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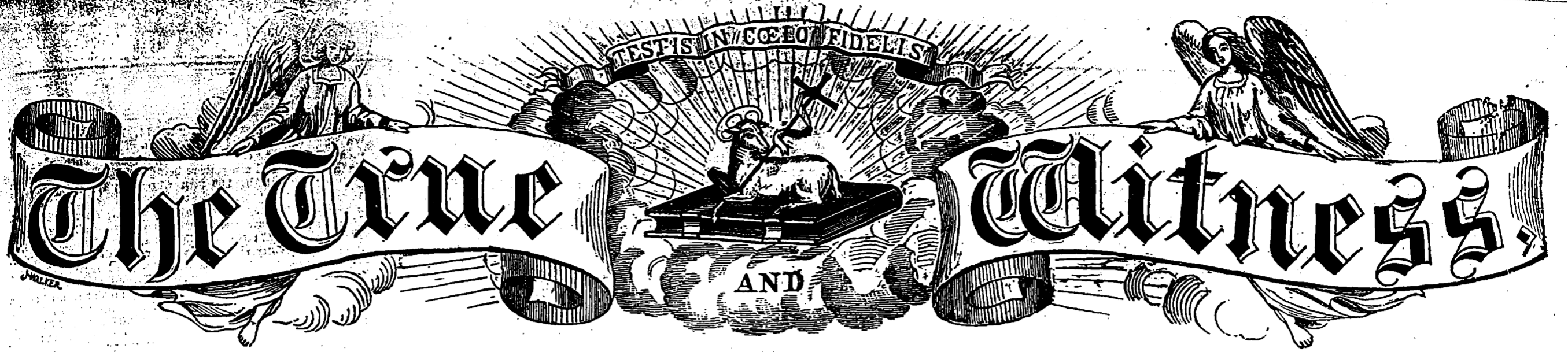
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

VOL. XXVI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JULY 21, 1876.

NO. 49.

JUST RECEIVED, A MOST BEAUTIFUL BOOK.

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

AGENTS FOR THE DOMINION. CATHOLIC PERIODICALS.

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

JUST RECEIVED, SERMONS BY THE LATE REVEREND J. J. MURPHY,

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

THERE IS A WORD.

There is a word whose solemn tone Comes o'er the spirit like a knell; And sadder far the Ocean's moan, Is that low trembling word: "Farewell!"

In this dark world, how oft we hear That word, so like a passing knell; And sunnier days of joy and cheer Are ever follow'd by "Farewell!"

[From London Society.]

A PERILOUS JOURNEY.

There is a tide in the affairs of men, Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune—

So says the sage, it is not to be gainsayed by any man whom forty winters have chilled into wisdom. Ability and opportunity are fortune. Opportunity is not fortune, otherwise all were fortunate. Ability is not fortune, else why does genius slave? Why?

My father was a wealthy country gentleman of somewhat more than the average of intelligence, and somewhat more than the average of generosity and extravagance. His younger brother, a solicitor of large practice in London, would in vain remonstrate as to the imprudence of his course.

The position was painful. I was half engaged to—that is, I had gloves, flowers, a ringlet, a carte de visite of Alice Morton. That, of course, must be stopped.

Mr. Silas Morton was not displeas'd at the prospect of an alliance with his neighbor Westwood's son, while there was an expectation of a provision for the young couple in the union of estates as well as persons; but now, when the estate was gone, when I, Guy Westwood, was shillingless in the world, it would be folly indeed. Nevertheless, I must take my leave.

"Well, Guy, my lad, bad job this—very bad job; thought he was as safe as the bank. Would not have believed it from any one—not from any one. Of course all that nonsense about you and Alice must be stopped now; I'm not a hard man, but I can't allow Alice to throw away her life in the poverty she would have to bear as your wife; can't do it; wouldn't be the part of a father if I did."

place in my uncle's office. Which? I was for the commission, Alice for the office. A respectable, influential solicitor; a position not to be despised; nothing but cleverness wanted; and my uncle's name, and no one to wait for; no liver complaints; no Sepoys; no sea voyages; no long separation.

"I agreed, not unnaturally then, that it was the best. "Now, you young people, you've had time enough to say 'Good-bye,' so be off, Guy. Here, my lad, you'll need something to start with," and the old gentleman put into my hands a note for fifty pounds.

"I must beg, sir, that you will not insult—" "God bless the boy! 'Insult!' Why I've danced you on my knee hundreds of times. Look you, Guy,"—and the old fellow came and put his hand on my shoulder,— "it gives me pain to do what I am doing. I believe for both your sakes, it is best you should part. Let us part friends. Come now, Guy, you'll need this; and if you need a little more let me know."

"But, sir, you can cut me off from all hope; you render my life a burden to me. Give me some definite task; say how much you think we ought to have; I mean how much I ought to have to keep Alice—I mean Miss Morton—in such a position as you would wish."

Alice added her entreaties, and the result of the conference was an understanding that if, within five years from the date, I could show that I was worth £500 a year, the old gentleman would add another £500; and on that he thought we might live for a few years comfortably.

There was to be no correspondence whatever; no meetings, no messages. We protested and pleaded, and finally he said— "Well, well, Guy; I always liked you and liked your father before you. Come to us on Christmas day, and you shall find a vacant chair beside Alice. There, now; say 'Good-bye,' and be off."

I went off. I came to London to one of the little lanes leading out of Cannon street. Five hundred a year in five years! I must work hard.

My uncle took little notice of me; I fancied worked me harder than the rest, and paid me the same. Seventy-five pounds a year is not a large sum. I had spent it in a month before now, after the fashion of my father; now, I hoarded; made clothes last; ate in musty, cheap, little cook-shops; and kept my enjoying faculties from absolute rust by a weekly half-price to the theatres—the pit.

This jog-trot routine of office-work continued for two years and more, and at the end of that time I was worth but my salary of £135 per year—£135! a long way from £500. Oh, for opportunity! I must quit the task, and become a merchant; all successful men have been merchants; money begets money. But to oppose all these thoughts or change, came the memory of Alice's last words at Christmas, "Wait and hope." Certainly; it's so easy to "Governor wants you, Westwood. He's sharp this morning; very sharp; so look out my dear nephew."

"You understand a little Italian, I think?" said my uncle. "A little, sir."

"You will start to-night for Florence, in the mail train. Get there as rapidly as possible, and find whether a Colonel Wilson is residing there, and what lady he is residing with. Learn all you can as to his position and means, and the terms on which he lives with that lady. Write to me, and wait there for further instructions. Mr. Williams will give you a cheque for £100; you can get circular notes for £50, and the rest cash. If you have anything to say, come in here at five o'clock; if not good-morning. By-the-by, say nothing in the office."

I need not say that hope made me believe my opportunity was come. I hurried to Florence and discharged my mission; sent home a careful letter, full of facts without comment or opinion, and in three weeks' time was summoned to return.

I had done little or nothing that could help me, and in a disappointed state of mind I packed up and went to the railway station at St. Domingo. A little row with a peasant as to his demand for carrying my baggage caused me to lose the last train that night, and so the steamer at Leghorn. The station-master, seeing my vexation endeavored to console me:

"There'll be a special through train to Leghorn at nine o'clock, ordered for Count Spezzato; he is good natured, and will possibly let you go in that."

It was worth the chance, and I hung about the station till I was tired, and then walked back toward the village. Passing a small wine-shop I entered, and asked for wine in English. I don't know what possessed me when I did it, for they were unable to understand me without dumb motions. I at length got wine by these means, and sat down to while away the time over a railway volume.

I had been seated about half an hour, when a courier entered, accompanied by a railway guard. Two more different examples of the human race it would be difficult to describe.

The guard was a dark, savage looking Italian, with "rascal!" and "bully!" written all over him; big, black, curly, with bloodshot eyes, and thick, heavy, sensual lips, the man was utterly repulsive.

newspaper. I didn't speak Italian, that was clear to them. The guard now struck in with a remark in French as to the fitness of the neighboring country. I shrugged my shoulders, and produced my cigar case. French was not very familiar to me, evidently.

"Those beasts of English think their own tongue so fine they are too proud to learn another," said the guard. I sat quietly, sipping my wine, and reading.

"Well, my dear Michael Pultuski!" began the guard. "For the love of God, call me not by that name. My name is Alexis Dzientol, now."

"Oh! oh!" laughed the guard; "you've changed your name, you fox; it's like you. Now I am the same that you knew fifteen years ago, Conrad Ferrate—to-day, yesterday, and for life, Conrad Ferrate. Come, lad, tell us your story. How did you get out of that little affair at Warsaw? How they could have trusted you with your face, with their secrets, I can't for the life of me tell; you look so like a sly knave, don't you, lad?"

The courier, so far from resenting this familiarity, smiled, as if he had been praised. "My story is soon said. I found after my betrayal to the police of the secrets of that little conspiracy which you and I joined, that Poland was too hot for me, and my name too well known. I went to France, who values her police, and for a few years was useful to them. But it was dull work; very dull; native talent was more esteemed. I was to be sent on a secret service to Warsaw; I declined for obvious reasons."

"Good! Michael—Alexis; good, Alexis. This fox is not to be trapped!" And he slapped the courier on the shoulder, heartily. "And," resumed the other, "I resigned. Since then I have travelled as courier to noble families and trust I give satisfaction."

"Good! Alexis; good Mich—good Alexis! To yourself you give satisfaction. You are a fine rascal! So decent, so quiet, so like the cure of a convent. Who would believe that you had sold the lives of thirty men for a few hundred roubles?"

"And who," interrupted the courier, "would believe that you, bluff, honest Conrad Ferrate, had run away with all the money those thirty men had collected during ten years of labor, for rescuing their country from the Russian?"

"That was good, Alexis, was it not?" I never was so rich in my life as then; I loved—I gamed—I drank on the patriots' money."

"For how long? Three years?" "More—and now have none left. Ah! Times change, Alexis; behold me." And the guard touched his buttons and belt, the badges of his office. "Never mind—here's my good friend, the bottle—let us embrace—the only friend that is always true—if he does not gladden, he makes us forget."

"Tell me, my good Alexis, whom do you rob now? Whose money do you invest, eh! my little fox? Why are you here? Come, tell me, while I drink to your success."

"I have the honor to serve his Excellency the Count Spezzato."

"Ten thousand devils! My accursed cousin!" broke in the guard. "He who has robbed me from his birth; whose birth itself was a vile robbery of me—me, his cousin, child of his father's brother. May he be accursed forever!"

I took particular pains to appear only amused at this genuine outburst of passion, for I saw the watchful eye of the courier was on me all the time we were talking.

The guard drank off a tumbler of brandy. "That master of yours is the man of whom I spoke years ago, as the one who had ruined me; and you serve him! May he be strangled on his wedding night, and cursed forever!"

"De calm, my dearest Conrad, calm yourself! that beast of an Englishman will think you are drunk, like one of his own swinish people, if you talk so loud as this."

"How can I help it? I must talk. What he is, that I ought to be; I was brought up to it till I was eighteen; was the heir to all his vast estate; there was but one life between me and power—my uncle's, and he at fifty married a girl, and had this son, this son of perdition, my cousin. And after that, I who had been the pride of my family, became of no account; it was 'Julian,' 'sweet Julian'!"

"I heard," said the courier, "that some one attempted to strangle the sweet child, that was—?" "Me—you fox—me. I wish I had done it: but for that wretched dog that worried me, I should have been Count Spezzato now. I killed that dog, killed him, no, not suddenly; may his master die like him!"

"And you left after that little affair?" "Oh, yes! I left, and became what you know me."

"A clever man, my dear Conrad. I know no man who is more clever with the ace than yourself, and as to bullying to cover a mistake, you are an emperor at that. Is it not so, Conrad? Come, drink good health to my master, your cousin."

"Pay! No one pays for me, little fox; no, no, no go: I will pay." The courier took his departure, and the guard kept walking up and down the room, muttering to himself:

"To-night it must be. If he goes to Leghorn, he meets his future wife; another life, and perhaps a dozen. No, it must be to-night or never. Does his mother go? Fool that I am, not to ask? Yes, it must be to-night; and he left the room."

What should be "to-night?" Some foul play of which the Count would be the victim, no doubt. But how? When? That must be solved. To follow him, or to wait—which? Too wait. It is always best to wait. I had learned this lesson already.

I waited. It was now rather more than half-past eight and I had risen to go to the door when I saw the guard returning to the wine-shop with a man whose dress indicated the stoker.

"Come in, Guido; come in," said the guard, "and drink with me." The man came in, and I was again absorbed in my book.

They seated themselves at the same table as before, and drank silently for awhile; presently the guard began a conversation in some pathos I could not understand; but I could see the stoker grow more and more interested as the name Betrix occurred more frequently.

As the talk went on, the stoker seemed pressing the guard on some part of the story with a most vindictive eagerness, repeatedly asking, "His name? The accused! His name?"

At last the guard answered, "The Count Spezzato." "The Count Spezzato!" said the stoker, now leaving the table, and speaking in Italian.

"Yes, good Guido; the man who will travel in the train we take to-night to Leghorn." "He shall die! he shall die!" said the stoker. "If I lose my life, the betrayer of my sister shall die."

The guard returned to the unknown tongue, seemed to be endeavoring to calm him; and I could only catch a repetition of the word "Empoli" at intervals. Presently the stoker took from the seats beside him two tin bottles, such as you may see in the hands of mechanics who dine out; and I could see that one of them had rudely scratched on it the name of "William Atkinson." I fancied the guard produced from his pocket a phial, and poured the contents into that bottle; but the action was so rapid and the corner so dark, that I could not be positive; then rising, they stopped at the counter, had both bottles filled with brandy, and went out.

It was now time to get to the station, and having paid my modest score, I went out. A little in front of me, by the light of a small window, I saw these two cross themselves, grip each other's hands across right to right left to left and part.

The stoker had set down the bottles, and now taking them up, followed the guard at a slower pace.

Arrived at the station, I found the count, his mother, a female servant, and the courier.

The count came up to me, and said in broken English, "You are the English to go to Leghorn with me? Very well, there is room. I like the English. You shall pay nothing, because I do not sell tickets; you shall go free. Is that so?"

I thanked him in the best Italian I could muster. "Do not speak your Italian to me; I speak the English as a native; I can know all you shall say to me in your own tongue. See, here is the train special, as you call it. Enter, as it shall please you."

The train drew up to the platform; and I saw that the stoker was at his post, and that the engine-driver was an Englishman.

I endeavored in vain to draw his attention to warn him, and was compelled to take my seat, which I did in the compartment next the guard's break—the train consisting of that carriage and another, in which were the count, his mother, and the servant.

The guard passed along the train, locked the doors, and enter his box. "The Florence goods is behind you, and the Sienna goods is due at Empoli Junction for minutes before you; mind you don't run into it," said the station master with a laugh.

"No fear; we shall not run into it," said the guard with a marked emphasis on "we and 'it'" that I recalled afterwards.

The whistle sounded, and we were off. It was a drizzling wet night; and I lay down full length on the seat to sleep.

fox, but not my strong fox; you will lean against the door. I know you will, unless I prevent you; and I will not prevent you, unless you give me all you have in that bag."

The mocking tone of the guard seemed well understood, for I heard the clink of gold. "Good, my Alexis; it is good; but it is very little for a life. Come, what is your life worth, that you buy it with only your master's money? It has cost you nothing. I see you will lean against that door, which is so foolish."

"What, in the name of all the devils in hell; will you have?" said the trembling voice of the courier.

"Only a little more; just that belt that is under your shirt, next to your skin, and dearer to you; only a little soft leather belt with pouches in. Is not life worth a leather belt?"

"Wretch! All the earnings of life are in that belt, and you know it."

"Is it possible, sweet fox, that I have found your nest? I shall give Maria a necklace of diamonds, then. Why do you wait? Why should you fall from a train, and make a piece of news for the papers? Why?"

"Take it and be accursed in your life and death!" and I heard the belt flung on the floor of the carriage.

"Now, good Alexis, I am in funds; there are three pieces of gold for you; you will need them at Leghorn. Will you drink? No? Then I will tell you why without drink. Do you know where we are?"

"Yes; between Dominico and Signa." "And you know where we are going?" "Yes; to Leghorn."

"No, sweet Alexis, we are not; we are going to Empoli; the train will go no further. Look you, little fox; we shall arrive at the junction one minute before the Sienna goods train, and there the engine will break down just where the rails cross; for two blows of a hammer will convert an engine into a log; shall I get out to examine it; that will take a little time; I shall explain to the count the nature of the injury; that will take a little time, and then the goods train will have arrived; and as it does not stop there, this train will go no further than Empoli, and I shall be Count Spezzato to-morrow. How do you like my scheme, little fox? Is it not worthy of your pupil? Oh, it will be a beautiful accident; it will fill the papers. That beast of an English who begged his place in the train will be fortunate; he will cease, for goods trains are heavy. Eh! but it's a grand scheme—the son, the mother, the servant, the stranger, the engine-driver, all shall tell no tales."

