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The True Witness

AND

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WORKING MEN.

The noblest men that I know on earth,
Are men whose hands are brown with toil,
Who backed by no ancestral graves,
Hew down the wood and till the soil,
And won thereby a prouder fame
Than follow king or warrior's name.

The working men what'er their task,
To carve the stones or bear the hod—
The sweat upon their honest brows
The royal stamp and seal of God!
And brighter are their drops of sweat
Than diamonds in a coronet.

God bless the noble working men!
Who rear the cities of the plain—
Who dig the mines and build the ships,
And drive the commerce on the main;
God bless them, for their swarthy hands
Have wrought the glory of all lands.

**WINIFRED,
COUNTESS OF NITHSDALE.**

A TALE OF THE JACOBITE WARS.

By LADY DACRE.

CHAPTER I.

My father stood for his true king,
Till standing he could do no more;
The day is lost, and so are we,—
Nae wonder mony a heart is sair.

Jacobite Song.

The sound of the organ pealed through the chapel of the English Augustine convent at Bruges; a bright gleam of sunshine, streaming through the painted window to the south of the altar, shone upon the clouds of incense which arose in silvery folds from the censers; it shone upon the white-robed assistants, upon the priests, and upon the calm brow of the young nun who had at that moment taken the irrevocable vows which separated her from the world—a world of which she knew but little, but which, from the circumstances in which her family was placed, offered not to her the temptation it usually holds out to youth, beauty, and rank such as hers.

The Lady Lucy Herbert was the fourth daughter of William, Marquis of Powis, who, having devoted himself to the cause of James the Second, and accompanied his queen in her flight to France, received from the exiled monarch, as a reward for his uncompromising loyalty, the empty titles of Marquis of Montgomery, and Duke of Powis.

James afterwards appointed him steward and chamberlain to his household—offices which, although of small advantage, may have been gratifying to his feelings, as proofs of the estimation in which he was held by the master to whom he had sacrificed everything.

Upon the Duke of Powis's death, which took place in 1696, his widow placed her two youngest daughters in the English Augustine convent at Bruges, while the three elder remained with her at the melancholy shadow of a court still kept up at St. Germain.

It was no grief to the widowed mother when she found that the bent of the young Lucy's mind was sincerely and enthusiastically directed towards a religious life. Although the attainder had been reversed, and her son had been restored to the marquisate of Powis, it was not till some years afterwards that she ventured to return to England; even then she lived in retirement and privacy. The widow of so zealous an adherent to King James could not be regarded without suspicion; her means were scanty; her elder daughters had not then made the advantageous alliances which they afterwards formed; and joyfully did she hail the vocation which she hoped would secure to one of her children at least, a peaceful and tranquil existence, secure from any further vicissitudes of fortune.

But to one person the decision of the Lady Lucy Herbert was a matter of deep and unmitigated sorrow. Her younger sister, the Lady Winifred, loved

her with all the devotion of a fresh and unpractised heart. They had been early separated from the rest of their family. At the period of their father's death, when their childish hearts had for the first time been made acquainted with grief, they had been thrown entirely on each other for support and consolation.

Though many years had now elapsed, the moment was still fresh in their memories, when their mother, in her mourning habit, with pale cheek and streaming eyes, delivered them over to the care of the friend who was to convey them to Bruges. The sad countenances and black garments of their sisters, and of the few domestics who still remained of their former establishment, coupled with the vague, ill-defined feeling, half shame, which childhood experience when they witness grief more intense than their young minds can comprehend, had left a deep impression upon both the youthful pensioners. When first they found themselves in the convent, with none but strangers around them, the timid Winifred clung instinctively to her sister, while Lady Lucy, forced, as it were, to become the prop and stay of one younger and weaker than herself, acquired at an early age the habit of seeking strength and support from above.

Loving and admiring her sister as did the Lady Winifred, it may excite wonder that she did not imitate her strict religious notions; that she also should not have looked forward with joy to the idea of devoting herself to pious seclusion, and thus, at the same time, preserving the society of the being she most loved on earth. But it was not so. On the contrary, she felt her sister's vows as a barrier of separation between them.

When first the young girls had been sent to Bruges, an old and faithful servant of the name of Evans had accompanied them. She was a native of Wales, and had been born in the neighborhood of the ancient seat of the Herbert family, Poole Castle, in Montgomeryshire.

Loyalty to the family of Herbert had grown with her growth and strengthened with her strength, and was only balanced by the attachment to her country, which is generally more enthusiastic in the inhabitants of mountainous districts than of any other.

The young girls had listened for hours together to old Evans's glowing description of the cloud-capped Snowdon, the green mountains, the smiling valleys, the rapid streams, the wreaths of mist—all the varied beauties of their own Wales. From the windows of their convent they could discern nothing but the flat and uninteresting country which surrounds Bruges; but when the clouds formed themselves into a thousand fantastic shapes, old Evans would point out to them how one mass resembled such a mountain near their ancestral castle—how another was the very picture of Snowdon when he wore his white cap of clouds, as she familiarly expressed herself. She would describe to them the peculiar customs of Wales—the snowy caps, the small black hats of the women—would expatiate on the light form and airy step with which they trod the mountain paths—would picture to them how beautiful were the white sheep dotting the soft green of the steep and swelling hills, till the youthful Lady Winifred's heart would burn within her to flee to the home of her ancestors.

Nor, though Evans afterward returned to her mistress, the duchess, when she established herself in England did these impressions fade away.

The nunnery was all composed of English, most of whom had been driven into exile by the adherence of their families to that of Stuart; thence it naturally arose that all their ideas of prosperity, happiness, splendor, and gaiety, were blended with the memory of England. These recollections also partook of the coloring thrown around them by the joyousness of youth; so that, perhaps, in no spot of earth had patriotism a firmer hold on the human heart than in the English Augustine convent at Bruges. There also did King James the Third, as he was ever styled, reign without a rival. To every inhabitant of the convent was his cause endeared by the sacrifice of friends, property, of rank, or of situation; and all those whose age and disposition inclined them to hope, rather than to despair, looked forward with superstitious confidence to the time when "the king should enjoy his own again."

It was an additional grief to the Lady Winifred that her sister's vows would prevent her ever witnessing the glorious restoration which was to take place at some future and unknown period; and it was with a feeling of desolation, keener than any emotion she had experienced since the grief at childhood at her father's death, that she retired for the first time to her solitary apartment as one of the pensioners, while her sister—her friend, her companion by day and night—was now a professed nun.

The Lady Lucy's vocation had been so decided, and her only surviving parent's consent so unhesitating, that her levitation had been shortened; and it seemed to Lady Winifred a sudden and violent separation.

During the next year, her thoughts, which could no longer be communicated as they rose in the hourly companionship of sisterhood, turned more frequently than ever towards her native land: her studies were all of the glorious deeds of England; she read none but the English poets; she caroled none but English ballads; and she hailed with joy the intelligence that her eldest sister, the Lady Mary, was united to the eldest son of Carril, Viscount Molineux, and that an alliance was in treaty between the Lady Francis and the Earl of Seafort; for she hoped her mother might wish for her society when her sisters were honorably disposed of in marriage.

Since she had taken the vows, the Lady Lucy had unavoidably been, not only less her companion, but moreover the constant practice of religious exercises occupied her mind as well as her time. She was unable to sympathize with Lady Winifred; her lot was cast within her convent walls; and she would have considered it a vain and sinful indulgence to let her thoughts wander towards scenes, or pleasures, which she had renounced. At the age of fifteen, therefore, the Lady Winifred's mind had been thrown back upon itself; and it gradually acquired a gentle reserve, a mild thoughtfulness, which suited well the cast of her features. The placid brow, the full white eyelids, and the rounded cheek, which, except when some sudden emotion

called upon an evanescent bloom, was as pale as the white rose consecrated to the Jacobite party, were not calculated to strike at first sight; but any one who had once looked upon her could not choose but look again. The dove-like eyes, the lips so full of expression, the whole form so aristocratic in its mould, so feminine in its movements, so delicate, so fragile—all were rather like a poet's dream than a being formed to encounter the chance and changes of this rough workday world. Her slender throat gleamed white from the close narrow mantilla of black silk, edged with lace, which, according to the fashion of the time and country, was closely fastened down the front; her soft brown hair was smoothly parted off her brow, and tucked under the little white cap, enclosing the back of the head, which is still worn in the Low Countries, and which formed part of the dress of the young pensioners.

The character, the countenance, the features, and the habit, all seemed in unison with each other.

CHAPTER II.

Hail, Childhood! lovely age, in thy short race
Too oft we know our only happy hours.
With what fond yearning later we retrace
Each several step in thy sweet path of flowers.
The spirit bounding wild, unknowing why,
And still expectant of new ecstasy—
The little sorrows that to memory seem
As 'twere joys undefined in some fair dream.

Unpublished Poem.

One evening the Lady Winifred was alone in the small and simple apartment of which she was now the inhabitant; the fading light had obliged her to relinquish her employment, and she gazed through the narrow grated window as the sun sank behind the bank of purple clouds which, in low latitudes, so frequently accompany the decline of day. She thought on old Rachel Evans's description of her home, and she remained lost in fanciful imaginings, conjuring the masses of vapor into the forms of mountains which she had never beheld, when she was roused from her meditations by the entrance of the sister portress, who came to announce to her that a messenger from England had arrived, and to summon her to the parlor grate.

What were her joy and surprise at recognizing old Evans herself, who, with a trusty servant, was sent to convey her in safety to London, where she would meet her mother, the Duchess of Powis, as she was called by all her immediate dependents, although the title conferred upon her husband by James the Second was not allowed to her son at the court of Queen Anne.

The Lady Winifred listened with fresh delight to all which Rachel Evans could impart respecting her family and her country, though she could not but express her surprise that her mother should so suddenly command her to her presence.

"Your lady mother may have her reasons," replied the old woman, with a mysterious and important air; "and it is likely his gracious majesty himself (Heaven bless and restore him to his own!) may also have his reasons for wishing you should not follow your sister's example."

"The king! He cannot surely take any thought of what my faith may be?"

It is not for me to make so bold as to dive into a king's counsels; but it would not be fitting for all the heads of noble Catholic families and two Jacobites to be intermarrying with the daughters of crooked Whigamours, as many of the young lords have done of late. If all the beautiful young ladies of loyal families were to take the veil as the Lady Lucy has done, it would not be the better for the true cause. Your fair sister, the Lady Anne, is about to be married to the Viscount Carrington; and there may be other nobles as great, or greater, whom King James may also wish to see attached to his cause, rather than withdrawn from it, by the lady whom they may chance to marry."

Lady Winifred was half alarmed at Rachel Evans's insinuations. Love and marriage were topics of conversation interdicted by the elder nuns, and subjects on which she had never wittingly allowed her thoughts to dwell. Yet she could not but collect from various expressions which Evans used might be strengthened, was in contemplation for her.

Her thoughts were all duty, submission, and obedience, both towards her mother and her king; but her pure and ardent soul recoiled from the idea of being condemned to love and honor one of whom she knew nothing. She questioned Evans more closely, and extracted from her that Colonel Hook had been dispatched with credentials from the court of St. Germain, for the purpose of ascertaining the situation, numbers, and ability of King James's adherents in Scotland; that he had reported the Earl of Nithsdale to be a nobleman of much weight and consideration in the southern counties, and the head of a Jacobite family; and that he was considered by the Chevalier de St. George as a person whom it was of great importance to attach firmly to his cause, by uniting him to a lady of undoubted loyalty.

The Lady Winifred received this intelligence with tears and sorrow. The notion of resistance to the wishes of her superiors never crossed her mind as within the scope of possible events; but the prospect which unfolded itself before her, seemed to her simple, yet ardent imagination, awful in the extreme.

"Have you ever seen the Earl of Nithsdale?" she timidly inquired, after the long silence which succeeded Rachel Evans's development of the views entertained with regard to her.

"No, my sweet young lady," replied Evans; "but you need not harbor a fear that he is other than a good and noble gentleman. There never was a Whig nor a traitor among any of the Maxwells of Caerlaverock. Was it not his ancestor, the noble Sir Eustace, who was as true to King Robert Bruce as your own blessed father was to his king? and rather than that the enemy should have a chance of turning it into a garrison for themselves, did he not, with his own hands, assist in demolishing his fair castle of Caerlaverock? The king gave him twenty-two pounds in money for this piece of service; and though that sounds little enough in these days, they say it was then thought a great sum of money. It was his ancestor, Lord Robert, who was killed at the battle of Flodden, fighting by King James's side. They always were a noble family,

and true to their lawful sovereign. It was the first earl who spent all his princely fortune in the wars of King Charles the Martyr;—nor would he surrender his castles of Caerlaverock and Thrieve till he had received his majesty's own letters commanding him to do so. It may be a bold speech for me who am but a servant—though, I am proud to say, a trusted one—but I think a young lady should esteem herself honored to ally herself with one descended from such worthy parentage."

The Lady Winifred sighed; she also set a high value upon an honorable and noble lineage; that a woman should match herself beneath her station, appeared to her a shameful degradation. The idea of a Jacobite intermarrying with a Whigamoor, was as revolting to her imagination as to Rachel Evans's; yet she would fain have learned something more of her future husband's character, his age, and his appearance.

"But, Evans," she replied, "it sometimes happens that persons of noble birth are mean and sordid in their minds, and such that it would be difficult to love and honor them, as a wife should love and honor her husband, and as I have heard you say my mother loved and honored my father. Oh! I could tell you a sad tale which one of our nuns has often told me, how a friend of her was married to a great duke, who was of the oldest and noblest family in France."

"And was he not noble in mind, as such a great person should be?"

"I will repeat it all to you, as sister Margaret has so often told it to me, and you will not wonder at my fears: She was brought up in the same convent as Eugenie de St. Mesnil; they were friends from childhood; and when Eugenie was removed to her father's house, previous to her betrothal, she begged that her friend might be permitted to accompany her. One morning they were all dressed in their most brilliant apparel,—sister Margaret says that poor Eugenie looked more like an angel than a woman,—the relations were assembled, and in the adjoining apartment, waited the notaries and family of the bridegroom. The folding-doors opened—sister Margaret kept close to Eugenie, who stole a fearful glance towards the gentleman at the father end of the room. She whisp'ed softly to sister Margaret, 'she only hoped it was not he who wore the blue and silver!' The future bride and bridegroom were now summoned to sign their names to the parchments. Eugenie advanced, and from among the gentlemen she indeed saw him who wore the blue and silver step forward, and it was he who signed his name with hers. Sister Margaret says, that to her dying day she shall never forget the expression of despair in poor Eugenie's countenance. At that moment she resolved she would profess herself a nun; and the very day which saw Eugenie become a miserable widow, sister Margaret returned to her convent. She soon afterwards removed hither, that she might take the veil among others of her own country. Alas! alas! how often have I wished to see my native land; and now how much rather would I embrace the life of sister Margaret, than that of Eugenie de St. Mesnil, if I could do so without failing in my duty to my mother!"

"My dear young lady, you should not listen to these love tales; they are almost as bad for young people as reading idle romances and songs."

The lady Winifred could not suppress a smile.

"Nay, dear Evans, I do not think my tale has been a tale of love," she replied.

"I dare say sister Margaret's French friend was very happy after a while, when she became accustomed to the strange duke."

"Alas! I believe not,"—and the young Winifred shook her head. "Sister Margaret never would tell me any more of what befell her. She says poor Eugenie is at rest, and bids me ask no further of her history. It was a very sad one, she always adds; so sad, that she rejoiced when she heard of her friend's death!"

CHAPTER III.

You call this weakness! It is strength,
I say: the parent of all honest feeling!
Who loves not his country, can love nothing.

The Two Foscari.

Dear as her sister had ever been to the Lady Winifred, never had she seemed so dear as at the moment of parting from her forever; never had she so loved the convent garden, which had hitherto been her only place of recreation; the cloisters, through which she had so often wandered in the twilight; the chapel; where she had so regularly joined her companions in devotion. It was with a sensation resembling awe that she bade adieu to the tranquil retreat where she had passed a youth untroubled by any grief, if not enlivened by many pleasures, to enter upon a career which was destined to call forth feelings as pure and as ardent as ever informed mortal clay; feelings which, whatever might prove their intensity in after years, now lay dormant under an exterior almost childlike in its placidity.

