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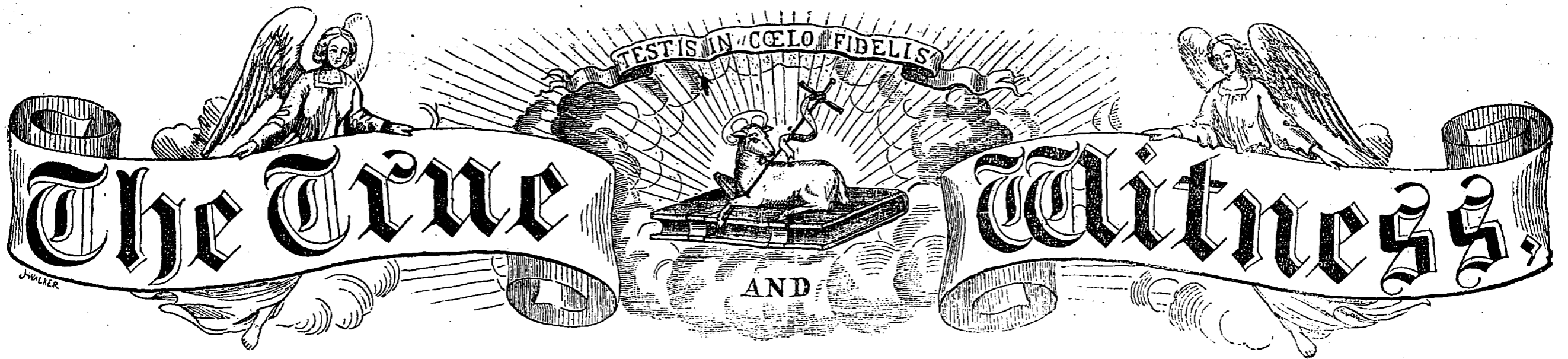
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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THE
LIMERICK VETERAN;
 OR,
THE FOSTER SISTERS.
 BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE O'NEILL."
 (From the Baltimore Catholic Mirror.)
 PART SECOND.
 CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

Reckless of their own safety, Colonel St. John, aided by the faithful Dugald, who had been filled with surprise on witnessing the intrepid conduct of the Marshal, rushed forward and succeeded in bearing his inanimate form from the field of slaughter. For it deserved not to be called a field of battle; and the confusion of the Highland clans, whose retreat must also have been converted into a disastrous rout, was averted by the French and Irish pikets who covered them by a close and continuous fire.

In the most intense agony, the Prince had witnessed, from the eminence on which he stood, his aged friend, the veteran St. John, severely wounded; and now, with large tears pouring down his face, he was doomed to behold the flight of his friends and followers and the destruction of his dearest hopes. At last, his tutor, Sir Thomas Sheridan, who had accompanied him from France, prevailed on him to seek safety in flight with the remainder of his forces, part of whom had left the field with something like order, their pipes playing and colors flying.

Leaving his unfortunate grandfather in the care of Dugald, Maurice had sought the Prince, and, as soon as he had seen unhappy Charles hurried from the fatal field, he returned to the spot in which he had left the Marshal, strapped him to his own horse, and galloped off in order to make the best of his way to a place of shelter.

The unfortunate men who took the road to Inverness, in consequence of having to cross the moor, were speedily overtaken, and the five miles between that place and the field of carnage presented a terrible scene of slaughter, corpses and blood.*

The brutal Duke of Cumberland suffered the wounded men to remain on the field of battle, stripped of their clothes, from Wednesday until three o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, when he sent detachments to kill all who were still alive. The strength of a large number of these unfortunates had resisted the effects of the constant falls of rain, and the ferocious and vindictive Duke not only passed through this terrible field of blood with his staff of officers, but took a part in the tragedy. Fair complexioned as to countenance and bloated in form, he rode calmly amongst the ranks of the dying and the dead, and perceiving a young man, by name Charles Traver,

who had held a commission as Lieutenant-Colonel, lying wounded on the ground, but who raised himself as he approached, he inquired of him to whom he belonged. "To the Prince," replied he. "Shoot that insolent scoundrel! Major Wolfe," said the butcher Duke, to an officer who was standing by. "My commission is at the disposal of your Royal Highness, but I cannot consent to become an executioner," said the Major. His commands were also ineffectual with two other officers whom he requested to shoot the unfortunate Highlander, but, perceiving a common soldier, he asked him if his piece was loaded, and the man replying in the affirmative, his command that he should shoot the young officer was at once put into execution.

How widely different was the conduct of the inhuman Cumberland and the English after the battle of Culloden, to the humanity and consideration of Charles Edward and his gallant followers towards their wounded enemies, which they were victors at Preston Pans and Falkirk. Havoc and desolation were alike carried into the castle of the chieftain and the hut of the peasant. For penetrating through the Highlands, the Duke and his diabolical Commander-in-chief, General Hawley, advanced to Fort Augustus, laid waste the country with fire and sword, and women and children, whose husbands and brothers had been murdered, and whose houses had been burned to the ground, were turned out naked upon the barren heath to starve, and were seen shivering in the clefts of the rocks dying of cold and hunger.

Amongst the first acts of severity of the Duke of Cumberland was to hang up thirty-six deserters from the royal army. Nineteen wounded officers belonging to the Highland army were also dragged out of a wood in which they had taken refuge, the greater number shot, and the remainder who showed any signs of life had their brains knocked out by the brutal soldiery, whilst a hut containing a number of wounded Highlanders was set fire to, and not only was every one bayoneted who attempted to escape, but when the building was burnt to the ground the remains of thirty men were found blackened by the flames.*

CHAPTER X.—THE FUGITIVE PRINCE.

When the chances of the day were observed by the faithful adherents of the Prince to go so fatally against his cause, the French and Irish troops had vigorously exerted themselves in helping him make good his retreat to the western coast, with the hope that he might there find a French vessel which might convey him to France.

It was afterwards decided that the greater majority of the party should separate, in order the more perfectly to ensure safety.

The anguish which was felt by Maurice St. John when he witnessed the death of the Marshal may be better conceived than described. He was soothed, however, by the reflection that the venerated remains of one so honored and beloved had not been left exposed to outrage on that field of carnage, but had received interment at the hands of Dugald and himself. But the dread that the tale he had to tell might possibly end the days of Lady Florence filled his heart with sorrow, whilst his mind was also distressed as to the fate of his brother Edward, whom severe illness had prevented from taking up arms in the fatal field of Culloden.

Thirty thousand pounds was the amount offered for the capture of Charles Edward. An enormous sum was this wherewith to tempt the poor Highlanders, amongst whom his lot was for a time cast. The English cavalry were on his track, the troops of the Duke were scouring the Highlands, and ships of war were cruising along the coast to intercept any vessel which might carry him away.

Nursed amidst the luxuries which wealth bestows, and reared in the soft air of an Italian climate, it was a wonderful and strange thing that Charles Edward could brave and endure the unexampled privations which it was his

lot to undergo when fleeing from rock to rock, from island to island, to escape from his persecutors; very often in danger of being drowned, exposed to the fury of the elements, sheltered for a while in a poor hut in Benbecula, the door of which was so low that, as the Prince was tall of stature, they had to dig below it before he could enter.

* * * * *

"Yes, that will do. I quite admire the disguise, for it is perfect; and now I have put the last touch, I am convinced it will defy detection."

She who spoke those words was a lovely Scottish maiden of not more than eighteen years of age. Small of stature was she, but her form full of grace and symmetry, her black eyes sparkled with intelligence, and her features, without being strictly regular, were nevertheless handsome; a profusion of chestnut ringlets clustered over her neck and shoulders, and her countenance beamed with an expression of innocent pleasure at the success of her handicraft. The person whom she addressed was to outward appearance a servant maid, awkward and ungainly enough in that strange attire; for before the maiden stands the unfortunate heir to three kingdoms, arrayed in a flowered cotton gown, a quilted petticoat, white apron and a cloak of dun camlet, made after the Irish fashion with a hood, which the damsel had just disposed to her satisfaction.

This maiden was the brave and energetic heroine renowned for having aided the Prince in his escape from his enemies, and known to posterity as the celebrated Flora Macdonald. With one attendant whom Charles had attached to his service, she had embarked with him in a boat on the way to Skye.

The journey was not without its perils, from which, however, the little party escaped, and safely arrived at the Kilbride in the Isle of Skye. She warned the Prince that she must leave him alone on the beach whilst she went to the house of her kinswoman, the Lady Margaret Macdonald, to apprise her of his safe arrival.

Attended then by Neil Mackeeckan, she proceeded to the house of this lady, and, entering the apartment in which she was seated, discovered, to her intense alarm, that Lady Margaret was not alone; and her heart beat more wildly than was its wont when she discovered that the Lady's guest was Lieutenant Macleod, whose militia was in the neighborhood, and who had three of his men in the house at that very time.

With the tact of a clever woman, however, Flora mastered her agitation, spoke of indifferent subjects, then answered with composure the questions he put to her, and contrived to play her part while the dinner was being served, though her little heart beat wildly enough, without exciting the suspicions of the inquisitive officer. Another visitor, too, was present, of a very different stamp; a generous, warm-hearted old Jacobite, as enthusiastic in the cause of Charles Edward as was Flora herself, and this was Alexander Macdonald of Kingsburgh.

Flora felt that it was impossible to withdraw Lady Macdonald from the room without exciting suspicion, so she had recourse to by-play, and, affecting admiration for some paintings in the room, she lured the old gentleman to her side, and put him in possession of her secret.

"Is it possible! here, in Skye, and the militia in the place?"

"It is; watch an opportunity and let Lady Margaret know of his perilous position." Then, raising her voice, she again expressed her admiration of the landscape scene before her, and, approaching Macleod, asking him if he was a connoisseur in works of art, she managed to break off his conversation with Lady Macdonald, and drew him to the further end of the apartment. The field was now clear, and obedient to a sign from Kingsburgh, the Lady, in wondering amazement, followed him from the room.

"I shall surprise you, Madam, by what I am going to say. Miss Flora has just informed me that the Prince, God bless him, is now on the beach."

A loud scream from Lady Macdonald followed Kingsburgh's announcement.

"Let me implore of you to be calm, Madam."

"We shall all be ruined! I and my family will be ruined for ever."

"Not so, Madam. I am an old man, and quite willing to take the poor, hunted down Prince to the shelter of my own home. I have but one life to lose, and it matters but little whether I die with a halter round my neck, or whether I await a natural death which, in the course of nature, cannot be long distant. There is one thing, however, in which your Ladyship's help will be of use."

"In what way, Kingsburgh?"

"Send immediately for Donald Roy, who was wounded at Culloden. He is at present on this very spot; let him be in readiness to

take the Prince to Portree, and from thence to Macleod of Raasay, who is devoted to his interests; meanwhile, I will myself go in search of him."

Time flew on leaden wings to Flora when alone with her dangerous companion. The company of a young and fascinating girl doubtless had its charms even with the officer of the militia, but thirty thousand pounds was a stake at issue, which made him and others who were on the lookout exceedingly keen. The slightest noise made her tremble, and yet withal she had to keep up a running fire of small talk to beguile the time and conceal her agitation.

At length she found she could take her departure without exciting suspicion, and Lady Macdonald, taking the cue when she approached to bid her farewell, affected to be extremely loth to part with her.

"When last you were here, my dear Flora," said she, "you promised that the next time you came you would pay me a long visit."

"To-day it is impossible, dear Lady Margaret. You must hold me excused, for I much wish to see my mother and be secure in my own home in these troubled times."

"Well, understand, now, I shall positively lay an embargo on you the next time you come to Mugstat, and I shall compel you to pay me a longer visit."

Then, kissing her hostess and extending her hand to the officer, she departed, attended by a maid and Neil Mackeeckan, all three being on horseback.

They had not been long on the road before they overtook the Prince and Kingsburgh, whom they passed at a brisk trot, Flora urging them to increased speed in hopes that Charles might escape observation.

His awkward appearance and masculine gait, however, attracted her maid's notice.

"I think," said she, "I never saw so impudent a woman in my life as the wench Kingsburgh is walking with. She's like a man dressed in woman's clothes. See what long strides the jade takes and how awkwardly she manages her petticoats."

Small wonder the Prince attracted the maid's notice; his strides were unaturally long, and when fording a small brook which ran across the road, he held up his woman's garb so awkwardly as to bring upon him Kingsburgh's remonstrances. Charles promised to walk with more care for the future, but in crossing the next brook he fell into the other extreme, and suffered his dress to float in the water.

Kingsburgh's fears were then so thoroughly aroused that, striking out of the highroad, he took the Prince across the hills to his house, which he did not reach till eleven o'clock, wet to the skin with a drenching rain, and preceded by Flora and her companions.

Leading Charles into a spacious hall, Kingsburgh desired a servant to tell her Mistress that some friends had accompanied him home, and that she must come and receive them; but the lady was already in bed and sent an apology begging that the would make themselves welcome to all that was in the house.

No sooner had the servant left the room, than in rushed her little girl, exclaiming: "Oh, Mamma, Papa has brought home the most odd, muckle, ill-shakan wife I have ever seen, and he's taken her into the hall, too!"

A few minutes later, and Kingsburgh himself entered the room, urging her to be quick and dress as speedily as possible. His hasty and mysterious manner led her at once to suspect that he had brought home with him some person of rank and distinction involved in the late troubles, and she hastened to complete her toilet, sending her little girl for her keys of which she was in want, but the child soon returned, exclaiming: "I cannot fetch them, Mamma; the 'muckle woman' is walking up and down the hall, and I'm afraid of her."

Full of curiosity, the lady at once hastened to the hall herself. When she entered, the Prince was seated at the further end, and rising, he advanced to meet her, taking her by the hand and kissing her cheek.

You may be sure she was both alarmed and surprised when she felt her cheek rubbed by the rough beard of a man.

Not one word did either of them speak, but the lady felt sure her suspicions were correct, and hastening to her husband, she said: "I am positively certain, Kingsburgh, that that pretended female is no woman at all, but some unfortunate gentleman who has escaped from Culloden; has he brought any news of the Prince?"

"My dear wife," said Kingsburgh, taking her hands within his own, "it is the Prince himself!"

"We are all ruined! we shall all be hanged!" was the reply.

"Never mind, wife, we can die but once, and if we die for this, then we die in a good cause, for we are performing an act of charity and humanity. Now go and get ready, as soon

as possible, eggs, butter, cheese and whatever else you have in the house."

"Eggs, butter and cheese!" reiterated the lady, with a slight laugh; "a fine supper for a Prince, truly."

"Our supper, wife, will be a feast to him.— You do not know how hard he has fared off late; besides, if we could make a grand meal of it, we dare not; the suspicions of the servants would at once be roused. Make haste with what you have got, and come to supper yourself."

"Me come to supper!" she exclaimed, "I ken naething how to behave before Majesty."

"You will have to come, wife," was Kingsburgh's reply. "The Prince would not eat a bit without you, and he is so affable and easy, that you will find it quite a pleasant matter to be in his company."

With Flora on his right hand and Lady Kingsburgh on his left sat Charles at supper. He made an excellent meal, four eggs, some collops, and bread and butter being rapidly dispatched, together with two bottles of ale.

When the supper was finished, he pulled out of his pocket a small pipe worn to a mere stump, and as black as ink. "I have been a great sufferer from toothache," said he, "and I find relief from the use of tobacco."

Then the ladies withdrew, but the small hours of the night had set in before Charles Edward and his worthy host had prepared for rest. Conversation on the troubled past and the uncertain future beguiled the time; he had smoked to his heart's content and the punch bowl had been many time replenished.

The unfortunate prince had for so long a time been deprived of the comfort of a bed, that his sleep was prolonged for no less than ten hours, and when he at length arose, it was decided that the should quit the house in the same costume in which he had entered, in order not to awaken suspicion on the part of the servants.

As soon as he had finished dressing, Lady Kingsburgh and Flora were summoned to put on his cap and apron and arrange his hood, he laughing heartily the while, as if he had been intent merely on a frolic.

"Oh, Miss," said he, "you have forgotten my apron; pray give me one, it is the principal part of my dress."

"Ask him for a lock of his hair, Flora," said Lady Kingsburgh, in Gaelic.

"Oh, Lady Kingsburgh, I could not think of such a thing!"

"You are talking in Gaelic, ladies, what is it you are speaking of?"

"Lady Kingsburgh has requested me to ask for a lock of your Highness' hair," replied Flora.

"And you are quite welcome to cut off as much as you please," said Charles, as he laid his head on the lap of his fair preserver.

Flora severed a lock from his head and presented half of it to her friend, keeping the rest for herself.

Before he left the house, his host made him the very welcome present of a pair of shoes, and tying together the wretched old shoes the Prince had taken off, Kingsburgh hung them carefully on a peg, observing that they might be very useful to him on some future day.*

"In what way? I should be glad to know," inquired the Prince.

