

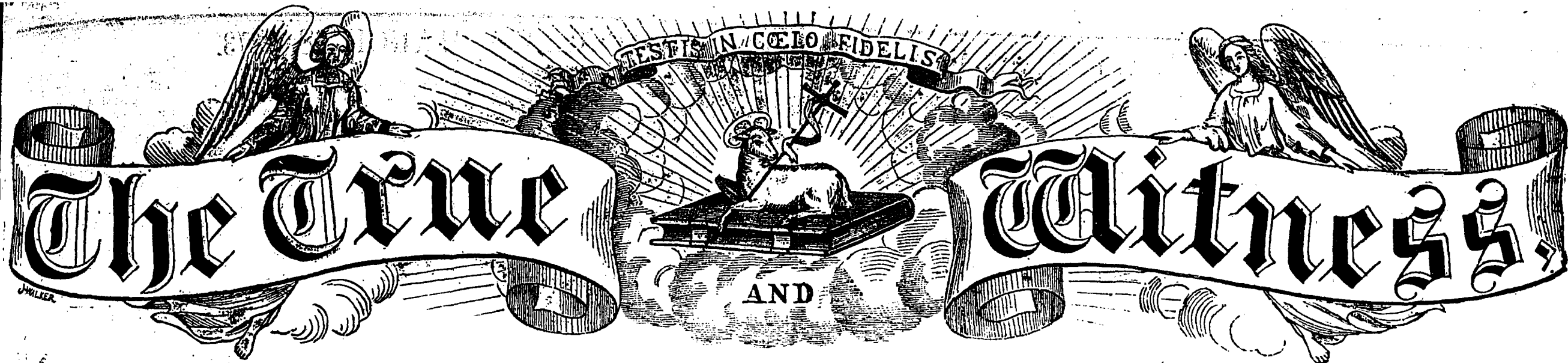
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# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXIII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 28, 1873.

NO. 32

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"One sound, one stir, and I'll blow your brains out. We have only to turn back to make our escape, but there is no chance for you. Open the gate."

Bradley unlocked the gate.

"Now, fling it wide. Hold up both your hands. All right. If you raise your voice while we are within pistol-shot, have a care for yourself. Stand out of the way!" and putting spurs in his horse Charles dashed through with Ned at his heels.

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as they deserve." Charles pressed some money into the hand of the groom, who drew back, saying—

"No, no, Master Charles—not now. I'll wait till better times, and you can pay me then. There'll be more to be made, you know, sir," he explained with a laugh. "Ah, no, Master Charles, not me, for only doing a small matter to oblige yourself and Miss Marion. Ayeh! sure, it's a far way I wouldn't go to serve the pair of ye. That's God's truth, anyhow. Good luck, Master Charles. I'll see after the 'conveyance,' and he disappeared.

Reassured by Butler's communication Charles now grew bolder in his movements. He stepped on the narrow terrace, and moving carefully among the attuary and flower pots with which it was adorned, reached the diningroom window and, shaded from outer view as well as from detection from within, by the ivy which half overgrew it, looked in.

The Squire and his lieutenant were at a carouse. That was plain. The host thrown back in his chair, his bosom frill all awry, and his vest open, blinked gravely across the table at his guest with the ludicrously wise expression of a man trying to persuade himself that he is sober when he is far otherwise. A steaming tumbler of whiskey punch stood before him, and to this he now and then reverted, every slip of the heady liquor serving to aggravate his condition.

Richard Raymond was little better. He wore his uniform, for military attire became him well, and he wished to look at his best always at Castle Harden. The bright scarlet of his coat was, however, stained fresh with spilt wine, and at the moment we set eyes upon him he is drowsing with half shut eyes, one arm swaying over the back of his chair, and one boot—spur and all—through his "bushy," which had somehow got, feathered and all, under his feet.

Squire Harden was habitually a temperate man, but accustomed, like so many, to stifle care or choler in the bowl. As for Richard Raymond, he liked strong drink for the excitement it gave him. In short, Raymond was a drunkard.

In those days many gentlemen thought it a duty they owed society and themselves to go as drunk as possible every night to bed, if they did not sleep where they fell under the table—for it often happened that their servants were too tipsy themselves to remove their masters.

The Squire had broken off midway in his song, being unable to remember his favourite verse. From the loss of memory he proceeded to consider the cause of it, and had convinced himself that indulgence in the bottle had had nothing to do therewith. But he failed to recall the chant, and therefore demanded a stave from his guest, who with some hiccoughs declared his total ignorance of all melody.

"Come, dash my buttons, if this isn't too bad," cried the Squire, in a mood to carp at anything. "If a country gentleman with four thousand a year can't find some beggarly music to his after-dinner potations—it's a devilish queer state of things."

"I can't sing," said Raymond, "and you can't sing. But there's your charming daughter. I never had the happiness myself, but others who heard her told me she has a divine voice. I'm quite aware of it," he added with some inconsistency—"she's a divinity in everything. She has treated me most harshly, but I still pronounce your daughter to be a most goddess-like creature. Her health!" and staggering to his feet, the lieutenant, with a grotesque gallantry, did honour to the absent lady.

"I a't sing, do you say?" quoth the Squire. "Dick Raymond, you lie, for your pains. When I was younger than I am, and doing the Grand Tour—I remember it was with Duck Whalley—the prince of good fellows if he weren't a little hare-brained—we were at Milan, and I sang in a quartette with Spaducci. Do you know, sir, that all the ladies preferred the stranger, and I might have carried off a marchese with deuce knows how many gold crowns, if I was so minded. Look, you, I have taught the piece I sang that night to my daughter, and—yes, hang me—she'll sing it, too."

Marion had, since the scene related in a previous chapter, kept her own room, the only communication she had received in the interval from her father being a message to remind her of the act of duty he expected, and was determined she should render him.

She was surprised under the circumstances at receiving a summons to the diningroom.

"And I was ordered to bring your harp in from the drawingroom, Miss," added the domestic, thus indicating to Marion the business on which she was wanted.

Marion looked at her watch, and said that it was near eleven. She was in no mood to entertain, but, resolved to please her father, she descended to the diningroom, and made an obedient reverence to the Squire.

"I sent for you," said he, without noticing

her respectful salute, "to play us some music, and sing us a song. There's no use in making a house gloomy. I, I advise you to chase dull care away, as we do, and then you won't care for anybody." Here it struck him he was beginning to talk at random, and he added hastily, as the servant brought in the instrument. "Sit down, and give us just one."

Marion took her harp, the fashionable instrument of the time, and ran her fingers over the chords. Her heart was anxious, and her spirits fell still further to see the state in which her father was. She never looked at Richard Raymond.

"Are you ready, girl? So. Now, Dick, my boy, name your favourite."

The Squire had forgotten his Milan experience. Raymond, with a reminiscence from the mess-room orgies of the day, was about to call for the famous *chant de marche*, "Moll Flagon," but recollecting himself in time, he with some labour bethought him of the more reputable piece, "By Celia's Arbour," which he managed to request.

"Give us 'Celia's Arbour,'" cried her father. "It reminds me of my bachelor days. Good, sir, by many an arbour have I been in my rakehelly days, but never—let me see"—and the old fellow pondered—"no, never by any Celia's. There were girls quite as good though, I'll be bound, and—"

Here he was struck by his daughter's presence, and, by way of removing the effect of his last remark, sternly bade her to go on.

Marion possessed a soft, and what is generally called a sympathetic voice—one of those organs which may be neither very powerful nor very sweet, but which, nevertheless, exercise an indescribable influence over the listener. She performed exquisitely also, and thus, untuned as her soul was to the sympathy, she, nevertheless, impressed her listeners.

Richard Raymond was usually little moved by concord of sweet sounds, but the beauty no less than the witching tones of the singer awakened in him a sensual rapture.

Squire Harden, delighted with her performance, and proud always of his daughter, called her to him.

"Come here and kiss me, you hussy," he cried with brusque fondness. "There, see now" he added, taking her hand, his brain hazy with that elation which enables the intoxicated man to see an easy way out of all difficulties, "see how low happy we might be, if only you would have a little sense, and do as I bid you. Come, girl, let us make up matters while everybody is in the humour. Dick, stand up and come here—if you can. Marion is going to make friends."

Richard Raymond rose and staggered from his chair, leering with drunken insolence upon the young lady.

"Course I'll come," he jerked out, pausing to steady himself. "We're all friends now. I'm friendly, I know. Are you friendly, Miss Harden?" he asked, reeling nearer, and attempting an imploring glance. "If you are—if you are—say so, and make—make the man who adores you hap—happy."

She averted her face in disgust, and tried gently to draw her hand from that of her father, whose eyes were beginning to close.

"All right, Marion," continued the lieutenant. "Silence gives consent, my darling, and damn me, I'll have a kiss," and he lurched forward stretching forth his arms.

She sprang past him with a cry, and the ruffian, missing his clutch, fell heavily upon his face. He gathered himself up with a brutal oath, to see his host glaring in blank amazement at Charles Raymond, who stood before the drunken pair, and held Marion in his arms.

"You!" was all the Squire could utter, as, with levelled fore-finger, he stared at the intruder. He doubted the evidence of his senses.

"It is I," retorted Charles Raymond, with cool scorn, and gently removing Marion's encircling arms, but retaining her in a lover's hold, he faced the Squire.

"I make no apology for my presence here. After the scene I have witnessed—with the spectacle before me, I thank the Providence that guided me hither. Mr. Harden, I leave you to recover to remorse and shame. Come, Marion, this is no place for you."

"Dear father, forgive and pity me," cried Marion. "Heaven knows how I love you—but you have forced me to this."

"Stay," said the Squire, not heeding her imploration. Rage and liquor almost choked him. "Unhand my daughter, you villain; unhand her, I say." He tried to rise, but his limbs, relaxed with the night's indulgence, refused their office; His distress under other circumstances might have excited laughter.

"Am I awake?" he cried, looking wildly round. He saw his lieutenant standing beside him, no less bemused, if more capable of movement, than himself.

Your hand, Dick—help me. No, d—me, I can't get up. I'm too drunk. Here

you scoundrel, wheel me over—bring me near that rebel any way. Reach me a decanter—I'll brain him!"

"If you move hand or foot," said Charles, turning to his younger brother, "not even the blood which binds us shall save you," and he covered the trembling lieutenant with a pistol. "I warn you not to follow."

He addressed the Squire once more. "Mr. Harden," said he, "I have come to rescue your daughter from a persecution which would have killed her. I believe you did not know your own cruelty. The results be upon your own head."

He drew Marion from the room, which he fastened upon the carousers.

The Squire now found his feet, and with deep imprecations on the cowardice and inaction of Richard Raymond, threw himself against the door, which soon yielded. He stumbled along the corridor with outcries which startled the household, and, gaining the place where it hung, tugged at the alarm-bell till the rope broke in his strenuous grasp.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE ELOPMENT.

The first to answer the startling summons was Major Craddock. Throwing aside Vauban he hurried towards the clangor. A dozen of his dragoons were speedily in their saddles, waiting the signal to set out.

Squire Harden almost sobered by the occurrences of the previous few minutes, hurried to the stables, and there made two discoveries. One was the disappearance of a pair of carriage horses and a light travelling carriage cushion. The other was that the one person on the premises whom the alarm had failed to arouse was Tom Butler, the groom.

The lazy fellow at length appeared, in all the stupor of a man unseasonably awakened from deep slumber. Nothing could exceed the astonishment and dismay he displayed when he found the vehicle and the two best pacers in his charge spirited away, literally from under his nose—for he slept in the story above his equino charge.

Tom solemnly protested that the "Old Boy" himself must have had a hand in the mystery.

A considerable time was lost in consequence of these complexities and of the Squire's determination to accompany the pursuit. When he took the saddle he found his deep potations anything but conducive to a firm seat, and the whole party were, therefore, obliged to move slowly till he should have recovered somewhat his usual horsemanship.

They found the park gates wide open, and the man in charge in the same state of confusion that had seized the others. He only knew that, shortly after he had been wakened by the bell, he heard the sound of wheels, then the grating of hinges; and, as he hurried out, a carriage drove away, followed by a mounted man leading a second horse, without a rider.

Squire Harden dismissed him there and then from his employment, warning him not to be on the spot at his return if he valued his liberty.

There was no need to ask the negligent janitor which direction the fugitives had taken. One way the road led to the city, into which Raymond could not venture; the other route was towards the country, and this, though perilous enough to a man circumstanced as Charles was just then, was beyond doubt the one he must have taken.

Without a word or sign from their officer the cavalry wheeled to the right, and broke into a trot, increasing their pace to a round gallop.

Squire Harden, Raymond, and Major Craddock rode at the head of the party. Not a word was exchanged between them, save when, on topping a hill or entering on a long stretch of the twilight road, the Major called a moment's halt, and all listened and looked through the tranquil night for sight or sound of those they were following.

As the cool rush of the night air cleared away the reek which had obscured his reason, the Squire recalled more and more vividly the incidents of the hour before, and, unspcakably incensed as he felt against his daughter, and bitter as was his desire for vengeance upon the man who had seduced her from his roof, there was another circumstance which made probably as strong an impression upon him. He could not help contrasting the attitude of the two brothers during the crisis, and, prejudiced as he was against the one, he was forced to own that the other made but a despicable show beside him. The manly courage and noble demeanour of Charles Raymond recurred as strongly as the cowardice and craven aspect of Lieutenant Dick. He also remembered, all the more poignantly that he had sanctioned it, the insult the latter had dared to offer his daughter, and he muttered a curse upon himself for having permitted it. But the contrast he was thus forced into drawing only strengthened his enmity towards Charles and his anger against Marion, at the same time that it provoked sentiments of indignation and contempt as regarded Richard Raymond. He resolved

## WHICH WAS THE TRAITOR?

A STORY OF '98.  
(From the Dublin Weekly Freeman)

CHAPTER XV.—THE MIDNIGHT RIDE.