To her unpractised eyes every object was new, every sight interesting. The very streets of Bruges were not familiar to her, for she had seldom passed the portals of the convent. The town appeared to her interminable. So many houses, with their high roofs and their pointed gables; the innumerable people, who hurried past each other in every direction, intent on business and on pleasure; the various vehicles which crowded the streets,—all confused her, and she forgot for the moment the grief of parting from her sister, the joyful prospect of seeing her mother, her curiosity concerning her native land, and even her dread of the husband to whom she was destined.

Uninteresting as was the country between Bruges and Ostend, she looked with pleasure at the fields so brightly green, at the hedgerows of willow, at the luxuriant crops; at the industrious peasant who still toiled at his daily labor, at the noisy boors who were enjoying the relaxation of their favorite game of bowls; at the stout and active boys, who almost excited her mirth by their antics as they ran with incredible speed by the side of the carriage.

The extreme fitness of the country prevents the traveller from becoming aware how near he is to the ocean, till he finds himself almost upon the shore. Though overpowered, her first emotion was mixed with disappointment. When standing on a

level with the sea, the eye embraces so much smaller a range than when placed on higher ground, that she did not receive that impression of its boundless expanse which she had anticipated. Yet the sight of the ocean awakened other emotions. She almost felt as if it were part of her native country.

It was not till on board the vessel which was to convey her to her long-loved though stranger home, and the first surprise had in some degree subsided, that her thoughts were again able to dwell on her own future fate.

After a long and thoughtful silence she thus addressed Evans:

"It would be impossible that a person who was good should fail to love her husband, would it not?"

"A woman's first duty, madam, is towards her husband."

"Then I trust I shall assuredly love the Earl of Nithsdale," she replied with a brightened countenance; "for when my confessor parted with me, he bestowed on me this little crucifix, which was brought from our Lady's holy convent at Einsiedlin, and giving me his benediction, he told me I had been a good girl, and that he felt confident I should prove myself a virtuous woman. I have felt happier from that moment; for since Father Albert says so, I suppose I must prove virtuous, and fulfil my duties whatever they may be."

"I wish her grace, your honored mother, were present," answered Evans, "to hear you speak so beautifully and so properly!"

"But if I should not love Lord Nithsdale, I shall be sinful!" exclaimed Lady Winifred with a look of terror.

"Young ladies minds should not be turned upon such subjects as love; it is a word which does not suit a maiden's lips," replied Rachel Evans, with an expression of severity in her countenance.

The Lady Winifred was silent and abashed. She feared to have been unmanly in her questions, and she buried within her own bosom the emotions which she could not subdue.

It was long before she again ventured to address her companion. She found that years had not softened the old woman's character. She was faithfully devoted to the objects of her loyalty—the Herbert family, the exiled Stuarts, and, after them, the mountains of Wales; she did not imagine that any doubts or scruples could lawfully interfere where duty towards either of the first-mentioned objects was in question.

The Lady Winifred sat watching the waves as they dashed one after another against the side of the vessel; she wondered within herself to find that the accomplishment of her constant and early wish—the prospect of so soon setting her foot on British land—should not give her more pleasure. She wished she had remained in ignorance of her mother's intentions respecting her, and she felt a certain awe of that mother stealing upon her, from finding old Evans so much more stern and serious than when she had parted from her. Since that period, Evans, who was a privileged person, had been intrusted with many of the secrets of the Jacobite party, and had occasionally been of service in conveying intelligence between the Duchess of Powis and her friends. She had consequently become more and more devoted to the cause, and would have resented any difficulty thrown in the way of a Jacobite plan as an injury offered to herself. She feared Lady Winifred might not blindly submit to the decrees of her mother, and she felt almost displeased with her for even wishing to know to whom she was destined. But the Lady Winifred was so thoroughly imbued with the principles of submission and duty, that resistance to parental authority seemed to her impossible; yet her submission would have been that of a mind in which the sense of duty was stronger even than the warm and ardent feelings of which she in after life gave such signal proofs, not the submission of weakness or of indifference.

At length the white cliffs of Albion actually greeted her eyes, and she once more forgot herself and all that might await her. What a strange and strong tie is that which binds the soul to the land of one's forefathers! Her heart went forth towards the very earth; strange as it was to her, it seemed familiar; and as the vessel glided up the stately river, and passed the ships which bore the riches and the arms of England to every region of the habitable globe, she exulted in the power and the wealth of her country.

They passed the Tower of London; and little did the fair young creature, who gazed with youthful curiosity upon the antique edifice, anticipate what she would one day endure within those walls! Little did she think, when the traitor's gate was pointed out to her awe-struck and wondering eyes, that he in whom her own existence was wound up would one day mount those dreary steps, and pass that ominous portal.

The duchess's coach was in waiting to convey the Lady Winifred to her mother's presence, the Duchess of Powis having undertaken a journey to London purposely to receive her daughter; she usually resided in retirement at her son's castle in Wales. She did not wish to excite suspicion by openly refusing to attend the court of Queen Anne; yet she could not bring herself to pay the accustomed homage expected of one of her exalted rank; when, in fact, she was devoted to the cause of the Chevalier de St. George—when she looked upon Queen Anne as a usurper, though, as many others at that time did, she looked upon her in the light of an unwilling usurper.

Queen Anne was known to speak with kindness and pity of her exiled brother; and she was not regarded by the Jacobites with the same horror they had entertained towards Mary, whose want of filial piety afforded her enemies a never-failing topic for eloquent invective.

As the heavy coach, with its ponderous horses, conveyed Lady Winifred to that part of the town where the Duchess of Powis had for the time established herself, her feelings were too much excited to remark upon the long, muddy, and unpaved streets, which contrasted so strangely with the extreme brilliancy of the shops, which usually called forth the astonishment of those who visited London for the first time.

At length she was ushered into the presence of her mother who was at once a parent and a stranger. She

knelt at her feet—it was her mother's hand which was placed upon her head—it was her mother's voice which pronounced a blessing over her.

The Lady Winifred was presented to many of her relations; and to her sisters, the Ladies Scaforth and Carrington, and the Lady Mary Molineux.

The Duchess of Powis did not devote many days to making her daughter acquainted with her kinsfolk, but shortly set forth upon her journey to Wales; and at length the Lady Winifred's ardent desire to gaze on real mountains was likely to be gratified.

Up to the close of the war between Northern and Southern States, one could, at all events, understand the fervor with which some enthusiastic Irish-American newspapers would declare that the only successful way for Ireland to have her way with England was to take the sword and rifle.

ENGLISH CATHOLICS AND IRISH CATHOLICS.

It is most painful to think that English Catholics and Irish Catholics have been so much separated by a species of national barrier which is quite alien from the spirit of that glorious and sublime religion which they in common profess.

The New York Irish World, in its issue last received, has a cartoon of Irish Pat "discoorsing" with Uncle Sam, and underneath the following: "ADVICE FROM ONE WHO KNOWS WHEREOF HE SPEAKS."

Let us first look at Ireland. When the brutal edicts of the sanguinary and ruthless Elizabeth fell upon her ear, she thought of nothing but to cling with redoubled love to the faith which had been kindled on her hills by St. Patrick, and which had glowed with resplendent lustre among her people for more than a thousand years.

And now let us look at England, and let us here ask the special attention of our Irish friends, some of whom seem to think that the English people gave a welcome to Protestant error.

And now we live in milder times, when (though Catholics are still under some disabilities) no man can be persecuted for professing the truth, let English and Irish Catholics join heart and hand in the great work of strengthening the Catholic Church.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

O sweetest name! O name of grace and love, Most high, most low! Most great, most humble, human and divine, That man can know;

The mighty angel, pure from blight of sin, Who bore to earth This gentlest, tenderest Name, no'er understood Its priceless worth,

Lowly at Messiah's feet the Jewish maid Knelt to adore, And worshipped Him with every sacred name

But when, with yearning mother-love, she let Her soft lips press The little face upraised, or tiny hand Lifted to bless,

"Jesus, my Jesus!" broke from her full heart In fond caress. "Jesus," first word on innocent, childish tongues, In gentlest prayer;

"Jesus," last murmur on the sinner's lips, Saved from despair; Or dying saint's, who sees heaven's portals ope, And Jesus there.

AN "UNCLE SAM" SNEER.

Up to the close of the war between Northern and Southern States, one could, at all events, understand the fervor with which some enthusiastic Irish-American newspapers would declare that the only successful way for Ireland to have her way with England was to take the sword and rifle.

The New York Irish World, in its issue last received, has a cartoon of Irish Pat "discoorsing" with Uncle Sam, and underneath the following: "ADVICE FROM ONE WHO KNOWS WHEREOF HE SPEAKS."

"Uncle Sam—'What, Pat! still a petitionin' parliament for Self-Government? I should think that arter seven centuries of such work you'd 'a' got tired of it afore this. Now, if you want independence, just do us I did in '76; and instead of carrying that ar piece of paper to London, make gun-wadding of it. Self-Government is to be got, not through parliament, but through the rifle."

It seems to us that of all the countries on the face of God's earth from which we Irishmen in Ireland, trying gallantly to do the best we can for our country, should not be insulted by reproaches of cowardice or folly, conveyed in such sneers at our efforts and such recommendations to war, it is the United States of America, especially the Northern States of that Union.

It is true that a hundred years ago the United States of America wrested their independence from England by force of arms. That, we may remark, was before Gatling guns, and telegraphs, and steamships were invented. It does not follow that Ireland could do as much now, when all these important aids to the science of war are in the hands of her oppressor.

We are not here discussing the abstract theories or controversies of "physical force" or "moral force." The slavish doctrine that under no possible circumstances ought a people to resort to arms, is as great an outrage on history and as great an insult to humanity as is the brutal doctrine that arms alone should be the resort of all. It would be a woeful day for small but liberty-loving nations, whether subject or free, if Almighty God left the weak in this world no countervailing resorts for

the brute strength of the strong. It is not so, and it is well for us all that it is not so. The possession of physical force and military capacity is one of the elements of moral force amongst nations; and therefore we would have Ireland to be armed and courageous nation. That element, in the calculations of our foes—though they might settle it in Uncle Sam's 1864 style—if it stood alone and measured itself as such on a battle-field—adds immensely to the momentum of demands pressed skilfully on a field which gives us more advantage.

We Irishmen will not be lectured by Uncle Sam or anyone else on the virtues of manliness and courage, and the vices of cowardice and slavery. For it is we Irishmen who have best taught those vital maxims to Uncle Sam and all the world. No people of them all have more sufficiently vindicated their courage and bravery; none of them have poured their blood more freely or struck more frequently for liberty than we have.

ENGLISH ANTI-IRISH PREJUDICE.

There are few English priests, we are afraid, and still fewer English Catholic laymen, who share Father Lockhart's just and kindly feeling towards their Irish "brethren in the Faith." There is no other English priest who, by his acts, has so deserved the gratitude and esteem of Irish Catholics as Father Lockhart has; for he is ever to be found identified with every movement having for its object the religious and social elevation of our countrymen.

The letter is directed against the Rev. Father Lockhart's manly protest, which appeared in our columns, in condemnation of an article in the Dublin Review on the O'Connell Centenary, in which among other matters attacked, the Home Rule members are designated "crawlers." The correspondent of the Register, "A Priest," having sharply taken to task the Rev. Father Lockhart, thus concludes his letter:—"Now I cannot see what special call or occasion Father Lockhart has to get up his anti-Irish prejudice cry. Some people are never tired of appealing to the nationality of Irishmen. I detest all such, whether the nationality be English, Scotch, or Irish. Of course I speak only for myself. I am nobody's organ," &c., &c.

Most immediately after the opening of parliament, and the return of the Speaker from the Upper Chamber to the House of Commons, when the sitting was suspended, the Irish Home Rule representatives who have already arrived in London proceeded to the rooms of the party in King-street, Westminster, where they held a conference and decided on the course of action to be taken in the evening, either before or during the debate on the address to the Crown in reply to her Majesty's speech.

ENGLISH CATHOLICS AND ANTI-IRISH PREJUDICE.

An English Catholic, writing to the editor of the Dublin Freeman, handles the subject of English Catholics and anti-Irish prejudices in the following vigorous letter:—"Sir—Will you allow me to trespass on your valuable space to express the deep satisfaction with which I and innumerable English Catholics have read Father Lockhart's admirable letter, which appeared in the weekly Catholic press this morning."

As a Catholic de vieille rache, and a member of a family which shares with the Irish race the honor of having the faith under the bitter persecution of the penal days, I am able to add my testimony to that of Father Lockhart as to the growing feeling of our body at large on Irish affairs. I could point to many of the oldest and most pious Catholic families whose sympathies are strongly in favor of Home Rule, and who would blush to speak of the Irish members of the House of Commons and the cause they represent as the Review in question has done.

On the re-assembling of the House of Commons the following notices of motion in relation to Irish affairs have been given:—"Mr. M. Henry—That to-morrow he shall ask leave to introduce a bill relating to the registration of voters."

all Catholic interests turn in these realms, and that Rome Rule would strengthen the Catholic cause and raise an added bulwark against secularism and State interference in religious matters. It would create a sanctuary for religious freedom into which no Bismarck of the future could enter; and would render possible the higher education of the youth, not only of Ireland, but possibly of our own, in a day when the school, the college, and the altar may be committed to the tender mercies of the Birmingham League on this side of the Irish Sea.

This, however, is not the main issue. If justice be a Christian virtue, let English Catholics be the foremost in exercising it. If gratitude be the leading impulse of all generous minds, surely they cannot be slack in evincing theirs towards the race to which they owe the abrogation of the Penal Laws. This they can only do by casting in their social and intellectual influence (for they have no other) in favor of the Irish national cause, and the recovery, not of a radical novelty, but of an ancient and time-honored constitution.

Recent statistics prove the fearful results of this system in Ireland. Two millions and a half of Catholic peasants and tenant farmers have been driven from their shores, and so lost to the Catholic population of the three Kingdoms. What number of boasted conversions from Anglicanism, such as we may rejoice at them, will make amends for such a drain on our forces? The remedy for its continuance is, as is proved by daily experience, such a land measure as a home legislature would alone dare to pass, and which would root the Catholic peasantry on their own soil, instead of being driven to emigration and to the centres of English labor, where the contact of heresy and vice renders the preservation of faith and morals a standing miracle.

These are all truths which must be present to every Catholic and I will not admit that we are so selfish or so unjust as to ignore or repudiate their teaching, because an "anti-Irish Irishman" calumniate the land of his birth and nurture in a Review which at most is the organ of a clique, or because a few self-sufficient Catholics here and there sneer at a race and its representatives which gave them Christian liberties thirty-years ago, and to-day constitute their sole defence in the eyes of our rulers—their sole title to political consideration or even existence.

Believing, as I do, and have ever believed, that the legislative independence of Ireland, in whatever form, would be an equal benefit to both countries, and that it is the merest act of justice to the Irish race, I deplore all the misconceptions which have lately arisen as the work of the enemies to religious freedom and to a good common basis of action between the Catholics of both countries. They are in part owing to the misrepresentations of Irish Catholics of the higher class, who in too many cases have given a most false and injurious view of Home Rule among English Catholics of their own caste, and whose opinions are naturally received with consideration here. The reputation of the National cause by the men who should be its natural and authorized leaders has been one great reason of its being misunderstood and misrepresented among English Catholics.

I trust the day may never come when we, whose fathers shared with yours the bitter trials of the Penal Laws, whose ancestors defended the same cause, and in many cases lost all, save faith and name, for it, shall be base enough to forget the debt of gratitude we owe to Ireland in the present century, or shrink from repaying it to the best of our power when the occasion may offer.

Ignorance far more than any other cause lies at the root of the so-called anti-Irish feeling alluded to in Father Lockhart's letter. A better feeling would be elicited by closer mutual knowledge between the Catholics of the two countries, and signs of it are already visible in many quarters. I may instance an excellent leader on "Amnesty" in the Weekly Register of this morning, a paper which has ever strenuously advocated the Irish cause, and which has a large and influential circulation in the upper class of English Catholics.