"I will tell you. When you are fairly settled at St. James', I shall come and see you, to remind you of the night you were sheltered and entertained under my roof."

With the graceful ease for which he was remarkable, Charles thanked Lady Kingsburgh for her kindness, and, accepting a small snuff-box "as a keepsake," he proceeded with his host to Portree, whence he expected to find a boat to carry him to Raasay.

As soon as he had gone, Lady Kingsburgh went to his bedroom, and taking the sheets from the bed, protested they should never again be used or washed, but that they should be laid aside for his own winding sheet.

As soon as Kingsburgh and the Prince had got some distance from the house, Charles withdrew into a thicket and exchanged his female attire for a Highland dress, and then prepared to part with his generous preserver, the boat which had been procured with much difficulty being in waiting.

Bidding Flora an affectionate farewell, he kissed her, saying: "For all that has happened, Madam, I hope we shall yet meet at St. James'."

Alas! render, a very few days later, the noble and heroic girl was placed in custody and sent to London to be treated as the Government should deem proper; for it had speedily transpired that she had accompanied Charles in his wanderings.

* The old shoes of the unfortunate Prince were preserved," says Mr. Jesse, "with religious care by Kingsburgh as long as he lived, and after his death were cut to pieces, and given by his family to his Jacobite friends on various occasions.

* By this time, says the writer of a contemporary letter, our horse and dragoons had closed on them from both wings, and then began a general carnage. The moor was covered with blood, and our men, what with killing the enemy, dabbling their feet in the blood and splashing it about one another, looked like so many butchers.—*Scott's Magazine*.

Not contented with the blood shed in the heat of action, they traversed the field after the battle, and massacred those miserable wretches who lay maimed and expiring, some of the officers themselves assisting.—*Smollett's History of England*. Vol. 3, p. 229.

† Jesse's Memoirs of the Pretenders, &c.
 * "Human nature," says Mr. Jesse, "revolts at such sickening details. The condition of the prisoners who were at sea was even worse than at land. They were thrust, half naked, into the holds of the different vessels, where they slept on the stones which formed the ballast; their sole allowance of drink a bottle of cold water, their daily food ten ounces of an inferior meal. Several of them were put into one of the Scotch kirks, stripped naked, and left to die of their wounds; and though one of the prisoners was a surgeon, his instruments were taken from him to prevent him from dressing the wounds of his companions."
 * Several of these men were put on board the Jane, at Leith, and left to die in lingering tortures; others were sent out to work as slaves in the Barbadoes.
 * These merciless inhumanities were independent of the legal executions; the details of the demonic barbarities of the Duke of Cumberland and his followers would appear too dreadful to be credible were they not fully substantiated on the most undoubted authority.—*Jesse's Memoirs of the Pretenders and their Adherents*.

As to poor Kingsburgh, he, too, was arrested and sent to Fort Augustus, thrown in a dungeon and loaded with irons, and whilst being examined was reminded of the "fine opportunity he had lost of making his own fortune, and that of his family, for ever."

"Had I silver and gold," replied the noble old man, "piled heap upon heap to the bulk of yonder mountains, it would not afford me half the pleasure I feel from doing what I have done."

"Should you know the Pretender's head if you saw it?" was the brutal rejoinder.

"I should know the head very well if it were on the shoulders."

"But what if the head be not on the shoulders, do you think you should know it in that case?"

"In that I will not pretend to know anything about it."

Poor Kingsburgh was kept in close confinement till released by the act of grace a year later.

Hoping to find a French vessel on the lookout, Charles stayed but two days in Raasay. Moreover, he judged it wise never to prolong his stay in one place, for even this secluded island in the Atlantic had felt the fury of the Duke's soldiers, almost every cottage having been burnt to the ground. At the sight of the ruins he was sensibly affected.

"This is a hard and bitter life," said he to his host, young Raasay, and his cousin Macleod; "but I would rather live ten years in this way; than be taken by my enemies; but I am surprised myself that I am able to bear such constant hardships and fatigue. Since the battle of Culloden I have endured more than sufficient to kill a hundred men. Surely, Providence does not design this for nothing; I am certainly reserved for some good end."

"And what does your Highness think your enemies would do with you if you fell into their hands?" asked Macleod.

"I think they would not dare to take my life publicly, but I do dread being privately destroyed by poison or assassination."

Fifteen miles further on, after a perilous voyage, the fugitive Prince effected a landing, and passed the night in a wretched cow-house, and the next morning he proceeded on the way, accompanied by Norman Macleod; and proposing that the latter should act the master and he the man, he divested himself of his tartan waistcoat, which he made Malcolm put on, wearing in exchange his companion's shirt.

He then took off his periwig, put it in his pocket, and tied a dirty white napkin under his chin; the buckles he stripped from his shoes, the ruffles from his shirt, and taking a small bundle in his hand, he personated a servant walking at a respectful distance behind his master.

Long and weary was the journey, but early on the following morning they arrived at the country of the Mackinnons, and the first two persons whom they met the Prince knew as having been involved in the insurrection; and in spite of the disguise of Charles, they too, recognised his well remembered features, and burst into tears.

"Your display of the grief you feel may prove fatal to the Prince," exclaimed Malcolm; "for God's sake restrain it."

No description could by any possibility exaggerate the wretched appearance and condition of Charles Edward at this time, and well might those poor Highlanders have been so affected. It is a fact, for I do not draw upon fiction as to these details of the unfortunate grandson of James the Second, that he was reduced to the very lowest ebb of misery and distress, and that he bore up with almost unparalleled cheerfulness under the wretchedness that it was so frequently his lot to endure.

"I wish you would at once take me to the home of your own brother-in-law, Malcolm," observed Charles, after having parted with the Highlanders.

"I shall introduce your Royal Highness, then, as the son of a surgeon residing at Griffe, which is supposed to be hiding somewhere about Skye," and Charles Edward gladly giving assent, a short walk brought them thither.

It was not long before an excellent Highland breakfast was set before them, Charles continuing to act the part of servant to Macleod; and when their meal was ended they thankfully laid down to snatch a few hours rest, whilst Macleod's sister, who was mistress of the house, kept watch at the top of a hill hard by. They were soon fast asleep, but the Prince was the first to wake, and when Malcolm awoke he was much amused to see him dandling the baby to whom he was singing.

Macleod expressed his surprise, and Charles for a moment forgot he was personating a servant.

"Who knows," said he, "this little fellow may become a captain in my service yet."

Quickly, however, was he reminded of his want of caution, for looking at him with an expression of supreme contempt on her hard features, an old woman who was standing by, exclaimed:

"Hout, no; it is muckle mair likely herrell may be an auld sergeant in the bairn's company."

(To be Continued.)

FATHER BURKE. Lecture on "Christian Charity."

(From the New York Irish American.)

The following lecture was delivered in Newark, by the Rev. Father Burke, for the benefit of the public hospital erected by the Catholics of that city, and placed under the care and management of the "Sisters of the Poor." Father Burke said:—

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

Dear Friends.—Amongst the many proofs that the Catholic Church offers to the world of her truth and of her divine mission, one of the strongest—though an indirect proof still one of the strongest—is the spirit of charity and mercy that is organized within her. It had been prophesied of the Spouse of old, that the Lord God had organized charity in her (Dominus et rex meus ordinavit in me caritatem). It had been foretold by Christ our Lord, and emphatically, that the attribute of charity—of mercy—was to be the countersign of his elect. It was therefore fitting that the Church, which is the Spouse of Jesus Christ, should have an organized charity and mercy within her, and that they should shine forth on her hands, as the countersign of her election, who was destined to be the mother of all the elect of God. Therefore it is, that at all times, charity, taking the form of mercy, has been found vivid and true in the Catholic Church; and that charity which beams forth in her comes before us, when we contemplate her, with all the attributes of Divine beauty which we find in the charity of Jesus Christ Himself. You know that I am come before you this evening to speak, but as of the attributes of

charity. I need not speak to you of the necessity of being charitable and merciful. Your presence here this evening attests sufficiently to me that you recognize the necessity of charity. But that you may know what that Divine charity is which is in the Church, and which take the form of mercy, I will endeavor to describe to you some of its attributes; and I will begin by asking you, in the language of scripture, to consider and to recognize what form of charity it is that the Father in Heaven bestowed upon us whereby we also were to be called.—and were to be,—the sons of God. That form of the Father's love is Christ Jesus our Lord; for as Christ Himself says, "God so loved the world as to give his only begotten Son to save it." Behold the Father's gift! If you would know therefore, what are the true attributes and what the real beauties of charity, you must consider charity as it exists in our Divine Lord Himself. Then shall you see what are the attributes of Christian charity. Therefore the Evangelist said, "Brethren, consider well the nature and the form of love the Father in Heaven bestowed upon us, whereby we are to be called the sons of God."

Well, first of all, my dear friends, certain it is that although faith be absolutely necessary to salvation, and although we are saved by hope; yet neither faith nor hope will bear us into our everlasting happiness and joy hereafter, unless we possess charity which manifests itself in mercy to the poor. "By this," says our Divine Lord "shall all men know that ye are my disciples 'if you are charitable and love one another,'" and "if any man says he loveth God and loveth not his neighbor he is not a true believer." But, elsewhere, the same Evangelist tells us that "He who has the substance of this world and seeth his brother have need and closeth his heart against him, the love of God cannot dwell in such a one." Therefore the sign by which we shall know the essential charity in us, is the manifestation of this Divine principle in works of mercy. The prophet said "I will espouse thee, to me in faith, in justice, in judgment and commiseration." So much for the necessity of charity. No man can be saved without it. No man can say he is the son of God unless the countersign of mercy be upon him. No man can pass into Heaven unless he opens the golden gates of that Heaven to himself with the key of mercy. It will be the crucial test whereby you shall be found deserving of eternal glory that the countersign of mercy is on your forehead and the works of charity are in your path.

What manner of charity do we find in our Lord Jesus Christ? What are the attributes of His charity? I answer, principally four. First of all, the charity in Christ was a constant and abiding charity; Secondly, it was compassionate and tender—a most loving charity; thirdly, it was active and efficacious—a working charity; fourthly, it was universal, embracing all and touching all with the same loving hand—a Catholic charity. Consider these four in Christ before we come to look upon them in the charity organized in His holy Church. First, my friends, the charity of our Divine Lord was constant. It was love that brought Him down from Heaven; it was mercy that kept Him upon the earth for thirty-three years; it was mercy that nailed Him to the Cross. He came down from Heaven to redeem the fallen race of man. He devoted Himself wholly to that work of redemption. No other thought ever entered into the mind of our Lord; no other motive pressed Him to action—save the one thought the one motive of mercy. It was His daily action. When He spoke it was the mercy of light given to man; when He healed their sick, it was still the mercy His all-powerful touch brought upon them. Thirty-three years He remained upon earth. Was that necessary for man's salvation? No! But it was necessary that Christ should have a time to pour forth His infinite mercy in His daily actions to the people. They came to Him at all times. When He was at meat they rushed into Him, just as Mary Magdalen rushed to His feet as He sat at table. They came to Him at the time when He was supposed to take His rest, just as Nicodemus came "at the midnight hour." They pressed upon Him, so that St. Mark says they did not even give Him time to eat bread—to eat His meals. And did He ever refuse Himself to them? Did He ever turn away from them and say "this is not the time or the place for you to seek Me?" Did He ever show the slightest inconsistency or uncertainty in His mercy? No! No matter who came to Him, or at what time or place, or under what circumstances He was always equal to Himself. That charity, that mercy with which He met them was the business of His life, until the people came to count with absolute certainty upon the abiding constancy of His love, and came to Him with their sick and their blind and their palsied and their dead, perfectly certain that His charity and mercy would go forth from Him, because, in truth, that was the very life of God; this love which was not an exceptional or occasional work with Him—was merely the recreation of an hour—it was the business of His life; it was His very life itself. He brought to the work of mercy the infinite constancy of God.

Not only, however, was the charity of Christ constant; but it was also a most tender and compassionate form of love. Dearly beloved brethren, here it is that we get a glimpse into the inner heart of our Lord. Here it is that we contemplate the virtue of charity of mercy in Him. Here it is that we see the infinite compassion and tenderness of His most loving heart. He invariably surrounds each act of His mercy with every sweetest attribute of tenderness and love. For instance, when upon the mountain, He had five thousand people around Him, and He resolved to feed them; but, before He multiplied the bread, He turned to His disciples and said, "I have compassion upon this multitude, and I will not send them away fasting lest they might faint by the way; for lo! they have remained with Me three days." Not content with feeding them He prefaces the action of mercy with the expression of compassion, giving vent, as it were, to the strong feeling of a loving heart. Then, when He was entering the city of Naim a funeral procession came forth; a young man,—the only son of a widow,—who had lost him in her old age, and now, with dishevelled hair and streaming eyes and with the loud outcry of despair, she mourned that the staff of her life was gone—and the hope and joy of her life taken from her, as she followed her only child to the grave. But the moment her voice fell upon the Saviour's ear—when He saw her, He was touched with pity. The fountains of His great, glorious, loving heart were moved within Him; and He goes to the woman and lays His hand upon her shoulder and says to her in accents of thrilling love: "Woman weep no more." He dries the mother's tears, and then turning to the man on the bier, He says, "Young man, I say unto thee, arise!" And the Evangelist tells us, that when the young man awoke, our Lord took him in His hands and gave him to his mother—placed him upon her bosom, and then stood by and feasted His great compassion and the tenderness of His love on the happiness of that meeting. Such was the heart of Jesus Christ.

On another occasion, He comes to Bethany—Lazarus was dead four days, and in his grave, when the Master appeared. And they went into the house and told Mary the Magdalen that the Master was come, and she rushed out and flung herself heartbroken at His feet—exclaiming "Oh, my Lord! if thou hadst been here, my brother never would have died." When He looked down and saw this woman weeping—the great sobs bursting from her breast in the agony of grief, Jesus also wept. Tears came from His eyes and fell upon the head of Mary from the fountain of that Divine love and compassion. There is nothing more touching in all Scripture than those words "Jesus wept." The very Jews who stood around, were amazed to see the compassion of

the Man. They were not used to such grief, and they said to one another, "Behold! He weeps—see how much He loved him." Such was the heart of Jesus Christ. He used to heal the wounded feelings of the afflicted, as well as to relieve them; and entered into all their wants and ministered to them, whilst He ministered with so much love that the manner in which He relieved was almost greater than the relief itself. Thirdly, the charity of our Lord was a magnificent, real, active and efficacious charity. He did not love in word and thought merely; He loved in deed and truth. He does not content Himself with saying, "I have compassion on the multitude," but He puts His hand into the basket and takes the bread and break it, and multiplies it, and gives it unto them until every one is filled. He does not content Himself with saying to the widowed mother, "Weep no more;" but He gives her a reason to cease her weeping, for He raises her son from the dead and puts him upon her bosom. He does not content Himself with weeping over the Magdalen and saying to her, "I am the Resurrection and the Life;" but the next moment sees Him at the tomb of Lazarus, and the darkness of the grave, hears a voice—"Lazarus, come forth!"—and Lazarus did come forth out of his grave; and He gave him unto his sisters. His was a mercy that never tired; a mercy that met every form of misery, for it was not only constant, and gentle and compassionate, or efficacious and active; but it was also Catholic and universal. Every form of misery which came before Him was met by Him. Now, we find Him opening the eyes of the blind; again, we find Him lifting up the helpless and the lame; again, He is cleansing the leper or raising the dead; at another time confounding the pride of the Pharisees, by the example of His humility; at another time—the greatest work of all—when He received the sinner with all her sins upon her, and in these words, "Thy sins are forgiven." He sent her forth pure as an angel before the Throne of God.

These are the four principal attributes of that charity which existed in the heart of Jesus Christ. When Christ our Lord established His Church, He expressly declares to us that he founded her in all strength, in all beauty, in all holiness and truth. He expressly declares to us that whatever He had given to His Church; that whatever He was His Church was to be. It has been written of that Church, "Thou wast made exceedingly beautiful because of My beauty that was upon thee;" by the Prophet Isaiah. Christ we find fulfilling this when He said to His disciples, "All Heaven and Earth is given to Me; and now I say to you, as the Father sent Me so do I send you; as I am the true light that enlighteneth all that come into the world, so are ye sent to spread that light; and the gates of hell shall never prevail against that Church; as I am the Omnipotent of God having power to forgive sins, so I say to you whose sins you shall forgive shall be forgiven them."

