

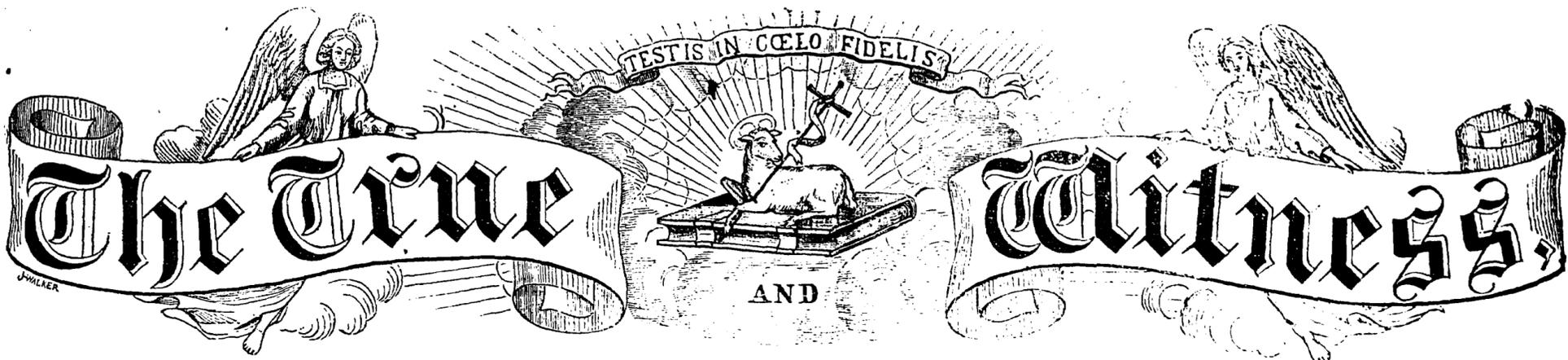
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THE IRISH LEGEND OF M'DONNELL, AND THE NORMAN DE BORGOS. A BIOGRAPHICAL TALES. BY ARCHBISHOP M'SPARRAN. CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

To heighten these midnight reflections as they stood among the ruins, through the apertures of which the watery beams of the moon were shining, he touched, in melancholy strain, the Fall of the Milesians, an old melody composed by the sweet voiced Malobruhan; and raising aloft their harps, they left to the silence and stillness of the night, this time-worn edifice, watering their path with tears. The moon by this time was encircled in a large ring; the stars were seen shooting along the sky and dipping to the horizon, and a short surlly blast would sometimes force through the trees, warning them that a change was about to take place. They were now approaching Daire Calgae,\* which stood on the acclivity of a little hill. As far as the eye could reach on either side, it was surrounded by a forest of tall oaks, the horizontal branches of which were extended over the waters of the Foyle, and three large ones at the northern quay served as a safe anchorage for vessels.

Coming to the monastery of Dominican friars, they, being admitted, rested soundly for the remaining part of the night, and even to the hour of matins, when they were awake by the morning bell, and, after prayers, sat down to a comfortable breakfast.

They were fatigued with the difficulties and various casualties of last night, and, therefore, did not commence their journey until the day was pretty far advanced.

The atmosphere now became darkened, and it snowed weightily during the remaining part of the day; however, they could not be prevailed on to stay that night, notwithstanding much solicitation on the part of the Dominicans. They insisted that there was no cabin

\* Daire Calgae, the ancient name of Londonderry, which signifies the oaks of Calgae, or the territory of oaks pertaining to Calgae. From Daire, an oak, the O'Dougherties of Inishkeen took their name. Daire, an oak, and oireagh, a property or territory, i.e., the chieftains of the oaks. It was not until after the colonizing of the forfeited lands that it received the appellation of London prefixed to it; and the place properly claiming the name Derry, is the immediate spot on which his Lordship, the Right Rev. William Knox's garden stands. Ireland, undoubtedly, in days of yore was the genuine country of the oak, as we have, in my own acquaintance, all these towns called by the oaks—Derry Ard, Derry linc, Derry big, Derry more, little Derry, Der na law, Derry arken, Derry oak. So abundant was the oak timber in our island in former times, that it was exported to the Continent for shipbuilding, and many other purposes; and we have good testimony that Westminster Abbey is at this day roofed with our Irish glen wood oak. How many of the finest buildings in our country have been pulled down for the sake of that precious timber. Its duration, when kept free from water, cannot properly be ascertained by any person that ever I talked to. I have known weavers lately, when it became scarce, give at the rate of five pence per pound for it in order to make what they call under balls for looms, on account of its solidity for driving home the wool. The glen woods or coppice where the best oak was produced lay in the south eastern parts of the county Derry; from Maghera to beyond Ballaghy and Magherafelt, and near Desert Martin, grow the so much celebrated royal oak claimed as a privilege by some of the Georges. From Calgae possibly came Colgon, a name pretty common in Derry.

whatever would deny shelter to a wandering bard; that they had accustomed themselves to travel in every season, and, above all, that the business on which they were, required the utmost despatch, and, therefore, they could not comply.

The country was mostly overgrown with wood, the roads were few, and such as they had, no better than turf or bridle roads. A bridle road was such as could only be passed by men on horseback, and not admitting any kind of car or carriage. A turf road was such as is still used in bringing fuel or turf down from the mountains, there being only a single rut, and that usually very unequal, so that their journey, as it had been the former day, could not be many miles.

They were accompanied by some of the brotherhood as far as the river side, where they could not see the farther bank for the weight of snow that was falling around them, and also the density of the clouds, which collected into one universal gloom, were hovering over their heads like a dark canopy, and had rendered their external garments as white as their flowing beards. From leaving the ferry boat, they turned down the eastern side of the river, and each, with his instrument slung over his shoulder, his hands in a large skin muff, and dressed in his antique costume, passed along the way discoursing of yesterday's events, among which they did not forget the happiness of O'Fallon's cabin, the sagacity of his dog, and chiefly his more than ordinary abilities in executing the Rinceadh fada, at the name of which they both laughed aloud, thinking with what power of body and limbs he manoeuvred before his fair partner. Where the country was clear of wood, it was pretty deep with snow at this time; and it was with much difficulty they could perceive the road, night being closing fast upon them again.

"I think," said Malbruthan, "we are now approaching Oireagh O'Caahan, or the country of O'Caahan. I lived among them for the space of two years, and know them to be a great and powerful sept. They and the O'Neills are of the same stock, and also the O'Donnells. Have you ever heard of Toal O'Caahan, the famous minstrel of Teampa?"

"I have seen some of his compositions, and heard many anecdotes respecting him. Was he not a factious witty fellow, and something fond of the bottle?" said the other.

"I have been so informed," said he, "but believe few since or before his time could equal his performance; and I can also assure you that he was of this very family. Many times have I heard his name mentioned by them with sighs, as they said with him their history and long line of genealogy had died. He was born to a princely fortune, but being of a wandering disposition, he left his lands and inheritance among his friends, and took up his residence at Tara. 'Twas he composed that air called 'Thro' the green valleys of Eria,' which, I believe, was a kind of name for his own wanderings. Indeed, there were few valleys of any beauty or notoriety in our island that he did not visit; the Dargle and Killarney were his favorite retreats, after which places he called many of his poetical and musical compositions. When I was in Ballinagar with O'Connor, I found a fragment of an old song composed by him in our genuine tongue, every stanza of which ended with Finrola the gem of the Roe. It was on the banks of this romantic stream that Toal O'Caahan took his birth, where I have often mingled the sound of my harp with the cadence of the waters."

Engaged in conversation of this kind, they passed imperceptibly on, until they began to think they had lost the main road, nor could they know on which hand it lay, as dusky night had almost assumed her full sovereignty over the whitened earth; brown woods and hills, smoothed with snow, so bewildered them, that they knew not which hand to turn to. At length they perceived a kind of winding track, which was one of those turf roads leading across the country, and following this for some miles, it brought them to the banks of the stream above mentioned, which was darkly forcing its way through pendant boughs, and grumbling as it received the falling tribute.

"You now behold," said Malbruthan, "the favorite river of Toal O'Caahan. It appears dark on account of the snow, but in fine weather it is bright as a mirror."

Just as he had finished this sentence, they heard some voices among the bushes at the ford below them, and saw a small light; in a few minutes it burst into a flame, and one of the young men, whose voices they heard, rushed into the water, holding the flaming torch in one hand, and a weapon called a gaff in the other. It is crooked iron firmly bound to a kind of staff about three or four feet in length; the iron is much like the hook on which butchers suspend small carcasses, only that it is set out at the point and barbed. The other was armed with what they call a leester, after the form of Neptune's trident, only it had

seven prongs close together, and also barbed. They scrutinized the stream with great eagerness up and down, lifting their long bare legs high out of the current, lest they should disturb the fish. At length the leester made a dash, but seeming to miss, the man with the torch sprung forward, and striking across him on the ford, lifted a large salmon; then leaving it on the bank, and casting the fiery end of the torch backward, they took the strand which consisted of round stones of various descriptions, and went like a pair of newly-shod hunters; over it, although treading with the naked sole; then into another, and so onward. The river was wooded on each side closely, save the kind of path which conducted the benighted strangers to its banks, and when the fishermen kindled their blaze, as it is usually called, the sight was beautiful beyond description. The light at first nearly struck them blind, but when a little recovered they saw themselves standing in a forest of holly, hazel, alder, oak, and mountain ash; the trunks of the oak were wound round with ivy, the leaves of which, with the holly berries sparkling in the light, made the place appear rather like a fairy scene; the higher trees were all feathered over with snow, which not a breath of wind agitated; and to crown all the parts of this grand panorama, a large blackbird whirred out of a holly bush at their feet, and shortly after, a partridge.

Now, could the piece have been well sketched, with the two reverend figures half seen among the trees, their beards of snow hanging to their girdle, I must think it would have been grand. Of this I am certain, that had the fishermen seen them, it might have spoiled their sport.

In early times the existence of supernatural beings, as ghosts and fairies, was almost universally believed throughout Ireland; the latter genus they considered not an unfriendly kind of spirit, and that chiefly where they were well attended to; but should they be offended by any kind of neglect, or by the cutting down by any of their favorite haunts, as scroegs, i.e., shrivelled low bushes, old bended hawthorns, called by the Irish skeaghs, and often standing alone in tilled or pasture fields, or even pouring out the water in which the family's feet were washed, this was an unpardonable offence, as the gentry say they might call and require the like. Should any of the above insults or neglects be committed the delinquent was certainly punished by the death of some of his cattle, or even his only cow, if he had no more; often the death of one of the family, a broken leg or arm, and sometimes the pulling down of his whole house. Of these things he was commonly warned by a little fellow clothed in a green jacket, who is usually the ambassador of the fairies.

\* For some time before November, the salmon, wishing to deposit their spawn, leave the salt water, and seeking the fresh water streams, ascend them to the very source. I have known them to be where the current would scarcely cover the back fins. 'Tis always the hardest and roughest bottom or fords they choose for this purpose. The male and female swimming parallel to each other, perform a kind of motion, by moving of their meeting, and in this manner they form what is called the rool. For the purpose of taking the salmon, they split up the air that is found in turf bogs, and this being dried, makes the finest of torches, and, when burning, the resin will run off it like oil. Then rolling up hard a little ball of tow, and leaving it in the fire till it becomes red, they carry it rolled in a larger quantity of tow, in order to light the torch, and this is called a spunk.

† This appellation the fairies themselves consider harsh and insulting. They would much rather be called the gentry, the quality, or the strangers; and few of the lower order, at this day, will venture to call them by the above disrespectful name, imagining that they are always at their elbow. Many a happy evening I have sat, and many I do sit listening to legends of this kind; but should I seem the least incredulous, I would not be favored by a single rehearsal. I say I am happy in hearing such recitals, because they convey to my mind the simplicity and innocence of our ancestors; and, indeed, the effect of it is evident on the present generation. In a winter evening, to enter a farmer's house, and see a group of young and old encircling a large turf fire, each employed in his or her respective business, the females commonly spinning, and the story going round of fairies, woods, scroegs, glens, gentle bushes, and haunted castles; I must confess, that to me this is more interesting than the orations of Demosthenes or Cicero. A place frequented by these genii is called a gentle place, and no enunciation could induce them either to build on or till that spot.—Whirlwind is always full of them, and as it passes, the best preservative is to cast a handful of earth into it, and call out, in the Scotch language, "Weel may you gang, and weel may ye bide, and of your heels to us. If this does not do, the pocket knife is to be opened, and held opposite danger. A wither or gad twisted of the mountain ash or rowan tree, is the best specific in preserving milk from what is called a bad eye, or the blink of an ill eye. The mould of nine pots boiled on a silver spence, is a complete cure for self-shooting. To go through a green hank of yarn that is unbleached, is almost immediate destruction; and the only means of availing the evil, is to return the way you came. If a cock crow in the night time, it is very important what round his head is, as also if one of his legs be hot and the other cold. To throw out the sweepings on New-year's day, there will be no luck in that house to that day twelvemonth. To be crossed by

Having crossed the river, and keeping the village on their left hand, they directed their course toward the slack that divides the extremity of Magilligan mountain from that romantic green hill, called the Kadey at the present day, but in earlier times Knoeknabaan.—It was clothed with a thick forest nearly to the top, as was also the opposite hill. There were some little openings along the stream which separated these two mountains, and lighted by their nightly friend, pale Luna, they entered the wood, not without some fear regarding wolves, an animal with which the wilds of Ireland formerly abounded, and the last of which, I have been informed, was killed in the Wicklow mountains not thirty years back. The place which the minstrels were approaching was, perhaps, as pleasantly situated, and as beautifully wild, as any they had met with. In the summer season Knoeknabaan is covered with the purple flower of the wild thyme, the fragrance of which is perceptible at a considerable distance; and the butter that is made on this soil, has a peculiar sweetness. I have also collected wild strawberries on it; and if you set your foot on a bush of chamomile, which also grows spontaneously here, it will salute you with the sweetest fragrance.

Toward the north is a lime quarry, supposed to be the whitest in Ireland; and farther to the east is a quarry of soft lime, that might almost be used for cement. Below are two large springs, whose currents united would almost turn a mill. In a frosty morning, after the sun is arisen, these fountains send up an evaporation like the steam of a furnace. But the finishing piece is the remains of a semi-circular building on the top, which some suppose to have been a druidical temple. Magilligan mountain is oftener called Benn Evenny, from Evenny O'Caahan, that was formerly carried off by the fairies, concerning whom many stories are told. Benn Evenny, I say, is productive of nearly all the natural beauties to be seen on the other; and, besides these, has a most abrupt termination next the sea, some hundred yards of a perpendicular height, commanding a grand view of the Foyle from its confluence with the Atlantic, nearly to the liberties of Londonderry. Below you are the lowlands of Magilligan, abounding in rabbit warrens, washed on the west by the Foyle, and on the south by the Roe.

As they passed along the valley that divides these two hills, not without some dread of the wolves\* that were said to frequent them, they thought that the snow appeared trampled in

a hare, or met a bar-footed female first in the morning, is a sure omen of bad luck for that day.

\* When these animals were plenty in Ireland they were, as they are in all other countries, mortal enemies to the sheep; for, not eating their satisfaction of one, or finishing up a carcass, they slaughtered and destroyed, so long as they were able, sucking the blood of each as they killed it, until they either thinned the fold, or were driven off by the force of men and dogs. In the mountainous parts of the county Tyrone, the inhabitants were very much distressed by them, and, from public contributions, gave so much for the head of every prowling freebooter, as they would now-a-days for a robber on the king's highway. There was an adventurer who, alone and unassisted by any person, made it his occupation to destroy those ravagers. The time for attacking them was in the night, and usually about midnight, as they would not leave their recesses in the woods until the country was at rest and quiet; then, issuing forth on their weak and defenceless prey, they generally commenced the carnage. There was a species of dog for the purpose of hunting them, called the wolf dog; the figure of this animal was somewhat like a stout half-bred greyhound, but much stronger, with large ears and erect head and neck. In the county above-named, there was a large plot of ground enclosed with a high stone wall, having a gap at each of the two opposite extremities, and in this were enclosed the sheep of the surrounding inhabitants for better security; but still the fold was entered, and the havoc continued. The proprietors having heard of this noted wolf hunter, Rory Carragh, I believe a native of a small village called Dungeniv, sent for him, and offered the usual reward, with some addition, if he would undertake to destroy the two remaining wolves that had committed so much devastation. Carragh, taking two of those courageous animals with him, and a little boy only twelve years of age, the only person he could get to accompany him, repaired to the fold as it approached the hour of midnight. "Now," said he to the boy, "as the two wolves will enter the opposite extremities at the same moment, I must leave you and the dog to guard the one, while I go to the other. He steals with all the caution of a cat, nor will you hear him, but the dog will, and positively will give him the first fall; if, therefore, you are not active when he is down, to rivet his neck to the ground with this spear, he will rise and kill both you and the dog, so good night." "I'll do what I can," said the boy, and immediately throwing the gate open, took his seat in the inner part close to the entrance, his faithful companion crouching at his side, and being perfectly aware of the dangerous business he was about to encounter. The night was dark and somewhat sharp, so that he, being benumbed with the cold, was beginning to fall into a kind of sleep, but alas! he was slumbering on a dangerous precipice; for, at that instant the dog, with a roar, leaped across him, and laid his mortal enemy flat on the earth.—The boy was roused into double activity by the voice of his companion, and drove the spear through the wolf's neck as directed, at which time Carragh appeared bearing the head of the other.

some place, as it seemed, and following the track through the trees, took it for a guide; it made many turns and windings, sometimes keeping the bank of the stream, and at others leaving it. They might have begun to think it was a delusion; but in traversing another sweep of the river they saw a large bulk moving before them, which, to their imaginations, was as large as two men, nor could they perceive any shape or form resembling a human being; but from the track, they knew it must be of wild beasts, they stretched their step a little, as the saying is. When they came near enough to see what the being was, for the snow was over, the sky serene, and the moon sailing in lucid splendour above the whitened woods—on one hand appeared the old cemetery of Drumachose, its fretted walls silvered grey with the pale light, and hanging over its sleeping charge like some hoary sentinel, whose furrowed brow, bearing the marks of fifteen long campaigns, had caught the gleam of a neighboring lamp as he leaned on his musket; while, from the summit of Knoeknabaan, the old Druid temple cast its giant shade across the wood, the stream, and the vale, frowning upon all—I say, just when they had got so far as I have mentioned, they perceived it was a man carrying a bundle of faggots which he had been cutting for the fire. In his right hand he bore an axe, and with the other secured his load, as he trudged in silence before them. The minstrels seeing him loaded with fuel, and also carrying his axe, knew he must be returning homeward to his hut, whatever sort it was, or wherever it might be, and also doubted not of his hospitality to them for one night, knowing they could make themselves comfortable with a good fire and the store of his cabin, he it ever so mean. Of the fire they had no reason to doubt from what they saw, and as to the other necessities of life, it was evident that flesh, fish, and fowl, in variety, were here in abundance.