THE HOME RULE MEMBERS.

(From the Irish Times.)

Most immediately after the opening of parliament, and the return of the Speaker from the Upper Chamber to the House of Commons, when the sitting was suspended, the Irish Home Rule representatives who have already arrived in London proceeded to the rooms of the party in King-street, Westminster, where they held a conference and decided on the course of action to be taken in the evening, either before or during the debate on the address to the Crown in reply to her Majesty's speech.

(From the Freeman.)

On the re-assembling of the House of Commons the following notices of motion in relation to Irish affairs have been given:—"Mr. M. Henry—That to-morrow he shall ask leave to introduce a bill relating to the registration of voters."

Captain Nolan—To-morrow to ask leave to introduce a bill for the establishment of electoral county boards in Ireland.

Dr. Ward—To-morrow to ask leave to introduce a bill for the regulation and encouragement of coast and deep sea fisheries in Ireland.

Major O'Gorman (who was received with cheers)—To-morrow to ask leave to introduce a bill to assimilate the municipal franchise in Ireland to that of England.

Mr. Dunbar—To-morrow to introduce a bill to amend the law relating to union-rating in Ireland.

Mr. Meldon (for Mr. Butt)—To-morrow to ask leave to introduce a bill to amend the law with reference to the tenure of land in Ireland.

Mr. Parrell—To-morrow to ask leave to introduce a bill for the reclamation of waste lands in Ireland.

Mr. Bigger—To-morrow to ask leave to introduce a bill to assimilate the borough franchises of Ireland to that of England.

Mr. Bonayne—To-morrow, to ask leave to introduce a bill relating to the grand jury system of Ireland.

Mr. Redmond—To-morrow, to ask leave to intro-

duce a bill to amend the Acts of parliament by which the boards of guardians in England and parochial boards in Scotland are allowed to remove persons to Ireland, making their wives and children chargeable to the rates.

Mr. O'Shaughnessy—To-morrow, to ask leave to introduce a bill to enable boards of guardians, when it seems to them fit, to place orphan children on to board up to twelve years of age, without imposing upon them any obligation to do so.

Mr. Lewis—On Tuesday, 7th March, to move for a committee to consider as to the best means of carrying out the recommendation of the Commission of 1833 with regard to the Irish Society. It should lay papers on the table on Friday next.

Mr. R. Smyth—To-morrow, to ask leave to introduce a bill to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors on Sunday in Ireland during the whole day.

Mr. Maurice Brooke—To-morrow, to ask leave to introduce a bill extending to the Municipal Corporations of Ireland certain privileges now enjoyed by Municipal Corporations in England.

Mr. Scharman Crawford—To-morrow, to ask leave to introduce a bill to amend the Landlord and Tenant Act of 1873.

Sir J. McKenna—To-morrow, to ask leave to introduce a bill relating to the rating of the towns in Ireland.

Mr. Meldon—To-morrow, to ask leave to introduce a bill relating to the Judicature Act of 1875.

The O'Donohoe—To-morrow, to ask the Chief Secretary for Ireland whether he will lay on the table of the house returns showing the amount awarded under the 3rd clause of the Land Act since the passing of the act, showing the amount given for compensation for improvements and the amount for disturbance.

SELF-RELIANCE.

It is wise for individuals, as well as nations, to learn and practice the lesson of self-reliance.

Nation in struggling for liberty should base her hopes of success on the possible support received from a foreign power.

It is safe to assume that no nation will help another through mere sympathy with her woes, and if such assistance could be obtained, it is only rendered with the hope of ultimate self-advantage.

As while keeping these facts before our countrymen arguments for self-reliance, it would be wrong to say that foreign influences or fear of internal commotions have had no effect on England's policy towards Ireland. No one can fail to see that it has been far of one or other of these that has wrung almost every concession from England, from the first relaxation of the Penal laws to the disestablishment of the Irish Church.

"A Nation freed by foreign aid, Is but a corpse, by wanton science Conversed like life, then flung to fade— The life itself is Self-Reliance!"

If self-reliance then is wise in nations, as it assuredly is, it is equally wise in individuals, for what is true of the whole is applicable to the part. Men cannot learn too well, cannot stamp too indelibly on their minds this wholesome lesson.

Let each man influence his neighbour, instruct him if he is ignorant, encourage him if he is lagging; let him support by his counsel or his pocket, the nearest Home Rule Association, if one exists, and if not, let him with the help of a few more honest Irishmen, for these are to be found everywhere, start an association at once, and so be enabled to take an honest pride in the fact that he has done something for the cause he loves so dearly.

Let no man run away with the idea that he, at any rate, is powerless to accomplish anything, and possessed with this idea, shrinks from action. Let him rather get the very opposite idea into his head and feel convinced that he, above all others, can do something, and when he comes to try we can promise him he will be astonished to find what power lies in his hand.

History furnishes many instances where individuals have worked wonders. Three men, by keeping the bridge across the Tiber, saved Rome. Three hundred men kept the Pass of Thermopylae against an army. A few men, like their Roman prototypes, kept the bridge and saved Athlone, and numerous other examples might be given where a few individuals wrought seeming impossibilities.

Be not disheartened or discouraged if your success is not startling nor instantaneous. Take this for certain the people are with you. Every political crisis proves it to be so, but in almost every crisis our cause feels the want of previous organization. This organization cannot be perfected without some body of earnest men to direct the energies or kindle the enthusiasm of our people.

One or two men, we know from experience, can keep an association alive. It is not necessary to be continually doing something of an exciting or sensational nature. Quiet perseverance and patient work are sure to be effective and must tell in the end.

If every Irishman then, in the country, is self-reliant, is confident in his own power, and applies that power wisely, earnestly, and unflinchingly, the triumph of the Home Rule cause, in the exigencies of British politics, cannot be far distant.

Then, flung alone, or hand is hand, In mirthful hour, or spirit's loam; In low toll, or high command, In social hall, or charging column: In tempting wealth, and trying woe, In struggling with a mob's dictation; In bearing back a foreign foe, In training up a troubled nation: Still hold to Truth, abound in Love, Refusing every base compliance— Your Praise within, your Prize above, And live and die in SELF-RELIANCE.—United Irishman.

LI-DOONVARNA.

Buxton has some healing springs— There's quite a lot of style and show there, Bands and balls, and all such things, But yet I never care to go there. Lisdoonvarna's spa for me, Where Biddy pumps the sulphur waters, Filling tumblers fast and free For Erin's sons and lovely daughters. Oh, my Lisdoonvarna dear, My wild and airy Lisdoonvarna, Pleasure lies 'neath many skies, But health 'neath yours, my Lisdoonvarna! Harrowgate is brisk and gay, But swells and rakes are there in numbers; Brighton's scenes by night and day Would mar my peace and break my slumbers— Lisdoonvarna best agrees With men who seek a quiet station, For curates mild and good P. P.'s Are nearly half its population. Oh, my Lisdoonvarna dear, My tranquil, verdant Lisdoonvarna, Angels pure might dwell, I'm sure, Amidst the vales of Lisdoonvarna! Bright-eyed maidens, young and fair, Whose constitutions—more's the pity— Seem to need some slight repair, Come here from many a town and city; Pale-faced youths, and men whose years Should put them past all foolish notions, Gazing on the gentle dears Give way to soft and sweet emotions. Oh, my Lisdoonvarna dear, My life-reviving Lisdoonvarna— Men get health, that's more than wealth, But lose their hearts in Lisdoonvarna! Long may Lisdoonvarna thrive, And all its springs continue flowing, And those who come there half alive Be gay and hearty when they're going! For me—I'll often banish care With memories of the social graces, Tho' with the worth I've met with there, 'Midst genial hearts and friendly faces. Oh, my Lisdoonvarna dear, My calm and peaceful Lisdoonvarna, There's not a pain to vex the brain— EXCEPT THE RAIN—in LISDOONVARNA! T. D. S.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

A factory is to be built in Kilkenny, by a Limited Liability Company. It is expected that there will be an extension of the railway from Clarendonville to Ballinrobe. The petition signed in Drogheda on behalf of the Sunday closing of public houses obtained 3,400 signatures. The guardians of the Mallow Union have by eleven votes to four adopted a petition in favour of the Sunday closing bill. Judge Morris has been appointed to the Chief Justiceship of the Court of Common Pleas for Ireland. Messrs. O'Connor & Morgan, iron and coal stores, William St., Limerick, acknowledge £5 restitution money from the Redeptionist Fathers. Steps are being taken for the formation of a Catholic Registration Association in Ulster, with every promise of complete success. It is proposed to start a local society for educating three hundred street Arabs, as soon as a training ship shall have been granted to Dublin. The London Corporation have resolved to resist Mr. Lewis' motion for the disendowment of the Irish Society, which hold extensive estates in Ulster. It is reported from Rome that the Most Rev. Dr. Moran, Bishop of Ossory, has been appointed Coadjutor Archbishop of Dublin, with the right of succession. The Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer has delivered his decision in the case of the Attorney-General and Delaney, Bishop of Cork, by which he rules that bequests for masses for the repose of souls are subject to legacy duty. Mr. J. Faviere Ellington, Q.C., LL.D., has been appointed to the Chairmanship of the County of Westmeath. He is senior Crown Prosecutor for Armagh, a Benchman, and a Queen's Advocate. There were fifty successful candidates in the late Civil Service examinations, of whom twenty-eight were Irishmen, and seven of these were from Limerick alone. The highest eleven on the list are Irish. A writer in the Freeman wishes the Irish people to erect a monument in Glasnevin over the remains of Eugene O'Curry, whose services, to the Irish language and literature were simply incalculable, and whose resting-place is now unmarked and almost forgotten. Mr. G. Errington, M.P., has been received in audience by the Holy Father. Addressing His Holiness, he said—"The Catholics of Ireland are deeply convinced of the necessity of truly religious university education, and will endeavour to obtain it for their sons." The Holy Father expressed his approval of these sentiments, which, he said, were worthy of the Catholics of Ireland. CHURCH DISESTABLISHMENT FUND.—J. T. Tatlow, Esq., J.P., secretary to the Cavan Grand Jury, has announced that the county Cavan has just received a sum of £1,500 from the Church Disestablishment Fund, as a first instalment towards the Asylum churches on the county cess, and that a sum between £2,000 and £3,000 per annum is likely to be available from same source for county cess purposes. On the 10th ult., the weather was extremely cold in the central parts of Ireland. In the vicinity of the railway station at Goshill, in the King's County, and on the road to Philipstown, the snow was nearly six inches in depth. It was not quite so deep in other places, but it was very generally spread over the country. On the 1st ult., a fee farm rent of £86 10s. 10d., payable out of the lands of Greenhall and part of the lands of Clonygaheen, both situate in the barony of Ownay and Arra, county Tipperary, held in fee-simple, containing 457a. 0r. 2p.; Ordinance valuation, £251, was sold to Mr. J. Bergin for £1,410. Monsignor Kirby has received a letter from Cardinal Antonelli in acknowledgment of £600 presented to the Holy See from the diocese of Cork. His Eminence says he has been commanded to express to the pious donors, in the name of the Sovereign Pontiff, his deep sense of gratitude for this noble demonstration of loyalty to the Holy See, and to assure them that the Apostolic Benediction, which he imparts to them, is to be taken as a sign of his special regard, and as a pledge of all the blessings he invokes for them from the Most High. "THE LORDS OF THE EARTH AND SEA."—The Duke of Devonshire has obtained a verdict in his favour in his action against the Blackwater fishermen. The judgment declares the Duke to have the exclusive right of fishing the river from Lisamore to Cablesland, and for all that distance not a net can be cast in future without his permission if the decision is upheld in the courts to which it may be carried—on questions of law reserved during the trial. The result has caused consternation amongst the Youngfishermen, whose occupation is virtually gone. The farm known as "Wellington," Artane, with the dwellinghouse and offices thereon, comprising 51a. 1r. and 31p. statute measure, held under lease

GREAT BRITAIN.

London manages to dispose of 250,000 gallons of beer a day—nearly one pint for every man, woman, and child in the metropolis. The colliers in the employ of some of the leading firms in Dean Forest have commenced work at a five per cent. reduction in wages. Coals have been lowered 18d. per ton. Mr. George Gallie, one of the best known of Glasgow publishers, died recently at the age of eighty-three. He is thought to have been the oldest bookseller in Scotland. An interesting relic of pre-historic London, in the shape of the massive lower jawbone of a hippopotamus, with its tusks and teeth, lately exhumed from a depth of forty feet, is now exhibited at the rooms of the British Archaeological Association, in London. Two sparks from London, while enjoying themselves among the heather in Argyleshire last autumn, came upon a decent looking shepherd reading on the top of a hill. They accosted him by remarking, "You have a fine view here; you must see a great way." "Ouy, on ay, a fery great way." "Ah! you will see America here?" "Farrer than that," said Donald. "Ah! how's that?" "On just wait to the mist gangs awa, an' you'll see the mune!" The house 215, Upper Street, Islington, before the increase of London, in the last half-century, and before police authorities renamed some of the streets, was a good-looking gentleman's house, situate in Trinity Row, with a good garden behind, and quite open in front, with the front rooms looking over the pleasant fields of Canonbury. There, over sixty years ago, lived Disraeli the elder, author of the *Curiosities of Literature*, and there the Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli, the present First Minister of the Crown was born. COMPLAINT AGAINST A. J. P.—The Committee of the National Agricultural Labourers' Union, of which Mr. Arch is President, have decided to memorialise the Lord Chancellor to call upon Mr. Willerforce, J. P. (son of the late Bishop of Winchester), to resign the Commission of the Peace, as he has lately been convicted in a penalty and costs for cruelly ill-treating two boys. A new Claimant has appeared in England in the person of Mr. Joseph Thomas, coach builder, Birmingham, who claims the Whaddell Hall estates, Buckinghamshire, which, with accumulated money, exceed in value £3,000,000 sterling—\$15,000,000. The Birmingham claimant has not been able to carry on an action before, owing to want of funds, but several gentlemen have offered pecuniary aid consequent upon the particulars of the claim appearing in the Birmingham papers. A singular epidemic, resembling in some phases of its development the foot-and-mouth-disease in cattle, has broken out (the *Liverpool Post* says) among the inhabitants of a village called Engley, near Bolton, England. The disease has spread with great rapidity; in some cases whole families have been laid prostrate by it; and the sufferers number more than eighty. Several explanations of the causes of the epidemic are offered, the most probable being that the village milk supply was obtained from animals affected by the foot-and-mouth disease. An ingenious Frenchman living in London, has accomplished with great success the very difficult feat of cutting off his own head. His name was Francis Auguste Chero. He was thirty-eight years old, and he lived in apartments in New Cross Road. Having become tired of life, he made for himself a little guillotine in one of his own rooms. It consisted of two wooden uprights and a large double handled knife, to the upper part of which he bound two heavy stones to give it weight enough, when, all being ready, he placed the machine on his table, put a basket below to catch his head, laid on the table with his face upward, elevated the knife by means of a pulley, the cord of which he held in his hand, and let it slide. It fell on his throat, sliced the head off as clean as possible, and all was over. The age of chivalry. In old Catholic times the world knew something of it—saw something of it. Before the Protestant religion was forced upon the people of England they also felt and prized and acted upon that chivalry which hardly ever so much distinguished the Catholic Church than it does at the present day. But what is the chivalry with which Protestantism has imbued the masses of our people? Look to wife-beating, among the men of the north. Look to the ungodliness and want of principle prevailing in all quarters. Of course, we are talking of that great body of the people of England among whom religion is only a name, and honour a thing to be laughed at. We are proud to have to say that among living Englishmen are to be found models of chivalry and probity. But it is the great mass which constitutes the character of a country. How does England stand in this respect? Of the rare specimen a good illustration was given during the late frost. Some boys went upon ice not strong enough to hold them, and one fell in. A bystander, a young man, stripped off his coat and waistcoat at once, and without thought of danger, plunged into the water. He dived and dived again, and at last succeeded in rescuing the boy. Wet and exhausted he got on land. Now for the general specimen of modern English chivalry. The brave fellow found that his watch, chain, and handkerchief had been stolen whilst he was in the water! For one modern Britisher who would act the hero of this scene there are many who would act the miscreant.—*London Universe*. HOW TO CONTROL A TIGER.—A good illustration of the respect in which we are held by the subject races of India is contained in the following: A captive tigress at Lahore made her escape one day and not unobtrusively started the station. The gardener in whose domain her cage was situated went to the proper authority and begged to be ordered to take the runaway back. "Order you to take it back" was the reply. "I'll give you no such order—it would be ordering you to be killed." "Not at all, sir," said the man; "only give me the order and I will take the tigress back." "I'll give you no such order, but you may do as you please," was the rejoinder. Hereupon the man, taking off his turban, walked up to the creature (which was lying in the shrubbery) and, after a salute, said to her, "In the name of the powerful British government, I request you to go back to your cage!" At the same time he put his unfolded turban round her neck and led her back. The poor fellow lost his life not long afterwards while trying the same experiment on a bear, whose political principles were not equally good.—*London Universe*. A letter in the *London Times* says that there are now in the English army no fewer than two generals, one colonel, three lieutenant-colonels in command of regiments, and many other field officers, who have risen from the ranks. One of the generals is a major-general, the other a brigadier, a Companion of the Bath and a "Victoria Cross." This will surprise most of our readers, who have doubtless been educated in the belief that such a thing as an officer rising from the ranks would be simply a portent in the British military system; and it is perfectly true that but a century ago, when John Burgoyne, who afterwards laid down his arms at Saratoga, organized the first light cavalry regiment in the British service, "promotion from the ranks" did not appear to him within the bounds of possibility; and in his well-known "Code of Instructions" he expressly says that "the ranks of corporal and sergeant must be considered as the most signal honours that a man from the ranks could attain."

