."

Elliott had stated, as a report to which he had not paid much attention at the time, that Lawson had been visited on the previous day by a strange-looking old man; and Elliott then asked a question to which none of his auditors had been able to give an answer—namely, whether that visit had anything to do with the dreadful surmises of Murphy?

The inquiry may be in some measure an interesting one. Let us see if we can throw any light upon it.

CHAPTER XIX.

JOHN ELLIOTT'S memory had served him well. He stated what was correct, when he mentioned that on the previous day there had been a long conversation between Ludlow and Lawson, and that an old man had called and had an interview with them.

Lawson was recovering but slowly from the wound inflicted upon him by Redmond O'Hanlon. The pain of the body was aggravated by severe affliction of mind; and the grief endured by him for the loss of his daughter had served to render a slight injury dangerous; its cure slow and protracted.

So entirely was Lawson's heart absorbed with the thoughts of Judith, that Ludlow perceived it would be useless to consult him upon any matter not connected with her. All then that had befallen Ludlow; the degrading punishment inflicted upon him by O'Hanlon; his subsequent capture, exposure, and the conditions which he had been released from the house of Lady Diana, were utterly unknown to Lawson.

In connexion with the latter, there was, however, one matter—the restoration of the Fitzpatrick estates, a part of which were held by Lawson—on which it was necessary to have a consultation with Lawson, and to determine what should be done—whether he acted in accordance with the condition into which he had entered, or should endeavor as he was disposed to do, to evade it.

With this view Ludlow called upon Lawson, who had not removed from John Elliott's

inn. "The Cook," in Cook-street, from the night he had been wounded."

"I hope," said Ludlow, as he entered the room, "that I find my old friend better than when I last saw him."

"Yes," sighed Lawson, "better in health—much better. I feel no pain now, though I have but just recovered the use of my hand; but as to my spirits—alas! my child—Judith!—no tidings—no tidings of her!—not even a trace of her!"

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"Poor man! poor man!" said Colonel Fitzpatrick, as he

man is, I suppose, prepared and willing to afford us so much information."

"It is with that view I called on Mr. Lawson," replied Geraghty. "The story I have to tell you is rather a strange one. It has not been, as she supposes, merely from a sordid motive alone she has been seized upon, but it was as a means of taking revenge, as I am informed, upon Mr. Lawson."

"Revenge," exclaimed Lawson and Ludlow at the same instant.

"Yes, from a revengeful motive," added Geraghty. "You, Mr. Ludlow, may not have heard, but Mr. Lawson, probably, very well knows a rebel named Colonel Fitzpatrick."

"Colonel Fitzpatrick! Ludlow and I knew him very well; but what can he have had to do with Judith?" asked Lawson.

"Listen to me patiently," replied Geraghty. "This Colonel Fitzpatrick and his son, it seems, conceive themselves, for what reason I know not, to have been, not merely aggrieved, but deeply injured by you, Mr. Lawson. And, I suppose, as they had no other means of revenging themselves, when they could not assail you, they resolved it seems, to wound your feelings, by inflicting an injury on your daughter. They, therefore, as I am told, hired Redmond O'Hanlon's gang to seize upon her, to hold her in custody for some time, and then to force her to marry a low and debauched spendthrift, named David Fitzgerald, a man who has reduced himself from an ample fortune to sordid beggary by an indulgence in all sorts of vices. That diabolical plan they have not, as yet, been able to carry into effect. But it is to be attempted to-morrow night; but where, I am not, as yet, quite certain. This, however, is arranged, that a degraded person (for Fitzgerald is, like Miss Lawson, a member of the Established Church) is to be with the two Fitzpatricks at a certain place, not yet fixed upon (or rather which I have not yet heard of); and that there, with such witnesses, the ceremony of marriage will, with or without her consent be gone through."

"The Fitzpatricks! father and son! both together! and without any attendants! are you sure of that?" asked Ludlow.

"Perfectly sure of it. There will be but the old man; he is a great deal older, and not half as stout as I am," replied Geraghty. "And with him his son—that is, you may say, but one man alone, for as to Fitzgerald, I would be more than a match for him myself, he is so broken down with constant intoxication. And then the degraded person—another miserable drunkard. Thus, you see, if you wish to prevent this abominable marriage, you will require no additional aid. I will go armed as well as you, for I have an old grudge to settle, as it was on account of these Fitzpatricks that I suffered that calamity, the effects of which will last as long as life."

"Right! right!" remarked Ludlow. "An additional force would be, in such a case, an impediment, instead of an assistance; and if I was—for I too have an old grudge to settle with these Fitzpatricks—if I was, in my endeavor to prevent this marriage, or in my desire to punish those who had planned it, to blow the brains out of one or both the Fitzpatricks, would you feel displeased at my doing so?"

"I am too much of a gentleman myself," replied Geraghty, "to interfere with another in the indulgence of his resentment, or the gratification of his revenge."

"Your sentiments do you honor, Sir," observed Ludlow. "What plan do you thus propose for us all to adopt? for in this case, as I perceive, we have a common object to attain, and the same energy to destroy."

"Precisely so," replied Geraghty. "We all wish to inflict summary and condign punishment upon those who have done this."

"And to prevent my daughter from being married," added Lawson.

"Oh! certainly to prevent your daughter being married," added Geraghty. "Do, as I bid you, and no such event can possibly take place."

"It is easy seeing you are a father," observed Lawson.

"Have been, Sir," replied Geraghty, "and you will be, I trust, afforded the proof how deeply I feel the loss that was inflicted upon me. But now, without making any other professions upon the one side or the other, listen to what I have laid down as a fitting course of proceeding for us all. You should, I think, leave this place either to-night, or at a very early hour to-morrow, and meet me to-morrow evening at the fortress tower which lies on the right-hand side of the high-road, about three miles from Dundalk. The tower, if I mistake not, is the only relic left of a small fortification which was destroyed by the valiant General Ludlow, when he was making a progress towards the North."

"Oh! I remember it very well," replied Ludlow. "It is a low square tower."

"The very same," replied Geraghty. "Miss Lawson is confined somewhere in that neighborhood, and from her present prison will be brought to some solitary place where the marriage ceremony can be huddled over without interruption. Meet me at ten to-morrow night at the square tower on the road. Remember you come well armed; you are both men of courage. If you see your enemies then you know what to do—you know what claim they have on your mercy. I know my enemies have none on mine. Farewell."

The old man disappeared.

Lawson was engaged with the rehearsal of his daughter's letter.

"Oh!" cried Ludlow, as he walked up and down the room with an air of triumph. "Oh! what a glorious opportunity for riding myself of all my difficulties has this old man placed within my grasp! Father and son! both at my mercy; both within the reach of my weapon—unprepared to defend themselves—expecting to meet with no foe. To strike them down with one blow, and so attain the end of a life-long struggle; and so secure those possessions for which I have waded through the blood of the innocent and the unoffending. Lawson! arouse yourself. Think of to-morrow night—your daughter restored to you, the Fitzpatricks got rid of; my bond still available for your profit and advantage. Arouse yourself, Lawson! Prepare your weapons for the short, decisive, and the last, the very last conflict in which we shall have to engage."

"And make you Ludlow, all the preparations that you deem to be necessary. You know me of old—if I see an enemy, my blood will be up on the instant, and I am ever sure to strike a deadly and decisive blow. But now I can do nothing, think of nothing, but that in the course of a few hours I shall clasp to my heart my lost—my long-lost—everlamented, and ever most dearly beloved daughter, Judith."

tasks, and even these in a careless and slovenly manner.

Judith was thus thrown entirely and absolutely upon her own resources. Without books to read, or paper to write, or embroidery to work, she was left in her solitary confinement, with nought to occupy her mind but vain regrets for the past, and equally vain hopes for the future, whilst the present, the awful present, was a dead blank.

Hour after hour, and day after day passed, and from morning till night she might be seen in the same position, gazing wistfully at the window opposite where she had last seen "the imp," and wishing—oh! how many times wishing—that his frightful face might again present itself. She sat so long there that at last she took an interest in watching the movements of the furious animals in the court-yard below, even though she never could venture to lean out, and gaze down upon them, without their fierce muzzles and white teeth gnashing at her, and their impatient barks clashing in her ears.

Ever furious, and mischievous, and malignant as they were, still they were living things, and to her poor tired eyes it was something to see life and motion, even though there was, in both, unprovoked hostility to herself untruly exhibited. She looked so long and constantly at these odious brutes, that at last she was able to distinguish them, one from the other, and to give them, in her own mind, names by which she marked their identity; calling one "the lion," another "the tiger," another "the panther," and another "the hyena."

Even these most odious and detestable animals became, each in turn, objects of interest, to her, and she wiled away many a day, and many an hour of many a day, in bestowing her undivided observation upon some one or other of these in themselves most uninteresting objects.

Oh! the wearisome hours there are in this life, for many a poor sad heart, separated from those it loves, and neglected by those who are near. How it pines and how it throbs, with a longing desire for parents or kinsmen that are far away, and who, if near, would have sustained it with looks and words of deep affection; how it tries to delude itself by watching what it does not care for, while the gentle affections that are trodden under foot are thrilling with pain and quivering with agony; and then, how, at last, wearied, wretched and exhausted by its sad and solitary watching, its lonely horrors, and its desolate occupations, it rises in prayers to the All-merciful, and begs that He will take it to Himself, and by the dear remembrance of His abandonment and forlorn Agony in the Garden, give to it what the world denies, or has taken away from it—love for love—everlasting peace—undying affection—the repose of the grave; the tranquil, soft, sweet, refreshing, never-ceasing repose of heaven.

Poor Judith! Her dreary occupation had been to watch the furious, detestable brutes in the court-yard beneath her window, until she knew them perfectly, and at last was able to observe that amongst them all there was one, that seemed to be always more infuriated than the rest at sight of her; this was a large white bull-dog, to which she had given the name of "the tiger."

One day, on looking down, she was astonished to perceive that when his fiery companions opened their mouths and gnashed their teeth, howling and grinning at her, "the tiger" appeared not to take the least notice of her, but lay curled up in his own kennel, as if an unusual fit of silliness had come upon him. And so the brute remained for the entire day, changing his position constantly, fidgety, and as if dissatisfied with himself, and yet not disposed to vent his ill-humour upon anything around him. The next day she remarked "the tiger" lay with his head between his paws, never varying his position more than once or twice during the day. A short time after this, the dog was looking wildly and strangely about him as if he did not know where he was. Upon another day, "the tiger" would now and again spring up, as if he saw some strange object before him, at which he would give an angry look, and then plunging about with a savage howl.

All this time it appeared as something extraordinary that the dog never looked up at her, nor watched her as he used to do. A listlessness had fallen upon him; his food was neglected, and he lay crouching down, gnawing at straws, or licking with his tongue the cold stones of the court-yard into which the sun never penetrated.

As Judith was thus engaged watching the tiger, and speculating in vain as to what could be the cause for this sudden change in the usual habits of the animal, she was astonished at perceiving the window opposite suddenly open, and "the imp" again presenting himself, and making signals to her that she should stand back until he cast over the rope he held in his hand.

It was with a joyful heart, bounding with hope and pleasure, that Judith beheld the imp fling the rope, that she fastened it for him, and she watched him speed, by its means, across to her, bearing his golden-handled riding-whip in his mouth.

"What news? what news? how is my dear father?" cried Judith, as the imp bounded in to the room.

"Has he received my letter?"

"Yes."

"When am I to get out of this prison?"

"To-night."

"Will my father come for me?"

"No."

"Why?"

"He can't."

"Then how am I to get out?"

"The imp produced a ladder of ropes, and pointed with his finger down into the court-yard.

"What! to go down there amongst those dogs?" exclaimed Judith turning pale. "What! to be devoured alive! Wretch! you have not seen my father. This is a plot to lure me to my own destruction."

The imp looked as if it were an enjoyment to him to witness the terror exhibited in the face of Judith. He then made a motion with his hand as if locking a door, and said—

"Do it myself at night! I'm afraid of the dogs as well as you."

