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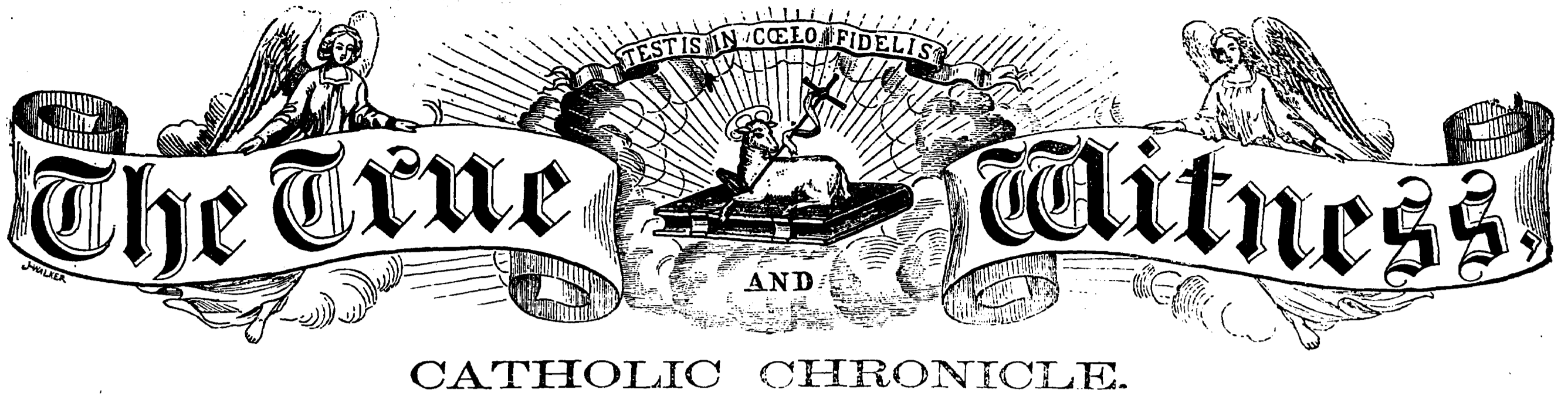
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VOL. XXIV.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JAN. 16, 1874.

NO. 22

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THE IRISH LEGEND OF M'DONNELL, AND THE NORMAN DE BORGOS. A BIOGRAPHICAL TALE. BY ARCHIBALD M'SPARRAN. CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

As the day was near a close, they had a warm invitation to stop to the next day, which request the three thought proper, in their present state, to avail themselves of, there being abundance of good soil for the horses, and provision, such as it was for themselves.

After such a tranquil rest, they arose the next morning much refreshed, and all confessed since the scenes of yesterday, that they felt easier in mind. The sun was the first messenger that entered Aveline's chamber, scattering his golden rays over her face, and kissing those lips which scarcely ever kissed another.

Having breakfasted, M'Donnell dropped his purse into O'Brady's hand, not wishing that any person should know it; but he was not to be silenced in an easy manner.

"Arrah, by sheelah na guira, master," said he, "I neither shall take it, nor am I at all in need of it. Do you not see the house is full of everything that a poor man can stand in need of, jewel? and sure I have a good lump laid up in an ould stocking for the sore foot; and that darling of a jewel, the blessing of the clergy light upon her purty face, maybe, as I was saying just now, she might take her ould sickness again, and then you know she is only re-cavering."

The donor assured him that he had money besides this, and if he would not receive it, he never would call with him again.

"If that is the business," said Knogher, "I must take hold of it, though, by-the-by, I would rather not, honey."

The ceremony of parting with their host was no easy one, and when they did leave the cottage, he prepared to accompany them a small distance on their way, pointing out the proper direction for them to proceed on their journey, and, carrying his hat in one hand, he wheeled suddenly round, calling to the family to reach him out his shillelah.

For Knogher to travel without his cudgel was the same as a ship to sail without her ballast, and, besides assisting him in springing over the bogs or inequalities, it served him for all the purposes of an index, a truncheon, and shield, &c., for with the end of it, he indicated every object within a mile, not forgetting to add a lengthened comment, in his own way, of oratory at the conclusion.

They intended on their return to come by the shore of Magilligan, so that they might have a view of that lofty ledge of rocks that stands retired from the ocean, overlooking the old abbey of Duncrun, where lie the remains of Saint Eadan, and with him, no doubt, rests many a legendary tale, lamentably lost to us for ever.

I am of opinion my countrymen will, with me, deplore the irreparable loss which Ireland has sustained in antiquities, histories, biography, and even animated nature, by her being robbed of that which gold could not compensate—I mean her manuscripts. The harpies placed over our island saw that this was her talisman, her beacon star, and, therefore, by

extinguishing such, they plunged her in eternal darkness. Some of those valuable papers have been taken to France, some to Germany and Italy, but most to London.

In returning to the northern shores of Dalriadagh, they travelled along the beach of the great Atlantic for a few miles, having on their right hand a towering range of mountains, called Magilligan, but the high forehead of which is named Benn Evenney, from causes already explained. A number of torrents were to be seen tumbling down the precipices, and breaking in whitened foam on masses of the basalt rock that filled their channels, being worn into troughs by the continual grinding of rubble and mountain pebbles, driven over them in the time of floods.

The beauty of this scenery served greatly to efface in Aveline's mind the impressions of yesterday's woe, for she, by continual interrogations, kept them both pretty busy, and in this manner they arrived at the castle.

At Dunluce the time passed away smoothly with M'Donnell, being the sole protector now, as might be said, of the family, and having a multiplicity of business to transact in regard of the lands and tenantry, he devoted the remainder of his leisure hours to the company of Aveline, whether in walking, reading, or music, and, indeed, it was now evident that she could not spend a day without him, unless absorbed in melancholy.

M'Donnell was walking one night along the beach where the shore was level and flat nearly as the water, and seating himself on a stone, he thought he perceived some object in motion near the shore, and waited whatever it was, until it would come to him. Of this there did not now seem the least appearance, as it always kept floating at the same distance from land. Rising from his seat he was proceeding to another point where he might have a better view of it, when he felt his feet entangled in a rope, then laying hold of it he found the rope attached to the object on the water, and pulling it to him with all his might, he found that it was one of these small boats called currachs, which I have before described.

As he was endeavoring to examine what the vessel was, he saw two men approach from the land, each with his hat slouched over his face, and apparently armed. They accosted him in rather a sharp manner, asking him what was his business here, or why he concerned himself with the boat?

"I should rather," said he, "put the question to you, what is your business here, or for what purpose have you this boat?" "You are an audacious young fellow," said one of them, drawing a huge claymore from the sheath with such a jerk that the steel rung along the shore, and calling to him to defend himself, made a bang at him from a powerful right arm.

M'Donnell was as quick on the other hand in unsheathing a long sheep's head, which he usually wore, and defended himself with great bravery, parrying the blows of his adversary, and making some desperate cuts at him, one of which, taking him along the ear, brought him to the ground. At that moment he was set upon by the other, armed in the same manner, and as this attack was rather unexpected, he received a wound in the sword arm, which rendered him unfit to continue the combat.

They were both now bleeding profusely when the first assailant addressing him, "My friend," said he, "I confess that I was rather warm with you in the beginning, but if you will enter this boat and trust yourself to us, I promise you that in a short space of time we shall both get our wounds bound up. I know we are strangers to you, but from the manner in which you and I have introduced ourselves to each other, I think the acquaintance ought to be pretty durable."

M'Donnell stepped into the boat, and the two strangers, seizing the oars, pushed her off; and, in half an hour's rowing, they were in front of the cavern out of which the light proceeded, and over which stood threatening those below a tremendous hanging wall of rugged rock, the top of which, as they lay on their oars, they could not perceive; but, altogether, with the flame that proceeded from the cavern, had a most imposing effect on the beholders.

Having come close to the base of the promontory and pulled a little cord, they heard a bell ring, and, shortly after, a step ladder of ropes was lowered to the surface of the water, by the assistance of which all three ascended, the last having the boat's halser in his hand, bound it to an iron ring at the entrance of the cavern.

At the further end of this place was burning a large fire of timber, the smoke of which, entering into a crevice, was omitted at an outlet some perches from the place where they entered, but rather in a lower direction. Here were tables, chairs, knives, and forks, with abundance of food and drink, all ready prepared, and six other stout fellows making way for them, welcomed the stranger, and asked

their comrades was this a prisoner whom they brought?

"He is no prisoner," said they, "he comes of his own free will. But haste and bind up our wounds, for you see they are bleeding profusely."

A styptic was immediately procured, and they being bound up and washed, sat down to a good repast, plentifully supplied with libations of the strongest liquor.

It may not be surprising to inform the reader that these were M'Donnell's own countrymen, and two of them personally known to him as men of good character. It appeared, however, that they had infringed upon the laws by hunting, and also killing the gamekeeper, for which they were obliged to flee their country, and, having an intention of stopping a few months in some of the islands, they were supplied with all necessaries, both of food and household furniture. A storm, however, arising, they were driven to the Irish shore, and hearing before they left home of a detachment of English stationed in the castle of Dunluce, and as there was a peace existing between the sovereigns of England and Scotland at that time, they thought it unsafe to trust themselves abroad in the day-time, and, therefore, having sought out this recess, they took up their abode in it till such time as their friends could get matters finally arranged for them at home.

So little intercourse was carried on between nations at the period of which I am speaking, that the garrison had been reduced, and the castle taken many years previous to their coming to the Irish shore.

At the sight of Sir Coll M'Donnell, their countryman, and also the son of their chieftain, they were all overjoyed, and testified their enthusiasm by blowing up their bagpipes in the air of M'Donnell's march, with a huzza for the laird of the isles. Sir Coll told them the English had been dispossessed of that castle many years back, and, on that account, they had nothing to fear.

He could not, however, leave them that night, and his absence at Dunluce created no little inquietude; for, from what Aveline had seen on a former night, her dreams were haunted with robbers, banditti, &c., and she thought of nothing less than that her friend had either been carried off or murdered by them.

The next morning, however, relieved her fears by the appearance of Sir Coll in good spirits, who spent the greater part of that day in relating to her and her father the strange adventure that befell him the night before, and of his intentions to procure, if possible, the pardon of the inhabitants of the cave, which, in honor to this generous young man, it must be confessed he accomplished.

At this time Aveline's fair correspondents now began to imagine that she appeared more melancholy than ever, which change some were pleased to attribute to grief for the loss of her two brothers, others that she was deeply in love with the young Islander.

Daniel M'Quillan, though much weakened in intellect and judgment, began to perceive that his daughter was sunk in spirits, and had lost all that cheerfulness of which she was formerly possessed, and also seeing that she now kept her chamber closely, entered into a serious conference with her, the result of which agitated him in such an extraordinary manner that he, summoning up the energy of former years, sought out M'Donnell, and, in a fury, demanded satisfaction for the injury done his family.

"If my brave sons were present," said he, "with what confidence could you stand before them? No, your guilty soul must shrink into nothing. I say you, whom I unsuspectingly took into my bosom, have, like the adder—"

"Before you say any more against me," said M'Donnell, "since I am condemned both in your eyes and my own, allow me to speak a few words—if not in extenuation of my fault, at least in explanation.

"Either good or evil fortune cast me upon your hospitable shore—a title which, I think, I may very well use."

At this M'Quillan turned away his head, as if unwilling to hear that part of it.

"I saw," said he, "your lovely daughter, and, seeing her, she caused me to forget my dangers, my parents, kinsmen, and almost my country; if, therefore, a mistake has happened, and if the honor of my family, which I am certain you will admit, can make amends for it, I am at your will, and you have ought to do but command me. No, I say, that is not even necessary, for I maun confess that the attachment which has been formed with Aveline M'Quillan has rendered me more happy than if I were seated in Holyrood, having the royal diadem of Scotland placed on my brow; 'tis herself alone, and no other object, I am fond of. But I entreat you, in the name of my ancestors, say nothing severe against me, or anything that would wound my feelings, for language of

this kind I am not able to bear, and, on the other hand, to be angry with you is more than I ever can; so, otherwise, you may talk to me as you like."

Such an open avowal softened the heart of M'Quillan, and he did not say anything more, save some little to them for misconduct, and M'Donnell, with the consent of both, appointed the following week for repeating the ceremony of their nuptials.

On this important day the clans were all invited to the castle, and in front of the barrack were casks of liquor set forth for the use of the garrison and tenantry, or any other that came to Dunluce during that week. The noble family of Clanbuoy were also invited, and all their friends, as far as a messenger could ride in one day, so that such a bustle and throng scarcely ever was witnessed on the shores of Dalriadagh before.

The Highlanders were not hindmost to dip deep in the strong Falernian, and after an immersion in this fluid, it seemed to have the power of the waters of Styx, rendering them invulnerable all over. The bagpipes, both Irish and Scottish, were all blown up, and the dance on the green before the barrack-door never ceased, sometimes two different sets performing at the same time. 'Twas here that the peasantry, with their sons and daughters, from sincere hearts, showed their attachment to the family of De Borgo, and every young Hibernian vied with another in leading out, whether to the dance or rustic sport, his callien dhas, decked in all the finery that either the season or the village shop could bestow; and it is not to be doubted that the fire of bright eyes that week subdued more hearts than Sir Coll M'Donnell's.

The marriage was celebrated in the great hall, in presence of all the friends of the house of De Borgo, who acknowledged that Aveline on the occasion shone with more than ordinary beauty, being arrayed in nearly the same dress which she wore the first night Sir Coll M'Donnell had the happiness of seeing her; and one part of it, that is, the royal necklace, she did not forget to assume on that day.

The venerable chaplain belonging to the family, with all that solemnity which was truly characteristic of his holy function, united them; and imploring a blessing on them and their posterity, with many injunctions regarding their future conduct, and chiefly in bringing up and educating their children, he departed, leaving them to all the hilarity usually attendant on like occasions.

As marriages, whether of high or low order, are seldom celebrated without murmuring on one side or the other, there was a family living at a small distance who were nearly allied to the house of De Borgo, and as they expected to become inheritors of the estates of Dunluce, should the brothers not return, which was doubtful, they showed much envy and uneasiness at this alliance, not deigning to attend on the day of invitation with other friends and acquaintances who were asked.

Old Daniel M'Quillan showed himself remarkably happy on the night of his daughter's nuptials, drunk to former cronies, and often renewed the stories of his boyish days, till at length a retrospective view brought the idea of his scattered children to his mind, and, admitting this sensation, he returned to himself with a sigh.

In Ireland, wherever a marriage was heard of, and in such a family as M'Quillan's, the minstrels and wandering bards came from all quarters in search of it, as here an unbounded scope was given to revelling and Irish conviviality, and although there was an open door to every stranger, none were so acceptable to them as the minstrels; nor, indeed, had the affair of a marriage been even unpublished in the country, was it possible that a traveller could pass Dunluce ignorant of the scenes that were going forward within, for a person was stationed at the outer gate to proclaim the event to every passenger, and also to bring all in, even to the poorest mendicant, so that it is no wonder if in other countries the name of an Irish wedding has been proverbial.

The marriage festivities being concluded, and the different friends having retired to their places of abode, M'Donnell now began to find himself among the happiest of mankind, possessed as he was of the only treasure that ever gave him the least uneasiness—he had nothing to concern his thoughts farther than to make her happy; and as to Aveline, her heart never

Dancing on the green was formerly customary in Ireland, but chiefly on May eve, when a branch was cut down, whether of the thorn or birch, the one that was more clothed in verdure they usually chose, and this, being pretty tall, was planted in the centre of the village green. A rural queen was then chosen, and always the prettiest girl in the assembly; having decked her out with such flowers as the season produced, they left it to her own option to choose a king, and this being done, the others, taking hands around the May pole, danced about with the royal pair in the middle. In my opinion this was the only way of thanking providence for a return of the seasons.

received an impression before she saw Sir Coll M'Donnell.

