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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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NO. 3.

D. & J. SADLIER & CO., CATHOLIC PUBLISHERS, 275, NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

Will send, with pleasure, to any address, their 1875 School Book Catalogue, and Classified List of Catholic School Books and School Requisites, used in the different Colleges, Convents, Separate Schools, and Catholic Private Schools in the Dominion.

FINE ENGRAVING OF FATHER MATHEW. We take great pleasure in announcing the publication of a beautiful portrait of the GREAT APOSTLE OF TEMPERANCE. It represents him as he appears giving the TEMPERANCE PLEDGE; and below the Engraving is a facsimile of his handwriting endorsing this likeness of himself as "A CONFESSOR Ours."

It has been gotten up at a very great expense and is, without doubt, the finest and most LIFE-LIKE portrait of Father Mathew that has ever been published.

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LORD DACRE OF GILSLAND; OR, The Rising in the North: AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE DAYS OF ELIZABETH.

By E. M. Stewart.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"Monster of ingratitude!" exclaimed Lucy, "is this thy return for my father's care of thee in thy sickness, for the kindness he has shown thee? Wretch, from the first hour that thy odious person darkened his door."

"Verily, maiden!" replied Ralph, "it is the return which the ungodly shall receive for those works which they term good, and in which they place so vain a confidence, disregarding the sufficiency of faith, which sanctifieth all things, making that pleasing and profitable to the Lord which the men of Belial call wicked and unjust, for the Lord looketh not to the actions, but to the faith, maiden, to the faith."

"Hypocrite!" said Lucy, "the wound under which you now smart is doubtless a proof that heaven grants success to your villainy."

"If pleaseth the Lord sometimes to try the spirits of his elect, though he levels not his bolts at the laborers in his vineyard; but the ungodly his right hand hath smitten, and they are crushed in to the dust. A skillful leech must he be who shall restore Henry Willoughton; to me unworthy servant, it was allowed to make vain the boastings of the wicked. I saw him as he fell with his brow broken by the wound which this trusty right hand inflicted."

"Alas! the brave and trusty Willoughton!" exclaimed Lucy, "springing from the couch and grasping the hand of Gilbert. 'Man, if you have mercy tell me if he has been slain by this wretch?'"

"Be comforted, sweet maiden," replied Gilbert, "I saw the gallant fall, but I think not he was slain; but be satisfied and I will procure the intelligence of his fate to-morrow. And now poor child thou art faint and cold, I pray thee take a cup of this good wine and a morsel of a manchet."

Lucy declined the proffered refreshment, and implored him to prove that he really pitied her by restoring her to her father. This he told her he did not dare to do, and bending down he entered her in a low tone to taste the wine.

window with a shutter drawn across it. To reach the window she was compelled to pass the couch on which Ralph slept, and she sickened to behold it all stained with the blood which had flowed from his unbound wrist. Carefully pushing back the shutter, she looked out upon the night. It had cleared considerably, and the pale rays of the moon showed the city in the far distance, with the beacon of Bow flaming in the midst. Nearer at hand they trembled upon the spires of Ratcliffe, and threw a faint light upon the houses which rose dark and grim upon the banks of the river. Ratcliffe, Rotherhithe, Wapping, and Deptford, were then, as now, places connected with the shipping, but their houses were thinly scattered, and made a picturesque appearance, with here and there a few tall trees rising among them.

Lucy Fenton leaned weeping against the cabin window; she possessed not the high toned enthusiasm of her cousin Gertrude, and sank under a situation sufficiently alarming to startle the strongest nerves. Gradually declining, as the boat glided along into deeper shade, one after another the groups of houses disappeared. The cottages of Deptford, with their plastered walls, narrow casements, and the dark granaries piled among them, were no longer seen; and Lucy, who knew the banks of the river well, perceived that they were approaching Greenwich, at that time a place of royal residence. A vivid hope agitated her breast that some barge or boat might approach the one in which she was confined. In this expectation she was not disappointed. They had just gained Greenwich, when the dashing of oars met her ear, and she perceived a barge advancing in the moonlight, which streamed in a long line down the centre of the river. It was within less than a bow shot of the fishing boat, when Lucy, leaning from the cabin window, uttered a piercing scream, and loudly implored for assistance. A shout immediately arose among Sir Philip's men, but the barge was nigh, and there was no way to escape but in an endeavor to shoot past it. A few words, however, were spoken to the rowers of the barge by a gentleman who was walking on the deck; and as the fishing boat skimmed along the surface of the water, it was suddenly arrested by a grappling iron, which brought it with a violent concussion against the side of the barge.

"Oh, courteous gentleman, save me from these villains!" shrieked Lucy, and the next moment she was violently dragged from the window, and extended on the floor of the cabin, the unwounded hand of Ralph Adams grasping her throat with a violence that threatened suffocation, while his eyes flashed with all the fury of delirium. Meanwhile the cavalier on board the barge advanced and enquired the meaning of the shriek which he had just heard. He was a man of portly and majestic figure, the numerous flambeaux borne by his attendants in the barge, which was painted and gilded in the richest manner, showed the costly jewels that ornamented his dress, and lighted up his fine but voluptuous features. He was apparently about the middle age, perhaps somewhat past it, but his uncommon graces, both of face and figure, made ample amends for the absence of youth.

The attire of his person was magnificent, his doublet was of black velvet, puffed with gold tissue, nor were his limbs deformed by the enormous trunk hose so commonly worn at the time, his stockings were of knitted silk, than an article of great expense, large crimson rosettes decorated his shoes, and upon the small black velvet cap, which sat lightly on his head, was a plume of white feathers, fastened by an agraffe of diamonds. At his shoulders hung a mantle of scarlet cloth, richly embroidered with gold; this article of attire was peculiarly appropriate to the noblemen and gentleman of the period. A small falling ruff, of the finest foreign lace, was left open at his throat, and the bill of his rapier glittered with jewels. To the angry enquiries made by this person as to the female in the boat, Morley replied, by alleging with the most consummate impudence that she was his sister, whom he was conveying back to her father's house, from which she had absconded. But the gentleman, being by no means satisfied with this reply, was preparing to send his people on board the boat, when Morley, who had meantime possessed himself of a hatchet, severed at a blow the cable which held the grappling iron, and the vessels flew wide asunder. The cavalier seemed much inclined to order pursuit, when he was approached by a grave looking personage, quietly watching his friend's proceedings. The countenance of this personage was thoughtful and impressive, it might even have been termed handsome, but for the sinister expression of the hawk-like eyes, and the dubious character of the mouth. The tightening of the thin lips as if in resolve, and the smile that always withered to a sneer, were equally unpleasant to behold. The attire of this person was that of a man of rank, but it had none of the splendor of his companions. "I knew not," said this gentleman, in a low but chilling tone, "that thou hadst so much of the old leaven about thee still, as to assume the office of knight-errant to distressed damsels."

"Heaven forbid that the old leaven should poison my heart!" returned the other, who was nettled by his sarcastic manner, "but it appeared that the voice of the maiden was known to me, and if it be she whom I suspect, she is the daughter of an honest man, whose child I would not willingly leave in peril!"

"Thou art marvellously generous!" replied his friend, "but who waits for us, uses not to like delay: though I forgot, perchance 'twill pleasure her to wait for thee," he continued, his lips curling into a still more sardonic sneer. "By this time the boat was skimming along like a bird, half a mile ahead of the barge, the furrow that marked her course glittering in the moonlight. The master of the barge knew that in company of his present guest it would be unwise to persist in his design of pursuit."

"Were it not a goodly work to strangle this unbellying maiden, she could then no longer sin against the Lord!" said Ralph Adams to himself, as he held Lucy on the floor of the cabin. The poor girl meanwhile could hear even in her agony the voice of the owner of the barge to whom she had petitioned for assistance. In looking at the

infuriated countenance of Ralph, she felt that her life was in danger. By the old in sorrow as in years, a sudden and violent death is looked upon with an eye of just alarm; but to a young creature like Lucy, happy, prosperous, beloved, full of joy in the present, and hope for the future, how terrible were the moments in which she thought she was about to be crushed out of life by the insane fanatic Ralph; what an age of agony did those fleeting moments contain! Ralph Adams had been taken into the house of Lucy's father, Richard Fenton, as the son of a worthy man, and a well meaning and sincere, however mistaken reformer. The son resembled his father only in his fanaticism, which latter quality working upon a froward and malicious heart, and a head stupid to a degree of idiocy, had transformed him into a being at once contemptible and fearful. In Fenton's house he had been rather despised than hated, even his malice had been pitied as the offspring of a defective intellect. It was not remembered that excessive weakness is often the concomitant of excessive crime, and excessive cunning.

Certain it was that the sudden entrance of Gilbert to the cabin alone saved the life of Lucy Fenton, whose face was convulsed by the strong grasp with which the miscreant had seized her throat. It might have been that Ralph, in the possession of the little sense which nature had vouchsafed to bestow upon him, would not have thought of committing a crime so cruel, so desperate, and so uncalculated. But the deep draught of wine which he had taken had operated balefully on his frame, already in a state of fever from the pain of the wound inflicted by Lord Dacre, and the scream of Lucy as the barge appeared awakened him in a high state of delirium. He turned his eyes gleaming with the fury of a fiend upon Gilbert as he entered, exclaiming—

"Stand back, for the Lord hath delivered the ungodly into my hands, to be offered up as a sacrifice to him, even as Abraham was to have offered up his beloved son, Isaac! Verily I tell thee my heart waxes sore within me when I find myself put upon this deed, the slaying of the fair maiden, but the commands of the Lord who may venture to gainsay them!"

"A murmur upon the mad Paritan!" said Gilbert—"hound, leave go the girl! Ho! Edmund, John, come hither!"

By the time they came, Gilbert had already freed the terrified Lucy; but the united strength of Morley and himself was necessary to bind the fanatic, who, when they had forced him back to the couch, bitterly upbraided them for interfering in the work of the Lord, who had bid him slay the ungodly maiden.

"Hark thee, good friend madman!" said Gilbert, "that wine has, even as I suspected, wrought thee much mischief; thou art demented with fever or strong drink, or surely thou wouldst remember that an angel was sent to tell Abraham not to slay Isaac; therefore thou must have made some small mistake about that same command thou dost talk about."

"Belike that I did," answered Ralph, "for as I wakened out of my sleep, I heard a noise of the rushing of waters, and the sound of many voices, and methinks one said, 'Ralph! Ralph! get thou up, and slay the maiden!'"

"Slay the maiden! get thee gone for a rot," cried Gilbert, "it was save the maiden! But here we are, gentle damsel!" he said, approaching Lucy, as the boat a few minutes afterwards grated on the sand, left bare by the ebbing tide.

"Gentle damsel, will it please you, prepare to take horse." Then perceiving that she was half fainting with terror and exhaustion, he took from Edmund Ware a large mantle, which he held ready, and wrapping her in it, he raised her in his arms and bore her out of the cabin. As he scrambled with her up the bank Lucy, revived by the fresh air, unclosed her eyes, and perceived two men waiting at a little distance with horses for the whole party. Ralph was then handed out of the boat with very little ceremony, and after some jesting between Morley and those who were left in it, which Lucy found was occasioned by the deception he had practised on the cavalier of the barge, the sail was extended, and it glided slowly up the river. The poor Lucy, while being placed on one of the horses, looked round in search of aid, but alas! none was near. Sir Philip's men having landed in a secluded spot between Woolwich and Greenwich, nothing was to be seen but fields bordered with dwarf willows near to the river, and at a little distance Shooter's hill, and the land around it luxuriant with the stately elm and birch. Gilbert having mounted behind Lucy that he might support her, Ralph was firmly bound and placed upon a horse before one of the men who had been waiting, and as soon as these arrangements were completed, the whole party set off at a rapid rate, crossing the country for about half an hour, at the expiration of which time Lucy found that they were making a detour in order to avoid a village to the right, at a little distance from which the turrets of some lofty building met her view. But this also they avoided, and struck into a lane arched over by the lofty trees that were planted on both sides of it; the paths were slippery with the late rain, and they were obliged to proceed slowly and with great caution. As they turned out of this lane Lucy saw in the moonlight a gate, apparently forming the entrance to the pleasure grounds of some mansion. In this conjecture she was not deceived, and soon found that she had arrived at the place of her destination; for Edmund Ware, dismounting from his horse, drew forth a key, with which he unlocked the gate, and the whole party passed into the grounds. These were finely wooded, and seemingly laid out with great taste, for here and there Lucy caught a glimpse of the smooth waters of an artificial lake, or the sparkling of a fountain, as it rose and fell in the moonbeams which had now either entirely dispersed the clouds, or skirted their dark masses with a border of light. They soon reached another gate, where they again paused, and Gilbert dismounting, lifted Lucy from the horse, and unlocking the gate, led her into an extensive flower garden, while his companions receiving from him a few words of direction, departed, taking Ralph along with them. Stone terraces, grottos, temples, and fountains,

hedges of clipped yew, flower beds intersected by an infinity of serpentine paths marked the fashionable garden of the age. Lucy, faint and ill with the strange perils of the night, was weary with traversing it, when she perceived a stately mansion with a broad terrace running along the side she was approaching. Up the steps of this terrace she was led by Gilbert. The sight of the mansion made her heart sink, for it convinced her that she had a powerful oppressor. It was built of deep red brick, the form quadrangular, and at each corner stood a massive round tower; these towers possessed but little beauty, their shape being that of a pepper box. The windows were innumerable, but long and narrow, and surrounded by ornaments in free-stone. The terrace which Lucy trod was magnificent. Marble statues graced it at certain distances, between these were flowering shrubs, many of them of foreign growth; yet, dripping with the rain, they shed a delicious perfume. In the centre of this terrace was a noble fountain having a basin of red marble, surrounded by allegorical figures wrought in the same material, in the midst the waters gushed from the upheld horn of a colossal figure of plenty. A little beyond this fountain Gilbert stopped at a small door at which he knocked. A footstep was soon heard within, and Lucy shuddered dreadfully as it was opened by a woman fully of the middle age, but who yet retained traces of uncommon beauty. Upon her head she wore a hood of black velvet, worked with silver thread. Her petticoat and bodice were of rose-colored taffeta, slashed with black; yet to all this gaiety of attire so unseemly at her years, her face, in spite of its lingering beauty, presented a strange and withering contrast. In her hand she held a silver lamp, and as she raised it to examine the countenance of Lucy, it showed the lines upon her own, which anguish rather than years, seemed to have ploughed: the wild melancholy of her black eyes, the marble paleness of her cheek. But her sadness seemed not that of a wounded and innocent spirit. In her face were the deep traces of despair, that despair which those only know who mingle their sorrows with their guilt. This expression, so wild, so sad, was rendered more startling by her gay dress: it was as if a corpse had been attired for a festival. One word she spoke as Lucy entered, "Welcome!"

CHAPTER IV. She is fooled. With a most false effect; and J, the truer, So to be false with her.

The bright sunbeams of a remarkably fine October morning had forced their way between the overhanging upper stories of the narrow streets and lanes of the city, dispersing their customary gloom, and penetrating even to the dusty warehouses of John Harding, while he ransacked his stores to satisfy the capricious fancy of some half-dozen of the Court gallants. The place was heaped with rich merchandise: bales of wrought velvets and embroidered satins from Persia and Genoa, gold and silver tissues, feathers dyed to all the colors of the rainbow, packages of fine lace, and lawn, and tapestry were ranged on one side of the warehouse, while on the other were vases and drinking cups—some wrought of curious wood, others of ivory or agate. There were also boxes of costly spices and preserved fruits, rare perfumes, fans, pomander boxes, Venice mirrors, scarlet cloth, and all other fineries, whether native or foreign.

Most devoutly did John Harding on this morning wish that his courtly customers had deferred their visit; once when Master Wood, the kind warden of the city watch, offered to take his place with the apprentices and men for a moment, he stole away from among the heaps of unfolded satins and glittering tissues to speak a word of comfort to his distressed brother-in-law, Richard Fenton. Comfort, however, the latter was in no condition to receive, an unexpected dispatch of business at York had brought him home on the preceding evening, only a few hours after the abduction of his daughter; and it was his knocking at the door of Harding's house which had so abruptly broken in upon Gertrude's conversation with Lord Dacre. The remainder of the night and the early part of the ensuing morning were spent by him in attempts to find out some clue by which he might recover his lost Lucy; but having failed in every endeavor, he had yielded to despair, and sat weeping like a child by the couch of Willoughton, who, in a state of high delirium, increased the distress of the unfortunate father by raving incessantly of that daughter whom he had lost.

"Where is Gertrude?" said Harding. "I know not!" replied Fenton, in the peevish tones of ever selfish sorrow. "Little care has thy spoiled daughter for an afflicted uncle, a sick friend, or a lost cousin; doubtless, so wise a damsel must be superior to affection. Oh, my sweet Lucy, little didst thou think how lightly Gertrude prized thee!"

"Richard, you are unjust!" answered Harding. "At another time, and when may it please a merciful heaven, our darling Lucy is restored to us, I will prove to you that my Gertrude's heart is as tender as her mind is noble: does our friend here want anything which her care could supply? does she not know her good nurse, Mabel, to be a sage attendant for the sick? hath she failed in any tender enquiries? or were it invidiously to watch without intermission by the couch of a wounded youth?"

"That it were not!" said, in a low voice, a comely looking old woman, as she drew back the bed curtain which had concealed her. "I pity thee from my heart, Master Fenton; but do not be angry with my child because she escaped the snare into which your's unhappily, has fallen: remember, too, how harshly, not half an hour since, you bid her from your sight; and yet, sweet lady, I know she would return this minute, and bear with all your ill-temper, could she but hope to give you a moment's comfort. Please not, then, to find fault with my child!" Giving a fond parental emphasis to the last words, nurse folded round her her ample gown of fine green stuff, settled her clean white cap, and sunk back in her chair; the mute and kind attendant of the wounded Henry. "Alas!" resumed Harding, "tis a very merit in

my Gertrude which so much angers thee, Richard! how many a tear for her cousin must she stifle in the difficult duty which lies before her this day; young and beautiful as she is, to what trials am I not even in these hard times compelled to expose her. But thy purity be thy shield, my own gentle Gertrude; and if heaven has yet a care for the innocent, may we not hope that it will restore our Lucy in safety to her friends!"

And where meanwhile was Gertrude? In Harding's house was a small room hung with dark tapestry, it contained a bed, two Flemish chairs, some cushions covered with purple save, a table, a closet, and a large and curiously carved cabinet of oak. Neither casement nor door, however, were visible; upon the table stood a massive silver lamp, fed with perfumed oil, its steady spiral flame resting on the brow of Lord Dacre, half shadowed as it was by the rich masses of his raven hair, while he bent attentively over some papers, beautifully contrasted with his fine and thoughtful countenance, that of the fair girl who knelt on a cushion at his feet. The eyes of Gertrude were fixed on the face of her preserver, while he rapidly wrote on the paper which she was to convey for him to the hands of Vitelli. She fancied that she could read the spirit's working in that noble face in the momentary darkening of the majestic brow, the slight motion of the curved lip; but when he suddenly looked up, she almost shrunk as the full light of his dark and penetrating eyes seemed pouring into her own.

It is a lingering memory of some purer state of existence, or a sweet prophecy of happiness to come, that magical and indelible intelligence which fetters soul to soul—which wakens us so suddenly to a new life, to a thousand senses never known before. Youth, beauty, all the charms of mind may encircle us with their enchantments, and yet rouse not that throbbing sympathy which pains the bosom with its sweet delight seeming most like a recognition, a restoration to some far-off bliss.

Involuntarily the eyes of Gertrude fell beneath the overpowering glance of Lord Dacre. She rose from her kneeling posture, and hesitated to speak, the victim of a confusion from which her courtly companion was not free, for though he had finished his letter he paused for a moment, forgetful of the instructions which he was about to give. A silence so embarrassing was broken by a slight noise within the oak cabinet, the door of which was opened to give John Harding admission to the apartment.

"Your pardon, noble Lord!" he said, "if I seem to hurry your communications on a matter so important as that you would intrust to the guidance of my daughter; but if she leave not the house presently, a busy neighbor whom it were well should have no knowledge of her errand, will be like to insist on accompanying her."

"I know well whom you mean," interrupted Gertrude, "our inquisitive Bertha Allen would molest us with her affected good will." "Even so!" answered Harding. "Then with your leave, noble Lord," said Gertrude, "if your instructions be ready, I will forthwith set out for the dwelling of the valiant Italian. Pardon would I avoid this dame of Lombard street, who had last night only a slanderous word for my mistress, but whose curiosity I will surmise would lead her hither this morning.—The Virgin guard me from the defect which even now I blame in Dame Bertha! but if we are to yield credence to more than the mere gossip of the neighborhood, we may keenly suspect her to be one of the mean and miserable spies of the Court!"

While thus speaking, Gertrude received the paper from the hand of Lord Dacre, together with a ring which she was first to present to the Italian.

"Where now," she continued, "is Mistress Allen?"

"She holds Mabel in close converse, mingling her discourse with a thousand malevolent sneers at our poor Lucy, and she promises to remain until she has seen you my child."

"Thanks for the information mine acute Mistress Bertha," returned Gertrude. "I will put on my hood, and slip down the back stairs, and let me have three minutes' start of the portly dame, I warrant she will not overtake me." So saying, Gertrude concealed the packet in her bosom, and playfully waving her hand to her father and Lord Dacre, she sprang through the open door of the cabinet, and vanished up a flight of dark and narrow stairs which were dimly discernible within.

Gertrude had not overrated her nimbleness of foot; and in five minutes, wrapped in a black silk mantle, and with a hood of green embroidered silk drawn half over her beautiful face, she was hastening along the Corn Market, bearing in her hand a small basket filled with specimens of choice perfumes, her excuse should her errand to the Italian Captain arouse any undue observation. Her light step and graceful figure were not, however, so easily disguised, and more than one, "Good morrow to you, Mistress Gertrude?" "Whither so fast our Lily of Gnes Street?" "Nay, tell us, have ye heard aught of Mistress Lucy?" checked the anxious maiden on her way. A more serious interruption however awaited her.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

A DISCREET HINT.—Matilda (star-gazing), "How I would wish I could catch a falling star!" Young Dobbs (whose picture has been so successful at the academy this year)—"That's impossible, Miss Matilda. But—a might I suggest that you needn't go far for a rising one?"—Punch. GETTING HIS ANSWER.—Important old gent (from the country, who thinks the lofty bearing of these London burmoids ought to be "taken down a bit").—"Glass of ale, young woman; and look sharp, please!" Haughty blonde (blandly)—"Second class refreshments lower down, sir!"—Punch. A little boy in St. Cloud a few days ago undertook to see if he could lift himself by hanging on a mule's tail. He found out all about it, and the doctors think the skin on his forehead will grow up, but will leave a bad scar. It is a strange fact that wise men learn more from fools than fools do from wise men.

REV. FATHER BURKE.

GRAND SERMON IN SLIGO.

THE BEAUTY OF THE HOUSE OF GOD. The following eloquent sermon was delivered by the Very Rev. Thomas Burke, O. P., on the occasion of the consecration of the Sligo Cathedral, on the 2nd of August. An account of the consecration appeared in the columns of the TRUE WITNESS last week. We now give the sermon:—

And entering into the temple He began to cast out them that sold therein, and them that bought, saying to them: It is written, My house is the house of prayer, but you have made it a den of thieves.—(Words taken from the 11th chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke.)

