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The True Witness,

AND

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1871.

NO. 50.

MIRIAM'S THREE CHANCES.

CHAPTER III.—CHANCE THE THIRD.—(Continued.)

"Yes," explained Miriam, "quite settled for a month or two at all events, and we are in St. John's Park. I am sure mamma will be very glad to see you, Captain Loftus."

Miriam could not avoid this conventional sentence, although she well knew that if there was one person in the world whom her mother cordially disapproved and disliked, it was that forward, fascinating, penniless Captain Loftus. "Depend upon it," said he, "I shall take the earliest opportunity of paying my respects to Mrs. Crewe and her charming daughter. I am not staying at Ryde. I am quartered at Parkhurst, but I shall come in as often as ever I can."

Miriam walked home with a queer feeling at her heart. This was one of her quondam loves. It had never come to anything because he was poor, but he had said all that a poor man could say—told her she was the angel of the cloud too far above his head ever to reach—told her he was afraid of being in her society—implored her to impute his backwardness to the right motive—said his lips were sealed and his hands tied.

What then could he mean by this delight at meeting her?—this eager jumping at her casual invitation? There was a moment's consultation with herself, and then she said it all.

"Oh, of course—he has heard of my engagement. Poor, dear fellow, how well he has behaved!" she said; and she walked home, not knowing whether she was happy or miserable.

But Mrs. Crewe? The turning up of this dreadful young man at this critical moment was more vexatious than words could possibly express. She stormed, she scolded; she gave orders to say "Not at home," and she issued a thousand stringent directions to Miriam as to her conduct; but Miriam listened in silence, with tight lips and a blanched cheek. Whatever her mother might say, she was determined to see Captain Loftus when he called—yes, even if she lived in the garden, which commanded the high road—from morning till night; for, in spite of her position, there was an evil spirit whispering at her ear. "He is worth a dozen of Rice Curry."

And so it happened that, when he called, Miriam actually was in the garden. Mrs. Crewe closeted with the legal adviser of the family, feeling safe from intrusion by having given the order of "Not at home" to the servants. And so Miriam met the captain at the garden gate, and they sat out in the shrubberies, and never a word did she breathe as to the existence of a Sir Rice Curry.

"Mamma has a friend with her from London on business," she said. "I must not take you indoors to-day; you must come some other day."

And he was only too glad of the opportunity; but he had come over that day on a special mission. His regiment was going to give a dance, and he wanted Mrs. and Miss Crewe to grace it. Would they let him send them tickets? And Miriam, as she said good-bye to him at the garden gate, accepted the invitation. Whatever her mother or Sir Rice might say, she was determined to go to the ball; but here, again, she was silent till the next day, when the tickets arrived.

"Out of the question," said Mrs. Crewe, tossing them aside. "In your present position, Miriam, you could not possibly go to a military ball. I am only surprised at Captain Loftus asking such a thing."

Mrs. Crewe evidently took it for granted that her daughter had told the young man how she was situated, or else thought everybody must know it. At all events, there was the usual war of words between the two, and it ended by Miriam's gaining her own way, and they went.

All that evening, in the brilliantly lighted ball-room, Mrs. Crewe sat on thorns. Although she knew that Sir Rice was in town, she kept giving terrified looks every moment towards the door, as if expecting to see him come in with every guest. Had he done so, Mrs. Crewe would have wished the earth to open and swallow her up, for Miriam was playing her usual game with Captain Loftus, and they looked much more like an engaged couple than over Miriam and Sir Rice had done. And in good truth, the young man was pouring all sorts of adulation into the pleased ear of his listener, and Mrs. Crewe lost sight of them entirely after every dance.

"Oh Miriam, Miriam!" she thought to herself, "you must be mad to be going on in this way with that penniless young officer!"

Seated next to Mrs. Crewe, passing the weary hours away in the same state of listless chaperonage, was a lady with whom Mrs. Crewe had some slight acquaintance, and they began talking of garrison society and its dangers.

"The worst of it is," said the lady, "it is so very attractive. It spoils the girl for every other ball, and yet in this throng of young men I don't suppose I could point out half a dozen who could afford to marry! Captain Loftus of course is a brilliant exception; but—"

"If Captain Loftus," said Mrs. Crewe, with

a little laugh, is the best party in the room, all the rest must be utter mendicants!"

"You cannot then have heard of his late piece of good fortune?" said the lady, looking a little surprised.

"Indeed I have not," returned Mrs. Crewe, "for I really know but very little of him."

The lady smiled a little spitefully.

"Had it been at the beginning of the London season instead of the end," said she, "I should think it would have made a sensation, it was such a romance. There lived near Freshwater an old man who was his aunt's widower, and Captain Loftus was always kind and attentive to him, without an idea of his being anything but inviolated, solitary and poor. Two months ago this old man died, and they say that in the old chest they have found deeds and documents proving him possessed of nearly a quarter of a million of money, every farthing of which he has left to Captain Loftus!"

Mrs. Crewe's breath seemed actually to stop. "I know it's all true," pursued the lady; "besides, he is just going to sell out; and when I congratulated him the other night he laughed and said he didn't know whether he should be any happier with all his heap of money than he was when his mess bill used to put him all in a tremble for want of funds to meet them."

A little later in the evening this lady found another friend, and told her of her conversation with Mrs. Crewe.

"I cannot say that I much care for Mrs. Crewe," she said; "but I thought considering how conspicuous the daughter was making herself, and how agonized the maternal countenance was, that I had better let her know he was worth having."

"Not much use," laughed her friend, for Miss Crewe is engaged to Sir Rice Curry, the Indian millionaire."

"Impossible," said the lady, "and going on in that way with poor young Loftus! Now I call that abominable!"

One hour later, and when the Crewes were gone, this lady was espied by Captain Loftus, whose attraction in the ball-room seemed now quite over, and he asked her to have some supper.

"Delighted," said she, and off she tripped with him; and after a plate of chicken and tongue and two glasses of champagne, her heart expanded towards the youth, and she told him confidentially of Miriam's approaching marriage with Sir Rice Curry. Captain Loftus leant back in his chair and his face grew livid.

"Are you perfectly certain?" he stammered, with quivering lips.

"As sure as I sit here," was the reply.—"The lady who told me was staying in the same house with her for the Goodwood Races, and she heard the marriage announced by Sir Rice Curry himself."

"By Sir who?" cried the captain.

"Sir Rice Curry," replied the lady.

"By Jove, how good!" he cried, bursting into a roar of laughter. "Why, she has been killing me the whole evening with anecdotes of the old tiger eater, and makes the greatest fun of him you ever heard of!"

"Don't you believe her then," said his companion; "she's fooling thee, my dear Captain Loftus. There is not a soul in Ryde who cannot tell you it is true, and a few days ago the family lawyer came down from London to Mrs. Crewe's on purpose to arrange the settlements."

Captain Loftus's countenance changed again, and the ashen hue came over his face. He remembered that day in the garden with Miriam, when she said that her mother had a friend with her, and that he must come and see her another day. He drew in his lips very tight, and the room seemed to swing round him. He seized the champagne and tossed off glass, but still the leaden hue remained upon his face. There was an ice-bolt on his heart, and it seemed to him as if its warmth could never return again.

"I am sorry for you, captain," whispered the lady by his side, "but she isn't worth it." And if those many eyes could ever have shed burning tears, they would have fallen then.

The next morning Miriam was late at breakfast. Mrs. Crewe sat waiting for her in some anxiety, nor was she the least astonished when, as her daughter at last took her seat opposite to her at the table, she said with a slight tremor in her voice, "Mamma, I have something to say to you."

Mrs. Crewe thought it expedient to put on a severe face.

"After your conduct last night," she said, "I am not surprised;" and she paused.

"Yes," continued Miriam, "you will be angry of course, and I dare say you have just cause, but I am old enough now to know my own mind, and it is fully made up on a subject which very nearly concerns my happiness. I am determined not to marry Sir Rice Curry, and the sooner you undeceive him as to the sentiments I hold towards him, the better for both of us."

A flush tinged Mrs. Crewe's worn cheek.

"You have no doubt carefully weighed the step you are taking, Miriam," said her mother.

"Carefully," she replied.

"And you are resigning this brilliant position, I conclude, in favor of—"

"One quite as brilliant," interrupted Miriam. "Captain Loftus has long cared for me, and I like him better than Sir Rice Curry. Captain Loftus had hitherto been prevented by circumstances from marrying; but now that he has three thousand a year and a nice home in this beautiful island, he has asked me to be his wife."

"Sir Gilbert Acres was a richer man," murmured Mrs. Crewe.

"He never did me the honor to ask me," said Miriam.

"Your own fault, Miriam," said her mother. "You had the chance."

"Well, I prefer the chance now offered to me," retorted Miriam; "so I hope, mamma, you will write to Sir Rice without a moment's delay. At half-past two, Captain Loftus proposes calling on you."

Mrs. Crewe said nothing, but rose and left the room. It was no use arguing with Miriam, no use placing before her the odium attached to the character of a jilt; if her mind was made up, no power on earth would change it; and so Mrs. Crewe bowed before the necessity, and quietly went off to write her letter, painful and humiliating as she felt the task to be.

There was but one small lump of sugar in this bitter cup, and that was Captain Loftus's wealth, by which Miriam's fate in the great balance of life was equalized. Had he been a poor man, nothing would have induced Mrs. Crewe to have given way. She would have telegraphed to Sir Rice and washed her hands of Captain Loftus. She would not have said "Not at home" to him; no, she would have seen him, and placed before him the enormity of his conduct, and then have *chassé'd* him for ever. But he was rich.

"Miriam must marry somebody," she argued. "She will wear my life out if she goes on in this way; so the sooner I place her in a husband's hands the better; and, after all, the man is suitable, though I cannot say he was ever one of my favorites. However, she has not done so badly for herself, and Sir Rice, with all his advantages, was certainly a little too old for her."

With thoughts like these, Mrs. Crewe sat down to pen the dismissal of Sir Rice Curry, and then rose to calm her spirits and seat herself in state to receive the promised visit of Captain Loftus.

* * * * *

Miriam's three chances! Has she had them all? Is there to be another still?

Now I am going to astonish my readers.

Five years have passed since we left Mrs. Crewe sitting waiting for Captain Loftus.—During all these years she has visited many countries and climes, and if this can be called waiting, she has waited ever since, for Captain Loftus never came. She never heard from him; she saw his marriage announced in the papers, and Miriam, her daughter, is Miriam Crewe still.

When five years are added to four-and-twenty, a woman, though not perhaps *passer*, is still trembling on that painful verge; and Miriam, now permitted to walk about by herself as much as she pleased without a single remonstrance, often heard remarks which taught her too plainly the light in which she was viewed by a younger set of girls. Always exquisitely dressed, her toilette often elicited remarks which she could not help hearing; but the worst of it was they were sometimes accompanied by a disparaging sentence, and one day in particular Miriam heard what was a more stinging truth than any she had yet suffered, and this was in the library of the sea-side resort where Mrs. Crewe was spending the summer.

"How pretty she must have been!" said a bride to the bridegroom.

"Yes, all the *beaux vestes* of a lovely woman," was the answer.

After hearing that remark, Miriam went and wandered on the sands for hours and choked down burning tears, though the rebellious and retrospective thoughts persisted in rising to the surface.

"Is that all that is left of me," she thought. Is that the light in which people see me? Good heavens, how I have spoilt my own game, which was once so completely in my hands! Had I been a married woman these foolish geese of a young married couple would have said, 'Very pretty,' or 'How nice-looking!' 'How *distingue!*' and so on; but because I am Miss Crewe (for I heard them ask my name), they speak in the past tense, and call my good looks *beaux vestes!*"

Yes, she had outlived her youth and her opportunities, or rather her "chances," as Mrs. Crewe used always to call them, and she was now apparently settled down for life by the side of an invalid mother, who really could hardly have spared her, even had she any temptation to leave her.

Miriam Crewe's life was now the perfection of monotony. After a long rheumatic fever, which left her a cripple, Mrs. Crewe was ordered to reside at the sea-side, for the sake of the warm sea-baths. They happened to have a few friends among the county people in the

neighborhood of Eastbourne, and thus Eastbourne was chosen as the residence most suitable and most convenient as well as most cheerful for Miriam, of whom her mother still sometimes thought with an aching heart. But still Miriam's life was monotonous. All the morning she wandered about by herself; and all the afternoon she walked by the side of the mother's bath chair. Visitors they had but few; society they had none, for Mrs. Crewe was not in a state of health to stay out; in fact, for the time being, they really lived quite out of the world.

With a sort of bitter feeling, somewhat akin to a morbid dislike to people, Miriam's favorite resort was the tract of sand furthest from the town; and once arrived there with her book, she would sit on the low rocks for hours; and if any pedestrians reached as far as her haunts, she was generally so deeply engrossed as not even see them pass.

July, August and September slipped away; October opened gloriously, and people lingered on to cheat themselves of the winter. Miriam continued her solitary walks, still sat on her rock and read or stood on the beach and watched the tide coming in over the rippled sands. She was doing this one day, gazing dreamily on the expanse of sea and listening to its pleasant, gentle murmur, when, happening to glance at the yellow plain which was spreading beneath her feet, it suddenly occurred to her that what she had taken for indentations on the sand, caused by the incoming tide, were no such thing, but letters, distinctly traced by some hand upon the sand and intended to frame a name. With a sort of shrinking curiosity she drew nearer. It was strange to see characters recently traced on so remote a spot, on which she had seen no human being during the whole time she had been there; and glancing hurriedly round, and still seeing no one she went hastily up to the spot and looked at the characters traced. As she gazed a sort of cold tremor came over her.

"Who," thought she to herself, "has done this? Is it intentional or can it be accidental?" The word, or rather name, so clearly and deeply cut in upon the hard dry sand was nothing else but—Miriam!

Miriam?—the name was not a common one. Miriam?—who was there in the world now to call her Miriam? Her heart fluttered as she gazed, and she then looked round with a sort of frightened scrutiny. Neither far nor near was there a soul in sight, and the flat coast had no nooks and crannies in the rocks in which the writer could be hiding. Yet the thought gave her an uncomfortable feeling. Human hands had traced those characters very recently there could be no doubt—yet she had not met a soul!

She looked towards Eastbourne—not a soul. She looked onward towards Pevensey—still no one; yet it could only be by that route that the writer had disappeared.

One moment's reflection, and then the indignant blood rushed into her cheeks. She thought of her "Three Chances!" Could it be either Sir Gilbert Acres, Sir Rice Curry or Captain Loftus?—each in his turn had called her Miriam!—but hardly. The first of these three had gone away to Madeira years before to try and stop the sands of his wife's life from running too quickly; the second had married in a fit of furious rage—married a London belle, and was to be seen every season showing her off in Rotten Row; the third was a married man within three months after Miriam had so deceived him (as he thought), and he and his wife were so notoriously unsuited to each other that the world never hesitated, when designating him with reference to their unhappy life, to say, "What could you expect when he married from pique?"

No, it could be neither of these, but it set Miriam thinking and almost trembling, and after passionately stamping out the unlucky name she hurried home with limbs which really seemed to totter under her.

How curiously she looked at every one she met, just as if she could read guilt in the careless faces of the gay crowd who passed and repassed her on her way home; but she gained her own home unsatisfied.

Silently she rejoined her mother, and began the evening duty of reading to her; but not a word of what she uttered like a parrot did she understand. All she felt was, that she must go again the next day to that lonely spot on the far-off sands and see if it had been visited again; and so, at the usual hour, she took her lonely way along the strand.

It is proverbial that at all the fashionable watering-places the promenades are crowded in the morning, and in the evening you never see a soul, and exclaim in surprise, "Where on earth do all the people go?"