But amongst the many gifts He bestowed upon His Church He gave her that charity and mercy which we have just seen as so perfect in the heart of our Lord. Therefore, as St. Paul tells us, Christ loved His Church, and gave His life for it. He might present her to Himself perfect, beautiful, glorious, not having spot, wrinkle, stain nor any such thing but all perfect in her supernatural beauty; and so wholly to be the spouse of Jesus Christ the Son of God. Amongst these beauties was the beauty of charity, like His own—because it is written, "I will espouse thee in faith, in justice, in judgment, and in mercy and commiseration." How, therefore, can mercy and charity not be a distinctive of that Church which was to be the Bride of Christ. So, therefore, when we go back to her history, we must find upon her records, that attribute of charity like to His. Do we find it? Oh, my dear friends, mercy and charity were unknown to the world until Jesus Christ founded His Church—mercy and charity were unknown to the world. The world had benevolence; the record of the world's benevolence; the record of the world's history tells us of many acts of grand benevolence performed, now and then, by the Pagans of old; we are told of many instances in which they showed tenderness of heart and commiseration and of many in which they were generous and self-sacrificing in their efforts to befriend their fellow-men. Remember all these are fair and beautiful adornments of the natural character of man. But they are not supernatural; they are not Divine nor are they the mercy which Jesus Christ shall require of the soul which enters into the kingdom of His bliss. Why! Because, my beloved, the charity of which Jesus Christ our Lord speaks, is a charity which must spring from faith and be animated by hope; which must spring from faith because, as the Apostle says, "And now abideth faith, hope and charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity." Unless faith be there pointing out the way of all our charity, it may be gentleness, it may be kindness of heart, it may be what you will; but it is not Christian charity. What does faith tell us to guide our charity? Our faith tells us that we are bound to minister to Jesus Christ, our Lord;—to do homage to Him no matter in what disguise or form we find Him. Our faith teaches us that blessed are they that minister to Him, for they shall be ministered to by Him.

Now where shall we find Him so that our ministrations will reach Him? In Heaven He commands our adoration; but we cannot minister to Him in our mercy. In the blessed Eucharist He commands purity of soul, a fervent approach, adoration; but we cannot minister to Him in our mercy. There is one form—one and only one—in which Christ our Lord presents Himself so that He becomes an object of mercy, and that is when He disguises Himself in the form of the poor and needy; and then I say unto you inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these little ones ye have done it unto Him. And in the day of judgment He shall say to the souls of the just, "I was hungry and ye broke your bread and gave Me to eat; I was naked and ye clothed Me; I was sick and ye lifted up My head and visited Me." And when the just shall say "Where oh Lord! did we see Thee hungry and fed Thee, or poor and relieved Thee?" Then the Lord shall say to the soul of the just one: "Dost thou recognize these?" "Oh, yes, Lord! I know them. I saw them on earth famishing, dying, sick and in their misery." Then He will say: "I swear to you that whatsoever you did to these, you did it to Me."

Behold then what faith teaches us. Faith establishes this principle,—that in serving the poor we minister unto Jesus Christ;—that in ministering to the poor we are working out our own salvation, for our salvation depends on working out Jesus Christ within us. What does our hope tell us concerning this work of mercy? Our hope tells us that every promise that Almighty God has made of future glory and bliss to man, is all bound up with the condition of mercy. What do you hope for? Pardon for your sins; the highest mercy of God. God tells us in the scripture, "Redeem your sins by alms and cover your iniquity by mercy to the poor." Do you look forward to eternal light and glory? Isaiah says, "Deal thy bread to the hungry and bring the hairless into thy house. When thou seest one naked, cover him; and despite not thine own flesh. Then shall thy justice go before thy face and the Lord shall fill thy soul with brightness and give thee everlasting rest." What wonder, then, that when the very point to which every Christian man is tending—namely the moment of judgment—when every Christian man is asking himself, "Shall I pass through that golden gate, into the inner glory of God, or shall I be cast away into the flames of hell forever?" Oh awful moment! Oh fearful question! Yet, in the moment when our fate shall hang in that balance which lies before us all; which no man can escape, in that terrible ordeal which every man amongst us must pass through, our Lord will say, "Show Me your mercy. You wish to pass into My

glory; show Me how you have purchased it by works of mercy to the poor. I was hungry and you gave Me not to eat; thirsty and you gave Me not to drink; sick and you would not visit Me nor comfort Me; for as often as you have refused this unto the poor you have refused it unto Me. Depart now thou accursed into everlasting flames." Oh! how sacred is the exercise of that charity and mercy the moment we see it through the eyes of faith and hope; and unless it is thus seen through the eyes of faith and hope, it may be a human virtue, but it is not the divine virtue of charity.

Now this virtue, exalted and divine, do we find in the very first days of the Church. She alone could create this charity of which I speak. And why? Because she alone has the knowledge of Jesus Christ,—she alone can recognize Him,—she alone has the commission to preach His word and to evangelize His name unto the nations, she alone has the treasure surpassing all others, of His own divine presence in her bosom. Therefore, she alone can create the virtue which acknowledges the claims of Him in the poor, and strains to serve Him through them. From the first days of the Church's existence do we find that mercy shining upon her. During the first 300 years of the Church's existence when to be a Catholic meant to be sentenced to death; when Christians were obliged to hide in the catacombs and tombs,—for to show themselves was to accept instant destruction; even then, the record of the Church tells us, whenever some great Roman was converted or whenever some great family of Rome received the light, the very first thing they did—the first impulse of their new religion—was to call an auction and dispose of everything they had; and then, when the money was lying before them in great heaps of gold and silver, to call in the poor and distribute it all to them. When St. Laurence was in his dungeon awaiting death, they told the Roman Governor that he was a deacon of the Christian Church, and held all the immense riches which it was whispered that they had hidden. They lied in that day about the priests of the Church just as we hear their lies now, and say that we priests are always trying to get the people's money. When the governor heard this, he called his prisoner and said to him, "Tell me. Is it true that this Christian Church to which you belong, possesses such great treasures?" "Perfectly true," "Then," he said, "I will give you your life on one condition: that you bring all the treasures of that Church and hand them to me." St. Laurence went out and gathered all the lame and the wretched and the poor and the sick, and brought them all, hundreds of them, before the palace gate, so that when the governor came down, anxious to gloat over the stores of gold and silver and precious stones which he looked for, he saw only this multitude. And when he asked St. Laurence where was this treasure, the deacon answered, "Behold! These, O Pretor, are the treasures of the Church of Jesus Christ." In her alone we find charity organized in a constant form.

You have seen that mercy was the life of Christ—not an occasional thing with him but the duty and business of every day of His life—the only thing for which he lived. Where, except in the Catholic Church, do you find lives consecrated, from youth to age consecrated, to the one work of mercy? Outside of the Catholic Church you find a great deal of benevolence, kindness of heart, good nature, a great deal of compassion and gentleness for the poor.—But there is this difference. No one, except in the Catholic Church, has this mercy and charity—the sign and seal of her union with Jesus Christ. The Protestant lady who wishes to visit the sick takes her basket upon her arm, puts a bottle of wine in it, and goes on her errand. She does a good thing, a holy thing; yet, remember, she will do it to-day;—but to-morrow? To-morrow it may rain, and the delicate lady will stay at home. She will do it to-day,—she is in a good humor,—in the vein of piety; but, to-morrow, she may have a sick headache and not feel like it; or, perhaps, yesterday, some whom she visited seemed to her ungrateful; or, perhaps, they were dirty; and so she has given it up; or she may have household duties, or visits to pay, and of course she cannot be expected to give her whole time to the poor. But, cross the threshold of the Catholic Church. The moment you have passed it, the very first figure you see is that of the Sister of Charity, or the Sister of Mercy, or the Sister of the Poor. You ask the priest who these are, and he answers: "These are ladies—many of them ladies of birth—ladies of the most refined mind—of the most cultivated and highly educated intelligence;—ladies, as you perceive by their demeanor, by their walk,—ladies, who had all the pleasures and joys of life before them; but, at fifteen or sixteen years of age, consecrated themselves to the Church. They brought to that Church their purity, their virtue, their nobility of intellect, their refinement of manner, brought everything to the Church and said, 'I want to consecrate all these to the service of the Church.' The Church of God says: 'Are you willing to devote your whole life, for I won't accept it for a day, or a year?' And they answered, 'Yes.' Then the Church says, 'Go into a Convent, fast and pray; satisfy me of your heroic virtue; and, when I am satisfied that you are one of God's elect,—most holy ones,—then, and then only, you may go into the hospital, or the orphanage, or the work-house, there to sit down for the rest of your lives.' To the Sisters of Mercy and the Sisters of Charity she says, 'Take the sick, nurse them, perform for them every most menial office, be their servants, be their slaves, their attendants, their nurses, every day until the end of your life; but I will not give you the mission of honor until you have first consecrated yourselves to God.' And in that consecration the Church warns them: 'remember, no matter how hideous the disease,—no matter how revolting the form of infirmity, no matter how certain the contagion and death you bring upon yourself, you must swear to me, at the foot of my altar, that no form of disease, danger, or contagion—no sacrifice of your feelings, or tastes,—shall ever keep you for one instant from your post of labor.' This is charity as it is in the Church. We can rely upon it, we can lean upon it, as they leaned upon it, the Divine mercy and charity of Jesus Christ, for it is constant. Consider the thousands that are growing into the maturity of their age under these vows, in these ministrations. Consider the thousands of consecrated ones in the Church who are spending into that old age which brings reverence and silver hair. For all these there is no thought but mercy. All their hopes for life and eternity are bound up in the sick and the poor. Moreover, the charity which manifests itself in the Church is like to that of our Divine Lord in its tenderness and gentleness. How could the Church be other than gentle, tender, loving and compassionate in her mercy, seeing what the motive is: she recognizes the Lord in the poor, and therefore, in ministering to them, ministers as if it were to Jesus Christ.

My dear friends, when the world deals out its wealth to the poor, it deals it with a grudging and imperious hand. When the political congress or the statesmen make up their minds to build a county house, or place of refuge for the poor, they make it as like a jail as possible. The poor man is brought in and made to feel that he is a pauper. He is made almost to forget his name; for he takes his number; he is known only by that. He receives his subsistence, and, under the poor-law system in England and Ireland, the same class of clothing as the convicts—the same pattern. If he be a married man, he is separated from his wife; if he be a father he is separated from his children;—yes, even the mother is separated from her children who are taken from her and put into the children's ward, numbered and ticketed as a man would ticket cattle. So, whilst their life is prolonged, they have the pauper's right to care them, and the pauper's morsel to keep life in them; but their feelings are crushed,

and they are made to feel that they are dependent on the charity of a world which longs for the time when all will be over. Oh! the suffering, the feeling of utter degradation that must come over the man or woman who is obliged to have recourse to its assistance, knowing that those who minister to them are waiting with impatience for the time to come when the parish will be relieved of a pauper, when a pauper's coffin shall enshrine him, and he shall be borne to a pauper's grave! No hope, no solace, no tenderness, no sympathy: the heart is broken while the life is prolonged. Well do I remember many such instances of the state of feeling of our people with regard to this system; but I remember once being called to assist in Dublin a woman who was dying. I climbed up to the wretched garret, and found her lying upon the bare floor, with not even a little straw under her head, and no covering save the rags she was accustomed to wear and walk about in. The woman was past seventy years of age, and, in her youth, had been well educated, of respectable parents, and in comfortable—almost wealthy—circumstances. Her children had dropped off, or emigrated, one by one, until, at last, this old woman was left alone; and I found her lying there, with fever in her veins, dying of starvation and hunger. She was not able to speak to me when I entered, and I had to lie down on the floor to receive her confession. So utter was her destitution, that I protest I had to go out and look amongst the neighbors to get a cup of water to wet her lips. Seeing her in such suffering, and finding myself unable to relieve her, I ventured to suggest to her, "You have no one to take charge of you, and you are dying; would it not be better to let me have you taken to the workhouse hospital?" She looked at me, nor will I ever forget that look. "I sent for a priest, and, great God," she said, "has he no consolation to offer me but this! No, father; take back that word!" I was obliged to take it back, and to beg her pardon for having used it. "No; I can die here of hunger, without being degraded."

Now pass again into the Catholic Church. She selects the best, the tenderest, the purest, the holiest of her children, and gives them the mission to minister to the poor. The gentlest hand; the heart filled with the tenderness of virgin love for Jesus Christ; the heart that has never been contracted by one voluntary emotion of self-love; those who are of all others most calculated to condole whilst relieving; to bind up the wounds of the heart whilst they raise the languid head. If you or I tomorrow were stricken down and afflicted, from what lips should we wish to hear the words of consolation and of hope, but from the lips of the consecrated ones of Jesus Christ? Where could we find a hand more fitted to wipe away the tear upon our faces than the hand locked in the spiritual nuptials of Jesus Christ? If we wanted to lean upon the sympathy and love of a fellow-creature, where will we find a heart more capable of relieving that want than the heart that is empty of all love, save the one love of Jesus Christ? Oh! my dear friends, you have only to go into any House of Mercy or of Charity, or any hospital, or to the Sisters of the Poor, to find this true Christian mercy. Never will I forget, some years ago, when I was on the mission in Manchester, I went out to see the public buildings, and found amongst them a house of the Little Sisters of the Poor. They took in aged people, who suffered from incurable diseases,—those who were stricken down and unable to labor, or even to beg for themselves. These,—abandoned by all,—these, the Little Sisters of the Poor lifted out from their wretched hovels and brought into their house and hospital; and there they kept them, surrounding them so far as they could, with all the comforts of home, and making them as happy as possible. Then they went out in the morning through the crowded streets of that great city, and begged a morsel of bread for themselves and the aged; and they broke their bread and divided it with the poor. There was one of these nuns—an English lady—who had been a grand lady of the world,—whom I had known as such; splendid in her beauty and her accomplishments; grand in her family; surrounded with the worship of the society in which she moved and over which she reigned as a queen; but in the day that she became a Catholic she gave herself to God and became a Little Sister of the Poor; and I found her here ministering around them and nursing them, an Irishman, over 80 years old—his head, with its silver hair, bowed down with age, and his mind returning to the memories of his youth, and those he loved, long since departed. I spoke to him; and he said to me: "Ah, friar, when I was young and had a family of my own, I had once a daughter,—my collection! God took her from me, and she died in her youth. I buried her in the grave. I was dying and starving when she"—(he pointed to the young lady)—"my collection, came out of her grave. She took me in her arms and brought me here." The Little Sister heard him, and she spoke to me and said, "What does he say? He is always repeating those words." And I was obliged to tell her. "He says that you are his darling—his joy—the light of his eyes—his own collection, come back into the grave."

You will see, accordingly, that it is the Catholic Church which invests its mercy with the infinite tenderness that can only exist in the heart consecrated to God. With the gentleness that is born of true nobility—with all holy, pure and refining influences, does she surround her sick.

Again, charity in the Church of God, like charity in Jesus Christ, is efficacious. It is a hard working ever-toiling charity. It has gone on for nearly two thousand years, and it has not outgrown itself yet, nor is it tired. Charity, like that of Him who said "My Father worketh even now, and I work." The Church labors with a charity that never knows old age; and she will be just the same until the last day, as she has been at any time for the past two thousand years. The world complains of her impatience. These sisters come among you, every day; bringing home the sick, and appealing to you to give them the means of supporting those sick and healing them. You may say, "They are always troubling us;—always bothering; always coming to us in business hours, for money." Oh, yes!—it is so; and so they will come. But, consider, if you please, that which is to you but the paying of a single visit, is to them the business of their lives. Consider if it be troublesome for you to put your hand into your pocket, or your till, and give a dollar once or twice, perhaps, in a year, how much more troublesome it is for these poor creatures, who must go out every day of their lives; for until the last day of the world's existence, the energy of the Church,—the hand of the Church which they are,—will be as fervent and strong and as energetic as it was in the days of the Church, when the hand of God was fresh upon her; because she comes from God.

Finally, the work of mercy with God is universal, and so it is with the Church. Every form of human misery, every form of human suffering finds its remedy prepared in the Catholic Church, and in her alone. The father and the mother die, and the poor orphan child is left alone, the most helpless of all God's creatures. The orphan sends forth its wail of misery, and upon that voice of the child not yet able to speak, the Almighty God hears the complaint; as the prophet of old said,—"Father and mother have abandoned me, but Thou alone, Oh, Lord, art with me." There is no organization ready to receive it. There is no system of organized charity to take the place of father and mother. The world makes no contribution for their support. But the Sister of Charity or the Sister of Mercy comes and takes that little infant upon her virgin bosom, to her home, most like to the Virgin Mother as she bore the infant from Bethlehem. What will be the fate of this child; having no mother, or father, or a drunken, dissolute father who neglects

him, and the poor pre-occupied mother who cannot care for or control him, he rushes out into the streets, and so amongst the sights and sounds of everything...

Down and Connor.—The following changes and appointments amongst the priests of the Diocese of Down and Connor have been made by his Lordship the Most Rev. Dr. Dorrnan:—Rev. Laurence McKenna, C.C., Ballycastle, to Clough, County Down...

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

Benediction of the New Catholic Church, RATHFRY.—Limerick, Sunday, 17th Aug.—The handsome new Catholic Church of St. Mary was solemnly dedicated this (Sunday) morning...