Charles followed as narrowly as he could the route which he and his followers had traversed on their march from the metropolis. This lay for considerable intervals through remote localities, and at such portions of the journey our hero and his faithful attendant were able to conceal measures the object of which will be disclosed in the next chapter. At times, however, the travellers found themselves on the public highway or in peopled places, and at these times they moved on cautiously, eye and ear on the alert.

It was the hours of deep slumber, and the night was calm and beautiful. But the repose of the time had vanished. The peace and security of the country were hideously disturbed by the glare of conflagrations on every side, and by sounds, more or less distant, of suffering or of exultation, as the armed foes of the people exercised their savage licence upon such victims as they chanced to seize.

Charles and his servant were both armed to the teeth, and felt confident of their ability to encounter any half dozen of the volunteer soldiery. Raymond, moreover, was determined to die rather than yield at such a juncture.

By continual vigilance they managed to elude two or three encounters which threatened to bar their path.

Their progress was necessarily slow, and it was beginning to lighten when they had arrived at the most serious obstacle between them and the end of their expedition. This was a turnpike, which they remembered too late, as the time lost in making a detour to gain another road would bring in the day, and force them to seek a hiding place till darkness should fall again.

Charles knew that every turnpike was held by soldiers, but risking his fate on the turn of the event he quietly cocked a pistol, and, imitated by his companion, rode boldly up to the turnpike house, and knocked at the door.

A gruff voice replied. Charles was about to reply when Ned Fennell, placing a hand on his mouth, whispered—

"Bradley!"

It was Bradley who occupied the dwelling with a sergeant's party of regular infantry; for the informer had a sort of independent military command, and could exchange at will into the regiment from which he chose to select his assistants.

Charles, who had often seen Bradley at Squire Harden's, and had, moreover, some knowledge of his character, saw the gravity of the situation; but desperation gave him nerve, and as he turned up his high coat collar, and slouched his broad-brimmed hat over his face, he answered to the challenge from within, disguising his voice.

"On his Majesty's service. Open instantly, you lazy scoundrel. We carry important news."

Charles almost smiled as the character of the equivocal he employed struck his mind.

"Coming, Colonel," replied Bradley in a tone considerably altered, and they heard him energetically laboring in his haste to make him-

self presentable. At the same time they heard the voices of the soldiers who had been wakened by the episode, as they tried to guess the nature of the tidings in transmission abroad, or cursed the envoys who had startled them out of their slumber.

While Bradley was making his appearance Charles backed his horse, as if with impatience to the gate. In this way he drew Bradley from the house. Fortunately the curiosity of the soldiers did not overcome their weariness. One looked out for a moment and disappeared from the door again.

Bradley advanced to the barrier, and placed the key in the stout padlock. Charles thrown off his guard lifted his hat to scan the road before him, and at that instant the Sergeant shot the light of a dark lantern upon him. He started.

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CHAPTER XVI.—A DECIDED STEP.

When it had grown dusk Charles ventured from his patulous refuge, and moving warily from shelter to shelter, at length gained the very spot in the parterre where he stood with Marion Harden when we made his first acquaintance. Here our hero and his servant met a third party. Butler, the groom, had managed to pay an unseason visit to them during the day in their woodland retreat; and it was the retainer who now awaited them.—Touching his hat, as he met Charles, he whispered,

"I have told the other servants, Master Charles, and it's all right. There's only the Squire himself, and a person with him at dinner."

"Who?"

"Well, as the truth is the best to be told, sir," replied the man, with some hesitation, "it's your brother, Master Dick."

Butler, with that refinement of feeling so marked in the character of the Irish peasantry, wished to avoid the mention of a name, which, he felt, would sound unpleasantly in our hero's ears. But Charles only observed,

"We don't care much for him. Where's Major Craddock?"

"In his room, reading. You see the light in the left wing. It's there his men are quartered too, but they're all in bed except the sentry, and he won't be in your way: The butler told me the Major left the diningroom as soon as the drinking sets in. He must be a 'quare sort of man," added the groom reflectively, for poor Butler was not likely, from the nature of his own habits, to understand, or at all events, to admire abstinence in others.

"Hark!" cried Charles, as sounds of a significant character reached them suddenly from the diningroom:

"Be me oath, it's the Squire himself, and he singing 'The Foxhunter.' D'ye hear him—the old sinner—with his 'Tully-ho, the fox in the mornin'?' Edad! it's for him 'tis fine—all out."

And Butler, a man of speculative turn, was struck with the inequality of fortune, which left a man like him, possessed of a good loud voice, a jovial comrade, moreover, an ardent lover of his tittle, unable, except seldom, to gratify his natural bent, while another man had the opportunity to get drunk every night if he choose.

"Miss Harden is in her own room, I see."

"Yes, sir; you'll see the light go out at eleven o'clock, and then she'll come out to meet you here."

"Thank you, Butler; you have proved yourself a faithful fellow, and I hope the Time will come when I may be able to repay your services

as they deserve." Charles pressed some money into the hand of the groom, who drew back, saying—

"No, no, Master Charles—not now. I'll wait till better times, and you can pay me then. There'll be more to be made, you know, sir," he explained with a laugh. "Ah, no, Master Charles, not me, for only doing a small matter to oblige yourself and Miss Marion. Ayeh! sure, it's a far way I wouldn't go to serve the pair of ye. That's God's truth, anyhow. Good luck, Master Charles. I'll see after the 'conveyance,' and he disappeared.

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Marion looked at her watch, and said that it was near eleven. She was in no mood to entertain, but, resolved to please her father, she descended to the diningroom, and made an obedient reverence to the Squire.

"I sent for you," said he, without noticing

her respectful salute, "to play us some music, and sing us a song. There's no use in making a house gloomy. I, I advise you to chase dull care away, as we do, and then you won't care for anybody." Here it struck him he was beginning to talk at random, and he added hastily, as the servant brought in the instrument. "Sit down, and give us just one."

Marion took her harp, the fashionable instrument of the time, and ran her fingers over the chords. Her heart was anxious, and her spirits fell still further to see the state in which her father was. She never looked at Richard Raymond.

"Are you ready, girl? So. Now, Dick, my boy, name your favourite."

The Squire had forgotten his Milan experience. Raymond, with a reminiscence from the mess-room orgies of the day, was about to call for the famous *chant de marche*, "Moll Flagon," but recollecting himself in time, he with some labour bethought him of the more reputable piece, "By Celia's Arbour," which he managed to request.

"Give us 'Celia's Arbour,'" cried her father. "It reminds me of my bachelor days. Good, sir, by many an arbour have I been in my rakehelly days, but never—let me see"—and the old fellow pondered—"no, never by any Celia's. There were girls quite as good though, I'll be bound, and—"

Here he was struck by his daughter's presence, and, by way of removing the effect of his last remark, sternly bade her to go on.

Marion possessed a soft, and what is generally called a sympathetic voice—one of those organs which may be neither very powerful nor very sweet, but which, nevertheless, exercise an indescribable influence over the listener. She performed exquisitely also, and thus, untuned as her soul was to the sympathy, she, nevertheless, impressed her listeners.

Richard Raymond was usually little moved by concord of sweet sounds, but the beauty no less than the witching tones of the singer awakened in him a sensual rapture.

Squire Harden, delighted with her performance, and proud always of his daughter, called her to him.

"Come here and kiss me, you hussy," he cried with brusque fondness. "There, see now" he added, taking her hand, his brain hazy with that elation which enables the intoxicated man to see an easy way out of all difficulties, "see how low happy we might be, if only you would have a little sense, and do as I bid you. Come, girl, let us make up matters while everybody is in the humour. Dick, stand up and come here—if you can. Marion is going to make friends."

Richard Raymond rose and staggered from his chair, leering with drunken insolence upon the young lady.

"Course I'll come," he jerked out, pausing to steady himself. "We're all friends now. I'm friendly, I know. Are you friendly, Miss Harden?" he asked, reeling nearer, and attempting an imploring glance. "If you are—if you are—say so, and make—make the man who adores you hap—happy."

She averted her face in disgust, and tried gently to draw her hand from that of her father, whose eyes were beginning to close.

"All right, Marion," continued the lieutenant. "Silence gives consent, my darling, and damn me, I'll have a kiss," and he lurched forward stretching forth his arms.

She sprang past him with a cry, and the ruffian, missing his clutch, fell heavily upon his face. He gathered himself up with a brutal oath, to see his host glaring in blank amazement at Charles Raymond, who stood before the drunken pair, and held Marion in his arms.

"You!" was all the Squire could utter, as, with levelled fore-finger, he stared at the intruder. He doubted the evidence of his senses.

"It is I," retorted Charles Raymond, with cool scorn, and gently removing Marion's encircling arms, but retaining her in a lover's hold, he faced the Squire.

"I make no apology for my presence here. After the scene I have witnessed—with the spectacle before me, I thank the Providence that guided me hither. Mr. Harden, I leave you to recover to remorse and shame. Come, Marion, this is no place for you."

"Dear father, forgive and pity me," cried Marion. "Heaven knows how I love you—but you have forced me to this."

"Stay," said the Squire, not heeding her imploration. Rage and liquor almost choked him. "Unhand my daughter, you villain; unhand her, I say." He tried to rise, but his limbs, relaxed with the night's indulgence, refused their office; His distress under other circumstances might have excited laughter.

"Am I awake?" he cried, looking wildly round. He saw his lieutenant standing beside him, no less bemused, if more capable of movement, than himself.

Your hand, Dick—help me. No, d—me, I can't get up. I'm too drunk. Here

you scoundrel, wheel me over—bring me near that rebel any way. Reach me a decanter—I'll brain him!"

"If you move hand or foot," said Charles, turning to his younger brother, "not even the blood which binds us shall save you," and he covered the trembling lieutenant with a pistol. "I warn you not to follow."

He addressed the Squire once more. "Mr. Harden," said he, "I have come to rescue your daughter from a persecution which would have killed her. I believe you did not know your own cruelty. The results be upon your own head."

He drew Marion from the room, which he fastened upon the carousers.

The Squire now found his feet, and with deep imprecations on the cowardice and inaction of Richard Raymond, threw himself against the door, which soon yielded. He stumbled along the corridor with outcries which startled the household, and, gaining the place where it hung, tugged at the alarm-bell till the rope broke in his strenuous grasp.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE ELOPMENT.

The first to answer the startling summons was Major Craddock. Throwing aside Vauban he hurried towards the clangor. A dozen of his dragoons were speedily in their saddles, waiting the signal to set out.

Squire Harden almost sobered by the occurrences of the previous few minutes, hurried to the stables, and there made two discoveries. One was the disappearance of a pair of carriage horses and a light travelling carriage cushion. The other was that the one person on the premises whom the alarm had failed to arouse was Tom Butler, the groom.

The lazy fellow at length appeared, in all the stupor of a man unseasonably awakened from deep slumber. Nothing could exceed the astonishment and dismay he displayed when he found the vehicle and the two best pacers in his charge spirited away, literally from under his nose—for he slept in the story above his equino charge.

Tom solemnly protested that the "Old Boy" himself must have had a hand in the mystery.

A considerable time was lost in consequence of these complexities and of the Squire's determination to accompany the pursuit. When he took the saddle he found his deep potations anything but conducive to a firm seat, and the whole party were, therefore, obliged to move slowly till he should have recovered somewhat his usual horsemanship.

They found the park gates wide open, and the man in charge in the same state of confusion that had seized the others. He only knew that, shortly after he had been wakened by the bell, he heard the sound of wheels, then the grating of hinges; and, as he hurried out, a carriage drove away, followed by a mounted man leading a second horse, without a rider.

Squire Harden dismissed him there and then from his employment, warning him not to be on the spot at his return if he valued his liberty.

There was no need to ask the negligent janitor which direction the fugitives had taken. One way the road led to the city, into which Raymond could not venture; the other route was towards the country, and this, though perilous enough to a man circumstanced as Charles was just then, was beyond doubt the one he must have taken.

Without a word or sign from their officer the cavalry wheeled to the right, and broke into a trot, increasing their pace to a round gallop.

Squire Harden, Raymond, and Major Craddock rode at the head of the party. Not a word was exchanged between them, save when, on topping a hill or entering on a long stretch of the twilight road, the Major called a moment's halt, and all listened and looked through the tranquil night for sight or sound of those they were following.

As the cool rush of the night air cleared away the reek which had obscured his reason, the Squire recalled more and more vividly the incidents of the hour before, and, unspcakably incensed as he felt against his daughter, and bitter as was his desire for vengeance upon the man who had seduced her from his roof, there was another circumstance which made probably as strong an impression upon him. He could not help contrasting the attitude of the two brothers during the crisis, and, prejudiced as he was against the one, he was forced to own that the other made but a despicable show beside him. The manly courage and noble demeanour of Charles Raymond recurred as strongly as the cowardice and craven aspect of Lieutenant Dick. He also remembered, all the more poignantly that he had sanctioned it, the insult the latter had dared to offer his daughter, and he muttered a curse upon himself for having permitted it. But the contrast he was thus forced into drawing only strengthened his enmity towards Charles and his anger against Marion, at the same time that it provoked sentiments of indignation and contempt as regarded Richard Raymond. He resolved



THE CRUSADE OF THE PERIOD.

FROUDE IN IRELAND.

BY JOHN MITCHELL.

(From the New York Irish American.)

No. 2.

CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE "FIRST HISTORIAN."

Froude is really a man to be congratulated, or almost envied. He has stirred up hosts of vindictive enemies on both sides of the Atlantic. He is the Hero of Two Worlds, in another sense than the Lafayette sense. Like bloodhounds, they are upon his track in either hemisphere; his new book, 'The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century,' will have a sale unexampled; and this—as they say in New England—this is the calculation.