MAY I PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY.—The Evangelist St. John, in the Gospel relating the same fact just read for you, tells us that on this occasion, when our Divine Lord came into the temple and found that His Father's house was being profaned, that He made a scourge of ropes, and that with His own hands, He scourged out of the temple those who bought therein and sold therein. Now, dearly beloved, it is worthy of remark, that this is the only time that the Gospel brings us face to face with the indignation of God, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. He received many injuries. He never complained; but on this occasion He not only speaks the language of divine indignation and anger, but with His own right hand He lays the scourges heavily upon those who profaned the sanctity of His Father's house. From this we see how deep in the heart of our Divine Lord and Saviour lay that zeal and love for the honor, the beauty, the grandeur, the dignity of the House of God. When the Apostles saw Him thus driving forth the profaners of the Temple they turned to each other, and there reminded one another of the words of Scripture, in which it was written: "The zeal of Thy House, O Lord, hath eaten me up." It was for this zeal, for the beauty and glory, and splendor of the House of God, more perhaps than any other virtue, that the royal prophet of Israel received the title of "The man after God's own heart." The man after God's own heart opens his heart to us, when he says in the language of inspiration: "For I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house, and Thy place where Thy glory dwelleth." It is, therefore, Christ-like, it is God-like,

TO LOVE THE BEAUTY OF GOD'S HOLY HOUSE, to burn with zeal for the grandeur and glory of the place where His glory dwelleth. It is a mark of predestination upon the brows of a people. It is also, dearly beloved, worthy of remark that the chiefest joy, the greatest almost that God ever gave to His own people of the old law, was connected with the glorious temple which the wisest of kings built up, and which was the honor, the pride and glory of Jerusalem for so many years. When that temple was to be consecrated—when its beauty, assuming such shape and form as to dazzle every eye and captivate the heart of every beholder, had attained to its perfection—the house of God was worthy to be offered to the Lord, and on that day the heart of Israel rejoiced. The people came; the princes of the people came; the priests and Levites came. Great was the joy of every heart, and that joy, by special ordinance of God, was to be perpetuated from year to year with all the statelyness and grandeur of Jewish ceremonial. To-day that joy is given to us, the joy of which the Psalmist speaks when he says: "May my right hand lose its strength if I forgot thee, oh Jerusalem; may my tongue cleave to my jaws if I make thee not the beginning of my thoughts, because of the house of my Lord that is in thee"—the joy of consecration, the joy of dedication unto the Lord God of His own house and His own dwelling. This joy is ours to-day, and dearly beloved, let me invite you to reflect upon the significance of the ceremonial, upon the depth of this joy, in order that we may know how not only to exhibit to God, a reasonable service, but also to rejoice in the Lord with a reasonable joy. This Temple of God is consecrated to the Lord under the title of "The Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary." That very title invites us to consider this as the first great enhancement of our joy. When we reflect upon the excessive zeal for the honor and glory of God's holy house, as evidenced in the temple raised in the city of Jesus Christ, we ask ourselves why did He so love the beauty of His house, why was He so zealous that nothing profane should enter there, that nothing unworthy should be present there, why did He resent with such quick, almost fierce indignation, the profanation of His Father's house? Perhaps amongst other reasons, there is this—that the Temple of God, the House of God, raised by the hands of men, coming forth from out the genius of man, is but an image of Mary,

THE FIRST GREAT TEMPLE OF THE ALMIGHTY GOD—that the honor of Mary was concerned in the honor and glory of the holy temple of God—that the beauty of Mary was to be reflected, and represented, and proclaimed in the beauty, and statelyness, and splendor of God's holy temple—that the wisdom, the graces, and privileges of Mary, were to be shadowed forth again, the wisdom, and graces, and privileges that belong to the holy Church of God. Reflect, in the first place, that the first temple of the Almighty God upon this earth was the immaculate heart of the Blessed Virgin Mary, under whose invocation this house has been offered to-day to Almighty God. She was the first temple of God. When Solomon built and consecrated the glory of that ancient house in Jerusalem, he said, on the day of dedication, "shall it be said that God will dwell among men?" but he added, "No; we know that the power of heaven is thine. O God, and that we have built only a house of prayer, where Thy name shall be invoked." But when Mary appeared—the woman of women, the mother of mothers, the virgin of virgins—then did the eyes of man behold for the first time the living temple of the Almighty God. Jesus Christ came down to earth, was incarnate of the Holy Ghost, and was made man, and was enthroned on the spotless bosom of Mary. What wonder, then, that the sin which tainted all Adam's posterity was never permitted to approach her? What wonder that her glory, her virtue, her purity, her grace should have formed a theme for the poet, the prophet, and the seer of old? What wonder that when the eyes of men turned to look forward to the coming of God they were also taught to expect His coming in Mary? "Hear me, oh house of Israel, oh house of David, the Lord God Himself will give you a Son. A woman—a virgin—shall conceive and bring forth a Son. He shall save the people." And the Lord in the heavens gave a sign. "I saw a sign in the heavens—a woman clothed with the sun, the moon beneath her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars." What wonder that Mary should be all purity, seeing that Almighty God Himself declared that there was one chosen from the daughters of Eve—one in whom no speck was to be found—one all perfection all beauty? "Thou art all beautiful, oh my beloved; there is no spot or stain on thee." The foundations of this spiritual temple of God were laid in perfect holiness. Where every other grace accorded to creatures had brought forth its fruit of sanctity, where every saint in heaven had attained to the highest point to which they could aspire—namely, perfect sinlessness—there Mary began. And when created it was in sinlessness far transcending the accumulated sanctity of all the angels and saints of God. And why so? Because Omnipotence created her, infinite goodness endowed her, and supreme councils decreed from eternity that she was to be the home, the dwelling

place, the temple, and the mother of God. To use the words of Scripture quoted in this day's office, her love was *gratia super gratia*—upon grace—graces accumulating upon graces—till she became a mystery, a marvel—a wonder being even in the sight of God's angels; until the day came when she who grew up in holiness received her consecration when the angel came to her, and saluted her, saying:

"HAIL TO THEE, OH MARY. Thou art full of grace; the Lord is with thee."—Then Mary, bowing down her head, said: "Be it done unto me according to thy Word," and at that moment, when the *fiat* passed her mouth, God became man in her womb, and the *fiat* of Mary created a greater deed than the *fiat* that came from God Himself, and created all things at the beginning of the world. Oh, how zealous was God for the honor and glory of this temple. And, dearly beloved, with what powerful hands did He scourge the devil and banish him far away from all approach to Mary. With what care did He not fence her round with His embraces, enshrine her with His sanctity, gather her into His heart of purity, that no shadow should ever fall across her path or taint her soul. With what zeal like Solomon of old, did He not use the most precious things in heaven to turn the soul of the King's daughter. With what love did He not pour out on her grace after grace, until came that supreme day when He culminated His gifts of grace by giving her Himself and taking up His dwelling within her. What wonder that God should have been jealous of her honor and glory—she who was to be His dwelling-place, His house, His mother? How wonderfully significant the very mystery—the very name under which this church is offered to God in all its statelyness and beauty, in its proportions of strength and grace. Oh, how significant is every purpose accomplished this day in its dedication to God—Mary was conceived without sin. The foundations of her spiritual love were laid in holiness. A very short time indeed has passed away—an inconceivably short time, considering the grandeur of the work and its greatness—since you assembled here to witness the laying of the first stone of this church. Do you not remember that it was laid with prayer and benediction, that its foundation stone deep in the soil—that soil that was opened till it came to the rock—that the foundation laid by the hand of man, should rest upon the deeper foundations of faith, laid there by the hands of God? On that day the Church, the Bishop, the pastors of your souls poured out on that foundation the mystic benediction and prayers of God. They were sprinkled with holy water, they were sanctified by hymns and prayer. And why? That the Church should be settled in holiness, and that the foundation of the temple might be laid in a holy place and consecrated to sanctity and divine grace. Then as it grew under your watchful eyes, as every heart rejoiced and every eye gladdened whilst you watched its rising proportions, was it not a grace added to grace, beauty following beauty—the beauties of solidity, of massive strength, of its hold of the earth so firmly with so broad and firm a grasp, as it climbed aloft to heaven—

THE BEAUTIES OF COLUMN AND ARCH—the beauties of its stono and windows each one coming forth, each one declaring the glories of some saint of the past, until to-day nothing remained but in the prelates of the Church to come here surrounding a prince of that Church, to open the door and fling wide the gates of the tabernacle. To-day this spouse of God speaks of God as Mary speaks. She, opening these doors, said, "Let the King of Glory come; be it done unto me according to thy word." Her word was spoken from the altar by venerable lips, and at this word the God of Heaven and Earth, the Creator and Founder of all things, came down from Heaven. How like unto Mary! Is it not meet and just that this church should take her title from her whose purpose of life she represents so well? Consider, again, dearly beloved, that this is no ordinary church—that this is not merely a church built up to supply the wants of religion—to supply the spiritual wants of the people. It is something more. It is not only intended to supply the spiritual wants of the people, but this and such churches—the cathedral churches of the land—are built also not merely to meet the spiritual necessities of the people, but as trophies and triumphs of the Catholic faith in this land. They are built as monuments of the undying faith. They are built to be silent yet most eloquent preachers and proclaimers of the sanctity and perpetuation of that faith. They are truth, not only to proclaim the Presence by the royalty of Jesus Christ. It is fitting, therefore, that they should represent, by the confirmation of their beauty, Him whom they preach—Christ Jesus, the Son of God. It is fitting that they should represent, as monuments, the endurance of Ireland's faith, what that faith has been, what it is to-day and what it shall remain and continue to be until the day comes that will summon all mankind into the valley of judgment. That, then, explains to us the grandeur of this building, as it also increases our joy on this day of its dedication. That explains to us, dearly beloved, the grandeur of this building. Oh, behold it! How stately it is, yet how strong and graceful! Surely these columns have been set there, not for a time, but for all time. Surely these arches are not intended to span for an age, but for many ages. There is nothing in the land like it. It is a thing of beauty—of supreme beauty—of majestic, of surpassing, of transcendent beauty. Why the lavish hand that spares nothing; why the selection of the choicest materials of earth; the sides of hills opened to bring forth their marbles; why have the very bowels of the earth been opened and rent asunder, and choicest ores of gold and silver drawn forth for the ornamentation of the altars; why the most fragrant flowers of the earth brought here? Oh, dearly beloved, it is because Jesus Christ is here, and He is our God; because He who made heaven and earth is here—abiding here, dwelling here.

HE IS A KING: THEREFORE HE MUST HAVE A PALACE. He is God, therefore that place must be a temple as worthy of God as the mind of man can make it to be. And therefore it is, dearly beloved, that zeal for the house of God, for its honor and glory, is a sign—a countersign—of Divine predestination upon the brows and on the hands of a people. Fifteen hundred years—blessed be God—have passed away. They have swept, in sunshine and shadow, in joy and weep, over this island mother of ours. The beginning of that long day brought with it the dawn of faith upon Ireland. The rising of that sun was the sound of Ireland's voice proclaiming her love, her faith, for Jesus Christ and His Mother, Mary. Fifteen hundred years have passed away—witnessing in their flight this land of blood—yet, behold, that God who came down from Heaven at the bidding of the sacerdotal lips of St. Patrick still continues in our land, through weal and woe, through sunshine and shadow, through shame and glory. He came to abide with the Irish people, and they have been faithful to Him. And, behold, the successor of St. Patrick is here to-day, and from the lips of the successor of St. Laurence O'Toole you saw God coming down to the Irish people as of old. Again, this church is grand, stately, magnificent, speaking of God—the awfulness of its beauty speaking not only of God, not only of its title, but in the presence of Him who is Mary's Child. But more than this: this church is intended as a trophy, a monument, of the great faith of the Irish people. We are called upon to rejoice for its grandeur. Oh, but, dearly beloved, it only typifies that still grander temple—that spiritual temple of faith—that was built upon the hearts of our forefathers, and there remained for ever unshaken. How strange the history of this land, which may be called the Mary of nations, for as Gabriel came to Mary and spoke to

her a message from God, so the messenger of God came when Patrick appeared in Ireland. And as Mary took the message from God, so Ireland, freely bowing down her head, lovingly received the message from her great angel, her glorious Apostle. And as out of that reception of the angel's visit arose the most wonderful union—the union of God and man in one person—so also out of the acceptance by the Irish race of the message of Patrick arose a union most wonderful—the marriage of Ireland to the Catholic Church. God entered into the bosom of Mary, taking His humanity from her, and binding Himself to her so that He has never been separated nor shall He ever be separated from His sacred humanity. God entered into Ireland by the preaching of St. Patrick. He shed Himself so over this ancient land of ours that never for a single instant has He departed from his people. They are His. He is their God, and the words of Scripture have been fulfilled here: "Behold the tabernacle of God with men, that He may dwell with them; and the Lord God in the midst of them shall be their God." Is it not fit that the monuments of undying faith should be undying and imperishable things? Is it not fit that

THE TROPHIES OF SO GRAND A FAITH should be grand in every proportion, and what wonder that this church which we offered to God to-day should be all of this? St. Augustine, speaking of our Saviour, says that in that He died He showed that he was man, and in that He rose from the dead He proved that He was God. Shame and dishonor were put upon Him; He lost His good name; He was crucified; He was put into the earth and died man; but, when He arose and proved that he was God, He rose in greater glory, splendor, purity, and majesty than He had appeared in before. He lives in His Church. She represents Him living amongst men. She is the living illustration of His life. Fifteen hundred years ago the Catholics of Elphin first built a church, lowly in proportions and humble. It grew, with increase of knowledge, in style and beauty, until the fatal hour arrived when ruin came upon it and crushed, trampled, and robbed it. The holy images were broken, the altars shattered to their bases, the Bishops driven from their sees and made exiles of; the friars hunted, forced to seek refuge in the wild fortresses and caves of the land.

To all appearances, the Catholic Church in Ireland was dead. There was no sign of life in her. Blood was on her face—the blood of her priests and people, which continued for many a sad year. At length, in the accumulation of national misfortunes, she seemed as if she were utterly extinct—dead—no sign of life, no visible altar, no sound of bells, no peal of an organ, nothing to proclaim her existence in the land. She seemed dead. Yes, but, dearly beloved, behold her resurrection. See what she is to-day, when she springs out of her grave of blood and suffering, and sorrow, and persecution. She was holy and great before the sorrow of death came upon her; but behold her risen from the grave fairer than ever, brighter than ever, stronger than ever. In that she was persecuted man thought her dead; in that she rose from the dead men believed her to be divine. Dearly beloved, I draw from this one conclusion:—To the student of history reading

THE ANNALS OF VARIOUS RACES AND NATIONS, nothing is more astonishing, nothing is more puzzling and amazing, than the strong vitality of the old Celtic race. They live irrepressibly—they never consented to die more than this—they never agreed to grow old or decrepit. One of the most ancient of the races of mankind, one of the most ancient of the historic Western nations, it embraced at once the religion of Christ. Other nations have grown old and died, but the old Celtic nation lives on. And how does it live? Like an effete people? Oh, no, but with strong and super-human energy and vitality. Her hand is as strong, her brain as clear, her feet as firm upon the soil, her energy still as great as in the first days of our existence, as in the brightest days of our glory. Never during the years when this island was called the Island of Saints—never when Alfred of England came here to learn—when great emperors and founders of German and European institutions were sending over scholars to be taught to Ireland—never in the days of the Church's greatest glory were the Irish race stronger, more energetic, more widely diffused, more a church building people, burning with zeal for the honor and glory of God, than at this hour. Now, this is so strange a fact that one cannot help asking what is the secret and cause of it. "Explain," it has been said to me,

"NOW IS IT THAT THE IRISH ARE IRREPRESSIBLE,—that they increase and multiply in physical and intellectual strength in every land. The true explanation lies here, as is suggested by this very church this very evening. We have cast our lot as a nation with the only immortal, the only divine, the eternal thing in existence in this world, and that is the Holy Catholic Church. Everything else must perish—the Church, must remain for ever. The foundations of national prosperity, vitality, and greatness may be rent asunder and broken in pieces; the oak must yield to the storm, and the highest hills bend to the earthquake. The Church alone must remain, for God has said that she never shall die;—that the people who have made religion the foundation of national greatness can never die, because associated with the only immortal thing that exists in the world. Behold the true secret of that great faith. I claim for the heart of Ireland the title of "Great," and if I were to put forth an argument to any stranger I would bring him here before this altar and tell him to look upon our episcopacy and priesthood, tell him to look upon our people without until his soul expands with the idea of the grandeur of God's house I say that the nation that produces such a people, such a clergy, may well claim the title of "great." Ireland's faith being the secret of her vitality, we next come to consider what is the secret of Ireland's faith.

That Ireland's faith is there is known to the world. That it is there, a living, working principle of life is attested by all mankind; for if you ask me what was the secret that preserved that faith amidst the wreck of nations, what kept Ireland true to the day that St. Patrick waved his last blessing over her, what gave her strength to resist the greatest powers of the earth? I answer that, in the first place, it was her faith which lay in her devotion to the Mother of God. Secondly, in her devotion to the See of Peter; for, dearly beloved, Christ our Lord, our God, our Redeemer, the author and finisher of our faith, can ever be reached, even by the mind, through Mary and through Peter. Christ our Lord is our Redeemer, our Saviour, our God, and as God is man also. Every man to be saved must be ingrafted upon the mystic body of Christ, and must communicate the real body of Christ. The real body of Christ came to us through Mary, the mystic body of Christ rests upon Peter.

IRELAND WAS FAITHFUL TO MARY, recognizing in her the fulfillment of the mystery of the Incarnation; and Ireland's faith and love for Mary saved her from all the heresies that assailed the doctrine of the presence of the real body of Jesus Christ. These dearly beloved, were many. Scarcely was Ireland converted to the faith when a heresy arose, denying the reality of Christ, saying that He was not God, but only man, and denying to Mary the title of Mother of God. Other heresies arose denying not His divinity, but His humanity, and consequently denying to Mary the privilege of being a Mother. Scarcely was this heresy suppressed when another arose affecting the reality of the incarnation in various ways. Nations fell away and lost the faith in those times, but Ireland remained true to the faith of St. Patrick. Oh, how wisely St. Patrick preached when he told our forefathers to invoke the Mother of God as their mother—to recog-

nize in that gift made by her Son on the Cross their right to be children of Mary—the full brothers of Jesus Christ. But besides the mystic, the real body of Christ, there is the mystical body to which we must all belong, and of which we are members, as St. Patrick tells us:—The Church of God is the mystical body of our Divine Lord. He lives in her, and through her to all people. The Church is the mystical body of the Lamb, and Peter is the rock, the heart, the mind, the supreme authority, the repository of this mystic body of Jesus Christ. There must be no want of faith in Peter, for he who believes not in him believes not in Christ; Peter, through his successors, Popes of Rome, are appointed the instruments through whom all jurisdiction, all faith, all authority, comes and permeates through the Church of God. Well and wisely did Patrick preach, when he taught the Irish people and bishops forever a difficulty arose amongst them to go to Rome. "Go to Peter that sent me amongst you; but," he added, "go like a child to its mother." There must be no jealousy of Peter, no fear that he will assume some strange power to which he is not entitled, no shadow of fear that Peter can ever tell a lie.

This feeling of loyalty and trusting obedience to Peter, Patrick impressed upon the Irish, and in their love towards Mary we find the secret and preservation of their faith. Their love for Mary was attested by this church consecrated to her under her name; their love for Peter is attested by the presence of the eminent and great men who are here at the head of the Irish Church to-day. Oh, dearly beloved, let us rejoice and be glad! Who would have ever thought that here, crowning this hill, and looking over your town, as if keeping sentinel over it, this grand and magnificent church would be raised? Did our fathers think that when driven from house to house for the faith, he was hunted down from every place in the land, and driven to the bleak, western hills, there to famish or to die.

The Very Rev. Preacher concluded his sermon by exhorting his hearers to rejoice and be glad for the faith of their country, for their devotion to the Virgin Mother, and for their love and loyalty to the Holy See of Peter.—*Cork Examiner.*

REV. FATHER BOYLAN.

HIS VIEWS ON THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

On the evening of Sunday, the 9th of Aug., the Very Rev. Father Boylan, P. P. of Cresserlough, Ireland, lectured before the Temperance Society attached to the church of the Holy Innocents, corner of Broadway and 37th Street, New York. At 8 o'clock, the President of the Society, Richard Birmingham, Esq., introduced the rev. lecturer, who was received with the most cordial applause. Father Boylan spoke as follows:—

My friends,—I come before you this evening to speak of one whose name is the pride of every Irishman, the glory of every Catholic; of a mighty conqueror whose antagonists were not mere human warriors, but demons that had destroyed millions, and crowded the earth with sin, misery, and desolation; a conqueror whose triumph was not signaled by the shouts of victory, and the clamor of trumpets, drawing the roar of cannon, or the lamentations of a crushed people, but by the sweet increase of soul-felt gratitude arising from millions of loving hearts, from thousands and tens of thousands of homes, where, through his efforts, blessed and rendered efficient by the grace of God, the light of purity, peace, and domestic happiness had driven away the dark shadows of discord, hate, misery, despair, and death: I speak of the immortal Father Mathew (applause). How glorious to review the works of this matchless reformer, whose career throughout Ireland and America was one continued moral miracle. To see him appealing to the hearts and minds of the people; showing to the drunkard, in his own simple and effective language, how, through the grace of God, the most inveterate habit could be overcome by a simple effort of moral courage—by one virtuous resolution;—how habit and custom tyrannized over men only because they wanted courage to face their tyrants; and how the strongest chain of passion that ever fettered the soul, or led man's senses captive, could be broken for ever by one bold, persistent virtuous effort; telling them that the temperance pledge,—which he called upon them to take,—did not enslave, but liberate; that the emancipation of the soul was the foundation of freedom,—freedom from vice,—from passion,—from enslaving habits;—that the man who rules his passions is the only freeman,—greater even than the mighty Alexander, who, after conquering a world, fell before intemperance, and to whom his instructor said: "Alexander, thou art a mighty conqueror; but the greatest victory remains to be achieved—the victory over thyself." Oh, how glorious to behold Father Mathew, as it were, driving before him the demons of darkness,—rash swearing, profanation of the Lord's day, blasphemous wit-out number, poverty, destitution, the ruin of homes, the seduction of innocence, the corruption of virtue, the disobedience of children, the neglect of parents, the discord and disunion of those whom God had united; all that dreadful legion to which intemperance opens the gate;—to see before his magic presence, and, through his ministry, those fiends of darkness disappear! To see how, in the face of so many obstacles bearing against him,—not only all the drunkards, scoffers, and idlers, but the determined opposition of that large, wealthy, and influential class, depending for its profits and livelihood upon the consumption of liquors,—vanishes. Father Mathew carried on his work to its glorious completion—a work which has never ceased, and I trust will never cease or slacken until not one drunkard remains to be redeemed,—not one home to be rescued from sin, shame, and misery (applause).—You all rejoice in Father Mathew's name and honor; but, increase his usefulness and you increase his fame; you perpetuate the glorious work which he commenced; and you perpetuate his glory with it. It is idle to talk of honor to Father Mathew apart from the diffusion of his saving principles. I have heard that it has been resolved to erect a monument to him in Central Park, and certainly no one now represented there, is more worthy of honor. But the true glory of great men rests not upon mere material mason or metal work—it rests upon the perpetuation of the reformation which they have achieved. The moral outlives the material, as the soul outlives the body. The projects, nay, the very purposes—of the round towers of Ireland have been forgotten; but the name of the Apostle who brought the gospel of truth to that country, is as fresh upon every tongue, as if he were living there to-day (applause). And Father Mathew's name also will be a household word in Ireland and America, when the testimonies raised to him are reduced to fragments and dust (applause).—What has held back Ireland,—what has ruined her cause, rendered every noble effort she has made for her liberty a terrible and unavailing sacrifice?—Every Irishman can answer—it was the fatal want of union among her sons. Now, I can remember, myself, to have witnessed union amongst Irishmen as one of the first fruits of the blessed spread of temperance throughout the land. I do not mean, of course, union of religious creeds, political opinions, or social values, but a union eminently of Irishmen,—of men bound together by the sacred tie of a common country, whose pride is our pride, and whose honor among the nations of the earth is our honor;—this union I believe to be the first grand step towards the final redemption of Ireland (applause).—Father Mathew, then, discovered the one spot of neutral ground whereon all Irishmen might take their stand in the brotherhood of national love—the common measure of national amelioration, in which, in sincerity and truth, we can concur.

