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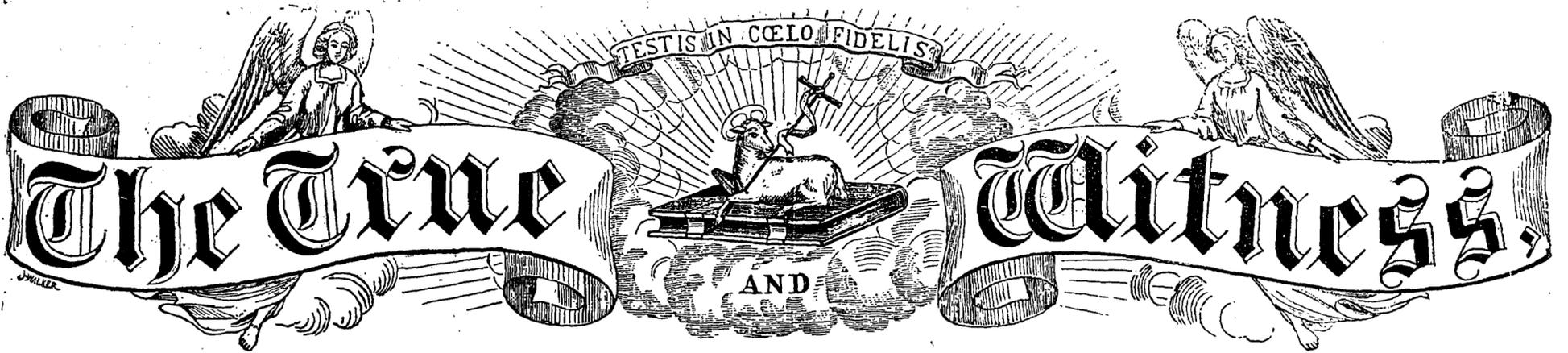
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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JUBILEE BOOK, CONTAINING INSTRUCTION ON THE JUBILEE, AND PRAYERS RECOMMENDED TO BE SAID IN THE STATION CHURCHES; To which is prefixed the Encyclical of His Holiness POPE PIUS IX. For the ARCHDIOCESE of TORONTO, containing the PASTORAL of HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP LYNCH. For the DIOCESE of LONDON, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP WALSH. For the DIOCESE of HAMILTON, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP GRINNON. For the DIOCESE of OTTAWA, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP DUHAMEL. For the DIOCESE of ST. JOHN, New Brunswick, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP SWEENEY. For the DIOCESE of ARICHAT, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP MCKINNON. For the DIOCESE of MONTREAL, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP BOURGET. EACH DIOCESE has its Separate JUBILEE BOOK. Per Copy, 10c. | Per Dozen 80c. | Per 100 85 D. & J. SADLER & CO., 275 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

SECRET SERVICE; OR, A BANK CLERK'S DREAM. In which there was a strange jumble of shadow and substance. BY BRACEBRIDGE HENNING.

"There is more in heaven and earth, Horatio. Than is dreamt of in thy philosophy." —SHAKESPEARE. After being ten years in a London counting-house or city office, without realizing the ambitious dreams of youth, and improving in any material or perceptible degree the position which with one started in life, the tempter is apt to get a little soured, and castles in the air lose their attractiveness, as the nature of their unsubstantial fabric becomes apparent to an eye which will take nothing upon trust, though in its early days all was gold that glittered. My parents were poor. They had not always been so, but they lost a considerable portion of their fortune in a bank failure. The bank was resuscitated, and they recovered sufficient out of the fire to buy them a small annuity on their joint lives. The banker, who was not to blame in the matter of the failure, which was brought about by a monetary crisis in the city, had known my father for some years. It was as a matter of friendship that my father deposited in his bank the hard-earned savings of his life; and in order to relieve him in some slight way, the banker offered to take me into the bank, at a salary of a hundred a year, with an occasional increase if I conducted myself well. "This is how I happened to become a clerk in the well-known house of Simpson, Deal, Mason and Co., Birchin Lane, Cornhill. It amuses me now to look back upon the time when I first came to London, and to think how sanguine I was that I could do so much upon so very little. I was expected to dress like a gentleman and live like one, upon a salary certainly not much in excess of that of a mechanic. I was to be punctual in my attendance at the bank, scrupulously exact in my accounts—a human machine, in fact, warranted always to be in perfect working order, and, after ten years' service, I came to the conclusion that I was very cheap at the price. It is extremely difficult, however, to get out of a groove when you have once allowed yourself to slide into it, and, though several of my acquaintances with whom I was in the habit of spending the evening with a pipe occasionally, talked rather grandly about the colonies and the value of emigration, I knew very well that there was little or no opening abroad for education, and that there were hundreds in London who envied us, and were willing to take our places. So I went on day after day, handling the crisp bank notes, shovelling the glittering gold about, and asking customers, not always in the civilist tones: "How they would take it?" My parents continued to reside out of London, which condemned me to a life in lodgings, though I should have much preferred the home comforts which they could have conferred upon me. About once a quarter, the banker in whose employ I was, invited me to dinner at his house, which was situated at Twickenham, on the banks of the Thames, and was certainly one of the prettiest little places in the vicinity of London. Though the firm was nominally Simpson, Deal, Mason and Co., the two first had been dead many years, and Mr. Mortimer Mason was the sole representative of the business. He had but one daughter, and I must confess that, from the first moment I saw her, I liked her. She was much younger than me. At the time the incidents I am going to relate to you took place, I was thirty, and she not more than two-and-twenty, so that when I first knew her she was quite a child. My fondness for her, as a child, ripened into a feeling of strong affection and love as she grew up; but I did all I could to stifle this passion, because I knew that it was positive madness for me with no

expectations, and a beggarly salary of a hundred and fifty pounds a year, to dream of marrying my employer's daughter. Nevertheless, I did dream of it, and I rather liked the madness. Matilda was a pretty, amiable creature, with sweet blue eyes and long flaxen hair, such as painters give the angels. I was vain enough sometimes to think, when I had the privilege of being in her society, that she was pleased with my company and conversation; but, after all, she might not have been more civil to me than she was with her father's other guests. So much did I think of Matilda Mason, and to such an extent did my thoughts run upon her that I never could be civil to any other woman; and I made a vow, secretly, that I would remain single for her sake, and worship her at a distance, even when, as I supposed she would some day, become the wife of another. I had a formidable rival in the field, who did not bestow a thought upon me. Probably I was too contemptible in his eyes. This was Mr. Hiram Strangeways, our manager. He was thoroughly in the confidence of Mr. Mason, who thought a great deal of him, and gave him eight hundred a year. From what I saw of Mr. Strangeways, I thought he spent much more than that. He drank champagne at dinner, and smoked sixpenny cigars. Of course it was no business of mine; still, I did not like the man, and was always forming an injurious estimate of his character. Frequently my heart burned with bitter envy and jealousy when Mr. Mason took him home with him in the brougham to Twickenham to have a bit of dinner, talk over business, and take a bed at the house. The feeling of enmity was mutual. If Strangeways could find fault with me, he did not neglect the opportunity, though I seldom gave him occasion. As I was a good accountant and very particular. Moreover, I had the esteem of my employer, who always treated me kindly, and as the son of an old friend, rather than one whom he hired to do his work. One day in the autumn I had to stay after hours to make up some heavy accounts, and every one went away, leaving me in the counting-house. I felt unaccountably drowsy, and going into Mr. Mason's private room, I sat down in his arm-chair to rest awhile, and indulge in my favorite reverie. The reader already knows my weakness. I deluded myself with the insane idea that I had confessed my love to Matilda, who had thrown herself, blushing into my arms. Mr. Mason was reconciled to the union, and offered me a share in the business, which I gladly accepted, and the name was altered to Simpson, Deal, Mason and Marlowe—that being my patronymic. How long this reverie lasted, I don't know; but it was roused by the entrance of some one, bearing a candle in his hand. A glance sufficed to show me that this was Mr. Mason. What he came back to the bank for, after six, I don't learn; and he did not keep me long in suspense, though I fancied there was a shade of displeasure on his face, frowning me—dozing, as it were, in his chair. "Ah, Marlowe," he said, "here you are. Finished your work I suppose? But that don't matter now," he added to my infinite relief. "Since I left the bank this afternoon I have made arrangements with Van Raalte and Co.—you know Van Raalte's, of Cornhill—to send a box of bullion over to their Paris house to-night." "To-night, sir?" I said. "That will be rather quick work, will it not?" "It will; yet it must be done, as they have certain specie payments to make early to-morrow. I heard from Strangeways that you were here, and have resolved to let you undertake this secret service. Strangeways is now in the vaults arranging the quantity of bars that will be necessary for you to take with you." "I am ready to start at once, sir," I replied; "and I think you know me sufficiently well to be sure that I shall execute the confidential mission with which you have entrusted me to the best of my ability." "I am satisfied of that," he rejoined, "or I should not have selected you for such an important journey. Just be good enough to step down and speak to Mr. Strangeways while I write some letters for you to take with you. The mail leaves London bridge at 8:45; it is now past six. You have plenty of time, but none to lose." Much surprised, yet flattered in no small degree, at being singled out for such an expedition, I sought the staircase leading to the vaults, where Mr. Strangeways, aided by the porter—an old Crimea hero, who always slept on the premises—was arranging the bars of gold in a common deal packing case. The vault which to some extent resembled an ordinary wine cellar without the bins and bottles, was lighted by a lamp and a candle. In one corner were nearly fifty bags containing sovereigns. In another were tin cases, belonging to customers of the bank; some holding valuable papers, the others jewels, while more than one plate-chest occupied space in another direction. "Lend a hand, Marlowe," exclaimed Mr. Strangeways, as I appeared in the doorway. "Give me a couple more of those bars, will you?—the ones marked H. B.—and that will make our complement." I did as he requested, and assisted him to securely fasten the lid of the box containing the treasure. He rose from his knees, rubbed his hands together, as if he was afraid of the gold dust clinging to them, and between us we managed to carry the precious burden up stairs, and deposit it on the floor of the counting-house, and then, by the exercise of another violent effort, we placed it on the pay-cash counter, ready to be removed into the four-wheeled cab when it was time to start. Mr. Strangeways repeated that everything was ready, and Mr. Mason emerged from his private room with two letters in his hand; he had just moistened the adhesive mixture, and was closing the envelope. "Marlowe," he exclaimed, withdrawing his hand; "these letters are for the partners in the firm of Morangis, Dufour and Co.; one for each. The address is on the envelope—Boulevard du Capucines. You will put your own card on the box simply, and oblige me by not taking your eyes off it once during the whole journey. The treasure you have in

your charge consists of £40,000 in bar gold, on which Messieurs Morangis and Dufour will obtain an immediate advance from the Bank of France, and so save their credit, which is threatened. This mode is adopted, as the rate of exchange is rather against the English sovereign at present. Here are ten pounds to defray your expenses; you will not stint yourself, but do not allow yourself to be betrayed into extravagance. To-day is Tuesday; I shall expect to see you in your place as usual on Thursday morning, when you will account to me for the ten pounds, and hand me the balance in my favor, if any." I took the ten pounds, seeing that I should have more glory than profit out of the transaction; and assuring Mr. Mason that I quite understood what I was to do, proceeded to put on my great coat and comforter, and possess myself of my umbrella. It was a cold, raw day, and a drizzling rain had just set in, which made the streets wet and muddy. The porter went out to fetch a cab, and was fortunate enough to see one crawling by, which he headed. The damp air swept into the bank, and made me shiver, while I concluded that I should have no disagreeable journey, that part of it which consisted in crossing the Channel threatening to be particularly so. Mr. Strangeways had affixed my card to the box with some tin tacks, and the porter, with the cabman's help, deposited my luggage on the front seat. I shook hands with the banker, and with Mr. Strangeways, who both wished me a pleasant passage, and I started for London bridge. As I went down King William street, I saw some shops open, and stopping the cabman, sent him in to buy me a travelling cap at one place and some cigars at another. It was eight o'clock only when I reached the London bridge station, and I found that I had three-quarters of an hour to wait, which was extremely disagreeable. I had the box of bullion placed on a porter's truck and wheeled into the waiting-room, where I sat till the clock indicated, by a sharp click, that it had arrived at the half hour. Finding another porter, I retained his services by a bribe, and got him to wheel the box after me, while I took my ticket—first-class return from London to Paris—and I proceeded to the platform to wait for the appearance of the mail train to Dover; another bribe to the guard when the train came up, obtained the permission to take my luggage, as I called it, into the carriage with me. I chose a seat with my back to the engine, placed my feet upon the box, bought some illustrated papers, and thought myself tolerably lucky so far. There was only one vacant seat in the carriage, and that was just opposite me. I could hear the hoarse panting of the engine and the shrill scream of the steam as it escaped through the waste-pipe—the hurry-scurry of the porter—the voices of travellers—the cries of the newsboys, and the numerous sounds which are familiar to all railway passengers. The whistle of the guard had been blown, and we were expecting to move every second, when the door opened, and a voice I knew exclaimed: "Room here, guard! Put me in here! Mind the box! That will do!" And in a moment a box exactly similar to mine was pushed inside, while a gentleman followed it, whom I recognized as Mr. Hiram Strangeways. He took his seat facing me. The guard blew his whistle again, and we were off. Sprung a comfortable travelling rug over his knees, Mr. Strangeways smiled pleasantly and said: "Rather a surprise to see me, eh, Marlowe?" "Rather, sir," I answered, not knowing what to make of it. "Soon explain," he went on, in his curt way. "Van Raalte came over just after you'd gone, and asked us to double the credit, as a telegram had been received from Morangis and Dufour, asking for more money, as they have to pay the coupons of some Belgian railway the day after to-morrow; so I started after you with another lot of gold, and you will have the pleasure of a travelling companion." This seemed to me very odd and unbusiness-like on the part of Van Raalte & Co., but it was not for me to find fault with the manager of the bank in which I was simply clerk. However, I suggested that I could take charge of both boxes, and that he might, after proceeding as far as Dover, go back again if he liked. But he did not like. Mr. Strangeways had set his mind upon a visit to the French capital, and thought the journey would do him good. "Besides," he added, "I am interested in a company which is about to start. We want to introduce joint stock banking into France, and I mean to sound some of the big oars over there—kill two birds with one stone. Business and pleasure will go hand in hand." "There will not be time for much pleasure, I am afraid," I remarked, dismally. Mr. Strangeways thought differently. We could have a drive, and a French dinner, and see some of the sights, if we expended our time judiciously. "Nothing like a proper economy of time, Marlowe," he added. "If you waste the minutes, the hours are no good to you. Minutes are like pence, and should be well looked to." I acquiesced in the dictum, and we lighted our cigars. No one in the carriage took any notice of us, and the fact of our having a small fortune at our feet did not seem to strike our fellow-travellers. We reached Dover without any accident, and embarked on board the steamer Samphire. The deck was wet and slippery with the rain, which still descended pitilessly. The ocean was somewhat tumultuous, owing to a gale of the previous day, though there was little or no wind when he got on board. Being a wretched sailor, I went below, where a few men had preceded me. The number of passengers was not large; the majority looked like business men, who were travelling because they were obliged to. Foreseeing a rough passage, they made themselves as comfortable as possible, and followed their example, having our boxes on the carpet, close to the seat, on which we had stretched ourselves. When the Samphire got out of the harbor, she began to pitch and toss in a manner that made me feel very miserable. Strangeways, who was more used to the sea, or, at all events, to crossing the Channel, than I was,

made light of my suffering, called the steward, and pressed me to take some brandy, which I did. Half an hour elapsed, and I felt so miserably ill that I do not think I could have stirred hand or foot if anyone had announced his intention of robbing me of my gold and throwing it overboard; but bending my head in its direction, I kept my eyes fixed glassily upon the boxes, which had a fascination for me, causing me, in some slight degree, to rise superior to physical suffering. Strangeways seemed very anxious to get me to go off to sleep; but though feeling rather showy—it was about my usual bed-time—I resisted the inclination, replying to his solicitations with a shake of the head and a melancholy smile. At last he drew a bottle from his pocket, and poured some of the contents on a handkerchief, which he extended to me. I was instantly conscious of a pungent though sickly odor, which filled the part of the cabin in which we were. It was not disagreeable to the senses; but a strange and unaccountable instinct told me I ought not to inhale it. I struggled to get up, but my head swam so dreadfully that I could only rise on my elbow, and with one hand extended, I deprecated the kindness which I fancied he was going to offer. The steamer at that moment gave a lurch sideways, and had it not been for Strangeways, I should have fallen on the floor of the cabin. He caught me, and pushed me back into the position I occupied before, saying, "Lie still, and let me put this to your nose; it is the finest thing you can possibly have. I don't know what it is, but I bought it of a chemist in Gracechurch street, who assured me it was an infallible specific against sea-sickness." The next moment, overcoming my resistance, he had pressed the handkerchief to my face. I was forced to inhale the fumes of his drug, whether noxious or not, because my respiration would have been impeded, to the imminent danger of suffocation had I remained obstinate. I experienced the oddest sensations. I fancied that I was in the shaft of a well, the slimy bottom of which I could see, but which revealed as I neared it. Some irresistible power was holding me, head downwards, and swinging me by my heels round and round with a terrible and even increasing velocity. At length I became unconscious, and knew nothing more until I heard Strangeways' voice. He was speaking to the steward, and saying, "I shall want one of your men to carry our luggage—two boxes only, though rather heavy—to the quay. My friend will come to, directly. He was very ill, and would dose himself with a mixture of chloroform and some other stuff." I felt inclined to contradict this statement, but I had not strength sufficient to do so. I recovered my senses rapidly, when they once began to return. I contrived to sit up, though I felt somewhat faint and dizzy. "Come to, at last, Marlowe!" exclaimed Strangeways. "My mixture was a little too strong for you, but it got you over your troubles. It blew big guns when we got near Calais, and it was touch and go, whether we were able to cross the bar. Here we are, however, and have just time for a basin of soup at the restaurant of the Station, before we start again." I asked feebly for some brandy, which was given me, and I looked anxiously at the floor. The boxes preserved their relative positions, and my charge was safe. This of itself was sufficient to invigorate me, and leaning on Strangeways' arm, we followed the porter with the luggage, which he had wheeled into the refreshment room. Here Strangeways left me. "Keep an eye on the bullion, old fellow," he exclaimed. "I want to inquire if there is any message for us from London." While he was gone, I drank some thin soup and eat a snipe, cold, which I settled with a pint of sparkling wine, and was in better trim on Strangeways' return, than I had been at his departure. "By Jove!" he exclaimed, as he approached me, "who would have thought it? I found a message from the governor, calling me home at once. He says he wants me to-morrow, and you can take your box on to Paris, while I am to bring mine back, as Van Raalte hears from Morangis and Dufour that they can do without the second lot." "That's not business," said I, very gravely. "No, it's not," he replied, quite as seriously. "But, you see, there has been a panic on the Paris Bourse, and some of the fellows over there scarcely know how they stand. The Emperor's health is precarious, and speculators have only to raise a report that he is worse, for everything to go down, and then there is the detour to pay; that is how it is." That might have been how it was, but Mr. Hiram Strangeways' reasons did not appear at all satisfactory to me. I asked him to let me look at the telegram, and he said he had dropped it. This was suspicious. "It's a great bore, though," he continued; "I had set my mind on a bit of fun in Paris, and I have been dragged here, and lost my night's rest, for nothing. I hate doing business with these foreign houses. They always humbug you, somehow or another. I shall have to go to-morrow to the 'Solferino,' or some place, and fancy I am dining with you in the Palais Royal. Rather a stretch of the imagination, eh, Marlowe?" I agreed with him here, and felt sorry at losing his society. There was nothing for me, however, but obedience to the orders of my superior; so I asked him how he proposed to get back to England. He replied, that he should catch the tidal train to Boulogne, and so cross over to Folkestone, reaching London about ten, and in time for business. A bell rang within the station, which was a signal for passengers to Paris to get themselves in readiness to start. "Where's our porter?" exclaimed Strangeways. "I'll leave my bullion here, and see you to the train. Oh, it's safe enough; no one knows what's inside," he added, in reply to an expostulation of mine. Presently the porter came for the luggage; and I was soon once more safely ensconced in a first-class carriage, with the box of treasure as my foot-stool. "Good-bye. Bon voyage," said Strangeways. "I'll tell the governor you were all right when I left you. Keep your eyes open, and mind that you know what isn't trifled with." "Never fear," replied I, with a confident smile.

