

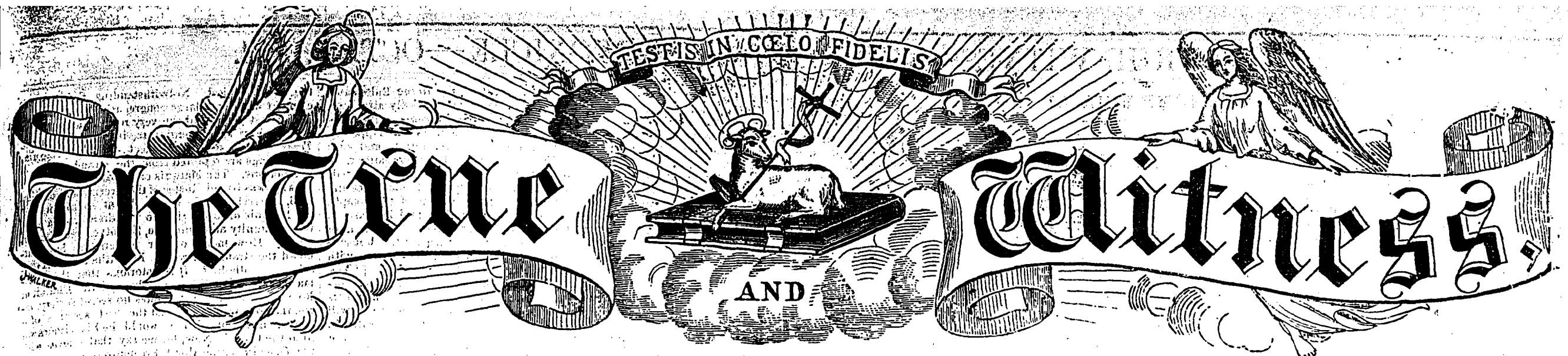
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LORD DACRE OF GILSLAND; OR, The Rising in the North: AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE DAYS OF ELIZABETH.

By E. M. Stewart.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED.)

As Euphrasia uttered these last words, she clung to the young man's arm, who, assuring her with a smile that he could not consent to part with a fair damsel whom he had won even at the sword's point, gently led her to the door of the apartment, bidding her retire to rest, and releasing her, till the morrow from any further attendance upon Lucy. Meanwhile, the girl sat trembling upon a pile of cushions, since the time of the youth's entrance, nor was her perturbation lessened by his dismissal of Euphrasia, whose presence she felt as some slight shadow of protection, for there was much in the words and manner of that strange woman which was at variance with the dark malignity towards her own sex, that made the distinguishing features in her discourse. The features of the gallant had been narrowly examined by Lucy on his first entrance, but if ever she had seen them before, they had left no trace upon her memory. He now approached her, and bade her welcome to his dwelling, of which, with the hyperbole commonly addressed by the cavaliers of the day to the softer sex, he hoped that she might long continue the sunbeam, the presiding star; assuring her that to his mind her beauty as far excelled that of the Court ladies as the loveliness of the rose surpassed that of a poor daisy or the green blade of grass. To all these fine speeches Lucy turned a deaf ear; and was indeed so rude as to interrupt her admirer with repeated intreaties that he would restore her to the humble dwelling of her father, which was assured him, as much more suited to her wishes as it was to her condition, and far more meet for an unambitious damsel like herself, than the costly abode of which it had pleased him to make her an inhabitant. This very ungracious reply to a speech the flatteries of which, he well knew, would not have been unacceptable to the sagacious and imperial Elizabeth, excited no small astonishment in the bosom of Sir Philip Wynyard. This astonishment, however, did not originate in a supposition that Lucy really meant to reject his proffered love, or had any real wish to return to the abode of her father. That such could be the state of her thoughts, the superlative vanity of the knight did not at first permit him for a moment to imagine. He supposed that the coldness of the damsel arose from her overweening love of flattery, and that he had not sufficiently praised her charms. Accordingly he burst forth in a new strain of panegyric; so extravagant indeed was the style which he adopted, that had not Lucy been in his power, she would have laughed outright at what, in her untaught simplicity, she considered the folly of such language. But the affair was in the worst possible position for her, and the more Sir Philip praised, the more did Lucy tremble. That this courtier should suppose that so humble a damsel would at once be dazzled and won by a free application of flattery, was not at all surprising, since he was a daily witness of its potent influence upon the mind of the lion-hearted Queen herself. No flattery was so gross to be accepted by Elizabeth and one sure way to her favour was to speak of her personal charms in terms the most extravagant and ridiculous. The continued coldness, therefore, with which this little humble daughter of a citizen suffered him to exhaust his breath in the utterance of compliments which he knew that a queen would have accepted with gratitude, and have rewarded with bounty, began at last also to exhaust his patience. He knew not whether to impute the indifference of Lucy to stupidity, or to bad taste. Most dire stupidity it was, in his opinion, not to apprehend the point of his excellent compliments; and that the taste of the maiden could be so corrupt as to allow of her entertaining an indifference or dislike to his person; his vanity made him slow to believe. In truth, Sir Philip Wynyard was a just specimen of that very foolish class of young men who, without any exact appetite for vice, suffer themselves to be led, or rather flattered into it, by mere force of example. The object of Sir Philip's vanity was his vanity and his morbid apprehension of ridicule; for the rest he was given tolerably clever, and not in general wanting in humanity. Once, however, offered his

vanity, or make him a mark for the shafts of contempt and there was no offence against morality or good feeling which he could not be irritated to commit. The circumstance even which had led to the abduction of Lucy Fentch was a sufficient key to the character of this young man. The beauty of the girl, and of her cousin Gertrude Harding, became accidentally a topic of conversation with Sir Philip and some of his Court companions, by whom the damsels had been noticed when seated among the dames of their condition at a tilt. It was observed that Sir Christopher Hatton and the Earl of Leicester, the latter more particularly, had been heard to praise the loveliness of the maidens in high terms. Hereupon a youth of the party, well aware of the peculiar weakness of Sir Philip, warned that knight who had been loud in his admiration, to give up at once, all hope of success in a pursuit wherein he must encounter such dangerous rivals. This was enough. Sir Philip's vanity was piqued, and he boldly wagged a thousand rose nobles to a silver great that he would carry off both the damsels, and win their affection from all other competitors, be they gentle or simple. The extravagance of this boast was no less irritating to the vanity of his companions than their previous sneers had been to that of Sir Philip, and they took special care to blind him to his engagement in such a mode as to ensure their own knowledge of its failure or success. From this it will be seen that if not disposed to annoy Lucy from a motive of utter profligacy, Sir Philip was very likely to do so from the malice of disappointed vanity, if once he discovered that he was really to her an object of contempt. This, however unwilling he might be to admit it, was a conviction that at last forced itself upon his mind. His hyperbolic compliments she had listened to in almost total silence; but when he came to speak with terms of contempt of plebeian birth, and to dwell on the superior luxuries which she might enjoy—would she consent to be his love, the lady of his heart?—Lucy's anger was excited, and rising indignantly, with something of her cousin's spirit flushing her brow, she bade him, in the stern tone of insulted virtue, quit her presence.

"Be not angry, fair one," said Sir Philip, "the love and devout adherence of a noble gentleman of thy Sovereign's Court may well be accepted by a damsel of thy rank, however fair may be her person, upon terms more light than those which she might exact from the brute citizens, or unmannerly churls, who may seem as honourable pretenders to her hand."

"Shame upon thy condition," said Lucy, "if its best privilege is but to cast aside the wholesome reins of morality, and its dearest triumph thus with impunity to insult a poor helpless damsel. Thy profligacy spurns; thy person I despise. Begone, wretch, and molest me no more with thine odious presence."

The girl had spoken from the impulse of a most natural indignation, but its violent exhibition was imprudent considering her position, wholly in the power of the man whose vanity she wounded and whose vengeance she provoked. A fit of dusky red stole over the brow of Sir Philip Wynyard, and he paused a moment ere he could discover words in which to give vent to emotions so much stronger than any which he had hitherto experienced. At length his galled vanity found a tongue.

"Vain and foolish damsel," he said, "the loveliness of thy condition has, I see, infected thy spirit with its meanness. Thou canst discern no more distinction to thyself, in the love of a gallant gentleman, than in that of the mean admirers of thine own poor estate. But at least it shall not be said that Philip Wynyard, who never sued in vain to a demoiselle of high degree, was spurned by the citizen's daughter. Mine, damsel, thou shalt be—in scorn and hatred, if not in love. Thou hast had thy choice, and thou hast chosen. Never was knight more devoted to the noblest lady in the land than I would have been to thee. I would have been thy slave, but thou, it seems, preferest to be mine."

"Wretch," said the indignant Lucy, "flatter not thyself with security in thy cruel design. I may yet find means by which to escape thy toils, and to the throne even of Elizabeth will I carry the tale of my wrongs. This may be said for her, that her ear is ever open to the griefs of the meanest among her subjects."

"Save, damsel," said Sir Philip, "thy chance to be suspected Papists even like unto thyself!" "Man, man!" returned the wretched Lucy, with a bitter despair in her accent. "Alas, for the miserable days in which we live, there is a horrible truth in thy words. No justice, indeed, is to be found in this land for the children of its ancient faith; but there is a power yet superior to that of Elizabeth—a power to which she even must stand accountable. Upon that power do I throw myself. Man may be merciless, but God is just."

There was something in the looks and tones of Lucy that awed for the time even the vain and profligate Sir Philip; and, with a simple announcement that, together with a chamber adjoining to it, that apartment must be her prison, he withdrew, locking after him the door of the saloon. With the present threats and truncheons of her oppressor, fled, at once the heroism of Lucy, and she sunk upon the couch in tears. How long could she expect that this man, whom she had so bitterly expostulated, would forbear the execution of his threats; and how could she hope to escape, surrounded as she was by the ministers of his will—committed to the especial charge of a woman, upon the nature of whose character she shuddered even to think. Escape was her only chance; oh, was escape impossible? Lucy dried her tears, her head ached, she was faint and sick from want of food, and remembering the advice of the kind Gilbert, in which he had reminded her of the need of supporting her strength, she approached the table and took a small portion of chicken, with a cup of wine.

their bright surface. The window in the saloon overlooked the stately terrace along which Lucy had been led by Gilbert; but, alas, it was not only fastened, but was too high above the terrace to permit her to entertain a thought of leaping from it. Lucy racked her invention for some means to overcome these obstacles. She wore on her finger a diamond ring, the first gift of Henry Willoughton, the pledge of their love. Could she not cut out some of the panes was not thick. Might she but indulge a hope of breaking away so much of it as would afford a space wide enough for her slender person to pass through. Then, indeed, there was the height of the window from the terrace, but the adjoining apartment might possibly afford her the means of a safe descent.

With renewed hope did Lucy enter that apartment. It was a bed-chamber magnificently furnished, the ceiling painted with a representation of Diana and her nymphs; the walls, hung like those of the saloon, with light blue silk; the curtains and canopy of the bed being of the same color, trimmed with a fringe of silver thread and white silk; the toilette was superb in its appointments—it was covered with fine linen trimmed with lace, and the mirror was silver. Meanwhile the snow white Holland sheets caught Lucy's eye; knotted together might they not enable her to descend safely from the window of the saloon? or, might not those of the bed-chamber prove more accessible; Lucy to her great joy found that these were not fastened. That which she mounted was parallel with the great window in the saloon, and consequently, it likewise overlooked the terrace. The height from which she would have to descend was, however, greater in proportion to the relative height of the windows. Still, with the assistance of the sheets, Lucy thought that she might venture on the descent. She found on securing them to a staple in the wall, that when thrown out of the window they fell by some six or eight feet to reach the level of the terrace, but from that height she thought that she might well venture to drop; for the chance of escape she would have risked a much greater danger. With a short but fervent prayer did Lucy, having first securely fastened the sheets to the staple before named, slipped by their assistance from the window. The violent friction scorched her hands so severely, that unable to bear the pain she involuntarily, and at the risk of a serious injury from a fall greater than she had contemplated, let go her hold and was precipitated at once upon the terrace. Fortunately for Lucy her courage and her endurance of pain had supported her till she had swung nearly to the whole length of the sheets, and though she fell prostrate upon the terrace and severely grazed her elbow, she received, except a few bruises, no more important injury. Shaken by the fall, and for the time in very acute pain, she was unable to rise for a few minutes; but as she perfectly preserved her senses, she felt the necessity of immediate exertion, and overcoming the faintness which she felt she rose and passed as quickly as her pain would permit along the terrace. The motion quickly restored her wanted agility to Lucy, whose limbs had been slightly numbed by her fall, and having reached the end of the terrace she fled with rapidity along the garden walks in search of some outlet by which she might escape into the open country. Such an outlet, however, she soon found was not very easily discovered. The poor girl was bewildered in an apparently intricate mass of grotesquely cut hedges, stiff flower beds, artificial lakes, grottoes, and fountains. For one anxious hour did she traverse the gardens, walking and running by turns, weeping in the agony of her terror, and repeatedly, after wandering through some apparently interminable labyrinth, arriving at the very spot from which she had set out. At length, turning from one of these labyrinths into a long straight walk over-arched by a double row of tall elms, she thought that she perceived at its extremity the twinkling of a light. She knew that it could not proceed from the house, for in the immense extent of the gardens she had left that far behind her in an opposite direction. She therefore indulged a hope that this light proceeded from some outbuilding near to the open road, or perhaps even from a cottage on the borders of the grounds. Re-animated by this hope, Lucy felt both her strength and courage return, and with an assured and rapid step she hurried along the walk, whose length appeared almost interminable to her impatience, but still cheered by the friendly light shining at the end of the green vista. She had no time now to shrink and shudder as she had done so often while wandering in those lonely gardens, fancying that the grisly form of some clipped holly or fantastic yew was that of a giant foe with arms outstretched to arrest her on her course. On approaching the end of the walk, she perceived that the light issued from a window in a small but somewhat gloomy looking, square stone building. This building was half-grown over with ivy, and Lucy perceived at once that it appertained to the domain, and was probably used as a lodging place for the interior class of the servants. The light which she had observed proceeded from a lower apartment of the building, and the window in which it was placed was thrown open.