The man, whom we are to suppose meditating on nought but witches, fairies, and Will-o'-the-wisp, on being asked how far he had travelled, flung his burden on the ground until it almost rolled into the water, crossed himself with the quickness of lightning, and muttering a short ejaculation, cast a handful of snow in their faces. This only drew laughter from the strangers; but he well knowing that laughter was a practice peculiar to the fairies, grew worse. At that moment, recollecting that iron was a repeller of demons, he held up the edge of the axe towards them, and retreating, kept his eyes firmly fixed upon them, and exclaiming, "A fair wind and a round sea to you, and always your heels to us." As Malbruthan advanced to undeceive him, he gave a spring backward, and coming in contact with the bundle of faggots, went heels over head into the water. Imagining that all this was the effect of enchantment, and seeing the two phantoms rush after him in order, as he imagined, to seize him, he thought he was on the point either of being annihilated or whipped into the air; and rolling on his one side out at the farther bank, for he had not time to rise, he burst through the thicket, and was heard crashing, cracking, and breaking, for a considerable distance up the stream. He was followed by peals of laughter from the travellers, which only added wings to his feet; and, to complete his catastrophe, they both struck up their harps and performed one of their merriest springs before they departed.

The gentry are amazingly fond of music, as harps, fiddles, pipes, and the like, and have often been seen holding their rural dances under the greenwood tree, and the place brilliantly illuminated by a number of tapers.

The cottage in which the wood-cutter resided was much frequented in the winter evenings by the neighboring youth of both sexes, as it was seated in a pleasant place, with abundance of fuel; and the host himself, although a little credulous and something timorous on occasions, not averse to rustic merriment, and even fond of fairy legends, but scarcely ever could he trust himself to walk alone by night. The family with their evening visitants, were engaged in the above recitals just as he entered wanting his burden, his hair all on end, and prodigy bursting out of his two eyes. The lesson was perfectly read by them all before he spoke; but when he painted the two ghostly figures that appeared to him in the wood; how, when he attempted to place iron between himself and them, the foremost, with a blast out of his mouth, whiffed him over the bank of the river as if he had been a feather, and immediately both apparitions took wing and flew right forward to light on the top of me, said he; but by good luck I rolled across the stream, and here they were at the end of their tether, not

\* This is a deceitful kind of spirit that is always seen with a blinking dim torch, his business being to lead people astray who are travelling by night, also, to decoy them into pits and quagmires. He is much dreaded.

having power to follow a human being over a running stream."

"Arrah," said an old woman sitting in the corner, "did ye throw three handfuls of dust in their faces, spit over your left shoulder, and draw a circle round you three times?"

"Musha, you're talking nonsense now, so you are," said he; "for if my hand had not gone like the crack of a whip, I could not have crossed myself in time, for they flew at me like bull-dogs."

Here was a general cessation from business, and one gazed on another with horror.

"And tnen," said Knogher, (Knogher O'Brady was the good man's name,) "and then," said he, "when I did get out of their clutches, such gaffaing and laughing, with pipes, fiddles, and all kinds of music!"

"You're right enough," said an old man out of the corner on the other side of the fire, "it's sartainly the gentry; they have been in Soot-land these three years, and I find they're returned. But they're decent, quiet, harmless jantlemen and ladies, all of them," said he, winking to those about the fire, as much as to say they were listening to him. "But," said he, in a low breath, and reaching forward his head, "where did you cut the brosey?"

"At the root of the ould Skeagh."

"Aw, Marra fastie," cried he, "bad luck to the gentler place in all the glen."

The old woman sat rocking off one side on another, with inward groans, and at the same time watching the door closely.

The two benighted travellers had no other way of finding out the dwelling of Knogher, than by squeezing through all the thickets, jungles and brakes through which he passed, and arrived at the door during this colloquy. The windows were beaming with the red flame of timber, so that the reflection shot far in among the trees, whose broad canopies were closely interwoven together, and all loaded with snow. Tied to two large hollies, lay a couple of sleek milk cows, chewing their cud, and near to them stood a small rick of hay, with a brown dog lying at the end of it. All the domestics were enjoying the light of the cottage windows, and no doubt were well pleased with it as well as the homely voice of the family. They again touched the wires, but rather to a solemn strain, when that instant they heard the knocking of stools, chairs, pots, and pans out of the way, and every one endeavoring to get as near the wall as possible.

As they entered, all the voices like one saluted them—"You're welcome, quality; you're welcome, gentry; come up, strangers, and take a glaze of the fire this cold night."

The family were engaged by this time knitting, spinning, and making baskets, and not seeming in the least concerned. However, they could discover a piece of iron near to each individual; and an old woman that sat close to the fire, on what in the Scottish tongue is called the hab, scoured three handfuls of salt over all her heads, muttering at the same time some incomprehensible crowan, then down on her seat, slipping the end of the tongues into the fire, and began to spin on a rock and spindle, keeping the tail of her eye glancing betimes over at the strangers, and asking, in a loud unconcerned manner, if they had travelled far to-night, and then eyeing the rest of the family slyly. Having the rock stuck in her belt, and pulling out the flax a considerable length, she would make the spindle twirl round between her hands; and thus she went on, but still watching the other side of the fire with a hawk's eye, and keeping up the conversation with them as if she was not the least afraid.—At length, seeing that all her incantations were to no purpose, and that the gentry had no appearance of leaving her, she slipped carefully from her seat, as if not wishing they should perceive her, and taking three nails out of a horse-shoe, threeelf-shot stones, a handful of salt, and a branch of rowan tree, she put them into a little pot, and boiled all on the fire effectually, nodding at the same time to the family with importance, as much as to say, keep your minds to yourselves; for she had not the least doubt but this would send them either out of the chimney, or through the key-hole, in a flash of fire.

(To be Continued.)

The rock and spindle was the former manner of spinning in Ireland, and in many other countries. It is generally practised in Portugal at this present day, and even in walking the streets, as females would practise knitting.

THE "SOUPERS" OF THE WEST DENOUNCED BY FATHER MACMANUS.

Clifden, Co. Galway, Sept. 13, 1873.

To the Catholic and liberal public I respectfully address the following observations. They cannot be with truth gainsaid:—

It is now over a quarter of a century since a persistent Biblical barter between conscience on the one side and mammon and misrepresentation on the other part was introduced into Connemara by the agents of numerous anti-Catholic societies whose wealth was enormous. The supporters of that system, judging others by their own material notions of religion, felt sure that a starving population would readily exchange poverty and the faith of their fathers for the gold and creature comforts, offered by the new reformers. Apostasy and not dire want was the rigorously enacted condition for the receipt of relief from those readers of the Blessed Word, who, like the Old Tempter, employed unappreciated hunger as the medium of obtaining lasting beatitude for their disciples. Although the temptation was unremitting, and the sad and dark pioneers of the cruel missionaries—pestilence and periodical famine—were constantly recurring, still the good people, remembering that they were the descendants of those who were butchered and burned by Cromwell and other unroyal and royal Evangelists, refused to change their faith from the God of their fathers.—So persevering however was the war, that even some distant Catholics avowed their misgivings as to the result. Some of our British rulers, too, had adopted "Good News from Ireland" as the shibboleth of orthodox sanctimonious salutation. A most influential Press, hostile alike to Ireland Catholicity, had stereotyped on its pages "Ireland's difficulty was England's opportunity." Thus the notorious result of alien legislation furnished an opportunity for the inveterate rank hatred, and "opened a door" to England's wrath-blotched bigotry. How the poor people

and their priests could have not only withstood but signally defeated such a formidable hostile array, is but another proof of the indestructibility of the faith—and of Ireland too. May God save her!

Even amongst Catholics the false statistics of the soupers, endorsed, as they were, by Protestant dignitaries of high and low degree, and by peers of the realm also, found some small credence. But a few days ago the respectable Jesuit Father, who came to conduct the annual retreat for the Sisters of Mercy at Clifden, assured us that he had approached Connemara like a man who should prudently comport himself in the most gentle way lest his life should be in danger, for he had heard that many of the Connemara folk were deadly enemies to Catholicity in general, and to the Jesuits in a special manner. How the holy man's countenance lighted up with joy when he received most cordial tokens of respect wherever he turned, and when he discovered beyond all doubt that there were in the whole rising town of Clifden only three Protestant houses, and the same number of Presbyterian dwellings!—The very reverend gentleman remained nearly a fortnight, and preached nobly each of the two Sundays. He was astonished by the vastness of the multitudes he had addressed. Certainly he did not economise the warm, truthful language of cordial congratulation on the unflinching fidelity of the people of the West. I am bound to record one of his most emphatic sayings, viz., "Whilst the enemies are calumniating ye, and circulating every day that passes fabulous reports, why are ye silent? The Liberator Press will aid ye." In truth, only for the patriotic Press we would have been long since engulfed in the abyss of soup-misrepresentations.—The mists of the wicked fraud are vanishing, and large measures of orthodox soup have failed to prove that those who tugged at oily ladders were truly babes of Grace, for many of them have given strong proofs of being still nothing more than brittle clay. About a week ago a most respectable clergyman of St. Andrew's, Westland-row, besought me to recover the child of a Mrs. Ruby from the Bird's Nest at Clifden. Poor Mrs. Ruby had four children. The soupers in an evil hour got them all into their nets. But the significant terms of an attorney's letter brought three of them to their Dublin home. But poor Katie, being over fourteen, was not given up until the widow came to Clifden. The mother was mentioned to the flock at Clifden after Mass, and the mother and uncaught daughter, having their fare paid by the good flock, went their way rejoicing to Dublin.

To the Holy Jesuit I am bound to record my thanks on behalf of the people for his approval of our new church, now not only in steady progress but far advanced. The time, we humbly hope, is not far distant when we shall have church room for four or five thousand, and a pious, learned member of some of the grand and great religious orders selecting them with heavenly eloquence as they have often done already in the old parish church, too small by one-half for the pious multitude.

In the foregoing I have scrupulously avoided saying what might give offence to liberal Protestants, who hate swindle just as much as we do. Many of our Protestant brethren in Connemara have liberally subscribed towards the funds for the new church.—Moreover, disunion amongst patriotic Catholics and their brethren of the Protestant faith has been the ruin of old Ireland.

All dismiss the soup system for the present with one observation. The feelings between England and Ireland are, goodness knows, hard enough already without being embittered by the base, heartless, conduct of the missionaries accredited by England to Ireland. 'Tis a notorious fact that those hypocrites have suffered the starving orphan and weeping widow to endure the pangs of slow death—and that from hunger, because they would not consent to frequent their churches and soup dens.—'Twas equally notorious that the funds entrusted to their wicked administration came from England.—The inference was easily arrived at by the Irish people that instructions of the donors prescribed the base conduct of the distributors. The English justly pride themselves on their love for honesty and fair play. Hence, without condescending to notice rabid bigots, we would expostulate with the honest English not to continue to scatter through their myriads the seeds of unending hostility between the two nations called Mac-Kingdoms.

PATRICK MACMANUS, P.P. of Clifden, and Dean of Tuam.

CHRISTIANITY AND MODERN POLITICS.

Catholics may well feel an interest in the existing politics of Europe. It is not too much to say that on the result of what appears to be the inevitable events in the history of France, Spain, Italy and Germany for the next twelve months, depends—humanly—the sweeping away of error and disbelief, the conversion of England, the spread of Christianity over the whole world, and, it may be, the certain beginning of that peace and good will among all men for which end Christianity was originally instituted by our Divine Saviour, and which the devil and his agents have for the last eighteen centuries, been allowed to do their best to avert. Never since the Apostles commenced their grand work of converting the Universe, and of imparting to the nations of the globe a knowledge of the Creator and their Saviour, has there been such a mighty interest involved. Never has it been of greater importance that Catholics should keep their eyes carefully fixed upon passing events, and less so opportunity of understanding them, and lending their individual and collective aids in the accomplishment of the difficult achievement of combating successfully the myriads of emissaries of evil, who, in various plausible guises, are busily doing the fiendish work of their implacable and merciless master.

To properly educate Catholics, it ought to be an easy matter to distinguish the good cause from the bad in the impending struggle. It is not for their benefit that we are now about to point out the rocks ahead which all genuine Christians should avoid and the objects which they should not fail to assist by every means that may lie in their power. The few simple facts which we are now about to lay before our readers are intended for the benefit of those whose opportunities for education and constant reading may have been too few and far between to allow them to keep themselves properly posted up in a knowledge of the political and religious events of the past twenty years, and their present position and prospects. Let them take a map of Europe in their hands and follow us in our observations.

In the North they will find a nation "drunk with success," as our beloved Archbishop very justly and aptly described the other night hypocritical Germany, and busy at the sacrilegious and devilish work of insulting the Bishops and the priests of God, and in throwing every possible obstacle in the way of the progress of Christianity. In Italy they will find the excommunicated Robber-King, Victor Emmanuel aiding and abetting Germany in insulting and battling with the Almighty. In the city of Rome—the "Eternal City"—as it will with the help and assistance of God ever prove itself to be—abides the imprisoned head of God's Church, daily insulted, degraded, scoffed at and sneered at by the agents of the Robber-King and by his soldiery, as our Redeemer was more than once. In Austria they will find Catholicity general and zealous, as far as the people are concerned, but by a vacillating and cowardly semi-German monarch and Government, ruled in an opposite direction, yet all anxious and willing when the time shall come, to stand up for that holy cause which should be above every worldly and personal interest. In France and Spain—the old seats—and still the brightly shining seats of Catholicity—they will find truth and their Church, and the power and the glory which should belong to them,

represented and personified in the cause of monarchy and that true son of the Church, whom we hope soon to hail as Henri Cinq, and that undoubtedly Catholic Don Carlos. Run your finger across the British Channel, and you will see your own country,—long benighted England, obliged for three centuries to tolerate one of the greatest and most expensive religious shams that any unfortunate country in modern times has ever been afflicted with, on the verge of awakening from her horrid hallucination, gradually opening her eyes to the great national swindle Englishmen of many generations ago perpetrated and too securely established in this once happy land of ours, looking with intense interest upon what is passing or about to pass on the Continent of Europe, and hesitating what she should do.

This is a real living picture, dear reader. The dullest comprehension can realize it; the most indifferent, the most stupid, can realize it. The consequences of what is at stake are equally dear, are equally glaring, are equally momentous. Need Catholicity—need anybody who presumes to be a Christian, be told which side he ought to take in such a struggle?—We hope not.

It only remains to be said that there seems to be but little doubt that France and Spain will ere long be ruled by the present Comte de Chambord and Don Carlos; that immediately after the Robber-King will require the Governments of these two Catholic Kingdoms to recognise that of United Italy, and tolerate the persecution, the robbery, and the imprisonment of the Head of the Church; and that neither of these Christian monarchs will ever consent to such a sacrilegious injustice; that Italy will make it an excuse for a war with France; that Germany and Italy will combine their resources, and do their best to exterminate Christianity in Europe; and then will come about a general struggle between Right and Might, between Truth and Error, between a Divinely created Christianity and modern Materialism, between God and the Devil.—Then will come that time when Catholics all over the world must be up and stirring. Then will come their time of trial. Should they be found wanting—oh, woe to Europe!—oh, woe to the whole civilized world!—*London Courier*

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE CLERGY AND HOME RULE.—Dean O'Brien, in reply to the assertion made by the *Times*, that the Catholic clergy of Ireland have been, up to the last few weeks, unfavourable to Home Rule, has written to the papers requesting them "under the circumstances, to publish the following short notes:—

"To the Very Reverend and Reverend Clergymen who signed the Limerick Declaration:

"Gentlemen.—Fourteen hundred of our body some three or four years ago signed a 'declaration' in favour of Domestic Legislation. We proved in that 'declaration' that 'no settlement of the land question, or the church question, or of all of them together, would be sufficient to give England security and Ireland peace if this country were refused rational self-government.' There were fourteen hundred witnesses to the feelings of the Irish people, and fourteen hundred clergymen proclaiming their own convictions. Have we changed our convictions, feelings, or hopes? The *Times* newspaper—the most powerful agent of division, dissension and hate between England and Ireland—says we, the Catholic clergy, have changed. I think the time has come for us to prove to the world that we have no—only in as far as our feelings and determinations are stronger. Many imagined that our quietness signified indifference, but many of those who know us are well aware that we were 'biding our time' in fact, awaiting the coming great conference in Dublin. Privately and publicly I have been endeavouring to bring this about. Our time has come at last, and I am pretty certain the *Times* shall have evidence enough of its delusion, though I am quite as certain it will hold on its old way—I am, gentlemen, yours most faithfully,

R. B. O'BRIEN, D. D., Dean of Limerick, "Chairman of the Limerick Declaration."

WELCOME WORDS.—Under this heading the *Nation* says of Archbishop MacHale's pronouncement:—"The Great Archbishop of the West, 'Lion of the Fold,' pronounces on the Home Rule question, today, and the English commentators, whose wretched overfulness still overflows on the Cloyne declaration, will hardly find their temper improved by the letter in which the illustrious Prelate gives the sanction of his high approval to the movement. There was, indeed, little room for doubt as to the light in which Dr. MacHale regarded the system under which the life-blood of Ireland was ebbing away, or as to the spirit in which he would witness any legitimate attempt to terminate the disastrous arrangement in which the interests, the happiness, and the dignity of the nation were sacrificed. The Archbishop of Tuam is no recent convert to the political faith of the people. From the dawn of that political career which stretches across the years of a long and a glorious life, his pen has been employed, his voice uplifted, and the influence of his great intellect, of his exalted position of his solid eloquence, and of his stainless character, exerted on behalf of the best interests of his country and his race. He, at least, has never faltered; through changes and trials, in the darkest hour of national affliction as in the summer of the nation's hopes, undaunted and unswerving, he has held firmly by the principles to which the heart of the patriot clings. Yet there are a peculiar importance and a peculiar fitness in the appearance at the present crisis of the noble declaration which we publish from his Grace to-day. The heart must be dead to emotion which can contemplate unmoved the thrilling spectacle which it suggests. The Irish masses silently kneeling beneath the banner of Independence, while the hands of the venerated prelate, whose hairs have grown white in the service of God and of his country, are raised to heaven to hallow the patriot's work and bless the national undertaking! Clear, explicit, and emphatic are the terms in which the Archbishop responds to Mr. O'Neill Daunt's appeal to his opinion. No one can pretend that the voice from St. Jarlath's is pitched in a doubtful key, or gives forth an uncertain sound. There are prophecies which work their own fulfilment; there are prayers which answer while they ask; and we desire no better guarantee of the success of the Irish cause than the support which it receives, and the good wishes it evokes from the venerated Archbishop of Tuam. Of course we shall find this important pronouncement—after the manner of the Cloyne declaration—made a target for the calumnies and misrepresentations of the English press. When 'the priests' are in question no line of observation is too unfair, no falsehood too scandalous for the taste of the journalists of England; and the article in which the *Times* discusses the action of Dr. Keane and the clergy of Cloyne, shows how bitterly the old rancorous spirit of sectarian bigotry still leaves political literature in England. But if the insults of the English press could weaken the influence of Bishop or priest in Ireland, or turn them from the path of honor and duty, their effects would be long ago read in the abandonment of national principle and in the surrender of our national rights; and there are few things better calculated to cement the union which has been the salvation of Irish society than the shameful attacks so recklessly levelled against the authors of the Cloyne declaration. The patriotic letter by which the Archbishop of Tuam has cheered the hearts and strengthened the hands of the advocates of Home Rule may not escape the same censorious criticism, but its weight will be

felt and its importance manifested before long, beyond the power of misrepresentation to conceal, in the infusion of fresh energy, fresh courage, and fresh strength into the ranks of the nationalists of Ireland.