Such was the case as Miriam passed swiftly along. She was provoked with herself for feeling that she did pass more swiftly than usual, and she felt, too, that long before she reached the spot she saw the disturbance of the sand where she had stamped out the letters that formed her name—saw it with an eagle's-far-sighted eye. Yes, there was the sand, but no fresh letters. She was angry with herself for feeling slightly disappointed, and she hurried

on, fearing some one might have seen her pause; but she had not proceeded a hundred yards before she stopped, as if struck by a thunderbolt. At her feet, again clear and deeply cut in the sand, was the name—Miriam!

She sat down on a large stone and gazed—then looked to the right and to the left—not a soul to be seen. A sudden thought struck her, and she took her parasol; the word Miriam was in bold printed letters of nearly a foot in length. She took her parasol—the sand was firm and smooth—and just before her name she traced in small but distinct characters two words which, with the one not written by herself, formed a question. It was this—"Who remembers Miriam?" and added the note of interrogation.

This was no sooner done, than like one pursued by an evil spirit, Miriam sped home, and determined to revisit the spot at an early hour next day, if possible, to catch the delinquent; but her plans were all frustrated by a circumstance sudden and unforeseen. Mrs. Crewe was seized with a paralytic attack, and for many hours her life was in danger.

Still and silent Miriam sat by her all that night, and towards evening her mother rallied; she was sensible, and, though helpless, was not speechless. With eyes swimming in tears she kept them fixed on her daughter, and at last articulated, "After all, Miriam, I shall leave you unprotected."

"Dear mother," was the hasty reply, "you think of me still as of a child. You forget my age; you forget that I am no longer young, though Heaven knows I trust it may please God still to prolong your life for my happiness and protection for many a long year."

Mrs. Crewe shook her head and relapsed into slumber, Miriam still sitting by her side, the door open on account of the heat; and many an hour passed in this silent watch, till suddenly a rapid nervous knock at the street door startled her.

"Surely," she thought, "they will never think of admitting visitors on such a day as this?" But a colloquy was going on between the footman and the visitor.

"I really don't think, sir, that Miss Crewe will leave my mistress."

"Not to a stranger, I dare say; but I may be of some use to her if you take up my card; or, stay, perhaps she would come down for an instant. My good man, I may as well tell you at once I am Mrs. Crewe's nephew."

Miriam's heart beat so fast that it took her breath away. Who was this man who so pertinaciously insisted on admission? Utterly alone in the house, except for the presence of the servants, how could she go down by herself? The visitor's last sentence bore a falsehood on the face of it—her mother had no nephew.

But Miriam did not lack courage; her hesitation lasted but a moment, the next she was advancing into the drawing-room with her usual haughty grace, and bowing to a tall, bearded man whom she had never seen in her life before. His back was to the light.

"I think," said Miriam, courteously, "there must be some mistake."

"Am I then forgotten?" he asked, advancing eagerly; "yet I remember Miriam."

"The name upon the sand! 'Sir Gilbert!'" she said in a low voice, and sank trembling into a chair.

* * * * *

That night Miriam knelt by her mother's side. The feeble life seemed ebbing away in deep slumbers, yet she must be roused to hear something that would soothe her last hours.

"Mother," she whispered, "if you understand what I am saying, press my hand," and a fervent pressure was the answer. "I am engaged to be married, dearest mother," she continued.

There came a half-articulate question—"To whom?"

"To Sir Gilbert Acres, mother."

"Married years ago, my child."

"Yes, married once, mother—but a widower now, and has been so for three years."

No answer—on she slept, and Sir Gilbert himself stood on the other side of the bed waiting for another moment of sensibility. The doctor looked in the last thing that night.

"She is better," he said—"she may rally yet;" and the next morning she opened a pair of clear and sensible eyes.

"Miriam," she exclaimed, "is it true, or have I been dreaming? Are you engaged to be married?"

"Yes, mother—to Sir Gilbert Acres," she replied; "he will be here at twelve."

"No he won't," said Mrs. Crewe; "Capt. Loftus said the same."

"But Gilbert will come," laughed Miriam; and at that moment came the short, quick knock at the door.

He was true to his appointment.

* * * * *

Mrs. Crewe rallied in mind in the course of a few days, but the use of her limbs was gone. "Never mind, my dear," she said to Miriam when the tears trickled down her daughter's face at her helpless state; "I shall not leave you unprotected. My mind is easy on that point; and between ourselves, Miriam, I am

unspeakably thankful for this chance. You have had three of the best chances a girl ever had; and I am perfectly certain that had not Sir Gilbert come back, faithful and true, you would never have had another."

THE END.

[Written for the TRUE WITNESS.]

SKETCHES OF IRELAND.

BY "TERRA-NOVA."

MOYNE ABBEY.

The West of Ireland is remarkable for its lively faith, displayed alike in sunshine as in shadow. To-day its archiepiscopal ruler is a man amongst men, and few they are who love not the name of John of Tuam, John M'Haic, "The Lion of the fold of Judah." Of the many religious structures of Connaught in olden times, none excelled that of Moyne.—Erected on a gentle eminence, loved by the river Moy, which empties itself into the beautiful bay of Killala, it rose from out the verdant plains of Tyrawley; a magnificent tribute upon earth to the majesty of Heaven. Its founder was Nohemias O'Donoghue, of the Franciscan order. In 1460, O'Donoghue requested Mac William Burke to grant him a site whereon to erect a monastery; O'Donoghue was famed in Ireland then as an exemplary friar, and with princely generosity Burke told him to select any place he considered eligible within his territory. Near to the Episcopal See of Killala, O'Donoghue chose his site, and then followed by his chieftains and people Mac William laid the first stone. In two years after Donatus, Bishop of Killala, consecrated the new church under the patronage of St. Francis. After the completion of the sacred edifice, Burke liberally endowed it with pasture lands, mills and ponds. The Medieval nobles were ever noted for their thorough appreciation of the Church. Wherever a refractory member of their order curtailed the privileges of the ecclesiastical body they saw that destitution and wrangling usurped the place of plenty and peace and accordingly their munificent endowments were alike worthy of their nobility and of the objects upon which they were bestowed. To be poor, was not then considered a crime punishable by forced imprisonment. In the distressed, the nobles saw the image of Him who knew not where to lay His Head, and the Monks, were their almoners to God. The Abbey of Moyne was a beautiful architectural structure. The edifice was built of a kind of stone, composed of petrified sea-shells which much resembles marble. Its beautiful proportions, its exquisite tracery and ornamentation was the general theme, and from the great tower, ninety feet high, the giant billows of the western ocean, on the one hand, and the undulating plains of Tyrawley on the other, were clearly discernible. A very valuable library, was attached to the monastery and its halls were thronged by professors of the various sciences, priests, lay-brothers, and students.—Several distinguished men venerated Moyne as their Alma Mater. Foremost amongst them we may mention Florence Conroy, afterwards Archbishop of Tuam. This eminent divine and devoted patriot was born in Galway, A.D. 1560. He was of noble family; his ancestors being for centuries the chiefs of the territory of Guo Mor, lying between Lough Corrit and Galway Bay. From childhood he was noted for his piety and at an early age he entered the service of the Church. Prior to his departure for Spain he took the Franciscan habit in the Monastery of Moyne. Florence Conroy, in addition to the sanctity of his life, enjoyed a well-founded reputation for learning. He was specially devoted to St. Augustine, and his intimate acquaintance with the works of that holy Doctor, rendered his fame European.—His patriotism was of the highest order and his labors to restore tranquility and security to Ireland demanded a niche in every Irishman's heart. Honored with the friendship of Philip of Spain, he labored to infuse practical sympathy for the Irish Catholics amongst the Spanish people. In 1602 he attended Hugh Roe O'Donnell on his death-bed in Spain, and in 1609 "Eathric O'Maol Conroi" was appointed Archbishop of Tuam in room of Maolmuire O'Higgins, who had expired at Antwerp whilst returning from Rome. Although Dr. Conroy was destined never to visit his archiepiscopal district, still he ceased not his energies in the cause of religion in Ireland. Owing to his great exertions an Irish College was started at Louvain, and there the pious youths, whose vocation called them to the labors of the Church were prepared for their important duties, and to Louvain, Ireland owes a debt of gratitude, for within its scholastic walls both Irish priest and Irish patriot learned the lessons of truth and the maxims of Christian honor. In 1629 Florence Conroy died, and we may be sure that his last prayers were for old Ireland and his dear Moyne. In the crypts of Moyne are interred many of the families of Connaught.—The dust of the O'Dowds, Lynnotts, De Burgos and Barretts commingle beneath its olden shades. There let them rest in peace, and may God have mercy on their souls. In the reign of Elizabeth the Abbey of Moyne was despoiled. The monks were treated in a style worthy of the days of Nero, and to one Barrett was given the monastery and all its rich surroundings. In acts like these the enemies of the Faith sought to crush the spirit of Catholicity in Ireland. They failed. Fire and sword could not succeed in long gone ages.—Arts, blandishments, and godless systems of Education cannot succeed now. Patrick prayed that Ireland's faith might not fail, and it cannot, for her brightest traditions are the memories of her devotion to Heaven and within every decade of miles upon her fertile bosom arise the ruined but enduring monuments of her ancient religious glory, like that of the Abbey of Moyne in Catholic Mayo.

JULY 12TH IN NEW YORK—THE ORANGE PARADE.

MAYOR HALL'S LETTER TO J. J. KELSO, G. M. L. O. Y.

Executive Department, City Hall, New York, July 6, 1871.

John J. Bond, Esq., G. M. L. O. Y.

DEAR SIR: From your letter to the Superintendent of Police, from your explanations to me, and from a letter which you addressed to the Times, I learn that an order or association of individuals, over which you are the chief, propose to celebrate by a street procession and public picnic the victory achieved in 1690 by William III., one King of England, over James II., another king. Similar public celebrations in the country wherein the events happened have always been attended by public disorders. Breaches of the peace have several times occurred in Canada and in the United States during celebrations of a like import. Last summer serious affrays in this city grew out of the public procession and picnic when participated in by your order. You seem to apprehend new disturbances this year on account of the proposed celebration, and I think I am justified by your written and published statements in inferring your own opinion to be that public disorder must necessarily result from your intended action, because of the religious as well as anciently political opposition to the event celebrated.

Assemblages of any kind in places of public access, and street processions of every character, have never become matters of popular right. In accordance, however, with the operations of free institutions, they are generally permitted, and usually enjoy, by popular assent, much freedom of action, although often submitted to at considerable sacrifice of public comfort.—They therefore become subjects for police regulation and supervision. If not an impossible, it is nevertheless a delicate task for the authorities to decide when this regulation shall begin, or how far it shall extend. The approximate rule seems to be that the greatest good and security of the greatest number should be consulted in the decision.

Your proposed celebration appears to be unnecessary. And it certainly seems at first glance to be singular that a foreign event, occurring nearly two hundred years ago, and with which American citizens cannot actively sympathize, should become on our soil the subject for extensive commemoration. Moreover, ought not the feuds and animosities of old countries, from whence our adopted citizens come, be entirely merged in our citizenship? There is another danger, is there not that collisions induced by their maintenance here would be taken advantage of by the dangerous classes, which always grow formidable by such opportunities? It has been said from the bench that no individuals ought ever to be permitted to publicly assemble with banners whose inscriptions would be calculated to inflame the passions of other men, and in view of what took place last year, may it not be thought by even your well-wishers that a repeated participation by your organization would seem like a concerted effort to irritate the public peace? I could suggest many occasions for celebrating even American events which would result inevitably in producing public disorder. Suppose, for instance, that a considerable number of New York residents of Southern birth, should purpose to celebrate the battle of Bull Run that occurred in this month, and should by means of banners and music succeed in arousing the bad temper of the hundreds of thousands who not only could never sympathize with the event, but under much personal, sectional, or national feeling, deplore it; or suppose that, in view of recent events that have occurred in Europe, a body of French adopted citizens, furnished with banners and music distasteful in sight and sound to citizens of German birth, should march through sections of our city that are inhabited by the latter?

I content myself at present with simply submitting to you these very general considerations, and with asking you whether it would not be more politic for you and your friends to forego any popular or public demonstration of the event to which you and they attach so much importance?

Very truly yours, A. OAKLEY HALL, Mayor of the City of New York.

THE ORANGEMEN'S CHIEF—MR. BOND'S LETTER TO SUPERINTENDENT KELSO.

Fort Hamilton, N.Y., July 10, '71.

James J. Kelso, Esq., Superintendent New York Police.

MY DEAR SIR:—Seeing the dreadful state of affairs which have arisen out of the contemplated parade of the Orangemen, I have considered it my duty to advise them to forego the parade on the 12th instant.

I am sorry to say they have not taken my advice in the matter, being confident of the safety of their lives in your good protection. I have pointed out to them the great majority of opponents, and the utter impossibility of your power in protecting them after the parade was dismissed [italics by writer]. I am afraid the Orangemen cannot succeed (sic) ten thousand men from all sources [italics by writer]. I am very positive that their own body will not number more than five hundred men, for the majority will not attend so dangerous an undertaking.

I write to you therefore in great confidence that you will endeavor to persuade our men not to appear at all on the 12th, thereby avoiding the least possible chance of a riot. There is no need on (sic) shedding any men's blood [italics by writer].

I know there will be bad work on both sides. I think if you could send for —, No. —, Mr. —, of No. —, and —, whom Mr. — will find, and openly inform these men of the great danger of a riot (perhaps unsurpass-

able), (sic) they may be led to prevail upon the men to forego the parade.

I cannot attend the parade in any case, as I have no person to relieve me from duty. However, this fact will not save my life. * * * (Here follow personal references, not delicate nor cautious, for publication concerning the writer).

If this parade is allowed to occur there will be a fearful loss of life, and I have distinctly cautioned all those whom I could meet to give up the parade.

In the name of everything sacred I would deplore the shedding of blood, and shall withdraw from the society upon that account.

I therefore write to you as a son to a father, in the sense of counsel and advice, and I beseech you to endeavor to persuade my brethren to forego this event of much alarm to all engaged therein.

The Mayor wrote me a long letter, advising us to forego the parade. I have read it to the brethren, and it seems they do not care much about it. I am afraid they depend too much upon the police, and I fear that they may have cause to regret too much confidence.

I have done all I could to prevent murder or riot; having failed therein, there my responsibility ceases. I pray you may be more successful in persuading our men to forego the parade. There is no one who regrets the shedding of blood of any (italics of writer) man more than I do, and I pray it shall not occur on account of the Orangemen.

If you are not very sure that the parade can be effected without the shedding of blood, I pray you, dear sir, to persuade these gentlemen, whose names I have given you, to forego the affair on the part of peace and good will to all men.

Thanking you very much for the great interest you have taken in the matter, and hoping that life shall be spared, I beg to remain, very respectfully, your obedient servant, JOHN J. BOND.

The following is the order of Superintendent Kelso, afterwards revoked:

GENERAL ORDER NO. 57.

Office of the Superintendent of Police of the City of New York, 390 Mulberry St., N. Y., July 10, '71. To Captain —, — precinct:

The Superintendent has been applied to by the Grand Master of the Orange lodges in the United States to give police support to a celebration by a procession (through principal streets and avenues of the city of New York on the 12th inst.) in honor of the battle of the Boyne and the surrender which was its consequence.

These several commemorative victories on the soil of Ireland by one English king over another one, nearly two centuries ago, engendered national differences which have descended from generation to generation with increasing acrimony, and large bodies of citizens participating in these feelings from parts of our community.

The Superintendent has been legally advised he should not aid any street celebrations that involve feuds and animosities belonging solely to the history of other countries than our own, and which experience has proved to endanger the public peace abroad and at home.

The proposed celebration, as is obvious to every one, belongs to the last named class. Last year, upon the same calendar day, an unexpected public celebration of the foreign event just named was accompanied in the streets with inexcusable and deplorable affrays, by which four citizens lost their lives, despite the interference of the police. This violence was apparently unpremeditated, and resulted from what may be termed spontaneous excitement. This year, however, the procession has been announced much in advance, and unusual arrangements have been made to swell the numbers of participants by accessions from other parts of this State and from other States.