"And the stoker?" said the courier. "Oh, you and he and I shall escape. We shall be pointed at in the street as the fortunate. It is good, is it not, Alexis, my fox? I have told him that the count is the man who betrayed his sister. He believes it, and is my creature. But, little fox, it was not my cousin, it was myself that took his Betrix from her home. Is it not good, Alexis?—Is it not genius? And Atkinson—he, the driver—is now stupid; he has drunk from his can the poppy juice that will make him sleep for ever. I will be a politician. I am worthy of office. I will become the Minister of a Bourbon when I am count, my dear fox, and you shall be my comrade again, as of old."

I was, for a time, lost to every sensation save that of hearing. The fiendish garrulity of the man had all the fascination of the serpent's rattle. I felt helplessly resigned to a certain fate.

I was aroused by something white slowly passing the closed window of the carriage. I waited a little, then gently opened it and looked out. The stoker was crawling along the foot-board of the next carriage, holding on by its handles, so as not to be seen by the occupants, and holding the signal lantern that I had noticed at the back of the last carriage in his hand. The meaning of it struck me in a moment; if by any chance we missed the goods train from Sienna, we should be run into from behind by the train from Florence.

The cold air that blew in at the open window refreshed me, and I could think what was to be done. The train was increasing its pace rapidly. Evidently the stoker, in sole charge, was striving to reach Empoli before the other train, which we should follow, was due; he had to make five minutes in a journey of forty-five, and at the rate we were going, we should do it. We stopped nowhere, and the journey was more than half over.—We were now between Segua and Montelupo.—Another twenty minutes and I should be a bruised corpse. Something must be done.

I decided soon. Unfastening my bag, I took out my revolver, without which I never travel, and looking carefully to the loading and capping, fastened it to my waist with a handkerchief. I then cut with my knife the bar across the middle of the window, and carefully looked out. I could see nothing; the rain was falling fast, and the night as dark as ever. I cautiously put out at first one leg, and then the other, keeping my knees and toes close to the door, and lowered myself till I felt the step. I walked carefully along the foot board by side steps, holding on to the handles of the doors, till I came to the end of the carriage, and was next the tender. Here was a gulf that seemed impassable. The stoker must have passed over it; why not I? Mounting from the foot-board on to the buffer, and holding on to the iron hook on which the lamps were hung, I stretched my legs to reach the flat part on the buffer on the tender. My legs swung about with vibration, and touched nothing. I must spring. I had to hold with both hands behind my back, and stood on the case of the buffer-spring; and, suddenly leaving go leaped forward, struck violently against the edge of the tender, and grasped some of the loose lumps of coal on the stop. Another struggle brought me on my knees, bruised and bleeding on the top. I stood up, and at that moment the stoker opened the door of the furnace, and turned towards me, shovel in hand, and put in the coals. The bright red light from the fire enabled him to see me, while it blinded me. He rushed at me, and then began a struggle that I shall remember to my dying day.

He grasped me round the throat with one arm, dragging me close to his breast, and with the other

"But, good Conrad, I shall not lean against the door."

"Oh, my sweet fox, my cunning fox, my timid

(CONCLUDED ON SEVENTH PAGE.)

HEROES AND HEROINES.

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

I know bid farewell to the above heading, though not to my readers. The last days of St. Bernard and of St. Augustine are coming on apace, and these great Fathers deserve more than a passing notice, and must be treated after a different manner from the foregoing saints, we may consider the series of "Heroes and Heroines" to be closed.

JULY 8.—THE BLESSED POPE EUGENE III.

We have many reasons to feel grateful to Pius IX., not the least of which is that he has swept away the dust that for ages had accumulated on the tomb of this humble disciple of St. Bernard. It is strange that Pope Eugene should have slept in oblivion for seven centuries, but on the other hand it is not clearly a disposition of Providence that the honor of placing the aureola upon his head should have been reserved for a Pontiff whose history is so analogous to his own?

"Blessed Eugene," says the *Civita Cattolica*, "was both a Monk and a Pope, and of all the Popes he suffered most in defending the rights and the temporal sovereignty of the Roman Church. And now the solemn approval of his cult is made just when, in the midst of Rome itself, the deadly war which the European Revolution has been for years waging against the Religious Orders. The Papacy, and its Temporal Sovereignty, is culminating in the last and the decisive assault."

It is interesting to see how much is contained in the old saying, "History repeats itself." The enemies of the Papacy in the nineteenth century are actuated by the same motives which urged on Arnold in the twelfth. Their principles, their mode of warfare, their watchwords are identical. The revolutions of those days were vanquished in the end, and in this respect, too, history will repeat itself.

I will add, that in this sketch of Blessed Eugene, which is intended as an introduction to the sketch of St. Bernard, the name of the latter will frequently occur.

Concerning the parentage, birth-place, and even the name of Eugene, each of his biographers has advanced a different opinion. All that can be affirmed as certain is that he was born somewhere in the territory subject to Pisa. Whether he was of the noble family of the Paganelli, and whether he received the name of Bernard in baptism or only upon entering religion, and whether the ancient tradition correctly assigns as his birth-place the ruined *Casa del Papa*, are questions which the historian must hand over in despair to the more ingenious antiquarian.

The future Pope was educated in Pisa, and after his ordination was made Canon of the Cathedral. His piety attracted the attention of his Bishop, who raised him to the important office of *vicarius* (vicar). The duties of a *vicarius* were to administer the temporalities of the Church, to decide questions between the vassals of the Bishop, to take care of the poor and pilgrims, and in case the Bishop should die to maintain order. Hence, it required virtue and learning to fill the position, and it was generally the stepping-stone to a Bishopric.

But Bernard was not aspiring to honors; and, to the surprise of all who knew him, and were prophesying his advancement, he resigned his position and declared his intention of embracing the monastic life. He was led to carry out this magnificent resolution chiefly by the advice and eloquence of St. Bernard.

This great saint had come to Pisa in the year 1130, in order to pacify the Pisans, then at war with the Genoese. Friendship sprang up between him and the *vicarius*, which grew stronger in proportion as each perceived more clearly the virtues of the other. When the holy Abbot returned to Pisa four years later, to assist at the Council which was then being held, our Bernard begged to be received as his disciple, a request which St. Bernard joyfully granted.

The humble novice entered Clairvaux, fondly expecting to spend his days within its walls. He was supremely happy in the company of those holy monks. St. Bernard admired in him the qualities which afterwards raised him to the Chair of Peter, and committed to him several important affairs.

Meanwhile Providence was working out His high designs. Pope Innocent II. had just then founded a monastery at the Church of St. Vincent and Anastasius at *ad aquas Silvas*, the site of St. Paul's martyrdom. He ordered the Saint to send him some monks, with whom to people this new monastery. Similar requests were sent to Clairvaux from all sides. St. Bernard had a short time before dispatched the Pisan Bernard with a colony of monks to the Abbot of Farfa, and had none to send to the Pope. Innocent, impatient of delay, took the monks whom St. Bernard had sent to Farfa and placed them in his new abbey.

Bernard of Pisa was appointed abbot and ruled the monastery with great ability for several years. In the year 1145 Lucius II. was killed in a sedition of the Romans, and in the ensuing conclave the forty-three Cardinals unanimously elected our Bernard to succeed him, with the name of Eugene III. No more certain proof could be desired of the esteem in which the virtuous abbot was held, than that in such troublous times the entire body of Cardinals should turn to him in derogation from the custom which was even then in force, that none but a Cardinal should receive the election.

Before we enter upon the Pontificate of Eugene, it will be necessary to glance at the condition of the Eternal City when he ascended the throne. This we shall do in the next number.

Meanwhile the news of Eugene's elevation reached the ears of St. Bernard. How it affected him may be best learned from his letters. He wrote a letter to the Cardinals rebuking them for having "dragged from his tomb a man who was buried." "Was there the sense or reason of your rushing on a sudden upon a rustic, and wrenching from his hands the ax or hoe, dragging him into a palace, clothing him in purple robes, girding him with a sword to execute vengeance upon the nations, chastisements among the people, to bind their kings with fetters and their nobles with manacles of iron?" "And was there not among you all one wise and experienced man? It surely seems ridiculous that a poor little man covered with rags should be chosen to preside over Princes, command Bishops, and dispose of Kingdoms and Empires?"

St. Bernard then exhorts the Cardinals to assist and support Eugene now that they have forced him from his retreat.

But his letter to Eugene himself is remarkably touching. "He commences by chiding the Pope for neglecting to inform him by letter or messenger of his elevation. 'I was expecting that some one of my children would return to assuage the grief of their father, and assure him.' 'Joseph his son is living, and he is ruler in all the land of Egypt.' 'But now I dread not call thee son; the son has become father, and the father is now the son.'"

He congratulates him, but at the same time trembles when he considers the dazzling height of the Papacy. The conclusion of this letter is well-known.

Who will give to me, before I die, to see the Church of God as she was in the days of old? When the Apostles let down their nets, not to take gold and silver, but to take souls! How I desire to hold from their lips those words of him whose chair, you all, that they were spoken to you about a man. How many more would you have seen die! Let these thy predecessors admonish thee of thine own disease, for as thou didst follow them upon the throne, so surely shalt thou follow them to the grave. — *Catholic Standard*.

HOME RULE.

THE HISTORY AND PERSONAL OF THE MOVEMENT.

In the issue of the *Catholic World* for the current month, an article on "The Irish Home-Rule Movement" appears from the pen of Alexander M. Sullivan, Esq., Editor of the *Dublin Nation*, member of Parliament for the county of Louth, and, next to Mr. Butt, confessedly the ablest man connected with the direction of the movement. The editor of the *Catholic World*, in introducing the article says:—

"The movement is one of great importance and significance." It has many enemies. It has been, and continues to be, much misrepresented. For these reasons we open our pages to one of its ablest and most eloquent exponents to give its history to our readers. Mr. Sullivan will resume and close the subject in the next number of the *Catholic World*.

As our readers are interested in knowing everything bearing on this question, we shall give Mr. Sullivan's article in extenso, and insert this week the first instalment as follows:—

What is the real nature of the new political movement or organization in Ireland which emblazons on its banner the device "Home Rule"? Beyond all question it has attained to national dimensions. It has concentrated upon itself more of the attention and interest, hopes and sympathies, of the Irish people than any political endeavor on the same field of action for many years. More than this, it seems to have succeeded in exacting a tribute to its power and authority which no previous movement received from the adverse ministers, publicists, and people of England. These, while they combat it, deal with it as "Ireland." It makes propositions, exacts terms, directs assaults, assents to arrangements on behalf of and in the name of the Irish people; and, as we have indicated the singular part of the case is that not only is its action ratified and applauded by them, but its authority so to act in their name is virtually recognized by the Government.

In the House of Commons it takes charge of Irish affairs; has almost an Irish (volunteer) ministry, certainly an organized party not inferior if not superior, in discipline to that of the "Government" or "Opposition." We hear of its "whips," its councils, its special division-lists, its assignment of particular duties, motions, or bills to particular individuals; and, lastly, we hear of its boldly challenging the Disraelian hosts, fighting them in debate throughout a set field-day, and, despite the actual Government majority of forty-eight and working majority of seventy, running the ministerialists to within barely thirteen votes.

In all this there is much that is new in the history of Irish politics; and it were impossible that it should not intensely interest, if not affect, the Catholic millions of America, bound, as most of them are, to Ireland by the sacred ties of faith and kindred nationality. "What, then, is Home Rule? Is it Fenianism, 'velled' or unvelled? Is it Repeal? Is it less than Repeal? Is it a surrender or a compromise of the Irish national demand; as is it, or its advocates claim, the substance of that demand shaped and adjusted according to the circumstances, requirements, and necessities of the present time?"

With the fall of the Young Ireland party, and the disastrous collapse of their meditated, rather than attempted, insurrection in 1848, there seemed to foes and friends, an end to national movements in Ireland for the balance of the century. It is almost a law of defeats that the vanquished are separated into two or three well-defined parties or sections; those whom the blow has intensified and more embittered in their opposition; those whom it wholly overawed, who thereafter consider they have done enough for honor, and retire entirely from the field; and, lastly, those who recognize, if they do not accept, the defeat; who admit the impossibility of further operations on a position so advanced, fall back upon some line which they imagine, they can hold, and squaring round there, offer battle with whatever of strength and resources survive to them. This is just what resulted in Ireland in 1848-49. The Young Ireland movement of 1848 was never national in dimensions or acceptance. O'Connell's movement was, from 1842 to 1844; but from that date forward, though there were two or three rival movements or parties, having for their leaders respectively O'Connell, Smith O'Brien and John Mitchel, no one of them had the nation at its back. The Young Irelanders led away from O'Connell the youth, talent, enthusiasm, and, to a large extent, though not entirely, the resolute earnestness and honesty of the old Repeal party. It is a very common but a very great fallacy that they broke away on a "war policy" from the grand old man whose fading intellect was but too sadly indicated in the absurd conduct that drove the young men from his side. They had no "war" policy or design any more than he had (in the sense of a war attack on England), until they caught up one in the blaze and whirl of revolutionary intoxication scattered through Europe by the startling events of February, 1848, in Paris. They seceded from O'Connell on this point, because they would not subscribe to the celebrated text resolutions (called "Peace Resolutions") declaring that under no circumstances was it or would it be lawful to take up arms for the recovery of national rights. Spurning such a declaration, but solemnly declaring they contemplated no application of its converse assertion in their political designs for Ireland, the seceders set up the "Irish Confederation."

But the magic of O'Connell's name, and indeed the force of a loving gratitude, held the masses of the people and the bulk of the clergy in the old organization. The Confederates were in many places decidedly "unpopular," especially when the Un-crowned Monarch having died mournfully in exile, his following in Conciliation Hall raised the cry that the Young Irelanders "killed O'Connell."

Soon afterwards the seceders were themselves rent by a secession. The bolder spirits, led by John Mitchel and David Reilly, demanded that the Confederation, in place of disclaiming any idea of an armed struggle against England, should avowedly prepare the people for such a resort. The new secession was weak in numbers, relatively towards the Confederation, as the original seceders were towards the Repeal Association. The three parties made bitter war upon one another. A really national moment there was no more.

Suddenly Paris rose against Louis Philippe, and throughout Europe, in capital after capital, barricades went up and thrones came down. Ireland caught the flame. The Mitchel party suddenly found themselves masters of the situation. The Confederation leaders—O'Brien, Duffy, Dillon, O'Gorman, Meagher, and Doherty—not only found

themselves abandoned, but eventually, though not without some hesitation and misgiving, they themselves abandoned it, too, and threw themselves into the scheme for an armed struggle in the ensuing summer of autumn. It was thought, perhaps, that the Mitchel party might not renounce the O'Connellite and Repealite cause, if they would surely renounce it, and divide sections of the O'Brien following; but it did so ostentatiously and partially. There were two schools of insurrectionists in the now leaderless party: Mitchel and Reilly declared that O'Brien and Duffy wanted a "rose-water revolution," O'Brien and Duffy declared the others were "Reds," who wanted a *jacquerie*. The refusal of the leaders to make the rescue of Mitchel the occasion and signal for a rising, led to bitter and scarcely disguised recrimination; and when, a couple of months later, they themselves, caught unawares and unprepared by the government, sought to effect a rising, the result was utter and complete failure. The call had no moral power or authority behind it. The men who issued it had not the mandate of the nation in any sense of the word. They were at the moment the fraction of a fraction. They had against them the bulk of the Repeal millions and the Catholic clergy; not against them in any combative sense, but in a decided disapproval of their insurrection. Some, and only some, of the large cities became thoroughly imbued with and ready to carry through the revolutionary determination—an impress which Cork has ever since retained; but beyond the traditional vague though deep-rooted feeling of the Irish peasantry against the hateful rule of England, the rural population, and even the majority of the cities and towns, had scarcely any participation in the "Forty-Eight movement."