CALLAN CASE.—For the present popular hopes are dashed as regards an immediate settlement of the Callan case. The main facts mentioned by me last week are, however, borne out by subsequent events. Mr. O'Keefe said two Masses last Sunday and addressed a small congregation of humble persons, commenting on the statement made in the papers, and giving his own version of the interview with the Bishop of Ossory at Kilkenny, and the subsequent proceedings. He also addressed a letter to some of the Dublin papers, which was published on Monday morning. According to Mr. O'Keefe's own version, it is strictly true that, on Friday the 19th ult., he voluntarily went to Kilkenny, waited on his Bishop, and sought and obtained an interview, when, as he admits, he was kindly received by his lordship. He states that he asked Dr. Moran upon what terms his submission to ecclesiastical authority would be accepted, and that his lordship informed him he would not give a specific answer to the question until the 24th, the following Wednesday. The promise not to say Mass on the intervening Sunday was then tendered. When the 24th came the Bishop informed him that he should ask absolution from the censures inflicted on him, and withdraw from the parish; when, should he continue to lead a satisfactory life, a pension of one-fourth of the income of the parish would be conferred on him. These terms, proposed by the Bishop, Mr. O'Keefe says he rejected with scorn. To the audience on Sunday, and in the press, explaining his voluntary submission, Mr. O'Keefe candidly states that he was driven to do so by the unexpected failure of that support which he had hoped from the country, in consequence of which he was unable to maintain legal opposition to parties with a large command of means; and while making this admission as to the motive for his capitulation, he is equally explicit that his grounds for refusing the Bishop's proposition were pecuniary also—namely, the status and the pension assigned to him. With these few remarks I may for the present leave Mr. O'Keefe to the judgment of your readers. Matters however have not yet fallen through towards a becoming submission. All prudent Catholics will nevertheless suspend their opinion, and await events. I may add that I am in a position to give emphatic contradiction to the allegations made in Mr. O'Keefe's letter to the *Daily Express*, that it was the Bishop who sent to the press an account of the interview on the 10th inst.—*Tablet's Dublin Cor.*

TRALES.—The people of this ancient borough are sadly disappointed at the announcement that there will be no election after all. The O'Donoghue will not vacate his seat, at least so say his friends, and the Home Rulers must bide their time. The large force of police with which the town has been flooded have been marched back to their different stations, and the place has once more resumed its accustomed quiet. The partisans of the O'Donoghue are very irate at his conduct, and they join the townspeople in complaining of the needless annoyance, trouble, and disorganization to which Trales has been exposed by the shilly-shallying of the Chieftain of the Glens.

PROPOSED CONFERENCE.—It is now supposed that the national conference suggested by the Bishop and clergy of Cloyne, with a view to found a broad popular association for the promotion of local legislation, will not be convened this month. The encouragement that was hoped for the project has so far not been realized. His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, on being applied to by Mr. Daunt for a declaration of opinion regarding the political situation, has not given that need of support expected. He declares his unaltered conviction that the Irish people have the clearest right to local legislation, and he prays they may win it by peaceful constitutional agitation. But his Grace says nothing of the means through which it may be won or the form of organization best suited to promote it, whilst he is silent as to the proposed conference. The Archbishop is emphatic, however, in his demand for Catholic education. It is further believed that the Bishop and clergy of Cloyne would have preferred their declaration to remain for some time unacted, in the sense of founding action on it by the Home Government Association in Dublin. Had such been done, other Dioceses would probably in similar form have followed the example, but the precipitate interference of the Dublin Association scared many, who apprehended that the conference would be wrested into the Association under a new name, and hence the Bishops and clergy have, as a body, held back. The requisition, calling the conference, is, however, in course of signature.—*Corr. of Tablet.*

DEDICATION OF ST. COLMAN'S CHURCH.—The new Catholic Church of St. Colman's in Droimore was dedicated on Saturday last. There was a crowded congregation. The ceremony of dedication was performed by Dr. Leahy, Bishop of the Diocese. The Rev. Dr. McGettigan, Bishop of Armagh, presided. Pontifical High Mass was said by the Bishop of Cloyne (Dr. Donnelly), and the sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Burke, O.P. The collection amounted to £985, which sum does not include the cash given for admission tickets.

THE CATHOLIC CLERGY AND HOME RULE.—The voice from the West—the lion-note from Tuam's venerable and venerated Archbishop—has aroused the jackals of the press. For a moment it appeared as if they had been too stupefied for reply—"silent arretrique auribus adstant"—but having recovered from their first consternation they proceeded to make response, but in such weak and half-hearted style, as to make it appear that they are conscious of the weakness of their defence. "The United Kingdom," says the semi-official *Telegraph*, "has survived O'Connell and Repeal; it will probably survive Home Rule, Dr. McHale and Mr. Butt. This is a consoling reflection, and we hasten to add our acquiescence in it. We trust the United Kingdom will survive the realization of a Home Rule Kingdom—united by friendship, not held together by force. The feeble opposition of the Government organ is a good atargy for the success of the movement to restore to Ireland her Legislative Independence, and indeed this weakness is perceptible through all the utterances of the English Liberal prints. It is only in the bigoted organs of Toryism that we find the expression of the dogged spirit of resistance to the just claims of Ireland which may be expected from that perverse, obstinate party. In the phrases, 'dissemination of the Empire,' 'disloyalty to the Throne and Constitution,' 'sedition,' 'et paribus dictis,' we discover the bugbear with which it is intended to fright the English mind from the work of restitution. The *Times*, on the other hand, endeavours to combat the movement by the old weapons of covert sneer and suggested doubt, essays to point out to his Grace of Tuam, and to those 'converts' to Home Rule who can remember the time when they were not converts that is a farce in which they are at present engaged in performing on a great public stage. Then, with a spice of its ancient cunning, it endeavours to sow the seeds of distrust between the people and the clergy by a wholesale accusation of gross hypocrisy against the latter. 'Some of the most conspicuous persons on the stage,' it proceeds, 'have no personal faith in Home Rule.' "The Roman Catholic clergy," it adds "do not trust or believe the Home Rulers;" "the Home Rulers are laughing in their sleeves at the clergy;" "each side is convinced that the other side is guilty of a convenient dishonesty." The shallowness of this device is too patent to require illustration. The life-long devotion of the great Archbishop of the West to the cause of National Independence, whether propounded as

Repeal or Home Rule, is as well known as the fact that the great majority of the Irish clergy have ever been attached to the cause of Fatherland. But the hollowness of the arguments of the great journal is too familiar to our readers, and it would not surprise anyone to read in its columns, in a week or two hence, that the demands of the Home Rulers were moderate and practicable, and that the Government were not prepared to oppose any serious resistance to their passage through Parliament.—*Freeman.*

THE APPROACHING GENERAL ELECTION.—KIRK'S COUNTY.—The members of Parliament for the King's County have already taken the field in anticipation of the early approach of the event. Sir Patrick O'Brien and Sergeant Sherlock have been to the principal towns in the county, and the latter learned gentleman, has canvassed the houses of the business people, with what success it is impossible to ascertain; but it is certain that whoever is returned to represent the King's County will not have a walk over, several candidates being already spoken of, some of whom will be backed by those having powerful landed influence.—*Evening Mail.*

Lock thought it strange that an Englishman, much less a gentleman, should plead against freedom. It was, he said, hardly "to be conceived." We are equally at a loss to conceive how it is that Irishmen and gentlemen of the present day can plead for slavery. Every point of objection against Irish Independence has been met by arguments, facts and figures, so full, complete, and convincing that one cannot help wondering how the most crotchety ingenuity can invent pretexts for adhering to the English interest. The claim for Irish Independence has been viewed, argued, and completely proved from every point of view—the moral, the religious, the financial; its justice, and even its expediency, have been made clear as the light of day. But of what avail are arguments and proofs? Who man choose not to be convinced they will cling to their own notions and prejudices—we cannot call them opinions, much less principles; for we should suppose opinion and principle should be founded in reason, and be capable of support or defence. In a few days will be put to a test the sincerity or falsehood of Irish politicians generally and of Irish patriots in particular. A crisis is fast coming, and the action of the country in this crisis may decide our destiny for ages. If Irishmen can now only be true to themselves, they can reverse the destiny which the most diabolic ingenuity, treachery, cupidity and fraud have made for them.—*Wexford people.*

Since our last issue the publication of the Irish agricultural returns for 1873, dated the 24th ult., have added further confirmation to the conclusions established in our article of last week. In husbandry and in tillage, in breadth of land under cultivation, Ireland continues retrograde; the decrease of the area under crops this year, as compared with 1872, being 217,154 statute acres, or about four per cent. of surface in a single year. The decrease under cereals alone is 169,990 acres—an enormous amount, the value of the crop considered—and that under green crops proper, 101,814 acres; while the breadth under flax increased 7,440, and under meadow and clover, 37,210 acres. In Great Britain no such change in extent of surface under cereals took place this year. If we now turn to live stock, although there has been an increase of cattle and sheep, there has been a slight decrease in horses, and a considerable decrease of pigs, leaving a net increase that is however no counterpoise to the enormous decrease in the value of tillage-produce, especially of cereals. In Great Britain cattle increased 6, and in Ireland only 2 per cent. this year as compared with 1872. Sheep increased 5.4 per cent. in Great Britain, and only 5 per cent. in Ireland. Pigs decreased less than 10 per cent. in Great Britain, while they decreased 25 per cent. in Ireland. These facts do not indicate that Irish agriculture, the main source of the national wealth, is progressing at the same rate as that of Great Britain.—*Tablet.*

An article in the *Morning Post* directs attention to the difficulty of obtaining soldiers for the army. We confess our surprise would be if we found any man in his senses capable of doing anything whatever willing to become a soldier. The days of overpopulation are gone; the value of labour has enormously increased; the life of the soldier is out of all sympathy with the spirit of the age; and his pay is miserably small. During the past few years we have had evidences that no man of intelligence or spirit could possibly be happy undergoing the servitude of routine military life. Officers with the resources of education, society, and at least some prizes of ambition, are not happy men; and too often betake themselves to such courses as make bad soldiers and unpleasant gentlemen. The truth is, barracks life is intolerable to human nature; and the philanthropist who supposed that the cultivation of garden plots would meet the hideous proportions of the grievance was more sanguine than sensible. As a rule the ranks of the army have been recruited from young men who have been foolish, very extravagant, very useless, or very wicked. Ignorance often disabled a man from getting a decent living, and he went into the army. But ignorant young men are not so plentiful as they used to be, and the tendency of the time has happily checked the spirit of desperation which ten or twenty years ago was the ordinary accompaniment of bad conduct. If the Government want more soldiers, they will have to fit out their expeditions better than they fitted out that which now lies *perdu* on African shores; they will have to consult human feeling in some degree; and pay men more than a shilling a-week pocket-money.—*Dublin Freeman.*

TOMB STONE INSCRIPTION.—The following is from the Loose Leaves of a Literary Leuner, and is taken from a tomb-stone in the old churchyard of Bulturbet, Ireland.—"Here lies John Higley, whose father and mother were drowned on their passage from America. Had they both lived, they would have been buried here."

SUICIDE IN DUBLIN.—A musician named Robert Reed, employed in the Queen's Theatre, committed suicide on Saturday morning last. He was found suspended by a rope fastened to a nail driven into the wall at the back of his residence.

A shaft has been sunk about eighty feet on the shores of Strangford Lough, County Down, in search for coal, but the treasure has not yet been discovered.

A daring burglary was committed at the Augustinian Convent in Cork on Thursday morning. The entrance was effected by a window, but a watchman on duty promptly gave the alarm, and the burglars escaped. Several articles removed to the outside of the building, were left by the thieves, when surprised. Among the articles discovered were a military cap and a pair of boots; and shortly afterwards a private of the 43rd Regiment made his appearance at his barracks-gate minus those necessary articles of a soldier's apparel. He was, of course, at once arrested, with two companions from the same corps, against whom suspicion of complicity in the burglary exists.

REPRESENTATION OF COUNTY CORK.—A discussion in reference to the representation of County Cork took place at the meeting of the Bunnahall Farmers' Club, Kanturk, on Saturday. Some dissatisfaction was expressed by a few members with some of Mr. McCarthy Downing's votes, but it was unanimously declared that Mr. Smyth Barry was doomed. Notice was given of a motion in favor of bringing forward at least one tenant-farmer at the general election, his expenses and, if necessary, a salary while attending Parliament to be provided by public subscriptions.

LOCAL TAXATION IN IRELAND.—Dr. Hancock's annual return on this subject possesses special interest at present on account of the certainty of legislation on the question of local taxation at an early period. It appears that the receipts from local taxation in Ireland and from property connected therewith, but not including receipts from borrowed money or grants from the Imperial taxes in aid of local taxes, have been estimated for 1872 at £2,905,250, showing an increase of £118,501 or 4.2 per cent. on the estimate for 1871. The latest return from England and Wales for (1870-71) gives a total of £24,836,000, being a decrease of 0.7 per cent. on the preceding year. The grants from Imperial taxes in aid of local taxation in England amount to £873,847; in Ireland to £90,019. There is, however, an Imperial grant for the maintenance of the police in Ireland, amounting to £837,504, but Dr. Hancock remarks that as the police are entirely under the central Government in Ireland this sum does not constitute a contribution from Imperial taxes in aid of local rates.

THE NATIONAL EDUCATION COMMISSIONERS & THE REV. MR. O'KEEFE.—Yesterday a meeting of the Commissioners of National Education was held. The Rev. Mr. O'Keefe, of Callan, applied to be restored to his position as patron of the Callan National Schools. A long and heated discussion took place, in the course of which the entire O'Keefe controversy was discussed. A resolution was then proposed that Mr. O'Keefe be reinstated, and it was negatived by a majority of 10 to 4. Subsequently a resolution was proposed by one of the majority referring to Mr. O'Keefe's letter to the Local Inspector. This was unanimously adopted, the minority not voting.—Cork Examiner, 8th inst.

Two fatal accidents have occurred near Cork. Tuesday morning last the body of a man was found near the northern entrance of the Cork railway tunnel. Life was extinct, and the body bore marks of very severe injuries probably inflicted by a train. Part of the head was cut off and one of his legs nearly severed from the body. It is supposed he fell during the night at the entrance to the tunnel and that he was so severely hurt that he could not crawl off the line, and that a train passed over him during the night. The other painful occurrence happened near Mallow on the same morning. Two brothers Richard Nagle and Maurice Nagle, were exercising two horses belonging to Mr. H. Reeves, at Bearfoot demesne. The horse ridden by Maurice Nagle got very unmanageable, so that he could not keep him in, and he ran at a terrible pace through the demesne and under one of the trees, a branch of which struck Maurice in the head, and actually scalped him. His death was almost instantaneous.

AMATEUR ORGAN GRINDING.—While Bray market fair on Friday was in its busiest hour a symmetrical and well-fed "moke" suddenly appeared in the Main-street, in the sole charge of a respectable looking man, who led the animal by the head to about the centre of the street, where a halt was made. The proprietor of the cart then withdrew the covering of a small but handsome organ fixed in the cart, and pulled and twisted certain keys, turned the handle, and gave out music, beginning with a well known and popular air. The novel appearance and bearing of the organ, and at once drew together a large and curious crowd whose admiration seemed to be equally evoked by the performance of the organ, and the sang froil of the organist, who worked away with the utmost gravity until the round of tunes were completed. Then he went among the spectators to collect pence, and was rewarded with a good collection of "bronzes" which he transferred to his pocket with every appearance of satisfaction. After this he moved his donkey and cart lower down the street and repeated the performance, the crowd by this time having largely increased. The report was soon current that the itinerant was the "gentleman organ-grinder" who is said to be making a tour of Ireland in this voluntarily assumed character to decide a wager for a considerable sum, and the knowledge of what is supposed to be the real explanation of his appearance of course added much to the curiosity originally excited by the interesting stranger. After giving music for an hour or so through the Main-street, the artist withdrew, and was next seen on Saturday evening playing as before along the road by the Esplanade, pausing at different points to gather the contributions of his auditors, which, it is unnecessary to state, were all through very considerable. The "gentleman organ-grinder" is apparently about 45 years of age, with well-cut features, dark hair, beard, and moustaches of the same hue, and his aspect generally, aided by a fashionable suit of grey tweed with small felt hat, fairly satisfies his distinguishing appellation since he went on circuit with his donkey, cart, and organ. It is stated that he is staying at present in the Marine Hotel, and that he will "grind" his way to Dublin in due course.—Fresman.

GREAT BRITAIN.

HOME RELS AND FOREIGN COMPLICATIONS.—The Times says:—No one could say with any sense of certainty on which side of European politics England will next draw the sword, but in this absence of exact political opinion held in common by a majority of the British people consist the danger. Certainly the danger is at least double when in a time of universal excitement there is just as much chance of our being drawn in on one side as on the other. At present the only persons who are seriously calculating on the chances of war and discounting its value for their own uses are the Home Rulers and their new spiritual allies. A common plan of operation between Spanish Carlism, French Legitimacy, Italian reaction, and Irish disaffection, is about the last chance Rome can see for regaining its lost ground. The Irish on their own soil, and their co-religionists on theirs, are perfectly entitled to do the best by fair means to secure their due share in our public counsels; but as the price of their loyalty and the condition of their allegiance, they insist on special concessions, contrary to the principles of our legislation, and grossly unfair to the rest of the community. As matters now stand, the Roman Catholic Church is established in Ireland to all educational purposes, which is far more than can be said of the Church of England here; and it is nothing less than the simple truth that at this moment the general body of British taxpayers are lavishing immense sums annually in maintaining and spreading not only the Roman Catholic doctrines of a former age, but also the new tenets of orthodoxy and the new objects of Divine worship lately invented by our ingenious neighbors across the British Channel. Shocking as the pretended revelations of Mary Alacoque must be to all simple Christians, the whole British people are now instilling them into the minds of the rising Irish generation by means of State-paid schools, abandoned to the absolute control of the priesthood; and we are now told, in a way not to be mistaken, by Archbishops and Bishops, that unless we do this, and more also, we may expect to find Ireland a difficulty, if not a foe, on any question of national safety and honor.—Such is our position, at a time when the whole of Western and Southern Europe is either struggling for life in a stormy sea or hardly yet in harbor. If the British Government take one side, we know who will take the other. But a day of grace is offered. We may avert a catastrophe, the last, possibly, of this empire, if we will let Ireland take the portion that falls to her and go her way. If we let Ireland produce to the best of her capacity, soil, and climate, the France, Italy, and Spain of a hundred years ago, or say, 1845, then we may reckon on her fidelity and assistance in the hour of danger, provided also that we accept her lead and wait till Cardinal

Cullen and Mr. Daunt have settled between them what we are to fight for.