Like most ladies of that age, she thought she could entertain a tender affection for no other man breathing; and in regard of a husband, we must suppose she was at the end of her wishes.

The Highlanders who came over with Sir Coll M'Donnell, were quartered through M'Quillan's tenantry, one in every house, in which were also quartered his own gallow-glasses, a measure which, we are willing to say, was well concerted, for in this situation the one was a kind of check or guard upon the other, and this manner of quartering troops upon the tenantry was formerly practised by the Irish kings, being called by them coshery; but in cases of necessity the king himself as well as his troops had to be entertained.

'Twas customary with M'Quillan, besides the regular pay of his troops, to give a mether of milk to each man, which was in the highest degree acceptable, chiefly to those who had families, saving them the trouble of purchase; but in place of one mether of milk, I believe there were two given to each man. To the Highlander, besides his pay, there was also one given, and whether this was from the beneficence of his own chieftain, or M'Quillan, I will not take upon me to determine.

It was some time afterward that the welcome tidings were announced to Sir Coll, of a son born to him, and also an heir-apparent to the wide domains of Dunluce; notwithstanding that the bounds of these estates, in comparison with the possessions which his forefathers held in Scotland, were much limited, yet such was the infatuation cast over him from the time of his landing on the shores of Inisfalda, that of all places in the world his heart insinuated to him here was his home.

And what was the cause of this indissoluble attachment? Was it of a mercenary nature? No, a secondary cause was the hospitable and open-hearted disposition of his friend M'Quillan; but the strong and powerful charm which riveted his affections was Aveline M'Quillan; 'twas in this lovely Irish girl, shooting among the wild cliffs of Dalriadagh like a flower in the desert, that all the witchery was concealed.

If, at the consummation of his daughter's nuptials, M'Quillan; but wished to have his friends and alliances, at the baptism of his grandson he was still willing to have a greater number, and for this reason preparations were made to receive an unusual assemblage at the castle on the following week.

'Twas at the conclusion of the baptismal ceremony, after the child's name had been pronounced Archibald M'Donnell, by Father Owen, and after he had given them a suitable admonition regarding the instructions, nurture, and seeds of virtue requisite to be implanted in the infant's mind; I say, these injunctions had been just finished, and the company were rising from their knees, in which position they had received a solemn prayer from the good old father, that a wandering minstrel with hoary locks came to the gate, and, as I have said before, although the solid oaken door of M'Quillan's mansion never shut out a stranger, yet on the present occasion he was doubly welcome.

There were several reasons why the bards were everywhere so gladly received by almost every class in Ireland. Their music, their tales, both of the present and of other times, their facetious company, their antiquities, and last of all the reverence held time immemorial for them by their countrymen. As he entered all turned their eyes towards the sage, and were anxious in accommodating him with victuals and every other necessary fitting to restore a weary traveller. Upon inquiry, he informed them that his name was Cairbre O'Halloran, that he had lived long with the family of O'Kelly, had resided some time in O'Iligh na Riah;* but the chief place of his residence

* O'Iligh na Riah, which I have mentioned before in my notes, now Elagh, near Londonderry, was one of the three principal places of royalty in Ireland.

Aodh, or Hugh, King of Ireland, summoned a parliament at Drimccat, in order to settle three important matters. The first was to levy a tribute on the noble clan of Dalriadha in Scotland; the second to banish the fleas, or bards, that had then become a burthen to the people; the third was to lengthen the imprisonment of Scanlon More, King of Ossery, at that time weightily ironed in the royal palace of O'Iligh na Riah. The only person capable of interceding was Saint Columb Kil, a red-hot patriot, who, on account of some broil that he raised, was ordered by St. Molaise, a powerful man and abbot of a priory in one of the islands of Lough Erne, never to see Ireland again with his eyes; however, having bandaged them over, he set out for his own country, attended by twenty bishops, thirty priests, fifty deacons, thirty students, besides many more. Although but an abbot himself, and from the island of Hy, the place of his banishment, accompanied by this retinue, he arrived at Drimccat, and by his strong arguments obtained a mitigation both for the bards and the Dalriadha; but in regard of the King of Ossery he could not succeed. However, in a prophetic manner he told the King of Ireland that Scanlon More's chains would fall off that night, and as the manuscript says, coming to Eaglais Dubh in Inis Eogaine, which is the same place as Elagh in Inishone,

was among the O'Chans of the Roe, under whose patronage and protection, at the seminary of Dooneven, he had received his education.

The next question started almost by half the company was did he ever hear of the celebrated

where Maolduin, king of that district, held the monarch in captivity, a large pillar of fire was seen by the soldiers on guard, hovering over the prison, and an angel calling to him Arise, Scandon, and follow me, which he did, his arms falling off, and the soldiers, through terror, not opposing his passage.—The manuscript also says, that being fed on salt meat, his throat was inflamed so that he could not speak to the saint until he supplied him with drink, and that many of his posterity were afflicted with the same disease.

The following account of a very curious relique of antiquity is now in the possession of Adam McGlean, Esq., of Belfast, which appears to have been the gift of Donald O'Lochlin, or Lachlin, King of Aileach Neid, or Oilgeach na Rengh, the royal palace of Innis Eagan, to his friend Donald M'Amalgaid, promoted to the See of Armagh, in 1092.

The relique consists of a four-sided hand-bell, of rather uncouth form, and composed of two pieces of hammered iron connected by brass solder and by twelve rivets. The bell itself has probably been designed for the internal use of a chapel, being only nine and a half inches in height, five in length, and four in breadth. When struck by the tongue, a dull solemn tone is produced. There is little interesting about it except that it is an instrument of great antiquity; but it is accompanied by a splendid cover, unique in its kind, which serves at once to preserve it from injury, and to announce the veneration in which it had been held in former times. The ground of the cover is brass, edged with copper, and enriched with a great deal of elegant ornaments, raised in all its parts; its top represents a compressed mitre, one side of which is adorned with fine gold filigree work and silver gilt. It is also to be observed that there is a hole in the bell worn by time, as by the injury it has sustained in the lapse of ages. In the areas of the two other narrower sides or ends are pier-shaped sapphires adorned with silver, which has been gilt on one of these sides, which is beautiful with stones. There are ornaments with fine gold, representing serpents curiously and elegantly intertwined in most intricate folds, and various knobs, like the complicated involutions in the collar of the order of the knights of St. Patrick. It may be worth remarking that, on one of the ends, and below the knobs and ring by which it is suspended, there are eight serpents so singularly infolded and intermingled with one another, that it requires minute attention and considerable discernment to trace each separately, and to distinguish it from its fellow. Their eyes are skillfully formed of blue glass. Above the cross are four of the same kind, and in each of the four compartments into which it is divided, there are two golden serpents in relief below the knobs of suspension. On the opposite side, or end, are six other serpents with blue eyes but differently entwined.—On the top is a strange representation of two of these creatures, with two legs on each of the suspending knobs of the case. Two of the sides are also ornamented in a similar manner. When the bell is enclosed, a sliding brass plate on which it rests fills the bottom of the case. On this plate the lower edge of the rim of the instrument has strongly impressed its form—a collateral presumption of the antiquity of its cover, for the weight is not sufficient to have produced the effect there by its pressure, or by any friction which it could have occasioned, except in a long period of time. It proves also that when the cover was made the bell had an under case, as at present, for the indentations seem not to have been the effect of wearing, but of reiterated percussion. It appears unquestionably that the case is as old as the eleventh century, as the inscription implies. How much older the bell itself may be is matter of inquiry for the antiquary. It was styled St. Patrick's bell by the family in whose possession it had long remained. It is said that bells were used in churches by Paulinus at Nola, in Campania, so early as four hundred and nine. We learn from Bede that they were applied to ecclesiastical purposes in England in the seventh century. Auduit ait ille subito in acre notum Campanie sonum quod orationis excitavit vel convocare solebant.—Columba, in the sixth century, said to one of his attendants—Clocam pulsa, strike the bell. He is stated by one of his ancient biographers to have found a bell which had been the property of the Irish Apostle, and to have transmitted it to Armagh. In the fifth century St. Patrick presented some bells to the Cenannagh churches. Donald's bell, we are assured, was for some generations in the possession of a family named Mulholland, and lastly in that of Henry Mulholland, a worthy old schoolmaster, now deceased, who lived in Slane's castle, formerly Elen-duffcarick, the seat as is well known, of one of the ancient and princely sept of O'Neill. The silver work is partly scrolled in alto relievo, and partly in bass-relief, resembling knots in the order of St. Patrick. In the centre of the top is a blue stone set in gold, and inscribed in a glass bead, in its centre are four pearl-colored stones, with four green ones of a smaller size, representing an intersected cross. Under this is a circular space, now vacant, which had been, probably, once occupied by a gem. The other side of the mitre is silver, cut into various crosses. One of the quadrangular sides under the mitre is formed into thirty one various compartments by silver divisions. Nineteen of these are filled with various ornaments in pure gold filigree, exhibiting the form of serpents and snakes curiously entwined. Two of the other compartments are now vacant. In two of the remaining ten are considerably projecting oval pieces of polished rock crystal, or Irish diamond, each about an inch and half in length, and set in silver. The setting of that which occupies the central compartments is silver, representing, on its edge, small fleurs de lis. Of the eight smaller divisions is one occupied by an oval garnet, and three by oval cornellians; the remaining four have lost their ornaments. The other side of the mitred top is of silver, which has been substantially gilt. The top is in bass-relief, with scrollwork representing serpents. The remainder of it is divided into three compartments. In the central one of these appear two birds; the other two present the profile of a nondescript animal.

The area of the quadrangular surface under this side of the mitre is covered with a substantial plate of silver, cut into thirty-two crosses, with an inscription. On its four edges are quarters in old Irish characters, indicating, as far as has been discovered, that the bell was presented by Donald O'Lochlin to Donald the comorbo of St. Patrick. The letters in this inscription are not separated into distinct words, and the difficulty of interpreting it is greatly increased by the points or marks formed by rivets. The number of thirty one compartments on one side, with the two compartments on the mitre, make thirty-three,—the year of our Saviour's age; the thirty-three crosses might easily be made out on the other side by gaining two of the incomplete ones. The two rock crystals that remain in the principal front of the sides, with a niche where a third had been, may have indicated the three years of Christ's ministry. These conjectures are perfectly consistent with the spirit of the times. Bells of a similar size are not uncommon. One of these was found concealed in an ivied wall in the ruined church of Kibbrony. It was agitated and rung by the wind during the continuance of a storm, and, having been discovered by this singular accident, was, a few years ago, conveyed to Newry chapel. A physician in Belfast has another, which was raised in a field near Bangor, in the county of Down. It is formed of iron, with a perfectly smooth surface and

brated Toal O'Chan, or could he perform any of his favorite pieces? His answer was that he could, and that he was also in possession, he believed, of all the remaining fragments now to be found of that bard.

(To be Continued.)

rounded corners. Its height is twelve inches by eight in breadth and nine in width. A similar hand bell was found in the Route, county Down, and is now in the possession of James McDonnell, M.D., Belfast. In 1092 a fire, which wasted a considerable part of Armagh, destroyed the church, and of course ruined the bells. It is not improbable that the antique bell in question may have been one of a complete set presented by the monarch Donald to his namesake and friend, the Primate, to repair his loss. From the expenses so profusely lavished on that curious piece of the cover, it seems manifest that the bell itself, the principal object of former veneration, had belonged to a cathedral, or monastery, and had been venerated as a precious relique of antiquity, even in the eleventh century. So much for the antiquity of Daire Calgach.—*Stewart's History of Armagh.*

THE COMTE DE CHAMBORD AND HIS MOTHER.

Let us go back to the year 1830, and to Marie Caroline de Bourbon, the widowed Duchesse de Berri, the mother of a Young Pretender—herself youthful, high-spirited, petulant, enterprising, brave as the Gid, obstinate enough for several ladies, and like the Mrs. Bond of the nursery legend in the matter of the ducks that declined to come and be killed, "in a very great rage." She was destined to pass through a series of adventures fully as perilous and even more romantic than those which fell to the lot of Charles II. after Worcester and of Charles Edward after Culloden; for a parallel to which we must go back to the Life of Beauvauve Cellini, or to Swift's Memoirs of Captain Crichton. Poor old Charles Dix had retired, utterly demoralized and "played out," to Holywood; but the valiant little Duchesse was of the precise opinion expressed by a celebrated character immortalized by Milton, that "all was not lost." Stung to resistance by high disdain and a sense of injured merit, her thoughts turned at once to the traditional home of devotion to her race—La Vendee. There the deeds of Stoflet, Charette, and La Roche Jaquelin, might be repeated; there the Breton war-cry, "Eparillez-vous, mes gars!" might once more be heard on the Bocage, as the Chouans, deriding volleys of heavy musketry, scattered themselves behind the bushes, and picked off the detested "Bleus" from their covert. It was on the 29th of May, 1832, that having formed the resolution of setting France in a blaze in the cause of Henri Cinq, the Duchesse arrived, in the Carlo Alberto steamer off Marseilles. Some wild notions had been entertained by the Legationists of the feasibility of an insurrectionary movement in the Provençal city itself. It was a very stormy night and the captain of the Carlo Alberto proposed standing out in the offing until morning; but the Duchesse insisted on a boat being lowered, declaring that she would reach the shore alone. "It was a peculiarity in the Duchesse's character," wrote General Demonceourt of her, "to adhere more strongly to her resolutions when any opposition was offered to them." So the boat was lowered, and the Duchesse accompanied only by M. de Menars and de Bourmont, was rowed to land. Having reached a desolate spot on the coast, Marie Caroline wrapped herself up in a cloak, and quietly went to sleep; the two faithful gentlemen kept guard over her. Meanwhile the knot of Legationist conspirators in Marseilles, with whom the Duchesse had been in correspondence, had drawn up the curtain for the performance of their preposterous drama. It proved the shortest of farces. They succeeded in hauling down the Tricolor from the steeple of St. Laurent's Church, in hoisting the White Flag in its place, and in sounding the alarm bell of the old fane to serve as a tocsin. But the drums of the garrison beat to arms, and the constituted authorities very soon succeeded in replacing the tricolor banner on St. Laurent's steeple. This news, brought by faithful emissaries to the Duchesse, reached her on the morrow of her landing; but it was with the greatest difficulty that she could be dissuaded from tempting fortune in Marseilles. At last she consented to take refuge in a charcoal-burner's hut, while Bourmont went to make inquiries. He very soon returned with tidings that the insurrection had been squelched as though it had been a deceived apple under the wheel of a barrow, and that the gendarmes, having an inkling of the Duchesse's landing, were in hot pursuit of her. As for the Carlo Alberto, a French Government frigate had by the simple process of opening her ports and running out the guns on her near side, prevailed on the Sardinian steamer to give the Provençal coast a wide berth. Two alternatives now remained to Marie Caroline—either to escape by some unfrequented Alpine pass into Piedmont, or to turn westward, cross the greatest breadth of France, and seek an asylum in La Vendee. Her determination was akin to that recently expressed, under similar circumstances by the King of Italy, when the Pope suggested that he should leave Rome—"Here we are; and here we will remain." The Duchesse declared that, having re-entered France, she intended to stop there, and that her resolve was forthwith to bend her footsteps towards Bretagne. There was neither horse, nor mule, nor carriage available for the journey; but the mother of the Duc de Bordeaux having declared that she was a very good walker, and the charcoal-burner having offered his services as a guide, the little party, shielded by the shades of night, left the seashore.