Almost directly, the train started; and Strangeways, waving his hand pleasantly, grew gradually indistinct, as the distance increased, and we drew away from the platform. The rain had ceased, and the wind rose, blowing the black, heavy clouds before it. The chloroform which Hiram Strangeways had made me inhale caused me to feel drowsy, and I slept until we reached Creil. Waking with a start, I looked for my box, and found it where I had left it. All my fellow passengers were asleep, or pretended to be so. I lighted a cigar, and kept awake through the gray dawn of the morning, until we reached Paris. It was now a few minutes past six; and, having assured the excise officer that I had *rien a declarer*, I got into a fly, and was driven to the Boulevard des Capucines; where, early as it was, I found Monsieur Dufour waiting my arrival. He was the active partner, Morangis being old, and seldom appearing at the office till the middle of the day. Monsieur Dufour spoke English and welcomed me warmly, as I assisted the driver and the house-porter to carry in the box of bullion, which was placed on a table in a private room. When Monsieur Dufour had read the letters I brought with me, he exclaimed, "We will first verify the contents of the box with the invoice, sir, and I will give you a receipt, as you will doubtless be desirous of retiring to your hotel, to recover from the fatigue of your journey." "By all means," I answered. The porter in attendance brought a hammer and chisel, by means of which the lid was prised off. On the lid was my card, fixed as Mr. Strangeways had advised it at starting; and I began to congratulate myself that I had successfully concluded a risky sort of business, which might have resulted in the loss of a large sum had I been less careful and zealous. All at once M. Dufour's countenance fell; and rushing upon me he seized my collar, exclaiming, "What is this, sir,—what is the meaning of this?" I followed the direction of his eyes, and felt sick and ill at heart; for instead of beholding glittering bars of gold within the box, I saw nothing but dull and tarnished blocks of lead. "Good heaven!" I ejaculated, dumfounded and terror-stricken. "Answer me!" continued the little and excited Frenchman, shaking me again, as a terrier dog does a rat. "Tell me how this has happened? Our credit is at stake; and is it thus your employer treats us? *Ma foi*, it is a bad joke!" I could not resent the attack of the Frenchman, for I was as much concerned as he at the discovery he had made. Mechanically I turned over block after block of lead, in the vain hope of discovering some gold amidst the dross. There was not an ounce. "Speak!" thundered the Frenchman. "You are a thief! Where is my money? You have robbed me!" Hurt at his unjust suspicions, I endeavored to allay his wrath, and gave him the history of my journey from London, assuring him that the gold was in the box when I started, and that I could only suppose Mr. Strangeways had, during the passage across the Channel, substituted a box of lead for box of gold. "Was not second telegram to Van Raalte," answered M. Dufour; "and it is not reasonable to suppose that a man in the position of a manager would do such a thing. No, you are a thief, and I shall give you to the police, while inquiries are being made in London. I say this—Julius Dufour!" The little man drew himself up to his full height, swelling with indignation and disappointment. The non-arrival of the gold was a dreadful blow to him, and threatened to result in positive ruin. I felt that I was in no position to protest against the course he proposed to adopt, and was sure that Strangeways was the actual robber, and that he had cleverly changed his box for mine in the cabin of the steamer while I was insensible, and that my innocence must become apparent when proper inquiries were made. "M. Dufour," I answered, calmly, "I am innocent of any wish even to defraud you. I am not guilty; and, pending inquiries, I shall not dispute your right to do as you think fit." Almost stupefied at the alarming discovery he had made, he was not capable of immediate action, but sat with his face buried in his hands, while he collected his thoughts. At length he rose and apologized to me, saying that he had perhaps been too hasty; the circumstances were suspicious, I must own, which I did. He should communicate with the police and, I should be under their surveillance till he had had an understanding with Simpson, Deal, Mason and Company, and so clear the matter up. I made no objection whatever to this plan, merely begging that he would in his dispatches to Mr. Mason, state the full particulars of Mr. Strangeways' companionship from London bridge to Calais, which I had unreservedly confided to him. He promised compliance with my request, and a *sergent de ville* accompanied me to a hotel, which he strongly recommended, and where I went to bed in a wretched frame of mind, to recover from the fatigue of the journey. When I rose from an uneasy and unrefreshing slumber, it was past noon, and a messenger from M. Dufour informed me that an answer had been received from London, to the effect that my story was false from beginning to end. Mr. Strangeways, who was represented as a highly respectable man, had not quitted town; he could prove that he slept in his bed as usual, and breakfasted at his lodgings, appearing at the bank at half-past ten, as was his custom. This intelligence disconcerted me utterly. I had no confession to make, though one was urged upon me; and with a feeling of utter despair weighing me down to the ground, I submitted to the thralldom of the police, and was taken to prison. Hiram Strangeways had been too clever for me; that he was the thief I did not doubt, and I was equally certain that he had so contrived everything as to throw the blame upon me of a night's work which he made forty thousand pounds. My case was hopeless. I could see no possible means of escape. "Worn" out and broken-hearted, I sank to sleep in the cold and cheerless cell into which I had been hurriedly thrust. Adieu to all my ambitious schemes; no more

should I be able to indulge delicious reveries, for I should soon be classed among the number of desperate criminals, and condemned for the best part of my life to herd with the vilest of the vile.

From this sleep I was aroused by fancying that I heard footsteps by the side of the pallet on which I was lying. I started up and rubbed my eyes. All was as dark as night. I must have slept a long time. Presently a stream of light came from my right hand, and though not very brilliant, it enabled me to see that the cell in which I imagined myself to be had undergone some transformation.

It wasn't a cell at all. I was in the private room of Mr. Mortimer Mason, at the bank, and sitting in his arm-chair. The stream of light allowed me to look at my watch, and I saw that it was nine o'clock. What could this mean? Had I been dreaming?—Was my journey to Paris on secret service, and its disastrous conclusion, nothing but a dream? And was I really awake, or could I be dreaming still?

There certainly was a light in the counting-house which was improper at that hour of the night. The porter had nothing to call him into that part of the premises, and the only people who had keys of the bank were Mr. Mason and Mr. Hiram Strangeways, the manager.

That name, as it occurred to me, recalled all my misery; my head ached fearfully, for my dream had been terribly vivid. That it was a dream, I gladly assured myself. I had fallen asleep, and— But I will not dwell upon the agony of the scene with M. Dufour, when the box of treasure was opened, to my dismay.

Rising, and stealing on tip-toe, I looked through the half-open door of the room, and in bewilderment beheld Mr. Hiram Strangeways stealing along to the stairs leading to the vaults; his boots were off, and he shaded the candle carefully with his hand.

Was I dreaming again? I determined to make sure that I was wide awake by summoning Nash, the porter, who should be in a little room on the first floor.

Waiting till Strangeways, whose countenance I clearly saw, had turned the corner, and descended the steps, I, imitating his caution, went silently across the counting-house, and up stairs to Nash, whom I discovered eating his supper and in the act of peeling a raw onion.

Hastily telling him that I was suspicious of the honesty of Mr. Strangeways' intentions, I asked the porter to come with me to the vaults, which he promptly consented to do.

"It's very odd, sir," he said; "I ought to have heard him come in. I can hear a key in the lock; but he must have greased the key. It's quite scared you, Mr. Marlowe. You're like a ghost."

"I have been asleep, and had a bad dream," I replied, leading the way down stairs, and carrying the porter's lamp in my hand.

When we reached the top of the stairs leading to the vaults where the bullion was, we met Mr. Strangeways face to face. In one hand he held a candle, in the other he had a heavy bag of gold.— Upon the bag was the well known letters: "S. D. M. and Company."

He saw us, and dropped the gold in the extremity of his fear. His face blanched, and he stammered in a broken voice:

"You will have to give an explanation of this to Mr. Mason," I answered.

"I can do so," he replied, making a violent effort to recover himself. "I know what I am doing, and you will find playing the spy on my actions not quite so profitable as you imagine."

"I scorn to bandy words with a man of your character, Mr. Strangeways," I said, all my latent dislike for the man coming to the surface. "I have a good and sufficient reason for being here which I fear you have not."

He was generally a man of full assurance, which at times amounted to cool impudence, and this quality now came to his aid. Sitting down he put on his boots, saying the while:

"I shall report you to-morrow, Marlowe for your unwarrantable interference with my duties. I have thought of making some change in the staff of the bank, and you shall be one of the first to go."

Leaving the bag of gold where it had fallen, he took up his hat which was on the counter, and strode away, angrily shutting the door with a loud bang.

"Nash," said I, when Strangeways was gone, "just be good enough to tell me if I am dreaming still?"

"Dreaming, sir!" answered the porter; "never more wide awake in your life, I should say."

"What is your opinion of what we have just seen?"

"I'm inclined to think we've prevented a robbery. Mr. Strangeways didn't take his boots off for nothing, nor bring up that bag of gold; and if I was you, sir, I'd go to the governor at once, and let him know how you've caught the manager crawling about the bank like a thief in the night. The first word's everything."

"Excellent advice. I'll act upon it," I replied.— "It's lucky you're a witness, or my word would scarcely have stood against his."

"I don't want to boast, sir," said Nash; "but I've a good character in the city, which ought to go for something, and I can corroborate what you say."

Thanking the honest fellow for his offer of "corroboration," I hurried away leaving my unfinished work till the next day; and hiring a cab, proceeded to the South Western station, by means of which I was soon transmitted to Twickenham.

Mr. Mason and his daughter were alone in the drawing-room. A shade of anxiety crossed Mr. Mason's face as I was ushered in, and he said:

"Well, Marlowe, what has brought you here?" I told him as distinctly as I could how I had to stay after the usual hours, and how I had fallen asleep in his private room; but I said nothing about my dream.

which made my heart throb, in anticipation of some unusual good fortune.

I did so, and waited for him to continue.

"Strangeways has levanted, and I find his delations are serious, though not so much so as they probably would have been had not you found him out," he continued. "The police are on his track, and we have reason to believe he has gone to America. We have 'cabled' him, and he will no doubt be brought back in custody."

He paused.

"I am glad to have been the accidental means of saving you from loss, sir," I said.

"The actual means," he answered quickly; "and now I come to what will, I trust, be agreeable to you. Strangeways' place must be filled up. You have been ten years with me, and I believe you to be thoroughly acquainted with banking business. It pleases me by being able to serve an old friend by advancing his son, and I offer you the post of manager in my bank."

I could not find words to express my gratitude and delight. I don't mind admitting that my eyes filled with tears.

Seeing my agitation, Mr. Mason added:

"You can have a holiday, Marlowe. Let me have your answer to-morrow. Come to dinner, will you, at my house, and we can talk at our ease."

It was with a light heart and elastic step that I quitted the bank that day. My fortune was made, and some portion of my past reverie was already accomplished. I need not say that I accepted Mr. Mason's kind and generous offer, and while I am in the mood for confessing, I may add that, from one or two interviews with Matilda, I have great reason to hope that I may become closely connected with my respected employer.

I wonder how Stimpson, Denl, Mason and Marlowe will look upon a huge brass plate outside the door of the bank; but I must give up dreaming.— It is unpleasant, if indulged in to excess, and one never knows where a vivid imagination will carry one.

Mr. Hiram Strangeways did not go to New York. No one exactly knows where he is; there is a shrewd suspicion that he is in Spain, and that he is fully aware that our extradition treaty with that country will not touch him for a breach of trust.

EVER FAITHFUL IRELAND.

OVER THREE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS SPENT TRYING TO CONVERT A GALWAYMAN.

TESTIMONY OF TWO STAUNCH PROTESTANTS.

DURING THE FAMINE OF 1847 AND SINCE THOUSANDS HAVE STARVED RATHER THAN LEAVE THE TRUE CHURCH.

Mr. John Yates, a member of the Liverpool School Board, has been investigating the condition, operations and prospects of the Society of Irish Church Missions to Roman Catholics. Connemara, in which the society boasts of having made greatest progress was visited by Mr. Yates, who pursued the inquiry into which he had set out with the utmost care and with a mind open to conviction of the truth of the society's statements. On his return he wrote a long letter describing his pilgrimage, and he begins by summing up thus:

"I may state at the outset that I have FAILED TO FIND ONE BONA FIDE CONVERT from the Roman Catholic Faith to Protestantism, and I firmly believe there is none. By a bona fide convert I, of course, mean a person who from religious conviction alone, and uninfluenced by worldly considerations in the shape of pecuniary benefit, employment, or gifts of meal, clothing, and such like, has been induced to leave his Faith and adopt another."

And for the great work of which Mr. Yates gives the result in the foregoing paragraph, the society has an income of \$115,000 a year. Very pertinent, indeed, is the concluding passage of Mr. Yates' letter:

"In conclusion, will you permit me to suggest this reflection—whether the society and its deluded contributors, instead of torturing the unhappy inhabitants of Connemara by their efforts to take from the poor the only inheritance they possess—the Faith of their fathers—they would employ the revenue in trying at home to stem the torrent of immorality which surrounds them, and whether this would not be more in accordance with the precepts of that Sacred Book, of which they talk so much than the miserable pursuit in which they are engaged."

Not the least interesting part of Mr. Yates' letter is the following DESCRIPTION OF "JUMPERISM," which many of our readers will recognize as very nearly doing justice to this evil of the thousand that English misrule has entailed on Ireland:

"Jumperism" is one of the grossest religious impostures of the day, a scandal to Christianity, and a money-extracting device worthy of the scorn and contempt of every honest man. That some good persons believe in it is an undoubted fact; no less is it a fact that some of the officials of the Irish Church Mission Society are conscientious men; no less is it a fact that many of them are not conscientious men; and no less, still, is it a fact that I attack no individuals, but that I do and will attack a system which is little, if anything, better than religious corruption—if such a term be possible—embodied. The word "jumper" means one whose belief—if he can be said to have any—is of such a feeble nature that he "jumps" backwards and forwards from one religion to another, just as the exigencies of his purse or of his stomach seem to demand. He has not a shilling; the Bible-reader has; the coin is transferred from the latter to the former; so that one "jumps" into the arms of the tempter, and is at once a "babe of grace." His stomach is empty, so is the meal-chest; but

THE BIBLE-READER HAS A FULL STORE, and for a "mess of pottage" the "convert" sells his birth-right to the Kingdom of Heaven. Briefly, that is the significance of the term, but all its developments and ramifications would take far more time or space to explain than you would be willing to accord me. For instance, it is certain that there are some so-called native "converts" of Connemara who have not received a "direct bribe" of either money or meal to "jump," but, on the other hand, there is not a single one, that I could hear of, who has not materially mended his temporal position almost simultaneously with his so-called "reception of the truth," and the singularity of that fact is overwhelming evidence of indirect bribery. I may be wrong, but I invite any one who thinks I am in error to inquire on the spot for himself, from the most respectable inhabitants of Clifden and the district, both Protestant and Catholic; leaving the clergymen and officials on both sides out of the investigation—and I shall be fairly astonished if he arrives at any other conclusion. The "jumper" is the direct and lineal descendant of the "soupier," who

WAS BEGOTTEN OUT OF STARVATION by corruption—and that, I am perfectly convinced, is the correct genealogy of every single "convert" at present participating in the large income of the Society for Irish Church Missions, as distributed in Connemara. Simultaneously almost with the terrible famine that devastated the whole of the West of Ireland, Souperism set its cloven foot in Connemara. It would not make a "convert" save by material means, so it strove to destroy men's souls by preserving their bodies. It could not convince the mind,

but it could fill the wolfish emptiness of the stomach. The appalling misery of an entire people in a state of starvation was its grand opportunity and it clutched the chances with fiendish eagerness. Death was at every cabin door, stalked along every highway, crouched in every moor-side. Souperism came with bounteous means of life, piled up to overflowing, in its hands. Men, women and children writhed in the throes and agonies of insatiate hunger; Souperism stalked everywhere laden with food. Husbands saw their wives and their babes wasting into the graves, starving wives and babes saw the strong bread-winner stagger and faint and drop and die;

SOUPERISM GUIDED IN ALL DIRECTIONS and whispered of life temporal to be assured at the cost of life eternal.—"And the Tempter coming, said to him: If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread. Who answered and said: It is written. Not in bread alone doth man live, but in every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God. . . . Again the devil took him up into a very high mountain . . . and said to him, All these things will I give thee, if falling down thou wilt adore me. Then Jesus saith to him: Begone, Satan, for it is written, The Lord thy God shalt thou adore, and him only shalt thou serve. Then the devil left him: and behold angels came and ministered to him." And so Souperism—with a loaf in one hand and a tract in the other, with a dish of meal and a farago of rant for a prostitute Bible-reader—purchased some few souls of the crowds of starving Catholics, and it gloated with diabolical glee over its bargain, for it has lived on the proceeds of the fat of the land ever since. But of the hundreds—nay of the thousands—who slowly melted away into eternity from sheer starvation in those days of great woe and the agony of hunger, nothing like a tithe yielded to the devilish temptations so plenteously put before them! And it is the pious and well-founded belief in the district that the swarms of wretched people

WHO DIED SOONER THAN ABANDON THEIR FAITH, were really and truly martyrs, and that for them there was immediate life eternal, for they had gladly given up the temporal life rather than give up their God. And the tale of the "convertions," grossly exaggerated now, was told in London, and all over England, as something superhumanly wonderful; money flowed in abundantly; sympathetic Old Britain, sent in funds plenty; the "soupers" made their ample harvest of hay while the sun shone, and fruited their lies; and ever since then their income has been an assured fact. That such a system, so born, should so continue need be no matter of wonder, for the world has never yet wanted for fools, and where hawks hover there will be found do better than finish this letter with a quotation from pigeons to be plucked. But time presses, and I cannot a staunch Protestant. (Be it noted that very few conscientious and sensible Protestants have anything to do with the "Jumpers," who exposed the "Souperism" in the most decided language.) The speaker was that most able lawyer Sergeant Armstrong, Q. C., and the occasion was a most disgraceful trial, in which some of the missionaries of the society figured in prominent and exceedingly dark characters. I quote from the report of his speech:

SERGEANT ARMSTRONG'S TESTIMONY. The learned sergeant denounced, in strong and scathing terms, the evil system that is known as the Irish Church Missions. He said: "It was contributed

BY PIOUS OLD LADIES OF ENGLAND, who imagine they do good work in evangelising the ignorant and deluded Irish Papists. The system, the entire machinery, was an arrant humbug and fraud; and it seems to be the aim and object of every member of it—from the highest in authority to the lowest 'Scripture-reader' who prowls about thrusting his offensive trash on the poor ignorant peasants of Connemara, to conceal the real state of the so-called mission from the charitable but misguided ladies of England, and to cloak as much as possible the imposture. They represent to these parties the strides the mission is daily making, the great number of 'converts' from the damning errors of Romanism, which they have made, and thus work and impose upon the credulity of their innocent dupes for their own special advancement. If the ladies of England only knew the real state of affairs, and that such a person as the plaintiff (the Rev. Mr. O'Callaghan) had the control of the Irish Mission, there would be an end to this arrant humbug."

A RECOLLECTION OF DANIEL O'CONNELL.

O'Connell in 1838 was giving his support to the Whig ministry. During the August of that year, however, in starting the society of precursors, he had inaugurated a last effort to obtain what he regarded as a full measure of justice to Ireland from the British Legislature. Jealousies, however, were already beginning to be excited against him as the originator and arch promoter of this movement. In startling evidence of this, when on the 19th of January, 1839, Lord Norbury was assassinated, the crime was actually attributed to the influence of O'Connell's agitation. To this day the murderer of that good judge, who was reputed to have had not an enemy in the world, has never been discovered; but never, during all these six and thirty years, has there been traceable any conceivable connection between that sanguinary incident and that most lawful agitation.

Arriving hurriedly now in mid-session at Dublin to hold this first of his long-projected series of meetings in the Corn Exchange, O'Connell's advent in the midst of infamous rumors like these awakened among all ranks and classes a breathless expectation. The hall of assembly—as central a rendezvous as could have been selected in Dublin—was already historical as the scene of many memorable demonstrations. There had been previously gathered in 1832, the National Council. There afterwards were collected, week by week, month by month, year by year, the Repeal Association. Thence went forth the signals in 1843, that convened in O'Connell's name the monster meetings—on the 16th of March at Trim, on the 15th of August at Tara, on the 8th of October at Clontarf—meetings that carried agitation to the very verge, but never beyond the verge of insurrection.

On Monday, Feb. 18, 1839, toward noon, half Dublin seemed pouring southward down Sackville street, across the Liffey, by Carlisle Bridge, and along Burgh Quay, to the entrance of the corn exchange. The throng was so great, so wholly out of proportion to the capabilities even of that ample building, that it became necessary in some way to restrict the admissions.