The Growth of Catholicism in Great Britain forms the subject of an interesting article by a correspondent of the *Catholic Review*. He says:—In 1873 the Church in England and Scotland had 1,893 clergy of all ranks, and 1,253 public churches, chapels and stations. In 1874 these numbers had increased to 1,966 and 1,268 respectively, and at the end of 1875 they were 2,024 and 1,284—an increase of 131 priests and forty-one churches in two years. The numbers of priests ordained for England during 1875 was seventy-seven, of whom twenty-eight were regulars. There were, besides, seven priests ordained at St. Joseph's College, near London, for foreign missions. The whole number of priests in Scotland is 244, the remaining 1,780 being in England. Out of the whole number of 2,024 priests in the kingdom 611 are regulars, and these have ninety houses—to wit, thirteen houses of Jesuits, three of Redemptorists, seven of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, seven of Marists, three of Franciscans, four of Passionists, two of Vincentians, one of Augustinians, two of Carmelites, four of Fathers of Charity, four of Dominicans, four of Oblates of St. Charles, two of Oratorians, one of Pious Servants of Missions, one of Servites, one of Brothers of Mercy, four of Christian Brothers, three of Xaverian Brothers, seven of Benedictines, six of Capuchins, one of Cistercians, one of the Institute of Charity, one of Premonstratensians, one of Brothers of St. Alexis, three of Carthusians, one of Josephites and three of Brothers of the Christian Schools. Of houses of religious women there are 289, of which 270 are in England and nineteen in Scotland. These are composed of four houses of Ursulines, forty-eight Sisters of Mercy, twelve of the Little Sisters of the Poor, ten of the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, seven of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, forty-seven of the Sisters of Charity, five of the Sister of Nazareth, one of the Apostoline Nuns, one of the French Sisters of the Little Schools, one of the Sisters of the Visitation, one of the Securs de Marie Auxillatrice, one of the Sisters of the Christian Retreat, four of the School Sisters of the German Institute of Our Lady, one of the Sisters of St. Augustine, two of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, three of the Sisters of the Assumption, four of the Sisters of Bon Secours, two of Carmelites, one of Dames Anglaises, two of Dames de St. Andre, two of the Daughters of the Cross, five of Dominicans, twelve of the faithful Companions of Jesus, five of the Third Order of St. Francis, one of the Helpers of the Holy Souls, seven of the Sisters of the Holy Child Jesus, one of the Holy Sepulchre, two of the Sisters of Jesus and Mary, one of the Nuns of the Presentation, two of the Sisters of the Faithful Virgin, two of the Canonesses of St. Augustine of the Perpetual Adoration, one of the Dames of Marie Reparatrice, one of the Congregation of Mary, one of the Most Holy Sacrament, two of the Most Precious Blood, twenty-one of the Sisters of Notre Dame, six of Poor Clares, three of the Poor Sisters of the Mother of God, seven of the Sisters of Providence, two of the Sainte Union, one of the Dames Religieuses de la Croix, one of the Sisters of St. Vincent, two of the School Sister of Notre Dame; three of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, three of the Servites, eight of the Sisters of the Most Holy Cross and Passion, seven of the Benedictines, three of the Sisters of Penance and St. Dominic, one of the Visitation, one of Our Lady of Mercy, two of the Sisters of St. Joseph, one of the Sisters of the Temple, three of the Tereziens, one of Our Lady of Charity and Refuge, three of the Sisters of St. Paul's, one of the Bridgettines, of the Cistercians and one of the Marist Sisters. Many of these communities have but few members, but probably the 289 houses have not less than 2,000 members all told, besides their novices. The whole number of Roman Catholic archbishops and bishops in Great Britain, Ireland and the British colonies, and dependencies is 126, of whom eighteen are archbishops. Add to these the sixty-five archbishops, bishops and vicar apostolic in the United States and we have a total of 191 English-speaking prelates of the Roman Catholic Church. Cattle are getting scarce in Texas. Fifty tons of American beef are shipped from New York to London every week. The sawmills of Tacoma, Washington Territory, turn out lumber from logs 100 feet in length. A leap-year ball, given and conducted by the young ladies of Lockwood, was the best ever held in that place. The Maine farmers are going into the beet sugar business. They will probably find it unremunerative, as it has been found in Ontario and several of the States of the Union. 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At the conclusion of the ceremony the mother of the bride offered Dr. Lorimer a filled wine-glass, which he declined, and said—"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, madame, for offering the young people that which may ultimately work their ruin." The woman, placing her arms a kimbo, said:—"Look h'yar, Mr. Preacher, you kim to marry this yar couple. You've married this yar couple. Now git." About the long pending fishery claims question the *New York Tribune* says:—So much delay has beset the organizing of the Fishery Commission provided for by the Treaty of Washington that it may prove more satisfactory to devise other means for adjusting our differences with Canada. It ought to be possible for our Government to determine how far the Dominion may be entitled to compensation for the use of her fishing grounds. If our statement in that event be made clear and equitable, the Canadian Government can hardly afford to insist on the tardy procedure of a joint commission. A London correspondent writes to the *New York Graphic*.—A curious story is told of an American General here who, while walking through a back street in London the other day, encountered two or three women tramps surrounding a well dressed girl three or four years old. Suspecting that the child had been lost he took it away from them after much resistance on their part, brought it to his lodgings, and notified the police. In the evening he was to dine at the house of a well-known leader of fashion, but on reaching the door was informed that his host could not receive him, as that morning their only child had been decoyed away from her nurse in the park. Your readers can of course imagine the sequel—the gratitude of the parents and the affection entertained for the name of R—in at least one English household.

USEFUL READING.

To cure a ring worm, paint it with iodine a few times and it will entirely destroy every vestige of it. As soon as a boil becomes hard and inflamed paint it with iodine. The poison will not be scattered, but will be absorbed, by it. To destroy ants, wrap a piece of gum camphor in cloth or paper to keep it from dissolving and place it in or about your cupboard or sugar, and it will drive away those pests. Putting cream on onions instead of butter, (or even a little milk if one has no cream), removes much of the strong flavor, and renders them less likely to affect weak stomachs unpleasantly. GREASE SPOTS FROM BOOKS AND CARPETS.—To remove grease spots from books, moisten the spot with a camel-hair pencil dipped in wine. To remove them from carpets, put a piece of blotting or brown paper over the stain, and iron with a hot iron; repeat, using fresh paper, till the grease is removed. Camphor is a good disinfectant and should be freely used in stables and near diseased animals. Another excellent disinfectant is carbolic acid, and this should always be applied on parts affected. The carbolic acid should be diluted with water before using on any sore; one part acid to ten of water will be usually about right, though still weaker will be effective. VARNISH FOR BLACKBOARDS.—The following is the recipe, according to the patent of Formhals (which has expired) for a coating for blackboards: Alcohol 95 per cent., 65 parts; or alcohol, 90 per cent., 67 parts; bleached shellac, 8 parts; Paris black, 8 parts; levigated pumice-stone, 4 parts; Paris-blue, half a part; burnt umber, 4 parts; dryer, 8 parts. The pigments and pumice-stone are carefully mixed with alcohol, the shellac in solution being added last. HOW TO MANAGE APPLE TREES.—Take three or four times the quantity of sand, that you have of apple seed, and mix the seed and sand well together, and put in shallow boxes, and expose to winter weather, to freeze and thaw. They should be kept moist, but should not be too wet nor too dry. They should be stirred occasionally, and kept out of the reach of fowls, as they will eat the seed. As the warm weather approaches, the seed will begin to germinate, and at the proper time for planting, the ground should be deeply ploughed and finely pulverized to receive the seed. Rich soil is needed, and if free from weeds, so much the better. Most persons drop the seeds with the sands in rows two feet, or two and a half feet, or three feet apart, so as to admit of horse cultivators. The plants must have clean culture, and thorough hand weeding and proper thinning, so as to be ready for grafting at the end of one season's growth. A naturally well-drained soil should be chosen.—Apples ought to have as sweet an air for their winter home as you would give to your flock of butter. They will take in, very readily, the musty odors of close, moist cellars, that are little better than vegetable pits. And the difference between a crisp, high flavored apple, and one that is flabby and poor, is often simply the difference in the storage they have had. This kind of fruit needs an attention due to its rank; careful selection, gentle handling, a cool, dry room, just safely above the freezing point, and removed from all rank vegetables or unpleasant odors. If kept in the packing barrels, they will be uninjured in a temperature where water would freeze.—*Record and Farmer*. COCKER FOOD FOR STOCK.—The world will never quite get rid of its old fogies—those who want to be natural, but have never studied nature. When fodder shall be cooked so as to be softer and more succulent than grass, which nature has furnished for the animal, then it will do to inquire whether nature is not violated in cooking food for cattle. Nature furnishes grass, not dried fodder. The dried fodder is man's work of preserving food while grass does not grow, and if he cooks this soft and succulent in imitation of grass, does he run a tilt with nature or is he imitating her. A farmer always looks forward to the new growth of grass in the spring as affording an opportunity for his cattle to improve in condition and health, and when he cooks thoroughly his winter food his cattle are simply kept upon grass the year round. We have kept the same cows upon cooked food for fifteen winters and found them vigorous at nineteen and twenty years old. Here is what Prof. Wilkinson, of Baltimore, Md., says in relation to cooked food for cattle:—"I conducted an agricultural school and experimental farm for eight years, and experimented with feeding cooked and uncooked food of every description used for cows, horses, swine, working and fattening cattle and poultry, and carefully noted the result, which was in all cases very remunerative; so much so, that even with the defective inconvenient and expensive apparatus used—for want of better—in steaming, manipulating and feeding, I found there was an average profit of fully twenty-five per cent.; that is, in feeding the variety of animals named; but in feeding milch cows in cold weather with warmed, steamed food of every description, there was a profit of over thirty per cent., when the animals were kept at proper temperature, and fed with proper proportions of nutritious food."—*Live Stock Journal*. HOW TO MAKE THE FARM PAY.—This is a subject in which all our readers are interested, and it is certainly worth examining. As a general proposition, it may be said that the farmer who makes the farm pay the largest returns on the capital and labor employed is the one, other things being equal, who has acquired the most thorough knowledge of the real adaptabilities of the farm, as determined by its soil and its situation as to markets and who devotes it to the production of such commodities as this knowledge will suggest. Each particular farm, if managed with a proper reference to these considerations, and to the capacity, habits and condition of the owner, should perhaps be in some minor details a little differently from any other farm. But take the great mass of farms as they exist in this country to day, and it will be found that the size of the farms the character of their soils, their situation as to markets, and their distance from them, the surplus capital available for use in their cultivation, the amount of labor employed upon them, and the health, capital, convenience, and information of the owners inexorably require that ninety-nine out of every hundred of them shall be largely surrounded to the coarser and more bulky products, such as grass, grain, &c. We shall find, furthermore, that the quantity and value of these products is such as to preclude the possibility of their being marketed in a crude form, and must be consumed by some description of live stock maintained upon the farms where these products are grown. Then we perceive that, considering the quantity of land devoted to pasturage and forage crops, and the proportion of the produce of the farm fed to live stock the handling of live stock is, with few farmers out of ten, the most important business of the farm, the profits of the farm will depend almost entirely upon the intelligence and care with which the live stock department is managed. If the farmer selects animals of good blood and quality; and their management is intelligent and systematic, he will always be sure of a satisfactory profit, while an indifferent class of stock, poorly managed, will not only yield no profit, but too frequently eat up all the profits of the farm. This is the important department to make or lose money upon the farm; and it should receive the farmer's earliest and latest study. It is right here that the money is to be made or lost.

UNITED STATES.

Cattle are getting scarce in Texas. Fifty tons of American beef are shipped from New York to London every week. The sawmills of Tacoma, Washington Territory, turn out lumber from logs 100 feet in length. A leap-year ball, given and conducted by the young ladies of Lockwood, was the best ever held in that place. The Maine farmers are going into the beet sugar business. They will probably find it unremunerative, as it has been found in Ontario and several of the States of the Union. Belle Plain, Iowa, claims the smallest woman in the world—Maggie Minot. She is 18; 27 inches high, and weighs 31 pounds. Tom Thumb is six six inches tall. The wreck season on the lakes has commenced early. The scow-schooner *Harmonia* left an east port for Racine, Wis., some time ago, and has not been heard of since. Capt. Wm. Glazier, of Boston, intends to start from that city on the 1st of next May for a trip on horseback across the continent to San Francisco and return. He has estimated that he will require six months for the journey. Louis J. Jennings, until the present time editor of the *New York Times*, has been virtually dismissed from the position by George W. Jones, who owns now over one half the stock of the concern. A Mr. Ford is now the responsible editor of the paper. The Rev. Dr. Lorimer, of Boston, tells a story that, while in Kentucky he was invited to perform a marriage ceremony, and rode ten or twelve miles through mud and rain to unite the pair. At the conclusion of the ceremony the mother of the bride offered Dr. Lorimer a filled wine-glass, which he declined, and said—"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, madame, for offering the young people that which may ultimately work their ruin." The woman, placing her arms a kimbo, said:—"Look h'yar, Mr. Preacher, you kim to marry this yar couple. You've married this yar couple. Now git." About the long pending fishery claims question the *New York Tribune* says:—So much delay has beset the organizing of the Fishery Commission provided for by the Treaty of Washington that it may prove more satisfactory to devise other means for adjusting our differences with Canada. It ought to be possible for our Government to determine how far the Dominion may be entitled to compensation for the use of her fishing grounds. If our statement in that event be made clear and equitable, the Canadian Government can hardly afford to insist on the tardy procedure of a joint commission. A London correspondent writes to the *New York Graphic*.—A curious story is told of an American General here who, while walking through a back street in London the other day, encountered two or three women tramps surrounding a well dressed girl three or four years old. Suspecting that the child had been lost he took it away from them after much resistance on their part, brought it to his lodgings, and notified the police. In the evening he was to dine at the house of a well-known leader of fashion, but on reaching the door was informed that his host could not receive him, as that morning their only child had been decoyed away from her nurse in the park. Your readers can of course imagine the sequel—the gratitude of the parents and the affection entertained for the name of R—in at least one English household.