At the other extremity of the bay they could distinguish the Phocæan city, and its numerous lights, twinkling like stars. "Adieu, Marseilles!" cried the cheerful Duchesse; "ou retournera t'embrasser, ma belle." So out they went into the night. It was so dark that they could with difficulty see their way before them; yet for five consecutive hours did they plod and stumble onwards. As last the charcoal-burner guide came to a full stop, confessing that he had lost his way; and at the same time the Duchesse was fain to avow that she was worn out, and could walk no farther. Again she wrapped herself up in a cloak, and with a portmanteau for a pillow, went to sleep as soundly though she had been reposing on a feather bed. The faithful gentlemen—surely they must have been of the same stock as those heroic Gardes du Corps who fell sword in hand on the staircase at Versailles, hurrying back to the last hideous Menards who were howling for the blood of Marie Antoinette—once more kept watch over "La Belle Bourbonnaise." She awoke at dawn, and, perceiving a country-house close by, inquired of a peasant as to whom it belonged. She was told that the villa was the property of the furious Republican, who was, moreover, mayor of the adjacent commune. "Very well," quoth Marie Caroline; "conduct me thither." Turning to her amazed dependents, she told them that they must now part. M. de Bourmont was commanded forthwith to repair to Nantes, there to await her coming; M. de Menars was instructed to proceed to Montpellier, there to await further orders. "Adieu, gentlemen," concluded the little Tragedy Queen; "I wish you a safe journey, and may God be with you." She gave them her hand to kiss, and the trio parted. The remainder of her story belongs more to the domain of romance than that of sober history. The undaunted Marie Caroline walked coolly into the "salle-a-manger" of the Mayor, and, accosting that functionary said, "Sir, you are a Republican, and a Government officer; and I, a proscribed fugitive, have come to ask an

asylum at your hands. I am the Duchesse de Berri." What could the Republican Mayor—besworn the mayor who would make out such a supplicant's "mittimus"—do save tell the Duchesse that his house was at her service. Upon this Marie Caroline, still cool as a cucumber, went on to explain that she required, not only a refreshment and a bed, but a passport to enable her to go to Montpellier.—And in Montpellier, on the following evening, the undismayed Duchesse accordingly found herself. There Marie Caroline rejoined M. de Menars, with whom and another devoted adherent she travelled with fictitious passports to La Vendee; where, in spite of the remonstrances of all her friends, she attempted to send out the Flery Cross in the Bocage. M. Berryer posted down from Paris to implore her to relinquish the mad enterprise, but in vain. The Vendean leaders themselves entreated her to pause; but the obstinate little lady challenged them on their allegiance. "Are you for God and the King, or are you not?" If you are, "en avant!" if you are not, "sortez!" Forty-five Chouan gentlemen, many of them nobles, with two peasants who had learned to play the light infantry bugle, met at the Chateau de La Penissiere de la Cour, there to raise the standard of rebellion. In this house they were beleaguered by a detachment of the 29th Regiment. They barricaded themselves, and a terrible fusillade commenced. Then the soldiers set fire to the chateau; and in the conflagration of this obscure Hougoumont nearly all the Chouan gentlemen perished. They died, crying "Vive Henri Cinq!" One of the peasant bugle-players succumbed early in the siege; the other, with three bullets in his body, continued to sound his puny trump until he fell fainting into the burning ruins. Have such deeds never been equalled, never surpassed? Think of the Jacobite gentlemen, after the '46, on Kensington Common, who, in sight of the fire which was to consume their hearts, in sight of the quivering block, in sight of the reeking entrails of their comrades, cried out "God save King James!" and went up the ladder to the gallows, smiling, and kissing the white cockade. Think of the Highland Chief, captured at Culloden, who, doomed to more than a felon's death, smote his fettered hands on the ledge of the dock at Carlisle, and thus bespoke the judge, "Had I a hundred lives, my lord, I would have perilled them all in this quarrel." Loyalty dreads no ignominious punishment, since, by loyalty, ignominy itself is annihilated.

The giddy, thoughtless, impracticable, but heroic widow of the Duc de Berri, showed that she herself did not shrink from danger. She determined to enter Nantes, and to go in the dress of a peasant girl. She was attended only by Mlle. de Kersabiec, who also assumed the dress of a paysanne, and by M. de Menars, who was disguised as a farmer. This was on the 16th June, 1832. After an hour's pedestrianism, the clumsy hobnailed shoes and coarse woolen stockings worn by the Duchesse so galled her delicate little feet that she philosophically pulled them off, put them into the large pocket of her hose, yetticaut, and like an Irish colleen going to Mass, continued her march barefooted. Thus triumphantly did this Bourbon of the Bourbons give the lie to the pedantic gentleman-usher's aphorism about queens having no legs. Anon she reflected that the aristocratic whiteness of her lower limbs might betray her; so she picked up a handful of mud and stained her symmetrical supports therewith. Nantes was reached at last, and the Duchesse put on her shoes and stockings. After crossing the Pont Pyramid, she found herself in the midst of a detachment of troops, commanded by an officer of the ex-body-guard of Charles X., whose face was perfectly familiar to her. She passed, however, unrecognized—perchance the ex-Garde du Corps did not care about recognising her—when, in the Place du Rouffai, somebody tapped her on the shoulder. It was an old apple-woman, who had placed her basket of fruit on the ground, and was unable to replace it on her head. "My good girl," she said, addressing the Duchesse and Mlle. de Kersabiec, "help me, pray, to pick up my basket, and I will give each of you an apple." Marie Caroline immediately seized one handle of the panier, made a sign to her companion to take the other, and the burden was speedily placed in equilibrium on the old woman's head, who—such is the way of the world—was going away without bestowing the promised gerdoun, when the Duchesse caught her by the arm, exclaiming, "Eh! la mere, ou est la pomme?" She got her apple, and while she was munching it read very placidly a proclamation, signed by the Ministers of the Interior and of War, placing four departments of La Vendee in a state of siege, besides settling a heavy price on her own head. Not caring to trust herself just then to the tender mercies of Louis Philippe—who was bound to take care of her, nevertheless—the Duchesse consented, much against her grain, to go into hiding. An asylum was found for her at the house of a Legitimitist lady named Dugigny, and there she doffed her peasant garments, which were long, and may be still, for aught we know, preserved as relics. The Legitimitist lady hid her guest in a garret on the third floor, having a "priest's hole," so to speak, in case of need, being a recess within an angle formed by a chimney. An iron plate at the back of the grate was the entrance to the hiding-place, and was opened by a spring. In this wretched room Marie Caroline remained until the month of October, very much annoyed; but occasionally manifesting signs of her unconquerable vivacity. She and M. de Menars—that good and faithful servant to whom surely it has been said "Well done!"—absolutely re-papered the garret, covering it with a gay and flowery pattern devised between them. Was the art of flower-painting in water-colors ever pursued under more curious circumstances, we wonder?

The Duchesse de Berri was betrayed—betrayed by a horrid apostate named Deutz, to whom she had stood sponsor on his "conversion" to Christianity, to whom she had been exceedingly kind, and who had been recommended to her by Pope Gregory XVI. as a person that she could safely trust. This Judas wormed himself into her secrets, and was her go-between and confidential man. Then he went to the Ministry of the Interior, and sold the secret of his benefactor's hiding-place to M. Adolphe Thiers for two hundred and fifty thousand francs. There is a story that the infamous bargain was struck on a dark and stormy night in the Champs Elysees—little Monsieur Thiers, wrapped in a very large cloak, leaning against a tree while Deutz whispered into his greedy but revolted ear the fatal address, "Numero Trois, Rue Neuve du Chateau, Nantes." There was a report also that the man had demanded, in addition to the blood money, the cross of the Legion of Honor; but at that request the conscience of M. Thiers stuck. It is somewhat consolatory to remark that prior to joining the Iscariot family, *la belle*, Simon Deutz took to rabbing absinthe; was drunk night and day in the hotel he occupied at Belleville, where the *chouans*, when they met him, used to spit at him; and that he died intoxicated, in horrible agonies.

M. Thiers, at all events had got the precious address; and an honest, brave old General, Demonceourt by name, was ordered to surround the house in the Rue Neuve du Chateau with a strong body of troops. The fugitives, M. de Menars and de Guibourg and Mademoiselle de Kersabiec, had barely time to enter the "priest's hole." The Duchesse was the last to conceal herself, observing with a smile, when her companions offered her precedence that in a retreat "le general est toujours le dernier." She was in the act of closing the iron plate of the chimney when the soldiers entered the room. Now, Deutz did not know the existence of this hole; and for many hours soldiers, gendarmes, police-spies, architects, and masons were all baffled. The search was protracted until a late hour in the night; and

then General Demonceourt and the Prefect of the Department went away; taking care, however, to leave sentries in every room of the mansion. Two gendarmes were placed on guard in the room where there was the recess behind the chimney. Meanwhile the luckless prisoners had remained perfectly still in a small closet only three feet and a half long and eighteen inches wide at one extremity, but diminishing gradually to eight or ten inches at the door. In this exiguous silos of space they suffered frightful tortures; the gentlemen in particular, being taller than the two ladies, had scarcely room to stand upright, even by placing their heads between the rafters. The Duchesse never complained. At the dead of the night the cold was so piercing that the gendarmes stationed in the room could hold out no longer. One of them went down stairs and returned with some dried turf, and in ten minutes a beautiful fire was burning on the hearth. At first the prisoners, who were half frozen in their concealment, hailed the change of temperature as a boon; but it grew hotter and hotter, and the wall itself became so charged with caloric that they shrank from touching it. The iron chimney-plate was tending towards a red heat. Meanwhile the gendarmes recommenced their search, and began to batter at the walls and ceiling with pickaxes and crowbars. The noise nearly deafened the poor little half-roasted Duchesse; yet so unconquerable was her gaiety that she could not help laughing at the bark-ram-jests of the policemen. Surely the names of these two gendarmes should have been preserved. Were they, we wonder, ever heard of afterwards at the Bouffes Parisiennes, or at the Philharmonic Theatre, Islington, marching and countermarching to the portentous refrain of "We'll run 'em in?"

They ran the unlucky Duchesse and her companions in, or rather out, at last. They enjoyed a short surcease from their torture when the gendarmes came to sleep towards five in the morning, the fire burned low and the chimney-plate grew cool. But dire agony awaited them. One of the police agents woke up, and proceeded to feed the flickering fire with a quantity of old numbers of *La Quotidienne*, which happened to be in the garret. The fumes from the burning paper penetrated through the chinks of the wall of the chimney, and all but suffocated the Duchesse and her friends. Again the chimney-plate grew red-hot. Twice the Duchesse's dress caught, and she burnt her hands sorely in crushing out the flame. In her agitation she pushed back the spring which closed the door of the recess, and the iron chimney panel gaped a little. Mademoiselle de Kersabiec immediately stretched forth her hand to close the aperture; but a turf sod, rolling back as the plate moved, attracted the notice of one of the gendarmes. The honest fellow—she must have been attached to "Golo's army"—fancied that there were rats in the wall of the chimney. He awoke his comrade; and the pair placed themselves with drawn sabres on either side of the chimney, waiting to cut down the first rat that appeared. The Duchesse by this time was "in extremis," half choked, half roasted, and her dress again ablaze. M. de Menars at last received a sign from the fainting lady, and kicked open the accursed iron plate. "Qui vive?" yelled the gendarmes, starting back in affright. "C'est moi!" was the reply, as the captive strode over the blazing hearth. "Je suis la Duchesse de Berri." She was every inch a Duchesse, and should have been every inch a Queen. She and her loyal henchmen, and the young Vendean lady, had been in this hole, without food or light, for sixteen hours. The remainder of the Duchesse de Berri's story belongs not to Romance, but to History of the plainest and in some respects, of an unpleasant nature. Her captivity in the Castle of Blaye, and its attendant circumstances, reflect infinite discredit, less politically than personally, on Louis Philippe, who used his fair and brave, though erring, kinswoman in the scurviest and shabbiest manner possible. It does not matter now, "Sans de grands obstacles la vie est impossible." Louis Philippe sleeps at Claremont; Marie Caroline in the vault of the Capuchins' Church at Goritz; and Fusion and Reconciliation reign among their descendants. Yet will posterity have something to say for the mother who valiantly upheld her son's rights? Those 50,000 swords which Burke invoked were, alas! never drawn from their scabbards to avenge the wrongs of Marie Antoinette; but in times to come, when the story of the Comte de Chambord and his mother is related, there will surely arise among the nations a cry of "Brava! Bravissima! Marie Caroline!"—*London Telegraph.*

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Lynch, Archbishop of Toronto, Canada, and the Rev. J. B. Proulx, missionary, to the Canadian Indians, and also the Most Rev. Dr. McCormack, Conductor, Lord Bishop of Achonry, have left Ireland for Rome.

OUTRAGE AT BRAY.—On Saturday night several stones were thrown into the sitting-room of the Rev. Mr. Magill, Catholic curate, near Bray, and a quantity of property was destroyed. Several of the stones nearly struck the Rev. gentleman, who was in the room at the time. The stone-throwers have been identified, and will be brought up at the next sessions.

LORD FRENCH ON HOME RULE.—We have been requested to publish the following able letter, addressed by Lord French to the secretaries of the Home Rule League. His lordship has proved the sincerity of his confidence in the success of the movement by enclosing a donation of £50 in addition to his ordinary subscription to the funds of the League.—

"Elm Park, Merrion, near Dublin, December, 1873.

"GENTLEMEN,—As I wish to contribute towards the expenses which will be incurred in giving information to the people of England and Scotland in regard to the objects of the Home Rule League, I beg to send you the enclosed sum of fifty pounds for that purpose, in addition to the ordinary subscription.

"I may now observe that I believe there are many reasons for congratulation in reference to the Dublin Conference for Home Rule, more especially as the principle and details of federalism were discussed, not merely with ardent sentiments of patriotism, but also with statesmanlike ability and wisdom, by which means a reasonable, well-defined, and satisfactory plan was then deliberately and almost unanimously adopted upon sound principles of State policy as well as justice, and in accordance with the spirit of the British Constitution. I have no doubt that the advocates for Home Rule have very good reason to feel convinced that the next General Election for the Imperial Parliament will, at all events, have the effect of insuring the complete success of this great movement for a just federal arrangement between Great Britain and Ireland, by which the people of Ireland would retain the immeasurable advantages of a resident Parliament, empowered to legislate exclusively for Irish internal affairs, consistently with all the prerogatives of the Crown, and without changing the principles of the British Constitution, by which admirable arrangement the people of Ireland would still retain the important and unquestionable right to which they are entitled of sending a fair proportion of representatives to the Imperial Parliament, so that their interests and opinions, upon all Imperial questions, should still be fairly and fully represented in that Parliament.

"Consequently, although by the federal arrangement now proposed there would be a separate and constitutional legislation by a domestic Parliament in Ireland respecting Irish affairs, yet there would be united legislation by the Imperial Parliament in England in regard to all Imperial questions. Upon

due reflection, therefore, British Statesmen will at length deem it advisable to acknowledge that as foreign Governments would only be concerned in the Imperial affairs of the Kingdom, and would have no interest in mere local legislation, belonging exclusively to this country, Great Britain and Ireland, in this case, would still be justly regarded as the United Kingdom in reference to all matters of Imperial policy.

"It is, I believe, well known by experience that the Act of Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland, which, in 1800, was so unjustifiably effected, has been always the source of general discontent and dissatisfaction on the part of the people of Ireland. I regret to say that anti-English feeling still continues to increase very much in consequence of the policy of the Imperial Parliament in reference to the affairs of Ireland.