I said that the discussion raised by the Crusader is only beginning. Now it grows hotter and fiercer every day. Not only that fell critic, the bulldog 'Citizen of Brooklyn,' holds our Historian fast, with a grip like death, but I find that Mr. Prendergast, author of the 'Cromwellian Settlement,' has fallen upon Historian Froude with a fury even more ferocious than Mr. Meline's own; not counting the long array of his other enemies in England and Scotland.

I have the honor to make him my compliments.—Nothing could fall out more happily for him than this view-hello and full cry of eager hunters. Mr. Prendergast, after having read the first volume of the new book, has addressed several letters to the Dublin press; one of which opens thus:—'Mr. Froude, I believe, is lighting a fire that he has little conception of. Deep as our hatred has hitherto been at our unparalleled historic wrongs, it is as nothing to intense detestation we shall hereafter hold the English in. The vile English press are unwilling to commit themselves to the support of Mr. Froude's crusade against the exiled Irish, until they see the success of it, it is easy to see how they sympathize with it, and how gladly they would see the Americans hate us as deeply as they do themselves. For, in truth, the self-imposed mission of this friend and lover of Ireland (God save us from our English lovers) is to turn the Americans against us.'

Here Mr. Prendergast is quite wrong, on one point! Our Historian knew very well that he was lighting a fire; and intended it. Moreover, he will get out of it himself without singling a whisker by means of a patent fire-escape which he has invented. But now, some one may ask who is Mr. Prendergast? He is an author of whom Mr. Froude himself has made honorable mention in this very book, the 'English in Ireland.' He says (page 124 n):—'I cannot pass over this part of my narrative without making my acknowledgments to Mr. Prendergast, to whose personal courtesy I am deeply indebted, and to whose impartiality and candor in his volume on the Cromwellian Settlement, I can offer no higher praise than by saying that the perusal of it has left on my mind an impression precisely opposite to that of Mr. Prendergast himself. He writes as an Irish patriot—I as an Englishman; but the difference between us is not on the facts, but on the opinion to be formed about them.'

—Meaning that, in Prendergast's opinion, it was hard measure to compel all Irish land-owners in three of the four provinces, on a certain day in winter, by sound of trumpet and *beats of drums*, to arise and transplant themselves, into the wilds of Connaught; but that in Froude's opinion it was a wholesome measure, intended for the good of the Irish themselves. But what I specially desire to call attention to, in this place, is the excessive discourtesy with which Mr. Prendergast repays that honorable mention by the First of Living Historians. After having, by his 'personal courtesy' (and something more than that) earned so grateful and graceful an acknowledgment from so grand a prince of literature, this Irishman no sooner reads the book in which so flattering a notice of himself is contained, than he suddenly turns round and rudely, and even brutally, rebuffs him. He ignores entirely the compliment to himself; and is perhaps ashamed of it. 'The twisters and wingers of the English viper'—such is about the best language he can find for his *quondam* acquaintance. Mr. Prendergast admits that he did quote the researches of our Historian, and did furnish him with authorities and references, sometimes directly, sometimes through others. But he soon had reason to doubt the good faith of this ardent historic investigator, and thought it needful to deal with him accordingly. In the first quarter of the eighteenth century, about the years 1719 and 1723, occurred certain legislative proceedings in the Colonial Parliament in Dublin, concerning which some doubts arose; and both Mr. Prendergast and Mr. Froude were at the same moment laboring in record offices to ascertain the facts and discover the documents. Mr. Prendergast found what was wanted;—I do not enter here into the odious and indecent details; but must do so before I have done with Froude. Having looked upon the documents, the laborious Irish scholar, in all good faith, thought he was bound to communicate them to Mr. Froude. Here is his own account of this matter in a late letter to the Irish journals:—

'Now for Mr. Froude's treatment of this event.—He knew he could not avoid it, or mis-state it, as he has done so many other events. For, having met Mr. Froude shortly afterwards, making his researches in the State Paper Department at Dublin Castle, I thought it right to tell him of my discovery. But he was already aware, so he told me, of the fact, having seen the original letter in the Public Record Office, London. There was something, however, so extraordinary in the man's demeanor that I had my misgivings that he intended to mislead with the transaction in some way; so I published it in the *Premier's Journal* of the 28th April, 1871. I confess I had great curiosity to see how he would treat the matter in these circumstances. 'The writer then repeats some words and phrases from this book; and continues:—'Let it be remembered that I had bound him with such strong cords by publishing the entire letter beforehand that there was no possibility of his mis-stating the terms or the scope of it; and then observe the writtings and twistings of this English viper, that nursed in his youthful sickness by the poor pansy of Mayo, and since that day a frequent visitor to Ireland, seeks to spit his venom against us at home by publishing his book, and then immediately rushing to America to endeavor to instill into the English race abroad the same hatred he and his colleagues are filled with at home.'

'WORDS THAT BURK.' I mean to tell something of the matter which was in question, before I have done: but in the meantime it is enough to arouse the sympathies of all readers in favour of Mr. Froude, by showing the shocking manner in which his kindly overtures to Prendergast have been received. It is true, no compliment from our Historian could elevate the reputation of Mr. Prendergast, the author of the most perfect Monograph of one special cardinal point in our Irish history; but still it seems hard that the recipient of so pretty a compliment, should have no better return to make, than refusing the courtesy with both his hands, saying:—'Keep off you English viper!' It is the time indeed come when these generous tributes from one literary man to another, which give such a grace and charm to the intercourse of lofty intellects, are to become of no account? Is a gentleman who has received so flattering an eulogy from a great man justified in replying with a kick and a curse? Let a discerning public judge.

NOBLE ATTITUDE OF THE HISTORIAN. In the midst of all this tumult of abuse the First Historian walks serene: he is altogether impassive, going calmly on the even tenor of his way, answering all hostile critics with disdain. Mr. Meline has vainly tried to worry him into giving some sign, making some defence in the matter of Queen Mary of Scotland and her 'latest Historian.' Yet the critic seems to have been aware from the first that he would get nothing out of the man. Says that inevitable citizen of Brooklyn:—

'That Mr. Froude at this or at any other time would answer the charges presented in 'Mary Queen of Scots and her latest English Historian,' I have never expected. He cannot do it and better his position, and I am, moreover, sufficiently familiar with his "manner of fence" with critics at home to know that he would not now attempt serious responses in a case of any gravity. Mr. Froude cannot reply to my allegations, because, he says, "I am on one side of the Atlantic, and my books and papers are on the other;" and he then repeats the plaintive wall, made several years ago in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, touching his gigantic labors with documents and MSS. "In half a dozen languages." But during all the years Mr. Froude was at home among his books and papers, his most aggressive critics and those of bluntest speech succeeded no better than I have in obtaining answer, explanation or apology from him. In reply to the most damaging imputations, to the most offensive accusations, he had nothing to say—and, wisely, said nothing.'

It is an attitude of grand disdain: but this inevitable Meline does not like it: he would prefer that the Historian would be good enough to explain some of those very numerous passages in which he has brought forward misquotations or palmed off mis-translations, and to expound how it has happened that all those "clerical errors," as Froude calls them, were on one side, always going to favor the scoundrel he intended to whitewash, and to blacken the unhappy Papist he meant to cover with obloquy. Father Burke, I think, in his lectures, only ventured to call in question one statement made by his opponent—a statement that, while the Americans were in revolt, the Irish Catholics, represented by Lord Fingal and others, went crawling to the foot of the throne, praying to be led against the rebellious Americans. The great Dominican said he had searched for some such address, thinking very naturally that a document of so much importance would certainly have been printed; but he had not found any document answering the description, although he had found, in *Curry's* Collection, an address testifying generally loyalty. It is *ser vile* enough God knows, and it is signed certainly *Fingal, Garmanstown, Dillon, Kenmare*, and many others: but it says no word of America. Here is the Historian's proud rejoinder in his last lecture:—

'I quoted a loyal address to George the Third, signed in the name of the whole body by the leading Irish Catholics. Father Burke says that, though fulsome in its tone, it contains no words about America. As he meets me with a contradiction, I can but insist that I copied the words which I read to you from the original in the State Paper Office, and I will read one or two sentences of it again. The address declares that the Catholics of Ireland abhorred the unnatural rebellion against his Majesty which had broken out among his American subjects; that they laid at his feet 2,000,000 loyal, faithful, and affectionate hearts and hands, ready to exert themselves against his Majesty's enemies in any part of the world; that their loyalty had been always as the dial to the sun, true though not shone upon.'

This last line—is the Historian very certain that it is not a quotation from Tom Moore? At any rate he pre-emptorily shuts all mouths by saying, "I can but insist that I copied it in the State Paper Office." Now, the fact is, that nobody, by this time, believes one word that the First of Living Historians writes or utters upon his own authority. There are, accordingly, many still who will not believe that such a document exists,—not at least until after the Lord Chancellor of Ireland and the Judges have exhibited a certified copy of it, in the Chancery Office, Four Courts, Dublin.

With his head high, and lofty disdain upon his countenance, this haughty creature thus finally brushes off the troublesome swarm of his assaults, and wraps himself nobly in his mantle of proof. Closing his last lecture he says:—

'Here I must leave him [namely, Father Burke] "leave untouched a large number of blots which I had marked for criticism; but if I had not done enough to him already, I shall waste my words with trying to do more; and for the future, as long as I remain in America, neither he, if he returns to the charge, nor any other assailant, must look for further answer from me. His own knowledge of his subject is wide and varied; but I can compare his workmanship to nothing so well as to one of the lives of his own Irish Saints, in which legend and reality are so strangely blended that the true aspects of things and character, can no longer be discerned." This sarcasm about the Irish Saint, is in English good taste, being addressed to an Irish Dominican Friar? The Christian Young Men rub their hands with glee, over so neat and cunning a cut administered to these superstitious Romanists. Yet, after all perhaps the Historian has not spent much of his time in studying the lives of the Irish Saints. He is more deeply read in the legend of that round-bellied French saint, the jolly 'St Amput'—where, perhaps, Father Burke cannot follow him.

The main thing which we learn most explicitly from this last paragraph is, that the malignant critics of the Historian may now consider themselves safe from the effects of his resentment. There are fifty of them; and I am now emboldened to become the fifty-first: he will not notice any of us; his sole reply to one and all being, "Diz!" Very well; although I should deem it a very high honor indeed if I could any how goad and badge so illustrious a person into replying, even in the most damaging manner to me, I must not think of so flattering an encounter; and as I have the Book itself before me, I can only comment upon its text as my lights may enable me. So now for the book itself.

At the opening of a "section" of chapter third, the Historian, speaking of the situation of the country in the reign of James II., has this frank and satisfactory statement of the position of affairs:—'The Irish believed that Ireland was theirs: that the English were invading tyrants who had stolen their land, broken up their laws and habits, and proscribed their creed. The English believed that Ireland was a country attached, inseparably, by situation and circumstances, to the English crown; that they were compelled to govern a people who were unable or unwilling to govern themselves; and that the spoliation with which they were reproached had been forced upon them by the treachery and insubordination of the native owners. Between these two views of the same facts no compromise was possible.'

Certainly not; and, indeed, everybody who has any interest in the question ought to feel obliged to the English Historian for stating the issue so clearly, and for arguing it so steadily and consistently throughout his work. Mr. Prendergast expresses the hope that *The English in Ireland* may be translated and published in France and in Germany as we may be very sure it will be. In the meantime we have it in very plain English; so that Americans (if they care) have the best opportunity of learning the whole case of our nation in its relation to England, upon excellent authority. I call it excellent authority for the special purpose, namely, for ascertaining the genuine sentiment of the English people, because all the author's historical books have an enormous currency in that country; and

this one, above all, is sure to be devoured, by the multitudinous readers of England, with a greedy delight. They leave to commend it to them. I give my modest aid to the advertising of it. In truth, if some Irishman, possessed of the grim humour of Dean Swift, had written these chapters with the intention of presenting the English case in the most grotesquely horrible and offensive point of view, he could scarcely go beyond our Historian. 'One might be almost inclined to suspect him of this malignant design, if the man were a wit like the Dean of St. Patrick's. But there is not a ray of humor in his intellect: and when he gravely propounds that, to term the "abolishing" of the religion of a people by force, whipping, transportation, and the galleys, a case of religious persecution is "a more abuse of words," and when he mentions as a wholly untenable theory the belief prevalent among the Irish, that Ireland was theirs, he means no sarcasm; it is the most serious and stolid British intolerance; not intended to be laughed at by any means, nor a fit subject for amusement at all. The thing has an odor of blood. Such words call up the ghosts of many generations of murdered men; and they are intended and calculated, to make more such ghosts for ages yet to come. If I have heretofore spoken of this man's performances in a tone somewhat like lively, I drop that tone from the present moment, and proceed to expose the Historian in all his naked horror.'

