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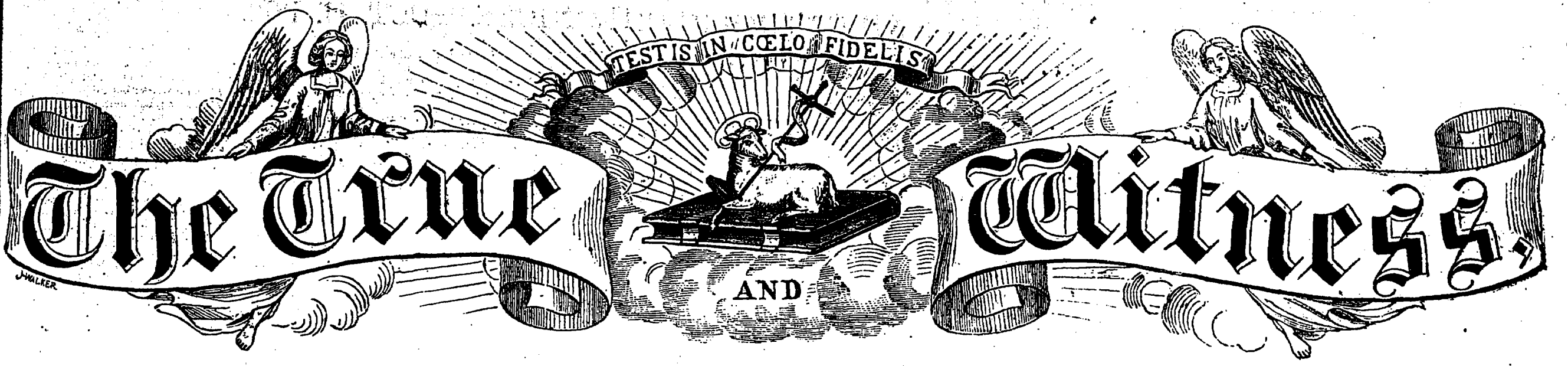
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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FATHER BURKE'S LECTURE

"Genius and Character of the Irish People."

(From the N. Y. Irish American.)

On Sunday, September 22nd, the Rev. Father Burke delivered the following lecture, in the Coliseum, Boston, before an audience of 40,000 persons. He said:—
It is usual for one in my position to address himself to the ladies and gentlemen. If you will allow me to change the programme I will address myself on this occasion to Irishmen and Irishwomen; Irish ladies and gentlemen.
On a certain remarkable occasion, the Corporation of Limerick were divided upon the question of making a Lord Mayor of the city. They could not elect this man or that; and, at last, they agreed that they would elect, as Lord Mayor of the city, the first man that came in through the gates of the city on a certain morning. The man who approached the city walls first, on that morning, was a poor fellow with a load of brooms on his shoulders, who came from the wood of Cratloe. His name was Adam Sargent. The moment he arrived in the city they made him Lord Mayor.
[Here the great crowd in the back gallery of the Coliseum made a rush for the front seats. The noise was so great that Father Burke could not proceed, but stopped and laughed at the precipitous rush and tumble of the eager multitude that made for the best places like a flock of sheep after a bushel of salt. When quiet had been partially restored, Father Burke proceeded.]
They took the poor broom-seller, and they put him on the bench, with all his grand robes, as Lord Mayor. Not returning in the evening, his mother missed him; and she came to inquire what was the matter. She went into the city; and after looking for him for two days she found him in the Court House, on the bench, with all the magistrates about him. When she came into the court and looked at her boy she said:—"Arrah, Adam, don't you know me?" And Adam said:—"Arrah, mother, I don't know myself!" [Laughter.] I feel myself precisely in the same position. I have been speaking to my countrymen in Ireland, I have been speaking to my countrymen since I came to America; and all I can say is that, if the poor old woman in Galway that calls me her son were here to-day, to see me surrounded by this vast, intelligent, and magnificent assembly of my countrymen, she might stand there at the foot of the platform and say:—"Father Tom, jewel, don't you know me?" And all that I could say is—"Mother dear, but I don't know myself!" [Great laughter.]
Men of Ireland—men of Irish blood,—men of the Irish race, I, an Irish priest, am come here to speak to you of "The Genius and the Character of the Irish People." [Applause.] I am come to speak to you of the history of our nation, and our honorable race. I am not ashamed of the history of my people. [Cheers.] I am not ashamed of my country. I say, taking all for all, that it is the grandest country, and the most glorious race of which the genius of history can bear record. [Great applause.]
There are two elements that, constitute the

character and the genius of every people.—These two elements are—the religion of the people, and their government. I need not tell you that, of all the influences that can be brought to bear upon any man, or upon any nation, the most powerful is the influence of their religion. If that religion be from God, it will make a God-like people. If that religion be from heaven, it will make a heavenly people. If that religion be noble, it will make a noble people.
Side by side with their religion comes the form or system of government under which they live. If that government be just and fair, and mild and beneficent, it will make a noble people. If that government be the government of the people,—governing themselves as glorious America does to-day,—it will make every man in the land a lover of his government,—a lover of the land, and a lover of the institutions under which he lives. [Applause.] But if that government be a foreign government,—the government of a foreign race,—it will make an alienated people. If that government be an unjust and tyrannical government, it will make a rebellious and revolutionary people. If that government be a mere travesty or caricature of law it will make a false-hearted and a bad people.
Now, when I come to speak of the genius and the character of my fellow-countrymen, I am reminded that, in the character of every people on the face of the earth, there is light and shade: There is the bright side and a dark side; there is the sunshine and the shadow. There is the side which we love to contemplate: the side in which the virtues of the people shine out; the side which the better part of their nature governs. And there is also the bad side; the side that we are ashamed to look upon; the side, the contemplation of which makes a blush rise to the cheek of every lover of the land. And so there are lights and shades in the character and in the genius of our Irish people. As it is in nature, this world, in all its beauty, is made up of light and shade.
[Here, again, the confusion caused by the people crowding up through the aisles and corridors, in their efforts to get nearer, caused Father Burke to pause. A glass of water was handed to him; he took it, and making a temperance bow to the vast assemblage, drank to the health of his audience. This act of courtesy occasioned much laughter and loud applause. Father Burke then resumed:]
My friends, there is no sunshine without shadow: there is no light perceptible to the eye of man unless that light bring out all that is fair and beautiful, whilst at the same time it casts its shadows over the dark places. I have said that in the order of nature, and in the beauty of God's creation here below, there is light and shade. But there is this distinction to be made; the light comes from Heaven—from the sun rolling in its splendor over the clouds above us; the shadow comes from the earth; from the clouds that are near the world; from the deep forest glade; from the overhanging mountains;—from these comes the shadow, but the light comes from Heaven.—So, in like manner, in the character and in the genius of our Irish people there are both light and shade. There is the bright side, the beautiful side, and the glorious side, to contemplate; and there is also the dark side, but with this difference, that the lightsome, the beautiful side of Irish genius and character is derived from above—from Heaven—from God—from the high source of Irish faith; whilst the black side of our character, the dark and the gloomy shade, comes from below; from the mis-government of those who ruled us; from the treachery, the depravity and the wickedness of man.
And, now, so much being said, let us approach the great subject of the genius and the character of the Irish people.
In speaking to you, my friends, on this subject, I am forcibly reminded that the character and genius of every people are formed by their history. In going back to the history of Ireland, I am obliged to travel nearly two thousand years in order to come to the cradle of my race. I am obliged to go back to the day when Patrick, Ireland's Apostle, preached to the Irish race, and in the Irish language, the name and the glory of Jesus Christ and of His Virgin Mother. And coming down through that mournful and chequered history, I find that our people have been formed in their national character and genius, first of all by the faith which Patrick taught them: and, secondly, by the form of government under which they live.
What is the first grand feature of the Irish genius and the Irish character? It is this: that, having once received the Catholic faith from Saint Patrick, Ireland has clung to it with a fidelity surpassing that of all other peoples. She has known how to suffer and to die; but Ireland's people have never learned to relinquish or to abandon the faith of their fathers. [Immense applause.] They received that faith

from the glorious Apostle whom God and Rome sent to them, early in the fifth century; they struggled for that faith during three hundred years, against all the power of the North—unconquered and unconquerable—when the Danes endeavored to wrest from Ireland her Christian faith, and to force her back into the darkness of Pagan infidelity. They have struggled for that faith during three hundred years of English tyranny and English penal law. They have suffered for that faith loss of property, loss of nationality, loss of life. But Ireland, glorious Ireland, has never relinquished the faith which she received; and she is as Catholic to-day as in the day when she bowed her virgin head before St. Patrick, to receive from him the regenerating waters of baptism. [Renewed and enthusiastic cheering.]
This, I say, is the first beautiful light in the character and the genius of the people of Ireland. Every other nation of whom we read, received that faith slowly and reluctantly. Every other nation, of whom we read, demanded of their apostle the seal of his blood, to ratify the truth which he taught them. Ireland alone, amongst all the nations of the earth, received that faith willingly; took it joyfully; put it into the hearts and into the blood of her children; and never ceased her Apostle one tear of sorrow, nor one drop of his blood. [Applause.] More than this; every nation on the face of the earth has, at some time or other, been misled into some form of heresy. Some doctrine was disputed; some discipline was denied; some Anti-pope set up his unholy pretensions to be the head of the Catholic Church. I claim for my nation, and for my race, that with a divine instinct, they never yielded to any form of heresy; they were never yet deceived in the instinct which drew them to the true head of the Catholic Church—the real Pope of Rome. [Applause.]
In the fourteenth century, there was a protracted schism in the Catholic Church. An Anti-pope raised himself up. France was deceived, Germany was deceived, Italy was deceived, England was deceived; but Ireland, glorious Ireland, with the true instinct of a divinely inspired and guided people, clung to the true Pontiff, and adhered to the true head of the Catholic Church. [Applause.] Whence came this light? Whence came the fidelity that neither bloodshed nor death could destroy? It came from that high heart and high mind in Heaven that inspired Patrick to preach the Gospel to the people of Ireland, and inspired the Irish people to receive the message of Christian peace and love from his mouth. [Renewed cheering.]
The next great light of our history,—the next great point in the genius and character of the Irish people,—is a bravery and valor and courage that have been tried upon a thousand fields; and, glory to you, O Ireland! Irish courage has never been found wanting; never! [Loud applause.] They fought for a thousand years on their own soil. The cause was a good one; the fortune of the cause was bad. They were defeated and overpowered upon a hundred, yea a thousand fields; but never,—from the day that Ireland's sword sprang from its scabbard to meet the first Dane, down to the day that the last Irish soldier perished on Vinegar Hill,—never has Ireland been dishonored or defeated by the cowardice of her children. [Renewed cheering.] Why? Whence comes this light of our people? I answer, that it comes from this,—that Ireland, as a nation, and Irishmen, as a people, have never yet drawn the nation's sword in a bad, a treacherous, or a dishonorable cause. We have fought on a thousand fields, at home and abroad; we have been, from time to time, obliged to shed our blood in a cause with which we had no sympathy; but Irishmen have never freely drawn the sword, except in the sacred cause of God, of the altar of God, and of sacred liberty—the best inheritance of man. [Loud applause.] Search the annals of the military history of Ireland. Did we fall back before the Dane, when for three centuries,—three hundred years,—he poured in army upon army, on Irish soil? He endeavored to sweep away the Christ, and the name of the Christ from the Irish land. Did we ever give up the contest, or sheath the sword, or say the cause was lost? Never! England yielded, and admitted the Dane as a conqueror. France yielded, and admitted the Dane as a ruler and a king amongst her people. But Ireland never,—never for an instant, yielded; and, upon that magnificent Good Friday morning, at Clontarf, she drew the sword with united hand, swept the Dane into his own sea, and rid her soil of him for ever. [Loud applause.]
Ah, my friends, Irishmen, for three hundred years, were fighting in the cause of their God, of their religion, and of their national liberty. Then came the invasion of the English. For four hundred years our people fought an unsuccessful fight; and, divided as they were, broken into a thousand factions, how could they succeed, when success is promised only to

union as a preliminary and a necessary condition? They failed in defending and asserting the nationality of Ireland. At the end of four hundred years, England declared that the war was no longer against Ireland's nationality, but against Ireland's Catholic religion. And England declared that the Irish people must consent, not only to be slaves, but to be Protestant slaves. Once more the sword of Ireland came forth from its scabbard; and this time in the hands of the nation. We have fought for three hundred years; and, five years ago, the government and people of England were obliged to acknowledge that the people of Ireland were too strong for them. They were conquerors on the question of religion; and Gladstone declared that the Protestant Church was no longer the Church of Ireland [great applause.] Whence came this light—this magnificent glory that sheds itself over the character and the genius of my people? I see an Irishman to-day in the streets of an American city: I see him a poor man—a laborer: I see him, perhaps, clothed in rags: I see him, perhaps, with a little too much drink in, and forgetful of himself; but, wherever I see a true Irishman, down upon my very knees do I go to him, as the representative of a race that never yet knew how to fly from a foe, or to show their backs to an enemy [tremendous cheering.] Why? Because of their Catholic Faith, taught them by St. Patrick, which tells them that it is never lawful to draw the sword in an unjust cause; but that, when the cause is just,—for religion, for God, for freedom,—he is the best Christian who knows how to draw his sword, wave it triumphantly over the field, or let it fall in the hand of a man who knows how to die without dishonor [great applause.]
The third light that shines upon the bright side of the history, the character and the genius of my people, is the light of divine purity; the purity that makes the Irish maiden as chaste as the nun in her cloister:—the purity that makes the Irish man as faithful to his wife as the priest is to the altar which he serves; the purity that makes Mormonism and defilement of every kind utter strangers to our race and to our people. I say, the Irish woman is the glory of Ireland; she is the glory of her country. How beautiful is she in the integrity of virgin purity! She has been taught it by St. Patrick, who held up the Mother of God,—the Virgin Mother,—as the very type of Ireland's womanhood, and Ireland's consecrated virgins, as illustrated in the lives and in the characters of our Irish virgin saints. The Irishman knows that, whatever else he may be false to,—whatever other obligations he may violate and break,—there is one bond, tied by the hand of God Himself, before the altar; sealed with the sacramental seal of matrimony; signed with the sign of the Cross,—that no power upon earth, or in hell, or in Heaven, can ever break; and that is the sacred bond that binds him to the wife of his bosom [applause.] What follows from this? I know that there are men here who do not believe in the Catholic religion,—that do not believe in the integrity of our Irish race,—yet I ask these men to explain to me this simple fact:—how is it,—how comes it to pass that, whilst the Mormons are recruiting from every nation in Europe, and from every people in America, they have only had five Irish people amongst them? and amongst these five, four arrived in New York last week: A reporter of the Herald newspaper went to them; and he said to them, "In the name of God, are you become Mormons?" They said, "Yes, we are." "Why! don't you come from Ireland?" The answer he got was this:—"Aweel, we cam' fra' the North of Ireland, ye ken; but we're a Scotch bodies" [uproarious laughter and applause.] Men and women of Ireland, to the honor and glory of our race, there was only one Irishman amongst all the Mormons. What brought him across them? I don't know. I would like to meet him, and have half an hour's conversation with him [renewed laughter]. Maybe he was like the man who joined the "Shakers" in Kentucky. He put on the white hat and the dress, and was a most sanctimonious-looking fellow. He came to the priest with his hands folded and eyes turned upwards, quoting texts of Scripture. When the priest saw him, not knowing who he was, he thought he was a Quaker. But the fellow turned up his sleeve, and showed him the sign of the Cross and the Blessed Virgin and St. John tattooed on his arm. "Look at that, your reverence," said he. "My God," said the priest to him, "aren't you a Quaker?" "Well, your reverence," said he, "I am,—for the time being [laughter]." "And what made you join them?" said the priest. "Oh, to tell you God's truth, I went among them to see if they were in earnest!" [renewed laughter.] "Your reverence," said he, "it is bacon and cabbage we get every day, and it agrees with me!" [great laughter and applause.]
Five years ago, the English Parliament made a law, the most infamous, the most unchristian

that could be passed,—a law that a married man could be separated from the wife that he married; and the man that was separated from his wife could go and marry another woman; and the woman could go and marry another man. The English people asked for that law, and acted upon it. They acted upon it so freely and so willingly that the Judge of the Divorce Court was actually killed, in a few months, by the large amount of business that was thrown on his hands. The Scotch people took that law. But what did the Irish do? Every man, woman, and child in Ireland burst into a loud fit of unextinguishable laughter. The women said: "The Lord between us and harm!" And the men said: "They've gone blind mad in England! They've gone and made a law that a fellow that marries a woman can go away and leave his wife, and marry some one else!" [laughter and applause.]
The Irish character and the genius of Ireland is vindicated in the care that the Irish parent has for the education of his children. He will not abandon them to the streets, to ignorance and sin; he will not allow them to go into the schools where they may be taught to blaspheme the purity of Mary, and the Divinity of Mary's child. But, no matter what it costs him, he will ensure to his children the blessing of a pure and a high Catholic education. Look back upon the history of our people, as we are taught of that by the genius of history. The worst law that ever England made,—the most infamous, the most unchristian,—was the law that was enacted during the Penal times; by which it was declared, that if an Irish Catholic father sent his son or daughter to an Irish Catholic school, that man was guilty of felony, and liable to transportation. Their soldiers and their policemen went through the whole country; and the schoolmaster had to fly, like the Priest. But in the midst of the danger, at the cost of liberty and of life, the Irish people, the parents of Ireland, the fathers and the mothers of Ireland, still had their children educated; and England failed in her diabolical attempt to brutalize and degrade the Irish people by ignorance.
The next great light thrown upon our history and upon the genius of our national character is the love that Irishmen, all the world over, preserve for the land that bore them.—The emigrant comes from Ireland in a mature age; the Irishman leaves his native soil after he has had time enough, years enough, to weep over her miseries, and perhaps to strike a blow in her ancient and time-honored cause. The child comes from Ireland in his mother's arms. The son of the Irish father and the Irish mother is born in America, far away from the native soil of his parents. But whether it be the full-grown man, or whether it be the infant in arms, or whether it be the native-born American-Irishman,—all unite in the one grand sentiment that bound together the bards, the sages, the saints and the soldiers of Ireland,—namely, the love, pure and strong, for that ancient land that bore them [great applause.] Such was the love for Ireland the great saint, the blessed Columkille, felt, that he died exclaiming: "Oh! now I die in the hope of seeing my God, because I have shut my eyes to the place that I love most on earth,—green, verdant, and sweet Ireland!" An Irish soldier fell dying on the plain of Lander. When the bullet had pierced his heart, and its blood was gushing forth, Sarsfield, the noble Irish soldier, took a handful of his heart's blood, and, lifting it up, cried: "Oh, God! that this blood was shed for Ireland!" [great applause.] The love that filled the heart of Columkille, in Iona; the love that throbbled in the last movement of that dying heart of Sarsfield,—is the love that to-day binds the Irishman in America, in Australia, and all the world over, to the cherished land of his birth, and makes him hope for high things, and do daring and valiant deeds for the ancient land of Ireland [applause.] Whence comes this love for our native land? I answer, this light of our genius and of our character comes to us from the faith which St. Patrick taught us. The Catholic faith teaches every man that, after his God, he is bound to love the land of his birth,—his country. The Catholic Church teaches every man that, when the hour of danger,—danger to his national liberty, danger to his people and to his nation,—comes, then every man is bound to gird on the sword, and to draw it in the sacred name of God and of country [great applause.]
The last of Ireland's saints was the holy and canonized St. Lawrence O'Toole, who was Archbishop of Dublin when Ireland was first invaded by the Anglo-Norman. If we believe Ireland, the ancient historian, the man who was ordained as a Monk in Glendalough; the man who was the model Bishop and Archbishop of Dublin, came forth and girded on his sword in front of the Irish army, before the English invaders. In the name of the Blessed Trinity, he drew his sword in the sacred cause of Ireland. In him patriotism,—the love of father-

land,—is canonized, as well as the Monk and the Archbishop.