It is given out that armed preparations for defence have been made by the members of the parading lodges. Indeed, the announced procession appears to have been especially organized beyond the magnitude of any previous one, and is emphasized with announcements that apparently evince a determination to resist, if not to avenge, the events which attended last year's celebration; and some of its leaders have stated to the Superintendent that they considered a collision inevitable. If this needless celebration should provoke a general disturbance it would furnish the opportunity always sought for by the lawless and dangerous classes of the community to participate in it, and to carry consequences so far as to endanger the safety of persons and property.

Recent disturbances have been announced from Great Britain by cable despatches as incident to similar public demonstrations by the Orange institutions in that country. And upon a closest survey the Superintendent is convinced that if the proposed procession forms or moves with its banners and traditional music amid many unthinking, rash and hot-headed spectators who are not in sympathy with the foreign feuds which the procession is intended to glorify, then the whole police (and perhaps much of the military) force of the city might be required to protect the procession, and large sections of the city most needing watching would be left unguarded.

If any procession (or occupation by marching order of the streets) were a matter of right or could legally demand protection, then it should, at all hazards, receive escort and guard; because the authorities never should allow that which is matter of right to the populace to be ever lawlessly overawed. But legal decisions have settled, that occupation of streets by processions is a mere matter of usage or toleration, and is always subject to police regulation and supervision. The surrender of thoroughfares to large organized bodies of men necessarily interferes with the individual rights of other citizens, and those thus engaged, are, in the lan-

guage of the law, permissible trespassers. The toleration of procession by citizens and authorities is perhaps due to the fact that street meetings and parades always represent some sentiment or occasion not at all calculated to provoke hot blood. In every subject matter for police discretionary permission the inconvenience of the few ought to be surrendered to the widest security for the property and person of the greatest number of citizens. And at all times the police should prevent occasions for disorder rather than wait to regulate or suppress it. It is very clear that if any one individual should undertake by himself to produce an occasion of irritation and excitement to others in the community he would not be in such an act entitled to police protection. And surely what may not be done by one individual ought not to be attempted by the organized many, when the aggravation would be so much the greater.

Therefore you are ordered (in conformity to the private directions herewith promulgated, and which relate merely to details of discipline and arrangements for police action not expedient to be publicly announced) to prevent the formation or progression of the public street procession for the 12th instant alluded to, and of all processions under pretence of target purposes. You will also on that day impartially keep all streets cleared from groups and assemblages of every class of citizens, whether sympathizing with or against the proposed procession, or whether they are lawlessly disposed or otherwise. You will also promptly arrest all persons of any description who in the thoroughfares use threatening or disorderly language, inciting to breach of the peace, in contempt of the State statutes upon that subject.

JAMES J. KELSO, Superintendent.

We give below the text of Governor Hoffman's proclamation:

By John T. Hoffman, Governor.

A PROCLAMATION.

HAVING been only this day apprised, while at the Capitol, of the actual condition of things here, with reference to proposed processions tomorrow, and having, in the belief that my presence was needed, repaired hither immediately, I do make this proclamation.

The order heretofore issued by the police authorities in reference to said processions having been duly revoked, I hereby give notice that any and all bodies of men desiring to march in peaceable procession in this city tomorrow, the 12th inst., will be permitted to do so. They will be protected to the fullest extent possible by the military and police authorities. A military and police escort will be furnished to any body of men desiring it, on application to me at my headquarters (which will be at Police Headquarters in this city) at any time during the day.

I warn all persons to abstain from interference with any such assemblage or procession except by authority from me; and I give notice that all the powers at my command, civil and military, will be used to preserve the public peace and to put down at all hazards, every attempt at disturbance; and I call upon all citizens, of every race and religion, to unite with me and the local authorities in this determination to preserve the peace and honor of the city and State.

Dated at New York, this 11th day of July, A. D., 1871.

JOHN T. HOFFMAN.

By the Governor: JOHN D. VAN BUREN, Private Secretary.

Here follows the result of Governor Hoffman's proclamation:—

BLOODY COLLISION BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND THE MILITARY—55 KILLED AND 105 WOUNDED.

The Orangemen persisted in parading on the 12th, and as every one expected, the result was a bloody riot. They were escorted by six regiments and about 1,100 policemen. They numbered about 200. The following particulars we take from the World of the 13th:—

The procession was already in motion. Under the broiling sun the bayonets glistened as they went, and the sound of the drums beating offensive military marches came up the avenue. The crowd at the corner hooted and groaned an accompaniment, and it was evident from the wavering of the innermost ranks that missiles were dropping among them from the housetops or the sidewalks. On a sudden, from the southeast corner of Eighth avenue and Twenty-eighth street, came a puff of smoke and a report. It lacked twenty minutes of three o'clock.

The scattered hootings rose to an immense roar, and the crowd closed in angrily in the wake of the procession. This gave us a chance to drive into the avenue. A pillar of gilded dust shot through with points of steel marked the route of the procession and led on the surging crowd. From Twenty-eighth, Twenty-seventh, Twenty-sixth, as the passage of the silent column made room, the human flood surged in behind it. The crowd kept gathering in the rear and pressing the column closer, when a sheet of white smoke made itself seen through the dust, and a sharp crackle, like that of a pack of Chinese crackers, came from under it. It was a volley of musketry. Then a panic seized the crowd. They ran crazily through the streets they had come in at, and up the avenue, far beyond Thirtieth street until not a man of those who had been jeering and blaspheming remained to obstruct the right of the procession. Horses came tearing up the avenue, flogged by their frightened masters. As the procession wended on, in its track could be discerned black, quivering spots which five minutes before had been men. When it was safe to pick them up their frightened friends came cautiously back and laid them under the trees in the cross streets out of the fierce sun which beat down upon the avenue. At the corner of Twenty-sixth street

lay four men, literally weltering in their own gore. Groups had formed about them, but the bulk of the crowd was far away, and it was evident that the riot was over.

THE RIOT IN EIGHTH AVENUE.

The northwest corner of Twenty-ninth street and Eighth avenue was the centre of attraction during all the early part of the day. From the third story windows two American flags waved in the breeze, while occasionally a man would show himself wearing the orange sash of the American Protestant Association. In the streets the crowd packed the sidewalks, much to the disgust of the store-keepers of that busy thoroughfare, and to the profit of the numerous bar-rooms in the vicinity. Across the avenue, at Twenty-eighth and Thirtieth streets, strong cordons of police prevented all persons from going up or down the avenue, except those actually doing business on the blockaded squares, and Twenty-ninth street, between Ninth and Seventh avenues, was blockaded in similar manner.

After 12 o'clock the avenue and cross streets gradually became so crowded that locomotion was almost impossible, the crowds being composed mostly of laboring men, a majority of whom were Irish, with a fair sprinkling of Germans and other nationalities. There was also a large number of women and children, many of whom wore orange ribbons, but the bulk of the women were evidently strong sympathizers with the Catholic element, to judge from the expressions used by many of them. At about 1:30 the Twenty-second Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y. marched up and took position on the west side of the avenue, with their right resting on Twenty-eighth street. The crowd now grew very noisy. Soon after the Eighty-four Regiment came up and took position on the opposite side of the avenue to the Twenty-second.

THE FIRST REAL COMOTION

was caused by the appearance of Mr. John Johnson, the mounted marshal of the Orange lodges, who rode up the avenue on a fine bay horse, wearing his Orange sash. At Twenty-seventh-street he was saluted from all sides by the most fiendish yells and oaths, and with an occasional stone, brick, and other street refuse. The police facing down the avenue at once charged on the crowd, and by using their clubs on every person who came in their way quickly cleared the avenue, the crowds running down both the side streets like sheep, but on the police retiring, the bulk of the crowd returned to the corner of the streets and avenues again. A few minutes before two, a well-defined roll on the drums was heard, and up came the Ninth Regiment, quickly followed by the Sixth and Seventh, the Sixth and Ninth marching directly up the avenue, and counter-marching, so as to bring their right on Twenty-ninth street, and formed in column by companies. At 2 P. M. the Sons of Liberty Lodge, No. 22, and Derry Walls Lodge, No. 2, formed on Twenty-ninth street, the former with an American flag, on which was their name and number; Derry Lodge having a blue silk flag, on which were painted mottoes in honor of King William, and a small banner on which was inscribed "American Freemen, Fall In." Widner's band of sixteen pieces and the rest of the officers and members of the two lodges formed in fours behind their marshal, who, by the way, was the only mounted man in the procession, with the exception of the first platoon of police.

THE MARCH.

After a short delay the "order" march was sounded along the line, and the band struck up the "Red, White, and Blue," previous to which all the troops had loaded with ball cartridge. The column was composed, first, of a detachment of mounted police, then three platoons of police, followed by the Seventh Regiment in column of companies, with the exception of two companies doing duty as flankers. As soon as the Orange lodges made their appearance in the avenue, they were received with hoots, yells, and epithets of every description. The Sixth and Ninth Regiments closed up in the rear of the lodges in columns and companies, the whole of the militia being under the command of General Varian, of the Third Brigade. At Twenty-seventh street the procession was delayed, and the first shot was here fired by some unknown person standing on the south-east corner of the street. A few seconds after one of the second company of the Seventh, who were acting as flankers, fired at some person on the roof of the house, on the same corner. The company was immediately after marched down the avenue, taking its position in line.

THE FIRING INTO THE CROWD.

When the procession neared Twenty-sixth street, in Eighth avenue, it became evident that a terrible scene of bloodshed would ensue. The mob, which crowded the sidewalks and pressed out into the streets, became more turbulent and threatening. Their looks became more full of deadly animosity, and the soldiers guarding the procession could see as they passed by, the glittering chambers of revolvers held in the rioters' hands. From company to company along the whole line of march the word was passed, "Be ready for action, men," and the command had barely reached the rear company of the hindmost regiment, when bang went the first shot, that of a rifle fired by a Hibernian from the second story of a house in the avenue between Twenty-fifth and Twenty-sixth streets, in the middle of the block. This was the first presage of the bloody scene. The ball from the musket of the rioter passed close by the top of the shako of Lieutenant-Colonel Braine, commanding the Ninth Regiment, and carried away the tassel. In clear, distinct tones were heard the orders of the officers of the regiments,

"READY—AIM—FIRE!"

and the Eighty-fourth Regiment was the first to pour volley upon volley into the mob of rioters, who rushed frantically down the avenue.

The rioters dropped by the score, and the sidewalks along the line of route were instantaneously converted into abattoirs. The sidewalks ran with blood, and a more ghastly mosaic work could not be fancied than the white flags partially covered over with human gore. The volleys of the soldiers told rapidly and the mob melted away, leaving their dead and dying on the street. Six of the rioters lay stark and stiff on the corner of Twenty-fifth street and Eight avenue, and along the sidewalk the body of a man, either young and powerfully framed or old and feeble, would be seen dead, and red with the essence of his life.

But a melancholy part of the whole affair was the shooting and death of Henry C. Page, the manager of Fisk's Grand Opera House, and a private soldier in Company H, 9th regiment. He had been detailed to Co. H, from Company K, and came out like the rest of the men full of spirits and vigor. When the command "fire" was given, Page was standing in "load" position, and his captain was showing him some defect in the lock movement of his musket, when a ball struck him in the centre of his forehead, and he fell, a disfigured mass of earth, dead, to the ground. Almost the upper portion of his skull was taken off, and the brains spattered over the shutters of a store on the corner and the jacket of the sergeant of his company. There was no time to take up his body, and the regiment passed on firing into the mob.

From this point until the procession reached the Cooper Institute the greatest peace prevailed. Occasionally the detectives would seize some man who had a revolver in his possession and take him to the headquarters, but no systematic attempt at attacking the procession could be discerned. On reaching the Cooper Institute the police and military formed a solid cordon around the Orange societies, and the latter, having deposited their regalia and banners in the Seventh Regiment Armory, quietly mingled with the crowd, stealing away by twos and threes, and went to their homes. And so ended the procession or parade of Orange societies for this year.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

A FACT Honourable to Meath.—The Right Rev. Dr. Nulty's statement, of the annual collection for Peter's Pence made in his diocese, shows that the Catholics of Meath have contributed no less a sum than £1,160, in aid of the Holy Father. Commenting on this fact the Nation observes, "A good many men have dared to say that in Ireland devotion to the national cause was not compatible with a true devotion to the faith. What an answer this last good act of Meath returns to such objectors."

THE SECRET VOTE IN IRELAND. In Ireland, under the present system, the possession of a vote is often times a curse rather than a privilege, because there is no middle course between conscience and ruin. A method under which the elector could back his honest convictions by an honest vote, without fear of ejection would simply inaugurate freedom of election. Secrecy would be the poor man's emancipation because it is an adequate safeguard of honest conscience against both threats and seductions. An independent Irish vote would create a real national representation. This would be an unmixing blessing to the United Kingdom. There will be less danger from smouldering disaffection when the opinions of Ireland are expressed, and her grievances ventilated, in the Imperial Parliament. The inevitable return of nationalist candidates, representing, not cliques or classes, but the people, will be an accession of strength, and a step towards the settlement of the question of Home Rule, by peaceful and constitutional means. Is the transference of the confidence of the masses, from unwieldy agitators who kept them in a state of chronic revolt, to honorable men who, far from counselling madness, enjoin loyalty to the Throne, no Imperial gain? Writing on the internal politics of France, in May last, the Times confessed that "the destiny of a nation ought to be determined not by the opinions of other nations, put by the opinion of the nation itself." And again the same journal said "the goodness or badness of a government should be estimated with reference, not to abstract rules, but to the opinions and feelings of the governed. When the question is brought home to ourselves it is impossible to reverse such arguments as these; and to claim for England alone the right to decide the form or method of government best suited to Ireland. Let Englishmen conquer selfishness, and prove that they possess the courage of their principles; and can yield a little to the opinions and feelings of the governed." There are two ends to every bargain; a thief only seizes both. Were the Government, acting on the advice of the organs that probably suggested the sinister speech of the young and honourable Mr. Munickett to refuse to extend the Ballot Bill to Ireland it would be a disgraceful confession of failure on their part. The fact that Ireland may, or may not, express her real opinion by sending representatives like Mr. Martin and Mr. Smyth should not deprive Irishmen of the right accorded to their fellow-subjects, to vote fearlessly as their conscience dictates. Let England "be just and fear not" the consequences. To give Ireland the exclusive benefit of the Coercion Act, and to confine the Ballot Bill to Great Britain, would be somewhat anomalous legislation for the United Kingdom, whose sessions should share and share alike.—Catholic Opinion.

The demonstration at the Rotundo is one among the many indications of the devotion of the people of Ireland to that idea of self-government to which the modern, but not inappropriate, name of "Home Rule" has been given. The recent elections at Meath and Westmeath are unmistakable signs of the times. The last election is especially important, as showing that priests and people are as firmly united as when of old they strove together under the banner of Repeal. And this once potent word, "Repeal," reminds us of an important fact which the memory of the dead, not to speak of historical accuracy, ought never permit us to forget. Home Rule is a new name, but it is not a new thing. The control of the Irish people over Irish affairs has, under one name or the other, been for many generations the cherished passion of the Irish heart. The self-same rights which were claimed by the meeting at the Rotundo were asserted in that famous gathering of the Volunteers at Dungannon, were demanded by Grattan in many an immortal burst of impassioned rhetoric, and in later years, with equal force and potency, were pleaded for by O'Connell. Recent events have, it is true, revived the demand for legislative independence, which, although always the dearest object of the popular desires, did not, for causes unnecessary now to discuss, occupy, some years since, as prominent a place in the popular programme as it now does. We lay great stress on these facts, for it is well that Englishmen should remember that the present movement is not the whim of the moment, but a long cherished aspiration which has stood the test of adversity and time. The meeting at the Rotundo was, in many

ways, an important expression of the national opinion on this subject; but we think the most important feature at that gathering was the prudence and moderation of the speakers. On the exercise of these qualities the success of the movement eminently depends. Nothing should be done calculated to frighten away timid men from the cause of Home Rule, or to prejudice against the movement the minds of the people of England, before whose representatives the case must at an early day be laid. It will be the duty of those who will plead the cause of Home Rule before the English Parliament to tell them that what Ireland demands is not the separation of the two countries, but simply the transference to Irishmen of business solely having reference to this country. In other words, Ireland demands that business concerning her own interests alone, but concerning those vitally, should not be transacted by the Imperial Parliament, in a manner necessarily hurried and imperfect, but should be performed in a thorough and leisurely manner by a Parliament sitting in Dublin and well acquainted with the circumstances and requirements of the nation. This is not a matter of passion or sentiment. It is a hard matter of business, to be argued as such. For her own sake, England ought accept with delight a compromise which would at once secure the integrity of the Empire and put an end to Irish discontent. For our part, we entertain a strong hope that English good sense will in this matter be too strong for English prejudice, and that the Imperial Parliament will be wise enough to concede a demand which can bring nothing but increased strength and happiness to both countries. The eloquent pleas for Home Government delivered at the Rotundo, and the absence from them of anything calculated to create misconception or prejudice, cannot but tend to hasten a satisfactory solution of the question.—Weekly Freeman.