"What proof have I that you have seen my father? that you are not deceiving me?" asked Judith, whose fears were excited, and her apprehensions aroused, by the proposal she should place herself near to those ferocious brutes, that had so often barked in anger at her.

"Daddy sent you this," said the imp, as he placed in Judith's hand the ring which Lawson had given to Geraghty in exchange for her letter.

"Daddy sent this—so glad to get the letter," repeated the imp.

Judith kissed the ring a thousand times, and said, as she took from her purse some pieces of gold, "These are for yourself; I'll give you more when I am in my father's house."

"Won't have 'em," replied the imp; "give me usquebaugh."

"I have not, I am sorry to say, any," replied Judith.

"Augh!" cried the imp in an angry tone,

"don't care for anything else; gold no good; can't drink gold—can drink usquebaugh."

"But why not make our escape through the door?" asked Judith.

"Grand-daddy watching there—not watching court-yard."

"Then there is no escape from this place but by the court-yard?" observed Judith.

"None."

"Very well; then into the court-yard I'll descend whenever the time has come for doing so. At what hour may I expect you?"

"At ten; pitch-dark then."

"I will be ready."

"Good," said the imp, pointing to the riding-whip; "take that—wanted."

"What! shall we have to ride a long way before I meet my father?"

"Yes," replied the imp, making a motion with his hand, as if he was whipping a horse to make it go on very fast.

"And who will be my companion on the road, and point out the way to me?"

"I."

"Are you certain you will make no mistake?"

"None."

As the imp thus spoke, he was about to dart out of the room, when Judith caught hold of him, and at the same time said—"Pardon me—I am sorry thus to stop you; but there is one question I wish particularly to ask."

The face of the imp changed as he felt Judith's hand upon him. There was the scowl of a demon; on his brow for a moment his right hand slipped into the breast of his jacket, as if he had a deadly weapon concealed there; but as he listened to Judith's words, the scowl relaxed and the hand was withdrawn, and he stood in his usual attitude before her—that is, looking at her whilst appearing to be listening for some noise in the distance.

"I wish, I say," observed Judith, "to ask you one question which has disturbed me very much."

The imp still listened, but said not a word.

"I wish," continued Judith, "to know how came you to be so long absent from me? Why did you not see my father at once? Why have you been such a time—oh! such a very long time—without bringing me some proof you had seen him?"

"Grand-daddy," said the imp.

"Well!" added Judith, as if in waiting for some further explanation.

"Grand-daddy," repeated the imp.

"What has grand-daddy to do with it? How was he able to prevent your seeing my father?"

"Grand-daddy," repeated the imp for the third time, and then making the semblance of one person boxing and lashing another, and then of twining ropes or fetters around his arms and legs.

"Oh! I understand you now," remarked Judith; "your grandfather beat you, and then tied you down, and so made you a prisoner; and therefore you were neither able to see my father, nor to let me know what had become of you."

The imp nodded.

"Very well. Now you may go. I shall be perfectly ready to accompany you at ten o'clock."

At ten o'clock that night Judith was prepared fully to make that attempt which would, as she trusted, end in restoring her safe and well to her father.

With tremulous anxiety she watched the progress of the hours, and with satisfaction noted the lengthening shadows, and the gradually declining day; mistiness, and gloom, and then night descending upon the earth, and concealing every object in a thick cloak of darkness.

(To be continued.)

Adulteration of Silk.

A recent examination of French black silk in New York showed that they were heavily adulterated. The weight of dye in American silks is about seventeen per cent., but the French silks showed a weight of thirty-three to fifty per cent. The principal articles used in weighting iron. The silk is repeatedly inserted in a solution of nitrate of iron. It then receives a blue tint from prussiate of potash, followed by several baths in gambier, and the treatment with acetate of iron. It is then made light by logwood and soap. To make the silk soft, a little oil and soda are added, while, to make it stiff and rustling, an acid is used. The "wearing shiness" is caused by the action of the soap and alkali, which develop, under friction, a sort of grease. The cracking of silk is owing to its inability to carry the great load of material used in dyeing.

Hanlan's Victory.

There is one special reason for rejoicing over the victory which Hanlan, the oarsman, won yesterday on the Tyne. Hanlan was the man to whom, at the Centennial regatta, had been awarded the championship for single sculls, to the great disgust of his English competitors and their friends, who had "never heard of him." That was the trouble, too, with the Americans who wrested the four-oared amateur championship from the astounded and indignant London Rowing Club. This great club, whose members had come over here for an easy victory, had never heard of their antagonists; that a set of men having such an unheard-of and almost impossible name, could fairly beat them, was not to be credited. Ever since then we have heard about "American foul play" in rowing contests. But by this time his English friends have heard of Hanlan, one of the Centennial winners. Should he go and take the championship of England from Elliott, the thought may occur that perhaps something else than foul play gave the Centennial prizes to other American oarsmen.—N.Y. Sun.

The Revenue Officers.

It is amusing, sometimes, to witness the examinations made by our revenue officers among the trunks, boxes and bags of travellers to Canada, to prevent the smuggling of contraband goods. Take Plattsburg, N. Y., for an example. Our officers, by consent of the U. S. Government, meet there the visitors to Canada, and search is made through the baggage. If there be reason to suspect that an expert is trying to evade the law, a most rigid scrutiny is made, but always in a gentlemanly way. The laws must be enforced. Travellers unaccustomed to this trip generally grow nervous, and often laughable scenes occur. A lady was told by a travelling acquaintance that poodle dogs were not admitted into Canada. She was nursing a pet poodle. As the officer came through the cars she hid her favorite about her feet, but "Blossom" was not thus to be kept under. He was the lady's husband. He barked. The terrified woman looked beseechingly into the officer's face and offered him ten dollars if he would pass the dog. The passengers roared with laughter, and the lady was appeased when she found that she could take her beloved with her. Diseases are the revenue officers that nature employs to keep contraband articles out of the system. Sometimes they fail in duty, and Dr. HERRICK'S SUGAR COATED PILLS must be called into service to expel the offending matter.

CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

CHARACTER OF THE PENAL LAWS.

HOW THEIR REPEAL WAS EFFECTED

CATHOLIC PROGRESS OF HALF A CENTURY.

Last Easter Sunday was the fiftieth anniversary of Catholic Emancipation. "Our clock strikes," says Carlyle, "when there is a change from hour to hour; but no hammer in the horologe of Time peals through the universe when there is a change from Era to Era." Yet in the graceful figurativeness of classic mythology the oldest daughter of Memory comes to our aid, and Clio, chief of the Muses and patroness of History, anniversary after anniversary, jubilee time succeeding jubilee, centenary upon centenary, in the great world's Library from Sybilline leaf to last new volume, points with faithful finger to the page. 1879 is truly a year of jubilee in Ireland. "The Catholic Relief Bill and Freehold (Ireland) Regulation Act"—having appropriately passed its second reading in the House of Commons by a majority of 353 against 173 on St. Patrick's Day; its third reading on the 30th of March, its second reading in the House of Lords, on the motion of the Duke of Wellington, on the 2nd of April, and its third reading in that noble chamber on the 10th—received the Royal Assent from the Commission of a reluctant King on the 30th of April, 1829.

DISABILITIES OF CATHOLICS IN PENAL TIMES.

During the reigns of the First and Second Georges an Irish Roman Catholic could not hold office either military or civil. He could neither be a lawyer nor a doctor. He could not be either a solicitor or a sheriff, member of a corporation or a grand jurymen, high constable, petty constable, vestryman, or even common watchman. He could take no more than two apprentices. Nobody was allowed to become trustee for him. Anybody could seize his horse by paying £5 for it, could take it for militia service for nothing, and oblige him to pay double and find a Protestant substitute. A younger brother could supplant his elder, and rob him of his birthright—may, could reduce his father's feeble property to a life estate by turning Protestant. A barrister or solicitor marrying his daughter subjected himself to the same disabilities as his father-in-law. A priest celebrating such a marriage contrary to 12 Geo. I. cap. 3, exposed himself to be hanged, and a spy got £50 for the discovery of a Popish Archbishop, £30 for a Popish clergyman, and 10s for a school-master. But it must always be remembered to the eternal honor of Protestant inhabiting and settled in Ireland that the inner history of this awful penal time is full of individual acts of generosity and kindness to their unfortunate neighbors whom they might treat as Heolots, and who were regarded by the law in no higher light than as hewers of wood and drawers of water to be used, if not indeed, as wolves and vermin, to be exterminated.

THE FIRST GLIMMER OF RELIEF.

The reign of the Third George arrived, and with it just and far seeing men, able and eloquent, who saw beyond the mists of the bigotry and intolerance of the narrow-minded many, who recognized the forces of liberality and freedom that were gathering themselves deep in the bowels of society for one vast universal upheaval that would break crowns, cast down thrones, wipe out dynasties, and rend the empires. Amongst them conspicuous were Charles James Fox, an Englishman, and Edmund Burke, the illustrious Irishman, whose statue stands before the facade of Trinity College. This is a curious fact that in 1779, fifty year before the final success of the Catholic question of which we are now commemorating the jubilee, Mr. Fox brought the subject of Catholic relief before the English House of Commons where his proposals were negatived by a large majority. But the efforts of the Catholic Association, under the leadership of its founders, Dr. Curry, Mr. O'Connor, of Ballinagar, the immediate ancestor of the present O'Connor Don, and Mr. Wyse, aided by the counsel and sympathy of Edmund Burke in England, and the presence, prestige and noble assistance of such men as Lord Viscount Taafe, better known as the celebrated Count Taafe, of the Holy Roman Empire, the German soldier and statesman as well as the Irish patriot in Ireland, were rewarded with some gleams of hope. In 1778 the Irish Parliament repealed so much of the penal code as affected the inheritance or purchase of property by Catholics, as also the clauses authorizing the prosecution of priests and the imprisonment for life of Papist school-masters.

ENGLAND'S DIFFICULTY BECOMES IRELAND'S OPPORTUNITY.

Immediately that even this much of the pressure was removed, the vitality, the innate strength of the Catholics began to show itself, and, long before the next instalment of relief was afforded the trade of Ireland in three of the provinces was in Catholic hands and under Catholic control. In Cork a Mr. George Gould, the principal Catholic merchant, came forward to the relief of the Commander of the Forces in that district when the Generals pay-chest was empty; and when all the Protestants hung back, he illustrated the position into which the Catholics had worked themselves by advancing all the gold required to pay the army and provide the commissariat. When Grattan, the great Irish patriot, was afterwards advocating the Relief Act of 1792 in the Irish Parliament, he was also able to cite the marvellous instance of a Mr. Byrne, who "complains that he pays to the revenue near £100,000 annually, and yet has no vote." But we fear that even the sympathy of a Burke, even the eloquence of a Grattan, even the unceasing toil of a patriotic and intelligent association would have been powerless and ineffective, were they not fortunately synchronous with the peril of an empire and with the hour of trial of kings. We have noticed how the echo of the first shot at Bunker's Hill had hardly ceased reverberating throughout the world when the primal relaxation was made in the severity of the laws against the Catholics, and we shall now see how the neighboring conflagration in France lighted the lords of life and death in these countries to the vision that more was needed than mere mercy, and that the question was whether, in the interest of the empire's safety, an effort should not be made to mould the inhabitants of Ireland into one people. In 1791, for the first time since the reign of William and Mary, Papists were exempted by law from the penalties incurred by coming within ten miles of London, escaped liability from prosecution for entering the palace, or

appearing in the presence of the King; and on the 2nd of January, 1783, for the first time since the battle of the Boyne, a number of Irish Catholic subjects stood face to face with the Sovereign.

The Catholic Association, spring from an obscure beginning in Dempsey's Tavern, in Backville street, had done much, had under various titles evaded the Algerine Act, had stirred up the provinces by meetings, had started the "Catholic Rent," had held audience through its delegates of the Union; but Irish Catholicism was yet despondent, degraded deathlike, afraid to lift its head walking with downcast eyes and tottering steps in its own land and under its own sky. The baristers who took the oath required were looked upon with justice as neither Catholics nor Protestants. The Catholic had the right to vote, but it was only as his Protestant landlord commanded him—to hold certain offices but only as the obsequious servant of his Protestant master.