An entrance fee of a shilling, was charged. Rapidly enough the noble auditorium was crammed almost to suffocation. And when the last who could squeeze his way in had effected an entrance, dense throngs still crowded the staircase, the hall, the road in front of the exchange, and all the adjacent thoroughfares. By the time the meeting place was completely filled, I found myself seated toward the upper end of the long, narrow table extending the whole length of the hall of audience immediately opposite the vacant place reserved for the liberator. The preliminary proceedings, without waiting for his advent, were at once commenced. A precursor of some eminence then, one Jeremiah Dinno, was in the chair. The secretary, Mr. Ray, whose name was long familiar through the newspapers of the three kingdoms, as the "My Dear Ray" of O'Connell's Correspondence—was reading aloud letters from recruits to the society asking to be enrolled as precursors, and each enclosing a subscription, or a handful of subscriptions. When, suddenly, down-

ing his voice, there was heard a roar of cheering outside, a sound soon caught up by the dense mass wedged together on the staircase. Inside the room, immediately around the entrance, there were cries, having the flavor of the brogue about them of "Shut the doors! We'll be crushed to death! Somehow, through the struggling cluster of half-suffocated people—room being made for him, as Lord Alvanly would say, for it certainly was not there—O'Connell entered.

The prolonged shout of welcome that greeted him as he advanced up the hall to the vacant place (opposite to which I was seated) was magnanimously echoed on Burgh Quay, below the windows, by the multitude who had failed to gain admission.

While the last of the oft-repeated cheering in the room was yet going on I observed O'Connell, who had by that time reached his allotted chair, stoop and say something to a gentleman beside him. The person thus addressed started up in amazement. Springing on to his chair and thence to the table, he waved the last cheering into silence with his hand, saying in the sudden hush: "I am sorry to announce that a most disgraceful transaction has occurred since Mr. O'Connell's arrival in this room," adding a moment afterward, with a breathless pause at every word, "Mr.—O'Connell's—watch—has—been—picked—out—of—his—pocket!" After a bewildered instant or two of silence and evidently dismay, there were indignant cries of "Oh, shameful!" "Shut the doors!" "Send for the police!" "The liberator robbed!" "Oh, monstrous!"

For several seconds there was a Babel of indignant voices. In the midst of the hubbub O'Connell, as if talking involuntarily to himself, exclaimed, "I would not have wished it for £500!" adding with a sigh, "It was an old family piece!"

The preliminary proceedings were yet going on, when another energetic member of the precursor society pushed his way into the crowded room to announce that arrangements had been made with a view to insure the recovery of Mr. O'Connell's watch. "I feel persuaded," he said, "that every gentleman here will willingly consent to be searched before leaving, and," he added very emphatically, and to all appearance very cogently, "as no one has been allowed to go away, the thief must be in the room."

An uncomfortable sense pervaded the apartment that this remark, however true, was by no means complimentary to us collectively.

In the midst of the general discomfort, O'Connell, with a roguish twinkle of his Hibernian eye, was heard saying (as if again talking to himself), "Oh! the best thing the thief can do is to steal away!"

Every eye in the room answered to that twinkle of fun, and instead of the grim silence of a moment before, there was an instant roar of laughter.

After this the proceedings of the day's meeting began in earnest. O'Connell's speech was recognizable, by those qualified to pronounce such an opinion, as among the finest orations he ever delivered. Save that it was uttered within doors, and to a more restricted audience, though one very considerable, intensely congenial, and in many ways important, it exactly answered that noble description in St. Stephen's of O'Connell addressing one of his monster demonstrations:

Once to my sight the giant thus was given, Walk'd by wide air, and roof'd by boundless heaven, Beneath his feet the human ocean lay, And wave on wave flowed into space away, Methought no clarion could have sent its sound Even to the center of the hosts around; And, as I thought, rose the enormous swell, As from some church tower swings the silvery bell, Aloft and clear from airy tide to tide, It glided easy, as a bird might glide; To the last verge of that vast audience sent, It play'd with each wild passion as it went, Now strid'd the uproar, now the murmur still'd, And sob'd or laughter, answer'd as it will'd.

I saw myself the emotions thus awakened—often in startling rapid alternations. Tears glittered in the eyes of many at one moment, and but a few seconds afterwards there would be a roar of merriment. If, as Mr. Disraeli has said, Sir Robert Peel played upon the House of Commons like an old fiddle, O'Connell played upon a nobler instrument—an Irish harp strung with the people's heart-strings.

In one of the earlier portions of his harangue, while his hearers were hanging with breathless interest upon his accents, a disturbance at the doorway, as of some person endeavoring to force an entrance into the apartment, causes a general cry of "Order! order!" The disturbance, however, to the indignation of all, increased instead of diminishing, and an inspector of police, forcing his way into the hall, stepped on to the further end of the long table, and picking his way among the inkstands, pens, and blotting paper, advanced the whole length of the room towards O'Connell, carrying conspicuously in his hand the gold watch and chain of the Liberator.

A shout of delight from all present was hushed into silence as the policeman handed the watch, with some inaudible remark, to its owner.

"What?" said O'Connell, not having caught the inspector's words quite accurately.

Inspector of police—"It was found, sir, after you had left home, under your pillow, in your bedroom!"

O'Connell's merriest touch of humor was never greeted by heartier peals of laughter than the few simple words uttered by that policeman.

"Ah! Liberator darlint, sure nobody would rob you," cried one of the frieze-clad tatterdemalions of the gutter, when the meeting was over and O'Connell was driving away in his carriage.

At the close of the speech thus oddly interrupted, I recall to mind the sense of bewilderment with which I listened to the last words of the sonorous and impassioned oration—a bewilderment awakened by the fantastic utterance that he preserved the serene mastery over himself and his theme, even when apparently most completely carried away by the influence of the *extremum*, or divine afflatus. As the last words of the orate and balanced sentences forming the close of his peroration passed his lips, O'Connell, in the act of sitting down in the midst of a prolonged burst of cheering, spread open a silk handkerchief he carried in his hands, and with it playfully enveloped the head and shoulders of a little child beside him—one of the children of "My Dear Ray," the secretary—doing this with such aplomb that the whole speech might almost have seemed contrived as a punning preparation for the climax of a game of bo-peep.—*St. James Magazine.*

A YANKEE IN IRELAND. IMPRESSIONS OF AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER IN THE GREEN ISLES.

A correspondent of the Louisville Courier Journal writes from Ireland to that paper as follows: The morning I first rose at Queenstown I thought that I had never seen anything more sweet than the prospect before me. The town is built on the rocky side of some pretty high hills, but above you have lovely villas and gardens; wild flowers blossomed by the hillside, while far away the green hills of a fertile country smiled in the sunshine, and below at our feet flowed the broad waters of the river Lee. A more enjoyable trip than ours by steamer up its banks to Cork it is impossible to conceive. What with tasteful villas and villages, fertile fields, cattle, martello towers, vines and ivy-covered walls, the nets of the salmon fishermen, the time seemed all too short to grasp so many pleasing landscapes. That and the ride by jaunting car to Blarney, also along the banks of the same narrow, but exquisitely beautiful river, made me think that even the genius of Father Prout was not equal to the subject. We passed one or more ivy-covered castles while going out to Blarney, the names of

which I forgot. Every now and then the gentle flowers by the wayside, some of them entirely new to us. We had a merry enough party of ten persons for which we invoked three Irish Jesus and as many Ireland. I liked it at first for its novelty, but after a full trial of it I am quite content never to see one again. You have to hold on all the time or run the risk of being spilled out. But there is no end to the forms of Irish vehicles. I think that I have seen twenty styles in this city alone. Some of them are elegant and comfortable, but these are not in common use. And right here it is in order to speak of the roads in Ireland. Every American is struck with surprise at these roads. They are the result of imperial rule; and beat anything I have ever seen, not excepting even the turnpikes around Lexington. It is the same thing I am assured all over Ireland. I went through the very wildest mountains of counties Cork and Kerry in a jaunting car, and found the roads quite as good there as in the rich, cultivated districts near Blarney castle, Killarney, and Dublin. If Boss Shepherd would come over, and go through the pass of Kilmaree, he would never die of envy at seeing the road. He might really be undertook to ride or walk through the gap of Dunloe. He would there have the grandest opportunity of his life to make things even, take the experience of nature, and run up a bill perlex the solons of the Irish parliament whenever that body may happen to assemble in the far distant future.

Going out to Blarney, we had our first glimpse of Paddy in his original native aspects, as yet unconquered by foreign association. Our three drivers kept up a constant fire of wit and jokes upon each other, and everybody else they met on the road. We met one of the small Irish Donkeys so very much in use here (they are only three and a half to four feet high) dragging a cart, his owner a half to four hind him. The donkey behaved as well as a white man, or even a "colored" gentleman could possibly do under all circumstances. He made us no bow, it is true, but he turned to the left for us to pass by as is the custom of the country, and went quietly on his way. As the owner came up, one of our drivers told him "there would certainly be a summons out against him next day for allowing his brother to ride alone." The wit may be old, but it had a rare Irish flavor.

I do not blame the peasant for begging; still less the children. You may say, why don't these grown people go to work? I ask, in turn, why don't the rich men, the landed proprietors of Ireland, help them to work? Why don't they sell the land instead of holding on to it so resolutely, and why, especially, do they not establish factories to give employment to the unemployed poor? How many thousands of people, wholly unemployed, I have seen I dare not state for being supposed to exaggerate. Let the Hon. Mr. Herbert devote the sixpences he charges visitors for passing through his grounds at Killarney to this business. He will feel better, I suspect, when he puts off this world for the next.

If I were to say what portion of my Irish tour I should like least to have missed, I should certainly specify the trip by rail from Cork to Macroom via the lakes of Inchebegagh, the pass of Kilmaree, Beauty bay with its distant view of the Atlantic and fisherman's smacks, the picturesque grounds of the hotel at Glengarriff, the near views of the wild rocky mountains through which our journey leads, the insight thus gained into Irish peasant and country life, and finally the entrance upon the glorious views in and about Killarney. I had a pleasant chat with a priest on the way to Kenmare, where we lunched the second day. He had been educated at Maynooth, and was of the ultramontane school, but a gentleman and intelligent. He was down on the national schools and the "godless colleges" of Ireland, as lacking the essential element of religious instruction, and insisted upon a division of the school funds among the different sects. He admitted, however, that the Catholic clergy had practically the management of these "national schools" in the districts where, as in the south and west of Ireland, the Catholics predominated. Some intelligent and earnest Catholics of the laity, whom I encountered at Cork, spoke very favorably both of the colleges and the schools. I had a very pleasant visit at Kenmare to a Catholic school. There were four or five hundred scholars, and all under charge of an order the name of which I can not recall. Sister Theresa, a very refined and cultivated lady indeed, took us to the different rooms and showed us the progress of the scholars from the rudiments of instruction to the higher branches. More of education would be better for Ireland and the Irish, but the main trouble is, I suspect, a lack of useful employment. I was glad to hear that the country was improving. Whether it is so or not, I can not tell. Something in its civilization can readily be discerned. The first thing I would remark is the wonderful degree of public order I met everywhere, in the wildest districts as well as in the cities. I have yet to witness an act of violence or a row, or to hear an oath, and I have been eight days in the southwest of Ireland, and talked to hundreds of people. I have seen only two drunken men, and they were simply "few," not disorderly. The general courtesy of classes of people—priests, laity, peasant, gentry, shopkeepers, officials, and police—is something wonderful. The only impertinence I have to record is that of one of the flunkies about the castle, a fat over-dressed creature, who was presuming till I taught him better. Generally speaking, everybody here feels kindly to Americans. They are glad to see us here. They want our money, and mean to have it if they can. They think that our purses are unlimited. The "shoddy" Americans have ruined travel in Europe along the chief thoroughfares. I see that already. As for the sights of Killarney, they abundantly repay a visit. I had a charming drive, as I named them coming from Kenmare by open ear, passing near MacGillibuddy's Reeks, the loftiest peaks of Ireland, the rock-bound Purple mountain, the pleasant forest of towering Mangerton, and the lakes themselves so beautifully embraced by mountains and grove. The next day we did the thing thoroughly by car and boat, with a jolly party of six persons. We had a hot storm just after our start, and yet none of us got wet, thanks to umbrellas and wraps, but after that we were very little bothered by the showers, and by noon all was fair and bright for the boating and lunch part of the excursion.

The lady at the mouth of the gap who sold me some goat's milk and offered whiskey also, claims to be a lineal descendant of Kate Kearney, but the only "danger in her eye" is I fear, a wee drop of the craythur. The beauty was all exhausted on Kate Kearney herself and the lakes, and none left for the grand-daughter. The "gap" is a wonderful formation, the echoes to the bugle and cannon charming to an unexpected degree. The last four miles of the gap were walked by the gentlemen of the party, and thus we obtained a better view of the famous Black valley, set off as it was to an unusual degree by a storm, which buried in yet a deeper gloom than common the wildness of the picture. Sights of the grand and majestic, nor thoughts of the treat in store for us on the lakes, did not stay our appetites for lunch, but we went to it with an enthusiasm equal to that we felt afterwards for the old Weir bridge, the lovely isle of Innisfallen, fair as only Moore could tell, with its venerable ruins, and the ivy-covered walls of Ross castle. Our guide, Mr. O'Donohue, was a perfect treasure. He acted his part of the play well, and though of ancient descent, did not disdain the addition which we made to his stipulated reward. The lakes are very beautiful, and the day was pre-eminently joyous than the picture lacked warmth of coloring. A little really warm sunshine, a genial atmosphere, like that of the Virginia mountains in summer, would certainly improve Killarney by 50 per cent.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

New potatoes were sold at Enniscorthy, July 1, at 1s. 4d. per stone. New potatoes were sold at Carrick-on-Suir, July 1 at 2s. per stone. New potatoes were sold at Drogheda, July 11, at 2d. per pound.

New potatoes were sold at Newry, July 1, at from 1s. 6d. to 2s. per stone, which is considered cheap at such a time of the year.

Mr. Collins, M. P. for Kinsale, will bring in a bill to make better provision for the encouragement of the coast and deep sea fisheries of Ireland.

Rev. R. Browne, St. Colman's College, Fermoy, at the meeting of the Catholic Bishops, held at Maynooth June 30, was elected to fill the vacant Dean-ship at the national college.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—The matriculation examination was held in the Rockwell College, Cahir, June 26, when the following gentlemen passed, viz:—Messrs. R. J. M. O'Sullivan, Patrick M'Dermott, William Quinn, Thomas Kiernan, Martin Croagh, Bernard T. Lynch.

The Corporation of Kilkenny, July 5, on a motion by Mr. P. Murphy, seconded by Mr. A. M'Mahon, unanimously resolved that each member should attend the approaching celebration of the O'Connell Centenary.

James Morris, at the Land Sessions, Coleraine, was awarded £800 damages against Mr. Wm. Gregory Lawrence, under the Ulster custom, for disturbance from his farm situate in South Arlunagh.

The amount of duty paid at the Belfast Custom House, for the week ending June 26, was £23,378 9s. against £20,400 19s. 5d. the previous week, and £20,724 4s. 11d. the same as last year.

A number of workmen in the employment of the Town Council are at present engaged in widening Oxford street, near the Albert Bridge, Belfast. In consequence of the increasing traffic on that thoroughfare, the widening of it was both desirable and needed.

The Corporation of Derry have unanimously adopted the petition in favor of the reclamation of waste lands hill, and have sent it for presentation to Mr. Charles Lewis, M. P.

CROPS IN THE COUNTY KILDARE.—A correspondent writing from Monasterevan, July 5, says:—The appearance of some of the crops is anything but encouraging. Barley is very much damaged by mildew, and new meadows now being cut down extensively will not be near an average crop.

"A DOLLINGSTOWN HERO."—Thomas Noble, Dollingstown, an Orangeman of the truest type, was fined 20s. and costs on one month's imprisonment at Lurgan, for using party expressions and trying to create a fight by cursing the Pope.

Mr. T. A. Stoughton having entrusted Mr. M'Elligott, auctioneer, to dispose of a farm of 30 acres on his property in the parish of Battoo, Co. Kerry, a man named Tracy, from O'Dorney, was the purchaser for £520, including auctioneer's fees.

At the late ordinations at Maynooth, Bishop Fenelly, of Thermopolis, V. A., Madras, ordained on the Feast of St. Peter and Paul the following priests of the Parish: Fathers John O'Doherty, Thomas Rogers, and John O'Kane.

At the American Sessions, July 1, an inmate of the Limerick workhouse, named Thomas Heffernan, was brought up under a warrant charged with having deliberately attempted to set fire to the workhouse.

A Home Rule demonstration was held at Tempo, near Enniskillen, June 29. Amongst those present were—Messrs. Fay, M. P., J. P. M'Alister, Andrew Maguire, Tempo; Murphy, Enniskillen; Hugh Sweeney, and McGowan.

At the Kilrush, County Clare, butter market, June 27, there was a splendid display of butter, 629 firkins were sold at prices varying from £3 12s. 6d. to £3 17s.—the average being about £3 15s, according to weight and quality.

At the Ennis, County Clare, market, June 28, the following prices were realized: Potatoes, per stone, 6 1/2d. to 7 1/2d.; hay, per ton, 70s. to 75s.; butter, per firkin, 72s. to 78s.; butter, per lb. 10d. to 12d.; straw, per ton, 70s. to 80s.; wool, per lb., 1s. 6d. to 1s. 7d.

At the Aughnacloy market, June 30, the following prices were realized: Beef, per lb., 4d. to 9s.; mutton, 5s. to 8s.; fresh butter, 10 1/2d. to 11d.; but, 1 1/2d. to 1 3/4d.; no crocks sold; oats per stone, 12d. to 14d.; potatoes, 5d. to 7d.; flax, 6s. to 9s.; oatmeal per cwt., 12s. 6d. to 14s.; Indian, 9s. to 9s. 3d. per cwt.; eggs, doz., 8d. to 9d.

A marble altar is about to be erected in memory of the late Canon Buckley, of Buttevant. A mural tablet will be connected with the altar, which will cost £260, to which Dr. Sheehan, treasurer, contributes £20; Rev. J. Buckley, P. P., relative and successor to the deceased, £10; Michael O'Grady, Limerick, relative, £10; and J. Daere, £10.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—The matriculation examination was held in the Killaloe Diocesan College, Ennis, June 25th, when the following gentlemen passed, viz:—Messrs. Solomon Frost, Thomas Cahill, V. Crowley, Thomas O'Dea, Stephen Slattery, Joseph O'Brien, James O'Connor, Peter Burke, Martin Hogan.

WHOLESALE FLOUR OF THE POOR.—The following persons were fined before Mr. J. W. O'Donnell, July 1, at the Northern Division Police Court, Dublin, for selling colored water for milk: John Harris, 141 Church street; James Kelly, St. Mary's place; Owen Reynolds, 2 Granby Row; and Patrick Reilly and Patrick Tighe, Lower Sheriff street.

The estate of Alexander J. Hassard and others, comprising portions of the lands of Altshallan, Knockgorrag, Althasheer, Ardagh, Laglass, and Aughnacrae, Co. Cavan, was disposed of at auction to the following persons at the prices named: £1,400, Mr. John C. M'Niff; £1,600, same purchaser; £1,900, Mr. Richard Carson; £1,100, Mr. Cooper; £1,600, Mr. John C. M'Niff; £2,550, same purchaser; £4,725, same purchaser. Mr. O'Brien, solicitor, had carriage of sale.

The annual wool show, promoted by the Farmers' club, was held July 6, at Mallow. The prizes were for the best and second-best fleece, one shear, and the best and second-best fleece, two shears, brought into market during the year. The first prize in each case was awarded to Mr. D. McCarthy, Gneeves, Ballycough, and second in the former class was granted to Mr. J. O'Brien, Kilkumner, and in the latter to Mr. M. Nagle, Buttevant. The judges were Messrs. J. O'Mullane and J. Blackburne.