THERE IS NO NEED FOR THE PRESENT PURPOSE, TO EXAMINE THIS WRITER'S ACCOUNT OF THE "OCCUPATION OF IRELAND," AT THE END OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY, BY PEOPLE WHOM HE CALLS THE NORMANS "WHOSE PECULIAR MISSION WAS TO GOVERN THEM." THE CONQUERORS OF ENGLAND, THE INVADERS OF IRELAND, WERE, ACCORDING TO THE HISTORIAN, NOT ONLY NORMANS BUT NORMAN ARISTOCRATS. IN THIS, AS IN EVERYTHING ELSE, HE CAREFULLY CONSULTS AND FLATTERS THE PREVAILING SENTIMENT OF HIS OWN PEOPLE AT THE PRESENT DAY. THE ENGLISH CANNOT ENDURE TO SAY, OR TO HEAR, THAT THEIR ISLAND WAS CONQUERED IN ONE BATTLE BY A MOB OF FRENCHMEN.—FRENCHMEN PURE AND SIMPLE, INCLUDING THOSE WHO LIVED IN NORMANDY. THEY CANNOT ENDURE TO BE TOLD THAT ONE WILLY WING, AND ONE THIRD OF WILLIAM'S ARMY, CONSISTED OF BRETONS; ANOTHER WING OF GASCONS AND OTHER PEOPLE OF THE SOUTH AND CENTRE OF FRANCE. AND AS FOR THE "NORMANS," WHO CAME OVER AFTERWARDS, "TAKE CHARGE" OF IRELAND, IT SEEMS TO OUR ENGLISH FRIENDS INDIGNANT TO DWELL UPON THE FACT THAT THEY WERE NOT NORMANS AT ALL.—YOU MIGHT AS WELL CALL THEM AUVIGNONS OR SAVOYARDS. THE FITZSTEPHENS AND FITZMAURICES WHO PRECEDED HENRY II., WERE GERMANS, THE ITALIA (GHERARDINI); AND THEIR MOTHER WAS THE NOTORIOUS NESTA, A WELSH LADY OF NO UNEASY VIRTUE. OUT OF THE SAME NEST NESTA CAME ALSO GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS, THE VERY FIRST OF THE CARPET-BAG SCHOOL OF WRITERS UPON IRELAND. AND WHEN HENRY HIMSELF CAME OVER WITH HIS KNIGHTS, HE ALSO HAD NO TITLE TO BE CALLED A NORMAN ARISTOCRAT, NOR A NORMAN AT ALL.—FOR IN FACT HE WAS BORN IN ANJOU WHERE HIS FATHER BEFORE HIM WAS BORN, AND HIS CHILDREN AFTER HIM. HE BECAME INDEED DUKE OF NORMANDY, AS HE BECAME KING OF ENGLAND; YET HE NEVER CALLED HIMSELF A NORMAN; AND IF ANY ONE HAD ADDRESSED HIM BY CALLING HIM AN ENGLISHMAN, HE WOULD HAVE HAD THE INSULTERS LASHED WITH DOGWIPPS.

I notice this rubbish about "Norman rulers of men," only to point out how sedulously the Historian has consulted the national vanity of his public: but I shall now apply myself to his treatment of that which he calls "the gravest event in all Irish history, the turning-point on which all later controversies between England and Ireland hinge."—

THE "NORMANS" OF 1611. 'Those who see in that massacre the explanation and the defense of the subsequent treatment of Ireland, however unwilling to revive the memory of scenes which rivalled in carnage the horrors of St. Bartholomew, are compelled to repeat the evidence once held to be unreasonable.' In these words (p. 85) the Historian commits himself to the whole ghastly story. He will not, indeed, insist that two hundred thousand Protestants were assassinated in six months. But if there was a certain exaggeration in the estimate of the numbers, he assures us that "for these enormous figures the Catholic priests were responsible. They returned the numbers of the killed in their several parishes, up to March, 1642, as 154,000." One Sir John Temple considered that 150,000 perished in two months, or 300,000 in two years.' But as our learned Historian knows well enough that there were not so many Protestants in all Ireland, counting women and children, he thinks it best to take the cooler and calmer estimate of Lord Clarendon, who reduced the estimate to 40,000, or he is willing to take Sir William Petty's numbers, namely, 37,000. And even these figures, he says, may "seem too large." But that there was in fact a most frightful massacre perpetrated in Ulster, he feels it his duty to affirm; and for proof of it, in all its details, he refers to the folio volumes of sworn depositions now to be read in the library of Trinity College, "whose evidence is the eternal witness of blood which the Irish Catholics have, from that time to this, been vainly trying to wash away."

Now, I propose to show—  
First, that there was no massacre at all.  
Second, that the Historian knows there was no massacre.  
Third, that he intentionally and advisedly cites "authorities" which prove nothing and shed not a ray of light.  
Fourth, that in producing Temple, Petty, Dean Maxwell and others as witnesses, he is producing those carpet-baggers who had need of establishing a "massacre," because it was their title-deed to the great estates afterwards confiscated.—that in short there was money in the massacre.  
Fifth, that he has woven together this tissue of sanguinary falsehood for the purpose of blackening and scandalizing a whole people before the civilized world, or, as he expresses it, making that gory fable "the explanation and defence of the subsequent treatment of Ireland," meaning the Penal Laws, and the whipping-post and the galleys and universal plunder of all persons who went to Mass.

Sir William Petty gathered together, out of the confiscated estates, those vast domains which his descendant, Lord Lansdowne, now possesses in Ireland. Sir John Temple was the founder of the Irish fortunes of the Temples, Lords Palmerston, Dr. Maxwell was made Bishop of Kilmore, in reward for one affidavit: to be sure it was a hard one, as we shall see; but he swallowed it, and it agreed with him. Sir John Borlase, an Englishman, but a carpet-bag judge on the Irish bench, had a share out of the spoil of the Papists. And these men and many others like them, and their dependants, could not afford to let the "massacre" be questioned at all; it was on the massacre they lived and were providing for their little families: if any man at that time doubted the massacre they would have his blood.

PROTESTANTS, GOOD AND BAD. Indeed, in the last Lecture of the Historian, he refers to the Rev. Ferdinand Warner, a very respectable clergyman of the Church of England, and author of a History of Ireland, who made a most careful examination into the alleged murders of Protestants, and reduces them to two thousand one hundred people—a heavy hecatomb! enough, one might think: but it will not answer our Historian's purpose at all; he cannot come down to so low a figure: he does not know but that the next Protestants may whittle it down to nothing. So he treats Mr Warner's estimate with a *pooh-pooh*, and actually says (I quote the *World's* very good report) "I am sorry to say I have known many Protestants entirely

unable to distinguish truth from falsehood." Indeed the Historian is utterly disgusted at such a "Protestant" as he, who tries to cut and lop away the whole foundation on which the treatment of Ireland is grounded and justified. Such a Protestant is no better than that Papist keeper of records in London who actually answered Mr. Meline's inquiry by giving him such information as convicted the Historian of fraud.

I am about to prove myself a very poor sort of Protestant, according to the Historian's religious test; for the task I have undertaken, and the end I have set before me are to demonstrate, to all rational and fair-minded people, that this individual purporting to be a Historian, has, both by his Lectures and his Book, deliberately falsified the very History which he undertook to elucidate; that he has used his researches of years with the cold malignity of a spider, to involve his intended victim in an inextricable network of black falsehood; referring to his "facts" to authorities he knew to be worse than worthless; presenting those pretended authorities to his readers as trustworthy and undeniable; suppressing in general, or else disparaging (as of no consequence) all evidence which bore against his bloody plan; and that he has done all this with a certain "purpose fixed as the stars"—to use a fine expression of his own; but in fact I prefer my own illustration to his, my own spider to his star.—and that this settled purpose was, to cover with execration and to overwhelm with a load of calumny, a generation of men, all dead two or three hundred years ago in such sort as to cast a shadow of horror over their children and their children's children, even to the ninth and tenth generation. I know it may be suggested that the motive of his labour was perhaps no worse than to ensure a vast circulation for his Book, by flattering the conceit of his own people and feeding their bitterest and dearest rational passion: let those who find this a good excuse give to the Historian all the benefit of it.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE GOVERNMENT UNIVERSITY BILL.—DECLARATION OF THE CATHOLIC PRELATES.—At the meeting of the prelates assembled at Marlborough-street, Pres. Cathedral, Dublin, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

A petition signed by all present:—  
Resolutions of the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland assembled for the consideration of the proposed Irish University Bill.

'1. That, viewing with alarm the widespread ruin caused by godless systems of education, and adhering to the declarations of the Holy See, and reiterating our condemnation of mixed education as fraught with danger to that Divine faith which is to be prized above all earthly things: for "without faith it is impossible to please God" (Heb. xi. 6), and: what doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul? (Mat. xvi. 26).

2. That whilst we sincerely desire for the Catholic youth of Ireland a full participation in the advantages of University Education, and in the honors, prizes, and degrees intended for the encouragement of learning, we are constrained by a sense of the duty we owe to our flocks to declare that the plan of University Education now before Parliament, as being framed on the principle of mixed and purely secular education, is such as Catholic youth cannot avail themselves of without danger to their faith and morals.'

3. That the distinguished proposer of this Bill, proclaiming, as he does, in his opening speech, that the condition of Roman Catholics in Ireland in regard to University Education is "miservably bad,"—scandalously bad, and professing to redress this advanced grievance, brings forward a measure singularly inconsistent with his professions, because instead of redressing it, perpetuates that grievance upholding two out of three of the Queen's Colleges, and planting in the metropolis two other great teaching institutions the same in principle with the Queen's Colleges.'

4. That, putting out of view the few Catholics who may avail themselves of mixed education, the new bill, without its being avowed, in point of fact gives to Protestant Episcopalians, to Presbyterians, and to the new sect of secularists, the immense endowments for university education in this country:—to Trinity College some £50,000 or more, with splendid buildings. Library and Museum—to the new University £50,000, to the Cork College, £10,000, to the Belfast College, £10,000, while to the Catholic University is given nothing; and, furthermore, the Catholic people of Ireland, the great majority of the nation, and the poorest part of it, are left to provide themselves with endowments for their colleges out of their own resources.'

5. That, this injustice is aggravated by another circumstance. The measure provides that the degrees and prizes of the new University shall be open to Catholics; but, it provides for Catholics no endowed Intermediate Schools, no endowment for their one college, no well-stocked library, museum, or other collegiate requisites, no professorial staff, none of the means for coping on fair and equal terms with their Protestant or other competitors; and then, Catholics, thus over-weighted, are told that they are free to contend in the race for university prizes and distinctions.'

6. That, as the legal owners of the Catholic University, and at the same time acting on behalf of the Catholic people of Ireland for whose advantage and by whose generosity it has been established, in the exercise of that right of ownership, we will not consent to the affiliation of the Catholic University to the new University unless the proposed scheme be largely modified; and we have the same objection to the affiliation of other Catholic colleges in Ireland.

7. That we invite the Catholic clergy and laity of Ireland to use all constitutional means to oppose the passing of this bill in its present form, and to call on their Parliamentary representatives to give it the most energetic opposition.'

8. That now more than ever it behoves the Catholic University, the only institution of the kind in the country where Catholic youth can receive university education based upon religion.'

9. That we address to the Imperial Parliament petitions embodying these resolutions, and praying for the amendment of the Bill.'

Signed on behalf of the meeting,  
† PAUL CARDINAL CULLEN,  
Archbishop of Dublin, Chairman.  
† GEORGE CONNOR, Bishop of Ardgagh and Clonmacnoise. } Secretaries.  
† JAMES MACDEVITT, Bishop of Raphoe. }  
Presbytery Marlborough-street,  
28th Feb., 1873.

THE IRISH PRESS ON THE UNIVERSITY BILL.—The *Daily Express* says "the cardinal principle of the Bill is neither more nor less than an expedient for giving to the Ultramontane party a paramount influence over University education, in a form which is hoped will not violently offend the just susceptibilities of the English people"—the *Express* does not explain what English education has especially to do with English susceptibilities, or prejudices—and it bases its estimate of the measure on the circumstance that the new governing body would have supreme control would—according to its view—"be very largely composed of Ultramontanes," there being no limit to the number of affiliated colleges, and, therefore, no limit to Cardinal Cullen's power of increasing the number of affiliated "sectarian seminaries," and through them the power of his "nominees" in the governing body. The writer in the very Conservative organ evidently fears that the majority might eventually attain to proportionate representation.







The True Witness

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G. E. CLERK, Editor.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 28, 1873.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

MARCH—1873.

Friday, 28—Precious Blood of Our Lord.

Saturday, 29—Of the Feria.

Sunday, 30—Passion Sunday.

Monday, 31—Of the Feria.

APRIL—1873.

Tuesday, 1—Of the Feria.

Wednesday, 2—St. Francis of Paula, C.

Thursday, 3—Of the Feria.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Having failed in his attempts to organize a Ministry from amongst his friends and political followers, Mr. D'Israeli recommended the Queen to call back Mr. Gladstone, and the last named has in consequence announced to the country that he and his colleagues resume office.

There was a very serious riot at Wolverhampton, on the 18th, betwixt the English and Irish miners employed in the coal mines of that district. Fire-arms were freely used, and many of the combatants were seriously wounded, though as yet no deaths have been reported. We are not in possession of all the details; but in so far as we can gather from the reports sent us by cable, it would seem that the quarrel originated in the jealousy of the English miners, who insisted upon the dismissal of the Irish miners. The full truth has not however yet reached us. A great number of persons have been arrested.

Another serious defeat of the Carlites is reported, from which we conclude that they are in greater force than ever. An absurd story about a parish priest, leader of a Carlite column, is going the rounds of the press. We are told that this priest is in the habit of flogging his prisoners to death; but as details are carefully avoided, the story may be put down as a lie. In the south of Spain the Carlites are said to have many partisans.

Foster, the ear-hook murderer, was hung at New York, on the morning of Friday last, and honest men breathe more freely. It is hoped that this may be the beginning of a new era, and that henceforward the roughs and cut-throats will not be allowed to have it all their own way. From such juries as they manage to get together in the United States it is difficult, no matter how clear the evidence, to get a verdict of guilty against the murderer; even when after many efforts the righteous verdict has been obtained, judges are to be found who will undertake to set it aside; and when neither perjury on the part of jurymen, nor dishonest quibbles by judges can save the murderer from the gallows, the Executive generally steps in to stay the carrying out of the law. For once a Governor has done his duty in spite of the many influences brought to bear on him; and we may thence hope that there is to be for the future some protection to human life even in the United States. The firmness of Governor Dix in the Foster case will, we trust, be exercised in all other cases of the same kind that may come before him, especially in the Stokes case still pending. We do not see how after the hanging of Foster, Stokes can be allowed to cheat the gallows.