The True Witness

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, March 10, 1876.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

MARCH, 1876.
Friday, 10—The Holy Lance and Nails. Embe-
Day.
Saturday, 11—Ember Day. The Forty Martyrs
of Sebaste (March 10).
Sunday, 12—Second Sunday in LENT.
Monday, 13—St. Gregory I., Pope, Confessor, and
Doctor of the Church (March 12).
Tuesday, 14—Of the Feria.
Wednesday, 15—Of the Feria.
Thursday, 16—Of the Feria.

REGULATIONS FOR LENT.

All the days in Lent, Sundays excepted, from
Ash Wednesday to Holy Saturday inclusive, are
Fast days.

On the first four days in Lent, as well as every day
in Holy Week, the use of flesh meat is prohibited.
The use of flesh meat at every meal is permitted
on all the Sundays in Lent, Palm Sunday excepted.

The use of flesh meat is also by special in-
dulgence allowed at the one repast on Mondays,
Tuesdays, and Thursdays in every week from the
first Sunday in Lent, to Palm Sunday.

On all days in the year without any exception,
on which the use of flesh meat is prohibited, it is
perfectly allowable to use animal fat, such as lard
or drippings, in the preparation of meagre food;
for frying fish, for instance, eggs, and other Lenten
diet; but it is not permitted to eat the meat, or
animal fat in its natural condition.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The principal item of the past week's news is the
fight of Don Carlos and the termination of the war
in Spain. Don Carlos passed into France with
over 15,000 troops, who sought refuge on French
territory.

A correspondent, writing from Mesopotamia to
the *Missions Catholiques*, regards the position of
affairs between the Chaldeans and the Church in
the gloomiest light. He seems to think that actual
schism is imminent, and says it may be formally
made either at once or in the course of two or three
months.

After all their labours in getting a Constitutional
Government, the unlucky Italians find out that it
was hardly worth the time and pains spent on it,
and the many sacrifices they made in order to get
it; for, though Parliament is hardly ever assembled,
decrees are poured forth thick as hail. They come
from the King and his Ministers, who constitute
the real Parliament; it is more than a month
since the members met, and it will be another six
weeks before they get together again, and all this
time the King and Ministers have it all their own
way, so that even the Liberal papers begin to com-
plain that Constitutional Government with them is
only a myth.

The London correspondent of the *Manchester
Guardian* writes:—"Some of the leaders of the
Evangelical party in the Church of England are
preparing two formidable questions for the present
Protestant Premier. It is proposed to ask Mr.
Disraeli whether the Duke of Norfolk is not
infringing the law in endeavouring to raise funds
on behalf of the 'persecuted' Roman Clergy in
Germany. The matter is supposed to have its
international aspect, from which it is believed to
be not altogether defensible. The other subject re-
lates to the degree recently conferred by Cardinal
Manning, on the authority of the Pope, upon Pro-
fessor St. John Mivart, of the Kensington Roman
Catholic University. A degree granted by the Pope
is believed to be illegal in this country, inasmuch
as the authority to grant such honours which his
predecessors exercised previous to the Reformation
was transferred by statute to the Primate of all
England in the reign of Henry VIII. in conjunction
with the power to grant special licences and dis-
pensations. From the days of the Reformation till
last week no attempt has been made to revive the
expired power, and the proceeding is considered the
less admissible since at any rate two Nonconformist
bodies, if not more, have declined to petition the
Crown for a charter to grant degrees of divinity, in
order not to cheapen unduly the academical dis-
tinction. It is deemed by those who move in this
matter to be unfair that Catholics should exercise
a privilege from which Nonconformists are ex-
cluded."

When Cardinal Ledochowski visited the Pope, on
Sunday last His Holiness exclaimed:—"We rejoice
with thee, Intrepid defender of the Faith. May
God crown thy noble aspirations!"

It is stated that the Vatican will not make a
formal protest against the clause of the new Spanish
Constitution concerning religious tolerance.

LENT.

In looking over the history of the past it is not
the antiquity of the practice of fasting that strikes
us but the contrast between the present age in
its tepidity with the fervor and austerity of the
early Church. Whether we address ourselves to the
Protestant or Catholic the testimony of the past
speaks the language of reproof. We might take the
Catholic of the present day by one hand, and in the
other, the hopeless victim of the modern reforma-
tion, who denies the necessity or antiquity of the
Lenten fast and startle the one with the fervor of
his early fathers and convince the other with irrefragable
proofs of the divine institution and Apostolic
practice of the penitential canons he would feign
despise.

In the early church—supposed to be common
ground for even the mildest developments of the
principle of free judgment—we find religion was
nursed in the cradle of austerity. The primitive
Christians served the laborious apprenticeship to
martyrdom in solitude and fasting. Tertullian re-
lates how the Christians were known in a crowd
by the palor of their features. The same tells us
how in the midst of the licentiousness of an idola-
trous camp the Christian soldiers assembled to-
gether to recite the prayers prescribed for the solemn
time of fasting.

Some 1600 years ago, St. John Chrysostom com-
menced one of his Homilies on the first Sunday of
Lent by congratulating his flock on their appear-
ance of gloom and their garb of penance. With
them, Lent was no useless ceremony; the sound of
joy had ceased, the garb of mourning had replaced
the gaudy and colored dress; the loud laugh of the
carnival was changed to the sobs and sighs of re-
pentance. "I rejoiced, I exulted with a holy joy,"
cries out the great saint, "when the bursting dawn
bade me hasten to the church to greet you who had
risen from the lethargy of sin to present to heaven
the pleasing spectacle of a congregation in tears."

If the great Chrysostom were to stand before one
of our congregations on some bright Sunday morn-
ing in Lent, what a contrast he would find!—The
smile and giddy chat of the thoughtless; the air of
indifference and routine, and the callous inactivity
of a dormant faith; if instead of the mourning dress
and the garb of a penitential season, he found the
fair portion of those Christian assemblies, flaunting
the vain trappings of human vanity, would not the
spirit of Chrysostom weep over the lost fervor of
the church as we weep over the grave of entombed
love: his language would not be of congratulation;
it would thunder forth the dreadful anathemas of
divine justice and arouse our guilty indifference to
a salutary dread of the awful judgments of the
future.

But perhaps we don't require penitential works as
needed by our forefathers; perhaps virtue has now
assumed her control over the actions of men, and
religion, holy and undefiled reigning in the heart of
society, has banished immorality and vice, and pre-
pared the world for eternal recompense. Would to
Heaven it were so! But ours is the world the prophet
saw floating in iniquity; irreligion and vice stalk
around with fearful impunity, scandals of intem-
perance and lust disgrace the columns of the press;
thefts, murders, and sacrileges are more common
than the heroic deeds of virtue.

But which of us can put an unblemished hand on
his heart and thank his God he has never sinned?
If there be any such, we recommend him the holy
observance of Lent for perseverance, for edification
and for the increase of happiness hereafter; but for
those who feel they blush in the memories of the
past, the observance of Lent becomes a necessity;
for us who have missed the path of innocence,
Heaven is only to be reached through the steep
and rugged path of repentance.

FALL OF DON CARLOS—HIS RIGHT TO
THE SPANISH THRONE.

The sun has set again on the Carlist defeat.—
Hope may still gild the future of the valiant claim-
ant of the Spanish crown, but for the present the
sword of civil war has been sheathed; the brave
mountaineers that fought so bravely for a desperate
cause are scattered, and he who was proclaimed in
nearly half of the country as Charles VII. of Spain
is now a refugee in London.

Whilst we rejoice in the cessation of a protracted
and even bloody civil war, we are convinced a mur-
mur of sympathy will come from many an honest
believer in the legitimate claims of Don Carlos to
the Spanish Crown—many believed the interest of
religion and right were centered in his cause, and
many believed if Charles VII. came to the throne,
he would be the medium of such political combina-
tions, as would strengthen France and restore the
Temporal dominion of the Holy See. That Provi-
dence which directs the destinies of men ordains
for the oppressed and their sympathisers other means
of redress besides those to which man in his ardor
and impatience blindly rushes.

A personal acquaintance with Don Carlos, and a
deep loving sympathy with the grand old Catholic
country of which he claims to be the rightful king,
has made us long ago a student of his history; we
can draw from the *repertoire* of memory a few inter-
esting historical facts connected with the strange
destiny that obliges a legitimate sovereign to be a
refugee from the country he should rule. We
must, therefore, lend our readers back for a moment
to that page of Spanish history where the ancestors
of Don Carlos first appear on the scene of political
life.

Charles IV., to whom the Crown had always been
a heavy burden, in the popular outcry against the
guilty minister Godoi, fearing not only for his
kingdom, but for his own personal safety, abdicated
the throne in favor of his eldest son, the Prince
of Asturias. Accordingly this Prince, under the
title of Ferdinand VII., was on the 19th of March,
1808, proclaimed King of Spain and of all the In-
dies. This important event was the issue of the
celebrated popular rising of Aranjuez, which, like a
tempestuous night, broke up the long deep calm
of the eighteenth century, and was the prelude of that
series of terrific storms which were now for thirty
years to desolate this devoted land.

Ferdinand became the victim of the machinations
of Napoleon, and through the intrigues and in-
timidation of the famous Murat, then commanding
the French arms in Spain, the young King was in-
duced to quit the capital—to travel north to meet
Napoleon, and even to enter France. Here he was
forced to abdicate the throne of Spain. Supported
by the advice and fidelity of two noble friends in
two faithful Spanish priests, Ferdinand manfully
refused the demand of the Emperor to give him
the throne of Spain, except conditionally, and before
the full Cortes of Spain. The old ex-king, indig-
nant at his refusal, threatened his son with personal
castigation, and the French Emperor throws out
mysterious menaces of a trial for some events which
had recently occurred, and for which he held the
young King responsible. At the same moment, the
Queen, his mother, rushed into the apartment, and
poured forth against her unfortunate son such a

torrent of abuse, and so violent, that Don Pedro
Cevallos, one of the faithful priests present, has de-
clined to transcribe it in his memoirs.

Under moral compulsion and physical restraint,
the unfortunate Ferdinand makes an unconditional
surrender of his Crown to the French Emperor.—
The Chateau of Prince Talleyrand is then assigned
to him for his abode, and here he is doomed to pass
a long captivity of six years.

In the meantime there were passing events at
the Capital, and throughout the whole of Spain,
which indicated the Catholic and chivalrous na-
tional glory of other days and contributed to the
downfall of the great ambitious Emperor who had
in his unbridled ambition placed his heel on the
neck of the Spanish nation.

The French troops had overrun the country, and
held possession of Madrid. The people, not in-
timidated at the overwhelming force that held them
in subjection, openly proclaimed their indignation
at the national insult, the isolation and imprison-
ment of their King, and the hated presence of the
French troops. They fought all over the country
in bloody and fatal collisions with the invading
army; but an event of seeming trivial character
was the last straw on the camel's back, and roused
the people of Spain to deeds of heroism the grand-
est on the records of their country.

Shortly after the departure of Ferdinand, and on
the 2nd of May, 1808, the royal carriages draw up
before the palace, and the people are convinced that,
as reported, the last remaining members of the royal
family are about to be taken from them. It is re-
ported the Infante Don Francisco, a lad of fourteen
is weeping bitterly at the thought of leaving his
country, and a aide-de-camp of Murat, who has
been sent by him to know the cause of the tumult
is, on attempting to enter the palace, very roughly
handled by the populace. The French Commander
then sends this officer with a picket of troops and
with two pieces of cannon. Blood flows on both
sides. Instantly the whole city is in a flame; the
people fly to arms, surround detachments of the
French and in some instances cut them to pieces.

The Spanish troops who, by order of the Pro-
visional Government, have been shut up in their
barracks, are now attacked by the French; the
people fly for protection to their own soldiers, and
the Spanish artillerymen, headed by two heroic
young officers, Daviz and Velarde, one thirty and
the other twenty-five years' old, plant a twenty
pounder before the arsenal which the French are
preparing to attack. As their troops advance up a
narrow street, they are swept down by the Spanish
cannon and twenty times they are repulsed. At
last they make a tremendous rush, and by their
superior numbers overcome the Spaniards, and slay
at the cannon the two brave officers named. These
are the first martyrs of the national independence
and their blood becomes the seeds of heroes.

The cruelties of Murat in the brief hour of his
triumph, the execution of the nobles and the out-
rages offered by lawless soldiers to the religion and
chastity of the nation roused the people to a des-
perate effort to shake off the oppressor and the in-
truder.

"Let us die for the just cause," rang through the
country from the peaks of the Pyrenees to the
forest of masts in the harbour of Cadiz. This sublime
cry of a martyr people, mounts up to heaven and in
dying that people wins the palm of victory. Indig-
nant patriotism flashes from every eye; armed
men spring up from every brake; the plains bristle
with spears; the watch fires blaze on every moun-
tain height; the soil trembles under the tramp of
encountering hosts; the rustic leaves his plough
for the night; the artisan his loom, the tradesman
his counter, the student the university hall, the
monk his cloister, the nobleman his mansion, and
sometimes even beauty herself (as in the case of
the Countess Burita and of Antonia Laragosa), cast-
ing aside the lyre grasps a spear, puts on the breast-
plate and helmet of Minerva, and waxes terrible in
her wrath. The wild Guerrillas and their chiefs
dart down like falcons from the rocky fastnesses on
the unsuspecting foe, break his lines, cut off his
communications strike him with dread, then dis-
perse; again unite—hover now upon his rear, now
upon his van;—and pursue his squadrons with un-
firing wing. Castanos a hero worthy of Spain's
olden time gains the glorious victory of Baylen;
Saragossa in a siege the most memorable, since that
of Saguntum opposes to disciplined skill the sub-
lime energy of despair and though she at last falls,
her death song sounds like the pean of victory.

The Irish bard has said:—
"Sublime was the warning which liberty spoke,
And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke."

The latest energies of a great people, foolishly
thought to be extinct, were aroused by a great oc-
casion; and the warning which here liberty spoke
was sublime for it, was a wise, and a pure, and a
holy freedom. It was the liberty of the altar,—the
liberty of the throne—the liberty of the domestic
hearth, the liberty of all orders of the state, the
liberty of the individual and the liberty of national
independence. How after the drunken, bloody
Saturnalia of the godless anarchic France of 1792
this glorious national outburst of religious patriot-
ism cheers and consoles the Christian!

Mr. Pitt declared that it was the high-minded
people of Spain which was destined to strike the first
blow at the gigantic military tyranny which then
sighed on the nations of Europe; and long after-
wards the prophetic words of the great statesman
were ratified by Napoleon himself, "That unfortu-
nate war in Spain," said he in his exile at St. Helena,
"was the cause of my destruction."

Then came the glorious struggle of the Peninsu-
lar war in which Wellington and his Irish soldiers
won unfading laurels of fame and the restoration
of Ferdinand VII. It was precisely at this juncture
that the complications of the Carlist cause com-
menced and the scenes in the pages we have quoted
contributed in a certain degree to the failure of the
cause which History once more receives into her
cold embrace.

Ferdinand had married three times without issue.
In event of his death, leaving no male issue, the
throne should revert to his eldest brother, Don
Carlos. However in 1828 he married again; al-
though advanced in years he won the hand of the
accomplished and beautiful princess, Maria Chris-
tina, of the Neapolitan family. From this union
was born Isabella the ex-queen of Spain and Mo-
ther of its present king. The Princess Christina
by her beauty, her fascinating manners as well as
her spirit of intrigue soon prevailed on her hus-
band to change the law of succession in favor of
his daughter Isabella. The Salic law, passed by
the Cortes at the accession of the Bourbon dynas-
ty, was still in force; by this law, females
were excluded from royal succession. A re-
volutionary Cortes had revoked the decree in 1812,
but Ferdinand had in 1814 annulled all their ac-
ts. To carry out his purpose however, he pretended he
found in a secret chest a decree of the Cortes of
1789 ratified by his father Charles IV., and which
repealed the Salic law and restored the old order
of succession to the throne. But such a decree
even if it had been really made had no force for a
law not promulgated if null and void. Had the
king convened the legitimate Cortes and obtained
their consent to the abolition of the Salic law
(harsh as it might have been to his brother Don
Carlos) he would have secured on a firm basis the
rights of Isabella, and saved the country the pro-
tracted civil struggle that has for years weakened
and paralysed the commercial interests of the na-
tion. Ferdinand, instead of this straightforward
course, got some of the principal members of the
Government to swear allegiance to Isabella, then
makes his last will. In a severe fit of illness short-
ly after, his conscience smites him and he alters
his will in favor of Don Carlos, his brother. On
his recovery, the intrigues of the queen and one
of the princesses of the royal family, induced the
monarch to make a second alteration in his last
testament in favor of his daughter. He hereby re-
verses the whole policy of his life and dying shortly
afterwards in 1833, bequeathed civil war and revolu-
tion to his country.