She now advanced with considerable caution, for she caught the faint buzz of voices through the open window; as she approached more closely she perceived some tall shrubs growing near it, among which she thought she might conceal herself, and at once discover the speakers and so far overheard their conversation as to judge whether it related in any way to herself, or whether the persons conversing were such as she might venture to implore for assistance in her escape. At some little distance from this building she perceived a massive gateway surmounted by stag's heads, the cognizance of Sir Philip Wynyard. Cautionally did Lucy now steal among the shrubs, fearing even the sound of her own breath, or the light rustling of the wind among the leaves. But what was her horror when in looking through the branches she beheld lying on a pallet near the window the form of the detestable Ralph Adams himself. He was conversing with a person who sat on a low stool near his couch; the head of this person was turned away, but by the light of a lamp that stood upon a table near the pallet, Lucy perceived the glare of gratified malice that glinted in the eyes of Ralph, and flushed his generally sallow cheek. The whole tenor of his conversation she could not catch, but the name of Henry Willoughton dwelt on with the intensity of hatred, more than once met her ear. The poor girl's heart sickened at the sound, what evils might not be preparing both for herself and that adored being, the beloved of her innocent soul, if the unutterably low and malignant wretch before her were permitted to have a voice in their fate. Nor were her terrors lessened when on a slight movement of the person to whom Ralph spoke she obtained a glimpse of his features, and recognized those of Sir Philip Wynyard; his face, like that of Adam's, was flushed, and remote as was the position of Lucy, she could perceive as the light of the lamp played upon his countenance the momentary knitting of his brow, and his teeth set firmly upon his nether lip. Again was the name of Henry Willoughton repeated, and Lucy fancied that she beheld Sir Philip's brow grow even darker at that word. Her only thought now was to escape from the dangerous vicinity upon which she had so unwittingly intruded. If the rustling of a leaf alarmed her even on her approach to that building, how did she tremble at the sound of her own light movements, when she thus perceived that it sheltered the monster of ingratitude to whom she might impute all the perils of her situation. Most ardently did poor Lucy wish that she had not approached the fatal light, the will-o'-the-wisp as it had proved, which had only increased her difficulties, for, alas, there was no way to reach the garden boundary, but by passing the window of the apartment which contained her two direst foes, one of whom was at the very moment she might well surmise from the repetition of her lover's name, inciting the other to still greater injustice towards herself. Should she steal back through the brake, and retracing her steps down the avenue of elms endeavor to find some other boundary of the garden?—No; she shrank in terror from that attempt, for she saw, from the position of the apartment, that were Sir Philip to rise from his seat he must inevitably perceive her if then passing down the avenue. There was nothing then but a bold attempt to pass the window, for should she linger till daybreak in the garden her chance of flight would be no more, for it was probable that Euphrasia, or some other of the female servants would then be sent to the apartment in which she had been confined. With a palpitating heart did Lucy steal from the friendly covert, fearing not only the rustling of the leaves, but the very fall of the lingering rain-drops, which were swept from them by the passing breeze. One of the smooth, velvet-like lawns in which the garden abounded, lay beneath the window of the chamber occupied by Ralph. Could she not seize a moment when Sir Philip might again turn away his head. His miscreant associate was, she could see, too much occupied in venting his malevolence and enjoying its effect, to turn his eyes a moment from the countenance of the knight; and her light footsteps would not be heard upon the short, wet turf. The favorable moment arrived—Sir Philip again bent down his head to catch the words of Ralph, for the present strength of the latter was by no means commensurate with his malice, and the writings of pain had more than once distorted his features while Lucy was stationed in the thicket, and his voice then sank to a low and ineffective murmur. She had already crept to the very verge of the copse, and now stood within a few paces of the window, prepared the moment that Sir Philip turned his head to run past it.

That moment she fondly conceived had now arrived, and fleetly, but noiselessly, she darted from her place of concealment, her heart bounding at once with the fear of apprehension and the hope of escape; but that moment the short, angry bark of a dog met her ears, and a small black terrier which had been lying unperceived by her within the ell, sprang from it upon the lawn below, and seized the dress of the heart-stricken fugitive between its teeth. Lucy had an instinctive terror of dogs, yet she retained sufficient command over her feelings, a sense strong enough of the more imminent perils that threatened her to suppress the scream that struggled for utterance in her throat. But her heroism was exerted in vain—the bark and action of the dog had roused the attention both of Sir Philip and Ralph, the former of whom caught a glimpse of Lucy's white garments as she fled past the window, and with a loud malignant cry warned Sir Philip of her attempted escape. The knight immediately leaped from the window; it was in vain that Lucy who had now extricated herself from the dog, attempted to fly, her trembling limbs refusing to support her, and in another minute she found herself sinking in the grasp of Sir Philip, upon whose countenance she now witnessed the traces of a darker feeling than that of mere disappointed vanity. The poison of Ralph Adams had worked its due effect, and unutterable fears rose in the mind of the desolate Lucy, as she gazed up into the face of Sir Philip, stern with the violence of contending passions. Sir Philip was in some respects now to vice; he had shared in the common profligacies of the young nobles of the day, but he had not until now ventured upon, or rather been provoked to any act of very glaring immorality or injustice. This, however, rose less perhaps from the absence of a very evil will in Sir Philip, than from the facility with which he had been hitherto able to gratify all his inclinations.

Vanity, not love, as we have already stated, had led to his abduction of Lucy Fenton. It was vanity made him determine to press his suit upon the maiden, to whom he found that he was at least an object of indifference; and vanity now made him jealous of Henry Willoughton, who had been declared by Ralph Adams to be the very idol of Lucy's heart. Sir Philip was resolved that the perverse maiden who could despise his devotion should not indulge for another the preference which she denied to him. It was due to his insulted vanity to make Lucy miserable, and accordingly he forced her back to his dwelling with little gentleness of manner, and less of words.

"Wretch, unworthy of the rank of which you make so vain a boast," said the weeping Lucy, "pollute not the name of Henry Willoughton with thine unhalloved breath. In his pride of birth, he would scorn to stoop to a mean or dishonorable action; where he loves, does he delight to honor, and proud was I in the hope of becoming his wife, for the love of such a noble spirit is a thing to make a woman proud. Could thy vile profligacy ever have been in my heart balanced against the loyal affection of the noble Willoughton, thy present conduct would fill my soul with horror and disgust. Oh, little knowing of the female heart, when did tyranny or cruelty win a way to its affections?" "This will, most insolent and obdurate maiden!" said Sir Philip, "since thou art so faithful, so truly devoted to thy lover, thou shalt have full time to meditate on his perfections, nor will I be so discourteous as to intrude my company too much on a maiden who has so truly told me that she likes it not; thou shalt have from me but one visit in the day; thy churlishness will not sure deny to thine entertainer an interview to inquire how so fair a guest likes her entertainment. And for this Willoughton, we shall see to him. The man has dwelt much abroad, and the country is but too full of spies of foreign Papists, intent, the Ministers of her Grace do not doubt, upon some fell design against her sacred life. What know we but that there is such a spy in this Willoughton. A word to Cecil will arm his penetration, or rouse the ever watchful loyalty of the trusty Walsingham. To their notice, gentle damsel, will I forthwith commend thy friend, this highly vaunted Willoughton."

"Barbarian!" said Lucy, who was stung to agony by this concluding threat. "Ah, exercise what cruelty thou wilt on me, but destroy not with thy base and false insinuations one of the best and bravest gentlemen who ever graced a Christian land!" "Surely thy pleading in his favor shall win for him a bountiful portion of grace, sweet maiden!" said Sir Philip, bitterly.

Having now reached the house, he rudely thrust Lucy into a small and meanly furnished room, and tauntingly bidding her exert her ingenuity on a new escape, withdrew, locking the door after him. But an escape, had the desolate girl had the spirit to attempt it, would have been impossible, for the only window of the apartment was grated. She was not left long to indulge her melancholy reflections—the door opened, and a grey-headed servant of Sir Philip presented himself; in one hand he bore a lamp and in the other a bunch of keys. Unlike the kind-hearted Gilbert, the appearance of this man was starchy, sour and Puritanical. His lank hair was combed straight over his forehead, the blue and tawny liveries of Sir Philip were worn by him with all possible primness, and his whining tone, and downcast eyes at once bespoke him one of the most zealous of the Reformers. With considerable asperity he bade Lucy follow him, for he had been told the girl was a Papist, and he thought the roof of his master endangered by sheltering one of that abhorred crew, even though it was as a hardly used prisoner. With tottering limbs and sinking heart she rose to obey him; through many a stately gallery and obscure passage did he lead her, till they arrived at the foot of a flight of narrow winding stone stairs. At the summit of this staircase the servant paused, and unlocked a door thickly barred and studded with iron, he discovered a small circular cell, built in one of those fantastic turrets of the mansion, which seemed, from their profusion of strange ornaments, when seen from the exterior, to be designed rather for show than for use. The girl shrunk back as Clement, the old servant, bade her enter this dreary apartment, but he observing her reluctance, seized her roughly by the arm, pushed her down a couple of stone steps at the entrance, and immediately withdrew, mingling his more than muttered execrations against all Papists and idolaters, whether male or female, with the harsh sound of the grating bolts and ponderous key, which confined the poor prisoner to that dismal cell. As the last footsteps of her merciless jailer died upon the staircase, in spite of bruises and fatigue, the unhappy Lucy raised herself on her elbow to survey her new prison.

The grey, melancholy light of the early morning pouring through the bars of the single-grated window, displayed all the dreariness of her miserable room. She perceived at once that were she long confined there, she might look for death as a sure release from her woes; for delicately nurtured as she had been, she felt that she could not live in such an abode. The stone walls were not only green with moisture, but in many places she could sweep the humid drops from them with her hand. The window being partly open, the keen morning wind whistled between the massive bars, and chilled the frame of the captive, already sinking under suffering and fatigue. The only furniture of the cell consisted in a heap of straw, intended probably for the prisoner's bed, and a joint stool, upon climbing which Lucy was enabled to gain a glimpse of the gardens and the country beyond. In the now fast increasing light, she perceived at some little distance the ivy-clad towers of some venerable building embosomed in trees; this was, in fact, the royal palace of Eitham. Immediately beneath the turret in which Lucy was confined, an embankment of soft turf shelved from one of the stately terraces that decorated the garden, and spread into a spacious lawn, dotted here and there by a statue, or the more grotesque form of some tall holly or hawthorn, clipped and cut into a strange, uncouth resemblance of the human figure; this lawn was terminated by an artificial lake. The sunbeams had now pierced through the grey clouds, and tipped with a golden red the distant towers of the palace, while more near they dispelled the blue mist that hung over the garden, darted in long lines of light between the branches of the tall trees, as they waved gently in the morning gale, and tinted the rippling bosom of the lake with a thousand magical colorings; while the birds began their gay song, fluttering in sad contrast to her state, past the window of the hapless prisoner. She looked at the poor warblers, and the contrast was too bitter; she could scarcely believe her own identity, she who had been so cherished, so beloved. Where was her cousin Gertrude, her father, her uncle, and he, even dearer than them all; oh, what agony would be theirs could they behold her desolate condition, what agony was theirs in horrible uncertainty as to her fate. Was she to die

Henry Willoughton dwelt on with the intensity of hatred, more than once met her ear. The poor girl's heart sickened at the sound, what evils might not be preparing both for herself and that adored being, the beloved of her innocent soul, if the unutterably low and malignant wretch before her were permitted to have a voice in their fate. Nor were her terrors lessened when on a slight movement of the person to whom Ralph spoke she obtained a glimpse of his features, and recognized those of Sir Philip Wynyard; his face, like that of Adam's, was flushed, and remote as was the position of Lucy, she could perceive as the light of the lamp played upon his countenance the momentary knitting of his brow, and his teeth set firmly upon his nether lip. Again was the name of Henry Willoughton repeated, and Lucy fancied that she beheld Sir Philip's brow grow even darker at that word. Her only thought now was to escape from the dangerous vicinity upon which she had so unwittingly intruded. If the rustling of a leaf alarmed her even on her approach to that building, how did she tremble at the sound of her own light movements, when she thus perceived that it sheltered the monster of ingratitude to whom she might impute all the perils of her situation. Most ardently did poor Lucy wish that she had not approached the fatal light, the will-o'-the-wisp as it had proved, which had only increased her difficulties, for, alas, there was no way to reach the garden boundary, but by passing the window of the apartment which contained her two direst foes, one of whom was at the very moment she might well surmise from the repetition of her lover's name, inciting the other to still greater injustice towards herself. Should she steal back through the brake, and retracing her steps down the avenue of elms endeavor to find some other boundary of the garden?—No; she shrank in terror from that attempt, for she saw, from the position of the apartment, that were Sir Philip to rise from his seat he must inevitably perceive her if then passing down the avenue. There was nothing then but a bold attempt to pass the window, for should she linger till daybreak in the garden her chance of flight would be no more, for it was probable that Euphrasia, or some other of the female servants would then be sent to the apartment in which she had been confined. With a palpitating heart did Lucy steal from the friendly covert, fearing not only the rustling of the leaves, but the very fall of the lingering rain-drops, which were swept from them by the passing breeze. One of the smooth, velvet-like lawns in which the garden abounded, lay beneath the window of the chamber occupied by Ralph. Could she not seize a moment when Sir Philip might again turn away his head. His miscreant associate was, she could see, too much occupied in venting his malevolence and enjoying its effect, to turn his eyes a moment from the countenance of the knight; and her light footsteps would not be heard upon the short, wet turf. The favorable moment arrived—Sir Philip again bent down his head to catch the words of Ralph, for the present strength of the latter was by no means commensurate with his malice, and the writings of pain had more than once distorted his features while Lucy was stationed in the thicket, and his voice then sank to a low and ineffective murmur. She had already crept to the very verge of the copse, and now stood within a few paces of the window, prepared the moment that Sir Philip turned his head to run past it.

That moment she fondly conceived had now arrived, and fleetly, but noiselessly, she darted from her place of concealment, her heart bounding at once with the fear of apprehension and the hope of escape; but that moment the short, angry bark of a dog met her ears, and a small black terrier which had been lying unperceived by her within the ell, sprang from it upon the lawn below, and seized the dress of the heart-stricken fugitive between its teeth. Lucy had an instinctive terror of dogs, yet she retained sufficient command over her feelings, a sense strong enough of the more imminent perils that threatened her to suppress the scream that struggled for utterance in her throat. But her heroism was exerted in vain—the bark and action of the dog had roused the attention both of Sir Philip and Ralph, the former of whom caught a glimpse of Lucy's white garments as she fled past the window, and with a loud malignant cry warned Sir Philip of her attempted escape. The knight immediately leaped from the window; it was in vain that Lucy who had now extricated herself from the dog, attempted to fly, her trembling limbs refusing to support her, and in another minute she found herself sinking in the grasp of Sir Philip, upon whose countenance she now witnessed the traces of a darker feeling than that of mere disappointed vanity. The poison of Ralph Adams had worked its due effect, and unutterable fears rose in the mind of the desolate Lucy, as she gazed up into the face of Sir Philip, stern with the violence of contending passions. Sir Philip was in some respects now to vice; he had shared in the common profligacies of the young nobles of the day, but he had not until now ventured upon, or rather been provoked to any act of very glaring immorality or injustice. This, however, rose less perhaps from the absence of a very evil will in Sir Philip, than from the facility with which he had been hitherto able to gratify all his inclinations.

Vanity, not love, as we have already stated, had led to his abduction of Lucy Fenton. It was vanity made him determine to press his suit upon the maiden, to whom he found that he was at least an object of indifference; and vanity now made him jealous of Henry Willoughton, who had been declared by Ralph Adams to be the very idol of Lucy's heart. Sir Philip was resolved that the perverse maiden who could despise his devotion should not indulge for another the preference which she denied to him. It was due to his insulted vanity to make Lucy miserable, and accordingly he forced her back to his dwelling with little gentleness of manner, and less of words.

"Wretch, unworthy of the rank of which you make so vain a boast," said the weeping Lucy, "pollute not the name of Henry Willoughton with thine unhalloved breath. In his pride of birth, he would scorn to stoop to a mean or dishonorable action; where he loves, does he delight to honor, and proud was I in the hope of becoming his wife, for the love of such a noble spirit is a thing to make a woman proud. Could thy vile profligacy ever have been in my heart balanced against the loyal affection of the noble Willoughton, thy present conduct would fill my soul with horror and disgust. Oh, little knowing of the female heart, when did tyranny or cruelty win a way to its affections?" "This will, most insolent and obdurate maiden!" said Sir Philip, "since thou art so faithful, so truly devoted to thy lover, thou shalt have full time to meditate on his perfections, nor will I be so discourteous as to intrude my company too much on a maiden who has so truly told me that she likes it not; thou shalt have from me but one visit in the day; thy churlishness will not sure deny to thine entertainer an interview to inquire how so fair a guest likes her entertainment. And for this Willoughton, we shall see to him. The man has dwelt much abroad, and the country is but too full of spies of foreign Papists, intent, the Ministers of her Grace do not doubt, upon some fell design against her sacred life. What know we but that there is such a spy in this Willoughton. A word to Cecil will arm his penetration, or rouse the ever watchful loyalty of the trusty Walsingham. To their notice, gentle damsel, will I forthwith commend thy friend, this highly vaunted Willoughton."

"Barbarian!" said Lucy, who was stung to agony by this concluding threat. "Ah, exercise what cruelty thou wilt on me, but destroy not with thy base and false insinuations one of the best and bravest gentlemen who ever graced a Christian land!" "Surely thy pleading in his favor shall win for him a bountiful portion of grace, sweet maiden!" said Sir Philip, bitterly.