BUCHAN'S DREAM.—It is worthy of notice, in connection with the pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial, that two hundred years ago—October, 1672—a certain English tinker was discharged from Bedford jail, and that soon after his liberation he gave out that during his confinement he had had a "glorious dream," which he quickly got into book shape, and which was sufficiently successful to elevate the disreputable and law-breaking tinker into the position of a divinely-inspired prophet among his class of religionists and to well fill his hitherto sadly empty pockets. This was the celebrated John Bunyan, and the "Pilgrim's Progress" is the result of his "glorious dream." The production was written with a shrewd eye to business. It pandered fully to the bigotry of the day in which its self-constituted spiritual teacher lived, and it was, of course, eminently successful. In one particular, at least, this would-be prophet has been remarkably mistaken. The readers of the "Pilgrim's Progress" cannot have failed to have been struck with the passage wherein is described Christian's issuing from the Valley of the Shadow of Death and his beholding the caves of two giants, "Pope" and "Pagan," and the grounds before them all covered with the bones of their victims. Bunyan says that "Pagan" was long dead ere the pilgrim came that way, and that "Pope" had become "a toothless old giant, feebly muttering curses against Christian as he passed singing on his way, and obviously doomed very shortly to die and disturb men's minds no more." Prophet Bunyan lacked the omniscience of knowing that in that same year of 1672, a certain nun took the veil in an obscure convent of the Order the Visitation, and that after two hundred years a large gathering of his own countrymen would be proceeding to that same nun's shrine as a public testimony of their unshaken belief in that faith which the Almighty established upon earth, and of which the Pope is the earthly head. Could Bunyan rise from his grave now and come among us he would find the "exploding old giant" as young and as energetic as ever, and more than that, England gradually returning to the old and only true Christian faith. Thanks be to God that it should be so!—Universe.

THE BRITISH PHARISEE.—It used to be a boast with the English press that if English wretches were very numerous and very brutal, their perpetrators were at all events usually found out and punished. The statement was not strictly true at any time, but lately the papers find themselves compelled to abandon it altogether. The Pall Mall Gazette of Tuesday says:—"The impunity with which murders are perpetrated now-a-days suggests something worse than doubt as to the efficiency of our detective police.—To say nothing of the bodies found in London under circumstances more than suspicious, and consigned, unidentified, to the grave with the vague verdict of a formal inquest for their epitaph, we may refer to more than one atrocious crime of which the authors, are still at large." Having mentioned the Hoxton, Eltham, and Great Cornam streets murders, as well as the latest, the "Thames mystery," it goes on to say:—"The old adage of 'murder will out' can no longer impose on the most superstitious minds, when only such murderers as are taken red-handed, or who give themselves up to justice, are ever known." This is really a bad and a sad state of things, and one of its results ought to be to teach the British press a little modesty and humility. Unhappily, it will do nothing of the kind. It will not have the effect of abating for more than a moment the Pharisaical spirit of those journals, and of the people for whom they are written. In the midst of the horrors by which they are surrounded they will go on assuming the immense superiority of British manners and morals as compared with those of all other peoples and will proceed, as it were from the serene and elevated standpoint which befits their natural character, to deliver religious, moral, and social lectures to all the world. This voice of egotism, this habit of self-esteem, is deeply rooted in the English nature, and appears to be almost ineradicable. The Pall Mall Gazette appears to be made momentarily uncomfortable by the reflection that "the perpetrators of the crimes we have named are probably mixing at this moment in the most matter-of-fact manner with their respectable neighbors, encouraged to venture again should they be excited by passion or tempted by cupidity." We venture to say they are doing much more than that. In conjunction with their respectable neighbors they are lamenting the benighted state of Spain and Italy, denouncing Greek brigandage and Irish agrarian disturbances, condemning Ultramontanism, scoffing at the French pilgrimages, and expressing their regret that all other people are not as enlightened, as orderly, as mild, and as moral as the British nation. For such is the habit of the true-born Briton wherever he be, whether mixing with respectable people or with people with contrary character, and whether or not he be an offender, detected or undetected, against the laws of his country. For the cultivation of this spirit among the people the British press is largely responsible; and the journal from whose pages we have taken the foregoing quotations is not one of the least guilty among them.—Dublin Nation.

The Times correspondent says that the Viterland "attacked Victor Emmanuel in outrageous language, and insulted the Emperor's honoured guest." He does not inform us in what exact words these grave crimes were committed; whether it was by the announcement of a solemn anniversary service, or a natural protest against the persecutor of Pius IX. by accident, about the time the "honoured guest" of Francis Joseph. However, the Viterland was confiscated by the Viennese authorities, and the tyrannous act of Imperial censorship, so far from being condemned, has possibly the sneaking sympathy of this genuine representative of the "Free press of England," who leaves his readers to seek elsewhere for the head and front of the offence against the Emperor's "honoured guest," and not to seek in vain, for in an obscure corner of the same copy of the Times we read that "The Vienna Viterland, an Ultramontane journal, was confiscated on the day of the King of Italy's arrival for printing the following announcement:—'On September the 20 next, at 8 o'clock a.m., a Soul Mass will be celebrated in the Dominican Church, in the inner city of Vienna, in commemoration of the Papal soldiers who fell three years ago on the capture of Rome, carried by force of arms, and in defiance of international law. We invite the Catholics of Vienna to attend the ecclesiastical ceremony in great numbers.'—The Directory of the Brotherhood of the Holy Archangel Michael."

No doubt this paragraph contains "the outrageous language"—of truth; and the greater the truth the greater the libel, whether on petty thieves or royal robbers. Even the hand-shaking of ancient foes cannot reconcile the past, alter facts, or make haughty respectable; and "the traditional policy of Austria," though aptly symbolised by the Double Eagle, can scarcely be said to dictate double-dealing with regard to Italy's "emancipation," and to the extent of stifling recapitulation of the truth with regard to the usurpation of Rome. A parent has been summoned by the Exeter School Board to answer a charge of neglecting to send his child to school. The reply of the father, if it be not too imaginative, does not extol the Act of 1870. He asserts that "education at the Board School is very deficient; for they neither teach history, geography, nor grammar, but keep the boys singing all the day 'Three Blind Mice.'" If this statement be true, we do not wonder at the Board to instruct himself better able than the Board to instruct his child. We do not know if a contemporary is correct in supposing that the poem is an allegorical one typifying, under the appellation of

"Blind Mice," the union between Broad Churchmen Dissenters, and Infidels; but we certainly think that songs, however nicely they may be adapted to secular education, should not be allowed to occupy the exclusive attention of the children attending the Exeter Board School.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY OF COAL.—The Sheffield Telegraph describes an extraordinary scene in that town. A new sewer is being put down in Thomas-street, and the excavations have laid open a seam of coal which there crops up almost to the surface. News of this discovery was quickly spread among the humbler residents of the neighborhood, and the result was that several hundred women and children put in an appearance with baskets, buckets, sacks, and all kind of receptacles, for the collection of the "black diamonds" as they were thrown up by the workmen. The separation of the coal from the earth and stones certainly involved some little trouble, but the crowd was enterprising and patient, and the division of the spoil was conducted with a fair degree of decorum.

The following circular has recently been issued from the Admiralty.—Several instances having recently occurred of marriages having been performed on board Her Majesty's ships on foreign stations by the commanding officer, no chaplain or consul being in the neighborhood, the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty referred the question of the validity of such marriages to the law officers of the Crown. As the law officers have given their opinion that marriages solemnized under the circumstances stated above are not valid, their Lordships are pleased to direct no marriage shall in future be solemnized on board one of Her Majesty's ships by the commanding officer.

The Cunard Steamship Company intend withdrawing their vessels from the West India service and establishing a daily line of steamers between Liverpool and New York.

The Standard says the state of Ireland is infinitely worse than it was before the passing of those measures which were to restore it to peace and loyalty. We see it more than ever bent upon being away from English rule and spasmodic Fenianism, easily kept under by the mere measures of the police, has been succeeded by an organized movement of almost national proportions for the repeal of the Union. The disease which was slight, local and intermittent, has now become chronic and violent.

A CONSERVATIVE RESIGN.—The Daily News says:—Should the tactics which have been recently pursued prevail at the next general election, we may reckon on five or six years of Conservative Administration and legislation. There will be a new Conservative. Mr. Disraeli, with a majority in the House of Commons, would be a very different Prime Minister from the Mr. Disraeli whom we have known in office with a minority. In the previous Administration, of which he was the real though not always the nominal chief, he was obliged to bid for Liberal and even Radical support, and he often outbade his Whig rivals. Mr. Disraeli would certainly not dissolve a House of Commons in which he has a working majority, if a few constituencies declare against him or should he fail to find a seat for a Solicitor-General. The rumour which attributes this intention to Mr. Gladstone, though weight has been given to it by some careless and unguarded words, is to us simply inexplicable and incredible.

The Telegraph says:—Mr. Disraeli had no policy at all last spring, when power was at his disposal, and his followers have no policy now, except pieces and patches from Mr. Gladstone's when 29 constituencies encourage them to tell the country what they mean to do. Reaction, that does not venture to reach distrust, that joins with intolerance to defend outrageous freedom; and dissatisfaction, which borrows false measures from the repository of Liberalism—such is what we find when we analyse the noise and stir. Once more we say that, if the issues of Government were not so momentous, that we might sport royal to put the Conservatives in, that we might again note what tremendous Radicals they become in "reaction against Liberalism."

THE ASHANTEE WAR.—A variation has been made in the manufacture of buck-shot cartridges by substituting bone dust for Plaster of Paris in order to fill in the interstices between the shots, and solidify the charge sufficiently to preserve its cohesion until it shall have hit the muzzle of the gun. Bone dust is an article hitherto unused in the Royal Arsenal, but as soon as a necessity for it was shown, a quantity of bones were obtained by contract, and a mill set to work grinding them. From the experiments made with the two kinds of buck-shot cartridge at the targets it appears that those in which bone dust is used make 20 per cent. better practice than the original pattern. The men and boys belonging to the Royal Laboratory are likely to be busily employed for some time in making these cartridges, and the scene at the pay tables on Saturday, which were thronged by a crowd larger by some hundreds than usual, the bulk of the workpeople having augmented their wages by overtime, was something like the busy times of the Crimean war. There are no signs yet of another ship arriving to take away the stores which are prepared for the Gold Coast. The railway iron, which is being supplied from the Darlington Iron Works, continues to arrive at the Royal Arsenal, and other goods are being delivered daily. There is some talk of sending out some of the pumps used in Abyssinia, or those just returned from the Autumn Manœuvres, some hundreds of which have within the last two weeks been sent into store. Gear is being provided by which the locomotive engines, or steam sappers, can be used for pumping purposes as well as for travelling and for working the steam saw. So many officers have volunteered to join Sir Garnet Wolseley's expedition to Coomassie, officially called, "special service on the West Coast of Africa," that it is said no more will be required, and among all ranks there is expressed willingness and even a desire to take part in the expedition, but volunteering among the rank and file is not generally in favour, being regarded as not strictly within the line of duty, upon the theory that a good soldier should only go where he is sent, and have no choice of his own in the matter.—Daily News.

OUTBREAK OF CHOLERA IN LIVERPOOL.—A fatal case of cholera occurred at Liverpool on Monday on board a French brig called the Rosaire, which arrived in the river from Havre on Saturday. The Rosaire had docked in the George's Dock, and was boarded at three o'clock by a Police officer to whom all was reported well. The disease seems to have broken out immediately afterwards, for at six the officer was called on board, and was informed that the captain died at half-past three, and that two of the crew were also attacked. Dr. French, medical officer for the borough, was also sent for, and on arrival pronounced the case to be one of cholera. The vessel was ordered out into the river into quarantine, and as soon as the tide served she was taken into the Slynce. The body of the deceased, whose name was Lesant, was sewn in canvas, and buried outside the port. Under skilful medical attendance the two men attacked rallied during the day, though remaining in a dangerous position. Strict precautions are being taken to prevent the spread of the maldy.

BLOCKADE RUNNING ON THE GOLD COAST.—It has already been stated that a blockade had been proclaimed along the whole coast of Guinea. A correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette says:—As I am writing, a brig belong to Messrs. Swanzy, of London, called the Alligator, had arrived with 3,360 kegs of gunpowder on board, and the captain acknowledged to have landed 370 kegs at Grand Bassam, a place some ten-miles-west of our territory, where Messrs. Swanzy keep four steam launches for the purpose of

going up the lagoons and rivers which border on Ashantee land.

Dr. Cumming addressed a large congregation at his chapel in Crown-court on the subject of miracles, and with reference principally to the recent pilgrimages. He said he wished all Prime Ministers were like Prince Bismarck, who had expelled 4,000 Jesuits from Germany, 2,000 of whom had gone to America, while unfortunately the remainder had come to England, and were now permeating all classes of society, doing their utmost to forward the cause which they had in hand.

Dr. Housen, the Protestant Dean of Chester, has been to the Old-heretic Congress at Constance, and rushes into print to express his warm satisfaction at what he saw and heard. His main points are that the breach with the Papacy is decisive and final; that the laity shall have a large share in the constitution of the hierarchy; that offers of union with other heretics, both east and west are to be made; and that church doctrine is to be revised, church history re-written, and church regulations thoroughly sifted—all of which things are as old as the hills in connection with schisms from the Church of God, and plainly prove that the title of "Old Catholics" is as false as are the principles of those who assume it. There has never been a heresy yet in which every one of these things has not been done—special attention having been invariably paid to the items we have italicised. But such heresies have one by one died away, or split into inconceivably numerous sects, while the Papacy—as it pleases the Dean to call the Church of Christ built on a rock—alone remains intact. Is not that fact an incontrovertible proof that for her alone are the words of God applicable: "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it!"

The Edinburgh Daily Review records an amusing conversation which took place in the galleries of the Free Church Assembly one day lately: Young Lady—"There's old Dr. A.—going to speak. Isn't he a bore?" Old Lady (laughing)—"Well I suppose he is; but do you know I rather like him?" Young Lady—"I can't bear him." Old Lady (after some time)—"who is that nice old gentleman speaking?" Young Lady—"Ah, that's Mr. B.—, of C.—?" Old Lady (hesitatingly)—"Don't you think he is rather prosy?" Young Lady (indignantly)—"No, indeed, I do not. Allow me to inform you that that is my father." Old Lady—"Oh, indeed! Then I am glad that I hit the mark so gently, because 'Old Dr. A.—' is my husband. So I suppose we have both got a lesson, my dear; don't you think so?"

Coal has been successfully cut by machinery at Falsall. The Birmingham News believes this to be the first successful application of machinery to coal cutting in Staffordshire.

UNITED STATES.

THE REVEREND O. B. FROTHINGHAM, A "LIBERAL" PROTESTANT, UPON THE ALLIANCE.—At Lyric Hall, on the Sixth Avenue, opposite Reservoir square, a large congregation assembled yesterday morning to hear Rev. O. B. Frothingham. His subject, "The Evangelical Alliance" was an unusually taking one, and of course large numbers were anxious to hear his views on the matter. His text were the words, "That they all may be one." The words chosen for his text were, he began, a limited prayer—a prayer not for the whole world, but for the disciples of Christ. Within the past few days there had been assembled in New York what is known as the Evangelical Alliance. It has been a very remarkable scene. This Evangelical Alliance has the air of vast comprehensiveness. Every effort has been made to give it a broad aspect. But they may speak in different tongues, and may come from remote sections of the world, and yet all be Scotch Presbyterians. This was a Protestant Alliance. The great body of nationalists was left out in the cold. It should protect all shades of protest against Rome. We find, however, that it was comprised mainly of Methodists and Presbyterians. The Baptists, a large and growing denomination, found but feeble representation. The Moravians were much more largely represented. If we take the Church of England, large and influential as it is, and if we take the Episcopal Church in this country, large and influential as this church is here, we find them not in the Alliance. Other denominations, thoroughly orthodox, are also omitted. The Congregationalists, the Unitarians, and the Friends are not there. The Unitarians—a party of great consideration in its wealth, its culture, and social position, a party that will not consent to be ruled out of the orthodox lines—are not there. Surely an alliance leaving out of its organization so many Protestants cannot properly be called a Protestant alliance. It was only a fragment of Protestantism. The Alliance cannot successfully fight Roman Catholicism. It has made the confession openly. As a religion, Roman Catholicism has every advantage over Protestantism, in wealth of resources and general influence over the people. How is the fight to be waged? Not by force of doctrine, for Roman Catholicism is a more acceptable doctrine than Protestantism; not by force of organization, for the Roman Catholic organization has existed nearly two thousand years; not on the ground of faith and works for in these regards Roman Catholicism is far ahead of Protestantism.

Protestantism must come out for liberty, pure and simple. It must drop sectarianism. Only by exercising a larger charity and more comprehensive benevolence can Protestantism succeed at all in carrying on its fight with the tremendous power of Rome. It is idle to denounce science as false. Unless Protestantism proposes to take science by the hand—not patronizingly, not a little finger, but a whole palm; unless Protestantism says, "You are my brother, we are seeking truth together, to know things as they are;" unless Protestantism does this she can never disarm infidelity. Let it say to science, "I believe you, you believe me; let us cease to haggle about definitions; let us work together without jealousy." The soul of good in infidelity will then come out.

DEFERRED AGONY.—They say that when the news of his mother's death reached the Shah at Moscow, he sent home the Shahnesses, and declared that the royal grief should be postponed until his return to Persia, which reminds Kate Field of the Yankee woman who, upon being told at dinner of her husband's death, exclaimed, "Just wait until I've done eating, and I'll show you some tall crying."

The ninth census report of Massachusetts shows the Congregationalists to be the largest of the Protestant sects in that State. They possess 500 of the 1,764 church edifices in Massachusetts, and provide sitting for 269,314 persons. Next follow the Baptists, with 286 churches and 139,035 sittings. The Methodists come third, with 297 churches and 117,325 sittings. The Unitarians rank fourth, with 180 churches and 98,390 sittings. The Protestant Episcopalians follow, with 100 churches and 45,245 sittings, and are closely pursued by the Universalists, with 97 churches and sittings for 35,577 persons. The Catholic Church possesses 196 church edifices; and if the same method of computing members by the seat-room were followed, she would outrank the Methodists, for her churches contain 130,415 sittings but every body knows that in Massachusetts, as elsewhere, most of our churches, especially in the large towns and cities where most of them are situated, contain three or four different congregations every Sunday and holiday. The two dioceses of Boston and Springfield, into which the State is divided, include some 376,000 Catholics, which makes them greatly outstrip in point of numbers any of the Protestant sects, and nearly equal the two largest of them combined.—Catholic Review.