When, therefore, all was over, and the "Men of '48," admittedly the flower of Ireland's intellect and patriotism, were fugitives or "felons"—some seeking and receiving asylum and hospitality in America, others eating their hearts in the hulks of Bermuda or the dungeons of Tasmania—a dismal reaction set in in Ireland. The results above referred to, as incidental to defeats as a rule, were plainly apparent. Of the millions who, from 1841 to 1848, whether as Repealers, O'Connellites, Confederates, Mitchelites, Old Irelanders, or Young Irelanders, participated in an effort to make Ireland a self-governed or else totally independent nation, probably one half in 1849 resigned, as they thought, for ever, all further hope or effort in that direction. Of the remainder, a numerically small party—chiefly, though not all, men who had belonged to John Mitchel's section of the Young Irelanders—became only the more exasperated by a defeat in which they felt that their policy had not had even a chance of trying what was in it; a defeat, too, that left the vanquished not one incident to solace their pride and shield them from humiliation and ignoble ridicule. Chafing with rage and indignation, they beheld the rest of what remained at all visible of the national party effecting that retrograde movement alluded to in a foregoing page. Of all the brilliant leaders of Young Ireland, Gavan Duffy alone now remained to face on Irish soil the terrible problem, "What next?" Openly proclaiming that the revolutionary position could not be held, he ordered a retreat all along the line. Halting for a while on an attempt to revive the original Irish Confederation policy—an attempt which he had to abandon for want of support—he at length succeeded in rallying what could be called a political party on a struggle for "Tenant Right." It raised in no way the "national" question. It gathered Presbyterians of the north and Catholics of the south, Repealers and anti-Repealers, in an organization to force Parliament to pass a bill preventing the eviction of tenant-farmers unless for non-payment of rent; preventing also arbitrary increasing of rent that might squeeze out the farmer in another way. "Come, now, this is something practical and sensible," said matter-of-fact non-Repealers and half-hearted nationalists. "Why, it is craven surrender and sheer dishonor!" cried the irreconcilable section of the '48 men. A band of thirty or forty members of Parliament were returned at the instance of the Tenant League to work out the programme. They were mostly corrupt and dishonest men, who merely shouted the new shibboleth for their own purposes. Were the people thoroughly in earnest, and did they possess any really free voting power (there was no vote by ballot then), all this could be cured; but as things stood, the parliamentary band broke up in the first three months of their existence. The English Minister bought up its noisiest leaders, of whom Keogh (now a Judge) and Sadler are perhaps most widely remembered. In some cases the constituencies, priests and people, condoned their treason, duped into believing it was not treason at all, but "a great thing to have Catholics on the bench." In other places the efforts of priests and people to oppose the re-election of the traitors were vain; free election amongst "tenants-at-will" being almost unknown without the ballot. The tenants' cause was lost. Thus ruin, in its own way as complete and disastrous as that which overtook the insurrectionary attempt of 1848, now overthrew the experiment of a great popular campaign based on constitutional and parliamentary principles. Not only was there now no movement for nationality in Ireland; there was not an Irish movement of any kind or for any Irish purpose at all, great or little. It was *Pacata Hibernia* as in the days of Carew and St. Leger.

Now came the turn for the unchanged and exasperated section the '48 war party. Few in numbers and scattered wide apart, they had hissed forth scorn and execration on Duffy's parliamentary experiment as a departure from the revolutionary faith. If in 1849 answered to their incentives by pointing to the fiasco of the year before, they now taunted him with the collapse of 1853. Not more than two or three of the '48 men of any prominence, however, took up this actually hostile attitude. Most of them—O'Brien, Dillon, Meagher, O'Gorman, and even Martin—more or less expressly approved the recent endeavor as the best thing practicable under the circumstances in Ireland. Now, however, the men who believed in war, in total separation and nothing short of separation, would take their turn. The Fenian movement thus arose.

If neither of the sections or subsections of the Irish nationalists in 1848 could be said to have succeeded in rallying or representing the full force, or even a considerable proportion, of Irish patriotism, this new venture was certainly not more fortunate in that respect. Outside its ranks, obstinately refusing to believe in its policy, remained the bulk of the millions who had followed O'Connell or Smith O'Brien. Yet the Fenians worked with energy worthy of admiration—except where the movement degenerated into an intolerance that forbade any other national opinions save those of its leaders to be advanced. In truth, their influence on Irish politics was very mixed in its merits. In some places it was a rude and vaunting rowdiness that called itself Fenianism; in others an honest, manly, self-sacrificing spirit of patriotism marked the men who were its confessors and martyrs. If in their fall they drew down upon Ireland severities worse than anything known since 1798, it is only fair, on the other hand, to credit in a large degree to the sensations aroused by their trials the great awakening of public opinion on the Irish question which set in all over England at the time.

And now once more the board was clear. England had won the game; not a pawn remained un-taken on the Irish side. Not an Irish association, or society, or "agitation," or demand of any kind challenged Britannia's peace of mind. Once more it was a spectacle of the lash and the triangle; of state trials, informers, and prosecutors; the convict-ship and the hulk; the chain-gangs at Portland and Chatham.

Who will show us any light? exclaims one of the Young Ireland bards in a well-known and beautiful poem. Such might well have been the exclamation of Ireland in 1868. Was this to be the weary cycle of Irish effort, forever and forever? Was armed effort hopeless, and peaceful effort vain? Was there no alternative for Irishmen, but to become West Britons, or else dash their brains out against a dungeon wall? Could no one devise a way whereby to give "scope" and vent to the Irish passion for national existence, to give a field to Irish devotion and patriotism, which would be consonant with the spirit of manhood, without calling for these hecatombs of victims?

Suddenly a new element of consideration presented itself; new, indeed, and rather startling. It was Irish Protestantism offering the hand of reconciliation to Ireland.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE EASTERN BELLIGERENTS.

THE AREA AND TOPOGRAPHY OF SERBIA—LEADING INCIDENTS OF HER HISTORY—HER MILITARY RESOURCES—STRENGTH OF THE MONTENEGRIN AND TURKISH ARMIES.

In the north of Turkey, which it enters as a wedge, is the important State of Servia. In extent it is about one-third the area of Pennsylvania, and in population it numbers less people than New York and Brooklyn. On the north of Servia is Hungary; on the west and south is Bosnia; on the east, Bulgaria and Wallachia. The people are all Serbs of Slavic origin, excepting about 140,000 Wallachs, 25,000 Gypsies, and 15,000 Turks and other peoples. The surface is broken by branches of the Carpathian Mountains in the north-east, of the Balkan in the south-east and south, and of the Dinaric Alps in the west, in the centre and along the banks of the principal rivers are extensive plains. The Danube and its tributary, the Save, flow on the northern frontier and receive the drainage of the country by several streams, the most important of which are the Drina, Morava, and Timok. The principal towns are Belgrade, the capital; Kraguyevatz, Semendria, Uzhitza and Shabat.

The original inhabitants of Servia were chiefly Thracians. Conquered by the Romans, during the early period of the Empire, Servia formed part of Illyricum, under the name of *Moesia Superior*. During the great migration of nations it was overrun by the Huns, Ostrogoths, and other barbarians, and subsequently was under Byzantine rule from the middle of the sixth till early in the seventh century, when it was devastated by the Avars. The latter were driven out by the Serbs, a Slavic people who had been living north of the Carpathians, whose aid the Roman Emperor Heraclius had invoked. He allotted to them the depopulated regions, and introduced Christianity. Servia remained for centuries a vassal State of the Emperors of the East, but made strenuous efforts to attain independence. At length, in 1043, it became an independent principality, and in the fourteenth century extended its sway over the greater part of Greece and Turkey. Then ensued the wars with the Turks, ending with the disastrous battle on the plains of Kosovo (1448), which proved fatal to Servian independence. After being subject to the Turks for nearly three centuries, part of Servia was transferred to Austria at the close of her war with Turkey in 1718. The peace of Belgrade (1739), however, restored the Turkish domination, and the Serbs were again subject to great oppression. In 1805, under the lead of Czerny George, they rose against the Turks, and acquired independence. In 1813 the Turks again became masters of the country, and remained so until 1825, when Milos Obrenovitch raised the standard of revolt, and after a desultory war of 12 years' duration, compelled the Turkish Government to grant virtual independence to Servia. Milos, the liberator of Servia, remained in power until 1839, when the army forced him to abdicate in favor of his eldest son, Milan I. The latter died July 8, 1859, whereupon his brother Michael was proclaimed prince. Another revolt drove Michael from the country in 1842, and his family remained banished till 1858, when Milos Obrenovitch was recalled to the throne. He died September 26, 1860, and was succeeded by his son Michael, former ruler of Servia, who was assassinated June 10, 1868. Soon after this occurrence the Servian National Assembly elected Prince Milan, nephew of the preceding ruler. The Prince was born at Jassy, August, 1854. He was adopted by Prince Michael, who had no children, and was sent by him in 1864 to Paris to be educated. M. Francois Huet was appointed his tutor. The young Prince returned to Servia at the death of his uncle, and was proclaimed Prince. A council of regency governed the country during his minority. In August, 1872, the Prince attained his majority, and in October, 1875, he married Princess Natalie, daughter of Col. Keschko, a Russian officer. Last year Servia was greatly agitated by the revolt which began in July in Herzegovina. The people were strongly in sympathy with the insurgents and were willing to aid them. The Prince favored a neutral policy. The Liberals having carried the elections in the Fall, a ministry was formed for their party in October, and is still in power. After the elections the distrust between Turkey and Servia became greater. The Servians began to prepare for war, and the Turks sent an army to their frontier. This irritation gradually subsided on both sides, owing to the mediation of the European powers. Hostility, however, was revived in Servia by the failure of the Berlin Conference to effect peace, and the manly resistance which the insurgents made to the Turks. Recently the Grand Vizier demanded explanations from Servia. Prince Milan replied in a firm but conciliatory tone, showing that Turkey had provoked his people to prepare for war. The impatience of the Servians has at length forced Prince Milan into declaring war, and making common cause with the people of Herzegovina, Bosnia, and Bulgaria against the Turks.

The military resources of Servia are deemed respectable. She has now 70,000 men ready to take the field, of whom nearly half are armed with breech-loaders, and all the rest have good modern rifles. This force of infantry is supported by 12 batteries of rifled field-pieces, and many more of old-fashioned guns. There are a few regular cavalry brought upon a war footing to more than 1,500 men, and there is a body of trained engineers, said to be well officered though deficient of material of war. With this force at his disposal, the Prince of Servia could send at least 25,000 good troops, better drilled than the average of the Turks, to attack the main army of the enemy at Nitsch, while he detached other bodies into Bosnia and Bulgaria to help the insurgents. There would still be men enough for garrisons at home and to form a reserve on the Servian frontier.

Montenegro, which has joined in the war for Bosnian freedom, is a small State in European Turkey, near the Adriatic, bordering on the Turkish Provinces of Herzegovina, Bosnia, Albania, and the Dalmatian Circle of Cattaro. The area of Montenegro is 7,000 square miles. The population numbers 130,000, and is chiefly Slavic. Montenegro was formerly part of the great Servian Empire, which extended from the Adriatic to the Black Sea. The Montenegrins have been for centuries on bad terms with the Turks, who have made repeated efforts to bring them under subjection. In 1862 Omer Pasha invaded Montenegro with an army of 20,000. This force was too great for the Montenegrins, who soon submitted by treaty to the nominal sovereignty of Turkey. Prince Nicholas I., the ruler of Montenegro, was born in 1841, and was proclaimed Prince

of Montenegro, August 14, 1860. His military force consisted of 20,000 men of from 20 to 50 years, who are capable of bearing arms. These form the national army, there being no regularly paid forces, except the 100 men who form the Prince's body guard.

Turkey has nominally a large army, but her forces are widely distributed and badly organized. In 1874 she had 36 regiments of infantry, 24 of cavalry, six of field artillery, four of artillery in fortresses, two of engineers, and 10 regiments on detached service in Candia, Tripoli, and Tunis. These regiments on a peace footing muster in all 148,680 men; in war time their strength may be raised to 170,376. The reserve is estimated at 148,680; the auxiliaries at 75,000 and the irregulars at 87,000. These forces number in all 450,360 men. Owing to the financial difficulties of Turkey, she finds it impracticable to turn this large army to account. She has not been able to place more than 25,000 soldiers in the field in Herzegovina, although nearly a year has elapsed since the rebellion in the province began. The Turkish fleet is formidable, but is likely to be of little account in the present war. It consists of about 20 iron-clads and 70 steamers. The iron-clads comprise 7 frigates, 8 corvettes, and 5 gunboats, while the steam fleet is made up of 5 ships of the line, 5 frigates, 15 corvettes and 55 despatch and gunboats. The navy is manned by 30,000 sailors and 4,000 marine troops.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

THE JESUIT'S MICROSCOPE.

WHY SOME IGNORANT GERMAN PEASANTS REFUSED CHRISTIAN BURIAL TO A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

We find in the *Southern Cross*, an interesting paper published by the Irish Catholics of the Argentine Republic, South America, the following instructive story which contains an excellent moral:

A curious fact is related of what happened not long since at the death of a German Jesuit. The Jesuit, whose name was Tanner, a man both pious and learned, was going from Prague to Innsbruck, in hopes that his native air would re-establish his health. Unable, however, to bear the fatigue of the journey, he died in a village on the road. The magistrate of the place immediately repaired to the house, and in taking an inventory of his luggage found a little box, the extraordinary structure of which made it appear mysterious and suspicious, for it was black and composed of wood and glass.

But how great was the surprise and horror of the first who looked through the glass at the top. He drew back with fright, exclaiming: "I renounce thee, Satan!" The same effect was produced upon all who were hardy enough to look through the glass. The fact was, they saw in the box a living animal, black, enormous and frightful, of immense length, and armed with threatening horns. The terror was universal, and no one appeared to know what to think of so terrible a monster; when a young gentleman, who had just finished his course of philosophy, observed that the animal which was in the box was much larger than the box itself; that in the present instance the contained was larger than the container, which was contrary to every principle of philosophy, and could not be according to the order of nature; whence he concluded that the animal in the box was not material, but that it must be a spirit in the form of an animal.

This observation was received with universal applause, and every one was persuaded it was the devil himself who was in the box. Of the person who had carried the box with him it was said, with the same evidence that he could not have had it but for some evil end, and that he could have been nothing but a sorcerer.

The report of this circumstance spread far and wide, and immense crowds of people came to the house for the purpose of having a peep into the box, and each one said to all he met: "I have seen the devil to-day!"

The judge condemned the deceased to be deprived of Christian burial, and left an order for the priest to perform the exorcisms of the Church for the purpose of expelling the devil from the box and driving him out of the country. The sentence of the judge extended no further, but the politicians of the village carried their reflections to a prodigious length. The witchcraft of Father Tanner, according to them, was common to all the confraternity, and therefore they thought it right and just that a sweeping sentence of banishment should include them all.

Whilst each one was busy in giving this wonder, or rather scandal, his own interpretation, and the minds of all were in inexpressible agitation and ferment, a Prussian philosopher happened to pass through the village. The inhabitants did not fail to entertain him with the news of the day; but when he heard them mention the Jesuitical conjuror, and the devil confined in a box, he laughed heartily at both the news and the newsmongers. Being, however, visited by the principal inhabitants, and earnestly pressed to come and see with his own eyes the wonderful thing he would not believe on their relation, he yielded to their wishes; and on the magic box being shown him, wondering, he exclaimed: "Is it possible that the inventor of the microscope could not be heard of in this part of the country? This is a microscope—a microscope, I tell you."

But nobody knew what he meant. The term was as little understood as the thing itself. Some even began to suspect him also of being a sorcerer, and would have destroyed the charm and dissipated the illusion. Taking the box, he removed the cover in which the lens was enclosed, and turning the box upside-down out came a little horn beetle and crawled upon the table. The philosopher then explained this optic mystery in a manner suited to their comprehension. New admiration now succeeded their fears, and the animal appeared as laughable an object on the table as it had been frightful in the box. All suspicion was now banished, the good name of the Father was restored and each one returned laughing to his home.

Busy people, however, were found who published this adventure, mentioning the box and the sentence of the judge, but forgetting to say anything about either the philosopher or the microscope. This story, however ridiculous it appears, furnishes us with a very important instruction for the correction principally of four faults.

First. Our readiness to pronounce on what we are ignorant of.

Second. Our haste in judging of others. We view other people's faults through a microscope, which enlarges objects surprisingly. This microscope is our heart, and this lens is our malignity. What are all the crimes, those frightful monsters, we discover in others? Nothing but a horn-beetle in the microscope. Take away the lens, and there will remain at most something deserving our compassion and indulgence.

Third. Our readiness in believing the evil reported of others. Rest assured they who speak ill of their neighbor, only report what they have seen in the microscope. If they relate what others have said, then it is one microscope on another, and the further a report is spread the more it is distorted and augmented.

Fourth. Our itching to report the evil we know of our neighbor. Never be so base as to speak of the monster in the box without mentioning the microscope; or if you do not choose to speak of the latter be silent to the former, and leave it for what it is, a horn-beetle in the microscope. Remember that "charity covereth a multitude of sins."