The thousands of people who crowded into the town yesterday evening and this morning, were greatly disappointed on learning that Archbishop Manning was prevented, owing to important business...

Down and Connor.—The following changes and appointments amongst the priests of the Diocese of Down and Connor have been made by his Lordship the Most Rev. Dr. Dorrnan:—Rev. Laurence McKenna, C.C., Ballycastle, to Clough, County Down...

KILLINEY HILL.—This famous hill, we understand, has been purchased by the Jesuit Fathers as a site for a new college, which will be on a most extensive scale.—Freeman.

CLERICAL CHANGES.—We understand that his Lordship, the Most Rev. Dr. Furlong, has been pleased to make the following changes in this Diocese:—The Rev. John Codd, from the curacy of the Moor to Crossabeg; the Rev. James Ryan from Wexford to Killaneeran; the Rev. Thomas Power from Crossabeg to Wexford; the Rev. John Boice from Wexford to Sutton's Par. sh; Rev. Thos. Cahill from Ballygarret to the Moor; Rev. Patrick Murphy from Killaneeran to Ballygarret; Rev. James Keating from Camolin to Wexford; Rev. Thomas Kehoe from Courtmacuddy to Camolin; Rev. James Waddick from Gorey to Ballymitty; Rev. N. Hore from Carrig to Gorey; Rev. John Doyle from Taghmon to St. Peter's College; and the Rev. Matthew Sinnott from Coolfaugh to Taghmon.—Wexford People.

SALES OF LAND IN IRELAND TO TENANTS.—In the financial year 1872-73 there were 289 applications for loans to aid the applicants in the purchase of their holdings under the Landlord and Tenants Acts of 1870 and 1872; of these 183 were sanctioned by the Treasury, and in 137 of these cases the sums allocated amounting to £78,000, were advanced in the course of that year. Advances of this nature have been made (to 31st March, 1873) to 225 tenants. The holdings purchased by them comprised, in all, 15,941 acres; the annual rents amounted to £12,304; the tenement valuation £8,000. The amount of the purchase-money was £222,146, and the amount advanced by the Board was £134,549. The holdings thus purchased by the tenants comprised 3,091 acres in the province of Leinster, 4,247 acres in Munster, 937 acres in Connaught, 7,666 acres in Ulster.

CENSUS OF COUNTIES WICKLOW AND WEXFORD.—The census for the province of Leinster is now completed, the volumes for Wexford and Wicklow having been issued on Saturday. They tell pretty much the same tale as the ten preceding volumes. The population of Wicklow declined from 126,143 in 1841 to 78,697 in 1871; the inhabited houses 19,210 to 14,111. The number of houses uninhabited was nearly the same at both epochs, being 664 and 625, while the number in progress of erection was 57 and 47. In Wexford the population has declined from 262,033 to 132,666, and the inhabited houses from 29,524 to 24,982. The uninhabited houses at the two selected epochs were 1,168 and 495; the houses in course of erection 103 and 38. The number of people to each house was 6 in 1841, and a fraction above 5 in 1871.—Irishman.

DEMONSTRATIONS IN THE NORTH.—“A Home Rule meeting,” says the Freeman, “of very considerable dimensions has been held in Ballyjamesduff, and from all we can learn from our advices from the North the great popular movement is making rapid progress in the foremost province in Ireland. The gathering in Ballyjamesduff was exceedingly large, the speeches were fervent and effective, and the meeting was, on the whole, such a one as lasts in the memory and stirs the energy of future purpose. The Home Rule movement is more than prospering—it is the theme of the people of Ireland. For a native Parliament the farmer, the artisan, the merchant are in earnest, and the day is not far distant when proof will be given of the pre-eminence of the national movement.”

AN INTERESTING RELIC.—Writing from Castletown Geoghegan, a correspondent of the Weekly News says: “There was a very wonderful discovery at Lough Ennel on Friday evening last. A boat, certainly of a very remote age, and, perhaps, one of the property of one of our faithful kings of old, was discovered lying at about two-and-a-half perches from Chro Ennis, remarkable in history as being the place where many a warrior bold and many a royal hero breathed his last. Here it was that Malachi, after the death of Brian, resided, and died in December, A.D. 1022. The boat is fully thirty-eight feet in length; its greatest width being two feet four inches. It is beautifully carved from one great beam of Irish black oak, there being not even a gunwale attached, and is of an elegant shape. The boat was evidently scuttled, as there are four square holes in her bottom; might it not be in this boat that Targesse was drowned? The oak is still very sound. Mr. M. Keena takes the greatest care of her, as she may be associated with the good time of a thousand years ago.”

SINGULAR ACCIDENT ON A RAILWAY.—An extraordinary railway accident has occurred at the village of Newtownforbes, about three miles from Longford. It appears that a man named Gallagher became inebriated, and was returning home at night along the railway line towards Carrickmore, or Currahawn, where he resides. He had apparently fallen asleep with one of his arms stretched across the line, when a train passed over it, severing it across from the elbow. The arm, with a small parcel grasped in the hand, was found by one of the milksmen the next morning when proceeding to his work, but no trace of anything further was found on the line. Strangers to relate after the accident Gallagher walked home, and remained there until Sunday morning, when he was conveyed to the county infirmary here. He remains in a precarious condition.

THE REPRESENTATION OF GALWAY.—It is rumored in Killarney that it is the intention of Sir Rowland Bleuerhassett, M.P. for Galway, to resign his seat for that town. His object in doing so is attributed to solicit the suffrages of the electors of his native county of Kerry on the principles of the predominant cry of the day, that of Home Rule.—Cork Examiner.

A return, showing the extent under flax in each county and province, in 1872 and 1873; also the number of scutching mills in each county and province in 1872 has been published. 129,534 acres were under flax in '73. This exhibits an increase of 7,542 acres in the total area under flax in 1873, compared with 1872. In the Province of Ulster alone the increase is 8,782 acres. Of the entire number (1,482), of scutching mills in 1872, 1,375 were in Ulster; 36 in Leinster; 39 in Munster, and 32 in Connaught.

IRELAND'S OPPORTUNITY.—In an able article on the “Liberal Ministry” the Nation says, “The ‘great leader’ of the Liberal party—who, we are told, is ‘weary in brain and sore at heart’—would, thanks to the Irish Nemesis, be defeated ignominiously did he to-morrow face the constituency that enthusiastically returned him at the last election, after his defeat in Lancashire. His lieutenants, we are told, are in a chronic state of mutual hate, and two of them ‘seem bent on mutual extermination,’ being

only powerful in ‘inflicting annoyance and doing mischief.’ Thus far for the condition and cohesion of the party. A declaration as to the action of its outer section, which while possesses disgusted and disaffected all the power, shows what may be the Ministerial chances in case of a dissolution of Parliament. Here is sound political doctrine—doctrine which we ourselves have repeatedly taught:—‘There is no place in politics for such gratitude as would fetter action. We are bound to press on to the mark that we see, and we cannot continue to accept the leadership of those who cannot see with us.’ And so the ‘Liberal party,’ by mutual repulsion, resolves itself into its elements and the sham known as ‘Liberalism’ dissolves and melts into this air. In this condition of affairs consists Ireland's opportunity. The dis-organization of English parties, the break-up of ministerial majorities, and the close balance of parties, are all in our favour. It is in the midst of such conditions that a united body of Irish representatives can wield the greatest power, and produce the most important results. For us, therefore, all the circumstances are full of encouragement. The aspect of affairs, not only in the enemy's camp but in our own country, presents many presages of victory. Only let our countrymen be true to themselves, and charge resolutely under the national banner which now flies proudly in the breeze, and ere long they will hear, shouted through the ranks, the joyful announcement that ‘the field is fought and won.’”

GREAT BRITAIN.

GALASHIELLS.—The Church of Our Lady and St. Andrews was re-opened on Sunday, the 3rd Aug., for public worship after being extended and completed. The church is now a very noble and beautiful structure, and perhaps the finest specimen of modern architecture in the south of Scotland. The greater portion of the building was erected in 1856, from designs by Mr. W. Wardell, and was built by the late Mr. Smith, of Darnick. It remained in an unfinished state until the beginning of last year, when, through the munificence of the late Mr. Hope Scott, of Abbotsford, it was resolved to have the church finished. Plans, in harmony with the original design, were prepared by Mr. Goldie, architect, London, and Messrs. R. Hall and Sons, builders, Galashields, have finished the building contract. Under the first plan, a heavy pediment and buttresses were carried along the sides, which, while relieving the unbroken continuity of the walls, imparted strength and security to the whole building. Advantage was taken of the space between the buttresses for the formation of a series of small side chapels, which are used for confessionals, baptistries, and lesser altars. These chapels are lighted up by circular triflights, and a series of pointed windows over the buttresses lighted the main body of the church.—Octagonal towers rise from each corner to the same height as the church itself. The towers are built in beautiful proportions, and form a pleasing feature of the elevation. As a whole it is imposing, and facing as it does across the river and along Market-street, it is a very striking object indeed. The front elevation and all along the sides is decorated with a series of beautiful sculptured figures. The new addition internally contains a fine organ gallery supported across the breadth of the church. It is of white stone and supported on three arches, with a stone railing of tracé work and substantial coping. The high altar is a magnificent work of art, as are also some of the lesser altars in the side chapels.—The high altar railing is a work of beautiful design and excellent workmanship. The sculptures inside the church are beautifully executed. The roof is of open wood and very lofty. Mr. Earp, of London, executed the latter sculpture, and Mr. Currie, of Darnick, did some of the altar and pulpit work.—The opening services were conducted with all the solemnity and circumstances of the Catholic ritual by the Right Rev. Dr. Strain, Bishop of Abila and Vicar Apostolic of the eastern district; assisted by Fathers Thomas Williamson, S. J., of Edinburgh, and by Father Foxwell, who preached in the morning and afternoon. At High Mass Hayden's Imperial Mass, No. 3, was performed, and Beethoven's Alluia Chorus. Vespers were sung at four o'clock by the choir of the Sacred Heart Church, Lauriston-street, Edinburgh, assisted by a full orchestra. We may add that a valuable painting by Westall, of the Adoration of the Shepherds, hangs over the side entrance. The congregation here has not as yet succeeded in getting an organ, and the front elevation is, in the interim, filled in with common glass, but the acquisition of a suitable organ and an appropriate stained window are both contemplated.

There appears to be just a grain of truth in the belief of the French people that, amongst other insular and grotesque customs, we still indulge in the cruel and barbarous practice of selling our wives, dispensing, however, with Smithfield Market and the traditional halter in transacting such heartless ‘bargains.’ Such aspersions on the civilization of Britons were being unparagonably ridiculed by our smartest writers; but just another case has cropped up to show that ‘men’—there is no other name for the genus—do transfer their wives, for a momentary consideration, to the keeping of their fellows, low and brutal as themselves. The leading facts of this savage usage may be traced in the case of Robert Earle, a labourer, at the ripe age of 53 years, who has been sentenced by Mr. Baron Cleasby ‘for aiding and abetting his wife, Mary Anne, a woman of 42, in the commission of the crime of bigamy.’ The prisoner was present at the second ‘marriage’ of his wife, in a registrar's office, and actually performed the ceremony of giving her away. The spurious husband contrived to escape apprehension, but the spiritless boor, Earle, has been sentenced to two months' imprisonment with hard labor. The practice dates from Pagan Saxon times, when almost every crime could be commuted by a fine, and no doubt, the passing of money is regarded as a guarantee that no legal proceedings will be taken against the bigamist. In pre-‘Reformation’ times much was done towards raising up the abject and brutal class, to which Earle belongs, to the purity of Christian life. This case might serve to remind the demonstrators of Exeter Hall and elsewhere how utterly neglected that duty now is. They need not go to Africa in search of heathens; and they would seek in vain in Popish Ireland, which they subscribe to ‘evangelise’ for such outrages on Christian civilization as this which has just been unearthed in the respectable town of Norwich. If future French essayists will only condescend to leave out such mean accessories as Smithfield, ‘porter-bier’ of the eternal ‘bouledegue,’ and the halter round the wife's neck, they may claim that the present exception proves the old rule in the lowest section of the rural population, despite the one or more well-endowed ‘churches’ whose architectural proportions adorn each parish, without attracting the people to cross their threshold.—Catholic Opinion.

Sunday, the 10th August, will be long remembered by the Catholics of Poplar as a day of special devotion and solemnity, and Catholics generally will rejoice that their holy Faith is making such progress at that extremity of London. In Poplar (as in fact throughout the entire metropolis) the natives of Erin act as missionary laborers under the leadership of their priests, and to these exiles may be attributed the extension of the Old Faith amongst the English people. An edifying sight was witnessed at the Catholic Church of Poplar during early Mass when the members of the Holy Family Confraternity approached the Lord's Table to the number of 250 men and 300 women, evincing in their demeanor the utmost devotion and reverence. The band of communicants comprised the most influential as well as the poorest inhabitants of Poplar. At eleven o'clock High Mass was offered up with a beautiful orchestral accompaniment. The celebrant was the

Rev. James Lawless, the Very Rev. Dr. Duckett (Vice-President of the English College, Lisbon), acted as deacon, and the Rev. Thomas Davis as sub-deacon. After the first gospel, the Very Rev. Dr. Duckett preached to the crowded congregation present. He said that it was remarkable how different were the ways of God from those of man. When men wanted to induce their fellow men to form in some scheme, or to become their partisans, they tell them that by doing so they will attain worldly prosperity and honor. Christ, the Eternal Wisdom, made a very different promise to those whom He invited to follow Him, viz., ‘He that will be My disciple must deny himself, must suffer persecution, I came not to bring peace, but the sword—follow Me and you will have to encounter suffering, persecution, even death itself.’ Great God! and were these the promises which the Saviour holds forth to induce mankind to tread in His steps—to follow His doctrine? Again, it is strange that no matter how attractive may be the promises of men, no matter how wisely construed all human schemes may be, invariably do they all fall through; men fail and their systems die away; but Christianity in the present day, after 1800 years of persecution, stands as firm as the Rock on which it is built. In spite of the sword or persecution to death, the religion of Christ still reigns upon this earth. Oh, how different are the ways of God from the ways of men! In the early ages whilst the Church was weak, whilst the Apostles were few, and the power of the world was strong, one would have expected that the Almighty would have preserved His Disciples from bodily harm, at least as so untried a period of the Church's history. But such was not the wisdom of God. For the first 300 years the Apostles and their successors were hunted like wild beasts, and compelled to hide themselves from the light of day, as if they were not fit to mix with their fellow men; they were taken to the Roman Amphitheatre, and savage animals were set upon them, and tore them to pieces, and every torture that a fiendish ingenuity could devise was inflicted on them. But with all this, the Church still kept on gaining ground, and, as Tertullian says: ‘The blood of the martyrs was the seed of Saints.’ To-day the Church called before them one of the noblest heroes of these primitive times. The name of St. Lawrence was suggestive of a heroism, such as the world knew not. It was found in the Church alone, and it was only God who could give power to suffer as St. Lawrence did. Nero persecuted the early Christians, and its two pillars SS. Peter and Paul sealed and cemented the infant Church with their blood. Trajan persecuted the Church, and St. Felicitas offered her seven little children as martyrs for the Faith. Ducius came next as the author of the Seventh Persecution of the Christians, and their blood flowed like water in civilized Rome and Lyons. It was thought that a breathing-time of peace came under Valerian, but Maximus, a wicked man, told Valerian, who had professed a friendly disposition towards the Christians, that he would not prosper in his war against the Persians unless he persecuted the Church. Valerian followed the wicked advice, and St. Sixtus II., who was then Pope, was led to martyrdom. A veil of sorrow was heard from the Pope's faithful deacon, St. Lawrence, and Sixtus prophesied that his beloved friend would follow him in three days. The event verified the prediction, for three days after the death of Christ's Vicar, St. Lawrence was martyred. He was most inhumanly roasted alive upon a gridiron. I will not, said the very Rev. preacher, harrow up your feelings with a minute description of the terrible torments intended to be inflicted on St. Lawrence by the enemies of Christ. During those sufferings, as the Church historian relates, the martyr's countenance beamed with heavenly serenity, while the smoke of his burning body ascended as an odoriferous perfume towards heaven. The heroism of St. Lawrence and the other holy martyrs, who considered all their torments as nothing if they might thereby gain their immortal crown of glory in heaven, teaches us forcibly to be in earnest in working out our own salvation. Three things we should ever keep in view: The importance of this work; its difficulty; and, lastly, the fact that, failing herein, the failure is without remedy. Having powerfully enforced these considerations, the preacher concluded by invoking the help of Jesus Christ Our Lord, through the prayers of St. Lawrence, to make his words effective to the conversion of all his hearers. At the evening devotions the church was again crowded, chiefly by the members of the Confraternity of the Holy Family, and Dr. Duckett preached a second sermon.—London Exchange, August 16th.