One more light in the bright side of our character, and I have done with this portion of my address. The Irish people, in their genius, in their national character, have kept up under the most cruel persecutions. Never did a people suffer so much and still keep up their natural humor, splendid temper and height of spirit. If any other nation on the face of the earth had gone through three hundred years of incessant war, four hundred years of national invasion, three hundred years again of religious persecution,—the heart and the spirit of the people would have been broken, and no smile would have been seen on the face of the nation. What do we find? In spite of all he has suffered, in spite of all the persecution that has been heaped upon him; the Irishman of to-day has as light a heart, as bright an eye, and as a smile of heel in the dance as any man on the face of God's earth. [Laughter and applause.] Give him an opportunity, and he will give you a stroke of wit such as you never heard before. There was a poor fellow down in my native county of Galway—I dare say some of you know the place—[Laughter and applause];—he was standing in his corduroy breeches, and grey stockings, and the breeches that he wore not worth mentioning, because they had neither soles nor uppers (laughter). As he stood in the door of his little cabin, the pig was inside, playing with the children. An Englishman was passing and saw the pig in the man's house; and he said to him:—"Now, my good man, why do you allow that pig in your house? It does not look quite right." "Why," says the Irishman, "has not the house every accommodation that any reasonable pig would require?" (Renewed laughter.) Oh! the light heart of the Irish race! If on this platform there were now an Irish piper, or an Irish fiddler, and he struck up an Irish jig, do you imagine, priest and friar as I am, that I would not feel the heels going under me? (Laughter and applause.) There was a man died in Galway, and they brought a bottle of whiskey to his wake. It was bad stuff; and the tradition of the town goes, that one of the fellows was about to take a horn of the whiskey, when the corpse sat up. "Jimmy," said he, "that is not the real stuff; that will give you a head-ache, as sure as God made little apples, and put them on the trees." (Laughter.)

Whence comes the light foot, the bright eye, the brave heart? Ah! it comes from the religion that taught them that, no matter how hard the world went with them, the hand of God was with them, and Jesus Christ and His Virgin Mother, who loved them: no matter how drear their lot in this world was, their religion opened before them a vista of a magnificent and eternal future of happiness in the next world. Hence it is that these amongst many other traits and characteristics in the genius of the Irish people are revealed to us, with the light that always comes from above. The Catholic never changed his religion in Ireland, because he was a Catholic, and the Catholic religion does not change. The Catholic Irishman always knew how to die upon the field of honor, because his religion taught him that the noblest death that man can die, is to die for his God and for a noble and just cause (great applause). The Catholic Irishman, as a faithful as the needle to the pole-star, to the wife of his bosom; the Catholic virgin as pure as the unstained snow; the Catholic mother, bearing upon her brow the mingled beauty of maternity and virginity, is a model for the women of the world. And why? Because their Catholic faith taught them the love of the mother in the virginity of the Virgin Mary, who brought forth Jesus Christ.

Finally, the Catholic Irishman loves his native land, because he knows that land is the most glorious spot on earth,—with a faith producing the deepest holiness; a learning brought to its highest pitch; a bravery never disputed, constituting the highest nobility of a race and of a people. And the Catholic Irishman is light-hearted, because he says: "I may be hungry to-day; I may be tired to-day; I may be cold to-day; but my God is preparing for me a kingdom where neither hunger shall pinch, nor labor weary, nor cold benumb." Now, my friends, with this light and beauty in our national character, what are the shades, or the shadows and defects of our people? You may ask me what they are. What are the shadows of the Irish people? I think I know my people as well as any man alive. I remember a time in my life when not one word of the English I now speak to you was on these lips, but only the sweet old rolling Celtic tongue that my father and my mother spoke before me (applause). I have lived for years in Ireland I have studied the character of my people not with eyes blinded by the prejudices of an amateur critic, but with the skilled eyes of a Catholic priest. I have seen the dark side as well as the bright side of our national character. I will not give to you my own experience, for I have learned so to love my people and my race that I cannot find it in my heart to speak ill of them. I will let the Press of England do it. I will let our enemies tell you and me what our national faults are. And what are they? The first thing of all that the English Press accuses us of as Irishmen, is that we are an improvident, reckless lot. They say: "Look at the German; he is not a year in America before he has a couple of houses, and a couple of lots; but look at the Irishman; he settles down in a tenement house and earns perhaps five dollars a week; he gives one dollar to the Priest, three more go for whiskey, and one to the wife." They say we have no prudence; we don't know how to make eighteen pence out of nine pence soon enough. I grant it. We, Irishmen, are a spend-thrift and reckless race. An Irishman goes into the saloon or restaurant, and he says, taking out five or six dollars: "Hang it, if it is to be a better let it be a better!" and puts it down the dollars on the counter. I ask you, men of Ireland, who made us so improvident? Who made us so imprudent, so

reckless? Ah! was it not the cruel, blood-stained Government of England, that robbed us of every penny of our possessions? What makes a man reckless and imprudent so soon as to deprive us of that which is our own and shut out every hope for the future? What hope had the Irishman at home? He tilled his field and drained it; he made a piece of bog choice arable land; but the moment it was worth twice its former value, the landlord turned him out, with his wife and his children, to die like dogs in the ditch, and gave his farm to some other person. What wonder that we spend our money lavishly and recklessly, when we have not, for seven hundred years, had anything left by the Government worth an Irishman's while to live, to save, to be prudent for, in the land of his birth! The English Press says: "The Irish race are drunkards, too fond of drink; they spend all their money in drink. Nothing but whiskey!" Now, I answer with my experience of Irishmen, that any man who accuses our Irish race and our Irish people of being greater drunkards than any other people tells a lie (applause). If any man said to me here such a thing, I would say: "You lie, and I will prove it." Take, for instance, the Scotch. What does their own poet tell us of their drinking? He says—

"Willie brewed a peck o' malt,
And Rob and Alana came to see."

They sat down at nine o'clock; and they drank raw whiskey until six o'clock in the morning; and then they were not drunk; for he goes on to say—

"We are na fu, we're na that fu'; but just a wee
drap in our e;
The cock may crow, the day may daw;
But aye we'll taste the barley brea."

I would like to know if any of you know an Irishman who was able to drink raw whiskey from nine o'clock at night till six in the morning and not fall under the table (laughter and applause). No enemy of ours ever yet alleged that we were gluttons. Thanks be to God for that! The charge of eating too much, whatever comes of our drinking too much, was never made against the Irish people. The Irishman is a small eater, my friends. There was an Irish gentleman by the name of Colonel Martin, of Ballinahinch. He was over in England, and made a bet with an Englishman about this. The Englishman said to him, he was a member of Parliament also, "You Irish, are not worth anything; you are not able to eat as well as our people." The Irish gentleman foolishly said: "I will bet you five hundred pounds that I can bring you a man from my estate who can eat more than any Englishman you bring." The Englishman took the bet willingly. The Irishman was brought over; the Englishman also appeared,—a fine, big, strapping man, with a mouth reaching from ear to ear (laughter), and a great long body with short legs,—plenty of room (renewed laughter); and he did not eat anything for two days to put himself in trim (great laughter). The poor Irishman was brought in—a ploughman, with the fine bloom of health upon his face;—as well able to give an account of a *scotch* of potatoes, with a "griskin" or a bit of bacon, as the best of you (laughter); but he was no match for the Englishman. They sat down to the work of eating. It was roast beef they got. The Englishman stood behind his man's chair; and the Irish gentleman stood behind his man's chair, looking at their eating. After awhile, the Irishman had got his fill, while the Englishman was only beginning to eat in earnest. There was a turkey on the spit roasting for the gentleman's dinner. The Irish gentleman saw that his man was failing; and he spoke to him in Irish. "Michael," he said, "what do you think?" And the man replied, in the same tongue—"Oh, master, I'm full to the wind-pipe!" (great laughter). As he spoke in Irish, the Englishman did not understand him, and he asked Martin—"What does the fellow say?" "He says," replied Martin, "that he is just beginning to get an appetite; and he wants you to give him that turkey there, for his dinner, after he is done." "Confound the blackguard," says the Englishman, "he shall never get a bit of it. I give up the bet!" (uproarious laughter).

But if we are fond of a glass of whiskey, who is to blame for it? God forbid that I should excuse it. I hold up my hand against it, at home and abroad. I say to every Irishman that comes before me, "Brother, be sober, and you will be a prosperous man" (great applause). I admire your city of Boston. I say here publicly, I admire the legislation that puts it out of the power of a man to be a drunkard, because drunkenness is the worst degradation of man, and the worst crime we can commit against God (renewed applause). But if we find Irishmen here and there taking, as they say, a "needle-full too much," who is to blame for it? Why did England rob him? Why did England persecute him? Why did England leave him without a foot of land to stand upon and call his own in the land that bore him? Why did England cut off every hope from him? Do that to any man, and you will find that he will take refuge in the bottle.

Finally, they say "Irishmen are a very revengeful and a very deceitful people." The critics of the English press say—"Oh, you cannot trust the word of an Irishman; he will tell you a lie when he says he is telling you the truth." I answer, again, who is to blame for the lying and deceit, if it exists in the Irish character? Is it any crime for a heart-broken, persecuted people to tell a lie to the man who is made a master over them,—from whom they expect no mercy? The man that will stoop to cover his fault with a lie, is the man that knows there is no allowance made for him or his faults. Therefore, I deny that we are a lying people; and even if true, I say that the seven hundred years of English rule ought to have made us the most deceitful people on the face of the earth. They say we are revengeful. If you travel in England, you will hear in the railway carriage, from the Englishman, that Ireland is a most awful country; the Irish are a most dreadful people; that if you go out there to take an evening walk, suddenly a man will come out of the bushes, point a blunderbuss point blank at ten paces at you, and "blow you to blazes" (laughter). There has been a great deal of crime in the way of outrages against life in Ireland. There is no doubt about it; there has been, for a Christian and a

Catholic people, too much. But, my friends, I may say that this undisputed fact, that there are more murders committed in the city of London in one month than there are in Ireland in three years (applause). Secondly, again, I say, if the people take the wild justice of revenge,—if they go out and take the law into their own hands,—who is to blame for it? Ah, well they know who is to blame, when that Government has allowed a "crowbar brigade" to uproot the homesteads of our people, to hunt them from their dwellings like wild beasts, and leave them to perish on the road-side, or in the workhouse, or else to consign them to the hard fate of the moneyless emigrant coming to a foreign shore. If our people have taken the law into their own hands, it is simply because Judge Keogh (hisses) and his companions would not give them any law (renewed hisses). All you have to do anywhere is to deny justice to a people and they will take it for themselves (great applause). Don't they take it in America? Why do you "lynch" your negroes whenever they commit a crime against the people? Because you are afraid the "carpet-baggers" in the South would let the negro go scot-free and allow the white man to suffer (applause). Well the people of Ireland have, in twenty or thirty cases,—not more than that—lynched a landlord. As I was once travelling in England, and I met an English gentleman. He was a smart, gentlemanly, mild creature. He said to me "Reverend sir, you are an Irish priest?" "Yes, sir, I am." "Ah, I knew it by your face; and when you began to speak I knew it still better." I said to him, "It is true I have the Irish brogue. My father and mother had it before me; but my grandfather did not have it at all." "How is that?" said he. "Because," said I "he did not speak English at all" (laughter and applause). "How is it that you shoot your landlords?" said he. "You must have an awful country."—"Just listen to me one moment," said I. "Last week a man came to me and told me his story. I went to his house to make out the truth of it; and it was this—He had taken thirty acres of bog, at fifteen shillings an acre; he drained the bog, putting drains through every perch of it; he ploughed it and manured it, and expended every penny he had in the world upon it. Not only that, but he married a wife, who had £400 fortune; and he put that also into it. He built a slated house, for himself and his family, and had just finished it, and the place was worth two pounds an acre, when the landlord came to him and said: "My man, you had better get out." "O, is it to leave my home you mean, that I have built myself, and the place that I have made out of the bog which seven years ago was only a bog, and now it is a meadow?" "No matter; you will have to go." "But," said the man, "will you let me keep the land and pay as much for it as any other man?" "No, you must go out." And he had to go out, with his wife and two children, and he went into the town of Galway, a beggar." The Englishman said to me: "Was he a friend of yours?" "Yes," said I, "a relation of my own; and he was sent out in that way; they took his home in that way." "Did he not shoot the landlord?" said the Englishman. "No," said I, "he did not; because he was a good Christian man, and goes to his Communion once a month." "Then," says he, "By Heavens,—I would have shot him!" (great laughter and applause). These are the men that are shot in Ireland, by what our English defamers style "the wild bloodthirsty vengeance" of the Irish people. The blackguard aristocrat tries to seduce a girl, but he does not succeed; he tries to deceive a decent Irish girl,—and make a blackguard also of her;—and the Irish father takes his pistol in his hand, and in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, shoots him. Why? because he knows if he brought the ruffian into the court-house, the girl, in her red woolen petticoat, would be laughed at, and treated as if she was fit for nothing better; while honor would be paid to the blackguard. The father shoots him; and I would say, only that I am a priest. "My blessing on him" (great applause). The Irish landlord comes to the door of an Irish tenant, and says to the man—"Go out!" His family have, perhaps, lived for three hundred years under that roof; and they have to go out. He says to the woman lying, perhaps, in her confinement, or her fever. "Go out!" He says to the little children, "Go out!" with not a morsel of food or an article of clothing, from under their roof, in the midst of the bitter winter. And the Irish father clubs his gun, and, in the name of God, dashes the tyrant's brains out (great applause). I say, again, God forbid that I should justify them; God forbid that I should encourage them; but, as a priest, as a theologian, as an Irishman, I stand here and say, if ever there was a people who were guiltless of blood shed in murder, it is the people of Ireland (great applause).

Now, my friends, one word, and I am done; because you can easily perceive I am beginning to be a little tired. You have seen the shadows of the Irish character. The lights, I have endeavored to prove to you, come from above, the shadows from below. Twenty years ago, Ireland,—persecuted, starving,—"the Niobe of all the nations,"—turned her eyes westward, and with that vivid Irish imagination which has never failed to realize the beautiful and the true, beheld the magnificent shores of Columbia. She sent her people here. Eight millions of them are on American soil, the bone and sinew, the brain and intellect, and the energy of this land (great applause). The lights, that came to them from above, they have brought with them,—their Catholic Faith, their Catholic bravery, their Catholic fidelity, their Catholic light heart and good humor. All these, they have brought with them, because it shone from above; and no man could take it from them. The shadows in their character,—the deceitfulness, the drunkenness, the improvidence, the revenge,—if such there be,—that came from the misgovernment under which they lived,—the cause of them is removed. England has no longer any claim upon any Irishman here, except myself. You are all having the glory of being free men on a free soil. You have amongst the men of this world the first, the grandest title that man can have under Heaven to-day,—the title of the Catholic American citizen (great applause). The grandest shadow that can fall upon man to-day is the shadow of the Cross of Christ; and the next greatest shadow is that of the "Stars and Stripes" of free America. (Loud cheers.) "These are yours. The lights remain; the shadows ought to depart. If there be any traditions or traces of improvidence, they should not be here. We were improvident at home, because we had nothing to live for. But, oh! I beheld the glorious future, as America's imperial hand opens for every citizen her liberties. No trace of slavery is on this soil: no penal law to condemn you to ignorance or to slavery; no seeped monarch to tell you, at the peril of your life, to think as he does, or to die; no Harry the Eighth, to tell you, if you are Catholics, he will destroy you; and that in order to live, you will have to forego the faith you have held for more than a thousand years. No America hears no tyrant footsteps on her soil, and hearkens to the voice of no man who is oppressing and enslaving his fellow-men. (Thunders of applause.) Long may she wave the emblems of hope and of freedom over a country vast in its proportions, terrible in its power, strong in its magnificence, and in its liberty and the freedom which she grants to all men. (Enthusiastic cheers.) The Irishman in America has what he never had at home;—he has the genius of freedom around him. He is able to expand his glorious Celtic bosom, to breathe an air untainted with tyranny. I am a loyal British subject, because I am a priest, and the Church teaches loyalty and peace; but I confess to you that, never, never for twenty years, have I spoken in Ireland as I feel I can speak in America. (Loud applause.) I can't tell you why it is; I only know that it is so. I feel like a blind man when his eyes are first opened,

and he beholds the light; I feel like the man who, when his chains first fall from his limbs, and he knows that he can use his arms; I feel like the worshiper of Freedom when he first beholds his goddess and kneels before her. (Loud cheers.) America! glorious America! The first land of freedom that struck every chain of the Irish hand that is laid upon her soil. (Great applause.) Every shadow of the past is gone. Why, then, should not the confusion that sprang from these "visions and misgovernment" be gone? Why should not the Irishman in America be provident, prudent, thrifty, industrious? Thanks be to God! he has something to hope for, for himself and for his children after him. Why should not the Irishman in America be sober, and not take refuge in the consolations of the bottle. He has a glorious land before him, bright skies above him, a high scope for the intelligence with which God has so largely endowed our people. Why should he not be a king among men, a leader of men? Place, power, influence, civic and military glory are before him. Why should he not be in the foremost ranks of the army of America? Was he not foremost on the bloody slopes of Fredericksburg, when the soil was steeped in Irish blood, and the bodies of Irish soldiers covered the hills as thick as the leaves in Vallombrosa? He was in the front ranks behind the ramparts of New Orleans, with Jackson, when, as the yellow grain falls before the mower's scythe, so fell the old enemy, the red-coated soldiery of Britain, before the terrible fire of the American soldiery. (Great applause.) Why should not the Irishman in America live in peace and fellowship with his fellow men? Are they not the first to vindicate the freedom that they have given him? Why should not the Irishman in America be the first man in the state? Has he not genius? American history as well as Irish history will tell you. Whatever else Almighty God deprived us of, He gave us a large amount of brains. Has he not energy? The cities and the railways of America attest the work of the Irishman's hand, and the Irish energy that triumphs beyond any other race upon the earth. Has he not virtue? His religion will answer for him, if he will only come within the shadow of her walls. The principle of unity, namely the unity of faith, is his; the principle of conjugal fidelity is his, also; the faith of the Catholic Church will answer. When his race shall be educated in the land the Irishman need only ask to be allowed a generation to show the strength, the energy, the prolific grandeur and the purity of his race which his Catholic faith has preserved for him. (Loud cheers).

Therefore, let me conclude. In Ireland we had little hope. Our foes make laws for us. If they be just laws they destroy them in detail. They declared that the Protestant Church was at an end; but they gave nearly every penny of the money to that church; not one farthing to the Catholics.—They declared that the Irish farmer has the right to his land; yet the "crowbar brigade" is at work in the land to-day. We had little hope. Why? Because our laws are made by an enemy; and when the enemy makes the laws, they will press upon you as hard as they can. Well, Ireland has but little to hope for at home. But what are our hopes here? I admire the grandeur of the prospect when Ireland looks across to the West and beholds her children in great Columbia. There, when through the faith that they brought with them from the old land,—the faith for which their fathers died,—when through the sanctity of that faith, which enabled them for three hundred years to be a nation of martyrs as well as of saints and patriots, if they will only give fair play to it by sobriety, industry, peacefulness, using their brains and the talents that God has given them,—then behold before you the prospect. I lift up, as it were, the veil of the future. I look with an anxious, longing eye. What do I behold? I may be in my grave, yet it will come! It will come! What do I behold? I may be sleeping beneath the shamrocks, yet it will come! All hail, Irish Columbia! All hail, the great and mighty power that I see advancing over the ocean's waves, in an unconquerable flotilla! Genius is there; bravery is there; power is there; the fair figure of Mary the Virgin is hanging at the mast-head! They came! they came to save Ireland, our ancient Ireland; and she no longer shall be enslaved. A great and mighty race have risen, to elevate her, and to place her upon a high throne among the nations of the earth.

As the Rev. lecturer concluded, there was a mighty outburst of applause, and the whole audience rose to their feet and cheered again and again. As Father Burke descended from the rostrum, those in his immediate vicinity pressed forward, eager to grasp his hand; and it was several minutes before he was able to escape from the multitude of his enthusiastic admirers. As soon as he had retired, the immense multitude dispersed, delighted with the discourse to which they had listened, and more ardent than ever in their admiration for Father Burke.

RECREATIONS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH IN IRELAND.