A GOOD BOY.—Colfax just now appears to be devoting himself and his smile, principally to religious gatherings. One day we hear of him addressing a Sunday school in Chicago. A week afterward he turns up in another Sunday school hundreds of miles away, and straightway proceed to lecture the children before him upon the importance of truth and honesty, presenting himself as a lovely example of those cardinal virtues. And now we are told in a Washington organ that the late Vice-President dropping in the hall occupied by the ministers of the Northwest Indiana Conference at its recent session, was recognized by Bishop Simpson, its presiding officer, and introduced to the Conference, whereupon Schuyler responded with a few mildly pious remarks. After this Bishop Simpson addressed the distinguished visitor saying: "We all hope that your future may be more brilliant than your past." To this charitable wish the Conference responded "Amen."—New Jersey Herald.

When it was telegraphed all over the country that the Catholic clergy of New York city were making an attempt to "break down the public schools" by taking away the Catholic children, hundreds of fierce editorials were penned in condemnation of their proceedings. They were described as bigoted, superstitious, enemies of republicanism, foes of enlightenment—all because they would not be deprived in any really free country! Now it is the easiest thing in the world to expose the absurd fallacies which underlie this method of discussing the education question. Neither the clergy nor any other body of men within the Catholic Church, of whose existence we are aware, want to destroy the public schools, or in any way wish to prevent those who admire such institutions from maintaining them as long as they please for their own use and benefit. But those public schools do not suit us Catholics. We know with absolute certainty that the training received in them is injurious to the faith of our children; we believe that their influence is highly detrimental to the morals of the pupils; so that the clergy, acting in our behalf, using the money which we most cheerfully give them for the purpose, establish Catholic schools in which alone we can have any confidence. There is nothing aggressive in this; there is nothing in it either unfair or unfriendly toward any religious denomination. We cannot conscientiously approve of an educational system, no matter how perfect in its details, which is not based upon religion; but we cherish no hostility toward those who differ from us in opinion.—Catholic Union.

A TERRIBLE EXP.—A New York paper recently contained an account of the conviction of a Canadian named Henry E. Davies, and several English confederates, at St. Petersburg, where they had broken into St. Isaac's church, and into the museum of the imperial winter palace, stealing from there a large quantity of precious stones. Davies, formerly a resident of New York, employed by a firm dealing in fire-proof safes, was sentenced to penal servitude for life in the gold mines of the Ural, and arrived at Digoroy Station. The governor of the penal colony told Davies that misconduct on his part would be vigorously punished with the nozi (the terrible whip with which Russian convicts are lashed). Davies, during the first week, worked quietly in the mine. However, it became apparent to the keepers that an independent spirit began to prevail among the members of this gang, and one day, during the half hour allowed for dinner, all of them suddenly sprang to their feet and broke their chains, which had been previously filed through, and attacked their four keepers, Davies being their leader. The keepers were taken unawares, and were overpowered. In a few minutes they had been beaten and stoned to death, and nine of the convicts armed themselves with their sabres. The mine was the most distant from Digoroy, where half a company of infantry had been stationed. The victorious convicts resolved to steal cautiously to the next mine and there raise a revolt. They succeeded there likewise, the keepers being overpowered and killed, being set upon by convicts in front and rear. There were seventy convicts in this mine, and it took some time before they were freed. Davies had now at his command upwards of one hundred men, twelve of whom were armed with revolvers. This desperate gang now rushed out of the mine towards the barracks, hoping to surprise the governor and the soldiers. The mining convicts came near the first fence of the barracks before the soldiers noticed them. While they were sealing it they were seen by the sentinel, who immediately fired off his gun. All the soldiers and the governor rushed out of the building, and the governor ordered the soldiers to fire at the convicts. But Davies had expected this, and he ordered the men to lie down. Thus the first volley proved entirely harmless. The governor then advanced and a desperate hand to hand struggle ensued. Both sides fought like tigers, and the ground was strewn with wounded men. Finally only some forty of the convicts were left on their feet, notwithstanding Davies' frantic appeals to fight on they took to their heels, and Davies, who had fired off all the barrels of his revolver, was compelled to follow them. The fugitives took refuge in the second mine where they were soon shut up as in a trap. The governor shouted to the convicts to surrender, promising to spare their lives in that event. About thirty of them yielded and left the mine. Davies doggedly refused to surrender. On the following day all the other convicts surrendered likewise, and Davies was left alone. He was already faint with hunger and thirst, but his defiant spirit did not give way. The governor evidently intended that he should perish in the mine. He did not send any of his men into it until the evening of the third day. They found Davies dead. His face was terribly distorted; having had nothing to drink for eighty hours, his sufferings must have been frightful. The convicts received each fifty lashes. Nineteen of them were killed in the first struggle. The soldiers lost seven men.

WORTH THINKING OVER.—There are in life, in human life and in the life of nations, certain coincidences which, if they are fortuitous, would make a man inclined to think that there is more in fortune than he has ever been willing to admit. Among such let our readers ponder on the following, which have been collated by the gallant General du Temple. They must needs be very suggestive to all, but to the Catholic mind of course they will be perfectly intelligible:—

1. On the very day (not the eve nor the morrow, but the day itself) that the French troops left Rome France experienced her first defeat, that of Wissembourg.
  2. France lost in that catastrophe men precisely equal in number to those who, by the order of her government, abandoned on that day the Vicar of Christ.
  3. The day that the last French soldier quitted Italy was that also upon which France lost her last real battle, that of Reichenhoffen.
  4. The 4th September, 1870, was the day upon which the dynasty of Napoleon perished; but it was likewise the tenth anniversary of that black accursed day when Napoleon, plotting with the infamous traitor Cavour, resolved on the downfall of the temporal power.
  5. The very morning that the Italians appeared before Rome the Prussians appeared before Paris, and the two cities were completely invested by their enemies on the same day.
- We are not given to the observation of signs more than others, but such coincidences as the above, so straight, so fatal and so "pat" (to use Hamlet's word) compel us to exclaim with King Lear:—  
This shows you are above your justicers.  
At all events it seems worth thinking over.

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G. E. CLERK, Editor.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1873.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

OCTOBER—1873. Friday, 31—Fast. Vigil of All Saints. NOVEMBER—1873. Saturday, 1—ALL SAINTS, Old. Sunday, 2—Twenty-second after Pentecost. Monday, 3—All Souls. Tuesday, 4—St. Charles Borromeo, B. C. Wednesday, 5—Of the Octave. Wednesday, 6—Of the Octave.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The restoration of the Bourbon monarchy in France is still the great political question of the day, and in that it is still a question, we see grave reasons for believing it impracticable. It is evident that in France, whether in town or in country, we should look in vain for any of that strong, ardent, demonstrative loyalty and attachment to the Bourbon dynasty, which in England in the middle of the seventeenth century, preceded and made possible the restoration of the Stuart dynasty in the person of Charles II. When the exiled prince landed at Dover the nation was wild with joy; amongst the thousands who witnessed the royal progress to London, scarcely one could be found who was not weeping with delight, says Macaulay; and the people approved themselves far more anxious for the return of their King, than Charles had ever shown himself to be. Under these circumstances we can understand how a restoration was possible in England; the difficulty is to understand why it was so long delayed, why Charles remained so long on his travels. And yet under all these favorable conditions how short-lived was the Restoration!

But in France to-day we find but little of these favorable conditions; of this effervescing or gushing loyalty; of this emprovement for the restoration of the ancient dynasty. This feeling exists indeed, but is confined for the most part to the ancient noblesse, and to the Catholics; but amongst the people, even amongst those who are not ardent republicans, the dominant feeling seems to be one of indifference at best; all that can be expected or hoped from them is that they will accept Henry V. but it is in vain to look for any thing more for them. The Republicans on the contrary, are active and zealous, making up by these qualities for what they may lack in numbers; so that should the Assembly, as it is probable that it will, by a not very large majority vote for the recall to the throne of his ancestors of the Comte de Chambord, it is very doubtful whether he would be able for any length of time to retain possession. Besides, there is this great difference betwixt the condition of England in the seventeenth century, and that of France to-day. The England of Charles II. was socially, the England of Charles I. None of the ancient landmarks had been obliterated, or swept away; and when the flood of rebellion subsided, everything was found standing in its old place. In France on the contrary, the first Revolution swept away everything; throne, altar, social hierarchy, all perished; and thus in France of to-day all these conditions are wanting which made the Restoration of the old political order in England possible and indeed easy of accomplishment. To God however all things are possible; and in His mercy to a country so severely punished for its crimes, He may grant the restoration of the only system of government which can finally close the era of Revolution.

The trial of Marshal Bazaine, in so far as it is gone, puts the conduct of the accused in a very unfavorable light. It is hard to believe in his innocence, or to refrain from attributing to him the greater part of the military disasters that befell France. What will be done with him should he be found guilty, it is not easy to say. As we anticipated would be the case, the reports of decisive victories gained by the revolutionary army over the royalist forces in Spain have been dissipated by the admission that the Carlists are still in the field, and as

formidable as ever. The insurgents at Cartagena still hold out, and indeed at sea seem to have the upper hand: Betwixt them, however, and the revolutionists at Madrid, there is but little to choose, for neither in the one nor in the other does there reside any legitimate authority.

In Germany as in Switzerland the war waged by the State against the Church continues with unabated vigor. Fines and imprisonment are of no avail against the refractory clergymen; the Prince Archbishop of Posen, Mgr. Ledochowski, will soon, so the Times' correspondent informs us, be reduced to beggary; "large as the sum"—the Bishop's income—"is, if he goes on as he has begun, it will hardly suffice to cover his forfeits to the State." But what is his offence? what the wrong done by him? The same authority informs us—

"The greater part of the fines inflicted have been incurred by him for appointing clergymen to livings without the sanction of the secular authorities required under the new law."

The very head and front of his offending hath this extent, no more—that he, the Archbishop appoints without the consent of the secular authorities, to spiritual offices within his diocese; and does not recognise the right of the State to determine by whom the Sacraments of the Church shall be administered. The persecution is not however confined to the head of the diocese—for as the Times' correspondent goes on to inform us, "all these gentlemen"—that is the priests appointed by the Archbishop—"have had the parish registers and seals taken from them by the authorities; and, moreover, have been warned that under the new laws they are liable to a fine of at least a hundred thalers for each ecclesiastical act performed by them"—that is, for every time they say Mass, administer the Sacraments, preach Christ crucified, or whisper in the ear of a penitent sinner words of pardon and peace from Him Whose ministers they are. This is what Protestants call "religious liberty." It is consoling however to learn from the same authority that the priests are as refractory as are their Bishops; and that they have "all given the reply that in these matters"—the exercise of their spiritual functions—"they cannot be guided by any one except their religious superior." For this additional act of contumacy the Times is of opinion that the hand of persecution is about to fall heavy on them: "they will have to be prosecuted before long."

The consequence of this is that the Catholic churches in Germany are becoming closed up; the people are left without pastors and without sacraments; the last consolations of religion are withheld from the dying, and no German subject can be allowed a passport to the kingdom of heaven unless it be signed and duly attested by the officers for that purpose appointed by the civil Government. The Times opines that under these circumstances, the latter will assume the entire spiritual functions of the Church in giving spiritual jurisdiction, and appointing priests; but, and here is the mischief, that the Times foresees—"in all probability Government, if proceeding to extremes, will find neither priests willing to take charge of the orphaned parishes, nor succeed, should such priests be found in rendering them popular in a Polish district."

The Protestant world looks on, and though its organs of the press applaud; we doubt, however, if it would applaud quite so enthusiastically were the same process applied to any of its own sects; if for instance Methodists or Presbyterians were prohibited from nominating their own ecclesiastical office-bearers, and were the latter subjected to fines and imprisonment for preaching or discharging any other pastoral functions without the consent of the secular authorities. We forget, however, that Protestants have always on hand two contradictory codes of right and wrong; one for themselves, the other for Catholics.

In another column will be found a report of the proceedings at the opening of the Dominion Parliament on the 23rd. Riel it will be seen did not take his seat, and up to the time of writing, the whereabouts of that now notorious individual was unknown. Rumors of violence to be exercised against him, and hints of assassination in revenge for the killing of Scott have been floating about, but will we hope be discountenanced by all honest men. No man should be condemned unheard; and it is but just that Riel should have an opportunity given him of justifying, if he can justify, the shooting of the said Scott. A telegram from Ottawa on Saturday threw out hints of approaching modifications in the Cabinet, but these were contradicted by the Gazette.

There have been a great number of cases of typhoid fever recently in Brockville, and mostly among young men. A majority of these cases have taken place in the new part of the town, where the drainage and water are not so good as on the St. Lawrence slope. Fall wheat looks exceedingly well in the townships of Erin, Puslinch, Garafaxa, Nichol, Guelph, and Pilkington. It has got a good strong hold of the soil, and looks like standing the winter well—in fact if we had much growing weather it would get rather rank.

PARLIAMENT OF CANADA.

The Colonial Legislature at Ottawa was opened on Thursday, the 23rd instant, by His Excellency the Governor General. There was a great attendance, and the usual ceremonies were observed. His Excellency, having taken his seat, and commanded the attendance of the members of the House of Commons, read the following Speech from the Throne:—

Hon. Gentlemen of the Senate: Gentlemen of the House of Commons: In accordance with intimation given to me at the close of last session, I have caused Parliament to be summoned at the earliest moment after the receipt of

THE REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONERS appointed by me to enquire into certain matters connected with the Canada Pacific Railway. The evidence obtained under the Commission deserves careful consideration; the report will be laid before Parliament, and it will be for you then to determine whether it can be of any assistance for you. A bill for the consolidation and amendment of the laws in force in several Provinces relating to

THE REPRESENTATION OF THE PEOPLE in Parliament will again be submitted to you. By the postponement of this measure from last session, you will have the advantage of including in its provisions the Province of Prince Edward Island, now happily united to Canada. The Canada Pacific Railway Company, to whom a Royal Charter was granted, have, I regret to say, been unable to make the financial arrangements necessary for the construction of that great undertaking; they have therefore executed

A SURRENDER OF THEIR CHARTER which has been accepted by me. You will, I trust, feel yourselves called upon to take steps to secure THE EARLY COMMENCEMENT AND VIGOROUS PROSECUTION of the construction of that railway, and thus to carry out in good faith the arrangement made with the Province of British Columbia.

A MEASURE FOR THE PURPOSE will be submitted for your consideration. The extension of the bounds of the Dominion has caused a corresponding increase in the work of administration, and seems to call for additional assistance in Parliament, as well as in the Executive Government. A bill on this subject will be laid before you. Your attention will be invited to the consideration of a bill for the establishment of

A GENERAL COURT OF APPEALS. Measures relating to our navigable waters and to the Inspection laws will be laid before you, also a Bill for the establishment of

A DOMINION BOARD OF AGRICULTURE. The subject of the law relating to Insolvency will necessarily engage your attention. The efforts made by the several Provinces, as well as by the Dominion,

TO ENCOURAGE IMMIGRATION, have met with success, and a large number of valuable settlers have been added to our population. I do not doubt that you will continue your aid to this important object.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons: I have directed that the accounts of the past financial year be laid before you.

THE PROSPEROUS CONDITION OF OUR FINANCES continues, and the revenue has been sufficient to meet all charges upon it. The estimates for the ensuing year will be laid before you. They have been prepared with due regard to economy, as well as to the efficiency of the public service, and I trust that the supplies which are necessary will be granted without inconvenience to the people.

Honorable Gentlemen of the Senate: Gentlemen of the House of Commons: Your best attention, I doubt not, be devoted to the important interests committed to your charge; and I am confident your deliberations will redound to the advantage and prosperity of the country.

Upon their return to their own House, the members from the Province of P. E. Island were introduced. Sir John Macdonald moved that in order to give members time to take into consideration certain despatches from the Imperial authorities which he produced, the House adjourn till Monday next. Some objections were urged against this motion, but it was finally agreed to. Sir John Macdonald laid the Report of the Royal Commission on the table. Of this important document we find the following copy in the Montreal Gazette of the 24th inst.:—

To the Right Honorable Sir Frederick Temple, Earl of Dufferin, Viscount and Baron Clandeboyne of Clandeboyne, in the County of Down, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, Baron Dufferin and Clandeboyne and Balleyleidy and Killeleagh, in the County of Down, in the Peerage of Ireland, and a Baronet, Knight of the Most Illustrious Order of Saint Patrick and Knight Commander of the Most Honorable Order of the Bath, Governor-General of Canada, and Vice-Admiral of the same:

May it please Your Excellency: The undersigned Commissioners, appointed by Royal Commission addressed to them under the Great Seal of Canada, bearing date the fourteenth day of August, A. D. 1873,

Have the honor to Report,— 1. That they met at Ottawa on the eighteenth day of August last for the purpose of making preparations for the discharge of the duties imposed upon them by the Commission.

2. The course of proceedings was then settled, and the fourth day of September last was appointed for entering upon the examination of witnesses.

3. The Commissioners on undertaking the enquiry they were enjoined to make had hoped that the entire conduct of it would not have been left in their hands, that the Hon. Mr. Huntington or some one who believed that the charges specified in the Commission could be established by evidence, would have conducted the enquiry before them, and they had resolved in such event not only to accept such aid in the investigation, but to allow to the promoter at least the same latitude in the mode of proceeding as the recognized officers in courts of justice are allowed in ordinary judicial investigations and also to give to the members of the Government a like latitude for defence. This course appeared to the Commissioners to be just and in accordance with what they believed to be your Excellency's wishes and expectations.

4. In the prosecution of their work the Commissioners have called before them such persons as they had reason to believe could give any information, on the subject of it, or otherwise facilitate the investigation, and especially the Hon. Mr. Huntington, to whom a letter annexed to this Report, was addressed on the 21st August last past, requesting him to furnish to the Commission a list of such witnesses as he might wish to examine, and to proceed on the day named with evidence in the premises. 5. A letter was also addressed to the Hon. the Secretary of State, giving notice of the day appoint-

ed for proceeding, a copy of which is also annexed.

6. In the interval, between the first day of meeting and the day so appointed, summonses were duly served upon Mr. Huntington and others, to appear and give evidence.

7. On the 4th day of September the Commissioners met, and after the publication of the Commission, the witnesses cited for that day were called.

8. Mr. Huntington failed to appear.

9. The evidence of the Hon. Henry Starnes was taken, and a sealed packet placed in his possession by Sir Hugh Allan and Mr. Geo. W. McMullen, was produced and deposited with the Commissioners.

10. The sealed packet was opened, with the consent of Mr. Starnes and Sir Hugh Allan, and the several papers it contained were put in proof.

11. The Commissioners then examined the other witnesses in attendance, and afterwards on successive days, proceeded to the examination of those whose names are on list styled "List of Witnesses to be examined," hereto annexed.

12. Of the thirty-three gentlemen, whose names are on that list, twenty-nine have been examined.

13. Two of these, Mr. George W. McMullen and the Hon. A. B. Foster failed to appear, although duly summoned; the former through a special messenger sent to Chicago for that purpose.