"The civilized world is aware of the importance of Ireland. The geographical distinction is expressly and unavoidably admitted by the very title of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

"The history of Ireland, even to the present period, clearly shows that the natural disposition of the people, their cherished traditions, religious sentiments, and national feelings are quite different from those of Great Britain; but the great majority of the Irish people are already aware that in regard to all matters of Imperial policy Ireland is essentially connected with Great Britain. At the same time, their most anxious desire to obtain the advantage of a domestic Parliament in Ireland is unchangeable in reference to the legislation and management of exclusively Irish internal affairs, consistently with the dignity and rights of her Majesty the Sovereign and her successors, and also in accordance with the principles of the Constitution. Consequently, in that case, the people of Ireland would be satisfied to leave all matters of Imperial policy to the Imperial Parliament upon a just federal basis.

"Ireland would then be undoubtedly a source of strength to the Empire instead of being the cause of weakness.

"I have no doubt that the advocates of the Home Rule movement can, with perfect truth and sincerity, declare their conviction that the Federal arrangement which they now propose between Great Britain and Ireland, is the only measure by which the Imperial Parliament can ensure the good will of the people of Ireland, and the true interests of the British Empire, and that it is the only measure that would likewise secure both the welfare and happiness of the Irish nation.

"Believe me, gentlemen, yours very faithfully, FRENCH.

"To the Honorary Secretaries of the Home Rule League."

A GREAT REFORMATORY INSTITUTION.—Under this important heading we have to bring prominently before the public St. Mary's Asylum and Reformatory, High Park, Drumcondra, which we visited recently, in company with a gentleman who has been for some time past exerting himself in the most zealous and praiseworthy manner for the promotion of the interests of an institution which has the strongest claims on the active co-operation of even the most worldly amongst us, and which must be regarded as a first charge on the bounty and generous goodness of the Christian and the philanthropist. Its claims on public support rest not only on pure charity and pure benevolence, but also on a wise economy and a deep and urgent necessity. It was founded some seventeen years ago by two religious sisters of the Order of Our Lady of Charity, who came here from France all but penniless and friendless. But their mission was a great and holy one, and, trusting only in the one source from whence alone true strength can be derived—the power of God—they commenced their work for the conversion of fallen and degraded women and for the reformation of juvenile offenders. The beginning of the operations of the two good nuns was weak, indeed, and in all human calculation the object which they sought to achieve was, indeed, a hopeless one, but they were actuated by a great and noble purpose, and that which was exemplified by the grain of mustard seed in the Gospel is now a goodly tree, beneath which the fallen and the outcast find shelter, and the erring children of the poor are brought up in the way they should go, and the holy work which Christ came on earth to establish is daily carried out in spirit and in truth. But all this great good was not accomplished without hard and earnest toil, sacrifice, and self-negation, patient endurance of oppressive and bigoted antagonism, and a stern, determined, though meek resistance to wrong.—Those who affect to be anxious for the progress and happiness of society would do well by paying an early visit to St. Mary's Asylum and Reformatory, High Park, Drumcondra. There the visitor will find splendidly exemplified the manner in which religion does not only the work of God, but of this world. There can be seen those who have fallen into the depths of crime and shame restored to a new life, and those who had been on the high road to ruin and misery saved "as brands from the burning." Wherever the eye turns, evidence is given of a wise economy and an active and vigilant supervision exercised in God's service by the good nuns, the holiest and true, who, for the sake of Christ, devoted their lives to the conversion of the degraded and the abandoned, and to the reclamation of the erring female offspring of the poor. In this world of wonders there is nothing more wonderful than to witness the triumphs which these humble nuns have achieved in the thousands whom they have rescued from lives of infamy, and from the paths of vice in which they were beginning to tread. But the great triumphs which the good sisters have accomplished are to be seen in the hundred poor repentant women saved from their fearful and degraded career on the public streets. We asked ourselves, when we saw them, patient, orderly, and industrious, toiling hard and trying work with meekness and earnest energy could there be a more astounding revolution than this exemplified in those poor creatures, who at one time were a disgrace to their sex and to humanity, and are made practical Christians and useful members of society?—*Dublin Freeman.*

THE DROP O' DRINK.—The "drop o' drink," those persons who take a surfeit and find themselves in consequence in the dock of the Police Court designate the cause of their calamity, is day after day working more and more evil. It is impossible to visit the Petty Sessions Court without finding some unfortunate person, battered in body and clothed in the most wretched garb, appealing to the Bench for mercy, and saddling his sorrows upon the "drop o' drink," as if the harmless cup crept into his brain unaided and drove him to the desperation which brought him into the custody of the police. Here is a wretched-looking man with swollen and discoloured eyes, unkempt hair, the accumulated dirt of a quarter of a century, perhaps, concealing his features, and a personal holding out to description the banner of defiance. The human face divine you search for in vain as he leans over the edge of the dock scanning vacantly the officer who details the circumstance of his arrest and informs the court why he is before it. Some professional pugilist must have pummeled at his features until they present a shapeless aspect, and bear about as much resemblance to the face of a human being as a roll of tobacco does to a stilton cheese. Let the truth be told—the pugilist is his own son. The hand that so blackened and bruised, so mauled and disfigured that wretched man's face is the hand of one who should be ready to defend, but not to assault, guard, but not to maltreat him. And what is his explanation? "A wee drop o' drink." "We have wee drop o' drink, your worship an he lifted his hand to me." Alas that even the drink should

cause an Irish son to forget his manhood, and raise his arm against the father whom he should be ever forward to protect! But the fact is here that this damning "drop o' drink" destroys the natural feelings, stirs up the passions of the son against the father, renders desolate and cheerless the domestic circle, and produces misery not only without end, but even without name. See this miserable old begonia, bending under the heavy burden of seventy winters, and requiring the assistance of the officers on duty to support her as she hobbles into the dock. What is her offence? Has she ever stood in that humiliating position before? These questions come spontaneously from the court, and are promptly answered by a professional gentleman who volunteers a friendly service for the shivering old septuagenarian as she bends under the double burden of her humiliation and her years. Her offence is the "wee drop o' drink," and it must be admitted that she has more than once stood in the dock to answer a similar charge. But she is a good old creature. She was making purchases. She was fatigued. She felt a necessity for refreshment. She took a "little drop of drink," and, not being as young or as strong as she once was, it laid her by the heels, and the police were kind enough to look after her personal safety. "What have you to say for yourself?" "Oh nothing, your worship, but I got a wee drop o' drink." The story is true; it is simple; it is grievous; it needs no embellishment, no adornment. She is the slave of the "wee drop o' drink." Her pricked and weakened face has grown yellow and shrivelled under its influence: her palsied and trembling hand once firm and steady as a rock, shakes and vibrates like the aspen in obedience to its control. Alas! that the "wee drop o' drink" should have such universal power over both the young and the old! There is the wreck of a once powerful man, the withered and blasted trunk of a noble and stately tree. The elasticity of youth is gone, the erect bearing has given place to the bent and drooping figure, the freshness and greenness of youth to the sere and fallow tints of an ever-approaching age. He has survived the pleasures of his youthhood, the delights of his manhood, the benevolence of friends, but his love for the "wee drop o' drink" he has not survived, nor has he escaped his share of that universal misery which is the inevitable inheritance of its slaves. His nose is crossed with court plaster, like Lars sinister on a heralric shield, and an incrustation of thickened and congealed blood lies in limitless strata upon his disfigured lineaments. Squally, hunger, want—the apotheosis of accumulated misery—find their complement in his broken form; and, in reply to an interrogation as to the cause of all this horror, with a shake of his whitened head, he says frankly—"It was a drop o' drink." Thus it is day after day—the same scenes, the same facts, the same apologies. Still it would not be fair to saddle the "drop o' drink" with all the misery and crime popularly laid to its charge. It is after all, a perfectly harmless liquid, if left alone, and can be no more held responsible for the misconduct saddled upon it than can the River Thames, for instance, be held accountable for the rash deeds of those numberless miserable, who, "weary of breath," seek cessation of their troubles in its turbid tide. It is the human debasement, the vile satiety of a depraved appetite, the lack of stern and manly resolution, that find their growth in those shattered habits of the dock, and not the intoxicating properties of "the drop o' drink," that do the mischief, and provide work for the magistrates and the police. We never accuse the rope, the razor, or the poison that takes away the life of the suicide with criminal contribution to the fatal result. They are mere inanimate instruments, blamed by no one, but in the moral suicide which the drunkard reduces to system the "drop o' drink" shares very widely in the blame. Let those who censure abstain from over-indulgence, or abstain altogether, and they will find that no more harmless thing exists than this same "drop o' drink." Tapers may continue to burden it with their own misdeeds; they may try to make the world believe them angels, but for its allurements and temptations; they may seek excuse or palliation for their crimes by attributing them entirely to its influence, but it is the pleading of the coward who commits an unmanly act, and tries to escape from its consequences by shifting the responsibility on a second party. It may be shown that it works ravages, destroys homes, disperses and ruins families, slanders bodies, and jeopardises souls, but none of all these it will do if it be avoided altogether, or partaken of rationally; and so we hold the panel not guilty of the charges which these confirmed drunkards day after day enter up against it from the dock in the police court.—*Ulster Examiner.*

The *Westmeath Independent*, in the course of an article on Home Rule says:—"In our issue of last Saturday we asserted that the remedy for the ruin which has fallen on our country is the restoration to her of self-government. A reference to the condition of the country before the era of the Volunteers, during the eighteen years of her independent parliament, and since the Union, completely proves that assertion. The source of all these evils is, therefore, the destruction of Irish self-government. 'Unhappy the nation whose books a stranger keeps.' The only means of restoring peace, prosperity, and happiness to the land is the attainment of the right to manage our own affairs. The attainment of that end is certain if Irishmen will unite. Nothing revolutionary is proposed. The supporters of Home Rule seek not the disruption of the British empire, but rather its consolidation in the union, prosperity, and contentment of all its subjects. The spirit of nationality, the love of native land, nothing can destroy in the hearts of Irishmen. While her inalienable right is denied her, Ireland can never be content; she were contemptible if she could. Grant her the independence of a nation, and England can then count on that manly, true, and generous loyalty, which justice alone can secure."

TENANT FARMERS AND THE COMING ELECTIONS.—The tenant farmers throughout the country are, most properly, making every preparation for the coming general election. In Cork, the farmers are making serious and timely preparations to "run" one of their own class at the coming general elections.—In the North, we are told by the *Derry Standard*, an equally pronounced spirit is showing itself among the sturdy agriculturists. The *Standard* also prints over the signature of "Tenant Right," a letter to the tenant farmers of the county of Derry, in which the writer calls on the farmers to return men who will support the present Land Act and the cause of the occupier, and not gentlemen who "serve their party" faithfully, voting steadily with them in every division, but whose votes are always disapproved of by the great majority of their constituents.—*Freshman.*

SEIZURE OF AN ILLICIT DISTILLERY.—An important and extensive seizure of an illicit distilling apparatus has just been made at Lough Neagh, a short distance from Lurgan. After considerable search the police observed a large piece of cork-work floating in the water, which they discovered to be a mark for the hiding place for a large still and head, with everything complete. The police arrested two men named John McClusky, Drumgarrick, county Derry, and John McGibbon, Kinnego, near Lurgan. Both were brought before Mr. Handcock, J.P., who remanded them until next petty sessions, accepting bail for McGibbon, but refusing it for McClusky.

The *Spectator* has the following reference to a very important matter:—"We have good reason to believe that the interpretation put by the *Times* on the recent changes in the Ministry, to the effect that Mr. Monseil's resignation was deliberately accepted, and that Sir Henry James, Sir W. Vernon Harcourt, and Mr. Lyon Playfair had all been intentionally

selected, as a means of indicating to the Roman Catholics that they were in political disgrace with the Government, was a hypothesis evolved *a priori* out of the consciousness of the *Times*, or of some of its contributors. Indeed, that motive is utterly repudiated by those who ought best to know the truth of the matter, and that being so, it was certainly a mistake to remove Mr. Monseil, who as a departmental chief had never been a quarter as much in fault as the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was promoted to the Home Office. But anyhow, it is satisfactory to know that a policy deliberately unjust and even insulting to Ireland, has never been contemplated." Highly satisfactory! We give the *Spectator* credit for its good faith. It is the one solitary newspaper published in London which reconciles Protestantism with fairness towards Catholics—which is liberal in fact as well as in name. But while we respect the *bona fides* of our contemporary, he must pardon Catholics if they prefer to judge by plain facts rather than by *ex post facto* explanations. The testimony in favor of their suspicions is cumulative. Had Mr. Monseil's resignation stood alone, it would not have appeared so striking a fact. It might possibly be believed that the Government was so intolerant of a single blunder in its administration that a Minister who had enjoyed on the whole a fair reputation was thrust out for one error on the part of an ambitious subordinate who has not been even rebuked. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer was *particeps criminis*, and his reputation was anything but sweet. He stood convicted of jobbing to which some—probably wrongly—gave a still uglier name. His skill had been shown in budgets which are still the laughing stock of the country, and his personal unpopularity mounted to the intensity of positive hatred. Now when the less culpable and the less unpopular Minister received his *congés*, and the most blundering, and the most detested Minister in the Cabinet is served by being transferred to another place of equal importance. Catholics may be excused if they fancy that the hostile treatment had some connexion with the Catholicism. But that does not stand alone. The man put in the place of the experienced Catholic minister was absolutely destitute of a single pretension, save that he had shown a rampant hostility to Catholics and had been prominent in the defeat of the University Bill. He had neither parliamentary, nor official experience, and, though a respectable man of science, one who had given no evidence of remarkable political capacity, even in the eyes of those who believe to hate Catholics is a very decent substitute for genius. By virtue of this gift, whatever disclaimers be made to the contrary, the Scottish Calvinist was put into the place of the Irish Ultramontane. Will the informants of the *Spectator* persuade us that it was by a coincidence Mr. James, whose highest distinction was gained by his furious defence of Judge Keogh's indecent attack on the Archbishop of Tuam, was selected for Attorney General and the solemn Vernon Harcourt whose tall talking has been most conspicuously inimical to the concession of Catholic claims, chosen for Solicitor-General? They cannot. It is quite possible that the *Times* was not inspired when it made the suggestions, and that the policy it preached was only part of the systematic assault on Catholicism which is about the only consistency in that inconsistent journal. Very likely it expressed, as it usually does, the sentiment of the vulgar sort of Protestantism. But the policy has been as distinctly adopted, as if it were a matter of pre-arrangement, and it has been so marked and pointed out that Catholics should be credulous fools if they allowed themselves to be convinced against the evidence of their senses. We are sorry that Mr. Gladstone should have ceased to be our ally. He was the one English Prime Minister in whom we have ever felt confidence. He falls in yielding to that "Parliamentary necessity" which was the Divine Providence of his model, Sir Robert Peel. Catholics suffer from injustice now as much as they did when Mr. Gladstone declared that their educational position was "miserably, scandalously bad." They were not content with his attempt to reconcile justice and injustice, to give them a pretence of concession, while nearly all the old grievances were retained, and therefore he casts them off, and takes up with their bitterest enemies. This we regret for Mr. Gladstone's own sake, because it is a falling off from the estimate in which we held him. But our regret does not alter our sense of duty. When we see a leader enrol in his ranks, place in his highest and most confidential commands, those who have been our cruellest and most unrelenting opponents, we cannot be such fools as to regard it in any other sense than as a declaration of war. We ought not to be slow to accept the challenge. In truth, at the present moment, we only see enemies at all sides of Parliament, Tory, Liberal (!) and Independent; all the greater necessity that we should make such power as we possess felt. The first duty that lies to hand is to punish as far as we can the administration which, whether it is "contemplated" it or not, adopted "a policy deliberately unjust and even insulting to Ireland."—*Cork Examiner.*

THE O'CONNOR DON, M. P., AS A LANDLORD.—The following paragraph, which we take from the last number of the *Roscommon Messenger*, shows the O'Connor Don, M. P., as a landlord in a most favourable light:—"Mr. James Conry who occupies a part of the lands of Ardeevin, has placed in our hands a correspondence he has had with O'Connor Don, which shows that our country member is no less distinguished in his private than in his public life. Ardeevin was, as our readers are aware, lately in the market, but the lots were not arranged in such a manner as would have enabled the tenants if they became purchasers to obtain governmental aid under the Land Act. This fact Mr. Conry on behalf of himself and the other tenants, brought under the notice of O'Connor Don, who at once proposed to become purchaser on the following terms if the tenants thought them suitable. O'Connor Don to become purchaser and pay the full purchase money to the vendor, and then sell to each tenant a 99 years lease with a reserved rent amounting to 2 1/2 per cent. on one fourth of the purchase money for three-fourths of the sum O'Connor Don had paid in the first instance, of which three-fourths the tenant would only be called upon to provide one-third as the other two-thirds would be advanced by the government under the Land Act. With remarkable thoughtfulness—the suggestion having been made in that direction by Mr. Conry—O'Connor Don writes:—"If you cannot conveniently find all the money you would have to produce under this arrangement I would have no objection to lend you £300 or £400 for a couple of years." The following is an illustration of the proposal.—Suppose a tenant paying £30 a year, and that the estate was purchased at twenty years purchase, O'Connor Don would have paid for this lot £600. Four and one half per cent on one-fourth of this sum, £60 15s, would be the yearly rent at which O'Connor Don would make a lease for 99 years to the tenant, who would thus virtually become the proprietor, the conditions being that the tenant should pay O'Connor Don £450 of which £150 would only require to be provided from out his own funds, as the other £300 could be had from the Board of Works and paid in thirty-five years by annual payments of £15."

The Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, the Marquis of Drogheda, and Mr. T. C. Trench, who some time since intimated their intention of giving £500 each towards the restoration of the ancient Cathedral of Kildare, in case a sufficient sum were raised by a stipulated time their offer is to be taken as withdrawn. The reason assigned is that the temper displayed by the General Synod raises the gravest danger of doctrines being introduced differing essentially from those heretofore taught by the Protestant Church in Ireland.—*Cork Examiner.*

The *Roscommon Messenger* announces that the senior representative, The O'Connor Don, has joined the National Home Rule League.

According to the recently issued judicial statistics the entire criminal population in Ireland on one day was calculated at 36 in every 10,000 of the population, against 39 in every 10,000 of the population in England and Wales.

GREAT BRITAIN.

ADDRESS OF THE ABERDEEN CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION, TO THE BISHOPS OF GERMANY.—To the Most Reverend the Archbishop of Cologne, the Right Reverend the Bishops, the Clergy, and the Catholic Laity of Germany.—We, the members of the Aberdeen Catholic Association humbly beg permission, at this time, to offer the homage of our most respectful and heartfelt sympathy. For some time past we have observed with pain the persecution which you have suffered, and are still suffering, at the hands of a Government which, professing the most liberal sentiments, continues to oppress our most holy Church in the persons of your most Reverend Lords and Fathers and dear Catholic brethren.

Refusing to be taught by the history of our Church that the persecution of her children has hitherto proved abortive in suppressing her energies, the Government of Germany follows in the old and hopeless task of making the Church subservient to the State, in coercing you to recognize in a vain ambitious Emperor, who arrogates the right of appointing men to fill the highest offices of the priesthood, an authority higher than our most Holy Father, Pius IX.

But we rejoice, in the midst of our sorrows, at the noble and heroic position you take and at the example you show to the world. Animated by the same zeal and devotion which inflamed the martyrs of old, you are prepared to suffer all things, even death itself, in maintaining the rights of our most holy Church. Thus the words of our Saviour will continue to the end. "The gates of hell shall never prevail against thee," and while we sympathize with you now, we look forward to the dawn of the Church's triumph when her enemies shall sink into oblivion, and her children receive the reward of their faithfulness. We earnestly hope that that time is fast approaching, but should there be still further trials in store for you, we pray God with His grace to strengthen you for the struggle, that you may fight the good fight and prevail.

Begging the Episcopal Benediction, we remain, most reverend and right reverend Lords, your humble children and very reverent brethren the clergy, and dear brethren the Catholic laity of Germany, your devoted brethren in the Holy Faith.

Signed on behalf of the members of the Office Bearers and Council,

- L. DUNCAN, President.
- JOHN CRAIGIE, Vice-President.
- JOHN THOMSON, Hon. Treasurer.
- DUNCAN ANDERSON, JOHN CAMERON, JOHN CHAS. CATANACH, JUD., JAMES CLARKE, JAMES CLARSON, THOMAS CLARKSON, JOHN CRAIGIE, JOHN HENDERSON, JOHN LAMB, JAMES LYNCH, ALEXR. RUDDIMAN.

CHARLES GORDON, Hon. Secretary. Scaled with the Seal of the Church of the Assumption, Aberdeen.

JOHN SUTHERLAND, P.P. WILLIAM STOFAN, Catholic Clergyman.

BRITISH AGRICULTURAL STATISTICS.—The total area of Great Britain is 56,964,260 acres, of which England comprises 32,590,387—the whole is scarcely equal to the area of two of our Western States of average size. The population to be supported, 25,000,000, is one to rather more than two acres; in England 1 to 1 1/2 acres; and yet little more than half of the total area, or 31,000,000 acres, is in cultivation, nearly 24,000,000 of which is England proper. A key to agricultural prosperity is found in the fact that not exceeding one-third of the occupied area is allotted to exhaustive crops, as the cereals, while two-thirds are given to restorative crops, as roots, clover and grasses in rotation, and permanent pasture. The proportions last season were, for the whole country, 30.9 per cent. in grain crops, 11.6 in green crops, 14.5 in clover and grasses, and 40.6 in permanent pasture. The production of meat is the first object of British agriculture; the growing of wheat is the consideration of next importance. Both cattle and sheep are well known to excel all others in meat production, attaining greater weight in a given time than continental animals. The official average of net weight of carcasses of British cattle of ages 1 to 2 years, is 600 pounds; of cattle imported, 500 pounds; of British sheep and lambs, 69 pounds; of imported, 50 pounds. The present tendency is to the increase of live stock and the diminution of the grain area. There has been a decrease since 1859, in the breadth of wheat, oats, peas, and beans, and an increase in barley, roots, and permanent pasture the reduction of "white crops," which now average 7,000,000 acres, exceeds 1,250,000 acres; wheat now occupying a little more than 3,000,000 or about one-sixth of our wheat area, although the product sometimes exceeds one-third of ours. The decrease has been about 10 per cent in 20 years, not in product but in acreage, the yield having increased 17 bushels and five bushels in 100 years, being now 28 bushels, the largest national average. There are now about 28,000,000 sheep to 30,000,000 acres of productive area. It was recently assumed, on good grounds, that one-fourth of the cattle were annually sold at the rate of £16 each in England, £14 in Scotland, and £10 in Ireland; that one-third of the English sheep and one-fourth of the Scottish sheep are annually sold at about 35 shillings each. The tendency has since been to still higher prices.

Those Englishmen who are in the habit of opposing the concession of self government to Ireland, on the ground that the Irish people would mismanage their affairs, should occasionally look at home and see how their own affairs are managed. The *Pall Mall Gazette* of Monday affords them the following piece of information on this latter point:—"About a year and three-quarters ago we called attention to certain 'indirect claims' against the government on account of the purchase of the telegraphs by the State. A question was asked on the subject in the House of Commons, and an official answer was given to the effect that there was no cause whatever for anxiety. The rumour upon which, early in 1872, we based our remarks now appears to have reached the provinces. 'An error of enormous magnitude' has, according to the *Western Morning News*, been discovered in the government telegraph accounts. Instead of purchasing, as was supposed, a freehold and absolute title, the government finds that it purchased the leasehold only from the telegraph companies, whose rights were bought up in many instances. The telegraph lines were leased from the railway companies, and what they sold was merely a lease of them. The railway companies are represented as being now engaged in 'preparing their claims.' Some of these it appears are uncomfortably large. The claim of the Lancashire and Yorkshire railway for the telegraph line which the government fondly imagined it had purchased from the Magnetic Company amounts, according to the *Western Morning News*, to £999,000. The matter is to be referred to two arbitrators—Mr. Weaver, secretary of one of the telegraph companies, on the part of the government, and Sir John Hawkshaw on the part of the Lancashire and Yorkshire railway. Sir John Karlslake is to be umpire."

THE BISHOP OF SALFORD AT BOLTON.—In a discourse lately delivered by the Bishop of Salford at Bolton. His Lordship quoted some very interesting statistics, compiled by a Protestant, Mr. W. Hoyle. He referred to Mr. William Hoyle, Mr. Hoyle was an Englishman, and so far from being prejudiced as

a Catholic, was a devout Wesleyan Methodist.—(Laughter). The statistics were a contrast between the state of Catholic Ireland and the state of England. First, with regard to the money spent in drink. How many pounds per head were spent in drink in England?—£4 5s. 11½d. per annum. How many pounds were spent in intoxicating drinks per head in Ireland?—£2 1s. 1d. (Loud applause). Now, with regard to pauperism. Not only did they hear frequently censure passed upon the Irish, on account of their affection for spirituous liquors, but they heard the Irish reproached for being poor, as though that were itself a crime. He had told them that in England the number of paupers was about 4,000,000. In England 46 persons out of every thousand were paupers, while in Ireland there were only 13 out of every thousand. (Loud applause). Pauperism in England was therefore 300 per cent. greater than it was in Ireland. (Renewed applause). And now as to the committals for drink. He found that in England last year there were about 151,000 committals for being drunk and disorderly. He had not laid his finger upon the corresponding number for Ireland, unless it was included in the word "drunkards," and the official figures against "drunkards" were 8,110. (Laughter and applause, and a voice "There are as many as that in Bolton." Renewed laughter.) Then as to longevity. Ireland is a poor country, and England is a rich country.—What was the state of mortality in England? The calculation was that the death-rate in England amounted to 22 out of every thousand, and the death-rate in Ireland was 16 to a thousand. (Applause.) They must not applaud too loudly, because by coming to England they had improved their chance of a speedy death. (Laughter and applause.) If we would reduce the rate of mortality in England to what it was in Ireland, the result to the population of this country would be that we should save 100,000 lives in the course of a year. The reason why he had referred to that comparison was because some unwise things had been said disparaging to his flock. And the reason why he had dwelt upon the whole of the subject of material national property, was because it showed what our national duties were. If we were a rich nation, if we were a prosperous nation materially, it was our duty towards God and towards our fellowmen to spend what we could not merely in material improvement, but in intellectual, and above all in spiritual and in religious improvement. For what was a nation without religion? If God had made us rich and given to this country a share of the wealth of this world, it was in order that this country might be steward to Almighty God in the dispensation of it. He did not enter into what had been the conduct of those who were outside the Catholic faith in this country. He would simply say that there were certain denominations in this country who by the generous manner in which they gave to foreign missions—the Wesleyans gave something like £150,000 a year to be sent abroad to spread what they considered to be the truth—showed that people who did not belong to their faith understood that wealth was put into their hands for some better purposes than hoarding it, and spending it on mere material things. And he felt convinced that the Catholics of this diocese, and of this country, were alive to the importance of giving towards spiritual and religious objects. The Catholics of this diocese, in all the Missions he had visited, had generously come forward and given their means towards the work which he proposed to them. The Bishop, in concluding, pointed out that too much money was spent on drink, too much in dress, and too much spent foolishly and extravagantly, and that by denying ourselves we should have more to give towards the service of Almighty God. (Loud and continued cheering.)

A BARRISTER ON BREACH OF PROMISE CASES.—On a recent occasion Mr. Lawrence Gane, barrister at law, delivered a lecture under the auspices of the Philosophical Institution, in Queen-street Hall, on "British Lawyers; their struggles and success; their eloquence and patriotism." The learned gentleman sketched at some length the history of Coke and More, showing their struggles in the early part of their career, describing their subsequent success at the Bar and on the Bench, and dwelling on their domestic happiness. Some people, he said, seemed to have an idea that lawyers had no heart—that their only relation to love was the breach of promise cases. This was a class of cases that in England was cropping up like blackberries. Under the present law twelve men were empanelled as a jury. A young and lovely woman—the plaintiff was always "a young and lovely woman"—was the first witness. At the commencement of the jury evinced but little interest in the case. But the witness was led on by ingenious counsel, and gradually the jury became interested. Ultimately the "young and lovely woman" burst into tears; and from that moment the verdict was certain. The jury suffered from "softening of the brain." Medical men might say that softening of the brain did not arise suddenly, but he had seen it come on in twenty-five minutes. That was the present system; but now the idea was afloat that women must take the place of men, and by-and-by women would act as jurymen. And if they had twelve British women—six British matrons and six British spinsters—instead of twelve British men, the case would be otherwise. The young and lovely woman might weep, but she would not move the twelve British women—the young and lovely woman might as well weep before Nelson's Monument as before twelve British women; they knew how it was done.

We cannot refrain from reprinting the following mainly remarks of the *Manchester Guardian*, which may serve to show the Prussian Ministers what English Independent Liberal opinion really is. We have been carefully informed that they are much gratified by the sympathy expressed towards them in this country, and it is only fair that they should learn the limits to which that sympathy extends:—"The Liberals of Prussia—the men who fight under the standard of civil and religious liberty—crowd to the support of a Minister whose name is associated with the most tyrannical laws of the nineteenth century. And, what is more curious still, we are to have an Exeter Hall gathering, with Lord Russell in the chair, to wish the Prussian Premier 'God-speed' in his work. On this question—with deep regret we say it—we must keep aloof from both the Prussian Liberals and Exeter Hall. They cannot like the doctrines of the Syllabus less than we do; but we contend that the laws of May are in their essence unjust, and that no more effective method could have been conceived for converting every moderate Catholic into an uncompromising Ultramontane, and so aggravating and rendering infinitely more formidable the very evil which Prince Bismarck has considered himself bound to combat. An Englishman, hating oppression in every form, we can only view these laws with profound concern; while as Protestants we have no reason to be grateful but very much the reverse of that, to the Minister who framed them. Notwithstanding the encouragement which he has received from so many quarters, Prince Bismarck can scarcely be unconscious of the fact that he has attempted more than is possible for him to perform. The news of agitation in Pesen—the Ireland of Prussia—is ominous, and can be no inessential to the true meaning of the suddenly assumed democratic attitude of the Ultramontane party in the Diet, with their measures for an untaxed press and a really popular basis of representation? It would undoubtedly be a humiliation for him to retrace his steps, but when a blunder has been committed it is the manifest and safest course to acknowledge the fact and get out of the unpleasant position you have created for yourself with all possible haste. Prince Bismarck may, perhaps, remember that the British Parliament once passed an Ecclesiastical

Titles Act, that that Act was never put in force, and that, after a time, it was struck out of the statute-book—for reasons which would tell with a thousand-fold force if applied to the ecclesiastical laws of Prussia."—*Tablet.*

Brighton has gone mad about the Protestant confessional question. A lamentable sight was witnessed in that queen of watering-places some days ago. The crazed portion of the community of Brighton, to the number of some 4,000, assembled in the dome, Royal Pavilion, including, sad to relate, many respectable government officials who prefix "rev." to their names, and an ex-nayor. These unfortunate people stamped and stormed and raved for over two hours respecting Ritualism and the confessional, and the peculiarities of High Church and Low Church and Broad Church and Narrow Church and Long Church and Short Church, and the various other shaped churches which the renowned "Reformation" has brought into existence. And yet the police did not interfere. No riot act read. No humane power brought into existence to put these people into mad-houses. How shocking!