At the Dunganan Land Sessions, before B. C. Lloyd, Esq., Q.C., chairman of the county Waterford, Richard Power claimed a sum of £204 16s. 6d. from his landlord, Mr. James O'Brien, as compensation for disturbance, &c. It was made up of five years' rent under the 3rd section of the Land Act, and also under the 4th section a sum for improvements. It appeared that the landlord had recently purchased the property in the Landed Estates Court, the ordinance valuation and the tenants' rent being stated in the rental on which the purchase was made, from which it appeared that the rental exceeded the ordinance valuation by about one-third. Immediately after the execution of the deed of purchase by the Landed Estates Court the landlord went down to the lands and sought to raise the tenants' rent by about one-third. The landlord's case was that he offered to allow the tenant to remain in possession at that increase of rent, or at the valuation made by two respectable gentlemen whom he himself had appointed, and that the tenant having refused that offer he was debarred by the 18th section of the act from making any claim for disturbance. On the other hand the tenants' case was—that the rent demanded was an excessive rent; that he objected to the valuation made only by the landlord's valuator, but was willing that each party should choose his own valuator, which the landlord refused to permit. After a number of witnesses had been examined, the Chairman gave judgment, and in doing so said he did not consider the tenant was debarred, under the 18th section, from making a claim on account of disturbance, inasmuch as the terms offered by the landlord were not "just and reasonable" towards the tenant. The tenant's rent was one-third above the ordinance valuation, which was generally considered to be a fair occupation rent throughout Ireland. But although the landlord's valuator had valued the land at the sum stated, yet they admitted to him (the chairman) that such an increased rent could not be paid by the tenant without a considerable outlay of capital on the land. The question under the 18th section was not what was just and fair dealing with the particular tenant in possession. The tenant had been 23 years in possession, and during that time had paid his rent regularly, and he (the chairman) could not conceive any case in which the full compensation for disturbance allowed by the act should be given if it were not in this case. He accordingly would allow the full compensation claimed for disturbance. With regard to the claim for improvements, most of them were admitted with certain modifications which the chairman considered unreasonable, except the claim for unexhausted manure. With regard to that claim, the chairman stated he considered there was no part of the act in which the country was more interested. He thought that every encouragement should be given to induce a proper cultivation and manuring of the land, inasmuch as the yield would be thereby greatly increased and the country enriched; whereas by bad cultivation and exhaustion of the land the soil would gradually become deteriorated, and the country impoverished. In every case in which the claim for unexhausted manure could be properly made, he (the chairman) so far as he could, would allow the highest compensation the act permitted; but he could not allow that claim in this case, inasmuch as the tenant had taken a grain crop off the land upon a single manuring, and thus taken its full value out of it, as no second grain crop could be properly taken without again manuring, otherwise the land would be impoverished. With this exception he allowed the full claim for disturbance and the claims for improvement, as modified, amounting altogether to £117.

The Earl of Derby's estates in Tipperary have been sold to Mr. O'Connor for £150,000. It would be well if Lord Derby's good example were followed by all absentee landlords. The way to promote harmony is gently to press such a course upon them. Ireland cannot progress while noble and other absentees draw tens of thousands from the tillers of the soil, and spend but a few hundred in the country.—Catholic Opinion.

THE HAY HARVEST IN TIPPERARY.—The mowing season in this county has fully set in, and farmers are satisfied generally with the weight of the crop, which a month ago they feared would be considerably light.

The Cavan Assizes opened in the Court House, Cavan, on Wednesday, the 12th of July.

REPRESENTATION OF GALWAY.—A telegram received this morning announces that Mr. W. H. Gregory, M.P., has been appointed Governor of Ceylon, in succession to Sir Hercules Robinson.

The Irishman is exceedingly wroth with Mr. O'Neil Daunt's letter, read at the late annual meeting of the Home Government Association. Mr. Daunt advised the Irish in America to give up striving for an Irish republic, and to help forward the interests of their country by abstaining from joining such movements. The Irishman calls the writer "a rat," "rats forsake a sinking ship." There is a humble and patient long-eared animal which, though more pretentious in bulk and louder in voice, does not possess so much brains as the "rat."—Catholic Opinion.

IRISH NATIONAL TEACHERS.—The National school-teachers of Ireland will soon understand what may be the intentions of the Government respecting their case. When the Marquis of Hartington is able to move the vote for Irish Education he will state the "intentions" of the Cabinet with respect to improving the position and remuneration of the teachers. The salaries of the National school-teachers were fixed when the price of every necessary of life was at least one-fourth cheaper than they are now. The work imposed upon the teachers has certainly increased, while the salary remains at the

lowest point. There is a way in which the position of the master of a National school could be greatly improved without much expense to the country. If every teacher had a free house and about half an acre of land his condition would be benefited far beyond the annual rent of both. The teachers will be satisfied should they be placed on a level with the National teachers of England. Their duties are at least as onerous, their requirements are certainly not less. It is, we suppose, of equal importance to the State that an Irish and an English child should be taught with similar care and perseverance. That instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic should be paid for in England at a rate of 25 per cent higher than in Ireland, is one of those anomalies which are as yet unexplained. The wording of Lord Hartington's reply intimates that some improvement will be made in respect to the condition and remuneration of Irish teachers. But as no indication is given of any intended change in the educational estimates, we fear that the teachers must wait for another year before they reap the benefits of a change to which they are so justly entitled.—Irish Times.

A MEDITATED REBUKE.—The Times, in one of its usual "Irish" articles, denounces the elections of Meath and Westmeath as the result of ignorance on the part of the electors, and coercion on the part of the "priests." If this ignorance could be dispelled, and if the priests could be banished or otherwise disposed of, our contemporary would not hesitate to leave the question of Irish Home Legislation to the decision of an Irish plebiscite, with or without the ballot, and, like the late Dr. Whately, the writer in the Times hopes to educate the people out of sympathy with the clergy and into indifference to their country. The important avowal is, however, made that the question of Home Rule is one to be argued, not to be crushed by dragons or smothered in the prison cell; and the advocates of local legislation are challenged to produce their plan for realizing their principles, with an assurance that, if practicable without separation, it will be considered. The challenge to discussion is fair but before it can be accepted the challenger must abandon the language of insult and the tone of assumption in which the proposal to argue is couched. "Goward" candidates, "bully" priests, "demagogues," and "conspirators" can hardly be invited to discussion, and if the Times desires to discuss, it must abandon the language of Billingsgate, and remember that gentlemen of education and position cannot condescend to argue a political problem of grave import save in the language, in the temper, and with the decorum that befits the subject. Let insolence and studied insult be laid aside—let the semblance even of decorum be assumed, if not adopted in sincerity, and the advocates of Home Rule will not hesitate to accept the challenge, and demonstrate that a plan can be devised that will elevate the Irish people to the dignity of a self-ruling community, and give to the Throne, the Constitution, and the Empire, the strength and power which the union of a contented and allied nation of six millions of brave and loyal people can offer as their hearty contribution towards re-establishing the lost prestige of "The Queen of the Ocean."—Weekly Freeman.

LANDLORD GENEROSITY.—The Rev. Jeremiah MacEvilly gratefully acknowledges a grant of one acre of land, rent free for ever, by the Marquis of Sligo, for the purpose of supplying the much needed want of a Parochial Residence in the Parish of Anglagawort, 27th June, 1871.

N.B.—The Marquis of Sligo has enhanced his gift in ratifying the sale by a tenant of a portion—7 acres—of his holding, of which he has a lease at 10s. per acre to Rev. Jeremiah MacEvilly, for a consideration of £10, at the above-named rent, during the term of the lease, and out of which his Lordship has made the grant of the lease in perpetuity.

POPULATION OF THE CITY OF LIMERICK.—By the late census returns it would appear that there is a reduction of over 4,000 in the population of this city since 1861. It now stands 39,829. Limerick formerly had a population of 59,000 souls.

A monster demonstration has been held in Meath to protest against some threatened evictions which, if persisted in, will involve some sixty souls in ruin. The landlord, bitten by the consolidation mania, has determined to make a general clearance of the people, and to feed stock on his property. To protest against this, an open-air meeting has been held at the Mullings, at which 20,000 people attended. The Right Rev. Dr. Nulty was not able to attend, but his vicar-general and nearly all the parish priests of the diocese were present. Amongst the speakers were Mr. Martin, M.P., and Mr. P. J. Smyth, M.P. The proceedings, though animated, were most orderly.

On Tuesday three men arrested under the recent act for the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in Westmeath were brought to Dublin, in charge of a party of constabulary, and lodged in Kilminchin Prison. Up to the present the authorities decline giving the names of these prisoners, the first arrested under the recent Coercion Act, and they are equally reticent as to whether there is any specific offence alleged against them.

We (Freeman) deeply regret to announce the death of Mr. James Duffly, which took place at his residence near Clontarf, on the 4th inst., in the sixty-second year of his age. Mr. Duffly was long and favorably known to the public as the head of the great Catholic publishing firm on Wellington-quay. An enterprising citizen, an upright magistrate, and a most admirable and high-minded gentleman, he has passed away deeply regretted by a large circle of friends.

THE APPROACHING ROYAL VISIT.—We (Freeman) are in a position to announce authoritatively, that the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor has received an intimation from his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, on his visit to this country, next August, will be accompanied by his Royal Highness Prince Arthur, her Royal Highness the Marchioness of Lorne, and by the Marquis of Lorne. The programme of festivities already arranged is varied and attractive. On the 31st the royal visitors will arrive. That event—the entry into the city—will of course be signalled by a grand procession, in which the "pomp and circumstance" of royalty will be conspicuous. On Tuesday, the 1st of August, our visitors will remain comparatively incognito, but on that day the grand banquet of the society will take place in the Exhibition Palace, in the large concert room, the galleries of which will be thrown open to the ladies on the occasion. In the evening the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, will give a state ball in the Mansion House, which promises to surpass in magnificent splendour and splendid hospitality all its predecessors. On Wednesday, the 2nd August, the Royal party, accompanied by their Excellencies the Lord Lieutenant and Countess Spencer, will visit the Agricultural Show, where a royal stand, capable of accommodating 1,200 persons, will be erected. The stand is so situated as to command a complete view of the course, 1,200 yards in extent, over which the jumping capabilities of the horses will be tested, and to enhance the attractiveness of this feature in the show, a water, stone wall, and ditch jumps will be thrown up for the occasion. On the following evening, Thursday, the grand ball of the society will come off in the Exhibition Palace. So far, it will be seen, the Irish metropolis will give a right regal reception to its regal visitors.

Some slandering old bachelor says it is much joy when you first get married, but it is more jawy after a year or so.

GREAT BRITAIN.

There is a story of an English rector who had an Irish curate. The curate's one subject in the pulpit was the wickedness of the Papacy. Axious for a variety, the rector once suggested a sermon on the first verse in the Bible, thinking that by no possibility could Rome be brought into the discourse. But he little knew with whom he had to deal. To his dismay the curate commenced, "In the beginning," so, at all events, my brethren, there was no Pope then, and away he went into an essay on Romish claims to antiquity. So, on Monday night, one might have thought that the numbers and calibre of our field guns could have nothing to do with the Pope, but Mr. Whately, like the Irish curate, was equal to the occasion. The Pope is the occasion of much political disturbance. Political disturbance causes the nations to arm. Part of that armament is field artillery. Therefore, in a discussion on field artillery, the statesman who would go to the root of the matter must begin with the claims of Pius IX.—(Q.E.D.)—Echo.

THE BALLOT.—When we consider the brutal intimidation and disgraceful bribery which have been from time immemorial the characteristics of elections to the British Parliament, we are inclined to welcome any measure which shall render these vices impossible or difficult. The thought, too, more especially of the wrongs suffered by the people of Ireland in consequence of the heartless pressure laid upon them at elections, so as virtually to deprive them of the power of voting according to their conscience, strongly pleads with us in favor of the Ballot. We fully admit that the question is full of difficulty. On the one hand, it immediately attempts to remove an abuse; but, on the other, it appears to be connected with the revolutionary system of politics, and to involve moral consequences before which we should pause. In the struggle which threatens to become general between the party of the Revolution and the party of Order, nothing can be more important than that the latter should have the courage of their convictions.—Whatever will train men in this moral courage is an element of education to be carefully preserved.—The pitiable helplessness of the Italian and Spanish peoples in the face of the Revolution springs in great measure from their deficiency in this courage. So true is this, that the policy the Catholic party in Italy has been led to adopt has been one of abstention—no civil no military. It happens only too frequently that the virtuous and the friends of order are prone to timidity, and that unworthy minorities carry their plans because they have more courage than the majority. We cannot help believing that the public profession of our opinions, and therefore open voting is a valuable element of public training, especially in the present day. Another consideration in favor of open voting is, that the secret voting system is too much in harmony with the character and aims of the secret societies. It will, we fear, be an instrument in their hands for carrying out the work of the Revolution. In a short time hence we shall have the revolutionary elements fully organized amongst us; we shall have multitudes brought up without religion and ardent partisans of the spirit of the Commune; we shall have the ranks of these men swollen by thousands, who might be deterred from voting with them, were their votes recorded in open day, and were they subjected to the judgment of sound public opinion. It must be remembered that, if the ballot, on the one hand, gives to the conscientious but timid voter an opportunity of exercising his franchise without inconvenience, it equally gives to the selfish, corrupt, and conspiring elements of society an opportunity of bringing about the worst and most hateful results without incurring the risk of any personal discomfort at the tribunal of public opinion. The tendency of the present Government appears to us, in almost all its recent measures, to favor the Revolution. It has forced upon the people, in compliance with the dictates and threats of a handful of doctrinaires, a system of education which undermines religion; it has exchanged the conservative character of the Army for a democratic system of officering it; and now that the franchise has been extended lower down, it withdraws the control of public opinion, and leaves each elector to vote without any kind of responsibility before men. It appears that in Australia and the United States the Ballot has failed to check bribery and corruption. As a bar to intimidation it is no doubt valuable. But it is at least an open question whether intimidation is now on the increase or not.—London Tablet.

CHARGE OF SENDING A SHIP.—At the Mansion House (London) Police Court, recently, Joseph South Dolson, an American, and described as a master mariner, underwent a final examination before the Lord Mayor, on the charge of having been concerned in sending the British ship Esmeralda, with intent to defraud the insurers. The vessel, commanded by the prisoner, sailed from Carthagena, on a voyage to Liverpool, in the autumn of last year, the ship and cargo together having been insured for about £3,500—by far the greater part of that sum being upon the cargo. Evidence was given to show that the cargo was far below the value for which it was insured. Without any apparent reason, in fine weather, the ship began to make a considerable quantity of water, and, at the suggestion of the captain, he and the crew abandoned her, taking to the boats, and collecting beforehand such baggage as they considered most valuable and portable. The Lord Mayor said, all the circumstances being to his mind pregnant with suspicion, he had decided on committing the prisoner for trial. On the rising of the court, he was conveyed to Newgate.