THE NAPOLEONIC FEET AT CHILMARKET.—On Friday week (15 August) was celebrated in the now famous Mid-Kent village the ‘Fete Napoleon,’ shorn of its gaiety but intensified by a semi-religious feeling pertaining to the five hundred followers whose faith in a fallen dynasty brought them to Camden House to pay their homage to Prince Louis Napoleon and the ex-Empress. The ceremony was simple—viz., the performance at High Mass in the Church of St. Mary, where Napoleon III. is entombed, followed by a reception of those Frenchmen who felt inclined to pay their respects to the young Prince and the ex-Empress in exile. A procession was formed in the village, which though weak numerically, was of strange composition. It was headed by three old soldiers who had served under the First Empire, walking abreast, one of them, within three years of a centenary, bearing the French tricolor; then followed another of the Invalides taking two children by the hand; and lastly came about 40 youths with armlets inscribed ‘La Jeunesse Française,’ preceded by a banner of green watered silk, with gold fringe, and an inscription, ‘La Jeunesse Française au Prince Louis Napoleon, 15th Aout, 1873.’ The first demonstration was made when the young Prince and the Empress, accompanied by Duc d'Alba and General Ney, drove on to the common. Here they were received with cries of ‘Vive L'Empereur!’ and the young Prince acknowledged the compliment by lifting his hat and bowing to the crowd. The little church was crowded with about 150 occupants, and a similar number stood out in the churchyard listening to the service, for which a special mass had been composed by Mr. Griffiths, the organist. The sermon was preached by Father Goddard, in French. Slowly the congregation dispersed, giving a long look to the tomb of Napoleon III., on which were laid garlands of flowers and appropriate mottoes.—‘A Napoleon le magnanime,’ ‘Homage a Napoleon,’ ‘L'Empereur notre pere—Fontainebleau,’ &c. The young Prince and the ex-Empress bowed to the uncovered crowd assembled outside, and then took their seats, driving off to Camden-house, where the reception was to be held. The assemblage in front of Camden-house, was composed of well-dressed Frenchmen, many in mourning, some in evening dress, and a very few in light summer costume. A circle was made to give the young Prince and the Empress an opportunity of shaking hands with each one of the visitors; and this was done in a genial and kindly manner, the Prince stopping every now and again to converse with those who were presented to him, that it was a real pleasure to witness the ceremony. On the Prince retiring into the house loud shouts were raised of ‘Vive L'Empereur!’ and these were continued till the Prince again made his appearance. The circle was reformed, and the Prince began to make a short speech, which he delivered in tremulous tones, being much moved by the enthusiastic reception accorded to him. He said,—‘I thank you, in the name of the Empress and myself, for having come here to associate your prayers with ours, and for not having forgotten the road which you have already followed for some months. I thank also my faithful friends who have sent hither from afar the numerous testimonials of their affection and their devotion. As for myself, being an exile and

near the tomb of the Emperor, I represent the teachings which he has left me. I find in my paternal heritage the principle of national sovereignty and of the flag which consecrates it (cheers). This principle, the foundation of our dynasty, is summed up in this motto, to which I shall be always faithful ‘Govern for the people and by the people’ (cheers). Those who stood nearest to the Prince again shook hands with him warmly, and the Prince, taking the tricolor from the old soldier, waved it over his head and gently handed it back again, amid cries of ‘Vive L'Empereur!’ The Prince is looking remarkably well; and the Empress, in the deepest mourning attire, bore her trying part in the ceremony of yesterday with her wonted grace and cheerfulness.—Times.

UNITED STATES.

NEW YORK: S. FRANCIS XAVIER'S CHURCH.—The Fathers of the Society of Jesus attached to S. Francis Xavier's Church have long experienced the need of greater accommodation than is afforded by the present building. Its large congregation has had to suffer for years from inconveniences which would not exist in a more spacious edifice. In the administration of the Sacraments of Penance, both confessors and penitents labour under the greatest disadvantages; and at no devotional exercise can more than a moderate number of persons be gathered together at one time. But the want of room is especially felt at the Masses on Sundays. The closeness of the hours of Divine Service renders it impossible to empty the church at the end of one Mass, in time to give admittance to the throng waiting in the street to hear the next one. This comes from the number of Masses which it is necessary to celebrate in order to give all the congregation an opportunity of being present at the holy Sacrifice.

BROOKLYN.—Two churches hitherto almost unknown in the diocese were the scene of an interesting and well-attended ceremony on Sunday, July 27th. It is now about eight months since Father Sheridan went to Roslyn, and since then his district seems to have sprung into a new and most active spiritual existence. The best proof of this fact is to be seen in the account of the ceremony of Sunday, July 27th. It was Confirmation Day at Roslyn and Manhasset. Forty-one at one place and seventy-four at the other received the faith-strengthening Sacrament. Bishop Loughlin addressed the children in both places. He was assisted in the administration by Rev. O. J. O'Brien and W. O'Neill.—The Religious of the Visitation Order have had for years an Academy at Bath, but a few miles from Brooklyn, and the Sisters of S. Joseph, who have a large and flourishing boarding-school at Flushing, are about to open another in a fine location near the coast. This is Catholicity progressing from year to year with ever-increasing rapidity, striking its foundations deeper and broader in the fertile soil of rich and beautiful Long Island.

AN ANGEL'S TRUMPET.—The editor of the Albany Evening Journal tells the following story: ‘Two years ago, during a short afternoon, I landed from a deep pool in Cold Brook fifty splendid trout, and fished three hours for one. It was in this wise: For an hour or more before sunset a trout, which I estimated to weigh more than three pounds, kept the water in constant agitation and myself in a fever of excitement. I cast for him a hundred times at least. With almost every cast he would rise but he would not strike. He would come up with a rush, keep his full length out of the water, shake his broad tail at me as if in derision, and retire to repeat his aggravating exploits as often as the fly struck the water. Other trout rose, almost his equal in dimensions, and were taken, but their capture soon ceased to afford me the slightest pleasure. The sun was rapidly declining. We had eight miles to row, and prudence dictated a speedy departure. But I was bound to land that trout if it took a week to accomplish it. I tried almost every fly in my book in vain. I simply witnessed the same provoking gyrations at every cast. If, however, I threw him a grasshopper, disconnected from my line, he would take it with a gulp. But the moment I affixed one to the hook, and cast it ever so gently, up he came and down he went, unlooked, with the grasshopper intact. I was puzzled and, as a last resort, I sat quietly down, hopeless of achieving success so long as light enough remained for the wary fellow to detect the shadow of rod or line. The sun soon set. Twilight gently began its work of obscuration; and in due time just the shadow I desired fell upon the surface of the pool. I then disrobed my leader of its quartette of flies, put on a large miller, and with as much caution as if commissioned to surprise a rebel camp, and with like terpidation, I chose my position. Then, with a sudden undefinable twist of the wrist, which experts will comprehend, I dropped my fly as gently as a zephyr just where the monster had made his last tantalizing leap, when, with the ferocity of a mad-bull and with a quick dash which fairly startled me in the dim twilight, he rose to my miller, and with another twist of the wrist, as quick and as sudden as his rise, I struck him! I have been present in crowds when grand victories have been suddenly announced, and when my blood has rushed, like electric currents, through my veins as I joined in the shout of the multitude; but I have passed through no moment of more intense exhilaration than when I knew, by the graceful curve of my rod, and by the steady tension of my trusted line, that I was master of the situation. He pulled like a Castagna stallion, and ‘gave me all I knew’ to hold him within the restricted circle of the deep pool, whose edges were lined with roots and stumps and things equivalent. It was an half-hour's stirring contest; and the hooting of the owl in the midst of the darkness which enveloped us was the trout's requiem. When I had landed him, and had him fairly in quod, will it be deemed silly for me to say that I made the old woods ring with such a shout as one can only give when conscious of having achieved a great victory.’

WHAT PUBLIC MEN OWE TO NEWSPAPERS.—Colonel Forney complains, in a well-written article in the Philadelphia Press, that public men are, as a class, ungrateful to the newspapers and the journalists to whom they, in many instances, owe their position. Nobody is more competent to speak on this subject than Colonel Forney himself. He has made more statements out of small material than any man in America. He has taken a more active part in the personnel of American politics in the last twenty years than almost any other man. Much of his work has been that of a politician rather than that of a journalist; but in either capacity, he has always been able to serve his friends well, and he has always served them faithfully. His reward has been very small. If he had let politics alone, and devoted himself exclusively to journalism, he might have made a greater name than Greeley's, and a greater fortune than Bennett's. But he was always fond of helping some friend to an office, and always had a taste for political intrigue with a purpose of this kind. His experience has, no doubt, been that of a hundred others who have opened in the same way on a smaller scale. Make a Governor out of an Alderman to-day, and to-morrow he'll tell you that he owes his elevation to his own superior merits. Forney made a President of the United States out of James Buchanan; but before the old public functionary had taken his seat, he repudiated his patronage and manufacturer in a most ungrateful manner. Congressmen are made by country newspapers; yet when they go to Washington, it wouldn't be safe to tell them so.—St. Louis Republic.

‘Next to old Bourbon whiskey,’ says a Chicago paper, ‘the thing that a Kentuckian is proudest of is that he is a Kentuckian.’ ‘This is not true,’ says the Courier Journal, ‘a Kentuckian's chief pride is that he is not a Chicagoan.’

The True Witness

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MONTEAL, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1873.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

SEPTEMBER.—1873. Friday, 12—Of the Octave. Saturday, 13—Of the Octave. Sunday, 14—Fifteenth after Pentecost.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

There is no present intention on the part of the French Government or the Commission of Permanence to convoke the Assembly a day earlier than that fixed—the 5th of November. The interval will be most usefully employed in the provinces in preparing the country for the change impending, and the transition of public opinion is already manifest in favor of Royalty, Republicanism in every form having become hateful to every class of honest and religious citizens.

The Italian Ministry is throwing itself more and more on Prussian protection, and its organs publish numerous articles on the necessity of the alliance of Italy, Prussia, and Switzerland, against what it is pleased to call the clerical reaction, that is the re-awakening of Christianity, of justice, and of honor, in the minds of a powerful body in every country.

so completely the rule and not the exception in her officials, that the public service is utterly neglected, and private fortunes are accumulated at the most incredibly rapid rate by every one entrusted with public funds.

The party of the Republic is gaining ground daily in Sicily, and General Medici has been forced to resign his command of the island in consequence. Murders are of hourly occurrence all over Italy, and especially at Ravenna, Faenza, and the Marches of Fermo.

This is only the second year that the Catholics of Italy have decided to take part in the municipal elections, and in some provinces the result of the struggle has been very favorable to them. At Venice, out of fourteen municipal councillors the Conservatives have carried nine, and out of four provincial councillors three; at Verona, out of ten councillors the Catholics have secured five, and at Cividale they have carried their whole list.

MONTEAL, 30th August, 1873.

DEAR SIR,—Being comparatively a stranger here, I am at a loss to know who this Mr. Desaulles can possibly be. He is apparently one of those non-descripts that we sometimes meet with, one of these extraordinary beings who, to use a common expression, are neither here nor there, but always in the road.

I do not know him, he may be very distinguished, he may be very clever, but when I contemplate this erratic Mr. Desaulles launching forth his venom against the Catholic Church, and her recognised pastors in Montreal, I cannot but recall the description of Don Quixote charging the windmill.

In the vagaries of his diseased imagination he would re-organize, re-model, and completely revolutionize the Church of God founded on Eternal Truth. If this gentleman be by profession a Catholic, he must profess to believe that the Almighty promised to be with his Church all days even to the consummation of the world.

Believing this, he must also believe that the Church cannot err. Nevertheless Mr. Desaulles would persuade us that the recognized Head of the Church on Earth, Pope Pius the Ninth, in solemn conclave with his bishops gathered from the four quarters of the Globe, has promulgated doctrines at variance with truth.

Before quitting the subject, I would wish to protest against the want of courtesy towards Catholics shown by certain Canadian Journals. They profess to be public Journals, they seek support from Catholics and Protestants alike, they maintain that they represent public opinion, notably the opinion of their subscribers, and yet, when some member of the Catholic Church, from motives of passion or interest, attacks the dogmas and discipline of that Church, he is immediately cheered by these Journals and encouraged in his obstinacy by every means in their power.

We Catholics are sufficiently educated, sufficiently intelligent to understand thoroughly the discipline of our Church, and recognising its value, we submit to it with cheerfulness. We are not at all afraid of "priestly wiles, Jesuitism," and all the other phantasmagoria of Protestant imaginations, and

are as little likely to submit to deception whether religious or political as any other portion of the human race. Having implicit confidence in the future of our Church we can only view with contempt the very uneducated, not to say impertinent suggestions of half educated scribblers as to what should be, and should not be, the doctrine and discipline of the Catholic Church.

Internal dissensions very frequently occur between Protestant sects; Rev. Mr. A. is at loggerheads with his Bishop, Rev. Mr. B. is quarrelling with his congregation; but we never hear of Catholic Journals championing the cause of one side or the other. We never hear of Catholic meetings to raise funds to support the Rev. Mr. A. in his rebellion against his Bishop, or to pass a vote of sympathy with Rev. Mr. B. in his difficulty with his flock.

Apologizing for intruding on your space, I am, dear Sir, yours, J. P. S.

BAZAAR AND CONCERT AT GRENVILLE, P.Q.—A Bazaar was opened here on Tuesday, August 26th, in aid of the Catholic Church. Owing to the zeal of the ladies, the undertaking was crowned with success.

Rev. Geo. Corbett, of the Diocese of Kingston, was ordained to the Holy Order of Priesthood, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Fabre, at the Cathedral on Sunday last.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW: THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW—July, 1873.—The Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York; Messrs. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

Of these two periodicals both distinctively and strongly Protestant, the first represents the views of the advanced or liberal section of the Protestant world; the second that of the more conservative but less logical portion of that world—and it is published in the interests of the Protestants who dissent from the government church.

In the other Protestant Review we find the following:—1. The Failure of the French Reformation; 2. The Public Health; 3. Catholicism and Papal Infallibility; 4. Mazzini and New Italy; 5. Recent Travels and Explorations in Syria; 6. Miracles, Visions and Revelations; 7. The Gladstone Administration; 8. Contemporary Literature.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE—August, 1873.—The Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York; Messrs. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

The story of the Parisians, No. IX., is continued with unabated interest. This is followed by an article on Saballs, and the Carlists in Catalonia. Then comes an article entitled: A Century of Great Poets from 1750 downwards; No. 9, Johann Friedrich Schiller.—Next we have a sketch of The Scilly Islands and West Cornwall. An amusing squib on the Shah's visit, entitled a Visit to Albion, is followed by some original poetry—The North, The Land of Love and Song; and a bitter anti-Gladstone political article, Dragging Out a Wretched Existence, completes the number.

EDINBURGH REVIEW—July, 1873.—The Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York; Messrs. Dawson Bros., Montreal. In this publication we are presented with the following articles:—1. The Travelling Papers; 2. The Talmud; 3. Baron Hubner's Trip Round the World; 4. The Savings of the People; 5. Life of Sir Henry Lawrence; 6. The approaching Transit of Venus; 7. Miss

Thackeray's Old Kensington; 8. Ferguson on Round Stone Monuments; 9. The Life and Labors of Antoine Court; 10. Personal Memoirs of Mr. Grote; 11. Recent Events in Afghanistan.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW—July, 1873.—The Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York; Messrs. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

The contents are as under:—1. The State of English Poetry; 2. The Church of France; 3. Celtic Scotland; 4. George Grote; 5. Dartmoor; 6. Harold of Norway; 7. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity: John Stuart Mill; 8. Beaumarchais and His Times; 9. The Shah of Persia; 10. Lessons of the French Revolution.

A GREAT TEMPERANCE APOSTLE.

FATHER STAFFORD, OF LINDSAY, CANADA.—HIS GREAT WORK—HIS VIEW OF PROHIBITION—HIS TEMPERANCE SOCIETY—IMPORTANT STATEMENTS AS TO ALCOHOL BEING A MEDICINE, ETC.

When in Lindsay, from which town I wrote my last letter, I paid a visit to Father Stafford, for the purpose of laying before the readers of THE PILOT the views of this great temperance priest on various temperance matters.

When I arrived at his residence, and after I had sat down to wait for Father Stafford, I had time to glance around the room. The first thing that caught my eye was the splendid chromo likeness of Father Burke, which, likewise, decorates the walls of Pilot subscribers, and on the table was lying a volume of the great Dominican's lectures and sermons.

Let me describe this great temperance apostle. In height he is not under six feet, and is slightly stouter in proportion, having altogether a commanding form, to which is superadded a countenance to harmonize. His tout ensemble is indeed that of a man in whom seem united the qualities of firmness and energy.