THE GREAT LIBERATOR ENTERS ON PUBLIC LIFE.

Such was the state of things when Daniel O'Connell was called to the Irish Bar. There had been before his time a series of Relief Acts, more than we have had time to mention or to trace—driftlets of justice or rather of mercy. It was reserved for him, cradled amidst the mountains of Kerry educated under the lofty influences of a college like St. Omer's in fair France, a man in stirring times of changes and revolution, when rank was indeed only the guinea's stamp, when genius and courage incited their possessor to the boldest achievements, won for him the most exalted honors—it was reserved for O'Connell, we say, to drive the monster of Ascendancy from its last great position, and to win for his countrymen that final victory which alone is worthy of and called by the glorious name of Emancipation. The other Relief Acts were merely "graces" or concessions dictated by expediency and granted in straits. The Act which O'Connell passed for Ireland was a triumph gained in fair fight, beginning on the 13th of January, 1800, at the meeting in the Royal Exchange of Dublin, which Major Sitt thought vainly to prohibit, and ending with that historic election in Clare, where the people, stirred as by a trumpet to the inmost depths by the clarion tones of their Tribune, first recognized themselves, and taught their masters the reality of their power, the resistlessness of their strength.

TO THE PEOPLE BELONG THE CREDIT OF THE GREAT VICTORY.

And it was the people alone that won this victory for Catholicity. The peers—the Catholic peers—were cold and cowardly, if not actually hostile. The iron chain of slavery had entered deep into their souls. It is not needful for us now to go into the particulars of the struggle. Four years ago, at the O'Connell Centenary Celebration, it was recalled so well and so vividly that none who witnessed or read of the commemoration can ever forget. The agitation over the veto question, the general elections of 1826, the defeat of the Beresfords in their own stronghold of Waterford, the all-embracing vastness of a moment which commanded eight hundred thousand signatures to a petition for the recognition to all Dissenters of the rights and privileges which the Catholics claimed for themselves, the sympathy won for the agitation abroad over the length and breadth of the Continent, the coming into office of an administration at the head of which was the great military chief whose name filled the world, O'Connell's address to the Clare electors, the subscription of £14,000 made in a few days to support his canvass, the whirl, the excitement, the fearful enthusiasm of his return—are they not indelibly imprinted on the memory of every Irishman? And then O'Connell's appearance at the Bar of the English House of Commons, "Are you willing," said the Speaker, "to take the oath of supremacy?" "Allow me to look at it," said O'Connell. It was handed to him, when came thundering the memorable words, "Of this I know one proposition to be false, and another I believe to be untrue."

THE TRIUMPH EFFECTED.

That moment the battle was won. The die was cast. The Rubicon was crossed. Victory alighted upon the standard which the Tribune carried. His seat was declared vacant. But nobody could be found to oppose when he offered himself for re-election. He was again returned. He hastened to London. He took his seat, without the violation of his honor or his faith, in the Imperial Parliament—the first Catholic Irishman that ever represented a constituency at Westminster. It is the victory of O'Connell, then—that Catholic Relief Act which we justly call Emancipation, the jubilee of which we celebrate to-morrow. But it had a sense wider, broader, than is any act of justice to one particular creed, even though that creed be Catholicism. It is the triumph of the principle of religious and civil liberty.

WHAT O'CONNELL HIMSELF THOUGHT OF THE STRUGGLE.

Let us quote from a famous speech the Liberator's own estimation of the meaning of his struggle; "For my own part I have directed much of my time to the Catholic cause, a time of little value, alas, to my country, but of great value to myself; but I would not give up one hour of that time, or a single exertion of my mind to procure the mere victory of any one sort of persuasion over the other. No; my object is of a loftier and different nature. I am an agitator with ulterior views! I wish for liberty—real liberty! But there can be no freedom anywhere without perfect liberty of conscience, that is of the essence of freedom in every place. In Ireland it is eminently, almost exclusively, the hope of liberty. The Emancipation I look for is one that would establish the rights of conscience upon a general principle to which every class of citizens could equally resort, a principle which would serve and liberate the Catholics in Ireland, but would be equally useful to the Protestants in Spain—a principle, in short, which would destroy the Inquisition and the Orange Lodge together, and have no sacrilegious intruder between man and His Creator. I esteem the Roman Catholic religion as the most eligible. All I require is that the Protestant, the Presbyterian, the Dissenter, the Methodist should pay the same compliment to his own persuasion, and leave its success to its own persuasive power without calling in the profane assistance of temporal terrors, or the corrupt influence of temporal rewards."

THE LESSONS OF THAT VICTORY.

A nobler emancipation and pronouncement can hardly be conceived. It merited the success which greeted it. No narrow platform could or would win such a victory. That victory has its lessons for us in the present day. It has been supplemented largely and bravely. The lessons learned during the fifty years ago have since stood in good need. We have in the advance of years removed that incubus of Church ascendancy against which a prelate still, thank God, strong in the vigor of a patriarchal life, raised the first great hand when he leased as a model farm a small holding, to inaugurate resistance "to enactments

that are contrary to right, reason, and justice." "After paying the landlord his rent," declared the Archbishop of Tuam, "neither to parson, proctor, nor to agent, shall I consent to pay in the shape of tithes, or any other tax, a penny which shall go to the support of the greatest nuisance in this or any other country."

IRELAND'S RIGHTS MUST BE WON GRADUALLY.

The Church Establishment has followed the tithes; the Ballot Act has prevented for ever the horrors which the people dread when they engaged in such a contest as that of Waterford or Clare. The Land Act has added its benefits.

THE CHARGES OF HALF A CENTURY.

A correspondent of the Times writes: "Easter Sunday was the Jubilee of Catholic Emancipation. It was on the 13th of April, 1829, that King George IV. signed the Act of Parliament giving relief to the Catholics of the British Empire and permitting them to hold seats in the Parliament and in the public service. None of the Ministers who carried the measure are at present living, nor is there at present sitting in Westminster a single member who voted for or against it. The progress of Catholicism in Great Britain since the passing of the Act has been extraordinary, and successively several bills have been passed giving relief to Roman Catholics in detail and providing for the full enjoyment by the Catholic population of the rights enjoyed by other communions. In 1835 the first Catholic law officer of the Crown was appointed in the person of Mr. O'Loghlen, who was chosen Solicitor-General for Ireland, and as Master of the Rolls, became the first Catholic judge since the Revolution. Ten years after the passing of the Act there were five Catholic members representing English constituencies, and there were over sixty Catholic clergymen in Great Britain ministering at 520 places of worship. In 1851 the Catholic population had reached two millions, possessed 694 chapels, 53 colleges and religious houses, and 972 priests in Great Britain. In the British Empire there were, in 1851, 70 Roman Catholic Bishops and Apostolic Vicars performing episcopal functions. In 1861 only one English constituency was represented by a Catholic in the House of Commons, but there were 20 Catholic peers in the House of Lords, and 32 Catholic members in the House of Commons. There were in Great Britain alone 1,342 priests, 903 Catholic churches, 49 monastic communities, 155 convents and 12 colleges. In 1871 there were 38 Catholic peers and 37 Catholic members of the House of Commons—only one Lord Robert Montagu, representing an English borough, Huntingdon; and the then Lord Clancillon of Ireland was, for the first time since the Reformation, a Catholic. Last year there were no less than 125 Roman Catholic dioceses or districts administered by Bishops in the British Empire, the Catholic population of which is computed at nearly 14 millions of people. There are 31 Catholic peers, 26 holding seats in the House of Lords; and 51 Catholic members of the House of Commons. In Great Britain there are 18 Archbishops or Bishops, 2,140 priests, and 1,348 Catholic places of worship, while the Catholic population remains a little over two millions. There are no Catholic judges in the superior courts in Great Britain, nor are there any Catholic members representing constituencies in Great Britain in Parliament, but five members of Her Majesty's Privy Council are Catholics."—*Dublin Freeman's Journal*.

Deceased Wife's Sister.

So many attempts have been made in England to pass a bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister that one is almost justified in assuming that the kingdom is overrun with anxious widowers who want to marry their sisters-in-law. Such a bill has been repeatedly passed in the House of Commons, and as repeatedly thrown out by the House of Lords. It has just been thrown out again, notwithstanding that on this occasion it had the support of no less a personage than the Prince of Wales, who has a seat among the Lords. The odd feature about these marriages is that they are quite legal in the colonies and not legal in Great Britain. The result of this is that people who may be legally married in Canada are not, in the eyes of the law, looked upon as being married in Britain. This is awkward, to say the least.—*Toronto Telegram*.

Prorogation of Parliament.

OTTAWA, May 15.—His Excellency was pleased to deliver the following speech:

Honorable Gentlemen of the Senate:
Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

I desire to thank you for the diligence and care with which you have discharged your duties during this laborious and protracted session.

The reorganization of the important Department of Public Works, and the division of its duties will, I doubt not, greatly add to the efficiency of the public service.

The consolidation and amendment of the statutes relating to the lands of the Dominion will present to the large number of settlers, now wending their way to the Northwest Territories, a compendious and well-considered system.

I hope that the bill relating to weights and measures, while it relaxes the stringency of previous legislation, will not decrease the efficiency of that important measure.

The provision made for telegraphy by cable between the main land, Antigonish and the Magdalen Islands, will facilitate and aid our commerce and navigation, and especially the development of our fisheries.

The measures adopted for the vigorous prosecution of the Canadian Pacific Railway, hold out a prospect of the early completion of that great undertaking, and the proposed purchase from the Grand Trunk Railway Company of the line from River du Loup to Quebec, when concluded, will at last complete the engagement entered into at the time of Confederation, to connect by an international railway the St. Lawrence with the Atlantic Ocean at Halifax.

I congratulate you on the other measures affecting the public interests which have been passed.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

In Her Majesty's name, I thank you for the supplies you have so readily granted. They will be expended with all due regard to economy.

Gentlemen of the Senate and Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

The readjustment of the tariff which has been effected by the legislation of the session will, I trust, by increasing the revenue, restore the equilibrium between revenue and expenditure, while it will, at the same time, aid in the development of our various industries and tend to remove the long continued financial and commercial depression which has so greatly retarded the progress of Canada.

I bid you farewell, and desire to express my earnest hope that when Parliament again assembles we shall find the country enjoying the state of peace which now happily exists within its borders, with a great addition to the national prosperity.

CHAPTER XX.

From the moment that Abigail Gregg had been so unexpectedly removed from her side, poor Judith Lawson had found herself to be completely deserted. Her meals were brought, and her apartments swept, by a young girl that appeared to be both deaf and dumb, and whose attention and curiosity Judith had in vain attempted to awaken and excite. The poor drudge seemed to be incapable of doing anything but her allotted

The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, A WEEKLY EDITION OF THE "EVENING POST" ... 761 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL.

NOTICE.

Subscribers should notice the date on the label attached to their paper, as it marks the expiration of their term of subscription.

Special Notice.

Subscribers, when writing to this office, will kindly date their letters from the postoffice at which they receive the TRUE WITNESS.

Mr. John Cass, 565 Sussex Street, Ottawa, has been appointed our Agent for that city.

To Our Friends West.

Our friends west of Belleville are respectfully informed that our general travelling agent, W. E. Mullin, will shortly call upon them in the interests of the EVENING POST.

The "TRUE WITNESS" Weekly Edition of the Montreal "EVENING POST," is the cheapest Catholic Weekly in the World.

The Montreal "EVENING POST" is one of the Cheapest Dailies on this Continent, and those who desire the Latest News, Market Reports and Current Events daily should subscribe for it.

Contracts.

The Reformers have the best of it this time. The Government asked the power of giving a contract for building one hundred and twenty-five miles of the Pacific Railway.

Military Examinations.

Volunteer officers are subjected to a written examination before they receive their certificates. These examinations are, all things considered, stiff enough.