Having now reached the house, he rudely thrust Lucy into a small and meanly furnished room, and tauntingly bidding her exert her ingenuity on a new escape, withdrew, locking the door after him. But an escape, had the desolate girl had the spirit to attempt it, would have been impossible, for the only window of the apartment was grated. She was not left long to indulge her melancholy reflections—the door opened, and a grey-headed servant of Sir Philip presented himself; in one hand he bore a lamp and in the other a bunch of keys. Unlike the kind-hearted Gilbert, the appearance of this man was starchy, sour and Puritanical. His lank hair was combed straight over his forehead, the blue and tawny liveries of Sir Philip were worn by him with all possible primness, and his whining tone, and downcast eyes at once bespoke him one of the most zealous of the Reformers. With considerable asperity he bade Lucy follow him, for he had been told the girl was a Papist, and he thought the roof of his master endangered by sheltering one of that abhorred crew, even though it was as a hardly used prisoner. With tottering limbs and sinking heart she rose to obey him; through many a stately gallery and obscure passage did he lead her, till they arrived at the foot of a flight of narrow winding stone stairs. At the summit of this staircase the servant paused, and unlocked a door thickly barred and studded with iron, he discovered a small circular cell, built in one of those fantastic turrets of the mansion, which seemed, from their profusion of strange ornaments, when seen from the exterior, to be designed rather for show than for use. The girl shrunk back as Clement, the old servant, bade her enter this dreary apartment, but he observing her reluctance, seized her roughly by the arm, pushed her down a couple of stone steps at the entrance, and immediately withdrew, mingling his more than muttered execrations against all Papists and idolaters, whether male or female, with the harsh sound of the grating bolts and ponderous key, which confined the poor prisoner to that dismal cell. As the last footsteps of her merciless jailer died upon the staircase, in spite of bruises and fatigue, the unhappy Lucy raised herself on her elbow to survey her new prison.

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in that dreadful prison, the victim of Sir Philip's mean vanity and yet meager revenge? Or did he—she shuddered at the thought—reserve her for a yet worse fate. "But that," murmured Lucy, "shall never be; sooner should my own hand terminate my wretched life. Gertrude, dear Gertrude, how often has she smiled at my irresolution, and at my fears; yet she may find, in my resolution, that I, like herself, could dare death rather than shame."

Where, too, was Euphrasia? That strange mysterious being, whose language and manner had at first filled her with alarm. Oh! it would have been now a blessing to look upon her face, fraught as its beauty was with the wild and terrible secrets of its possessor's passions. Yet still, it was a woman's face, and to look upon a woman's face would have been to Lucy a heavenly comfort now; she could have clung, in the destitution of her soul, to the fearful Euphrasia as though she had been the cherished sister, the friend who had loved her from her birth.

Euphrasia, however, came not. The trembling limbs of Lucy would no longer support her at the window, and, alike exhausted in body and mind—faint, bruised, weary, and broken-hearted—she sunk upon her couch of straw to weep.

CHAPTER VII.

We have scotched the snake, not killed it. She'll close and be herself, while our poor malice remains in danger of her former tooth.

Shakespeare.

Pages from the miserable prison of the humble and unhappy Lucy Fenton to an apartment royally furnished in the palace of Whitehall. It was a pleasant as well as a stately room. There was an air of lightness in the rich tracery of the many mulioned windows and the somewhat fantastic but profuse carvings of the oak cornices. The windows, too, were large, lofty, and numerous, and there was a cheerful look in the smooth, bowling green, the banks of turf, and trim out hedges of the garden which stretched before them. The hangings were wrought with the adventures of King Arthur; the colors were of the most vivid and beautiful description; and the dresses of the figures occasionally shot with silver and gold thread. At the upper end of this room was a superb canopy of crimson velvet, richly fringed with gold, and extending over a raised platform covered with a fine fustian of scarlet, and supporting a chair of state, the cushion of which was of crimson velvet, the arms and legs elaborately carved and gilt, and the back, which like the cushion, was of crimson velvet, richly embroidered with the English arms. In this chair sat Queen Elizabeth. She was superbly attired in an enormous hood farthingale of cloth of silver, a huge ruff encircled her throat, and she wore a caruncet and stomacher of diamonds, her mantle was of white printed satin, with a long train lined with rose-colored taffeta, and trimmed round with pink topaz buttons. Upon her head she wore a small circlet of emeralds from which depended a long veil of silver tissue falling over her shoulders.

Near the Queen's chair stood a table covered like a platform, with scarlet cloth; other chairs less richly ornamented were on either side of it, but one only was at present occupied. The fine features and rich attire of the person at once denoted the Earl of Leicester. His countenance, however, bore at that moment an impression not only of thought, but of absolute anxiety, and his eye, though he spoke not, was bent often upon the Queen, with a look of impatience lurking in every glance. This passed unnoticed on the part of Elizabeth, who sat with her hands resting on her knees, her eyes cast down, and an expression of discontent very visible in her countenance. At length wearied by her silence, Leicester spoke.

"Would it please your Grace to act upon these well-grounded suspicions?"

"It would please us," said Elizabeth, angrily, "to be allowed one day of peace. God wot, we know not which is the most irksome, the cares of our counsellors for our person, who would fain make us prisoners in our own palace, or such villain attempts as that of yesterday, when a real danger threatened us, and these same trusty counsellors stood by to let the traitor's bullet find a lodging in our breast."

"And your Grace will not summon the Deace to your Court? I have good reason to believe that he has been in London, and your Highness cannot require to be told that he unduly favors the cause of the Queen of Scots."

"At those words a flush spread suddenly over the brow of Elizabeth, and rising from her seat, she stamped her foot violently on the platform.

"Never, never!" she cried, in a tone of mingled grief and anger; "never are we to know peace while that wretched woman lives. Oh, that she had died of the fever which seized her at Jedburgh, or that long before the dark waves had swept over her on her return to the land of her birth. Alas, alas! but for her might we not reign beloved in the hearts of our subjects? but her name has put rancour in the cup of their loyalty, and turned the swords which should defend their Sovereign to traitor daggers that would pierce her heart."

"I marvel most," said Leicester, in a low and cautious tone, as though he feared the effect of his own words upon Elizabeth; "I marvel most that your Majesty should suffer your merciful heart to combat the dictates of your most lucid judgment. These perpetual anxieties had been ended long ago would your Grace but have hearkened to the advice of the most faithful among your servants."

"Faithful servants!" said Elizabeth, passionately; "aye, could I boast of such servants as the Queen of Scots has ever had at the art or the good fortune to obtain, my cares had indeed been ended long ago, but I, foresooth, have only in my service a pack of squeamish, self-seeking fellows, more prompt to annoy their mistress with the whispers of their own cowardly apprehensions than to free her, by a loyal interference of their own, from an absolute danger. Could you but commend me to such a servant, then, Leicester, thou wert indeed a worthy counsellor."

The eyes of the favorite sunk under the searching look with which the Queen accompanied these words; and there was a certain hesitation in the tone of his reply.

"Were your Majesty true to the more stern and royal portion of your nature, ill would it be if there were a slackening of zeal in your servants. But who shall dare to obey those commands issued one hour under the influence of your wisdom, when they are in the next recalled and censured by the softness of your heart?"

A smile of bitter scorn curled the lip of Elizabeth as the Earl thus spoke; and in a voice of fierce derision she replied:

"Oh, soft heart, to which we have indeed yielded too much; and wise counsellors, who would thrust our hand into the scorpion's nest, where they will not venture their own. Beshink you, gracious Lord, if the heart of Elizabeth Tudor have indeed so much of womanish softness, well may it recoil from the hard task which such severe and just counsellors as yourself are so eager to propose. Would that our maiden hand sufficed in the blood of a kinswoman and sister Queen, our name buried with the stain of treachery? Oh, they are right loyal counsellors who will not spare us such extremes as these!"

At this moment entered Lord Burleigh and Sir Francis Walsingham. Their looks were grave, and they seated themselves in silence at the council table.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

"How much did he leave?" inquired a gentleman of a wag, on learning the death of a wealthy citizen. "Everything," responded the wag; "he didn't take a dollar with him."

THE HOME RULE ARGUMENT.

REPLY TO LORD HARTINGTON.

"PROSPERITY" COMPARED.

Is Ireland Held by Force?

A CHALLENGE TO A TEST!

(From the Dublin Nation.)

Subjoined is the official report, from Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, of the speech delivered in the Home Rule debate in the House of Commons by Mr. A. M. Sullivan; no report of which was given in our pages at the time:—

Sir—It is very necessary to be remembered that in this debate the Irish members are not pleading before a tribunal the judgment of which can be held to be independent, or the decision of which can fairly be accepted upon the merits of the case. To accuse a man to himself, to ask of him a verdict upon his own actions, is hardly to consult an impartial authority. And just so do we stand here to-night in this debate—60 men before 500; but 60 men, almost two-thirds of the representatives of the Irish nation, to plead this case, not before an impartial tribunal, but before the representatives of the nation that has done us the wrong. ("No, no!") I do not say not impartial as imputing anything against your fair dispositions to hear our case, and judge it as fairly as men may be expected to judge their own wrong-doing. I confide largely in your good-natured desire to understand our demand; but I do say, human nature being just what it is—that is to say, not being angelic nature, but human nature—you cannot call yourselves, nor can I, with sincerity, call you—being, as you are, one of the parties in the suit, being the defendants in the case—an impartial tribunal to try this great international issue between your land and ours. On the very threshold, I desire this matter clearly understood and well remembered. I want it understood that I address myself not to my judges, but that I accuse my wrongers; glad, indeed, to let their reply and my accusations be weighed by public opinion—the public opinion of the world; but quite refusing to let the decision of the accused judge the merits of the case I plead. The front benches—at least the subordinates of the front benches on either side—have, apparently, competed in eagerness to combat the Irish demand. We understand all this. It is a part of the game of parties. Until a cause is understood to be a winning cause—a cause out of the support of which more political capital is to be made than out of its resistance—your outs and ins will each seek to fasten on the other, or each seek to thrust from themselves the imputation of befriending it. And so we have seen the rivalry between a converted Irishman on the Treasury bench and an English nobleman on the ex-Ministerial bench; such a rivalry as many questions, once decided, but subsequently supported, called forth between the same political parties. It was all the more necessary, I suppose, for the noble marquis to make such a strong speech against the Irish demand, because his leader, the late prime minister, in some of those oracular utterances for which he is famous, is alleged by his political antagonists to have said something which, according to the light in which it is viewed, might mean Home Rule, or Imperial Rule, or neither—

Perhaps the Liberal chief is, in this case as in others, the present statesman of the future, who desires to keep the future open; or, perhaps, our cause is deemed so weak just yet, that a lieutenant is put up to clear his chief of suspicion of favouring us. Be this as it may, I heard with admiration, for its ability, the speech of the noble marquis. I think it was almost the only speech as yet delivered in this debate that really touched our case so as to call for serious answer. There was one portion of it, however, which was certainly unstatesmanlike. A real statesman, in these days, in combating a change, will carefully avoid the word "never." Never! It is a formidable word. We members for Ireland have heard the noble lord's dread ultimatum "never," and are in no way disquieted. And I will tell him why. It is because we have heard that ultimatum, that same word before, in reference to Irish demands, and we know what came of it. So the word does not hurt us, though it may harm greatly the party of which the noble lord is a member. He alluded to what he called the almost hopeless exclusion of his party from office, as lending disinterestedness to this wondrous eager attack upon us. Perhaps it throws the light the other way. Be that as it may I can tell him that, whatever might have been the hopelessness of that party attaining to office before his speech this evening, it has been made a bitter reality for many a long day now. He tells us our demand can "never" be granted. The people of Ireland will only laugh when they recollect—it is within the memory of most of those who sit around me at this moment—a momentous occasion, upon which not merely the son of a duke, but the son of a king, and the brother of the reigning sovereign, used that same word of Catholic Emancipation, and clinched it with an oath:—"My lords, this bill shall never pass; so help me God!" said York. The incident is within our own memory; the words are on public record. Well, the Irish people lived through, and triumphed over the "never" of the royal duke; they will live through, and triumph over the "never" of the noble marquis. We do not believe in any "never" in this business, as availing to put us down. All we care for is to be morally and politically right; and, being in the right, we face the future confidently. We do not come here to propose any novel scheme for altering ancient constitutional usage. We do not come here to plead about a plan for pleasing a county or a score of counties. We do not come here to debate, as it were, a bill—that is, an ordinary bill, in reference to which the House rightly puts the promoters of the innovation on their proof that the new Act will be better than the old. No; we deny that we are called upon to project our claim from that level, for ours is not a question between counties and counties, or between a school of reforming theorists and the nation at large. No; ours is the ancient constitutional and indefeasible claim of a nation to their birthright—a right which they never surrendered—a right wrested from them by terrorism and intimidation the most brutal, and by corruption the most flagitious—a right the illegal overthrow of which they have never sanctioned or condoned, and with which they are to-day equitably and morally as fully endowed as before that crime had been done. That is our case. And what is yours? Two of our positions are not disputed.—It is, of course, admitted that Ireland possessed these independent legislative rights, which, with some modifications suggested by the growth of new and common interests, we now demand in her name. It is not denied that she was some 74 years ago deprived of those rights, by scandalous and immoral means, by force and by fraud. So much, you say, is granted; but if it be then I say our whole case is granted. For take any case you like in everyday life. Take an election to this House. Do you not here, in this House, every session apply the doctrine that corruption or intimidation vitiates an election? You say the constituency has not chosen freely or legally, and you quash the election and declare it null and void. Well, is the election of a single member of parliament of more importance than the question of abolishing a national legislature altogether? Will you tell me that the question of whether the Whig Mr. Brown or the Tory Mr. Jones is returned for a small borough to this House, is of greater moment than the life or death of a nation, the extinction of its legislature, the abrogation of its autonomy? Why, you know the thing