Before Father Mathew's time it was often said that Irishmen were creatures rather of impulse than reflection; but let us be temperate, and that reproof applies to us no more; for to be sober and steady; sober and reflective, sober and self-reliant; and one and the same thing; and while still retaining the quick perception, the fertility of expedient, and the prompt energy of action peculiar to Irishmen,—and so often mistaken for mere impulse,—we shall acquire steadfastness of purpose, and unity of action, that will command not only the respect of all other nations, but the certainty of ultimate triumph for the cause of the land we love (applause). Ireland bowed down under the weight of misfortunes that would have crushed forever the spirit of any other nation,—her people barely permitted to live under the most degrading restrictions,—debarred, so far as it was in the power of her oppressors, from all support and consolation, was, as it were, driven with fiendish art, to drown the remembrance of her miseries in the fatal cup, and fill the exchequer of her tyrant with the price of her own ruin, and the degradation of her national character in the eyes of the world. But,—all honor to Father Mathew, and to those who perpetuate his blessed and glorious work,—all this will soon be a matter of history, or rather, let us hope, of utter oblivion. The drunkard can do nothing for Ireland; he is a traitor to his country who aids, endorses, and justifies the acts of her oppressors; but "a nation that has conquered its vices can never be vanquished;" the determined will of a sober and respectable nation is a moral law to which the wise submit, and fools only resist. A brave people may be formidable; but a brave and temperate people must be irresistible (applause). Such were the sentiments of the great liberator, Daniel O'Connell. In all his speeches of the Repeal year, he alluded to the temperance cause. "Oh," said he, "how I love teetotalism; it is the greatest effort of virtue; and I have made a rule that any one who disregards its solemn obligations and breaks his pledge shall not be admitted to the Repeal ranks. Napoleon boasted of his bodyguards, but I can boast of a more than imperial guard—a Christian guard of virtuous teetotallists. This mighty moral miracle of five millions of men pledged against intoxicating liquors, has come from the hand of God, and I regard it as precursor of the liberty of Ireland" (applause). "Yes," says O'Connell, "I can do much; but Father Mathew can do more; I can call millions together; but he can make them temperate; he can give them the self-denial and self-respect that bring such perfect security, and render these countless multitudes the terror of the English aristocracy, who see in these peaceable, sober, disaffected thousands the mighty armies which they cannot conquer, and to which their own must at last surrender" (applause). Now, where is the Irishman in this country who would hesitate to make any sacrifice for the liberty and resurrection of Ireland? If there be such a one, in all my travels from the East to the far West, I have failed to meet him (applause). Ireland calls upon all her children, at home and abroad, to make one sacrifice—a sacrifice in which they no less than she will be honored: a sacrifice which will surely enable her to rank amongst the proudest nations of the earth, to vie her just rights and confirm them by the approbation of men and the blessing of God; and this is the sacrifice which the temperance pledge involves (applause).

With every priest in the land, of course, I must admire these temperance societies. We read every week lectures on temperance, in which the most appalling pictures are drawn (and they cannot be overdrawn) of the drunkard's condition and fate; but they are nearly always accompanied by sketches of some most hideous rum-hole in a filthy back alley, where none but the vicious, degraded and desperate resort. Now, I fear that many who read these, smile in fancied security, and say to themselves, "Oh, that does not apply to me; I never was in such a place and never will be." But I fear not to assert that the greatest danger, the first fatal step, in by far the greatest majority of cases, is made in the first class saloon; in the place where every convenience attracts the customer, and every attention is paid him whether he drinks or not; where quarrelling, fighting, and rowdiness are absolutely excluded, and from which the poor degraded drunkard would be instantly expelled; where a man can read his newspaper, or meet his friend in social enjoyment, surrounded by every luxury and comfort; the poisonous serpent of drink so well hidden amongst flowers that the unwary never suspect its fatal presence. All men love social pleasure, and most of all does the warm-hearted, frank, jovial and impulsive son of Ireland. Who can wonder at the almost irresistible attractions these places have for many. But again I say, all honor to Father Mathew, and all honor to the temperance societies of America. The devil is a skillful engineer, but they have understood his plan, and meeting him fairly, crush him with his own weapons. The power of united opinion and moral support, the attraction of social reunion, the excitement and enthusiasm of the public meeting, and the martial parade, with its soul-stirring music, all combine to supply the need of which he would take such terrible advantage.—And I rejoice to see that the temperance movement is gaining ground to establish reading-rooms and parlors where all the advantages offered by the saloons can be enjoyed with safety and profit. The moral influence of these societies can scarcely be over-estimated, and if properly directed, there are few things too difficult for them to attempt and accomplish. And what can be grander or holier than their noble work of reform? We see before us the miserable drunkard,—so often and so terribly described,—the twin of what was once a man, but now fallen lower than the beasts; so hideous an object that even the Pagan Spartans inspired their youth with a contempt for drunkenness by exhibiting to them their slaves under the influence of liquor, and showing their ridiculous and disgusting actions of intoxication and the lesson was always effectual. Language almost fails to describe the condition of this unhappy wretch, whom, as he raises the poisonous draught to his lips, we may thus address in the words of a powerful writer: "Yes, drunkard, take in hand the cup of delusion, and with your eyes on the consequences, drink. Gaze not at the white bubbles that dance on the brim; they are but the tears of your once-cherished wife. Drink on,—you have drained her happiness. Take the cup again;—the drops look red; shudder not—'tis the blood of your starving and neglected children. Drink them,—drink on. See the horrible cup anew; be not dismayed;—you see only the grey hairs of your parents floating on the surface. Drink on,—you have drained their existence. Drain the cup to the bottom!" But why does he start? Does he fear the prospect he sees there,—the open door of the prison, and behind it the scaffold of the murderer? Can that picture appal the man who laughs at misery, scoffs at the wrath of Heaven, and dispises an eternity of punishment? No! It was but for a moment, and with a wild shout, echoed by the triumphant laughter of the fiends who have trapped their prey, he calls for more, and dashes madly on,—whether? But there is even a sadder picture, when the woman who bears the sacred titles of wife and mother,—whom all men respect and honor as the highest human type of purity and virtue,—forgetting her sacred mission, falls from her high place,—and to what a depth! She has perhaps striven long against it; she has known the bitterness of the curse, when her husband left her for the accursed cup,—and the midnight prayer of the expectant wife and children ascended for the absent one, as they waited fearfully, restless and fireless;—hear his staggering footsteps;—and it may be, have their welcome home returned by blows and curses;—until despairing of her husband's conversion, her faith failed, and she, too, threw herself headlong into the current that was

beating him to destruction. Remorse, crime, madness envelope that family in a cloud of horror; and in the dim future, through the half-open gate of death, we behold that awful prospect from which humanity shrinks in shuddering awe! O God of mercy! is there no hope for them? Yes! By the grace of God, through Father Mathew and the Catholic Temperance Society there is (applause).—Holding fast to the anchor of religion, they will not fear to snatch the fiend's victims, even from the mouth of the pit, and by the aid of the Holy Church, bind them forever to temperance, virtue and sanctity (renewed applause). How delightful to see the rescued drunkard, once more proudly erect, exulting in his strength, his manhood, and in the consciousness of a noble victory! With what rapturous joy does he now return to receive the greetings of his wife and children, in that home which his reform has raised from poverty to comfort—from being the dwelling-place of misery and degradation to the abode of peace, love and harmony. And how glorious to witness the chaste and temperate mother in that home, like a household divinity, leading her tender offspring in the paths of innocence, stemming the torrent of corruption ere it has time to gather strength, rocking her infants in the cradle of religion, and instructing them, as they advance, in the articles of their faith, guarding them by her precepts against the snares of the world, and encouraging them, by her example in the pursuit of purity and honor. Her husband, attracted by the calm serenity of domestic comfort, despises the riot of the tavern, and finds happiness only in the bosom of his family. And she, while winning him to habits of temperance and virtue, smiles, with ineffable happiness, on the wreck of the abated storm. What work can be more glorious than this, and what reward can be purer or grander than the heartfelt gratitude of this rescued family, in their consciousness that, by the grace of God, you have been the instruments of reformation (applause).

It has often been asserted by those who favor this insidious enemy of mankind, that a love of indulgence is a "natural passion" and that God could not have made nature and religion at variance. But, my friends, this thirst for the fiery poison is no offspring of nature. It is, as we knew but too well, engendered by corruption and abuse, and developed beneath the fostering care of the arch-fiend himself. But did the Father of Lies or his followers ever lack a specious argument to justify or excuse their acts? I heard of a man once whose wife was an incorrigible tippler. Thinking to arouse her conscience, he had the portrait of a beautiful angel painted on the bottom of a bowl from which she used to take her dram, and anxiously waited the result. As usual she drained it to the last drop. In despair he exclaimed, "Will nothing arouse you? Could you not see that lovely angel before your eyes?" "Ah, the dear heavenly spirit," said she, "how I longed to get to it!" (laughter). So he took the bowl back to the painter, and told him to substitute the image of "Old Nick" and to make it as hideous as possible; and then, replacing the cup, he watched the effect of his plan. Still she quaffed the liquor to the very dregs. "What!" cried the amazed husband, "will not even Old Nick frighten you?" "Ugh! the ugly old scoundrel!" replied she; "do you think I'd leave him a drop?" (renewed laughter). There was a man in Ireland once who solemnly pledged himself not to drink a drop of liquor, either inside or outside of a house for two years. Soon afterwards he passed the house where a jolly party—three of his former comrades were taking their "drop" in comfort, and he could not resist stepping to cast one mournful look of longing within. One of them spied him and invited him to join them. "Oh, no," said he "I wish I could, but I've sworn not to take a drop either inside or outside the house for two years." "Oh!" said one, "you can have one drink for all that—well lift you off the threshold, and you can drink half-inside the house and half outside" (laughter). So one took hold of each leg; and they raised him up, while the third filled and passed him the bottle. He took one long drink and was just drawing breath for another when one of his supporters shifted a little. "Oh! hold me even, boys!" he shouted, "my seal is in your hands!" (laughter). And then look at the absurd actions which spring from indulging in this so-called "natural passion." I heard of a man once whose policeman found supporting himself by a lamp-post, and starting with drunken gravity at a row of houses before him. "What are you doing there?" said the officer. "Why," answered the man, "I'm looking at all those houses going round, and waiting for mine to come along to me" (laughter). I remember a story of a man whose name was John Turner. Poor John took a drop once in a while, and, as his head was not very strong, he was pretty safe to take more than he could carry. One afternoon he went down to the alehouse with two and sixpence in his pocket, and thought he could afford the luxury of just one glass of porter. Then he took a fancy for another; and then he was quite sure he needed a third just to steady him. So glass followed glass in rapid succession, until finally he found it convenient to lie down on the floor. Two of his companions came in and spied him in a happy state of oblivion; one of them took his two-and-sixpence; the other blackened his face thoroughly with burnt cork, and placed a looking-glass in front of him; and so they left him. Poor John returned to the possession of whatever sense the liquor had left in his muddled brain, stared in the glass, and cried, "Oh! dear, dear, this is not John Turner! John Turner was a clean, handsome-looking man—and this—a dirty nigger!" (laughter). "And yet," said he, "this should be me. Now, whom am I? and who is John Turner if he isn't me? and where did the nigger come from?" A bright idea struck him—he felt in his pocket, "John Turner had two-and-sixpence, I know." It was empty. "Oh! dear, dear, now I know I'm not John Turner (laughter); but who am I? How can I find out who I am?" So he got up and slunk off to his own house and rapped at the door. His wife answered it, but did not recognize him until he spoke. "Please tell me does John Turner live here?" "Certainly." "Would you know him if you saw him?" "Of course I would." "And do you think am I John Turner?" "Certainly not. John Turner was a clean, straight, handsome man, and you're an ugly, old, bent-up nigger. But," said she, "as you're a poor, unfortunate man, out of charity I'll give you a night's lodging" (laughter).

Where is the man who does not reprobate the drunkard—even though he is his nearest friend—as the bane of civil society, a nuisance to Christianity, and unworthy of the air he breathes? Who can trust him with property or secrets? Liquor is to him more than his conscience and his God—your goods will be squandered—your secrets shared with his low associates. He is amidst tumbler all the evening, and coming home becomes a tumbler himself (laughter). Without decency, reflection, conscience or religion, how thorough is the destruction effected by the poisonous cup. In fact, I think a business circular might be issued giving the true meaning of the advertisements something like this:—
"DEATH & CO.,
"WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN SPIRITS, WINES, AND MALT LIQUORS,
"Take this opportunity of informing their friends that they continue the trade of making DRUNKARDS, BARRAGERS, BORGARS AND MURKERS, on the most reasonable terms, and at the shortest notice. They return their most sincere thanks to their numerous customers, and to all the tipping portion of the community, for the extensive patronage they now receive in the above line of business; and they hope for such a continued support as will enable them forever to silence all Temperance and Teetotal Societies—those bitter enemies of their regular, legal long-established and popular trade. They beg leave to assure the public that the article in which they

deal is the best, the most efficient and the most delightful poison in the world. They will guarantee a certain death in every case where the individual performs obligations to send more persons to the work-house, the prison the gallows, and grave yard than any other firm they possess unrivaled facilities and will fill all orders with the utmost promptness and dispatch. In order to accomplish these desirable ends, it is only necessary for an individual to take a glass occasionally, until he feels that quantity insufficient to gratify the craving appetite which it will soon create. When this whiskey, gin, brandy, rum, wine, ale or porter appetite is founded, the person will find himself fully prepared to brave temporal and eternal misery for the sake of another glass. In short, Death & Co., will spare neither pains nor expense to drive the wives and children of their customers to misery and destruction, and doom to delirium or death as many as the public good requires. They are constantly receiving new supplies of poisonous liquor, which they will dispose of by the glass, bottle or barrel for the accommodation of their numerous customers, and for the dispatch of their daily increasing business. Satisfactory reference can be given to County Jails, State Prisons, Houses of Correction, Lunatic Asylums, Hospitals, Workhouses and Bunkery courts, or the wives and children of those whom Death & Co., have had the happiness to make drunkards.

"CAUTION."
"Death & Co., beg leave to caution all tipplers and dram drinkers, against giving any heed to their wives, children and friends, or, especially, to any advocates of these Total Abstinence Societies, who by their lectures, social gatherings, and powerful organizations, have become such dangerous enemies to this soul and body destroying business.

"N. B.—A private family entrance into all the principal establishments of Death & Co., will be always open on Sunday during 'divine service.'"
The final clause of this circular is of the greatest importance; for religion, the grand purifying, sanctifying, and civilizing element, is the one effectual way to meet and crush this awful and insidious temptation, and rescue the fallen and desperate victim from his dreadful doom. The cup of the drunkard is sweet and potent, but it trembles before the chalice of vinegar and gall. The Heavenly water of which the Redeemer speaks, and which flows from the sacraments of the Church, and of which he who drinks shall never thirst again, is the true heavenly draught which will forever extinguish the drunkard's gully appetite, and, as it springs up into eternal life, will raise mind and heart with it from drunkenness and debasement to Heaven and to God (applause). Intemperance makes the different classes of society like so many steps of a ladder, all going down; but temperance makes these classes, like so many steps on Jacob's ladder, reaching up to Heaven, with the Angels of mercy and gratitude ascending and descending thereon forever. I wish, from my heart, the temperance societies the most complete success. Union is, however, the realization of the fable of the bundle of sticks that, though weakened by divisions, when united, could not be broken; and this should never be forgotten. Let, then, every true friend of the human race throw his whole heart into this noble work; and never pause or rest until we dash the "pale horse" and its demon rider into the sea, and the pure, white spotless banner of temperance floats in triumph over a redeemed and purified land (applause). And let us never forget that obedience to the Church and its pastors, is the Grand Polar Star whose light will ever guide us safe from the rocks of self-complacency and intellectual pride, and never forget that religion is not only the impenetrable bulwark of the State, but the pillar of brotherly love, and that for conversion to the ranks of temperance we must rely on Him who alone possesses a power that not even Solomon ever enjoyed—a royal, spiritual power over the human heart.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

PRO-CATHEDRAL, LONDONDERRY.—Through the zeal and devotion of the Most Rev. Dr. Duggan, the venerated Lord Bishop of Clonfert, a magnificent new altar to the Blessed Virgin has been erected in the above named church by Messrs. Early and Powell. The altar, which, as a specimen of ecclesiastical art possesses high merit, is composed in part of richly carved Caen stone, finely wrought and moulded. The side panels are of the rarest marble and highly polished. The subjects carved on the front panels are St. Anne, the Blessed Virgin, and St. Joachim, which are surmounted by crocketed niches. The altar table and super-altar are of Sicilian marble. Above the altar a magnificent statue of the Blessed Virgin, as she appeared in the Grotto at Lourdes, has been erected. The figure is charming in design and as a work of art in sculpture reflects high honor on its producers, and on the illustrious prelate who so worthily rules the ancient diocese of Clonfert.

The Most Rev. Dr. O'CONNOR.—On Sunday a number of gentlemen, representing the parishioners of Rathfarnham waited on the Most Rev. Dr. O'CONNOR Lord Bishop of Ballarat, Australia, and late parish priest of Rathfarnham, to present his lordship with an address and testimonial on the occasion of his severing a connection so fraught with honor to himself and so full of profit to all who enjoyed the blessing of his spiritual ministrations. The address and his lordship's reply appear elsewhere, and both speak more eloquently than the most laboured commentary could do of the relations which had existed between the good prelate and the flock whom his exaltation has benighted. It is only in the pang of severance such as this that the unexampled closeness of the ties which unite the Catholic priest and people is manifested. During the long period of unbroken missionary labour the pastor working only to one end, and that end the eternal welfare of his people, displays all those qualities of Christian heroism and self-sacrifice which cannot be possibly exerted outside the sphere of the Catholic priesthood. The experience of centuries has shown this, and it is no slur on the endeavours of ministers of other denominations to say that their failure to secure in a like degree the love, the gratitude, and the veneration of their congregations is a fact within general cognizance. It has been acknowledged, time and again, by their own, co-religionists, a memorable testimony being added by no less a person than Dr. Livingstone shortly before his death. Such interchanges as the address to Dr. O'CONNOR and his lordship's response are no formal expressions of affection and regret. There is a real cause for the sincerity of feeling on both sides. A foreign diocese gains a prelate of distinguished gifts and a zeal and piety which will do much to promote the interests of Catholicity at the antipodes; but the parish of Rathfarnham loses a priest who had endeared himself to the hearts of its people by the very qualities which have caused the deprivation. However sublime the spirit of duty in obedience to which Bishop O'CONNOR goes to serve his religion in a distant exile it may well be, as he has indeed avowed, that with the devotion of a true son of the Church there should be mingled a sense of sorrow at leaving the friends who loved him so deservedly and so well.—Dublin Freeman, Aug. 8th.

MISSION IN KILTEELY.—On Sunday, the 2nd ult., the Oblate Fathers closed their mission in Kiltelley, county Limerick. During the evening of last Sunday from an early hour crowds of people were seen wending their way towards Kiltelley to witness the solemn ceremony usual on the closing of a mission

given by the Oblate Fathers. About 7 o'clock p.m. the crowds increased to the exceedingly large number of about seven thousand, when the Very Rev. Father Kirby (Superior of the Order) arrived to preach the sermon appropriate to the closing of their mission. A temporary altar was erected in the most suitable part of the churchyard adjoining the chapel. From this temporary altar the distinguished preacher addressed the vast multitudes before him. The people listened to and seemed deeply impressed by the words of wisdom and instruction that fell from the lips of the Very Rev. Prætor. The Very Rev. Father Kirby having addressed them at some length on the necessity of perseverance in the good resolutions made during the mission and of labouring to preserve the grace of God now acquired, ordered them to go on their knees for the purpose of renewing their baptismal vows. Whilst kneeling in the attitude of prayer with lighted tapers in their hands, the very rev. preacher asked them to promise that for the future they would be reconciled to their enemies and their neighbors with whom they had quarrels and disputes, and between whom there existed a bad feeling for years back.—He reminded them of the place on which they knelt. That beneath them lay interred the mortal remains of their forefathers—and that their enemies and dissensions were not only a scandal to religion, but also a disgrace to the memory of their forefathers who lay buried beneath them. He therefore asked them to promise our Blessed Lord, who was there exposed before them in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, that never again should these scandalous dissensions and enmities be heard of. We are happy to be able to say that all with one accord, in a loud, clear, and distinct voice promised to live in charity and peace for ever more. It is most edifying to see persons, who for years back never spoke, now salute, fraternize and speak most cordially as if no differences ever existed between them. Well may the illustrious Archbishop of Cashel congratulate himself on the success of the mission given in Kiltelley by the Oblate Fathers. Well may he thank God for inspiring him with what he termed at the last visitation at Kiltelley "the only hope left for driving the demon of dissension from amongst them"—viz., a holy mission, that would turn the wicked from the evil of their ways and make them walk once more in the paths of peace and charity. Thank God, the illustrious Archbishop's plan of putting an end to the atrocities that were taking place day after day in their neighboring parishes had the desired effect in Kiltelley. We have only to hope that it will be equally successful in Pallasgreene and Cappamore. We have now to trust in God that never again shall be heard those scandalous dissensions amongst neighbors, that are an outrage upon religion and a disgrace to our land.—Limerick Reporter and Vindicator.

The Rev. Mr. O'Dwyer, C.C., Shanagolden, has been appointed C.C. of St. Michael's parish, city of Limerick, in succession to the Rev. T. R. Shanahan, P.P. Ballingarry.

THE KILKEES (CO CLARE) NEW CONVENT.—The new convent of Mercy at Kilkkee is making rapid progress under the direction of the rising young architect, Mr. Hennessy, Limerick. A luncheon was held at Kilkkee in aid of the funds for the work, on the 25th and 26th ult., towards which Lady Francis Conyngham had kindly given an attractive selection of prizes.