The 24th.

Unless the world comes to an end before Saturday, the 24th of May shall come, and the people of Montreal will welcome the citizen soldiers of the Republic.

Five hundred men from our local corps will precede the Americans to the Rink, where they will be housed for the night.

The G. T. R.

It is quite evident that Vanderbilt is determined to do all in his power to advance his own interest. It is equally evident that the interest of Vanderbilt is antagonistic to the interest of the G. T. R.

The Hon. Mr. Fraser.

A few days ago the Reform party in Toronto gave a banquet to the Hon. Christopher Fraser. The Conservative papers assailed everybody and everything connected with the demonstration.

Sunday Traits.

A contemporary objects to the Brooklyn corps leaving Montreal for their homes on Sunday. It regards such a violation of the Sabbath with alarm.

The Hon. Mr. Huntington.

We are not in love with the Hon. Mr. Huntington. We cannot forget that famous speech of his, although we are not disposed to keep harping about it for ever.

that the party to which the individual belongs should be injured. We do not champion the cause of Mr. Huntington, but the member for Cardwell has a habit of "going for" the plaintiff's attorney when he has a bad case.

Ontario.

The sister Province is in the throes of an election contest. The Reformers are abusing the Conservatives and the Conservatives are returning the compliment.

Mr. DeCosmos.

We only know Mr. DeCosmos as he is represented by the parliamentary reports. The papers, from time to time, poke fun at him, but we do not know for what reason.

The Letellier Affair.

The Letellier affair will, we suppose, be sent back to the Governor-General. If not, there will be a storm about our ears.

Canadian Phosphates.

It can hardly be expected that phosphate miners will not realize as much as they can out of their mines. When men want money, and know that they can get it by selling an article they possess, they are not disposed to wait in order to see whether the article will ultimately increase in value or not.

It is not long since we pointed out one evil that was certain to arise from the Protective Tariff. It appeared certain, once we laid on the duties, that smuggling between the United States and Canada would become a source of trouble.

Free Trade vs. Protection.

Our telegrams in last night's issue informed us that "the steamer 'Polynesian' takes out sixty cotton operatives from Stockport for the cotton mill at Dundas, Ontario.

Vice-Chancellor Blake.

The Vice-Chancellor Blake incident was discussed in the House of Commons last night. Mr. Costigan, faithful to his promise, moved for the correspondence, and he was supported by Mr. M. P. Ryan, M.P., Mr. Rykert and others.

Vice-Chancellor Blake.

What is the matter with the Witness? Time was when its articles stung with piercing argument; now they sicken with drowsy inaccuracies.

temporary say then? Come now, gentle Witness, do tell us what you would say then. We would oppose him, and say it was wrong, and that the Judge should not meddle with such questions at all.

The University Question.

It may not come for some time, but Ireland will have a Catholic University some day. The O'Connor Don has, we see, mooted the question again, and sooner or later the University will be a fact.

Forty Miles an Hour by Steamer.

Some time since we pointed out the hope that was held by an inventor of being able to cross the Atlantic in 70 or 80 hours by a steamer which would fly through the water at the rate of 40 miles an hour.

The Ontario Elections.

As politics should be kept out of municipal elections, so should the National Policy be kept out of local elections in Ontario.

- MINISTERIAL. Brockville, Hon. C. F. Fraser. Essex, N. Mr. Gignac. Frontenac, Thomas Dawson.

- OPPOSITION. Essex, N. Solomon White. Grey, S. James Fahey. Huron, W. Patrick Kelley.

We cannot vouch for the accuracy of the figures, and we shall be curious to see if the Mail will notice them.

BILE, WIND, INDIGESTION.—DR. HARVEY'S ANTI-BILIOUS AND PURGATIVE PILLS, one of the medicines that really acts upon the Liver, giving immediate relief in all cases of Bile, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Wind, Stomach, Torpid Liver, Costiveness, Giddiness, Spasms, Nervousness, Heartburn and Debility.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Right.

To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS and Post. DEAR SIR.—Is the Montreal Post not a little too severe on Sir John and his colleagues for calling each other such names as liar, blackguard, swindler, &c., &c.

The G. T. R. at Belleville.

To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS and Post. SIR.—Having observed for a long time the manner in which the Catholics employed on the G. T. R. in Belleville are treated by their officials, I now consider it my duty to insert a few lines in your valuable paper respecting the injustice they receive at the hands of their employers.

I myself have sympathized with the employees, although I have never been engaged on the G. T. R. I am under the impression that it is now time that the Superintendent should cast an eye toward Belleville, and not allow such a bitter feeling of animosity to exist between the employers and the Catholic employees.

[This letter treats of generalities, and has not one point. If "Observer" can give us any instances in which the Catholics have been unjustly treated, we shall publish them. We do not think the Grand Trunk authorities would countenance partiality. E.E.P.]

Letter From Father Stafford.

To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS and Post. SIR.—Irish Catholics in office, if kept up as you have begun, will do good service to us in this Province. I lived twelve years in or near Kingston, and thought I knew pretty well how things stood there, and yet I was astonished at the figures furnished you with regard to that city.

Your remarks in reference to Sir John A. Macdonald are perfectly true, and show your readers how well you understand that gentleman.

He, himself, knows he is a humbug. He has frequently been heard to say the art of governing is the art of humbugging. He is a thorough believer in humbug. I think his influence has been bad and lowering in politics, and every way.

We have obtained large concessions this last session from the Government of Mr. Mowat in favor of our schools—larger than we ever had before, and really valuable. Mr. Mowat promises to give us all we have a right to.

During the strike in Manitoba the volunteers were called out in aid of the civil power. Four of the men did not put in an appearance, and we learn from the Winnipeg Daily Times that they were summoned to appear before the judge on the charge of refusing to turn out when ordered to do so by their commanding officer.

WORM DRAUGHTS ARE GENERALLY SO noxious, that children fight their little best to avoid them. But BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS or Worm Lozenges are palatable, and will be easily eaten to the entire destruction of any colonies of worms which may have taken lodgings in the child's stomach.

FOR THROAT DISEASES AND AFFECTIONS of the chest, "Brown's Bronchial Troches," are of value. For Coughs, Irritation of the Throat caused by cold, or Unusual Exertion of the vocal organs, in speaking in public, or singing, they produce beneficial results.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is the prescription of one of the best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and has been used for thirty years with never failing success, by millions of mothers for their children.

Many people suffer terribly by Cramps in the limbs. A plentiful application of BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA and Family Liniment will give instant relief; Cramps come on suddenly, and it is not well to wait until the attack is going and buy a bottle at once and have it ready, waiting for the dolorous wretch.

THE MOORE CENTENARY.

(From the Catholic World.)

(Concluded from our last.)

While the publication of the Irish Melodies proceeded Moore brought out a number of other works of the most diverse character. His National Airs, in which the music of every country in Europe is laid under contribution, and his Sacred Songs, both arranged by Sir John Stevenson, include several fine lyrics. His greatest poem, Lalla Rookh, dedicated to Rogers, was completed in 1816, but not published till the following year. As far back as 1811 he had formed some such intention, but, after many attempts at it, he found his inspiration in the history of Ireland, as the four Oriental poems, "The Yelled Prophet," "Paradise and the Peri," "The Fire-Worshippers," and "The Light of the Harem," are only lengthened melodies in which the political and religious struggles of his own country are dramatized in Asia. Masses. Longman, the publishers, had agreed to give Moore \$15,000 for a poem the same length as Scott's "Rokeby," the same sum they had paid Byron for "Childe Harold," leaving Moore the choice of subject. In the Ghebers, or Fire-Worshippers of Persia, the best of the four poems, he saw the Catholics of Ireland, and in their ruthless Moslem tyrants their alien Protestant oppressors. Moore himself tells us in the preface to the sixth volume of his works: "From that moment a new and deep interest in my whole task took possession of me. The cause of tolerance was again my inspiring theme, and the spirit that had spoken in The Memoirs of Ireland soon found itself at home in the East."

There is a great deal of our present poetry derived from the East, but this is the finest Orientalism we have yet. The Land of the Sun has never shone out so brightly on the children of the North, nor her sweets of Asia been poured forth, nor her gorgeousness displayed so profusely to the delighted senses of Europe. The beautiful forms, the dazzling splendor, the breathing odors of the East seem at last to have found a kindred poet in the "Green Isle of the West." Seven editions of Lalla Rookh went off the first year; it was translated into most of the languages of Europe and some of those of the East, and even dramatized, while before Moore's death some thirty editions had been published. Oriental travellers of the highest reputation testified to the fidelity of the charming descriptions of Eastern scenery and local manners and customs in Lalla Rookh; so Mr. Luttrell wrote to Moore: "I am told, dear Moore, your lays are sung (can't be true, you lucky man?) By moonlight in the Persian tongue Along the streets of Ispahan."

The spirited publishers were amply rewarded for their enterprise, and Moore came to the front beside Byron and Scott, as one of the first poets of the day, Ireland and her history having inspired his muse. While the conception of Lalla Rookh occupied Moore's brain for two or three winters (1813-16) of his secluded life in a lone cottage (Mayfield, near Ashbourne) in Derbyshire, where he wrote some of the best of his Melodies and of his other lyrics, and the greater part of that magnificent poem, he turned his versatile genius to the current events of political life—a field in which, next to the Irish Melodies, he rendered some of the most stirring services to his country. The Two-Penny Post-Boy, or Intercepted Letters, published in 1813, and his Satirical and Humorous Poems, of about the same time, led to much agitation in political circles. The work was rapturously welcomed, fifteen editions having gone off in one year. The Morning Chronicle, then the leading Liberal organ, was edited by Mr. Perry, an intimate friend of Moore's, the Times, the great Tory oracle, being edited by Barnes, also an attached personal friend of the Irish bard; so that Moore had the command of both journals, and through contributions to which of political squibs, satires, and letters, he derived an income of £2,500. About the same period, also, he contributed, on the urgent invitation of Lord Jeffrey, to the Edinburgh Review, when the first intellects in the British Empire were on its staff—Brougham, Macaulay, Sydney Smith, and others. One of his articles in the Edinburgh was "The Fathers," replete with patriotic erudition, theological research, and ecclesiastical history, upon the perusal of which Byron exclaimed with an oath, "Moore can do anything!" Another of his contributions was on "Private Theatricals," in which he gives a graphic account of those in Dublin in his boyhood, and in Kilkenny in his manhood. As early as 1813 Murray, the publisher, desired to start a review, and offered, through Lord Byron, the editorship to Moore. When Jeffrey's powers were falling Moore was tendered the editorship of the Edinburgh at a salary of \$4,000, with power to draw \$14,000 to pay contributors of his own selection; while, on the occasion of his friend Mr. Barnes' illness, Moore, an inflexible Liberal, was asked to edit the Times on very generous terms.

Moore visited Paris for the first time with Samuel Rogers in the Spring of 1818, and though their stay was brief, the publication of The Fudge Family in Paris convulsed society with its severe political banter, so that five editions were demanded in a fortnight, and on his return his publisher handed him \$1,750 as his share of the profits of something like a month's incidental squibs while on his visit. In June, 1818, Moore visited Dublin after his return from Paris. In 1815 he and his wife had gone there to see his father and mother and sisters. A public banquet was given him at Morrison's Hotel, at which two hundred and twenty of the leading Liberal noblemen and gentlemen of Ireland were present, the Earl of Charlemont, son of "The man who led the van of the Irish Volunteers" of 1782, being in the chair. Among the guests were Lord Cloncurry, Lord Allen, Sir Charles Molyneux, Sir Charles Morgan (husband of Lady Morgan, Miss Ovenson), O'Connell, Shiel, Peter Burrowes, William Conyngham, afterwards Lord Plunket (lord high chancellor 1830-41), and W. H. Curran, son and biographer of his illustrious father, who died the year before, having got the fatal attack at Moore's table. After the usual toasts, and two speeches from Moore, he sang and played,—for the first time,—

"And doth not a meeting like this make amends
For all the long years I've been 'wand'ring
To see thee around me my youth's early friends
As smiling and kind as in that happy day?
Though, haply, o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine,
The snow-fall of time may be stealing—what then?
Like Agincourt in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,
Well wear the gay tinge of youth's roses again."
"What soft'n'd remembrance comes over the heart
In gazing on those we've been lost to so long!
The sorrows, the joys of which, once they were part,
Still round them like visions of yesterday,
As letters some hand hath invisibly traced

When held to the flames will steal out on the slight,
So many a feeling that long seemed effaced
The warmth of a moment like this brings to light."