14. The other two, Mr. Henry Nathan and Mr. Donald A. Smith, are resident; the former in British Columbia, and the latter in Manitoba. The distance and consequent delay in securing their attendance, and the large outlay it would cause, rendered it inexpedient, in the judgment of the Commissioners, to call them to give evidence.

15. In addition to those whose names are on the above-mentioned list, the Commissioners have called and examined Mr. Daniel J. McMullen, Sir Hugh Allan, the Hon. J. C. Abbott, and the Hon. Mr. Oulmet.

16. Most of these witnesses were cross-examined on behalf of the Government by Sir John A. Macdonald, or other members of it.

17. Mr. Charles M. Smith, of Chicago, was summoned by the Commissioners, but did not appear.

18. Evidence has also been given by Mr. Frederick C. Martin, and Mr. Thomas White, whose names were furnished by members of the Government, and Mr. George Norris, Jr., and Mr. J. A. Perkins, whose names were also so furnished, were cited to appear, but made default.

19. The Commissioners, on the 23rd day of September, while still in the course of their examinations, requested, by public announcement, all persons possessing any information on the subject of the inquiry to appear and give evidence before them.

20. No evidence has been offered in answer to this announcement.

21. The Commission closed its sittings for taking evidence on the first day of October inst. These sittings were public and open; and accommodation was provided for reporters of the public press.

22. The Commissioners have endeavored, in obedience to the requirements of the Commission, to obtain from the witnesses all the evidence pertinent to the subject matter of the enquiry which they were able to give.

23. This evidence is contained in depositions, thirty-six in number, and in certain documents, all of which are annexed to this report, and specified respectively in the accompanying List and Schedule.

24. If the evidence be considered redundant, it has arisen from the nature and circumstances of the inquiry, which rendered it inexpedient to limit its range by the technical rules of evidence observed in the ordinary tribunals.

25. With respect to that portion of the Commission which leaves to the discretion of the Commissioners the expression of their opinions upon the evidence, they are determined not to avail themselves of the liberty so given.

26. They had arrived at that conclusion before they were informed of Your Excellency's views on the subject, and they feel confirmed and justified in it by a communication received before their labors commenced, to which Your Excellency kindly permits them to allude, relating to one or two points on which they thought it their duty to consult Your Excellency before entering upon the execution of their duty.

27. In that communication Your Excellency was pleased to express the opinion that the functions of the Commissioners were rather inquisitorial than judicial, and that the execution of them should not be such as in any way to prejudice whatever proceedings Parliament might desire to take when it reassembled in October.

28. The Commissioners coinciding with Your Excellency in the view that the terms of the Commission do not require them to pronounce judicially on the evidence, consider that their duty will have been fully discharged when they shall have forwarded to the Secretary of State the accompanying depositions and documents with this report, in triplicate, as required by their instructions—unless a report of their opinion on the result of the evidence should be specially required.

All of which is respectfully submitted. (Signed),

CHARLES DEWEY DAVY, Chairman. A. POLETTE, Commissioner, JAMES ROBERT GOWAN, Commissioner.

ROYAL COMMISSION ROOMS, Ottawa, October 17th, 1873.

On Monday the Address in reply to the speech from the Throne was carried in the Senate without a division. In the other House the Address was moved by Mr. Witton (Hamilton), seconded by Mr. Baby. Mr. McKenzie moved in amendment a censure upon the Ministry. A lively debate ensued, which will probably extend over several days. The parents of the abducted girl, whose case we mentioned in our last, have agreed to suspend legal proceedings against the several parties to the offence; and the marriage of the run-away couple has been, in accordance with the laws of the Church, solemnized in the presence of a Catholic priest—the usual engagements as to the bringing up of all the issue of said marriage in the Catholic faith having been duly entered into. The defendants pay all costs of legal proceedings. The man Vernon has thus escaped the legal consequences of his acts; though the frequency with which the offence is committed in Lower Canada by the less reputable section of the Protestant ministry, makes us almost regret the leniency with which he has been treated. An example, or warning is needed to put a stop to the business; and a term of hard labor in the Penitentiary, of stone-breaking, or oakum-picking, would be a salutary lesson to the gentry who so frequently exercise their mis-called sacred (!) functions to "the ruin of families and the scandal of religion."

The Montreal Herald of the 23rd, has some pertinent editorial remarks on the subject, from which we make some extracts:—

"MARRIAGES OF MINORS.—There are few offences, of such as do not involve actual violence, more evil than the marrying, or the abetting of the marriage of minors, without the consent of their parents. Our law very properly imposes severe penalties on eldormen who are knowingly guilty of it, and we think very justly. \* \* \* We are induced to make these remarks by the case of the girl, who is said to be only fifteen, who has just been married to a young man named Cawthorne. We know nothing whatever of the circumstances except what appeared in the public reports of the case before the Courts. \* \* \* In the case in question, there was, as there frequently is in such affairs, a difference of religion between the parties, and it is evident that when that is present the wrong done by the clergyman is felt not only by the immediate friends of the minor party, but also by a portion of the public. If such difference is known, or can be reasonably suspected—as it must have been in the case commented on for instance—"in the candidates, it is an additional reason for hesitation"—(not for precipitation). And adds the Herald—"When there is any possibility of doubt as to the right of the parties to act upon their own judgments, it is the absolute duty of the celebrant to refrain from proceeding until he has assurances which are absolutely satisfactory."

In conclusion, the Herald reads to Mr. Vernon the following salutary and much needed lesson; which it is to be hoped that the "man of God" will lay to heart, if not for his own sake, for the sake of the peace of Catholic families often broken by the nefarious practices referred to; and for the credit of the Christian religion often so foully tarnished by the "cruel frauds" of its soi-disant ministers:—

"If it were necessary to add anything to the argument drawn from the danger to himself, and to the minor, from the neglect of this measure, it would be found in such cases as the one now before the public, in the contempt which must be brought upon religion, when circumstances create the reasonable impression that zeal has so degenerated into fanaticism as to lead the subject of it to participate in a cruel fraud."

About the middle of the last century, so many and great were the evils of the then existing Marriage Laws of England, that a Bill known as Lord Hardwicke's Bill was, after some smart discussions, carried through both Houses of Parliament. Amongst the evils which this Bill was designed to remedy, there was one which we find thus noticed in Lord Mahon's History of England, c. 51:—

"From the facility of solemnising a marriage at the spur of the moment, young heirs and heiresses, scarcely grown out of infancy, were often inveigled to unwary and disgraceful matches which they had to repent, but unavailingly during the remainder of their lives. To profit by their indiscretion there was ever ready a band of degraded and outcast clergymen, prisoners for debt or for crime, who hovered about the verge of the Fleet prison, soliciting customers, and playing like yorters for employment. These men were willing to perform the required ceremony, without question, or delay, in cellars or in garrets, in ale houses or in broils, to the scandal of religion, and to the ruin of families."—Vol. 2nd, p. 280.

Are we in Canada entirely free from the presence of fellows of somewhat the same stamp as those whom Lord Mahon in the above paragraph, describes? fellows who if not prisoners for debt or crime, are ever hovering about after a job, and ready at a moment's notice, "without question," to render their sacred (!) services to the ruin of families and the scandal of religion? This question we leave our readers to answer for themselves; and if that answer be in the affirmative, we ask again:—Is not some reform in our Marriage Laws imperatively called for?

For instance:—Would it not be just and reasonable that in the solemnizing of marriages, the Protestant minister should be placed on the same footing, and should be exposed to the same risks of pains and penalties, in case of improper conduct as is the Catholic priest? Is it not reasonable that the Protestant minister, licensed by law and in terms of the Act passed by our Quebec Legislature in 1871, to solemnize marriage, should in all cases when requested to perform his legal functions—and more especially when one of the contracting parties is not a member of his congregation, or one of whose condition he has any personal knowledge—should be bound, under smart penalties to take all reasonable precautions to assure himself that the persons so presenting themselves before him are, either of legal age to contract marriage, or, if under that age, have the consent of their parents or legal guardians? Is it not reasonable to demand that a Protestant minister proceeding to the solemnization of a marriage, without having taken these precautions; without having previously insisted upon the production by that party to the marriage of whose antecedents he is ignorant—because a stranger to his congregation—of, either the consent of parents or legal guardians, or else a duly attested certificate of baptism to show that he or she is of full legal age to contract marriage without that consent—should be considered, by the law, as having acted in bad faith; and should be subjected to the pains and penalties imposed on all priests or ministers of religion who knowingly solemnize illegal marriages?

Catholic parents are especially interested in getting a good Marriage Law. Amongst the means employed by their enemies for the perversion of their children there are two which are especially dangerous: "Mixed Schools" and "Mixed Marriages." Both are therefore by a certain class of Protestants warmly encouraged; and where, as in Lower Canada, the first named cannot be enforced by law, the

other mode, that of "Mixed Marriages," is chiefly in vogue. Infants are encouraged to violate the laws of modesty, and to set the commands of their fathers and mothers at defiance, in the contracting of these unhallowed unions, by the full assurance that, in the actual state of the law, they will always be able to find some unscrupulous minister or "man of God," as the conventicle styles him, ready for a consideration—without questions which might be troublesome, and without delay, which might be dangerous—to "perform the required ceremony \* \* \* to the scandal of religion and to the ruin of families"—as Lord Mahon well says.

One great object of Lord Hardwicke's Bill was to put a stop to this disgraceful state of affairs; to get rid of that band of "degraded and outcast clergymen" who so vilely availed themselves of their legal privileges to solemnize marriage. So should it be in Canada, especially in the Province of Quebec, where the custom of clandestinely marrying Catholic infants to Protestants is, we are sorry to see, very common, and is allowed to pass with impunity. Opposition of course from the friends of those who drive a lucrative trade by these transactions we may of course expect. Even Lord Hardwicke's Bill was stoutly opposed; and as Lord Mahon tells us, one of the Protestant clergy whose traffic that Bill threatened to interrupt, openly declared that he would be re-vengeful on the Bishops; that if he could no longer marry, he could bury; and that he would buy a cemetery of his own, and outbury them—the Bishops. But the Bill triumphed at last in spite of opposition; and here in Canada we flatter ourselves that a Bill for simply putting on one and the same footing as before the Law, the Protestant minister with the Catholic priest; conferring no privileges on either; but making the first named, or Protestant minister, liable to the same penalties as are by law imposed on the other, or Catholic priest, for solemnising the marriages of minors without the consent of parents or legal guardians—would meet the approval and support of a large number of our Protestant fellow-citizens. The opposition to such a measure would be confined to the "Souters," to those who compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made make him twofold more the child of hell than themselves; and to the members of that degraded class of clergyman described by Lord Mahon, who exercise their functions to the ruin of families and the scandal of religion.

WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.  
SHORT SERMONS FOR SINCERE SOULS.  
No. 42.

"What shall we do to our sister in the day when she is to be spoken to? If she be a wall let us build upon it bulwarks of silver; if she be a door let us join it together with boards of cedar." (Can. 8.)

The Church of God has a holy horror of carnal love. Do not ask me then, Christian parents, why I charge you so strictly to watch over your children in the day when they are to be spoken to?—in the day of their courtships. You indeed yourselves shall be your judges. What were your feelings under the delirium of love? Were you rational? Were you masters of your own actions? Were you not rather led about, as it were, by a strong and irresistible, but hidden hand? were you not under a tyranny which led you against all the dictates of right reason and of religion, to centre your thoughts in one creature alone, and which would allow you to think and speak of none else? Were not your veins filled with a burning fire which you could not comprehend—and which nothing could control; which nothing could allay? And were you, think you, under such circumstances as these, capable of a rational act? Nay more; what is of more consequence far, were you capable of a religious act? Were you capable of prayer? or of the love of God? Your soul filled with carnal love, could it find room for one short thought of God; could it give itself up to one single act of divine love? No! Carnal love had set up an idol in your soul, which was above God—which was your God for the time being, and before which, with a damnable idolatry, you laid down your whole soul and all the powers of your mind; and is not this Christian parents, the state of your children in their turn? And would you leave them in this dangerous state; would you leave them uncounselled and unadvised, and what is more, unwatched and unguarded? You surely would not be so inhuman.

Do not tell me in order to excuse yourselves, Christian parents, that "your daughter is wise; is prudent; that the young man who visits her is of good manners and devout life." These are but frivolous and vain pretences, and you know it. She will lose all her prudence the moment she is seized with this unhappy passion; for depend upon it, there is nothing more difficult to control; there is nothing which takes away the judgment so thoroughly—there is nothing which darkens the understanding so deeply, as carnal love. If you doubt what I say; give heed at least to the great St. Austin.

He had felt this carnal love in his youth—he had been overwhelmed by its irresistible torrent. Before his conversion he had been carried away by it into the depths of sin. He speaks, therefore, as one initiated in this terrible rite. Listen then, Christian parents, to this great Saint, if you will not give heed to me or to your own experience. To shew the overwhelming power of carnal love—to shew how thoroughly it makes fools of even the wisest men, the Saint cites two examples—Adam and Solomon, two of the wisest men the world ever beheld. Why, he asks, did Adam allow himself to transgress the command of God by eating the forbidden fruit? Was it because he thought that he would become thereby like unto God—as the crafty Serpent had persuaded Eve? No; answers the Saint; being endowed with great wisdom, he knew better for the Apostle assures us "Adam was not seduced." What then had power to darken his powerful understanding to commit so great a crime? His love for Eve; "For note well," says St. Austin, "Adam was not overcome by concupiscence; since previous to his fall he could not be affected by it. It was his love for Eve that wrought his ruin." Do you then dare to tell me, Christian parents, in the face of Adam's fall, that there is no danger in these special friendships of your children.

The second example is that of King Solomon—of Solomon the wise—of Solomon the magnificent—of Solomon the mighty. What was it which had power to draw down this great king into that deepest of all abysses, the terrible and degrading sin of idolatry? Did he believe, think you, that some divinity really existed in these dumb idols? No! King Solomon was too learned for that. What was it then, that dragged him down to such a folly? The fire of carnal love. He had allowed his heart to become enamoured of pagan women, and in order not to displease them, Solomon with all his wisdom—Solomon with all his greatness—Solomon amidst all his magnificence—Solomon with his regal diadem upon his brow, adored and offered incense to dumb idols. Dare you then tell me, Christian parents, that there is nothing more to fear from carnal love? Although Adam, without being subject to the degrading power of concupiscence, was carried away through an excessive love for Eve to violate an express and important command of God; a command so express and important that its violation caused the condemnation of the whole human race to death and hell; although carnal love for pagan women caused the royal Solomon, the wisest of men, to fall from his high estate into the blind and grovelling sin of idolatry; you, Christian parents, dare to tell me there is no danger in these particular friendships of your children. This passion which takes away their judgment from even the wisest men; this passion which makes them forget themselves, and which stifles the voice of right reason, and the most solemn warnings of religion, this passion forsooth cannot reach your children. No, they are too wise, too prudent and too good. "They are pure as angels," you tell me. Then take care that you keep them so. "They are pure as angels." Alas! even the angels fell the moment they made to themselves another God.

But you say these particular friendships are universal; all mothers are accustomed to allow their children to frequent the society of those whom they admire. Why then cannot we allow our daughter to do the same? Surely if the custom is universal we may follow it? Alas that I should hear such language from the lips of Catholic mothers! Are not bad customs as universal as good ones? Are not blasphemies as common as prayers? Is not drunkenness as common as sobriety? But this custom of allowing young people to see each other alone—is it universal? Yes amongst unchristian parents; yes amongst mothers who care not for the purity of their children. Yes amongst people, who care not for the teachings of our Holy Church. Yes amongst parents who think they know better than the Saints and Doctors of the Church. But amongst good and conscientious Catholic parents; amongst well instructed people; amongst those who value the teaching and experience of the Saints this custom is not universal; nay, more it is not known. But I will put you to the crucial test, Christian parents. Is this custom of allowing young people to frequent each other's company alone an approved custom, even amongst negligent Christians? It is not, and you yourselves shall prove it. When you see your neighbor's children allowed this liberty, do you not immediately blame their parents? Do you not immediately recognise the impropriety? Do you not immediately see that it is wrong? It is only then when your children do it forsooth that it is right. It is only when they practise it that you fail to recognise the crime. Alas! all parents can see the faults of their neighbor's children, but to the faults of their own children how many of them are blind? What an astonishing blindness is this. I greatly fear Christian parents, you at

least who allow your children this dangerous liberty I greatly fear that you value the temporal interest of your child more than her eternal salvation. I greatly fear that you esteem her finding a husband far before her unsullied purity.

But what you ask are you afraid of in these special friendships. Are you then afraid of grievous crime? Alas, Christian parents, how many grievous crimes are committed thereby. How many young women have become mothers long before they had become wives. Nay more; how many young and tender girls have been turned to murderesses let our police records affirm. But is it against grievous crimes only that you are to beware? Is there no impurity but that which gives way to grievous crime? There is a purity of the soul and of the mind as well as of the body, for purity is a tarnished plate, that is tarnished even by the slightest breath. Your child was given into your arms by the Priest at the baptismal font, pure as an angel. Take care if you value your eternal salvation, take care to keep it so.

(Reported for the True Witness.)  
HOME RULE FOR IRELAND.

On Wednesday evening last, the 22nd instant, in answer to a circular that had been freely distributed amongst our Irish fellow-citizens, a large and influential meeting of Irishmen and their descendants met in the room of the St. Patrick's Society to take into consideration the propriety of organizing a Branch of the Irish Home Rule Association in Montreal. At eight o'clock the Hall was densely crowded, and many were unable to obtain admittance. Edward Murphy, Esq., one of the most prominent members and indefatigable promoters of the old Repeal Association, was requested to take the chair. Mr. Murphy declined, however, saying that his whole heart and soul were in the movement, but he was anxious that some one of those who had taken the initiative in this matter should take the chair, and inform the meeting of what had been done up to the present time. Mr. Kehoe was then unanimously elected Chairman of the meeting, and Mr. MacNamara was requested to act as Secretary. The Chairman announced that some time ago a number of young Irishmen in the city met together and discussed the propriety of organizing this Association; that they had communicated with headquarters in Dublin and their proposition had been formally received. They had secured reading-rooms, &c., on Craig Street, and had finally determined, having gone so far, to ask the approbation of their Irish fellow-citizens at a public meeting, and leave to this meeting to decide what further steps should be taken for the promotion of the noble object of the Association. This movement had not even the most remote connection with Canadian politics. He hoped that our fellow-countrymen of all creeds would form an association which had for its object to express sympathy with the cause of a people who were struggling for self-rule; and he had no doubt that in a short time this association would be able to give, not only sympathy, but material aid to the movement at home.

The Chairman's remarks were received with loud applause. A letter of apology from the Rev. Father Leclair, of St. Patrick's Church, was then read, and on motion of Mr. Murphy was recorded in the minutes. After Mr. P. Carroll had expressed the hope that no time might be lost but that the meeting should proceed to organize. In answer to loud and repeated calls, Mr. J. J. Curran came forward and delivered an eloquent address, which was loudly cheered. He then proposed, seconded by Edward Murphy, Esq., that—"The time has arrived when the Irish people in the Dominion of Canada should publicly express their sympathy with the cause of Home Rule in Ireland."