After some time in speaking over other uninteresting matters, I unfolded to him the object of my visit, and the following conversation ensued:

FATHER STAFFORD—My views on prohibition are these: I strongly advocate the measure, but it must be a stringent prohibition, no half attempt but a wholesale prohibition. Now prohibition has never been rightly attempted, and it is not right to judge of it from the little experience that we have had.

Here is my experience. The most scientific medical men that I know, the men that rank high in their profession, do not prescribe it, but those of the lowest class are sure to do so.

FATHER STAFFORD—That is so. The people of England are beginning to find out that they are controlled by the liquor sellers and manufacturers. They are just waking to the knowledge of this fact and they begin to ask themselves: "Is it true that the prosperity of our country is based on one of the worst causes of its wickedness? Is it true that our riches are the fruits of our vices?"

Here is my experience. The most scientific medical men that I know, the men that rank high in their profession, do not prescribe it, but those of the lowest class are sure to do so. This is my general experience. Look at the declaration signed by all the leading physicians of Montreal against alcohol being used as a medicine.

Here is my experience. The most scientific medical men that I know, the men that rank high in their profession, do not prescribe it, but those of the lowest class are sure to do so. This is my general experience. Look at the declaration signed by all the leading physicians of Montreal against alcohol being used as a medicine.

FATHER STAFFORD—Every one who takes the pledge against drinking must take the pledge to keep others from doing so—to be an agent in the cause.

FATHER STAFFORD—Yes, and what's more, we are somewhat prescriptive. To discountenance drunkards we are so. We are prescriptive against them, as our members generally do not employ them in business or trade, and try to have nothing to do with them in any capacity.

The above is in substance an account of the Reverend gentleman's remarks. That his plan of promoting temperance has been successful is well known, and therefore deserves to be well considered. It is a plan which has given this noble priest the power to boast that his whole people "drink no whiskey." By it he has so far benefited his flock that from being over a half of the prisoners in the county goal a few years ago, the Catholic prisoners at a late period were merely a thirteenth. The

Catholics, too, have wonderfully increased their prosperity since his advent among them, as I know from the many accounts that I have received from people living in the locality, and therefore it is no wonder that they can build a fine convent, fine schools, and that they can give in return to the noble pastor who has done so well by them a residence which cost \$12,500 in gold.

—Boston Pilot. JAY KAY.

BLESSING OF A CATHOLIC CHAPEL IN THE TOWNSHIP RESTIGOUCHE, METAPELIA.

On Sunday last the Rev. E. Langevin, Vicar General of the Diocese of Rimouski, assisted by the Rev. M. Bolche, Cure of St. Alexis of Metapedia, the Rev. M. Leonard, Missionary Priest of St. Anne of Restigouche, and Mr. Thomas Duceite, of Rimouski, solemnly blessed, with all the ceremonies prescribed by the ritual a Catholic chapel at Metapedia. The erection of a chapel in this secluded spot is a proof of the faith and devotion of the Catholics of the neighborhood, who have spared no sacrifice to have a church erected where the divine mysteries of religion could be becomingly celebrated, and thereby secure to the residents of the township and numerous workmen employed on the Intercolonial Railway the opportunity of practising their Christian duties.

Only a few months ago Mr. Grant, C. E., Mr. Murphy, contractor of the Restigouche bridge, and Mr. R. H. McGreevy, contractor of section 18 of the Intercolonial Railway, conceived the idea of having a small church erected in this place. They laid the matter before his Grace the Bishop of Rimouski, who on his part gave them his full sanction and blessing on the work contemplated, and promised in the event of a church being erected to send a priest who would from time to time celebrate for them the divine mysteries. They therefore set earnestly to work, subscribed liberally themselves, and did all in their power to gain the co-operation of their friends both Catholic and Protestant.

A large and numerous congregation assembled on the occasion, including a number of the most influential gentlemen and ladies of the vicinity, Protestant as well as Catholic. Amongst those present we remarked Mr. and Mrs. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Murphy, Mr. McGreevy, Miss and Master McGreevy, Mrs. Dan Fraser of Metapedia, Mrs. A. D. Fraser, Mr. H. Lodge, Mayor of the Township of Metapedia, Capt. Aight, Mr. Morrill, Inspector of Fisheries, Mr. and Mrs. Hamelin, Mr. and Mrs. McLeod, Mr. and Mrs. Doherty, Mr. and Mrs. Ennis, Mr. Zellet, C. E., Mr. Lomario, Inspector, &c., &c.

After service, Mr. and Mrs. Grant entertained the Vicar General, Rev'd Messrs. Bolche, Leonard, Duceite, and a number of other friends at dinner at their residence, and every one seemed pleased to have been able to assist at the ceremony.

In conclusion we must not forget to mention that the piece of ground occupied by the church and grave yard was generously given free of charge by Daniel Fraser, Esquire, of Metapedia, and the Catholics of the Township hereby desire to express the great debt of gratitude they owe Mr. Fraser for this and many other acts of liberality and kindness they have received at his hands.—Communicated to the St. John (N.B.) Freeman.

HOUSE OF PROVIDENCE.

This benevolent institution, so well and favorably known in Kingston and elsewhere, as a refuge for the destitute of both sexes, as well as of a large number of orphan children, is making an appeal to the charitable for assistance to enable it to continue its good work, and also to liquidate the debt which remains upon the commodious building recently erected by the Sisters of Charity in this city, and which will be a lasting monument to their industry and perseverance. The total cost of the building has been about \$20,000, of which \$9,000 was realized from the lottery held here a few years ago. A large portion of the balance has been collected elsewhere at times, but there still remains a debt of several thousand dollars, which it is now proposed to liquidate. For this purpose it was some six months ago decided to get up a bazaar, to which contributions were invited and a committee of ladies were named with a view of canvassing the city, and soliciting assistance either in money or in fancy or other work appropriate for such an object.

Average number of infirm 100
Average " " children 30

Of the above infirm the greater number are quite helpless, requiring constant and careful attendance, some being blind and others very aged, and it would be indeed no small calamity if from any cause this excellent institution should unhappily be unable to prosecute its object. Its claims are very strong upon all classes of the community, irrespective of creed or nationality, as it is quite liberal and cosmopolitan in its character. We might mention that, unlike some other institutions of a similar character, it receives no aid from Government, but is supported entirely by the exertions of the Sisters, and the contributions of the charitable. The Bazaar, as will be seen on reference to our advertising columns, will be opened on the evening of the 8th inst., and continuing very likely throughout the entire week. The Band of the Garrison will be present at the opening and on some other nights of the week. We hope, therefore, that the bazaar will be well patronized, and that the labors of the committee will be crowned with success.—British Whig.

ST. HUBERT.

The Young Ladies Boarding School of St Hubert will re-open on the 3rd of September.

No doubt the parents who have already approved of the advantages of this new institution are very eager to send back their young ladies.

The Convent is situated in one of the finest and healthiest counties in Canada, only nine miles from Montreal.

The institution is conducted by the kind Sisters of the Good Shepherd, a community of recent date, but one which is called to take a grand part, in the glorious annals of the religious institutions of this country.

According to the wishes of the Right Rev. Bishop of Montreal, the most pleasing simplicity reigns in this house. The greatest care is taken to give a solid education to all the young ladies placed under their protection, so that in a few years they will be capable of fulfilling the serious place in society which should be expected from every Christian young lady.

The English and French languages are followed with equal interest, as also all the other branches that belong to a superior education. Besides, the young ladies are initiated to the different parts of domestic economy.

The price for board and tuition is but sixty dollars yearly, and it would be impossible to find better or cheaper instruction than is given in this place. Moderate extras for music, painting, drawing, etc., and all those whose health requires particular attention.—Com.

MONSIEUR S. MAZURETTE

EMINENT FRENCH SOLO PIANIST, POPULAR COMPOSER AND BARIATONE VOCALIST.

Mons. Mazurette is descended from a French Canadian family, his parents being natives of the city of Montreal, where the subject of this sketch was born.

While yet studying in Montreal, Mazurette, for five years, filled the important position of soprano soloist in the great French Cathedral of Notre Dame, one of the largest Cathedrals in the country, and which is everywhere noted for the excellence of its music.

Upon Mons. Mazurette deciding to go to Paris, he was publicly presented by his friends in Montreal, with an elegant gold medal; also with a beautiful Maltese Cross, inscribed as follows: "To Mons. Mazurette, First Pianist of Canada."

On his last appearance in Buffalo, New York, his new made friends in that city presented him with a beautifully wrought and appropriately inscribed gold medal as a token of their appreciation of his superior talents as a pianist.

While in Paris, Mons. Mazurette was under the instruction of the eminent composer and pianist, Jacques Herz, from whom he finally received a diploma, as did he also from M. Etouard Battiste, the great organist of St. Eustache Church.

It was during his return voyage that Mazurette composed his celebrated variations on "Home Sweet Home," which all unite in saying is one of the most brilliant and wonderful compositions which ever came from the brain of any composer.

He has been offered, and refused, five hundred dollars for this grand piece of musical brain-work. Shortly after his return to Montreal he gave a grand concert in St. Patrick's Hall, where he met with such an ovation as is but seldom accorded to any artist.

Speaking of his singing, the Detroit Free Press, in a lengthy notice, says: "His powers were well illustrated in a ballad of his own composition, entitled, 'When I shall be far away,' which was given in a powerful, pure and graceful baritone voice, and greatly pleased his audience."

Mons. Mazurette is a thorough master of the piano, a bold, confident performer, and seems to play as much from love of playing as from any other incentive. He seems to have the wonderful faculty of bringing from the piano sounds but few would believe the instrument capable of producing.

ates an enthusiasm such as is but seldom witnessed in the concert room. His own compositions he renders as with a knowledge that they are of his own creation, and with a spirit so enraptured with the business in hand that he seems completely lost in himself, and thus brings forth from the piano the enchanting melodies, and the grand chords of sweet harmonies, with which his own deep nature is so thoroughly imbued.

An entertainment in which Mons. Mazurette acts as solo pianist must prove to all, the musically educated and those untaught in the "art divine," a rich treat, both pleasing, highly entertaining and instructive.

"IN MEMORIAM" OF OUR DARLING JOHN PATRICK.

Sweetly sleeping is our darling, Free from age, from pain and woe, Neath the pines that crown the hillsides, Where spring flowers soonest blow, Where the wild birds sing most sweetly, Thro' the long bright summer day, Where the sunlight seems to linger, And the moonbeams love to play.

'Tis a fair, bright spot, but fairer Was the gentle form we laid Underneath the turf, unfeeling, In his cold and narrow bed. Yet we knew 'twas but the Casquet We had hidden from our sight, In the Father's Crown the jewel Gleams forever pure and bright.

So we try to bow in silence, Neath the blow that on us fell, Knowing He whose hand hath dealt it, Ever doeth all things well. But we miss him, sadly miss him, And we sigh, alas! in vain, For the sound of coming footsteps We shall never hear again.

Oh! the loneliness and sorrow, In our hearts, and in our home, When we know in on-to-morrow, Will the absent darling come. But not "without hope" we mourn him, God, Who took our idol, knew, If our treasure were in Heaven, We would long to follow too.

PROVINCIAL AGRICULTURAL AND INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION FOR 1873.

PROGRAMME FOR THE WEEK.

- 1. Monday, Sept. 15th. Will be devoted to the final receiving of articles for exhibition, and their proper arrangement. None but Members of the Councils, officers, judges, exhibitors, and necessary attendants will be admitted.

Parties who shall have prizes awarded them are particularly requested to apply for them before leaving Montreal, or to furnish a written order to some person to receive them, stating the articles for which prizes are claimed.

On Monday a grand picnic, under the auspices of this Society, was held at St. Helen's Island, and like the majority of the affairs got up by our Irish friends, was a great success.

The Grand Trunk.—The London Canadian News says: "Mr. Richard Potter, the President of the Grand Trunk Railway is about to leave for Canada. The important alterations which are being carried out on the line, the near approach of the opening of the International bridge and further sections of the Intercolonial Railway, and the arrangements for increased traffic, are matters which will receive the careful attention of the President during his visit."

The Narrow Gauge.—Arrangements are being perfected over the line of the Grand Trunk Railway for the change to the narrow gauge, which is to take effect early in October. Within the last few weeks over fifty new narrow gauge engines arrived in Montreal, being but a small percentage of those which will be required. We understand that after the express train going west on the evening of Friday, the 3rd October, arrives in Toronto, all traffic on the line will be suspended, and the work of changing the track from Stratford to Montreal, will be simultaneously commenced over the whole line. The whole work is expected to be completed by Monday, the 6th of October, when the regular traffic will be resumed.

The Midland Railway.—The Orillia Examiner says Mr. Hugel has promised the Orillia Township Council that no effort will be spared to push on the Midland line to Wabash before the 1st of January next.

Inspection Act.—In the Canada Gazette of the 30th August, an order of the Governor in Council designates the following cities, Quebec and Montreal, in the Province of Quebec; Toronto, Kingston, Hamilton, London, and Ottawa, Ontario; St. John in the Province of New Brunswick, and Halifax, in the Province of Nova Scotia, as cities for which Inspectors of the following Canadian productions are to be appointed, viz.—Flour and Meal, Wheat and other grains, Beef and Pork, Potatoes and Pearl asher, Pickled Fish and Fish oil, Butter, Leather and Raw Hides and Petroleum.

TORONTO, Sept. 3.—A remarkable incident in connection with the late robbery of registered letters from the post-office happened on Monday evening. Some children were out playing in the woods, about two miles west of the Lunatic Asylum. The precise locality is in the rear of "Sunnyside," a short distance up from the portion of road at the junction of the Great Western with the Lake Shore road, known as the "Dug way." The children, named Lovell, first found some letters which carried back with them to the house of a Mr. Duffy, who, on looking at the papers, saw at once that they were likely to be of interest in some quarters. He took the children back with him to the bush, and a moment's search discovered, at the root of a tree, lightly covered with leaves, a bundle containing all the letters stolen from the Post Office about six weeks ago. All the covers, envelopes, with the letters and drafts and checks were lying there, but no money. Of course the discovery gives a new hope that the robbers may, by some means be this time found out, and the Inspector is again at work with the new clue to follow.

THE MANITOBA DIFFICULTY.—A Washington despatch states that the Manitoba question will be brought before the judicial tribunal there in a few days. The court will hold a special session and no other causes will be tried. Minister Thornton says the British Government is firm in its conviction that the action of its officials was strictly in accordance with the law. Mr. Thornton expresses his conviction that the decision of court will be adverse to the parties now in custody. The proposition to release the American prisoners on bail is rejected and the court will be held at Fort Garry or Winnipeg.

BIRTH ON THE CARS.—Whilst a train conveying emigrants west was stopping at the Station here on Tuesday evening, one of the married women on the train was taken with the pains of child-birth, and the kind-hearted Station Master had the woman and her husband and family conveyed to Mr. Buchanan's Hotel, where a healthy male child was born and where the family still remains. They are foreigners, Swedes or Norwegians nobody about here understanding their dialect. Mr. Richardson will forward them to their friends in the West as soon as the mother of the child has sufficiently recovered to be able to undertake the journey.—Cobourg Sentinel.

AYLMER, Sept. 4.—Last evening a young man named Jas. Crank, who lives about three miles east of this place, started for home down the Air Line railroad track, considerably under the influence of liquor. This morning his body was found about one and a half miles down the track, in a culvert, by the section men, very much crushed, and the left foot, the right foot and arm severed from the body. An inquest was held to-day, and a verdict returned—killed by the cars while under the influence of liquor.

FORT GARRY, Aug. 29.—A number of Americans from Benton attacked a band of Indians and murdered twenty-two men, women and children in Saskatchewan Co., 600 miles west of here. Salmon are pouring into the Fraser River, British Columbia, fishermen with all the labour they can employ, have their hands full. A very large quantity for export will be put up in barrels and tins.

It is estimated that the plans for harbour improvements and the deepening of the river channel, Montreal, required by the Harbour Commissioners early next season, will necessitate an expenditure of \$160,000.

A letter from Sydney, C. B., says that the settlement of West Bay on the Grand Lake has been almost demolished. On one side of the Bay only about six houses are left standing. In the settlement of Boydville, twenty houses are blown down in a distance of a few miles. In this settlement one family seemed to have been objects of persecution with the Storm King. Finding their own house gone, they fled to that of a neighbour, when, in a very short time, the latter house took fire and both families had to flee and take shelter in a green-house till morning.

REMITANCES RECEIVED.

- Peterborough, J. Q. \$4; Yorkville, A. A. P. 2; Savage's Mill, D. K. 1; Hereford, Mrs. M. J. W. 1.30; St. Stanislaus, Koutka, J. J. K. 3.50; St. Hyacinthe, Rt. Rev. J. L. 2; Alma, T. O. F. 2; Osooode, J. P. 2; Starnesboro, P. L. 4; Weston, F. G. K. 2; Silery, M. H. O. R. 2; Norwood, P. C. F. 6; Richmond Station, J. McK. 2; Port Hastings, N. S. T. D. N. 2; Point Alexander, J. McC. 2; Port Lambert, M. C. 4.