This touching lyric, composed for the occasion, and rendered with all his charming effectiveness by Moore himself, after such an absence and so brilliant a success, produced intense gratification. It was followed by another, composed for the occasion and sung for the first time—"They may rail at this life." Sam Lover made his debut at this banquet and sang his first song in public. This was Ireland's public tribute to the genius and the personal character of Moore in the fortieth year of his age. The deepest political significance was justly attached to the banquet to Moore, struggling as the Catholics then were for emancipation, and ardent as were his writings in that dark hour in favor of his faith, his forefathers, and his country. Byron, writing from Ravenna to the elder Disraeli, author of the Curiosities of Literature, and father of the present prime minister of England, said, in reference to the banquet:—

"The times have preserved a respect for political consistency, and, even though changeable, honor the unchanged. Look at Moore; it will be long ere Southery meets with such a triumph in London as Moore met with in Dublin, even if the government subscribe for it and set the money down to secret service. It was not less to the man than to the poet—to the tempted but unshaken patriot, to the not opulent but incorruptible fellow-citizen—that the warm-hearted Irish paid the proudest of tributes."

Moore having determined to visit Lord Byron, then residing in Venice, and Lord John Russell, which obliged him to proceed to Paris and Genoa, both went in the Autumn of 1819 to Italy. Fables for the Holy Alliance appeared, in the same sarcastic vein as The Fudge Family; while Rhymes on the Road embodied Moore's impressions of his tour in Italy. He visited Turin, Milan, Venice, Florence, Bologna, Modena, Parma and Rome, and in Rome he met Canova, Turner, Chantrey, Lawrence, and Eastlake. When taking leave of Byron the latter handed Moore a white bag containing the manuscript of his life and adventures. On his return to Paris from Italy Moore was informed of the defection of his deputy in Bermuda, and of legal execution having been obtained against him for the amount. This prevented his return to England, and, having refused numerous and generous offers of pecuniary help to meet the demand, he determined to settle with his family in Paris for a time, and by his own literary labors satisfy the claim. The Loves of the Angels, an allegory, was the outcome of this pressure, in the preparation of which he was assisted with books, drawings and information by the leading men in Paris—Humboldt, Denon, Fourier and others. The Bermuda claim having been compromised for \$5,200, instead of \$30,000, towards which the uncle of the defaulting deputy agreed to contribute \$1,500, Moore was enabled to return to London towards the end of October, 1822. The Loves of the Angels was published in December, and by June, 1823, Moore had to his credit for it \$5,000, and \$2,500 for the Fables of the Holy Alliance, so that he was enabled to meet his responsibilities connected with Bermuda.

In 1823 Moore visited Ireland with the Marquis of Lansdowne, and spent a month south, passing through Carlow, Kilkenny, Clonmel, Youghal, Cork and Killarney, returning to Dublin by Limerick, Maryborough and Naas. Everywhere he was waited on by the Liberal Protestant gentry and by all Catholics. In Killarney he was the guest of the Catholic Earl of Kenmare, where he enjoyed the magnificent scenery of the lakes and of Glengarriff, a visit to which inspired at least three of his most finished scenic sketches. O'Connell and his brother waited on him and dined with him at Lord Kenmare's, Moore's record of the political conversation after dinner with Judge Day being one of the best vindications ever published of the sincerity of O'Connell, twenty-four years before his death, regarding Emancipation, absenteeism, church disestablishment and repeal of the Union.

The Memoirs of Captain Rock, the celebrated Irish chieftain, with some account of his ancestors, was also published in 1824; and produced a marked sensation. It is an explanation of, and apology for, all the secret societies and the agrarian and other crimes arising out of oppression and unjust treatment, pointing out their causes and their remedies. Sydney Smith, in the Edinburgh Review, writes thus of Moore's Captain Rock:—

"He has thus borrowed the name of a celebrated Irish leader to typify that spirit of violence and insurrection which is necessarily generated by systematic oppression and rudely avenges its crimes; and the picture he has drawn of its prevalence in that unhappy country, is at once pitious and frightful. Its effect in exciting our horror and indignation is, in the long run, increased, we think—though at first it may seem counteracted—by the tone of levity, and even jocularity, under which he has chosen to veil the deep sarcasm and substantial terrors of his story. We smile at first, and are amused, and wonder as we proceed that the humorous narrative should produce conviction and pity, shame, abhorrence, and despair."

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, born at 12 Dorset street, Dublin, September, 1751, and for some time under Samuel Whyte, Moore's schoolmaster, died in London, July 7, 1816. Solicited to write the biography of that wonderful child of genius, Moore could not refuse. Byron and Moore had contributed, at the time of his lamented death, to familiarize the world with his rare abilities and his vile treatment. Moore's Biography of Sheridan, published in 1825, is a further contribution to the national literature of Ireland. He ever supported the cause of Ireland and the Catholics. Fox said of his impeachment of Warren Hastings:—"All that he had ever heard, all that he had ever read, when compared with it, dwindled into nothing and vanished like vapor before the sun." Burke said it was the most astonishing effort of eloquence, argument, and wit united of which there was any record or tradition." Pitt said it "surpassed all the eloquence of ancient or modern times, and possessed everything that genius or art could furnish to agitate or control the human mind." Byron said:—"Whatever Sheridan has done, or chosen to do, has been par excellence, always the best of its kind. He has written the best comedy (School for Scandal), the best drama (The Duenna), the best farce (The Critic), and, to crown all, the very best oration (the 'Beau speech') ever conceived or heard in this country;" while his able biographer, friend and fellow-citizen, Moore, says:—

"Whose eloquence, bright'n'g whatever it tried,
Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the
As ever bore Freedom aloft on its wave!"

THE LIFE OF LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

The Epicurean, commenced in Paris in 1820, was not published until 1827, and proved a great success, financially and literary. We have said that when Moore visited Byron in Venice the latter gave him the manuscript of his journals and autobiography, with the conditions that, while it should not be published during his lifetime, Moore was at liberty to show the manuscript to any friend. Byron subsequently wrote to Moore, suggesting that he should raise funds from Murray on the credit of the publication, which Moore did to the extent of \$10,400. On the death of Lord Byron the publisher considered that the work should be issued. Moore felt, however, that it was due to Lady Byron and others to submit the work to them, when, objections having been taken to its publication, he cancelled the agreement with Murray and burned the manuscript. But, with the aid of letters and other available documents, Moore brought out in 1830, in three volumes, Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, with notes of his life, one of the most important of Moore's works. The whole proceeding regarding Moore's action in the matter has been the subject of bitter criticism, but sober opinion favors the course taken by Byron's biographer and friend.

The Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald (two volumes) was published in 1831, one of the most popular of Moore's works. Within a few days a second edition of it was sold. The preface is bold and fearless, treating with contempt the imputations of seditious motives against such a publication. Reviewing it, the Times said:—"The love of justice, humanity and liberty breaks through every apostrophe of the author, however he may affect to veil his emotions under sarcasm, levity or scorn."

One of the most remarkable of all Moore's works is his Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion, inscribed to the people of Ireland in defence of their national faith, by the editor of Captain Rock's Memoirs, which was published in 1833. Being intensely polemical and political, it underwent severe criticism in the press, and was the subject of numerous attacks. The illustrious Dr. Boyle, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, the foremost prelate of his day in Ireland, said of it:—"If St. Augustine were more orthodox and Scratchinbach less plausible, it is a book of which any of us might be proud." At the time of its publication it was largely used as a popular manual of polemical controversy, and even in Catholic pulpits, some of the rancorous spirit remaining, and the Anti-Title agitation, which finally led to the disestablishment and disendowment of the Protestant Church.

Moore again visited Ireland, August, 1835, when the British Association held its first meeting in Dublin. He was well and warmly received everywhere. The Marquis of Normandy was lord-lieutenant, Lord Morpeth was chief secretary and Drummond undersecretary. He shared the vice-regal hospitality. The gentle and beloved Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, Most Rev. Dr. Murray, met Moore at dinner at the parochial house attached to the pro-cathedral, Marlborough street. The rebel and fellows of Trinity College, rebel though he was, welcomed their old alumnus and entertained him at dinner. But it was at the Theatre Royal he received his greatest popular ovation. Between two of the acts he was forced, in compliance with the unanimous demand of the audience, to rise and address the house in a speech of matchless felicity and spirit, acknowledging that he accepted from the people the proud title of the "national bard."

One of the first and most popular acts of the Liberal Ministry in 1835 was to confer a pension of \$1,500 on Moore, in consideration of the services rendered by him to literature—a favor which he could not accept from any government save one in conformity with the political principles of his life. This grant was increased to \$2,000 a few years before his death, in consideration of the delicacy of his health and the cessation of his literary labors.

Moore now entered on his last work, a History of Ireland, unsuited to his years, and which he was not qualified to write. In Larcher's Cyclopaedia, Scott had written a history of Scotland in two volumes, and Sir James Mackintosh a history of England in three volumes, and Moore was urged to write for the same work the history of Ireland, intended to be confined to a single volume. In pursuit of material for this work Moore paid his last visits to Dublin in 1838-39, the first volume of his (which was expanded to four volumes) having been published in 1835, and the fourth or last, not until 1846. He had issued the first volume before he came to Ireland to study the subject, so that, when too late, he frankly declared to Dr. Petre in the Royal Irish Academy, on learning from Eugene O'Curry the nature of the manuscript materials of Irish history then before him:—"Petrie, these high tones could not have been written by tools or for any foolish purpose. I never knew anything about them before, and I had no right to have undertaken the history of Ireland." (O'Curry's Lectures on the MS. Materials of Irish History, pp. 153-4, 441.) The history, which is beautifully written as to style, closes with the Confederate war of 1641, and is wholly unreliable as to the ancient and earlier periods.

Towards his declining years, Moore, like most literary veterans, addressed himself to the revision of a complete addition of all his poetical works, which was brought out in ten volumes. From about the year 1847 he showed increasing signs of decay of mental power, and, with Swift, Scott, Southey and O'Connell, softening of the brain steadily set in. In 1849 his intellect became quite clouded, and though removed to Bath for a short time, no improvement took place, and he sank at Sloperton Cottage, Feb. 26, 1852, in his 72nd year. He was buried privately, only his physician and three or four other friends attending, in Bromham churchyard, within sight of his cottage, with his second daughter and his second son, while his devoted wife, Bessy, was laid with them September, 1865. She presented all Moore's books, his portrait, and his harp, to the Royal Academy, Dublin, to which a special room is devoted.

It is said that although he commenced life as a patriot, as is proved by his conduct in Trinity College and subsequently, he sank in after years into the condition of a mere Whig or Liberal, all sentiment of Irish nationality having died out of him. A ready answer is afforded to this charge by the proceedings at the time of the offer to him, in 1832, of the representation of the city of Limerick, with a small estate of some fifteen hundred dollars tendered therewith. Gerald Griffin and his brother Daniel were deputed by the citizens of Limerick to tender the terms just stated. Moore declined, entirely owing to prudence as regards his circumstances; but records that, were he to go into Parliament, he would accept the Repeal pledge, though he was confident it would lead to separation from England. O'Connell was bitterly disappointed at Moore's refusal to accept the representation of Limerick. Moore is charged with being an absentee—living out of Ireland. Literature was his

DETAILED OF A DREADFUL MURDER AT MARKHAM.