At the Marborough fair, July 5, the following prices were realized—Beef, from 70s. to 75s. per cwt.; mutton at from 8d. to 8 1/2d. per lb.; bacon pigs, from 60s. to 63s. per cwt. Fat cattle, £15 to £22 each; springs, £14 to £19; strippers £10 to £14; milch cows, £11 to £15; three-years old heifers, £14 to £17; three-years old bullocks, £14 to £18; two-year old heifers, £11 to £13 10s.; two-year old bullocks, £10 to £12 10s.; yearlings, £6 to £7 10s.; fat sheep, £2 to £2 16s.; stores, £2 2s. to £2 6s.; lambs, 24s. to 32s.; store pigs, £2 10s. to £3; bonhams, 22s. to 26s.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—The following gentlemen passed the matriculation examination at St. Mel's College, Longford, before the University Examiner of Schools, Professor Stewart, M. A.:—Messrs. James Berry, John Brady, Michael Burke,

Patrick Clark, Thomas Dolan, Francis Donegan, Michael Dooner, Bartholomew Gilligan, James Gilligan, Eugene Higgins, John Lynch, Patrick Magauran, Peter McGee, Bernard M'Givney, Peter M'Givney, Matthew M'Namus, William M'Namee, Patrick Manning, Mark Monahan, John O'Hagan, and Patrick Reilly.

THE CENTENARY IN TIPPERARY TOWNS.—In Tipperary much enthusiasm is manifested in reference to the O'Connell Centenary. It is considered probable that a deputation of the Town Commissioners, accompanied by the band, will attend. Thurles, Nenagh, Borrisoleigh, and other towns in North Tipperary, are expected to act similarly.

REMARKABLE CROP.—At Ballinard, near Tipperary the residence of Mr. W. Chadwick, there is, says a Clonmel paper, an even and heavy crop of oats, about an acre and a half in extent, and now all but ready for the sickle. The singular feature it presents is that it is self-sown—simply the result of the shedding of last year's crop.

AN ENNISKELEN AGITATION.—The Government having refused to run a night mail train from Omagh to Dundalk, via Enniskillen, the town commissioners of the latter place have resolved to agitate the matter from this, and, if necessary, to secure the co-operation of the Donegal, Tyrone, Fermanagh, Cavan and Louth members for the object when brought before Parliament.

UNUSUAL SCENE.—After a sermon on "Intemperance" by the Rev. Henry Harbison, Superior of the Redemptorist Order, at the Newry Cathedral, the 1500 men belonging to the Confraternity held up their medals and ribbons in their right hands, and in the most solemn manner audibly promised never again to drink in public houses on Saturday nights or on Sundays!

LIGHTEST CALENDAR FOR FIFTEEN YEARS.—Justice Fitzgerald, in opening the commission at Sligo, July 2, said:—"Though I have been in the habit of coming this circuit for the last 15 years, this is the lightest and most satisfactory calendar which has ever come under my notice—it contains but two or three cases of drunken assaults, committed by parties on their return from the races. The Constabulary returns of offences reported since the last assizes are but 16 in number, and the condition of your county seems in this respect eminently satisfactory."

The Horticultural Society held their Summer show, June 30, in the grounds of Annsbrook, Mullingar. The principal prize winners were:—S. H. Somers, Tyrrellspass, gardener, Mr. Maher; Benjamin Hannan, J. P. Riverstown House, gardener, Mr. M'Connell; C. B. Marley, gardener, Mr. Curd; G. A. Rochford, gardener, Mr. Magee; Captain T. J. Smith, Ballinacraig, gardener, Mr. Johnston; Messrs. Alexander Campbell and Sons, Miss Barlow, gardener, Mr. Jay; William Fetherstonhaugh; Mr. Glennon, E. W. Seale, Mrs. Hannan, Miss Nugent, Clonlough; Mr. Coope, Dunbodi, gardener, Mr. Bradburne.

CORK AND THE O'CONNELL CENTENARY.—A meeting called by the Mayor was held July 8, in the Chamber of Commerce, Cork, to aid in the movement for celebrating the O'Connell Centenary. The Mayor presided, and there was a respectable and representative gathering. He read letters from the Rt. Rev. Dr. Delany and several leading citizens, apologizing for their absence and promising subscriptions. The Bishop also stated that at the Mayor's suggestion he fixed Sunday, July 18, for a general parochial collection in aid of the celebration. Mr. Lane as one of the Young Ireland party, who was well and intimately acquainted with their feelings, said that party always held O'Connell in great respect. They gave him not the obedience of slaves, but the noble homage of freemen. One hundred pounds were subscribed.

OBsolete STATUTES TO BE REPEALED.—We take from the London Times the following interesting summary of a bill brought into the House of Commons by the Solicitor-General for Ireland: "The Solicitor-General for Ireland has before parliament a bill for promoting the revision of the statute law by repealing a number of old acts once in force in Ireland, but now obsolete, spent, or already virtually repealed. The list has some curious items. The first act to be repealed was passed in the reign of Edward II., and is 'an act against the keeping of idle men and kernes in time of peace.' An act of the 10th year of Henry VII., 'that no person stir any frishry to make war,' is also to be repealed as obsolete; and so is an act of the same year 'abolishing the words 'Cromabo' and 'Battlerabo,' and it would take more than an act of parliament to revive them. An act of 23, Henry III., 'for the English order, habits, and language,' is to disappear; and so is an act of Edward IV., 'that every Englishman and Irishman that dwellth with Englishmen and speaketh English, between 60 and 16 in years, shall have an English bow and arrows.' An act of James I. (and VI. of Scotland) is struck from the statute book as spent, being for the repeal of a statute 'against bringing in Scots, retaining of them, and marrying with them.' Another act treated as spent is an act of Philip and Mary, 'declaring the Queen's Highness to have been born in a most just and lawful matrimony, and also repealing all acts of parliament and sentences of divors had and made to the contrary.' The list of old acts to be formally repealed includes several relating to religion; among them, and described as already virtually repealed by the Irish Church Act of 1869, is part of an act of William III., 'for taking away the writ de heretico comburendo.' In a note, not to be part of the act now to be passed, it is explained that in preparing it acts have been considered as 'obsolete' where the state of things contemplated by the enactment has ceased to exist, or the enactment is of such a nature as to be no longer capable of being put in force, regard being had to the alteration of political or social circumstances."

THE ARRAN ISLANDS AND TOURISTS.—A correspondent of the Mayo Examiner says:—"I am happy to learn from reliable authority that the splendid little steamer 'Cittie of the Tribes,' is just about to commence her usual summer trips to Arran. A trip to these healthy and truly picturesque Islands is delightful at all times, but especially in the summer season and on the handsome and commodious steamer. Many, I am sure, of your readers may not be aware of the fact that, for the last four or five years, this grand and historic Island is becoming a favorite resort for tourists and antiquarians, many of whom reside there during the whole season. Yet, strange to say, Arran, as a romantic and health-restoring locality, is almost comparatively unknown to the great number of 'pleasure seekers and invalids' who naturally visit Salthal, Lisdoonvarna, and the Cliffs of Moher, and the other places of interest and novelty in that vicinity. This is easily explained. The Arran Islands are not so prominently before the notice of the public or so frequently described as the above named fortunate districts. With the very pleasant opportunity afforded by the 'Cittie of the Tribes,' tourists and pleasure-seekers should give 'Arran More' a trial, and, I promise, they will return home enraptured with the beauty of the Island and refreshed with the 'pure sea and the true air of the mountains.' Arran has many attractions for the tourist. Scenes of transcendent beauty and objects of stern grandeur, and sublime splendor are everywhere to be met with in this lovely Island. The view from the old lighthouse, just over the fine Catholic chapel, is magnificent. From this grand elevation the tourists will see the Island walled in as it were, from the sea by the barren cliffs, and from the angry ocean below he will see coming up streams of snow-white foam leaping from rock to rock with incessant and awful roar. Then again he will see, on a fine clear day, like the glittering rays of the setting sun, the grand glacier rocks on

either side of him which seem to float in the air like a fairy world; the whole panorama to Connemara, the beautiful hills of Clare, and gallant Galway in the distance. The scenery from this point of view is at once awful and sublime. For historical associations there is no place in Ireland so remarkable as the Islands of Arran. There, indeed, it may be truly said that the antiquarian and the tourist will find

"Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

The sepulchral monument, the beautifully chiseled old Irish cross, the neat little ancient chapels of exquisite taste and architecture, the funeral flags scattered everywhere attract the curiosity of the stranger, and have soothing effect upon the mind; and I doubt whether anyone can visit these remarkable Islands, where repose the dust and ashes of so many Saints, without feeling the religion of the place steal over him and seeing something of the dark and gloomy expressions pass off from the stern countenance of death. There are also some splendid specimens of military antiquity to be seen in the fine old cyclopean fortresses of uncemented stone built in one or two instances, on the verge of a high cliff looking over the broad Atlantic. Arran has, moreover, its recent patriotic associations. In these Islands Dillon and Thomas Francis Meagher aided by a true and faithful Islander with nothing but a "scrap of raw ox-hide to the sole of his foot," baffled the pursuit of the British war boats. The inhabitants of the Island are, perhaps, among the finest people in the world, and most of them are comparatively independent, but for years the hand of a persecuting and unscrupulous faction is heavy upon them. The tourist will be extremely delighted to hear the people tell how on a clear summer evening, they see Hy Brysail, the Enchanted Island, or the old Irish Paradise, appearing just above the surface of the sea. "Whether it be real," says the author of 'Ogygia,' "and firm land, kept hidden by special ordinance of God, as the terrestrial paradise, or else some illusion of airy clouds appearing on the surface of the sea, or the craft of evil spirits, is more than our judgment can sound out." Moore alludes to this strange tradition of the people, and has left us a beautiful description in the following lines of—

"That Eden, where the immortal brave Dwell in a land serene— Whose bowers beyond the shining wave At sunset oft are seen."

ARRANMORE. BISHOP RYAN AND THE O'CONNELL CENTENARY.—At a meeting of the O'Connell Centenary committee in Dublin, July 6, the following letter was read from Bishop Ryan, of St. Louis, Mo., in reply to the invitation to deliver the O'Connell oration.

TO THE RIGHT HON. PETER PAUL M'SWINEY, LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN.

ST. LOUIS, U. S., June 18, 1875. MY LORD:—Your lordship has already received my telegram in reply to your invitation, in the name of Ireland, to deliver the oration on the occasion of the centenary of our great countryman, Daniel O'Connell. I delayed for some days a reply to your lordship's telegram, because of my deep reluctance to send a negative reply to an invitation which I esteem as the greatest compliment I have ever received. In common with nearly all my countrymen, I reverence and love the memory of the great Emancipator of the Irish Church. I have also some personal recollections of him, which tend to intensify these feelings. I remember when a school-boy in Dublin in 1844, to have had the honor of heading a deputation of my schoolfellows, and of reading an address of sympathy to O'Connell, then prisoner in Richmond Bridewell. I recall his great kindness of heart and his affectionate interest in his youthful sympathizers. When subsequently, on his triumphant liberation from prison, addresses of congratulation were to be offered to him, I remember presenting myself, in company with another member of our deputation, to Mr. Ray, then Secretary of the Repeal Association, at Conciliation Hall, and begging tickets of admission to the Rotunda, to offer our address of congratulation. The secretary smiled at what he must have regarded as an act of youthful enthusiasm, if not audacity, and assured us that he had to refuse several applications from great, strong men, who were standing around us, and that he could not indulge the patriotism of boys! A gentleman present told me that O'Connell was in the next room, then the reading-room, that he was fond of youth, and that our only hope was through his kindness. I remember with what awe I approached the great man, and how flattered I felt when he recognized me as "the little fellow that read an address of sympathy to him when he was in jail for Ireland." He acted as our advocate with Mr. Ray, stating that he hoped the youth of Ireland would yet reap the benefit of his labors. These and many other recollections came to my memory when I received the telegram, and I resolved, if possible to obey its summons. But in this life we have not unfrequently to feel one way and to think in another. I had already made my annual appointments for Confirmation in some of the country parts of this very extensive diocese, and in congregations of various nationalities. To disappoint them would cause very serious inconvenience, and as I consider that duty of this kind has a paramount claim on me, I am constrained to forego the great gratification of seeing dear Ireland, and of laying my humble tribute on the grave of her great lover and benefactor. I shall, however, be with you in heart and soul on the day of the great Centenary, and shall offer the Holy Sacrifice on that morning for Ireland's Liberator and Ireland's permanent prosperity. I have the honour to remain your lordship's faithful servant in Christ.

† P. J. RYAN, Coadjutor Bishop of St. Louis.

GREAT BRITAIN.

At a farewell meeting in London given to Moody and Sankey there were seven hundred clergymen present. Judging from the testimony of the evangelicals, these two Yankees are capable of doing more good, which at best is not much, than the whole seven hundred state paid Englishmen.

The cotton-mill operatives have held a crowded meeting at Oldham, England, and resolved to refuse the masters' terms fixing the rates of wages. Oldham alone contains 40,000 operatives. The mills in the surrounding district are in an unsettled state. A general rupture in the Lancashire cotton trade may be looked for.

A LOCKET OF ENGLISH COTTON MILLS.—In accordance with notices given by the cotton masters of Ashton, Staleybridge, Dunkinfield, and Mossley, a lockout commenced in several of the mills lately. Unless the operatives yield by the end of the month the mills still open will be closed, as the time of the notices given expires, in which case several thousand people will be thrown out on foot by the operatives in Oldham, Lancashire, goes into effect, and will involve 100 mills and 13,000 hands.

ARSENIC IN BLUE WALL PAPERS.—Mr. Leonard W. Sedgwick, M.D., of 2, Gloucester-terrace, Hyde Park, writes to us:—"Every one knows that very many green wall-papers contain arsenic and are poisonous. Not every one knows that there are pale-blue papers equally deleterious. Lately my wife and I have suffered much in the manner that people do when poisoned by arsenical vapours. As a matter of curiosity, I analyzed my bedroom paper, which is a pale blue. It contains a large quantity of arsenic."—Times.

CORNISH MINING.—Notwithstanding the great depression under which Cornish mining has been labouring for some time past, handsome profits are

still to be made. Last September East Pool had a debit balance of £7,098, but since that time the profits of steady working having amounted to £8,880, which have enabled the company to pay off their debt, and at the quarterly meeting on Monday to declare a dividend of 2s. 6d. per share, leaving a balance of £81 to carry forward; but the number of mines which can give such a favourable account as this of themselves is very small.

In the English House of Commons, on July 15, Sir Charles Dilke offered a motion that in the opening of the House it is the duty of the government to inquire into the various methods for a more just distribution of political power, with the view to securing the more complete representation of the people. He called attention to the increase of population in the large towns, and the decrease in the small boroughs. Mr. Disraeli replied that such anomalies were inevitable, and a periodical revision of the constitution was necessary to prevent it. He declared the present Constitution was the admiration of the world. The motion was lost by 120 yeas to 190 nays.

THE COAL AND IRON TRADES.—Our Darlington correspondent telegraphed last night:—"A meeting of the Northern iron manufacturers was held to-day (Thursday) at Darlington, and considered certain propositions of the men. These propositions were to the effect that the northern ironworkers would accept the employers' offer of 8s. per ton for puddling unless the rate agreed upon by the Conciliation Board in South Staffordshire should be more than that amount, when the wages in the North should be raised to the same amount, and arbitration to settle the dispute after the end of the year. The employers passed a resolution that 'the men's resolution could not be agreed to, because it leaves wholly unsettled the question of wages, which this meeting considers should be submitted to arbitration without delay, it having been reported to the employers that strong objections are made to the retention of 10 per cent. Pending this award this meeting is willing that the arbitrators be forthwith consulted on the point, their reply to be binding on both parties.' The leaders of the men have sent out a circular asking them to accept 9s. per ton unconditionally; and as the majority of the men favor this, the question is looked upon as virtually settled."—Times, July 16th.

CHURCH OF THE ENGLISH MARTYRS, TOWER HILL.—On the 20th of June, a meeting was held in London, presided over by His Grace the Duke of Norfolk, to consider the propriety of erecting on Tower Hill a church to the memory of the English martyrs, Cardinal Fisher, Sir Thomas More, and others. Mr. F. H. O'Donnell's speech in support of the resolution was of a very striking one he said:—"To me and to every Catholic who realizes the significance of the scene amid which we are assembled, the raising of a church of the Catholic faith in memory, and under the invocation of the English Martyrs on Tower-hill is a historical event, and more than a historical event. What emotions must not spring within the mind of him who but meditates a moment upon the import of those words—the English Martyrs on Tower-hill. Momentous tragedy! Proud memorial of superhuman faith and courage triumphant over the terrors and the wiles of tyrants! Awful and appalling, heartrending recollections too! Across the vista, which that fatal day of June opened up three centuries and a half ago, I see the saddest and most tremendous catastrophe of history. Down from that scaffold dripping with the blood of the martyred saint of Rochester I gaze with horror into the abyss that was to overwhelm the Christian glories of ancient England. But never since that fatal day have your bannered fleets borne joyful tidings of salvation to any shore. Your English war cries have swelled loud and bold for many a cause, but not for the Holy Sepulchre. And here the black beginning of the work was done. A thousand years of holy faith, of earthly and eternal glories, ended here—after a long night of sorrow, by God's loving grace, to be reborn and to revive again. And only in a less degree, if in a less degree, is this event and scene a solemn time-mark of the Irish race. No doubt my countrymen would have continued to maintain the natural rights of their God-given nationality under any circumstances and against any wrong-doers, Catholic or Protestant. But who does not know that, at the moment when heresy ascended like a lurid and destroying spectre to poison and convulse the world, a solid and honourable reconciliation between the English and the Irish peoples was to be expected with certainty, and had in fact already been largely accomplished? The greatest Irish princes of the native stock had ratified the terms of a loyal alliance. The lordliest of the foreign houses which had been established on our soil, De Burgo, and Butler, and the noble Geraldine, were already "more Irish than the Irish themselves." The black and baneful shadow of sectarian persecution was projected across the smiling scene; the venerable head of Fisher fell on Tower-hill; the illustrious Sir Thomas More followed his fellow-martyr to the block; and was unnumbered and innumerable fell upon Ireland and the Empire. The slaughters and ravagings of Elizabeth's banditti—the confiscation of Ulster, and the flight of the Earls, the Cromwellian butcheries, the maids and maids strangled with pike and trampled under hoof around the market cross of Wexford, the Orange faith that was pledged and broken at Limerick to gallant Sarsfield, the penal laws, the blood-organ of '98, all these dark and detestable atrocities, with all their consequences, were begotten of the foul deed that was perpetrated here. And here, on this spot, we are to-day assembled, English and Irish, united by the memory of the same sorrows, united by the same confident hope of a happier future. In the chair, the young and honoured chief of that princely house which draws its lineage like its faith from days beyond the origin of a dozen modern dynasties. Around him the lay and clerical representatives of that new Old England, which is again bursting into life and greatness before the eyes of a world astonished to discover that fiercely as the storms of persecution raged against the oak of England's Catholicity, they could neither rend its loftiest summits, nor entirely wither up the generous sap that once coursed and vivified through all the veins and fibres of its stately branches and its mighty stem. And here on Tower-hill, mingled and sympathizing with our English brethren, whether hereditary Catholics or noble and fortunate converts, are we, the children of that Erin to which in Our Redeemer's gracious mercy it has been given, since Patrick prayed upon the mount, and so long as sun and moon shall circle in their orbits, so long as river run to ocean, so long as sea tides rise in flood and sink in ebb, never to swerve or turn from the love of Christ's dear mother, the unity of Peter's fold, and the faith and worship of Our Saviour and Our God.

THE CATHOLIC UNION OF GREAT BRITAIN.—On Wednesday afternoon 14th ult., the annual meeting of this association was held at Willis's Rooms, under the presidency of the Duke of Norfolk. Among those present were Lord Denbigh, Lord Petre, Sir Charles Clifford, Monsignore Capel, the Hon. and Very Rev. Dr. Talbot, Mr. Keyes O'Clery, M.P. and Mr. Wegg Prosser. The report stated that during the past year the Council had devoted much time to the question of Catholic registration, and agencies to promote that object had been established in the various Metropolitan boroughs. Since the last annual meeting the number of members on the general committee had increased from 500 to 800, and the Union had been instrumental in discovering and exposing the oppressive treatment which Catholics had suffered in various parts of the world, but notably in the case of the imprisoned Bishop of Olanda, in Brazil. Although sorrowfully conscious how little it was possible for them to strengthen the

hands of those who are suffering from the combination of brute force and anti-Christian zeal, which is labouring for the overthrow of the faith in Germany the Council had not been unobservant or altogether inactive witnesses of the conflict. In January last they were able to procure from trustworthy sources a communication exposing some of the misstatements most persistently circulated in this country regarding the actual relations between the Catholic Church and the Prussian Monarchy. This communication was sent by the president to The Times, and appearing, as it did, at a favourable moment, it supplied other organs of the Protestant Press with information which was used with good effect for the enlightenment of the public mind on the real character of the persecution. More recently, another step of a practical character has been taken, by the appointment of a committee to organize such measures of relief as might be possible for the distressed German clergy. A discussion followed, in the course of which Mr. Bellingham, alluding to the necessity "for loving combination among Catholics all over the world" condemned the persecution of his coreligionists in Germany, and described as presumptuous the suggestion of Count Munster at the recent dinner of the National Club that England should follow the example of Prince Bismarck in its treatment of Catholics. After speeches from Lord Denbigh, Sir Charles Clifford, Monsignore Capel, Mr. O'Clery, and others, it was resolved to continue the action of the Union in looking after the registration and to agitate for the amendment of the Education Act, and of the law with regard to the instruction of Catholic children in work-houses.