Carpets are bought by the yard and worn by the foot.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The crops throughout Roscommon are all in a promising condition for a good harvest.

At the late quarter sessions held at Manorhamilton, the chairman was presented with a pair of white gloves, these being no criminal business.

The following were ordained on the 23d ult., at the Cathedral, Waterford, by the Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, the Most Rev. Dr. Power:—Rev. Messrs. Kelly, Anthony, McGrath, and Power, all from St. John's College.

The Lord Justices of Ireland, acting on behalf of his Grace the Lord-Lieutenant, on the recommendation of Sir Michael Hicks Beach, have appointed Mr. Richard Harvey, of Drogheda, a registrar of marriages for that district.

The progress of the contest in Leitrim gives assurance of a popular victory. Only two candidates are now in the field.—Mr. Loftus Tottenham representing the Ultramarine interest, and Captain O'Beirne, who leads the united forces of the popular party; and between two such combatants the issue can hardly be doubtful.

On the 23d ult., a man named Thomas Lemon, residing at 26 Middle Abbey street, Dublin, while working at his trade of stone mason, in a house at Chancery lane, accidentally fell down stairs, and received injuries which rendered him insensible. He was conveyed to Mercer's Hospital, where after a few hours' suffering, he died. It is stated the deceased was under the influence of drink when the accident occurred.

AN EXTENSIVE FAILURE IN DUBLIN.—A circular has been issued in Dublin, announcing the suspension of payment by Messrs. Malcomson Brothers, of Portlaw and Waterford. The exact liabilities of the firm are not yet known, but they are variously estimated by those who profess to be able to speak with accuracy. Some of these authorities state that the liabilities are £1,000,000, or even upwards, while others say that they are £288,000 or £700,000 at most.—The Monetary Gazette.

The Quarter Sessions for the City of Kilkenny were opened, on the 19th ult., by J. De Moleyns, Esq., Q. C., Chairman of the County. As there was no criminal case entered for hearing, P. J. Dillon, Esq., Sub-Sheriff, presented him with a pair of white gloves. The Chairman congratulated the grand jury upon this happy state of affairs, and also the Mayor, M. M'Dermott, Esq., to whose jurisdiction, while in office, this was mainly owing by his judicious dealing with all cases which came before him.

On the 16th ult., the fishing boats brought into the harbor of Howth, as the product of one night's fishing, the enormous quantity of 6,550 mense of herrings, which sold at 3s. 6d. per mense, and thus produced £10,885. There are engaged on the Howth station upwards of 500 boats, which, in one way or other, give employment to 500 men. The fishing on the above night was the largest during ten years. The herrings were in capital condition of full size, and well flavored. They are a very great blessing to the poor, now that any kind of meat is so enormously dear.

THE CLARE McDONOUGH.—Nicholas McDonough, an officer of the old Irish Brigade, and one of the last of the ancient Clare family of Corofin, Kiltenera, Toonagh and Moher, is buried in Liscannor, county Clare. The following is the epitaph on the tomb:—"Here resteth Nicholas, whose fame no age can blot.

The chief McDonough, in old Heber's lot, In all his actions, religion was his guide; And as he lived respected, so he died. "Anno Domini, 1740.

The death is announced of John Halpenny, Esq., Oberstown House. The deceased (says the Drogheda Argus) was deeply lamented by all who knew him. After the High Mass at Ardee, the remains were brought from his house for interment in the cemetery of Ballypousta, the family burial-ground. The chief mourners on the occasion were: Messrs. John, Michael, James, Peter, Patrick, Joseph, Bernard, and Nicholas Halpenny, sons of the deceased. The pall-bearers were Messrs. Thomas Dolan, Ardee; Matthew Kelly, do.; Peter Hickey, do.; John Devin, Mandistown; Thomas Cormick, and Thomas Brown, Dundalk, friends of the deceased.

HARVEST PROSPECTS IN THE COUNTY ARMAGH.—Farmers are in high hopes of a more plentiful harvest than was anticipated in the opening weeks of May. The flax crop, which is extensively grown here this season, indicates a good yield. Oats look very well especially that early sown. Wheat is excellent. Potatoes look well in all directions, especially those first planted, which have been nearly all moulded. Those in drills are filled with strong healthy plants. Early sown turnips are finally a-bear, and look a good crop; while those sown late have suffered from the drought, and in some cases the "fly" had made considerable havoc. The pasture lands have received a marked benefit by the rains. Hay will in general be a light crop. But much better than was expected in the early part of the season.

In Galway the agricultural reports state that a scarcity of grass is noticeable, and in several instances farmers have their sheep grazing on land which had been intended for meadow. With regard to the oat crop, the recent drought had a prejudicial effect upon its growth, and, as a consequence, the straw is short, and it is anticipated that the yield will be considerably under that of last year. At present wheat looks well, and promises a plentiful return. The turnip crop has been greatly benefited by late rains, and it only requires a little moist weather to yield a large return. The prospects of the potatoe crop are cheering. The stocks and leaves appear strong and healthy.

Alderman Quinn, of Limerick, laid the corner stone, on Sunday, the 18th ult., of the bell tower and spire of the church of St. Alphonsus, Limerick. The Alderman will bear the entire cost of the tower and spire, about £5,000. The character and style of the architecture is of an early Gothic type, in accordance with that dictated by the style of the existing buildings. The foundations of the tower are carried down to the solid rock and are extremely massive and heavy. The tower will at the base be thirty feet square outside, the spire rising to no less a height than two hundred feet, which on its raised and elevated position will be seen from all quarters for many miles.

The condition of the crops in Mayo is, up to the present, most reassuring—every description making rapid strides to maturity, and presenting an aspect of a most encouraging nature. Notwithstanding that spring operations were greatly retarded, in consequence of the very unpropitious weather experienced, vegetation is generally considered unusually great. The working classes, are, busily employed, and have obtained a slight increase of wages from the former scale; provisions are moderately cheap; fuel is in abundance, and within the reach of the poorer classes—a great boon in every sense of the word. In fact, everything augurs well for a satisfactory yield, this season.

In Wicklow the season may be reckoned two or three weeks later than that of other years. There is an average quantity of land under corn crops. Wheat and barley look well; but late oats, in consequence of the drought, are backward. The hay crops much below the average, particularly stubble meadows, which are now beginning to be cut. There is more

GREAT BRITAIN.

A mission is being given by two Redemptorist Fathers from Kintoull, Perth, at Eaglesham, near Glasgow.

TABLE BIRTH.—At North Marston, a woman named Orchard has given birth to three children. Mother and children are doing well.

The London Scottish Journal is informed that the monument which it is proposed to erect to King Robert Bruce will receive a site at the old castle at Lochmaben.

The Rev. Wm. Lovell, M. A., curate of Wantage, and Lady Heywood, wife of Sir Percival Heywood, Bart., have been received into the Church.

A return has been issued showing the number of corporal punishments inflicted in the navy for the years 1869 to 1874 inclusive. In 1869 there were 69 cases; in 1870, 56; in 1871, 51; in 1872, 16; in 1873, 19; and in 1874, 8. The return does not include punishment of boys by cane and birch. Three boys were flogged in 1869, four in 1871, and one in 1873, all by order of a court-martial.

Some months past (says the Broad Arrow) a controversy has been going on—and is still going on—concerning Surgeon-Major Cosmo Gordon Logie, of the Blues, who was removed from his regiment without the knowledge or sanction of his colonel Lord Strathairn. His lordship is naturally indignant at his prerogative being interfered with, for, subject to the will of the Sovereign, the colonel of a Household regiment has paramount power. How the controversy between Whitehall-yard and Lord Strathairn will end it is impossible to say; but while it is going on the Blues are without a surgeon-major.

SOCIETY TO RELIEVE DISCHARGED CATHOLIC PRISONERS.—A meeting to form a society of this kind was held on the 13th ult., at the residence of Lord Petre. There were present the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Ripon, the Dowager Marchioness of Lothian, Lord Petre, Mrs. Galton, Mrs. Lyall, Miss Langdale, Mr. H. J. Garcia, and several chaplains of prisons. These rev. gentlemen, having considerable experience, pronounced it absolutely necessary that aid should be extended to discharged Catholic prisoners needing it, in order to sustain those desirous of leading a reformed life. After some discussion, it was felt that the only way to raise funds was to form a society, and one of the agencies to be employed is the opening of places of work for women under the care of some sisterhood. It is proposed to acquire the necessary money in donations and annual subscriptions. Donations to the amount of £50 were offered in the room, and an annual subscription list opened.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE OF A BRIDE.—On Wednesday a desperate attempt at suicide was made by an old man named Webster, over seventy years of age, who is an inmate of the Warrington Workhouse. About two months ago Webster fell in love with a female inmate of the house named Ann Wright, who, like her admirer, had passed beyond the three score and ten years which are usually allotted to mankind. The permission of the guardians having been obtained the couple were married amid the shower of good wishes, and Mr. and Mrs. Webster started life together when most people are beginning to finish it. It was the intention of the happy bridegroom, despite his age and physical infirmities, to work for the support of his bride, who for fifteen years had enjoyed the hospitality of the ratepayers, and he accordingly obtained a situation at 15s. a week. Exactly a week after he had got in harness a friend in an evil moment sent the happy pair a £10 note. The money, however, was soon spent in drink, and Mr. and Mrs. Webster had once more to appeal to the charity of the guardians to be reinstated in their old position as inmates of the house. The cares of matrimonial life have been too much for the bridegroom, who, with a penknife, has attempted to cut his throat. Through prompt medical aid he was unsuccessful in his design upon his life, and he still lives to regret his matrimonial folly.—Manchester Courier.

THE ONLY OPEN-AIR PROCESSION IN EDINBURGH.—A grand open-air procession of the Blessed Sacrament took place within the grounds of St. Margaret's Convent, Morningside, on the evening of Corpus Christi, under the most pleasing circumstances. This place is admirably adapted for such a purpose from the beautiful and well-kept grounds attached to the convent and the quiet, select part of the suburbs in which it is situated. These grounds which extend for nearly half a mile, are inclosed by a high wall. The convent chapel, an elegant piece of architecture, is built from Norman design, and bears a strong resemblance to the old Chapel Royal at Holyrood; it stands separate from the remainder of the convent building. Since the opening of the convent in 1835 by the late Dr. Gillis, an open-air procession has taken place every year in honour of the feast, and is appreciated all the more by the Catholic community from its being the only open-air procession which takes place in this part of Scotland. And no pains are spared on the part of the good sisters to make everything look well on the occasion. The altars are decorated in such a manner as to call forth the greatest praise, the chapel one being worthy of special comment. During the day the sky wore rather a gloomy aspect, while a pretty stiff breeze blew from the north-west, and fears were entertained of rain. All, however, kept well until the eleventh hour, when a heavy shower which lasted for forty minutes came on, but cleared up in time for the procession, and abated the wind considerably. Six o'clock was the hour announced for the commencement of service, and shortly after that hour the Right Rev. Dr. Strain, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Rigg and Hannan, together with ten other priests and the altar boys, thirty in number made their way from the side hall, which had been set apart for resting, through the gardens into the chapel. The Rev. Father Lawson, S.J., ascended the steps of the altar and preached an eloquent sermon. After the rev. speaker had concluded his discourse the formal ceremonies were gone through. The Blessed Sacrament, which had been exposed during the day, was removed from the tabernacle, and the appearance of the cross bearer and two acolythes outside gave notice that the Lord of lords was about to appear, the entire assembly of people going on their knees. After the cross-bearer followed the little boys of the Guild of St. Aloysius, wearing scarlet and blue sashes. Next to them came the girls of St. John's School headed with a beautiful banner, the Children of Mary and the young lady borders of the convent in the order mentioned, likewise headed with splendid banners. The nuns, priests and altar boys with lighted candles followed; then the bishop, carrying the Blessed Sacrament. After the canopy came the members of the Guild of the Sacred Heart, by the members of the Guild of the Sacred Heart. When the entire procession was complete in motion the sight was most imposing, the sweet singing of the nuns, together with the large, elm trees and the perfume of flowers, made it additionally so. The total number in the procession was 200. Flowers were strewn in front of the Blessed Sacrament along the course of the procession. When half of the ground was traversed, Benediction was given at one of the altars. The procession then resumed its former course until the next altar was reached; here the same was gone through. The procession then reached the chapel, where Benediction brought the service to a close. The colours of the different nations were displayed throughout the grounds, that of our Holy Father the Pope being most prominent.

ENGLAND.—The Manchester Guardian gives an account of an extraordinary story which was narrated in the English correspondence of the *Diritto*, a journal published at Rome. It would appear from this important and profoundly interesting contribution to contemporary history, that England played an "important part" in organizing the revolution at Constantinople, and in "bringing it to a head at the day and hour required." The Queen regarded the plot with aversion, but she was only informed of the dark scheme of her Ministers when all was ready for firing the mine. Reasons of state obliged her to give way; but she resolved, to do all in her power to protect the deposed Sultan and Lord Derby sought to calm the anxieties of their august mistress. They assured her that Abdul Aziz was "safe and sound." But this was not enough. The Queen "continued to tremble for the life of a man to whom nine years ago she had extended her hospitality, and whose death would be to her a cause of eternal remorse." He might be safe to-day, but who could guarantee that he would be there to-morrow? "It was then that the woman rose superior to the Queen," and, without consulting her ministers, she despatched a telegram to the British Ambassador at Constantinople, directing him to "watch over" the illustrious prisoner. Quickly death followed deposition, and now the ancient walls of Windsor enclose another great sorrow. The Queen "reproves herself, and weeps for having yielded to her advisers and provoked a revolution, the epilogue of which was the death of Abdul Aziz." The *Diritto's* correspondent concludes by saying that "this is not known to all." Upon which the Manchester Guardian remarks that it certainly is not.

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On the night of the 4th inst., during a terrible rain storm, the village of Rockdale, twenty seven miles from Dubuque, Iowa, was totally destroyed by the bursting of a mill dam. Every building but one in the place was carried away by the flood. Forty persons were killed. The storm extended over most of central Iowa, and was terrific in its effect. In Warren and Madison counties fifteen persons were killed, and great damage was done to live stock and the crops. Considerable damage was also done to property at Pella.

GOING HOME.—Skilled laborers are leaving the United States in large numbers. Many of them have been waiting in vain for something to turn up since the panic of 1873, and weary of waiting have returned whence they came across the ocean. The Boston Post of a recent date said: "Week before last the outgoing Cunard steamer took 150 steerage passengers, and last week 205. It is evident that a large number of unemployed foreign-born laborers, factory operatives and mechanics, hailing from all parts of New England, have been waiting through the winter to see what opportunities for business the coming season would bring forth. But being disappointed in their expectations of better times, they are now taking advantage of the mild weather to re-cross the Atlantic and take their chances of improving their fortunes on the other side.

MARRIAGE OF WM. P. MEANY.—Our young friend, William P. Meany, city editor of the Baltimore (Md.) Daily News, and second son of the veteran journalist, Stephen J. Meany, signaled the Centennial Independence Day by making it the day of surrender of his independence in "single blessedness." The marriage announcement in the papers runs thus:—"On the 4th inst., at St. Mary's Church Milford, Mass., by the Rev. P. Cuddihy, P. P. William Meany, Esq., of Baltimore, Md., to Fanny, second daughter of Jacob Fensterer, Esq., of Milford. There was present at the ceremonial a large concourse of friends and relatives, including the parents and sisters of the bride, the father of the bridegroom, and some friends on special invitation from New York, Brooklyn, Boston, &c. The church was crowded; and at the marriage ceremony, and again in the course of the nuptial mass which followed, the Rev. Pastor addressed the young couple in words of eloquent and paternal advice and congratulation. After a sumptuous wedding breakfast at the residence of the bride's father, the bridal party proceeded by train to Boston en route to New York and the Catskill Mountains.—N. Y. Irish Citizen.

CATHOLICS IN THE UNITED STATES.—Know Nothing and bigots of all classes try to justify their opposition to Roman Catholics on the ground that they are foreigners. The following facts, though, must convince them of the falsehood of their assertions. The great majority of Catholics in the United States are native born citizens. Take any State, in Georgia census show 5,000 of Irish birth, and 26,000 Catholics; in Indiana there are 29,000 of Irish birth, and 150,000 Catholics; in the State of Illinois there are 120,000 Irishmen and 400,000 Catholics; in Louisiana there are 200,000 Catholics and 17,000 Irishmen. Even in New York where there are 530,000 Irish, the Catholic population amounts to a million and a quarter. In Pennsylvania there are 235,000 Irishmen and 560,000 Catholics. In short there are 2,000,000 Irishmen in America, and 10,000,000 of Catholics. Of course it is indisputable that the large majority of Catholics are of Irish birth or descent. But if we once begin to inquire who were the ancestors of American citizens, we shall soon find, that there are no real Americans except the Indians.—Irish Democrat.