The Toronto Globe has raised a great excitement by charging a Mr. Dodge, M.P., with the crime of forgery at the late election. Certain letters highly eulogistic of Mr. Dodge, and purporting to be from a Protestant clergyman, were extensively circulated in the form of a handbill. These letters the Globe pretends were forged; whereupon Mr. Dodge has brought an action for libel against the editor—damages \$50,000.

The Hon. Joseph Howe is, we are told, to replace Sir Hastings Doyle as Lieut.-Governor of the Province of Nova Scotia.

SPIRITUALISM.—Whilst amongst the educated classes of the Protestant world belief in Christianity is dying out—in Great Britain, in the United States, in France, in Germany, and indeed amongst Protestants everywhere—so that, as the great organ of Protestantism in its last issue tells us, the "sign of the times most pa-

tent to the eye of the dispassionate observer" is "the gradual decay of old theological beliefs;" on the other hand, there is fast spreading, in England especially, and in the highest classes, a belief in the diablerie of Spiritualism.

"The condition of religious thought in Germany" is too well known, says the Westminster Review, to make it necessary to insist upon the dying out in that country of all belief in Christianity, considered either as a supernatural revelation, or simply as historical. "In France," he goes on to say, "the recent discussions in the Protestant Synod have brought to light the startling fact that a large proportion of French Reformers have altogether thrown over a belief in miracles. We are in possession of evidence which would tend to show the immense progress of rationalistic views in America;" whilst the religious condition of England is described by Archbishops and Bishops of the Established church, and by eminent clerical writers of all ranks of the hierarchy in terms such as these: "A wide-spread movement of the mind indicative of the first stealing over the sky of the lurid lights which shall be shed profusely around the great anti-Christ;" "a wide-spread unsettlement of religious belief;" and these gloomy views are confirmed by eminent statesmen like the Marquis of Salisbury, who warns us of the "hosts mustering, and field clearing, for the greatest struggle which Christianity has ever had to face." Indeed it may be said that amongst the educated classes of Protestant society, and all who have seriously reflected upon the great religious problems that distract the ages and press for a solution—you shall scarce find one writer who would not deem it an impeachment of his intelligence, were you to ask him whether he really accepted as historical facts all the miracles recorded in the New Testament, to say nothing of those related in the Old; or if he accepted the Bible statements of doctrine as literal truth? Faith in the supernatural element of Christianity is, amongst Protestants, relegated to the illiterate, and is entertained only by their old women, in or out of petticoats as the case may be. Nor can it well be otherwise amongst those who reject an infallible Church, upon whose testimony to the inspiration of the Scriptures, the authoritative value of the latter depends. Upon this as a foundation, you may logically erect a religious system; but as the Westminster Review confesses, "the corner-stone of Protestantism"—to wit, the denial of the authority of the Church—"is an admirable one for a temple of Free Thought, and for nothing else."

That "Free Thought" then, or the dying out of religious belief in the supernatural, is the necessary result of Protestantism may not only be predicated of it a priori, but is confirmed by facts, and by what is daily passing in the Protestant world. Christianity, considered as a supernatural revelation of God's will, is steadily becoming extinct amongst the educated members of every community that has embraced the principles of the Reformation; and who have lost sight of the one fundamental fact that Christ established on earth a Church indestructible, and infallible, as the ground and pillar of truth; as the sole medium through which the contents of that revelation are communicated to all men to the end of time.—Fracture this pillar, and the superstructure of faith sooner or later must needs fall to the ground; sever the medium of communication, and men are isolated from the Kingdom of God.

But man by his own act of rebellion having thus been isolated from the Kingdom of God, comes inevitably into rapport with the Kingdom of the devil; and so it is that, as we said above, as faith in the Christian supernatural dies out, so springs up a belief in the diabolic infernal; or as the votaries of a new phase of an old superstition, coeval with man's first apostasy, call it, "Spiritualism." Indeed this promises to be, for Protestants, the religion of the future; just as Spiritualism or demon worship was the religion of the Gentile world.

That this religion or devil worship is growing rapidly in repute in England; that it is making great progress, and is no longer a thing to be passed over in contemptuous silence, is evident from the large space which, in several of its recent issues, the London Times devotes to the discussion of its phenomena. In one single number for instance of that journal, we find no less than three columns and a half given up to the discussion of "Spiritualism," and an editorial statement of scenes at Spiritual seances that the writer had himself attended. It numbers its converts by hundreds; its disciples by millions; it finds recruits amongst all classes of society; ladies and gentlemen of the highest rank come forward to bear witness to its truth. Amongst these says the Times, speaking of a work lately published for private circulation "are a Dowager Duchess, and other ladies of rank, a Captain in the Guards, a nobleman, a Baronet, a Member of Parliament, several officers of our scientific and other corps, a barrister, a merchant, and a doctor. Upper and middle class society is represented in all its grades, and by persons who, to judge by the

position they hold and the callings they follow, ought to be possessed of intelligence and ability."—Times.

And of course it is argued:—If we are not to believe the testimony of such witnesses, our contemporaries, living amongst us, to things which they assert to have seen and heard, how can we be called upon to give credence to the equally wonderful stories recorded in the Bible? If the opponent of Spiritualism takes the ground that no human evidence is sufficient to establish the truth of a violation or suspension of what are termed the natural laws, he must abandon his belief in the New Testament miracles, which are not a whit more difficult to reconcile with what we know of those laws, than are the well attested facts of Spiritualism.

To the truth of the latter the Times adds his editorial testimony. He has been "interviewing" the Spirits in order, to determine for himself; and though he still tells us that he is not a "Spiritualist," he makes statements which if true—and why should he lie?—are conclusive as to diabolic intervention in these seances as they are termed. He, the editor, gives a description of several of these, at which he attended with the firm determination of discovering and exposing imposture if possible. He testifies to having witnessed phenomena of "levitation" or heavy bodies, in spite of the laws of gravity, floating in the air.

"To give a detailed account of everything which occurred would need more space than we can now spare. Suffice it to say that the table—which measured 4ft. 5in. by 6ft. 4in.—was made light and heavy at our wish, that it moved in every direction, that there were vibrations on the floor, and our chairs; that on Mr. Home holding the accordion under the table in his right hand, and by the end further from the keys, it played a distinct tune, Mr. Home's left hand being on the table and his feet so raised as to be visible." During all these proceedings, "the room was well lighted from a gas burner overhead;" though later on in the seance two lamps that gave a fair light were substituted for the gas.

The editor thus concludes the detail of his experiences:—"There was nothing during the whole evening except the phenomena themselves to suggest imposture. We tried our best to detect it, but could find no trace of it. We searched Mr. Home, and found nothing whatever upon him but his clothes."—Times, Dec. 27th, 1872.

But the phenomenon to which we chiefly desire to direct attention is this:—That amongst the highest and best educated British Protestant society, "Spiritualism," or a belief in necromancy, is making such rapid progress, that a journal like the London Times deems it worthy of lengthy and reiterated articles, in which it calls for "timely enquiry into this apparently ridiculous, but really very serious subject" or religion; which in the words of Lord Lytton \* leads its "devotees into disgrace and ruin," which, according to the evidence of Dr. Edmunds quoted by the Times, is a frequent cause of "lunacy and paralysis;" which numbers its disciples by millions; which has extended its baneful influence in every quarter of the globe; and which, according to the Australian Correspondence of the Times, Dec. 27th, "has already gained a foothold on that young colony," which has already attained the dignity of having its own Press; and which though often sneered at by scientific men, and slain outright by materialist philosophers, has, never yet, so says the Times been subjected to "an enquiry of that impartial, authoritative, and thorough nature, which alone can decide a prejudiced controversy." That a belief in "Spiritualism" or necromancy should have attained such dimensions amongst Protestants in this enlightened nineteenth century, is indeed as striking commentary upon the moral, religious, and intellectual progress of the age.

\* The Times says of the late Lord Lytton "that he was evidently a 'loose hanger on' of Spiritualism."

FIRE AT THE ST. JAMES' HOTEL.—There have often been fires more destructive of property in the city, than that of Monday night, or rather Tuesday morning, but none which have caused so much excitement; and that because of the loss of life with which it was attended, and which, with a properly arranged Fire Brigade, might have been prevented. To the individual members of that Brigade no blame can be attached. On the contrary the highest praise is due to them. They worked, as they always do, with zeal and great courage, doing, considering the imperfect appliances at their command, all that men could do. The fault consisted in this:—That they were not furnished with sufficient ladders and fire escapes. With these the horrors of the recent tragedy might have been averted.

It was about one o'clock on Tuesday morning that the alarm of fire was given. The flames had first broken out in a building used as a laundry in the rear of the hotel, and rapidly spread to the main building, rushing up the stair-cases, and thus destroying the means of escape to those who were sleeping in the

upper part of the building, which has a height of five stories. The firemen were soon on the spot, and working with a will, and heedless of their persons, they seemed at first to have obtained the mastery—and indeed on the sides of the hotel facing the mountain, and Victoria Square, such was the case. But on the other side towards Bonaventure Street, the flames had it for some time their own way; and rushing up the narrow stairway and passages of the fourth and fifth stories, cut off all means of egress to those who had not effected a timely flight. We copy from the Montreal Gazette the annexed details:—

"At the stairway there was a terrible battle with the flames. No. 2 stream, with Abraham Anderson as branchman, was brought first to bear on the stairway to protect that as a means of following the fire above, and then it was directed at the body of flame in the passage way and it quickly succumbed as if it had fulfilled its mission in firing the upper part of the dwelling. The roaring of the flames as they rattled up the narrow stairways was terrifying in the extreme, and the water from the stream now directed upwards came back on the men boiling hot. At this juncture Nathaniel Cairns, guardian of No. 2 Station, rushed up and cried seizing hold of the hose, 'Boys, there is a woman up stairs, we must save her.' 'Give us more hose then,' cried Anderson, 'and I will get to her.' But alas! precious minutes must elapse and the water must be turned off before the extra hose could be got, and by the time it was attached and the water let on again, the fire had regained its hold of the stairway and was audaciously coming down step by step. The stream on again, the fire on the stairway was quickly put out and into the suffocating smoke and intense heat went the branchman. Looking upwards a great great body of fire rolling about could be seen, as if at a loss to know what to do with its immense proportions. Now and again came, as from the other side of the flames, a woman's weak voice crying for the help which the brave fellows at the branch were trying hard to take to her. A few minutes later and the scuffle of numerous feet on the stairs were succeeded by the helmets and flushed faces of the men of No. 9 branch in hand. McKob's cheery voice was now heard amid the smoke, 'up the stairs with you, and you will save her.' 'Never was an appeal made for succor in woman's name more readily responded to for up stairs into the mass of flame, as it seemed the shining helmets disappeared. Then it was that the half suffocated men of No. 2 had a sturdy ally and getting on another length speedily followed the fire, extinguishing the flames as they went. 'We'll save her yet, We'll save her yet' was the cry, but a loud ringing, cheering, sound of joy thundered through the building, and with a shriek of joy a young fireman darted up with a fierce yell of 'She's saved, Jack Nolan's got her.' And then it was that the branches were dropped and a reckless body of men took possession of the nearest window, and their watering eyes were greeted with the sight of a woman's form with a strong arm around it being softly, gently and yet so firmly carried down the ladder. The woman safe, the smoking men returned to the attack with the greatest sang froid."

"Jack Nolan,"—his name should be mentioned with honor—is, we suppose, from the "Green Isle;" but all our brave firemen did their duty, and had they been supplied, as they ought to have been supplied, with the requisite materiel the dreadful scenes recorded below would have been spared us. We still copy from the Gazette:—

The scene from their exterior was something novel for the eyes of the Montrealers to behold. On one side of the building a woman hanging from the window sill, swaying, as it were, with every gust of wind—thick, stinging smoke pouring through the window and a red background of fire. On another side Guardian McCulloch, of No. 5 station, assisting down from the fourth storey window five trembling, shrieking women, one by one. From another window of the same flat a man is trying to let himself down by a rope of hastily fastened sheets, too hastily fastened indeed, for see the sheets begin to part and break, and with a dull thud a well rounded manly form falls to the ground, and is picked up a mass of broken bones. A little earlier another man had precipitated himself from another window all of a heap, and falls, and is picked up all of a heap. No wonder the eyes of the spectators glare with horror and they whisper to each other in bated breath, "Isn't this awful." Still another form of a man appears at another window, and glaring frightfully behind him vaults on the window sill, and catching hold of it in his hands, lets his body down and drops as it were from window to window. He too is picked up and carried away, and the next victim is looked for, for the business is becoming wholesale, and the spectators are actually prepared for anything in the horror line. At the south side of the hotel hangs the woman, holding on with mutilated hands to a mass of ice on a window sill, with her feet resting on a projection of stone about an inch in depth. The firemen have no means of reaching her, but by some primitive ladders, and putting up one it is found to be only thirty feet short. An immense multitude of shivering eyes are turned upwards to the black form, and as the ladder falls short curses loud and deep are heaped upon somebody's head. Two manly forms are bringing a ladder; they go up the first ladder, and resting the other on a rung of the former one of the firemen ascends while the other holds the ends steady, and letting it gently slide over to the woman it touches her feet. A fierce shout announces the fact that the woman has her feet on the ladder, and another the fact that she is slowly but surely descending. It was a sight such as no man in that multitude will ever forget. To have seen a woman hold on to a perpendicular wall of a house for twenty minutes and then come down with firm step a ladder twenty feet long, balanced by the sturdy arms of two firemen is something astonishing enough to be well worthy talking about. Of course the woman fainted when she arrived on the ground, but the wonder was that she did not faint before. Her motionless form was conveyed to the St. Lawrence Hall, and soon kind ladies were busy in bringing back the fluttering life. They succeeded, and although much shaken the woman, Johanna O'Connell by name was much recovered last night.