The ceremony of reception, presided over by the Right Rev. Dr. Lynch, Coadjutor Bishop of the diocese, took place at the Presentation Convent, Maryborough, on the 3d ult. The name of the young lady received was Miss Coleman, Dublin, and she took in religion that of Sister Mary Joseph Dominick. She makes the number of the community at present up to eighteen choir and two lay sisters.

The Most Reverend Dr. Moriarty, Bishop of Kerry who has been administering the Sacrament of Confirmation in the several parishes of Iveragh, held his biennial visitation at Cahirciveen on the 25th ult. The large number of 244 received the Sacrament at the hands of the Bishop. On the next day the solemn rite of Ordination was held for the first time in the parish, in the presence of a large and attentive congregation. The young levite who on this occasion was admitted to the sacred Order of Priesthood was the Rev. William Nealy, of the parish of Killeumina, brother to the Rev. Patrick Nealy, now laboring in an Australian mission, and nephew to the Very Rev. Daunt Casan Healy, Administrator, Kiltarney, and the Very Rev. John Casan Healy, P.P., Cahirciveen.

On the 29th ult., the ceremonies of Profession and Reception took place at the Presentation Convent, Tralee, the Bishop of Kerry officiating. The young ladies professed were—Miss Murphy, from Dublin (in religion Sister Mary Regis Joseph Aloysius of the Sacred Heart), and Miss O'Sullivan, of Cahirciveen (in religion Sister Mary St. Michael Joseph Aloysius of the Sacred Heart). Miss McGillicuddy, of Ballylinane, received the White Veil, and with it the name of Sister Mary Francis.

Four young ladies were professed at the Presentation Convent, Ennisceorthy, on the 30th ult., and one received. The four former were Miss Mary Keeloe, and Miss Margaret Keeloe, of the Glyn, Miss Williams of Cloughbawn, and Miss Reche, of Levinstown. The young lady received into the Order was Miss Eliza Hayden, of Corlican, daughter of Mr. Patrick Hayden. The Most Rev. Dr. Furlong officiated and the sermon was preached by the Very Rev. Father Cullen.

On the 30th ult., a deputation, consisting of Michael Conway, Esq., and Lawrence Delaney, Esq., from the parishes of Killeigh and Ballinagar, King's County, waited on the Rev. Edward Brennan, C.C., at his residence, Faulstow, county Kilkenny, and presented him with an address and a purse of eighty-five sovereigns, as a small mark of their appreciation for the eminently edifying and highly efficient manner in which he discharged his sacred duties amongst them for a period of four years. The Rev. gentleman made a suitable reply to a very complimentary address, after which he entertained the deputation and many of his clerical friends at a splendid banquet.

On the 23d ult., a meeting was held in the yard of Graigue Catholic Church by the representatives of the parishes of Graigue and Carlow, for the purpose of taking steps to erect a monument worthy of their late parish priest, Father James Maher. It is proposed to commemorate the services of Father Maher, not by "storied urn or monumental bust," but by founding an endowed school for girls in the parish of Graigue, an object which the deceased had long earnestly desired to carry out.

On the 30th ult., a number of friends assembled, by invitation, at the residence of Edward Kennedy, Esq., Faranaham, Cavan, for the purpose of presenting to Mr. J. F. O'Hanlon, editor of the Anglo-Celt, an address and a purse of one hundred guineas as a token of the high estimation in which he is held, both in the political and social circle.

The Irish Times understands that the vacant seat on the Bench of the Landed Estates Court will be filled immediately by the appointment of Mr. Ormsby, the present Solicitor-General. Dr. Ball will, it is said, be at the same time created Chancellor, the Hon. David Plunkett, Attorney-General, and Mr. May, Q.C. (the present Castle Adviser), Solicitor-General.

FATHER O'KEEFE'S ACTIONS.—Father O'Keefe writes to the papers, stating that he not only will not abandon his action, which was postponed at the last Neas Assizes, but that he intends to proceed against each of the fourteen remaining members of the Callan Schools' Committee for the libel published concerning him; and that he intends to proceed against the Dublin Evening Post for libel.

The deaths registered in the Dublin district for the week ending 1st August, 1874, represented an annual mortality of 23 per thousand. In London the average mortality was 25 per thousand; in Glasgow, 32; in Edinburgh, 22. Dublin is now very healthy.

On the invitation of the Rev. Father Browne, Kilkkee, the Ennistymon Brass Band, numbering over 20 instruments, accompanied by its president, vice-president, and several members of the society in general proceeded to Kilkkee on Sunday, the 9th ult., to take part in the great Anniversary Temperance Demonstration which took place there that day.

INSPECTION OF THE CITY OF LIMERICK ARTILLERY.—The annual inspection of the Limerick City Artillery was held on the 6th ult., by Colonel Stokes, Royal Artillery. The regiment having performed various evolutions, the colonel complimented Captain and Adjutant Lyons, R.A., and the officers generally on the high state of efficiency into which they had brought the regiment.

READINGS AND MUSIC.—On Thursday evening, the 6th ult., the first of this year's series of Readings and Music was given at the Mechanics' Institute, Limerick, in which the members of the Institute and some other young men took part, and it was very successful. This is a pattern to other places which ought, during the winter, have similar amusements.

O'CONNELL'S CENTENARY.—O'Connell is dead! but his spirit never yet was stronger or more irresistible than it is at the present hour. O'Connell is dead! but during his long and busy life, he imparted less of political wisdom to the people, the inestimable value of which they never can forget. Yesterday was the centenary of the illustrious Liberator's birth; but the work he achieved is for ages to come. And whilst the names of other patriots are forgotten, or remembered in sorrow, his name is imperishably linked with the proud thought that he emancipated millions of his race and creed, and vindicated the power of public opinion "without the shedding of one drop of human blood."—Limerick Reporter, Aug. 7.

DEATH OF MICHAEL KEENE, ESQ., M.D.—We deeply regret to announce the death of Dr. Michael Keene, of Rutland-street, in this city. His death, which was rather sudden, took place on Tuesday night, the 4th ult., at Lisdoonvarna, where he received some injuries on his head in consequence of a fall, whilst enjoying himself in a dance at a social party. His age was about thirty years. Whilst resident in Limerick he has been greatly esteemed and respected by all parties, especially the poor, to whom his kind nature endeared him. His remains will be interred at Kiltalmeade, near Kilmsh, the family burying ground, on this day.—R.I.P.—Limerick Reporter and Vindicator, Aug. 7.

THE ROUND TOWER OF KILDARE.—A safe and easy mode of ascent to the summit of this tower has just been completed, and is now open to the public at a nominal charge. Mr. Keane, M.R.I.A., who has written a very interesting work on the ancient architecture of Ireland, and devoted much time and research to the investigation of the origin and purpose of these mysterious structures, which are peculiar to Ireland, ascribes their erection to a period, so far as a thousand years B.C., thus making them coeval with the Pyramids. However this may be, there is no question that their erection dates from prehistoric times. The tower at Kildare is one of the loftiest and most perfect in Ireland. The conical roof is gone and has been replaced by an embattled parapet of a more recent date. This is, no doubt, an architectural defect; still it is, in a great measure, compensated for by the wide and magnificent view obtainable from the open summit, which will amply repay a visit. As the subscriptions received up to the present have come considerably short of the expenditure incurred, further subscriptions are requested, and will be received with thanks, by Rev. R. Eaton, Kildare Rectory, who has made himself responsible for the deficiency.

THE LOUGH NEAGH FISHERMEN.—On Tuesday evening a deputation from the fishermen of Lough Neagh waited upon Mr. John McMahon, Q.C., for the purpose of presenting him with an address and silver cup, in acknowledgment of his professional services in the case of "Cromellin v. the Lough Neagh Fishermen." The fishermen were represented by Joseph B. Fitzgerald, Esq., of Derrachrin House, Glenavy, who, as their secretary, read the address and made the presentation. Mr. Fitzgerald, in the course of his remarks, referred to the unanimity which had characterized the fishermen since the beginning of the struggle. With the exception of the men on the Maghery shore, there was a strong determination to assert what they believed to be their rights—namely, the free fishery of Lough Neagh, recognising no power but the Crown in the issue of licences, and rejecting all subordinate interference which was not grounded on user or justified by the custom which had prevailed for generations. Mr. Thomas Brown also spoke in warm terms of the able manner in which counsel had vindicated the fishermen's rights. Mr. McMahon made a suitable reply. The cup is wrought in a chaste style, ornamented with vine leaves in frosted silver, and bears an inscription which records the gratitude of the fishermen to Mr. McMahon for his able professional advocacy.—Northern Whig.

The Registrar-General has published as usual, in anticipation of the general abstracts of tillage and live stock, his annual return showing in statute acres the extent under flax in each county and province of Ireland in 1873 and 1874, also the number of scutching mills in the country in 1873. These statistics are compiled from information obtained by the Royal Irish Constabulary and Metropolitan Police, who are credited with having acted as efficient enumerators. According to these interesting returns the total acreage under flax in Ireland in 1873 was 129,297 acres. In 1874, it was 106,886, being a decrease last year of 22,411 acres. Vastly the large area of this crop was raised in Ulster, which grew last year 102,789 acres against 123,316 acres in 1873. This exhibited a decrease for Ulster alone of no less than 20,526 acres. There were in that province in 1873, 1,335 scutching mills. There were last year under flax in Leinster, 1,113 acres against 1,905 in 1873, being a decrease of 792 acres. The province possessed in 1873 thirty scutching mills. Munster had 1,284 acres under flax last year against 1,602 acres in 1873, the decrease being 318 acres. The scutching mills of Munster were in 1873 thirty-three in number. In Connaught, which owned 30 scutching mills in 1873, there were 1,700 acres under flax last year against 2,475 acres the year previously. Decrease 775 acres. The total decrease this year of the acreage under flax in Ireland is of a substantial character. Thus in 1869 there were 229,262 acres under flax; in 1870, 184,919 acres; in 1871, 150,670 acres; in 1872, 121,992 acres.

DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN.—The Sydney (Australia) Freeman's Journal, May 30, says—Anthony Brady, an old resident of Sydney, who had attained the ripe old age of 111 years, died at his residence, Upper Elizabeth-street, on Tuesday morning. The deceased was born in Cavan, Ireland, in the year 1763, and was, subsequently in the prime of life during that disturbed period of Ireland, 1793, and the reign of terror in France, commencing about the same year. By a spirit which actuated many of his countrymen he was led to take part in the insurrection. He was taken, tried before Lord Norbury, and sentenced to transportation for life. Had it not been for a recommendation on the part of Lord Norbury, his judge, he would have been condemned to suffer the extreme penalty of the law, as he had been condemned to death. He was sent out here in the ship "Three Bees," and landed in the year 1812. This ship, it may be mentioned, was after arrival, burned in the harbour. In 1819, Brady made his escape in a French ship, which landed him in France; thence he made

his way to Ireland. He was again arrested in Dublin, in the year 1826, and the second time tried before Lord Norbury, who again condemned him to transportation for life. On landing here again, he was fortunate enough to meet with Dr. Beaumont. Here he held a comfortable and good position for some years. His memory and faculties remained unimpaired up to his death.

GREAT BRITAIN.

FEAST OF ST. IGNATIUS, IN LONDON.—The Feast of St. Ignatius of Loyola, the illustrious founder of the Society of Jesus, was observed at the Jesuit Church of the Immaculate Conception, London, on the 31st ult., with all the devotion and solemnity which are justly due to the celebration of so great a festival. Though the feast fell on a week which, unfortunately, material pursuits possess too great an attraction, the Church was crowded, and the congregation comprised a large number of wealthy and fashionable people, whilst there was also a goodly proportion of God Almighty's poor. It is evident that a new dawn is brightening over England after its long night of here, and that the materialism of the 19th century is, at least from Catholics, receiving a wholesome check through the spirit of devotion to God and His Saints which the Church ever infuses amongst the people. High Mass commenced at 11 a.m. and was sung in the presence of His Grace the Archbishop of Westminster, the celebrant being his Lordship Bishop of Ameyla; the Rev. Father Christie acting as deacon, and the Rev. Father Hogan, as sub-deacon. The Rev. Fathers Coleridge and Wynne were assistant priests. After the first Gospel, the Rev. Father Porter, S.J., preached a panegyric on St. Ignatius. The text of the discourse was taken from the second book of Kings, viz., "As the Lord liveth, and as my Lord the King liveth: in what place soever thou shalt be, Lord, my King either in death or in life—there will thy servant be." The key (said the preacher) to the character and work of St. Ignatius of Loyola, must be sought for in his "Spiritual Exercises," the main portions of which work were composed during the early years of his conversion. The work did not, however, receive its final touches from the hand of St. Ignatius until 25 years later, when at the entreaty of St. Francis Borgia, Pope Paul III. solemnly approved of it. These "Exercises" are well known to many of you, dear brethren—you remember how at the end of the first part it is related that St. Ignatius asked for threefold graces: First, a deep knowledge of the nature of sin, and a deep detestation of sin; secondly, a great and thorough knowledge of the errors of his past life, and a strong resolve to give the remainder of his days to God. Thirdly, a great knowledge of the nothingness and emptiness of the world, that he might renounce it—at least, all affection for it—for ever. Then you remember, in the second stage of the spiritual life, St. Ignatius relates a parable. He supposes a prince, elected and appointed by Almighty God, assembling his vassals before him, and addressing to them his purpose in these words: "It is my wish to subdue and reduce to my obedience all the countries possessed by the Infidel. Those who follow me must be content with the millet and food which I have. Those who share with me the toils of war shall divide with me the fruits of victory—the companions of my warfare shall be the companions of my glory. St. Ignatius, with the traditions and ideas of a count of the old feudal system, which had not in his time yet passed away—St. Ignatius, the Spaniard, the love of his faith and the love of his country almost dividing his heart, for the Spaniards were then in the first flush of victory for after three centuries of struggle, they had begun to break down the Saracen, and make them relax their hold on his country—St. Ignatius, the Spaniard, I say, with his faith and patriotism, answers this problem, and no right minded man could hesitate in his answer, namely, "that every true soldier would offer himself without reserve to the service of so magnificent, and so considerate a King. Men of honour would scorn the recent, who, to avoid the hardships of war, would sneak away to his home." The application of the parable is given by St. Ignatius thus: "There is in the world a Prince—Prince of princes, Jesus Christ, that Eternal King—the King of everlasting ages, of awful majesty—He is meek and gentle of heart. From His cradle in Bethlehem to His silent life at Nazareth—in His preaching, in His public life, on the Cross—He says, in words not to be mistaken, 'It is my wish to overcome my enemies and your enemies, to bring all men to my service and to my obedience. Those who join with me in this warfare must be content to share my life, they must accept suffering, privations, and misery—those who share with me all the companionship of suffering shall be the sharer of my crown and inheritance in heaven.'" To St. Ignatius: there was no question of answering this appeal: every right-minded man, and every right-feeling man, would offer himself to such a prince without reserve, and those who are stirred by a deeper sense of loyalty, who burned to distinguish themselves in the service of their Eternal King and Lord, would say, "Accept all without reserve, in suffering hardships, poverty, humiliation, and contempt, in everything I am ready to follow Thee." The key to the work and character of St. Ignatius was an all absorbing love of Jesus Christ—the loyalty and devotedness of a soldier to his chieftain—a readiness to follow him through all fortunes and to every extremity. This was the key from first to last of the life of our great saint. The rev. preacher then entered into a beautiful and instructive history of the life of St. Ignatius, and from his example inculcated spiritual lessons of excellence on his hearers. In the afternoon, the devotions were also well attended. There was a procession of the Blessed Sacrament, and, in conclusion, solemn Benediction.—Catholic Times, Aug. 7.

Bishop Fraser of Manchester would have thoroughly pleased the great Napoleon. His Protestant Lordship knows when he is beaten, and has the decency to retreat—although, to save his honor, he marches away with flags flying and drums beating bravely enough. Last Sunday he acknowledged that the Bishop of Salford had fairly proved that the Church of England is not a Church at all, if a sacrificing altar and a sacrificing priest are essential elements of such an institution. The admission is a most important one, for it virtually places the entire victory in the contest between the two prelates, in the hands of the Right Rev. Dr. Vaughan, if he can prove—as he readily can do, and will be backed up in his arguments by a moiety of English Protestants—that sacrifice and a sacrificing priesthood make up together the very essence of the religion Christ came on earth to establish. The sham honors of war with which Dr. Fraser covers his retreat are to be discovered in his statement that he does not find in Holy Scripture any necessity for an altar, a sacrifice, or sacrificing priests. By that utterance, Dr. Fraser, practically speaking, leaves the Church of England in the lurch, for if her Communion Service, as set forth in the Book of Common Prayer, is not a deliberate attempt at a sacrifice, we should very much like to know what it really is? The priest—or parson, as we prefer to call him—"consecrates" bread and wine, gives them to the people as the Body and Blood of our Lord, and then offers up thanks for the "sacrifice" that has been made to God. We hardly think the general run of Protestants will feel very grateful to Dr. Fraser for his latest effort to bolster up their Church.—Catholic Times, Liverpool.

The extraordinary statement is made by the Head Constable of Liverpool that he believes incendiaries have caused many of the warehouse fires which have recently occurred in that town. An investigation has been made by the police, and a reward of £100 has been offered for the discovery of such criminals.

The Sheffield trades unionists have agreed to support the locked-out labourers till they find employment or emigrate.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1874.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

SEPTEMBER—1874.

- Friday, 4—Of the Feria. Saturday, 5—St. Lawrence Justinian, B. C. Sunday, 6—Fifteenth after Pentecost. Monday, 7—Of the Feria. Tuesday, 8—Nativity of the B. V. M. Wednesday, 9—Of the Octavo. Thursday, 10—St. Nicholas of Tolentino, C.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Lancet learns that cholera has assumed an epidemic character in numerous localities of Prussian Silesia, and that the Austrian Ministry of Commerce has instructed the different railway companies whose lines cross the Prussian frontier to take necessary precautions, adopted on previous occasions, for dealing with transmission of the disease along the lines. Mount Etna has been in a state of eruption since Saturday, and streams of lava are pouring from three craters. Several regiments have been sent to Sicily because of the increase of brigandage and general lawlessness. Courts-martial have been established for the prompt punishment of the offenders. Additional correspondence between the British Government and its representatives at Madrid concerning the Virginian outrage is just published. Mr. MacDonnell, British Charge d' Affaires, writes to Lord Derby, July 7th, that the Spanish Government appeals to England to defer settlement of her claims on account of the negotiation pending with the United States. Spain will be hampered in dealing with the latter power if the American Government is enabled to cite as a precedent, payment of indemnity to England. Lord Derby replies, July 17th, demanding that settlement be made by a fixed date. Mr. MacDonnell telegraphs to Lord Derby August 7th: "The Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs agrees that the indemnity shall be settled immediately under certain reservations." The Sun's Washington special states that it is well known that an arrangement has been completed by which Spain will cede to Germany the Island of Porto Rico as soon as the Carlists are ejected from Spanish territory and that the U. S. Government will not interfere in the matter. Quarantine regulations have been put in force at Queenstown, which cause great hindrance to commerce. All persons are prohibited from leaving or embarking on vessels from ports in America, the West Indies, the Mediterranean and Black Seas, until it is ascertained that such vessels have clear bill of health.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW—July, 1874.—The Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York: Messrs. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

The Westminster well maintains its position as the leading organ or exponent of modern Protestantism, as it obtains amongst the most highly educated classes of the English speaking community, and the contents of the current number will be found to be fully up to the usual standard. First we have an article on a once celebrated Protestant work, Butler's Analogy: Its Strength and Weakness. The Reviewer speaks highly of the ability of this work, but points out one fatal defect; to wit, that, if it proves anything, it proves too much; and that its argument, if strong for Christianity in general, is equally powerful for Romanism in particular. For instance, Butler insists with much force upon the necessity of a "visible Church," without which, so the author argues, Christianity must "in a great degree have been sunk, or forgot in a very few ages." This is fatal to Protestantism; for where is "visible Church," this City set on a hill, if not in Rome? The Church of Rome, says the Reviewer, "presents herself to us not only with many of the signs and appearances which we should expect to find in a visible Church, these signs and appearances being noted in her alone, but with the positive assurance that she, and she alone, is the visible Church."

And in another place, he says:—"We should be curious to know what objections can be raised against this claim, while we are of opinion that many positive arguments of great strength might be adduced in its favor."—p. 8. He then goes on to notice the ordinary Protestant objections, showing that they are all based on ignorance or prejudice; and that the objections, in so far as valid against Romanism, are equally valid against Christianity considered as a supernatural revelation, requiring belief in or assent to certain mysterious doctrines. "What," asks the Reviewer, "is the principal objection which Protestants make to

the Catholic Church?" And his answer, as the answer of a non-Catholic, but an educated man who scorns the cant of Exeter Hall, we lay before our readers—

"That some of its doctrines are not mentioned in the New Testament. Granting this—though it can only be granted with the reservation that all its chief doctrines, for instance, the foundation of the Church on Peter, transubstantiation, purgatory, extreme unction, are either expressly contained in, or else implied in the New Testament; at least mentioned in such a way that if they are not held to be implied, so neither can many of the chief dogmas retained by Protestantism be held to be sanctioned—yet granting this, what does the omission amount to? We are nowhere informed that the New Testament contains the whole body of Christian doctrine. And it is clear that it does not: that it consists of a series of narratives and letters, the latter in particular referring to a body of doctrines entrusted to the keeping of a visible Church. What is required to be shown is that these Roman Catholic doctrines are contrary to Scripture; and this cannot be shown."

The Protestant Reviewer then notices in particular the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the B. Virgin, which he contends is in no respect opposed "to the text of Scripture:" and he laughs at the silly Protestant cant that the invocation of Saints, and other doctrines, as taught and practised by the Roman Catholic Church are unscriptural.

"It is," he urges, "absolutely ludicrous to contend that they are unscriptural, or that they substitute another kind of mediation for that of Christ; for if Paul prayed for his converts, if the prayer of faith saves the sick, if the prayer of a righteous man avails, it is idle, and indeed wholly without warrant from Scripture, to affirm positively that prayers and supplications offered up by those who have put off this temporary garb of flesh can do nothing."—p. 8.

The Reviewer is not of course arguing for the truth of Romish dogma: his object being only to show the weakness of Butler's Analogy in that the same line of argument; that the same process of argument, by which it is therein sought to defend Christianity against the assaults of the infidel, is as powerful in the mouth of the Romanist replying to the attacks of the ordinary Protestant objector. It cannot be otherwise. All Protestant apologetic works, or works in defence of Christianity are, and must be liable to this objection; for with the self-same weapons as those with which the Protestant presses the Romanist, does the infidel press the professed believer in every form of Christianity.

We have not left ourselves room to do more than barely mention the titles of the other articles in the current number of the Westminster Review, these are as follows:—2. Emigration; 3. Goethe and Mill, a Contrast; 4. The Admiralty and the Navy; 5. Mr. Lewes and Metaphysics; 6. The Emancipation of Women; 7. Lamarck; 8. The Nationalization of the Established Church; 9. Contemporary Literature.