Don Carlos appealed to arms and for seven long
years the contest raged with uncertain success on
either side. Had the life of the noble Zumalcar-
regui been spared, there is every probability that
the queen regent though possessed of all the re-
sources of Government, the military forces and the
treasury, and though supported too by a portion of
the conservatives and the whole revolutionary
party and not only the moral countenance but
active aid of Great Britain, France, and Portugal,
the crown usurped by Isabella would have fallen to
its rightful claimant. It is a noble descendant of
this Don Carlos who is now called "Pretender" and
"Insurgent," that has once more failed in his
struggles for the rule of dynastic legitimacy.

In recording the passing defeat of the aspirant to
the Spanish throne, we must indite the epitaph of
many a brave son of Ireland who has fallen in this
unsuccessful struggle. The heroes of the Irish
Zouave corps, who fought for Pius IX., in his feeble
resistance to the usurping force from Lombardy, who
afterwards fought so bravely under the command
of Charette at Orleans and La Vendee for the blight-
ed cause of France, have finally left some of their
noblest blood on the hill sides of Northern Spain,
where another great and sacred cause has succum-
bed to superior force. Many will remember in the
early part of the Carlist campaign of the sad fate of
Lent Murray—one of the most accomplished and
brave of the little band that started from this very
city like crusaders of old to fight for the cause of jus-
tice and religion. Alongside of Murray on the bloody
charge in which he fell were youths bearing the
names of Burke, Kirby, and Dennyah, who were in
their day the stalwart sons of Tipperary.

The very fact of there being Irish troops in the
army of Don Carlos, will arouse an expression of
sympathy from millions of Irish scattered over the
world.
But all along there has been a sympathy between
the Spanish nation and the Green Isle. Both were
closely connected in their origin, both at a latter
period had frequent commercial intercourse and
both agree in cordial hatred of persecution and in-
terference of heretical powers. In their hour of
sorrow and oppression what a generous hospitality
did not the sons of Erin find on the shores of Iberia!
Then as our poet sings "the shamrock of Erin and
the olive of Spain were intertwined" their family
alliances both have intertwined their affections
and on many a glorious battle field have entwined
their laurels. Both have ever been distinguished for
the same military ardor, the same love of ro-
mantic adventure, the same rich and almost Ori-
ental glow of fancy. And both too,—one in the languor
of political decline, the other under severe religious
persecution, have evinced the same elastic energy
of character, the same unswerving devotion to the
principles of freedom and love for the Catholic
Church.

A PRESUMPTUOUS PETITION.

The Protestant Defence Alliance—a mountain of
pious indignation lately discovered on the banks of
the St. Lawrence, is showing signs of eruption.
This Alliance was ostensibly formed to withstand
Roman encroachments. Don't work to wait for;
and behold they have changed their institution
from the *defensive* to the *offensive*. Strange too their
first move in this new warfare, is to attack the
strongest fortress of the Catholic Church—her
educational institutions. We have seen their peti-
tion to Parliament to change the whole system of
education in this country. These savants of the
new Alliance, say Catholics are not fit to be entrusted
with the education of their youth; and Parliam-
ent is to be requested to shut up their schools in the
whole Province and hand the children over to Pro-
testant instructors who will give them that high
standard of education which flows from free thought
and free judgment.

We know not which surprises most, the fal-
shoods that are teeming through the document thus
prepared for Parliamentary information, or the
audacity of a handful of men to ask to be entrusted
with the education of the great majority of the
Province. They have the coolness to assert that
not ten per cent. of Catholic teachers holding diplo-
mas, could pass an impartial examination; that re-
ligious, because they are religious, are unfit to teach
"for by their seclusion from public life they are un-
fitted" for the adequate training of the young with
reference to the requirements of modern civiliza-
tion." These religious are supposed to be in a

primitive style of barbarism! Then this pious
petition asserts that "libraries are discouraged, and
billiards, cards, and dominoes are substituted for
useful literature, in many of these sectarian (Ca-
tholic) institutions; by their books and otherwise
false views of history are promulgated and while
it, (the Catholic school system) gives salvation to
the criminal on the scaffold, it sends poor Gibbons
to eternal reprobation. There is something so sta-
surd in the medley of ideas here presented, we
must quote the passage:—

"On investigation it would result that not ten per
cent. of the teachers in the schools, receiving or
holding diplomas, could pass an impartial examina-
tion. The standard of teachers is fully as low as
the education imparted to the pupils would indicate.

"Libraries are discouraged, and billiards, cards,
and dominoes, are substituted for useful literature
in many of the sectarian institutions. A reference
to the French newspapers published in the Province
of Quebec, will establish the fact that general in-
formation is not sought after, and that the literary
standard is lamentably reduced, and the limits of
public discussion wonderfully curtailed. No French-
Canadian newspaper, circulating amongst Roman
Catholics, can exist, except on condition that its
articles are approved of by the ecclesiastical au-
thority. The Sectarian School system is cultivat-
ing and strengthening a narrow sectarian spirit un-
favorable to the peaceful and friendly relations of
persons of different creeds and nationalities.

"The Sectarian School system has, by books and
otherwise, led to the promulgation of incorrect
views of history, and of ideas and impressions un-
favorable to the historical renovr, the literature,
and the free institutions of the British Empire, and
hostile to civil and religious liberty. If its teach-
ings were literally followed up, our country would
be restored to the condition of ancient days, when
crowned heads and rulers only held office during
the good pleasure of the Bishop of Rome. The
Sectarian School system has prevented the dissemina-
tion of literature, it has placed under the ban lib-
raries and the means of extending knowledge. While
the criminal on the scaffold has, on receiving the
last rites, been assured a certain salvation, we have
seen the body of the poor printer, Guibord, con-
demned to eternal infancy for daring in his lit-
erature to belong to a literary institution under the ban.
It is keeping the minds of those under its influence
in a state of tutelage unfavorable to their welfare
and advancement in life, and, consequently, to the
general welfare of our country, leading to pov-
erty and dependence, and causing numbers to emigra-
te from our Province, who, under liberal educational
influences, might have remained with advantage to
their own interests and benefit to their country."

We are not aware whether the Protestant Defence
Alliance represents the whole Protestant commu-
nity or only a fanatical portion, who are as sincere
in their hatred of the Catholic Church as they are
reckless in their assertions concerning her doc-
trines and teachings. Time was when we had to
wield our feeble pen to answer some deep and in-
teresting objections to Revelation and Catholic
doctrine, drawn by Protestants of culture and con-
science, but have we come to Montreal to hear
it asserted that the Catholic Church prefers dor-
mancy and cards to libraries and scientific culture.
can we believe our senses when we read this in a
document purporting to be the endorsed declara-
tion of an enlightened body, and intended for the per-
usal of the highest assembly in the land, and the
ground work of legislation in our Senate. We
would lower our estimate of the high culture of the
Protestants of this country, to think that such un-
warranted and insulting language could come from
sheer ignorance and yet must we believe that a
body of respectable men sink to lies and calumnies
either to convert or persecute their poor benighted
Roman Catholic brethren.

Passing over some strange demands for the
change of laws granting trifling privileges to Catho-
lics and therefore obnoxious to the Protestant sen-
timent, we come to some startling accusations
against Government officials and misappropriation
of public money; then comes an appeal that the
Christian Brothers may not be recognized in the
Province as a corporate body, "as a thorough in-
spection of the system of teaching practised by the
Christian Brothers will show conclusively that it is
not advisable to introduce their system into any
locality where education is really required."

It is not our intention in noticing this manifesto
of the *Offensive Alliance*, to answer all its false state-
ments; most of them are flagrant violations of truth,
fair play, and even Christian feeling. As a strange
set off to the very bigoted and illiberal character of
this document, we find even amongst their own
body a different estimate of inestimable institution
of the Christian Brothers. In the *Nouvelles Mondes*
of last Thursday we read the following facts, "Brother
Irlide the Superior General of the Christian
Brothers, recently announced that he had received
during the session of the last chapter at Paris, a
letter from the Protestant Governor of a Province
of England, who offered to the Superior General
the immediate direction of two hundred and twenty
schools in his province as well as the direction of the
Normal School."

"Lately the Superior General also reported that
the Protestant bishop of Liverpool had written to
him declaring a pressing need for the Christian
Brothers and offered to them at once the care of
forty schools!"

We could pile on some few hundred of these
testimonies, but we do not wish to hurt the feelings
of a class of fanatics who are evidently guided more
by prejudice than erudition, and who may yet see
the folly of seeking even through the penal laws of
a Government, to wrest Catholic education from
Catholic hands. That such pretentious demands
could come from a sect, which acknowledges itself
in the minority, seems to be one of the saddest de-
velopments of that sectarian fanaticism which has
become patently rampant of late in the Protestant
Church of Canada.

THE DEVILS CHAIN.—In our last issue, we inserted
a very flattering notice of this work contributed by
a friend. As our attention has been since called
to some passages of doubtful propriety, we cannot
endorse all the encouragement our reviewer has
somewhat enthusiastically expressed.

Rev. Father Rousselot, the much esteemed Pastor
of Notre Dame, has left town last week on a visit
to Europe, to recruit his health, much impaired
from over work. We wish the Rev. gentleman
bon voyage.

Remittances in our next.

"THE BOOK OF KELLS."

Modern inquiry has proved a fact interesting to all who love the dear old land across the sea—inquiry too by enemies whose judgment has not been shackled by the trammels of unchristian prejudice. In the ages of Ireland's freedom she had an education and an art of her own, that no country in Europe could boast of. We will give a short space for the cause of justice and fair play to a notice from time to time of Ireland's ancient Manuscripts: to-day we call attention to one of the most beautiful and valuable entitled the "Book of Kells." From the reports of Mr. Gilbert the Secretary to the Public Record office of Ireland and Professor Westwood we will give some interesting particulars concerning this valuable MS of ancient literature.

"The Book of Kells" is the chief Irish palaeographic and artistic monument which has descended to us from the ages in which Ireland, under the name of "Scotia," was renowned for her schools, whence religion and letters were carried to various parts of Europe.

This manuscript is a copy of the Gospel, and received its present name from having belonged to the Columban monastery of Cennanus, or Kells, in Meath. The foundation of that establishment has been ascribed to St. Columba, but it would appear not to have been of much importance till the early part of the ninth century, when the descent of the Norsemen on Iona caused the community of that island to provide a place of asylum in Ireland. Under the presidency of Cellach, nineteenth successor of Columba as Abbot of Iona, from A. D. 802 to A. D. 815, a "new city of Colum Cille" was constructed at Kells. This became the chief station of the Columban community, and the abbot of Kells was long known and recognised as the legitimate successor of St. Columba.

The Irish Annals record that, in the year 1006, "the large gospel of Colum Cille" was sacrilegiously stolen in the night out of the great church of Kells. They add that this book was the chief relic of the western world on account of its singular cover, and that it was found "after forty nights and two months, after its gold had been taken from it, and with sods over it."

It has been conjectured that the "Book of Kells" is the volume eulogised in the twelfth century by Giraldus Cambrensis as the marvellous book exhibited to him at Kildare, and popularly believed to have been executed under the direction of an angel.

Of this work Professor J. O. Westwood, in his work on the miniatures and Ornaments of Anglo-Saxon and Irish Manuscripts, writes almost as enthusiastically as Cambrensis. He says:—

Ireland may be justly proud of the "Book of Kells," a volume traditionally said to have belonged to St. Columba, and unquestionably the most elaborately executed MS. of so early a date now in existence; far exceeding, in the gigantic size of the letters at the commencement of each Gospel, the excessive minuteness of the ornamental details crowded into whole pages, the number of its very peculiar decorations, the fineness of the writing, and the endless variety of its initial capital letters, the famous Gospels of Lindisfarne in the Cottonian Library. But this manuscript is still more valuable on account of the various pictorial representations of different scenes in the life of our Saviour, delineated in the genuine Irish style, of which several of the manuscripts of St. Gall, and a very few others, offer analogous examples.

Again, the same learned writer says of it:—

"Especially deserving of notice is the extreme delicacy and wonderful precision, united with an extraordinary minuteness of detail, with which many of these ancient manuscripts were ornamented. I have examined with a magnifying-glass the pages of the Gospels of Lindisfarne and Book of Kells, for hours together, without ever detecting a false line or an irregular interlacement; and when it is considered that many of these details consist of spiral lines, and are so minute as to be impossible to have been executed without a pair of compasses, it really seems a problem not only with what eyes, but also with what instruments, they could have been executed. One instance of the minuteness of these details will suffice to give an idea of this peculiarity. I have counted in a small space, measuring scarcely three-quarters of an inch by less than half an inch in width, in the Book of Armagh, not fewer than one hundred and fifty-eight interlacings of a slender ribbon-pattern, formed of white lines edged by black ones, upon a black ground."

Mr. Gilbert concludes his very valuable Report by promising that in the next issue of these fascicules the series will be continued from the early part of the twelfth to the end of the thirteenth century. The announcement will be gratifying to all who have a regard for the fame of ancient Ireland, and the work itself will be a powerful help towards clearing the character of the country from the load of aspersion cast on it by successive swarms of ignorant and hostile writers.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Preparations are being made amongst all classes of Irishmen for the celebration of our national festival. Bands, processions and entertainments are all brushing up to come out at their best on Ireland's great day. It is consoling to look over the world, to see so many millions looking forward to this festival. The press on every side is teeming with notices of meetings entertainments and celebrations. We believe there is not one spot on the whole American continent, where the national festival will be celebrated more peacefully and more loyally than in Montreal, whilst no city can come up to us for generous splendour and magnificence. The great attraction of course will be the Grand Mass at St. Patrick's. A drama is announced for the 14th as a kind of vigil to the Feast in St. Mary's College—entitled "The Family of Martyrs."

The Directors of the Catholic Commercial Academy have also decided to bring out in first class style, the grand religious Drama entitled the "Double Triumph" written by Rev. Dr. O'Reilly Editor True Witness. This drama is very highly spoken of and has been styled by the press as a literary gem. Then we presume, the St. Patrick's Society will have their time honored entertainment in honor of their patron. On the whole we look forward to an unusually grand celebration; Irishmen will on that day forget petty differences and in the noble forgiving spirit, inculcated in the faith given us by St. Patrick, will shake hands, stand on the same platform and meet in the social circle those with whom they may have now some difference of opinion.

PASTORAL VISIT OF THE BISHOP OF OTTAWA TO FITZROY.

On Sunday, 30th ult., the Catholics of Fitzroy and vicinity turned out in a respectable body, in their sleighs and cutters to meet their Bishop and Revd. Clergy, and a large escort from Pakenham. At Mohr's Corners a grand procession was formed the order of march well conducted they soon came within hearing of the sound of the new bell sending forth its joyous peals of welcome to the new Bishop. The approaches to the church being handsomely decorated by a beautiful arch of evergreens, (with the words welcome to our Bishop in large letters upon white muslin) spanned the gateway; the anxious crowd with reverential decorum divided to either side, while the Bishop and clergy entered the Sacred edifice.

At a proper time, Mr. P. O. Kelly, accompanied by Dr. Dubour, stepped forward, and after a few words by way of introduction in a clear and audible voice, in the presence of a large congregation, read and presented the following address:—

To the Right Revd. Thomas Joseph Duhamel, Bishop of Ottawa.