OUTRAGE NEAR MANCHESTER.—Leicester, 27th June.—At the Leicestershire Quarter Sessions to-day, John Thomas Shelton, the young man charged with assaulting, with intent to rob, M. Emile De Villiers, a marble merchant of Brussels, in a railway carriage on the Midland Railway, on the 1st of October last, pleaded guilty to the assault, but denied his intent to rob, upon which Mr. Sills, who appeared for the prosecutor, proposed to withdraw the charge of intent to rob, as the punishment for it was exactly the same as for the offence to which he had pleaded guilty. The prisoner was further tried on a charge of breaking into the house of John Barrett, Wyford-by, and stealing a silver watch and clothes-brush on the same date. The stolen clothes-brush was found in his bag, which he left in the carriage after his attack on M. De Villiers. The watch he sold to a jeweller in Melton-Mowbray, about an hour after the robbery, for 7s. 6d. The prisoner was sentenced to one year's imprisonment for the house-breaking, and five years penal servitude for the outrage on M. De Villiers.

OUR COAL SUPPLY.—It is stated that the labours of the Royal Commission on coal, appointed a few years ago by Sir George Grey, are on the point of completion, and the result is the demonstration of the fact that, assuming a certain annual increase in the rate of consumption, sufficient economically gettable coal exists in Great Britain and Ireland to last from 800 to 1000 years.

THE BRISBANE CAMPAIGN.—The arrangements for the military manoeuvres in September are advancing towards completion. The force will consist of regulars, volunteers, and a large number of yeomanry cavalry, and it will be divided into three parts, namely, right, left, and centre. A sham fight will take place each day, the troops will bivouac in a different locality every night, and the men will acquire, as nearly as possible, the experiences of real campaigning.

THE SURREY MAGISTRATES AND CATHOLIC CHILDREN.—We (Tablet) learn with much pleasure that at the Surrey Quarter Sessions, held at Guildford on Tues-

day, the 27th of June, a sum of 2s. 6d. per boy was voted for those Surrey boys that are sent by magistrates to S. Nicholas' Industrial School, at Little Ilford. The vote was passed without opposition, and is another instance of the absence of prejudice in the Surrey justices. At the same Sessions a resolution was proposed that in future no quarter session business should be transacted elsewhere than at Newington. At present the general business of the county is carried on for one day at Guildford, Reigate, Kingston, and Newington alternately. This motion we see was opposed by Mr. Lascelles as representing the Farnham division, who was seconded by Mr. Chandler, Chairman of the Guildford Bench, and defeated by a large majority. When Catholic gentlemen interest themselves in the general affairs of the county they are able to assist Catholic interests in a manner which cannot be done when they only put in an appearance on particular occasions.

The Queen gave a state ball at Buckingham Palace on the 27th June. Amongst the distinguished persons who had the honor of being invited were the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Dufferin, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Lord and Lady Herries, Lord and Lady Castlereagh, Lord and Lady Camoys, the Master of Houses, Sir G. Bowyer, the Right Hon. W. Monson, the Right Hon. W. Cogan, the Hon. F. Stonor, Colonel and Miss Towneley.

The Earl of Pembroke attained his majority on the 6th of the present month, on which there was great hospitality shown to the tenantry, labourers, &c., at Wilton.

INFANTICIDE IN LONDON.—At an inquest, a few days ago, on the body of a newly born child which was found inside the gate of a lady's residence at Paddington, Dr. Lankester remarked that over 300 children were found in the streets of London every year. Registration of births ought to be made compulsory; its absence gave every facility for making away with children, because a non-registered child could be buried or thrown away, as in this instance, with impunity. The jury returned a verdict of "Willful murder against some person or persons unknown."

LONDON, July 21.—All the papers of the day contain editorial on the subject of the cancellation, by Royal Warrant, of the act legalizing the purchase of commissions. The Times, Post, and Standard believe the course of the Ministry unconstitutional, while the Daily News and Telegraph approve, to the fullest extent, the step taken by the Ministry.

Napoleon paid a visit yesterday to the Woolwich Arsenal and Dock Yard.

The Grand Dukes Constantine, Nicholas and Michael, brothers of the Czar of Russia, are expected in London at an early day as visitors to the Royal Family.

In the House of Commons this afternoon, Mr. Cardwell, Secretary of State for War, laid on the table the Queen's Warrant, abolishing the system of the purchase of army commissions.

The weather throughout England is very favorable to growing crops.

LONDON, July 21.—A conference of all the European powers, it is reported, will shortly be held, for the purpose of agreeing upon a system of uniform import duties.

Despatches from the East represent that cholera prevails alarmingly in Persia, and the ravages caused by the disease are dreadful.

LONDON, July 21.—The London Times says that the act of the Ministers, abolishing the system of purchases of army commissions, by Royal Warrant, is a violent wrench of the constitution and wanton setting aside of the will of the House of Lords. The Times regrets that these grave issues have been raised, but expresses the hope that the Lords will, in their future action, think of the effect upon the officers of the army rather than the indignity to their own privileges.

The Daily News approves of the conduct of the government, in making themselves the exponents of popular will, and recommends that the Lords pass the bill abolishing the purchase of army commissions.

The Telegraph is exultant over the action of the Ministry, and says that Gladstone will be more popular for vindicating the dignity of the House of Commons, in securing the harvest of its laborious session, and for reorganizing the defences of the country, and guarding the interests of the army.

The Post says the course of the Government has been somewhat unconstitutional in bringing it before Parliament in contempt before the people.

The Standard asserts that Mr. Gladstone has grossly violated the privileges of Parliament wasting its time, and precipitating a Constitutional crisis. The Tichborne case continues to attract much public interest. After considerable anxious search and advertisement, the seaman composing the crew of the Belle, the vessel in which Tichborne is said to have made a voyage to South America, have been found. Much of the strength of the "claimants" case depends upon the evidence which these men may give when placed on the witness stand.

UNITED STATES.

OMAHA, July 20.—The last accounts from Fort Palmerman represent Col. Clond and his party to be making ready for the war-path. He has already got out his small stealing parties to bring in stock.

New York, July 20.—At a Convention of the Catholic Temperance Societies to-night a motion, concerning the military for firing on the 12th inst., was voted down.

WASHINGTON, July 21.—The records in the Treasury Department show that, up to yesterday, \$67,000,000 of the new funded loan had been subscribed for. This saves the Government Treasurer, in annual interest, \$670,000. Should Boutwell expend one year's interest in placing this loan on the market, he will then receive a saving interest of \$670,000 annually for nine years, therefore, the statements that the Government would sustain a loss by the loan are inconsistent and erroneous.

The Sun says Naunet, on the Hackensack extension of the Erie Railroad, has been, during the last week, the scene of a serious disturbance.

Henry Ward Beecher says, in the Christian Union of this week, the Orange Societies should parade next year without a banner changed or a motto rubbed out. They ought to move through the streets of New York until nobody thinks of molesting them. When that time arrives it will be a matter of no public importance whether the annual parade is kept up or not. If the Orangemen of New York fall next year to march through the streets of the city they will betray a sacred duty. By accident they have become the representatives of a principle which lies at the foundation of modern civilization. They do not now represent a spent fact in history, but a living principle. It is not the battle of the Boyne in Ireland, but the question of liberty in New York.

New York, July 21.—The scientific expedition to Brazil, headed by Charles Fred Hart of Cornell University, is to start from New York next Monday in the steamer "Morrison," bound to Para and Rio Janeiro.

Some of the Orange Societies have nearly doubled their membership since the riot. The same fact may be affirmed of the Hibernian and other anti-Orange societies. Officer Patrick Logan was dismissed from the police force to-day for having rescued a prisoner from another officer on the day of the riot.

The True Witness

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1871.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

JULY—1871.

Friday, 28—SS. Nazarius and Comp., MM.

Saturday, 29—St. Martha, V.

Sunday, 30—Ninth after Pentecost.

Monday, 31—St. Ignatius, B. C.

AUGUST—1871.

Tuesday, 1—Octave of St. James.

Wednesday, 2—St. Alphonsus Liguori, B. C.

Thursday, 3—Finding body of St. Stephen.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

If the cable speaks truly, the condition of France is improving. The majority of the Assembly is essentially Conservative, and of the Radicals there are but twenty members. Henri V. is sojourning in Belgium, and a strong reaction in favor of Legitimate rule is expected during the recess.

The French Bishops are urging the Assembly to preserve the honor of France by defending the interests of the Holy Father. *Le Monde* demands of the government that it protect the Pope from the insults given to him by his Atheistic enemies.

We learn that on Sunday, 16th inst., the Socialists attacked the military in the streets of Vienna and that the military were obliged to suppress the disturbance.

Spain is in a state of distraction. On the 20th inst., the Cortes adjourned tumultuously. Serrano asked Amadeo to decree the outlawry of all members of the International Society. His request was not granted because the Spanish usurper is but a child of the Revolution.

Sixty-three members of the International Society are on trial in St. Petersburg on the charge of establishing a committee of the Geneva Association at Moscow. The monarchs of Europe have encouraged these enemies of order by allowing them to rob Pius IX. Their action is now recoiling on themselves.

A telegram from Berlin says that the Prussian troops have received orders to evacuate the French cities of Amiens and Rouen and the departments of the Somme, Lower Seine and Eure.

THE TICHBORNE CASE.—The trial of this extraordinary case—of which a few weeks ago we presented our readers with a brief sketch—has been protracted from the 7th July to the 7th of next November. What will happen should the Judge, or any of the Jurors die in the interval it is hard to say. We suppose the whole proceedings will have to be gone over again, and the expenses will eat up the estate. These costs are by some estimated at a thousand pounds a day.

There is much difference of opinion outside the Court as to the question at issue, to wit, the identity of the claimant with the real Roger Tichborne supposed to have been lost in the ship *Bella* in 1854; and the mere fact that the claimant should have found it so difficult as he has found it, to establish that identity is a strong argument against his claim. If he be the real Roger Tichborne nothing easier for him than to prove it. Let him for instance prove that some of the crew, and passengers on board, of the lost *Bella* were in the month of July 1854 brought into Melbourne by a ship that had picked them up at sea off the Brazil coast, and he will have done much to establish his claim; and if such an event ever occurred it is certain that the records thereof exist, and can easily be obtained. The fact is—if it be a fact—on record in the Custom House at Melbourne; it is to be found recorded in the "Shipping Intelligence" of the Melbourne journals for July, 1854; it is well known to Lloyd's Agents, and to those who paid the insurance effected on the hull and cargo of the lost *Bella*; and if it be not thus on record, then most certainly no such an event ever occurred. From the simple fact that no such records have been produced in Court by the claimant, it is a moral certainty that no such records

exist; and if none such exist, it is morally certain that, no matter whether he be Baronet or Butcher, Roger Tichborne, or Arthur Orton, as the defence pretends, that portion of the story which relates to the foundering of the *Bella* at sea, and the picking up of some of the crew by a ship which brought them into Melbourne, is an unmitigated lie which no one but an idiot can believe.

The defence is apparently that the claimant is the son of a Wapping butcher of the name of Orton, who has become possessed of the knowledge of some few facts connected with the early days of the lost Roger. It is however for the claimant to prove that he is Roger Tichborne, not for the defence to prove that he is Arthur Orton; but it is affirmed that numbers of witnesses, members of the Orton family, will be brought forward to identify the claimant with their relative. It has also been elicited in cross examination of the claimant, that he, during his residence in Australia, corresponded with the Orton family; and that he sent to the latter photographs, in reality photographs of his own wife and child, and which he in his letters asserted were those of Arthur Orton's wife and child. The strange ignorance of circumstances and events which the real Roger Tichborne could not have forgotten, but of which the claimant has no recollection, tends greatly to convince the public that he is an impostor. The mystery may never be cleared up; but as yet certainly the claimant has not made good his case though the defence has not satisfactorily identified him with Arthur Orton the Wapping butcher.

THE RULE OF LIFE.—Such is the title of a little sheet issued by an Anglican publishing house, circulated to a limited extent amongst Protestants of the Anglican denomination in Montreal; and which, having been brought before the notice of the Anglican synod by some of the so-called evangelical members of that body, has led to the formal censure of the Protestant ministers circulating it, by the Protestant bishop. For so small a sheet, and so harmless, it has caused no small commotion amongst our Protestant fellow-citizens.

The Montreal *Gazette* in order to satisfy the public curiosity as to the contents of this spiritual explosive that has so disturbed the Protestant camp, publishes it *in extenso*: and though regarded from a Christian and Catholic stand point it appears not only harmless, but in many respects very praiseworthy, considered from a Protestant point of view, it is no doubt very dangerous, and worthy of condemnation. There is a great deal too much about God in it, a deal too much about holy living, about praying, self-examination, and doing one's duty, to suit the Protestant palate. Indeed—and herein no doubt is the very head and front of its offending—it takes as its motto the words of an ancient writer—"Faith without Works is dead," thereby repudiating the fundamental doctrine of Protestantism—"Justification by faith alone."

Other faults, glaring faults in Protestant eyes, has it. It recommends daily examination of conscience, contrition for sin, confession, and prayers for the dead; speaks of the Eucharistic sacrifice, wherein the Body and Blood of Christ under the forms of bread and wine, are offered for all; and seems to recognise the seven sacraments of the Catholic Church. In a word, it breathes throughout a humble and devout spirit; and as the *Gazette* says "a perusal of it will convince our Protestant readers, that—whatever opinion may be entertained concerning it"—the Protestant bishop was obliged to pronounce a "strong condemnation of its circulation in connection with the Protestant Episcopal Church." Of course he was; no one can contest this; but so much the worse for the Protestant Episcopal Church, which cannot tolerate the Christian piety, the ardent love of Jesus, and hatred of sin, with which the condemned *brochure* is inspired. Very anomalous indeed is the position of a minister of such a Protestant sect. If he circulate works which, like those of the authors of *Essays and Reviews*, or those of the Protestant Bishop, Dr. Colenso, either sneer at, and try to sap the fundamental doctrines of Revelation, and call in truth the primary truths of Christianity; or if he denounce them openly as palpable falsehoods he is left unmolested; but if by chance, yearning after the realisation of the Catholic's daily life within the bosom of the same Protestant sect, he venture to approve and recommend the imitation of the Catholics daily exercises, his so-called Bishop, whose chief functions seem to be, the suppression of zeal and piety amongst his fellow sectaries, and the encouraging of swaddling among French Canadian Catholics, is down upon him with a vengeance, and visits him with the severest punishment. Would we know what manner of thing it is that calls itself the "Protestant Episcopal Church" and what stuff its office bearers are made of, we have but to refer to the "Rule of Life" and to bear in mind that that Church and its Bishop have strongly condemned it. *Deo Gratias.*

ORANGEISM IN NEW YORK.—What is the vital principle of Orangeism? Ask this question of an Orangeman in Ireland, and he will probably reply that the vital or essential principle of Orangeism is "loyalty to the House of Brunswick, and the Protestant succession as settled by Act of Parliament." But if loyalty to the House of Brunswick be the essential characteristic of Orangeism, what the mischief has Orangeism to do in New York?

Now the fact of the existence of Orangeism in the U. States, a fact which cannot be called in question, is a proof that loyalty to the House of Brunswick is not the essence of Orangeism, but only an accident; that it is an accident which may be altogether dispensed with; nay, that as these Yankee Orangemen clearly show, may co-exist with strong anti-monarchical proclivities, and democratic or republican leanings. Loyalty at all events, is not as the existence of Yankee Orangeism shows is the case, a characteristic of Orangeism.