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Answer.—The term Protestant is applied to those Churches and their branches which were founded by the followers of Luther, Calvin and Zwingle. Since that time the number of subdivisions upon every point of doctrine and discipline has been infinite. The general bond of union, or faith, if one chooses to call it, among them all has remained the same—namely: the assertion of private judgment and the rejection of any infallible head of the Church or ultimate authority in Pope or council. On these points the Catholic Church is exacting, and allows no difference of opinion among its adherents. The conversion of a Romanist to the Protestant faith, involves little more than his asserting the right of private judgment and the rejection of the Pope as the infallible head of the temporal Church, and his repudiation of all infallible authority of the Pope in spiritual matters.

CANADA.

A by-law is to be submitted to the people of Smith's Falls, having for its object the raising of more money for fire purposes.

On Saturday week a young Italian woman walked a rope seven hundred and fifty feet in length, spanning the Niagara River directly over the rapids two hundred feet below the Suspension Bridge.

DEATH FROM SHIP FEVER, QUELPS, July 10.—Wm. Neddie, a newly arrived immigrant from Scotland, died of ship fever on Saturday afternoon and was buried the same night for fear of contagion. He had come to purchase a farm for his sons.

The Perth Courier says:—Hugh Ryan purchased 35 horses in Perth last Thursday, the average price being \$75. They were taken to Brockville on Friday, and sent direct to the scene of operations on his section of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

These destructive pests, the grasshoppers, are moving in swarms in the township of Dalhousie, and eating everything before them. Not only the hay crop, but nearly all kinds of grain, except perhaps, peas, are eaten up by them on their march.

In the storm of Wednesday, 5th inst., a fisherman named Costie was drowned off Goderich harbour by the upsetting of the boat in which he and another man were returning to port. His companion, who could swim, was picked up by another boat.

The grasshoppers are committing great ravages in some sections of McNab. One man Mr. John Douglas, near Stewartville, has had five acres of fall wheat completely destroyed by them, the stalks being cut and devoured and the field left perfectly bare.

NAPANEE, July 10.—A fire broke out to-night about 11:30 in the printing office of the Express newspaper building, but was discovered before it had gained much headway. The fire engine was promptly on hand and extinguished the flames before much damage was done; probably \$200 will cover the loss which is covered by insurance.

Some parties who left Western Ontario a few years ago because they couldn't get protection, are now in difficulties in the United States and sorry they went there. Protection has been too much for them—at least such protection as they found south of the lines.

A farmer by the name of Finners, residing in South Algoma, was burning a fallow when the fire ran through the limits of Mr. Robert Campbell, on Brennan Creek, and burnt a large extent of the limits. On Friday, 29th, Mr. Campbell sent up a gang to make the timber.

A Belleville constable, who found three boys bathing in proscribed limits, seized the clothes of the lads and carried them away in triumph to the police station. The boys declare, with some reason, that it was "a mean trick," and would like to know if they could convict the man of theft.

The Annapolis Review says:—At the foot of the Calumet the Ottawa is covered with timber, for a distance of about two miles. Mr. Thos. Mackie's raft is now at the Chats, as is also one belonging to Barnet & Mackay. A second drive nearly as large as the first, is coming down the Madawaska, the lead of which was early this week advanced as far as Springtown.

In Kingston it is proposed to have a new by-law passed by the City Council in regard to the erection and removal of wooden buildings. Under the proposed by-law a notice will be given to all persons transgressing the by-law as to wooden buildings to remove the buildings or rough-cast them within a limited time, not to extend over three weeks, otherwise the Corporation will cause them to be removed or pulled down at the owner's expense.

New Hamburg is looking up. About six or eight new enterprises are about being started, or have already commenced operations. Among these a cabinet shop and saw-mill combined will be the largest. A shirt factory on a large scale is also talked of by a gentleman from Montreal. More than a score of other buildings are also being put up.

The quantity of timber passing Portage du Fort is unprecedented according to the statement of the "oldest inhabitant," and the wonder is that more accidents have not occurred. The rushing and crowding to get along has taxed pretty well the ingenuity and tact of the Government officials at the various slides to regulate matters, and in this they have been ably assisted by the pilots and foremen on the different rafts, who have showed a praiseworthy appreciation of the difficulties necessarily attendant on such a quantity of timber being put through.

ALMOST A TRAGEDY.—ATTEMPTED MURDER AND ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—About half-past two on Tuesday, 11th inst., as William Scott, contractor for sewers, No. 24 Carleton street, Toronto, was standing talking to a friend on Lumley-street, he was startled by hearing these words repeated behind him—"Scott, you and I are both going to the same grave." Turning quickly round, Scott confronted a man named John Hillis, who was in the act of presenting a pistol at his head. Having no doubt but that the man whom he well knew, was intending to shoot him, Scott grasped the pistol by the barrel so as to direct the shot past his own person. On his doing so, Hillis, by a sudden jerk, got the pistol in line with Scott's body, and drew the trigger. Fortunately the weapon did not go off, and before the would-be murderer could pull the trigger a second time Scott's friend, who had by this time recovered from the surprise which the occurrence occasioned, got behind Hillis, and succeeded in wrenching the pistol out of his hand. Immediately on this doing so, Hillis went off; Scott and his companion then went to No. 3 Police Station, and informed Sergt. Duncan of the matter, who despatched Constables Archibald and Norman to arrest the man. On reaching McCutcheon's tavern, Front-street, near Bathurst, the officers found that Hillis had just been fished out of the bay. It appears that after he left Scott, Hillis rushed down to the bay, and threw himself in not far from his boarding house. The attempt at suicide was fortunately observed from a schooner near at hand; when a man named Samuel Sutton made for the spot, and plunging into the water caught hold of the drowning man, and at great risk to himself held him above water till assistance was forthcoming. When taken on shore the man was very much exhausted; and it was at the moment when he was getting better that the police made their appearance. As Hillis was still very weak it was some time before he could be removed; when he did recover he was taken to No. 3 Police Station in a waggon. On examining the pistol it was found that one of the cartridges was empty, and it so happened that when Hillis drew the trigger the snapper snapped on the empty cartridge. Had he had time to pull the trigger, again the result would have been serious, as the bullets are large. The cause which, as alleged, prompted the attack is that Scott is said to have borrowed some \$500 from Hillis and not repaid it; Hillis also worked for Scott, for which he should have been paid \$280; but for which, he alleged, he never got a cent. This is the solution of the matter as given to the police by McCutcheon. McCutcheon says the loss has preyed on the man's mind to such an extent that he had evidently formed the design of taking Scott's life, and then committing suicide.—Globe.

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The True Witness

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, July 21, 1876.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR. JULY, 1876.

- Friday, 21—St. Praxede, Virgin. Saturday, 22—St. Mary Magdalen. Sunday, 23—SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST. St. Apollinaris, Bishop and Martyr. St. Liborius, Bishop and Confessor. Monday, 24—Vigil of St. James. St. Christina, Virgin and Martyr. Tuesday, 25—St. JAMES THE GREATER, Apostle.—St. Christopher, Martyr. Wednesday, 26—St. Anne, Mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Thursday, 27—Of the Octave.

NOTICE.

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

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

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

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Powers are considering the conditions which should form the basis of the armistice that Servia will propose on the first opportunity. The French Minister of Foreign Affairs has declared that the policy of France is non-intervention in the affairs of Turkey. The Roumanian Minister of War has introduced into the Chambers a bill for the mobilization of the army and calling out of reserves. The Turks in Bjalina are surrounded by the Servians, and are hourly expected to capitulate. The Servians are preparing for an immediate assault. The Turkish Government has published a proclamation throwing upon Servia the responsibility of the present struggle, and stating that the Porte will try and quell it as speedily as possible, in order to go on with the projected reforms. News from Slavonic sources announces that the Servians, after a desperate resistance, were defeated on the 14th, at Limberg. The Turks captured the Servian cannons and a large booty, as well as their boats, on the Drina, by means of which the Servians intended to invade Turkish territory. The boats were destroyed. The Servians lost 500 men, and the Turks 300. On Saturday a serious riot occurred among the Bulgarian populace at Rustohek, where a mob killed several officials. Details are wanting; the despatch is unauthenticated. The harbours of Klek and Cattaro, Austrian ports on the east coasts of the Adriatic, have been closed by the Austrian Government. Turkey will be considerably inconvenienced by this action, as part of her policy was to land troops at Klek, and then march inland towards the insurgents. The Madrid Congress, by 211 against 26, has passed a vote of confidence in the Ministry. The Italian Senate, by a vote of 64 against 62, has declared the vote on the Customs regulations bill for the establishment of free ports of entry, was null and void. The former vote was adverse to the Government. Captain O'Beirne, a Home Ruler, has been returned to the English House of Commons from the county of Leitrim. The last letter of Earl Derby to Secretary Fish on extradition concludes with the statement that England is ready to negotiate a new treaty with the U. States; and now that Mr. Pierrepont has arrived in London, it is to be hoped that such a contract of a comprehensive character will speedily be arranged. The British navy is not by any means free from disastrous casualties. The great loss of life by the foundering of the Captain and the running down of the Vanguard has not been forgotten. And on Friday a boiler in the turret ship Thunderer exploded, killing thirty seamen and fatally wounding twenty-six others. The Thunderer is one of the largest vessels in the service. The reports do not say to what extent she was injured. The Court Circular says at a banquet given by Sir Salar Jung, at Greenwich, a few days ago, he propo-

ed the health of the Empress of India. One distinguished member of the House of Commons abstained from responding, while the other guests simply drank to "The Queen." It is said the Prince of Wales, who was present, has since asked for an explanation of the occurrence. It is said the member above alluded to was John Bright. It is stated he remained in his seat while the toast was drunk.

The N. Y. Herald has started subscriptions for a monument to Custer. Among the subscriptions to the monument fund is one of one thousand dollars from Judge Hilton. "An ex-Army Officer" suggests that the money be applied to the benefit of his family instead.

The number of deaths in New York last week was 1,298 as against 858 the previous week. The increase is attributed to the hot weather.

The House of Representatives have passed a bill granting a pension of \$50 a month to the widow of Gen. Custer.

Several detachments of Egyptian troops have arrived at Constantinople.

According to the Social Democrat of Leipzig, Socialism is making alarming progress in Germany. It already possesses as many as 51 organs of the Press in that country, an enormous proportion of Socialistic journalism as compared with other countries. The papers advocating the principles of Fourier and Robert Owen, number 7 in France; 6 in Italy; 3 in Holland, Servia and Russia respectively; one each in Spain, Portugal, and Greece; and six in other countries, so that there are altogether 82 Socialistic journals in Europe.

A telegram from the Governor of Bosnia officially reports the defeat of the Servians at Santchinitcha, as heretofore reported. The Servians fled, abandoning their arms, &c.

It is officially announced that the Turkish General Selim Facha has gained an important victory over the Montenegrins between Gatchko and Nevesinge, and effected a junction with the Turkish forces at Nevesinge.

A letter from Alexinatz, states that the Circassians have burned two Bulgarian villages, murdering men and cutting children to pieces. An official report says that during the Servian attack on Nova Varosch, the Turks placed Christian women and children in the entrenchments; many were killed by the Servian fire.

The Turkish troops claim a victory near Novi Bazar. The Servians were driven over the River Timok, with the loss of baggage and munitions. This victory has opened the Timok passage into Servia, which will be availed of by the Turkish troops to continue their advance and penetrate Servian territory.

The sentences upon the persons tried in connection with the recent outrage at Salonica have been increased. The Chief of Police is condemned to degradation from his rank and fifteen years penal servitude; the commander of the Turkish frigate to degradation from rank and ten years imprisonment, and the commander of the Citadel to three years confinement in a fortress.

Symptoms of softening of the brain are said to have appeared in the Sultan of Turkey, and his abdication is spoken of as being very near at hand.

The telegrams of Monday night on the Eastern question incline one to believe that all has not gone so badly with the Servians, as the Turks endeavour to make out. Indeed, it is a question whether they have not as yet had rather the best of the struggle. The Montenegrin advance has been almost unopposed, and they have cut off Turkish communication between Trebinje and Ragusa.

Lord Derby has declined to advise Parliament to abrogate the treaty of Paris, seeing that it had been in force for twenty years, it had been pressed on other Governments by England, and her withdrawal of it now would give rise to the suspicion that she was preparing for war.

The writ for the election of a member to represent the county of Glengary in the Dominion House of Commons was issued on Monday, the nomination to take place on the 24th and polling on the 31st instant.

"HAIL MARY."

Considerable discussion having arisen as to the proper version of the prayer Hail Mary: whether the words should be "the Lord is with thee" or "our Lord is with thee," it may not be uninteresting to look to the antiquity of this prayer.

The first part with the exception of the words Mary and Jesus are strictly Scriptural, being the words addressed by the Archangel to the Virgin when announcing her the Mother of God and of St. Elizabeth. As the Scriptures use the "o kurios," "the Lord," it would appear more strictly correct to use the *the* than the *our*.

As to the origin of this prayer, we do not find it in its present form, before the year 1515, though the Greeks had it almost in the present form as early as 647.

Pope Gregory (590—604) ordered the Hail Mary (consisting only of the words of the Archangel and St. Elizabeth) to be said at the offertory of the mass of the 4th Sunday in Advent, and there it runs "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb." Here we have the addition of the word Mary, but not of Jesus. It was Pope Urban IV. in 1263 who inserted the word "Jesus" after the Scriptural words.

In 1508 we find the addition "Holy Mary pray for us sinners, Amen," and in the Franciscan breviary, published in 1515, we have it enriched with the words "now and at the hour of our death. A few years later it was admitted thus in full into the Roman Breviary.

The Greek Church had used the words of the Angel Gabriel and St. Elizabeth from the earliest days of SS. James and Basil, and boasts of having received the addition, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners," as early as the Council of Ephesus, in the beginning of the fifth century. It is undeniable that the Greeks had the Hail Mary almost as complete as we have it now, as early as 647. St. Severus, Patriarch of Alexandria, wrote it in his formula of the Sacrament of Baptism in the following manner: "Peace be to thee, Mary,

full of grace; the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed the fruit that is in thy womb, Jesus Christ. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us, I say, sinners, Amen." It was almost in that form that St. Hildephon, Bishop of Toledo, about 900 years ago, knew his "Hail Mary." Still the Western Church did not accept it as a general prayer until the eleventh century when the Angelus was instituted.

CLERICAL CELIBACY.

Dr. Dollinger of unenviable notoriety has written a letter to the Frankfort News in which he expresses a hope that the (pseudo) Old Catholics of Baden will take part in the Bonn Synod, and oppose with energy every demand for the abolition of clerical celibacy. He says that if the priest cannot make that personal sacrifice to his parish, he and the cause are lost.

These are brave words, and as coming from an enemy are of double import. However Dr. Dollinger may have lost faith in Catholicity, he certainly has lost none in clerical celibacy. After this admission it will be hard for Protestants any longer to fling innuendos at unmarried priests. "If the priest cannot make that personal sacrifice to his parish" (and we would add to his God) "he" (the priest) "and the cause are lost." But the great historian must have forgotten his history, when he made this request. Will the Old Catholics (viz. the Protestant Catholics) of Baden succeed? We know from history and no one knows it better than Dr. Dollinger that they will not. For what are these Old Catholics of Baden but "reformers" under a new name. When Luther left the Catholic Church he claimed to be an Old Catholic as much as Dollinger and his friends of Baden; and how did he begin his reformation but by marrying forthwith. And what did all the Reformers do with scarce an exception, but take to themselves a wife in the interest of Reform. Pere Hyacinthe and his baby boy are an earnest of all this. Dollinger the historian should learn his lessons from history. That what has been, will be again. Where indeed would the Reformation—the great awakening be to-day, think you, if these Reformers had had to remain unmarried? If clerical celibacy had been enforced? We know it would have been *nowhere*. And suppose some waggish Dollinger of Luther's time, had written those fine words "If the priest cannot make that sacrifice to his parish, he and the cause are lost," what, I pray you, would have been friend Luther's answer? Would he not have thundered forth his anathemas or have answered whiningly, "I cannot contain myself." And will not this, think you, be the answer of the Bonn clerics to the oppositionists of Baden at the coming Synod? Surely Dollinger has read his history to little effect, if he does not feel that it will.

MR. GLADSTONE AND FATHER HYACINTHE.