COOLNESS OR INSANITY OF THE MURDERER. TORONTO, May 18.—A farm labourer was arrested for murdering Mrs. Catherine Thompson, near Markham, on the 6th of April last. The man had been seen lurking about the neighborhood before the commission of the crime, and when the murder was committed he was suspected, but although three constables had been continually searching for him, it was not till yesterday that Constable Jones was going along Main street, of Sparta, three miles from Markham, and accidentally came across the man. The officer immediately made the arrest, Thickpeny offering no resistance, but on the contrary calmly holding up his hands to receive the durbies. In conversation with Jones, prisoner confessed to the crime, and said if he had known the officers were after him he would have given himself up. He had, when taken, a silver-mounted revolver, with four chambers loaded. In the course of an interview prisoner said he committed the crime for his poor victim's money, being half starved and nearly frozen. He had wandered about all winter, only having obtained work for a week or two, and one evening, when about famished, the thought came into his head that he would kill Mrs. Thompson and take the money which she was hoarding to give herself a decent burial. At first he firmly resisted the terrible thought, but it haunted him more and more, and would not leave him; finally he resolved to do the deed. He knew Mrs. Thompson's house well, and knew that she lived alone, she having taken compassion on him some time ago and knitted him a pair of socks and gave him food. Having provided himself with a good stout club, nearly three feet long, he proceeded to the house on Sunday evening, April 6th, firmly determined to beat out the poor woman's brains. After coolly looking up and down the road to make sure no body was coming, with the hellish determination fixed in his mind, he opened the door of the cottage and entered. Being asked if at the time no thought of the enormity of the crime he was to commit struck him? He answered no, I went into the house for the deliberate purpose of killing the woman and stealing her money, and did so. The last few words he pronounced with emphasis and as if intensely satisfied. He did not remember whether the woman spoke or not. He quietly pushed to the door and approached Mrs. Thompson, who was sitting by the stove with her back to wards him. The noise of the door closing aroused her, and seeing who the intruder was, she got up and walked towards him without speaking; he took a few steps forward, and raising the club, struck her a horrible blow with all his might on the side of the head, falling her to the ground. She laid there not uttering a sound, but quivering all over. To make sure he had done his fiendish work thoroughly, he hit her again with all his strength on the head as she lay bruised and bleeding on the floor, when blood spouted out in a stream. He was not sure whether he struck her a third time, as he was a little excited. He thought she died right off, as he did not see her move, her flesh only quivering. He then broke open a large wooden chest that stood in one corner, and found in it a purse containing \$7 in bills and 50 cents in silver, which he put in his pocket, throwing the purse away; that was all the money he said he could find. He then left, going to Markham, where he spent the night. He declared he did not try to hide at all. That the next morning he started to look for work, and he did not know that the murder had been discovered until a week afterwards, when talking one day to the man in the bush, he was told of the finding of the woman's body. He then started away, not particularly to elude the police. He came a short distance on the Grand Trunk, but he could not stop away, and returned to Markham Township. Passing through Sparta he was arrested, as described. At the terminating interview he said, "mind you I was last frozen."

The victim of this most deliberate and foul murder was a poor woman, 50 years old, steady, industrious, and bearing an unblemished character. She lived alone on lot four, 7th concession, Markham, 17 miles from Toronto, the nearest neighbor being 300 yards away. Robert McDowell, a baker, calling at her house, as usual, on Monday morning, discovered her lifeless body lying in a pool of blood; blood being spattered everywhere. On the left side of her head was a gaping wound three or four inches long. On the top of her head another horrible cut presented itself, either being sufficient to cause instant death. McDowell at once gave the alarm, and the whole district was running wild with excitement. The prisoner, who was brought into Toronto to-day and lodged in the city jail, takes matters cool, and appears to have no concern either about his fiendish crime or his own fate. He converses freely and quietly, never hesitating to talk about murder. When the charge was read to him at the Police Court, he replied that he could not read, but he owned up to it. He was remanded for a week, when the regular examination will be made before the Police Magistrate. In appearance the prisoner looks very little like a murderer. He bears traces of having lived a miserable life, but would not strike one as dangerous. He was forty years old on the 21st of April, and was born in Norfolk county, England, whence he came to Markham five years ago, where he has since worked as a farm laborer, indulging in intervals of loafing. He is unmarried, short and stout, fair hair and light blue eyes, with a rather simple expression of countenance. By many, in fact, he is thought to be light-headed. He used to drink considerably and go on a spree, when he would be downright crazy.

TELEGRAMS.

Italy.

Rome, May 19.—The Chamber of Deputies passed the Bill making performance of civil marriage before religious ceremony obligatory.

Austria.

Pesth, May 19.—The river Theiss is inundated. Ninety square miles of grain fields near Beebe have been destroyed, besides two villages. The river Drove is overflowed and destroyed hundreds of houses.

Russia.

LONDON, May 19.—A Berlin despatch says that the Czar has determined to shorten the period of military service in the line by three years, which will permit of an immense increase in the number of recruits.

The Afghanisthan War.

LONDON, May 19.—A correspondent from Simla says that among the principal points of the agreement with Yakoob Khan are the British command of the passes, with sufficient territory to constitute a scientific frontier, appointment of a British resident at Cabul, and control of the foreign relations of Afghanistan.

Ireland.

LONDON, May 16.—The election for the Parliamentary representation of the county of Clare, Ireland, was warmly contested. There are 5,371 registered electors in the county, but O'Gorman Mahon, the successful candidate in the Nationalist interest, was returned by a narrow majority of only 130. He was opposed by Capt. Vandeuleur and Mr. O'Brien, a well-known Catholic barrister, who occupies a high position on his circuit, and his family are intimately acquainted with the county. At the last general election county Clare returned Lord Francis Cunningham and Sir Bryan O'Loughlin, both Home Rulers.

Germany.

LONDON, May 19.—A Berlin despatch says that Bismarck's parliamentary soiree on Saturday evening was less numerously attended than on previous occasions, the Free-Traders sending but thin contingent, and 20 deputies from Alsace-Lorraine. The Prince was most affable. The Chancellor held forth at length to the deputies on fiscal matters, dwelling upon the necessity for protecting the agriculturists, especially petty holders, against foreign competition. The wood tax was also sorely needed if arboriculture in Germany were not to be completely destroyed. The duty on beer, too, must be got through. Referring to the tariff debates, he observed if any one thought they would wear his patience out by prolonging the discussion, they were very much mistaken. He would remain in Berlin till September if necessary, but successfully finished the thing must be. The honorable members were clearly not acquainted with the tough and dogged perseverance of Prussian officials. Later on the Prince referred incidentally to the silver sales of the Prussian Bank which he would like to see stopped.

France.

VERSAILLES, May 19.—In the Chamber of Deputies, Lochroy, referring to the conduct of the Archbishop of Aix, demanded that the payment of salaries of the rebellious ecclesiastics be withheld, and advocated separation of Church and State. Lepere, Minister of the Interior, replied that the members were in complete accord on Ferry's Educational Bill. They were determined to oppose clerical encroachments. Should reports of the speeches of the Archbishop of Aix and his subsequent pastoral prove correct, the Archbishop will be prosecuted.

PARIS, May 19.—Leroyer, Minister of Justice, to-day informed a deputation of Radical deputies that the Government had decided not to grant amnesty to members of the Commune; but simply to pardon them after the 6th of June. Rochefort, Vallès and Blanqui will be thus pardoned, but simple pardon does not include restoration to civil power. La République Francaise pronounces the statement that Waddington and Lepere cannot remain in the same Cabinet as idle invention.

LONDON, May 20.—It is understood that only 500 Communists will be excluded from amnesty.

The Military College.

We learn from a private source that the \$20,000 in the Supplementary Estimates for the Military College is to pay for work already done. We therefore take it for granted that owing to the condition of the Treasury, the Government, the present administration does not see its way clear to go on with an additional wing for the present, and were misled in regard to the \$20,000 item, which is retrospective not prospective.—Kingston News.

The Foreign Times has the following:—"The duties on wheat, corn, &c., are such as to gladden the hearts of the Canadian farmers—so much so that we had two farmers from near Mont-Elgin, Ontario, who unmistakably, by the baptismal register pronouncedly written on their tongues, must have drawn their first breath somewhere in Aberdeenshire, who both were in high glee as they expressed themselves what great advantages this new tariff would confer upon them, and upon the industrial classes generally in the land of their adoption.

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A Sorrowful Plight.

One fortnight ago five young men set out from Montreal, determined on making their fortunes in this "land of promise." They were all of the well-to-do class, including a cashier and bank clerk, each of whom brought considerable capital. On arriving here they met two friends from Kingston, and as it was the intention of all to forsake the desk for the plough, they determined on settling in the same locality; in order to be near each other. After deliberation it was decided to make the neighbourhood of Rapid City their home, and the necessary land was obtained. The requisite outfits having been purchased, the party started out the day before last with joyous anticipation. When night came on they encamped by the trail, and secured their oxen, about ten in number, to their carts and waggons. The party entered with great zest into the novelty of the thing—so different from refined city life. The camp fire was kindled, and around it they spoke with hopefulness of the future; smoked their pipes, and talked of old times. When the time for retiring came, they made their beds in the carts, and, covering themselves with blankets, were soon asleep. The fatigue of the preparations of the previous few days had its effect, and the sleepers slept as soundly as did Sule in the cave of Engedi. When they awoke in the morning, our reader can judge of the surprise and dismay of the emigrants on finding that only two of the ten oxen were to be seen, the others having broken their fastenings and wandered off. Several of the party immediately started out in pursuit of the oxen, whilst two were left in charge of the vehicles, and one returned to the city to procure stronger fastenings for the remaining oxen. The success of the searchers is not yet known, but it is not expected that all the strayed animals will be recovered. Moral to emigrants—When on the prairies, secure your horses and oxen so strongly that they will be unable to escape.—Winnipeg Times, May 7.

Presentation to Father McKenna.

The following address was presented to Father McKenna by the contractors and workmen on the Lachine canal:

LACHINE, May 7th, 1879.

TO THE REV. FATHER MCKENNA, CURATE: REVEREND SIR,—In view of your approaching departure from here, we, the officers and workmen of the Lachine canal, feel it our duty to express to your Reverence our deep sense of the great blessing which we have so lately enjoyed by the performance of a pious retreat in the holy week of Lent, when through the Sacrament of Penance we had the unspeakable happiness of approaching the most holy table of Our Lord, being prepared for and led thereto by your wise and wholesome instructions and most edifying discourses.

You, reverend sir, are aware of the unbounded respect and adoring love of the Irish Catholic for the priests and bishops of his Church. You can, therefore, judge what must be our feelings towards that most highly gifted and well beloved prelate, the Right Rev. Bishop Fabre, of Montreal, who was so mindful of our spiritual welfare as to send a priest of our own nationality as an assistant to the amiable and zealous pastor of this parish, the Rev. Father Piche, whose kind and fatherly care we shared in an equal degree with the resident members of his flock.

May God in His infinite mercy grant us the grace to show, by our future good conduct, how much we have profited by their holy zeal on our regard. In conclusion Rev. sir we pray Almighty God to grant you a long and happy life, and that He may endow you with abundant grace for the edification of those whom you will in the future have under your spiritual care. In taking our leave we beg acceptance of this gold watch and chain as a humble token of our love.

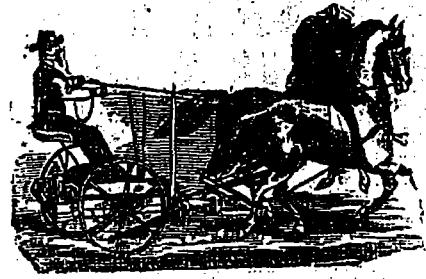
(Signed), Rodgers, Kelly and Farrell, Davis & Sons, John Morton, D. M. McGarr, John McLoughlin, John Conroy, Thomas Kelly, John Ryan, John Nagle, Arthur O'Neill, John Connelly, Wm. Newell, Patrick Mack, William Hart.

THE MAISONNEUVE MONUMENT.

\$500 Received for the Fund.