(From the Liverpool Catholic Times.) If Ireland has preserved the Catholic faith, it has not been for the want of Elizabethan blandishments to entice her into the lap of Protestantism. She lavished her charms of seduction in vain on laymen as on priests; for the one rejected her offers of promotion at the expense of his country, as the other rejected her proffered ecclesiastical benefices at the sacrifice of his faith. Experience—bitter, sad experience—had led them to distrust her promises; their faith encouraged them to defy her threats. The favors of the Virgin Queen of England were as fatal to the votaries honored with her attentions, as the embraces of the equally cruel Virgin of Nuremberg, who, on one touch of a spring, opened her arms, and clasped the guilty wretch to her bosom, pierced his eyes and his heart with long sharp daggers and then cast him from her into the charnel-house below. There was this difference, however, between the two Virgins; she of Nuremberg practised her charms only on criminals condemned to death, whilst she of England lavished her favors on her untried subjects, not for the punishment of guilt, but for the purpose of wringing from them by torture matters of accusation that might enable the law officers of the crown to prosecute them to death. The most Rev. Dr. Dermot O'Hurley, a scholar of mark, was named Archbishop of Cashel, by Pope Gregory XIII., in the year 1580. By a betrayal of the rights of hospitality he soon fell into the hands of Queen Elizabeth's officers. He was bound in chains and thrown into a dark and loathsome prison. The Lords Justices of Ireland suggested to her Majesty's Secretary of State, that, as they had neither rack nor engine to torture him, he should be sent to the Tower of London, as being a better school than the Castle of Dublin. They further signified that as the law in Ireland did not allow of his execution by ordinary trial, it would be better to have him executed by martial law, against which he could have no just challenge, for that he had neither land nor goods, and because it would be conducive to their own personal safety: the cowardly ruffians! Meanwhile they dealt with him by all the good means they could, and by advice of his Honor—Sir Francis Walsingham, Principal Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth—they toasted his feet against the fire with hot boots, in the hope of wringing from him by the intensity of his sufferings some confession that would send him to the gallows, or an abjuration of the Catholic faith. Their hopes, however, were disappointed. The good means used against the innocent prelate by this unwomanly woman shall now be described. His legs were put into tin boots filled with oil and salt, which were then fastened in wooden

stocks, and a fire placed under them. The boiling oil penetrated the feet and legs that morsels of flesh fell off and left the bone bare and his whole body was burnt by the heat and bathed in the chill perspiration of exhaustion; but neither boiling oil nor scorching saltnor blazing fire could wring from him aught but a profession of faith. At first his cries were piteous, but gradually he lost voice and sense, and when taken out of the stocks lay on the ground like a dead man, unable to move hand or foot, or tongue. Let it not be supposed that these atrocities were perpetrated by those Calvinistic fanatics on their own responsibility; they were inflicted by her Majesty's pleasure, who signified that he must be proceeded with by torture or any other severe manner. Mind he was yet untried.

The law officers of the crown in Ireland were firm in the opinion, that rules of common law applied not ordinary trials of things beyond the seas, and that things committed without the realm could not be tried within it, as the law stood. Elizabeth, however, albeit a constitutional sovereign, signified her pleasure, that, if the lawyers persisted in their opinion that he could not be found guilty for matters committed in foreign parts, or if they feared an acquittal "by reasons of the affections of such as shall be his jury" they should take the shorter way with him by martial law. Furthermore she gave them to understand that she could not but greatly allow and commend their doings; that is, this vainglorious wringled old woman in silk stockings commended the use of tin boots filled with boiling oil for this courageous martyr. The Lords Justices of Ireland—Adam Loftus, Archbishop of Dublin and Lord Chancellor, and Sir Henry Walpole—lost no time in the use of the discretion given to them, as in two days they would have to surrender their power into other hands, and so what to more humane men could have been an excuse for delay, did but spur them on to greater activity, and they gave a warrant to the knight marshal in her Majesty's name, to do execution upon the Archbishop. At early dawn, he was taken out of the castle without any noise, lest the spectacle should excite a tumult amongst the people; but the Catholics who were prisoners there, seeing him going, called out that he was innocent. Upon which the jailer severely flogged them, and so reduced them to silence. He was drawn on a hurdle through the garden-gate to a wood near the city, where he was hanged with a halter roughly woven of twigs, to increase his torture. This barbarous and inhuman cruelty satiated their thirst for his blood, and opened the fountain of eternal life for the holy prelate, who, with his last breath, called on God and forgave his torturers with all his heart. At evening his body was buried in the half-ruined church of St. Kevin, where many miracles are said to have been wrought, so that his grave was much frequented by the people who went to recommend themselves to the prayers of the holy martyr.

In 1563 her soldiers attacked the Franciscan convent in Armagh, and, upon the refusal of its inmates to acknowledge her supremacy, bound them, cruelly flogged them and left them half dead,—a brave occupation this for English soldiers! Four years later, by order of Lord Arthur Gray, the Viceroy, a company of soldiers took a Franciscan, Daniel O'Duiliann, to Trinity Gate in Youghal, tied his hands behind his back, fastened heavy stones to his feet, and three times pulled him to the top of the tower, and left him hanging there for some time. At last they hanged him head downwards at the mill near the monastery, making a target of his body, till a fatal shot relieved him from his sufferings. They varied their tortures in the case of another Franciscan, Father O'Dowd, and of a Minorite friar, who refused to reveal a confession. They knotted a cord round their foreheads, and thrusting a piece of wood through it slowly twisted it so tightly that at length the skull was broken, the brain protruded, and death relieved them from their cruel hands. Two Franciscans, Bishop O'Hilly of Mayo, and Cornelius O'Rourke, were martyred with an uncommon degree of barbarity by the orders of Drury, the Lord Deputy. They were stretched on the rack, their arms and feet were beaten with hammers, so that their thigh bones were broken, and sharp needles were cruelly thrust under their nails. When taken from the rack, they were hanged from the branches of a neighboring tree, where they were left for fourteen days, as a target for the brutal soldiery. Another bishop, Edmond Tanner, of Cork, was more than once hung up for two hours at a time with his hands tied together behind his back, till the hardships of his imprisonment relieved him by death. Thomas O'Herliagh, Bishop of Ross, was cast into prison by Perrot, President of Munster with a chain fastened round his neck, and fetters on his legs; he was subsequently sent to the tower of London, where he was shut up in a dark cell, without bed fire or light, having only one small window open to the northern blast, which froze his aged limbs. Father Moore with two others, on refusing the oath of allegiance and supremacy, were led to the forge of a blacksmith, where their legs and arms were broken in three different places, and they were subsequently hanged on a gibbet on the walls of the Golden Fort which had been surrendered to Lord Gray. The abbot of the Cistercian monastery of Boyle, and a companion, were treated much in the same way; their legs and arms were broken, fire was applied to their feet, and they were ignominiously executed. Two monks of Bantry were led to a high rock overhanging the sea, and tied back to back were precipitated into the waves beneath. Daniel O'Niellan, a priest of the diocese of Cloyne, was hung from the battlements of Trinity Top with a rope around his waist; the rope broke, and bleeding and mangled they dragged him to a water mill hard by and tied him to the water wheel, which speedily smashed him to pieces.—Maurice Kintrehan seized whilst administering the last Sacraments, was hewn to pieces by the soldiery, who scattered the fragments of his body along the highway. Edmund Donnelly, a Jesuit, was hanged, cut down alive, and his heart and entrails thrown into the fire and his four quarters were set up on poles to teach fidelity to the Queen. Two good Franciscans, Doherty and O'Molloy, ministering to families from other counties, who had sought refuge from the fury of the English troops in the mountainous district of Leitner, fell martyrs to their charity. They travelled about from place to place by night, visiting the sick, consoled the dying and offered up the Sacred Mysteries. Oftentimes the hard rock was their only bed, but they willingly embraced nakedness and hunger, and cold to console their afflicted brethren. They fell at length into the hands of a party of cavalry, were bound hands and feet, and carried with every species of insult, to the garrison of Abbeyleix. Here they were flogged and put on the rack, and were at last strangled disembowelled, and quartered. Roche, a student, was seized in Bristol, flogged through the streets, thrust into Newgate, and expired under the torturo of the "Scavenger's daughter," or compression in an iron hoop which squeezed the legs and arm and head into a circle. Walter Firman, a zealous priest, was thrown into prison, tied around with an iron chain, and then hung to the beam of the roof by his hands and feet for forty hours. He was then flogged, and salt and vinegar were rubbed into his lacerated flesh. Lastly he was stretched on the rack where he died, because he refused to swear that a woman—was, as St. Paul teaches, may not even speak in the Church—was the head of the Church. O'Molloy, Vicar of the Diocese of Killaloe, was driven into Dublin, with his hands tied behind his back like a robber. Here his feet were squeezed in iron boots, and his hands in iron gauntlets till the blood oozed from every finger. He was then stretched out a span in length on the rack, and he expired a few minutes after his was led back to prison; and all this, because he refused to acknowledge as the Vicar

of Christ and supreme head of the Church, the woman Elizabeth Tudor, the bastard daughter of Henry VIII. by his mistress, Anne Boleyn. A proclamation having been made that such of the clergy as presented themselves to the magistrates should be allowed to leave the kingdom, two Dominican monks and forty others, mostly Cistercians, were taken on board a vessel of war for France, but were all thrown overboard when the vessel was out at sea. These are only a few of the atrocities narrated by the gallant O'Reilly in his Memoirs of those who suffered for the Catholic Faith in Ireland. Can anybody be surprised at reading this narrative, that the Irish people distrust the English Government, even when it comes with gifts in its hands?

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

LETTER OF THE HOLY FATHER.—The Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin having sent through Mgr. Kirby the sum £2,000, an offering to the Holy Father from the diocese of Dublin, the following letter has been received from the Pope by his Eminence.—“Dear Beloved Son—Health and Apostolic Benediction.—What you assert concerning the grief of your people on account of those persecutions which we suffer for justice's sake, and in regard to the zeal with which they are endeavoring to obtain from the divine mercy peace and liberty for us and for the Church, is fully confirmed by the unshaken faith of the Irish, and the many testimonies of filial affection afforded us by them in this our present most trying situation, and especially by their continued liberality.—Certainly it is the part of a most ardent and noble charity to turn one's thoughts and feelings to the oppressed in difficult and woeful times, and not of one's own poverty to relieve their wants. Hence, though the offering presented by you to us is in itself most generous, yet the circumstances in which it is made greatly enhance its value, and give a new impulse to the sentiments of gratitude for your excellent people with which we are inspired. But it is to God alone who knows the heart that it is referred to require in a befitting manner devotion and love of so exalted a nature. That such a reward, worthy of the charity of the donors, and the infinite liberality of the Remunerator, may be the portion of these devout and faithful children, is our prayer.—But whilst we ask God to show Himself propitious to our petitions, we, as a pledge of His favor, and a testimony of our good feeling, impart with increased affection to you, our beloved son, to your clergy and people, and to all the faithful of Ireland, our Apostolic Benediction. Given at St. Peter's, 25th August, 1872, 27th year of Our Pontificate. Pius P., IX.”

“THE IRISHMAN” AND THE “FLAG OF IRELAND.”—The Dublin Gazette contains two newspaper warnings issued under the Peace Preservation Act. The first of these is directed against the Irishman, and is based on an article published in that journal on the 31st of August, entitled “The Dillon Demonstration,” and an article paragraph entitled “Our American Letter by O'Donovan Rossa,”—containing, says the notice, “seditious expressions and expressions encouraging and propagating sedition.” The second is directed against the Flag of Ireland, and based on an article, “Our National Honour.” The effect of these notices is that any time the Government can suppress and seize either of the journals mentioned above.

The Flag of Ireland, referring to the warning it has received, professes to be unable to see anything seditious in the article complained of, and adds, “being accustomed to strong measures, we calmly await our fate. The moment this impression appears we may be seized, our type and machines confiscated, and ourselves, mayhap, handed over to the gaoler's tender mercies. Well, when the minions of power come they will find us on our guard, aware, and at our post.” The Irishman says, “We venture, however, to think that the most daring of the minions of Government will think twice before they induce his Excellency, or, in his absence, the Lords Justices, to issue a warrant to seize the Irishman founded on this warning. It is not too much to say, we hope there is no sedition or treason in the phrase, that the warrant which authorized the seizure of our types would be the death of the organized hypocrisy that blasphemously calls itself a Liberal Administration.” The same paper announces that a great demonstration will be held on Sunday week to “protest against the tyranny of the Government in warning the Irishman and the Flag of Ireland.” It is added that Mr. Butt will probably attend and deliver a brilliant speech on the Press Laws of this country.

CARDINAL CULLEN ON THE FAILURE OF THE HARVEST.—The condition of the Irish harvest is causing the most profound alarm, owing to the continuous wet. Cardinal Cullen has issued a pastoral on the subject. He says that he has learned with profound regret that the continual rain was most injurious to the harvest in general, and that it has caused destruction in many places to the potato crop, the great means of support to the poorer classes of the population. Under these circumstances he fixes certain prayers to be said for fine weather, and implores his clergy to urge on their flocks the duty of thrift and industry, so that money, so often spent in reckless drunkenness, should be laid aside for the coming hour of need. The Cardinal appends to his pastoral a letter he has received from Pius IX., acknowledging the receipt of £2,000 Peter's pence, received from the diocese of Dublin. The Pope praises the Irish in the warmest manner for their unshaken faith, and for the many testimonies of filial duty afforded by them in the present trying position of the Papacy; and above all, the unbounded liberality which leads them out of their poverty to relieve the wants of the distressed.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE REA.—Mr. Rea attempted to get up another demonstration on the occasion of his release from his second incarceration last week, but his modest design was entirely frustrated by a slightly despotical manoeuvre on the part of the authorities. The irrepressible advocate was escorted from the jail to the street in which he lives by a party of constabulary, under the direction of Mr. Orme, R.M., and as soon as his carriage had passed in, lines of the police were thrown across the entrances to the street at both ends, excluding the tag-rag-and-bobtail who were following the Orange hero. An attempt to force the lines was repulsed with such vigour and determination that it was not repeated, and Mr. Rea found himself left in perfect seclusion. The irrepressible was not to be balked so easily, and as the crowd could not get in to him, he got out to the crowd in a carriage decorated with Orange flags, but on trying to enter the congenial regions of Sandy Row he found the way again barred by the inexorable policemen. The coachman, seeking to force his way through, was first warned and then arrested, and taking the hint Mr. Rea tried several other routes, but with no better success. At half-past seven he re-entered his house in deep chagrin, having been completely out-manoeuvred by Mr. Orme.

On Monday, September 16th, an important Home Rule demonstration was made in the Corporation Hall, Londonderry, at which the chief speakers were—Mr. Martin, M.P.; Mr. A. M. Sullivan, and the Rev. Professor Galbraith, T.C.D. Mr. Martin said that when Home Rule, which had been taken up by almost the entire population of three provinces, was also adopted by Ulster, the cause would be virtually won; the Rev. Professor Galbraith said the resolutions on which the agitation was based were loyal resolutions, and argued that if Ireland got what she wanted, England, in return, would acquire an army quite large enough “to lick her enemies into a cocked hat.” Mr. Sullivan referred to the other provinces in which the Protestant minister and Catholic priest were going hand in hand. Cork, Clonmel, Waterford, Limerick, and Meath, all essentially

Catholic constituencies, had returned Protestant members in the Home Rule interest; but he had yet to learn that any Protestant constituency returned a Catholic. He dwelt upon the fact that Protestants would not suffer if Ireland obtained Home Rule; their object was not to give ascendancy of foreign rule which keeps all down: Protestant, Catholic, and Dissenter. A similar demonstration was held in Belfast on Tuesday.

LORD LISGAR IN IRELAND.—AN IMPORTANT SPEECH.—ON THE QUESTION OF EMIGRATION.—A speech which is likely to attract considerable notice, says the London Times, was delivered at an agricultural dinner in the county of Cavan, by Lord Lisgar, ex-Governor-General of Canada. The position of the noble lord, and the circumstances under which it was delivered, combined with the intrinsic merit of the speech itself, will secure for it more than ordinary attention. The speaker, an Irish landlord, well acquainted with the views and opinions held by his countrymen, has but recently returned from the occupation of a post which gave him an excellent opportunity of learning the true condition of a country which forms no inconsiderable portion of that great Western continent whither so many Irishmen have in past times turned their steps, and to which many still look as affording the only field open to them, in which they can effect an amelioration of their condition. The speech was delivered at a dinner given by the Marquis of Headfort to about ninety of his tenants at the close of a cattle show, the competitors at which consisted exclusively of his Lordship's tenants, while the prizes were his Lordship's gifts. Lord Lisgar was called on to respond to the toast of “The Lord Lieutenant and Prosperity of Ireland.” Having remarked that Earl Spencer possessed all the qualifications and all the accomplishments which were necessary for the discharge of his exalted functions, Lord Lisgar briefly referred to his career while representing the county of Cavan in Parliament for twenty years. Now, after a long absence from Ireland, he had returned to it, and he was happy to think that he found it prospering and increasing in material wealth. Lord Lisgar then referred to the question of emigration. He did not believe that the Land Act would affect emigration one way or the other.—“The young, strong, and hopeful would naturally go abroad with the view of bettering their condition, while those who were contented with their condition in Ireland would remain, as they had done in times past. What would really stay the tide of emigration was the gradual assimilation of the wages and advantages enjoyed in Ireland to the wages enjoyed in Canada and the United States. They were now nearly on a par, for he saw in a Trans-atlantic paper that the farmers were hoking out against giving their laborers 5s a day, and he knew that no man could be got to mow hay for less than 4s a day at Bailieborough. He also knew that 4s a day here were worth more than 5s a day there. It was idle to talk of depopulation of the country, or of one class forcing another to emigrate. Why, he ventured to say that if they had a prize proposed for landlords who wished that people should emigrate, and that wages should be augmented, the judges would have a very small class to adjudicate upon. It was the interest of every landlord that wages should not rise very high, and therefore, it was not their interest so far that emigration should not be pushed forward. It was also idle to speak of depopulation of the country in that sense, or to say that the landlords and tenant farmers wished to see the people leave the country. Only those leave Ireland who think they have a better opening in those other countries than is to be found in this. The idea of supposing that it is in the power of any man or any set of men materially to alter the conditions of agriculture, or to alter the state of the markets, was one of the wildest and most imaginary that could be laid down. What is happening in Ireland now was the converse of what happened at the close of the last century and the beginning of the present. At that time there was a very high price on grain, and the prices of cattle were low, for the reason that steam navigation had not then come into force, and there were not the same facilities for transporting cattle to England. The grain, however, was high in price, and was easily transported.—The consequence was that a great deal of land was broken up, and, with the great subdivision of farms, the population was greatly increased. Now, however, the conditions were all altered. The cattle were easily transported to the English market, while the opening of the English market to the grain of the whole world had reduced its price. There was no means, however, of keeping down the price of cattle, and, consequently, it was much more profitable to have cattle than grain in this country. The farmer bought out his neighbour because he wanted to have a larger farm. It was not that the landlord wished to turn the tenant out, and the man who was brought out went willingly and contentedly away with the money he got to seek his fortune elsewhere. That was what was going on at present; and blame could not be laid at the door of any class. It was even beyond the power of legislation, for if legislation were invoked it would only produce, as in many other cases, precisely the opposite results to those which it was called in to effect. He trusted the farmers in Ireland would not seek relief in any measure of legislation to further their efforts, but would depend on their own exertion, and that they would remember what was as wise counsel as ever was given to a nation—the counsel of the merchants of France to the greatest Minister of the day, who wanted to know what he could do for them.—“Let us alone.” So it was with traders, or farmers, or fishermen who were now making an outcry in Ireland; the best thing the Government could do was to let them alone—give them a fair field and fair play and leave them to their own ingenuity and their own efforts. (Loud applause.)