LOYSONISM AT WORK IN INDIA.—An exact counterpart to the Father Hyacinthe conversion case, has lately occurred in India, and is duly reported in the Khussufi Akbar, a paper published in Hindoostani at Bombay. In this latter case the interesting convert is a Mrs. Bushey, widow of an English gentleman formerly a resident of Bombay: the errors she has renounced are those of Christianity: the truths which she has embraced, are the faith of Islam and a Mahometan husband. This interesting conversion is thus reported in the above mentioned journal, as copied by the Montreal Herald.

"The truth of the Islami faith has made such an impression on her, Mrs. Bushey's conscience; the light of the religion has affected her so much, and the influence of the true, and the last prophet (honour to his name) has been so powerful, that she at once went to the Jakeria Masjid, and adopted the new faith. The same night she joined an Afghan named Mahomed Khan by neeka marriage."

Does not this read just like the account given in the evangelical papers, of the conversion to the Holy Protestant Faith of a Father Hyacinthe, or of any other amorous man of God whom his passions have brought to the "knowledge of the truth as it is in * * * * * And then the last, but explanatory sentence; "the same night she joined an Afghan named Mahomed Khan" in marriage! Have we not here the old story, the well known finish to the comedy of the Reformation, always ending in marriage: whether with a widow Merryman, or with an Afghan Mahomedan, it matters not, for the principle is the same.

When in process of time the baby—the outward and visible sign of that same grace which led Mrs. Bushey to the truth of Islam, and the arms of a Mahomedan spouse, and which led Father Hyacinthe to the "truth as it is" &c., and the arms of his beloved widow, shall make its appearance, we trust that the Montreal Witness will favor the public with a likeness thereof. It will be deeply interesting.

THE DUBLIN REVIEW—New Series, No. XLV., July, 1874.—D. & J. Sadlier, Montreal.

The current number opens with an article on Infallibility, insisting upon the obligation incumbent on all Catholics of giving full interior assent to all the dogmatic utterances of the Holy Father. Next we have a very interesting review of some recent writings on London Poor, and London Work, in which the fearful condition, moral and physical of vast masses of men, women, and children in the

metropolis is exposed, and contrasted with the ever increasing luxury, and even growing extravagance of the wealthier classes of society. This cannot last; ere long there must be a terrible social cataclysm. The third article consists of a reply to certain strictures made on a previous article in the Review, on Necessary Truth. We have next a notice of recent American Poets, followed by a very interesting article on John Wesley, and the Rise of Methodism. Then comes a notice of a celebrated work, Castaniza's Spiritual Conflict and Conquest, to which succeeds a political article on the Fall of the Duc de Broglie, and the Crisis in France. Article eight as an appendix to a previous essay on Free Will; and the number concludes with an article on Plain Chant, and the usual Notices of Books.

SUPREMACY OF THE ROMAN SEE.

No. II.

But if Corinth in the first century, as we have seen (No. I, 17th July) appealed to Rome the see of Peter as the principal church against those misguided men, who sought to sow discord in her bosom, so also did St. Ireneus and St. Epiphanius in the second and third centuries appeal to her against the Gnostics. They were strange men these Gnostics, and their God was as strange as themselves, made up as he was of a mixture of Jewish, Asiatic, Egyptian, Platonic, and Christian traditions.—As often as this God of the Gnostics thought or spoke or acted, as often as he was benevolent, powerful, or wise, each thought, each word, each act, whether of benevolence, power or wisdom, became a separate being called an Eon.—These Eons (Eones) again in their turn gave birth to other Eons each less perfect as it was further and further removed, (grand-child, great-grand child, great-great-grand-child) from the parent stock. And these Eons, as a whole, children and grand-children, made up the fullness of this God's life. When this earth of ours was created, it was eight Eons, a spiritual octarchy, sprung from the will of God, that performed the mighty work using as their brick and mortar pre-existing and unformed matter. Thus taught the Gnostics; and thus amongst others taught Valentinus coming from the East, the land of mysticism, to Rome the centre of Catholicity and to Gaul. And Rome, remember, the centre of Catholicity, not Gaul nor Cyprus condemned his heresy by the mouth of its Bishop, whom the Monothelite Tertullian acknowledged, (in derision it is true, but no less truly because in derision) to be the Sovereign Pontiff. If Gaul was equal to Rome why did not Gaul equally with Rome denounce the intruder? If Cyprus acknowledged no primacy, why did not Cyprus smite Valentinus the moment he broached his heresy in that "land of the cyprus and myrtle"? If all bishops were equal why did not Pothinus of Lyons as well as Soter of Rome—why did not Ireneus as well as Eleutherius pronounce the excommunication? Ireneus bishop was as superior in learning to Eleutherius Pope, as Centaur in strength to Pigmy. And yet Ireneus only wrote; Eleutherius spoke; Ireneus only smote with the lash of his learning, Eleutherius struck down with the keen steel of authority; Ireneus wrote backed only by Lyons and by Gaul, Eleutherius spoke backed by the universal church; Ireneus was addressed only as bishop of Lyons, Eleutherius had granted him by common consent (as Tertullian's scoff shews us) the supreme title of Sovereign Pontiff; a title which has survived in spite of, and perhaps out of Tertullian's scoff even to the present day. It is a remarkable testimony this scoff of Tertullian, because it is the testimony of an enemy actually battling against the Church; and of itself, if all other proof were wanting, is sufficient to disprove that rash assertion of our adversaries, that the primacy was unheard of in the first four centuries of the Christian era. Tertullian out of a deep reverence no doubt for purity, and with all the "elan" and rashness of his African temperament had denied to the successor of Peter the power to forgive the sins of adultery and fornication even after due penance. It was the error of the purest Montanus he defended. Poor misguided man! The Magdalen might be forgiven by Christ; the woman taken in adultery might be told to go her way and sin no more; but such instances of reconciliation were only forsooth for the time of Christ; the Saviour's mercy was circumscribed; fornication and adultery could only be forgiven, if committed during the three short years of Christ's teaching; the Saviour's blood not yet shed could atone for sins, which that same blood shed could not condone. The Church of Christ though possessing power to forgive all other sins, had not the power to forgive impurity. We reverence you, Tertullian, for your love of purity; but we despise you for your restricting of the passion and death of Christ. It is whilst maintaining this error against the Bishop of Rome, that Tertullian's testimony becomes so strong shewing as it does, the feeling of his day. The Pope, by solemn decree (and Tertullian calls it a peremptory one withal), had condemned the errors of the austere Montanus, and in opposition had declared, that penitent adulterers are admissible to reconciliation with the Church. Of this decree thus spoke the African in no very submissive terms. "I hear," he said that an edict, (this is a strong expression for our purpose) "I hear that an edict has been published, and indeed a peremptory one. The Pontifex Maximus (for that forsooth is your Bishop of Bishops) proclaims. I pardon the sins of adultery and fornication to such as have performed penance." These are no gentle words from one, who had once been an obedient child of Christ's Church, and one who had so nobly vindicated the power of His vicar; but as Thomas' denial served only to place the Saviour's death and resurrection beyond all doubt, so Tertullian's cavil serves only to place on record more clearly, the fact, that the Popes of his time (end of second and beginning of third century) made peremptory decrees and were addressed by some distinguishing title of pre-eminence. We will not stay to determine whether this exact title of, Bishop of Bishops had in reality been used by the Pope, since it matters not to our purpose. If it was used, it is

all the stronger in our favor; if it was not used, it at least shews, that Tertullian thought it a title likely to have been used. So strong is this testimony as to a matter of fact, that our adversaries unable to deny it, seek to explain it away. "A considerable advance," they admit had been made by the See of Rome in the claim of the Primacy even in Tertullian's time. Advance you call it. Very well! If "in Tertullian's time" then within the first four centuries; and if within the first four centuries, then is your objection null and void; adversary mine! Advance you call it. Ah, this is not generous. Fight it out manfully upon one line; and do not be for ever shifting ground. Remember the question is: Was the primacy acknowledged during the first four centuries? Advance you call it. That is to ignore the Council of Jerusalem and the appeal to Clement from Corinth. If these are facts, where the "advance"? If they are not facts, let us have the proof. SACRAGES.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE "DAILY WITNESS" IN THE WRONG BOX.—The whole public, and especially the Catholic portion of the community, were astonished on reading an item in Friday evening's Witness, stating that "Wm. O'Donoghue, a Catholic Priest, was fined \$2 or 15 days for lying drunk in Amherst Street." Persons who frequent the Court were stopped in the street and asked was the statement true; the officials of the Court were likewise questioned, and a similar answer came from all—that it was a most barefaced and unfounded falsehood. The Recorder at the close of the Court on Monday, drew the attention of the Press to the matter, and passed very severe censure on the conduct of the reporter. He said if even a Priest was brought up, the Witness would be showing that it descended to a low state of bigotry in publishing the name; as they took very good care that the name of a Protestant clergyman would not be published; and when Protestant clergymen were brought before him, he did not let them appear in Court, but sent them to their superiors of which the Witness was well aware. He got the Police-sheet and showed the reporter that that very man appeared in Court pleaded guilty, and would be very far from doing so if he was a clergyman; he therefore hoped that it would be given a flat and unqualified denial. The Recorder ought to be well aware that it was not yesterday or to-day that the "Religious Daily" showed its bigotry, but does so on every opportunity it can get. This time though it must eat humble pie, and give the reporter warning to enquire better into the truth of a statement before he libels the whole Catholic clergy. We notice that the reporter is barefaced enough to leave the statement uncontradicted in the issue of Monday evening, although the Gazette and Star, which did not publish the item at all, contradicts it in a paragraph. L.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—On Sunday last the Rev. Mr. Egan preached a most eloquent sermon in St. Patrick's Church, taking for his text "No man can serve two masters, God and Mammon." He said that it was plain to be seen that the volcanic state of the Continent was owing to absolute carelessness of religion; they forgot they had anything whatever to do with God. "To eat drink and be merry" was their motto. It was said to them, "Love your neighbor as yourself," but the way they did that was after the fashion of Beecher-Tilton. It was lamentable to see in the nineteenth century such a state of affairs, but in addressing the congregation before him, he knew that it was not to persons who did not see a priest for three months that he was talking to, but to persons who had every day the opportunity of attending the holy sacrifice of the Mass; and he knew, and was confident that they would culist themselves under the banner of the Cross, and when their sojourn in this world was over, their Heavenly Father would not receive them as a dreadful Judge, but would, like a loving Father, clasp them to His arms, and because they had been faithful over a few things, they would enjoy His heavenly mansion forever. We are glad to see the rev. gentleman appears to be in excellent health. L.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Sir,—It is gratifying, at the present moment, when the majority of the Protestant press is using all its influence to vilify the noble Don Carlos and his gallant adherents, that we possess in the True Witness a journal devoted to his cause, and ever ready to defend right against might, the weak against the strong. In the Evening paper which I used to welcome as affording a good deal of instruction and amusement, I have of late remarked a tendency to follow in the wake of its confederates. Ultramontanism—Sacredotalism—Bourbonism—Carlism—Absolutism—are the big words, which, day after day, it strives to cram down the throats of its readers. I will endeavor to avoid trespassing too far on your valuable columns, while I attempt to disintegrate these big words, and to present them in a condition to be more easily swallowed and digested.

Ultramontane, after all, means nothing more than sincerely Roman Catholic;—Ultramontaniam—the religion whose centre is in Rome, situated beyond the Alpine mountains. So far there seems to me to be nothing villainous in the words. By Sacredotalism is meant the pretensions of the Roman priesthood to subject the minds of all men to the religion of its divine Founder. Well, for this purpose it was instituted. Go teach all nations, &c., is its commission. It knows no distinction of persons;—what it enjoins on the beggar in his hovel, it exacts from the monarch on his throne—submission—childlike submission to its dogmas and discipline. If met by quibbling or opposition from the one or the other, it rejoins, though not in a spirit of pride or self-conceit,—He that hears me, hears Christ himself, he that despises me despises Christ himself. This is the mental thralldom or slavery so distasteful to Protestants, to liberals, and to worldlings generally. That it is in some sense a mental slavery it does not pretend to deny; indeed it assures its votaries that it is a slavery whose yoke is sweet and whose burden is light. To sacredotalism is attached the stigma of being intolerant of every other form of Christianity, whether Anglicanism, Methodism or Mormonism. It may indeed tolerate them as unavoidable evils, and still live in perfect harmony with their respective adherents, but it never did and never will countenance heresy.—It says decidedly, if an angel from heaven should preach any other doctrine than what you have learned from me, listen not thereto.

Under this sacerdotal slavery however the Spaniards lived happy, contented and honored for centuries, rejoicing in their religion and devoted to their priesthood, who as part of this religion taught them their duty to God and to their neighbor. Their motto ever was, "Give to God the things that are God's, and to Caesar what appertains to Caesar." Consequently the man, as a rule, more religious, temperate in eating and drinking; and honest, to a proverb, in their commercial dealings. The women also, as a rule, were modest, virtuous and chaste. How could they be otherwise, seeing that from their tenderest infancy, they were taught to look on the Blessed Virgin, as their mother, and the model of all virtues. How often have I been accosted by an humble Spanish maiden, at a distance from the bustle of towns and cities, travelling perhaps alone, or in company with others of her own sex, with the beautiful salutation Ave Maria purissima, Hall Mary most pure, to which the following answer was ex-

pected and invariably given—concebida sin pecado, concebido without sin. But this happened over forty years ago, when I will be told, the whole nation was such superstition—amen.

The Spaniards, I have already stated, were a temperate people; they held drunkenness in abhorrence. Now, as nine-tenths of all the robberies, murders, suicides and other grave crimes are laid truly at the door of intoxication, it follows that the amount of crime in Spain during the reign of Sacredotalism must have been very insignificant. Nay, I have not the least hesitation in saying, that in the single City of New York, there are more murders committed in one week than in the whole of Spain, at that period, in the course of a year. Robberies and murders there were sure enough, but they were almost invariably perpetrated by bandits and outlaws whom it was not always an easy task to dislodge from their fastnesses and consign to punishment. I fear, Mr. Editor, I have dwelt too long on Sacredotalism.—It is now time to introduce the two big bears: Carlism and Absolutism: Carlism means, and can mean but one thing,—the restoration of legitimate authority. Absolutism, in its natural and Carlism sense, signifies unlimited and irresponsible control over another's liberty or property: Absolutism, in a Pickwickian, or in a lucus a non-lucendo sense,—better still, in a Bismarckian sense signifies the hideous crime of attempting to make the robber disgorge his ill gotten goods, and to restore to the honest man his own. Carlism and Absolutism we are gravely told is the double headed monster of which Bismarck is the deadly antagonist. The battle which he has fought in Germany, resulting in the violent incarceration of bishops and priests, confiscation of their property, dispersion of the religious orders male and female, in the seizure of their Colleges and Schools, and in the rendering of the practice of the Catholic religion all but impossible, my Evening friend magniloquently styles the battle of mental freedom of which Bismarck is the champion. No doubt Bismarck makes the generous offer—all these things I will give you back, on condition that you consent to accept them from the gracious bounty of the emperor. But no!—the bishops of Germany have not forgot the practical lesson on this very subject, received from their divine Master. And again the devil took him up into a very high mountain and shewed him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory thereof, and said to Him,—all these I will give Thee if falling down Thou wilt adore me. What Jesus replied to Satan, the bishops of Germany repeat to the modern champion of mental freedom. Begone Beasmark!—The Lord thy God we will adore, and Him only will we serve.

Supposing, however, (which God avert) that he succeed in humiliating the Church in Spain, as he has done in his own land, what the result will be it is not difficult to foresee. As it is far easier to pull down than to build up, we may expect in the course of a few years to see the erewhile noble Spaniard, who scorned to do a mean action, who could sit under his vine and fig tree, and enjoy his cartload of wine without getting drunk, now reeling along the streets "boracho como un Ingles" (drunk as an Englishman). And why not? Will he not by that time have received the baptism of mental freedom? Why should he have any more conscience than his betters? Who will now dare to deprive him of the luxury of divorce, suicide and other enormities never before heard of in his now unhappy country. This will be the grand result of Bismarckism, if successful, which, in the words of your Evening contemporary (mutato nomine), "is only one ramifications of the grand-dibolico-movement, which throughout Europe is incessantly working in order to—overthrow Christianity, and introduce a state of society worse than paganism. Ur VIZIO CARLISTA ESCOCIA.

On Sunday last, at the Gesù Church, His Lordship the Bishop of Gratianopolis, assisted by the Rev. M. Boucher, Cure of Riviere-du-Loup, conferred Holy Orders on the following:—

Priesthood—M. A. A. Charrier, J. B. Vaillancourt, G. Whitaker, C. A. Surolet, P. E. Grenier, of Three Rivers.

Subdeacons—J. Charette, A. A. Houde and G. Benard. Minor Orders—J. Jodoin, O. Dupuis, R. Hétu, J. B. Charbonneau, J. Morin, V. Petit, O. Gadoury, and G. McEvoy.

Tonsure—L. Casenbon, A. Dugas, F. X. Calise, and J. McEvoy.

With much pleasure we learn from Le Minerve, that on Sunday last, Edward Murphy, Esq., was elected a Marguillier (Church Warden) of the Fabrique of Notre Dame, to supply the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of M. Hubert, Prothonotary.

THE BELLS OF ST. NINIAN'S NEW CATHEDRAL ANTIOCH.—On Friday, 14th August, says the Casket, the blessing of the four new Bells lately received from Murphy's Foundry, Dublin, was performed by His Lordship Rt. Rev. Dr. McKinnon, Lord Bishop of Arichat, assisted by the Rev. Hugh Gillis. The Bells, owing to peculiar circumstances, were already in their positions in the western tower of the Church. The first and largest of the Bells was named St. Ninian after the name of the new Cathedral. St. Ninian towards the end of the fourth century, during the Pontificate of St. Siricius, was sent from Rome to preach the Gospel to the Picts in the South of Scotland. Hence, we find several of the earliest cathedrals in Scotland under the invocation of St. Ninian. The second Bell is called St. Joseph, the holy spouse of the Immaculate Mother of God, now the Patron of the universal Church. The third Bell bears the name of St. Columba or St. Columbkille, as our forefathers love to call him. St. Columba was a scion of the royal house of the O'Neills of the North of Ireland. He flourished about fifty years after the death of St. Patrick. He was the renowned apostle of the ancient Caledonians subsequently the High Landers, or Scots of Great Britain. The remains of the Monastery founded by this great Saint and his successors are still visible on the small Island of Iona on the western side of the Island of Mull. The great Saint Columba was a prophet. A few years before his happy death, he pronounced these words on a solemn occasion:—

To mo chridhe! To mo ghradh! N' aite guth Mhannach bidhth geum bho; Ach mu'n tig an saoghal gu crìoch, Bidh Io mar a bha.

The first part of the prophecy has been literally fulfilled: for hundreds of years, the ruined and dilapidated sacred buildings Iona afforded shelter for cattle. The second part of the prophecy of Iona seems also to be nearly realized. The present enlightened proprietor of Iona, the Duke of Argyll, of late years ordered the remains of the sacred buildings of Iona, the great and renowned graveyard of the Island, to be purified, and a stone wall with iron gates, to surround the holy grounds of Iona, so that it may be said just now that the only thing wanted for the fulfilment of St. Columba's prophecy respecting the sacred sanctuary of Iona is the conversion of the Duke of Argyll. The fourth Bell bears the name of the venerated St. Margaret Queen of Scotland and consort of King Malcolm, who flourished in the eleventh century, and who by her enlightened piety and exalted virtues brought innumerable blessings on the ancient realm of Scotland. Any one visiting the Castle of Edinburgh, after the Regalia, that is the Crown, Sceptre and Sword of ancient Scotia, the beautiful chapel of St. Margaret still kept in excellent repair will claim his attention. There four Bells form a chime, and their merry peal is no small addition to the many attractions of the noble Cathedral overtopping the beautiful town of Antigonish.

We have received The International Railway and Steam Navigation Guide for September.

We learn from the Antigonish Casket that owing to the good offices of His Lordship Rt. Rev. Dr. McKinnon, the New Cathedral of St. Ninian's in that town has become possessed of a new organ costing \$3,000. The organ was put in its place under the supervision of Professor Hagarty of Halifax, who the Casket says has no equal in the Province in the science of music.

His Lordship the Rt. Rev. Dr. McKinnon, Lord Bishop of Arichat, Nova Scotia, has addressed to the clergy and people of his diocese a circular, inviting them to be present at the solemn dedication of his new Cathedral of St. Ninian's, fixed for Sunday, 13th of September next, and acknowledging the assistance given to him in the undertaking by his clergy and their flocks.

SMALL ORDERS.—In a late circular issued by the Post Office Department, we find that commencing with the 1st day of September, Money Orders payable in the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba and British Columbia, for any sum up to \$4 may be issued by all the Money Order Offices in the Provinces named, at the rate of 2 cents for each such order. This will be a great convenience to parties who wish to remit small sums, and will be particularly convenient to newspaper subscribers. We should be glad to see the system very generally tested by those in arrears to the True Witness.

THE LATE FATHER O'BOYLE.—Since the death of the lamented Father O'Boyle some years ago the Catholics of Kingston have not sustained so severe a loss as they have to-day by the death of the Rev. John P. O'Boyle, which sad event occurred at the Hotel Dieu Hospital on the morning of the 28th Aug. after a short but very severe illness. The deceased gentleman was born in the City of Ottawa in 1838, and had the misfortune to lose his parents when very young—a loss which was mitigated by the Very Rev. Vicar General Farrelly who, observing his goodness and piety, adopted him, superintending his education, and took the liveliest interest in his welfare. Having manifested a desire for the priesthood, he was sent to St. Michael's College, Toronto, where he completed his theological studies, and was subsequently ordained priest by Bishop Horan in 1869, and appointed to Kingston. He soon became conspicuous for the zeal and earnestness with which he discharged his duties, and principally by the particular interest he took in alleviating the sufferings of the poor, sick and orphans, towards the support of whom he not only gave his labour, but also sums of money which were truly munificent, and which left himself often entirely destitute. His death will be a severe blow to these charities. Owing to the falling health of the Bishop, he was appointed parish priest of this city, in 1871, and displayed such prudence, economy and skillful management in that position, that he was some months ago selected to fill the position of Chancellor of the Diocese of Kingston—an uncommon honour for one so young in the ministry. He had the singular tact of discharging any duties he undertook in a most agreeable manner to all concerned, and under every circumstance was genial and good-natured. Father O'Boyle's record was in an eminent degree that of a good and faithful priest, which to the Catholic mind implies the possession of such a variety of good qualities as falls to the lot of few to possess. He was taken ill on Saturday week, but no dangerous symptoms were manifested until Wednesday, when sudden prostration came on, which terminated fatally this morning. Everything that could possibly be done to relieve his sufferings was done by the Sisters, who were most unremitting in their attentions to him, of whose Institution he had always shown himself a warm friend.—Daily News, Kingston.