Unless the English police have grown more strict than they formerly were, drunkenness has alarmingly increased in England of late. No less than 39,819 more arrests for drunkenness were made in 1872 than were made in 1867-68, constituting an increase of 36 per cent in offences of this nature within four years. In the number of arrests during the same years for offences against which summary proceedings are permitted, and which include breaches of the peace, nuisances, vagrancy, and other misdemeanors, there was an increase of 72,069. This is rather alarming, and certainly does not speak very highly for the advance of civilization and religion in England.

MISTLETOE.—The mistletoe is a true parasite, drawing its nourishment altogether from the tree to which it is attached. It is a native of Britain, and was held in great veneration in Druid times, especially when found growing on the oak. Having no attachment to earth, it was regarded as of celestial origin. The Druids were wont to send round their youths with branches of it to announce the new year, and its use in later times at Christmas may be perhaps traced to this. Or its curious foliage and pearly berries, in full swing at that season, would naturally suggest it for indoor decoration at that festive time, in companionship with the bright leaves and glowing berries of the holly and the sombre green of the ivy.

UNITED STATES.

We (*Catholic Review*) cut from the columns of the *New York Tribune*, the following extract from a long letter, written to that journal by a Protestant clergyman upon the results of the Evangelical Alliance:—"Words count but very little, deeds very much. As an illustration, in the very city where the Alliance was held, Romanism has absorbed a large element of the population into its own ranks. The Germans who have flocked in large numbers to New York were in the main Protestants, descendants from the Lutherans, but inclined to German scepticism. This fact came under my own observation for a series of years, and was also made a matter of repeated inquiry and investigation while engaged in pastoral work in your city. The testimony was of one kind, whether coming from priests, Sisters of Charity, or Protestants who had lived long, and with observation, in the localities of the immigrants. Dr. James W. Alexander, then a pastor in Church street, gave the question attention, and I presume had satisfactory authority for saying, 'Nine-tenths of the Germans here are infidel.' In the meantime, great numbers have been gathered by incessant effort into the Roman Church. Large and costly churches have been built and filled with thousands and tens of thousands of those who are descendants of German Protestants. Little has been said by the workers, but a vast amount of work has been done. The providence that is on the side of the largest artillery is largely on the side of the most industrious workers. Of the other part of the population in the lower wards, so generally forsaken by the Protestant churches, I have not the same trustworthy means of information. I do know that about as fast as the Protestants abandon their churches by removing into the upper part of the city, the Romanists buy them, and from some source, soon fill them with a multitude of worshippers, and not only so, but build also new edifices to meet their wants; so that now, having several different congregations each Sunday in the parish church, the Romanists have more worshippers during the day than any other religious body in the city. I leave such facts to speak for themselves. They are at least suggestive."

WAGNER BY BATTLE REVIVED.—The story of a terrible mistake comes from Westminster. Two costermongers had a dispute about the ownership of a donkey, and went to law to decide it. The morning was occupied in hearing evidence, but when the time came to adjourn for luncheon the judge addressed the suitors and said the case was a very trivial one and the time of the court very valuable, and, therefore, he hoped to hear, when they re-assembled in half-an-hour, that the disputants had settled the question out of court, which, thanking his lordship they promised to do. After luncheon the defendant gleefully rose, explained that it was all right, the donkey was his; and, jerking his head towards his opponent, the judge was horrified to see that the plaintiff's eyes were much swollen and discoloured and that he was a good deal smeared with blood. The defendant went on to explain that they had found a quiet yard to settle it in, as his lordship had kindly suggested; he was afraid that he had been rather rough on plaintiff, but he could not help it, because he was allowed only half-an-hour to pull it off, and the plaintiff was a tougher customer than his lordship might think from the look of him. The judge gasped with horror at the thought that he had been inciting suitors in his court to commit a serious breach of the peace, but they had obediently received the suggestion and acted on it in perfect good faith, an appeal to arms being the only method of settling the matter out of court, which occurred to their minds.—*Standard.*

MARKED PROGRESS.—On many occasions it has been pointed out in these pages that to illustrate the rapid strides with which the Catholic Church is advancing in America we need not travel any great distance from our own doors. If we give a moment's consideration to what is going on around us, we shall be deeply impressed by the fact that the onward march of Catholicism has been more rapid and better assured than its most sanguine propagandists would some years ago have ventured to predict. Taking even the low standard of materialism, or judging the project of the Church by the measure of real estate, the result must be satisfactory and gratifying. The Catholic buildings which have risen among the sandhills of San Francisco during the last few years tell a very plain story. Every year, too, adds to their number. Last year saw the last touches given to the pile of buildings in South San Francisco, which the Sisters of Charity have devoted to the use of the orphans. This year has left its mark in the erection and completion of Sacred Heart College, a magnificent testimonial of the generosity of our citizens, to their love of learning, and to their confidence in the zeal, ability and experience of the Christian Brothers.—*Monitor.*

In Helena, Montana, J. B. Boyce & Co. joyfully advertise that they have received from New York 833 Bibles, which they will sell at cost to those who are able to pay for them, and give away to those who are not. In the same newspaper we find an extended account of "the first genuine cock-fight that ever took place in Helena."

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AND
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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JANUARY 16, 1874.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.
JANUARY—1874.
Friday, 16—St. Marcellus, P. M.
Saturday, 17—St. Anthony, Ab.
Sunday, 18—Second after Epiphany. Holy Name of Jesus.
Monday, 19—St. Canute, M.
Tuesday, 20—SS. Fabian and Sebastian, MM.
Wednesday, 21—St. Agnes, V. M.
Thursday, 22—SS. Vincent and Anastasius, MM.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

As illustrative of the progress that Liberal principles are making in Italy, and of the blessed influences of the Reformation on the intelligence and morality of the people, we may be permitted to cite a little anecdote which we find in the columns of the *Montreal Gazette*.

A gentleman, a miserable Papalini, or Papist, was at church kneeling down and saying his prayers. A noble Italian liberal, disgusted at the sight, fired his gun into the church and wounded the said Papist in the leg. The offender was brought to a trial—for the ceremony or farce of prosecuting murderers and assailants of priests and Papists is still kept up by the Piedmontese Government—but of course acquitted, on the grounds "that if the gentleman had not been at church, his leg would not have been in the way of the bullet. The fault, therefore, was not with the man who fired the gun"—(and who was acquitted accordingly)—"but it was with the man who yielded to a bigoted superstition, and went to the place where the shot happened to reach him."

This story, which we copy from the *Montreal Gazette*, shows how justice is administered by Liberals in so far as Papists are concerned, in regenerated Italy. Happy Italy!

In Spain Cartagena still holds out, though sore pressed. From Barcelona tidings reach us of an Intransigent outbreak; barricades had been erected, and fighting had commenced.—In the North the Carlists not only hold their own, but are making fresh captures, so that the revolutionary government at Madrid has its hands full. May its troubles never be less, until the lawful king Don Carlos is restored to his throne; and thereby peace and prosperity be restored to a distracted country.

The trial of Luie, or Lungren, for perjury commenced in London, on the 8th inst. This fellow, it will be remembered, was a witness for the defendant on the trial, still pending, of the Tichborne claimant for perjury. He swore that, in 1854, he was steward on board of a ship called the *Oprey*, which picked up in mid-Atlantic the survivors of the crew and passengers of the *Bella*; amongst whom was one named Roger, and whom he, Luie, recognised as the defendant; and by whom he, Luie, in return was recognised, in the presence of Mr. Whalley, as the steward of the ship by whom he was rescued. This monstrous story was effectually disposed of by the discovery that the witness Luie was a ticket-of-leave man at large, who in 1854 was married in England, and its narrator was of course committed for perjury. On the first day of his trial much excitement was occasioned by the testimony of a police officer who deposed that the prisoner, seeing that his little game was played out, voluntarily confessed that he had been put up to his perjuries, and coached, or instructed how to act by Messrs. Onslow and Whalley; that his only object was to make money, and that his scruples had been overcome by the tempting offers made to him to come forward, and testify for the Tichborne claimant. Of course this story must be accepted with caution; but we know, from his antecedents, what this man Whalley is; we know also that he was over on this Continent last summer gathering information, and publicly boasting that he had picked up most important evidence to crush a wicked Romish conspiracy against his friend, the claimant, now on his trial for perjury; we know also that when Luie's guilt was brought to light this same Mr. Whalley came forward to bail him out; and knowing all these things it is not easy to doubt of Mr. Whalley's compli-

city in the attempt to prevent the ends of justice by false swearing. Perhaps he and Mr. Onslow may yet have to appear in the dock on a charge of conspiracy, and suborning of perjury.

The Ashantee War is making no very rapid progress towards a satisfactory solution. With the usual stolidity of British statesmen, and with the same strange want of foresight as that which in the Crimea cost Great Britain an army before the earth works of Sebastopol, our Ministry forgot to furnish their General with troops, but trusted entirely to the picking up of competent soldiers amongst their negro allies. These are utterly worthless; they will neither fight, nor work, and Sir Garnet Wolsley in consequence is doomed to inactivity in an unhealthy climate, which it is feared may cost us many valuable lives, before this nasty incomprehensible war with which we have got ourselves involved is brought to an end.

The threatened famine in Bengal is causing much apprehension. The food of millions has failed through want of rain; and though the Government do its best to supply the deficiency, that best can be but a little.

THE POOR INDIAN.—In answer to the reproach urged against the Catholic clergy of Canada, the Sulpicians especially, that they have approved themselves harsh and illiberal towards the Indians, it is worth while to contrast their actual, and future prospects with those of the Indians, or Red men of the United States who have experienced the full benefits of Protestant treatment. For this purpose we lay before our readers some extracts from an article that appeared some time ago in a United States journal, the *Washington Chronicle* under the caption of

"DECAY OF THE INDIANS."

In this article, the fact is clearly brought out that, in the United States, the native race is fast disappearing:—

"A correspondent of the *Pacific Rural Press* lately visited the provisional reservation on Solo Fork and Bitter Root river. By the treaty of 1855 this reservation, at the discretion of the President, may be surveyed and made permanent. The Indians, having lived here a long time, are loth to give it up, though they promise obedience to the behests of their great white father. They now number but thirty-four men, besides women and children. In 1855, when this treaty was made, they numbered but one hundred and fifty men. There has been no collision in the last fifteen years between these Indians and the white people to cause this enormous decay of their tribe, yet they now number but little more than one-fifth of their former strength.

"A similar decay is going on among the tribes colonized in the Indian territory. Ten years ago they numbered twenty-five thousand, to-day they can muster scarcely fifteen thousand. The Creeks have declined thirty-three per cent.; the Seminoles fifty per cent.; the Choctaws and Chickasaws each twenty-five per cent., in ten years. In 1850 the Comanches were a formidable tribe of fifty thousand; to-day they present a wretched residuum of not over ten thousand. The Pawnees, so formidable in the middle of this century, are nearly extinct. Of the twenty thousand Crows and Blackfeet in 1850, but a few miserable beggars are left."

Further on we are told that:—

"The ravages of war seem to be scarcely less fatal than the silent decay of peace."

that,—

"The reservation system has failed to arrest the destruction of the red man."

that,—

"Christianity seems to present no permanent lease of the present."

and the article concludes with the following suggestive statistics:—

"In 1863 Secretary Harlan estimated the whole number of tribal Indians at three hundred and fifty thousand. We doubt whether there are over two thousand now."

Whilst such has been, and is, the fate of the aboriginal races in the Protestant United States, how has it fared with the same race in Catholic Canada, and with those of the red men who have been more especially under the tutelage of the Romish Missionary? The answer to this question is ever before our eyes. Here in Catholic Canada, the descendants of the redmen who three hundred years ago roamed the forests, are still numerous and thriving; they have been gathered together into Christian communities; and neither physically nor morally can they, in comparison with most of their white neighbors be considered an inferior race. If they do not increase fast, they pretty well maintain their numbers; and it is certain that, amongst them, there are not in operation those causes which in ten years have reduced the Indian tribes in the United States at the rate of from twenty-five to fifty per cent.; and which in some tribes have left but a wretched residuum of only ten thousand out of a population of over fifty thousand.

Why this difference? To what must we attribute it, if not to the fact that in Lower Canada, the Red Men were from the beginning subjected to Catholic influences—in the United States, to Protestant influences?

But to whatever cause this difference may be assigned, it is not evident that the pretended sympathy of certain portions of our Protestant press for the descendants of these very Indians, who by the cruel treatment of the Protestant white men were driven from the United States to seek shelter and home in Catholic Canada; to whom, thus driven from their native hunting grounds, the priests of the Seminary, gave on their own lands, and at their own expense a kindly welcome; and whom they subsequently

settled on their own Seigniorship of the Lake of the Two Mountains, where their descendants have ever since dwelt in peace, preparing in both their spiritual and temporal affairs—is it not evident we ask that this sympathy is ludicrously misplaced? Because the gentlemen of the Seminary whilst freely allowing the alien Indians * whom they have located on their lands to take what wood is necessary for their *bona fide* use, have, in self protection, in order to protect their forests from the wanton improvidence of their guests, and to check the rapacity of some smart evangelical speculators, found it at last necessary to place some restrictions on the indiscriminate cutting down of the timber on their Seigniorship, it has been attempted to represent them as persecutors of those same Iroquois Indians; who, if they are in existence at all to-day; who if they have not long ago been improved off the face of the earth, owe it to the fostering care of the Priests of St. Sulpice.

We reply that the simple fact of the flourishing condition of the redmen in Canada, is a full reply to the reproaches urged against the Sulpicians. Where now are the descendants of the Pequod Indians? of the numerous tribes that once roamed the forests of New England? Why has it not been with the red men and their descendants in Catholic Canada, as it has been with the wretched remnants of the same race now rapidly approaching extinction in the United States?

Let any candid man contrast the condition in the present, and in the past, of the redmen of the Protestant United States, and that of the same race in Catholic Canada—and we see not how he can avoid the conclusion that some powerful moral cause must be at work in the latter which is wanting in the other; which in the one tends to preserve the aboriginal race from destruction, which in the other inevitably promotes it. This conclusion too will be strengthened by the consideration that the same phenomenon is constantly being reproduced; that in Van Dieman's Land, in New South Wales and in every country settled by a Protestant community, the native races surely and swiftly disappear, whilst in Catholic colonies they thrive or at least maintain their original numbers.

* The Iroquois Indians were not natives of Canada.

THE MINISTERIAL POLICY.—In his Address to the electors of Lambton, the Hon. Mr. Mackenzie has explained the policy of his government. Of the several planks of which the platform—to use a Yankee term—is composed, many seem excellent, and worthy of the support of all men whether calling themselves Conservatives or Reformers. Others again seem doubtful, nor is it possible to pronounce an opinion thereon until more light shall have been thrown upon them.

Revision of the Militia system, and improvement of our Canal system; the amendment of the Insolvency Laws; measures for ensuring purity at elections and for severely punishing bribery, violence, and false swearing—are amongst the good things that we are promised, and which will, we doubt not, meet with general approbation. In favor of vote by ballot, another plank of the platform, we have the example and practice of Great Britain; and though it certainly seems open to theoretical objections it appears to work well there, and by no means to the disadvantage of Conservatives. The promised abolition of a real estate qualification for members of Parliament seems to us of doubtful utility, for, as it stands, the law excludes no man from Parliament who is fitted by his circumstances, moral and material, to take a seat therein. The abolition of payment to members would be a better measure, it would assimilate our House of Commons to that of the Empire, and would we think tend greatly to elevate the *morale* of our Parliament by excluding therefrom needy political adventurers.—Such a measure we should certainly prefer to one lowering to a lower depth the property qualification of members. The subjoined passage in his Address wherewith Mr. Mackenzie concludes the announcement of his intended reforms in our electoral law is worthy of praise:

"I trust that the supporters of the Government will in this election set the example of scrupulous observance of the law on their own side; and we trust

"that there will be no violation of it by others."