DISARMING THE ORANGEMEN.—Belfast is to be disarmed under the Coercion Act of 1870. Notice has been duly given that all unlicensed arms held in that town are to be surrendered at the police offices; and all who know anything of the Act we have referred to are aware that if the arms be not given to the police, the police are empowered to seize them wherever they can find them. They can break into the houses of the citizens at any hour of the day or night; they can ransack every nook and corner, pull down the wainscoting, tear up the flooring, rip open the bedding, and knock every thing to pieces, if they are able to allege that they suspect that arms are concealed there or thereabout. This is hard on all parties; it is hard even on those poor “Papists” whose possession of firearms was always looked upon as little short of high treason; but it is particularly hard on the Orangemen, who were always taught that it was their right and privilege to possess guns, swords, and pistols, to hang them proudly over their chimney-pieces, and to use them at least once a year in wounding and slaying their Catholic neighbors. Above all, it is hard on them when one considers that the very arms which the Government now demands back from them were given into their hands by that Government not many years ago for the very purposes to which they have ever since been applied. In 1848 cartloads of arms were sent from Dublin Castle to the Orangemen of Ulster to be employed in shooting down their fellow-countrymen. Some degree of secrecy was observed in the distribution of those weapons, but the fact of their having been so presented to the Orange organization was acknowledged in Parliament by members of the Government. A more disgraceful confession was never made by the rulers of any civilized country. The only parallel for it is the arming of the Red Indians of America by England in the war of American Independence. She gave to those savages rifles, tomahawks, and scalping knives, to be used against the uprisen colonists; but even the hideous atrocity pales

before the infamy of arming the Orangemen of Ulster against the Catholics of that province. England was strong enough in 1848 to suppress without the help of these men any insurrection that could have arisen in Ireland; and the only object of letting that fanatical party loose on the country would be that they might perpetrate such horrors, such villainies among the Catholic people as she could not well bid her disciplined troops to perform. It happened that the “services” of the Orangemen were not called into requisition, and that the party themselves “hung fire” in some way, and did not set to work “on their own responsibility,” as was, perhaps, expected of them. Since then, although those arms have been used in many a fray, their possessors have been unable to boast of any victories obtained by them; or it may be that amongst the Orange Society, at last, there has grown up a disinclination to make use of them for the vile purposes for which they were served out. And now England desires to recall her gift. She wants those arms back again from the men to whom she gave them. But we are disposed to think she will not get them. Into the stores of Dublin Castle they never again will go. But if they be retained, as we believe they will, we earnestly hope it will be with no view to such odious purposes as were originally contemplated by their donors. The Orangemen of Ulster must by this time be convinced that the English rulers of Ireland never regarded them otherwise than as tools wherewith to do the very dirtiest of their dirty work; and that in arming and disarming them the intent of the Government has been not their honor or advantage, but the advancement of a mean, selfish, and shameful policy, designed for the benefit of England. And it would be no way wonderful if now in every Orange Lodge in Ulster a declaration of opinion was publicly made that wherever arms may be got, whoever may supply them, and wherever they may be kept, the worst use to which they could possibly be applied would be the slaughter of citizens in civil strife, the suppression of national liberty, and the support of foreign domination.—Dublin Nation.

STRIKE OF KILLARNEY BOATMEN.—The boatmen connected with the principal hotels in Killarney have struck for an advance of wages. The men are receiving 2s. 6d. per day, and they demand 4s. The proprietors fix the rate at 3s. a day, but the boatmen will not accept the compromise, and remain out to the number of about sixty. One of the grievances complained of seems to us of rather unimportant character. The men state that they are prohibited from soliciting gratuities from tourists and they are not allowed to take money if it is offered to them by generous strangers. We have seen a good deal of Killarney, and we never yet heard of a case in which a preferred gratuity was refused. The strike threatens to put a stop to those pleasant expeditions on the Lakes, which are the great charm of the place, and if the parties do not speedily find a basis of agreement the consequences may be serious to both.

IRELAND AS A SOURCE OF COAL SUPPLY.—Attention is being directed, now that coal is becoming so dear, to the supply which may be obtained from the sister country, Lough Allen, in the county of Leitrim, about nine miles from Carrick-on-Shannon (a station on the Midland Great Western Railway), is surrounded on three sides by mountains, all of which contain mineral deposits, and, for many years, coal obtained from these mountains has been burnt in the village of Drumshambo and the town of Carrick, the country people being in the habit of paying 5s. per ton, and carting it themselves.

THE POTATO CROP IN IRELAND.—Special inquiries into the condition and prospects of the potato crop in Ireland do not confirm the gloomy reports which have been circulated lately on the subject. That the disease has shown itself extensively in different parts of the island, is beyond doubt, but there is reason to believe that the extent of the mischief is not greater than has prevailed for several years past, while the deficiency in this direction will be more than compensated by the excellence of the cereal and root crops.

THE WAGES OF HARVEST LABOURERS AT MALLOW.—On Sunday there were great numbers of labourers for hire in the market. Mowers were hired at 5s a day without diet, 4s with diet and lodging; reapers 2s 6d a day; women for binding 8s to 9s a week with diet and lodging. The remaining wages of a harvest labourer range from 2s 6d to 3s a day.—Irish Times.

FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE IN LEITRIM.—I regret to have to report a well-authenticated mourner that this disease has broken out in South Anagh and some other districts in Leitrim, and that several head of cattle have succumbed to the virulence of the disease. Every precaution should be taken to prevent its spreading over the country.

MUNICIPAL STATISTICS.—There are in Belfast, with a population of 174,000, 4,300 burgesses; in Dublin, with a population of 246,000, 5,500 burgesses; in Belfast there are 13,000 parliamentary electors, in Dublin 13,300. So that, with 79,000 more of population, Dublin has just an equal number of votes, in cluding 2,200 freemen.

The Lord Lieutenant has directed a letter to be addressed to the Royal Irish Constabulary, expressing his satisfaction with their conduct in the Belfast riots.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Judgment was delivered to-day in the New Ecclesiastical Court under the Irish Church Act on the charges of Ritualism brought against the Rev. Dr. Maturin by some of his parishioners. The Court found the respondent guilty of certain of the charges—namely, that he turned his back to the congregation during the Prayer of Consecration in the Holy Communion, the Lord's Prayer, and the Collect next following, and that during the Prayer of Consecration in the Communion Service in breaking bread, &c., he turned his back to the congregation, so that they could not see him break it. Some of the charges were abandoned, and on these grounds the Court gave no costs; but admonished the respondent not to repeat the conduct complained of. The Archbishop, in delivering judgment, paid a high compliment to Dr. Maturin's character. He said that, under certain circumstances, the Irish Church Act afforded important protection to clergymen entitled to annuities under the Act or other compensation who might duly express their dissent from alterations in the Articles, Rites, or Formularies of the Church. In the present case, however, the question of that exemption did not arise, but would have to be decided hereafter. All the Court had to do at present was to declare what the law of the Church of Ireland was.—Times Cor., Sept. 12th.

CATHOLICS AND INFIDELITY IN ENGLAND.—The agitation against the Athanasian Creed, and the deference paid to educated heathenism in London, are signs which can no longer be mistaken, that belief in a definite dogmatic Christianity is fast dying out amongst those who form and educate public opinion in England. Protestantism has abdicated the position it once held as guardian of the remnant of Christianity left uncorrupted by the Protestant Reformation. It no longer holds in check the daring and rapid advances of infidelity. Anglican dignitaries are conspicuous in what Archbishop Denison calls, in a letter which we print elsewhere, “the battle against the Sacraments,” and the two Protestant Archbishops are foremost in the battle against the Creed. The Athanasian Creed is rejected by educated laity not so much in reality on account of the doctrines it maintains as because it requires, under penalty of eternal punishment, belief in a definite doctrine. Protestantism has ended in this, that no educated man is to be required, as a condition of his Christianity, to believe absolutely and undoubtingly in revealed doctrine; he insists upon the right of picking and choosing, of qualifying and

explaining away, or of accepting, in his own sense, any doctrine contained in the Christian Creeds. The Athanasian Creed denies this liberty, hence the Athanasian Creed is to be rejected. This Creed is intolerant of error, and Protestantism, as it is now understood, and as it is represented at its best in the Anglican Church, admits error and truth side by side in its system, and confers upon them equal rights. Such an admission is destructive of the principle on which Christianity rests. It is not now isolated doctrines touching certain great Christian verities, in which Protestantism has always been at fault, but the very principle itself of Christianity which is openly denied. This evil, we don't deny, was always latent in Protestantism, but it is now become an active principle. It speaks in the literature of the day with a distinctness and directness which is appalling; it prompts men to put on the same level the various systems of religious thought which occupy the Christian and heathen world; it interprets the Articles and formularies of the Anglican Church, and inspires Protestant Archbishops with a dread of so intolerant a profession of faith as the Athanasian Creed.—Westminster Gazette.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE AND PRINCE BISMARCK.—Mr. Arthur Kinnaird has just waited on the German Chancellor, charged with a special message from the illustrious Evangelical Alliance. The message is embodied in an address signed by many Lords, Members of Parliament, two live Bishops, and the President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference. These gentlemen represent the Puritan part of the Church of England—the Low Church champions of a pure gospel and stout enemies of Popery and all its abominations. In their address they loudly condemn the doctrine of infallibility, and are indignant beyond measure at any man or set of men (except themselves) feeling sure of their being right in their religious belief. They sympathize strongly with the efforts of the German minister to combat the influence of the Jesuits, in other words with his driving them out of the country. They are perfectly consistent in doing so; but we hope they have instructed Mr. Kinnaird to proceed further. We trust they have commissioned him to congratulate the Czar on all that he and his predecessor on the throne of Russia have done to the Poles; and that they have desired the envoy to go as quickly as possible to the Hague, Amsterdam, or wherever the International Congress may please to sit, and return also hearty thanks for their strenuous resistance to Popery especially during the siege of Paris, when they shot the Archbishop and other Popish agents. Nor would it, we think, be amiss if, while he is about it, Mr. Kinnaird would take a turn by way of Constantinople, and put the Sultan up to a league with Germany; Russia, and Italy, against the Pope, the Jesuits, and any power which might presume to support them. Sultans in former days have done good service against Catholicism, and there is no reason why the Evangelical Alliance should not try and stir up the Ottoman Empire once more against their common enemy. Let them not lavish all their compliments at the feet of Bismarck, but give every adversary of the Catholic Church his due. If they should ever visit Pandemonium—an event by no means improbable—their gratitude to the ruling spirit of that assembly will doubtless exceed all bounds. Does it never strike these zealous Protestants that there may be enemies more formidable than Popery? That the Popes have ever committed infidelity, which is now growing rampant? That they—not to say they only—have, age after age, maintained the great doctrines to which Low Churchmen profess to hold—the doctrines of the Holy Trinity, the Incarnation, Redemption, Sanctification, the Godhead of Jesus Christ, and the equality of the Holy Ghost with the Father? If the Low Churchmen who congratulate Bismarck on his measures towards the Jesuits look to their own church they will find numberless foes to the Athanasian Creed and the dogma of the Holy Trinity which it teaches. Let them turn their arms against these unbelievers, and let the Jesuit fathers and Bismarck alone.

THE ANGLICAN PRESS ON M. LOYSON'S MARRIAGE.—Our excellent contemporary, the Guardian, does not flatter M. C. Loyson on his marriage. After speaking of his vows as a monk, from which “it does not appear that he has been released,” the Guardian says:—“Pere Hyacinthe, however, seems to suppose that the breach of promise does not call for much regret, except so far as it exposes him to censure. There is no touch of the self-condemnation which dictated Becke's famous ‘pauventien acturus, sicut pater postea,’ still less of the hair shirt in which that penitence was probably an element. The Father holds that the fact of his having met with a lady of high merit for whom he has a strong inclination, and who has an equal inclination for him, is a Divine command to him, to make himself comfortable. All this is, of course, expressed by him, not in the dry fashion in which we have stated it, but after the passionate mode of an accomplished French orator. Right or wrong, the step he has taken is likely to close his career as a Catholic reformer claiming to retain a place in the Catholic priesthood. That trying position might possibly be maintained by a man who preached vow-breaking without practising it; but scarcely by a person who almost avowedly finds inclination too much for him. It cannot be at rest, he must seek associates and a sphere of action further and further removed from the aspirations and traditions of his earlier life.”

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—In a fashionable Scotch church in London (the correspondent of the Dundee Advertiser writes) there has just been a “scandalous” little incident, very painful to one unfortunate man, and very amusing to many others. A gentleman well known in society recently deserted his wife, and she, poor creature, has since been roaming about the world in search of him. Having been informed that her husband “worshipped” pretty regularly in the church alluded to, she went there in a great rage, and during the services fixed her eyes on a highly respectable elder, who, though not her husband, was amazing like him. Immediately after the services concluded, the excited woman rushed from the gallery where she had been sitting, and without waiting to make certain whether she was right or wrong, seized the unfortunate elder by the whiskers, and poured a shower of blows on his head. Before her mistake was made known to her and an explanation given the poor elder's frontispiece was black and blue. He did not give the woman into custody, but, like a good Christian, took her home with him to dinner.

EMIGRATION FROM THE MERSEY.—The emigration returns compiled by the Government officials at Liverpool show that during the past month there sailed from the Mersey, under the provisions of the Emigration Act, 34 ships to the United States, with 2,433 cabin and 12,000 steerage passengers, and seven ships for Canada, with 459 cabin and 2,202 steerage passengers. In addition to these, there sailed in various vessels not under the Act 1,422 passengers. This shows a decrease of 492 as compared with August, 1871. A comparison of figures shows an increase of 19,837 in the eight months of this year over the corresponding eight months of last year.

A LADY BURNED TO DEATH.—A fatal accident occurred on Saturday night to a young lady visiting at Llandudno, at 6 Mostyn-crescent, Marineparade.—She was going upstairs, carrying a lighted candle, when her dress caught fire, and she was immediately enveloped in flames. A gentleman who was on the Parade seeing her in this position went into the house and succeeded in extinguishing the flames by rolling carpets around her. She died next morning from the injuries received. The lady's name is Miss Brown, of Prince's Park, Liverpool, who, with her two sisters had been on a visit to Llandudno for several weeks.

FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE.—At Weston, near Bath, five fresh outbreaks of this disease have been reported. The animals affected included 35 cows, 17 heifers, 3 oxen, 1 pig, and 89 sheep. In Oxfordshire the returns for the week ending August 24, exhibit an increase in the number of farms and pigs affected, and a decrease in cattle and sheep. Total number of farms affected, 292; ditto, cattle, 1,750; ditto, sheep, 7,273; ditto, pigs, 293. During the previous week only 244 farms were under quarantine, showing the large increase of 48.

MORTALITY IN ENGLAND.—The Registrar-General reports the mortality last week in 21 leading places in the kingdom to be at an annual rate of twenty-four per thousand. London rate, 16; Bristol, 24; Wolverhampton, 20; Birmingham, 27; Nottingham, 22; Liverpool, 32; Manchester, 32; Bradford, 24; Leeds, 30; Sheffield, 27; Newcastle, 32. Births, 5,080; deaths, 3,417.

HIGHLAND MARY.—The Greenock Advertiser states that the monument to Highland Mary in the Old West Kirkyard, has been thoroughly and tastefully repainted and in general renewed. This has been effected through Mr. George Arbuckle interesting several gentlemen in the matter.

Messrs. Bell, Goodman, and Co., Walker Iron-works, Newcastle-on-Tyne, who have been working on the co-partnership principle for twelve months, have made a profit of 21 per cent, of which 10 per cent. goes to the firm and 10 per cent. on the wages earned by the men; thus a man who has earned £50 in the year gets £5 dividend.

The Sheffield police are negotiating for an advance of wages of 3s. per week and the eight hours system, alleging that they cannot live decently with the present high prices.

A new Catholic Church and schools, were opened at St. Peter's, Jersey, on 11th ult., by the Bishop of Southwark.

A firm of opticians at Manchester have presented 1,500 pairs of spectacles for distribution to the poor of the workhouses.

The price of gas in Manchester has been increased by twopenny per thousand cubic feet.

The Forest of Dean Colliery proprietors again have advanced their coal 2s per ton.

UNITED STATES.

THE TRUE ISSUE.—We have constantly urged on our non-Catholic readers, says the Brooklyn Citizen Review, not so much in our interest as in theirs, a truth which we fear they do not fully recognize, that the only real fight to-day is between the Catholic Church and infidelity. With amazing fortitude and singular inacquaintance, either with the past or the present, innumerable Protestant papers which we are compelled to see weekly gravely inform us that “Rome is their worst foe.” Perhaps so, in the event that human reason and common sense aided by faith had wiped out the absurdities of modern Rationalism, and the snare of Indifferentism, but as it is, “Rome is their best friend,” for if the great and unfolding Church of Rome should or could bend before the storm, Christianity would disappear. There is not as much strength in the lifeless branches which have been broken from the True Vine as would keep them together for half a generation, if there was not one great force to do battle for the Gospel against infidelity. Though this is as clear as the noon-day sun in an unclouded sky, we greatly fear that our Protestant brethren will not comprehend it; but that all of them are not blind to it we have encouraging evidence in a letter written some time since to the London Standard by its German correspondent. This testimony, we think, cannot fail to suggest to every prudent Protestant the inquiry, “In the interest of Christianity, would it be prudent, even if we had the power, to destroy the Catholic Church?” Here is what the correspondent wrote:—“In Germany and the Vatican we recognize, though perhaps unconsciously, embodied in their most distinct forms, Positivism and Ideality, the conflicting doctrines of which have for years past, and under various guises, been gradually drawing the populations of Europe into two hostile camps, and we are thus unable to direct ourselves of the belief that on this issue of the struggle now imminent hangs the future mystery over Europe of the principles involved in one or the other of these doctrines. If I am right, then, Englishmen who believe that religious faith is the only true foundation of a nation's prosperity would do well to hesitate before throwing into the scale with the party at present paramount in Germany the whole of their sympathies. It is not my wish to defend the principles of the Jesuits, nor will I deny that the power invested in the Catholic clergy is often grossly abused, but at a moment when the whole Christian Religion is threatened it behooves Protestants to regard the Church of Rome in a broad and generous light. It is surely better to fight in the van with Orthodoxy against infidelity than to bring up the rear of an army composed of the blasphemous scum of society—better to join issue with a Cullen, a Dupanloup, or a Kremetz than to run at the heels of a Bradlaugh, a Felix Pyat, or a Pebel. But people will say, ‘You cannot compare the great Liberal party in Germany with the men of the Commune.’ Most certainly I do so far that the watchword of both is ‘Away with religion; and will any one assert that this outbreak of the whole fabric of society once gone the weak and unprotected in Germany would have less to fear from their stronger neighbors than in France or any other country?’

Recently there was an article in the Christian Intelligencer, warning Protestant parents against Catholic schools, which calls forth the following comment from Mr. Beecher's Christian Union:—“The praise which the Intelligencer conveys somewhat cautiously to these teachers, we are compelled after some personal observation, to award without much qualification. There are not a few particulars in which the conduct of their schools might be emulated to advantage by the managers of our own. That spirit of courtesy and kindness, that recognition of age or superior station on the part of youth, which is so glaring in these establishments, is generally regarded in Protestant schools as too subservient to the spirit of the age, or the dignity and independence of Young America. What is it that turns all the young Protestants who attend these schools into Catholics? Is not the question worth putting? And is it not possible that some of the elements of this fascination may be worth studying to acquire? We knew a blunt lady once who, in placing her daughter in a New York convent school, stipulated that she should not be made a Catholic. ‘I can assure you,’ said the lady principal, with a smile, ‘that there shall be no interference with her religious belief; but we cannot help her being surrounded with a Catholic atmosphere.’ It is this ‘Catholic atmosphere’ whatever it may consist of, that does the business; and while we heartily agree with the Intelligencer that he is a very careless Protestant who subjects his children to it, we would not refrain from vilifying the Catholic educators on account of it, but we would fain have it analyzed and appreciated by our own.”

In a late number of Health and Home we find the following.—“The people who stay at home in summer are left without their weekly supply of gospel. A popular Brooklyn preacher in opening a free church, declared his intention of preaching to those who couldn't get away in summer. ‘If he had to sleep in a station-house.’ But when the hot weather came, and half his congregation departed, even the charms of the station-house could not hold him, and his church-doors are closed.” We would like for Health and Home to tell us how many Catholic clergymen left their congregations during the heated term? When the fashionable people have all left the city there is but little use for the fashionable preachers.

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

At No. 210, St. James Street, by J. GILLIES.

G. E. CLERE, Editor.

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The figures after each Subscriber's Address every week shows the date to which he has paid up. Thus "John Jones, Aug. '71," shows that he has paid up to August '71, and owes his Subscription from that date.

S. M. PITTENGER & Co., 37 Park Row, and Geo. ROWELL & Co., 41 Park Row, are our only authorized Advertising Agents in New York.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1872.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

OCTOBER—1872.

Friday, 11.—Of the Feria. Saturday, 12.—Of the Immaculate Conception. Sunday, 13.—Twenty-first after Pentecost. Monday, 14.—St. Callistus, P. M. Tuesday, 15.—St. Theresa, V. Wednesday, 16.—St. Edward, C. (Oct. 13.) Thursday, 17.—St. Hedwig, W.

ST. PATRICK'S ORPHANS' BAZAAR.