The fire having been at last subdued, the body of another unfortunate woman, Mary Brennan, was discovered in the servant's room on the upper story; she had apparently been suffocated by the smoke. The mangled remains of the men who precipitated themselves from the windows were promptly conveyed to the Hospital. Of these Samuel G. Hilditch, lately arrived from England, and connected with the firm of Evans, Mercer & Co., Druggists, died, from the effects of the injuries received, about 11 a.m. on Tuesday.

The amount of property destroyed was not very large, and is covered by insurance; but in this case property is a secondary considera-

tion. It is a fact now patent to every one, that our Fire Brigade, plucky though its members be, is not strong enough to meet the wants of this fast growing city. The men have not at their command the necessary appliances; and, no matter what the cost, the citizens expect that the Civic authorities will apply a remedy at once. There is much indignation felt and expressed amongst the public, who in this matter will not allow themselves to be trifled with. One such a horror as that of Tuesday morning is enough for us. Immediate re-organization of the Fire Brigade must be the first Order of the Day.

The remains of another victim, a Mr. Hyatt, were discovered in a closet on the fifth story of the Hotel on Wednesday morning. He was a boarder, and had retired to his room at an early hour. When roused from sleep by the alarm of fire, he apparently gathered up his money and most valuable effects, and made for the stairs; but escape by these being cut off, he must have taken refuge in the closet where he soon was suffocated by the dense smoke. His body was only slightly burnt.

Amongst the names of those who should be mentioned with honor as having nobly exerted themselves to give aid to the victims should be included these of Messrs Perry, and of Boehringham, who, together with Nolan, took an active part in the rescue of the woman who, for thirty minutes, was hanging betwixt life and death from the fifth story window of the hotel. But, again we say, to all the brave men of our Fire Brigade credit is due for their heroic exertions. Not to them, but to the apathy, or imbecility of the Civic authorities, in not having made ample provision of ladders and fire-escapes, are the horrors of the morning of the 18th inst. due.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN CANADA.

From all parts of the Dominion we have received reports of the proceedings on this great national festival of the Irish race. Everywhere the Day was celebrated with due honors, and in a style to rejoice every patriotic heart. A paragraph that appeared in the Evening Star of this city, stating that in Toronto small bills had been circulated exhorting the Orangemen to assemble and break up the St. Patrick's Procession, may have given slight alarm to some; but, even if the thing did occur as represented, the exhortation to violence passed unheeded.

TORONTO.

The several Irish Societies of Toronto formed in front of the De La Salle Institute, whence they marched in Procession to St. Michael's Cathedral, when High Mass was sung by the Very Rev. Father Jamot. The "Sermon of the Day" was delivered by the Very Rev. Father Rooney, who took for his text Hebrews, 13, v. 7: "Remember your prelates who have spoken to you the word of God; considering well the end of their conversation, imitate their faith." After Mass the Procession reformed and returned to the De La Salle Institute, where Mr. P. Boyle addressed his fellow-countrymen in a short but appropriate speech. He was succeeded by Mr. Murphy, Mr. W. Mitchell, President of the St. Patrick's Society; Mr. John Davy, President of the Toronto Young Irishmen, and Mr. Thomas Burns, President of the St. Patrick's Association Ottawa. Our old friend, so well known to, and respected by the Catholics of Montreal, Brother Arnold, then came forward, and uttered a few telling words of exhortation to temperance, after which the Societies broke up. In the evening there was a well-attended Concert at the De La Salle Institute.

HAMILTON.

Here, too, our Irish friends celebrated the Day with a Procession and High Mass at St. Mary's Cathedral. Everything passed off in a most friendly, brilliant manner; and in the evening the rejoicings were brought to a close by a Grand Concert in the Cathedral.

In London, Paris, Kingston and Ottawa the Day was in like manner duly honored; in the last named City the fine appearance, and length of the Procession excited general admiration.

From the United States, we have the same reports. In New York, and all the large Cities, the Irish celebrated their National Festival with public demonstrations, processions, the religious offices of their Church, and social reunions in the evening. Everywhere the utmost harmony prevailed.

The following gentlemen have kindly consented to act as Agents for the True Witness for the under-mentioned places:—

- Mr. PATRICK HART, Osceola, Admaston and Douglas.
Mr. PATRICK COPPS, Brudenell.
Mr. P. LYNCH, Escott, Caintown, Farmersville and Charleston.
Mr. D. O'SHEA, Picton and vicinity.
Mr. LAURENCE SLATTERY, Sheenboro'.

The Irish Catholics of Ottawa have presented the Rev. Mr. Collins with a purse of money and a gold watch and chain, on the occasion of the celebration of first Mass in the new St. Patrick's Church, towards the erection of which the rev. gentleman lent his valuable assistance.



A DIALOGUE.

ANTIQUE AND MODERN.

Antiquus. What is true, Modernus, of medieval sermons... is true also of medieval letters; they are steeped in Bible. However the good Abbots might keep their monks singing the Bible in order to keep them from reading the Bible in order to keep them from reading the Bible!

former" as the premium dance of Christendom. For any ordinarily intelligent student to read the works of Thomas Aquinas for two years, or even for two minutes, and still be ignorant that there were parts of Scripture other than the ordinary postils appointed to be read in the Churches on Sundays, is certainly an ignorance so amazing, that the mind is lost in doubt whether to admire most, the ignorance of the accused, or of the accusers.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN INVERNESS, P. Q. In passing through a little village of Scotchmen called Inverness, in the P. Q. on St. Patrick's Day, I learned that the Rev. Father Connolly, P. P. of the place, was to lecture in his Church, at 7 P. M. Though pressed as to time, I resolved to interrupt my journey for a few hours, to listen to him, particularly as the subject—"The Divinely Guaranteed Perpetuity of the Catholic Church"—is one of deep interest at the present moment.

Table with multiple columns listing market prices for various goods such as 'Strong Bakers', 'Supers from Western Wheat', 'Toronto Farmers' Market', and 'Kingston Markets'.

INFORMATION WANTED. OF PETER OSSELINE, aged about 36, and who during the Summer of 1872, was employed as a sailor on Lake Superior. Any information would be thankfully received by his Father, ANTHONY OSSELINE Lafontaine, P. Q., Ontario.

ORANGE PATRIOTISM.—AN EPISODE DEDICATED TO THOMAS FERGUSSON, ESQ., M.P.P.—During the debate in the Legislature of Ontario on the bill to incorporate the Royal Orange Association of Eastern Ontario, some very funny remarks were elicited.

Home Industry.—A Guelphite is an occupant of the Hamilton jail. A nice man, he is. Here this County went to work at great expense to build a handsome stone jail, with hot and cold water and gas, and put a pinnacle and nice bell on it, and done everything possible to furnish it with the comforts of a home, and this stranger, this man who pretends to be a Guelphite and have the interests of his town at heart, goes off to patronize a rival institution.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED. Hemmingford, J. C. 1.50; Leeds, G. 2; Brewer's Mills, P. D. 4; Grand Falls, W. O. 2; Guyabonagh, N. S. T. C. 2; Eganville, J. McK. 2; Port Lambton, J. O. 2.50; Hawkesbury Mills, H. G. 2; Clayton, J. F. S. 2.50; Three Rivers, W. L. 2; Madoc, T. M. 4; Dalkeith, J. D. McD. 2; Kings, N. B. R. McL. 2; Leeds T. S. 1; Barrie, H. B. 3; Horeford, M. J. W. 1; Colfield, M. K. 2.70; Ottawa, K. & R. 2; St. Amice, J. McG. 1.50; Eganville, R. S. 2.

POPULAR DISTRIBUTION OF GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES!! \$133,275. NEW YORK & BERLIN WATCH ASSOCIATION. On a system that will insure to every ticket-holder a Gold or Silver Watch worth not less than \$12, or of any value up to \$200, at a uniform price of \$10 TEN DOLLARS, \$10, to close the disposal of \$325,750 worth, sacrificed at a fraction of their cost to meet advances made on them.

FIRST-CLASS PERIODICALS. BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE. AND THE EDINBURGH, LONDON QUARTERLY, WESTMINSTER, AND BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEWS. Reprinted without abridgement or alteration, and at about one third the price of the originals.



FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, March 15.—President Thiers and Count Von Arnim, the German Ambassador, to-day signed a convention on the part of their respective Governments for the fifth milliard of francs of the war indemnity by instalments, the final payment to be made on the 5th September next, when all French territory occupied by the German troops, including Belfort, will be evacuated.

The death of the late Emperor has not been without its effect upon the prospects of the party. So long as he was alive, a feeling of personal allegiance held a large number of officers in the Army bound to him. Now that he is dead they turn instinctively to the Royal line. They find their sympathies naturally inclined towards the Princes who have never lost an opportunity of identifying themselves with one or other of the services. Republican they can never be. During the last two years the feeling in the Army, never favourable to a Republic, has been drifting steadily away from it. It was Imperialist, how it is becoming rapidly Monarchist. With the exception of Chanzy, Faidherbe, and a few Colonels, no superior officers are Republican. Next to MacMahon the most popular General in the Army is Ducrot, a decided Monarchist, while such of the junior officers as are neither Monarchists nor Imperialists are rather of the Cremer and Bossel school than Moderate Republicans.

The Roman correspondent of a contemporary says that all over Italy the secret societies are hard at work, sending assassins into Rome, getting up meetings like that at Milan, and preparing for a general rising of Reds against "moderate" revolutionists. He tells us that on the 26th of January appeared a Red journal, edited by political prisoners just emancipated, under the ominous title of "Escapo who can in 1873," and quotes its programme, from which we take the following extracts—promising that the whole business may possibly be a hoax, while at the same time the saying "non e vero e ben trovato," fully applies.

The good time is over—that of vengeance has arrived—we have endured long enough—we must have an end to the despair of Italy. Sicily groans as well as Naples, Turin as Genoa, and Milan as Florence. At Rome, Sulla, and Lanca are trying, they say, to make the past be forgotten. Some journals may be amusing, but others must give vent to the popular exasperation—This will be our province. Happy he who can escape in 1873. Still more so the Lanca and Sulla, if, at its close, they are still on horseback. But such a thing must not, cannot be.

BELGIUM.

The following communication has been received by the Catholic Union of Ireland from its Ghent correspondent.—You all know what importance the Church attaches to the blessings which she imparts to burial places, and how anxious her children are that their remains should be interred in consecrated ground. Hitherto the Catholics of Belgium enjoyed this right; now however, it is denied them. Freemasonry attempted to banish Jesus Christ from our laws, and unfortunately the attempt has been too successful. Like most European nations we are now blessed with a thorough Atheistical legislation. Flushed with so much success, it now means to banish Him from our moral and domestic relations. No priest at the birth, the marriage, or the death. Such is the war-cry, such the motive of the campaign entered upon by Freemasonry against the liberty of burial—a campaign in which this word of command has evidently been given to all the affiliated. In some towns, notably in Ghent and Antwerp, the municipal corporations gangrened by Freemasonry, have, despite of existing laws, passed the most arbitrary regulations. In the cemeteries they have abolished the divisions by religious denominations and sought to enforce promiscuous interment; all this under the precious pretext of protecting the liberty of worship proclaimed by our Constitution. The Ministry is composed of men, all of whom individually condemn these acts of anti-religious fanaticism; but it recoils from taking any decisive steps, and has not the courage to make use of the power in its hands, even when so just a cause is in question. Public opinion is fortunately free from the lethargy and timidity which characterise ministerial decisions, and a mark of universal reprobation is attached to the new cemeteries which the Church has, of course, refused to consecrate. Associations have been formed, and subscription lists opened, and, thanks to God, we can from this out save from ignominy of civil interment even the destitute poor, we evade the iniquitous measures decreed by burying our dead in a neighbouring parish, and thus the blow which was directed to weaken us will only serve to close up our ranks the more, give strength to our union, and a new impulse to our charity.

SWITZERLAND.

The 23rd of March is fixed as the day for submitting the Catholic Worship Reorganization Bill—prepared by the Jews and Infidels who now govern Switzerland—to the popular vote, the sanction of which is constitutionally necessary to its legality. In face of this imminent danger, the Catholics seem at length determined to arouse from that political slumber which had placed them in their present unhappy position, and to prove that they are no insignificant party in the State. At Bourg a great open-air meeting has been held, at which nearly 4,000 persons assisted, who had come from the Diocese of Geneva to express their sympathy with Mgr. Mermillod, and to protest energetically against his expulsion, as an outrage on religious liberty; and at Geneva, on Tuesday, the municipal representatives of twenty-five Communes of the Canton, in meeting assembled, adopted a direct protest against the "Catholic Worship Reorganization Bill." They declare that the Bill is impracticable, because no sincere Catholic will accept it. The Communes have one religion—that of their fathers, taught by the clergy in whom they have confidence, and the only one they will recognize. The consequence of the law will be to create two forms of worship, two

orders of clergy, two classes of believers, and general disunion in each Canton. The clergy of Geneva, following up the noble protest, a translation of which we published a week or two since, have presented the Grand Council with a declaration to the effect that Mgr. Mermillod's banishment will not touch the validity of the trust confided to him by the Pope; nor lessen their entire submission to his legitimate authority as their Bishop. There are signs that even the stupid Federal Council begin to see that they were somewhat premature in executing the decree of banishment against Mgr. Mermillod.

ITALY.

The fall of the Lanca ministry is predicted as certain, by the whole force of the opposition. Rattazzi at the head of the Democratic League is more than ready to assume the reins of government, and to go all the lengths demanded by the extreme Left, of which Cairoli is the chief. The position of the Italian Cabinet is critical, and the outlook far from reassuring. The Minister of Finance has made a "Cabinet question" on the extension of legal currency to the almost worthless "paper money" of several banks. The Government, though bankrupt, refused to sanction such a measure, and passed to the order of the day which, despite its usual following of very liberal-minded partisans, was only carried by a majority of six votes. Victor Emmanuel was immediately summoned from Naples, and presided at a Cabinet Council. There is no doubt the question of the suppression of Religious Houses is the true cause of the difficulty.