is too absurd, too ridiculous, too monstrous for serious argument. You would not allow a man to take his seat in this House, you would not declare his election for ever illegal, for the millionth part of the fraud, corruption, and intimidation by which the Irish constitution was overthrown in 1800. So, we say then, the act was vitiated from the first—was never legitimated. The protests of the Irish nation have ever kept the claim alive; and as you cannot plead against us the effect of mere force and violence by you in our own wrong, we stand here to-day as if the act were only an hour-old.—In view of these facts, we simply decline to occupy ourselves with some of the petty points raised in some of the speeches made this evening—as, for instance, the speech of the Attorney-General for Ireland, one half of which answered the other. He told us of fifty petitions presented eighty or ninety years ago to the Irish House of Commons. Why, petitions far more absurd are presented here in our own day. "Oh, but," says the right hon. gentleman, "it is only in an assembly like this, by coming in contact with Englishmen, Irish members can become great statesmen." Well, consider the Irishman, who rose to fame in the Irish legislature, and consider the Irishman who has had this wondrous advantage of mixing here with Englishmen. I look across the House this moment to survey on the Treasury bench or elsewhere the superiors of the men whose names will never die. Well, I see an Irish Attorney-General. Once an Irish Attorney-General appeared in this House—he had made his fame in an Irish parliament. Oh, what a giant he! While now, under the system of all those "advantages"—well—what shall I say? Oh, what a falling off is here! I shall moderately content myself with merely stating that with all those advantages of contact with statesmen in this arena, we have not another Plunket in the Attorney-General for Ireland. The noble marquis occupied himself considerably and with undoubted ability in imagining or suggesting the possible difficulties or inconveniences in way of our demand.—We do not undertake those difficulties, though they may be exaggerated. We candidly say, yes, there will be many difficulties to be solved; but we say their solution is not beyond the capacity of British statesmen. I answer all these ingenious puzzles and difficulties of the noble marquis by the words of his now absent chief, who, in this House a few months ago, said that if it were once shown that the concession of Home Rule were advisable, he would be a poor statesman who could not readily devise the means for satisfactorily settling those details. In this there spoke out the mind of a statesman; and it is common sense, too. Let us only agree upon the other portion of the case, and this will not bar us long. Let us only in good faith and good feeling approach the question of Ireland's title to these rights, and many a seeming difficulty will melt into air. I appeal then to the House to rise to a higher level, and to deal with the main principles of the question, and not to waste its time peddling over paltry quibbles and petty details which no true statesman believes would stand a moment in the way, once you found such a solution of the case necessary for Ireland, for England, and for the empire. We have heard wonders about Ireland's prosperity since the Union. Fallacious comparisons have been used—the Ireland of 1790 being compared with the Ireland of 1874—and the system of London legislation has been coolly credited with all the result. To be sure, Ireland has grown and progressed something from where she stood ninety years ago; but does that prove she has progressed in a natural healthful ratio of improvement? Why, Mrs. Harriette Winslow, the celebrated English baby-farmer, would be vindicated by such a line of argument, instead of being condemned to death for cruelty. "Here," she might say, "is a child of two years; when you gave it to me twenty-three months ago it weighed only nine pounds, and now it weighs fully fifteen. It measures fully three inches more in length, and it can almost walk." And all that was true of some of the children whom she was punished for starving nevertheless. Yet the child's mother would, I am sure, say, the real question was not had the child grown so much, but ought it to have grown much more if it had been as fully fed and as truly cared for as if it were under a mother's care? So with all this talk about Ireland's progress and prosperity since the days of the Irish parliament. We ought not to compare Ireland of 1782 with Ireland of 1874 absolutely; but rather compare the progress of Ireland between 1782 and 1795—when the English minister once more got our legislature under his influence—with the progress of Ireland from 1800 to 1874. We challenge you to that comparison—the true comparison—or compare the England of 1782 with the England of 1874, and compare the Ireland of 1782 with the Ireland of 1874. We challenge you to that comparison. I myself have made, I have as far as I was able, looked into the facts and figures of that comparison, and what does it show? Why, that wherever Ireland's prosperity was doubled, England was at least quintupled, and in many instances increased twenty-fold; and wherever Ireland's had quadrupled, England's had increased more than twenty-five fold. I invite hon. gentlemen to grapple with this state of facts if they can. In truth, in this rich and fair land of yours, the accumulation of capital within the past seventy years has almost surpassed comprehension. Contrast it with the measure of advance Ireland has been able to make in chains ("oh!"). Men who make only a superficial study of this question are always profuse with statistics of the many excellent things Ireland has now, when in the days of an Irish Parliament were unknown; as if that necessarily discredited an Irish legislature. The hon. member for the Tower Hamlets (Mr. Ritchie) was overflowing with such statistics this evening. Why, I can considerably help him in that line. He forgot to parade for us how many post-office telegraph stations Ireland has now, whereas she had not one in 1782. The hon. gentleman could have made a grand point out of so many millions of postage stamps sold now in Ireland, and not one at all in the time of our own parliament. But really, was not this sort of thing very small? The Rule of the Imperial Parliament might as well be credited with the general progress of the world, and with all the improvements flowing from the application of steam and electricity. All the world has been moving in those seventy years; and England has certainly been proudly foremost in the advance. The question then is not—Does Ireland stand now where she did seventy-four years ago; but where does she stand relatively with England, or with Home Ruled Belgium, in their rate of progression? In truth there is a graver issue than all this, at best. It is not a question of postage stamps or telegraph stations, or exports or imports, or more or less pigs and oxen, though all these have their weight. The true question for a ministry responsible to the Sovereign for the safety of the realm, and for the contentment and happiness of her people, is—Are you governing Ireland against her will? Is the Irish nation discontented or satisfied? A prosperous and educated, but disaffected, nation is more dangerous any day than a poverty-stricken, ignorant and discontented nation. There never was a more dangerous fallacy than that Ireland, if prosperous, would be contented with subjection. It used to be said in the powerful journals of this country that as the Irish farmer and citizen rose to comfort, his ideas of political regeneration and his love of nationality would pass away. I will ask hon. members on my own side of the House, what has been their experience at the late elections in Ireland? Exactly as a county or district was prosperous or well to do, there the cause of Home Rule triumphed.—"No, no!" and "yes, yes!" and an hon. member—"Ulster!" Oh! I will deal with the inevitable Ulster by and by. I state a fact which is within the knowledge and experience of scores of hon. gentlemen here, that where the peo-

ple were poor and struggling, the Home Rule cause was most weak, and was most boldly attacked; whereas, in the rich and prosperous counties of Meath, Westmeath, Limerick, Cork, Tipperary, Queen's County, King's County, Louth, and such places, the Home Rule majorities were largest, or else no opposition to Home Rule was attempted; for the passion for nationality was found to be imperishably implanted in the breasts of the people. As a people progress in education and increase in comfort, the less will they tolerate subjection or wrong. The great question, then, for this House is—whether it is ruling Ireland in accordance with the will and desire of the Irish people? ("Yes, yes!"—"No, no!"—Well, assertions are cheap, being easily made; but what test will hon. members who have "yes, yes!" so ready—what test, I say, will they be satisfied to take? Will they be satisfied with a vote of the population, as Bonapartists are ready to take in France? Was there any one year any one month or day, since 1800, wherein or whereupon you would have dared to take a vote of the Irish people on your rule in that country? Not one; no, not one. Oh! but in such a case you will; no doubt, find some grand excuses—some great faults with a plebiscite. You found none with it, however, when even a base parody of a plebiscite was declared by you all sufficient to overthrow the rule of the Sovereign Pontiff, and create this new power called Italy. Well, but if you will not have a plebiscite, what else will you have—what other way will you seek the verdict? Will you take the voice of the municipalities, or other elective bodies? No; you will find some other reason for shunning this. But, I say again, tell us what resort or process you hold to be efficacious for ascertaining a nation's will? We, on our part, say, "Try it." Will you take the Parliamentary representation of the kingdom? At the last general election, for the first time, the electors, having the shield of the ballot, could freely declare their will. And how have they expressed it? By returning an overwhelming majority of Home Rulers. The majority of Home Rulers in the Irish representation is proportionately far larger than the majority which enables right hon. gentlemen opposite to speak for and to rule the British empire. Would the parliamentary vote of Ireland be taken on this question? One of the greatest of your public authorities in the press—the Times—has told us that the merits or demerits of a governmental rule is a question solely for the nation ruled by it to decide, and not for those who impose that rule, or for those who are outside of its operation. That was propounded for another case, to be sure; but we claim its benefit. If you will have neither of these tests, nor any test, do you expect the world to believe you when you say that you are ruling Ireland according to the will and desire of its people? No, you are not. Even in this Parliament, how stands the case? Within my memory there has not sat a parliament here which approached the consideration of Irish questions in a better temper, or with, on the whole, kinder feeling than this one has; and yet, what has it done on purely Irish questions? On every Irish question in which there has been a division, you have voted down, by English and Scotch votes, the constitutionally represented desire of the Irish nation. Take the figures. On the amendment to the address on the 19th of March, the Irish vote was—ayes 43, noes 25—carried by nearly two to one but overborne by our British hundreds. On the 17th April, on the Irish Municipal Franchise Bill, a purely Irish question, the Irish vote—ayes 43, noes 12—was overborne by your English hundreds. On the question of Irish railways, the Irish vote—ayes 46, noes 6—was overborne by 185 British votes. On the Sunday closing question—a purely Irish question, and not a political question at all, but an effort for the protection of public morality—the Irish vote—ayes 34, noes 10—was in the same way overborne by English votes. I might go on through the whole session; the division lists tell the same story. Even in this parliament you are ruling Ireland against her will, and overbearing her desires. And if this be so what is your position before the public opinion of the civilised world? You may ask—What do the Irish people want? Are they not clothed and fed? Have they not post office telegraphs, and postage stamps, and all the fine things of science and civilisation? Are not, in fact, their chains gilded? Ah! I will appeal to the men I see before me. I will appeal to Englishmen, in whose breasts surely must survive memories of greatness, and glory, and heroism. I appeal to you, and shall I appeal in vain to the men whose country's banner once led the way in giant struggles for blessed liberty on the battle fields of Europe? I appeal to you to recognize the fact that there is, after all, something greater, and grander, and nobler than mere animal life—something a nation ought to sacrifice and struggle for besides mere bread and butter and clothing! I, for one, refuse to allow the question of my country's life and liberty, as a nation, to be lowered to the mere level of the pocket or the stomach considerations. Take any man in the world around you, I care not humble or lofty—only let him be, indeed, in intellect and soul, a man—feed him, clothe him, rule his affairs, curb and direct his actions, chastise his children, dominate in his home; doing it may be, all for the best, as you think. Ask him is he satisfied. Ask him, what does he want; has he not food and raiment, and perhaps luxuries, in the home in which your authority has displaced his? What does he want? He will answer you in one word—Liberty. He will prefer "a crust of bread and liberty." So with a nation—if it be not an aggregation of slavish creatures, all stomach and no soul—they will any day prefer even poverty and liberty rather than to fatten in gilded chains. Some one has sought in this debate to make an argument against us out of the allegation that there is a more violent and extreme party behind us. The allegation is a fact; there is such a party. It is the accurate fact that we are a third party, a middle party between the party of centralisation on the one side and the party of separation on the other. So far from hiding that fact, so far from it being an argument against us, we wish you to note and study it. We stand in Irish politics where the Deak party stood in Hungarian; they stood between the Imperial Austrian party on the one hand, and the Kossuth separatists on the other. We, too, have our Deak; we, too, have to withstand our Kossuth party on one side, and our Imperial factionists on the other. It is a difficult and often a painful task, this endeavor of ours amicably and honorably to settle this question. We must be assailed from each extreme. Be it so. Whatever the vote of this House to-night may be, it will yet be recognised that we have offered a proposition—for the advantage of our own country it is true—but at the same time not less for the advantage of yours also. Surely, surely, it were true statesmanship to harmonise Ireland's desire for national autonomy with the requirements of Imperial welfare and safety. I reject the word "impossible," which would throw Ireland into the arms of the party of separation. I, on the contrary, have full faith in the future of the cause I plead. This House of Commons may vote it down to-night; but as long as we command a majority of the Irish representation, so long is your voting all in vain, so long will your hundreds against us be only your own condemnation.

DR. MCCORRY ON THE CONVERSION OF THE MARQUIS OF RIPON.

LONDON PRESS AND THE PILGRIMS.

(From the Catholic Times.) In the absence of the Rev. J. Zalkay, who accompanied the late pilgrimage to Pontigny, the Very Rev. Dr. Stewart McCorry, B.C., conducted the services in the Church of St. Peter and Paul, Rosoman street, London. On Sunday evening, 4th ult., according to announcement, Dr. McCorry preached on

the above subject. Notwithstanding the very inclement weather, a large congregation was present. The first point, said the very reverend preacher, that I wish to draw your attention to, is an article in the Times, to the following effect:—"Some singular proceedings are reported from the Grand-Lodge of Freemasons. The Marquis of Ripon, who till a few days ago was Grand Master of the Freemasons of England, has resigned his office. What should induce the Marquis of Ripon thus to withdraw from a position of dignity and influence, if not of real importance? How many of our readers can have surmised the strange answer? Lord Ripon has become a Roman Catholic? It is notorious that the Freemasons are under the special ban of the Church of Rome. That Church tolerates no secret society, except that of the Jesuits; and the first sacrifice of a convert like Lord Ripon would be his withdrawal from the Craft." Now, let me say that I agree with the special ban of the Catholic Church—so is the Times itself—but when that organ has the coolness to say that the Society of Jesus is a secret society, that the "Church tolerates no secret society except that of the Jesuits," then I am obliged to let the public know the truth. Some time ago, in consequence of an attack made on this saintly and learned body, I brought out a small brochure, called "The Jesuits of the 19th Century," in which I said that I knew the Jesuits well. I love the Jesuits—I was educated under the Jesuits; and you all know, as well as I know, that the object of the Society of Jesus is the sanctification and the salvation of souls. Now, is it not beyond endurance to find the Times—this grand oracle which seems to direct public opinion—announcing what is positively and absolutely untrue? Is there any reporter here?—let him take down my words, and hand them to the Times as a flat contradiction of their false statement about the Jesuits being a secret society. With regard to Lord Ripon's withdrawal from the Craft of Freemasons, of course the Church wants to withdraw her children from evil. She denounces all secret societies—none of her children connected with secret societies can be admitted to the holy sacraments, and therefore, Lord Ripon on entering the Church sacrifices his "honorable position" as Grand Master of Freemasons—he ceases to be a member of a secret society, because the Church tolerates no secret society whatever. It is the duty of the priests of our holy Church to hold up the light of truth and to correct error, and, therefore, I have corrected that false statement in the Times article of Saturday, which states that the Jesuits are a secret society. Let me now turn to the principal subject of the evening's homily, "The London Press and the Pontigny Pilgrimage." The subject is so ample as to demand condensation. For, how much can be said of the Press—how much could be rehearsed of the Pilgrimage? The Press is a great moral power—it is the lever which moves the public mind, and sways the masses for weal or woe. As the Archbishop of Westminster truly remarked the other day, the Press can make its readers believe that the Pope has horns and hoofs. The first news in the morning, true or false, makes its earliest impression. If true, so far so well; if false it has done its work, to be undone at a later hour by more reliable intelligence—the impression, however, is always made, but not always effaced. The Press, as a rule, is not particularly scrupulous where Catholic interests are concerned; generally speaking it is avowedly hostile to the Catholic Church, and often unfair to Catholics themselves. The liberty of the Press is worthy of commendation—the libertinism of the Press is deserving of reprobation. There is, it is true, the Catholic as well as the non-Catholic Press. Look, however, at the disparity. The Catholic newspapers are weekly, and one solitary print is bi-weekly—however creditably conducted, what are our few Saturday weeklies, and one bi-weekly, compared with a swarm of daily morning, afternoon, and evening, and so many weekly journals—not to speak of monthlies, bi-monthlies, quarterlies, and annuals? Besides, the circulation of Catholic newspapers is comparatively limited, since it stops, I may say, at the threshold of non-Catholic society. It does not permeate through the serried ranks of non-Catholic prejudice—or, to speak more plainly, anti-Catholic hostility and opposition. Here, as it is not out of place, let me pay a just compliment to the meritorious labors of the Catholic Press, which, in defence of Holy Church—her doctrines—her discipline—and her liberties, is a powerful auxiliary to the indefatigable Archbishop of Westminster, and to the devoted clergy of this great metropolis. In the order of talent it is second to none, while in scholarship it can compare with the highest literary calibre of the day. Look at the Tablet, with its masterly articles—its scientific grappling with, and flooring of, its non-Catholic contemporaries—its refined but caustic critical analysis. Look at the Weekly Register and Catholic Standard, with its pollard leaders—its judicious strictures—its uncompromising advocacy of Catholic truth. Look at the Gazette, with its racy editorials—its choice, while discursive, intelligences and communications. Look at the Universe, which all classes read, which is eminently the people's journal—as it is their devoted friend—which, through good and evil report, fights and conquers in the bloodless field of truth—which, from its watchtower in the Strand, and its marvellous steam-power at command under ground, is enabled to record the majestic achievements of the whole Catholic universe, and to expose the villainous machinations of the non-Catholic world. Look at the Opinion, and the Catholic Times (which, though a Liverpool paper, circulated very largely in London), which concentrate in their pages, unusual information from the four, and even from what I may call the five, quarters of the globe—thereby realizing their designation of Catholic journals, like that one we had in the venerable College of the Propaganda in Rome, where I was educated, where we had students from every region under heaven. The Catholic Press is thus worthy of its high and holy mission, and deserving of increased encouragement and support.—But listen no longer to my feeble words, but to the voice of Him who never speaks in vain. Listen to the echo of that voice which reverberates throughout Christendom—which caused the Neros and the Diocletians—the Attilas and the Gensericus of old—to tremble, and their barbaric hordes of Huns, and Goths, and Vandals to grow pale through fright—which in our own age struck with anathema the first Napoleon, overwhelmed with confusion the late Emperor Nicholas of Russia, and which but the other year, in the immortal syllabus of modern errors, and modern schools of thought, thrilled with consternation every court of Europe, and caused our princes and potentates, our statesmen and diplomats, our warriors and our conquerors, to gnash their teeth with frenzy, and to write in all the contortions of diabolical indignation—that voice which denounced Cavour, Mazzini, and Napoleon III. Our Holy Father the Pope wrote about the Press, in 1851, as follows:—"Providence seems to have given in our day a great mission to the Catholic Press. It is for it to preserve the principles of order and of faith which they still prevail, and to propagate them where impiety and indifference have caused them to be forgotten." And, again, he wrote in 1853:—"We urgently beseech you to assist, with all good will and fervour, those men, who, animated with a Catholic spirit, and possessed of sufficient learning, are labouring, in writing and publishing, books and journals for the propagation of Catholic doctrine." Still more recently, he has blessed, not only our British Catholic Press, but the continental journals—for instance, the Univers of Paris, the Union of Turin, the Civiltà of Florence, and the various organs of Catholic Germany. But enough for the moment of the Catholic—let us turn, towards the non-Catholic Press and the Pontigny pilgrimage. The non-Catholic papers, I am glad to see, freely admit that Cath-



olle pilgrimages are matters which concern Catholics...