St. Patrick's Orphans' Bazaar will be held in the Mechanics' Hall, on the 24th inst. A Band will be in attendance. Entrance fee, 10 cts; Season Tickets 25 cts.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

There would appear, if Our Own Correspondent of the London Times may be relied upon, to be a little cloud on the European political horizon, menacing perhaps a storm. Russia, we are told, officially withdraws her congratulations addressed but the other day to M. Thiers, and expresses her dissatisfaction at the bellicose tone, and hostile attitude of the Radical party in France. What this may signify we cannot discover at present; but we may suspect that Prussia is somehow connected with this new attitude as towards France adopted by the Russian Government.

Among the notable events of the week, we may mention the partial destruction by fire of the famous Escorial, one of the architectural glories of Europe, and a building justly characteristic of Old Catholic Spain. It was erected by Philip II., King of Spain, in fulfillment of a vow by him made before the battle of St. Quentin, so glorious to the Spanish arms.—Partly palace, partly monastery, the Escorial was built to represent a gridiron in commemoration of the martyrdom of St. Lawrence, and in it were contained the priceless literary treasures of Spain. These, including the world-renowned library, have in great part been saved, and it is hoped that the injury done to the vast pile of buildings may be repaired.

Agrarian outrages are again reported from Mayo, Ireland. There has been another great Home Rule meeting in Limerick, at which Mr. Butt delivered a very powerful address.—Some sensation has been created in England by the suicide of Sir James Willes, one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas; it appears that the unhappy man was suffering from an attack of insanity, superinduced by gout.

The Legislature of the Province of Quebec is expected to meet for business about the 9th of next month. On Sunday evening about 8 P.M. a heavy thunder storm passed over the city; and in the course of the night the walls of the St. Patrick's Hall fell down with a loud crash. On Monday next there will be a meeting of the shareholders, when the affairs of the concern will be fully discussed.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Sir,—I, and some of my friends, are much troubled to discover the reason why a correspondent of the Montreal Witness, of the 26th of last month, signs himself A Catholic. Surely he cannot fancy that by so signing, he can deceive any one, or that the features of the Protestant are hid by the Popish cloak he puts on. His design in writing evidently is to involve in doubt a fundamental dogma of the Catholic Church—the supremacy of St. Peter; and to convict of error a preacher in the Church of the Gusu, who asserted that doctrine; and as an instance of its truth, alluded to the position assumed by St. Peter at the Council of Jerusalem, Acts XV. Now what I want to ask of you is "Can the writer in the Witness be a member of the Roman Catholic Church, as he pretends to be? and is the passage from the writings of the great St. John Chrysostom by him quoted, and which I enclose, a fair quotation?" Yours, A Real Catholic.

The following is the extract above alluded to which is given in the Witness, as correct translation of a passage in St. John Chrysostom's 33rd Homily on Acts XV.

"St. Chrysostom, one of the greatest Fathers and Saints of the Church, in his xxxiii Homily remarks as follows:

"This (James) was bishop, as they say, and therefore he speaks last. . . . Men and brethren, he says, hearken unto me. His also is a more

complete oration, as indeed it puts the completion to the matter under discussion. . . . There was no arrogance in the Church. After Peter, Paul speaks, and none silences him; James waits patiently, not starts up. Great the orderliness. No word speaks John here, no word the other Apostles, but held their peace, for James was invested with the chief rule. And he says well, with authority, I judge, &c."

The above translation from St. Chrysostom is garbled, and corrupted in an anti-Catholic sense; therefore not the work of a real Catholic, and therefore one which no real Catholic would adduce as of any value. We will proceed to point out its errors.

The very first sentence of the 33rd Homily on Act XV. V. 13. from which the writer in the Witness quotes, determines the entire question at issue as to the reason why in the Council at Jerusalem, St. James spoke last, and had, so far, the post of honor, assigned to him.

"He—St. James—was bishop of the Church at Jerusalem, and therefore spoke last."

"Episcopos en tes en Hierosolymois Ecclesias outos, dio kai uestros legei"—Homilia 33.

The "as they say" is an interpolation, in order to throw doubts on the fact of St. James having been the Bishop of Jerusalem, which words are left out: and therefore to ignore or invalidate the reason expressly assigned by St. Chrysostom why he, St. James, was allowed to speak last. The post of honor was assigned to him because the Council was held in his Episcopal City; so the Father expressly tells us.

The great Father and Saint from whom we are quoting—not second hand—then goes on to hold up to the admiration and example of his audience, the order, and modesty of the speakers their mutual forbearance and the absence of all pride, tufios or vain glory. As a striking instance of this he calls attention to the fact that after Peter, Paul spoke, and no one reproved him; that James waited for his turn and did not leap up ouk apopela; that John said nothing nor the other Apostles; that they kept silent and were not offended, so pure or free were their minds from all vain glory. Here again the no Popery writer cited in the Witness makes an interpolation, making St. Chrysostom give as the reason for the silence of St. John and the other Apstles, that "James was invested with the chief rule." In the original Greek no such words occur in connection with this passage, no such reason is assigned for the silence of St. John and his brethren; but something akin to them may be found in the previous sentence, where the fact is alluded to that the place of honor or privilege of speaking the last in the debate was conceded to the Bishop of Jerusalem, because as in the opening of the Homily we are told—the Council was held in his episcopal city—"To him the first place was assigned." By divorcing these words from their context, and poking them in there, where in the original no such words are to be found, the meaning of the entire passage is distorted.

Read with the context, the passage leaves the impression, the very opposite of that which the garbled extract given in the Witness is intended to convey. The point upon which St. John Chrysostom insists is, the humility, the absence of vain glory and self assertion that characterized the proceedings of the Council: and as a striking instance of this humility he points to the fact recorded in Acts XV., that, even after Peter had spoken, Paul spoke, and again St. James, and that no one reproved Paul for his presumption in so doing; that neither St. John nor the other Apostles, were offended with St. James. But why should they have been offended? why is it a thing remarkable that Paul and James, without provoking reproaches, spoke after Peter had spoken, if the last named had not been pre-eminent in dignity? Surely, if, as the writer in the Witness pretends "St. James and not St. Peter was invested with the chief rule," there was nothing in his being allowed to speak last, and so closing the debate, so very remarkable, as to make it worth while for St. John Chrysostom to appeal to it as a striking instance of modesty and humility, of the absence of vain glory or self assertion from the Council Chamber of the Apostles. On the contrary, on the hypothesis that Peter not James, was by divine appointment invested with the chief rule, but on this hypothesis only, can we see in it anything remarkable, or worth being insisted upon as an instance of apostolic humility. Read with the context, it is therefore clear, that St. John Chrysostom looked upon Peter, not on James, as the Apostle invested with the chief rule; and entitled, had he chosen proudly to insist upon his prerogative to speak last and to close the debate.

That such was the doctrine always held, always expressly taught by St. John Chrysostom, will be manifest from a few citations from that Father's writings, which we give below, and which, did space permit, we might multiply indefinitely. The following will however suffice

to establish our thesis. We content ourselves with giving only the English translation; should the Witness' Catholic doubt their accuracy, he can easily convict us of error, since he is so intimate with the writings of the Fathers:—

In the 8th Homily against the Jews, St. Chrysostom speaking of St. Peter's fall, expressly says, that he, St. Peter, by his penitence and tears, so washed away his denial that he was made first of the Apostles—protos apostolon, and that to him was committed the rule over the whole earth.

Again in the Homily 3d on Penitence, the same Father speaks of St. Peter as the Coryphous of the Apostles, koruphe ton apostolon, the first in the Church, o protos en to Ecclesia.

So again, in Homilia, on 2. Timothy c. 3., 1 Peter is spoken of as chief of the company; as the mouthpiece of all the apostles—to stoma ton apostilon apanton; the head of the family; as the chief ruler, and the foundation of the Church.

The same terms, we again find applied to St. Peter, by St. John Chrysostom in his Homily on the parable of the ten talents. Peter is the chief of the choir of the Apostles, the mouthpiece of the disciples, the column or pillar of the Church o stulos tes Ecclesias; indeed the great Saint and Doctor heaps up epithet on epithet, piles title upon title, and exhausts the resources of language, in his efforts to express adequately the grandeur of the dignity, and the importance of the office, with which by Christ Himself, St. Peter Prince of the Apostles was invested.

We might fill the page with quotations to the same effect; but these surely are enough to establish our thesis, that St. John Chrysostom held, and taught expressly, the doctrine that, by Christ Himself St. Peter, not St. James "was invested with the chief rule." If then the writer in the Witness do indeed feel "himself bound to interpret the Scriptures according to the unanimous consent of the Fathers," he will, unless he can get rid of the quotations from one not the least of those Fathers, by us above given, conclude henceforward, "that St. Peter and not St. James was invested with the chief rule" in the Church.

WHO IS A PROTESTANT? AND WHAT IS PROTESTANTISM?—We certainly wish that Protestants could agree amongst themselves as to what entitles a person to be called a Protestant; and would put out such a definition of Protestantism as should find universal acceptance. This however we can scarce hope for at present, but must still content ourselves with such light as from time to time is thrown upon the subject by Protestant controversies; unless indeed we accept the term Protestant to mean simply any baptized person who is not a Catholic.

This is a good if not an exhaustive definition of the term; though we find another put forward and insisted upon by a large party in the lately held Synod of the Reformed Church of France. After long wrangling, and vainly searching for something positive on which all the members of the Synod could agree, and the holding of which should be deemed sufficient to qualify the holder as a member of the French Protestant Church, the following suggestion—we copy from an editorial report of the proceedings given by the London Times of the 3rd July—was made by the Liberal party. There was, as by implication was admitted—no one positive or affirmative principle which all Protestants were prepared to accept; but,—

"there were, indeed, two negative principles on which all were agreed, and which might be considered sufficient to render the Protestants a distinctive body. They protest against Roman Catholicism on the one side and Atheism on the other; but, within these two extremes, it was urged that all forms of belief might find refuge within the Protestant Church."—Times, 3rd July.

By this definition, to which 45 out of 106 members of the Synod agreed, any person who is neither a Catholic nor an Atheist is a Protestant, and qualified to be a member of the Protestant Church, no matter whether he be baptized or unbaptized. Every Deist, or one who admits that there is a God, is, provided only that he does not believe what the Catholic Church believes and teaches, ipso facto a Protestant. This is a very comprehensive definition; and considering that it emanated from a very considerable body in the Synod of the French Reformed Church it is entitled to a respectful notice. It was not accepted indeed, 61 to 45 having refused to accept it; and ultimately the test proposed, and agreed to was, that of proclaiming "attachment to the Protestant Reformed Church of France, and revealed truth as contained in the Old and New Testaments." But as it was not determined what were these truths, or wherein they consisted, as still every one is left at liberty to determine these things for himself, even this definition, as the Times well remarks, practically excludes no one. "If these," says the Times, "are nearly the exact words of the qualification, we may conclude from the proved elasticity of such language amongst ourselves, that the Rationalists are not excluded from further share in the affairs of the Church." Certainly they are not; we all, whether Catholic or Protestant, whether Cal-

vinist or Liberal, profess to believe the truth and all truths contained in the Bible, or in any other book; the only difficulty is—and no small difficulty too—to determine what are those truths? This, par excellence the thing to determine, the Synod prudently did not touch, but left to the private judgment of its fellow-Protestants; with the understanding that the real terms of union or church membership should be an "agreement to differ—an idea" the London Times adds "not unknown among ourselves."

It must not be supposed that though in a minority the Liberal or Rationalistic party in the French Reformed Church are either numerically, or morally contemptible. Though in a minority in the Synod their representatives are the representatives of a majority of the entire French Protestant body, being representatives of the urban section of the community, out-voted by the rural section. Intellectually the Liberal minority is far superior to the majority. It is true, as the Times says, that "its most distinguished members avow and deliberately defend opinions which would here be regarded as a direct negation of Christianity"—for this is the logical result of their consistent Protestantism; nevertheless, as the Times admits, their views are "not the views of one or two extreme men, who like a notorious preacher among ourselves, refute themselves by their ignorance and extravagance. They are the deliberate opinions of a large party who maintain them with learning and argumentative powers." They are, the Times might have added, the views at which all men capable of reasoning, and who consistently carry out their theological and moral researches on truly Protestant principles must sooner or later arrive; and to which the educated classes of the Protestant community are all hastening in England as in France, in America as in Europe.

DESTRUCTION OF ST. PATRICK'S HALL.

The sad task is imposed on us of recording the total destruction by fire, on the morning of the 2nd inst., of the St. Patrick's Hall, one of the chief ornaments of our city. The loss is great, not merely in a pecuniary point of view, but as involving the destruction of a monument of Irish enterprise; and the most commodious Concert Room and Public Hall in Lower Canada.

The fire was communicated from the premises occupied by Mr. Ronayne's boot and shoe factory, separated only from the St. Patrick's Hall by a narrow alley. Though with their usual zeal and alacrity the Fire Companies were promptly on the ground, and though they braved the destroyer with their well known courage, on which it would be superfluous for us to insist, the flames soon extended themselves to the roof of the St. Patrick's Hall. This took place betwixt two and three o'clock in the morning, at which time a stiff breeze was blowing from East, which afterwards veered to North. This fanned the flames into fury, and it soon became evident that all that could be expected from the Fire Brigade was the confining of the fire to the buildings on which it had already seized. About 3 a.m. the roof of the St. Patrick's Hall fell in with a mighty crash, and soon naught but four bare calcined walls stood to mark the spot where the Irish of Montreal had erected a monument by its beauty and stately proportions worthy of them, of the City of their adoption, and of their native land. With great difficulty the large dry goods store of the Messrs. Morgan was saved; but after the fall of the roof of the Hall the flames were kept under and were prevented from spreading. The total loss of property by this disastrous fire is roughly estimated at about a Quarter of a Million of Dollars. Part of this, but part only, is covered by Insurance in the several offices of this City. The St. Patrick's Hall was insured for only \$55,000; it cost in its erection about \$120,000 so that the loss to the stockholders is great. It will be remembered too that in February, 1869, the roof of the building gave way beneath the unusual load of snow it had to bear, and thus necessitated a very great outlay on the part of the owners of the building.

We are happy to learn that some of the beautiful and costly Regalia of our Irish National, Charitable, and Religious Societies were saved; amongst other objects thus rescued uninjured we are glad to see is the gorgeous Banner of the St. Patrick's Benevolent Society, acquired at the cost of \$650. Nevertheless many objects of great price, and acquired at the cost of many sacrifices have doubtless perished in the flames.

It is complained, perhaps with truth, that the hose were in very bad order, and that to this was it in great measure due that, at an early stage the Firemen were unable to get the mastery of the flames. The hose, it is urged were too weak, to resist the strain on them, and imposed by the height to which it was necessary to throw the water. This will of course be enquired into, and promptly remedied. But if substantiated, the defects in the hose complained of do not justify the malignant slander of the

Montreal Witness who, true only to his usual trade, of calumny, lying and slandering again and again insinuates against the Firemen the charge of drunkenness, and neglect of duty. Thus in an article, editorial, on the subject he will not "say that the loss of our most magnificent hall might not have been prevented with present advantages had our firemen managed to keep dryer inside, and made good use of their world renowned agility;" and again in another column, he more expressly charges them, the Firemen, with the same faults:—

"The firemen, we are sorry to say, appeared to pay more respect to an old building in the vicinity, used as a tavern, than to the noble structure named after Ireland's Patron Saint."

As a set off to these attacks of the Witness we have the testimony of both the Montreal Herald, and the Gazette; of whom the one says in its report, that "the heroic daring of the firemen, and their perseverance in the face of discouragements, and appalling dangers cannot be too highly commended, for had it not been for the persistent efforts by which their lives were often imperilled the destruction of property must have been immense." So also in like manner testifies the Gazette to "the brave efforts of the firemen;" and in a special paragraph it thus takes up and deals with the calumnies of its evangelical and mendacious contemporary:—

The conduct of our city fire brigade is of the highest importance as regards the protection of Montreal from disastrous fires. The Witness charged them, in effect, with drunkenness at yesterday's fire, after the following fashion: "We do not say that the loss of our most magnificent hall might not have been prevented with present advantages, had our firemen managed to keep dryer inside and made good use of their world renowned agility." During the whole time the writer was present, about two hours, the firemen worked in admirable style, and exhibited no signs whatever of being in the slightest degree under the influence of liquor. Such a charge against a body of men distinguished for their courage, sobriety, and good conduct ought never to have been made except upon the most undoubted evidence. We notice that in a later edition the Witness withdraws, somewhat graciously, the charge.

We would venture to hint to the Witness that he will find it safer to be a little more careful in the selection of the objects of his malignant mendacity. Lie, and lie lustily, as heretofore against Bishops, priests, Jesuits, and nuns; but when you abandon such game for Scotch Lords, whom in your holy columns you accuse of murder, you are made publicly to eat your own dirty words, and like an abject coward under the lash of the horsewhip, are forced to acknowledge yourself an unscrupulous and unprincipled liar. So when you accuse a body of men in whose reputation the public generally are interested, you find yourselves confronted by such opponents as the Herald and the Gazette, who again force your words down your throat, at the risk of choking you. Take our advice most evangelical Witness; and if you cannot restrain your tongue from evil speaking, lying, and slandering, at least be more circumspect for the future in your selection of the objects of your evangelical attributes.

THE POSITION DEFINED.—As betwixt Germany the persecutor, and the Church, the position is well defined by the London Times which editorially remarks:—

"Strange to say, the real contest lies between the strong 'Man of Blood and Iron' at Berlin, and the feeble old man at the Vatican."

And yet great as seem the odds against the latter—to those at least whose eyes have not been opened so that they may perceive "the mountain full of horses and chariots of fire round about" the Vicar of Christ, as of old the heavenly host kept watch round the prophet of the Lord—II. Kings, vi., 17—we feel no hesitation, no doubts as to the result. We fear not; because we know that they that be with us are more than they that be with them; and we are assured that the feeble old man, a prisoner in his own palace will in the long run approve himself more than a match for the "Man of Blood and Iron," as the Times well calls him, who from Berlin issues his tyrannical edicts against the Church. He may thunder as he pleases; Catholics laugh at him and his thunder-bolts, and strong in the promises of the Most High hold him, and his weapons in derision.

The following are the terms in which the Witness finds itself compelled to retract its false witness against the Fire Brigade. He eats his leek it is true; but by his grimaces it is plain he does not relish the morsel:—

THE FIRE.—We find that the charge made by our reporter on the conduct of the firemen last night was based upon two facts. There was one fireman found somewhat dazed, and apparently the worse of liquor, and others who were believed to be in the same condition; while the abundance of liquor within reach seemed to give color to the accusation. Certainly many onlookers seem to have been deceived by appearances. A gentleman who was with the firemen from the first, and during the whole night assures us that if any remark should be made on the conduct of the Fire Brigade, it should be in the highest terms of praise for their energy and abstinence. He says, moreover, that there was no occasion to test the height of the stream of water on the roof of St. Patrick's Hall, as the flames were inside the roof before the full Brigade could be got to work. Had the flames been attacked, even with buckets, when first seen, it is generally believed the Hall would have been saved.

It is rumored that Sir John Rose will succeed Mr. King as President of the Bank of Montreal.

ANOTHER LIE NAILED.—There is no end to the number of leeks that the *Witness* is compelled to eat. The other day he published an article false in every important particular, about some pretended slights cast upon the Protestants at Quebec, which the writer called a *Grievance*, and which it is pretended occurred upon the occasion of a dinner party given at the Citadel of Quebec, in honor of the Governor General's visit to the ancient capital. To this a Protestant who is also a gentleman, and therefore the direct opposite of the editor of the *Witness*, replies in a communication over date Quebec, Sept. 30th, in which he gives the lie direct to the allegations published by the *Witness*; refutes every one of the statements that appeared in that journal upon the subject; and expresses his deep regret "that those who are here as strangers, anxious to do their best in the high and difficult position they are called upon to fill, should so soon be made the victims of party spirit and falsehood."

Truly the Protestants of Canada should be proud of the paper which affects to be their organ and assumes to speak as their representative!

A HEAVY CROSS: FIFTEEN THOUSAND POUNDS WEIGHT.—How converts from Romanism "to the truth as it is" &c., faithfully obey the evangelical precept of taking up the cross, and following Christ, is well brought out by Mr. Loyson's marriage with the good looking Yankee widow. He gives the world to understand that the step he has taken was prompted by the most self-denying motives, and that the bride whom he espouses is "poor in this world's goods." The *Times* on the contrary tells us that the lady in question is by no means so badly off as represented; that she has her fair share of this world's goods, and is worth in short \$15,000 stg. or \$70,000. After all Mr. Loyson's cross, which on becoming a Protestant he has taken up is, one which a good many people, who have not "come to Jesus" at all, would be very glad to bear.—Still no doubt M. Loyson is a holy and self-denying man.