Its vital principle is hatred of Catholics—no matter of what country or of what shade of politics. The loyal Catholics of La Vendee in France, fighting for the Altar and the Throne, would be as much the objects of Orange bitterness, as are Irish Ribbonmen or Fenian insurgents. Orangeism embraces in its ranks, and receives to its bosom men of every shade of politics. North of Ireland aristocrats—the descendants of the suters and camp followers of the Cromwell's army, and that of the Prince of Orange; democrats of the rabidest and rowdiest type such as these who swarm in the low dens of N. York, and perambulate its streets making night hideous with their cries of "To Hell with the Pope;" it is in short of no politics, of no country, but is simply an anti-Catholic society which, in some places known as *Carbonari*, elsewhere, as the *Marianne*, sometimes as Fenians, sometimes as Orangemen, displays its existence to a horrified world by brutal outbursts such as that which lately enveloped Paris in flames, and distinguished itself by the cruel massacre of priests and religious. Orangeism is in short but one of the instruments of the Revolution.

English Protestantism cannot be fair to the Catholic Church, and the *Saturday Review* in particular appears to have made it its speciality to be as personally offensive to the Pope—as illiberal to the Catholic Church and as illogical when discussing its tenets as is possible for even the most vulgar mind. An atheistical theory—a Darwinian or Communistic problem, it will discuss with all the polished acumen of an educated mind, but the doctrines and especially the decrees of the Catholic Church appear to stir up from the lowest depths of its lower nature a certain latent innate vulgarity peculiarly its own. Like the unfortunate and irrepressible Mr. Whalley, it can discover nothing but a question of artillery in everything pertaining to the Papacy. Writing of the late Encyclical in which the Holy Father takes credit for a fact evident to every unprejudiced mind—the grand and superhuman and indeed supernatural fact of the unanimity of the Universal Church on the religious questions of the hour, the *Saturday Review* says "The unanimity of the members of the Roman Catholic Church at this moment is the unanimity of a packed meeting in which it is understood that every one in the room is to submit to the decision of the Chairman." Than this, nothing could be more unjust—nothing more contrary to facts. Magnify the numerical strength of the Oppositionists as you will—add together the Non-opportunists and the Oppositionists *pure et simple*, as you like, and when that numerical strength in spite of the strongest microscopes and the most lively imaginings still appears insignificant, then laud the Opposition for its intellectual ability as you may, you have still before you the fact that they are only as a single drop against the great ocean of assent that greeted the Holy Ghost in its decision on Papal Infallibility. The *S. R.* may choose to call the Council of Rome a *packed meeting*, but it was a packed meeting in which none who had a right to be present were excluded, and in which the dissentients were allowed the utmost liberty of expression, and were only cried down, when speaking against time, they reiterated *usque ad nauseam*, arguments already a thousand times refuted by their opponents. "Bring us one new argument," cried out a French Prelate to an Oppositionist "and we will listen, but if not, pray excuse us the infliction." If the decision of the majority overruling the minority renders a meeting "packed" the *S. R.* must remember that the British Houses of Parliament are, every night of their assembling, as much "packed meetings" as was the Council of Rome. Bishops from all and every corner of the earth journeyed to Rome to discuss the great question of Papal Infallibility, which all had long felt was but a corollary from an *Infallible teaching Church*. Is the Head of an Infallible Church himself Infallible? They came perhaps less to discuss, than to affix to the doctrine the seal of the Fisherman. Arrived in the eternal city the deliberations of these Bishops presented one of the

most, if not the most magnificent spectacle of the world's history. If the barbarians invading pagan Rome were struck dumb and motionless by the august assembly of the Roman Senate, how great would have been their awe and veneration could they have seen this greater senate met to deliberate and give laws not to Pagan Rome and its dependencies but to the Universal Church embracing every square foot of the world. In no hurried or indecent manner—with all due notice and preparation in presence of the 700 representatives of the Universal Church, the great question was asked "Granted an infallible Church—is its Head of necessity infallible too? We know the depth of research which was brought to the discussion of this great question—we know the minuteness of detail entered into in consequence of the Thomas like denial of the Oppositionists: "Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails and put my finger into the place of the nails and put my hand into his side, I will not believe," we know the subsequent act of faith "My Lord and my God" made by all after the Holy Ghost had spoken, and yet the *S. R.* dares with its puny logic to call this "a packed meeting."

And the absurdity of all this is even more glaring when we consider that the *S. R.* does not for a moment call in question the power of the Catholic Church to pass her own laws and to promulgate her own decrees; it never for one moment denies the infallibility of the Church. It is the infallibility of the Pope as Head of that Church to which he alone takes exception. But if a General Council ever made decrees for the Universal Church certainly that of Rome had a right, and as a matter of fact did so too. In the Council of Rome the case stands thus. The Universal Church in council assembled was asked to define whether she, besides being infallible in her body, was infallible also in her Head. Her power to answer this question, remember, is not called in question by the *Review*. Implicitly or explicitly it is admitted. She answers in the affirmative. Rome—universal Rome—a Rome of 700 Bishops has spoken. The cause is finished, *Saturday Reviews* and English protestantism to the contrary notwithstanding.

Let the *Saturday Review* remember one thing, *Revelation cannot exist one moment without Infallibility*. All religionists claim it. By virtue of private judgment the Methodist makes the human heart infallible—"feel that you are saved and you are so." The Anglican makes his reason infallible, "Read the Scriptures and, as your reason interprets them, that to you is revelation." The Catholic founding his faith on that promise of God, "Behold I am with you," &c., both *knows* and *feels* that his Church, both collectively and in its Head is infallible. If, as the *Saturday* would have us believe, the *one-man-infallibility* be absurd, how much more must the *every-man-infallibility* be so too?

SACERDOS.

A SUGGESTION.—Will some one give a hint to our Canadian Banks that there are dark days in Canada as well as bright ones and that on a dark day it is often very difficult to distinguish a five dollar bill from a ten dollar bill, especially when it has arrived at that stage of clammy greasiness, which foreruns dissolution. All this would be obviated by adopting different tinted paper for the different amounts—red for tens, green for fives, blue for ones &c. This has been carried out in the postage stamps, though not with that distinctness which is desirable. Why not adopt and improve on it in our currency?

H. B.

The festival of our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel was honored, in this ancient parish, (St. Raphael's, Glengarry, Ont.) by a special "Triduum." The neighboring clergy kindly assisted the parish priest—the revered and beloved Father Masterson—at the Confessionals and on the close of the "Devotion" had the satisfaction to learn that about one thousand persons had received Holy Communion.—*Com.*

LACROSSE.—*The Champions of the World, Vs. The Caughnawaga.*—On last Saturday, the Shamrock Lacrosse Club contested with the Indians on the Montreal Grounds. The Shamrocks enjoyed a complete "walk over," taking three straight games in less than an hour; the second game having been taken in one minute.

P. J. O'S., ELGINFIELD.—Your communication received. It is entirely unsuitable for our columns. You may be a respectable man but our journal is too respectable to be made a medium of vulgar abuse. You should also remember that our time is precious and that we cannot afford to waste it, in correcting the orthography and syntax of a letter interesting only to yourself.

A. T.—We entirely concur with you in your opinion of the subject of your letter, but we deem the matter unworthy of notice.

Our subscribers will take notice that the present volume of the TRUE WITNESS is approaching its completion. We trust that all our friends, will forward their subscriptions therefore, in due time. Apart from other considerations there is one that ought to influence a subscriber. It is that his next door neighbor can, by looking at the paper, see the amount owed to us—Thus—"Hiram Smith may get John Jones' paper and thereon see, that Mr. Jones has paid to July, 1870, and consequently is indebted to us one year's subscription. It being a notorious truth that the newspaper depends upon its subscribers, then delinquency in payment for value received becomes a great moral wrong. We have had no great cause of complaint with the mass of our friends, but there are a few, whose worldly sense of honor at least, ought to impel them to forward the amounts due to us without delay. To our subscribers at large we return our thanks for their support in the past; and we believe we merit its hearty continuance. Twenty-one years ago, we entered the field of journalism, invoking the blessings of God's Holy Mother, and in no case since then, have we deviated one iota from the platform presented by us to the Catholic community. We have tried to do our duty, and a want of zeal can never be said to have marred our effort. Let our subscribers then be on the look out for marked papers, and by sending us without more ado their subscriptions, it will save us a deal of useless trouble.

We regret to learn the death of Madame Tache, which event took place at Boucherville, on the 23rd inst., at the advanced age of 73 years. The deceased lady was the mother of Mgr. Tache, Bishop of St. Boniface, of Sheriff Tache of St. Hyacinthe, and of the Deputy-Minister of Agriculture, and aunt of His Worship Mayor Coursol.—*Requiescat in Pace.*

(To the Editor of the True Witness.)

The *Globe's* Montreal correspondent, writing on July 20th, says that "the TRUE WITNESS has a severe article on the riots" and quotes that the "Orange scoundrels would have been given food for hungry fishes in the North River if the Roman Catholics had chosen." The TRUE WITNESS did not say anything of the kind. *Tierna-noge* in defending the Catholic clergy of New York from the charge advanced by the *Witness* that they were the promoters of the riot, asked "Had the priests of New York advised resistance or even acted passively would the tale be told to-day that all the Orange miscreants escaped. No the Archbishop of New York and his worthy priests are the saviors of the scoundrels," for the Orangemen of New York would to-day be feeding the fishes, "if the entire Irish Catholic population had determined to repel force with force." That is what *Tierna-noge* said and not the TRUE WITNESS. If the correspondent of the *Globe* read the article—and I must presume he did—he would have seen the signature at its foot.

TIERNA-NOGE.

Last week, the Catholic ladies of Lochiel, gave a grand Picnic for the benefit of St. Alexander's Church. Nothing was left undone to afford pleasure and satisfaction to the patrons of the good work, among whom we were happy to see numbers of our separated brethren who—at least in this part of Western Canada—the good old County of Glengarry—never fail to encourage by their presence and with their purse their Catholic neighbors.

The many friends of the beloved parish priest—Father MacDonell—will be delighted to hear the efforts of the devoted ladies were attended with the most gratifying success.

During the day thousands visited the grounds which were beautifully arranged and partook of the delicacies dispensed by the fair caterers with lavish profusion.

We understand upwards of \$1200 are the proceeds of this Picnic which reflects the greatest credit on all connected with it.

Com.

Lochiel, July 21st, 1871.

PATRON SAINTS.—By Eliza Allen Starr.—Published by J. Murphy & Co., Baltimore, Md. For sale by Messrs. Sadlier & Co., Montreal.

The gifted lady whose talented pen has given to our children a rich treat in the Lives of Patron Saints, deserves the hearty thanks of the Catholic community. The volume before us is charmingly written, and is illustrated by twelve wood-cuts. We recommend Catholic parents to encourage the pious authoress in her good work, for one of the principal duties that devolve upon parents in this generation, is to educate their children in love of the Saints, whose lives were ever models of obedience to the Church. Messrs. Sadlier will send Patron Saints free by mail on receipt of \$2.00.

It is stated that the Ontario Salt Association have sent a deputation, consisting of Dr. Coleman (Secy. Genl.), Mr. Ransford (Clinton), and Mr. Platt (Goderich), to the States with a view of making arrangements with American wholesale merchants for the purchase of all the surplus salt of the Canadian wells.

BELLEVILLE, July 20th, 1871.

(To the Editor of the True Witness.)

Sir,—Knowing the interest you at all times take in everything pertaining to Our Holy Religion, I would take the liberty of laying the following before your numerous readers.

On Friday the 14th inst. His Lordship Bishop Horan of Kingston, arrived here from Cobourg to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation in our town. His Lordship arrived by the first train from Cobourg, though we only expected him by the second. In consequence of this disappointment we were debarred the pleasure of meeting him at the Depot and escorting him to town.

St. Michael's church was tastefully decorated for his reception with evergreens and flowers—natural and artificial—and Armstrong's Brass Band was in readiness, being employed for the occasion. The procession was being formed to start when his Lordship arrived.

On his entering the church a solemn Te Deum was chanted by the choir, after which the following addresses were presented to him:—

To the Right Rev. E. J. Horan, D.D., Lord Bishop of Kingston:—

Right Rev. Lord Bishop.—The congregation of St. Michael's Church of Belleville, animated with the most ardent love and esteem for yourself personally, and with the deepest reverence for your sacred office, beg leave to salute your Lordship with a most hearty and joyous welcome, on this, your first visit to our town since the advent of the Very Rev. V. G. Farrelly amongst us; and more particularly do we hasten to testify the happiness we feel, at this time, as children of the church, being also your first visit since your return from the Eternal City.

You must notice, Right Rev. Lord Bishop, the absence from amongst us of one who on former visits was the first to greet you; but as "Vincent Est Calcedonia" our good old Priest, the late Very Rev. Father Brennan (almost the founder and Promulgator of Catholicity in our town) has been called to reap the reward which his exertions and priestly labors for the past forty years in Christ's Vineyard have merited. But our grief for his loss has been assuaged by your kind regard for our welfare in giving us your own Vicar-General, the Very Rev. James Farrelly to preside over this Mission, and who, though with us but a short time, by his kindness and attention to both our spiritual and temporal interests has endeared himself to all of us, and won our warmest love and veneration.

It must have been a source of happiness to your Lordship to have been one among the other high dignitaries of the Church from the different nations of the Globe congregated before the Throne of Pius IX., the Vicar of Christ, and whom with them and through him promulgated the great Catholic dogma of Infallibility. It is painful to us that the Robber King should be allowed even for a time to deprive his Holiness of his temporal possessions; but the promise of Christ, "Behold I am with you, &c." will remain. The angry waves of anarchy and revolution may surge and foam, but the Rock of Peter, although to some eyes apparently submerged, will ere long, raise its sublime head and prove in the future as it has in the past a grand beacon to those whose frail bark may be set afloat on Revolutionary waters.

In conclusion, Right Rev. Bishop, we beseech the Giver of all good gifts to grant you a long and happy life to rule over your Diocese, to foster as you have hitherto done every good and Catholic undertaking. And that we may be worthy to lend our feeble aid, we implore your Lordship's benediction.

On behalf of the Congregation.

Belleville, July 14th, 1871.

To the Right Rev. E. J. Horan, D.D., Bishop of Kingston.

May it Please Your Lordship.—We, the members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society of Belleville, respectfully beg leave to approach your Lordship, and to bid you welcome on this your first visit to Belleville since the formation of our Society.

We take this opportunity to congratulate you, and to fervently thank the Almighty who was pleased to bestow upon you the high honor of meeting the other Princes of the Church in the Council of the Vatican, and assisting to confirm the celebrated syllabus, and the Dogma of the Infallibility of the Pope—ever held by the Universal Church, though up to the meeting of said Council not defined as an Article of Faith.

We would also take this opportunity of publicly proclaiming our acquiescence in that decision, firmly believing the same, as we believe all other articles proposed to our belief by that Church which is the pillar and the ground of Truth.

We likewise pride ourselves in having such a representative at that great Council—one who was not for a moment during the Session found among the few inopportunities, who through fear or cowardly motives, would postpone the discussion of the great question of Infallibility; but who fearlessly and unquestioningly helped to bring it to a successful issue, hesitatingly helped to bring it to a successful issue.

Lastly, we earnestly pray and beseech our Heavenly Father to prolong your days and those of our worthy and beloved pastor, the Very Rev. V. G. Farrelly, whom you have most happily chosen to take charge of us, and who, since his advent among us, has won for himself our warmest love and reverence; and that He may vouchsafe you health to continue your Apostolic labors, and by that zeal for which your Lordship is so pre-eminent, to guide us by your counsel and example, and to encourage us to persevere in the duty we have undertaken in forming a branch of the St. Vincent de Paul Society.—We beg your Lordship will bestow upon us and upon our labors the Apostolic benediction.

THE MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY.

Right Rev. E. J. Horan, D.D., Lord Bishop of Kingston.