Continuing his discourse on the following Sunday...

Continuing his discourse on the following Sunday...

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Continuing his discourse on the following Sunday...

day the 13th ult. His Lordship the Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly...

Continuing his discourse on the following Sunday...

Continuing his discourse on the following Sunday...

Continuing his discourse on the following Sunday...

Continuing his discourse on the following Sunday...

Continuing his discourse on the following Sunday...

Continuing his discourse on the following Sunday...

Continuing his discourse on the following Sunday...

gentlemen—perhaps Sir John Gray might help you in it...

The O'CONNELL CENTENARY.—A few days since we took occasion...

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impres of a mind of no ordinary talent. It is a trite saying...

THE POTATO DISEASE.—We (Irish Times) regret to learn from many sources...

DEATH OF LORD FERMOY.—The sudden death, at his seat, Trabolgan House...

THE LATE THOMAS F. MEAGHER.—For some months past an agitation has been on foot in Waterford...

LORD O'HAGAN'S JURY ACT.—At a recent meeting of the Waterford Corporation...

TO WHAT USES.—The Limerick correspondent of the Freeman's Journal says...

INFORMATION WANTED OF BRIDGET NEESON, who left Gatehead-on-Tyne...

INFORMATION WANTED OF THOMAS CAVANAGH (or Kavanagh) of Kilkenny...

CULLINAN'S MINORS.—In this highly important case Mr. Justice Fitzgerald first ruled...

GREAT BRITAIN. ARCHBISHOP MANNING ON EDUCATION.—The Archbishop of Westminster preached on Sunday...

His Lordship the Bishop of Salford on Sunday 13th ult. preached a sermon in the Church of the Sacred Heart...

in the world he saw the prison house or the asylum open to receive him...

THE BISHOP'S CONVERSION.—Lord Ripon's conversion affords M. John Le Moine a text for an article in the Journal des Debats...

OUTRAGE BY POLICEMEN.—On Friday, at the Manchester Police-Court...

OUTRAGE ON THE HIGHWAY.—Mr. David Stanton, the proprietor of the Blenheim Arms, Hornsey...

OUTRAGES IN BIRMINGHAM.—Brutal outrages are still common in Birmingham...

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UNITED STATES. Mr. John Mulally, late editor of the Metropolitan Record...



The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY. At No. 195, Fortification Lane, by J. GILLIES, to whom all Business Letters should be addressed.

G. E. CLERK, Editor.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1874.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

OCTOBER—1874.

Friday, 16—Of the Feria. Saturday, 17—St. Hedwig, W. Sunday, 18—Twenty-first after Pentecost. Monday, 19—St. Peter of Alcantara, C. Tuesday, 20—St. John Cantius, C. Wednesday, 21—St. Hilarton, Ab. Thursday, 22—Of the Blessed Sacrament.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The reports that reached us in the early part of last week of the wounding of Charles VII. of Spain, by a mutinous soldier, and of the subsequent death of His Majesty, soon turned out to be false. Little reliance can be placed on the accounts transmitted by cable, of actions betwixt the royalist and revolutionary forces, in which of course the latter are always victorious.

From the Continent of Europe the most important news, because of the revelations which may be expected, is the arrest and imprisonment of Count Von Arnim by Prince Bismarck. It seems that the first named has, and still detains, in his possessions a number of papers, official, semi-official, and private, relating to matters of great political and diplomatic interest, the publication of which would be injurious to Prince Bismarck, by revealing to the eyes of Europe the man's double dealing and treachery.

It has been rumored that the Queen Dowager of Bavaria is about to become, or has become a Catholic. The Archbishop of Cologne has been released from jail after six months' imprisonment. It is to be feared that he will soon be a prisoner again, as we may be sure that he never will obey the Edicts laws, when these are in opposition to the higher laws of the Church.

We learn from the correspondent of the London Times that the Bishop of Breslau, though his stipend of 12,000 thalers has been stopped by the State, on account of his refusal to violate the laws of the Church by appointing successors to parish priests deposed by the Civil Power—has been required to pay the income tax on the full amount of his former stipend of which he does not receive one penny.

The ecclesiastical laws are also oppressive as towards Protestants, as well as towards Catholics; for from the same source we learn that a Protestant sect, that of the Mennonites, has just had one of its ministers fined 25 thalers for refusing to administer the Sacrament to a young man who had infringed one of the fundamental laws of the denomination by undertaking military service.

Again we learn, still through the columns of the London Times, that Dr. Delany, Bishop of Cork, was, if not forcibly expelled from Homburg by the order of the Prussian government, at all events induced to leave quickly by an intimation conveyed to him by the Burgomaster, that in a few days the law against foreign ecclesiastical dignitaries would be enforced in his case.

The wisdom of the Catholic Church in her condemnation of all secret societies, no matter by what name called, Carbonari, or Freemasons, has just received a striking illustration in the apprehension and bringing to justice of the members of one of these secret societies at Ravenna. For a long time this society has been carrying on its heinous practices undisturbed; no less than thirteen persons have within a short space of time fallen beneath the daggers of its members, acting of course under instructions from headquarters and from the Grand Masters, or whatever else may be the name of the chief dignitaries; and it was only through the defection of one of the vile lot, who denounced his accomplices, that some of these have at last been arrested, and brought to justice.

jects of the hostility of all secret societies be the Pope and the Catholic Church; their next are the throne, the family, and property. Ere long the State will in self defence be forced to assume as towards the secret societies, the attitude of the Catholic Church towards them.

The "Mafia" is the name of another of these secret societies, whose field of operations is at present in Sicily. The condition of that country is told by a correspondent of the Times. If a true description, the revolution has been but a bad bargain for the Sicilians, for it is evident that the rule of Victor Emmanuel is hated by the people, who are only kept in subjection by the bayonets of his foreign mercenaries.

The "Nouvelles Mondes" of Wednesday, 7th inst., publishes the list of the several churches belonging to Catholics and Anglicans respectively, and the sums at which they have been respectively rated. Well and earnestly our learned contemporary argues against the taxing of property devoted to religious purposes, as false in principle, and as repugnant to the spirit of existing treaties.

We will not discuss the question of immunity from taxation for religious, and charitable institutions generally, as we well might, from the stand point of principle, and for the moment we waive the argument that what is given to God and to God's poor should be held sacred; this task we leave to able pens than ours. But taking our stand on the lower ground of expediency, we argue that it is inexpedient, and an unwise policy to tax the institutions referred to, as by so doing their power of rendering service to the public by taking care of the poor, the sick, and infirm, is by so much diminished.

We trust that the decision for taxing churches lately come to, may be reconsidered and reversed as contrary to sound economy, if upon no other grounds. We do not of course impute any bad motives to those who have aided in imposing the new taxes; but we think that they have not duly considered the question in all its aspects; or they would have seen that it was a very unwise proceeding on their part to tax institutions that devote their entire income to the public service.

What should we think of the policy of a railway company for instance, which should refuse to convey, gratuitously, to the scene of a terrible railroad accident, surgeons and medical men offering their services gratuitously for the relief of the wounded, on the plea that "dead-heads" were not tolerated on the line? Such in principle is the policy of the city which taxes the incomes of those of its citizens who gratuitously devote themselves, their persons, and their entire substance to the doing of a work which must be done; but which can not be done so effectively and so cheaply by any other agency as by that of private charity.

The Witness of course approves of the recent financial measures; no doubt because it sees, or fancies that it sees, in the crippling of our Catholic religious and charitable institutions, an opening for proselytism, by means of what it would call "non-sectarian" hospitals and asylums, alimented by public funds, and therefore under the direct control of the civil power—just as it is the advocate of "non-sectarian" common schools for the same reason. But for this very reason should Catholics oppose those measures; as Catholics we prefer the Sister of Charity to Mrs. Gamp, or hiring nurse—and one or the other we must have.

It is indeed strange that, whilst we cannot manage to get a small-pox hospital in spite of the constant ravages of this epidemic; that whilst, because of the heavy, and as Montreal progresses, the ever increasing pressure upon their limited resources, it is even at the present moment impossible for our charitable institutions to meet all the demands upon them—demands which of course increase as the city population increases, whilst their revenues receive but little, if any, benefit from what are called the improvements—it should seriously be proposed to place still heavier burdens upon the only agencies that exist, or can exist, for cheaply and effectually applying a remedy for the spread of pauperism. The killing of the goose that laid the golden eggs was highest wisdom compared with such a financial policy.

Though it is certainly no business of ours to chronicle the sayings and doings of our separated brethren, we feel that we are not improperly interfering with their affairs in noticing the recent meetings at Montreal of a large number of Protestant ministers calling themselves members of the Evangelical Alliance. As the name which they assume implies, the Alliance is composed, not of the representatives of all Protestant denominations, but exclusively of the adherents of those Protestant sects which style themselves Evangelical.

All the other sects, numerous and important though these be, were excluded. Thus limited, a meeting such as we have had in Montreal—a packed meeting—is only valuable as showing how great and how irreconcilable are the divergences of Protestantism. Of the many Protestant denominations to be found in this City, many—and those in point of intelligence, and the soundness of their Protestant principles the most important—were not represented at all; as for instance the large and influential body known as Unitarians, to whom we suppose even evangelical Protestants will not deny the name of Christians. These, and their ministers held aloof from the assemblage of their brother Protestants; as did also a large number of the Anglican ministers, most conspicuously Dr. Oxenden, the Anglican bishop, who (whether because he felt that it would be a lowering of his dignity to attend the meetings of the Evangelical Alliance, or because as an Anglican churchman he could not repeat the peculiar shib-

boleth of the several sects of which it was made up, without compromising himself with some of his own clergy, we cannot tell)—seems to have taken no part in the proceedings. At all events, his name is not mentioned in connection therein.

There was a good deal of talk about unity of course; but after much talking the meeting separated leaving things just as they found them, unless perhaps it may have sown the seeds of fresh divisions as was the case with the meeting of a similar body, a short time ago at New York, and of which as yet the only ostensible result has been the bringing to a head of a schism in the Protestant episcopalian sect. Nor could it possibly be otherwise.—The differences betwixt Protestants are fundamental. What religious unity can there be for instance betwixt men to some of whom the founder of the Christian religion was God incarnate? to others of whom he was but a mere creature, the son of Mary and Joseph? To talk of religious union betwixt sects holding such contradictory views of Christianity is sheer nonsense.

It will not do for the Evangelicals to ignore the existence of the Liberal Protestant denominations, composed as these are of men the most distinguished in the Protestant world for their erudition, their careful biblical researches, and their earnest gropings after truth; denominations which can boast of names like Channing, and Newton, and Milton, and hosts of others in the past; and which at the present day can point to an array of men, distinguished alike by their learning and their exemplary lives; men foremost in every philanthropic movement having for its object the social elevation of the human race. Either these men are Protestant Christians, or they are not worthy of the name of Christians at all. To deny to them the title of Christians would be a reach of impudence to which even the Evangelical Alliance can not attain; and therefore it must confess that they are Protestants, and that therefore amongst Protestant Christians it has not yet, after centuries of disputing and wrangling over an open bible been decided whether Christ be God-Man or simply man; the proper object of supreme Christian worship, or a mere creature to whom it would be most rank idolatry to offer the worship which is due only to God.

Still to hear the members of the Alliance and their friends talk, one would think that, outside of their own little coterie, of the so-called "Evangelical" sects there was no such a thing as Protestant Christianity. The traditional three tailors of Tooley Street, the artists, politicians, and other eminent citizens of Little Pedlington were, in their generation, men of eminent modesty as compared with the members of the Evangelical Alliance.—"Lord how we apples do swim," is still their cry; and so they glory themselves, and their office, not aware how absurd they appear to unprejudiced on-lookers. Yet of all men Catholics ought mostly to rejoice that periodically Protestants should be moved thus to make a sight of themselves, and their divisions before men and angels. The oftener these Evangelical Alliance meetings are held, and the greater the publicity given to their funny proceedings, the better for the cause of Catholicity and of the One Infallible Church.

THE PONTIGNY PILGRIMAGE.—The Times can see as far through a mill stone as any body, and its keenness and accuracy of vision is of course shared by its correspondents. One of these discourses of the late pilgrimage to Pontigny by a large body of English Catholics, and he naturally offers an explanation of this, to Protestants, unaccountable act of devotion.

In the Abbey of Pontigny are preserved the remains of St. Edmund of Canterbury—known in France as St. Edme. He in his day was a brave soldier of the cross and a stout Papist. He in consequence incurred the wrath of the Bismarcks of his day, and driven into exile, gave up his soul to God at Pontigny where his relics are preserved as amongst the richest treasures of the Abbey. It was to visit these, and to implore the intercession of St. Edme that so many devout Catholics from England lately visited Pontigny. In what light does the Protestant correspondent of the London Times regard this pilgrimage?

"ULTRAMONTANISM BAMPANT.—"It has been a plain and open demonstration of a strong feeling among the Roman Catholic body in England that Church and the State have each a province of its own, in which it ought to be supreme, and that in strictly ecclesiastical matters all hostile or aggressive action on the part of the State should be met by an attitude of passive resistance. That, at all events, is the light in which I am bound to read the sum and substance of what I have seen and heard during the last few days in mixing with the companions of my journey; and I am sure that it is on this ground that the pious and brave St. Edmund was chosen, so to speak, as the patron of the pilgrimage this year, rather than a greater but more worldly prelate and saint, such as St. Thomas of Canterbury."—Times Cor.

Though in the above there might be found some expressions to which Catholics might object, it is no doubt true that in a certain sense the Pontigny Pilgrimage may be looked upon as a protest against Erastianism; as the assertion of the principle that the State has no authority in or over the Church; and that Catholics are always bound to resist, even to the death, as in the case of St. Edmund of Canterbury, every attempt on the part of the State to exercise lordship over the Church. National Churches, in that they are National, are creatures of the State, and properly belong to the domain of the State; but the Catholic Church owes, and will yield allegiance to no secular authority on earth, since she holds not from the State, but direct from God.

ORDINATIONS.—On Sunday, the 4th inst., in the Chapel of the Seminary of St. Nicolet, Mgr. Lafloche, conferred Holy Orders on the following:—Tonsure—MM. James M. Givley, J. Bte. Grenier, Adolphe Blondin, Olivier Beauchene, Edmond Courval, Theophile Joyal and Norbert Pronk. Minor Orders—MM. Antoine Lamy, Raymond Caisso, Marcel Gill, Alfred Lebrun, Mederic Roy, Theophile Lemire, Exilla Janelle, J. Bte. Grenier, and James M. Givley. Priesthood—M. Elie Blais. This gentleman is the brother of the Director of the Seminary of Nicolet.