TRIAL OF STEAM DREDGES.—The Harbor Commissioners having been notified on Saturday by Messrs. W. P. Bartley & Co. that the two steam dredges manufactured by them were ready for examination, the Harbor Engineer, Mr. Nish, was commissioned to examine the dredges and report regarding their efficiency. Mr. Nish with other competent judges of machinery on Monday afternoon visited the dredges in the canal at Windmill Point, where they were tried. On each dredge, whose appearance conveys the idea of enormous strength, there are eight steam-engines. Two pony engines in the bow are used for hauling the dredges ahead, while another pair are used to lower or raise the bucket frame. There is also a donkey-engine for feeding the boilers and another used to wash out the shute and buckets working in tough clay. In the bucket frame, which is made in the most substantial manner, there are forty buckets of great size, each of from four to five cubic feet in capacity. This endless stream of buckets revolves on the frame passing underneath the vessel and scooping the mud and other materials from the river, carrying it on, over the top of the frame, and discharging it into the shute, which empties into a barge by the dredge's side. About three hundred buckets of dredged material may be thus deposited per minute. The machinery worked easily and regularly, and to the satisfaction of the observers. The cost of each dredge is \$40,000.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—It is with no small degree of pleasure that we call the attention of the public to this institution, which certainly commends itself alike to all classes of our fellow citizens who value improvement and education as necessary in a commercial and manufacturing community. During the past months demanded changes have been made in the interior of the building, permitting of a much better access to and from the hall than formerly. The reading room has been enlarged to nearly double its former size, and it is supplied with all the leading newspapers published in Canada, Great Britain and the United States. A large space has been set apart for the purposes of a magazine room, where are to be found the leading reviews, literary and scientific journals, illustrated papers, etc., published in the English language. Changes have also been made in the library room, and these changes cannot help but be for the better. Large additions have been made to the library during the spring and summer, and it is commendable that the officers of the Institute are endeavoring to keep up with the demands and wants of the times in providing the members with fresh and wholesome reading material. The library books had lately a thorough overhauling, and the library at present presents a very pleasing appearance. A new catalogue is now being prepared which will be a credit to the institution, and will supply a want which has long been felt. It is to be regretted that in a populous and wealthy city like Montreal, an institution of the kind does not receive better support. It cannot be raised as an objection that the subscription is too high, for it is so low that the benefits of the institution are within the reach of every one, who in anywise feels disposed to help on a public institution and extend their own sphere of knowledge.—Gazette.

SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY COMPANY.—At the adjourned general annual meeting of the shareholders of this Company, held at the Company's office in this city, on the 26th ult., the following gentlemen were elected Directors for the ensuing year, viz.: Hon. Chris. Dunkin, J. S. C.; James O'Halloran, Q. C.; H. S. Foster Esq.; N. Pettes, M. P.; George O. Dyer, L. W. Miazor; S. W. Foster; E. O. Brigham; C. H. Boright and E. L. Chandler. At a subsequent meeting of the Board of Directors, Hon. Christopher Dunkin was elected President, James O'Halloran Vice-President, and E. L. Chandler Secretary and Treasurer of said Company.

The emigrant just now. Work scarce everywhere, a grasshopper plague in the West, conflicts between whites and blacks in Tennessee, and now a succession of serious Indian outbreaks. Concerning the last addition to the domestic troubles the New York Times says:—"But it is not from the Indian territory alone that reports of warlike demonstrations reach us. It is asserted that Gen. Custer, who is now in camp at Cowpens, in the Black Hills, is in danger of attack, and that the chiefs who are organizing forces for the war-path boast that they can bring four thousand warriors against his little expedition. Our attention is also invited to the raids of the Apaches from California in Mexico, and to divers causes for apprehension along the whole frontier. Formidable and well-drilled bodies of savages here and there hover on the trail of the soldiery, and amuse themselves, when not manœuvring against the troops, by scalping defenceless bands of emigrants, cattle drovers and settlers remote from the protecting agencies. The marauding bands which rove up and down the vast plains between the Red and Wichita and the Pecos and Rio Grande, and which have never received half the punishment they merit, although some of the most gallant officers of the regular army are constantly chasing them, have been unusually daring of late. They have gradually become convinced by the immunity from effective punishment which they have enjoyed, that they are able to cope with the United States Government; and until they have had stern proof to the contrary, they will continue their thievery and murder. Their favorite field of operation is along the Rio Grande in Texas. When they are followed, they take refuge on Mexican soil, where they can, of course, bid defiance to Texan settlers, and to the cavalry-men from the forts, who are naturally forbidden to cross the boundary line."

An inquest was held on Friday by Joseph Northmore, Coroner, at the London Inn at Red Rock, in the Township of Kingston, on the body of Mrs. McCornac, the wife of a respectable and well known farmer, who lives about a mile and a half north of the village of Westbrook. She, it appears, left her home on Monday morning the 17th inst., to go to Mr. Darcy's at Red Rock to get him to come to work for them. She staid there about ten minutes and then left for home; Mrs. Darcy went part of the way with her as she was very old (70 years) and nearly blind, to put her on her right road. She missed her road and got into a thick or low bush and being over-fatigued she there lay down to perish, being found dead on Friday morning near the place where Mrs. Darcy had left her on the Monday previous. The jury returned a verdict accordingly.—British Whig, 22nd ult.

GANAQUOQUE, Aug. 23.—About 2 p. m. to-day the body of Wm. Kerr was found in the Ganaquoque River, near the saw mill. His feet were out of the water, as if he had fallen in from the shore. Deceased is about 39 years of age, and came from Kingston about two weeks ago. The inquest held this evening by Dr. Atkinson, has adjourned until Tuesday, in order to have a post mortem examination of the body and notify his friends at Kingston. Mr. Kerr when last seen alive was reclining on the bank of the river. How the body came in the water is still a mystery.

LONDON, ONT., August 27.—The Governor-General inaugurated the Victoria Park this forenoon, and was afterwards entertained at luncheon at the City Hall by the Mayor and Corporation. About six hundred persons were present. His Excellency left at two o'clock for St. Thomas, Simcoe, &c.

HAMILTON, ONT., Aug. 27.—The moulders belonging to the Moulders Union in Messrs. Burrows, Stewart & Milne's, and Copp Bros' foundries struck for higher wages yesterday, and to-day are off work. They asked for a resumption of the ten per cent deducted from their wages some months ago owing to the dullness of trade. In reply to the demand, both firms refused, and in consequence of the strike the principal founders of the city signed a resolution, that if any strike occurred in their shops during the present depressed state of business, they would close, but at any other time accede to the moulders request. The rumor that moulders in the sewing machine shops had entered into the strike is unfounded.

HAMILTON, ONT., Aug. 28.—His Lordship Bishop Grinnon returned this morning from a two months tour in Europe.

THE PEACH CROP.—It is said the peach crop in Niagara County promises to be so heavy that the growers of the luscious fruit are rigorously prosecuting the thinning process—and where they neglect it the branches perform the work by breaking from the weight of the fruit.

PACIFIC RAILWAY SURVEY.—The Government has received a communication from Mr. Cameron, of the International Boundary Survey. The party had reached the Rocky Mountains safely without any interference from the Indians, who showed a friendly disposition. The expedition will start on their return early in September.

The difficulty which has existed for some time between the Canada Southern and Great Western Railways is now reported to have been adjusted, and the former will soon commence to run trains over the Suspension Bridge.

STAGES RUN DAILY TO KINGSTON AND NAPANEE thereby affording ample travelling accommodation.

IMPORTS.—Railway carriages to the value of \$260,568 were imported into Canada from the United States during the fifteen months previous to April, 1874. Importations of horse cars during the same period amounted to \$21,448. To these sums a duty of fifteen per cent must be added to give the total cost.

MR. G. A. KEESER, O. E., in charge of the preliminary survey of Belleville and North Hastings Railway, pushed his examination as far as the Lough Iron Mine, passing the Seymour and other well known iron beds on the route. He reports, the difficult nature of the country considered, a favourable route, the heaviest grades were necessary being in favour of the traffic to the front.

NEWSBORE, Ont. Aug. 31.—A barn and shed belonging to Wm. Lewis, of Camden, was burned with three hogs, two fanning machines, one wagon, one lumber sleigh and 200 bushels threshed rye. Loss, about \$2,000. No insurance. Fire accidental.

MR. RYAN, the newly seated member for Marquette is a young Kingston lawyer.

BAD COINS ABROAD.—Several bogus fifty cent pieces have lately found their way into the hands of the authorities. On Thursday a working man was brought up for tendering one of the coins at the bar of the Rutheven Castle, on Queen-street. The man explained that he had received it as part of his wages from his employers. It is said that bad twenty-five cent pieces are also in circulation in the city.—Globe.

PROBABLE MURDER.—Wm. Cockerell, an old man 65 years of age, was heard groaning in an orchard in the Township of Onondaga, near Brantford, on the evening of the 22nd ult., and he told the parties who went to his assistance that he had been beaten by some person on the road. His skull was fractured in several places, and there were other marks of violence on his person. He died in a few moments after he was discovered. An inquest was held, and a verdict that "deceased came to his death from receiving foul play from some one unknown," was rendered.

FROM MANTONA.—A despatch from Fort Garry, 22nd ult., gives the following items of news:—Engineers for the location of the Pembina Railway branch passed Pembina this morning on the steamer International, which will be commenced by the first of September, simultaneously at both ends. Various forms of typhoid fever are prevalent here, and a large number of deaths have already occurred. Drs. Schults and Brown leave here to-morrow for Montreal.

FORT GARRY, Aug. 27.—The soldier Michaud was hanged at eight o'clock this morning for the murder of young Brown last June. Michaud in a paper which he intended to read on the scaffold but did not, attributed his crime to drunkenness and bad company. The execution was private. The gallows were erected nearly a week beforehand. Hundreds from all parts of the Province were disappointed at being unable to see the execution.

ROXBURG, Aug. 27.—The body of an unknown man was found on the lake shore, one mile and a half from Balgish town-line, on Monday evening. An inquest was held the next day, but no clue to his identity or the means by which he came to his untimely end was elicited. He was apparently between 30 and 40 years of age, and from his general appearance a sailor.

SAD CALAMITY.—A telegram from London Ont., gives the following particulars of a forlorn calamity that occurred near that City on the 22nd: "Another sad catastrophe occurred in the river last evening just before dark, the accidental drowning of three persons and a horse. The unfortunate deceased are Messrs. Vaughan Jenkins, Warren Nesbit (his nephew), and Miss Eliza Tait (his sister-in-law). Jenkins was driving with them in a buggy, intending to visit Mr. Mitchelltree, who resides in Peter-ville. In order to take a short cut he undertook to ford the river near Beecher's Island in the north branch when about midway in the stream the horse stumbled into a hole sixteen or seventeen feet deep dragging the vehicle after him. In the confusion which ensued all were drowned, there being no assistance at hand and no one residing near the river at that point. The girl was aged sixteen, the youth Nesbit, seventeen, and Jenkins twenty-seven years of age."

FROZEN SALMON.—An establishment exists near Bathurst, in northern New Brunswick, for preserving salmon by freezing them. In this frozen state they can be carried a five or six days' journey, and will continue as fresh and good as when newly caught. Five thousand have been thus prepared in the course of a season. Quantities are sent to Boston and other cities further south.

ST. JOHN, N. B., August 28.—Three men belonging to the Phoenix foundry were severely injured by carelessness in discharging a cannon, while firing a salute in honor of the marriage of a member of the firm. The boiler of the steam planing mill at St. Stephen exploded yesterday, causing much damage. Severe frosts have been felt in the exterior, killing the buckwheat and many of the early vegetable crops. Counterfeit coin is in circulation here, chiefly fifty cent pieces, well executed and difficult to detect.

Bishop McQuaid, speaking last week on the School question at the opening of a new Catholic school said:—

"A recent Convention of Baptist clergymen stated that the system of secular education was ruinous to the morals of the country. One common plea for the present system of education was that education prevents crime; but, on the contrary, as shown in this country to-day unless supplemented by religion, it only creates the more cunning rascal. In proof of this he adduced the following extract from the N. Y. Evening Post, Feb. 23, 1872: "It is a popular theory that ignorance is the parent of crime. That there is a fallacy in this is however proved by some figures presented in the report of the Inspectors of the State Penitentiary in Western Pennsylvania. Of the four hundred and eighteen inmates of this institution there are only forty seven who can neither read nor write, forty four who can read only, while those who can both read and write number three hundred and twenty seven." That is to say the proportion of "illiterates" among these prisoners is actually considerably less than the proportion of them among the whole adult population of the Northern States taken together. The same seems to be true of other prisoners. The reports from the Auburn Prison in New York and from the prison at Columbus in Ohio, also show that the vast majority of criminals have received a fair education. The difficulty seems to be in a misunderstanding of the term "education." It is construed to mean the mere elements of intellectual instruction without regard to home influence or moral training.

No greater fallacy can be conceived than that so prevalent a few years ago with regard to the effects of a knowledge of reading and writing on the morals of a community, and few have caused greater mischief. On this fallacy mainly rest the whole common school theory and system.—St. John (N. B.) Freeman, Aug. 28th.

BRANFORD.—EPPE'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Eppe has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with Boiling Water or Milk. Sold by Grocers in Packets only, labelled—"James Eppe & Co, Homeopathic Chemists, 48, Thredneedle Street, and 170, Piccadilly, Works, Euston Road and Camden Town, London. MANUFACTURE OF COCOA.—"We will now give an account of the process adopted by Messrs. James Eppe & Co., manufacturers of dietic articles, at their works in the Euston Road, London."—See article in Cassell's Household Guide.

CHRONIC SPLENTIS.—PHYSICIAN'S REPORT OF A REMARKABLE CASE.—Gagetown, N.B., July 22, 1868.—Mr. JAMES I. FELLOWS, CHEMIST.—DEAR SIR: Allow me to bear testimony in favor of your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites. I have used it myself for Tuberculosis with marked benefit, and have given it to a great number of my patients, with the same results as I experienced from its use. The most marked was a case which was under my care in March last. This was a patient who had been under treatment nine months with no beneficial results. When I first saw him he was so feeble that he could not sit up long enough to have his heart and lungs examined. He had a severe Cough, Dyspnea, Palpitation of the Heart, Impaired Digestion, and consequent general emaciation. I put him under treatment, prescribed your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, and after using four bottles he was able to attend to his farm, and is now perfectly well. In March he was given up by four physicians respectively; in May he assisted in ploughing eighteen acres of land, and had run up in flesh from 136 to 148 pound weight. I send you this for the purpose of your making what use you please of it, and wish you all success in your labor for the benefit of suffering humanity. Strongly recommending the use of your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites to all who suffer in any way from disease or weakness of the Lungs, Bronchial Tubes, or general debility. Believe me, your obt. servt., J. H. W. SCOTT, M.D.

THE PAIN-KILLER.—We have known the high character of this medicine, and that it is used with great success and satisfaction in our very best families.—It is the favorite medicine of our missionaries in heathen lands, where they use it more than all else together for the diseases that abound in those warm climates. It should be kept in every house; and be in readiness for sudden attacks of sickness.—Christian Press.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED. Cape Conso, N. S. J., \$2; Dewittville, J. D., 4; L'Original, Mrs. J. G., 2; Ashworth, P. M., 2; Sherrington, M. McC., 3; Buckingham, J. M., 2; Osgoode, P. G., 4; Stansted, Rev. M. McC., 2; Granby, M. L., 2; Perth, J. A. F., 7cts; St. Johns, P. M., 2; Prescott, B. C., 4; Riviero du Loup en bas, Rev. P. P., 2; Lacolle, T. B., 4. Per Rev. H. B. Trenton—Ongley, P. L. M., 2. Per W. C. Cornwall—St. Andrews, J. H. M., 1.50. Per J. O. B. Inverness—J. M. Sr., 1.25. Per J. M. Sr.; Low—J. C., 1; J. K., 1. Per P. D., Toronto—W. P., 2; Mrs. C. H., 4; J. P., 4; Woodbridge, G. D., 2. Per Rev. D. J. L. Pakenham—Self, 2; J. H., 2. Per E. M. Danville—W. C., 3.25. Per P. L. Escott—M. C., 1.50; Caintown, J. B., 3; Farmersville, E. S., 2. Per J. O. R. Oshawa—Self, 2; D. D., 2; P. W., 2; Rev. F. W. C., 2. Per W. S. North Bristol—M. M., 1.25. Per Dr. M., Montreal—St. Columban, Rev. Mr. F., 2; M. F., 2.

BIRTH. In this city, on the 19th ult., the wife of Mr. Michael Delahanty, of a daughter. DIED. In this city, on the 25th ult., Alice Lily, daughter of Mr. Edward Murphy, aged nine months.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.—(Gazette) Flour & brl. of 196 lb.—Pollards, \$4.00 @ \$4.25. Superior Extra, 6.00 @ 6.15. Extra, 0.00 @ 0.00. Fine, 4.70 @ 4.70. Strong Bakers', 5.70 @ 6.00. Middlings, 4.50 @ 4.50. U. C. bag flour, per 100 lbs., 2.45 @ 2.45. City bags, (delivered), 2.70 @ 2.72½. Ordinary Supers, (Canada wheat), 0.00 @ 0.00. Fancy, 0.00 @ 0.00. Supers from Western Wheat [Welland Canal], 0.00 @ 0.00. Canada Supers, No. 2, 0.00 @ 0.00. Supers City Brands [Western wheat] Fresh Ground, 0.00 @ 0.00. Fresh Supers, (Western wheat), 0.00 @ 0.00. Oats, per bushel of 32 lbs., 0.50 @ 0.50. Oatmeal, per bushel of 200 lbs., 0.00 @ 0.75. Corn, per bushel of 56 lbs., 0.74½ @ 0.00. Pease, per bushel of 66 lbs., 1.00 @ 1.02½. Barley, per bushel of 48 lbs., 0.00 @ 0.00. Lard, per lbs., 0.00 @ 0.15. Cheese, per lbs., 0.00 @ 0.11½. do do do Finest new, 0.11½ @ 0.12. Pork—Mess, 25.00 @ 25.25. Ashes—Pots, 0.00 @ 0.00. Firs—1st, 6.10 @ 6.15. Pearls—Firs, 7.90 @ 0.00.

TORONTO FARMERS' MARKET.—(Globe) Wheat, fall, per bush, \$1.10 1 10. do spring, 0.00 1 16. Barley, do, 0.00 1 10. Oats, do, 0.48 0 00. Peas, do, 0.00 0 00. Rye, do, 0.00 0 00. Dressed hogs per 100 lbs., 0.00 0 00. Beef, hind-qrs, per lb., 0.00 0 00. " fore-quarters, 0.00 0 00. Mutton, by carcass, per lb., 0.00 0 00. Potatoes, per bus., 0.75 0 80. Beets, do, 0.00 0 00. Parsnips, do, 0.60 0 00. Turnips, per bush, 0.00 0 00. Butter, lb. rolls, 0.26 0 30. " large rolls, 0.22 0 24. " tub dairy, 0.23 0 24. Eggs, fresh, per doz., 0.15 0 16. " packed, 0.12½ 0 14. Apples, per brl., 2.00 2 25. Chickens, per pair, 0.25 0 60. Ducks, per brace, 0.40 0 60. Geese, each, 0.00 0 00. Turkeys, 0.75 1 25. Carrots, do, 0.00 0 00. Cabbage, per doz., 0.75 1 00. Onions, per bush, 0.00 0 00. Hay (new), 18 00 21 00. Straw, 16 00 18 00.

THE KINGSTON MARKET.—(British Whig) FLOUR—XXX per bbl., 7.50 to 8.00. " " 100 lbs., 3.75 to 4.75. Family " 100, 2.50 to 3.00. Ex Family 100, 0.00 to 0.00. GRAIN—Barley per bushel, 0.00 to 0.00. Rye " " 0.00 to 0.00. Peas " " 0.00 to 0.00. Oats " " 0.50 to 0.52. Wheat " " 1.15 to 1.20. MEAT—Beef, fore, per 100 lbs., 5.00 to 5.15. " hind " " 6.00 to 7.00. " live " " 0.00 to 0.00. " per lb. on market, 0.10 to 0.12. Mutton " " 0.06 to 0.07. Veal " " 0.00 to 0.00. Ham " in store, 0.13 to 0.15. Bacon " " 0.10 to 0.12. LARD—No 1 unrefined, 5.00 to 6.00. " 2, 3.00 to 4.00. Lambskins, 0.69 to 0.78. " pelts, 0.50 to 0.60. Dekin Skins, 0.30 to 0.50. Tallow, 0.04 to 0.06. POULTRY—Turkeys, each, 0.80 to 1.50. Geese, 0.60 to 0.90. Fowls per pair, 0.50 to 0.60. GENERAL—Potatoes per bushel, new, 0.50 to 0.60. Turnips, 0.00 to 0.00. Beets, 0.00 to 0.00. Butter, fresh, per lb., 0.20 to 0.25. Eggs, per dozen, 0.15 to 0.18. Cheese, home made, 0.11 to 0.13. Hay per ton new, 9.00 to 9.75. Straw " " 8.00 to 10.00. Wood, on wharf, 5.50 to 6.00. Coal, delivered, 7.00 to 7.25. Timothy Seed, per bushel, 3.00 to 4.00. Clover " " 6.50 to 7.00.

THE REGULAR MONTHLY MEETING of this CORPORATION will be held in the ST. PATRICK'S HALL, (Corner of St. Alexander and Craig Streets), on MONDAY EVENING next, 7th of Sept., at 8 p.m. SAMUEL CROSS, Rec.-Sec.

J. H. SEMPLE, IMPORTER AND WHOLESALE GROCER, 53 ST. PETER STREET, (Corner of Foundling), MONTREAL. May 1st, 1874. 37-52

WANTED.—An experienced Book-keeper and Accountant, having a full knowledge of the English and French languages. Apply, with references, to D, Box 445 P. O., Montreal. 1-4w

MASSON COLLEGE, TREBONNE, P.Q.—EDUCATION EXCLUSIVELY COMMERCIAL.—The RE-OPENING of the CLASSES of this Institution will take place on the 1st of SEPTEMBER NEXT. J. I. GRATON, P., Superior 2-5in.

EDUCATIONAL NOTICE.—The Principal of Montmagny College, St. Thomas, below Quebec, would like to exchange his son, 15 years old, from 1st September to 1st July, for a boy of good English family, who likes to go to College to learn French, &c.—For particulars address to Aug. 28, 1874] CDE. DUFRESNE.

WANTED—A MALE TEACHER, able to Teach both French and English, having a Certificate to Teach an Elementary School. A married man preferred. Liberal Salary. Address (post-paid) to L. O. BLONDIN, Sec. Treas. School Commissioners of Buckingham. [Aug. 28, 1874.]

WANTED—TWO TEACHERS for the Roman Catholic Separate School, Lindsay. One for Classics, and one as Head Master. Large Salaries paid.—Good references required. Applications addressed to A. O'LEARY, Sec., until 1st October next. Duties to commence 1st January. 1-7

LINDSAY CONVENT. THE beautiful convent at Lindsay under the charge of the ladies of Loretto will be opened on the FIRST of SEPTEMBER. For terms of admission intending boarders will apply to the Lady Superior now at Loretto Abbey, Toronto. 47-9

WM. E. DORAN, ARCHITECT, HAS REMOVED HIS OFFICES to No. 191 ST JAMES STREET, over Queen Insurance Company

THE SUMMER SEASON. GENUINE WEST INDIA LIME JUICE. BISHOP'S GRANULAR CITRATE OF MAGNESIA. A full line of popular Disinfectants. B. E. MCGALE, FAMILY CHEMIST, 301 St. Joseph St., Montreal. July 24, 874.