Trial by Jury in the United States is a funny institution, and the sooner it is got rid of the better will it be for justice. What it is worth has been well displayed by the late acquittal on a second trial of a lewd woman, Laura Fair, who to the crime of adultery had added the crime of murder, and on whose guilt no shadow of a doubt rested, or could probably rest. In open day, and without provocation she shot down a former paramour, Mr. Crittenden, whilst sitting with his wife and children. This of course, naturally aroused sympathy in her favor; and as the woman is at the same time good looking, a United States jury could hardly have been expected to find her guilty of a crime for which the law adjudges the penalty of hanging. The infamous woman was therefore acquitted. It is thus that justice is administered in the Model Republic.

DR. STERRY HUNT.—This gentleman, whose name is familiar to the learned of both Continents as one of the first physicists of the day, was made the object of a demonstration on the occasion of his leaving Montreal for Boston, where for the future he intends to reside. This is a loss to Canada, to which he has rendered important services in his capacity of Chemist to the Geological Survey, with which, for near a quarter of a century, he has been connected.—His friends testified their appreciation of his merits, and their regret at his loss, by the public presentation to him on the eve of his departure of a handsome gold watch and chain, through the hands of the Hon. L. H. Holton, M.P.

WILLIAMSTOWN.—Last week, the annual devotion of the "Forty Hours" took place in this parish and, as usual, was conducted with all possible splendor.

The Very Rev. Canon Leblanc, of the Cathedral, Montreal, the Rev. Fathers MacDonnell, Masterson, Murray and Spratt, kindly assisted Father MacCarthy during the three days. Upwards of nine hundred persons approached the tribunal of penance, and received the most adorable Sacrament of Christ's Sacred Body and Blood.—*Com.*

The Benediction of the bells of St. Romauld Church, New Liverpool, took place on Sunday last, and was attended by an immense number of persons. His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec officiated.

CORNWALL LOTTERY.—The drawing of prizes of the above lottery will take place, in Cornwall, on the 15th inst. The winning numbers will be duly published in the *TRUE WITNESS*.

BROWNSON'S QUARTERLY REVIEW.—Dr. Brownson writes to the *New York Tablet* announcing the re-appearance of the new series of his *Quarterly Review* on or before the 1st of January next. We are indeed glad, because this announcement assures us that the old

veteran of the Press is still hale and hearty in spite of the burden of his years; and we rejoice still more because we are assured that the "*Review*" will as ever, be fearless and independent of public opinion;" and at the same time controlled in its utterances by the Syllabus and the Decrees of the Holy Synod of the Vatican, both of which I am bound as a Catholic to accept, and do fully accept *ex animo*."

This has the ring of the genuine metal. We felicitate the writer on his noble scorn of "public opinion," the most cruel and debasing of all conceivable task-masters; we felicitate him still more on his noble submission to "the Syllabus and the Decrees of the Holy Synod of the Vatican," which every Catholic is bound, *ex animo*, to accept, ay! every paragraph, every line, every word, and every syllable of them. We heartily wish therefore success to the New Series of *Brownson's Review*.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD—October, 1872.—Hardy & Mahony, 726, Sanson Street, Philadelphia.

This is a very excellent periodical; its articles are well selected, and of interest to the Catholic reader. The current number contains the following:—1. The Catholic Church the Repository of True Christian Charity; 2. The Heroine of 1793, c. iii. and iv.; 3. Threnody of St. Augustine; 4. Among the Prophets; 5. Further Thoughts About the Possibility of Embracing the So-Called Reformation; 6. Discontent; 7. Autumn; 8. Alone in the World; 9. Ignatius of Loyola; 10. Raoul de Brabant, or The Atonement; 11. New Publications.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD—October, 1872.—Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier, Montreal.

The list of articles given in the current number which we publish below will suffice to show how well the *Catholic World* maintains its high reputation:—1. Bismarck and the Jesuits; 2. Choice In No Choice; 3. Fleurance; 4. Review of Vaughan's Life of St. Thomas; 5. The Progressionists; 6. Gavazzi versus The Sea of St. Peter; 7. Number Thirteen; 8. On a Picture of St. Mary bearing Doves to Sacrifice; 9. Centres of Thought in the Past; 10. Versailles; 11. Father Isaac Joques, S.J.; 12. Dona Ramona; 13. The Distaff; 14. A Martyr's Journey; 15. Odd Stories; 16. New Publications.

LIFE AND SPEECHES OF DANIEL O'CONNELL—Illustrated.—New York: J. A. McGee, Publisher, 7, Barclay Street.

In a very handsome volume, the publisher gives us a sketch of the life of this distinguished orator, statesman and patriot; as also full reports of many of his great speeches delivered at the Bar and in the House of Commons. The work well deserves the patronage of the countrymen of the Great Liberator.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE—September, 1872.—Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York; Messrs. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

The contents of the current number are very interesting. We publish below the list:—1. A True Reformer, part vii.; 2. Glimpses of the Future; 3. The British Tourist in Norway, conclusion; 4. Charles James Lever; 5. Life of Madame de Lafayette; 6. Japan.

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for October, contains the following articles:—1. The Paradise of God; 2. St. Clement; 3. Historical Scenes of the Fourth Century of the Church; 4. God our Father; 5. Consecration of the Universal Church to the Sacred Heart of Jesus; 6. Catechism of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus; 7. Love's Vision; 8. Pansies; 9. General Intention; 10. Graces Obtained.

NEW CHURCH AT OTTAWA.

The ceremony of blessing the corner stone of the new St. Patrick's Church, a large and noble structure took place on Sunday last with great eclat, in presence of one of the largest and most intelligent audiences ever assembled in Canada. On the platform, with Bishop Guiges and clergy were Rev. Father Dowd, of Montreal, Sir John A. Macdonald, Hon. W. Macdougall, C.B., Secretary Aikins, Hon. R. W. Scott, Mr. Currier, M.P., and other leading persons. Sutherland's brass band and the choir of the convent of the Congregation de Notre Dame furnished instrumental and vocal music. Father Dowd was the orator of the day. He took for the grounds of his address the words, "Praise ye the Lord for He is good, and His mercy endureth for ever." He contrasted the ceremonies attendant upon the opening of the great Temple of Solomon at Jerusalem, when the people assembled from the furthestmost corners of the land or Israel to be present at the imposing ceremony with that of yesterday. There was the music of the harp, the sackbut and psaltery of the drum and cymbal, and the voices of the sweet daughters of Israel resounded through the temple. Here on the most sacred day of the week were a people assembled, to praise God, and to rejoice before Him, to the sounds of musical instruments, at the opening of a temple which was to be dedicated to the glory of God, and consecrated by a blessing from their venerable and venerated bishop. The learned clergyman then contrasted the pious rites and sacrifices of the altars of the Jewish rites with the grand atonement which had been made once and forever by the Saviour of mankind, and after alluding to Ireland as being the most Christian country on earth, her sons having sacrificed so much for religion, he resumed his seat. Bishop Guiges, despite the falling rain, then proceeded to bless the corner stone of the sacred edifice. On returning to the doors a collection was made, during the taking up of which Sir John Macdonald occupied the chair and presided, at the request of the authorities. In the evening Rosa D'Erina gave a sacred concert in St. Joseph's Church, on behalf of the building fund of St. Patrick's church.—*Montreal Gazette.*

ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION.

We have much pleasure in reporting a most interesting event which took place on Sunday, the 6th inst. This consisted of the presentation to Edward Murphy, Esq., 1st Vice-President of the St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society, of an Address accompanied with a portrait of himself, as a mark of their respect and esteem for his having been an active officer of that body for over thirty years.

The presentation took place in the Sacristy of St. Patrick's, immediately after Grand Mass. The Rev. Father Leclaire, President of the Society, presided, and explained the object for which the Society was assembled, the attendance being large and influential.

The Secretary, Mr. A. Brogan, read the Address, after which the Portrait was formally presented; the Address, with Mr. Murphy's reply, will be found below.

The Portrait, which is life size, is a striking likeness, one of the best we have ever seen.—It is a splendid work of art, and reflects the greatest credit on the artist, Mr. Hawksett, of this city. It is magnificently mounted in a richly carved and gilt frame, and bearing the following inscription on a tablet at the bottom

PRESENTED
TO
EDWARD MURPHY, Esq.,
OF THE
ST. PATRICK'S TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.
Montreal, October 6th, 1872.

This testimonial also reflects the greatest credit on the Society; for the spirited and liberal manner in which they got it up.

We may add that this is the second testimonial presented to Mr. Murphy by the Temperance Society. The first, in 1862, of a magnificent silver water jug; and the second, that which we have the pleasure of chronicling to-day, which was kept a profound secret from Mr. Murphy till the moment of the presentation; he was, therefore, wholly and agreeably taken by surprise by his friends. The following is the

ADDRESS.

To EDWARD MURPHY, Esq., Vice-President of the ST. PATRICK'S TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.

DEAR SIR.—Your labors and most servicable connexion with the St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society of over thirty years, without the slightest relaxation of fervour on your part, imposes on us a duty which we cannot decline without a sort of infidelity to the good cause so dear to your own heart.

We hesitated for a time to take this mode of expressing to you our gratitude for, and our admiration of, the earnest zeal and the unselfish readiness with which you have so long laboured for the objects of our Society, knowing your dislike to ostentation and the purity of your motives in doing all the good within your reach to your fellow-men, seeking your only reward from God and the approbation of your own conscience. But, dear sir, on this occasion we trust you will be generous enough to give way to our wishes, and permit us to make an acknowledgment due alike to your merit, and to the advancement of the great cause whose love is common to us all. In thus honouring your zeal, your fidelity, your perseverance, and your indefatigable labours in the cause of Temperance, we hope to render no small service to the cause itself, and thereby we are sure to meet the most cherished desire of your heart.

We ask your acceptance, dear sir, of a Portrait of yourself, which you will keep as a *Souvenir* of the esteem of our Society and of its appreciation of your great services.

When the term of your useful and edifying life shall be ended, you can bequeath it to your children as a memento of a virtuous and respected father.

Signed, on behalf of the St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society,
L. W. LECLAIRE, Priest,
President.
A. BROGAN, Secretary.

To which Mr. Murphy returned the following

REPLY.

Rev. Father Leclaire and members of St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society of Montreal.

GENTLEMEN.—The painting and the address which accompanies it, takes me by surprise; your good intentions have been kept such a profound secret that I am entirely overwhelmed with the suddenness of the presentation, so much so that I am at a loss to find words to convey my thanks for this additional proof of your kindly feelings. I cannot but think that you have over-estimated my humble efforts in assisting you to promote the good cause so dear to us all, and feel that other members of our committee are as much entitled as I am to the consideration you have bestowed on me, for they have all labored with that "earnest zeal" which you credit to myself individually. Your munificence in 1862 I should have considered a sufficient reward for a life time of labour in our good cause, but that could not fill the measure of your friendship and good feeling, for to-day you again present me with another testimonial. I appreciate the very affectionate address with which it is accompanied, and believe me it will ever continue to be a labour of love to work with you in promoting the cause of Temperance in this city, for I am fully persuaded that my connection with you would alone have compensated me, but now I am trebly repaid. Perhaps, I cannot better show further my gratitude than by pledging you that the portrait shall be handed down to my children and children's children as an heir-loom of your kindness.

Beverend Sir and Gentlemen, again I thank you, and I cannot better conclude than in the words of our great Irish Apostle of Temperance, Father Mathew, "May God bless you, and grant you grace and strength to keep your pledge to discontinuance the cause and practice of intemperance."

THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO AND TEMPERANCE.—On Sunday evening, Sept. 29th, His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, after Pontifical vestments were chanted, ascended the pulpit of St. Michael's Cathedral and delivered a short discourse on the value of Temperance to a Christian people. It was His Grace's intention to have delivered a lecture on the subject; but the opportune presence in Toronto of the Rev. Mr. Devine, a Passionist Father, from Dublin, who volunteered to speak on the subject, merely gave the Archbishop the opportunity of introducing to the large congregation assembled, the Very Rev. gentleman, who delivered a very feeling and touching sermon, and which had a very visible effect upon his hearers. In the course of his remarks, he urged gentleness and patience on the part of friends of the

unfortunate whilst absolutely under the influence of drink. He particularly urged the necessity of prayer to rescue the unfortunate from the abyss into which they were assuredly sinking. Having left the pulpit His Grace again ascended it, and calling to him the members of the Father Matthew Temperance Association, of whom 150 members were present, asked them to again renew their pledge. This they did most willingly and were followed by a few from the general congregation. Having in very feeling language thanked the members of the Society for their courage and self-denial, he pronounced the Benediction, when the large assemblage, amongst whom were many Protestants, left the sacred building for their respective homes.—*Irish Canadian.*

MARRIAGE OF THE MARQUIS DE BASSANO TO A CANADIAN HEIRESS.—The marriage of Napoleon Hughes Charles Marie Ghislaini Maret, Marquis de Bassano, with Miss Mary Ann Claire Symes, a wealthy Catholic lady, daughter of the late Mr. G. B. Symes, of Quebec, took place at the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, yesterday. The ceremony was performed by the Right Reverend Monsignor Capel, and was his first public function since his assumption to that title, which now gives him rank as a bishop. The guests were select rather than numerous, and amongst them was the Duc de Bassano (father of the bridegroom), and Chamberlain to His Majesty the Emperor of the French, Baron d'Hooghvorst, Baron Ed'Hooghvorst, Marquis d'Espeuilles, Lord Ashburton, M. Therould, Mr. and Mrs. Cuvillier, of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Erichsen, Mr. and Mrs. Frazer, Mr. Price, and Mr. Gordon. The chancel was tastefully decorated with ferns, evergreens and flowers, and the high altar was adorned with a profusion of lilies. At eleven o'clock the bridegroom entered, and took his place at the prie-dieu, which was at the bottom of the chancel steps. The bride arrived about a quarter of an hour afterwards, leaning on the arm of Mr. Cuvillier, and without bridesmaids. She was richly attired in a white silk dress with long train, the skirts being covered with puffs of lace, and she wore a plain tulle veil. Monsignor Capel, who, on arriving, was dressed in a purple cassock and Roman cloak, or *manteau de ceremonie* was vested by right of his new dignity, at the High Altar, assisted by Fathers Foley and Tyte. After the marriage ceremony, which closely resembled that of the Church of England, he celebrated Pontifical Low Mass, and delivered a brief address to the newly married couple, in the course of which he told them that his Holiness the Pope had forwarded his blessing on Saturday last. Mr. Sutton Swaby, the organist of the pro-cathedral, played a selection of music during the marriage and subsequent mass, consisting of several of his own compositions, besides those of Mozart, Wely, &c., and concluding with Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." The register was signed in the Chapel of the Sacred Heart, and attested by the Duc de Bassano (who acted as groomsmen), Mr. and Mrs. Cuvillier, Mr. Erichsen, and the Baron d'Hooghvorst. After the ceremony the party adjourned to breakfast at the bride's residence in Hyde Park-place.—*London Standard, Aug. 27.*

The discharged members of the gallant 60th Rifles had a very pleasant re-union and dinner last Thursday night. Major Worsley, late of the regiment and lately known as the Captain of the Canadian Rifle team, occupied the chair, and Lieut. the Hon. Keith Turner who is on leave from Halifax, was present. The ex-soldiers made a very creditable appearance, all being, seemingly, in easy circumstances, and the proceedings passed off with considerable *relax*. The idea of an "Old Soldier's Benefit Society" is a good one, and there seems every likelihood of the suggestion being carried out. There is a goodly number of discharged soldiers in Canada, and preparation for a rainy day is with them, as with every other class of men, a most commendable exhibition of common sense.—*Evening Star.*

NEW PAPER.—The *Barry sound Courier* is the title of a newly started weekly journal. Its politics are pronounced decidedly Reform; and judging from the number received, it gives promise of being serviceable to the party in that quarter of the province.— *Herald.*

DAMAGED CROPS.—The *Huron Signal* learns that the crops in the county of Bruce have suffered very much from the late rains. Being considerably later than in Huron, a large quantity of grain had not been harvested when the rain came on, and some of that standing in shocks has sprouted badly.

THE BRIG OF GIRLS.—The demand for domestic servants is increasing every day, and the supply seems to be decreasing proportionately. In some localities in the Upper Ottawa country, girls are offered \$20 per month, and very few can be had even at that rate. The trouble appears to be that they get married as soon as they go there.

LEGAL ON DITS.—It is reported that the two new judges for Montreal will be Mr. Pominville, the legal partner of Sir G. E. Cartier, and Strachan Bettune, Q.C., of Montreal. It is also reported that Mr. Betournay, of the firm of Cartier, Pominville and Betournay, will be appointed a judge for Manitoba.—*Star.*

MAGOG.—Two large barns and a shed attached, with about 60 tons of hay and some grain, were burned on Saturday morning last. The property belong to Judge and George Allen, of Magog. The origin of the fire is not yet known.

STRIKE REPORTED.—The *Express* of Monday says: "Bad news comes from Sidney Mines. We have been told that the miners have struck, while some 43 vessels are lying there waiting for cargoes of coal."

A terrible horse disease, consisting of a swelling in the throat, has broken out in the stables at Toronto.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

Carleton, NB, Rev E J D, \$2; Cote St Andrews, A R McD, 2; Buckingham, P D K, 10; Huntingdon, J McC, 2; Kingsbridge, Rev A W, 2; St Rochs d'Achegan, A, 1.50; St Foy, Rev JS, 2; L'Assomption, Rev J T G, 4; Lachine, J O N, 4; St Lambert, J McV, 2; Burritt's Rapids, J S, 2; Almonte, Rev R F, 2; Tennyson, J McE, 2; Ottawa, J C, 2; Beaverton, D A C, 1; St Flavie, J B L, 2; Bell Ewart, Rev L G, 2; L'Assomption, P F, 2; Buckingham, J M O N, 2; Loughborough, J L, 2; Osceola, D G, 5; Tannery West, Rev M M, 2; Milton, T H, 2; Toronto, J McM, 2; Port Hope, Rev J B, 2; Heathcote, T S, 4; Britannia, C D, 2; Cornwall, S T, 2; Tignish, P B I, Rev D McE, 6; London, J M K, 2; Boamsville, J R T, 2.50; Egerton, J B, 1; Dunham, Rev J J, 2; Keenansville, M J C, 2; Lachine, D O B, 2. Per F O N, Antrim—Cedar Hill, T O C, 2. Per Rev I J McE, Williamstown—Self, 2; Mrs D McE, 2; A McE, 2; D J McE, 5. Per L M, Seaforth—C P, 2; O R, 1. Per E K, Perth—J D, 2; T D, 6; Tennyson, J McE, 2; A McL, 4. Per J P, Greenock—P T, 2. Per F L E, Kingsbridge—Kintail, M D, Jr, 2. Per T P, Nepean—Murrave, M M, 2. Per J T, Arnprior—Self, 4; J H, 4; T T, 4. Per A B McE, Chatham—J M, 2. Per A S McE, Alexandria—D McE, 2; L McE, 1. Per J G, Coaticook, J R, 4; Stanstead, J B D & Co, 2; Lennoxville, P M, 6; Sherbrooke, J D G, 4; Rev A D, 4; H M, 2; J C, 1; W M, 1. Per R C, Montreal—Vankieck Hill, Mrs P P, 1.50. Per D K, Prescott—H L, 1. Per J B McE, Lochiel—A K, 2; A B McE, 2. Per G N, Perth—Self 4; Winnipeg, G D N, 2. Per Rev H B, Trenton—Ongley, L McA, 2.

ST. PATRICK'S HALL ASSOCIATION.
A SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE STOCK HOLDERS of the above Association, will be held in PERRY'S HALL, Craig St., on Monday October 14, at 7.30 P.M.
By order of the Directors.

THE MOUNTAIN PARK.—On last Friday afternoon a body of men commenced to grade the continuation of Bleury street, through the Bagg property, so as to make a road to the park.

The addition to the Roman Catholic Church, in St. Catharines, is built of stone in the gothic style at a cost of \$7,000. It is 37 x 45 feet, with large windows, each 5 x 9 feet. The body and gallery will hold about six hundred, thus making the whole building capable of accommodating nearly 2,000 people.—*Globe.*

WHITE BLUEBERRIES.—The *St. John News* says that "white blueberries are the latest curiosity at Yarmouth. They were gathered at Tusket Lakes, and are said to be precisely like blueberries in taste and size."