This was unanimously carried, as were other resolutions appointing a committee to draft a constitution and bye-laws for the Association. And after some able and appropriate remarks from Messrs. Ryan, Callahan, and others, the meeting adjourned until Wednesday, the 5th of November next.

About four hundred names were enrolled on the list of membership before the meeting closed.

And here we should wish to answer the charge of disloyalty brought against the movement by the *Witness*, who, in his issue of last Thursday, characterized the movement as Fenianism in disguise. This statement is false, for the object which is desired to be attained is consistent with the highest loyalty to the throne—for nothing more is asked for than that Ireland should have local legislation in substance as we enjoy here in Canada, where every Province has its own Parliament. If the *Witness* considers this disloyalty then was Confederation disloyal.

Another false statement appeared in the same issue wherein he gives as the programme of the Home Rule Association, the declaration of the electors of the Queen's County to their Parliamentary representatives, in reference to the land, education questions, &c. The primary object of the Association is to obtain Home Rule as a means, and then to let the Parliament so obtained legislate for the land as it may deem best for the interests of all concerned.

The "Lee Monument Portrait" of General Robert E. Lee, engraved on steel by A. B. Walter, under the direction of the American Art Union.—We have received from the publishers a copy of this portrait, valuable as a work of art, but doubly valuable as a memorial of one of the best and noblest of the soldiers of the present century; as the portrait of one of the most perfect characters recorded in American or indeed in any other history. Whether we consider him as a private citizen, as a soldier, or as a loyal gentleman we cannot find a flaw in him. His honor no man has ever dared to impeach; as a soldier he maintained for years against overwhelming odds the just cause of his native State and the liberties of this Continent; and when alas! might triumphed over right, and he sheathed his sword, he in good faith accepted the situation, and urged upon his countrymen the wise policy of submitting to the hated alien rule which they could

no longer resist in the field. Foremost in fight, General Lee could never stoop so low as to intrigue. No wonder that his countrymen, that all gentlemen, honor such a man's memory; a man of whom future ages will speak as now men speak of a Du Guesclin, or of a Bayard; as the *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche* of the American Continent.

BAZAAR.

The Ladies of St. Mary's Church, Williamstown, beg leave to inform their friends and the public generally, that they intend holding a Bazaar of useful and fancy articles, on Monday, the 5th of Jan., 1874, and the four following days of the week.

The proceeds of the Bazaar will go to assist in building a Chapel at Lancaster.

Contributions will be thankfully received by the undermentioned Ladies, and by the Parish Priest, the Rev. Father MacCarthy.

- Mrs. ANGUS TONIN, Lancaster.
- Mrs. JAMES McPHERSON, "
- THE MISSISS O'NEIL,
- Mrs. Wm. McPHERSON, "
- Mrs. DUNCAN McDONALD, Williamstown.
- Mrs. WHITE, Lancaster.
- Mrs. DUNCAN McDONALD, Martintown.
- Mrs. ARCH. FRASER, Fraserfield.
- Mrs. ALEX. SHANNON, 44 Ste. Famille St., Montreal.

Williamstown, Oct. 27th, 1873.

THE DREADFUL EXPLOSION AT WINDSOR.—APPALLING DETAILS.—To-day we have witnessed one of the most fearful explosions that perhaps ever occurred in this country. The Windsor Powder Co. have recently added to their works an establishment for the manufacture of dynamite. This substance is as yet little known, and its power and liability to explode seem to have been underestimated, not being accurately ascertained. It seems to be equally as dangerous as nitro-glycerine, and it is the opinion of our correspondent that nitro-glycerine enters largely into its composition. These works were in charge of Mr. Gordon Ferrier, whom the time was suiting a batch of this stuff, and who incautiously applied water to it which was too hot, which, it is said, will at certain times cause an explosion. However, on this point there is no certainty. Be it as it may, it did explode, and its violence beggars description. The whole country round swayed to and fro; it moved like a thing of life, and nature was convulsed as if by a severe earthquake. Doors were burst open a mile away, dishes rattled in the cupboards, and people rushed wildly out of doors to find out the matter. The detonation was truly terrible; it rang from hill to hill, and as it struck one point of woods after another it sent back reverberation after reverberation, until it gradually died away in the distance. Shortly after your correspondent visited the scene, which proved to be one of destruction and carnage, and no pen can describe the fearful havoc and devastation committed by this terrible explosive; it tore the building out from the very bottom, and the timbers composing the foundation were shattered and broken into fragments, and what a few hours since was a beautiful building is now a complete wreck, scattered over many acres of land. Large trees adjacent to the building were cut down, and a road was actually moved into the bush by the flying debris; here and there posts were found imbedded in the ground, while others went careering end over end and tearing up ground and levelling bushes and small trees in their course. A bar of iron ten feet long was carried over thirty rods and buried half its length in another earth, and the two unfortunate young men who were working in the building were literally torn to atoms. Their mangled corpses lay spread over many rods of ground, here a piece and there a piece, while on limbs and bushes, and in the tops of tall trees, might be seen dangling remnants of the clothing they wore. The scalp of one of them was found in the top of a birch tree, and the heart many rods from the scene of the disaster. In every direction pieces of flesh and bowels might be seen lying on bushes. Their bones were ground into fragments, and not a vestige of some of the limbs can be found. It was indeed heartrending, and the most terrible scene I ever beheld. Truly in the midst of life we are in death; a few hours before these young men might be seen going round in all the pride of manhood, and without a moment's warning they were launched into eternity. Mr. George Gordon Ferrier, one of the unfortunates, was a very promising young man, and was gradually but surely making for himself a large circle of friends, who admired him for his many virtues, pleasing and gentlemanly manners, and his exemplary conduct. We all deeply sympathize with the bereaved parents in their great affliction, and sincerely regret the loss this community has sustained in the death of this estimable young man. The name of the other young man was Simon Cahill, and his untimely death will be regretted, and his loss mourned by a large circle of friends and acquaintances.—*Can. of Witness.*

Ball Point, on Sturgeon lake, was on Wednesday night week the scene of a daring outrage, which is undergoing investigation before a bench of magistrates, composed of Major Deacon, Mr. Lang, and Capt. Crandell. The barn of Mr. Dunn was entered by a party of armed and disguised men, and 300 bushels of wheat, a waggon and span of horses, and some implements forcibly taken therefrom. The men in charge of the place were chased away—one running to the lake, and the other to the woods. Shots were fired by the attacking party, but no one was killed. Mr. Dunn is now brought up on charge of instigating the removal of the grain, the complainants being Messrs. Irwin & Boyd, of Port Hope, who are principal creditors. We understand Mr. Dunn had made an assignment, and that the assignee was in possession at the time. Messrs. Irwin & Boyd had a mortgage on the property. They had been advancing on Mr. Dunn for his lumbering business, and selling the lumber he made on commission. The case is very much involved. The examination lasted all Wednesday and Thursday, and had not concluded as we go to press. It will probably go to the Assizes.—*Post.*

A Belleville paper says a large number of the young men of this district have gone into the lumbering business for the winter season. The rate of wages, so far, is very low. It is not so lucrative an avocation as formerly.

Miss Isabella Haggart, a blue eyed young lady, 22 years of age, tall and slim, of fair complexion, started from Cornwall on the 14th inst., by the morning train, for Montreal, and has not been heard of since. She was going to No. 36 Victoria street.—*Witness, 24th inst.*

St. Patrick's Hall.—We understand Messrs. Curran and Coyle have, on the part of St. Patrick's Hall Association, taken out an action against Mr. Luke Moore, in the Superior Court for \$4,000 purchase money of the site of the late St. Patrick's Hall.

There were 104 interments in the city cemeteries this week. Twenty-six were infants under 1 month, from the Grey Nuns' Hospital.

A FRIEND IN NEED.—Dr. Winter's Balsam of Wild Cherry is a friend in need. Who has not found it such in curing all diseases of the lungs and throat, coughs, colds, and pulmonary affections, and "last, not least," Consumption? The sick are assured that the high standard of excellence, on which the popularity of this preparation is based, will always be maintained by the proprietors.

Exhaustion and degeneration follow the excessive use of the senses, without due intervals of rest for repair. In order to maintain the wanted energy, the force expended, whether of body or mind, must be restored. When the expenditure of brain matter and other nervous elements is continued by over work, the early extinction of life itself may be looked for as the result of such degeneration. The ingredients composing Fullers' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites are such as constitute healthy blood, re-establish sound nerves and senses, and will, consequently, not only prevent this exhaustion, but in most cases restore such as is lost.

BIRTH.

At Point St. Charles, on the 19th inst., Mrs. John Skelly, of a son.

MARRIED.

At Halifax, on the 26th inst., at St. Mary's Cathedral, by the Rev. Dr. Hannan, Mr. Arthur Anderson, to Miss Catherine Gibbons, both of Halifax.

DIED.

At Point St. Charles, on the 21st inst., Thomas Michael, infant son of Mr. John Skelly.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Flour @ 100 lbs.—Pollards.....	\$3.50 @ \$3.75
Superior Extra .....	0.00 @ 0.00
Extra .....	6.30 @ 6.40
Fancy .....	0.00 @ 0.00
Wheat, per bushel of 60 lbs.....	0.00 @ 0.00
Supers from Western Wheat (Welland Canal) .....	5.85 @ 0.00
Supers City Brands (Western wheat) .....	0.00 @ 0.00
Canada Supers, No. 2 .....	5.30 @ 5.40
Western States, No. 2 .....	0.00 @ 0.00
Fine .....	5.19 @ 5.20
Fresh Supers, (Western wheat) .....	0.00 @ 0.00
Ordinary Supers, (Canada wheat) .....	5.80 @ 5.90
Strong Bakers' .....	6.10 @ 6.35
Middlings .....	4.00 @ 4.25
U. C. bag flour, per 100 lbs.....	2.70 @ 0.00
City bags, [delivered] .....	3.05 @ 3.05
Barley, per bushel of 48 lbs.....	0.00 @ 0.00
Lard, per lbs.....	0.10 @ 0.10
Cheese, per lbs.....	0.10 @ 0.10
do do do Finest new.....	0.11 @ 0.11
Butter, per bushel of 32 lbs.....	0.83 @ 0.25
Outrun, per bushel of 300 lbs.....	4.74 @ 5.15
Corn, per bushel of 60 lbs.....	0.00 @ 0.00
Peas, per bushel of 60 lbs.....	0.80 @ 0.81
Pork—Old Mess.....	17.00 @ 17.50
New Canada Mess.....	18.50 @ 19.00

TORONTO FARMERS' MARKET.

Wheat, fall, per bush.....	\$1.20	1.27
do spring do .....	1.14	1.16
Barley do .....	1.14	1.16
Oats do .....	0.40	0.41
Peas do .....	0.00	0.00
Rye do .....	0.00	0.00
Dressed hogs per 100 lbs.....	6.00	6.50
Beef, hind-qs. per lb.....	0.07	0.08
" fore-quarters " .....	0.04	0.05
Mutton, by carcass, per lb.....	0.07	0.08
Chickens, per pair .....	0.25	0.50
Ducks, per brace.....	0.50	0.60
Geese, each .....	0.40	0.50
Turkeys .....	0.60	1.50
Potatoes, per bus.....	0.40	0.50
Butter, lb. rolls .....	0.27	0.28
do large rolls .....	0.09	0.00
do tub dairy .....	0.21	0.23
Eggs, fresh, per doz.....	0.21	0.22
do packed .....	0.09	0.20
Apples, per brl.....	2.50	3.00
Carrots do .....	0.55	0.60
Beets do .....	0.60	0.75
Parsnips do .....	0.50	0.70
Turnips, per bush.....	0.30	0.40
Cabbage, per doz.....	0.50	1.00
Onions, per bush.....	1.00	1.50
Hay .....	24.00	31.00
Straw .....	16.00	22.00

KINGSTON MARKET.

Flour—XXX retail \$8.50 per barrel or \$4.25 per 100 lbs. Family Flour \$9.25 per 100 lbs., and Fancy \$3.50.  
GRAIN—nominal; Bye 65c. Barley \$1.10. Wheat \$1.15 to \$1.25. Peas 60 to 65c. Oats 40c to 45c.  
BUTTER—Ordinary packed by the tub or crock sells at 17 to 18c per lb.; fresh selling on market at 21 to 22c. Eggs are selling at 16 to 17c. Cheese worth 19 to 11c; in stores 13c.  
MEAT—Beef, grass \$3.25 to 4.50; grain fed, none in market; Pork \$6.00 to 7.00; Mess Pork \$18 to \$19; Mutton from 5 to 6c. 60 to 60c. Veal, none, Hams—sugar-cured, 16 to 17c. Lamb 0 to 0c. Bacon 13 to 14c.  
POULTRY—Turkeys from 75c to \$1.00. Fowls per pair 45 to 50c. Chickens 30 to 40c.  
Hay steady, \$17 to \$19.00. Straw \$5.00, to \$8.00. Wool selling at \$5.25 to \$5.50 for hard, and \$3.25 to \$3.75 for soft. Coat steady, at \$7.50 for store, delivered, per ton; \$7.00 if contracted for in quantity. Soft \$8.  
HIDES—Market unchanged, quiet, \$7.00 for No. 1 untrimmed per 100 lbs. Wool 30c for good fleece; little doing. Calf Skins 10 to 11c. Tallow 7 to 8c per lb., rendered; 4c rough. Deacon Skins 30 to 50c. Pot Ashes \$5.25 to \$5.50 per 100 pounds.—*British Whig.*



THE REGULAR MONTHLY MEETING OF the above CORPORATION will be held in the ST. PATRICK'S HALL (Coupin's Block), on MONDAY EVENING next, November 3rd.  
By order,  
SAMUEL CROSS, Rec.-Sec.

NOTICE.

An application will be made to the Parliament of Canada, at its next Session, for an Act incorporating an International Transportation Association.  
EDMUND BARNARD,  
Attorney for Applicants.  
Montreal 1st October 1873. 10-3m

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of JOSEPH BOUTIN, Insolvent.  
I, the Undersigned, GEORGES HYACINTHE DUMESNIL, of the City of Montreal, have been appointed assignee in this matter.  
Creditors are requested to file their claims, before me within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at my office on the 25th day of November next, at 3 p.m., for the examination of the Insolvent, and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally.  
The Insolvent is hereby notified to attend said meeting.  
G. H. DUMESNIL,  
Official Assignee,  
No. 53 1/2 Craig Street.  
MONTREAL, 23rd October, 1873. 11-2

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

As the time approaches for the meeting of the National Assembly at Versailles the activity of Parties is quickened, and a feverish anxiety possesses the nation. There is no leading country in the world the real opinion of which is so difficult to divine as France. Its powerful official hierarchy is imposed from above and, depending directly on the Government of the day, is impelled by long tradition and immediate interest to contain the fluctuations of public opinion. The journals, though distinguished more or less by literary ability, represent, with very narrow and strict demarcations, certain recognized Parties, or serve the ambition of individual aspirants. Several times it has been shown with startling effect that a strong and most positive opinion has grown up and dominated the masses of Frenchmen, but this has only been revealed by some great appeal, as the election to the Presidency in 1848. As a general rule, politicians work in the dark as to the temper of the nation, and the most experienced public men pronounce, with evident sincerity, the most diverse judgments. This must be evident to any one who observes the present remarkable phase in French politics. All that the politicians can agree upon is the indubitable fact that the masses are likely to support what seems to them most in accord with their own interest, but whether they will look for this in Constitutional Monarchy, or a restoration of the Empire, or in the Conservative Republic of the Left Centre are matters on which different men, or even the same man at different times, utter very various opinions; yet by degrees the truth becomes known. Almost after the manner that was in vogue in England a century ago—by tours of observant persons in the Provinces, by listening to the talk of people in public haunts or conveyances, by correspondence with leading persons, or with those who in each district are familiar with the local tendencies, public opinion is at length ascertained sufficiently to enable a statesman to feel his way. The most eminent members of the Left Centre have declared against the scheme, and will probably carry this section entire over to the side of M. Thiers. Of those who belong to the next shade in the direction of Conservatism, and who are reckoned with the Monarchists, some are reported as wavering, and the new coherence of the Opposition may make them pause before forcing a Dynasty on an unconsulted country. It is useless to speculate on the immediate result of the debate. The Monarchical Party say they are sure that it will be a large one. Some members of the Opposition, on the other hand, predict a defeat of the Government. That opinion, however, does not prevail widely, and is probably ill-founded. It may be taken as almost certain that the Monarchists, if they desire it, can give the Throne to the Comte de Chambord by a narrow majority. The Royalists speak much more confidently of their coming victory than the Republicans venture to do. That the former feel secure of triumph may, perhaps, be inferred from the repairs and embellishments going on in the Faubourg St. Germain, where thousands of workmen are now engaged on various hotels belonging to the old noblesse. Neglected for a quarter of a century, so long as the country languished under democrats and tyrants, the mansions of the "noble faubourg" are making ready to welcome the return of Legitimacy and the re-establishment of a Court to which *trains rouges* and *chapeaux legers* may resort without derogation.—Times Cor.