UNITED STATES.

Four new Roman Catholic monasteries are to be established out west.

The cotton crop of Georgia has been injured by the excessive heat of the last few days.

All the clock-makers in Connecticut have agreed to suspend operations for four weeks.

Ten thousand Florida alligators furnished "nippers" for the boots of the upperten thousand last year.

Instruction in the matinary art is to be added to the curriculum of the Holyoke Female Seminary, on the ground (or rather water) that it's (s)wimm'n's work.

At Middletown, Del., an immense peach refrigerator is to be built, capable of holding 200,000 baskets of fruit, which the projector guarantees to keep by a peculiar freezing process for six months.

The New York Sun professes to know Judge Neilson's "personal opinion" about the Beecher trial, and gives it as follows:—"His Honor believes that Henry Ward Beecher is guilty of adultery."

A shrewd Tennessean has not only cleared his own land of the dreaded grasshoppers by keeping a flock of turkeys, but is now doing a thriving business in letting out the birds to his neighbours at a dollar a day.

A lucrative opening for young ladies has been made by the decision of an Indiana court that the fact of a girl being engaged to several gentlemen at once is no bar to her suing each of them for breach of promise.

The Boston liquor dealers are restive under the workings of the new license law, and have imitated their brethren in Connecticut by distributing circulars requesting subscriptions for the purpose of contesting the measure in the courts.

The farmers everywhere in California have been complaining this summer of the ravages of the squirrel on their crops. In one instance a stock raiser estimated that he had lost enough grain to fatten for the market one hundred hogs.

An enterprising youth of Biddeford, Me., whose mysterious disappearance at the age of eleven caused his family to suppose him drowned, returned a few days ago after exactly four years absence to a day, and explained that he had been paying a visit to California.

The request of the coloured people of San Francisco to be permitted to send their children to any public school they might select has been denied. The separate schools are to be maintained for the benefit of the 163 coloured children of the city, of whom only 60 attend school.

In the public school in Silver City, Nevada, there is a wonderful juvenile, who, if given two sentences to copy, will take a pen in each hand and write one with each hand at the same time, as rapidly and correctly as any other scholar will write one. No matter how long the sentence, the task is performed quickly, gracefully, and correctly.

It is now definitely settled by the courts in this State and Indiana that the marriage ceremony is effete. All that is necessary is for the two hearts that yearn to beat as one to declare their intentions in the presence of a third party, and all will be well. The County Clerk, the clergymen, and the notaries, are up in arms against it; and marriage by the good old is yet in vogue.—Chicago Cor. of Toronto Globe

Indiana has a law stringent against the intermarriage of whites and blacks. John Angell Miller a German, and Mary Sims a negress, were married a few weeks ago in Floyd County. They and the clergyman who performed the ceremony are now in prison and each is liable to conviction and sentence to ten years incarceration, or a fine of \$5,000.

The boldest robbery on record is that of the seven men who entered a house in Eleventh street, New York, at noon on Monday, July 12, bound and gagged the owner's wife, who was alone in the house; and then coolly proceeded to ransack the house. They secured \$30,000 in Virginia bonds and went off as publicly as they came.

MEMPHIS, Aug. 1.—The Signal Service reports show that an overflow is inevitable. The river here rose half an inch, and another heavy rise is reported at St. Louis, and a steady advance at Cairo, with general rains in the country above. This leaves little hope that planters on the Mississippi bottom will escape the dreaded inundation.

A Hartford, Conn., journal, July 21st, says.—The House of Representatives voted to-day—82 to 102—to indefinitely postpone the bill giving women the right to vote in a Presidential election. The advocates of female suffrage here regard the large vote in their favour as nearer a victory than any action heretofore taken in any other State, and consider it quite a triumph for their cause that the committee's report was unanimously in favour of the bill.

There are sixteen schools for colored pupils in Augusta, Ga., and the authorities recommend that the entire control of the education of these children be transferred to a Board composed of freedholders and a Commissioner of their own race, and that the fund obtained from the taxation of their property and polls should be placed at the disposition of such Board. It is stated that the colored teachers have succeeded to an extent beyond the expectations of the most sanguine. Confining their attentions strictly to their duties, they have, by precept and example, striven to impress upon the people of their race the importance and necessity of industry, morality, order, and obedience to law. They have so conducted their schools as to merit from the law-giving powers a recognition of the capacity of their race for self-management.

The True Witness

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

No. 195, Fortification Lane, by J. Gillies to whom all Business Letters should be addressed.

G. E. CLERK, Editor.

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MONTEAL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 6, 1875

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

AUGUST—1875.

Friday, 6—Transfiguration of our Lord. Saturday, 7—St. Cajetan, C. Sunday, 8—Twelfth after Pentecost. Monday, 9—Vigil of St. Lawrence. Tuesday, 10—St. Lawrence, M. Wednesday, 11—Of the Octave. Thursday, 12—St. Clare, V.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

The TRUE WITNESS will begin its Twenty-Sixth Volume on the 20th of August. Subscribers in arrears will please examine the date after their address, and remit in full to this Office without delay. As pre-payment of Postage by the Publisher will begin on the 1st of October, all those who have not paid up arrears and renewed their subscriptions will not receive the paper after that date.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

It will be remembered that last spring the Prussian Landtag enacted a law taking the administration of Church property altogether out of the hands of the clergy and vesting it in committees, some of the members of which were to be elected by the parishioners, some to be appointed by the Government, and some named by the Bishops. While the Bill was in progress the Bishops protested against it as a violation of the rights guaranteed to the Church under the Concordat by Royal proclamations and ordinances, and by the Prussian Constitution. They also petitioned the Legislature and addressed the King. But all was in vain, the Bill was passed, and they only received insulting replies. Now the committees are being formed, and the organs of the Government are constantly discussing whether the Bishops will co-operate in carrying out the law by appointing representatives to the committees. It is hardly likely that the Bishops will have anything to say to them.

The "Court for Ecclesiastical Affairs" in Berlin has entered on the process of deposition against Dr. Brinkmann. The District Councillor Muller at Munster has been charged with the conduct of the preliminary proceedings, and he fixed the judicial examination of the Bishop (at which he was not expected to attend) for Saturday, 10th July. It is not easy to discern on what special ground Dr. Brinkmann has been selected to be the fourth illustration of the impossibility of deposing a Catholic Bishop. He has made only the same declarations as his Episcopal brethren, and their general conduct differs in no respect from his.

It is telegraphed from Paris that the Infante Don Alfonso, brother of Don Carlos, has had a narrow escape. He had crossed the Austrian and Bavarian frontier to visit the church at Altoetting, a famous place of pilgrimage on Bavarian ground, and had only just returned to Austria, when telegrams were received by the local Bavarian authorities, ordering them to arrest him. The Government of Berlin or Munich—whichever it was that sent them—have evidently not learnt the value of letting things alone. What possible advantage anybody could propose to himself by such an embarrassing capture, and by such a still more embarrassing trial, it is impossible to conceive.

The Commission of leading members of the old Senate and Chamber of Deputies, Madrid, is now discussing the religious question. Senor Corvera has submitted an amendment to the proposed Constitution in favour of religious unity as it existed before 1868. The amendment was opposed by Senor Candau, and supported by Senor Casanueva. The latter maintained that the principle of the Catholic religion was inconsistent with toleration, and that one of the bases of Catholicism was not to tolerate other sects. He, however, proposed that foreigners should be free to profess their religious views in conformity with International Treaties, and that rules should be laid down relative to the exercise of religious worship by dissenting denominations. Senor Barzanallana, a moderate politician, moved an amendment in favour of leaving the religious question to the initiative of the Cortes. Several Madrid newspapers announce that the Constitutional Committee have approved the first ten articles of the draught of the new Spanish Constitution. The religious question, however, has given rise to an animated debate among the members of the Committee.

The draft Constitution for Spain, prepared by the Committee of Senators and Deputies, provides that the Senate shall consist of three classes of members—one hereditary, one elective, and one nominated by

an income of £2,000 a year are to have a seat in the Senate, but no one is to become a Senator till he has attained the age of thirty. The Chamber of Deputies is to consist of one representative for every 60,000 of the population, and is to be elected for five years. The King has the power of dissolution, but is to be bound to convoke the new Cortes within three months. Of the other provisions the most important are that every person taken into custody must be brought before a Court or released within seventy-two hours, and that although the constitutional guarantees may be suspended by either the Cortes or the Government, banishment from the country is to be prohibited. There is also a provision by which any Spaniard may found educational establishments in conformity with the laws specially relating to public instruction.

The *Messenger de Toulouse* has received from the Archbishop an intimation that the Holy Father, immediately on hearing of the awful disaster occasioned by the floods, telegraph his intention of immediately sending twenty thousand francs towards the relief of the sufferers. The news is confirmed by the *Journal Officiel* (Paris), which adds that the Pope has communicated to Madame MacMahon the sentiments of profound grief agitating his heart at this latest disaster which has befallen France.

The *Courrier de Bruxelles* announces that the Belgian Minister of Justice is energetically engaged in proceeding against the instigators, aiders, and abettors of the recent anti-Catholic riots; and that already several persons have been punished. Amongst those sentenced figured an officer of the Civic Guard of Alost, who was fined 50 francs for his share in the attack on the pilgrims of Oostaker. His punishment greatly astounded the Liberals.

The recent proceedings of the French National Assembly have been fruitful in triumphs for the Catholic Church. For some weeks past, the educational bill has been discussed by the legislature, and our readers will remember that at the first reading of this bill, the principle of educational liberty which the Church has written on her banner was adopted despite the virulent opposition of all revolutionists. Within the last few days, the discussion in Committee, or "third deliberation," as the French term it, has taken place, and on this occasion a series of amendments moved by members of the Catholic party have been triumphantly carried. M. Lucien Brun's motion for securing the permanency of charitable legacies was adopted at a narrow division, the majority of 330 being only seven ahead of the minority. An anti-Catholic motion made by M. Lepetit was victoriously impugned by that gallant champion of the Church M. Chesnelong, and defeated by a majority of 21. Several fresh victories were also achieved; and in one case more especially, where the first division had yielded only a majority of 2, the result was challenged by the revolutionists and a second ballot called for: when, lo! it appeared that the Catholics were actually 40, instead of 2, ahead of their opponents. This new bill will effectually destroy the monopoly of superior education hitherto enjoyed by the State, and hereafter the Church will be placed in France in the position she had called for in vain for more than half a century.

Count Andrassy, the Austrian Premier, who was on leave of absence, returned to Vienna on account of the Herzegovinian complications. The *Vienna Presse* says it has reason to believe that the Prince of Milan's object in coming to this city is to sound the Government, and ascertain whether Austria intends to preserve her neutrality, even if the insurrection is protracted; whether she will recommend the Porte to redress the evils which have caused the present disturbances, and finally, whether she is inclined to support the demands which the Servian Government contemplates respecting the development of independence of Servia. The *Presse* concludes that if the Austrian Government's reply is not altogether in the negative, it will be because Turkey is at fault for lack of energy at the commencement of the Herzegovinian insurrection.

Lord Penance has protested in the House of Lords against a proposition in a despatch of the German Minister to the Belgian Government to the effect that a state is bound by an international law "not to permit its subjects to disturb the internal peace of another State," to which Lord Derby replied by laying down a sensible and useful distinction. It would be monstrous to affirm that a Government ought to repress all acts which might tend to disturb another State—the abolition of slavery might disturb the peace of a slave-owning Government, or a change of its own institutions might encourage political changes abroad—but that some such acts a State is bound to forbid, every civilized Government admits. Free discussion, however, is not one of these, and any attempt to silence it the English Government will always "regret and resent."

Birmingham, England, seems to be much in need of an application of some of these peace prescriptions with which Ireland is so liberally provided. At the Warwick Assizes some days ago, one prosecutor in a charge of robbery was afraid to appear, and his wife, who did appear, was afraid to return to Birmingham; and in another case the solicitor for the prosecution applied for the postponement of the trial on the ground of the absence of witnesses through intimidation. On another day there was a conviction for the murder of a policeman in a street row, and there were seven men charged with assaults by kicking committed in an attempt to rescue a prisoner. More than that; it would seem that even the Birmingham magistrates have been frightened into committing for trial persons charged with brutal assaults instead of dealing with them, as they should, summarily. Why not suspended the *habeas corpus* in Birmingham? Ah, but Birmingham is not in Ireland.

The German Bishops of Munster, Munich, Cologne, and Bonn have declined to attend the O'Connell centenary festival in Dublin, on the ground of the critical condition of religious matters in their own country.

The crop situation in Kentucky as well as in large portions of adjacent States, is becoming very alarming. There is a heavy rain-fall every day

and short intermission with hot sunshine aggravating. This kind of weather has continued for about six weeks and is believed to be without a parallel. In the last day or two the rainfall has increased, and gloomy apprehensions are felt in all sections of country. The corn crop has not been damaged seriously yet, but it is declared that the crop of wheat, oats, rye, barley and hay have been injured 50 per cent in quality and sprouted in stock and at least two-thirds is already ruined. Corn is in fair condition except in low lands which are under water; oats and hay in some sections are rotting on the ground and fair weather for two weeks would not enable farmers to save more than half a crop. The flax crop is almost entirely destroyed. Reports from all portions of Southern Ohio give gloomy accounts of continued rains and damages to the crop.

THE O'CONNELL CENTENNIAL.

His heart to Rome—his body to Ireland—but his fame to all the world! And this week throughout the wide, wide earth, wherever an Irishman has fixed his home, or the Catholic Church has reared its altar, the feeling of national pride and religious thanksgiving is in the ascendant, in honor of the memory of one who devoted his life to the interests of, and achieved unexampled victories for Faith and Fatherland.

It was a memorable epoch that in which the future Liberator of Ireland saw the light in the outskirts of that little village of Kerry. It was then, commenced the contest between England and her North American Colonies; and the Atlantic wave that washed almost the base of the homestead in which O'Connell was born might, without any great stretch of poetic fervor, be typified as bearing on its crest some message of love and liberty from the newly awakened Colonies to the destined advocate of Civil and Religious freedom for Ireland. Messages of hope and inspiration—the association of which in after life would—and indeed did—exercise a marked influence on his conduct and career. How often did he dwell in fondness over the memory of those booming billows—

Whose sounds so wild, would In days of childhood Fling round his cradle their magic spells, —how often did he apostrophize the Voice of Liberty borne across the waters from far off Labrador to that which he used jocularly refer to as its next parish—and with what enthusiasm from his after home, the far-famed Darrynane, did he send his full soul, freighted with all the freedom-inspiring thought of ocean to his countrymen all over the earth.

We do not assume the province of the biographer; we have no need to follow in detail the career of a man whose fame fills the civilized world; it would be impertinent to criticize the long course of public life which has made one of the deepest dints in monument of the century's achievements; but we may in general terms give a retrospective glance to the condition of Ireland and Catholicism when O'Connell was born, and then look to the present, and indulge in gladness and gratulation at what a hundred years have effected for human liberty and religious triumph. Most people know what the penal laws in Ireland were—some from bitter personal experience of their operations even in their own days—many from the traditions of the firesides in Munster and Connaught and the other provinces—all with more or less estimate of their atrocity, according to education or prejudices. But one thing is certain the Catholic Irishman was a slave in his own land; his soul was not his own to offer it in untrammelled worship to God; his property real or personal was in the discretionary possession of his unscrupulous taskmaster, and often his own children were through their cupidity made the instruments of his persecution and robbery. The priest and the wolf were banned in the same category; and the small annoyances that followed in the train of the great outrages on liberty and conscience were perhaps all the more unendurable because of their intangibility, because they could not be laid hold of and exposed, and eventually strangled, the more prominent persecution. Well O'Connell came upon the scene, and O'Connell was the agent under heaven for the removal of the wrongs of centuries. The weapon put into his hands in the streets of Ennis on the memorable closing day of the Clare election in 1828—the constitutional weapon—he wielded with unsparring effect in parliament and out of it, until bigotry sunk abashed into its hiding places, and tyranny had to bend before the might and majesty of truth. And it is to honor the hero of these achievements—to build up a monument to his memory in the heart of the nation, these centennial proceedings have been inaugurated. From every part of the civilized world we have the welcome intelligence of patriotic zeal and religious fervor combining for the grand event; and we are pleased to say that in the proud record of the day's doings Montreal will worthily hold its place before the world. The programme of the services and ceremonies has been published; and in the arrangement the good taste of the Committee, with the auxiliary advice of our clergy, are manifest. It was most meet that the initiative of the grand and grateful tribute to O'Connell's memory should be a solemn Grand Mass of Thanksgiving for the manifold services he was enabled to render to Ireland and to religion; and then the citizens' display; the bands and the banners; the joyous looks and the glad some cheers and the eloquent tones; Ireland everywhere and O'Connell on every tongue from the first sound of the Mass Bell in the morning until the last accents of the Orator had died away at night. Oh, yes it is all matter of which Irishmen and Catholics—lovers of liberty in all ranks, classes and sects—may be proud. And we may be pardoned if we share in the general pride, and in the fullness of our thankfulness depend upon our reporters details of proceedings rather than in our own appreciation of the success.

The Railroad and Steam Boat Companies of Montreal have kindly acceded to the request of the O'Connell Centennial Committee to issue excursion tickets at reduced fares, good for the 6th and 7th of August.

A REMARKABLE LETTER.

On Feb. 4, 1851, a letter was addressed from Longueuil "to the Editor of the *Montreal Witness*" by "C. Chiniquy." Many communications from the pen of this unfortunate man have graced the columns of our lying contemporary—communications brimful of interest to the Protestant world—but none more interesting, none more remarkable than that to which we refer. As the space at our disposal will not admit the full text, we must necessarily confine ourselves to a few extracts sufficient to give our readers a fair notion of the whole. The writer first gives his opinion of the *Witness*—

"Sir, last autumn you declared your paper to be the organ of the most opposite sects of Protestantism. This proves your creed to consist of hatred and bigotry against everything Catholic."

He next enters into an eloquent defense of the celibacy of the priesthood against the odious slanders and imputations of Protestant writers:—

"Protestant clergymen have no other call on their revenues than the care of their wives and children,—cares, it is true, the Catholic priest is not troubled with. But his wife and children are the distressed and suffering who hold forth to him a supplicating hand. And this may probably account for the murder of myriads by want and starvation in the British Isles, blessed tho' they have been by a Parliamentary church. That church by plundering and impoverishing the Catholic clergy deprived the poor of their most affectionate parent, patron, and friend."

Then he pays a tribute of respect to the illustrious Society of Jesus, the bug-bear of Protestantism:—

"Nor have I the honor of being a Jesuit, as some truth-loving evangelical journals affirm me to be."

And now he handles our evangelical Editor without gloves:—

"Your journal fumes forth tirades about inquisitions from time to time, but so far as I have been treated, Spain has never had an inquisitor more cruel, odious, and insulting than the Evangelical Editor of the *Montreal Witness*. If you do not flagellate and break our bodies, you but lack the means—you possess the will. But you do worse—you torture the soul and tarnish the reputation. You essay to morally assassinate all opposed to your fanatical bigotry and odious intolerance."

"By a sad fatality nothing but ignorance, hatred, and calumny flows from your mendacious pen when writing on anything Catholic."

"You seem woefully irretentive of truth. Aye, as bats fly from the radiance of the sun, so do some editors cower and shuffle before the glare of truth."

Any comment of ours upon these extracts would be superfluous. They speak for themselves. But we would ask the *Witness*, who is a connoisseur in such matters,—was "C. Chiniquy" truthful then?—Is he truthful now?

MR. MACKENZIE SPOILS A "WITNESS" ISM.