The Railroad policy of the new Ministry is also indicated. This is indeed a question bristling with difficulties; but as it involves no principle, but only matters of detail, we leave it to heads more competent than our own to pass an opinion thereon. It consists chiefly in this: The obtaining of the consent of British Columbia to a modification of the terms on which it consented to come into the Confederation, so as to give time for the necessary surveys. In the mean time the Government will seek to utilize the great water communications lying betwixt the Rocky Mountains and Fort Garry, and betwixt Lake Superior and French River on Georgian Bay; this will involve the construction of a short railway from the mouth of the said river to the south east shore of Lake

Nipissing and a grant in aid of the existing and projected lines in Quebec and Ontario. The Government scheme also embraces the immediate construction of a branch line from Fort Garry to Pembina.

The consideration of what to us seems the most important item in the Ministerial programme, we have left to the last. It involves questions of the highest importance, to Lower Canada in particular, and is expressed in the following terms:—

"We shall endeavour by wise legislation and a just and impartial policy to remove those sectional jealousies and local prejudices which were aggravated by our predecessors, and to effect a genuine consolidation of the Union, under which the members from the various provinces shall meet not as delegates from distinct Provinces, but as representatives of the Canadian people, secure in the maintenance of their Provincial rights, and animated by the desire to advance the interests of their common country."

This passage from the Address is susceptible of different interpretations—one favorable, the other adverse, to the Federal, or State Rights element in our Constitution; and we cannot venture to pronounce any opinion thereon, until more light be thrown upon it by the introduction of the proposed measures for "a genuine consolidation of the Union."

THE ELECTIONS.—In Montreal the forces of the respective parties are gathering for the fray, and everything denotes a spirited contest, which we earnestly hope may be conducted without personalities, and any of those corrupt practices on either side, which but too often disgrace our elections. In this matter neither party is entitled to throw the first stone at the other.

For the Western Division of the City, Mr. F. Mackenzie, a member of the Bar, but new to the political arena, is we believe about to present himself on the Ministerial side; no other candidate has as yet been announced, Mr. Young having been appointed Flour Inspector, and having in consequence retired from the field. Mr. Mackenzie is warmly spoken of by all who know him as a gentleman of high literary attainments, and of ample means.

In the Centre Division, Mr. M. P. Ryan will be opposed by Mr. B. Devlin, to whom a numerous signed requisition appears in the *Herald* of Monday. In his reply, Mr. Devlin promises support to the present Ministry, and pledges himself to the promotion of the manufacturing and Commercial interests of the Dominion.

M. Jette will, we believe, come forward for the Eastern Division; and rumor has it that another candidate will present himself in the person of a talented advocate of this City, M. Taillon.

A letter from His Lordship the Bishop of Montreal on the duties of electors at the present crisis, has been made public. His Lordship does not pretend to say to the electors, you shall vote for this or that candidate; but he lays down the great principles which should guide the Catholic electors in the exercise of the franchise, reminding them of former letters on the same subject, but leaving it to each individual to apply those principles for himself, as he shall one day have to answer for all his actions to the supreme and all-knowing judge.

The Labor Question in England seems in a fair way of being solved by the simple process of emigration. We read in the *Times* that in the course of one week 300 laborers with their wives and families left Oxfordshire *en route* for New Zealand. The Agent-General for that great Colony has placed a steamer of 2,252 tons burden, the *Mongol*, at the service of the Agricultural Laborer's Union for the free conveyance of its members; and this steambot being unable to accommodate the numbers who present themselves, another ship, the *Scimitar*, has also been laid on. Besides the 300 emigrant families from Oxfordshire, hundreds of others from the Midland Counties were to be seen during the same week hastening to avail themselves of the opportunity to establish themselves in New Zealand.

Some quarters of a century ago there was a stampede from Ireland; to-day a stampede from England is apparently setting in, and this will probably increase in intensity as pastures supersede tillage. Soon it will be cheaper in England to import breadstuffs than to grow them. We may indeed look forward to the day when wheat shall be cultivated only in English gardens as a botanical curiosity; when the soil will be mainly devoted to the raising of meat and wool. Then precisely the same process of depopulation that of late years has occurred in Ireland, will, as the inevitable result of those great laws over which man has no control, manifest itself in England; and the future historians will have to record an English Exodus, and the consequent building up of a great Anglo-Saxon Empire in the South Pacific, compared with which the United States of North America will appear but as a small, one-horse sort of affair.

The *Montreal Witness* discussing the question why a gentleman so generally respected for his talents, and sterling integrity as is Mr.

Anglin, has not been provided with a seat in the Cabinet, as representative therein of the English speaking Catholic section of our community, assigns as the probable reason the objections to such an appointment entertained by the Protestant majority in New Brunswick.—There is we think truth in this; at all events we have no reasons for suspecting that the opposition proceeds from the actual members of the Ministry—who have, as yet, given us no reasons for believing that they are actuated by a spirit of hostility towards Catholics in general, or towards Irish Catholics in particular. In New Brunswick, Mr. Anglin, by the bold and honorable stand that he has taken on the School Question has made himself many political enemies.

We find in the *Witness* of the 20th ult., the following paragraph. We hope that the story it tells may not be true, but what with the spread of liberal principles such things are very possible. Of this we may be certain from the facts of French history during the eighteenth century before our eyes; that if ever the French Canadians be persuaded by *F. C. M. Societies* or other kindred bodies to throw off the Catholic faith, scenes of profanity such as that we copy from the *Witness* will be of common occurrence:—

"**DREADFUL PROFANITY.**—We are informed that on Christmas Eve a party of young men who disgrace the highest ranks of society, met in one of our city hotels, and in a closed room mimicked the Lord's Supper, mimicking Our Lord and the different apostles. Afterwards they proceeded to the cemetery, and having brought with them liquors, drank themselves, and called on the dead to come forth and drink with them."

ST. PATRICK'S ORPHAN ASYLUM, OTTAWA.—The Annual Meeting of the Corporation of this Institution took place on the afternoon of Sunday, the 25th ult. In consequence of indisposition, Mgr. Guignes, Bishop of Ottawa, was unable to attend, and the Chair was taken by the Rev. Father Tabaret, having on the platform with him the Rev. Dr. O'Connor, the Hon. John O'Connor, and a large number of the leading citizens. The Report which was read, revealed a very pleasing state of affairs; great improvements had been carried out, and all expenses paid. Ninety-two persons are supported by the institution. Before separating an Address to Martin Battle, Esq., Secretary to the Society, was read, thanking him for his services during the period that he had filled that situation, from which he was now about to retire. Mr. Battle made an impromptu, but appropriate reply.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.—As a specimen of that Religious Liberty of which Protestants approve, and of which Lord Russell is the advocate, we copy the following pithy paragraph from our Protestant exchanges:—

"The Tribunal of Breslau has condemned Dr. Forster, Prince Bishop of that diocese, to a fine of 11,000 thalers, or two years' imprisonment, in *contumacia*, for appointing clergyman in violation of the new Ecclesiastical laws."

This is Religious Liberty; it is just as if Dr. Oxenden of Montreal were to be sent down to jail for six months for appointing one of his clergy to the church of St. Luke, without leave from the civil authorities at Quebec. But of course what is sauce for the Catholic goose, is by no means an appropriate sauce for the Protestant gander.

THE TORONTO "IRISH CANADIAN."—We note with pleasure that our Toronto contemporary commences, with the opening of the New Year, his Twelfth Volume, in an entirely new dress. On some points of secular politics we may, perhaps, have had the misfortune to differ with the *Irish Canadian*; but we gladly recognise in him a very able, and a thoroughly honest journalist; one who, whenever the interests of religion are at stake, comes to the front at once, and fights manfully for the good cause.

A journal so conducted deserves to be supported, and must always command the respect of friends and foes. We take, therefore, this opportunity, of tendering to the *Irish Canadian* our hearty congratulations on his success in the past, and the expression of our sincere desire for his future prosperity.

A sad accident, which our readers will hear of with regret, happened to City Councillor McShane on the evening of the 6th inst. We find the following particulars in our City papers:—

"It appears, in answer to a telegram from Ottawa, he was driving down to the railway station from his residence, about 7.30 last evening when, by some means, the horse, a spirited animal, took fright, and ran off at lightning speed, and the sleigh came into collision with a lamp post near the Unitarian Church, and Mr. McShane was thrown from the vehicle, being hurled against the lamp post with such force as to break his right leg in two places. He was found insensible, but was promptly attended to by Dr. David, and several other gentlemen who happened to be near at hand. After being removed to his residence, Dr. Craik set the fractured limb. Coun. McShane's servant, who accompanied him in the sleigh was also hurt about the arm.—*Witness.*"

We are happy to be able to add that by last accounts Mr. McShane was doing well.

The *Ottawa Free Press* says that a boot and shoe dealer there named Millard has decamped, cheating his creditors—Montreal manufacturers being the principal sufferers—out of some \$15,000.

SHORT SERMONS FOR SINCERE SOULS.

No. 49.

"I knew that I could not be otherwise continent unless God gave it."—Wisdom 8, 21.

Having seen, Christian soul, the terrible nature of the crime of impurity, it becomes my duty to-day to point out to you the remedies to be used against it. 1st. The first of these is fervent prayer. In our combat against impurity we must perfectly distrust ourselves; the slightest confidence in our own exertions will prove our ruin. For what are we without God? what can we do, if he turn from us or abandon us for a moment? But if we are at all times weak and feeble, we are especially powerless in the face of impurity, which finds within us in our rebellious flesh a traitor in the camp ever ready and willing and anxious to co-operate against us. So persuaded are the masters of a spiritual life of this truth, that they advise us even in our acts of contrition never for a moment to dwell upon the particular acts of impurity for which we are sorry, lest on contemplating them anew, grace should be overcome by our rebellious nature and our contrition be turned into assent and delectation. For all other sins our acts of contrition should be particular, that is, expressive of sorrow for the particular sin of which we have been guilty and as we kneel before God asking his forgiveness we should specify the particular sin we would have forgiven. But for sins of impurity this should not be; simply because of that rebellious nature that is within us; that traitor in the camp ever ready to give us over to the enemy. The Sacred Scriptures and ecclesiastical history are full of examples of people, who have fallen into this degrading crime through presumptuousness; and the prophet Isaiah in order to express to us the dangerous nature of this sin likens our strength to repel it to dry tow, "And your strength shall be as ashes of tow and your work as a spark, and both shall burn together and there shall be no one to quench it (Isai. 1). Yes, Christian soul, the first lesson you have to learn in your endeavour to overcome this vice of impurity is that all without exception are exposed to it, and all, of themselves, weak to repel it. All, rich and poor, high and low,—young and old,—layman and religious are liable to the assaults of impurity and only those who, distrusting themselves, have confidence in God and have recourse to Him may hope to overcome it. It matters not that a man be high in office or that he hold a prominent position in society. David king and prophet fell into this crime. It matters not that he be advanced in age. Old age is no barrier to these temptations. Nor need you tell me that it is years ago now since last you fell. No matter. In the twinkling of an eye—at any moment of life—even at the very door of eternity you may fall again. Tremble then, Christian soul, at this ever present evil. Pray and pray frequently for the precious gift of final perseverance. But above all let this great truth, first announced in the Book of Wisdom sink deep into your soul; "I knew that I could not otherwise be continent except God give it." No, Christian soul, except God keep the city, he labourereth in vain that keeps it; unless God give continence he labours in vain who fights against impurity. Pray then, Christian soul, prostrate before the God of infinite Majesty of infinite Mercy and of infinite Love; beg from the bottom of your heart that this great God will clothe you with the mantle of purity; that He the God of Purity and the sole giver of continence will bestow upon you this inestimable treasure this pearl without price. But as you pray, let your prayer be humble—let it spring from a heart conscious of its utter inability to withstand even for a moment the temptation of the flesh, if unassisted by Divine Grace. The Holy Fathers and spiritual writers are of opinion that lapses into impurity are almost always the fruit of pride and vanity and that in proportion as our pride and vanity are great so will our fall be disgraceful and deep. Hence the necessity of humility in our battle against impurity. The giant Goliath typical in his enormous size of all that is fleshy and carnal in our human nature was not slain by a giant of corresponding size nor by a weapon of gigantic proportions. It was the small and tender David that was the successful slayer; it was the little pebble of the brook that let out the life from this mountain of human passions. The moment then, Christian soul, that the concupiscent of the flesh begins to burn within you, following the advice of St. Jerome to Eustochius, cry out: "The Lord is my refuge and strength." The Wise Man after declaring that God alone can grant continence, tells us that it is a point of wisdom to know whose gift it is. (Wis. 8, 21.)

2. The second remedy is to stifle the temptations at their very birth. It is a maxim of prudence in the warfare of nations, to strike your enemy whilst he is yet weak and unprepared to resist. To wait until he is armed is to assure your defeat and to grant the victory to your enemy. What would be thought of a

general who should keep his forces within camp awaiting the arming and arrival of his enemy? He would be deemed incompetent and imbecile. And if this is true in the warfare of nations, it is especially true in the warfare against impurity. To wait until the enemy from without (the impure suggestion) has strengthened himself by his intrigues with the enemy within (our carnal appetites) is to give up the contest from the beginning and to grant the victory uncontested to the enemy. You have heard tell, Christian soul, of the fire of the prairies. How they become enkindled from the ashes of a pipe, or the spark from the hunter's camp fire. At first they are but a spark, which the hunter's boot would stifle in an instant. But let that instant pass—daily but a moment and that spark has spread so that not the tramp of a thousand legions may stamp it out. So with the initial spark of impurity; bring down your heel upon it on the instant; hesitate not one moment—life, virtue, purity, eternal salvation are at stake. On the quickness of your foot—on the steadiness of your aim all depends. If you hesitate a second, or make a false step all will be lost—the spark of impurity will have become a fire; that fire will become a whirlwind of flames, which not the heels of ten thousand hunters may trample out.

Do you ask me how you are to stamp it out? I will tell you: Divert the mind immediately from the impure suggestion; turn your attention whilst yet you have the power to some other object. If you have any favourite enterprise which you are in hopes to be able to carry out; if you have any particular business on hand, turn your mind to it; in order to pre-occupy your thoughts with what is innocent lest the guilty thing draw you on to your ruin. Above all things do not attempt to fight the impure suggestion by a hand to hand fight; to do so is inevitably to be overcome. In the battle against impurity it is the coward only who conquers; it is the man who turns his back who alone overcomes; it is the blindfolded warrior only who is victorious. Unbandage the eyes and look your enemy in the face and you are undone. And this leads me into the third remedy:—

3. To fly the occasions of sin. Think not, Christian soul, that it is always cowardice to fly before the enemy. There are generals who have won more fame by their retreats, than the greatest conquerors have gained by their victories. To fight steadily and undauntedly whilst flying is the highest gift of a soldier. The Sacred Scriptures teach us in two plain sentences, that whilst all other sins are to be resisted, impurity must be fled from. Speaking of our adversary the devil as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, the Apostle tells us that we must resist him firm in faith; but speaking of impurity he commands us to fly. "Fly fornication." Yes, Christian soul, if you would escape impurity you must fly the occasions, else prayer and all other remedies will be in vain. How many, alas! do we hear around us complaining of the violence of their temptations, and yet who will not fly from the occasions. They complain of the heat and yet approach the furnace. They cry out for assistance against drowning and yet it was themselves that entered the whirlpool. They complain of the destruction of their crops, their cattle and their homesteads, and yet 'twas they who neglected to stamp out the camp fire. The man who places himself where there is danger of being shot cannot reprove others with his death. And you, Christian soul, if instead of flying the occasions of impurity you dally with them, you cannot reasonably complain of the strength of the temptation, or fasten the blame of your fall upon others. Everything depends upon flying the occasions, and diverting the mind from the impure images. It is fabled that the serpents of the South American forests have power so to fascinate their prey, that the bird which is once caught by their glance cannot draw itself away, but eventually falls powerless into the mouth of its destroyer. If this be a fable only of the naturalists I know not; but of this I am sure: the poor soul that is once caught by the glance of the serpent impurity and does not immediately shut his eyes to escape the fascination will undoubtedly fall powerless into the jaws of mortal sin.