BUCKWHEAT.—Immense quantities of buckwheat and oats, unharvested, are to be seen in several sections of King's County. The probabilities of these grains proving a light yield are augmented by the difficulties of harvesting.

PRICE OF LABOUR.—The Saltfleet correspondent of the *Hamilton Spectator*, remarking upon the scarcity of labourers and farm help, says:—"Help seems wonderfully scarce this fall. The men seem to be employed on railways, &c., at wages above what farmers can afford. Double the price was generally paid hop pickers this season compared with others, yet more hands are idle, perhaps, than if wages were low."

RARE GOOD FORTUNE.—Mr. John Allan, who a short time ago disposed of the *Galt Reformer*, has, through the death of an aunt in Scotland, fallen heir to the sum of £20,000 sterling.

PROLIFIC.—A Prescott paper speaks of a stool of oats grown by Mr. Daniel Caughey, which contained 55 shoots, each shoot averaging 150 grains, or 8,250 grains in all. A pretty good crop from one seed. It is an imported variety.

SLAUGHTER OF HORSES.—The *Guelph Herald* of Saturday, says that on Tuesday morning, Judge McDonald had two horses killed by a night train near his premises. It is said three other horses were killed at the same time.

Birth.
In this city, on the 2nd inst., the wife of Mr. C. H. Lafavre, merchant, of a daughter.

Died.
In this city, on the 7th inst., Annie, infant daughter of Mr. James O'Brien, aged 12 months and 21 days.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

	October 10.	October 10.
Flour # brl. of 106 lb.—Pollards	\$2.50 @ \$3.25	
Superior Extra	0.00 @ 0.00	
Extra	7.70 @ 0.00	
Fancy	7.00 @ 7.10	
Fresh Supers, (Western wheat)	6.45 @ 6.50	
Ordinary Supers, (Canada wheat)	6.45 @ 6.50	
Strong Bakers	6.75 @ 6.80	
Supers from Western Wheat (Welland Canal)	6.45 @ 6.50	
Supers City Brands (Western wheat)		
Fresh Ground	0.00 @ 0.80	
Canada Supers, No. 2	6.10 @ 6.20	
Western States, No. 2	0.00 @ 0.00	
Fine	5.15 @ 5.25	
Middlings	3.95 @ 4.25	
U. C. bag flour, per 100 lbs.	2.85 @ 3.29	
City bags, [delivered]	0.00 @ 3.40	
Wheat, per bushel of 60 lbs.	1.42 @ 0.00	
Barley, per bushel of 48 lbs.	0.60 @ 0.65	
Lard, per lbs.	0.114 @ 0.09	
Cheese, per lbs.	0.103 @ 0.113	
Oats, per bushel of 32 lbs.	0.39 @ 0.32	
Oatmeal, per bushel of 200 lbs.	4.70 @ 5.00	
Corn, per bushel of 56 lbs.	0.57 @ 0.58	
Pease, per bushel of 66 lbs.	0.85 @ 0.87	

BOOKS FOR OCTOBER.

LIFE AND SPEECHES OF DANIEL O'CONNELL, M.P. Illustrated. One vol. Green and Gold. 2 00
THE SPOKEN WORD; or, the Art of Extemporaneous Preaching; Its Utility, Its Danger, Its True Idea. With an Easy and Practical Method for its Attainment. By Rev. Thomas J. Potter, Author of "Sacred Eloquence" etc., etc. One vol. Cloth. 1 50
PUBLIC SCHOOL EDUCATION, By Michael Muller, C. S. S. R., Priest of the Congregation of the most Holy Redeemer. One vol. Cloth. 1 50
SKETCHES OF THE ESTABLISHMENT of the Church in New England. By Rev. James Flitton, with Portraits of Cardinal Cheverus (First Archbishop of Boston), Rev. Dr. Matignon, Bishops Fenwick and Fitzpatrick. One vol. 1 50
THE COUNCIL OF "THE VATICAN," and the Events of the Time. By Thomas Canon Pope, Priest of the Archdiocese of Dublin. One vol. Cloth. 2 00
WAS ST. PETER EVER AT ROME? Authentic Report of the Discussion held in Rome on the evenings of the 9th and 10th of February, 1872, between Catholic Priests and Evangelical Ministers, on the Coming of St. Peter to Rome. Paper. 0 25
THE CATHOLIC WORLD, FOR OCTOBER. Contents: Bismarck and the Jesuits. Choice in no Choice. Fleurance. Review of Vaughan's Life of St. Thomas. The Progressionists. Gavazzi versus The Sea of St. Peter. Number Thirteen. Cn a Picture of St. Mary bearing the Doves to Sacrifice. Centres of Thought in the Past. Versailles. Father Isaac Joques, S.J. Dona Ramona. The Distaff. A Martyr's Journey. Odd Stories. New Publications, etc. 0 45
Any of the above books mailed free of Postage on receipt of price.
D. & J. SADLIER & CO., Montreal.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of GREGOIRE CLEMENT, of the City of Montreal, Merchant Tobacconist, Insolvent.
THE Insolvent having made an Assignment of his Estate to me, the Creditors are notified to meet at his business place, No. 74, St. Joseph Street, Montreal, the twenty-first day of October, instant, at Ten A.M., to receive statements of his affairs and to appoint an Assignee.
G. H. DUMESNIL, Interim Assignee.
Montreal, 5th October, 1872.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of H. L. GODFRAY, of Montreal, Trader, Insolvent.
Notice is hereby given that the Insolvent filed in my Office a deed of composition and discharge, executed by the proportion of his creditors as required by law, and that if no opposition is made to said deed of composition and discharge within three judicial days after the last publication of this notice, said three days expiring on Friday, the 25th day of October, 1872, the undersigned Assignee will act upon the said deed of composition and discharge according to the terms thereof.
JAMES TYRE, Official Assignee.
Montreal, October 3rd, 1872.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, Oct. 1.—Victor Hugo has been nominated by the Republicans of Algiers for member of the French Assembly.

PARIS, Oct. 3.—The Strasburg Gazette says that 500 Alsatians are now serving as soldiers in the German garrisons, of whom 125 are volunteers. The latter will be liable to military service for only one year.

France, notwithstanding her sufferings from war and the oppressive exactions of Prussia, contributed last year to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith one hundred and forty thousand pounds sterling; only eight thousand less than the amount contributed in her most prosperous years! The contributions of the other nations to the same society for the year 1871 were sixty thousand pounds.

So much is said of the villainess of France, and so little do we hear of its great goodness, that it is really refreshing to copy from the Boston Christian Register the following extract from a sermon of the Rev. Mr. Schermerhorn on his "Impressions of Europe." Mr. Schermerhorn, be it understood, when he first turned his face European-ward, half imagined that he was really leaving civilization, and all that was grandest and good behind. Of Paris and France he writes:—

I found so many things in Paris to admire, so few things to criticize, that I did not think I should find anything else to admire all over Europe. I expected to find the city in ruins, but the Palais of the Tuilleries, the Hotel de Ville, and Palais of St. Cloud, were the only ruins to be seen. I found Paris one of the best cities in the world; governed by the best sanitary measures, and watched over by the most obliging and humane police force, I venture to say, in the world. I did not see a drunkard, nor a loafer, nor a beggar in the streets or alleys. If I had seen a drunkard I should have known him to be either an Englishman or an American. In all the cities on the Continent which I visited, I did not see drunkenness among the natives, but I did see, to my shame and pain, drunken Englishmen and drunken Americans everywhere. So far as intemperance, vice, and crime are concerned, I am certain a half-dozen loafers could be picked up on the street corners in New York or Boston to one in Paris. To the charge of selfishness, treachery, and dishonesty, which is made against Frenchmen in particular, and against Continental people generally, my experience was a constant contradiction. I never saw more kindness and disinterestedness than I met with among the French people. So far as dishonesty is concerned, I was swindled more after my first hour in London, and my first half-hour in New York than I was during my entire stay in Paris. I think I have ample grounds for saying, truthfully, that the French nation is a good one, rather than a bad one, and that its tendencies are upward rather than downward, and it should be ranked among one of the first cities of the Old World.—Catholic Review.

SPAIN.

MADRID, Oct. 2.—A despatch from the town of Escorial, 24 miles north-west of this city, announces that the celebrated monastery of the Escorial was struck by lightning this evening. The building was quickly on fire and so rapid was the progress of the devouring element that the dome of the magnificent edifice has already fallen. The Royal Palace, with its splendid library of books and paintings and rare and costly manuscripts, is now in flames, and at the date of this despatch there is apparently little prospect of saving from destruction the mausoleum as well as the summer residence of the Spanish Kings. A brigade of engineers fully equipped with materials for service in such emergencies has left Madrid for the Escorial.

THE ESCURIAL LIBRARY SAVED.—MADRID, October 3.—The fire brigade sent from this city has arrived at the Escorial, and through its exertions the flames have been checked, and although still burning, are confined to that part of the palace in which the library is located. A great quantity of books and manuscripts has been removed, and there are hopes of saving the entire library, but in a damaged condition.

ITALY.

The antecedents of the kingdoms of Prussia and Italy conspire to strengthen an alliance, which in itself was strange and not to be expected, considering the different character of the populations of which they are composed. There is a strong analogy between them, inasmuch as both sprang from small beginnings and rose to greatness by violence and sacrilege. Bismarck, again, is a faithful copy of Cavour. Like the Italian minister, he insisted on unity, and, like him, he proceeded by way of annexation, and adopted very nearly the same moral expedients. He is also now falling into the same error. In reconstructing Italy Cavour opened in her side an unhealable wound, which sooner or later will cause her death, in assigning Rome as her capital. Bismarck also is making war with the Holy City. He has not indeed gone up against her, as against Paris, with besieging armies; but he has opened fire on principles which are her forts and bulwarks. He is seeking to undermine her defences and expose her to the fierce inroads of infidel and worse than barbaric hordes. The predictions of Italian Catholics have been fully realized; the assaults on the Pope's temporal power have resulted in an invasion of his Spiritual authority, and the new Kingdom of Italy has now gained a valiant ally in this unholy war.

S. Peter's and the Vatican are as of old: within their walls you forget for the moment the desolation and sacrilege which reign without, and think only of the Rock against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. It is most interesting to see the Hall of the Council remaining untouched; in its midst stands the simple pulpit from which so many venerable Fathers bore testimony to the unbroken tradition of the Church's teaching on the prerogatives of S. Peter and his successors, and you are sensibly reminded

that the Ecumenical Council of the Vatican is but prearranged, and not dissolved.

It may not be generally known that the Holy Father continues to pay regularly, not only the salaries of the Cardinals, but also to support in great measure by a considerable monthly payment nearly all the Archbishops and Bishops who have been lately appointed to the vacant sees in Italy. Add to this the allowance made by his Holiness to numerous former employes of the Pontifical Government and their families, together with his daily acts of private charity and beneficence, and you are forced to exclaim: "This is the Lord's doing and it is wonderful in our eyes." It is true that the offerings of the faithful from all parts of the world, have hitherto been abundant, but it is no less true, that if the present state of things continues, the Christian people must not relax, but rather redouble its efforts to enable the common Father of the Faithful to meet the extraordinary expense which he has taken upon himself, as well as the ordinary cost of the administration of the Holy See.

What can I say of the state of the city? To one who has known it in its days of order, quiet, and propriety, who remembers its peaceful streets at nightfall, and the absence of all external signs of impiety and vice, it is simply true to say that Rome is no longer Rome. While I was there the Corso and principal streets and squares resounded until a late hour of the night with the yells and shouts of the intruding hordes, who are at present the real masters of the City, the burden of their cries being "Death to the Pope! Death to the Jesuits! Death to the Priests!" This vile populace, the scum of Italy, which "Special Correspondents" would have us believe to represent the Roman people, is only kept under by receiving periodically a sop from the usurping Government in the shape of some wanton and tyrannical attack upon religious institutions; as in the case of the seizure of nearly the whole of the house of the Gesù, and quite lately in the expulsion from their convent of one of the most fervent and exemplary communities of cloistered Nuns.

But here I must end for fear of encroaching upon your valuable space. I left Rome with a sorrowing heart; adoring, indeed, the permission of the Most High, but repeating "How long, O Lord, how long!"

ROME, Sept. 30.—The Pope to-day went out beyond the precincts of the Vatican for the first time since the occupation of Rome by the Piedmontese Government. He proceeded to Porta Della in Zecca and walked in the gardens.

October 3.—The Pope, replying to a deputation which visited him on the anniversary of the taking of plebiscitum in Rome, declared that the triumph of the Church would assuredly come, if not in his lifetime, in that of his successors.

THE POPE AND THE STATE OF ROME.—We (Tablet) have received the following:—

Having lately returned from Rome, it has occurred to me that it may interest your reader to hear somewhat of the Holy Father and of the present state of the city.

I had the unspeakable consolation of an audience with his Holiness. I had seen him last in May, 1868, and at that time considered that he showed many signs of old age, as well as of care and anxiety; now, however, it is the reverse: he looks in all respects really younger, there is not a trace of care or anxiety on his venerable countenance, his eye is as bright as I remember it five-and-twenty years ago, his step firm and vigorous, and his voice as clear and musical as ever; he is not so stout as formerly, and hence his whole bearing presents far greater vigor and activity. What struck me most in the Holy Father was the calm and repose and air of confidence which he betokens, contrasting so wonderfully with the spirit which reigns outside the precincts of the Vatican. That spirit is simply the spirit of the Evil One; it is seen and felt in every shape and form, and in this respect it is true to say that Rome is no longer Rome.

WHY A CONVENT WAS CLOSED.—The case of the Visitation nuns of Pavia has made a great sensation. The sole pretext of the Government was that, on being asked the invidious question: "What city is the capital of Italy," one of the pupils had answered "Florence." The citizens of Pavia peremptorily refused to send for their children, and thus obliged the police to eject by brute force the little girls, many of whom are daughters of the most illustrious Lombard families.

ELECTIONS IN SOUTHERN ITALY.—The Times' Naples correspondent writes, under date September 7:—"The scrutiny of the votes for our Municipal Councilors is not yet completed but it is generally acknowledged that the Clericals have, on the whole, a majority. Thus Naples, the second city of the kingdom, is the only large place in which the efforts and intrigues of the Clerical party have gained a decided success. The Ministerialists have met with an inglorious defeat. The proceedings were conducted with the greatest order. Out of 20,010 registered voters, 9,397 presented themselves at the urn, being three times the usual number, and as this number was got together by an extraordinary impulse, you may calculate the necessity or the value of the demand for universal suffrage. The immediate causes of this mortifying result of the elections are obvious. The Liberals, as usual, have been splitting straws and quarrelling over trifles so that no fewer than four parties were formed and four lists of candidates circulated. The Clericals, on the contrary, voted in one compact mass, and have taught the Liberals the value of union. The Cardinal and his friends may well rejoice and shout 'Io triumpho!' but the former must at least allow that the license he claimed in his celebrated letter published in July, while it proves the tolerance of the Italian Government, would, under Bourbons, have sent his friends into exile, if not to a state prison. Would Ferdinand II. have permitted any man within his dominions to declare to the 'Faithful' that they might be electors or Municipal Councilors without taking the oath of allegiance to their Sovereign? Naples will present a curious spectacle should its affairs be administered by a section or a majority of Councilors who do not acknowledge their King. Can this be the same city which received Garibaldi in 1860 with wild enthusiasm, and Victor Emmanuel with equal enthusiasm a few days later?"

GERMANY.

The Kölnische Zeitung, a leading anti-Catholic daily paper, lately laughed at the Bishop of Mainz, Mgr. Kotteler, on account of his publishing another brochure, addressed "To the Faithful of the said Dio-

cese," in which he denounces the present movement against the Jesuits as "only the thin end of the wedge;" yet in its impression, of the 22nd of August it gives the following comforting bit of news:—"We hear from Berlin that the Prussian Ministry of Worship is closely engaged in preparing a *projet de loi*, which is to embrace the whole relations between Church and State, on the ground that hitherto the indelicateness of the Constitution on this point has led to great inconvenience, and has been made the best use of by Catholics. The Minister of Worship, Dr. Falk, has, during his vacation in Silesia, been himself conducting the work.

ATTITUDE OF THE GOVERNMENT TOWARDS CATHOLICS.—In intimating the sentence to the Fathers at Strasburg the Director of Police used the following words:—"You have made the Syllabus, and the Syllabus is the enemy of modern States. It is your spirit which inspires the Catholic press of Germany, and we therefore consider it necessary to get rid of you." The *Spenzer Zeitung*, the semi-official organ of Prince Bismarck, goes further, and talks already of the necessity of suppressing the Catholic press itself, which must no longer be allowed to appeal to principles which the Government has marked with its disapproval. And it would seem that as much personal hostility as possible is to be imported into this gratuitous quarrel, which is most emphatically a "querelle d'allemand." The Bishop of Ermland, to show that his refusal to break the laws of the Church did not proceed from any personal want of respect to the Sovereign, asked permission to present a complimentary address to the Emperor at Marienberg, whither he was to escort the Czar on the departure of the latter. This application, as we learn from the telegrams, has been flatly refused, unless the Bishop will retract his assertion that the laws of the Church are more binding than those of the State—and this, it must be remembered, in purely spiritual matters, such as whether the sacraments shall be administered to this or that person or not. We have heard a great deal about the paternal character and paternal dispositions towards his subjects of the Emperor William; but it would seem that he is only allowed to be paternal towards those of his Catholic subjects who are ready to deny their God, by admitting that the laws of Divine authority are less binding on their consciences than those made from one day to another by Prince Bismarck and the Imperial Reichstag.

GERMAN EMIGRATION.—The German Government continues to be much disquieted by the large dimensions of the emigration to America. It is stated that, according to "authentic" advices from Berlin, the numbers are growing in such proportions that by the 1st of January the figures will be double what they were in the years preceding the late war. As usual, the bulk of the emigrants are young men anxious to avoid military service. It was in reference to this movement that the circular from the War Minister, by the Emperor's orders, was issued last July. As it has seemingly had no appreciable effect in checking the ever-widening stream, a second circular, couched in more threatening terms than the first, has just been issued. It recalls to the youths in question that they make themselves liable to the severest penalties by the course they adopt, and that if they persist in it they will be treated as outlaws for life. At the same time, a special service is being instituted for the more effective surveillance and supervision of the districts from which the emigrants mainly come. But, in spite of all this, the emigration to America has been only slightly affected.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

RUSSIA.

PROGRESS OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.—The Statesman's Year Book for 1872 gives the estimated population of Russia in Europe, including Finland and Poland, at the date of the latest returns, at sixty-eight millions and a quarter. It may be interesting to learn (upon the authority of the *Bourse Gazette* of St. Petersburg) the rate of progress of the population of that Empire. In 1722 it stood at fourteen millions, in 1803 at thirty-six millions, in 1829 at about fifty millions, and in 1863 at sixty-five millions. With respect to area we read, on the same authority, that in the time of John III., that is to say in the second half of the 15th century, it occupied a surface of only eighteen million square miles. In the reign of Alexis, in 1650, its extent had already reached two hundred and thirty-seven millions; under Peter the Great, two hundred and eighty millions; under Catherine II., three hundred and thirty-five millions of square miles. Under the present reign, according to the *Statesman's Year Book*, the area of the Russian Empire, including Finland, Poland, Russia, and Siberia, is very nearly three hundred and seventy millions square miles. Siberia and the Caucasus add nearly nine millions to the population of the entire Empire, which thus stands, as nearly as possible, at 77 millions. The density of the population to the geographical square mile ranges from a maximum of 2,204 in Poland to a minimum of 17 in Siberia.