JUST PUBLISHED! THE HARP. FOR AUGUST. A MAGAZINE OF GENERAL LITERATURE. PRICE \$1.50 PER ANNUM. Will be sent, Post-paid, on receipt of price. Back Numbers Supplied. All communications to be addressed to F. CALLAHAN, Printer and Publisher, 35 St. John Street, Montreal. AGENTS WANTED in every town in the Dominion.

THE MONTH AND CATHOLIC REVIEW. AUGUST, 1874.—CONTENTS. Articles, &c.—1. Rome at the Jubilee of 1600. By the Rev. F. Goldie. 2. Experiences in the Prussian Ambulances.—Part III. 3. The Fortunes of Virgil. By the Rev. H. J. Celeridge. 4. Chronicles of Catholic Missions.—III. Three Years at Ormus. 5. Jona. 6. T. B. F. 6. The Drama of Alexander the Great. 7. Harvey and his Times. 8. The Measures of Catholic Progress. Catholic Foreign.—I. Reviews and Notices. II. Selections from Foreign Periodicals.—1. The Catholic Congress at Venice. (From the Civiltà Cattolica.) 2. The late Brief to Monsgr. Gaume. (From the Etudes Religieuses.) QUARTERLY SUMMERS.—Notice to Purchasers of Complete Sets.—All the volumes of the Quarterly Series being now again in print, Messrs. Burns & Oates are able to offer complete sets, consisting of the ten volumes hitherto published, at a reduction of one-third of the published price. Single volumes as before. Cases for Binding the 10th Volume (now complete) can be had at the Publishers. All advertisements to be sent to Messrs. Burns & Oates, 17, Fortman Street, W. The "Month and Catholic Review" is sent post free to subscribers in America on prepayment of 24s per annum. Subscriptions may be paid at the office of this Paper.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. CANADA, } In the SUPERIOR COURT. Dist. of Montreal. In the matter of JOHN PATERSON, An Insolvent. The undersigned has filed in the office of this Court a Deed of Composition and Discharge executed by his creditors, and on Friday, the twenty-fifth day of September next, he will apply to the said Court for a confirmation of the same. JOHN PATERSON, By T. & C. De LORIMIER, his Attorneys ad litem. 2-5

PROV. OF QUEBEC, } SUPERIOR COURT. District of Montreal. DAME PHILOMENE BEAUDIN, wife of PAUL DUPUIS, Farmer, of St. Philippe, in the District of Montreal, Plaintiff. The said PAUL DUPUIS, Defendant. An action for separation as to property has been instituted in this cause. Montreal, 11 August, 1874. J. E. ROBIDOUX, Attorney for Plaintiff. 1-6

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of JONES & TOOMEY of the City of Montreal, Traders, Insolvents. Notice is hereby given that the Insolvents filed in my Office a deed of composition and discharge, executed by the proportion of their creditors, as required by law, and that if no opposition is made to said deed of composition and discharge within three judicial days after the last publication of this notice, said three days expiring on Thursday, the seventeenth day of September, 1874; the undersigned Assignee will act upon the said deed of composition and discharge, according to the terms thereof. L. JOS. LAJOIE, Official Assignee. Montreal, 27th August, 1874. 3-2

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869, AND ITS AMENDMENTS. In the matter of CHARLES LEGER dit PARISIEN of Lachine, An Insolvent. A meeting of the creditors of the above named Insolvent will be held at the Office of the undersigned, Merchants' Exchange Building, in the City of Montreal, on Tuesday, the fifteenth day of September next, at the hour of three o'clock in the afternoon, to direct the Assignee in the settlement with the purchaser thereof of the immovable property appertaining to the Estate of the said Insolvent, destroyed by fire, and generally in the ordering and winding up of the affairs of the Estate. Montreal, 28th August, 1874. A. B. STEWART, Assignee. 3-2

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE

FRANCE. — PARIS, Aug. 26th. — La Liberté reports that elections have been ordered to fill all vacant seats in the National Assembly.

NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH IN PARIS. — The plans of Mr. Goldie, submitted in competition with five Parisian architects for a new Parish Church to be erected in the heart of that notorious suburb of Paris, La Villette, have been approved and accepted for execution by His Eminence Cardinal Guibert, and a Commission appointed for the purpose of promoting the good work.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS, in addressing his flock after his return from Rome, naturally alluded to the position in which the Sovereign Pontiff and religion generally have been placed by the annexation of Rome and the subsequent measures of the Italian Government and Legislature. Italian accounts state that Nigra thereupon remonstrated with the French Foreign Office. At first it was asserted that he had threatened to ask for his passports, a statement which afforded room for an official contradiction.

DEATH OF A FRENCH BISHOP. — On Tuesday, 25th July, Mgr. Fillion, the Bishop of Mans, died in his episcopal residence. His health, which had not been very good for some time past, was, however, regarded as being in a very dangerous state, and on that account the death of the prelate was almost unexpected. The *Univers* says:—"The death of Mgr. Fillion is a great loss to the Church in France. By his virtues, his vigorous spirit, and his decision he was one of the prelates who honour the high functions of his office, and the heart of Pius IX. will feel deeply this loss of one of the bishops who, are most entirely devoted to him."—R.L.P.

THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH AT ARRHENBERG. — Since the arrival at the Chateau (says the *Bas-Lac* correspondent of the *Liberté*) of the Empress Eugénie and the Prince Imperial, things have worn a very animated aspect. The Empress herself, who first arrived alone, superintended the arrangements of the splendid furniture that had been provided, and assisted merrily, with her own hands in the work. On the Tuesday following her arrival, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden, accompanied by their suite, waited on the Empress with great ceremony, and on the next day their visit was returned. On the Saturday, the Prince Imperial arrived, accompanied by the Comte Clary, and received a warm greeting. It is expected that the Imperial party will make a considerable stay at the old home of Queen Hortense and Louis Napoleon (the subsequent Emperor of the French), and the trip to Baden has been indefinitely postponed.

SWITZERLAND

THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS. — BRUSSELS, Aug. 26. — In the International Congress the protocols of its proceedings have been read and approved. The date of the final sitting will be appointed to-night.

A GOOD EXAMPLE. — We read in the *Courier de Bruxelles* that the general meeting of the Conservative Association has assembled in Brussels, and that delegates from all the country branches took part in the business. The reports which were sent in showed to demonstration that, wherever the Catholics had organized themselves, and taken an active part in the electoral struggles that were everywhere raging, they had succeeded in triumphing over their adversaries. Resolutions were passed to make the further organization of the Catholic strength complete and efficacious in these arrangements where they were still defective; and other resolutions were arrived at which cannot fail to increase the power and importance of the Belgian Catholic party.—*Catholic Times*.

SPAIN

ASSAULT ON FIGUERAS REPELLED. — MADRID, Aug. 26. — The Carlists attempted to carry Figueras by assault last night. Three columns attacked the city at different points, but all were driven back with heavy losses. Their chief of artillery has been killed, and more than half of their cannons are dismantled.

INCIDENTS OF THE CARLIST WAR. — The Republicans claim a victory over the Carlists at Castelfollit in Catalonia, but it seems really to have been a drawn battle, in which the weather played that prominent part which is nearly always reserved for it in Spain. A violent storm, dignified by the name of a hurricane, put a stop to the fighting, and the Carlists retained their position. In the North the principal incident has been an attempt made by the Carlists to get possession of Espartaco. The aged Marshal was at Chumbro, a country place belonging to him in the neighbourhood of Logroño, his usual place of residence; General Zabala is said to have warned him of the risk which he would run in going to Chumbro, and the attempt to take him would undoubtedly have succeeded if General Zabala had not sent a cavalry escort just in time.—*Tablet*.

RELATIVE STRENGTH OF THE COMBATANTS. — We hear from time to time that active operations in the North are soon to be resumed, but the report is probably based on the prolonged inaction of both armies rather than on anything else. Nothing very important has occurred since the battle of Pena de Muro. The Carlists are evidently unable to assume the offensive, and march southwards, and General Zabala is equally unable to march northwards. It is indeed claimed for him that he has completely cleared the line of the Ebro of the flying Carlist bands; but that is not much, and he has a very good reason for not doing any more, he is constantly applying to Madrid for reinforcements and does not get them. Part of his force has been drawn off for service in the Centre and east of Spain, and it is doubtful whether he has many as 30,000 men under his command. On the other hand, the Carlists in the four northern provinces are estimated at about that number, and the natural strength of their positions, of course, counts for so much additional strength. The correspondent of the *Standard* at Santander reckons the Carlists

in Aragón at about 5,000; those under Don Alfonso in Valencia at 10,000; and those in Catalonia at 15,000 or 18,000, making about 30,000 altogether throughout Spain, though not one-half are really disciplined, and none could fight the regular army anywhere out of their mountains.—*Id.*

AUSTRIA

CHOLERA HAS AGAIN broken out at Silesia. Stringent measures are being taken by the Austrian Government for its extinction. The late outbreak in Hungary caused the death, it is said, of more than 170,000 persons.

GERMANY

BERLIN, Aug. 27. — The Spanish representative in this city has received full credentials as minister, and has asked for an audience with the Emperor.

A touching spectacle was witnessed in Paris on the occasion of the expulsion of Vicar Warminski, a Polish paper states the event as follows:—"The Landrath is said to have given the order that the Very Rev. Warminski, in case he should not willingly depart should be brought at five a.m. to Gronowko a village situated at the boundaries of the district of Buk. The Very Rev. Vicar waited until force was used against him. Rumour says that the police there, fearing some troubles might arise from the confluence of the people, had determined to bring him, at two a.m., over the boundaries of the district. But, in fact, they did not appear before five a.m. when they entered the house, commanded by the police secretary. The people wept, but otherwise behaved quietly. Soon it appeared, that it was impossible to carry the Vicar off, for there were no horses to be got. The driver who was the day before hired, was said to have departed. After they had looked for horses in vain—even the Jews refusing to co-operate in the expulsion of the Vicar—he was, at seven a.m., brought to the police station, amidst the loud cries of the assembled people. When he was requested to leave his house, he refused, and declared he would only yield to force; and then the policeman seized him by the hand. He remained in the station till half past ten a.m., for all attempts of the police to get a carriage were in vain, as everyone refused, with indignation, to take part in such a brutal proceeding. Finally, a cab was, as we are told, seized with violence, from a cabdriver; one of the police took the reins, another policeman placed himself by the side of the very rev. gentleman, and they started for Gronowko. At this moment the town resounded with the lamentations and weeping of the assembled people. The emotion caused by this spectacle cannot be described, but the populace, though hurt in their most sacred feelings, did not utter any invectives against the executioners of the law only these words reached my ears: "O God, how patient Thou art!"

THE BELL OF COLOGNE. — The French papers are making great fun out of the futile efforts the Germans are putting forth to cast a grand bell for the Cathedral of Cologne. The Emperor had decided that the first batch of cannon taken from the French in the late war, should be devoted to the casting of a new "Imperial bell" for the Cathedral. Four times already has the bell been cast, but on each occasion there has been dire mischance, and superstitious Frenchmen, fatalists if anything, ask if it be true that French cannon refuse to be impressed for German work? At the first casting the metal all went wrong into the moulds, and had to be melted again; the second time the "Imperial Crown"—its head, and its distinctive mark—did not take the mould at all; the third time, only just passed, the bell was cast, but the tone was so horrible—all shrieks and groans, our volatile neighbours say—that the metal had to be again broken up; the fourth attempt was as lamentable as all the others; and now they are about to make a fifth effort!

ALANCE AND LORRAINE are to be re-surveyed by the chief of the Prussian Ordnance Survey, and fresh military maps are to be prepared. The fortifications of Metz have been so extended that its investment would now be a formidable task, even for the largest army.

IMPRISONMENT OF THE BISHOP OF PADERBORN. — The Berlin Supreme Court, in the case of the Bishop of Paderborn, has reversed the judgment of the Court below, and decided that fines cannot be paid by others than those on whom they are imposed. The payments, therefore, by a Catholic gentleman of the Diocese of the fine which the Bishop of Paderborn was himself unable to pay does not save that prelate from incarceration, and he was arrested on Tuesday morning at eight o'clock, and thrown into the prison of the town to undergo his sentence of eighteen weeks' imprisonment.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF COLOGNE. — The term for which the Archbishop of Cologne was imprisoned expired on Saturday 1st August, but additional sentences having been passed upon him subsequently to his condemnation he is not to be set at liberty, and the Government has begun a process before its new Ecclesiastical Court for his intended deprivation. Both the Archbishops remaining in Germany—the See of Freiburg being vacant—will thus shortly be in permanent exile from their Sees, and probably from the territory of the Empire.

ITALY

THE CATHOLICS ARRESTED IN JUNE. — On Saturday the 25th of July, the appeal of four young men condemned for crying out *Viva Pio IX., Papa e Re*, in the Piazza of St. Peter when the Pope appeared at a window of the Vatican, was heard before the Court of Appeal presided over by the Advocate Leenari. The four young men, Berlioli, Coletti, Tardani, and Feliziani, had been sentenced by the Correctional Tribunal to two years, eighteen months, and six months incarceration respectively. Their appeal was rejected, and the sentence of the Correctional Tribunal was confirmed. Their advocate, Argenti, in vain urged on the Court the fact that these men had been tried and condemned without the privilege of appointing counsel to defend them, and upon the unsupported evidence of the police and soldiers who arrested them. In vain, contradictions in the evidence were pointed out. The Court after a brief delay confirmed the former sentences in all points. The accused displayed great firmness and cheerfulness, and evidently were ready to suffer for their Master and true Pontiff. Their imprisonment will be to them a triumph.—*Corr. of Tablet*.

NEW FINANCIAL MEASURES. — Minghetti, it is said, intends to propose to Parliament, on its reassembling, the confiscation of all the properties of benevolent societies, hospitals, asylums, and refuges in Italy. These charitable societies are to receive from the State an annual sum equal to their present annual receipts, but this sum is to be paid in Italian paper. The Government will gain the actual landed estates, which it can sell at its real value in gold. The difference obtained by the Treasury will (some say) suffice to enable Government to abolish the forced paper currency, and restore metallic currency. But the experiment of confiscating the estates of the religious orders has not succeeded in filling the Exchequer, and the sale of the charitable properties will only tend to enrich a few individuals without materially benefiting the State. *Id. got, ill gene*, may be said of all such dishonest expedients for supplying the needs of the Government out of private or sacred funds.—*Id.*

In spite of difficulties, the Church does her work, and the Sacred Congregation of the Index continues its sitting and publishes its judgment, having just prohibited certain books, amongst others a German work entitled "Three Questions of Conscience about the May Laws," and another German work entitled "A Respectful Proposal and Supplication to the Prussian Episcopate, with a view to Conciliation." The latter work has been published at Munich. There are also two French works "Le Vatican et les

Archevêques," and another entitled "Union Générale des Evêques Seculiers du Sacre de ce du Mariage"—the author of the latter work, the Abbé Cailliet, has "landably submitted" to the judgment of the congregation, and withdrawn his work like a good Christian.

THE MENDICANT ORDERS IN ITALY. — The police have instructions to prevent the members of the Mendicant Orders, who have been forcibly expelled from their houses, to beg publicly. These poor Religious have as their only means of subsistence the pittance which they receive from the State, which is for Lay-brothers 15 francs, and for those in Holy Orders 25 francs! Recently, a poor Franciscan at Ripa was arrested for begging at houses where he was in the habit of receiving weekly small alms, taken before the magistrate, condemned to five days' imprisonment, and then dragged through the streets, as a malefactor, to the gaol.

ILLNESS OF CARDINAL PATRIZI. — The following telegram is extracted from *Catholic Opinion*:—"Rome, August 3, 11-53 p.m.—His Eminence Cardinal Patrizi, Vicar-General of the Pope, Bishop of Ostia and Velletri, and Dean of the Sacred College, is dangerously ill. The physicians ordered an issue in the leg for gout, but the result is that his Eminence is worse."

ROME, 6 August, 7.20 p.m.—Letters have been received at the Vatican from Mgr. Talbot. His health seems improved. Cardinal Patrizi is much better.—Special telegram to *London Tablet*.

GREAT BRITAIN

CATHOLIC SUFFERINGS IN ENGLAND. — The numbers of those who suffered death for the Catholic Faith and their fidelity to it, in England, during the 184 years between 1577 and 1681, are given and classified in the last issue of *Catholic Progress*. The total is 259, classified thus:—Secular priests 144, Jesuits 24, Benedictines 9, Franciscans 7, lay persons 75—total 259. These were the martyrs whose blood is the seed for the future of the Catholic Church.—Honor to that holy whose numbers are nearly one-third of the whole!—*Catholic Times*.

ENGLISH VERSUS CARLIST ATROCITIES. — We (*Catholic Times*) hear a great deal in these days about "Carlist Atrocities," and we are constantly told that the Carlists are the "Ashantees of Europe." Let us present our readers with an account of an affair occurring at St. Helena, on Friday last, and ask our readers, in the name of simple truth and justice, if the "Ashantees of Europe" are not really to be found in this blissful England of Protestantism and Secularism. The extract is taken from the *Liverpool Daily Post*:—"Yesterday, six young men, named John Swift, William Swift, Robert Woosley, Thomas Woosley, Stephen Cowley, and Thomas Cruise, were brought up at St. Helena, on remand, on charges of burglary, robbery, and unlawfully wounding. On the night of the 26th July, a little after twelve o'clock, a party of colliers, identified as the prisoners, sallied out for the declared purpose of "killing the Irish" in Wain-street, in the suburb of Parr.—They attacked six cottages occupied by the objectionable persons, and smashed all the glass with bricks and stones at the risk of injuring the residents with the missiles. In one of the cottages, a man over eighty years of age, named Patrick McGrath, lived with his wife. They knocked at his door, demanding admittance, and burst it open before the demand could be complied with. When they got inside they made a diabolical attack on the old man. One of his eyes was knocked out to begin with, and then he was thrown down and drenched in whitewash. Some of the fellows went as far as to fill the empty socket of his eye with the liquid lime, and forced a portion of it down his throat. He was utterly unable to make any resistance, and while lying helpless in their hands, they rifled his pockets of 6s., which was afterwards found concealed in the clothes of the prisoner Cruise. McGrath's wife, in the meantime, after receiving brutal usage, succeeded in escaping out of the house to the street, whither William Swift followed her and kicked her violently.—Nevertheless, she managed to find a police-officer, and bring him to the scene. Before the men left the house they asked if McGrath was dead, and on Cruise assuring them that he was, they departed.—He has since been in the Cottage Hospital, where his depositions were taken, and he is quite blind from the usage he received, and most of them had lime or blood on their clothes. They were committed for trial at the ensuing Liverpool Assizes."

HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN SCOTLAND. — "Prejudice," as Dr. Newman asserts in one of his invaluable works, "is the life of the Protestant view" and untrue tradition "its sustaining power." In diligently promoting the former, and in swelling the dark mass of the latter, false historians have taken very prominent part. Scarcely a writer on the ecclesiastical history of England or Scotland has flourished since the time of the Reformation who has not prostituted his pen to the cause of wrong, and so lent his aid in thickening around his unfortunate fellow-countrymen the mist of ignorance and misapprehension by which they have been so long and so fatally enveloped. The clouds, however, are at length becoming less opaque, and the atmosphere is perceptibly lightening. Here and there rays of truth are piercing through the surrounding darkness, and by-and-bye, we firmly believe, the obscurity will altogether vanish. But in effecting His designs, however great, God acts ordinarily through human instrumentality, and there is no doubt that writers who, like Mr. James Walsh, stand forth boldly to confront falsehood with truth, are to be amongst His honored agents in the work of Britain's enlightenment. The volume before us, we are told by its author, was commenced more than twenty years ago, and had the whole of those years been occupied in its compilation we should not have deemed the time mispent. Evidence of laborious research and of painstaking industry in the collection of facts is stamped upon every page, authority is given for each assertion, Protestant authors are largely quoted, and the book is characterized by an impartiality and absence of bitterness which will render it very generally useful. As the title states, the history commences with the first introduction of Christianity into North Britain, and interesting accounts, collated from various sources, are given of the earliest missionaries to the country. Amongst these appear the well-known names of St. Regulus, a Greek Bishop, who brought to Caledonia the relics of St. Andrew, St. Ninian, St. Palladius, St. Serenus, St. Columba, and the Monks of Iona. In a consecutive manner the Church's history is continued up to the time of the Reformation, immediately preceding which event Scotland is shown to have been in a flourishing condition, prosperous and wealthy, with universities and colleges, compulsory education established by Acts of Parliament, virtuous and religious, and therefore happy. "The historical facts brought forward in this chapter (writes Mr. Walsh) are more than sufficient to disprove the statements of superficial Protestant writers, who assert that the people of Scotland were 'grossly ignorant,' 'wretchedly poor,' and 'miserable slaves' in Catholic times. On the contrary, we have seen Scotland become consolidated, prosperous, happy, free, and independent under the fostering care of the Catholic Church; her Catholic kings courageous and triumphant on the field; her Catholic Bishops and priests patriots of the truest and most unflinching kind; and the Catholic people heroic and brave, under every circumstance, in the long-continued and arduous struggle to free their native land from a foreign yoke. The names of Wallace and Bruce, of Douglas and Randolph, are imperishably recorded in the annals of Scottish History. We have seen trade and commerce flourishing; and the

various arts of civilized life encouraged and protected by the Church. Under her fostering care, the hamlet grew into the village, the village into the town, and the town into the royal burgh and mercantile community. In short, the more the early records of Scottish history are investigated, the more clearly does it appear that the whole people of Scotland, but particularly those which lived by their labour, now called the working classes, were better instructed in religion, better fed, better clothed, better cared for, more easily worked, and in every way more virtuous, independent, happy, and free in Catholic times than they have ever been since the Protestant Reformation. "The reverse of this pleasant picture is given a little further on in the book when the Protestant Reformation, with its blighting effects on the moral, mental, and physical condition of the people was in progress.—"The condition of the country would have drawn pity from the hardest heart.—"The people engaged in a furious outburst of each other, constantly kept up by the internal policy of Elizabeth. Every peaceful and useful art was entirely at a stand. Agriculture, manufactures, and commerce were neglected. Nothing was heard from one end of the country to the other but the clangour of arms and roar of artillery; nothing seen but villages in flames, towns beleaguered by armed men, women and children flying from the cottages where their fathers or husbands have been massacred, the pulpits surrounded by armed men with their hands on their swords; whilst Knox and the preachers fanned the flames of discord by declaiming against the Queen as a Jezebel, a murderer, and an adulteress, deserving an instant death, threatening excommunication to all who supported her cause and declaring that there could not be peace in the country until she and her partisans were punished with death." No ecclesiastical history of the country could be complete without some account of the "Great Reformer," whom Protestants claim to this day as the chief founder of their religion in Scotland, and the life and character of John Knox is thus summed up by our author:—"His whole public life was spent in treason, conspiracy, rebellion, turbulence, and bloodshed. He was born of poor parents educated by the charity of the Catholic Church, ordained a priest at the age of twenty-five, was admonished, and afterwards expelled from the office of the priesthood for his crimes of impurity and for teaching heresy. "He joined the band of assassins who murdered Cardinal Beaton, and became their chaplain, was condemned to the galleys in France as one of the criminals, where he remained for nineteen months, and was then liberated. Knox then came to England, where he became a preacher of Lutheranism and Episcopalianism, although he professed to be a sort of Calvinist in Scotland. In 1559 he returned to Scotland still a rebel; he at once joined the rebellion going on against the regent Mary of Guise. He wrote letters to the English Government under a feigned name, soliciting money to aid the rebels, and an English army to invade and lay waste his native land. He urged the people to destroy and ruin the churches, abbeys, and religious establishments, and to burn all the civil and ecclesiastical histories, documents, charters, and records of the country. He was a coarse, vulgar, and vindictive rebel and traitor to his queen and country from the day of Mary landed until she was dethroned. "He was at all times a despicable coward who fled from that danger which was the consequence of his crimes. In his writings he defended and praised the assassination of Cardinal Beaton, the Duke of Guise, and David Riccio, as being the work of God; he also maintained that all Catholics, clergy and laity, kings and subjects, ought to be put to death, as that he was thus the advocate of murder and the fiercest intolerance. He was unsettled in his own creed or else acted the hypocrite; as he was an Episcopalian during his stay in England, whilst in Scotland he was a Calvinist and Presbyterian. He was a calumniator and slanderer of the worst kind, as he in his writings and sermons distorted facts, misrepresented passing events, falsified history, and defamed the best of men and most virtuous of women.