pieces of the straw which made the seat of it. Bits of the paper off the wall, actually shavings off the legs of the chair, have been taken away, but experience has taught the owner caution. A MONSTROUS BLUNDER.—A comical story comes from Paris, the authority being a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The Shah of Persia, when in Paris, went to the Jardin des Plantes, and was very much pleased with what he saw there, and with the courtesy of the Directors; so much so, indeed, that he made notes of the names of the men of science, with the view of remembering them, in the sense in which people who hope to get something, ask to be "remembered." The other day his Majesty's compliments arrived in the shape of "lions" and "snags" and other "orders" which count for a good deal in Persia. Unhappily the Persian monarch somewhat dashed the pleasure of the decorated men of science by an awkward accident. He had noted down the names of M. M. Geoffrey, St. Hilaire, Milne Edwards, and other savants; but, in company with them, he had also written the names of some of the "extinct animals," whose relics are preserved in the museum; and, unluckily, the two sets of names got mixed up together. So it happened that when the men of Science received Persian decorations, so also did the megatherium, and other "fearful wild fowl" of the same character. SPAIN. MADRID, Oct. 23.—Admiral Lobos has arrived here. He gives as reason for his retreating from Cartagena to Gibraltar with the Government squadron that the only iron-clad vessels attached to his fleet was disabled. REPORTED VICTORY.—PERPIGNAN, October 23.—The Carlists in this city announce that their forces in the Spanish provinces of Gerona achieved a brilliant victory on the 19th inst., over the Republicans, near Periquerda. Two hundred of the Government troops are said to have been killed. THE CARLISTS.—The *Times* Special correspondent gives some interesting sketches from the Royalist camps:— One cannot help observing the differences that exist in the various Carlist forces, especially in relation to the religious feelings of the men. The Navarrese are not nearly so particular in the observance of the Catholic rites as the Vizcainos, and the latter are far behind the men of Guipuzcoa. The Guipuzcoans, in many respects, strongly remind me of the Scotch. Honest and frugal to the last degree, economizing every spare cuarto and carefully hoarding it up in the family stocking, they will go miles to perform their religious duties, and look upon any dereliction as a heinous sin. Lizarraga's troops, in addition to attending service every morning when on the march, have the rosaries recited by the priest at the head of each battalion. No halt is made, but the officers and men bare their heads, and the chaplain, riding by the side of the commanding officer, reads out the prayers and litany. Not a word can be heard down the ranks, and there is no sound save the measured tramp of the soldiery. Impressive, indeed, is the ceremony when, as we traverse a mountain pass at nightfall, the last rays of the setting sun dimly and mystically casting a faint reflection on the wayside ridges, at the conclusion of the litany. General officers, and men burst forth with the magnificent hymn of Ignatius Loyola as if one sole spirit animated them. The strains seem to die away in the distance until the waves of air, rebounding against some acoustic impediment of nature, re-echo back again the concluding bars of melody. The service over, General and officers laugh and talk about the ordinary topics of conversation, but for many minutes the silence down the ranks is intense. Each man seems still buried in the little world of thought which constitutes his inner being, and appears utterly indifferent to everything passing in the outer world. The devotion displayed by the lower classes in Guipuzcoa affords a striking contrast to the extreme indifference in these matters exhibited by the peasants in the South. Here the priest is a semi-Deity. There he is often a butt and a subject for ridicule. A discovery was made a few days since that a woman was serving in the Royalist ranks dressed in a soldier's uniform. She was found out in the following manner:—The priest of the village to which she belonged happened to pass through a town where the regiment was quartered, and chancing to see her, was struck by the likeness she bore to one of his parishioners. "You must be Andalicita Bravo," he remarked. "No, I am her brother," was the reply. The crew's suspicions were aroused, and, at his suggestion, an inquiry was made when it was discovered that the youthful soldier had no right to the masculine vestments she wore. Don Carlos, when he was told of the affair, desired that she should be sent as a nurse to the hospital in Durango, and when he visited the establishment presented the fair Amazon with a military cross of merit. The poor girl was delighted with the decoration but besought the "King" to allow her to return to the regiment, as she said she was more accustomed to inflicting wounds than to healing them. In fact she so inspired to be permitted to serve once more as a soldier that at last Don Carlos, to extricate himself from the difficulty, said, "No, I cannot allow you to join a regiment of men, but when I form a battalion of women, I promise upon my honour that you shall be named the colonel." "It will never happen," said the girl, and she burst into tears as the "King" left the hospital. I went over the establishment yesterday and found it the perfection of cleanliness and good management. The Spanish hospitals are, almost without an exception, admirably arranged, and the attention shown to the patients by the Sisters of Charity is of the most devoted character. I saw several wounded men as we passed through the wards. "How are you treated here?" I asked. "Our own mothers could not take more care of us than these kind nurses," was the reply. Unfortunately, the establishment is in want of funds, the Government for several months not having given anything towards the expenses of the hospital. It is consequently left entirely to the charity of some private persons in the district, and admirably do they respond to the frequent calls made upon their purses. But, in spite of this, funds are still sadly wanted, and the head sister told me that they were more than £200 in debt. As I was leaving the building, a nurse came forward and asked me if I would intercede in her favour. She was Andalicita Bravo, once a soldier, but now an assiduous attendant on the sick inmates. However, the confined life tries her constitution and she pines like a caged linnet for the freedom of a country life. "Do ask Don Carlos," if you see his Majesty," she eagerly exclaimed, "to allow me to return to my regiment, or at all events to quit these walls, for I am suffocated with the restraint." The poor Amazon is not likely to have her request granted, as this is the second time she has served in the ranks. On the first occasion, after an engagement with the Government troops, Andalicita, with several other soldiers, was taken prisoner. She was then banished to the Canary Islands and to escape her fate divulged the nature of her sex. The sentence was remitted, but instead of returning to her family, as she had promised

Andalicita bought some male attire and enlisted in another Carlist battalion. ITALY. THE EXPELLED JESUITS.—ROME, Oct. 13.—It is reported that the General of the Jesuits has transferred the head-quarters of the Order to Malta.—Cardinal Petrucci is about to leave for France. It is understood on a mission from the Vatican to French Bishops. SWITZERLAND. ECCLESIASTICAL PROSECUTION AT BIENNE.—We noticed some months ago the arrest and imprisonment of M. Jecker, the curé of Bienne, in Canton Berne, for fidelity to his diocese, and we are glad to see that all the Courts in Switzerland have not lost their judicial independence. After a trial of seven hours, in which M. Jecker defended himself, he has been triumphantly acquitted, with costs, of the charges brought against him by the State.—*Tablet*. AUSTRIA. CONFERENCE—VIENNA, Oct. 21.—Prince Bismarck had an audience with the Emperor of Austria to-day and subsequently held a conference with Count Andrássy and the Italian Minister. It is reported that at these interviews the Prince pressed the subject of national ecclesiastical legislation and urged identical action on the part of Austria and Germany with reference to the Papal election. A farewell banquet was given at the Imperial Palace to-night. The Emperor William, proposing a toast to the health of the Emperor of Austria, said, "the friendly sentiments exchanged at Vienna are a pledge of peace for Europe." GERMANY. An article in the official *Provincial Correspondence* of Wednesday says that the visit of King Victor Emmanuel has knit more closely than ever the tie which unites Italy and Germany. Another article in the same paper says the Government rely on the Prussian people for support in the fight with the Catholic Hierarchy. There can be no doubt that the Government have nailed their colours to the mast, and though fighting calmly and without any offensive show of pugnacity, are determined to stick to their purpose. As the immense majority of educated Catholics observe an absolute neutrality, signing no addresses either for or against it, it is, perhaps, not too rash to expect that the Bishops will gradually adopt more moderate politics, and submit to what they cannot prevent. Of course, if the Comte de Chambord comes in, and the most outspoken of the German Ultramontaine papers continue to hope for another French war, which shall shatter the sacrilegious fabric of the Hohenzollern Empire, it may be different. In such a case the Bishops may find themselves under too strong a pressure to be able to adopt the safest course. Dr. Reinkens, the newly-clothed Old Catholic Bishop, is about to be formally recognized by the Prussian Government. Upon his recognition the clergymen appointed by him will be able to solemnize marriages and to register births and deaths without the intervention of secular authority. Baden is sure to follow the example of Prussia, but the behavior of Bavaria and Wurtemberg, the two other States with large Catholic populations, is less to be relied upon.—*Times*. The semi-official *Provincial Correspondence* of this evening, in an article upon the war which the State continues to wage against the Catholic Church says:— "The Government will employ, if necessary, the severest and most thorough measures to bend or break the arrogance of the Roman hierarchy. But the Catholic population whose consciences are not wounded by the ecclesiastical laws, and who are anxious for the preservation of peace, should take care not to increase at the elections the number of Ultramontane Deputies, whose efforts, under the leadership of Rome, are directed to fighting the State and destroying the peace of the country." The Chamber of Deputies will be dissolved immediately. The preliminary elections will probably be held on the 28th inst., and the election of the Deputies on the 4th of November. The Diet will be convoked for the first fortnight of November. There is an uneasy feeling in Prussia as to the future policy of France, and the chances of a Franco-Russian alliance. The feeling at Berlin is that peace is only safe so long as France alone is in the field against them. They have overrun, humbled, mangled, and dismembered that country; and they are confident that, upon any fresh provocation, upon any renewed cry, "A Berlin!" or "Vengeance for Sedan!" the utter annihilation of their late foe would be for them the work of a few days' campaign, but they are haunted by misgivings as to the attitude of the Russian people, and the aspirations of rampant Pan-Slavism; and they consider that between them and the chances of a formidable Franco-Russian alliance there is only the thread of the Emperor Alexander's life. Were they called upon to withstand a simultaneous attack both on their western and eastern frontier, they are aware of the necessity they would be in of relying on Austrian support, or, at least neutrality, nor would they disdain even the tiny help that Italy, the Mouse, could lend to Prussia, the Lion. I have hardly met a Prussian or an Austrian who did not entertain the meanest opinion of Italy as a military and naval power. With the single exception of the *Bersagliere*, they think, there is no solidity in Italian troops. Their infantry is half starved and rickety, their cavalry badly mounted, their artillery untrained and inefficient, and there is hopeless disorganization in every department of the service. "Were a war to spring up even with France in her exhausted condition," these Germans say, "the French would hardly beat the trouble of forcing the passes of the Alps."—*Times* Cor. THE CATHOLIC PRESS OF GERMANY ON THE PROSECUTION.—The *Posen Tygodnik*, a Polish Catholic paper says:— "The Bishops are not only to be robbed of the last penny of their salaries, due to them under existing agreements with the Holy See, but their private property is also invaded and appropriated by the State in the shape of fines. Before long the same process will extend to the Cathedral Chapters and the rest of the clergy. After this, when there is no money left to pay the penalties exacted, the prisons will open their gates to receive the faithful priests; and when our confessors are obliged to spend their days in gaol, there will be no one to preach and baptize, to marry and administer to the dying the parting consolations of the Church. Altars will be desolate, churches empty, and bells silent. But what is to become of the people? What of the flock deprived of their shepherds? Are they to turn savages? Are they to become a prey to despair, crying night and day to God Almighty out of the depth of their misery? We do not presume to foretell all that may happen in such a state of things; but we are confident that if our sacred edifices are desecrated and all the horrors of spoliation committed, God Himself will descend from on high and look after His people and His Church. You who have chosen to be our adversaries may be assured that such will be the result of it all. In the meantime the Church will never so far demean itself as to meet you half-way, or willingly allow itself to be handcuffed and chained up. You will never succeed in tearing the Catholic people from the Roman Rock and handing them over to worthy Dr. Reinkens. You will never palm upon us priests approved by the Government, short-coated apostates and others whose only creed consists in obedience to a Pagan State. The following is an extract from the *Berlin Germania*:—"Catholics! you have been long enough told by your priests, when joining your hands to-

gether in the sacred bonds of matrimony, that those whom God has united no man can put asunder. The thing is no longer to be true. Unless the priest is specially approved by the Governor-General of your Province, your marriage is no marriage, and your children are bastards. Catholics! though you may have your children baptized at the holy font, they will be no Christians, but Pagans weighed down by hereditary sin, unless the ministering priest should happen to have the Governor-General's certificate in his pocket. The like will be the case with all Sacraments. Even Holy Mass becomes sacrilege if the officiating clergyman has not found favour in the eyes of M. Ober-President!" RUSSIA. PATERISM IN IRELAND.—From the Report of the Local Government Board, which has just been laid before Parliament, it appears that while paterism has not increased in any material respect, expenditure has advanced under every head during the year. The daily average number of workhouse inmates, in receipt of relief, for the year ended 29th September, 1872, was 43,315, against 46,045 for the corresponding period in the previous year, showing a decrease; while the total number of persons that received outdoor relief within the year, increased from 56,416 in 1871, to 68,433 in 1872. This change in the more liberal extension of out as against indoor relief has been advancing for many years, especially in the Unions in Leinster and Munster, while in Connaught and Ulster the change has been tardy. The total expenditure in 1872 has been £394,888, against £389,135, in 1871, thus showing an increase of £5,753, or somewhat below 7 per cent. Of this expenditure, the State defrays half the cost of the medical staff and of medical appliances, and the whole of the salaries of the workhouse schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, while the whole cost of the medical charities rose from £135,005 in 1871, to £141,668 in 1872. The expenditure from the local rates rose from a poundage of 15½d. in 1871, to 16d. in the 41, on a valuation, last year, of £13,329,254. THE MARKET PRICE OF SERMONS.—As an index to the market, we give the following taken from amongst other pious announcements in one of the Church papers of Friday:—"Sermons.—Good, sound sermons by an experienced clergyman, adapted to the Church's year. Subscriptions 13s. 6d. per quarter. Single MS. for any Sunday, 15 stamps. S. P. G., Confirmation, Hospital, &c., 2s. 6d. each. Clergy only. Address, &c." "Sermons.—Sound, Practical, and Original. Edited by an Oxford graduate. Strictly confined to the clergy. MS. for the season, and S. P. G. (2s. 6d.) now ready. A specimen is 5d. Address, &c." "Sermons.—Earnest, Original, Practical, upon the Sunday Gospels, Epistles, and Old Testament Lessons, by an experienced priest. Specimens free on approval to clergymen. Sermons for an Assize, Volunteer Corps, &c. Strict confidence. N. B.—These sermons have been highly commended by many eminent and earnest clergymen. Address, &c." Whatever may be bought of the traffic, it cannot be said that the charges are exorbitant. Only fancy, a Sunday's edification—in manuscript too—for fifteen stamps; earnestness and originality for a whole quarter at 13s. 6d. It is positively refreshing in these generally dear times to find at least one commodity that remains dirt cheap. A person with a good fat living and a cheap sermon market need not do amiss.—*Liverpool Weekly Advertiser*. FOUNDLINGS.—"C. C. F." writes to the *Baltimore American* in regard to Parisian foundlings. He remarks that the official returns of the hospitals of Paris show that of the 55,000 births in the city during the past year 13,366 were illegitimate. The proportion of illegitimacy to the number of inhabitants is not quite up to that of Vienna, which has 9,000 for one million inhabitants, while the population of Paris is nearly two millions. In various parts of Paris, boxes, called *lours*, are established, which revolve upon a pivot, and, on a bell being rung, are turned round by the person inside to receive any child that may have been deposited in it, without attempting to ascertain who the parents are. The child is taken to an hospital and cared for, and so soon as a nurse from the country can be procured, is given in charge of one of them. Nurses from the country, of good character, are always applying for these infants, to whom are paid by the city from four francs to eight francs per month, according to the age of the child, care being taken to assign the children to nurses living as far as possible from their birthplaces. After two years of age, the nurse may give the child up, when, if no other nurse can be found for it, it is transferred to the Orphan Department. Sometimes they become so attached to the children that they retain them. The number of children thus placed out in the country to nurse is about four thousand annually. The abolition of this humane custom of receiving these little waifs, and asking no questions in some of the departments, has caused infanticide to become very frequent. As for infanticide before birth, the number is said to have doubled and trebled in some districts, and risen to four and five times its amount in others. The average number of foundlings maintained at the Paris Hospital is four thousand four hundred. At the age of twelve the boys are bound apprentice to some trade at the expense of the city. A portion of 148 francs is awarded by the city to female foundlings when they marry, provided their conduct has been unexceptionable throughout. EPITAPHS.—An inscription on a tombstone in East Tennessee concludes thus:—"She lived a life of virtue and died of the cholera morbus, caused by eating green fruit, in the hope of a blessed immortality, at the early age of 21 years, 7 months and 16 days. Reader, go thou and do likewise." The following, which is suggestive to coffee drinkers, is from a tombstone in Connecticut:—"Here lies cut down like unripe fruit, The wife of Deacon Amos Shute; She died of drinking too much coffee, Anny Domyne eighteen forty." A tombstone in Texas has the following inscription:—"He remained to the last a decided friend and supporter of Democratic principles and measures.—Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." The following is from a cemetery in Maine, and was erected by the widow:—"Snoered to the memory of James H. R.—m, who died August the 6th, 1860. His widow who mourns as one who can be comforted, aged 24, and possessing every qualification for a good wife, lives at — street, in this village." In a churchyard near Hartford, Conn., is the following:—"Here lies two babies, as dead as nits; De Lord he kilt dem mit his ague fits, When dey was too good to live mit me, He took dem up to live mit Me. So he did."

New York, Oct. 18.—A most revolting murder has been perpetrated in the French settlement of Diocese. The crime was committed while the Bishop was at prayer in the Chapel of St. Jean de Dieu. The unfortunate man was stabbed in the heart and lungs. Two dirks were found near the body. A arrested on suspicion. Envy is supposed to be the motive, as Pelletier's father left all his fortune to the bishop. DON'T FEAR.—It is unnamable. A fretting man or woman is one of the most unlovely objects in the world. A wasp is a comfortable house-mate in comparison—it only stings when disturbed. But an habitual fretter buzzes if he don't sting, with or without provocation. "It is better to dwell in the corner of a house-top than with a brawling woman, and in a wide house." It is useless; it sets no bones, stops no leaks, gathers no spilt milk, cements no smashed pictures, cures no spoiled hay, and fetters himself. Children or servants cease to respect the authority or obey the commands of a complaining, worrisome, exacting parent or master. They know that "barking dogs don't bite," and fretters don't strike; and they conduct themselves accordingly. BREAKFAST.—EPH'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which will save us many heavy doctors' bills."—*Civil Service Gazette*. Made simply with Boiling Water or Milk. Each packet is labelled "James Epps & Co., Homeopathic Chemists, London." MANUFACTURER OF COCOA.—"We will now give an account of the process adopted by Messrs. James Epps & Co., manufacturers of dietetic articles, at their works in the Euston Road, London."—See article in *Cassell's Household Guide*. THE HOUSEHOLD PANACEA AND FAMILY LIVESAVE is the best remedy in the world for the following complaints, viz.: Cramp in the Limbs and Stomach; Pain in the Stomach, Bowels or Side; Rheumatism in all its forms; Bilious Colic; Nerviagia; Cholera; Dysentery; Colds; Fresh Wounds; Burns; Sore Throat; Spinal Complaints; Sprains and Bruises; Chills and Fever; Purely Vegetable and All-healing. For Internal and External use. Prepared by CURTIS & BROWN, No. 215 Fulton Street, New York, and for sale by all druggists. NOTICE. Application will be made to the Federal Parliament at its next Session for a Charter Incorporating a Joint Stock Company, Limited, under the name of the "COMMERCIAL PROTECTION COMPANY" for the economical settlement of doubtful debts and other purposes. The Head Office of the business of the Company will be in the City of Montreal. P. A. MERCIER, Manager. October 2, 1873. NOTICE is hereby given that DAME CLIMENTINE DESJARDINS, of the Parish of Vaudreuil, in the District of Montreal, sues for separation of property her husband, CHARLES WHITLOCK, of the same place, gentleman, by an action returnable in the Superior Court, at Montreal, on the first of September next, under the number 2571. Montreal, 14th August, 1873. D. D. BONDY, Plaintiff's Attorney. 578 INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of JOSEPH BOUTIN, of the City of Montreal, Grocer and Trader, Insolvent. The Insolvent has made an Assignment of his Estate to me, and the creditors are notified to meet at his place of business, No. 73 St. Paul Street, Montreal, on the twentieth day of October instant, at 10 o'clock A.M., to receive statements of their affairs and to appoint an Assignee. G. H. DUMESNIL, Interim Assignee. 178 Montreal 4th Oct. 1873. F. A. QUINN, ADVOCATE, No. 55, St. James Street, MONTREAL. WALSH'S CLOTHING HOUSE, 463 Notre Dame Street, (Near McGill Street.) MONTREAL. 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