On the 19th August at Pontiac, by the Rev. B. Casey, Mr. William Tierney, hennow, Merchant, to Miss Hannah Theresa, youngest daughter of John Mulligan, Esq. Oaslow.

At Ottawa, on the 11th instant, after a painful illness of three months, George Francis second eldest son of Alderman Honey, aged nine years and ten months.

BREAKFAST—EPPS'S COCOA—GRAPEFUL AND COMFORTING.—By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills.—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with Boiling Water or Milk. Each packet is labelled—"James Epps's & Co., Homeopathic Chemists, London."

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

TREE MENT APPRECIATED.—Brown's Bronchial Troches have been before the public many years. Each year finds the Troches in some new, distant localities, in various parts of the world. Being an article of true merit, when once used, the value of the Troches is appreciated, and they are always at hand, to be used as occasion requires. For Coughs, Colds, and Throat Diseases, the Troches have proved their efficacy. For sale everywhere.

Many suffer rather than take nauseous medicines. All who suffer from coughs, colds, irritations of the bronchial tubes or tendency to consumption, will find in Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry a remedy as agreeable to the palate as effectual in removing disease. The balsam is a pleasant remedy; it is a safe remedy; it is a powerful remedy; it is a remedy that cures.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes items like Fancy, Wheat, Supers from Western Wheat, etc.

TORONTO FARMERS' MARKET. Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes items like Wheat, do spring, Barley, Oats, etc.

KINGSTON MARKETS. Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes items like Flour, Grain, Onions, Carrots, etc.

CATHOLIC COMMERCIAL ACADEMY, OF MONTREAL. PARENTS' ENTRANCE; NO. 699 ST. CATHERINE STREET.

The re-opening of Classes will take place on MONDAY, the FIRST SEPTEMBER NEXT.

YOUTHS somewhat advanced in age, or having special reasons, to be submitted to the approval of the Principal, may be admitted to follow the classes of Arithmetic Book-keeping, Commercial Correspondence and Penmanship only.

EDUCATIONAL ESTABLISHMENT FOR YOUNG LADIES. CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF THE CONGREGATION DE NOTRE DAME, CHAMBLY.

Board and Tuition per month \$5.50 Bed and bedding (if furnished by the Institution) 75 Washing 2.00 Music, piano 1.00

MASSON COLLEGE.—The RE-OPENING OF THE CLASSES will take place on the SECOND OF SEPTEMBER.

ANOTHER CLAIMANT.—It is said that a Hindu gentleman of the sonar caste, Mr. Hurrickland Chintaman, is proceeding to England, lavishly paid by H. H. the Guicowar of Baroda, in order to press on behalf of that prince some claims for technical dignity.

JOHN CROWE, BLACK AND WHITE SMITH, LOCK-SMITH, BELL-HANGER, SAFE-MAKER, AND GENERAL JOBBER. No. 37, BONAVENTURE STREET, No. 37, Montreal.

WANTED. We will give men and women Business that will Pay from \$4 to \$8 per day, can be pursued in your own neighborhood; it is a rare chance for those out of employment or having leisure time; girls and boys frequently do as well as men. Particulars free. Address J. LATHAM & CO., 292 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

ROCHESTER COMMERCIAL NURSERIES. ESTABLISHED 1830. Trees, ETC. If you wish to plant, send for our New Catalogue last per box, 100, or 1000 Autumn, 1873—and save all commissions. Try it! Address S. W. LITTLE, Rochester, N.Y.

\$5.00 SEWING MACHINES \$5.00 First Class, Complete in all their parts. AGENTS WANTED, Extra Inducements. Circulars, samples of Sewing, etc., free. HOPE MANUFACTURING CO., 26 UNIVERSITY PLACE, New York City.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of Quebec, at its approaching Session, to obtain the passing of an Act, having for object to make disappear all doubts concerning the limits of ST. BAZILLE LE GRAND, in the Diocese of Montreal, and to give Civil effect to the Decree of the Bishop of the Diocese passed to that effect. Montreal, 20th August, 1873. 1m-2

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of THEOPHILE LEBRUN, of the City of Montreal, Contractor and Trader, Insolvent.

The Insolvent having made an assignment of his affairs to me, the Creditors are requested to meet at his business place, No. 284 St. Joseph Street, Montreal, on the 22nd day of September next, at 10 A.M., to receive statement of his affairs, and to appoint an Assignee. Montreal, 8th September, 1873. G. H. DUMESNIL, Interim Assignee.

IS HEREBY GIVEN that the LADIES of the HOTEL DIEU, of this city, want to borrow two hundred thousand dollars, bearing interest at the rate of 6 per centum per annum. The said ladies would borrow by sums of one hundred dollars and over, payable after one month's previous notice to that effect. Apply at the Hotel Dieu of Montreal, to Rev. Sister BONNEAU, or to the undersigned. J. G. GUIMOND, Agent to said Ladies. August 22.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of ISAAC EBBITTS, An Insolvent. On Wednesday, the Twenty-Fourth day of September next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act. Montreal, 14th August, 1873. ISAAC EBBITTS, By his Attorney ad litem, L. N. BENJAMIN.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of EDOUARD DUMAMEL, Insolvent. I, the undersigned, GEORGES HYACINTHE DUMESNIL, of the City of Montreal, have been appointed assignee in this matter.

Creditors are requested to file their claims before me within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at my office, No. 5, St. Sacrament Street, on the 30th day of September next, at 2 o'clock P.M., for the examination of the Insolvent and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally. The Insolvent is hereby notified to attend said meeting. G. H. DUMESNIL, Official Assignee, Montreal, 28th August, 1873. 2-3

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of MICHEL PLOUFF & CIE, Insolvent. I, the undersigned, GEORGES HYACINTHE DUMESNIL, of the City of Montreal, have been appointed assignee in this matter.

Creditors are requested to file their claims before me within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at my office, No. 5, St. Sacrament Street, on the 2nd day of October next, at 4 o'clock P.M., for the examination of the Insolvent and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally. The Insolvent is hereby notified to attend said meeting. G. H. DUMESNIL, Official Assignee, Montreal, 27 August, 1873.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of JEAN BTE. DUMAMEL FILS, Insolvent. I, the undersigned, GEORGES HYACINTHE DUMESNIL, of the City of Montreal, have been appointed assignee in this matter.

Creditors are requested to file their claims before me within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at my office, No. 5, St. Sacrament Street, on the 30th day of September next, at 4 o'clock P.M., for the examination of the Insolvent and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally. The Insolvent is hereby notified to attend said meeting. G. H. DUMESNIL, Official Assignee, Montreal, 26th August, 1873. 2-3

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The reconciliation, after a separation of forty-three years between the two branches of the Bourbon family is the great event of the day. The grandson of Charles X. and the grandson of Louis Philippe fraternizing, and, no doubt determined to forget past feuds and divisions, and act in concert—for otherwise their meeting would be quite an unnecessary one—caused a great sensation all over the country. Will the Legitimists and Orleanists follow their example? is the important question; and if they do, and that in an appeal made to the country the Count de Chambord or the Count de Paris is elected, will the Royalists all accept the decision, or will they let the Chamber alone decide who is to be king, and on what terms? Will the Chamber whose members were elected by universal suffrage, cripple that terrible instrument, or set it aside altogether? Then, if it is simply consulted, and that the Imperial Prince or a President of the Republic has the majority, will the Royalists accept the will of the nation? Whether, in fact, a democratic and social Republic, a moderate Republic, Henry V. (Count de Chambord), or Louis Philippe II. (Count de Paris), or Napoleon IV. (Prince Imperial), is to rule the destinies of the nation, is a question that cannot be easily solved now. Each party and sovereign has its adherents, and conciliation among them seems quite impossible; and at this time, when there is a dearth of men of talent and genius, it is difficult to imagine that any Government could succeed without the assistance of some of the few great men remaining, and, besides, have them for adversaries. The genius of Napoleon I. and his mighty achievements won over many of the Ultra-Republicans and part of the noblesse; but what sovereign in our prosaic times could hope to bring round his throne men who had upset that of his ancestors? If the Legitimist Sovereign reigns, will we hope to make the venerable but antiquated principle of "divine right of kings" accepted by those who consider that sovereignty resides in the people, and that, as in Louis Philippe's case, the sovereign is only the delegate of the nation, Thiers the Minister of the son of the Duchess of Berry, Jules Favre Ambassador from the court of Louis Philippe II., Gambetta Prime Minister of Napoleon IV., &c.? Such are the strange and impossible reconciliations, and the difficulties for the present of establishing any dynasty or electing any sovereign. Under such conflicting opinions, and so many pretensions, when the nation is still excited and troubled by the late war, and when the enemies of order and society are labouring to undermine governments of all kinds, it would be dangerous to precipitate things, and endeavour to give the nation what it wants, a permanent form of government, whether it be a thorne or a republic.—*Freeman.*

THE COMTE DE CHAMBORD AND CONSTITUTIONAL MONARCHY.—Most of the English papers are bent upon persuading the world that the Comte de Chambord on the throne of France is totally incompatible with anything like modern institutions, which is about as sensible as the declaration that the success of Don Carlos in Spain means nothing less than re-establishment of the Inquisition. The correspondent of the *Standard* in Paris tells us that "alone among Legitimist papers, the *Gazette de France* tells us that if the Comte de Chambord becomes king, he will concede the guarantees of representative government, civil and religious liberty," the "control of two Chambers," and "universal suffrage honestly practised." The writer proceeds to say that if the Prince "puts his hand to an instrument specifying all this, well and good;" but this would be "totally inconsistent with his letters to the Pope, Mgr. Dupanloup, and M. Cazeneuve de Pradine." Unfortunately for this theory the Prince has already put his hand to something very like it; and, to establish this, we cannot do better than cite the *Pall Mall Gazette*, an impartial witness. The Paris correspondent of that paper quotes the Comte de Chambord, writing thus in May, 1871: "It is said that I intend to demand unlimited power. Would to God that such power had not been so lightly accorded to those who in stormy times presented themselves as saviours. What I demand is to labor at the regeneration of the country." And in July of the same year: "I am, and desire to be, of my time;" and "God assisting me, we will found together, on broad bases of administration, decentralization, and local franchise, a Government in conformity with the wants of the country." And in July of the same year: "I am, and desire to be, of my time;" and "God assisting me, we will found together on broad bases of administration, decentralization, and local franchise, a Government in conformity with the wants of the country." And as regards the Legislative power, he wrote in 1871:—"We shall give, as a guarantee for that public liberty every Christian people has a right to the control of two Chambers." And in 1859: "Full liberty for the Church in spiritual affairs; sovereign independence of the State in temporal matters." With the exception of universal suffrage, for which "a broad basis of local franchise" is substituted, the programme is very like that which the *Standard* correspondent thinks would be so inconsistent with the Comte de Chambord's correspondence.—Only it happens to be extracted from his correspondence.

Now that France has it in her power really to choose, solemnly and calmly, who and what shall constitute her future Government, she turns to the last living representative of her ancient kings. The representative has, we rejoice to hear, consented to receive his crown from the hands of her delegates, thus happily blending the *ius humanum* with the *ius divinum*. From the well known character of Henri Cinque, it is not too much to assert that the prestige of the country will be ably maintained by him,

and her ancient character vindicated among the nations of Europe as the defender of religion, the mainstay of Society, and the terror of the spoilers and persecutors who have so long acted as if the arm of Divine Justice would for ever delay the punishment and retribution due to all rulers, princes, and people who act like Nero and Julian, and who dare to insult God.

We think the Princes of the House of Orleans have shown themselves sincerely anxious to heal the wounds of their country in the only possible manner. They have sacrificed ambition, and have fully realized the hopes to which they gave birth by their attendance at the expiatory services in the early part of last year. Henceforth their influence will be lent to the legitimate monarch, and for the first time since the Revolution, will France be governed by a king who is at peace with every member of his family. It will be seen in November that the Red Flag has lost its terrors, and before the present year has gone to join its precursors, the white flag and the golden lilies may be floating over the walls of the palace of the King of France.—*Catholic Opinion.*

The *Patrie* states that a new Republican manifesto is to be issued. The members of the Republican Left had a meeting last week with M. Jules Simon to consider the action of the Monarchists. It was decided that a sort of memorandum should be published denouncing what are called the Monarchical intrigues, and explaining afresh the programme of the Left; but as it is necessary to avoid alarming public opinion in regard to Radicalism, this manifesto will be relatively moderate. What will be specially insisted on is, that no one should be permitted to decide on the fate of France without consulting the country.

From a leader in the *Times*—the weathercock which indicates the direction taken by the popularis aura—we take the following passage which confirms all that we have stated with regard to the probable restoration of Henri Cinque:—"What Frenchmen, of all people in the world, are now found to say is that all Revolutions have done them no good, and that it is time to make an end of them. They urge that, since their first great insurrection against Legitimate Sovereignty, they have never had a generation of peace, and that they are still as far as ever from agreement or tranquillity.—They propose, therefore, to return to the point from which they started, and once more to take a King whose title shall rest on something above or beyond that popular voice by which Sovereigns have since been made and unmade." The most noticeable feature in, and the strongest guarantee for the stability of, the restored monarchy is to be found in the fact that it will be established on the unassailable foundation of the union between hereditary right and popular election. As we have said in another place, this happy union will give to the new French monarchy a strength which it could never possibly possess from "Divine right" alone, however morally inexpugnable that claim may be.—*Catholic Opinion.*

SPAIN.

Plainly speaking, and with every desire to see the overthrow of the so-called Spanish Republic, we must admit that the chances are by no means certainly against the Republicans, and that in fact it is probable that, as things have turned out, the insurrection of the Reds has been an occurrence rather lucky for them than the reverse. For the first time since the proclamation of the Federal Republic, the rulers at Madrid seem to have found an army willing to fight and to obey orders. In Catalonia, it is possible that nearly as many Republican officers have been killed by their own soldiers as by the Carlists, and as for the idea that the Army of the North could be brought to fire upon the "people," it was too extravagant to be entertained for a moment. Just the contrary has taken place in the South. The troops have recovered the old habit of discipline, they salute their officers instead of shooting them, and instead of fraternizing with the "people," they have been bombarding, fusillading, bayoneting, and barricade-storming, with an utter indifference to the "people's" sensibilities, "worthy" in the indignant language of citizen Roque Barcia, "of Versailles and not of heroes of liberty." At the same time, judging from the simultaneousness of the operations against so many great insurgent cities, there must be a very large force indeed of these re-disciplined troops of all branches, regulars, constabulary, marines and veterans. Beyond a doubt, then, as soon as ever the South is pacified, the Carlists will be obliged to try conclusions with a species of opponents very different from the broken marauders who have recently afforded occasions for Carlist victories. The inactivity of the northern troops, the constant retreats of General Sanchez Bregua, are closely allied with the strategy which we describe. The ten or twelve thousand Republican troops in the north have received orders to avoid hostilities until they can be joined by double or treble this strength under Generals Campos and Pavia. It is evident then that the Carlist strategists and organizers have not an instant to lose. If they do not force the hand of the Madrid Government before President Salmeron and company are ready, we must candidly say that the present year at any rate is not likely to see Don Carlos in the Palace of the Escorial.—*Tablet.*

SABALLA.—The following description of the person of the renowned Carlist leader, Gen. Saballa, is given by the *New York Herald* correspondent, and may not prove uninteresting at the present juncture:—"I was somewhat surprised at the appearance and manner of the celebrated leader. He has not at all the fierce look his photographs give him, but quite a jovial, pleasant expression, notwithstanding his lean, brown face and long white mustache combed across his sunken cheeks, with, one might maliciously imagine, an evident desire to look as terrible as possible. His eyes are blue or light grey, and their pleasant twinkle impressed me at once with the idea that he was not such a bad fellow after all. The first good chance I got I walked up and saluted him in French, which he speaks like a

native, without a particle of foreign accent that I could discover. He shook me warmly by the hand, and inquired if I could give him any news of his family. I was happy to be able to do so, having the honour of knowing Mme. Saballa and his daughters at Perpignan. He remarked that he had had no news from his wife for months, and had been much distressed on hearing that she had been expelled from Perpignan. I explained that it was an idle rumour, based, however, upon the fact that the so-called Republican party would gladly have expelled Madame and her children from France if they could, and that possibly some steps were taken to that end. He said he was delighted to hear the report was not true. He then asked, 'What news do you bring? We seldom have any.' I gave him the latest I had from France and Navarre, two or three weeks old, more or less. He inquired if I purposed staying with the Prince or returning to Perpignan; to which I replied that I expected sooner or later to return to Perpignan, and would be only too happy to carry a letter or message to Madame. He laughed and said, with an emphatic nod or two, 'I believe my wife knows I have no time to write letters; but if you see her, do me the favour to say you found me and my son (pointing to a youth who sat near him on horseback, listening attentively) quite well, thank God.' At this point of our conversation an officer interrupted us to deliver a message to the General, who saluted me with a bow and a pleasant smile, and rode away, followed by his staff. In personal appearance Saballa is a man of about fifty-five, tall and thin, with a peculiarly wiry, hardy air about him. He dresses entirely, or nearly so, in scarlet, and wears long riding boots with heavy spurs. On his breast are ten or a dozen crosses and medals, and one very large, handsome decoration, about as big as a saucer. His chief of staff, Don Felipe de Sabater, and his son, wear the same showy style of uniform, but the decorations have not as yet been hung upon their youthful breasts."