"The Early Establishment in Canada of the Inquisition, such as it was in Spain in the palmy days of Romanism, when heretics were roasted daily, may be another result of the recent Ministerial 'victory.'"—*Witness*, July 20.

We had nothing to do with the recent Ministerial "victory," but we know, and the *Witness* knows, there is no more sign of the establishment in Canada—early or late—of the Inquisition such as it was in Spain, than there is of the conversion of the *only daily liar* to the pathways of truth and honesty. Mr. Mackenzie is not prejudiced in favor of the Catholic Church and the French Canadian element—at last we have never heard it said by those who know him best—and he, speaking as Premier of Canada, honorably testified to the genuine liberality of the Catholic population of this Province in his late speech at Dundee. He said:—

"In such a country as ours the population is necessarily mixed, and we are somewhat in the position as races of the people of England at the time of the Norman invasion, when the old Saxons, the Normans and the remnants of the Picts and other tribes in the north here were all mingled together, and a great diversity of feeling, as has been so thoroughly depicted by Sir Walter Scott in 'Ivanhoe' and other works. I hope in our country we shall never have such difficulties existing as are here described. And I may tell you an instance of liberality. (Hear, hear.) Sir Walter Scott tells us in *Ivanhoe* how the Jews, who then as now possessed a good deal of the world, were treated. In order to extract money from them they extracted their teeth, and every time a refusal was given another tooth was drawn, till at last the Jew yielded. There is nothing of that kind with us—(applause)—and it is to be told to the honor of the French people of Lower Canada that the French Legislature long before the union with Upper Canada in 1840, was the first Legislature on the face of the earth in civilized countries that gave the Jew equal privileges with the Christians in legislation and everything else. (Loud applause.) It may be news to a number of you that nearly half a century before Britain allowed even a Baron Rothschild or a Solomon to sit in the English House of Parliament the Jew had the liberty to sit in the Roman Catholic French Assembly of Lower Canada. (Applause.)"

That spoils the Inquisition *Witness*-ism, but it will be swallowed all the same by thousands. And the ghost of "C. Chiniquy" cries loudly in the *Witness*' ears:—"Your Journal fumes forth tirades about inquisitions from time to time. . . . By a sad fatality nothing but ignorance, hatred, and calumny flows from your mendacious pen when writing on anything Catholic."

THE CENTENNIAL IN OTTAWA.

Too late for notice last week—owing to some bungling in the Post Office—we received a copy of the programme of the O'Connell celebration in Ottawa under the auspices of the old St. Patrick's Literary Association, the Catholic Young Men's Society, and the Catholic Temperance Society. It announces that at the request of a number of leading citizens the day will be proclaimed a public holiday, and that arrangements have been made with the different railway companies to carry passengers to and from the city at one fare. The celebration is divided into three parts—morning, afternoon, and evening. In the morning there will be a Grand High Mass in the Cathedral, and a sermon preached by that able pulpit orator, Rev. Dr. O'Reilly of Toronto. In the afternoon there will be sports on Major's hill with two splendid bands in attendance. From this point a balloon ascension will take place. The celebration will close in Gowan's Opera House with an oration by Nicholas Flood Davin, Esq., the well known Irish orator, and a concert conducted by Miss Rosa

D'Erins, Queen of Irish melody, and other professional and amateur singers.

Irishmen in the vicinity of Ottawa are invited to visit the city and take part in the celebration.

The committee of organization will please accept our thanks and our congratulations.

CARDINAL McCLOSKEY.

With many thanks we acknowledge the receipt of a splendid oil chromo of the Cardinal Archbishop of New York from P. Donahoe, Esq., the enterprising proprietor of the *Boston Pilot*. His Eminence writes of it as follows:—

New York, July 22d, 1875.

DEAR MR. DONAHOE: I beg to thank you very sincerely for chromo likeness which your son has had the kindness to present to me in your name—as a work of art it seems to me to be designed and executed in good taste. As to its merits as a likeness I am not a proper judge I can only say that those who have seen it are pleased with it.

Accept again my best acknowledgments for this mark of esteem on your part and believe me, dear sir, very truly your well wisher and servt. in Christ.

JOHN CAND. McCLOSKEY, Archbishop of New York.

P. Donahoe, Esq. The price of the chromo is \$2.00. It should be in the home of every Catholic in America.

STEPHEN J. MEANY ON O'CONNELL.—We congratulate the Irishmen of Quebec although their gain is our loss. Stephen J. Meany, Esq., our respected townsman, and talented editor of the *Sun*, will deliver the oration in connection with the O'Connell centennial celebration in that city. No one is better qualified than Mr. Meany, to be the orator of the day in Quebec or elsewhere, on account of his long and intimate acquaintance with and warm attachment to the Liberator in his well-fulfilled office of "O'Connell's Reporter"—not to mention his ability and eloquence as a speaker—and the treat in store for our sister city is to be envied by every Irishman.

SOUVENIR OF THE 6TH.—The bust of O'Connell prepared to the order of Battle Bros. of this city and Ottawa, is a most faithful likeness of the Liberator. A lasting souvenir of the Centennial and handsome parlor ornament combined, it is sold at a figure within the reach of all, and we hope the enterprise of the Messrs. Battle, will be rewarded by an extensive patronage. These gentlemen have also prepared a very neat badge for the procession—a miniature likeness of O'Connell fixed in a circle within a cross, appropriate legends and inscriptions surrounding it—the whole being nicely fringed with gold. Every Irishman and every Irishman's son should wear one of these badges on the 6th.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF APOSTASY.

The deification of degraded priests is one of the anomalous features of the time. At one side we have communities giving "receptions" to the renegades, unconsciously proclaiming their own weakness when profligates and perjurers can be deemed an acquisition to be proud of; and at the other, congregations clinging to suspected pastors, and conventicles exhibiting all the madness of spiritual enthusiasm in sustentation of the peculiar tenets of the doctrine of free love and the practice of "paroxysmal" indecencies. Is it not a matter to be proud of that there is one Church wherein no such defiance of decorum will be permitted; one fold in whose midst there is no place for the black and tainted sheep; one conservative circle that has no welcome or encouragement for those who have disgraced other associations by their misconduct and unworthiness?

"Oh that mine enemy had written a book!"—says Job. And the enemy hath written. In printed publications and in pronouncements from pulpits and platforms unprincipled apostates in attacking the Church which they have complimented by their desertion, have but proclaimed their own infamy and exhibited the depth of dishonor of which poor humanity is capable. We have seen instances at our own doors—sad and sickening instances—of how truth becomes lost when principle is sacrificed; and the latest exploit indicating this painful descent is that of the ingrate and hypocrite, and liar and profligate—Gerdeman, in the City of Brotherly Love. We have no need to recount his history, or dwell upon his career, further than to say he was a priest with priest's vows and obligations—that he was unscrupulous scoundrel enough to outrage the majesty of God by sacrificing at His altar while indulging in the most abominable sins against the decrees of His Gospel—that if his statement now be true, he is, self-confessed, a hypocrite—has been for years—consenting to earn the means of livelihood by sacrificing all that makes life enjoyable, self-respect—and, for this paltry consideration, stooping to keep a simple people in the pursuit of a dangerous delusion, even though their immortal salvation was at stake;—and if, on the other hand, he believed in the sacred doctrines of the Ministry of which he had been called—if his sacrifices on the altar were not all a blasphemous burlesque—if he saw in the "water" of his present sneer the grand mystery of a Saviour's presence—what can be now said but that as his secret sins had tracked him to discovery, and that there was no escape but to "step down and out"—there was in his desperation no resource afterwards but to become the hypocrite he confesses himself to have been, to sell himself for paltry pay and paltry patronage to the blind bigots who care not what the character of the weapon with which they strike Catholicity—and, having forfeited all claims to the respect of honest men of any creed or nationality, to dare the worst in defiance of public opinion by forging and fabricating, with evil design, misstatements and misrepresentations against the Church which had cast him off, and against the unsuspecting prelates and priests who had been his warm-hearted benefactors and friends. Was there not a satisty of ruffianism in the fact that he had dishonored God in defaming His Church? Did not his public profligacy and perfidy satisfy his ambitious longings for inglorious distinction? Oh, no. Private slander was a course more congenial to the coward. To vilify his good Bishop, and make a general attack on the priesthood, might be an act of weakness as well as an act of wickedness—yielding to the importunities of his new patrons—or might have resulted from the revenge begotten of the desolation of his condition; and excuses might be found to wipe out the folly or extenuate the crime, for the character of those attacked rendered the folly and the crime innoxious; but the deliberate wickedness that invades the sanctity of the private household, and outrages its unallowed presence in the family circle for the purpose of manufacturing slanders and suggesting suspicions, and parades that wickedness in public places under the protection of authority, should be scouted out of the presence of all society having the smallest pretensions to purity, honesty and honor.

We could not soil our columns with the filth culminated from the platform in Philadelphia last week. The *New York Herald*, indeed, did good

service to religion, at the expense of its own recognition of good taste, by giving Gerderman...

FREE PROPAGATION OF SMALL POX AGAIN TRIUMPHANT.

MEETING IN CHABOUILLEZ SQUARE ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS.

Montreal, Aug. 2, 1875.

DEAR SIR:—Having received a special invitation to attend a Public meeting on Compulsory Vaccination...

Dr. Coderre made a short address. He described the case of a child of 6, who had been vaccinated in infancy...

M. Paquin made an extremely passionate and virulent address. He seemed to heap together all the injurious adjectives in the French language...

The bulk of the meeting then dispersed, most of them present having stood, exactly in the same places, with a patience and interest which greatly surprised me.

I heard several calls from the crowd for me to speak, but as neither the Chairman, nor any member of the Citizens' Sanitary Association, invited me to do so, I did not think it right to obtrude...

The advance in the price of wheat has caused a better feeling in financial and business centres.

DOMINION ITEMS.

LAVAL UNIVERSITY.—It must indeed be gratifying to the friends of education in general, and to those of this noble institution in particular...

The Annuaire of Laval University for 1875-6 contains some interesting information showing satisfactory progress by this important institution.

The O'Connell Centennial, in Hamilton, which is announced to take place at the Crystal Palace and grounds is expected to be one of the most successful celebrations that has taken place there for many years.

REVERSING HIRE.—George Tremoule, carter, Panet street, was brought up on warrant before the Recorder on Saturday charged with refusing hire.

DROWNED.—On Saturday evening last Andrew Gabrielsen, the steward of the Norwegian ship Towner, lying at Jacques Cartier Pier, fell overboard from his vessel and was drowned.

TELEGRAPHIC EXTENSION.—Mr. Swinyard, acting for the Dominion Telegraph Company, which has entered into an arrangement with the Direct United States Cable Company to open communication throughout the Dominion at an early day...

A Man, Ont. jury, sitting on the body of a man who was killed on the Midland, after being at a spree at an unlicensed groggery, returned a lengthy verdict that, amongst others, hit the Coroner.

On Sunday July 25th a rather startling affair occurred in Seaford. Jas. Blashill for some time past has been in a very low mental state, at times threatening self-destruction, and his brother attended him at his boarding-house to see that he did not harm himself.

The St. John, N.E. Freeman says:—The business prospects of this Province do not grow brighter. The report from the British lumber markets is that stocks are unusually low, but prices are nevertheless receding, partly because large arrivals from this side are looked for.

The bulk of the meeting then dispersed, most of them present having stood, exactly in the same places, with a patience and interest which greatly surprised me.

The advance in the price of wheat has caused a better feeling in financial and business centres.



GRAND CELEBRATION OF THE O'CONNELL CENTENNIAL IN MONTREAL, ON FRIDAY, AUGUST 6th, 1875.

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE IRISH NATIONAL, BENEVOLENT, AND TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

ORDER OF CELEBRATION.

MORNING.

The various Societies will muster on the CHAMP DE MARS at NINE o'clock A.M., sharp, and proceed by way of St. James Street, Victoria Square, Craig, and St. Alexander Streets, to St. Patrick's Church, and the Celebration of the Day will commence at TEN o'clock A.M. with a GRAND HIGH MASS.

The Choir will be under the direction of Professor Joseph A. Fowler.

A Collection will be taken up to defray the costs of the Celebration.

AFTER GRAND MASS.

The Procession will re-form in front of St. Bridget's Refuge, and march through St. Bagdesondo and McGill Streets to Wellington Street, through Wellington to McCord Street, by McCord to St. Joseph Street, along St. Joseph and Notre Dame Streets to Bonsecours Street, by Bonsecours to Craig Street, and thence to the St. Patrick's Society's Hall, corner of Craig and St. Alexander Streets, where addresses will be delivered by prominent Irish gentlemen.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

PATRICK KENNEDY—MARSHAL-IN-CHIEF.

- 1. ST. GABRIEL TEMPERANCE and BENEFIT SOCIETY. 2. CONGREGATIONS OF ST. GABRIEL and ST. HENRY (not members of any Society.) 3. CONGREGATION OF ST. BRIDGET'S (not members of any Society.) 4. BOYS OF ST. BRIDGET'S CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' SCHOOLS. 5. ST. BRIDGET'S TOTAL ABSTINENCE and BENEFIT SOCIETY. 6. BOYS OF ST. ANN'S CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' SCHOOLS. 7. CONGREGATION OF ST. ANN'S (not members of any Society.) 8. YOUNG IRISHMEN'S LITERARY and BENEFIT ASSOCIATION. 9. ST. ANN'S TOTAL ABSTINENCE and BENEFIT SOCIETY. 10. BOYS OF ST. LAWRENCE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' SCHOOLS. 11. ST. PATRICK'S CONGREGATION (not members of any Society.) 12. IRISH CATHOLIC BENEFIT SOCIETY. 13. CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY. 14. ST. PATRICK'S BENEVOLENT SOCIETY. 15. ST. PATRICK'S TOTAL ABSTINENCE and BENEFIT SOCIETY. 16. ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY. MAYOR and INVITED GUESTS. CLERGY.

VICTORIA SKATING RINK.

Evening.

In the evening a GRAND CONCERT and an ORATION on O'CONNELL will take place in the VICTORIA SKATING RINK. Several talented artists will sustain the Concert. The REV. JAMES J. MURPHY, will deliver the oration.

PROGRAMME.

- 1.—Address by the President of St. Patrick's Society. 2.—Song "O Erin my Country". 3.—Song "Standard Bearer". 4.—Slow March "Remembrance". 5.—Song "Bold Soldier Boy". 6.—Song "I'll Dream of Thee". 7.—Piano Solo. 8.—Song "The Schoolmaster". 9.—Scene from "The Lady of Lyons". 10.—Claude Melnotte's Apology and Defence. 11.—"Pauline". 12.—"Claude Melnotte". 13.—"Widow Melnotte". 14.—Irish Air "Kathleen Mavourneen".

INTERMISSION.

- 1.—Polka "La Belle France". 2.—Oration on O'Connell. 3.—Song "Kathleen Mavourneen". 4.—Slow March "Remembrance". 5.—Recitation "The Dream of Eugene Aram". 6.—Song "I'll Dream of Thee". 7.—Galop "Belle of Ireland". 8.—Finale, Irish Airs.

Tickets 50 cents to be had at the door on the night of the Concert. Doors open at 7 o'clock P.M. Concert will begin at 8 o'clock.

SAMUEL CROSS, Secretary.

SMALL POX.—There is not a single case of small pox now in the city under the charge of Dr. Lynn, the Health officer, the last case having gone out of the hospital on Friday last.

DROWNING ACCIDENT.—A most melancholy case of drowning occurred at Bryson on the Upper Ottawa, on Thursday the 15th ult., whereby a young lad named Cahill lost his life under the most heroic circumstances. It would seem that a number of boys were in bathing in the Ottawa river, when a young boy named Patterson, son of the editor of the Pontiac Advance, got beyond his depth and was drowning.

The Manitoba Official Gazette contains the following proclamation:—Whereas our Province of Manitoba hath this season been afflicted with a scourge of locusts which has wrought great devastation of the crops, and whereas the minds of our people are greatly disturbed by the apprehension that our Province may be again visited by fresh flights of locusts from other regions, and whereas we have been asked to appoint a day for our Christian people to assemble themselves and supplicants Almighty God to avert so great a disaster.

CAUTION.

We hereby inform our subscribers in Peterborough and vicinity, that JOHN DOHERTY is no longer Agent for the TRUE WITNESS, and would warn them against paying him their subscriptions henceforth.

AGENTS.

The undermentioned gentlemen have kindly consented to act as Agents in their respective localities for the TRUE WITNESS:— Hamilton and Vicinity—Mr. James Quinn. Alliston, Ont.—Mr. P. D. Kelly, Notary Public. For Waterville, P. Q., and neighborhood—Mr. T. McGovern. Parish of Mount St. Patrick—Mr. Patrick Fitzgerald. Ste. Brigid—Mr. W. Donnelly. Souris, P.E.I.—Mr. James Moynagh, jr. Sarnia, and the County of Lambton—Mr. John Mahoney. Brockville—Mr. Richard Evans. Erinville—Mr. Patrick Walsh, P.M. Tamworth—Mr. Andrew Prout. Roblin—Mr. Andrew Donovan. Tweed—Mr. Patrick Casey. Madoc—Mr. Richard Connell. Marmora—Mr. Michael Connors. Kalladar—Mr. James Armstrong.

At 546 St. Lawrence street, on the 2nd inst., Mrs. J. W. Costello of a son.

Died. In this city, on the 29th ult., Winifred A. Devine, aged 56 years, wife of Bryan Hayes. R.I.P.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Montreal Wholesale Markets (Gazette) and Toronto Farmers' Market (Globe).

THE KINGSTON MARKET.—(British Whig.)

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Lists various agricultural products and their market prices.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Lists various goods such as pelts, calf skins, and poultry.

J. H. SEMPLE, IMPORTER AND WHOLESALE GROCER, 53 ST. PETER STREET, (Corner of Foundling), MONTREAL.

May 1st, 1874. 37-54



CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY'S GRAND ANNUAL PIC-NIC REGATTA ON ST. HELEN'S ISLAND, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1875.

JUDGES. A.L.D. MULLEN, A.L.D. McSHANE, COL. BACON, M. C. MULLARKEY, Esq.

PROGRAMME OF GAMES.

- 1. Half-mile Race, for Members (to be won two years in succession). 2. Boys' Sack Race, 100 yds. 1st, \$2; 2nd, \$1. 3. One Mile Race, open. Silver Medal. 4. 100 Yards Dash, (in heats) for Members, (to be won two years in succession). 5. Quarter-Mile Dash, (in heats) open. Silver Medal. 6. Sailor's Hornpipe, (for sailors belonging to vessels in port). \$4 REGATTA. 7. Two Mile Single Scull Race, for Championship of Province of Quebec, between J. McGuirk, J. Busquet and C. Fortier. 8. One Mile Single Scull Race, for Members (Presented by A.L.D. J.E. McLELLAN). Gold Medal. 9. One Mile Single Scull Race, open. \$5. 10. Two Miles' Double Scull Race: open to amateurs, members of Irish Catholic Societies. Two Gold Pins.

Entrance Fees—Nos. 3, 5, 9, 25c.; No. 10, \$1. Games will be started immediately on arrival of 2 o'clock Boat. Regatta will commence immediately after games.

Excellent Brass and String Bands have been engaged. The boats will leave the Jacques Cartier Wharf at 9:30 o'clock a.m., and every half hour during the day.

Tickets.....10 Cents each. JOHN MCGARVEY, Secretary.

O'CONNELL CENTENNIAL.

We can now supply a BUST of the LIBERATOR sent to any part of the Dominion at a price within the reach of all.

Imitation of Marble..... \$1 50. Handsomely Bronzed..... 2 50. Photos of O'Connell..... 10.

Every Irishman should have one of the above precious bits of art. Call and see them.

BATTLE BROTHERS, 633 Craig St., Montreal. | No. 8 Rideau St., Ottawa.

WANTED.—For the R. C. S. School, Cornwall, a MALE TEACHER, holding a First or Second Class Certificate. Salary liberal to a competent teacher. Duties to commence on the 15th August.—M. McENIRY, Secretary Board R. C. School Trustees. 50-3.

WANTED.—For School District No. 1, in the Municipality of Lowe, County of Ottawa, Q, a MALE or FEMALE TEACHER, holding a Diploma for an Elementary School, must produce certificate from his or her Parish Priest. Address, stating salary wanted—by letter pre-paid—to M. GANNON, School Commissioner; or to J. MARTIN, Sec.-Treas. [Lowe, July 7, '75]—48-3.