Mr. Loysen—the one time friar—has been lecturing to highly appreciative Anglican audiences in St. James Hall, London, England. "Birds of a feather flock together"; the erratic Mr. Gladstone was in the chair! The ex-friar professes still to belong to the Catholic Church, though the tie must be of the slightest, since he never goes to Mass—never goes to Confession—denies Papal Infallibility—and is a married priest! which means in those districts of England where a spade is called a spade he keeps a concubine, and believes in free love generally. To hear this man, English Lords and Ladies, of supposed moral character assembled, and sat on the platform, Mr. Gladstone was laudatory. Than ex-friar Loysen, "a more sincere, loyal, upright soul is not to be found in Christendom." This endorsement so emphatic is vague. The ex-friar is loyal. Loyal to what? To the Church in which he was baptised? to the truths he was wont to announce from the pulpit of Notre Dame? Had he been so, the Church in which he was baptised and the pulpit in which he preached would have held him still. To his ordination vows? He swore to obey his Bishop. To the traditions of his order? They enforce celibacy. To what then has he been loyal? To his passions? Yes; His baby boy is an earnest of that. And is this the loyalty which Mr. Gladstone commends. Disloyal to his baptismal vows—disloyal to the truths he announced from the pulpit of Notre Dame—disloyal to the vows of his priesthood—disloyal to his friar's gown—disloyal to the laws of God, which forbid to swear oneself—disloyal to God; in what is he loyal; Loyal to his own bad passions? Yes! Loyal to that reformation which allows solemn vows made to God to be broken. Yes! Loyal to that, he has not even been loyal to that Protestantism, which would receive him with open arms, since he still claims to belong to the Catholic Church. Like Luther, it is not the Catholic Church that excommunicates him, it is ex-Friar Loysen that excommunicates the Catholic Church. And this is Mr. Gladstone's loyal man.

"Father Hyacinthe's is a place that has been left vacant in the Church of France, none has been found to fill it."

Yes; Mr. Gladstone, and thank God! it is so. For the credit of the Church of France, thank God none has been found to fill his place. Heaven wants no second Satan; the apostolic college wants no second Judas; the Church of France wants no second Hyacinthe. What though Satan was so great and good as an Angel? that only makes him the greater devil. Satan's pride taught him to think it "Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven." That voice, that once served so gloriously in the pulpit of Notre Dame, that even Mr. Gladstone acknowledges its transcendent power has it alas! elected "to reign in hell rather than serve in heaven?" who shall tell?

But we fancy we can detect some slight fault-finding even in the tone of Mr. Gladstone's commendation; high sounding and high of pitch though it be. Is there a skeleton even in this happy family at St. James? "You know perfectly well the terms on which you meet him," quoth ex-Premier Gladstone to the Lords and Ladies present. Yes, Mr. Gladstone, and the whole world knows it too. The whole world knows full well, as you do, that as a father of pure daughters and perhaps of pure grand daughters too,

you should not be on the same platform with a married monk! The whole world knows full well that these fair ladies of England, if they valued as they ought, that conjugal purity which they claim to prize, ought not to countenance by their presence that crime that is nameless in every well regulated household. You know perfectly well the terms on which you meet him, ladies! The self same terms on which you would sit side by side and hob nob with the demi-monde. We can afford to leave you Mr. Gladstone and ladies and gentlemen of St. James' to the company you have chosen.

THE ORANGE CELEBRATION.

The Twelfth day of July has come and gone, and we trust the many rancorous feelings that usually mark its advent may soon pass away with it. If such should be the case it certainly will be no fault of the Orange Young Britons who attempted a celebration here on the 12th inst. As our readers are aware, the Orange organization proper, after having in the first instance determined to march in procession through our principal thoroughfares, desisted at the instigation of those whose words are powerful with them, and it was generally understood that, with the exception of a religious service, no outward demonstration should take place. The Young Britons were determined, however, to distinguish themselves on the occasion, and shortly before the hour appointed for the church services, about seventy-five of these worthies, presenting anything but a respectable appearance, but wearing badges and other insignia, emerged from the attic of a building on St. James street, and, protected by a guard of females decked out in Orange colors, marched down to the Methodist church, about three hundred yards from their rooms. There a sermon was preached by a Mr. Gaetz, although the name of a prominent clergyman had been announced as the speaker on the occasion. The discourse was a rehash of the articles that have been presented to the readers of the Daily Witness for months back. The inevitable Oka Indian was trotted out, and the imaginary grievances of the Protestant body in this Province dis-canted on, and the conclusion satisfactorily arrived at that without Orangeism the whole fabric of civil and religious liberty must inevitably be a thing of the past. The City Police were called out to maintain order which it was thought was threatened owing to the assembling of a large number of persons in the vicinity of the church, but with the exception of a few trifling incidents, no disturbance of any account took place. The unfortunate wretch Chiniquy appeared on the scene in St. Peter street, wearing his Orange colors, hoping, no doubt, that some person would take notice of him, and that he might have an opportunity of earning cheap martyrdom; but no one paid the slightest attention to the vile renegade, and he was forced to be content with making a characteristic harangue at the feed that took place at night in Nordheimer's Hall. On the whole the citizens of Montreal have to congratulate themselves on the fact that we are not called upon to mourn over any fatal occurrence.—Those who were determined to have it to say that they had marched on the occasion having asserted the principle, we trust, will rest satisfied and not incur the fearful responsibility of again making the attempt in our midst. Those who did march were men without position or standing in the community. Not one prominent citizen countenanced the proceedings by any participation in them, and no man who can point to a single act done for the benefit of his fellow-citizens on any occasion had hand or part in promoting the celebration. The consequences of any regular procession being attempted in Montreal are too serious for us to contemplate, and we sincerely hope that the wise counsels of moderate men may prevail in the future.

A GRIEVANCE AT LAST.

The Daily Witness that complains so loudly because the education of its Catholic fellow subjects in this Province is, to some extent, controlled by the Bishops and their clergy, alleging that the ecclesiastical authorities are not fit and proper persons to have a ruling voice in such matters, has lately found a new grievance. It appears that on the Board of Protestant School Commissioners there used to be a certain Doctor McVicar, a clergyman of one of the dissenting sects of this city. This gentleman was exceedingly fond of exhibiting himself in company with Alderman Clendinning and others, spouting the most wretched trash about the rights of British subjects, liberty of speech and all the usual rant that is talked by those who make capital out of the gullibility of the ignorant people who are by such cries dragged into alliances so-called defensive. Fortunately these alliances do not amount to much, for as our Protestant brethren have no grievances to redress, have no aggression to defend themselves against, the allies having marched up the hill gallantly marched down again and disband there being no enemy in sight. The brave Doctor's exploits on the Alliance platform, however, rendered him to the Witness, very dear, indeed, and when the Local Government a short time ago reorganized the Protestant School Board and that he was left out and Mr. Dawson, one of the most respected citizens of Montreal, appointed in his place, our contemporary's indignation knew no bounds. In fact our truthful neighbor fairly boiled over, and Mr. de Boucherville and his Government were informed that they might as well pack up their traps for their doom had been decreed. No doubt the Provincial Premier was terrified at the indignation of the Witness, and we sincerely hope he may have recovered from the dependency into which the displeasure of that sheet must have thrown him. It is rather comical, nevertheless, to see a journal which objects so strongly to the presence of Catholic Bishops on the Board of Public Instruction, on account of their sacerdotal character taking exception to the appointment of a layman against whom nothing can be urged either as regards intellectual fitness or personal respectability, in favor of a clergyman whose claims to the position are not very clear except to the irate editor of the only religious daily. The Protestant public generally seem well satisfied with the change, if we

INVESTIGATIONS.

The mania for investigations has seized the corporation of the City of Montreal. Far be it from us not to acknowledge that occasional investigations into the working of public departments, and the conduct of the officials occupying positions of trust are not of great general benefit. But in order that the desirable result be attained, it is absolutely necessary that there should exist a good ground for demanding investigation, and that the enquiry be conducted in a fair, honest and impartial manner. We feel called upon to make these remarks in view of the action of the Committee of investigation lately held into the working of the Water Department of this city, an action which has aroused the indignation of every fair-minded citizen. The facts brought to light by the *enquete* show that certain irregularities with reference to the hiring and checking of carters did exist, but the whole affair lay in the want of proper administrative organization. If the committee had contented itself with reporting on these irregularities and pointing out the method of amending them in the future, or if going still further they had conscientiously shown that any officer of the department had been guilty of any malfeasance or nonfeasance, then they should have deserved the thanks of the community. Instead of this, however, the prime mover in the investigation seems to have been actuated by a desire to injure, and if possible, ruin one of the most efficient, pain-staking and intelligent officials in the whole civic service. Unfortunately for Mr. Michael Harrington, he happens to be an Irish Catholic, and this is an unpardonable offense in the eyes of the "faithful watchdog" who constituted himself the guardian of the public interest in the councils of our city. Without being allowed to defend himself against the foul imputation of persons entirely unworthy of belief, Mr. Harrington, after years of honest service in the city Water Works, has been deprived of his office and branded as a dishonest man. So crying an injustice towards a public employee has never come under our notice, and the conduct of those who perpetrated the contemptible act has, we are happy to say, called forth the strongest condemnation from the press of the city. The matter, we trust, shall not be allowed to remain where it is! Our City Fathers in Council assembled will no doubt take it up.—Let us hope that the day is far distant when national, religious, or political prejudice shall be permitted to sway where honest upright dealing should alone prevail, and as an earnest of this let our City Council begin by reinstating Mr. Harrington in the position he has filled so long and so ably and thus vindicate the honor and honesty of a faithful public servant.

JOURNALISTIC AMENITIES.

We have noticed with considerable anxiety a new feature that is making itself prominent in some quarters of Canadian journalism. We refer to the disrespectful and contemptuous manner in which certain journals treat our Courts of Justice. In the mother country, and until lately in the Dominion, the greatest respect has always been paid to those who are called upon to administer the law of the land. Without this reverence no community can expect to prosper long, and those who would sap the foundations of the esteem in which our Judges are held by the public have a grave responsibility weighing upon them. The most remarkable instance of contempt for the judicature of the land was given a short time ago by the Toronto *Globe* one of the most powerful journals in the Dominion. The proprietor of that organ of public opinion, no less a personage than the Hon. George Brown, having written a letter during an election campaign which the Hon. Justice Wilson, in dealing with a libel suit lately before the Courts at Toronto, described as an attempt at electoral corruption. Mr. Brown, losing all control of his violent temper, attacked the Hon. Judge in the most brutal fashion almost telling him that he was a liar. Such journalism must be productive of the worst results, and it is to be hoped that exhibitions of such a description will be rare in this country. The *Daily Witness* whose fanaticism blinds it to every sense of decency where a Catholic is concerned, has for months back been abusing the Hon. Mr. Justice Routhier in the most scandalous manner. Nothing better could be expected from that quarter; but it is sincerely to be regretted that newspapers pretending to guide public opinion should so far forget the responsibility of their high office as to condemn in the estimation of their readers the good opinion that should be entertained for the Magistracy for the mere purpose of gratifying their religious bigotry or of giving vent to their political spleen.

STEPHEN J. MEANY.

Our friend, Mr. Stephen J. Meany, of the late Montreal *Star*, arrived at his old hotel St. Lawrence Hall, in this city on Sunday, after a flying visit to Europe, looking well and evidently having acquired fresh energy by his sea-trip. Mr. Meany was warmly welcomed by troops of friends; and his advent is no doubt a source of discouragement and dismay to those "friends" and foes who had used his absence to abuse him.

BREAD CONTRACT.—We are glad to learn that the contract for supplying the jail with bread for the current year has been awarded to Mr. Joseph Orlan Mr. Orlan has been supplying the jail, with some intermission, for a great many years, and has always given the greatest satisfaction in the performance of his contract.

A girl named Wilkinson, in Quebec, on Friday, eight years of age, walked out of a three-story window while in a state of somnambulism and fell into the street; but beyond a slight cut on the face received no injury.

WRITTEN FOR THE "TRUE WITNESS."

SHORT SERMONS FOR SINCERE SOULS.

No. 77

But without faith it is impossible to see God. For he that cometh to God, must believe that he is, and is a rewarder to them that seek him.—Hab. XI. 6.

It is one of the popular errors of the day, to pretend that although there is a diversity of Churches that is to say, though there are many religions, each teaching different doctrines, still all are right in the main,—all agree on essentials.

Was Christ's three years teaching on earth a mistake also? Labour thrown away? If a few truths were all that were necessary—or if truths might be modified or even rejected at will, where was the necessity of Christ's three years teaching?

But, Christian soul, let us come now to the question of fact. Do all agree on essentials? Alas for this popular theory, this pleasing fallacy I fear not.

Oh! but there are surely some doctrines which all Christian men believe in common, and these being believed in common must be essential ones.

Well! but "faith in Jesus" is essential. "Come to Jesus and you shall be saved" says our Methodist friend. All agree in faith in Jesus.

But at least we all believe in God, and that is sufficient. Alas! here again is a little agreement. All agree in God, but do all believe in the same God?

Do all agree as to what God is, and those who will tell you there is but one God, and three divine persons perfectly distinct, and equal in all things, others will deny the Trinity of God, and affirm only his existence.

as to the nature of God? Will not some tell you that God is a distinct being, Sovereign Lord and Master of all, whilst others will tell you that God is only a set of laws which are obeyed by nature and are eternal? Again do they not differ as to this "God to us"?

The consideration of this subject,—a subject of no small importance as one of the errors of the day which is sapping the very foundations of all belief,—should teach you, Christian soul, to prize at its due value the blessing which you enjoy of belonging to the true Church—that Church which guided by Christ and by Him rendered infallible, is the valiant defender of the truth and the watchful opponent of every error.

Dear Sir,—Apropos of the valley of Jehosaphat or Jehosaphat and the Royal Engineer's miscalculations commented on by you in your last issue, may I enquire if the question is yet settled as to how many angels can stand together on the point of an ordinary common sized darning needle?

From the fact that our elder brothers the Angels are pure spiritual essences, we must, when speaking of them, make abstraction complete of all material notions, darning needles or other.

As to our glorified bodies we have Our Lord's Word that the saints at the Resurrection will be "equal to the Angels in Heaven." By what mighty transformation of divine power this will be effected is the secret of God.

Lastly, when considering the valley of Jehosaphat we should remember that the Hebrew word *Josaphat* means "Judgment"; that this name was given to a certain valley in the East where the Jews had gained a victory; that the Prophet Joel uses the same name and place as a prophetic type of the general judgment of this world when Christ and His Church will triumph over all their enemies forever.

ST. PATRICK'S ACADEMY.

The annual distribution of prizes to the pupils of St. Patrick's Academy, Point St. Charles, took place on Wednesday, the 28th ult., at 9 a.m.

Previous to the ceremony of distributing the prizes, the audience was entertained with a trio on the pianoforte by the Misses and Master Boisvert, the execution of which elicited much applause.

Mr. McKay then proceeded to deliver an address, during the course of which he recapitulated the work of the Academy since his administrative as Principal thereof, referring, however, more directly to the great success that attended it during the past year.

Of those awarded for Artistic and Linear Drawing, and procured by Principal McKay and Professor Anderson for those special branches, the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd prizes attracted particular attention, and upon being exhibited to the audience created much admiration.

Kingmill station on the Canada Southern was struck by lightning the other day, but none of the occupants were killed. One woman who was in the waiting room had a shoe and part of a stocking torn off, and sustained considerable injury to her nervous system.

Oh Mama come near, put your hand on my head, I'm hot, I'm burning away, I'm weary of staying up here in my bed.

I know that my Paps and you will feel sad; Tho' you try your grief to restrain; You used to say I made your life glad, And who now will fetch Papa's cane?

WILLIAMSTOWN CONVENT.

Mr. Editor,—Please find room in your paper for a few words about the Williamstown Convent. Doubt be afraid to give me too prominent a place.

The Semi-Annual examination of the pupils of this first class Boarding School took place on Friday, the 23rd June, and the Annual Exhibition the Thursday after.

Merely to state that the examination was good is to tell only a part of the whole truth about it I have had the good fortune to be present at a good many exhibitions of this kind, but I must candidly admit that I have never yet witnessed an examination, which gave stronger evidence than this of the industry, intense application to study, and rare natural talents of the pupils examined.

In one word, as each subject passed under review you imagined that that must be the "pet" subject of the House—so thorough a knowledge of it in all its bearings was evinced—until the next subject came on the tapis, when you are amazed to find the little ladies (most of them in their earliest teens) just as much at home here as with any subject that had gone before.

The exhibition on Thursday passed off with unusual eclat. It consisted of plays and music, vocal and instrumental, and was given in the large "Salle de Distribution," which was magnificently decorated for the occasion.