These who are acquainted with the educational triumphs of the Christian Brothers in Ireland, will not be surprised at their victories in America. It would be difficult to overrate the inestimable services which the brave and faithful sons of La Salle have rendered to the cause of Catholic education in the United States. To trace briefly their history in the American Republic is a most pleasing and grateful task for it is a history of triumphs well earned and nobly won. True, Rome was not built in a day—moral wonders cannot be performed in a few years; yet the success of the Christian Brothers in America has been so rapid, so decided, and so great, that the good which they have accomplished may, without any exaggeration, be called a moral miracle. At the invitation of the Most Rev. Dr. Eccleston, the fifth Archbishop of Baltimore, the Christian Brothers opened their first novitiate in the United States in 1834. During seven years previously the illustrious Archbishop Hughes had been endeavoring to establish them in New York, but Ireland could not spare Brothers to realize the dearest wish of his heart. The great prelate was, however, ultimately successful, and in 1848, with his warm approbation, Father Lafont, pastor of the Church of St. Vincent De Paul, introduced a few Brothers into the diocese of New York. Catholic education in the United States had never so determined and successful a champion as Archbishop Hughes; and the intellectual emancipation of his countrymen from an odious proselytising corporation in New York, was one of the grandest triumphs of an episcopate which was one of wisdom, courage, and glory. The Christian Brothers soon realized his fondest hopes and most sanguine expectations. Their educational institutions gradually increased. From New York and Baltimore they were invited to other states and dioceses. At present they have schools, academies, and colleges, in all the great centres of thought and civilization in the great Republic. In New York alone they are conducting fifteen parochial schools, three first-class academies, and one college (Manhattan), which is reputed to be among the highest and most successful Catholic seats of learning in the whole State. A degree obtained in this college is considered by scholars of every religious denomination a sufficient guarantee for superior talent and learning. Enjoying all the privileges of a university, Manhattan College is the source of innumerable blessings to the sons of the wealthier classes in the States. The President, Brother Paulan, a gentleman of great administrative abilities, and the highest literary culture and acquirements, is a son of gallant Tipperary; he was born in Thurles; and the American Chrysostom, the Most Rev. Dr. Ryan, the Coadjutor Bishop of the Archdiocese of St. Louis, was his school-fellow and townsman. A few years ago it was the high privilege of Brother Paulan, as the President of Manhattan College, to confer the degree of LL.D. upon Dr. Ryan, in grate-

ful acknowledgement of the young Bishop's distinguished services to the cause of Christian education, and of the honor and fame which his electric eloquence reflected upon the Irish race. The Provincial of the Christian Brothers in the United States, Brother Patrick, is also a son of the premier county, which has been as fertile of brave missionaries as of heroes and martyrs. It would be difficult to name, either in the old or new world, any Irishman who, in a quiet and unostentatious manner, has rendered during the last thirty years nobler services to the cause of Christian education than Brother Patrick.—*Dublin Freeman Journal*.

One judge in Chicago has set a good example. The monstrous abuses to which the wholesale granting of divorces in that city has led have at last had their legitimate effect, and a reaction in the direction of common sense and sound morals seems to have now set in. Judge Farwell of the Circuit Court startled the crowd of spectators which "divorce day" had drawn by announcing, on a test case which came before him, that he will no longer entertain the flimsy pretexts which have been so often successfully put forward as a ground for divorce, and that the mere fact of jealousy, meanness or ill-temper will not be considered in his court sufficient reason for separating unhappy couples. This is very sound and healthy doctrine, and we hope for the sake not only of Chicago, but of the community generally, that Judge Farwell will be supported in the sensible stand he has taken.—*Gazette*.

Some people do not beat long about the bush in bargain-making, even when the commodity they have to dispose of is their own precious selves.—Fancy the virtuous indignation of the Chappaqua sage on receiving the following "private and confidential" communication which has since appeared in the *N. Y. Tribune*:—

SHARPSBURG, Sept. 14, 1872.

Mr. Horace Greeley—Dear Sir:—I am captain of a Grant club in this borough; they number at present 150 men. I can control easy 499 votes. If you send me \$500, and promise me a good office if you get elected, I will get the votes for you. If you do not comply with this I will have to go against you. If you make up your mind to comply with the terms, you can address me.

Yours respectfully,

A. G. WILLIAMS.

P.S.—Gov. Geary promised me the office of sealer of weights and measures; but after he got elected he broke his word, and gave the office to another man. I hope you will not do the same thing. Send the money by a money order.

A. G. WILLIAMS.

The Connecticut Legislature has given a husband a divorce because his wife had become insane since their marriage, says the *Chicago Post*. If insanity, which is but a disease, may dissolve the marital relation, why not consumption, measles, or liver complaint? New England cannot afford to laugh much at the West on account of our divorce laws, and President Woolsey must needs write a few more tracts for the Connecticut market. The solons of that Legislature seem disposed to utilize the name of their State in the motto, "What God did Connect-I-cut-asunder?"

The *New York Nation* in commenting upon the Loysos scandal, puts into very plain terms the impression produced in the minds of most intelligent people by the famous letter of defence. It says:—"The letter is very eloquent, and curiously frank, and will be read with great delight by women and staunch Protestants; but we are nevertheless, satisfied that it is the ruin of Father Hyacinthe as a reformer, or dissenter, or schismatic, or whatever you please to call him. He might have exercised great weight in the Old Catholic movement, or might, in deed, if of more heroic mould, have headed a religious revolution; but marriage is fatal to all this, because nothing will persuade the world that his desire for marriage had nothing to do with his leaving his convent. When a man is seen kissing a pretty girl, there is not the slightest use in his trying to persuade people that he does it *pro bono publico*."

M. LOYOS'S POVERTY.—In his recent letter to the *Temps*, justifying his marriage, the ex-Father Hyacinthe says:—"If marriage were for me merely a personal satisfaction, I should not think of it for a moment. I know too well that the pure and humble home which I create will be insulted by some, deserted by others, and that it must embrace within its circle anguish and happiness together." Again:—"At the very moment when I seemed to be abandoned, renounced by my friends and by my kinsmen, exiled by blow upon blow from my Church, from my country, from my family, He sent on my solitary and desolate path a noble and holy affection, a sublime devotion, poor in this world's goods, rich in the gifts of intellect and of art; and when all had crumbled away, alone or almost alone this support remained to me." It now appears from the *Avenir National*, which is "in a position to affirm it," that Mrs. Merriman, now Mme. C. Loysos, possesses a fortune of 375,000 francs, or £15,000. Pretty tolerable poverty!

Revelations of the mysteries of adulteration will, we are convinced, prove more fatal to drunkenness than even the New Licensing Act. At the last meeting of the Chemical-Agricultural Society at Belfast, under the presidency of Dr. Knox, late Poor Law Inspector, the subject of whiskey adulteration was brought under consideration by Dr. Hodges, who exhibited a specimen of fluid liquor brought to him by two men who had been physically incapacitated by drinking a small quantity of it in a public-house. He found on analysis that it contained a large amount of naphtha. He had also discovered that ingredients of even a more deleterious character were used in the process of adulteration—mixtures containing sulphate of copper (blue stone), Cayenne pepper, sulphuric acid (vitriol), and a little spirit of wine. One specimen submitted to Dr. Hodges by a number of provision curers and cutters was composed of naphtha and a slight colouring of whiskey. The men who had imbibed a small quantity of it were affected with serious symptoms; and this, said Dr. Hodges, was a fair specimen of the drink sold in low-class public-houses. The trade in this noxious compound is carried on with impunity, no local authority in Belfast, or in the province of Ulster, caring to exercise the powers with which the Legislature has invested them for the suppression of the traffic.—*Dublin Freeman*.

A QUAKER'S LETTER TO HIS WATCHMAKER.—I herewith send thee my pocket clock, which standeth in need of thy friendly correction. The last time he was at thy friendly school, he was in no way reformed nor in the least benefited thereby; for I perceive by the index of his mind that he is a liar and the truth is not in him; that his pulse is sometimes slow, which betokeneth not an even temper; at other times it waxeth singlish, notwithstanding I frequently urge him; when he should be on duty, as thou knowest his hand denoteth, I find him slumbering, or, as the vanity of human reason phrases it, I caught him napping. Examine him, therefore, and prove him, I beseech thee, thoroughly, that thou mayest, being well acquainted with his inward frame and disposition, draw him from the error of his way, and show him the path wherein he should go. It grieves me to think, and when I ponder therein I am verily of the opinion that his body is foul, and the whole mass is corrupted. Cleanse him, therefore, with thy charming physic, from all pollution, that he may vibrate and circulate according to the truth. I will place him for a few days under thy care, and pay for his board as thou requir'st. I entreat thee, friend John, to demean thyself on this occasion with judgment, according to the gift which is in thee, and prove thyself a workman; and when thou layest thy correcting hand upon him let it be

without passion, lest thou shouldst drive him to destruction. Do thou regulate his motion for a time to come by the motion of the light that ruleth the day, and when thou findest him converted from the error of his ways, and more conformable to the abovementioned rules, then do thou send him home with a just bill of charges drawn out in the spirit of moderation, and it shall be sent to thee in the roof of all evil.

THE ORDER OF GOING TO SLEEP.—The order in which the muscles lose their power is worth knowing. The muscles which move the arms and legs, usually become relaxed before those which maintain the body in an erect position. In relation to the social senses, that of sight is first lost, the eyelids forming a barrier between the retina and external world; but independently of eyelids, if they had been removed by the surgeon, or could not be closed by disease, 'tis still the first sense whose function is abolished. Some animals, as the hare, do not shut their eyes when asleep; and in case of somnambulism, the eyes remain open, although the sense of sight is temporarily abolished, but their acuteness is much lessened. Taste is the first to disappear, and then smell; hearing follows, and touch is the most persistent of the senses. So, conversely, a person is most easily awakened by the sense of touch; next in order by sound, and then by smell.

PRESERVE YOUR NEWSPAPERS.—Many people take newspapers, but few preserve them. The most interesting reading imaginable is a file of old newspapers. It brings us up the very age with all its genius and its spirit; more than the most labored description of the historian. Who can take up a newspaper printed half a century ago, without the thought that almost every name printed thereon is now cut upon a tombstone at the head of an epitaph? The doctor (quack or regular) that there advertised medicines and their cures, has followed the sable train of his patients—the merchant his ship—and the actor, who could make others weep, can now furnish a skull for his successors in Hamlet. It is easy to preserve newspapers, and they will repay the trouble; for, like wine, their value increases with age.

TURTLE FOR THE MILLION.—A writer in the *Food Journal* asks:—"Why should not turtle become the cheapest of all animal food?" Many companies are in active operation in South America and Australia whose success in sending home cheap and wholesome tinned beef and mutton to this country in an admirable state of preservation is now a matter beyond dispute. If the vacuum, or other preservative process, has brought sound butchers' meat—which even abroad costs a definite sum to begin with—within the reach of the poorest, why should not turtle, the supply of which is practically inexhaustible, and which costs nothing on the spot, be sold at home at as cheap a rate?

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 us many heavy doctors' bills.—*Civil Service Gazette*. Made simply with Boiling Water or Milk. Each packet is labelled—"James Epps & Co, Homeopathic Chemists, London." Also, makers of Epps's Milky Cocoa (Cocoa and Condensed Milk).

Many persons, apparently healthy on retiring, die during the encroaching hours from three to five in the morning. The life force being lowest at the time, nature more readily succumbs. Individuals on the shady side of forty, and whose vitality has been impaired, are most susceptible. Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites will sustain and tone the nervous system, and its use is a necessary precaution against premature mortality.

Parents lessen your Shoe bills two-thirds by buying only LASSER'S WIRE FASTENED BOOTS AND SHOES. Never rip or leak. All genuine goods bear the Patent Stamp.

WANTED—By a Lady a situation to take the entire charge of a House, the care of a young family, (the best of references given if required) apply 724 Sherbrooke Street, or 300 Mountain Street, any hour before 2 o'clock.

WANTED—A Male Teacher, to teach in the R. C. S. Section No. 1, in the Township of Grattan, during the remaining part of the current year—application to be made to, JAMES BONFIELD, B. E. RODDEN, M. J. KEARNEY, Trustees. S. HOWARD, Secretary & Treasurer.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } In the SUPERIOR COURT
Dist. of Montreal, } for Lower Canada.
No. 1440.
The Seventeenth Day of June, Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-two.

PRESENT: The Honorable Mr. Justice Berthelot. DAME HENRIETTE MOREAU, of the City and District of Montreal, wife, separated as to property, of HARDON LIONAIS, of the same place, Trader, and by him duly authorized to the effect of these presents, and the said HADON LIONAIS for the purpose of authorizing his said wife,

Plaintiff.
ELIE LARUE, Stone-cutter, heretofore of the City and District of Montreal, and actually absent from this Province of Quebec,

Defendant.
IT IS ORDERED, on the motion of Messrs. Leblanc, Cassidy & Lacoste, of Counsel for the Plaintiff in as much as it appears by the return of Joseph Octave Patu, one of the Bailiffs of said Superior Court, on the writ of summons in this cause issued, written, that the Defendant has left his domicile in the Province of Quebec in Canada, and cannot be found in the District of Montreal, that the said Defendant by an advertisement to be twice inserted in the French language, in the newspaper of the City of Montreal, called "La Minerve" and twice in the English language, in the newspaper of the said city, called "The True Witness" be notified to appear before this Court, and there to answer the demand of the Plaintiff within two months after the last insertion of such advertisement and upon the neglect of the said Defendant to appear and to answer to such demand within the period aforesaid, the said Plaintiff will be permitted to proceed to trial, and judgment as in a cause by default.

(By the Court) HUBERT, PAPINEAU & HONEY. P. S. C.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. IN the matter of ANTOINE GRIMARD, of the city and district of Montreal, Contractor and Trader. An Insolvent.

THE Insolvent having made an assignment of his Estate to me, the Creditors are notified to meet at his business place, No. 428, Ontario Street, in Montreal, the 8th day of October, next, at ten o'clock, A.M., to receive statements of his affairs and to appoint an Assignee. G. H. DUMESNIL, Interim Assignee. Montreal, 24th September, 1872.

WANTED. TWO FEMALE TEACHERS, capable of teaching French and English in the Separate Schools of the Municipality of Hemmingford, County of Huntingdon, to whom a liberal salary will be paid.

Select School for Young Ladies.—ON MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 2ND, the MISSES GRANT will OPEN A SELECT SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, in the House formerly occupied by the late Capt. Ibbotson, situated near Papineau Square.

ACADEMY of the Sacred Heart, SAULT AU RECOLLET.—This Institution is beautifully and healthfully situated, about six miles from Montreal. Every facility is afforded for acquiring a thorough knowledge of the French language.

MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, NEAR EMMITSBURG, FREDERICK CO., MARYLAND. THE Scholastic Year is divided into two Sessions of five months each, beginning respectively on the 1st September, and the 1st of February.

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

GOOD CABLE SCREW WIRE BOOTS AND SHOES. Last as long again as any other kind.

MONTREAL HOT-WATER HEATING APPARATUS ESTABLISHMENT. F. GREENE, 574 & 576, CRAIG STREET.

FALL TRADE, 1872. NEW WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE IN MONTREAL. J. & R. O'NEIL, Importers of British and Foreign DRY-GOODS, DOMINION BUILDINGS, No. 138 McGill Street, Montreal.

To the DRY GOODS TRADE OF CANADA: In presenting to you a notice of our having commenced the business of Wholesale Dry Goods and Importing Merchants, we have much pleasure in informing you that we will have opened out in the above large premises a very full and complete assortment of General Dry Goods, to which we respectfully invite your inspection on your next visit to this market.

JOHN BURNS, (Successor to Kearney & Bro.), PLUMBER, GAS & STEAM FITTER, TIN & SHEET IRON WORKER, &c. Importer and Dealer in all kinds of WOOD AND COAL STOVES AND STOVE FITTINGS, 675 CRAIG STREET (TWO DOORS WEST OF BELURRY), MONTREAL.

GARROLL AND FLANAGAN, PRACTICAL PLUMBERS, GAS & STEAMFITTERS, No. 799 Craig Street, MONTREAL.

EDUCATIONAL ESTABLISHMENT FOR YOUNG LADIES, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE SISTERS OF ST. ANN, ST. REMI, (Near Montreal, Can.)

THIS Institution was established in 1870, and recommends itself, both by the elegant style of the building, its spacious dimensions, the comfort it affords, and by its facility of access from Montreal and the United States, being situated on the Montreal and New York Railway line, and only at a short distance from the Provincial line.

TERMS OF THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR. (Payable Quarterly, and invariably in Advance.) Board and Tuition (Canada currency) \$50 00 yearly Half-Boarders..... 25 00 " Tuition only..... 10 00 "

DE LA SALLE INSTITUTE, Nos. 18, 20 & 22 Duke Street, TORONTO, ONT.

DIRECTED BY THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS. This thoroughly Commercial Establishment is under the distinguished patronage of His Grace, the Archbishop, and the Rev. Clergy of the City.

Having long felt the necessity of a Boarding School in the city, the Christian Brothers have been untiring in their efforts to procure a favorable site whereon to build; they have now the satisfaction to inform their patrons and the public that such a place has been selected, combining advantages rarely met with.

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COURSE OF STUDIES. The Course of Studies in the Institute is divided into two departments—Primary and Commercial.

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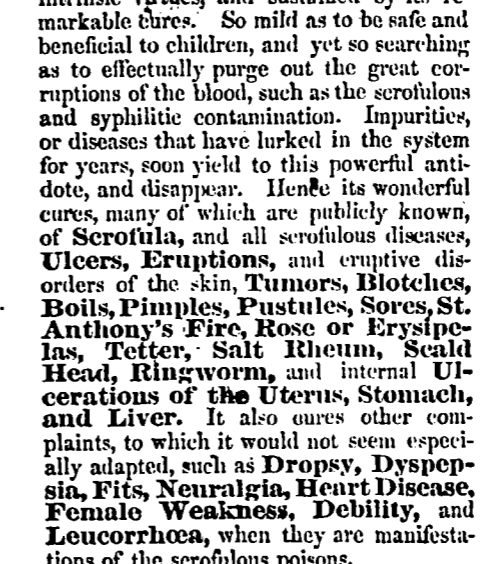
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Leave BEAVERTON daily at 7:00 a.m. and 3:00 p. m., for Fraserville, Millbrook, Summit Perrytown and Port Hope.
PORT HOPE AND WAKEFIELD RAILWAY.
Trains leave PORT HOPE daily at 9:45 a.m. and 3:30 p.m. for Quays, Perrytown, Campbell's, Summit, Millbrook, Fraserville, Peterboro, and Wakefield.
Trains will leave WAKEFIELD daily at 5:20 a.m. and 1:50 p.m., for Peterboro, Millbrook, Summit, Campbell's, Perrytown, Quays, arriving at Port Hope at 11:40 a.m.
A. T. WILLIAMS, Superintendent.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—TORONTO TIME.

Trains leave Toronto at 7.00 A.M., 11.50 A.M., 4.00 P.M., 6.00 P.M., 5.30 P.M.
Arriving at Toronto at 10.10 A.M., 11.00 A.M., 1.15 P.M., 5.30 P.M., 9.20 P.M.
Trains on this line leave Union Station five minutes after leaving Yonge-st. Station.

NORTHERN RAILWAY—TORONTO TIME.

City Hall Station.
Depart 7:45 A.M., 3:45 P.M.
Arrive 1:20 A.M., 9:20 P.M.
Brock Street Station.
Depart 5:40 A.M., 3:00 P.M.
Arrive 11:00 A.M., 8:30 P.M.

VERMONT CENTRAL RAILROAD LINE.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS.
Commencing July 8, 1872.
DAY EXPRESS leaves Montreal at 9.00 a.m., arriving in Boston via Lowell at 10.00 p.m.
TRAIN for Waterloo leaves Montreal at 3.15 p.m.
NIGHT EXPRESS leaves Montreal at 3.45 p.m., for Boston via Lowell, Lawrence, or Fitchburg, also for New York, via Springfield or Troy, arriving in Boston at 8.40 a.m., and New York at 12.30 p.m.
TRAINS GOING NORTH AND WEST.
Day Express leaves Boston via Lowell at 8.00 a.m., arriving in Montreal at 9.45 p.m.
NIGHT EXPRESS leaves New London at 2.45 p.m.; South Vernon at 9.58 p.m., receiving passengers from Connecticut River R.R., leaving New York at 3.00 p.m., and Springfield at 8.10 p.m., connecting at Bellows Falls with train from Cheshire R.R., leaving Boston at 5.30 p.m., connecting at White River Junction with train leaving Boston at 6.00 p.m.; leaves Rutland at 1.50 a.m., connecting with trains over Rensselaer and Saratoga R.R. from Troy and New York, via Hudson River R.R., arriving in Montreal at 9.45 a.m.
Sleeping Cars are attached to the Express trains running between Montreal and Boston, and Montreal and Springfield, and St. Albans and Troy.
Drawing-Room Cars on Day Express Train between Montreal and Boston.
For tickets and freight rates, apply at Vermont Central R. R. Office, No. 136 St. James Street.
G. MERRILL,
Gen'l Superintendent
St. ALBANS, Dec. 1 1871.