My Lord, we the members of the Roman Catholic Church of Saint Michael of Fitzroy Harbour, beg leave most respectfully to approach your person, and tender to your Lordship, upon this occasion of your first pastoral visit to this part of your diocese, our earnest and warm welcome as the messenger of glad tidings of good things concerning our spiritual and temporal welfare: My Lord; the death of our late Bishop, your illustrious and satily predecessor and founder of this diocese, whose memory will be long green in our affections had brought a gloomy shadow over the minds of this people, at the sad news of the loss we sustained, but we are taught by the Catholic doctrine to extend our charity beyond the grave, and to follow him in our prayers to the Throne of Mercy, where he was called to receive the reward of his good stewardship here, and like Elias of old, he has left his mantle behind him, and it has pleased God to send us another Elias to wear it.

My Lord, it was with pleasure we learned that the Vicar of Christ upon earth, Pius the Ninth, successor of St. Peter, through the unbroken line of Pontiffs, has chosen you to fill the vacant See of this diocese, a Bishop of that Church established by the Redeemer of the world, who promised to be with her till the consummation of all things, you have received the divine mandate, go teach all nations and behold I am with you, &c. &c. We are the people in particular whom you are sent to teach, therefore we desire to assure you of our willing submission to your Episcopal authority, and of our wishes to cooperate with your instruction as obedient children in the interest of this diocese over which you are by divine appointment chief pastor. We are taught by the Saviour of the world in His Holy Gospel to obey the Church, which is the pillar and ground of truth, he that heareth you heareth Me, said Christ to His apostles. We believe the Church in its foundation, its doctrine, succession and perpetuity, to be most perfect, but in its individual members it undergoes the vicissitudes incidental to humanity, which is the cause of many miseries common to the world, which is the sad fruit of sin.

My Lord, we deeply sympathize with our Holy Father, Pius the Ninth, not only because of the spoliation of the patrimony of the Church and confining him a prisoner in his own house, but also for the conspiracy of the anti-Christian power of Europe against himself, the Hierarchy, clergy, and all religious orders of the Catholic Church of whom Dr. Dollinger, Bismarck, and Prince Hohenzollern, are the prime leaders in the sad tragic drama, also Mr. Gladstone, the once talented British statesman and former friend of Catholic Ireland, in his mischievous pamphlet has attempted to fix the brand of disloyalty on the Catholic population of the whole world, but in his present humiliation is verified the words of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, that with the talent of an angel a man may become a fool. All the powers of darkness may for a time combine to assail the Church, but never can prevail no more than could the Emperor Julian re-building the temple of Jerusalem in opposition to the divine predictions of Our Lord.

We feel happy to say that although the population of this place is composed of many religious denominations, nevertheless all live in good harmony together, with due respect to each other's religious convictions, every man free to worship God in the temple of his choice according to the dictates of his own heart, and rendering due fidelity, respectively to the Altar and the Throne. My Lord, we rejoice to say that we receive the sweet consolation of our holy religion in this parish by our faithful and deservedly respected priest the Rev. D. J. Lavin, whose indefatigable labors, combined with his amiable disposition in the discharge of his sacred duty, in the holy ministry endear him to the hearts of his flock.

Accept Right Rev. Father in God, an expression of our gratitude, accompanied by our best wishes that your health and life be long spared to improve and embellish this great field, cultivated by the labors of your eminent predecessor, whose memory is revered by you and us.

His Lordship very graciously replied, by thanking the congregation, not only for the very affectionate and loyal address just read and presented to him, but also for the very becoming demonstration so handsomely organized for his reception. His Lordship spoke at some length upon the present position of the sovereign Pontiff, his future prospects and final triumph of the Church. He congratulated them upon their splendid Church and vestry, with their handsome finish. He also exhorted them to give their children a thorough Christian education and to live in bands of charity toward all mankind.—Com.

PASTORAL TOUR OF BISHOP O'BRIEN EMILY.

On Sunday, the 27th ultimo, the good people of this township were rejoiced beyond measure, for on that day they had the honor of receiving a visit from their new Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Brien. To this auspicious event they had, for some time previous, looked forward with feelings of fond satisfaction, nay, of the greatest possible delight. They had heard so much of this beloved prelate—whose praises are on every tongue—that they actually yearned for the day to arrive when their eyes would be blessed by seeing him in their midst. This happiness came at last, and highly indeed was it appreciated by all. At the hour appointed for divine service on the above-named day, the neat little church at the "Cross" was filled to its utmost capacity by a very respectable and truly devout congregation. High Mass was sung by Father Larkin, the popular curate of Cobourg, and a sermon preached by the Bishop in his usual happy and eloquent manner. The wrapt attention of all, and the tear-bedewed cheeks of many in the audience told unmistakably what was the effect produced by his fervid and impressive language. After Mass he erected the Stations of the Cross, and in the evening delivered a lecture on the "Catholic Church." Those who were present on the occasion it is needless to say, enjoyed a rich, a rare intellectual treat. On leaving the sacred edifice many were heard to give expression to their admiration in heart-felt and oft-repeated prayers for the health and long life of the gifted Divine. Of the lecture itself I will merely say that it was like all Bishop O'Brien's efforts in that line—learned, logical, and exhaustive.

GALWAY.

On Tuesday morning his Lordship, accompanied by Fathers Coyle, Browne, and Larkin, set out for

Galway, which is about 40 miles distant from Downeyville. The day was delightful, the sky being bright and clear, and the air as mild and balmy as on a morning in leafy June. The road at this season of the year, though good is very dreary and desolate, nothing being seen to relieve the monotony of the landscape on either side, save an occasional dwelling, the ubiquitous stump, an odd cluster of pretty evergreens, and interminable stretches of wooded land and rocky hills. Galway is a sparsely settled township, situated in the north-western portion of the county of Peterboro. As might be expected from the name a goodly number of its inhabitants—I believe one half—are Irish Catholics. Though buried in the depths of a Canadian wilderness, far away from church and priest, these poor people, with the characteristic devotion of their race, are strongly attached to the faith of the Emerald Isle. Of this they gave a tangible proof by the manner in which they attended the Stations on Ash-Wednesday and the following Thursday. Some of them had to travel 10, 15, and 20 miles these days; but they would be present—no inconvenience or personal suffering could prevent them from seeing and hearing the first Bishop that ever entered this wild and distant locality. About 140 went to Confession and Communion, and 84, after being thoroughly catechised and instructed by His Lordship, had the happiness of receiving the Sacrament of Confirmation. The proficiency which they exhibited in the knowledge of their religion was something extraordinary considering their circumstances. Their prompt, correct, and intelligent answering would put to blush many of the favored children of our frontier towns and cities. The Bishop's remarks on each day were exceedingly appropriate and practical, and produced an effect which should be witnessed, to be properly realized. At no distant day, these good people intend to erect a church on a lot of 100 acres of land purchased some time ago, for this purpose, by their beloved and respected pastor. On Thursday afternoon His Lordship returned again to the "Cross," followed no doubt by the prayers and blessings of his grateful and devoted children of Galway.

ENNISMORE.

The faithful of this part of the parish had their religious feast—their red letter day on the 5th instant. From early morn they began to assemble in hundreds around the church, which is built on a gently-rising eminence, overlooking the embryo village. This church is a handsome brick building, with a beautifully proportioned spire from whose apex the glittering symbol of salvation can be seen for miles around. It was erected within the past few years, is now completely finished, and may be just regarded with feelings of honest pride by priest and people. To both it must have been a source of great joy to see it dedicated to the service of the Most High, on the above named day, by the good Bishop of the Diocese. The religious exercises were the same here as on the preceding Sunday in Emily, and were attended with the same happy and gratifying results. His Lordship, after preaching a beautiful sermon and lecturing, complimented the people in the highest terms for the spirit and generosity exhibited by them in building their new Church, paid a graceful tribute of praise to the venerable pastor, and tendered his warmest acknowledgments to the parishioners in general for the magnificent sum of \$900, which they contributed towards the liquidation of the Diocesan Debt. Finally, he expressed himself well pleased with his visit to Emily, Galway, and Ennismore, and I am sure the Catholics of these places were equally gratified with it. If it be any consolation to a Bishop to know that his labors are highly appreciated and productive of immense good, and that he himself lives enshrined in the affections of the children committed to his pastoral care, then His Lordship of the Diocese of Kingston ought indeed to be one of the happiest of the prelates that to day govern the Church of God.—Com.

"FALSE WITNESS" AGAIN.

To the Editor of the Sun:
DEAR SIR,—My attention has been called to the following, which has appeared in a paper called the Montreal Witness:—
"Following Archbishop Lynch, a Rev. Mr. Stinson delivered a lecture last Sunday in St. Patrick's Church, Ottawa, in which he denied that Roman Catholics are bound to believe that persons outside of their own faith will necessarily be lost; also, that no priest should enter the political arena, except when his Church was attacked, as in such case he would stain his sacerdotal robes. A contrast here with the Romish clergy in this Province! If it were not for the 'Immutable' character of the Church which may be presumed to lie underneath these outward appearances, we might fear that in its case 'a house divided against itself will not stand.'"
Now, Mr. Editor, I hate liars, and have never called any one a liar; but, in this case, I must in speak the truth. The Catholic doctrine is, that all heretics and schismatics remaining culpably in their incredulity, and thus dying outside the Catholic Church, cannot be saved. A Protestant may be saved through invincible ignorance, if having done all he can to know the right Faith, and having searched the Scriptures, &c, he is still persuaded he is in the True Church; then, if he lives a life of purity, committing no sin, when he dies, he may be saved. But where is the man who commits no sin? and, if one outside the Catholic Church do commit sin, who has power to forgive him? This is what I said from the pulpit of St. Patrick's Church, nothing more, nothing less. What a difference between the facts asserted, and the one reported to have been in existence by the "beautiful" Witness of Montreal. What was the object of this lecture? Well, it was to prove "the effect of the Church upon Society." In the first part of that lecture, I supposed that Society existed without a Church. I found that it could not exist. In the second place, I regarded the Church and the State, each existing and the one independent of the other; that ground could not be held, and finally I came to the true conclusion that the Church is independent of the State, but that the State or Society must be nourished and assisted by the Church, I told my hearers to act as their consciences dictated; and if they do this they will ever act in obedience to the Church, for the Catholic Church is not the institution to misdirect the minds of men.

I hope I do not make the veritable Witness uneasy. I like to see all men happy; but where there are lies there cannot be happiness.

I never said one word about "sacerdotal robes," nor did I say "priests should not enter the political arena," but now I say, at least as far as I am concerned, I keep my "sacerdotal robes" quite clean, notwithstanding the fact that I think I have a voice in the affairs of this country as well as any other individual, because I pay my taxes, and this has been my action in the past, and please God will be in the future. The Witness need have no fears for the immutability of the Church, nor may he fear that the "house is divided against itself." "Behold I am with you all days even unto the consummation of the world" is at this moment ringing in his ears; and whilst he serves to propagate scandal and insult men of worth, they stand high above him, looking upon his abject form, and upon those outstretched hands receiving the little now left, that he may get through a world, in which to say the least, his existence is as harmless as are his intentions unholly.

Your obedient servant,
E. J. J. STINSON, P.P.

Almonte, Feb. 26th, 1876.

Our esteemed contemporary the *Nouvelles Mondes* thus speaks of the True Witness:—

"It has spoken as becometh one of our most faithful organs of a religion unjustly attacked. We are always sure to find this journal in the first rank of soldiers who, combat for truth and justice. It has claims long acquired, to the sympathy and support of the English-speaking Catholics of this Province and they will know how to express their appreciation of the services it has rendered and is continually rendering."

STEPHEN J. MEANY.

It is with unfeigned pleasure we notice the signal success of Stephen J. Meany in his lectures in Toronto. We partly anticipated the keen judgment of our Torontonians friends would soon appreciate the sterling merits of our distinguished and patriotic countryman. Our congratulations however must mingle with our sympathy for Mr. Meany who comes back to us to contend with a host of troubles. We here print the following complimentary notices of the Toronto press on his recent lectures in that city:—

[From the Irish Canadian.]

On Sunday afternoon our esteemed and highly-gifted countryman, Mr. Stephen Joseph Meany, Editor of the Montreal Star, arrived in this city. He was received at the Union Railway Depot by a deputation from the various National societies, and escorted to St. Michael's Palace, where he was the guest of his Grace Archbishop Lynch during his stay in Toronto. In the course of the evening Mr. Meany was visited by several friends; and next day was introduced to many leading Irish citizens. As was announced, Mr. Meany came at the invitation of his Grace to lecture for the benefit of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd; and consequently St. John's Hall, Bond Street, was the great centre of attraction, and thither flocked a goodly number on Monday evening.

The Brass Band of the Young Irishmen formed in front of St. Michael's Palace at half past seven; and shortly afterwards Mr. Meany, accompanied by several clergymen and lay gentlemen, issued from the main entrance. The whole party then turned down towards Bond Street, headed by the band, which struck up the National (Irish) Anthem and played till the lecturer and his friends reached the Hall, on entering which Mr. Meany received a perfect ovation. The Hon. Frank Smith, Senator, took the chair, while in its immediate neighborhood were seated the clergy of the city, and many clergymen from a distance.

Mr. Meany having been introduced to the audience by the chairman in a few suitable remarks, the discourse commenced. In the hands of the talented lecturer much was expected from the subject—"The Poets and Poetry of Ireland." Mr. Meany gave a rapid glance at the relation of the ballads to the character and history of a people—a glance full of thought, fire, and eloquence. He then touched on the old Bards of Erin; and gave some readings from them in the noble verses of Clarence Mangan and Samuel Ferguson. After a eulogy on "the poet of all circles and the idol of his own," as Lord Byron said of Moore, some fine readings from the "Melodies" and one admirable rendering from Lallah Brook, Mr. Meany entered on the glorious "Irish of 'Young Ireland.'" He read "Cenoch O'Leary" with a tea-starting pathos—verses which immortalise Keegan, as the burial of Sir John Moore immortalised Keegan's countryman, the Rev. Mr. Wolfe.

The lecturer then took up, with an especial gusto, the Beranger of Ireland—Thomas Davis—and, in illustration of that great poet's powers, gave a rendering in fine style, full of point and power, of the splendid lines on "Fionnery." For two hours he held his audience entranced whether with the beauty of his own oratory, or some new features of loveliness brought out on the faces of precious, old friends who have been ennobled in the immortality of Irish poetry.

Mr. Meany is a correct and graceful speaker. He has also the advantage of commanding stature—being somewhat over six feet in height—with a face in which are blended great benevolence and a genial expression that always beams with kindness. It is unnecessary to say that his sentiments were enthusiastically cheered during the delivery of his lecture, and that at its close the applause was unbounded. A vote of thanks to Mr. Meany was moved by Vicar General Rooney and seconded by Mr. John O'Donohoe, Barrister—after which the large assemblage dispersed, delighted with the rich intellectual treat of the evening.

[From the Toronto Sun.]

Mr. Stephen J. Meany of the Montreal Star, lectured in the St. John's Hall, Bond Street, last evening on the subject of "The Orators, Patriots and Martyrs of Ireland." Archbishop Lynch occupied the chair. There was a good attendance. Mr. Meany, in appearance and manner, has nothing in common with the traditional Irish revolutionist. He lacks the *verve* and flamboyancy characteristic, or supposed to be, of the advocates of the cause of Ireland. For anything in his aspect to the contrary the sedate elderly conservative-looking gentleman who stepped upon the platform amid loud plaudits, shortly after the hour had struck, might have been a well-to-do banker come to deliver a speech explanatory of the mysteries of finance and the laws of commerce before the Y. M. C. A. He speaks without a trace of the Hibernian brogue merely a faint suspicion of the Dublin accent betraying his origin to the critical ear. His address is pleasing, the language in which his appeal to Irish patriotism are couched being well chosen and at times fervid and impassioned. Grattan, Emmet, Wolf Tone and Lord Edward Fitzgerald were the principal themes of his discourse and he depicted the stirring events in which they participated in a manner which elicited frequent applause from his auditors. Though strongly in favor of Irish Independence his language was on the whole temperate and not characterized by the unreasoning invective which too frequently resounds from the Irish lecture platform. Mr. Meany made a decidedly favorable impression upon those who heard him being evidently well versed in the history of his native land and in strong sympathy with the cause he advocates, which imparts an effective earnestness and force to his utterances.