The above named gentlemen are all of the diocese of Three Rivers with the exception of M. J. M. Givley who belongs to the diocese of Toronto.

PROTESTANT REVIVALS IN INDIA.—The Pall Mall Gazette tells a good story about revivals, and native conversions in India. Our readers will, we think, relish it.

A revivalist meeting, it seems, was being held the other day in the place of worship of the Rev. M. Taylor of Madras. "It is customary," says the Pall Mall Gazette, "on these occasions for the converts to rise from their seats in succession, and detail their experiences for each other's edification. Several Hindoos had been admitted to the meeting, and one of these quietly asked permission to communicate his experiences."

Leave was of course granted, and the interesting convert to the "truth as it is" &c., stood up, and commenced the enumeration of his experiences.—We continue the story in the words of the Pall Mall Gazette:—

"They"—his experiences—"were awaited with breathless attention. He then gravely stated that, having been troubled with dyspepsia for many years, and experiencing no relief from the prescriptions of doctors, it had suddenly occurred to him to try an invocation of Brahma. He did so, and was immediately cured. He had hitherto slighted Brahma, but now he was converted, and would recognise him for ever as his saviour."

These remarkable experiences, interesting as they were, and quite on a par with the usual twaddle of Exeter Hall, and Anniversary Meetings, startled the assembly not a little.

"The commotion," says the Pall Mall Gazette, "which took place on hearing this announcement was indescribable, and the meeting broke up in great disorder."

The same Protestant paper draws the following moral:—

"The story is a warning to Revivalist preachers and others not to trust implicitly to the gratifying nature of the testimony called for from a miscellaneous crowd of supposed converts."—Pall Mall Gazette.

We learn by a paragraph in the Montreal Witness of the 6th inst., that the Post Office authorities of Great Britain have classed amongst obscene publications, and consequently put an embargo upon, the reports of the Beecher case, which the editor of the Montreal Witness with a keen eye to the main chance, and to enhance his circulation carefully reproduced in all their nastiness, and did his best to circulate amongst the young men and women of Canada. How a respectable Protestant parent can allow such a paper—a family paper it calls itself—to pollute his home with its Beecher filth is to us inexplicable. However it is pleasant to learn that the British Post Office authorities have a keener sense of decency, and the requirements of public morality, than has the editor of the "only daily religious paper in the world."

The Christian at Work says: "The loose, inaccurate, over-reaching way in which some apparently sincere Christians do business, accounts for their being useless lumber in the way of sinners, and even stumbling blocks in the way of sinners."

The above reminds us of the story of the converted horse-dealer, who being on one occasion, because of his sharp practice, twitted with inconsistency, replied that, "business was business, but religion was religion; and that he did not want to have the Lord a-loading round when he was trading horses."

From Returns published in the London Times with respect to the consumption of spirits in the United Kingdom, we gather some important facts. In England there has been during the first six months of the current year, an increase in the consumption of home made spirits 586,449 gallons; in Scotland, an increase of 182,655 gallons; but in Ireland there has occurred a decrease in consumption of 106,465 gallons, as compared with the corresponding six months of the previous year.

RECORD OF THE BI-CENTENNIAL.—At the request of the Irish Catholic people of Quebec, Mr. W. Leslie Thom, of the Quebec Morning Chronicle, is preparing in book form, a comprehensive review of the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the erection of the Episcopal See of Quebec. The volume, which will consist of 100 pages, will appear next week, and will be sold at the very reasonable price of 25 cents. His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec has given his approbation to the work undertaken by Mr. Thom, and we have every reason to believe that it will prove a welcome volume to the faithful. We may remark that a special edition, embellished with photographic illustrations, will be published at 50 cents per copy.

BLESSING A BELL FOR COTE ST. PAUL CATHOLIC CHURCH.—Owing to pressure on our columns this week, we are unable to give an account of the ceremonies at this church on Sunday, but in our next number we will give a full report of the proceedings, as well as the eloquent sermon of Revd. James Murphy, Wicklow, Ireland.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We would inform our highly esteemed Correspondent, M. T. W., that his communication is unavoidably crowded out of this issue but it shall appear in our next.

ROSA D'ERINA AT ST. PATRICK'S AND THE GENU.—Two magnificent musical treats were given by this gifted and versatile artiste, in the above churches on Sunday last to immense audiences. The selections were of the most sublime character, embracing compositions from Rossini, Cherubini, Haydn, Zingarelli, &c. The glorious voice of "Ireland's Queen of Song" was heard to great advantage in her Sacred Solos; whilst her organ-playing was simply superb.

ROSA D'ERINA AT THE THEATRE ROYAL.—Arrangements are being made for the appearance of the above distinguished Artiste in Concert and Opera at the Theatre Royal, on Monday evening next, 19th inst. Only one evening's performance can be given, and we are sure the numerous friends of "Rose of Erin" will give her a bumper house.

ROSA D'ERINA'S two evenings entertainment at the Mechanics' Hall last week were very successful, the Hall being crowded each night.

DISGRACEFUL TO MONTREAL.—CITY MORTALITY.—During September there were 577 interments in the cemeteries.

A STRIKING CONTRAST.

If the greatest orator belonging to the Home Rule camp were to make a speech defining what the Irish people require when they demand Home Rule and why they require Home Rule at all, he would speak for a long time before he could so plainly show, as an incident that happened during the last few days in this Province. We have all read of the numerous meetings that have been held throughout Ireland demanding Denominational education, tenant right, and the release of the Fenian prisoners. Resolutions have been sent to the various Prime Ministers on the subject and the matter has been brought forward in the Imperial House of Commons but all is of no avail, the government will do what they please, not what will please the people. What a difference there is here. In consequence of meetings having been held demanding the action of the government in the "Tanderies Land Swap" transaction, together with the censure of the Press the Provincial government were forced to resign. This shows plainly that if a Local government was sitting in College green, they should do the same thing, and at all times obey the voice of the people. The majority of the votes of the Irish members during the past session have been in every case in accordance with the feelings of the Irish people, but there is no use in that as the English and Scotch members vote with the minority and leave the representatives of the people nowhere. In the appointments to the several places in the Ministry whoever is chief secretary of Ireland is always sure to be a man who was never in that country in his life and knows nothing about it except what he reads out of the bigoted London Press. No wonder that the Irish people are discontented under such circumstances; finding their wishes entirely ignored except in a few cases in which by constant agitation they wrench some little concession. Catholic education was the cause of turning the Gladstone Ministry out of office and we have not the slightest doubt that other ministries will share a similar fate if they do not show practically their intention to act fairly towards that country without using the iron rod of coercion. The education of the Catholic youth of Ireland would be in a deplorable state if left to the government. They have plenty of "National" schools, but if a crucifix is seen hanging up or a catechism seen around when the Inspector or any other of the authorities visit it will be very soon thrown into the fire. It is to the good Christian Brothers and the Nuns that the poor and middle classes owe their religious education. We have never sympathized with the acts of the political prisoners but even the organs of the government admit that they have been sufficiently punished, and no one denies the want of "Fixity of Tenure" asked by the farmers throughout the country. Still every petition and resolution on the subject is put off either with an entire refusal or an evasive answer and will so, we are in dread, till self government is attained whenever that will be. Even Bismarck is trying to conciliate Alsace by every means in his power, and has refused them no favour, but the following will show their feeling:—

"A demand for Home Rule has been made by Alsace. The local District Council of that unfortunate French province, elected though it was under the direct Bismarckian coercion, on Saturday the 29th ult., adopted a resolution expressing a hope that the people it represented would shortly be placed in possession of a separate constitution and of a local parliament. The Governor immediately protested against this resolution, and no doubt Bismarck will be vastly annoyed by it; for he has lately, in the hope of reconciling them to German rule, been absolutely showering material favours upon the Alsacians."

There have been no favours "showered" on the Irish people still they are asked to be contented. It was also said in Germany that it was only ecclesiastics who were opposed to the Bismarckian persecution of the clergy. The same is said by the organs of the English Government that Home Rule is Rome Rule, but the following will show how one assertion is as false as the other:—

"It has been frequently said that it was only ecclesiastics who were opposed to those laws, and that the Catholic bishops and priests of Germany would soon be deserted by their flocks. But when on Sunday, the 30th ult., at Xionz, the new archdeacon, who owes his appointment to his acceptance of Bismarck's terms, attempted to celebrate his first Mass, a large crowd assembled and prevented him! Popular indignation, in fact, ran so high that the troops had to be called out to quell the disturbances."

With regard to the comparison between Canada and Ireland, English Journalists have often read the lesson of Canada as the true exemplar for the settlement of "the Irish difficulty" and we believe the contrast drawn at the commencement of this notice makes that statement more clear and true.

PRESENTATION.

A deputation from the St. Bridget's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society, and a few of the Parishioners waited on the Rev. Jno. H. O'Rourke, C.C., late of St. Bridget's Parish, at the residence of his mother, and presented him with a purse.

Mr. Donovan, 1st Vice-President of the St. Bridget's Temperance Society made a stirring address. In the course of which he remarked that the sorrow felt by the English speaking portion of the parishioners of the St. Bridget's parish at the removal from amongst them of so good and zealous a priest was very great indeed.

The St. Bridget's Society more especially would miss him, as his every effort was directed to the advancement of the noble cause of Temperance and the furtherance of the usefulness of the Society of which he was Rev. Director.

That he was known from his boyhood by the older members of the congregation, and it gave them great pleasure and happiness when he was appointed to St. Bridget's Parish. But the Priest was like unto a good soldier when ordered by his superior to another field of action willingly and without a murmur obeyed the command.

In conclusion after returning his sincere thanks on behalf of the Society and the Parishioners for the many acts of kindness and benevolence, performed by the rev. gentleman. He said: Before parting, Rev. Sir, you will please accept of this purse which I have been deputed to present you as a slight mark of the esteem and regard in which you have been held by our Society and Parishioners.

To which the reverend gentleman made a feeling reply.

IRISH HOME RULE LEAGUE.

The regular monthly meeting of the Montreal branch of the Irish Home Rule League was held on the 6th inst., in the Hall of the St. Patrick's Society, corner of Craig and St. Alexander streets. There was a good attendance of the members and friends of the cause.

The President Edward Murphy Esq., occupied the chair; the minutes of last meeting were read and approved.—It was then suggested by Mr. Carroll, Mr. Curran, and others, that they adjourn as a compliment to their fair and talented countrywoman Rosa D'Erina, "Ireland's Queen of Song," and to enable all present to attend her concert that evening. Mr. Carroll then proposed, seconded by Mr. Callahan:—

"That they adjourn to next monthly meeting as a compliment to Rosa D'Erina and to enable them to attend her concert."

This was put by the chair to the meeting and carried by acclamation. The meeting adjourned and those present proceeded to the concert.







FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

Rumor comes from Paris that the French Government, as compensation for the recall of the Orenouque, will station a man-of-war off Ochia, at the Pope's disposal.

The Journal de Paris says, Count Von Arnim when Ambassador at Paris, hastened the downfall of President Thiers, and urged Germany to recognize the Government of McMahon.

One of the Paris papers reports a conversation of M. Bazaine, according to which Colonel Villetie, whom he has no longer an interest in screening, detached the rope from the gargoyles at 5 o'clock the morning after the escape, throwing it over the cliff.

Got s'Excuse s'Accuse.—M. Bazaine has not improved his position by his appeal to the Editor of the New York Herald. The Atlantic has been somewhere described as a vast Lethe, for those who cross it, as regards the people whom they meet on the other side; but American opinion has not as yet much influence in rehabilitating those who conceive themselves wronged by European tribunals.

It is stated that the sum voted by the Assembly for the restoration of the Vendome Column has proved insufficient, and that an additional sum of £70,000 will be necessary.

An evening paper comments on the increase of suicide in France. In 1826, when official returns on this subject were first prepared they numbered 1,739; in 1831 they were 2,084; in 1836, 3,340; in 1839, 2,747; in 1841, 2,814; in 1845, 3,085; in 1847, 3,647; in 1852, 3,674; in 1860, 3,920; in 1869, 5,114; and in 1872, 5,275.

SPAIN.

PARIS Oct. 6.—The Union newspaper has despatches stating that Don Carlos visited Yrache on Saturday, and remarks that as Yrache is two days' journey from Durango, the report that he was seriously wounded in the latter town must be false.

Oct. 7.—The Carlist official journal says Don Carlos was in good health yesterday, and at the head of his army. He has granted a leave of absence to General Dorregaray for benefit of his health.

It is reported that the Carlist General Tristany has died of consumption.

MADRID, Oct. 8.—The Spanish government has renewed its complaints to France in relation to the lack of vigilance by the French on the frontier.

ITALY.

ROME, SEPT. 21.—The Catholic newspapers announce that on the anniversary of the taking of Rome by the Piedmontese troops in 1870, the Pope received the members of the Roman nobility who have remained faithful to him, as well as deputations of the Catholic societies of Rome.

"All human hope which has hitherto sustained us is lost. We are now placed between desolation and God. We have suffered for the last four years, and the impious men who subjugated us with fire and sword constantly insult us, while God appears deaf to our cries. But you, Holy Father, speak and comfort us."

The Pope gave those present his blessing, and replied in a speech, which the Catholic newspapers promise to publish.

ROME, October 8.—The Voce de Letta Veretta says in relation to Von Arnim's arrest, there is reason to believe that the missing documents relate to the establishing of a new Government in France, and to German interference in Spanish affairs.

RELEASED.—Mons. Theodolin has been released by the brigands, who had captured him, upon paying a ransom of \$10,000.

NAPLES, SEPT. 17.—"Sicily is governed by the cannon," said an old Deputy to me this morning. "Were the troops withdrawn the whole population would be up in arms." There is much truth in this assertion, for discontent is general, and the "Mafia" that terrible organization, resembling in many respects the Camorra of Naples, is all powerful.

SWITZERLAND.

CHURCH AND STATE IN SWITZERLAND.—It has already been mentioned that the Geneva Council of State had formerly called upon the Catholic clergy of the canton to take the oath imposed by a recent law; that the latter, in a uniformly worded letter, had refused to do so; and that the Chancellor had consequently written to inform each priest that the place which he filled would be considered vacant.

me a new oath was therefore tantamount to requiring me to be guilty of sacrilege by belonging to a sect which is no longer Catholic. Whatever happens I shall remain among you simply because I am your lawful pastor. I will not leave your souls defenceless among intruders, and I will affront every kind of reproach in order that I may instruct your children, bless your marriages, visit your sick, and share with your poor my humble income. You could not recognize an intruder, hold communion with him as to your religious duties, nor receive from him the blessed sacraments without incurring the censure of the Church; you could not, without mortal sin and without exposing yourselves to the punishments decreed by the Canon Law, take any part in the election of a priest who would not possess any jurisdiction or recognized authority; nor would you be willing to incur the malediction drawn down upon themselves by those who defy both the prickings of their conscience, the principles of faith, the interests of religion, the oath taken at their ordination, the authority of their bishops, and of the vicar of Jesus Christ—the Sovereign Pontiff."—Pall Mall Gazette.

GERMANY.

The Allgemeine Zeitung is publishing a series of letters from Alsace, in which the mistakes committed by the German Government in its treatment of that Province are unsparingly exposed. With regard to the disease of French in schools the writer says:—"Why must the teaching of both languages suddenly cease at a time when in Germany and now in France so much value is attached to people being able to speak several languages. As matters now stand children have more opportunity of learning French at Kohl or Karlsruhe than at Strasburg, and whereas formerly children were sent from the Grand Duchy of Baden into Alsace to learn French, Alsatian children might now be sent to Baden for that purpose. This evil was so generally felt that the District Council who have nothing in common with the party which protests against the annexation, unanimously expressed a wish last year that French might to a certain extent be retained in the elementary schools. But what happened? The day after this wish had been expressed came an order which still further restricted the use of French. It need hardly be stated that this measure produced a bad impression. People who had been wavering and who might easily have been won over by liberal and conciliatory measures drew back, and everywhere, even in the most moderate circles, it was remarked, 'It is useless to make any overtures, for even the Council which has taken the oath of allegiance is treated in this way, and such is the respect which is paid to our wishes.' A pessimism was thereby developed which was stimulated by other regulations and at last drove the bulk of the most peaceable, conciliatory, and inoffensive inhabitants into the arms of the anti-Annexation candidates."