INFORMATION WANTED.—The undersigned wants information of the residence of Mr. JAMES McMAHON who taught school with M. Caron, at St. Rose, Ile Jesus, P.Q., about the years 1844 or 1845.—M. CARON, School Inspector, St. Johns, P.Q. 48-4.

INFORMATION WANTED.—Of MARGARET BURKE, a native of Ballyshannon, Co. Donegal, Ireland; she left Monaghan for Canada about 3 years ago and went to Ottawa, where she was employed by Edward E. Barber, Esq., Audit Office, Finance Department. She left Ottawa last Summer, and is now supposed to be in Montreal. Her brother, Thomas Burke, just cut from Ireland, is now living in Grenville, P.Q., and is anxious to hear from her.

WANTED.—A situation as SCHOOL TEACHER by a Young Lady, holding a Normal School Diploma, has eight years experience, and capable of teaching English and French. Apply to "M. 1st True Witness Office. 47-3.

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., 10 State Street Boston, 37 Park Row, New York, and 701 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia, are our Agents for procuring advertisements for our paper (THE TRUE WITNESS) in the above cities, and authorized to contract for advertising at our lowest rates.

READERS OF THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. \$1.00 per year.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of DAVID WATERS, of the City of Montreal, Accountant, general broker, as well individually as having carried on business in partnership with Douglas Battersby, under the name or firm of BATTERSBY, WATERS & CO.

The Insolvent has made an assignment of his estate and effects to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at his place of business, 138 St. James Street, in Montreal, on Monday the 23rd day of August, A. D. 1875, at 11 A.M., to receive statements of his affairs and to appoint an Assignee.

L. JOS. LAJOIE, Interim Assignee.

Montreal, July 31, 1875. 57-2

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FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

INDEMNITY.—PARIS, July 29.—In the Assembly, today, M. Duval asked the Government why the U. States had not paid to French citizens the indemnity due to them for loss sustained in the civil war, while the claims of other foreigners had been settled. The Duke de Cazés, Minister of Foreign Affairs, in reply, said the indemnity due to other foreigners was likewise unpaid. President Grant, in his last message to Congress, recommended it to take legislative action on this matter. Congress, however, had not moved yet.

THE PERMANENT COMMITTEE.—The Permanent Committee of the National Assembly, as approved consists of 12 Deputies of the Right, 2 of the Lavergne group, and 11 of the Left.

PARIS, July 5th, 1875.—The Marshal President returned to Versailles to-day. M. de MacMahon has been very much affected by all that he has seen in the departments so grievously devastated by the inundation. 1,600 houses are destroyed at Toulouse only, and 25,000 persons are actually without resource. In what way are such misfortunes to be met? Scarcely 3,500,000 francs were collected, when 200,000,000 are necessary. The Republican newspapers occupy themselves very much with the subscriptions, because the sufferers by the inundation belong for the greater part to the Radical party, and are the principal supporters of the demagogic candidates. The *Republique* has already collected 50,000 francs, the *Temps* 120,000 francs, the *Siècle* 30,000 francs, the *Republique Française* 23,000 francs, &c. These newspapers, instead of sending in their subscriptions to the Central Committee, of which M. de MacMahon is the president, send them to the Municipal Council of Toulouse, by far the greater part of which is composed of Radicals. The Republicans wish themselves to benefit by the charity which they practice.—*Paris Cor. of Tablet.*

AN IMMORTAL ASSEMBLY.—The dislike of the mass of the French Conservatives to the idea of a dissolution has suggested to the Republican *Evénement* an amusing *jeu d'esprit*, which, however little one may sympathize with its author, is worth quoting, as it relieves the dryness of the Constitutional controversy. It purports to be a "Guide" for "the Anti-Dissolution 'Deputy,' and directs that he shall bring in a bill "for suppressing the French Academy, and changing the name of the National Assembly into that of 'Corps Legislatif des Immortels.'" The President is to be elected for life, and the Secretaries, now elected or re-elected every quarter, are to be made "Permanent Secretaries of the Immortal Assembly." The Anti-Dissolution Deputy is not to enter the Chamber till 3.30, and is to leave at 3.40, so arranging his entrances and exits that there shall never be a quorum." Every Deputy's seat is to bear the inscription put on family graves—"Concession a perpetuite." The office of Deputy is to be hereditary, and it is to revert to children of five years old and upwards. All elective bodies, and all operations necessitating voting, are to be abolished. The *Tuilleries* is to be reconstructed, and 750 small apartments are to be provided in it, with a throne in each. Thus, says the *Evénement*, will be realized the dream of the anti-Dissolution party.

THE PUBLIC POWERS BILL.—The Public Powers Bill passed its third reading on Wednesday, 7th ult., by 547 votes to 97, after a speech of great ability from M. Buffet, and after a declaration read by the Duc de Bisaccia in favour of giving Marshal MacMahon personally the exceptional right of declaring war. This was very badly received by the Assembly. M. de Kirdel explained that the Right would vote for the law as a necessity in spite of their objections to it.

M. DE CASSAGNAC AND M. GAMBETTA.—The charges of the *Republique Française* have provoked the wrath of the veteran duellist, M. Granier de Cassagnac, who, although sixty-eight years old, has lost nothing of his wonted fire. The Republican paper had accused him of *chantage*, or obtaining money by threats of exposure, and he has publicly given notice in the *Ordre* that he holds M. Gambetta personally responsible for what appears in his paper, and that he is resolved to fight him and will take no excuse. But the *Provençal*—or we should rather say the *Nicois*—has proved less hot-blooded than the *Gaillon*—possibly because he has more to lose—and M. Gambetta has refused to accept the challenge sent him, remarking, sensibly enough, that he "cannot hold himself at the disposal of the first-comer among his political adversaries, and that he has other duties and other responsibilities towards his party, towards France, and the Republic."

RIVERS IN FRANCE.—The following remarks, derived from various sources, may not be uninteresting at the present moment. The overflowing of rivers in this country seems to follow certain rules of progression. Thus, for the Loire and the Rhone the dates are 1846, 1856, and 1865; it is highly probable that 1875 will prove a year of inundation for those rivers. It may again be foreseen that in such a case May or June will be the period when the catastrophe may occur. There would, therefore, be ample time to take precautionary measures, not for averting the scourge, a task that would require a large amount of engineering labour, coupled with enormous expense, and the execution of which would take many years, but at least for saving life and movable property from sudden destruction. We have already mentioned General Nansouty's meteorological observatory on the top of the Pic du Midi; if it were telegraphically connected with the plain it might give timely warning of an approaching cataclysm. There are now another series deserving attention from its symmetrical form, viz., the years 1828, 1835, and 1875. In general we would remind our readers of what we have given at several times about M. Belgrand's researches on the basin of the Seine. It measures 79,000 square kilometres, of these about 20,000 consist of impenetrable soil, and the remainder are porous. The consequence is that the river is not opposed to sudden overflowing; it rises and falls moderately, because the surplus water is quickly absorbed. This is not the case in the region of the Pyrenees, so severely visited at this moment, where the beds of rivers are granite or some other impenetrable rock. The tributaries of the Garonne, moreover, descend from steep declivities, and, receiving from a thousand small rills the water of the thawing snow, suddenly swell up to an enormous size in a few minutes, and, dashing into the main stream, convert it into a gigantic torrent. The Cévennes contribute in a certain measure to the rise of the Garonne, but more especially to the Rhone and Loire.—*Galignani.*

SPAIN.

THE CARLIST WAR.—MADRID, July 29.—An official dispatch has been received at the Ministry of War announcing that the main body of the Carlists are concentrated in Catalonia. General Martinez Campos has taken the town of Leo De Urgel, in the Province of Lerida, among the Pyrenees, by assault. The citadel still holds out, but must yield to the heavy artillery of the Alfonsoist troops.

SWITZERLAND.

STRIKE.—BERNE, July 29.—Twenty-two hundred workmen employed on the St. Gotthard Tunnel struck work to-day, and became riotous. They gathered at the northern entrance of the tunnel and blocked it. The Swiss Government sent a body of troops to the spot, who dispersed the rioters, killing two of them and wounding several others.

AUSTRIA.

MEDIATION.—VIENNA, July 29.—The *Presse* says the Prince-Bishop of Breslau, Mgr. Foerster in his

dual capacity as German and Austrian Bishop, is mediating between the Vatican and Russia through a special nuncio at Vienna.

GERMANY.

DR. FALCK IN RHENLAND.—The telegraphic agencies in Germany are making a great deal of noise over the reception given to Dr. Falck in the Rhenish provinces. The English papers have of course been impressed by this, and the *Times* has been so far influenced as to say that "Dr. Falck would not be acting without some warrant if, after his experience at Cologne and Dusseldorf, he returned to his Sovereign and declared that his ecclesiastical legislation, instead of being an offence to the Catholicity of the Rhine, was in reality accepted by them with the liveliest satisfaction." But the *Times* is quite acute enough to perceive that if "the demonstrations at Bonn and elsewhere seem to prove that a large proportion of the inhabitants of those cities have broken away in fact, if not formally from the Church," "similar conclusions might be proved by similar demonstrations in the chief manufacturing and trading cities of Belgium;" "but we know very well," adds the *Times*, "that the conflict between the Civil and Ecclesiastical Powers has not disappeared in Flanders, and we can have no difficulty in understanding that it has not disappeared along the Rhine." Nor has Dr. Falck's triumphant progress at all shaken the writer's conviction "that he is the representative of a policy that must fail." The words which follow deserve special attention, confirming as they do the view which all Catholics must take of the situation. "Until the population, which is now Roman Catholic, is detached from the Papal Communion, the Falck Laws will be vehemently resisted; when the population is detached they become unnecessary;" and, in the meantime, "so far from operating as a disintegrating influence," they tend "to draw into firmer cohesion the atoms of which the Catholic Church is composed." And if the *Times* recognizes the truth that whenever the State stops short of "unrelenting persecution" a warfare against conscience must inevitably end in failure the *Nord* of Brussels—anything but a Catholic organ—tells us still more plainly what the demonstrations in honour of Dr. Falck have really been. "In reality," says this journal, "the mass of the population has taken no part whatever in the *fetes* about which the semi-official journals make such a fuss. The public knew very well before Dr. Falck's journey that the Liberal bourgeoisie and the society of the Universities were already won over to the policy of which the Mays Law are the expression, and in this sense the demonstrations of the Rhenish towns could be a surprise to nobody." The simple fact is that there are persons, not only irreligious but actively hostile to religion, everywhere, but especially in those classes on the Continent specified by the *Nord* and that they should applaud a crusade against the organization of the Church and the rights of conscience is just as much to be expected as that the religious people should energetically protest against it, and resolutely endure the consequences.—*Tablet.*

THE POPE AND CARDINAL LEDOCHOWSKI.—The Holy Father has replied at some length to an address from several members of the Polish aristocracy, thanking his Holiness for the eminent favour conferred on the Church of Poland in the elevation of Cardinal Ledochowski to the Sacred College. After touching on the Archbishop's services in the different charges which he has held, Pius IX. declares that "the virtue of his pious sentiments has been particularly manifested" since he has occupied the metropolitan chair of Posen. "It is there," continues his Holiness, "that in face of..... (here the *Germans* suppress a few words to avoid prosecution) he has stood erect as a rampart of brass, and has energetically and courageously defended the inviolability of the sacred rights of the Church. After having endured numerous trials, over which he has triumphed without yielding, he was at length found worthy to suffer imprisonment for the cause of justice." And the faith of the Poles, and their attachment to the Chair of Peter, also merited this testimony and encouragement. The Holy Father does not veil the truth in the least, or conceal the fact that it is the persecution which the new Cardinal has suffered which renders him specially worthy of promotion to "the Sacred Senate, whose members wear the purple that it may be evident to all that they are ready to shed their blood for the freedom of the Church."—*Id.*

ITALY.

THE LAST CONVENTS OF ROME.—On St. Peter's Day the decree was signed for the suppression of the last Religious Houses of men which have been left in Rome, and on the 2nd ult. it was put in execution. These are the houses of the Reformed Franciscans of St. Bonaventura on the Palatine, the Capuchins, and the Passionists. The *Voca della Verita* pointedly contrasts the proceedings of the present masters of Rome with the orders which Alaric gave to his Goths to respect the churches and the asylums of the Monks and consecrate the Virgins.

SEQUESTRATION.—The *Giunta Liquidatrice* has this week sold by auction a number of ecclesiastical properties belonging to the suppressed Religious Orders. Amongst them were a farm belonging to the religious house *Delle Vittorie*, the *Villa Giampì* of the *Collegio dei Nobili* of the Society of Jesus, and some houses belonging to the Canons Lateran of St. Pietro in Vincoli. On the 1st of July the *Giunta* by means of the customary agents took possession of four religious houses in Rome, viz., the Convent of the Passionist Fathers at Ss. Giovanni e Paolo, the Convent of the Capuchin Fathers in Piazza Barberini, the house of the Augustinian Nuns at Seven Dolors, and the house of Noble Ladies of Tor de' Specchi. Besides, the *Giunta* proceeded to dissolve the religious communities of the Passionists at the Scala Sancta, and of the Capuchins at S. Lorenzo outside the walls. At the same time they took possession of all the property of the aforesaid religious houses, including even the revenues belonging to the noble ladies at Tor de' Specchi, timing their visit so as to enable them to seize the coupons due on the 1st of July. Among the noble ladies at the Tor de' Specchi is a niece of his Holiness Pius IX. On the evening before the seizure the Princess Donna Giacinta Massimo had been paying a visit to the inmates of Tor de' Specchi, and, on leaving that house, had just entered her carriage when she was compelled to leave it again by a rough-looking man, who refused at first to say who he was. In spite of the remonstrances of the Princess he made a minute search of the interior of the carriage, and when the Princess again repeated her interrogations concerning his right to offer her such an insult responded that he would not tell it even to Christ (*non lo direbbe detto neppure a Cristo*). The Princess now informed him that she would appeal to the law, whereupon the fellow told her he was an agent of the *Questura*.—*Roman Cor. of Tablet*, July 10th.

THE COLISEUM.—Some few days ago the steam-engine for pumping up the water from the underground portion of the Coliseum broke down, and the excavated portions became at once filled with water. The heavy rains contributed also to flood the space already excavated. The steam-engine was in a few days repaired. It seems, however, that the excavations made at such expense are no longer considered of any great consequence. Nothing new was brought to light, and the theories of the Government excavator, Senator Rosa, have not been accepted by archaeologists of well-known reputation. After so many months of labour and an enormous expenditure of money it has been ascertained that Rosa's excavations had been previously made by former archaeologists and were exactly described and detailed in printed publications. The *Fanfulla* declares that Signor Fiorelli, Director-General of the Archaeological section, has decided to cover in the excavations which have been already made, and to replace

the arena in its former condition. This will only be a repetition of what has already taken place in reference to the *Paatheon*, where the excavations of Professor Commendatore and Senator Rosa met, with similar ignominious treatment. The expense of the steam engine alone was 200 lire a day, to say nothing of the cost of the numerous builders and labourers, and of removing immense quantities of earth and debris. It is not stated that the cross will be restored to its position or the stations of the cross erected again for the benefit of "devout Romans and pilgrims; nor will the Government make any amends for the wanton outrage offered to Catholic feeling in the removal of the earth hallowed by the blood of the martyrs. We suppose also that Professor Gorli's suggestions for turning the arena into a theatre for the destruction of criminals by wild beasts will not be immediately adopted by the director Fiorelli."—*Id.*

NEW ZEALAND.

POPULATION AND RELIGION.—Exclusive of the Maoris, the entire population on March 1, 1874, was 299,514; of these 85,113 were in Otago, 66,451 in Auckland, 58,775 in Canterbury, 29,750 in Wellington, 22,558 in Nelson, 14,860 in Westland, 9,228 in Hawke's Bay, 6,145 in Marlborough, 5,465 in Taranaki, and in the Chatham Islands, 120. These included 61,356 dwellings, including 1987 tents. The following are the number and proportions per cent. of persons—exclusive of Maoris—of different religions. There are 127,171 of the Church of England—that is 42.46 per cent. of the entire population; 72,477 Presbyterians, 34.20 per cent.; 40,371 Catholics, 13.48 per cent.; and 25,219 Methodists, 8.42 per cent. With the exception of 1752 who objected to state to what denomination they belonged, the remainder are divided amongst nine other denominations, and their subdivisions which are very numerous.

WAGES IN NEW ZEALAND.—Mr. Skene, of the Dunedin Labor exchange, reports that work during May has been plentiful, and June opened with good prospects. It can with perfect safety be said that there is work for all. Rather hard lines for office and counter hands to pick and shovel; yet many of the best in our midst look back with pleasure to the ordeal. Ploughmen are very scarce; female servants are almost "extinct." Wages—Couples, £70 to £90; good ploughmen, £65; ordinary farm hands, £42 to £60, Building Trade—10s. to 15s. per day; house girls, £26 to £40; hotel girls, £36 to £52; cooks, grooms, waiters, barmen, etc., 25s. to 50s. per week; pick and shovel, and bushmen, 8s. and 9s. per day; shepherds, £35 to £70; smart boys and girls, from 6s. to 15s. per week; country store-hands, 35s. to 50s. and found, but quiet. Shepherds, £80 and £70; ploughmen, £52 to £65, and £70; useful servant girls, from £25 to £35; masons, carpenters, and bricklayers, 12s. to 14s. per day; cabinet-makers, 10s. per day; labourers, 8s. and 9s. per day; shopmen and clerks, dull.—*New Zealand Tablet.*

Those Circus Bills.

AN AGED FEMALE ACROBAT CONFUSES A MODEST YOUNG MAN.

She had one in her hand as she came up stairs, and she didn't say a word until after she had wiped her spectacles, placed them on her nose, unfolded the bill, and read a few of the headlines.

She was old fashioned in look. There were strings to her bonnet, she had no bustle, her grey hair was combed down smoothly, and there were only eleven yards in her black alpaca dress.

"Young man don't you know that circuses are awful liars and humbug?" she finally inquired.

The man at the table leaned back in his chair and refused to express an opinion.

"Well, I know it," she continued in a positive tone, "and I believe they get worse every day. Now see here—listen to this: 'A gorgeous panorama of amazing wonders—a gigantic combination of astonishing acrobatic talent.' That's all right on the poster, but hev they got 'em? I'd like to see one o' them animals."

"You're labouring under a mistake, madam. It means a grand display of natural curiosities, and informs the public that the proprietor has secured many first-class acrobats—the chaps who stand on their heads, turn head over heels, and cut up so many monkey shins."

"It does, eh?" she mused; "waa, do you believe it takes a smart person to keel over?"

"Well, one has to have a good deal of training," she said, "and I know you, madam, do not. I am here alone, and I—I don't want you to do. I'd rather you wouldn't. If you are determined on it I shall leave the room!"

"Madam, hold on—don't do it!" exclaimed the man behind the table.

"I can flop right over there and never shake my bonnet," she said as she rose up.

"I know you can, madam, but don't. I am here alone, and I—I don't want you to do. I'd rather you wouldn't. If you are determined on it I shall leave the room!"

"Well, you know I can do it, and that's enough. You may be right about what that means, but see here—hear this: 'The highways ablaze with resplendent chariots—the grandest pageant on earth.' I've been to lots of circuses, young man, and I never saw a pageant yet. If they had one, the door of his cage wasn't open."

"You are also in error there. The bill refers to the fact that a great number of wagons, chariots, etc., make up a sight worth seeing as they pass along the street."

"Um-m-m," she muttered as she folded the bill over: "I don't see why they couldn't have said so then. And now see here—read that: 'Sig. Govinoff, in his aerial flights.' Now, then, is that a boa constructor or a condurango?"

"It is a man madam—one of the performers. His real name is probably Jones, but that isn't grand enough, and so they put him down as 'Sig. Govinoff.' He is the man who jumps off a rope, turns over twice, and comes down all right."

"He is, eh? Well, if he's got an idea that he's the smartest man alive I want to disappoint him. I never did try to turn over twice, but I'll do it right here and now or break my neck. Get the things off'n that table!"

"Stay, madam—don't. I wouldn't have you do it for fifty dollars."

"Just once."

"For heaven's sake, madam, get down off'n this table—here's a dollar if you won't do it!"

"I don't want your money, and I won't try it if your so scart, but I don't want no circus going around talking about aryal flights and deceiving the people!"

She sat down, the young man wiped the sweat off his brow and presently she remarked:

"And here's another thing, right here: 'A sparkling asterisk, flashing across the field of the cloth of gold—Mors. Gomerique in his grand delineation of human character.' I'd like to know who she is?"