The Executive Committee for the erection of a monument to the memory of the founder of Montreal, M. de Maisonneuve, has decided to publish lists of those who shall participate in this national enterprise. The first list is given below; others will follow in their turn.—Seminary of St. Sulpice, \$20; Mayor Rivard, \$100; Hon. L. B. Masson, \$40; Hon. F. G. Baly, \$25; Chas. Glackmeyer, Esq., \$10; J. Grenier, Esq., \$10; Dr. Hingston, \$10; R. B. Angus, Esq., \$10; H. A. Nelson, M.P.P., \$5; Art. Dubuc, Esq., \$5; P. E. Gilman, Esq., \$5; Geo. Childs, Esq., \$5; F. H. Gilmart, Esq., \$5; Emery Lavigne, Esq., \$5; Henri Gauthier, Esq., \$5. All citizens are invited to subscribe. Subscriptions received at the City Hall by His Worship Mayor Rivard or Mr. Chas. Glackmeyer, City Clerk, or at the Savings Bank, St. James street, by Mr. E. Barbeau, Manager.

SEE G. M. COSSITT & BRO'S



New Model BUCKEYE

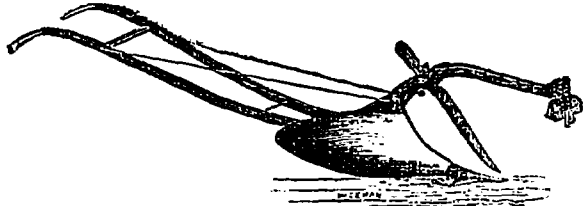
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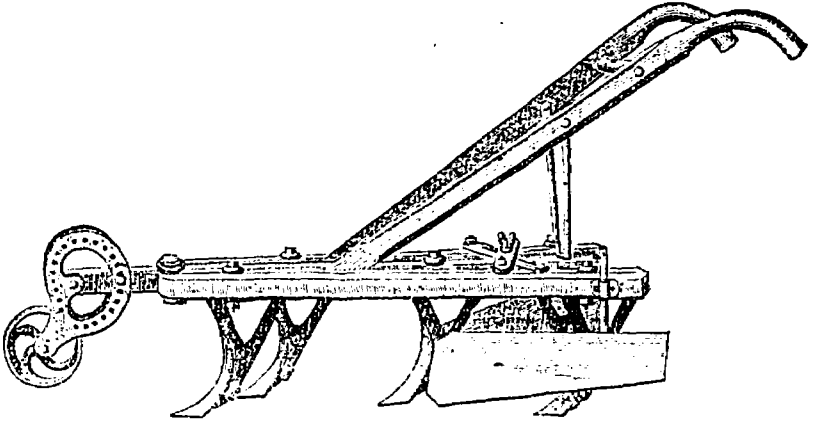


The above Cut represents the No. 8 Plough made by us, and extensively used throughout the Dominion. It has all the advantages of a solid Iron Plough, at about half the cost.

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EMPIRE WORKS, MONTREAL (PAGE'S OLD STAND)

Manufacturers of every description of Agricultural Implements, including MOWERS, REAPERS, PLOWS, CULTIVATORS, &c., &c.



The above cut represents the WRIGHT PATENT CULTIVATOR. This is the best Cultivator ever offered for Corn, Potatoes, and all Root Crops. The Milling attachment is easily removed.

EMPIRE WORKS, 27 DALHOUSIE STREET, MONTREAL.

TO THE MOST REV., RIGHT REV. AND REV. CLERGY, AND TO SUPERIORS OF RELIGIOUS COMMUNITIES: We beg to call your attention to our late Importation, consisting of Church Ornaments and Religious Articles, Priests, Vestments, Candelsticks, Ostensaries, Ciborium, Chalices, Consoars, Dindams, Crowns, Hearts, Gold and Silver Fringe, Tassels, Gold and Silver Cloth and Merinoes, Linen, &c., &c. Banners, Flags, fine assortment of VASES, STATUES, ROSARIES (In Coral, Ivory, Mother-of-Pearl, Amber, Cocoon, Jet, Garnet, &c.) PURE BEESWAX, BEESWAX CANDLES, PARAFFINE, ALTAR WINES, &c., &c. Having ourselves carefully selected our goods in Europe, we are prepared to execute all orders at very low prices. Those visiting the City respectfully invited. Correspondence solicited. Prompt attention to all enquiries or orders.

A. C. SENECA & CO. Importers and Manufacturers. No. 184 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

HATS! HATS!! HATS!!! FOR THE MILLION, AT EDWARD STUART'S, Corner, Notre Dame and McGill streets.



D. PHELAN, MANUFACTURER OF PRIME SOAPS AND CANDLES.

Orders from Town and Country solicited, and promptly attended to. Nos. 299 & 301 William Street, July 22, MONTREAL.

PAMPHLETS, DEEDS OF SALE, LAW FORMS, &c. PRINTED AT THE OFFICE OF THE "EVENING POST," 761 CRAIG ST., West of Victoria Square.

Circulars, Bill Heads, JOB PRINTING, THE "EVENING POST" OFFICE.

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P. DORAN, UNDERTAKER AND CABINET MAKER, 186 & 188 ST. JOSEPH STREET.

WOOD AND IRON COFFINS, Of all descriptions constantly on hand and supplied on the shortest notice.

LOOK HERE! Money can be made in spare hours, around among your neighbors, working for us. Send for samples, free. Box 1788, Montreal, Que.

McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY, Manufacture those celebrated Bells for CHURCHES, ACADemies, &c. Price List and Circulars sent free. HENRY McSHANE & CO., Baltimore, Md.

[Written for the POST and TRUE WITNESS.] Sewerage of Cities (Montreal in Particular).

(By a SANITARY ENGINEER.) Now that the winter snow has cleared away and all the approaches to the sewers are uncovered we are once more reminded of the sanitary condition of the city by the stench which is met with everywhere from the shafts in the street gutters.

It has been shown more than once in this journal that the foul odor emitted from the sewers and encountered on the sidewalks throughout the city is a plain indication of bad sewerage, and that in such cases the sewers become so many laboratories for the manufacture of poisonous gases which are evolved through the shafts in the channels of the streets, and through the house-drains into the houses throughout the city.

Let us suppose that the sewer is five feet in height and the house drain leading from a house is eight inches in diameter. Let us suppose that this ventilating pipe, as it is called, is three inches diameter. Then the sectional area of the sewer, if egg-shaped, is about thirty-six times that of the drain, and the area of the drain is seven times that of the pipe. Now, let us suppose that a partial vacuum is created in the sewer by one of these every-day occurrences, which are well known, and which were heretofore explained in this journal.

The ventilating pipe, if it starts from the soil pipe of the water-closet, will carry off the odor from the closet in most cases, but not always; its utility does not extend further, as will be seen from the following elucidation.

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THE GRAND REVIEW. Accommodation for Our Visitors—Progress of the Grand Stand.

Aware of the great interest manifested by the public in everything appertaining to the imposing celebration of the coming Twenty-fourth, a Post reporter recently paid a visit to the review ground, in order to ascertain what progress had been made in improving the ground and preparing accommodation for the vast throngs who will congregate in this locality to witness the demonstration of loyalty evoked by the presence of one of Her Majesty's daughters.

THE GRAND STAND

is erected on the edge of Bleury street, and fronts on St. Jean Baptiste Village, and affords a splendid view of the grounds which roll away to the right and left. It is 500 feet long, 12 feet high at the rear, and has nine rows of seats with a capacity for seating 1,000 persons.

The furniture for the Royal Pavilion is being erected in the centre of the stand. It will be of an octagonal form, ten feet in diameter, and will be tastefully decorated and ornamented with hangings of crimson and gold tapestry.

On the arrival of the Governor-General and Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise on the grounds, the Royal standard of England will be unfurled to the breeze. The remaining portion of the stand is allotted to the public. But to avoid the accompanying crush and bustle which would necessarily ensue in a scramble for seats, a small admission fee will be charged for a limited admission.

Advice to Newspaper Correspondents.

An American editor issues the following instructions as to the supplying of manuscripts by correspondents:—Never write with pen or ink. It is altogether too plain and doesn't hold the mind of the editor and printers closely enough to their work.

Journalistic Policemen.

Some of the party organs have been printing articles on independent journalism. The subject is one which they are probably quite competent to discuss without bias, as they can know very little about it.

TO OUR AGENTS.

Any of our local agents or other representatives of this paper having monies paid there as subscriptions to the EVENING POST and TRUE WITNESS, will please forward the amounts immediately on receipt from the subscriber, and thus prevent the unpleasant mistake of sending accounts to those who have already paid.

The Value of Land in England.

Remarkable evidence of the fall in the value of land in England, consequent upon the depression of trade and the importation of foreign food, was produced last week before the Committee for the Assessment of Taxes in the Devises Union, Wiltshire.

The Carlton Accident.

The public interests demand that a full and searching enquiry be made into the circumstances attending the shocking accident at Carlton on Saturday. The investigation into an accident which occurred at that unlucky place some months ago brought startling matters to light with respect to the duties and hours expected of railway employees.

Our Law-Makers.

Some of our contemporaries have been discussing the qualifications that are desirable in men who aspire to represent their fellow-men in Parliament. In recent articles, the Ottawa Free Press summed up these qualifications as being "education and ability, polish and culture, judgment and integrity."

Divorce in England.

London Truth.—Before the world is many years older we shall hear of a divorce being instituted that will cause no little talk and scandal in what anglicized Frenchmen call "de high life."

Prince Napoleon.

Prince Louis Napoleon has arrived at Cape Town. The Prince landed without cheers or tuck of drum or waving of banners, or having to pass beneath triumphal arches.

How the Nihilists Work.

The London World tells of a clever capture by Russian Nihilists as follows: "A young man, in the full uniform of a Procurator's secretary, called last week on the Governor-General of Charkow. Courteously saluting, said he: 'M. the Procurator begs your Excellency to be so good as to come at once to his office.'"

LIVERPOOL TIMBER MARKET.

This market continues depressed, not only from the languid demand and the pressure of holders to sell, which keep prices very low, but also by a want of confidence which has arisen, owing to the impression which prevails as to the unsoundness still existing in the building and other trades connected with the wood trade.

Colonial Woods.

Yellow pine is light in stock as compared with the same time last year, but there has only been a very limited consumption during the past month. In red pine there have been no transactions.

A Bank Robber Escapes.

New York, May 8.—John alias "Red" Leary, who had been for several months awaiting the result of the habeas corpus proceeding in the United States Courts preceeding his extradition to Massachusetts, to be tried for participation in the Northampton Bank robbery, escaped from jail last night, and nothing since has been seen of him.

England and Asia Minor.

The Army and Navy Gazette understands that the Government are making preparations to justify the position of Great Britain to the Protectorate in Asia Minor, and that the names of certain officers have been sent in to the War office for approval as assistants to Major Wilson, R. E., who is named as Consul-General; but as they have not yet been formally approved, it would be premature to announce their actual nomination as consuls or vice-consuls.

A Gas Clock.

There is a clock in the Guildhall Museum, London, of which the motive power is hydrogen gas, generated by the action of diluted sulphuric acid on a ball of zinc. The clock itself resembles a large coloured glass cylinder without any cover, and about half full of sulphuric acid. Floating on the top of this acid is a glass bell, and the gas generated forces forward this concave receiver until it nearly reaches the top of the cylinder, when, by the action of a delicate lever, two valves become simultaneously opened.

The Miseries of the Black Exodus.

About seven thousand negroes—all, or nearly all—from Louisiana and Mississippi, have started out on this emigration movement to Kansas, and most of them have been furnished in St. Louis with money enough to pay their way to Leavenworth and to other points in Kansas.

California's New Constitution.

Advices from the Pacific coast show that, in spite of the active opposition of the party of property and capital, the people of California have pronounced at the polls in favor of the constitution framed by the party of labor. The influence of this decision on the future of the State cannot fail to be highly important, because at a stroke it changes the conditions which have controlled the relations of capital and labor in California since the admission of that prolific territory as a State of the Union.

The Beaconsfield Vineyard.