BARRIS, March 3rd, 1876.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

SIR.—The Catholics of this Town lately formed a St. Patrick's Benevolent Society having for its object the religious, social and intellectual improvement of its members. At a meeting held on Wednesday last twenty seven new members were admitted and the following officers were elected. Chaplain—Very Rev. Dean O'Connor; President—Patrick Hickey; Vice President—Bernard Hinds; Recording Secretary—Michael J. Frawley; Financial Sec.—Michael Moloney; Treasurer—Very Rev. Duan O'Connor; Conductor—George Byrnes. Executive Committee—Messrs. D. A. McDonald, Thomas Kennedy, and Alexander Byrnes. Visiting Committee—Messrs. G. Tolon, E. Byrne, S. J. Hurley, C. McGuire, and A. Beardsley. I remain, yours truly,

A MEMBER.

MICROSCOPE FOR SALE.—We have entrusted to us for disposal, a large binocular microscope, one of the most powerful imported into this country, made

to order by Casella, London, England, with all modern improvements and necessary appliances for concentration and polarization of light. The owner leaving for Europe prefers to let the instrument go at a sacrifice rather than expose it to the dangers of travel. Further particulars can be had from the Editor of the True Witness

Married.

BRENNAN—BRENNAN.—On the 28th ult., at St. Patrick's Church, by the Rev. P. Dowd, John Brennan, Esq., of Quebec, to Margaret, youngest daughter of the late James Brennan of this city.

Died.

FENTON.—In this city, on the 29th Feb., Miss Mary A. Fenton, aged 19 years and 7 months.—R.I.P.

McDEVITT.—On Friday the 25th ult., Rose McDevitt, relict of the late Geo. McDevitt, and mother of Rev. J. C. McDevitt, Fredericton, aged 86 years, and for the last 52 years a resident of St. John. Of your charity pray for the repose of her soul.

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

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.—(Gazette)

Flour 47 bri. of 196 lb.—Follards...	\$2.50 @ \$2.00
Superior Extra	5.10 5.20
Fancy	4.70 4.75
Spring Extra	4.50 4.55
Superfine	4.20 4.25
Extra Superfine	3.90 4.00
Fine	3.50 3.55
Strong Bakers'	3.25 3.30
Middlings	3.00 3.05
U. C. bag flour, per 100 lbs	2.95 3.00
City bags, [delivered]	2.40 2.45
Wheat—Spring	0.00 0.00
do White Winter	0.00 0.00
Oatmeal	4.05 4.10
Corn, per bushel of 32 lbs	0.57 0.60
Oats	0.30 0.32
Peanse, per 66 lbs	0.85 0.90
do do	0.60 0.60
Barley, per bushel of 48 lbs L. Canada	0.55 0.60
do do do U. Canada	0.00 0.00
Lard, per lbs	0.13 0.00
do do do pails	0.14 0.00
Cheese, per lbs	0.10 0.11 1/2
do Full makes	0.00 0.00
Pork—New Mess	23.50 24.00
Thin Mess	22.00 00.00
Dressed Hogs	0.00 8.75
Beef—Prime Mess, per barrel	00.00 00.00
Firsts	4.50 4.00
Seconds	0.00 0.00
Butter	0.00 0.00

TORONTO FARMERS' MARKET.—(Globe.)

Wheat, fall, per bush	\$0.80 1.04
do spring do	0.97 1.00
Barley do	0.58 0.78
Oats do	0.35 0.35
Pens do	0.00 0.70
Bye do	0.00 0.00
Dressed hogs per 100 lbs	8.50 8.75
Beef, hind-qrs. per lb	0.00 7.00
" fore-quarters	3.50 5.00
Butter, lb. rolls	0.00 8.00
" large rolls	0.21 0.22
" tub dairy	0.20 0.21
Eggs, fresh, per doz	0.10 0.11
" packed	0.10 0.11
Apples, per bri	1.50 2.25
Guceo, each	0.00 0.90
Turkeys	0.70 1.50
Cabbage, per doz	0.40 0.00
Onions, per bush	0.55 1.00
Turkeys, per bush	0.20 0.25
Potatoes, per bus	0.45 0.60
Hay	14.00 18.00
Straw	8.50 8.50

J. H. SEMPLE, IMPORTER AND WHOLESALE GROCER, 53 ST. PETER STREET, (Corner of Foundling,) MONTREAL

May 1st, 1874. 37-52

WANTED—A MALE TEACHER holding a second or third class certificate of qualification to teach in the Roman Catholic Separate School in Eganville, County Renfrew, Ont., during the remaining part of the present year. Application, Stating Salary, &c., to be made to REV. M. BYRNE, P.P., or JOHN POLLEY, Trustees. 27-3

The Sisters of Mercy wish to inform the public that they are to have raffled divers objects amongst which are:—

A lady's cloth mantle, braided and beaded, this mantle is valued at \$100, and the price of ticket is 50cts.

A child's mantle of white French merino embroidered, this mantle is valued at \$100, and the price of ticket is 50cts.

A dress of pink swiss silk for a child from eight to ten years old, this dress is valued at \$20, and the price of ticket is 25cts.

A magnificent piano of rose-wood valued at \$620, price of ticket \$1.

The persons who desire to encourage this raffle which is made for the benefit of the Institute, will please address at No. 253 Lagouchetiere st., corner of Canpeau st.

A special announcement will make known to the public the day which will be chosen for this raffle.

The Sisters of Mercy profit by this circumstance to announce to the public that they have a clothing department where they make all kinds of Gentlemen's, Ladies and Children's work, and that they have constantly divers work ready to be furnished on demand.

A call is respectfully solicited for their clothing department, No. 253 Lagouchetiere st., corner of Canpeau st. 23-3

LAWLOR'S CELEBRATED

SEWING MACHINES.

Price \$35 with Attachments.

The New LAWLOR FAMILY MACHINE

is unequalled in light running, beauty and strength of stitch, range of work, stillness of motion and a reputation attained by its own merits.

It is the cheapest, handsomest, best technically constructed Machine, most durable and the least liable to get out of order of any Machine now being manufactured.

A complete set of Attachments with each Machine.

Examine them before you purchase elsewhere.

J. D. LAWLOR, MANUFACTURER, 365 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL.

IT NEVER PAYS.

It never pays to fret and growl
When fortune seems our foe;
The better bred will look ahead,
And strike the harder blow.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE.

AWFUL COLLIERY CATASTROPHE IN FRANCE.—A dreadful explosion of fire-damp took place in a colliery at St. Etienne, France, on the 4th inst., causing a loss of over 200 lives.

The Courrier de Geneve announces the death of M. Louis Huet du Pavillon, a veritable relic of the great French Revolution, under which his family suffered severely.

A solemn Mass for the repose of the soul of Marshal, the Duke of Elie, was celebrated in the Church of St. Louis d'Antin, Paris, on Feb. 3rd.

On Taylor a French notability, who had formerly set apart his allowance of 30,000 francs as Senator under the Empire for founding prizes, is about to give another proof of his generosity by a gift of a handsome house to be apportioned among the different societies of writers and artists of which he is the honorary president.

HORRIBLE TRAGEDY.—A diabolical case of murder, says the Paris correspondent of the London Echo, has just come before the Assises of the Landes, in France.

The Princess Donna Francesca Massimo had a private audience of the Pope recently, to whom she presented ten thousand francs as an offering entrusted to her care by the Count de Chambord.

END OF THE CARLIST WAR.—DON CARLOS SUBORDINATED TO THE FRENCH AUTHORITIES.—The following official intelligence has been sent to the Spanish Minister at London:—"The war is at an end. Don Carlos has asked France for hospitality."

have entered France at St. Jean. They are crossing the frontier in hundreds at Aulderr. The French will immediately intern them.

The Diario Espanol states that Senor Canovas Del Castillo has informed several deputies that no concession has been made to the Carlists, and their submission is altogether unconditional.

RETRIBUTION.—A most painful story is told by the Brussels correspondent of a Swiss Catholic paper. The father of a certain family had become imbued with the principles of the Freethinkers, and entered into a solemn (written) pact with them, that under no circumstances should any priest be admitted to see him when in a moribund state.

GERMANY.—The Cologne Gazette says it is now expected that the cathedral of that city will be finished in about six years.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF POSEN.—WHAT HAS BEEN GAINED BY HIS IMPRISONMENT.—A year and nine months have passed away since the prison gates closed on the Archbishop of Posen.

THE LUMBER CUT IN MICHIGAN FOR 1876 will be about 2,100,000,000 feet. Taking this as a basis for calculation, and estimating the average yield per acre at 8,000 feet, 250,000 acres of pine timber are annually cut.

THE HOOSAC TUNNEL LINE is now thoroughly organized, and is already a formidable competitor for the western through-freight business.

THE MENDOTA ILL. DISPATCH says:—"Yesterday a little boy not eight years old, son of Mrs. Ahenm, of this city, fell into a well twenty-five feet deep, containing twelve feet of water, drawing a temporary windlass with him in his fall.

ONE OF THE FEATURES of the English department of the Centennial Exhibition will be a magnificent collection of china ware. A letter in the Philadelphia Press describing it says:—"A neat little set of dessert plates each ornamented with an exquisite vignette portrait of a child, first attracted our attention.

SALTPETRE AND SODIUM.—A French chemist asserts that salt alone answers all purposes for packing pork, provided all animal heat has left it before salting.

SOUND SLEEP.—Sound sleep is essential to good health. It is impossible to restore and recuperate the system, exhausted by labor and activity, without this perfect repose.

since an Italian prince in one of the chief cities of Italy made a speech, as if he were a professor in a chair, and said he never could understand what the Vicar of Christ could want with a temporal dominion, arguing that, as St. Peter had no Temporal Power, so the Popes needed none.

RUSSIA.—THE PERSECUTION OF POLISH PRIESTS.—Under the above caption, the Westminster Gazette gives the following account of the unhappy priests exiled in the interior of Russia.

THE ANSWER generally was, "Know that you are as rebels beyond the pale of the law; work among the peasants for your livelihood." We will now describe the treatment of the Abbe K., a native of Galicia, sent to Tunca in Eastern Siberia.

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the time given to rest have not been exaggerated. Active person, of nervous temperament, can hardly get too much sleep.

BAD EFFECTS OF BEER DRINKING.—The worst results from accidents in the London Hospitals are said to be draymen. Though they are apparently models of health and strength, yet, if one of them receives a serious injury, it is nearly always necessary to amputate, in order to give him the most distant chance of life.

DOGS AS HUMANISERS.—Of all animals, wild and domestic, known to mankind, there are none that hold such a lasting influence over our race as dogs.

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GRAND LOTTERY,

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

Under the Patronage of His Lordship the Bishop of Gratiopolis.

COMMITTEE OF DIRECTORS. President Honorary—His Worship, Dr. Hingston, Mayor of Montreal.

Vice Pres.—H. Judah, Q.C., Pres. Savings Bank; C. A. Leblanc, Q.C., Sheriff; J. W. McGauvran, M.P.P.; A. W. Ogilvie, M.P.P.; C. S. Rodier, Jr., Esq.; R. Bellemare, Esq.; N. Yalois, Esq.

Treasurer—Alf. Larocque, Esq., Dir. Sav. Bank. Secretary—Rev. M. Bonissant, P.S.S.

EACH TICKET, 50 CENTS.

LOTTERY PRIZES.

- 1. 1 Lot of ground, near the Village of Chateaugay, south-east side of the river, 45x120 ft., with a handsome stone residence, valued at..... \$1,200 00
2. 6 Lots of ground, at Cote St. Antoine (St. Olivier Street) each valued at \$550..... 3,300 00
3. 5 Lots at Point St. Charles (Congregation Street) each valued at \$450... 2,250 00
4. A double action Harp, handsomely gilt, valued at..... 400 00
5. A beautiful Gold Bracelet, set in diamonds, valued at..... 100 00
6. "Ecce Homo," a Fine Oil Painting, said to be the original work of Carlo Dolce..... 100 00
7. A strong, useful Horse, valued at... 100 00
8. 2 Lots of \$60 each (1 French Mantel Piece Clock, and 1 Gold Watch)... 120 00
9. 7 Lots from \$30 to \$50 each (1 Bronze Statue, 1 Winter Carriage, 1 Lace Shawl, and different articles of vertu)..... 380 00
10. 10 Lots from \$20 to \$30 each, different articles..... 250 00
11. 20 Lots from \$15 to \$20 each, different articles..... 350 00
12. 30 Lots from \$10 to \$15 each, different articles..... 375 00
13. 40 Lots from \$6 to \$10 each, different articles..... 320 00
14. 50 Lots from \$4 to \$6 each, different articles..... 250 00
15. 76 Lots of \$3 each, different articles 225 00
16. 150 Lots of \$2 each, different articles 300 00
17. 200 Lots of \$1 each, different articles 200 00
600 Amount of Prizes \$10,120 00

100,000 Tickets.

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

Tickets can be procured at:—The Bishop's Palace, from Rev. Canon Dufresne. The Seminary, Notre Dame Street, from Revs. M. Bonissant, and Tambareau. The General Hospital of the Grey Nuns, Gny Street. Savings Bank of the City and District, 176 St. James Street, and at its different Branches—St. Catherine, 392; 486 St. Joseph, and corner of Wellington and St. Stephen Streets. At Messrs. Devins & Bolton's, 195 Notre Dame Street.

FARM

FOR SALE—VALUABLE—Adjoining TOWN OF LINDSAY—200 acres—Can be made into two farms—130 acres cleared—in a high state of cultivation—good barn—stable—sheds—termines to suit purchasers.—This farm is within five minutes walk of market, Separate School, and Convent. Address Box 235, Lindsay, Ont. 23.

CENTRAL MARBLE WORKS,

61 ST. ALEXANDER STREET. MICHAEL J. O'BRIEN, SCULPTOR. MONUMENTS, MANTEL-PIECES, IN LARGE VARIETY, ALWAYS ON HAND August 6, 1875. 61-52

P. N. LECLAIR,

(Late of Alexandria) PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, AND OBSTETRICIAN, 252 GUY STREET.

CONSULTATION HOURS—8 to 10 A.M.; 12 to 2 P.M.—[THE MARTYRS OF THE COLISEUM: By Rev. A. J. O'Reilly, Miss. Ap.

Sixth Edition—Considerably Enlarged by the Author

THIS WORK has been blessed by his Holiness Pius IX., by letter of 4th March 1874. It is the first and only authentic work on this subject; it has been translated into several languages, has been read publicly in the religious houses at Rome, and is thus spoken of by both Protestant and Catholic Reviewers:—

"We do not believe we can recommend to our readers, a more useful, instructive, and entertaining book. The narrative abounds with incidents so picturesque, surprising and delightful, as to equal the richest fancy of the novelist."—Civitas Catholicus.

"We may say without exaggeration, that in interest and value it surpasses Fabiola."—London Tablet

"The first really authentic Christian account of the scenes in the Coliseum. The work is evidently the result of much careful study."—Catholic Opinion.

Father O'Reilly has given us a collection of narratives as fascinating as they are truthful, and far more thrilling in their intensely interesting incidents than the most sensational of the trash that is so widely, but still so surely, corrupting our modern life. The volume is creditable to his research, and is equally creditable to his scholarship; and we again express our delight that so beautiful and so novel a book should be the work of a young Irish Missionary.—Freeman's Journal.

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STILL ANOTHER CURE. Read the following testimonial from a person who has been cured of Epilepsy:— SETH S. HANCOCK, Baltimore, Md.—Dear Sir:—I have great pleasure in relating a case of Epilepsy, cured by your valuable Pills. My brother, J. J. Hancock, had been afflicted with this awful disease for several years, and he had tried every remedy known to him, but he was not cured. He had fits nearly all his life. His mind had suffered, and he was unable to attend to his business. He has now been cured, and he is now a stout, healthy man, about 30 years of age, and has not had a fit since he commenced taking your Pills, for two years. He was my personal friend, and he has been cured. I have great confidence in your Pills, and I will send every one who has fits to give it a trial. W. P. LINDSEY.

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