The Musical portion of the Entertainment went off a couleur de rose. The Selections which were taken from Thalberg, Mozart, Mazurkette, Wallace, Kinkel, etc., were rendered with an effectiveness which, again and again elicited the rapturous applause of the delighted audience.

DOMINION ITEMS.

St. Patrick's Church, Quebec.—The Plans which have been adopted for the improvement of this church were prepared by Mr. Penchy, architect.

Bishop Crinnon, of Hamilton, was in Berlin on Thursday, the 7th inst., on a visit to St. Jerome College, whose guest he was during his stay.

The potato bugs are committing great ravages amongst the potatoes in the neighborhood of London.

of the emblem of Christianity—the Cross of Christ. He expressed the hope that they might meet with no obstacles in their good work, and when in after years he returned to Guelph, his eyes might be gladdened by the sight of this monument—this testimonial of the Catholics of Guelph to their Maker.

LAMENTABLE ACCIDENT.—A sad and fatal accident occurred to a young man, named Joseph D. McDonald, 21 years of age, son of R. B. McDonald of this city.

The balance in the hands of the Receiver General on June 30th, to the credit of depositors in the Post Office Savings Bank was \$2,740,952.59.

The customs duties collected on imports at Ottawa during the month ending June the 30th were, \$12,832; total amount collected during the year ending the same date was, \$208,682.

P. E. ISLAND.—The revenue of this Province of the Dominion, for the fiscal year ended 30th June 1876, is \$296,027, as compared with \$318,203 in 1875, and \$220,072 in 1874.

Information received at Ottawa leads to the belief that the disputed rights of the French fishermen on the coast of Newfoundland have been amicably settled between the Governments of Great Britain and France.

Charles A. Forrest, the wheelman on the ill-fated propeller St. Clair, burned on Lake Superior, was a son of Capt. Forrest, of Sandwich. He was 19 years old.

Gravelotte Post Office, in the North Riding of Norfolk, has been closed.

Notice is given in the Ontario Gazette of the formation of the Canada West Farm Stock Association, limited with a capital of \$400,000, divided into 4,000 shares of \$100 each.

Following the action of the License Inspector for the town of Perth, Mr. Lockhart, J.P. of Fenelon Falls, has served the tavern-keepers of that village with a notice forbidding them to sell liquor to certain parties, whose names are appended to the warning, and who, unfortunately for themselves, are inordinately addicted to liquor, and who but for that failing, would be amongst the most respected and useful members of the community.

St. John, N.B., July 17.—This evening's Globe says of Brush, the missing cashier of the Intercolonial railway: "An examination of Mr. Brush's accounts, shows that he is a defaulter to the extent of about \$15,000 and he is said to have taken about \$10,000 away with him, he carried on his rascality by means of forgery, but as there is no extradition treaty with the United States he cannot be brought back.

Alfred Brush, treasurer on the Moncton division of the Intercolonial Railway has absconded. It is rumored that he is a defaulter to a considerable extent.

The P. E. Island Patriot says.—The shipments to France, from this Island, during the past 12 months are valued at 166,023. Our principal export to that country was oats.

Owing to the delay on the part of the United States the Fisheries Commission will not sit this year, though Mr. Ford, the British representative, is now in Canada.

The strike at Sydney mines continues. The men ordered out of the houses owned by the Company have complied in an orderly manner; but they firmly refuse to go to work unless at the advance in wages asked for.

William H. Cooper the head waiter at the Pequet House, New London, laughed so heartily at a sack race on the Fourth that he burst a blood vessel and died immediately.

TORONTO FARMERS' MARKET.—(Globe.)

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes Wheat, Barley, Oats, Peas, Dressed hogs, Beef, Mutton, Eggs, Apples, Geese, Turkeys, Cabbage.

OPEN STOCK EXCHANGE REPORTS.

(CORRECTED FROM THE MONTREAL "GAZETTE.")

Table with 3 columns: Stock Name, Sold, Bought. Includes Montreal, British North America, Ontario, City, People's, Molson's, Toronto, Jacques Cartier, Merchants, Hochelaga, Eastern Townships, Quebec, St. Lawrence, Nationale, St. Hyacinthe, Union, Villa Maria, Mechanical, Royal Canadian, Commero, Metropolitan, Dominion, Hamilton, Exchange.

Greenbacks bought at 10 1/2 dis. American Silver bought at 12 to 15 dis.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.—(Globe.)

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes Flour, Fancy, Spring Extra, Superfine, Extra Superfine, Fine, Strong Bakers, Middlings, U. C. bag flour, City bags, Wheat, Oatmeal, Corn, Oats, Pease, Barley, Lard, Cheese, Pork, Dressed Hogs, Beef, Ashes, Firsts, Pearls, Seeds, Butter.

THE KINGSTON MARKET.—(British Whig.)

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes Flour, Grain, Rye, Peas, Oats, Wheat, Fall Wheat, Meat, Mutton, Ham, Veal, Bacon, Pork, Hides, Calf Skins, Dumb Skins, Lambskins, Tallow, Poultry, Ducks, Poultry, GENERAL, Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Hay, Straw, Wood, Coal, Wool.

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

INFORMATION WANTED.—Heirs and next of Kin of JOHN F. OSULLIVAN, formerly of New York, who died at Moncton, on the 15th May last; had a brother Denis in Montreal in the years of 1871 to 1874, latterly supposed to be in Chicago, will hear of something to their advantage, by communicating with

McSWEENEY BROS., Moncton, N. B.

TEACHER WANTED.—For the R. O. S. School Section No. 10, Alexandria, Ont., having a first or second class certificate. Apply stating salary to A. B. McDONALD, Secy-treasurer. 46-3

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

WANTED.—For School Section No. 4, in the Township of Alfred, a Male Teacher, holding a first or second class certificate, and capable of teaching the French language. Montebello, Q., June 27, 1876. J. R. BROWNIGG, Sec. Treas.

ST. PATRICK'S NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

A SPECIAL MEETING of this ASSOCIATION will be held on THURSDAY EVENING, the 20th inst., at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of making final arrangements for a Picnic for the members of the Association and their friends. A full attendance is particularly requested. M. GUERIN, Sec. Socy

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

France last year sent 600,000,000 postage stamps, as against 21,231,665 in 1840, and 546,606,380 in 1869.

The Marshal-President of France has given the four splendid black horses sent him by the Emperor of Morocco to the national breeding studs.

General Chaganier is lying seriously ill at his residence at the Rue de Beaune, in Paris. The veteran is suffering severely from gout. The last 24 has been so violent that the doctors entertain but small hope of his recovery.

The French oyster plantations have proved wonderfully successful. Those at Morbihan, which in 1872 yielded only 8,928,000 oysters, last year brought up 21,236,800, and have produced this season 27,214,000.

A pantheon is to be built at Berlin, at a cost of three hundred thousand pounds, for the glorification of Prussian victories. The conquerors are copying the conquered.

The Catholic Committee of Paris has opened a special sitting to consider the proposed law on superior education. Each day Mass is offered up in Notre Dame de Victoires, for the success and guidance of its deliberations.

The Dziennik Powsnanski, the organ of the Polish Nationalists, publishes a strong and fierce protest against the official use of the German language in the law and other civil courts of Prussian Poland. We regret to say that the protest will remain a dead letter.

Colonel Manos, on behalf of "pacific" Greece, has gone to Berlin to purchase 100,000 breechloaders. The German War Department has more than this number on hand, and will, doubtless, be happy to sell the chassapots captured from French troops during the late war.

MURKINS IN ROME.—On the 9th of June, the police arrested a young man named De Battisti for having robbed a man named Ralbaldi. The father of De Battisti, hearing of the arrest of his son went to the house of the father of Ralbaldi and stabbed him to death. Two policemen then appeared, and one of them named Panella was stabbed in the heart by Ralbaldi senior and fell dead. Ralbaldi junior is but seventeen years old.

Under the guidance of Prince Charles of Loewenstein, Baron Felix de Loe, the Prince of Issembourg (Falk II), the Count of Bisenzen, a new Catholic Association of Germany is to be founded. Precautions will be taken to keep its articles of association strictly within the law, and so constructed in its government as to be harmless even in the eyes of a Prussian Prosecutor-General. The former society suppressed by the Government numbered over 500,000 members.

THE SUBMARINE TUNNEL.—The preliminary works connected with the proposed tunnel between England and France have commenced at Sang-battle, near Calais. The sinking has already reached a depth of 50 yards, and the operations are being pushed on so vigorously that the men are kept busy night and day. It is necessary that the excavation must be carried to a depth of 120 yards below the bed of the sea, and powerful pumps are available to carry off the water as it accumulates in the shaft. If this essay be successfully made, the tunnel will be commenced definitely.

The population of Germany on the 1st of December last, as shown by the returns of census then taken, was 42,757,812, an increase since the first of December, 1871, of 1,670,020. The population of Prussia has risen from 24,641,539 to 25,723,754; that of Bavaria from 4,865,450 to 5,024,832; that of Saxony from 2,646,244 to 2,760,416, that of Wurtemberg from 1,818,539 to 1,850,505; that of Baden from 1,461,562 to 1,506,531, and that of Hesse Darmstadt from 852,894 to 882,349. There has been a slight decrease in the population of the Principality of Waldeck, in the Duchy of Lauenburg, in Mecklenburg-Strelitz, in Alsace-Lorraine, and in Mecklenburg-Schwerin. The greatest increase is in the large towns.

SOVEREIGNS WHO DIED DURING THE PONTIFICATE OF Pius IX.—Among the Sovereigns who died since the elevation of Pius IX. to the Pontifical throne were 6 Emperors, namely, Nicholas I. of Russia; Napoleon III. of France; Maximilian, of Mexico; Ferdinand, of Austria; and Abdul-Medjid, and Abdul Aziz, of Turkey. The Kings were eighteen in number, namely, Louis Philippe, of the French; Charles Albert, of Sardinia; Frederick William III., of Prussia; Louis I. and Maximilian II. of Bavaria; Leopold I. of Belgium; Ferdinand II. of Naples; Christian VIII. and Frederick VII. of Denmark; Ernest Augustus of Hanover; Otho, of Greece; William of Holland; Queen Maria, and Don Pedro V., of Portugal; Frederick Augustus and John Nepomucene of Saxony; Oscar I. and Charles XV. of Sweden; and William of Wurtemberg. During the same period died five Presidents of the United States, namely, James Knox Polk, Zachary Taylor, Millard Fillmore, Franklin Pierce, and Abraham Lincoln.

CONVERSIONS.—Several persons of position in society have lately made abjuration of the errors of Protestantism and have been received into the Catholic Church. At Turin Mr. G. M. A. Hudson, was received on the 4th of June. He was born in London in 1855 of Protestant parents, and was educated by Calvinistic teachers in England, France and Switzerland. In the latter country he heard such attacks upon the Catholic faith that he was forced to examine for himself the doctrines of the Catholic Church, and the result was ardent desire to go to Italy and obtain fuller information. At Turin he was fortunate in finding Don Bosco, who gave him every assistance towards discovering the truth and on the 4th of June he was received into the Church of St. Maria Auxiliatrice in Turin.—Roman correspondent of London Tablet.

THE ITALIAN PROTECTED ANNEXATIONS.—The Italian Government denies officially that any steps have been taken by it to prepare for war. Nevertheless, it is confidently asserted that orders have been given to recall all soldiers out on furlough, to provision the naval and military stores houses, and to prepare the army for immediate service. Several newspapers speak of great things in store for Italy, Trieste and the neighboring territory is to be taken from Austria, Malta from the English, Nice from France! But this is not enough. Italy must have Monaco, and Mentone, and the island of Corsica, Malta is an Italian island, and is to be the Italian port of the future! When Italy possesses Malta, she will be mistress of the Mediterranean, and possibly of the seas of the world. Many deputies now in the Italian Parliament have heretofore spoken of these annexations, which they considered would be effected either by diplomacy or by war.—A.

An appeal has been issued to Catholics all over the world in view of the episcopal jubilee of his Holiness. On the 3rd of June next year the great Pontiff will have completed his 60th year as a prelate, should God spare him so long to the Church. It is requested that in every nation, in every province, and in every town, there be suitable rejoicings and thanks to heaven for having spared the Holy Father. An Exposition will be opened at Rome in honor of the occasion, and there will soon be published a programme in order that the faithful in all climes may have an opportunity of joining in this manifestation of Catholic unity. It is desired also that there should be a pilgrimage to the basilica of St. Peter of the Liens, wherein the Pope was consecrated, for the purpose of supplicating heaven to put a period to the tribulations of the Church.

At the Cardinal of Imola was praying alone in his Cathedral. Suddenly a loud noise in the direction

of the sacristy roused him from his devotions. Quick as thought he finds himself standing over a man frightfully wounded, bleeding profusely, and stretched on the pavement. Three men had followed their victim, and were bent on finishing him. The Cardinal confronted them, bawling their daggers and their rage, and holding before their eyes his cross, upbraided them for their violence, and bade them in the name of God quit this church. They quailed before him and obeyed. Meanwhile the holy Archbishop raised the wounded man upon his knees, supporting him with his arms. A medical man is sent for, he examines the wound and pronounces it to be mortal. The Cardinal, still holding him in his arms, hears his confession; the Viaticum is given, and the murdered man breathes his last on the heart of John Mastai Ferretti, who that same year was destined to become Pope. What a subject for a picture this would be, and what a worthy commemoration of that year which gave the Church, as her visible Head, the glorious Pius IX. The Swiss Protestants.—There are but faint signs of any mitigation of the Catholic troubles in the Canton of Berne. A French priest, the Abbe Bernard, cure of Fesseyville (Doubs), who had been condemned by the rural Rhdamanthus to a fine of fifty francs for teaching catechism to Catholic children at the Orphanage of Saignesleiger, has been relieved from that sentence on appeal to the superior police-court at Berne; and the Catholic population of the Jura has succeeded, after many struggles, in getting back their own priests, who are now at liberty to resume their pastoral ministrations. But Apostasy and infidelity are still in possession of the churches and Church property. The Catholic clergy are supported by voluntary contributions, and nearly all the primary schools are at present in the hands of the enemy. The other day M. Herzog, a Prussian, was elected a bishop of the "Old Catholic" sect at Oten. At a subsequent meeting of a "synod" it was proposed to "reform" the Church by the abolition of Latin Mass, priestly celibacy, sacramental confession, and so forth. In some places the new clergy have given great scandal by their delinquencies, and the Bernese Government has its hands full of "cases" of this kind, which are all it has to show in return for the large sums it has disbursed for the support of the seism. Several "Old Catholic" parishes are demanding the removal of their reformed pastors; while at Courfaivre the schismatics have locked their "Old Catholic" priest out of the parish church and will not allow him to officiate there no more. In fact, in the Canton of Berne, the movement is looked upon as a failure. In Geneva the persecution goes on with malice unabated.

FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

Several of the Paris journals publish intelligence that the Turks have captured Saitsehar, and that the Serbian general Tchernayeff is hemmed in between two Turkish armies marching from Widdin and Sophia. Intelligence received at Semlin states that the position of the Serbian General Antich, near Novi Bazar, is threatened. Official despatches announce that the Turks have withdrawn from the right bank of the river Drina. The Serbian army of the Timok has occupied several villages and reconnoitred the country to Widdin, to which place the Turks have retreated. The population of the district of Widdin have risen and joined the Morava division of the Serbian army. The Servians under General Benjan fought a superior force of Turks seven hours on the 7th inst. at Kruschevaz. The Turkish loss was considerable; the Servians lost slightly. They captured some flags, a quantity of arms, and occupied several villages. The Porte has sent the following despatch to its representatives abroad:—"In an engagement of five hours duration at Sabaskadi, in the district of Balgradzick, the Servians numbering 2,000, were beaten and pursued to the Serbian territory. The Turks capturing a quantity of war ammunition. After an engagement of two hours' duration at Sobine, in Bosnia, the Servians were driven into Austria." The Standard's correspondent telegraphs:—"Troops, guns, and stores of all kinds continue to be sent to the seat of war. The feeling against the Servians is very strong, and the fanatical passions of the Turks are now so thoroughly roused that the Servians, if beaten, must expect to receive no mercy. The Servians, too, are bringing all their troops to Gen. Tchernayeff's army. The city of Belgrade is almost depopulated, and is completely drained of troops. The oldest men of the reserves and the youngest of the recruits have already been called out to aid in the defence of the frontier against the public enemy. The Times' Berlin special has the following:—"At the Reichstadt interview Count Andrássy offered to mediate between Russia and England. Count Andrássy seems to have had reason to hope that Germany would cooperate in the mediation. Russia having given no definite answer, the situation remains unchanged, in the negotiations preceding the above offer Count Andrássy said he was unable to consent to any territorial change in Turkey unless approved by the other Powers. He was, however, willing to maintain existing arrangements and support the Berlin memorandum.