The season for planting being close at hand, the public are invited to send in their orders without delay. Instructions for planting, care and training will be sent on application, and the method may be practically learnt on the Vineyard, near the Beaconsfield Station, G. T. Railway.

EPHRAIM'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING. "By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every kind of disease. Many of the subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal ailment by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a pure nourishing frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

Special Notice.

We print to-day in our advertising columns recommendations of the most celebrated living Pianists and musicians in regard to the New York Weber Piano, which for perfection of tone, action, cover and durability is said to be approached by any maker in the world.

How Signals to Ekowe were Established.

In the course of a letter from Maritzburg, dated April 1st, the correspondent of the Western Morning News, as the result of a visit to Fort Tenedos, relates the way in which signalling to Ekowe was established. He writes:—

When Lord Chelmsford visited Tenedos it became evident that Colonel Pearson was so thoroughly surrounded that the chance of his runners getting through was hopeless. Thereupon it occurred to Lieutenant Charles Haynes, of the Royal Engineers, that by means of the heliograph the rays of the sun might be made to do duty.

The Centenary of Moore.

New York, May 15.—The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Thos. Moore will be celebrated in this city by a musical, poetical and oratorical festival at the Academy of Music on the evening of Wednesday, May 28, when the most celebrated of Moore's songs will be sung by noted singers, and the musical features of the entertainment will conclude by an orchestra of fifty musicians and a chorus of a hundred voices under the leadership of P. S. Gilmore.

Why allow a cough to lacrate your throat and lungs? Why incur the imminent danger of consumption, when in an incredibly short space of time, and for an insignificant sum, you may cure yourself? THOMAS' ECLECTIC OIL does the business thoroughly. A single bottle often suffices to relieve the difficulty.

NATURALIST'S PORTFOLIO.

THE HUMAN HEART.—This organ is 6 inches in length, 4 inches in diameter, and beats 70 times per minute, 4,500 per hour, 100,800 per day, and 26,817,200 times per year.

THE LADY AND THE SNAKE.—A lady of fashion—Madame Mursud—started Paris some time ago by appearing at a representation of opera with a live snake around her arm.

A BARRON'S FASHION.—Referring to the wholesale destruction of birds for the adornment of ladies' bonnets and hats, a contemporary states that a German dealer recently received a consignment of 22,000 dead humming birds, 80,000 bodies of various aquatic birds, and 800,000 pairs of wings.

CASHMERE GOATS IN NEVADA.—Pure Cashmere goats, it is said, find in Nevada, U.S., an acceptable climate where their health is excellent, and their fleeces are unusually fine and silky.

THE LOBSTER GETTING SCARCER.—The lobster is rapidly following the footsteps of the dodo. It is getting scarcer and scarcer every year, and it only requires a school boy with his pencil to show that it will soon disappear if not protected.

WOLF PLAYING POSSUM.—Reuben Lowry, of Anderson County, Kansas, was out hunting wolves one day during the snow. He got track of a wolf, and with his dogs followed to the timber, where he overtook it, and the wolf fought in the snow.

A PERSISTENT DOG.—More than eight years ago a poor man named Gray died, and was buried in the old Grey Friars' churchyard, Edinburgh. His grave is now levelled by time, and nothing marks it.

Finance and Commerce.

Financial. May 19, 1879.

The stock market was inanimate all day. There were very few transactions recorded, and quotations show no important changes since last Friday, although the tendency was upward, if anything.

The market was a shade firmer this afternoon, with little business doing, however. Sales at the 3 o'clock Board meeting were: 7 shares Montreal, ex-div., at 134; 90 do Merchants at 77, and 30 do Exchange at 49.

New York Stocks. New York, May 19.—10.10 a.m.—Opening quotations.—W. U. 112; D. & L., 57; U. P., 73; L. S., 74; J. C., 50; Wab., 38; N. W., 63; St. P., 49; K. T., 17.

The SS. "Circassian" has arrived at Liverpool.—The total value of exports from Boston for the past week was \$869,498, of which \$28,124 represented re-exports.

Mr. Thomas Crathern, grocer and provision merchant, of the European Warehouse, St. Catherine street, this city, is endeavoring to obtain an extension of four, eight, and twelve months on liabilities of about \$20,000.

The lumber trade in the Western Wisconsin district is progressing favorably. The logs are reported to be running out of the main streams, and the Western lumbermen feel confident they will get an ample stock.

of buying and selling produce and petroleum, etc., by the pound or cental (100 pounds), or any multiple of the cental, instead of by the bushel, barrel, etc., as at present.

—The Petrolia Topic seems to think the Mutual Oil Association, which has until the 13th inst. to wind up its affairs, will not be able to do so by that time, owing to a case of assessment appeal which the managers have to bring before the Court of Revision, which will not likely sit until some time in June.

The Produce Markets.

Monday, May 19. BEEHONEY'S advices to-day report floating cargoes wheat at opening quiet and rather easier; and those of corn quiet and firm.

In Chicago Wheat opened at 99c for June; advanced to 99½c, with 97½ bid for July, and at 11:30 a.m. the quotations were 99½c for June, and 97½ bid for July.

Montreal Horse Market.

The local horse market has been reported rather dull during the week ending 9-day. The offerings have not been large and the demand has fallen off somewhat.

Vigor Cattle Market.

The receipts of live stock, more especially of milch cows and calves, at this market to-day were very fair, and the quality of stock offered for sale was much superior to that on exhibition last Tuesday.

ST. GABRIEL CATTLE MARKET.

The arrivals of cattle at the St. Gabriel Market this morning were large, and the quality was generally good, but the demand was unusually slack, and sales, especially for exportation, were comparatively weaker.

Business Dull To-day—Ample Receipts, but No Demand, and Values Weaker. A Suggestion to Shippers by Rail.

The arrivals of cattle at the St. Gabriel Market this morning were large, and the quality was generally good, but the demand was unusually slack, and sales, especially for exportation, were comparatively weaker.

—The first catch of salmon for the season—two, weighing 24 lbs. each, were received at Bonsecours market on Saturday, from Gaspe Basin, and were readily sold at 45 to 50c per lb.

ton, will ship to-day 55 head of cattle per the steamship "Govina," to Bristol. Mr. E. M. Morgan, of Oshawa, is loading the "Govina" to-day with 965 sheep and over 100 head of cattle for Bristol.

CARRIAGE OF CATTLE BY RAIL.

The Chicago Tribune says:—A large part of the damage to cattle shipped by rail might be prevented by a very simple means. An animal in a crowded car falls to the floor, and is soon injured by being trodden upon by its companions.

Testimonial from Capt. Joshua Harper.

SACKVILLE, N. B., Feb. 13, 1877. J. H. ROBINSON, Esq., St. John, N. B. DEAR SIR—Early in October last I took a severe cold, which settled on my lungs. After having a bad cough for about six weeks I had a severe attack of bleeding from the lungs which I had on a voyage from Queenstown to Dover.

DEAD.

O'GORMAN.—In this city, on the 17th inst., of consumption, after a long and painful illness, Nicholas O'Gorman, aged 29 years, 8 months and 17 days.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MESSRS. MADDISON & CO.

31 Lombard Street, London, England. Are prepared to receive applications from private or corporate bodies who desire either to raise original or further capital either by Shares or Debentures, to take Capital, Loan, to negotiate for Public, Municipal or Land Mortgage Loans, to Contract for Public Works, and they will also undertake the agency of Public Companies in Great Britain, the payment of Bills, Cheques, Coupons or Dividends, and generally the transaction of Banking and Financial business between the Dominion of Canada and Great Britain.

WEEKLY TEST.

Number of Purchases served during week ending May 17th, 1879. Same week last year. Increase.

S. CARSLY'S FANCY DRESS GOODS.

AT S. CARSLY'S You can buy very good quality of new Black Paramatta for 81c per yard, what credit stores sell at 88c per yard.

MANTLES! MANTLES! MANTLES!

Ladies cannot understand how we can sell \$5 Shawls for \$1.50. The reason is, we bought them cheap. All other Summer Shawls at equally low prices.

ST. LAWRENCE MARBLE WORKS, 91 BLEURY STREET. CUNNINGHAM BROS. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. Cemetery Work a Specialty. MANTLES AND PLUMBERS' SLABS, &c., MADE TO ORDER.

Weber Pianofortes.

These wonderful Pianos are the favorite instruments of every Prima Donna, every Singer, every Pianist of renown, in fact every Musicalian. In their matchless tones, their extraordinary power and endurance, they have no equal.

POSTAL STAMP ALBUM.

Having near 600 varieties of Stamps for sale. Will be collected several years ago. Will be sold cheap. Address: "Stamps," this office. 35-11

JOHN D. PURCELL, A. M., B. C. L., ADVOCATE.

148 St. James Street, Opposite the Canadian Bank of Commerce. Montreal, May 29, 78-ly

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

A History of it to the present, the only work of its kind published in this country. It should be in every Catholic's library. Published at \$2.50. Will be sent, post paid, for \$2.00. Address: "History," this office. 35-11

DE LA SALLE INSTITUTE, DUKE STREET, Toronto, Ont.

BROTHERS of the CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS

This Establishment, under the distinguished patronage of His Grace the Archbishop, and the Rev. Clergy of the Archdiocese, affords every facility for a thorough Educational Course.

HORSE BOOK FOR THE FARMERS.

Embracing a full description of the causes and nature of diseases peculiar to the American Horse, with simple and effective modes of treatment, and an extended treatise on Stock Raising and Stock Management. Published at \$2.00. Will be sent, post paid, for \$2.50. Address: "Books," this office. 35-11

COLD day at home. Costly outfit free. Address: TRU & CO., Portland, Maine. 4-g

Applications to Parliament.

The testamentary executors of the late Honorable Joseph Mansson hereby give notice that they will apply to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, to obtain an act authorizing them to build warehouses or stores to contain the whole superfluous of their property situated in the city of Montreal, at the corner of Port and Common streets, and designated on the official plan and book of reference of the cadastre of the west ward of the said city of Montreal, under number five (5), without being submitted to the dispositions of an act passed in the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth years of Her Majesty's reign, under chapter sixty, and of any other law or ordinance, or by-law, authorizing the said city of Montreal to have plans or maps of the streets prepared for each section of the said city, and without being submitted to the conditions imposed by such laws, statutes or by-laws depriving the proprietors of all indemnity for the buildings which they may construct, without conforming to such plans or maps.

T. CARLI MANUFACTURER OF ALL SORTS OF RELIGIOUS STATUARY FOR CHURCHES.

Our Linen Costumes are selling well. See our window for a few of the different styles at low prices. Good Linen Costumes, only \$3. Good Linen Costumes, long polonaise, and finely trimmed, only \$3.50.

SUCCESSOR OF C. CAPELLI ET CARLI, 66 Notre Dame Street.

Mr. T. CARLI has the honor to inform the Clergy, Religious Communities and the public generally, that he will continue the business in his name, and that in his Store will always be found the best assortment of Religious Statuary, Paintings and Decorations, Architectural Ornaments, Rosettes, Cornices, and all executed at the shortest notice.

SCOTT'S EMULSION PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA. It is combined in a perfectly palatable form that is taken readily by children and most sensitive persons without the slightest nausea.

THE GENUINE CANADA SINGER, HOWE & LAWLER Sewing Machines. MANUFACTURED BY J. D. JAWLOR.

DR. A. C. MACDONELL, 90 CATHEDRAL STREET, MONTREAL.

M. FERON, Undertaker, 21 ST. ANTOINE STREET.

FIRST PRIZE DIPLOMA. QUEBEC PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION, SEPTEMBER 1878.

IMPERIAL FRENCH COOKING RANGE, FOR HOTEL AND FAMILY USE. OVER 200 IN USE IN THIS CITY.

JOHN BURNS, 675 Craig St. IMPERIAL FRENCH COOKING RANGE.

MR. JOHN D'AVAN, QUEBEC, 18th October, 1878. DEAR SIR,—The Cooking Range which I have purchased from you has given me the most entire satisfaction.

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