Mr. Walsh's valuable history is continued down to the present year, and ends with an encouraging report of the present condition of Catholicism in Scotland, and a hopeful augury for the future of the Church in that country. In conclusion, we would say, that as a book for reference, no more useful publication has of late issued from the press, and we have no doubt that it will become, as it well deserves to be, a standard work. The materials contained in it have been thrown together in an attractive form, and the style is altogether pleasant and readable.—*London Tablet*.

TRAGIC OCCURRENCE AT SHEFFIELD. — About noon on Sunday an occurrence of a most melancholy and terrible nature took place in Sidney-road, Crookers, one of the pleasantest suburbs of Sheffield. The facts, so far as can be gathered, are as follows:—Mr. George Hattersley, until recently carrying on business as a freiron and fender manufacturer in Wentworth-street and Devonshire-street, Sheffield, has resided in the locality above-named, and has, it is stated, latterly been very intemperate. About noon to-day, whilst in a fit of *delirium tremens*, he took a loaded revolver, and shot at his wife. The bullet wounded her in the neck, but fortunately without doing her serious injury. Terrified beyond measure, she fled and took refuge in a neighbour's house. The neighbours then heard a second report, and, on rushing into the house, found the miserable man lying insensible, having a shocking wound in his throat. How this was inflicted cannot be clearly ascertained, but it is almost certain that he tried to shoot himself. He remains insensible, and cannot possibly live many hours. The affair has caused a great sensation.

He who may be called the first High Priest, if not the Apostle, of that system of defiance of God's own command which men call divorce, Lord Penzance, has "broken out in a fresh place" under the suave workings of the Jewish Premier, and will for the future devote his leisure and his talents to hunting down such dissipated Protestants as had even the lax bends of what is called the Church of England too stringent for their tastes. Moreover, he is going to do the work for nothing, or perhaps for love; and, indeed, we think for the latter rather than because he is very much enamoured of the process familiarly described as "lets to do, and find yourself!" And there is a singular justice of revenge about the whole arrangement. The Church of England—to its shame be it over spoken—gave its implied sanction to the absolute denial in this country of Christ's command, "Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder;" and Lord Penzance, for years, was the "man" selected thus to fly in the very face of the Creator. Now his duties will be of such a nature that, beyond all question, they must—be it in five, ten, or twenty years—result in the divorce of that very Church from the State to which she has been so long wedded. For our own part we do not, as at present minded, care to see that divorce accomplished; but that it will be the natural outcome of the Public Worship Regulation Bill, we have no manner of doubt.—*Catholic Times*.

TEMPLE BAR. — Though Temple Bar has an antiquity and associations of its own, the *Morning Post* maintains that it is by no means one of the really ancient buildings of London. It was not one of the gates of the Old Roman city of Augusta or Londinium, to which reference is made by Cosar and Tacitus; by Pliny and Strabo. Sir Christopher Wren commenced the building (apparently, for we have no certain and exact records of the fact) in 1669; and finished it in August, 1672; the cost of the erection was just under £1,000, besides which the four statues, which still occupy the niches on its eastern and western fronts, cost £400 more.—

They represent James II. and his Queen, Anne of Denmark, and Charles I. and Charles II. respectively. During the first century of its existence Temple-bar was remarkable for its gloomy and ghastly associations, being one of the places where the heads of such rebels as had been executed on charges of high treason were exhibited in *terrorem populi*. Here, for instance, for the special edification of his Majesty's liege subjects, were displayed, dangling in the air, the mangled remains of Thomas Armstrong, Eye House-Plot. Here, too, a little later on, might Sir William Perkins, executed for complicity in plots against the life of William III. The Scottish Rebellion of 1715 furnished a further supply of these highly edifying spectacles, and the last example of this revolting usage dated from the year 1746, when the heads of Simon Lovat and some six or seven other followers of "Charles Edward" were placed on poles upon the top of the Bar. In order to gain access to the interior of Temple-bar it is necessary to make an application to Messrs. Child and Co., the Bankers, whose house it adjoins, and who rent it on lease from the City. We go up from the ground floor of the bank to the first floor, and are shown into a small parlor, in which hangs Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of the late Lady Jersey as she shone a "Court beauty" at the coronation of George IV., and also a picture of the Bar itself, apparently about 120 years old, and very much in the style of Hogarth, but said to be the work of one Michael A. Roeker, one of the earliest associates of the Royal Academy. It gives a portrait of the west front, and through the vista is seen the old church of St. Dunstan, with the statues of Gog and Magog. At the side is the front of Messrs. Child's bank, very little different from what it is now. The heads of Lords Lovat, Bertrawater, &c., still grin on the tops of the poles. We are led into the inner chamber by some narrow steps cut into the solid wall, not unlike the way up to a parish church belfry.—The entrance, too, is crooked as well as narrow; at the end of it we find ourselves in a lofty room, lit by a large window on either side, panelled in the style of the Stuart era, and lined from top to bottom with a long file of old ledgers and journals, in which stand recorded the transactions of the bank ever since the first establishment—in fact, coeval with the Bar itself. The windows on our right and left look out of course into Fleet-street and Strand respectively. Their frames are so severely weather-proof, and look as if they had not felt a housemaid's duster for many a long year. This, however, is the room in which the Lord Mayor and aldermen assemble whenever they come in state (as of course they come annually on the 9th of November) to Temple-bar, or to greet the arrival of royalty, or to receive the body of a Nelson or a Wellington. We gaze in awe and wonder at these mute memorials of the "accounts" of customers who have all long since gone to give in their own last account; and, passing on into an inner chamber still more dusty and grimy than the outer one, we are confronted by a perpendicular ladder, having climbed which—at some peril to our necks—we are in the "attic." Here the dust is venerable and solid, the ledgers and journals are still older than those below, many of them belonging to the 17th century, when the firm were goldsmiths rather than bankers in the modern acceptance of the term.—*Globe*.

UNITED STATES

RELIGIOUS PROFESSOR. — On Tuesday, the 26th inst., in the Convent of the Good Shepherd in this city, five young ladies, having made their two years novitiate, were received into full profession by the Rev. Father Dullator. Their names are Miss Mary Masters (in religion, Sister Mary Victory); Miss Kate Sullivan (Sister M. Pulcherin); Miss Annie Keefe (Sister M. Angela); Miss Susan Russell (Sister M. Marcella); and Miss Winifred Murphy (Sister M. at St. Catherine of Steanna). Miss Annie Ryan also presented herself for entrance in the community, and was admitted to her novitiate as Sister Mary of Our Lady of Lourdes. The beautiful and imposing ceremonies which the Church uses on these occasions were witnessed by a large number of the relatives and friends of the newly-made Sisters, as well as by a crowded attendance of others during the ceremonies.—*N. Y. Tablet*.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Aug. 26. — A number of negroes at Picketville, Gibson Co., threatened a riot last Saturday and Sunday, manifesting a strong desire to kill two or three citizens and fire back Taw. Yesterday sixteen ringleaders were arrested and taken to Trenton goal for safe keeping. About 1 o'clock this morning 75 or 100 masked men entered the town and demanded and compelled the sheriff to deliver up the keys of the goal. They then took the sixteen negroes from the prison, and, after killing four and mortally wounding two on the confines of the town, rode off with the remaining ten, and are supposed to have killed them. Nothing has been heard of the party since they left.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25. — Yellow Fever is reported on board the Nova Scotia bark Evangeline, which arrived quarantine on Sunday evening. All of her officers and crew were attacked by the fever on the voyage from Cuba to this port, and three of them died; the remainder are convalescing. One of the men who died was Donald McVane of Edinburgh, aged 30 years. Upon examining his trunk after death a false bottom was found, in which was a will dated 1871, from Peter McVane of Tabboth Wynd, in Leith, leaving several houses in trust to his son, the deceased, whose annual rental was £800. The captain of the bark says he cannot imagine what reason induced McVane to ship as a seaman.

Edward McGrath, the policeman who was drowned at Coney Island while trying to rescue a lady companion, Miss Kate McGuire, who was bathing with him, was buried on the 18th ult. At 1 o'clock about 300 persons were congregated at his residence, 261 Mulberry st. The policemen of the Sixth Ward, of which Mr. McGrath was a member, attended in full force, wearing their uniforms and shields. At one o'clock precisely the rosewood coffin was carried to St. Patrick's Cathedral. It was elegantly decorated with flowers, all presented by Officer McGrath's comrades. The pall-bearers were officers of Mr. McGrath's own platoon. In the Cathedral the Rev. Rev. Father Quinn, V. G., officiated. The body was taken to Calvary Cemetery, whither the remains of Miss McGuire were also conveyed on the following day.

SHREVEPORT, LA., August 30. — A courier just arrived from Conchatto reports one hundred and fifty white men there, all quiet, and no further trouble apprehended. Two negroes and one white man have been killed, and one white man seriously wounded.

Who appreciates the fact that there is any great importance attached to such a commodity as a Pill? It is generally supposed that anybody can make them, as all can take them. But visit the laboratory of Dr. J. C. Ayer and you will be disabused of the idea, that it is a trifle to make any medicine and adapt it to the wants of millions of men—to so adjust it to their needs, and so cure their complaints, as to make them its constant customers in all the zones. Physicians find it requires some skill to adapt their doses to a single patient; ask them if it is not an intricate problem to adjust a purgative pill to the necessities of untold numbers, so that it shall benefit them nearly all. Dr. Ayer's laboratory supplies 60,000 doses of his Pills per diem, or 19,000,000 a year. Think of that! Esculapian! Well may it be written the head of any man to administer to that amount of suffering, and especially when, as is here evident, everything is done, with the utmost necessity and care.—*Randolph (Va.) Statesman*.

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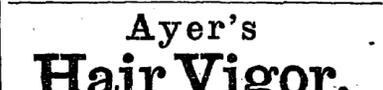
I HEREBY certify that Mr. Patrick Coughlan, of Buckingham, P.Q., has cured me of Scoury which I have had for five years. I tried different medical men, and also patented medicines, and found none that could cure me. I have taken 58 bottles of Serravallo's and found no change for the better; nothing took effect but Mr. Coughlan's remedies administered by himself. I tried also Mrs. McGurkhan, an Indian woman, but found no relief. I do recommend those afflicted with Scoury or Salt-Rheum to try Mr. Coughlan's remedy and they will soon find relief.

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FRENCH PANAMA AND STRAW HATS, IN ALL THEIR VARIETIES, FOR GENTLEMEN, YOUTHS, AND CHILDREN, AT O'FLAHERTY & BODEN'S, No. 269, Notre Dame Street.

Ayer's Hair Vigor, For restoring to Gray Hair its natural Vitality and Color.

A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. It soon restores faded or gray hair to its original color, with the gloss and freshness of youth. Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed; but such as remain can be saved by this application, and stimulated into activity, so that a new growth of hair is produced. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. The restoration of vitality it gives to the scalp arrests and prevents the formation of dandruff, which is often so uncleanly and offensive. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a HAIR DRESSING, nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich, glossy lustre, and a grateful perfume.



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PAY NO MORE FEES.



QUACKS CONFOUNDED.

Rheumatism and Gout have heretofore been considered by the ordinary practicing physicians as incurable diseases, and the query has often been propounded, of what benefit to the helpless sufferer is all their pretended science; and what doth it avail,—their long and tedious course of study—if they are obliged to acknowledge that all their resources are to no account when called upon to prescribe for a patient suffering from chronic rheumatism. The great trouble lies in the fact that the mode of investigation is prescribed within certain boundaries and limitations compelling the student to tread in certain well-worn paths, or suffer disgrace and excommunication from that highly respectable order of mortals known as the Medical Faculty. How often genius has been curbed in its flights of investigation can easily be imagined. And often really grand and beneficial discoveries have been placed under the ban of censure by those self-constituted censors, for no reason whatever, but that they are innovations upon a stereotyped and time honored prescription. It was not so, however, with the proprietor of the

Diamond Rheumatic Cure, for his high standing in the profession, and the learning and science of an able mind, quickly compelled the common to succumb, and new physicians generally, all over the world, where this medicine is introduced, admit of its wonderful efficacy, and often prescribe it for their patients. Of course the use of the DIAMOND RHEUMATIC CURE, without the aid of a physician, is a saving in fees to the sufferer, but the really conscientious physician should rejoice at this, for the reason of the general benefits arising to mankind from its use.

READ WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY. MONTREAL, 21st March, 1871.

Messrs. DEVINS & BOLTON: Dear Sirs—I with pleasure concede to the Agents wish that I give my endorsement to the immediate relief I experienced from a few doses of Dr. Miller's Diamond Rheumatic Cure, having been a sufferer from the effects of Rheumatism, I am now after taking two bottles of this medicine, entirely free from pain. You are at liberty to use this letter, if you deem it advisable to do so.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully, JOHN HELDER ISAACSON, N.P. MONTREAL, 17th March, 1874.

Messrs. DEVINS & BOLTON: Gentlemen—I have suffered much with rheumatism, so much so that I was obliged to stay at home a certain time. I heard Mr. O'Neill, of the St. Lawrence Hall, speaking of your remedy. I asked him to get me a bottle immediately, which he did with great kindness. To my great surprise that bottle has cured me entirely, and I never felt better in my life. I attribute the use of my limbs to the "Diamond Rheumatic Cure."

JAMES GALLAGHER, 58 Juror Street, Corner of Hormine. A BLESSING TO THE POLICE. MONTREAL, 18th June, 1874.

DEVINS & BOLTON: Gentlemen—Having been one of the many martyrs of rheumatism that I meet on my every day rounds, I was induced to try the celebrated DIAMOND RHEUMATIC CURE. I had suffered the last five or six weeks the most terrible acute pains across my loins and back, so severe indeed that I could hardly walk with the help of a stick. I commenced the Diamond remedy, following the directions carefully,—relief came immediately with the first bottle; improved rapidly with the second, and completely cured and free from pain after finishing my fifth small bottle. You are at perfect liberty either to refer to me privately or publicly, as I feel very thankful for the relief, and sympathise with my fellow-sufferers from Rheumatism.

Yours respectfully, J. B. CORDINOE, Sanitary Police Officer, 61 Labelle Street. FURTHER PROOF. Toronto, March 30, 1874.

Dear Sir—After suffering for the past two years with Rheumatism, I can truly say that, after using two bottles of the DIAMOND RHEUMATIC CURE, I find myself free from that terrible disease. I have used all kinds of remedies and Doctor's prescriptions without end, but your simple remedy surpasses all. The effect upon me was like magic. I take great pleasure in recommending your medicine to all.

I remain, MARGARET CONROY, 127 Sumach Street.

This medicine is prepared by a careful experienced and conscientious physician, in obedience to the desire of numberless friends in the profession, in the trade and among the people. Every bottle is warranted to contain the full strength of the medicine in its highest state of purity and development, and is superior to any medicine ever compounded for this terrible complaint.

In simple cases sometimes one or two doses suffice. In the most chronic case it is sure to give way by the use of two or three bottles. By this efficient and simple remedy hundreds of dollars are saved to those who can least afford to throw it away, as surely it is by the purchase of useless prescriptions.

This medicine is for sale at all druggists throughout the Province. If it happens that your Druggist has not got it in stock, ask him to send for it to DEVINS & BOLTON, NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL, General Agents for Province of Quebec. Or to NORTHROP & LYMAN, SCOTT STREET, TORONTO, General Agents for Ontario. Paris St. Francoisville. May 22, 1874. 40.

CATHOLIC COMMERCIAL ACADEMY OF MONTREAL.

PLATEAU AVENUE—699 ST. CATHERINE STREET. THIS Institution has added lately to its Programme of studies a complete polytechnic Course. This Course was established by the Minister of Public Instruction for the diffusion of the knowledge of the great industries among our Canadian youth.

Young men possessing dispositions and aptitudes for the great manufacturing and mining industries; for Civil Engineering, architecture, surveying mechanics, &c., &c., are particularly invited to follow this course which is placed under the direction of a skillful professor trained in the professional schools of France. The course embraces three years study, and for the benefit of those who have not completed their course in a Classical College a preparatory class has been opened. A Programme of the studies can be obtained either on personal or written application.

The Commercial Course will continue as heretofore, the only change being a separate class, exclusively devoted to commercial transactions. In this class practical transactions in Banking, Custom-House and commerce in general are carried on. When a pupil is ready to undergo his examination, and passes it satisfactorily, he receives his Diploma.

This year the primary department will be transferred to a comfortable brick-house, next to the Academy, which has been purchased by the commissioners for that purpose.

The opening of classes will take place on Monday, August 31st.

For conditions and other particulars address the Principal, at the Academy. 61-8 U. E. ARCHAMBAULT.

YOUNG LADIES LITERARY INSTITUTE OF N. D. DU SACRE COEUR, CONDUCTED BY THE GREY NUNS.

RIDEAU STREET, OTTAWA.

This Institute, established over a quarter of a century ago, affords the greatest facilities to Young Ladies for acquiring a complete knowledge of the English and French Languages, Music, Drawing, Painting, Plain and Ornamental Sewing, and that most useful art, Domestic Economy, receive special attention.

The session will open on TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1st.

For particulars, apply to Lady Superior at the above address. [51-6

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COSTELLO BROTHERS, COMMISSION AND WHOLESALE PRODUCE AND PROVISION MERCHANTS.

49 St. Peter Street, Montreal. Have now and will continue to receive large lots of Choice Dairy Butter, Milwaukee and Cincinnati Sugar-Cured Hams, Cheese, Lard, &c., which they will dispose of in lots to suit purchasers. Liberal cash advances will be made on receipt of goods consigned to us. Butter and Cheese made a specialty. [July 24, 1874.

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SYMPTOMS OF WORMS.

THE countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes, or a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull; the pupils dilate; an are semicircle runs along the lower eyelid; the nose is irritated, swells, and sometimes bleeds; a swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a gnawing sensation of the stomach, at others, entirely gone; flecting pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times costive; stools slimy; not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult, and accompanied by hiccup; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c.

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist,

DR. M'LANE'S VERMIFUGE Will certainly effect a cure.

The universal success which has attended the administration of this preparation has been such as to warrant us in pledging ourselves to the public to

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in every instance where it should prove ineffectual: "providing the symptoms attending the sickness of the child or adult should warrant the supposition of worms being the cause." In all cases the Medicine to be given in STRICT ACCORDANCE WITH THE DIRECTIONS.

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NEVER CONTAINS MERCURY in any form; and that it is an innocent preparation, not capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant.

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stands unrivalled as a valuable remedial agent in cases of Habitual Constipation, Derangement of the Stomach and Bowels, Chronic Inflammation of the Kidneys, Gravel, Gout, Rheumatism (especially the chronic forms), Scrofula, Skin Affections of all kinds, Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Acidity, and as a Purgative after a debauch it is unequalled.

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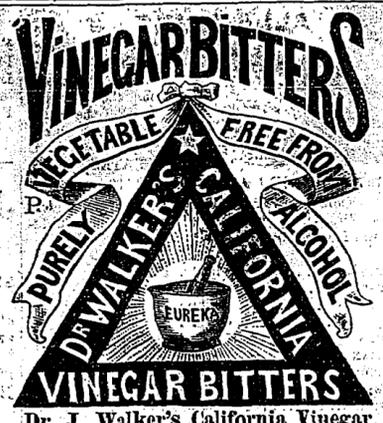
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The Institution, hitherto known as the "Bank of Upper Canada," has been purchased with this view and is fitted up in a style which cannot fail to render it a favorite resort to students. The spacious building of the Bank—now adapted to educational purposes—the ample and well-devised play grounds and the ever-refreshing breezes from great Ontario all concur in making "De La Salle Institute" whatever its directors could claim for it, or any of its patrons desire.

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JOHN HATCHETTE & CO., LATE MOORE, SEMPLE & HATCHETTE, (SUCCESSORS TO FITZPATRICK & MOORE,) IMPORTERS AND GENERAL WHOLESALE GROCERS, WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS, DOMINION BUILDINGS, MCGILL ST., MAY 1, '74] MONTREAL. [37-52

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Approved by His Lordship Mgr. Guignes, Bishop of Ottawa; and under the patronage of the members of the Clergy for forwarding the work of the construction of the Visitation Hospital at Wright, Ottawa County.

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Farm... 300
Two Good Horses... 300
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One Buggy... 120
A Buggy... 60
Five Watches of \$20 each... 100
Ten Watches of \$12 each... 120

In all 800 objects, many of considerable value. SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES.—An annual Mass on the Feast of St. Eusebe will be said in perpetuity for the benefactors of the work. PRICES OF TICKETS.—Fifty cents. Responsible Agents wanted, with commission of one ticket on ten.

The money must be forwarded to the Secretary-Treasurer who will pay it over to the Committee. Monthly deposits will be made in a Savings Bank. The drawing will take place during the year 1874, and will be conducted on the plan adopted by the Building Societies, and will be presided over by three priests appointed by the Bishop of Ottawa. Property given as prizes by the President will be distributed by him to the winners.

Persons wishing to buy or sell tickets will communicate with the Secretary-Treasurer. Deposits of Tickets will also be made with the members of the Clergy and other persons who may be wanting to interest themselves in the work. EUSEBE FAUER, Pt. Missionary Apostolic, President. (By Order), OMER BROULLETT, Secretary-Treasurer. Wright, P.Q., 8th Dec., 1873.—81 C.A.C.

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Dr. J. Bell Simpson's Specific and Tonic Pills, the Great English Remedy for all nervous debility from whatever cause arising, have already been so thoroughly tested in Canada as to require little to be said in their favor—as a certain cure for those distressing symptoms arising from errors of youth. Dr. J. Bell Simpson was a pupil and friend of the late Dr. Willis Mosely, of London, England, the most celebrated authority in the world on this subject. His partner is now visiting Canada, and is prepared to give advice free to all, and forward circular, etc., if applied to—addressing Dr. J. Bell Simpson & Co., Drawer #1 P. O., Hamilton. Two boxes of Pills will also be sent by mail to any part of Canada, securely wrapped from observation, on receipt of \$1.00. Special attention is directed to Pills sold retail by all retail Druggists, and wholesale by all wholesale Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers.

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FOR COUGHS, COLDS, LOSS OF VOICE, HOARSENESS, BRONCHIAL AND THROAT AFFECTIONS.

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