Dearly beloved Bishop.—It is with feelings of the most profound veneration that we, the pupils of the R. C. S. School (Female Department) of Belleville, now advance to welcome you and would embrace this opportunity in manifesting in our simple, though heartfelt manner, our deep sense of the honor conferred on us by your presence in our midst.

We would fain give you the reception due, not merely to an earthly prince; but to the Viceroy of the Most High, who has come amongst us to dispense the Heavenly gifts entrusted to his care. We now, with one voice exclaim Welcome, thrice Welcome to the Apostle of Christ, and humbly pray God to pour upon you his Heavenly grace to assist you in the discharge of the duties of so responsible an office as that in which it has pleased God to call you.

We trust that during your stay with us you will feel as a father sojourning among his children, as we can assure you it is with the warmest love of children to their parent that we hail your advent amongst us, and we hope and pray that we may at

the last day appear before the judgment seat of Christ as fruits worthy of the attention you have bestowed upon us, and as talents for the care of which the Almighty God will abundantly reward you.

Finally, dearly beloved Bishop, we implore for ourselves and for our parents your Apostolic Benediction. The pupils of the Female Department Separate School.

To the Right Rev. E. J. Horan, D.D., Bishop of Kingston.

My Lord.—We, the pupils of the male department of the R. C. Separate School, actuated by the highest sense of honor and gratitude we owe to your Lordship for deigning to visit us, would approach you with the most profound respect, and express our joy in welcoming you among us on this occasion. We welcome you as our Spiritual Head in this Diocese, and as our benefactor in coming to administer to us that Sacrament which fortifies us in the holy religion we profess, and confirms us Christians in the new spiritual life we received in Baptism. We can only then express to your Lordship the gratification of our joyous heart in being the holy instrument of administering to us that Sacrament, and anticipate the hope that in future our actions may be so directed as to shed lustre upon ourselves and upon that faith, to defend which we are this day to be made soldiers of the Cross. We are rejoiced as children of the universal Church to have this opportunity of signifying to your Lordship the deep reverence and love with which we are imbued as to our religious duties; and we offer to you our gratitude and respect for the more than paternal care bestowed upon us by your Lordship; and we entreat your Lordship to believe that your devoted zeal in the promotion of virtue—the interest you have always manifested in the education of the Catholic children of this Diocese enhances the pleasure with which we now greet you. It shall always be our desire, under the guidance of our Holy Mother the Church, to live as good Catholics and good Christians—reverencing in all the ardour of our soul, not only the Supreme Head and representative of Christ here on earth, but all those Holy Bishops and Priests who are duly appointed to watch over our spiritual interest. In conclusion we invoke God to shower down His blessing upon your Lordship. That He may continue to give you that grace so highly necessary for that sacred position which you so eminently fulfil, and when the fleeting shadow of this transient life is past that He may bring you home to His Heavenly Kingdom prepared for the good and just.

The Pupils of the Male S. School.

To each of the above His Lordship replied in feeling terms, thanking the Catholics of Belleville for their hearty and joyous welcome extended to him on his present visit, assuring them that he should at all times feel a lively interest in their spiritual and temporal welfare. When he came to speak of our late lamented Pastor, the Very Rev. M. Brennan, he was so deeply affected as to shed tears; adding that he little thought, at his parting with him before his departure for the Eternal City to take part in the deliberations of the Council of the Vatican, that he should see him no more in this life. He then expressed his pleasure on hearing of the formation of a branch of the St. Vincent de Paul Society in Belleville, and hoped they would persevere in the good work they had undertaken, and by following the advice of their present Pastor, the Very Rev. Vicar General Farrelly, they were sure to succeed. After a few words of encouragement to the pupils of the schools, all knelt to receive his benediction, and withdrew.

After grand Mass on Sunday, the 16th inst., His Lordship assisted by the Very Rev. V. G. Farrelly, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to about 300 postulants—some being grown persons all of whom had previously, at first Mass, received the Blessed Eucharist.

"The children," says the Hastings Chronicle, of the 19th inst., "presented a very respectable appearance, especially the little girls, who were dressed in white, with blue sashes, white flowing veils and wreaths of flowers on their heads, and were greatly admired by the crowds, who, during the ceremonies, thronged St. Michael's. We feel convinced the children themselves will long remember Sunday, 16th July, 1871."

Hoping you will excuse me for trespassing at such length on your valuable columns, I remain, Sir, yours very truly.

A MEMBER OF THE CONGREGATION.

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' SCHOOL, KINGSTON.

The Entertainment at the Christian Brothers School, on Thursday last, was a complete success. The hall was filled with the parents and friends of the pupils notwithstanding the oppressive heat.

The programme consisted of songs, recitations, dramas, and performances on the piano. The singing surprised the audience, who by their attention during it, and their applause after, manifested their appreciation. In general the voices were clear and pleasant. We may make special mention of Master A. Grezza who sang "Driven from Home" remarkably well, considering his age, being but 9 years; also, Master T. McGuire, whose "Scientific Frog," not only caused great hilarity but was deservedly encored. The pieces sung were "Joy, joy, happy are we," "Divine Awakening," "The slaking of the sands," and the "Farewell Song." "The stone in the sand" was distinctly recited. "The Bachelors' Sale" by T. McGuire, caused roars of laughter, and merited the encore.

The Dramas were acted very creditably, especially "The Great Elixir." The deaf patient, personated by James Dolan, excited a general roar, as also the original feat of the growing man. The pupils who were the most noted in this department, besides the above-mentioned, were Masters T. McGuire, J. Hamilton, J. Bajus, and A. Grezza.

Prof. DesRochers played several choice pieces on the piano, in his usual correct style, and accompanied the singing.

Prizes were distributed to a large number of the pupils. Medals of the Vatican Council, presented by His Lordship Bishop Horan, were awarded as special prizes to the following boys, for noted conduct and assiduity, as well as application to study: T. McGuire, J. Hamilton, J. Bajus, T. Richmond, J. Kelley, H. Cummings, M. James, J. Grig, M. Hagerly, C. Grezza, C. James, and W. Patterson.

After the Farewell Song, an address was delivered by T. McGuire. Rev. Father O'Boyle then rose and, in a few words, congratulated the pupils on their success in the evening's entertainment, and hoped

they would pass their vacation days in a becoming manner.—British Whig, July 17th.

FOUL PLAY.—BODY FOUND IN THE CANAL.—Yesterday morning, July 21st, as a night watchman was coming along the Canal side near McGavin's Mills, he found the body of a woman lying in the Canal, who to all appearance had been beaten, murdered and thrown into the Canal. It would seem if all the facts can only be developed, that a most horrible tragedy has been committed, and that in or about the city there exists one of the most cold-blooded murderers of the day. From what we have been able to gather of this terrible affair, it seems that at an early hour yesterday morning, between five and six o'clock, as James Conroy, night watchman at Mr. Converse's rope walk, passed the locality indicated above, he found the

DEAD BODY OF A WOMAN

lying in the canal. To all appearance the woman was about 30 years of age, and is believed to be a well known bush-whacker, Mary Gillespie, who has been missing for some days. The body was naked, but on one foot there was a stocking and boot. A glance at the body convinced Conroy that there had been foul play somewhere, and that either a murder or a suicide had been committed, in all probability the former. The woman's

TREAT WAS NOT

on the left breast was a deep stab, and on the chin were marks of several hucks with a knife, and besides these marks the body was covered with bruises. Conroy hurried for a Mr. Mack, living close by, who came with him to the scene, when the body was taken out of the water, and a closer examination made. The body appears to have been immersed for several days, and with the exception of one of the breasts was in a rapid state of decomposition. On the woman's thigh was tattooed in Indian ink the name,

EDWARD HAWKINS,

on her right arm "M. Gillespie," and on her left, "Julia Cremont or some name very much like it. Besides these there were other marks of tattooing, but it was impossible to tell whether they were designs or letters. The body was taken to the police station, and the Coroner notified. At one o'clock, a jury was impanelled, who after taking Conroy's deposition as to the finding of the body, adjourned till to-day, to take further evidence, which the police are trying to work up.—Herald, 22nd inst.

Yesterday evening the police authorities were busily engaged in investigating into the circumstances connected with the supposed murder of the woman whose mutilated body was found yesterday floating in the canal, opposite Converse's rope factory.

The body, the police feel satisfied, is that of a respectable woman, and most probably also a bush-whacker.

SUPPOSED CASE OF SUICIDE.

Detective Boucard, who with Sub-Chief Paradis made minute enquiries at Cote St. Paul last evening, reports as follows:—Last Tuesday night, about 8 o'clock, three wood-laden barges, in tow of steamer "Chicharonia," Capt. Bothwin, had just passed through the Cote St. Paul canal bridge, when the captain of the last barge heard, from near the bridge a loud splash in the water, followed by a low cry as of a woman, and quickly succeeded by one or two moans. The barge captain looked back and saw nothing, but as the vessels were then entering the canal lock he reported the circumstance to the lockman, Thomas Jones, who went up to oppose the spot, and near the left bank he distinctly saw the water had been disturbed and circling eddies were visible. Search was made for sometime in the vicinity, but nothing was heard or found about the banks to lead one to suppose that a human being had jumped or fallen into the canal. The barges referred to are unfortunately at present at Whitehall so that the evidence of the captain cannot be obtained. Ever since Tuesday night, the people of Cote St. Paul have been looking out for the body of the supposed suicide, and when they heard yesterday that a woman's body had been found floating at Converse's, they immediately concluded that it was the one they were looking for.

CONFLICTING STATEMENTS.

About two hours after the affair at the bridge, the lockman saw two half-drunken women, whom he knew from their appearance were bushwhackers, walk across the bridge, and turning round, sit down under a tree on the canal bank. This was about 10 o'clock at night, and rain coming on the lockman went away saw nothing more of them.

Dr. Picault, who made a post-mortem examination of the body last evening says that, from all appearances the body is that of a woman who was dead before she was thrown into the water. If this is substantiated at the inquest then the woman whose departing cry was heard by the bargeman, was altogether different from the one whose body was found yesterday. This theory is also confirmed when it is remembered that, in the latter case, the woman's throat was cut, and that could not very well be done on the canal bank without leaving traces. Again, it is likely that a woman mutilated as this was, would have power to scream or to address and jump into the canal? The circumstances are against it.

The name "Julie Cremont" on her arm is that of a woman at present in jail, as is also "Mary Gillespie," so the body is that of neither of these women.

Sergt. Nelson, however, says that he thinks the body is that of Susan Hunter, a respectable, from the fact of its having the name "Edward Hawkins" on it. The latter was once a soldier in barracks here, but was last year caught breaking into a building in St. Paul street, and was sent to the Penitentiary, while his associate for years was a woman named Susan Hunter, who used to boast that she carried the colors of her lover on her person.

The inquest in the case was resumed this Saturday morning, but as the body had not been identified, and the police had, as yet, no positive proof of the circumstances in connection with the case, the inquest was adjourned until Monday the 31st inst.

The body having been more carefully examined by Dr. Picault, the following names and signs have been made out: On the right arm are tattooed the letters G. T. R. S., and the name "Julie Cremont" on the right thigh, "Edward Hawkins" on the left arm the following capital letters are scattered about in no particular order.—H. L. D. S. D. T., H. B. D., R. H. B., and on her left wrist are a pipe, a fish, a key, and some letters rendered illegible by the decomposition of the skin. The body was removed yesterday evening to the Roman Catholic Cemetery vault at Cote des Neiges; but Coroner Jones has ordered it to be conveyed to-day to the Montreal jail, so as to enable any of the miserable woman of her class, who may have been her associates, and who are confined there, an opportunity of identifying it if possible.—Witness, 22nd inst.

THE MURDER.

The body of the woman found in the Canal on Friday has been positively identified as that of Louise Bernard, who lived in St. Charles Borromeo street with her sister. She was last seen alive when she left home last Wednesday to visit her paramour, a man named Beauvais, at Cote St. Paul. Two men have been arrested on suspicion.—Witness 24th inst.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—The good work the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, through their energetic Inspector, is doing, is very great

and can only be appreciated by those who from day to day record instances of arrest and punishment. Yesterday a carter named Danasse Lebroche was arrested by Inspector Guiley and brought before the Recorder's Court for driving a horse with several frightful sores on its back. At the time of the arrest the animal was in the act of drawing a heavy load of lumber up from the wharves. His Honor imposed a fine of \$5 or one month, remarking that if the prisoner had not been a poor man he would have made the amount \$20.—Witness, 22nd July.

It is stated on good authority, says the Liverpool Mercury, that Sir Francis Bond Head, formerly Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, is the author of the "Battle of Dorking."

Advices state that Sir Wm. Logan and his party, who left St. Johns, Newfoundland, on geological surveying expedition on the 12th instant, were entirely cut off on their route by a severe storm on the 14th, which swept away bridges, and flooded the principal parts of the only road they had to travel upon. It is probable that the horses and luggage attached to the expedition have either been lost or badly injured. The party are believed to be safe, inasmuch as they were provided with portable gutta-percha boats and one canoe. The storm has done considerable damage in and around the towns, of Top Sail and Holyrood, Newfoundland. It is said to be the continuation of a hurricane which blew over the Coast of Labrador some weeks ago, destroying 325 fishing smacks, 23 dwelling houses, over 40 stores, and about 300,000 dollars worth of dried fish, fishing dulkes, and other property. The number of lives lost, already ascertained, is 93 while many more are expected to be added to the dismal record.

FORTEKE AND INFAMY HAND IN HAND.—Wm. Knight the unfortunate convict who, on Wednesday, received a sentence of three years imprisonment in the Penitentiary, for participation in the robbery at Smith's tavern yesterday received a letter from a relative in England, informing him of his inheritance of considerable property. The letter was delivered to the unhappy man at his cell in the jail by Detective Rousseau, and poignant was the sting of remorse he experienced on learning its contents. Three long years of life forfeited to dreary confinement by the effort to obtain a few dollars in the way of theft, when the then means of honest case were just within his grasp. And so is the way of transgressor laid.—Herald and Spectator.

BOUQUILLON, July 19.—Mr. Ross, said to be a messenger in the Bank of Montreal, at Montreal, met with a serious accident at the station last night. He attempted to get on the lightning express east and in doing so fell between the cars and the platform. His right foot was thrown under the wheel and smashed to pieces. The foot was amputated at the ankle joint by Drs. Reid and Beeth. Mr. Ross is so far doing well.

THORNHILL, July 15.—Mr. Geo. Campbell, a farmer was murdered this morning by two robbers, with blacked faces. The robbers presented a pistol at his head, in bed, and demanded his money. He told them he had none, and they hauled him out of bed, and Campbell asked his wife for the axe; she got one, and the robbers took it from her. She then got the butcher knife to assist her husband with, but they cut Campbell's head open with the axe. They ransacked the house for money and only got ten cents. The place is bespattered with blood. The robbers have not been discovered yet. They left the single barrel pistol, with a shop keeper's ticket that has the private marks or price tied to the trigger, and it was loaded. The neighborhood is much excited.

The last relics of the Imperial Government have been removed from St. Helen's Island. All the old cannon, about 900 tons, was sold to a New York house for re-melting in Philadelphia. The loading was successfully done by Mr. L. M. Copeland, and the cannon forwarded by his line of boats direct for Philadelphia.

On the morning of the 11th inst. a painful accident occurred at Tilsonburg in the saw and door factory of Mr. E. D. Tilson, by which Stephen Tilson, son of Mr. Geo. B. Tilson, lost his left hand. The lad was engaged sawing out wedges for keying up doors, and in flipping a piece of board for the purpose he placed a hand on each end—in front and rear of the saw—and forced the board downward. When the saw took hold of the board, it, of course, pulled it forward, and the boy's hand along with it, which was cut off across the middle of the palm.