"Madam, that's a man—a man who delineates character."

"Why, he makes up faces—expresses mirth, sorrow, joy, and so forth."

"Ho does, eh? Well, what's that to blow about? Make up faces—see here!"

"Madam, I earnestly hope you are not going to perform any trick."

"I bain't, eh? You just hold on to the legs of this chair!"

"I can't madam—I wouldn't do it for all the diamond pins in Syracuse! Go away madam—go home! I'm in an awful hurry!"

"Well, I won't then, but when I say circuses are humbugs I can prove it. I don't keer two cents for their big words and their panoplies, pageants, asterisks, giraffes, aryls, gourgouses and ourang-outangs—I can beat em all hollow myself!"

And she took off her spectacles, lifted her umbrella, and went down stairs.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Family Spelling Match.

HOW MR. AND MRS. COFFIN ENDED IN A FRIENDLY SPELLING MATCH, AND THE RESULT OF IT.

The other evening old Mr. and Mrs. Coffin, who live on Brush street, sat in their cosy back parlor, he reading his paper and she knitting, and the family cat stretched out under the stove, and sighed and felt sorry for cats not so well fixed. It was a happy, contented household, and there was love in his heart as Mr. Coffin put down his newspaper and remarked:

"I see that the whole country is becoming excited about spelling schools."

"Well, it's good to know how to spell," replied the wife. "I didn't have the chance some girls had, but I pride myself that I can spell almost any word that comes along."

"I'll see about that," he laughed; "come now, spell 'buggy.'"

"Humph! that's nothing—b-u-g-g-y, buggy," she replied.

"Missed the first time—ha! ha!" he roared, slapping his leg.

"Not much—that was right."

"It was eh? Well I'd like to see any body get two g's in buggy I would."

"But it is spelled with two g's, and any school-boy will tell you so," she persisted.

"Well, I know a darn sight better than that!" he exclaimed, "striking the table with his fist."

"I don't care what you know!" she squeaked; "I know that there are two g's in buggy!"

"Do you mean to tell me that I've forgotten how to spell?" he asked.

"It looks that way."

"It does, eh? Well, I want you and all your relations to understand, that I know more about spelling than the whole caboodle of you strung on a wire!"

"And I want you to understand, Jonathan Coffin, that you are an ignorant old blockhead, when you don't put two g's in the word buggy—yes you are!"

"Don't talk that way to me!" he warned.

"And don't shake your fist at me!" she replied.

"Who's a-shaking his fist?"

"You were."

"That's a lie—a roaring lie!"

"Don't call me a liar, you old bazaar! I've put up with your meanness for forty-years past, but don't call me a liar, and don't lay a hand on me!"

"Do you want a divorce?" he shouted springing up; "you can go now, this minute!"

"Don't spit in my face—don't you dare do it or I'll make a dead man of you!" she warned.

I haven't spit in your freckled old visage yet, but I may if you provoke me farther!"

"Who's got a freckled face, you old turkey-buzzard?"

That was a little too much. He made a motion as if he would strike, and she seized him by the necktie. Then he reached out and grabbed her right ear and tried to lift her of her feet, but she twisted up on the neck-tie until his tongue ran out.

"Let go of me, you old feud!" she screamed.

"Git down on your knees and beg my pardon, you old wild-cat!" he replied.

They surged and swayed and struggled, and the peaceful cat was struck by the over-turning table and had her back broken while the clock fell down and the pictures danced around. The woman finally shut her husband's supply of air off and flopped him, and as she bumped his head up and down on the floor and scattered his gray hairs she shouted:

"You want to get up another spelling school with me, don't you?"

He was seen limping around the yard yesterday, a stocking pinned around his throat, and she had court-plaster on her nose and one finger tied up.—*He wore the look of a martyr, while she had the bearing of a victor, and from this time out "buggy" will be spelled with two g's in that house.*—*Detroit Free Press.*

Comets.

It has always been said that the appearance of a comet is the precursor of some great event. We (*Catholic Reflector*) subjoin a list of the principal comets, the time at which they have appeared, and the events which they are supposed to have predicted. In the year

- 400—Battle of Salamis.
431—Poloponnesian war.
331—Battle of Arbella.
43—Death of Cesar.

CHRISTIAN ERA.

- 1 Nativity of Christ.
62 Earthquakes in Achaia and in Macedonia.
70 Destruction of Jerusalem.
79 Eruption of Vesuvius and destruction of Herculaneum.
337 Death of Constantine.
400 Invasion of Alaric in Italy.
813 Death of Charlemagne.
877 Death of Charles Le Chauve.
990 Announcement of the disasters and terrors of the Millennium.

- 1066 Conquest of England by the Normans.
1233 Death of Philip Augustus of France.
1265 Death of Manfred, King of Naples.
1273 Advent of Rudolph of Hapsburg, of which house the imperial family of Austria are the representatives.
1454 Evacuation of Constantinople.
1600 Expedition of Charles VIII into Italy. Irruption of the Tartars in Poland. Famine in Soubis.

- 1516 The Anabaptists at Munster; Inundation of Holland; Earthquake in Portugal, and civil war in Switzerland.
1550 Abdication of Charles V. of Spain.
1590 Death of Francis II. of Germany.
1372 The eventful St. Bartholomew's, and death of Charles IX.

- 1577 Unsuccessful expedition of Sebastian into Africa, and his death.
1580 Epidemic in Italy and France.
1793 Death of Louis XVI. of France.
1804 Establishment of the French Empire.
1811 Birth of Victor Emmanuel.
1821 Death of Bonaparte at St. Helena.
1860 Secession of the Southern American States and declaration of civil war.
1874 Grand inquisition of the Plymouth saints into the moral status of their apostle, Henry Ward Beecher.

The Albany Journal gives the following as an approximate result of the recent census of the State of New York.—The press of the State is now giving the local results of the census taken in June. The figures are, in most cases, either a hasty first count, or include estimates for a part of the returns. We collate and compare the returns and estimates at hand as follows:—

Table with 3 columns: Year, Albany, New York. Values: 1875 (84,163), 1870 (69,422), 1865 (62,613), 1860 (1,200,000), 1855 (942,292), 1850 (726,386).

Table with 3 columns: Location, 1870, 1860. Values: Brooklyn (470,000, 398,099), Buffalo (136,156, 117,714), Rochester (81,109, 63,522), Syracuse (50,387, 43,051), Troy (46,253, 46,465), Oswego (22,280, 20,910), Poughkeepsie (20,097, 20,880), Elmira (20,093, 15,853), Auburn (19,616, 17,225), Newburg (17,433, 17,014), Ogdensburg (10,385, 10,086), Ithaca (10,166, 10,107).

As far as reported, the rural counties appear to be them show losses, others report very gratifying gains. In Otsego county the population is 52,205, has been effected in the towns of Oneonta and Rich-laire is returned at 32,808, a falling of 442 as compared with 1870, and 1,571 as compared with 1865. Chenango county shows a loss from 1870 of 769. The population now is returned at 32,790. This decrease is accounted for from the fact that, during the census of 1870, a large number of foreign laborers were employed in building railroads who have since removed. Chemung county shows a marked degree of prosperity, every town showing an increase except one. The population of the county is 42,067, a gain over 1870 of 6,725. Two-thirds of this increase is to be credited to the city of Elmira. Chautauque county shows the handsomest gain over 1870 of 5,000. The returns are not quite complete. Kings county will reach about around 500,000 against 419,921 five years ago. The city of Brooklyn will reach 470,000 against 396,000 census districts of Buffalo, from which returns have been received is 122,541. This gives an average population to a district of 2,723. Estimating the five districts to be heard from at that figure, the total population of Buffalo would appear to be 1,307,136. Rochester is somewhat disappointed, as a population of 100,000 was confidently anticipated. Nearly full returns show it to be 84,169, a gain of 13,000 in the original wards.

FEED FOR COWS.—S. P. Loomis, of Delaware county, N. Y., in the late Dairyman's Convention, said: "The Devon, the short horn, the Jersey and the Galloway have each their advocates. The best cow is the cow you like the best, and the cow best liked is best cared for. His favorite was the Devon. He thought the best management of the cow is to give her the food that she likes the best, and in such quantities as your judgment indicates. In summer give her grass, and in winter dried grass. He did not think sour milk or whey natural food, though a cow could be educated and coaxed to take them. He advocated feeding but twice a day. If you have not dried your grass to feed, give corn-meal and hay, so that she may do her best. In Delaware county the secret of success in making good butter is climate, native grasses and good water and plenty of it. In Wisconsin we have the same grasses, the same water, same care, but not the same climate. The heat is intense in summer and the cold in winter. He believed better results in butter-making could be obtained in Wisconsin by winter dairying than by summer dairying. Cows should have plenty of water, and not travel far for it. This they have in Delaware. He spoke of cows feeding all day on nettles and no bad flavor imparted to the milk."

TO OLD SUBSCRIBERS.

The following persons will confer a favor by forwarding their present address to the True Witness Office, as the Publisher is anxious to communicate with them:—

- P. J. O'Shea, supposed to be about St. Thomas.
Joseph Kelly, when last heard of was Station Master at Port Dalhousie.
Thomas Duignan, when last heard of was P. M. at Nenagh Co. Grey.
Thomas Nelson, when last heard of was at Kittle by Mills.
Robert Kennedy, when last heard of was at Nobleton.
Daniel McCarthy, when last heard of was at Hawkesville.
D. Shea, Pensioner, removed from Guelph.

BREAKFAST.—EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save many a heavy doctor's bill!—*Civil Service Gazette*. Made simply with Boiling Water or Milk. Sold by Grocers in Packets only, labeled—"James Epps & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, 48, Throadneedle Street, and 170, Piccadilly; Works, Euston Road and Camden Town, London; MANUFACTURE OF COCOA."—We will now give an account of the process adopted by Messrs. James Epps & Co., manufacturers of dicitic articles, at their works in Euston Road, London.—See article in *Cassell's Household Guide*.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

DR. M'LANE'S Celebrated American WORM SPECIFIC, OR VERMIFUGE.

SYMPTOMS OF WORMS. THE countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes, or a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull; the pupils dilate; an emerald semicircle runs along the lower eyelid; the nose is irritated, swells, and sometimes bleeds; a swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; a catarrh very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a gnawing sensation of the stomach, at others, entirely gone; fleeting pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times costive; stools slimy; not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult, and accompanied by hiccup; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c.

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist, DR. M'LANE'S VERMIFUGE Will certainly effect a cure. A universal success which has attended the administration of this preparation has been such as to warrant us in recommending ourselves to the public to RETURN THE MONEY in every instance where it should prove ineffectual: "providing the symptoms attending the sickness of the child or adult should warrant the supposition of worms being the cause." In all cases the Medicine to be given IN STRICT ACCORDANCE WITH THE DIRECTIONS.

We pledge ourselves to the public, that Dr. M'LANE'S Vermifuge DOES NOT CONTAIN MERCURY in any form; and that it is an innocent preparation, not capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant.

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MONTREAL AND BOSTON AIR LINE. SHORTEST AND MOST PLEASANT ROUTE VIA SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.

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FITS! FITS! FITS! CURE OF EPILEPSY; OR, FALLING FITS, BY HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS. Persons laboring under this distressing malady, will find Hance's Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for curing and preventing Falling Fits. The following certificates should be read by all the afflicted; they are in every respect true, and should they be read by any one who is afflicted himself, or has a friend who is a sufferer, he will do a humane act by cutting this out and sending it to him. A MOST REMARKABLE CURE. PHILADELPHIA, June 28th, 1857. SEYMOUR HANCE, Baltimore, Md.—Dear Sir: Sending your advertisement, I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills. I was attacked with Epilepsy in July, 1853. Immediately my physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief. I then consulted another physician, but I became worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician, and he advised me to try your Epileptic Pills. I was cured of that distressing affliction. I think that I was generally attacked without any premonitory symptoms. I had from two to five fits a day, at intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep, and would fall wherever I would be, or whatever I was occupied with, and was severely injured several times from the falls. I was affected so much that I lost all connection with my friends. I also was affected in my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1854, I commenced to use your Pills, and only had two attacks afterwards. The last one was in April, 1857. I have since had no serious attacks. With the blessing of Providence your medicine was made the instrument by which I was cured of that distressing affliction. I think that I and Pills and their good effects should be made known everywhere, that persons who are similarly afflicted may have the benefit of them. Any person wishing further information can obtain it by calling at my residence, No. 38 North Third St., Philadelphia, Pa. W. H. BROWN.

IS THERE A CURE FOR EPILEPSY? The subscriber will answer: GRENADA, Miss., June 20th, 1857. SEYMOUR HANCE, Baltimore, Md.—Dear Sir: You will find enclosed five dollars, which I send you for two boxes of your Epileptic Pills. I was the first person who tried your Pills in this part of the country. My son was badly afflicted with this for two years. I wrote for and received two boxes of your Pills, which he took according to directions. He has never had a fit since he was by my persuasion that Mr. Lyon tried your Pills. His case was a very bad one; he had fits nearly all his life. Persons have since written to me inquiring of me Tennessee on the subject, for the purpose of ascertaining my opinion in regard to your Pills. I have always recommended them in no instance where I have had occasion of hearing from their effect have they failed to cure. Yours, etc. C. H. GUY, Grenada, Talabaha County, Miss.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE CURE OF EPILEPSY; OR, FALLING FITS, BY HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS. MONTREAL, TEXAS, June 20th, 1857. To SEYMOUR HANCE, a person in my employ had been afflicted with Fits, or Epilepsy, for thirteen years; he had these attacks at intervals of two to four weeks, and oftentimes several in quick succession, sometimes continuing for two or three days. On several occasions they lasted until his mind appeared totally deranged, in which state he would continue for a day or two after the fits ceased. I tried several remedies proposed by our resident physicians, but without success. Having seen your advertisement, I concluded to try it. I obtained two boxes of your Pills, and he took them according to directions, and they effected a permanent cure. The person is now a stout, healthy man, about 35 years of age, and has not had a fit since he commenced taking your medicine, ten years since. He was my principal wagoner, and has, since that time, been exposed to the severest of weather. I have great confidence in your remedy, and would like every one who has fits to try it. B. L. DE FREESTER.

STILL ANOTHER CURE. Read the following certificate from a respectable citizen of Grenada, Miss.: SEYMOUR HANCE, Baltimore, Md.—Dear Sir: I take great pleasure in relating a case of Epilepsy, cured by your Epileptic Pills. My son, J. J. Lyons, has long been afflicted with this disease. He was first attacked while quite young. He would have one or two spasms at one attack at first, but as he grew older they seemed to increase. Up to the time he commenced taking your Pills he had them very often and quite severe, protruding his body and mind. His mind had suffered seriously, but now, I am happy to say, he is cured of those fits. He has enjoyed good health for the last five months. His mind has also returned to its original brightness. All this, I take great pleasure in commending to you as the means of directing others to the remedy that will cure them. Yours, respectfully, etc. W. P. LYONS.

Ayer's Hair Vigor, For restoring Gray Hair to its natural Vitality and Color. A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. Faded or gray hair is soon restored to its original color, with the gloss and freshness of youth. Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such as remain can be saved for usefulness by this application. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous, and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a HAIR DRESSING, nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich, glossy luster and a grateful perfume. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

DOMINION LINE. This Line is composed of the following classes, full-powered, CLYDE-BUILT, DUBUQUE, BOSTON, and LIVERPOOL. These vessels have very superior accommodations for Cabin and Steerage Passengers, and Special Tickets are issued at reduced prices to those desiring to bring out their friends. Sailing from Liverpool every Wednesday, calling at Belfast Lough to take in Cargo and Passengers. MONTREAL.....3250 Tons (Building) DOMINION.....3200 " Capt Bouchette ONTARIO.....3200 " Capt French VICKSBURG.....2500 " Capt Roberts MEMPHIS.....2500 " Capt Mellon TEXAS.....2350 " Capt Laurenon MISSISSIPPI.....2200 " Capt Wrake QUEBEC.....2200 " Capt Bennett St. Louis.....1824 " Capt Reid The Steamers of this Line are intended to sail from Boston as follows: FROM QUEBEC. Ontario..... 22 July Quebec..... 31 " Texas..... 12 Aug Dominion..... 19 " Rates of Passage:— Cabin..... \$60 Steerage..... 24 THROUGH TICKETS can be had at all the principal Grand Trunk Railway Ticket Offices in Canada. For Freight and Passage, apply in Havre to H. Genestal and Dolzous, or C. Brown; in Paris to H. Genestal and Dolzous, 55 Rue d'Hauteville; in Hamburg to August Behrens; in Bordeaux to Messrs. Faure Freres; in Copenhagen to P. M. Kalle, 18 Sanctaenigade; in Bergen to Johannes Kronn, Consul; in London to Bowring & Jackson; Langbourn Chambers, 17 Frenchchurch street; in Belfast to Henry Gowan, Queen's Square; in Liverpool to F. H. Main & Montgomery, Harvey Buildings, 24 James street; in Quebec to W. M. Macpherson; in Boston to Thayer & Lincoln; and in Montreal to DAVID TORRANCE & CO., Exchange Court. April 2, '75



ALLAN LINE. Under Contract with the Government of Canada for the Carriage of the CANADIAN MAIL TO THE STATES MAIL. 1875—SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS—1875. This Company's Lines are composed of the most noted First class, Full-powered, Clyde-built, Double Engine Iron Steamships:— Vessels Tons Commanders. SARDINIAN.....4100 Lt. J. E. Dutton, R. N. R. CIRCASSIAN.....3400 Capt. J. Wylie. POLYNESIAN.....4100 Captain Brown. SARMATIAN.....3600 Captain A. D. Aird. HIBERNIAN.....3434 Lt. P. Archer, K. N. B. CASPIAN.....3200 Capt. Trucks. SCANDINAVIAN.....3000 Lt. W. H. Smith, R. N. R. PRUSSIAN.....3000 Lt. Dutton, R. N. R. AUSTRIAN.....2700 Capt. J. Ritchie. NESTORIAN.....2700 Capt. MORAVIAN.....2650 Capt. Graham. PERUVIAN.....2600 Capt. R. S. Watts. MANTOBIAN.....3150 Capt. H. Wylie. NOVA-SCOTIAN.....3300 Capt. Richardson. CANADIAN.....2600 Capt. Millar. CORINTHIAN.....2400 Capt. Jas. Scott. AEGEAN.....1350 Capt. Cabel. WALDESIAN.....2800 Capt. J. G. Stephen. PHENICIAN.....2600 Capt. Menzies. ST. PATRICK.....1207 NEWFOUNDLAND.....1500 Capt. Mylius. The Steamers of the LIVERPOOL, MAIL LINE (sailing from Liverpool every THURSDAY, from Quebec every SATURDAY, calling at Montreal) Foyle to receive on board and land Mails and passengers to and from Ireland and Scotland, are intended to be despatched from Quebec:— PERUVIAN..... July 21 PRUSSIAN..... " 21 NOVA SCOTIAN..... Aug. 7 POLYNESIAN..... " 21 SCANDINAVIAN..... " 21 SARMATIAN..... " 23 MORAVIAN..... Sept. 4 PERUVIAN..... " 11 PERUVIAN..... " 15 Rates of Passage:— Cabin..... \$70 to \$80 Steerage..... 20 The Steamers of the Glasgow Line are intended to sail from the Clyde every Tuesday, and from Quebec about every Thursday. Rates of Passage:— Cabin..... \$60 Intermediate..... 40 Steerage..... 20 An experienced Surgeon carried on each Berth not secured until paid for. Corkage will be charged at the rate of 20c per ton for Cabin Passengers supplying their own liquors. For Freight or other particulars apply to: In Portland to H. & A. Allan or J. L. Farrer; in Bordeaux to Lafitte & Vanderboyc or E. & Co.; in Quebec to Allan, Rab & Co.; in London to JOHN M. CURRIE, 21 Quai d'Orleans; in Havre to Gustave Bossange, Rue du 4 Septembre; in Antwerp to Aug. Schmitz & Co., or Richard Buss; in Rotterdam to G. P. Irtmann & Room; in Bremen to W. Gibson & Hugo; in Belfast to Charles & M. in London to Montgomery & Greenhouse; in Glasgow to James & Alex. 70 Great Clyde Street; in Liverpool to Allan & Thess, James Street; or to H. & A. Allan, Corner of Youville and Common Streets, Montreal, Jan. 16, 1875.



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