Garibaldi has just addressed another letter to the promoters of the Milan Congress, urging the extension of the movement to the provinces and rural districts. "Let them," he says, "destroy the Satan of the Necromancers." This horrible phrase means, in the jargon of the Secs, the God of Christians, Lucifer being on the contrary the deity of Freemasonry. We recommend the fact to the pious Protestants who believe the hero of Caprea to be an apostle of Bible Christianity! Letters from Leghorn state that Garibaldi's health is rapidly breaking up, and that his dangerous state is concealed by his friends, in order not to discourage the Italian Republicans.

The Roman correspondent of a contemporary says that all over Italy the secret societies are hard at work, sending assassins into Rome, getting up meetings like that at Milan, and preparing for a general rising of Reds against "moderate" revolutionists. He tells us that on the 26th of January appeared a Red journal, edited by political prisoners just emancipated, under the ominous title of "Escapo who can in 1873," and quotes its programme, from which we take the following extracts—promising that the whole business may possibly be a hoax, while at the same time the saying "non e vero e ben trovato," fully applies.

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ROME, March 18.—The Pope gave audience yesterday to one hundred Canadians who served in the Pontifical Zouaves. His Holiness congratulated his visitors upon their steadfast devotion to the Church. A outrageous Roman paper has just been confiscated for the twenty-seventh time. Our readers may judge for themselves of the impartiality of the Italian Government, which tolerates blasphemy against God, but cannot brook such a reflection on the Powers that be as the following, for which the paper was confiscated:—"If Italian Ministers had any sense of shame left, if they had any affection for the House of Savoy, instead of taking part in the orgies of the Carnival, they ought to put on garments of mourning, remembering that the throne of the ex-King Amadeus has fallen, although raised by the enthusiastic vote of the people, recognized by Europe, and surrounded by bayonets and cannon." The official act of accusation sees in this "an indirect but unmistakable manifestation of threats of destruction against monarchical and constitutional authority." Who will deny the Italian Attorney-General the power of "seeing through a microscope?"

THE ROMANS AND THE ITALIANS.—Whatever the Romans may be for moral courage, energy, or self-sacrifice, they are grand at the attitude of passive resistance. Of course there are plenty who favour the Italians and dislike the Papalini. But the following facts show that the immense majority of the people simply hate the Italian usurpers. First, the Government schools number only 6,000 pupils, whereas the Pope's schools contain 35,000 at the present moment; and yet the Government schools have every sort of attraction that money can procure. Secondly, when the Government took possession of the Roman University 600 pupils forthwith gave up attending it; 300 of these have been studying under Catholic direction, but as the Pope's degrees are not recognized by the State, these young men are precluded from almost every public career. The Holy Father, on hearing of this the other day, said that he had no objection to their taking the State degrees in order to qualify for the professions. What has happened? Such is the dislike entertained by these young men for the Government that they have declined to avail themselves of the permission, rather than be beholden to the Italian Occupation for anything. Thirdly, the circles or clubs established by the Papalini are both more numerous and better attended than those of the Occupation. The Romans have five clubs, the della Borghesia, degli Artisti, di S. Pietro, degli Interessi Cattolici, and degli Seneci, composed of nobles. The Occupation has four, the Carboni (Government), the Bernini (Red), sacra del Volpe (Aristocratic), and the Internazionale (Moderate). The Papal party are setting up public libraries in the different "rioni." Three or four are already established. Books are circulated and lent gratis.

Fourthly, the Italians are not admitted into the society of the Romans, a distinct barrier is kept up; the Papalini will not buy in the Italian shops, and the feeling of antipathy is as strong as ever, not only among the higher but also among the middle and lower classes. I am told that two-thirds of the Romans may be considered as decidedly hostile to the Italian occupation.

GERMANY.

The Prussian Government is pushing persecution in every way possible. It has lately made some enquiries from local authorities, and through them from the parish priests, respecting the administration of the local property of Catholic churches, and the right to that property. People think that the ministry is about to prepare a Bill confiscating it in order to enrich itself.

JOE IN TOLDO TO "MOVE ON."—(Vide Ch. Dickens.)—It is perhaps irrelevant, but this comparison was forcibly suggested to our mind on reading the following in the Mainz Gazette (Mainzer Journal) of the 22nd February, 1873:—"The father of the Rev. Michael Zoller, S.J., Mr. Conrad Zoller, has addressed the following petition to His Royal Highness 'the Grand Duke' (of Hesse Darmstadt) 'we must premise, as our readers may have forgotten the fact, which we mentioned some time ago, that the Jesuit father in question had been forbidden to live at his father's house in Seligenstadt and had had Herbartin assigned to him as a domicile, at the time of the expulsion of the Society. The Mainz paper then gives the petition, which is perfectly respectful; it is headed: 'Concerning the prayer of Conrad Zoller for the protection of his paternal rights.' And Herr Zoller represents that his son has committed crime, is utterly without means of living at his own expense, and 'has had closed to him, by order of the Government, the most natural and most lawful refuge open to a man on earth—his father's house.' The poor father goes on to say that, 'in this extremity, he has recourse to the justice of his natural sovereign and protector, and that he looks with confidence to His Prince, to whom he (Zoller) and his have always been loyal and dutiful subjects.' The answer to this petition was a ministerial rescript forwarded to the Mayor of Seligenstadt, which runs as follows:—

"Darmstadt, February, 1873. 'The Grand-Ducal Minister of the Interior to the Grand-Ducal district magistrates of Offenbach. 'His Royal Highness the Grand Duke hereby signifies, that he rejects the petition of Conrad Zoller, of Seligenstadt, and his complaint, as unfounded; H. R. H. is further graciously pleased to decide that it be signified to the petitioner, that his son, the Jesuit Michael Zoller, is ordered to conform himself to the arrangements made by the authorities—in virtue of the lately passed law—with regard to his place of abode.

"This is to be forwarded by you to the petitioner as the answer to his request of the 22nd of this month.

(Signed) VON STARCK. VON GAGERN."

This was followed on the same day, by an instruction to the Mayor of Seligenstadt from the district authorities of Offenbach, as to the mode of dealing with Father Zoller, S.J. By this document, which is headed: "On the execution of the Imperial laws concerning the Order of the Society (sic) of Jesus," the Mayor is authorized to send the Jesuit Father to his assigned domicile within three days. Also, he is to tell Zoller that as he had, up to the time of his expulsion, not been in possession of a benefice, he can have no right to an allowance from Government, and he must therefore look about him for some other trade or means of earning his living, with due regard to the provisions of the law, and not in contradiction with its special limitations. He is not to be allowed to say mass, as he requested the permission of the police to do, because, although this would be permitted to him, were he merely a Catholic priest, it cannot be tolerated by the laws of the Empire, because he is a Jesuit. Should he find that such means of earning his living are more easily to be got in some other locality than Herbstin, provided the said locality is in accordance with the provisions of the Imperial law concerning the Company of Jesus, the Grand Ducal Ministry would be prepared to consent to his being domiciled in such locality.

"After expiration of the three days of grace you will report whether Zoller has obeyed these orders. (Signed) VON GROLMAN."

These documents are very refreshing; there is a flavour of the East, or better still of China or Tibet, about them, which gives a benighted, barbarian, "geist-less" Englishman quite a new sensation, and takes him back to the days when walls were prodded by Privy Council pursuivants to discover priest hiding places; the days which we ignorant wretches of Britons are wont to thank God for not permitting to last. We fear—such is British pig-headedness and crass stupidity—that most of our countrymen, even non-Catholics, will, on the perusal of these lines, be led to utter a very strong expression of thanks to a beneficent Providence, which has not caused them to be born Hessians or made Prussians.

THE PROTESTANT CLERGY OF HANOVER AND THE ECCLESIASTICAL LAWS.—The Protestant clergy of the Kingdom of Hanover have held a general meeting to consult as to their conduct with regard to the new ecclesiastical laws. They have come to the conclusion that they are bound to protest vigorously against the passing of such laws. "The protestation is being drawn up, and will be signed," says the Hanoverian Protestant paper from which we condense this paragraph, "by a large majority."

THE NEW VENETIAN TIMES, a paper advocating extreme liberal views, and notoriously conducted by a Jew, expresses the following opinion in its principal leading article of February 19th:—"On one point, we are quite in agreement with Ultramontanism, and that is, in the identity of Catholic interests with those of all other religions. The Pope is really the representative and deputy of God upon earth. If once his authority were to be broken down, the popelings of other religious bodies will hardly expect that any should show much respect for their doctrines. Catholicism is the great pillar of all beliefs, and even Judaism is forced to lean against that pillar for support. Once left that pillar called the Papacy be broken, and all other religions will have lost their mainstay." A North German paper which quotes these words, adds with equal truth: "These few lines deserve to be taken to heart by all Protestants who are still believers, as we know they are by some. They need no commentary, and their truth is beyond dispute," as will soon be proved. It is some comfort to turn from the speeches in the Prussian Diet, uttered by nominal Christians, to words like those we have quoted written by real Jews. It seems that persecution, like "poverty, sometimes makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows."

The John Bull newspaper, says a marriage is projected between the Duke of Edinburgh and the daughter of the Czar of Russia.

SILK MANUFACTURE.—The silk manufacturers of America have just issued a report directing public attention to the rapidly increasing condition of trade in domestic silks. Within a decade it has sprung up from an insignificant and unpromising experiment, and now bids fair to become one of the leading and most lucrative branches of our varied industry. There is said to be at this time a capital of over \$30,000,000 invested in the business in this country, against less than \$3,000,000 in 1860. Sixteen thousand operatives are employed, earning \$8,000,000 per annum, and weaving between \$30,000,000 and \$40,000,000 worth of silk goods in a year. And yet the planting of the mulberry and oak trees, which are chiefly used in propagating the worms, as well as the employment of the Chinese, has been attended with serious drawbacks, which it will require time to overcome. Another obstacle in the way of a more rapid growth of silk manufacture, in this country, is found in the fact that the California raw silk must all be sent to Europe to be reeled, the improved machinery necessary for that purpose not having strangely enough, found its way as yet to this country. The American silks are universally admired, both in this country and in Europe, and when our facilities are matured we will be able to compete with the world.

Everybody wants to be well off. The question is frequently asked, "How shall a poor young couple start right, so as to rise to comfortable fortune?" The first point is for the poor young husband to make a confidant of the poor young wife. In that way he will secure her co-operation. Women are naturally economical, notwithstanding the general outcry about female extravagance. And when a woman's heart is full of wedded love, there is hardly any sacrifice which she will not gladly make for the sake of her husband, if he trusts her. The husband can best determine the way, and point the course to fortune; but the wife can best administer on the domestic estate in such a manner as to make the most of the husband's earnings. Industry and sagacity on the part of the husband, combined with economy and prudence on the part of the wife, will slowly but surely lay the foundation of a prosperity which may be not only permanent, but beneficent. The first step, however, is a co-partnership of absolute trust and confidence between the husband and wife; and the husband must be the one to begin it. In this sense it is an eternal truth which the poet utters in the line—

"As the husband, so the wife is!"

ANCIENT USE OF PRUSSIC ACID.—The bitter almond contains the constituents of prussic acid, and a peculiar volatile oil, resembling the peach-blossom in its color; both are developed when the almond is bruised and brought into contact with water. When the bitter almond, therefore, is masticated and receives the moisture in the mouth and stomach, the prussic acid then formed operates as a powerful sedative upon the nervous system, and renders the body less susceptible of the influence of excitants, consequently of wine. It forms, as it were, the balance in the opposite scale, and preserves the equilibrium between the sinking which would result from its use were no wine taken, and the intoxication which would follow an excess of wine were the bitter almonds not eaten. Plutarch informs us that the sons of the physician of the Emperor Tiberius knew this fact; and although most intrepid toper, yet they kept themselves sober by eating bitter almonds.—Dr. Todd Thompson.

A PLEASANT CURE FOR THE GOUT.—It has been stated that the advantages of asparagus are not sufficiently estimated by those who suffer from rheumatism and gout. Slight cases of rheumatism are cured in a few days by feeding on this delicious esculent; and more chronic cases are much relieved, especially if the patient avoids all acids, whether in food or beverage. The Jerusalem artichoke has also a similar effect in relieving rheumatism. The heads may be eaten in the usual way, but ten made from the leaves of the stalks, and drunk three or four times a day, is a certain remedy, though not equally agreeable.

ONE OF those accidents that seem providential occurred during the siege of Strasbourg, and its details have just now been made public. At the time that the bombardment was at its height, a shell tore off one of the beautiful painted windows, flew across the nave of the Cathedral, and, smashing in the organ pipes, lodged in the organ itself. Had it burst, the destruction not only of the organ, but of a great part of the Cathedral must instantly have ensued. Strange to say—for these German messengers rarely fail to fulfil their errand—the shell remained embedded in the heart of the instrument without exploding. The missile has now been extracted, and is to be seen on the floor below, mounted on a marble pedestal which bears an inscription describing the date and occasion of the occurrence.

CARE OF THE HORSE.—An English groom gives the American hostler a "talking to" in this way:—"When a horse comes in all wet with perspiration, you let him stand in the stable and dry with all the dirt on. In England, we take the horse as he comes in from a drive and sprinkle blood-warm water all over him, from head to feet. Then we scrape him down and blanket him, rubbing his legs and face dry. Thus, in an hour, he is clean and dry and ready to take a good feed, while with your way he will stand and swelter for hours, and finally dry sticky and dirty. Our horses never founder and never take cold. We never use a curry-comb. You scratch your horse too hard. The only care necessary is to have the water not very cold, then bathe them instantly, while you are rubbing their legs."