Turkish advices received at Ragusa, state that an engagement had occurred at Podgovitza between two battalions of Turkish regulars, assisted by volunteers, and 7,000 Montenegrins. The latter were driven from their fortifications, losing 400 killed and 400 wounded, including 30 officers. The Turkish only lost 36. Reuter's Telegram Company has a Scutari despatch, however, stating that firing was audible throughout Monday. The Turks in the neighborhood of Podgovitza endeavored to reopen the road to Medun. The attempt apparently failed. There was fighting throughout the day at Kernitz, on the west of Lake Scutari. The Turks suffered considerable loss. Many of the wounded are arriving at Scutari. A Turkish gunboat has bombarded Novocelo, which was previously captured by the Servians. Some houses were ignited. It is officially stated that the Servians have captured Little Sewonic. The defenders, consisting of three battalions of regulars and large forces of Bash Bazouks, lost 200 killed and many wounded.

Lord Derby on Friday received a deputation on the Eastern question, consisting of 40 members of Parliament and 571 gentlemen from all parts of the Kingdom. Jno. Bright presented a memorial in favor of strict neutrality, except when it may be possible to interpose and by friendly offices to mitigate the horrors, and to hasten the close of the war. Lord Derby, in reply to Bright, acknowledged the importance of the deputation, and spoke in sympathy with its objects. He said that although he might not endorse the exact expression of the memorial, he agreed absolutely and entirely in its object. He had refused to adhere to the Berlin memorial because it was a compromise between powers who were desirous of acting together, yet not quite agreeing. He did not think, therefore, that a compromise would ultimately work. He felt sure the Porte would not accept it, nor even the insurgents. The rendezvous of the fleet in Besika Bay was not England's initiative, but that of all the ambassadors at Constantinople, who wanted to be armed against eventualities, and against the massacre of British and other subjects, so far as human foresight could discern. A general war was most unlikely to result from the present conflict. France and Italy, for financial and other reasons, did not desire war. Germany had no direct interest in the question. England will not make war, and Austria, though peculiarly placed, would not break the peace for reasons of self-interest. A powerful party in Russia sympathized with Slavonia, and desired the erection of a Slavonic empire under

Russian guidance and influence. But that party was not in power. The war was a sincere lover of peace, and Russia had other reasons than her finances and the extent of her Asian conquests for not wishing war. The understanding reached at Reichtstadt was on the basis of absolute non-interference during the conflict, not excluding efforts in favor of peace, but if any steps should be taken, they would be in concert with all the powers. England, endeavoring to keep the conflict within its present limits, and to impress that view on others. Lord Derby said he had no doubt of England's success, and continued, "All we desire is to see fair play. If Turkey is to decay we cannot help it. We have guaranteed Turkey against murder, but not against suicide or sudden death. If the opportunity of mediation offers, which opportunity may now be at hand, we shall avail of it." Lord Derby afterwards received a deputation of the Christian League, on the same subject, which was introduced by M. Motley, and Earl Russell's memorial was read. Lord Derby severely criticised their object, though in the main he sympathized with their object. In regard to atrocities, he said doubtless both sides committed them.—The Turks were defeated yesterday at Klek, with a loss of 150 killed and 15 prisoners. The Turks were also obliged to abandon their entrenched positions before Saitsehar.—The following news to Constantinople is official: "The Serbian division which entered Turkey by way of Yenevaz was dispersed on the 12th inst. Seventy Christian families, who fled from the neighborhood of Metrowiza with the Serbian troops surrendered after the defeat of the latter and were restored to their homes.—The Turks attacked the Serbian camp at Sontchanitza near Novi Bazar. The Servians were defeated and fled.—The Servians and Bulgarians who appeared near Widdin were defeated and fled to Serbia. Losses considerable.—The examination of the authentic text of General Tchernayeff's recent proclamation shows that he did not promise Russian aid if Serbia was defeated. The Standard's Vienna special says Ministerial papers state that Austria neither favors nor opposes the desires of Bosnia Catholics for the annexation of Bosnia to Austria. The Daily News' Vienna special says the Roumanian Foreign Minister has informed a Parliamentary Commission that his government is unwilling to act on its own responsibility, relative to the passage of volunteers through Roumania. The commission seems inclined to prohibit the passage in accordance with representations from Turkey.—The Times' Vienna despatch says there are dissensions amongst the Serbian leaders. Each desires to have his own way but all are against General Tchernayeff as a foreigner.—The Daily News' special from Belgrade, dated 13th inst., says the Serbian Drina Army yesterday completed its entrenchments, whereby the route by which the Turks received their supplies is broken off.—A special to Pesth says that, on Wednesday, Col. Bey, with three battalions, attacked the Servians 15 miles hence, and drove them to Lower Timok with great loss.

SCRAP BOOK.

Counsellor Bushe, being on one occasion asked which of Power's company of actors he most admired, maliciously replied, "The prompter, sir; for I heard the most and saw the least of him."

Shelley styles his new poem "Prometheus Unbound," and 'tis like to remain so while Time circles round. For surely an age would be spent in the finding A reader so weak as to pay for the binding.

Lord E.—who wore a huge pair of whiskers, meeting Mr. O'Connell in Dublin, the latter said, "When do you mean to place your whiskers on the peace establishment?" When you place your tongue on the civil list," was the witty rejoinder.

An officer and a lawyer talking of a disastrous battle, the former was lamenting the number of brave soldiers who fell on the occasion, when the lawyer observed, that "those who lived by the sword must expect to die by the sword." "By a similar rule," retorted the officer, "those who live by the law must expect to die by the law."

A Deserved Reproof.—Vigee, taking the portrait of a lady, perceived that when he was working at her mouth she was twisting her features in order to render it smaller, and putting her lips into the most extreme contraction. "Do not trouble yourself so much, madame," exclaimed the painter, "for, if you choose, I will draw you without any mouth at all."

Henry Erskine, on receiving his appointment to succeed Mr. Dundas as Justice of Scotland, exclaimed that he must order his silk gown. "Never mind," said Dundas, "for the short time you will want it, you had better borrow mine." "No," replied the wit, "how short a time soever I may need it, heaven forbid that I should commence my career by adopting the abandoned habits of my predecessor."

Epps's Cocoa.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with Boiling Water or Milk.—Sold only in Packets labelled—JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemist, 49, Threadneedle Street, and 170, Piccadilly, Works, Euston Road and Camden Town, London.

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Very Rev. Jas. O'Conner, of Pittsburg, youngest brother of the late Bishop O'Conner, of that city has received notice of his appointment to the See of Omaha, vacant by the death of Bishop O'Gorman.—The first news of the appointment came by cable to the New York Freeman's Journal.

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Harrowing cannot be repeated too often. If the cattle have tramped the meadow harrow it. If it is baked, harrow it. If the grass is thin, harrow it.

A farmer states that he planted five rows of corn with seed taken from the three inches below the ear, rejecting the imperfect grains at the extreme point; then five rows taken from the middle and base of the ear, rejecting the imperfect grains at the butt.

For any soil except sand or gravel, use a steel plow. The cost is but little more, and the draft enough less to pay the difference in plowing twenty acres.

PREVENTIVE OF RUST IN WHEAT.—Dr. Thomas P. James, commissioner of agriculture of Georgia, has issued a circular to the wheat growers of his State, in which he says that having received information that the wheat in many sections is being injured by the rust, he suggests the trial of nitrate of soda on a small plot as a preventive, and asks that a report of the results to his department at Atlanta be made.

The Swedish plan of setting milk for butter was described at the recent meeting of the Dairywomen's Association by Mr. Harding, of Louisville, Ky. He puts his milk into the pans, as soon as milked puts on the tight fitting tin covers and places them in the refrigerator, which stands in an ordinary milk room or cellar which does not freeze.

How to STACK HAY.—To make bright, sweet hay, says the Rural World, the mode of stacking is important. Some means of ventilation must be employed, and in the stack or barn, that of filling a wheat sack with straw and raising it as fast as the clover is deposited in layers in the mow or stack, is a good means of making a ventilating flue.

DRAGONETS FOR CALCIMING.—Buy the best bleached glue, if the walls are to be white or some light tint (if dark, it is immaterial, so the glue is clean), and use it in the proportion of a quarter of a pound to eight pounds of whitening. Soak the glue overnight in the morning pour off the water, as it simply swells while soaking. Add fresh water, put it in a pail, and set that in a kettle of boiling water.

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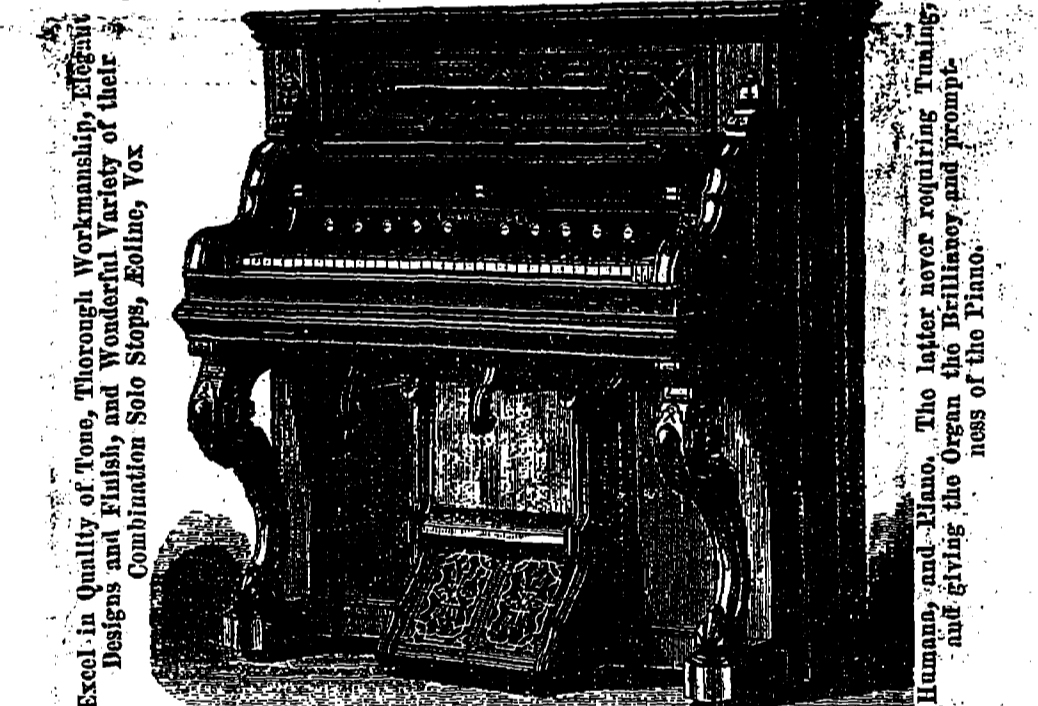
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All tickets will bear the signatures of F. X. LANTHIER, President, and of BEN. CLEMENT, Secretary-Treasurer of the Committee of Management, and the autograph signature of F. X. COCHUE, Managing-Director, and the Grand Seal of the Lottery; all others are counterfeit, and the holders of fraudulent tickets will be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law provided in such cases.

The mode, date and place of drawing will be made known through the press. Eleven tickets for ten dollars. Special inducements to agents and buyers of a large number of tickets. Single Tickets \$1.00, to be had personally or by mail, on application at the office of the Managing-Director

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ST. LAWRENCE ENGINE WORKS. NOS. 17 TO 29 MILL STREET. MONTREAL P. Q. W. P. BARTLEY & CO. ENGINEERS, FOUNDERS AND IRON BOAT BUILDERS. HIGH AND LOW PRESSURE STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS. MANUFACTURERS OF IMPROVED SAW AND GRIST MILL MACHINERY.

Boilers for heating Churches, Convents, Schools and Public Buildings, by Steam, or hot water. Steam Pumping Engines, pumping apparatus for supplying Cities, and Towns, Steam pumps, Steam Winches, and Steam Fire Engines. Castings of every description in Iron, or Brass Cast and Wrought Iron Columns and Girders for Buildings and Railway purposes. Patent Hoists for Hotels and Warehouses. Propeller Screw Wheels always in Stock, or made to order. Manufacturers of the "Coke" "Samson Turbine" and other first class water wheels.

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FITS!

FITS! FITS! FITS!

CURE OF EPILEPSY; OR FALLING FITS. BY HANCOCK'S ELECTRIC PILLS.

Persons laboring with this distressing malady, will find Hancock's Electric Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for curing Epilepsy or Falling Fits.

The following certificate shows how they are all cured; they are in every respect true, and should be read by any one who is not afflicted himself, if he has a friend who is a sufferer, as it will do a humane act by cutting this out and sending it to him.

A MOST REMARKABLE CURE. PHILADELPHIA, June 23, 1855. Dear Sir: I have read your advertisement, and was induced to try your Electric Pills. I was afflicted with Epilepsy for many years, and my physician's pills were of no use to me. I then procured your pills, and after taking a few, I felt a great relief. I then consulted another physician, but he said to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another physician, but without any good effect. I again returned to my first physician; he was cupped and bled several different times, and was generally attended with the most powerful medicines. I had from two to five fits a day, at intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep, and would fall wherever I was, or whatever I was occupying myself with. I was severely injured in several instances from the fits, and was so much affected that I lost all confidence in my physician. I was induced to try your pills, and I feel that I was cured. I have not had a fit since I commenced taking your pills, and I feel that I am a new man. I have written to you several times, and have been very anxious to see you, but have been unable to do so. I have written to you several times, and have been very anxious to see you, but have been unable to do so. I have written to you several times, and have been very anxious to see you, but have been unable to do so.

IS THERE A CURE FOR EPILEPSY? The subject will interest you. You will find a cure in Hancock's Electric Pills. I was afflicted with Epilepsy for many years, and my physician's pills were of no use to me. I then procured your pills, and after taking a few, I felt a great relief. I then consulted another physician, but he said to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another physician, but without any good effect. I again returned to my first physician; he was cupped and bled several different times, and was generally attended with the most powerful medicines. I had from two to five fits a day, at intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep, and would fall wherever I was, or whatever I was occupying myself with. I was severely injured in several instances from the fits, and was so much affected that I lost all confidence in my physician. I was induced to try your pills, and I feel that I was cured. I have not had a fit since I commenced taking your pills, and I feel that I am a new man. I have written to you several times, and have been very anxious to see you, but have been unable to do so. I have written to you several times, and have been very anxious to see you, but have been unable to do so. I have written to you several times, and have been very anxious to see you, but have been unable to do so.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE CURE OF EPILEPSY; OR FALLING FITS. BY HANCOCK'S ELECTRIC PILLS.

MONTREAL, June 23, 1855. Dear Sir: I have read your advertisement, and was induced to try your Electric Pills. I was afflicted with Epilepsy for many years, and my physician's pills were of no use to me. I then procured your pills, and after taking a few, I felt a great relief. I then consulted another physician, but he said to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another physician, but without any good effect. I again returned to my first physician; he was cupped and bled several different times, and was generally attended with the most powerful medicines. I had from two to five fits a day, at intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep, and would fall wherever I was, or whatever I was occupying myself with. I was severely injured in several instances from the fits, and was so much affected that I lost all confidence in my physician. I was induced to try your pills, and I feel that I was cured. I have not had a fit since I commenced taking your pills, and I feel that I am a new man. I have written to you several times, and have been very anxious to see you, but have been unable to do so. I have written to you several times, and have been very anxious to see you, but have been unable to do so. I have written to you several times, and have been very anxious to see you, but have been unable to do so.

STILL ANOTHER CURE. Read the following testimonial from a respectable citizen of Baltimore, Md. Dear Sir: I have read your advertisement, and was induced to try your Electric Pills. I was afflicted with Epilepsy for many years, and my physician's pills were of no use to me. I then procured your pills, and after taking a few, I felt a great relief. I then consulted another physician, but he said to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another physician, but without any good effect. I again returned to my first physician; he was cupped and bled several different times, and was generally attended with the most powerful medicines. I had from two to five fits a day, at intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep, and would fall wherever I was, or whatever I was occupying myself with. I was severely injured in several instances from the fits, and was so much affected that I lost all confidence in my physician. I was induced to try your pills, and I feel that I was cured. I have not had a fit since I commenced taking your pills, and I feel that I am a new man. I have written to you several times, and have been very anxious to see you, but have been unable to do so. I have written to you several times, and have been very anxious to see you, but have been unable to do so. I have written to you several times, and have been very anxious to see you, but have been unable to do so.