The contention of the writer is that the Alsatis did not at first adopt a hostile and repellent attitude, but that up to the District Elections of 1873 and more recently in the District Councils they showed a disposition to co-operate with the Government for the promotion of local interests, and that they have gradually been embittered by administrative measures.

BRILL, Sept. 19.—From Hanover, where he has received with enthusiasm at the great military manoeuvres and popular fetes in his honour, the Emperor proceeds to day to Kiel to witness the launch of the outrigger frigate Frederick the Great. The new vessel was built at the Government wharf at Ellerbeck, and is exactly like the Borussia, launched in November last. With a bulk of 4,118 tons and steam engines of 5,400 horse-power, it has a cruising of 11m. round the torrets and centre. Its armament is to consist of four 26 centimetre guns in the turrets and two 21 centimetre guns placed fore and aft. This is the seventh iron-cased frigate of the German Navy, and the eighth being expected to leave the stocks early next summer, the autumn of 1876, or, at the very latest, the spring of 1876, will see a rather formidable squadron assembled of the Oldenburg coast. By that time Germany will be mistress of eight iron-cased frigates, carrying 92 guns of the very heaviest calibre (mostly 400 and 500 pounders), and set in motion by engines with a total of 48,500 horse-power. In addition to these first-class ships there are three more ironclads of minor proportions, making up together 16 heavy guns and 5,400 horse-power. Twelve corvettes (the 12th will be ready next year), with 168 heavy guns and 18,600 horse-power, attended by 24 gunboats, mustering 58 guns and 8,850 horse-powers, complete the fighting array of youthful, but aspiring fleet. Of the corvettes some have 20, others 10, or 15 guns; three of the number carrying only five, with engines of above 2,000 horse-power, being intended to act on the Alabama plan in far-off seas. The names of these peculiar vessels, which will probably be heard of in the next war, whenever that may be, are Ariadne, Louisa, and Freya, the last being yet on the stocks. The whole German Navy, including the above, three sailing frigates and three sailing brigs, already numbers 55 ships, 425 guns, 73,709 tons, and 84,770 horse-power. About 4,000 sailors, with 1,000 Marines, 500 Artillerymen, and officers in proportion, were this year reported in the Blue Books. Next year will witness an increase of about 2,000, in consequence of the new ironclads being equipped for active service.

The better to show the import of the above figures I append a comparative list of the vessels of the various European Navies. All Europe at this moment has 142 ironclads fit to be placed in the line of battle. Of these England owns 38, France 28, Austria, Russia, Italy, and Turkey 15 each, Germany eight, Spain seven, Denmark three, Greece two. The tonnage of the German ships and the size of their guns are, however, so uncommonly great that although few in number, they are supposed to be more than a match for any Navy, those of England, Russia, and France excepted. Besides these there are 103 iron-cased vessels to be found in Europe for the defence of coasts. Of this number Germany has 2; Spain, Norway, and Denmark 3 each; Turkey, 5; Sweden, 9; Russia, 13; Holland 18; England 23; and France, 30; 431 screw frigates and corvettes make up the wooden array of European strength at sea. Here, again, England with 132 vessels, 5,870 guns, and 50,700 horse-power, has the first place. France, the second on the list, records only 52; Russia, 48; Turkey, 44; Spain, 37; Holland, 25; Italy, 24; Germany, 17; Denmark, 16; Austria, 14; Portugal, 8; Sweden, 5; Norway, 5; Greece, 2. Smaller craft, such as avisos, gunboats, &c., of which England alone has 176, with 309 guns and 13,284 horse-power, are not reckoned in this calculation. If England were to man her Navy for war, she would require 68,000 men, of whom 22,000 would have to be enlisted for the purpose. Russia, for the like object, wants 36,000; France, 33,570; Turkey, 21,000; Spain, 14,000; Germany, 13,000 (every one kept in readiness); Austria, 11,530; Italy, 11,200; Holland 6,260; Denmark, 4,800; Norway, 3,500; Portugal, 3,300; Sweden, about 3,000.—Times Prussian Corr.

GREAT BRITAIN.

PRIOR WILDERNESS ON PRIOR.—At St Dominick's Priory, Haverstock-hill, London, on Sunday morning, 13th ult. the Very Rev. Prior Wilderforce, O.P., preached to a crowded congregation at the High Mass. His text was from the Gospel of the day, viz., "Every one that exalteth himself shall be humbled, and that-himself shall be exalted." In this day's Gospel (said the preacher) our Blessed Lord teaches us by precept, by parable, and by miracle, the great virtue of humility. Pride is the beginning of all sin, because it is that principle which makes a man say, "I will not serve God, I will rather serve myself." I will walk by the light of my own reason, and not by the revelation of Almighty

God. Almighty God has said He is the beginning of all things, and that all things are His; but pride denies that right to Almighty God, and instead of making God the beginning and end of all things, it makes self the beginning and end of all its actions. The world esteems pride, and that man is worthy of all praise, who refuses to submit himself to God; but on the other hand, he who enters into the Church of God and gives proof of his humility, the world treats him with contempt, because the world hates and despises humility. We know that in a short time our bodies will turn to corruption; we know that we can do nothing unless continually supported by God's grace, which holds us up as a mother does her infant; therefore, let us be humble. We must love the truth. We must be humble Catholics; we must show the world our greatest glory is to believe the teaching of Holy Church; and lastly, we must examine our own hearts and see how far we have advanced in the way of humility.

FATHER RAWES ON PREDESTINATION.—The poor mission of St. Joseph's, Bunhill-row, London, is in a struggling condition; the church itself is very sequestered, and the greatest difficulty is experienced by the reverend pastor, Father Toomey, in carrying on his holy work. It would be well, therefore, for those living in prosperous missions to think of the above poor neighborhood, and extend a helping hand. At the High Mass on Sunday morning, 13th ult., the Rev. Father Rawes preached to a large congregation in St. Joseph's Church. The text of his discourse was taken from St. Peter, 1, x:—"Brethren, strive earnestly that by good works you may make your calling and election sure." On account of the many dangers which beset the path towards eternal life, it was necessary for all men to follow the advice of the first Vicar of Our Lord, as set forth in the above text. In explaining several matters in connection with the subject of his discourse, the preacher first alluded to predestination, and explained that the broad meaning of predestination was that over-ruling counsel about all the works of God. But, judging its meaning more narrowly, and in a political sense, predestination was the disposition of His works with regard to the salvation of His rational creatures. There were two things about this to be remembered; first, there was no such thing as positive antecedent reprobation, and, more than that, he (the preacher) did not believe there was such a thing as negative antecedent reprobation. God decreed to give the first grace to men; grace merited grace, and every grace was given by the counsel of God, who decreed to give just faith and all it contained, and last the gift of final perseverance. The predestination of God was the same as His justice. When God gave anything without merit, then what He gave was predestinated without merit. On the other hand God gave certain gifts on account of merit, then these gifts were predestinated for men after God had foreseen their merit. God in His goodness decreed to give us all things necessary for salvation, and which were merited for men by Christ—that is, Christ merited that God will give to men all the graces they need. God, from all eternity, decreed to give the things which He at present bestows, and this was what was meant by predestination. There were two great errors in connection with this which he wished to explain, viz., the errors of the Pelagians and the semi-Pelagians. The first thought that by their own strength they could turn themselves to good works. They further thought that they could persevere in those works by the unaided power of their free will and that heaven was given as the reward of natural merit. The semi-Pelagians thought they could turn themselves to God, and that by doing so they merited, and that God gave them grace because of that merit. They, therefore, thought they could do works, which were meritorious for eternal life, and could, by their free will, go on and persevere to the end. The Church lays down the true doctrine that the first or last grace cannot be merited at all, except through Jesus Christ. The preacher quoted from the Council of Orange and the great Council of Trent to prove that no man could glory in himself on account of any good gift he possessed; but that all was to be ascribed to God, from whom every good gift came, and that when God crowned man's merits, He only crowns His own gifts. In impressing on his hearers the necessity of working out their salvation in fear and trembling, the preacher alluded to the terrible example given by Solomon, who, notwithstanding all his wisdom, had fallen into the most abominable crimes. Let him, therefore, who thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.—Catholic Times.

UNITED STATES.

SCHOOL DEDICATION.—The dedication of the new parochial schools attached to the church of the Holy Innocents, situated on West Thirty-seventh street and Broadway, took place on Sunday last. A large number of Catholic and other societies participated in the imposing ceremonies. In addition to the dedication of the schools, a superb statue of our Saviour, imported from Italy, was unveiled, and addresses were delivered by the Very Rev. Father Preston, V.G., and by Father Larkin, the indefatigable pastor of the parish, to whose energy, zeal and executive abilities his parishioners are not only indebted for their splendid church-edifice, but for the model Catholic school building just dedicated to the cause of Catholic education.—N. Y. Irish American.

St. MICHAEL'S MONASTERY.—The feast of St. Michael (better known as "Michaelmas") was solemnly observed at the monastery of St. Michael, West Hoboken, N. J., on Tuesday, Sept. 23. To the Catholics of this and the neighboring diocese, the labors of the good Fathers of the Passionist Order are known; and at all seasons of the year, crowds of the faithful visit the great edifice, which, standing like a land mark on the highest point of the New Jersey heights, is a monument, at once attesting the zeal of the followers of St. Paul of the Cross, and the progress of the faith that has raised the sign of man's redemption to such an altitude. Although the weather was unpropitious on the day of the feast, devout Catholics of this and neighboring cities were not deterred from assisting at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, which was offered up in the chapel of the Monastery by the Rev. Father Victor, assisted by Rev. Father Libanus and Aloisius. At the conclusion of the canon of the Mass, the Rev. Father Smith, of Rahany, ascended the pulpit, and delivered a most eloquent and impressive discourse which was listened to with rapt attention by the crowded audience.—Id.

INTEREST ON FRIENDSHIP.—In 1850 a young man named Osborn, who had recently arrived from the East, penniless and friendless, was taken sick. He told his condition to a fellow adventurer named Hitchcock, who was a little better off, and the latter promised to "see him through." The promise was kept, and when, after two months of illness, Osborn arose from his bed, his friend handed him \$250 to bear expenses and to procure tools, saying to him, "if you ever get able you can pay me back, but do not worry yourself and injure your health in trying to make the money too quick." One year and a half from that time Osborn sent Hitchcock \$1,250 with the following note: "I'll pay interest on friendship." His labors proved remunerative, and by 1873 he was worth \$850,000. While in San Francisco he met and recognized his old friend, when they parted, after several days' companionship, Osborn gave Hitchcock a sealed package, with the injunction that it was not to be opened until he was on the cars. There Hitchcock found that it contained a deed for one sixth of a rich silver mine, with a small note containing the words: "Interest on friendship." Hitchcock has sold his interest for \$50,000.

ROBBING THE PAUPERS.—From New York City comes this: The Commissioners of accounts in New York have made an examination of the Charity Com-

mission, and make a report showing irregularities in distributing supplies, deceit in making returns, fraud in letting contracts, alteration of books, and everything in a general muddle. James Newsome, Esq., Bullock county, Ga., has a watermelon vine from which he gathered 589 pounds of melons this year, many of them weighing from forty to fifty pounds. The vine covered seventy feet from side to side.

POLAND.

Poland, yet more than ever sorrow-crowned, is most beautiful in her sadness. The Czar of Russia graciously allows these subjects of his the alternative of embracing the teaching of a false religion, or the martyr's fate, and thank God they are accepting joyfully the latter. Long since every Catholic Bishop of Russian Poland has entered the way to Heaven through a Siberian exile, and now the knot, or the more merciful sword is daily adding from clergy and people to that long roll of witnesses to God's Church, which every year has not failed of example from the apostles to this day. And this royal butcher of Russia, the particular and petted admiration of a certain class of people in free America, is suffered to go on with his brutal purpose of exterminating a gallant people, who prefer death to apostasy. Oh God of Heaven is there no hand to strike, no shield of power to protect. Neither age nor sex is spared. The tender child and heroic mother receive alike the stripes from their inhuman oppressors, and even gray hairs command no respect from the Russian beast. Poland is not in accord with the spirit of the age. Her men women and children are guilty of the heinous political offence against the Russian Government of reciting the rosary and wearing the scapular of our Blessed Lady. For this these "children of Mary" are whipped, scourged, murdered, and the world calmly looks on; repeating the sad history of that Son of Mary, who is Christ our Lord, who, after being cruelly scourged in Pilate's house, was led forth to die amid the plaudits of a world as conceited as this is and just as ignorant. Poland is not in accord with the spirit of that age which withstood the terrible persecution of the Roman Emperors, and from the reeking forum furnished the brightest examples of Godlike courage that history has ever recorded.—Poor Poland—grand Poland!

When all Europe lay prostrate before the advancing armies of Islam and the Christian people of the West saw before them the dreaded alternative of adherence to Mohammed or death by the sword it was Catholic Poland that proved a wall of fire—beyond which the Muslims were unable to advance. At Vienna and Belgrade her gallant people upheld the Cross and trampled the Crescent in the dust forever. Poland heard and heeded the cry of anguish which Europe sent forth in those days, mis-called "dark," but in the days of a false enlightenment, the Christian nations are deaf to the agonizing wail that comes from Russian Poland. In this connection we take pleasure in printing the following from our neighbor, the St. Louis Dispatch:

"Since its dismemberment, an act which Sir James McIntosh pronounced the darkest chapter in history, Poland has been the most oppressed and downtrodden country, scarcely excepting Ireland, on the map of Europe. Her political institutions were destroyed, her own rulers dethroned, and without law or justice, her territory divided among the rapacious wolves of conquest. Now Russia that has had the magnanimity to free a race of serfs, is filling Polish prisons and bastilles with prisoners, scourging men, women, and children, devastating the fields and imperiling the people because the Roman Catholics refuse to forsake their religion and their altars and to recognize Greek priests and attend Greek churches. It is a shame to civilization and an outrage on humanity too shocking and appalling to admit one particle of palliation. It exhibits the despotic spirit of the Russian government. The defenceless handful of Catholics are without protection and at the mercy of the rude soldiery of Russia, and Poland is again rent asunder by bloodshed and suffering. It is a cause that appeals to the humanity of the world. Russian butchery should be stopped by the united voice of Christendom.—Western Times.

DEMOCRITUS AT BELFAST.

(See Report of Professor Tyndall's Inaugural Discourse to the British Association.)

(From Punch.)

Tyndall, high-perched on Speculation's summit, May drop his sounding-line in Nature's ocean, But that great deep has depths beyond plummet The springs of law and life, mind, matter, motion, Democritus imagined that the soul Was made of atoms, spheric, smooth, and fiery; Plato conceived it as a radiant whole— A heavenly unit baffling man's enquiry. Indolent Gods, immeasurably bored, Beyond the blast of Boreas and Eurus, Too lazy Man to punish or reward, Such was the Heaven conceived by Epicurus. If, as the wide observant Darwin dreams, Man be development of the Ascidian, Methinks his great deeds and poetic dreams Scarce square with his molluscous pre-meridian. But, even as Milton's demons, problem tossed, When they had set their Maker at defiance, Still "found no end, in wandering mazes lost." So is it with our modern men of science. Still in the "Open Sesame" of Law, Life's master-key professing to deliver, But meeting with deaf-ear or scorn-clinched jaw, Our question "Doth not law imply law-giver?" Betwixt the Garden and the Porcico, Thou, vacillating avant, often flittest, And when we seek the force of law to know, Giv'st us a phrase, "survival of the fittest." Pray who may be the fittest to survive, The spark of thought for coming time to kindle, The sacred fire of science keep alive?— Plato, Agassiz, Humboldt, Huxley, Tyndall? If Tyndall's last word be indeed the last— Of Hope and Faith hence with each rag and tatter A black cloud shrouds our future as our past; Matter, the wise man's God; the Gods—no Matter.