A correspondent of the *Evening Standard*, writing from the Carlist camp at Navarre, thus alludes to the emblem which the soldiers of Charles VII. wear upon their breasts. "Another sign that struck me much was a bleeding heart embroidered on a small scrap of cloth, and sewn on the left breast of nearly all on the ground. Inside this embroidered patch is written in Spanish—'Stop (cease) the Heart of Jesus is here; defend me, Jesus!'" The writer is correct in tracing this pious custom back to the war in La Vendee, in which the gallant Breton peasant soldiers sought protection from that Sacred Heart in which the Carlist soldiers are now confiding. May their noble and gallant efforts in the cause of religion and order be more successful than were those of La Rochejaquelein and Cathelineau!

ITALY.

The utter uncertainty of the turn events may take from day to day in Spain, and the certainty that France will make no fresh concessions to Italy is forcing Victor Emmanuel, much against his own judgment, into complete subservency to Germany. Although there is not a word in Marshal MacMahon's message which could raise suspicion in the most sensitive mind, the future being reserved in the most courteous terms, Italy instinctively feels that her tenure of the Pontifical States hangs on a thread, and that she has made an enemy of France, whom nothing save the fullest atonement will appease. The Prussian alliance is, therefore, a necessity for her, and though she will play the part of the cat, and draw the chestnuts from the fire, she is forced to go on in the path she has entered into. M. Bismarck evidently intends to make her the instrument of a second provocation to France, and promises her the restoration of Nice and Savoy, the acquisition of Corsica and the Italian Tyrol, the coast of Istria and Dalmatia, and a part of the indemnity of the milliards he is already contemplating as the forfeit of a second war with France.

M. Bismarck, however, evidently reckons without his host. He forgets, in his insensate pride, that Bavaria, from the sovereign to the poorest peasant, is alienated for ever, and desires nothing better than to free herself from Prussian supremacy; that Saxony, Hanover, and all the smaller States feel no inclination to lend themselves once more to the projects of German centralization, and the extinction of their civil and religious liberties. Wurtemberg, though Protestant, is profoundly jealous of the Prussian encroachments, and there can exist no doubt that Prussia will be nearly single-handed in any further attacks on France. In the meantime, we shall probably not have long to wait for the pebble which Pius IX. foretold a few months since, and which will overthrow the Colossus.

It is impossible, however, to consider the religious and social state of Italy without feeling that a great chastisement is at hand and necessary to break through the intense worldliness and materialism which has become her besetting sin. Many nominal good Catholics, especially in the provinces of the north and centre, will, in spite of all ecclesiastical censures, read and subscribe to the vilest journalism, send their sons to godless schools in hopes of their better advancement in official favour, and take their daughters to theatres at which spectacles hostile alike to religion and modesty are exhibited. The theory of serving two masters is carried into practice nowhere in Europe as it is among Italians of the middle class especially, and the spirit of abnegation and self-denial for a great cause is confined to a small and devout body in each city. Conscription and taxation have done much towards rendering the new regime unpopular, but it will require nothing short of a miracle, or some frightful and sudden material scourge, to drive the masses back to God.—*Catholic Opinion.*

GERMANY.

The Prussian Government, alarmed at the exodus, has appointed a committee to consider the whole question of emigration. From 1844 to 1871 Prussia alone has lost some seven hundred thousand subjects. More than three quarters of these emigrants were adults, and at least two-thirds were men, drawn almost entirely from the agricultural classes—the backbone of a military Government. The Committee is to investigate the best methods of checking this evil which threatens the best interests of the country; but while the present military system, which enabled Bismarck to conquer both Austria and France by sheer brute force, remains in force, men will fly from the glorious prospect of filling a soldier's grave in an alien soil in order to further the ambitious designs of their autocratic rulers.—That "national institution" will force men of valourous disposition to seek a new home among the free men of the United States, for the maintenance of the Conscription is necessary to the policy of the modern German Empire; and no Government Commission will venture to suggest a more civilized method of procuring food for powder.

CONSECRATION OF SCHISMATIC BISHOPS.—The Janesdrick Bishop of Deventer, consecrated at Rotterdam, a Dr. Winkel as Bishop of his communion at Haarlem, and Professor Reinkens as "Missionary Bishop of Germany," and delivered to them afterwards an address upon their supposed duties. This unfortunate schism is therefore—we will not say perpetuated, for we do not believe in the thousands and tens of thousands which Dr. Heykamp spoke of as about to join it—but put into more working order. Dr. Reinkens has issued a pastoral, in which he of course inculcates the duty of absolute submission to the State, and is to fix his residence at Bonn.

AUSTRALIA.

VICTORIA.—On Whit Sunday Pontifical High Mass was celebrated in the cathedral church at 11 o'clock, by his Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Goold, Bishop of Melbourne. The Very Rev. Dr. Fitzpatrick, V.G., acted as assistant priest, the Rev. Mr. Aylward and

the Rev. Mr. Moran as deacons, and the Rev. P. O'Sullivan as master of the ceremonies. In the evening, his Lordship the Bishop presided at vespers, assisted by the Very Rev. the Vicar-General, Fathers Aylward and Moran being deacons at the throne, and Father O'Sullivan master of the ceremonies. The preacher was the Rev. Dr. Bleasdale. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by his Lordship. At St. Francis' Church High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. P. O'Meara, the Rev. Father Hughes, S.J., being deacon, and the Rev. D. Jordan sub-deacon. In the evening, Father O'Meara presided at Vespers, Fathers O'Sullivan and Jordan acting as deacons. The sermon was preached by Father O'Sullivan. A *missa cantata* was celebrated in the church of the Jesuit Fathers, Richmond, by the Rev. Father Mulhall, S.J., and an instructive and impressive sermon preached by the Rev. Father Nulty, S.J. On Whit Monday Masses were celebrated in St. Patrick's and St. Francis' Churches, at the same hours as on Sundays.

MARITLAND.—A numerously attended public meeting was held in the hall of the School of Arts, West Maitland, on Wednesday, May 21st, for the purpose of making arrangements for welcoming the Right Rev. Dr. Murray, Bishop of Maitland, on his return to his diocese, after a lengthened tour through Europe, for the benefit of his health. A cordial spirit of unanimity characterized the entire proceedings.

NEW ZEALAND.—The first anniversary soiree in connection with the Catholic Christian Doctrine Society was held recently in the Wellington Catholic Institute, under the presidency of the Bishop. A plentiful tea was provided, and the tables were gaily adorned with vases of fresh-gathered flowers. The band of the Hobson Volunteer Company, and the choir of St. Patrick's Cathedral were present, and formed the chief attraction of the evening. Upon the platform were Bishop Croke, the Revs. Fathers Macdonald, Dilworth, Norris, Fynes, Boileux, and Dr. Wood. The Bishop, on rising to address the audience was loudly cheered.

ZACHARY TAYLOR'S GRAVE.—Of the present condition of the surroundings of the grave of the late President Zachary Taylor, the *Louisville Courier Journal* says: "Between five and six miles from the city, on an obscure neighborhood road, a quarter of a mile from the Brownsboro road, rest the remains of the twelfth President of the United States—Zachary Taylor. The grave is situated in the north east corner of the Taylor farm, and it is mortifying to relate that it is in a sadly neglected condition, underbrush, weeds, and tall trees rendering it very difficult of access. No monument has ever been erected to Gen. Taylor's memory. The remains lie in a plain vault built in the side of a hill, with a marble slab over the door bearing the inscription:

Z. Taylor,
Born Nov. 24, 1784;
Died July 9, 1850.

The services rendered by this brave, goodnatured old soldier deserve monumental recognition. A gentleman who recently visited the grave said to a reporter of this paper; 'As I stood there, with head uncovered, my mind reverted to boyhood days, and I remembered a solemn funeral cortege at Philadelphia, the city in mourning, public buildings and private residences draped in black, a hush all over the city, sadness depicted in every face, for great, brave old Gen. Taylor was dead. The whole nation, in fact, mourned his loss. Twenty three years after that I find myself at his grave near Louisville, and am impressed with the fact that the nation's dead are soon forgotten. A stone wall incloses the little graveyard, and a rusty and unused iron gate frowns upon the visitor. It evidently has not been opened for years. Col. Richard Taylor is buried to the right of Gen. Taylor. An obelisk, eighteen feet high, is erected over his grave, bearing the inscription: 'Col. Richard Taylor, a soldier of the Revolutionary war, and a native of Orange County Virginia; born April 3, 1744; died Jan. 19, 1829.' Col. Taylor came to this state while his son, Zachary was an infant, and settled on the plantation where he is now buried.'

TRUCKS UPON TOPERS.—Roff, who keeps the news stand in the post office building, turns many an honest penny with a root-beer fountain. The fountain has two escapes, and at each of these he keeps a glass standing to catch the dripping. He noticed, recently, that a couple of elderly men, who lounged in the post-office in the evening, drained these glasses as they were partly filled. Great and mighty results often grow out of slight causes. When Roff detected them an idea struck him. Before setting the glasses the next time, he dropped a teaspoonful of catarrh snuff in each one. It was a new kind of snuff, and Roff was glad of the opportunity to test it. He wasn't confident these men had the catarrh, but that was really no business of his (it wasn't anything he could help), and, besides, science must be attended to, so he entered upon the experiment with all the hopefulness and expectation of a young and ardent nature.

About eight o'clock the old buffers came around, and having listlessly examined the periodicals, watched the opportunity which Roff was quivering to give them, and raised the glasses hurriedly to their lips, and as hurriedly absorbed the contents. Then they lounged about as listlessly as before for about two minutes. At the expiration of that time one of them commenced to look surprised. The other man also looked as if he had received unexpected intelligence. Then their faces simultaneously appeared gripped, and the first man remarked, "oh! oh!" and struck for the wall. Whereupon the second man made a similar statement, and also started for the same destination. Roff hurried after them. He didn't go out on the walk where they were, because they didn't appear to want to engage in any business, and Roff had just put on a clean linen suit. So he stayed on the steps, and watched those aged people as they swayed on the curb, and bombarded the gutter with root beer, and catarrh snuff and pieces of liver, and such things as were handy at the time. He hasn't seen them since. He regrets this, as he wants to get their certificate to put in a circular.—*Danbury News.*

The late Lord Collingwood said to his daughter, "I cannot forbear pointing out to you, my dearest child, the great advantages that will result from a temperate conduct and sweetness of manner to all people on all occasions. Never forget that you are a gentlewoman, and all your words and actions should make you gentle. I never heard your mother—your dear, good mother—say a harsh word or hasty thing to any person in my life. Endeavor to imitate her. I am quick and hasty in my temper; but, my darling, it is a misfortune which, not having been sufficiently restrained in my youth, has caused me inexpressible pain. It has given me more trouble to subdue this impetuosity than anything I have ever undertaken."

An innocent young man in Des Moines was asked by the Rev. Mr. Hammond, if he was laboring for the good of his soul. "No," was the reply, "I work for Billy Moore."

Among the oddities of New York legislation is a law against carrying concealed deadly weapons, out of which pistols are excepted.

Platte County, Nebraska, wants somebody to do something wicked. It has a nice commodious county jail, but for eighteen months past has been unable to get a single person to put therein.

"How shall we settle the labor question?" exclaimed a member of the Georgia Legislature, in the midst of his speech. "By all going to work and earning your living honestly!" thundered a spectator in the gallery. That sentiment brought down the house.

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SAULT AU RECOLLET, NEAR MONTREAL.

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Piano, Vocal Music, Harp, German, &c., extras.
For further particulars apply to the
48-2m LADY SUPERIOR.

VILLE MARIE LOTTERY.

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS has thought it proper, at the request of its Agents, to postpone the day chosen for the drawing until the First of October next.

All the Agents of the Lottery are requested to send in their reports to the undersigned from this date to the Fifteenth of September now next ensuing, for the reason that at that date all tickets, the report whereof shall not have been made, shall be sold to other parties.

Consequently all persons who have purchased tickets must make themselves sure, either by referring to the *Nouveau Monde*, or by addressing themselves to the undersigned, if their numbers are entered in the registers, for otherwise they shall not take part in the drawing; and it is for the purpose of allowing time to the holders of tickets that the drawing is postponed, so as to give the least rise possible to criticism.

An official list of all winning numbers shall be sent to all holders of tickets immediately after the drawing, which shall definitely take place on the First of October, 1873.

(By order.)
G. H. DUMESNIL,
Manager.

Montreal, 28th July, 1873. 52-7

\$5 TO \$20 per day. Agents wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Address G. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

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MONTREAL.

MEASUREMENTS AND VALUATIONS ATTENDED TO.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869,
AND ITS AMENDMENTS.
CANADA,
Pro. of Quebec } In the SUPERIOR COURT.
Dist. of Montreal. }
In the matter of ROBERT BYERS DODDS, of the City of Montreal, Grocer and Trader,
An Insolvent.
On Thursday, the Eighteenth Day of September next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act.
R. B. DODDS,
per his Attorneys *ad litem*,
ABBOTT, TAIT, & WOTHERSPOON.
Montreal, 6th Aug. 1873. 5-52

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869,
AND ITS AMENDMENTS.
CANADA,
Pro. of Quebec } In the SUPERIOR COURT.
Dist. of Montreal. }
In the matter of HUGH MCGILL, trading at Montreal, under the name and style of HUGH MCGILL & COMPANY.
An Insolvent.
The undersigned has filed in the Office of this Court a deed of composition and discharge executed by his Creditors, and on Thursday, the Eighteenth Day of September next, he will apply to the said Court for a confirmation of the discharge thereby effected.
HUGH MCGILL,
per his Attorneys *ad litem*,
ABBOTT, TAIT, & WOTHERSPOON.
Montreal, 6th Aug. 1873. 5-53

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869,
Pro. of Quebec } In the SUPERIOR COURT.
Dist. of Montreal. }
In the matter of JOSEPH DION and CYRILLE J. B. DION, both of the City of Montreal, Traders, heretofore Copartners under the name of DION BROTHERS,
Insolvents.
The undersigned have filed in the office of this Court a deed of composition and discharge executed by their creditors, and on Wednesday, the Twenty-Fourth day of September now next, they will apply to the said Court for a confirmation of the discharge thereby effected.
Montreal, 13th August, 1873.
JOSEPH DION,
By his Attorney *ad litem*,
L. N. BENJAMIN,
CYRILLE J. B. DION,
By his Attorney *ad litem*,
L. N. BENJAMIN.

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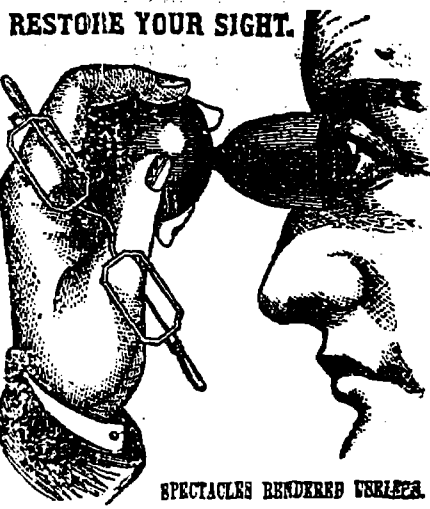
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Prizes Offered, \$12,000 to \$15,000.
For Prize Lists and Blank Forms of Entries in all the Departments, apply to GEORGES LECLERE, Esq. Secretary of the Council of Agriculture, 63 St. Gabriel Street, Montreal; or to the Secretaries of County Agricultural Societies.
Entries for Stock will not be received after the 30th of August, and in the industrial Department not after the 6th September.
The principal Lines of Railways and Steamboats will carry stock and articles for exhibition at reduced rates.
For further information apply to the undersigned, GEORGES LECLERE, Sec. of the Council of Agriculture.
Aug. 1. 50



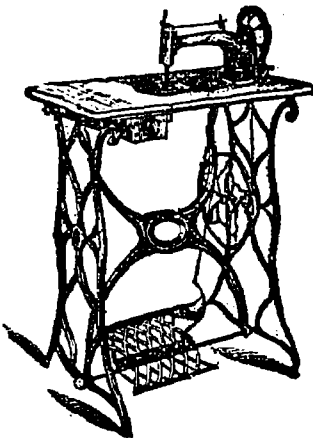
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