A MARK STUMBLE.—When a horse stumbles never raise your voice—the creature dreads its master's chiding; never jog the reins, the mouth of the horse is far more sensitive than the human lips; never use the lash, the horse is so timid that the slightest correction overpowers its reasoning faculties. Speak to the creature; reassure the palpitating frame, seek to restore those perceptions which will form the best guard against any repetition of the faulty action.

COLD FEET.—One of the most essential things in order to have good health is a good circulation of the blood. This can only be had by living a true life of temperance in all things. To insure warm feet, invigorate the general circulation, avoid over-eating, and the use of improper food. Secure plenty of sleep in a well-ventilated room. Keep the skin clean by bathing twice a week. Bathe the feet frequently, first in warm water five minutes, and follow with dry friction.—Health Reformer.

A Distressing Cough causes the friends of the sufferer almost as much pain as the sufferer himself, and should receive immediate attention. Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry speedily cures coughs, colds, influenza, sore throat, &c. It will always relieve consumption, and in many well-attested cases it has effected a perfect cure.

Cheerfulness, courage, and great activity of intellect are engendered by Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, and its capacity of imparting power of endurance to the brain and nervous system is shown in its property of sustaining persons through mental difficulties.

HEAD TEACHER WANTED. FOR THE SCHOOL of the Village of Belle River, Essex Co., Ontario; must be able to speak and teach both languages. Good references required. Salary liberal. Applications addressed immediately to Mr. Bisson, School Trustee, Rochester, Essex Co., Ont.

BREAKFAST—EPPE'S COCOA.—(GRANTON AND COMPANY) which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Eppe has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which will save us many heavy doctors' bills.—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with Boiling Water or Milk. Each packet is labelled—"James Eppe's & Co., Homeopathic Chemists, London."

MANUFACTURERS OF COCOA.—"We will now give an account of the process adopted by Messrs. James Eppe & Co., manufacturers of dietetic articles, at their works in the Euston Road, London."—See article in Cassell's Household Guide.

ARTISAN'S MUTUAL BUILDING SOCIETY. Notice is hereby given that the subscription book of the Society for shares in the new class of 1873, of the Accumulating Stock, will be open at the office of the Society, No. 13 St. James Street, on Saturday the first day of March next, and the ensuing days, if required.

By order of the Directors, J. B. LAFLEUR, Sec.-Treasurer.

NOTICE. Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada, at its next Session, for an Act to incorporate a Company under the name of "The Landed Credit of Canada," with a head office at Montreal.

JUST RECEIVED. NEW SPRING STYLES, Gents, Youths, and Boys' Hats

R. W. COWAN'S, Cor. Notre Dame & St. Peter Str's, DOMINION BUILDING SOCIETY, Office, 55 St. James Street, MONTREAL.

APPROPRIATION STOCK.—Subscribed Capital \$3,000,000. PERMANENT STOCK—\$100,000.—Open for Subscription. Shares \$100 00 payable ten per cent quarterly. Dividends of nine or ten per cent can be expected by Permanent Shareholders; the demand for money at high rates equivalent by compound interest to 11 or 16 per cent, has been so great that up to this the Society has been unable to supply all applicants, and that the Directors, in order to procure more funds, have deemed it profitable to establish the following rates in the

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT: For sums under \$500 00 lent at short notice ..... 6 per cent For sums over \$500 00 lent at short notice ..... 5 " For sums over \$25 00 up to \$5,000 00 lent for fixed periods of over three months ..... 7 " As the Society lends only on Real Estate of the very best description, it offers the best of security to Investors at short or long dates.

In the Appropriation Department, Books are now selling at \$10 premium. In the Permanent Department Shares are now at par; the dividends, judging from the business done up to date, shall send the Stock up to a premium, thus giving to Investors more profit than if they invested in Bank Stock. Any further information can be obtained from F. A. QUINN, Secretary-Treasurer.

SINITE PARVULOS VENIRE AD ME. COLLEGE OF NOTRE-DAME, COTES DES NEIGES—NEAR MONTREAL.

PROSPECTUS. This Institution is conducted by the fathers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross.

It is located on the north side of Mount Royal, and about one mile from Montreal. The locality is both picturesque and beautiful, overlooking a delightful country, and is without doubt unsurpassed for salubrity of climate by any portion of Canada. Besides, its proximity to the city will enable parents to visit their children without inconvenience. Parents and Guardians will find in this Institution an excellent opportunity of procuring for their children a primary education, nurtured and protected by the benign influence of religion, and in which nothing will be omitted to preserve their innocence, and implant in their young hearts the seeds of Christian virtues. Pupils will be received between the ages of five and twelve; the discipline and mode of teaching will be adapted to their tender age. Unremitting attention will be given to the physical, intellectual and moral culture of the youthful pupils so early withdrawn from the anxious care and loving smiles of affectionate parents. The course of studies will comprise a good elementary education in both the French and English languages, viz.: Reading, Spelling, Writing, the elements of Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography and History, besides a course of Religion suitable to the age and capacity of the pupils.

TERMS: 1. The scholastic year is of ten months. The classes begin every year in the first week of September and finish in the first week in July. 2. Parents are perfectly free to leave their children in the college during the vacation. 3. Board and Tuition, \$10.00 per month, payable quarterly in advance, bankable money. 4. Washing, bed and bedding, together with table furniture, will be furnished by the house at the rate of \$2.00 per month. 5. The house furnishes a bed and shows mattress and also takes charge of the boots or shoes provided that the pupil has at least two pairs. 6. Doctor's fees and medicines are extra. 7. A music master is engaged in the Institution. The piano lessons, including use of piano, will be \$2.00 per month. 8. Every month that is commenced must be paid entire without any deduction. 9. Parents who wish to have clothes provided for their children will deposit with the Superior of the house a sum proportionate to the clothing required. 10. Parents will receive every quarter, with the bill of expenses, an account of the health, conduct, assiduity and improvement of their children.—3m27

A RARE CHANCE OF GOING TO IRELAND AND BACK FOR ONE DOLLAR. To be Drawn at the Fair to be held April, 1873, for the Building of the Immaculate Conception Church, (Oblate Fathers) Lowell, Mass. A First Class Cabin Passage from New York to Ireland and Back, donated by the Inman Steamship Company. TICKETS, \$1 00 Can be had at this Office, or by addressing Rev. J. McGrath, O.M.F., Box 360, Lowell, Mass. The Oblate Fathers' appeal with confidence to their friends on this occasion. N.B.—Winning number will be published in this paper.



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 THIS institution was established in 1870, and recommends itself, both by the elegant style of its building, its spacious dimensions, the comfort it affords, and by its facility of access from Montreal and the United States, being situated on the Montreal and New York Railway line, and only at a short distance from the Provincial line.  
 The course of instruction, intrusted to Seven Sisters, is complete, comprising French, English, Fine Arts, &c., &c., and tends to the cultivation both of the mind and of the heart.

**TERMS OF THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR.**  
 (Payable Quarterly, and invariably in Advance.)  
 Board and Tuition (Canada currency) \$50 00 yearly  
 Half-Boarders..... 25 00 "  
 Tuition only..... 10 00 "  
 Music, Piano..... \$1 50 per month..... 15 00 "  
 Drawing..... 5 00 "  
 Washing..... 1 00 " " 10 00 "  
 Uniform (Black), but is worn only on Sundays and Thursdays. On other days, the young Ladies can wear any proper dress they please. A white dress and a large white veil are also required. Thursday is the day appointed for the Pupils to receive the visit of their Parents.

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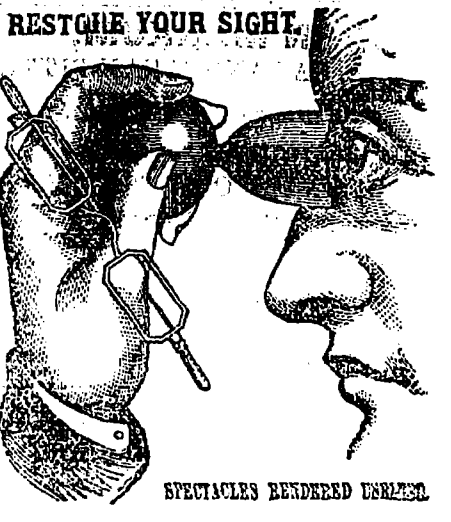
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 We shall be pleased to see you early.  
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 February 1, 1872



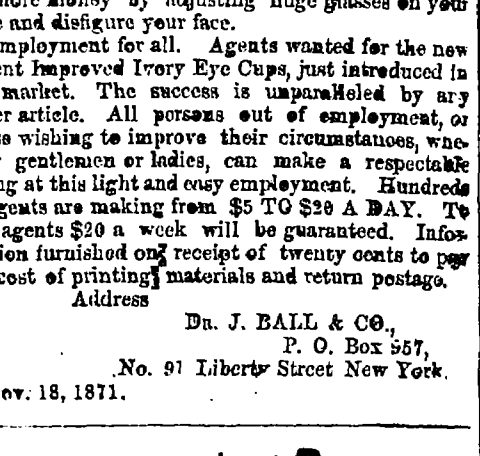
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 All diseases of the eye successfully treated by **Ball's new Patent Ivory Eye-Cups.**  
 Read for yourself and restore your sight.  
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 Many of our most eminent physicians, oculists, students, and divines, have had their sight permanently restored for life, and cured of the following diseases:—  
 1. Impaired Vision; 2. Presbyopia, or Far Sight-ness, or Dimness of Vision, commonly called Blurring; 3. Asthenopia, or Weak Eyes; 4. Epiphora, Running or Watery Eyes; 5. Sore Eyes Specially treated with the Eye Cups, Cure Guaranteed; 6. Weakness of the Retina, or Optic Nerve; 7. Ophthalmia, or Inflammation of the Eye and its appendages, or imperfect vision from the effects of Inflammation; 8. Photophobia, or Intolerance of Light; 9. Over-worked eyes; 10. Mydriasis, moving specks or floating bodies before the eye; 11. Amaurosis, or Obscurity of Vision; 12. Cataracts, Partial Blindness; the loss of sight.  
 Any one can use the Ivory Eye Cups without the aid of Doctor or Medicines, so as to receive immediate beneficial results and never wear spectacles; or, if using now, to lay them aside forever. We guarantee a cure in every case where the directions are followed, or we will refund the money.

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 From honest Farmers, Mechanics and Merchants; some of them the most eminent leading professional and political men and women of education and refinement, in our country, may be seen at our office.  
 Under date of March 20, Hon. Horace Greeley, of the New York Tribune, writes: "I feel, of our city, is a conscientious and responsible man, who is incapable of intentional deception or imposition."  
 Prof. W. Merrick, of Lexington, Ky., wrote April 24th, 1869: "Without my Spectacles I can see this note, after using the Patent Ivory Eye Cups thirteen days, and this morning perused the entire contents of a Daily News Paper, and all with the unassisted Eye."  
 Truly am I grateful to your noble invention, may Heaven bless and preserve you. I have been using Spectacles twenty years; I am seventy-one year old.

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**PERUVIAN IRON TONIC SYRUP**  
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 The Peruvian Syrup, a Protected Solution of the Protozoid of Iron, is so combined as to have the character of an aliment, as easily digested and assimilated with the blood as the simplest food. It increases the quantity of Nature's Own Vitalizing Agent, Iron in the blood, and cures "a thousand ills," simply by Toning up, Invigorating and Vitalizing the System. The enriched and vitalized blood permeates every part of the body, repairing damages and waste, searching out morbid secretions, and leaving nothing for disease to feed upon.  
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 Thousands have been changed by the use of this remedy, from weak, sickly, suffering creatures, to strong, healthy, and happy men and women; and invalids cannot reasonably hesitate to give it a trial.  
 See that each bottle has **PERUVIAN SYRUP** blown in the glass. Pamphlets Free.  
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 For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping-Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.

Among the great discoveries of modern science, few are of more real value to mankind than this effective remedy for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. A vast trial of its virtues, throughout this and other countries, has shown that it does surely and effectually control them. The testimony of our best citizens, of all classes, establishes the fact, that **CHERRY PECTORAL** will and does relieve and cure the afflicting disorders of the Throat and Lungs beyond any other medicine. The most dangerous affections of the Pulmonary Organs yield to its power; and cases of Consumption, cured by this preparation, are publicly known, so remarkable as hardly to be believed, were they not proven beyond dispute. As a remedy, it is adequate, on which the public may rely for full protection. By curing Coughs, the forerunners of more serious disease, it saves unnumbered lives, and an amount of suffering not to be computed. It challenges trial, and convinces the most sceptical. Every family should keep it on hand as a protection against the early and unperceived attack of Pulmonary Affections, which are easily met at first, but which become incurable, and too often fatal, if neglected. Tender lungs need this defence; and it is unwise to be without it. As a safeguard to children, and the distressing diseases which beset the Throat and Chest of childhood, **CHERRY PECTORAL** is invaluable; for, by its timely use, multitudes are rescued from premature graves, and saved to the love and affection centred on them. It acts speedily and surely against ordinary colds, securing sound and health-restoring sleep. No one will suffer from one influenza and painful Bronchitis, when they know how easily they can be cured.  
 Originally the product of long laborious and successful chemical investigation, no cost or toil is spared in making every bottle in the utmost possible perfection. It may be confidently relied upon as possessing all the virtues it has ever exhibited, and capable of producing cures as memorable as the greatest it has ever effected.  
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 The Course of Studies in the Institute is divided into two departments—Primary and Commercial.  
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 Religious Instruction, Spelling, Reading, Notions of Arithmetic and Geography, Object lessons, Principles of Politeness, Vocal Music.  
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 Religious Instruction, Reading, Orthography, Writing, Grammar, Geography, History, Arithmetic (Mental and Written), Book-keeping (Single and Double Entry), Algebra, Mensuration, Principles of Politeness, Vocal and Instrumental Music, French.  
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