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Mr. Fellows is daily in receipt of letters of inquiry, from various parts, respecting his Syrup of Hypophosphites. One recently received, leads to the belief that the public mistake his meaning in reference to its effect in imparting superior energy to the mind. Where the intellect has been impaired by overwork or by kindred causes, the use of the Syrup, together with proper precautions in the use of food, clothing, exercise and rest, will restore full power to the brain and nerves. Superiority of genius consists in great capacity of brain for assimilating material

from every quarter, and of developing in proportion, but as by far the greater number are not well endowed by nature, consequently lacking this capacity, it would be quite impossible to find cranium space genius. Hence, although the Syrup will assist in restoring the mind, which is lost, it cannot change a natural born idiot into an intelligent man.

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INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869, AND ITS AMENDMENTS. In the matter of FRANCOIS CORY MUTTON, of the said City of Montreal, Cabinet Maker and Trader, as well individually as having carried on trade and business with THOMAS CORY MUTTON, in Montreal aforesaid, under the name and firm of MUTTON BROS., Insolvent. On the twenty-third day of October next the undersigned will apply to the said Court for his discharge under the said Act. Montreal, 15th September, 1874. JAMES INGLIS, By GILMAN & HOLTON, His Attorneys ad litem.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869, AND ITS AMENDMENTS. In the matter of JOHN SCOTT, of Montreal, Broker, duly authorized to enter in justice, Plaintiff, vs. The said JOHN SCOTT, Defendant. NOTICE is hereby given that an action en separation de corps et de biens has been instituted by the said Plaintiff against the Defendant, her husband. Montreal, 17th September, 1874. JOHN L. MORRIS, Attorney for Plaintiff.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869, AND ITS AMENDMENTS. In the matter of MEDARD GUILBAULT, An Insolvent. I, the undersigned, Charles Albert Vilbon, of St. Jean Baptiste Village, Parish and District of Montreal, have been appointed Assignee in this matter. Creditors are notified to file their claims before me within a month, and they are notified moreover that a meeting of Creditors in the said affair will be held in my Office at Montreal, No. 8 St. James Street, on the 6th day of November next, at 2 o'clock p.m., for the examination of the Insolvent, and for the general administration of the affairs of the Estate. Montreal, 6th October, 1874. CHS. ALB. VILBON, Assignee.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } In the SUPERIOR COURT. District of Montreal. The First Day of October, 1874. PRESENT: The Honorable Mr. JUSTICE JOHNSON, No. 736. THOMAS C. CARROLL, Plaintiff, vs. CLEREMONT DANIELS & HENRY PEABODY, both Merchants and Co-Partners of the City and District of Montreal, and there carrying on business as such under the name and firm of "CLEREMONT DANIELS & CO." Defendants.

IT IS ORDERED, on the Petition of Plaintiff, that a meeting of the Creditors of said Cleremont Daniels and Henry Peabody, be held in the room appropriated for matters in Insolvency in the Court House, in the City of Montreal, on Monday, the nineteenth day of October, instant, at eleven of the clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of appointing an Assignee to the Insolvent Estate of the said Defendants. (By Order), GEORGE PYKE, Deputy P. S. C.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869, AND ITS AMENDMENTS. In the matter of ISIDORE BEZEAU, Butcher and Trader, of the Parish and District of Montreal, An Insolvent. The Insolvent has made an assignment of his estate to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at his domicile and place of business at Coteau St. Augustin, in the said Parish, on Turgoon Street, the nineteenth day of October next, at two o'clock p.m., to receive statements of his affairs, and to appoint an Assignee. Montreal, 28th September, 1874. CHAS. ALB. VILBON, Interim Assignee.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } In the SUPERIOR COURT. District of Montreal. In the matter of ULRIC LAMOUREUX, An Insolvent. On the Seventh day of November next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act. Montreal, 1st of October, 1874. ULRIC LAMOUREUX, per ARCHAMBAULT & DESLABERRY, His Attorneys ad litem.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } In the SUPERIOR COURT District of Montreal. } for Lower Canada. No. 535. DAME HERMELINE LEVEILLE, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Eusebe Charette, gentleman, of the same place, now absent from the Province of Quebec, the said Dame Hermeline Leveille duly authorized to ester suit, Plaintiff, vs. The said EUSEBE CHARETTE, her husband, Defendant. An action en separation de biens has been instituted in this case on the sixteenth day of September instant. Montreal, 21st September, 1874. FORGET & ROY, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } In the SUPERIOR COURT District of Montreal. In the matter of JOHN SCOTT, An Insolvent. On Tuesday, the twenty-seventh day of October next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act. Montreal, 21st September, 1874. JOHN SCOTT, By KERR, LAMBE & CARTER, His Attorneys ad litem.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } In the SUPERIOR COURT. District of Montreal. In the matter of WALTER O. COCHRANE, An Insolvent. On Tuesday, the twenty-seventh day of October next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act. Montreal, 21st September, 1874. WALTER O. COCHRANE, By KERR, LAMBE & CARTER, His Attorneys ad litem.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } In the SUPERIOR COURT. District of Montreal. In the matter of GEORGE POWEL, of the City of Montreal, An Insolvent. On Saturday, the Seventeenth day of October next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act. Montreal, 7th September, 1874. GEORGE POWEL, By his Attorney ad litem. D. BARRY.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } SUPERIOR COURT. District of Montreal. In the matter of JAMES INGLIS, of the City of Montreal, Photographer and Trader, Insolvent. On the twenty-third day of October next the undersigned will apply to the said Court for his discharge under the said Act. Montreal, 15th September, 1874. JAMES INGLIS, By GILMAN & HOLTON, His Attorneys ad litem.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } SUPERIOR COURT. District of Montreal. No. 550. DAME ELIZABETH MCDUGALL, wife of JOHN SCOTT, of Montreal, Broker, duly authorized to enter in justice, Plaintiff, vs. The said JOHN SCOTT, Defendant. NOTICE is hereby given that an action en separation de corps et de biens has been instituted by the said Plaintiff against the Defendant, her husband. Montreal, 17th September, 1874. JOHN L. MORRIS, Attorney for Plaintiff.

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Diamond Rheumatic Cure, for his high standing in the profession, and the learning and science of an able mind, quickly compelled the censure to succumb, and now physicians generally, all over the world, where this medicine is introduced, admit of its wonderful efficacy, and often prescribe it for their patients. Of course the use of the DIAMOND RHEUMATIC CURE, without the aid of a physician, is a saving in fees to the sufferer, but the really conscientious physician should rejoice at this, for the reason of the general benefits arising to mankind from its use. READ WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY. MONTREAL, 21st March, 1871. Messrs. DEVINS & BOLTON: Dear Sirs—I with pleasure concede to the Agents wish that I give my endorsement to the immediate relief I experienced from a few doses of Dr. Stiller's Diamond Rheumatic Cure, having been a sufferer from the effects of Rheumatism, I am now after taking two bottles of this medicine, entirely free from pain. You are at liberty to use this letter, if you deem it advisable to do so. I am, Sir, yours respectfully, JOHN HELDER ISAACSON, N.P. Montreal, 17th March, 1874.

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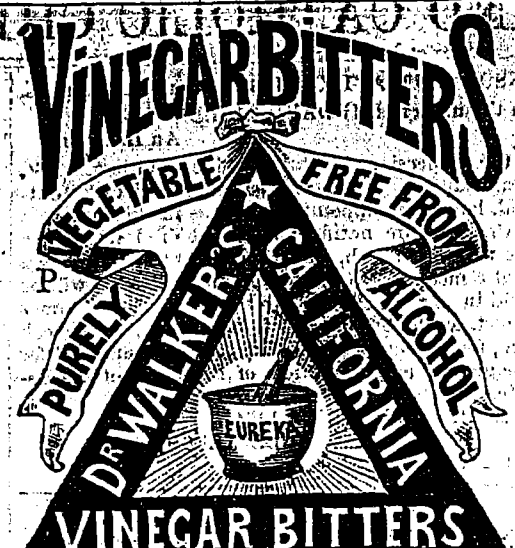
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The Academic Year commences on the first Monday in September, and ends in the beginning of July. COURSE OF STUDIES. The Course of Studies in the Institute is divided into two departments—Primary and Commercial.

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT. SECOND CLASS. Religious Instruction, Spelling, Reading, First Notions of Arithmetic and Geography, Object Lessons, Principles of Politeness, Vocal Music. FIRST CLASS. Religious Instruction, Spelling and Defining (1st drill on vocal elements), Penmanship, Geography, Grammar, Arithmetic, History, Principles of Politeness, Vocal Music.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT. SECOND CLASS. Religious Instruction, Reading, Orthography, Writing, Grammar, Geography, History, Arithmetic (Mental and Written), Book-keeping (Single and Double Entry), Algebra, Mensuration, Principles of Politeness, Vocal and Instrumental Music, French. FIRST CLASS. Religious Instruction, Select Readings, Grammar, Composition and Rhetoric, Synonyms, Epistolary Correspondence, Geography (with use of Globes), History (Ancient and Modern), Arithmetic (Mental and Written), Penmanship, Book-keeping (the latest and most practical forms, by Single and Double Entry), Commercial Correspondence, Lectures on Commercial Law, Algebra, Geometry, Mensuration, Trigonometry, Linear Drawing, Practical Geometry, Architecture, Navigation, Surveying, Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Principles of Politeness, Elocution, Vocal and Instrumental Music, French.

For young men not desiring to follow the entire Course, a particular Class will be opened in which Book-keeping, Mental and Written Arithmetic, Grammar and Composition, will be taught. TERMS. Board and Tuition, per month, \$12 00. Half Boarders, " " " " " " 7 00. PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT. 2nd Class, Tuition, per quarter, 4 00. 1st Class, " " " " " " 5 00. COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT. 2nd Class, Tuition, per quarter, 6 00. 1st Class, " " " " " " 6 00. Payments quarterly, and invariably in advance. No deduction for absence except in case of protracted illness or dismissal.

EXTRA CHARGES.—Drawing, Music, Piano and Violin. Monthly Reports of behaviour, application and progress, are sent to parents or guardians. For further particulars apply at the Institute, BROTHES ARNOLD, Director, Toronto, March 1, 1874.

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

THE VISITATION HOSPITAL-LOTTERY OF ST-EUSEBE. Approved by His Lordship Mgr. Guigues, Bishop of Ottawa; and under the patronage of the members of the Clergy for forwarding the work of the construction of the Visitation Hospital at Wright, Ottawa County.

CONDITIONS AND ADVANTAGES OFFERED. Farm at Wright, annual rent \$1,200.....\$6,000. House in Wright Village.....1,500. Farm.....300. Two Good Horses.....300. Four Lots, each of \$100.....400. One Buggy.....120. A Buggy.....60. Five Watches of \$20 each.....160. Ten Watches of \$12 each.....120. In all 800 objects, many of considerable value. SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES.—An annual Mass on the Feast of St. Eusebe will be said in perpetuity for the benefactors of the work. PRIZES OF TICKETS.—Fifty cents. Responsible Agents wanted, with commission of one ticket on ten.

The money must be forwarded to the Secretary-Treasurer who will pay it over to the Committee. Monthly deposits will be made in a Savings Bank. The drawing will take place during the year 1874, and will be announced in the public journals. It will be conducted on the plan adopted by the Building Societies, and will be presided over by three priests appointed by the Bishop of Ottawa. Property given as prizes by the President will be distributed by him to the winners. Persons wishing to buy or sell tickets will communicate with the Secretary-Treasurer. Deposits of Tickets will also be made with the members of the Clergy and other persons who may be wanting to interest themselves in the work. EUSEBE FAUER, Pt. Missionary Apostolic, President. OMER BROUILLET, Secretary-Treasurer. Wright, P.Q., 8th Dec., 1873.—31 C.A.C.

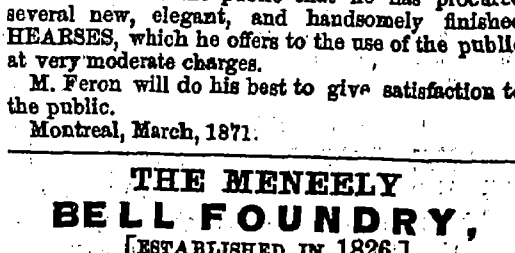
To Nervous Sufferers. Dr. J. Bell Simpson's Specific and Tonic Pills, the Great English Remedy for all nervous debility from whatever cause arising, have already been so thoroughly tested in Canada as to require little to be said in their favor—as a certain cure for those distressing symptoms arising from errors of youth. Dr. J. Bell Simpson was a pupil and friend of the late Dr. Willis Mosely, of London, England, the most celebrated authority in the world on this subject. His partner is now visiting Canada, and is prepared to give advice free to all, and forward circular, etc., if applied to—addressing Dr. J. Bell Simpson & Co., Drawer 91 P. O., Hamilton. Two boxes of Pills will also be sent by mail to any part of Canada, securely wrapped from observation, on receipt of \$1.00. Special treatment if desired. Pills sold retail by all retail Druggists, and wholesale by all wholesale Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers.

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM FOR COUGHS, COLDS, LOSS OF VOICE, HOARSENESS, BRONCHIAL AND THROAT AFFECTIONS. THE GUM which exudes from the Red Spruce tree is, without doubt, the most valuable native Gum for medicinal purposes. Its remarkable power in relieving certain severe forms of Bronchitis and its almost specific effect in curing obstinate hacking Coughs; is now well known to the public at large. In this Syrup (carefully prepared at low temperature), containing a large quantity of the finest picked Gum in complete solution all the Tonic, Expectant, Balsamic and Anti-spasmodic effects of the Red Spruce Gum are fully preserved. For sale at all Drug Stores. Price, 25 cents per bottle. Sole manufacturer, HENRY B. GRAY, Chemist, Montreal, 1872.

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.

THE MENEELY BELL FOUNDRY, [ESTABLISHED IN 1826.] THE Subscribers manufacture and have constantly for sale at their old established Foundry, their Superior Bells for Churches, Academies, Factories, Steamboats, Locomotives, Plantations, &c., mounted in the most approved and substantial manner with their new Patented Yoke and other improved Mountings, and warranted in every particular. For information in regard to Keys, Dimensions, Mountings, Warranted, &c., send for a Circular Address. MENEELY & CO., West Troy, N. Y.

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THE SIMPLEST, CHEAPEST AND BEST MARKING APPARATUS in the WORLD For Marking Cotton, Silk, Woolen and Linen, is PAYSON'S INDELIBLE INK Used with a Common Pen without a preparation. This ink flows perfectly; will write as easily on the finest muslin as ink on paper. It does not dry up, and retains its virtues longer than any other ink known. It will not injure the finest fabric. PAYSON'S Ink has endured the test of forty years, and is now the most popular ink in existence, and is unrivaled for uniformity of quality and durability. It will mark more neatly, quickly, and indelibly than any other apparatus. It requires no preparation of the fabric. Price, 37 cts per bottle. Sold by all Druggists, Stationers and Fancy-Goods Dealers. [October 2.]

A MAN OF A THOUSAND. A CONSUMPTIVE CURED. When death was hourly expected from CONSUMPTION, all remedies having failed, accident led to a discovery whereby Dr. H. James cured his only child with a preparation of Cannabis Indica. He now gives this recipe free on receipt of two stamps to pay expenses. There is not a single symptom of consumption that it does not dissipate.—Night Sweats, Irritation of the Nerves, Difficult Expectoration, Sharp Pains in the Lungs, Nausea at the Stomach, Inaction of the Bowels, and Wasting of the Muscles. Address, CRADDO