The harvest is now becoming general in this section of the country, the fall wheat being the first to be gathered in. The yield is very beautiful. In Kent it is said to average 55 bushels to the acre. Just outside the city, on Mr. Nixon's farm, good yields expect that the field will not be far short of 50 bushels. Cuts will be a tremendous crop, and corn never looked better. So far, the potato beetle has not done any damage in this neighborhood. Hay, despite the prognostics of the timid, has turned out a fair average crop, if not a superior one. Barley is doing well, and miscellaneous produce partakes of the general profusion. If no untoward events should take place, the crops of 1871 will fill the country with riches, and give a new impetus to business of all kinds.—London Free Press.

Arrangement between the Judges, that Chief Justice Richards will try the contested election cases in East and West Toronto, Mr. Justice Morrison the North York case, Vice-Chancellor Strong the North Simcoe case, and Mr. Justice Galt the case of Monk.

Some farms around London are set down at not far from forty bushels of wheat to the acre. All through Middlesex oats will be an immense crop; corn is excellent; potatoes have not been injured by the beetle; barley is good; and even hay in Middlesex will turn out a fair average crop at the best.

THE PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.—The Prize Lists for this Exhibition, opening in Kingston on September 25th, are being distributed. A large increase has been made in the list and it will be in the interest of intending exhibitors and indeed all farmers and manufacturers, to make themselves acquainted with it. The time for the final receiving is drawing near and those who intend to compete should be stimulated into action and energy. One dollar subscription entitles any body to membership to, admission to the Exhibition, and to make as many entries as he chooses. The forms of entry, which can be obtained from the secretaries of local Agricultural and Horticultural Societies must be filled up and returned to the Secretary of the Association, Toronto, on or before the following named dates for the respective classes, Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Swine, Poultry, Agricultural implements, on or before Saturday, August 26th. Grain, Field Root, and other Farm Products, Machinery, and Manufacturers generally, Saturday, September 2nd. Horticultural Products, Ladies' Work, the Fine Arts, &c., Saturday, September 16th. Positively no Entry will be received after these dates on any consideration. The programme of the Exhibition week is published, Monday, September 25th, will be devoted to the final receiving of articles for Exhibition and their arrangement. Admission may be had this day as on all the others of the week on payment of 25 cents. Tuesday will be judges' day, and the main exhibition will be closed to allow them uninterrupted freedom in their duties. The annual meeting of the Fruit Growers' Association takes place at 7 p.m. On Wednesday the judges will complete their awards, and all the grounds and buildings will be open to visitors. In the evening the annual meeting of the Mechanics Institute Association will take place. Thursday will be another people's day. The Prize Animals' will be exhibited in the afternoon. The Annual meeting of Provincial Agricultural As-

sociation will be held in the evening at Ontario Hall, when the elections will be made, and the place of holding the next Exhibition decided on. The President will then also deliver his annual address. On Friday afternoon the Exhibition will be closed. On Saturday the prize money will be paid, and exhibitors may remove their property.—Kingston Whig.

A young man named John Norman, belonging to Dundas, met with a fatal accident on Saturday at Sulphur Springs, township of Ancaster. Deceased was at work raising a building, when from some cause a bent slipped and fell across young Norman's forehead, the heavy timber fracturing the skull. He died in about twenty minutes.

Mr. J. B. Shaw, one of the old pioneers of Enniskillen, died at Petrolia on the 12th inst., in his forty-first year. Mr. Shaw was the man who struck the first and largest of the immense wells which made Enniskillen famous.

A telegram was received at Kingston on Saturday night that Captain Hurst, of the schooner Union Jack, was drowned in Lake Huron on the 13th July. The only other information furnished was that he was knocked overboard by the boom of the vessel. Captain Hurst was well known and respected in Kingston, where his wife and family reside.

BRAMPTON, July 19.—At a large meeting of influential ratepayers last evening a resolution was unanimously adopted asking the Council of Brampton to submit a by-law for \$20,000 in aid of the Credit Valley Railway.

BRADFORD.—EPH'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite. The Civil Service Gazette remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills." Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in tin-lined packets, labelled—JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London.

OTTAWA HOTEL, ST. ANNE.—Residents of Montreal meditating a retreat to the country during our summer heats, will find, if they decide upon the pleasant village of St. Anne as their summer residence, clean, quiet and comfortable quarters at the Ottawa Hotel, kept by M. Isidore Guerin. This Hotel has lately been enlarged and repaired from top to bottom. The situation, just below the bridge, cannot be surpassed, and the proprietor has constantly on hand boats for the use of his guests. It is but a short distance from the Depot, which can be reached in ten minutes; and it presents every comfort and convenience that the health and pleasure-seeker can desire.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

Lanark, J. Bain, \$2; Bonhomme Point, J. W. Fox, \$3; Hawkesbury Mills, W. Labor, \$5; Perth, E. Byrne, \$2; Hamilton, O. Gagnier, \$2. Per J. Nolan, Kingston—J. O'Reilly, \$2; M. Quinn, \$2; M. Walsh, \$2; J. Hackett, \$2; Mrs. Hooper, \$1. Per Rev. H. Brettingham, Trenton—Ongley, P. L. McAnley, \$2. Per F. L. Egan, Kingsbridge—D. Sullivan, \$1.

Died.

In Kingston, on the 19th July, Mr. Patrick Purcell, aged 61 years.—R.F.P.

PRICES CURRENT OF LEATHER.

Table with columns for Montreal, July 24, 1871, and various leather types like Metal Spanish Sole, Slaughter, Waxed Upper, etc.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Table with columns for Flour, Middlings, Fine, Superior, Superfine, Fancy, etc.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

THE GREAT ENGLISH AND SCOTCH QUARTERLIES AND BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, PUBLISHED IN NEW YORK BY THE LEONARD SCOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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DAWSON BROS., Montreal.

WANTED
 FOR the new "Roman Catholic School," Point St. Charles, a **FIRST CLASS CATHOLIC TEACHER**, to take the Direction of the School as Head Master. Applicants must be experienced in teaching, of good character, and be well recommended. None but competent men need apply.
SALARY EQUAL TO \$1,000.
 Apply, with testimonials and references, BOX 445 P. O., Montreal.

CIRCULAR.
 MONTREAL, May, 1867
 THE Subscriber, in withdrawing from the late firm of Messrs. A. & D. Shannon, Grocers, of this city, for the purpose of commencing the Provision and Produce business would respectfully inform his late patrons and the public that he has opened the late store, No. 443 Commissioners Street, opposite St. Ann's Market, where he will keep on hand and for sale a general stock of provisions suitable to this market comprising in part of FLOUR, OATMEAL, CORN-MEAL, BUTTER, CHEESE, PORK, HAMS, LARD, HERRINGS, DRIED FISH, DRIED APPLES, SHIP BREAD, and every article connected with the provision trade, &c., &c. He trusts that from his long experience in buying the above goods when in the grocery trade, as well as from his extensive connections in the country, he will thus be enabled to offer inducements to the public unsurpassed by any house of the kind in Canada.
 Consignments respectfully solicited. Prompt returns will be made. Cash advances made equal to two-thirds of the market price. References kindly permitted to Messrs. Gillespie, Moffatt & Co., and Messrs. Tiffin Brothers.
D. SHANNON,
 COMMISSION MERCHANT,
 And Wholesale Dealer in Produce and Provisions,
 451 Commissioners Street,
 Opposite St. Ann's Market.
 June 14th, 1870. 12m.

GRAND BAZAAR & PRIZE DRAWING
 TO COME OFF AT THE
TEMPERANCE HALL
 ORILLIA,
 ON THE
 25th, 26th, and 27th of July, 1871
 For the purpose of raising funds to Build a New Catholic Church in the Village of Orillia.

- LIST OF PRIZES:**
1. A well-matched carriage Team worth \$250.
 2. An oil painting of the Madonna and Child \$50.00.
 3. A Satin Dress worth \$30.00.
 4. A set of real Angola Furs, \$20.00.
 5. A Double-cased Silver Watch, \$20.00.
 6. A fat Heifer, \$25.00.
 7. A first-class Ottoman.
 8. A valuable Picture.
 9. 1 set of Furs.
 10. An Embroidered Sofa Cushion.
 11. A Violin and Case.
 12. A Brocade shawl worth \$15.00.
 13. A case of brandy worth \$12.00.
 14. A splendid bound Bible.
 15. A Silver Crest Stand.
 16. A German Raised Cushion.
 17. A Wreath of Flowers in gilt frame.
 18. A Shawl.
 19. A Boy's Cloth Coat.
 20. A Child's Dress embroidered.
 21. A Ladies' Work-box highly finished.
 22. A pair of Seal Sowed Boots.
 23. A valuable Sofa Cushion.
 24. 1 Concertina.
 25. A pair of Men's Boots.
 26. A Violin.
 27. A Winsey Dress.
 28. A pair of Embroidered Slippers.
 29. A gilt framed picture of the Chiefs of the Indian Army.
 30. A History of Ireland.
 31. A large Doll beautifully dressed.
 32. A fat Sheep.
 33. 1 pair of Vases.
 34. A breakfast Shawl.
 35. A splendid Parlour Lamp.
 36. 1 large Album.
 37. A Ladies' Satchel.
 38. 1 Knitted Bodice.
 39. 1 Child's Minerva.
 40. A gilt frame picture of the Chiefs of the Indian Army.
 41. 1 pair of Vases.
 42. 1 handsome gilt Lamp.
 43. 1 Concertina.
 44. A valuable work of English Literature
 45. 1 pair of gilt Vases.
 46. 1 dozen linen Collars.
 47. 1 pair of Children's Boots.
 48. 1 pair of Corsets.
 49. 1 large Doll.
 50. A pair of fancy vases.
- Tickets for Prize Drawing, 50cts. Each.
 A Complimentary Ticket presented to each person disposing of a Book of Ten Tickets. All communications and remittances to be addressed to Rev. K. A. CAMPBELL, Atherly, Ont. A list of the winning numbers will be published in the papers.

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F. GREENE,
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 Near C. P. P. R. R. Waiting Room,
PRINCIPAL STEAM FITTER AND PLUMBER,
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 PUBLIC and private buildings heated by hot water on the latest and decidedly the most economical system yet discovered being also entirely free from danger.

BOOTS AND SHOES
 CAN be obtained at prices very convenient to the means of all classes, at the New Store of the subscriber, No. 71 NOTRE DAME STREET.
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JOHN DONOVAN, Agent for the sale of Dr. J. BALL & CO'S NEW PATENT IMPROVED IVORY EYB-CUPS for restoring the sight, for the Counties of Lotbiniere and Megantic.
 Leeds, P.Q., May 12th, 1871.

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 At the above establishment will always be found a complete assortment of Vehicles of all kinds. Repairs done on the shortest notice.
 Encourage Home Industry. Mr. Bruno Ledoux has been awarded several Prizes at the Provincial Exhibition of 1868.

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.



The reputation this excellent medicine enjoys, is derived from its cures, many of which are truly marvelous. It cures all cases of scrofulous disease, where the system seemed saturated with corruption, have been cured and cured by its use. Scrofulous affections and disorders, which were aggravated by the scrofulous contamination and impurities of the blood, were cured in such great numbers in almost every section of the country, that the public scarcely need to be informed of its virtues or uses.

Scrofulous poison is one of the most destructive enemies of our race. Often, this unseen and unfelt tenant of the organism undermines the constitution, and invites the attack of encroaching or fatal diseases, without exciting a suspicion of its presence. Again, it seems to breed infection throughout the body, and its presence by eruptions on the skin, or foul ulcers on some part of the body. Hence the occasional use of a bottle of this Sarsaparilla is advisable, even when no active symptoms of disease appear. Persons afflicted with the following complaints generally find immediate relief, and, at length, cure, by the use of this **SARSAPARILLA**: St. Anthony's Fire, Toso or Erysipelas, Sore Eyes, Sore Throat, Scald Head, Ringworm, Itch, and other eruptions or visible forms of Scrofulous disease. Also in the more concealed forms, as Dyspepsia, Dropsy, Heart Disease, Piles, Eczema, Neuritis, and the various Obstructive affections of the muscular and nervous systems.

Syphilis or Venereal and Mercurial Diseases are cured by it, though a long time is required for subduing these obstinate maladies by any medicine. But long continued use of this medicine will cure the complaint. **Leucorrhoea or Whites, Uterine Discharges, and Female Diseases**, are commonly cured and ultimately cured by its use. Minute Directions for each case are found in our Almanac, supplied gratis. **Rheumatism and Gout**, when caused by accumulations of extraneous matters in the blood, yield quickly to it, as do **Eczema, Comedones, Scalding, Ophthalmia, Inflammation of the Liver, and Jaundice**, when arising, as they often do, from the rankling poisons in the blood. This **SARSAPARILLA** is a great stimulant for the strength and vigor of the system. Those who are **Languid and listless, Dependent, Sleepless**, and troubled with **Nervous Apprehensions or Fears**, or any of the affections symptomatic of **Weakness**, will find immediate relief and convincing evidence of its restorative power upon trial.

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 SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

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The Subscriber has opened this Establishment with a large and unequalled Stock of

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 In endless variety, which he now has the pleasure to offer at Wholesale Prices. He has unusual facilities for purchasing his Stock, having had a long experience in the Wholesale Trade, and will import direct from the manufactures in England, giving his Customers the manifest advantages derived from this course.

In the CLOTH HALL, are, at present employed, five Experienced Cutters, engaged in getting up MENS' and YOUTHS' CLOTHING for the Spring Trade.

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 For restoring Gray Hair to its natural Vitality and Color.



A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. Faded or gray hair is soon restored to its original color with the gloss and freshness of youth. This hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such as remain can be saved for usefulness by this application. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a

HAIR DRESSING,
 nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich glossy lustre and a grateful perfume.

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H. L. ROUTH,
 Agent, Montreal.
 February 1, 1870.

CHURCH VESTMENTS
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T. LAFRICAIN begs leave to inform the gentlemen of the Clergy and Religious Communities that he is constantly receiving from Lyons, France, large consignments of church goods, the whole of which he is instructed to dispose of on a mere commission. Chasubles, richly embroidered on gold cloth, \$30. 250 do. in Damask of all colors trimmed with gold and silk lace, \$15. Copes in gold cloth, richly trimmed with gold lace and fringe, \$30. Gold and Silver cloths, from \$1.10 per yard. Coloured Damaska and Moires Antiques. Muslin and Lace Albs, rich. Ostensoriums, Chalices and Ciborium. Altar Candlesticks and Crucifixes. Lamps, Holy Water Fountains, &c., &c., &c.
T. LAFRICAIN,
 302 Notre Dame St.,
 Montreal, March 31, 1871.

HEARSES! HEARSES!!
MICHAEL FERON,
 No. 23 St. ANTOINE STREET,
 BEGS to inform the public that he has procured several new, elegant, and handsomely finished HEARSES, which he offers to the use of the public at very moderate charges.
 M. Feron will do his best to give satisfaction to the public.
 Montreal, March, 1871.

RESTORE YOUR SIGHT.



OLD EYES MADE NEW.
 All diseases of the eye successfully treated by **Ball's new Patent Ivory Eye-Cups**
 Read for yourself and restore your sight.
 Spectacles and Surgical operations rendered useless! The Inestimable Blessing of Sight is made perpetual by the use of the new

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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.

2300 CERTIFICATES OF CURE
 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 29, 1869, Horace Greeley, of the New York Tribune, writes: "J. Ball, 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 pen you 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 years old.
 Truly Yours, PROF. W. MERRICK.
 REV. JOSEPH SMITH, Malden, Mass., Cured of Partial Blindness, of 18 Years Standing in One Minute, by the Patent Ivory Eye-Cups.
 E. C. Ellis, Late Mayor of Dayton, Ohio, wrote us Nov. 15th, 1869: "I have tested the Patent Ivory Eye-Cups, and I am satisfied they are good. I am pleased with them; they are certainly the Greatest Invention of the age."
 All persons wishing for particulars, certificates of cures, prices, &c., will please send your address to us, and we will send our treatise on the Eye, of forty-four Pages, free by return mail. Write to
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 P. O. Box 957,
 No. 91 Liberty Street, New York.
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