With the commencement of the New Year the Messrs. Sadlier's of New York present the Catholic public with their *Directory, Almanac, and Ordo* for 1874. The book is full of useful information with respect to the statistics of the Church in the United States, the Dominion of Canada, and Ireland, and the present issue well maintains the reputation that the work has already acquired.

THE CATHOLIC REVIEW—Vol. 5.—We congratulate both our esteemed contemporary, the *Catholic Review*, and the Catholic public of the United States, on the continued and increasing prosperity of this valuable Catholic journal. It has now given us the Fifth volume of its useful and honorable publication, and appears before the public in an en-

larged form, and with other material improvements. We hope that its circulation may be equal to its merits, for there is no Catholic paper published on this Continent or in Europe that is doing a more noble work, or better upholding the cause of Catholic truth, and the reputation of the Catholic press.

We read that the Indian arrested for stealing wood at the Lake of Two Mountains has been fined \$24. It is a pity that the law can not lay hands on the knaves who incite the Indians to deeds of larceny, and who are naturally apprehensive that if the latter are no longer able to steal, they will be no longer able to buy their winter's firewood cheap. *Hinc illic lacrymæ.*

The Reverend M. Belanger, Director of the Catholic Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Mile End, acknowledges with thanks, the receipt of the sum of \$200, in aid of the funds of the institution from the Directors of the Montreal City and Districts Saving's Bank.

The *Witness* tells us that on the Feast of the Epiphany a person stationed himself inside of one of the doors of the French Church, and distributed play bills to the people coming out from Mass. We doubt the story; but as beads are not ubiquitous, scandals may occur without coming under the notice of the authorities.

THE MAYORALTY.—On Saturday a deputation from the City Council waited on Mayor Bernard, requesting him to come forward as a candidate for the Mayoralty at the approaching municipal elections.

We learn with great pleasure that Mr. D. Barry, of this city, already well known to many of our readers, as editor and proprietor of the *Weekly Times* newspaper, published some two years ago, in the interest of the Irish people of the Dominion, has passed a very brilliant examination before the Bar of Lower Canada, and has been admitted a member of that honorable body, to practice his profession before the Courts of this Province. It is not often our privilege, in the Province of Quebec, to announce the fact of the admission, to the practice of the profession of law of young men of Irish birth and parentage—and we do so more gladly in the present instance, since we know that Mr. Barry possesses, in no measured degree—all those gifts of eloquence and ability, so peculiar to the talents of his race. We bespeak for Mr. Barry a brilliant career in his profession, and have no doubt, that should Providence spare him, he will yet take his place amongst the ablest men of the country.

The Anglican Church in Toronto is sorely troubled with intestinal disension or windy cholice of a high aggravated nature. The *Toronto Globe* gives the following details of the nature and progress of this alarming epidemic, which is raging in England, Ireland, and in the United States, with ever increasing malignity:

In Toronto, as it now seems, we have got our own "Church Union" and "Church Association"—though contending under rather unfavourable odds. So far, as we are aware, the English Bishops have stood aloof from both bodies. But here the clergy must stand strong for the "Union" and the Bishop has accepted the office of President. The Rev. Mr. Day, a "Unionist," has published a letter in which he denounces the rival "Associationists," in anything but complimentary language, for neglecting to respond to the kind Christian appeal of their Bishop in the cause of peace. The Right Reverend President of the "Church Union," it would appear, had written a most courteous and friendly letter to the President of the rival institution, praying them to sink their little differences, and join the "Union." One has to fancy Dr. Pusey, or other high representative "Unionists" at home—say Mr. Machonochie, or Bennett—writing to the Dean of Ripon, or Mr. Newdegate, with the exhortation to peace and harmony: "Pray, join our Union! Are we not all brethren?"

But Church matters grow more complicated in Canada. The "Church Association" issued, not long since, an "Address to the members of the Church of England" in Canada, which we noticed at the time. The replies it has given rise to, and still more, the wrathful tone of some of the clerical responses, show that the "Association" has touched some weak points in the defence of its rivals. But perhaps the most awkward business of all is that the Bishop, who, as President of the rival body had written so graciously to his brother President of the "Association," begging that he and his associates would sink their little differences, and be one with the advocates for union at any price, without waiting for the President's answer, has issued a reply to the "Association's" Address in the shape of an Episcopal "Pastoral" in which, in plain English, His Lordship says it is naught, and reads the members of the rival body a lecture on their lack of Christian charity, their "jealous scrutiny in respect of the practices of others," their hasty denunciation of "novelties," &c., as "largely due to an absence of patient and impartial consideration of motives." His Lordship's episcopal verdict on the doings of the Canadian innovators in matters of ritual, vestments, processions, &c., may be all summed up in a single sentence of his Pastoral:—"Let us not disturb them in their good intentions."

THE ST. BRIDGET'S TOTAL ABSTINENCE AND BENEFIT SOCIETY.—ANNUAL MEETING.

Table with financial details for the St. Bridget's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society, including annual meeting reports, cash in bank, and disbursements.

By cash, balance in hand of Treasurer..... 17 10

Total \$965 82

Net amount of cash to credit of Society on 31st Dec., 1873..... \$1,686 97

The Society having no liabilities, the auditors, Messrs. Donovan, Riordan and MacDonald, declared the accounts correct; on motion the Treasurer's report was adopted.

The election of officers for the ensuing term of twelve months was then proceeded with, and resulted as follows:—Rev. J. O'Rourke, C. C. St. Bridget's, President and Rev. Director; Mr. T. J. Donovan, 1st Vice-President; Mr. P. Kehoo, 2nd do; Mr. John Hoolahan, Treasurer (re-elected); Mr. M. Murphy, Collecting do (re-elected); Mr. John Lunny, Assistant Collecting do; Mr. Chas. O'Brien, Secretary; Mr. P. McGee, Assistant do; Mr. John O'Brien, Grand Marshal (re-elected); Mr. John Phelan, Assistant do (re-elected); Mr. Thos. Phelan, Assistant do.

A vote of thanks to the retiring officers was carried unanimously. The newly elected officers having been installed in their respective offices, after some further routine business had been transacted the meeting adjourned.

We have received the January Number of *Chisholm's International Railway Guide*.

Mr. Alex. Daly of Rawdon has been appointed by the Government Woods and Forest Ranger for the Townships North of Montreal. His long experience as Crown Land and Timber agent fits him for that situation.

PERSONAL.—Mr. Foley of this paper has just reached New York after a tour of eight months. He has visited about all of the principal cities and towns of the United States, and reports very favorably of the condition of our people, particularly in the Western States.—*N. Y. Irish World*.

The Quebec Official *Gazette* contains the proclamation erecting and fixing the limits and boundaries of the new civil parish of Notre Dame de Grace. The parish comprises the village of Notre Dame de Grace, the Coteau St. Pierre, Cote St. Luc, Cote des Neiges, and Cote St. Antoine, in the county of Hochelaga and District of Montreal, and bounded on the south-east and on the south by the North side of the little road of the Cote St. Antoine, containing towards the west to the land of one Joseph Decarie inclusive, and again, towards the west by a line passing on the upper part of the Coteau St. Pierre, to the parish of Lachine; on the South-west by the said parish of Lachine, on the north-west by that of St. Laurent, on the north-east by the Cote St. Catherine, and on the east by the existing limits of the City of Montreal.

SUPPOSED LOSS OF A CLYDE SHIP.—Messrs. Hendry Ferguson & Co.'s barque "Ronfrewshire" sailed from Quebec for Greenock sixty days since with her second cargo of timber this season, and as she has not arrived, nor been heard of, it is feared that she has foundered in the Atlantic during the late stormy weather. The "Ronfrewshire" was commanded by Captain Sim. A number of Quebecers, who left the out-port after the "Ronfrewshire," have arrived in Greenock some time since.—*Shipping and Commercial Express*.

The *Barrie Examiner* says:—A farmer came to town with a load of hay during one afternoon of last week, and whilst his assistant made arrangements for the weighing of the load, Mr. Farmer, who can easily turn 100 lbs., secreted himself in the hay, and came nearly being successful in his game, but for the shrewdness of the weigh-master.

THE PRETENDED NUN.—Marie Lefebvre, a pretended nun, who, yesterday, was committed to jail for two months, for fraudulently representing herself as a nun, and thereby obtaining money, duly arrived at the jail, where on being asked the usual questions as to her name, age, &c., she answered reluctantly, and in an indignant manner, walking about in a haughty style. Her dress was not immediately changed, as is customary, and at a later hour of the day, some of the female prisoners told the matron that they had reason to believe the newly arrived prisoner had money about her. This morning she was, accordingly, searched, and \$342 were found in her possession. The impression of the jail officials is that she is more or less deranged in her intellect, and some enquiry will be made as to her friends, if she has any.—*Witness 6th inst.*

INFORMATION WANTED OF Richard Conway, who left Queen-street, Partick, the 13th of May, 1871, and sailed from the Clyde for Baltimore. When last heard from he was residing in Quebec; aged 31, and has been employed on railways. Any information respecting him will be thankfully received by his father, Lawrence Conway, 124 Castle Bank-street, Partick, Scotland.

There has been discovered on a farm near Grafton a pond bed of considerable extent, and of superior quality. It is jet black, of great density, and contains very little water. As it lies on a hill-side, drainage is easy, and it is so near the surface that but little labour is required to take it out. A writer saw some of this peat used as fuel in an ordinary grate, and although it had not been pressed or manipulated in any way, it burned as freely as the best coal, and made but very little ashes. The continually advancing price for wood and coal should lead to the development of this and other beds, and thus save to the country the enormous sums annually paid to the coal miners of the United States. From the position of the bed (within one mile of the Grand Trunk Station and two miles of Grafton Harbour) peat could be delivered at any of the front towns and cities at a very low price.

CONSULTING OFFICE FOR CONSUMPTION.

WESTERN MEDICAL INSTITUTE, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

MR. JAMES I. FELLOWS. DEAR SIR: We were induced to prescribe your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites by Dr. McMassey, and its use has been attended with such satisfactory results as to warrant our employing it largely from this time forward.

A. SLEE, Sr., M. D. Fellows' Hypophosphites is sold by all respectable apothecaries. No other Hypophosphites preparation is adapted to substitute for this.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Table listing market prices for various goods such as flour, sugar, and other commodities.

Pose, per bushel of 66 lbs..... 0.72 1/2 @ 0.74

Pork—Old Mess..... 17.00 @ 17.50

New Canada Mess..... 18.00 @ 18.50

TORONTO FARMERS' MARKET.

Table listing market prices for various agricultural products like wheat, barley, oats, and other farm goods.

KINGSTON MARKETS.

Flour—XXX retail \$3.50 per barrel or \$4.50 per 100 lbs. Family Flour \$3.25 per 100 lbs., and Fancy \$3.50. GRAIN—nominal; Rye 65c. Barley \$1.00. Wheat \$1.00 to \$1.02. Peas 60c. Oats 40c to 45c. BUTTER—Ordinary tresh by the tub or crock sells at 23 to 24c per lb.; print selling on market at 25 to 26c. Eggs are selling at 24 to 25c. Cheese worth 10 to 11c; in stores 13c. MEAT—Beef, grass \$4.00 to 5.50; grain fed, none in Market; Pork \$5.00 to 6.50; Mess Pork \$17 to \$18 00; Mutton from 5 to 6c. to 00c. Veal, none. Hams—sugar-cured, 15 to 17c. Lamb 0 to 0c. Bacon 13 to 14c. POULTRY—Turkeys from 50c to \$0.80. Fowls per pair 35 to 50c. Chickens 00 to 00c. Hay steady, \$21 to \$25.00. Straw \$5.00 to \$3.00. Wood selling at \$5.50 to \$5.75 for hard, and \$3.50 to \$4.00 for soft. Coal steady, at \$7.50 for stove, delivered, per ton; \$7.00 if contracted for in quantity. Soft \$8. HINES—Market unchanged, quiet, \$6.25 for No. 1 untrimmed per 100 lbs. Wool 30c for good Fleeces; little doing. Calf Skins 10 to 11c. Tallow 7 to 00 c per lb., rendered; 4c rough. Beacon Skins 30 to 50c. Pot Ashes \$5.00 to \$5.30 per 100 pounds.—*British Whig*.

TO THE ELECTORS

OF THE

ELECTORAL DIVISION

OF

MONTREAL CENTRE.

GENTLEMEN,—The Parliament of Canada having been dissolved, I again offer myself as a candidate for your suffrages at the coming elections. Twice I have had the honor of being returned to the House of Commons by your unanimous voice, and I hope my Parliamentary career has been such as to deserve a continuance of your unbounded confidence. My votes both for and against the late Government are before you and the country for inspection. On my past record I am willing to be judged. In the new Parliament new issues will naturally arise and I can only promise that my conduct in the future, as regards measures brought forward, will be guided by the dictates of my conscience, and by a sincere desire to promote the welfare of the Dominion at large and in an especial manner, of this great and prosperous division.

I have the honor to be,

Your obedient servant,

M. P. RYAN.

Montreal, 5th January, 1874.

WANTED.

At St. Columban, County Two Mountains, an ELEMENTARY TEACHER, For particulars apply to 12-3 JOHN HANNA, Sect. Treas.

INFORMATION WANTED

OF DANIEL O'NEILL, when last heard from, in 1861, he was in the employ of Mr. Headley, Lower-Lachine Road, Montreal. Any information concerning him will be thankfully received by his brother, Patrick O'Neill, Pioneer City, Deer Lodge County, Montana Territory, U. S.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of EMINA DAVID, of the City of Montreal, widow JOSEPH LAPORTE, and wife of LOUIS CAYOUILLE, Trader, Married and Public.

The Insolvent has made an Assignment of her Estate to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at her business place, No 530, Albert Street, Montreal, on the 27th day of January, Instant, at ten o'clock A.M. to receive statements of her affairs, and to appoint an Assignee.

G. H. DUMESNIL, Interim Assignee.

Montreal, 13th January 1874. 22-2

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of LOUIS BEAUDRY of the city of Montreal, Grocer and Trader.

Insolvent.

The Insolvent has made an Assignment of his Estate to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at his business place No 100 Dorcy hester Street, Montreal, on the 27th day of January, Instant, at 2 o'clock P.M. to receive statements of his affairs, and to appoint an Assignee.

G. H. DUMESNIL, Interim Assignee.

Montreal 13th January 1873. 22-2

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

AND ITS AMENDMENTS.

In the Matter of FREDERICK Y. C. HILL, of the City and District of Montreal, Upholsterer and Trader, as well individually as having carried on business in partnership with GEORGE F. DEAN, under the name and firm of G. F. DEAN & COMPANY

An Insolvent. The Insolvent has made an assignment of his Estate to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at the Court House, in the City of Montreal, in the room wherein proceedings under the said Act are usually held, on Tuesday, the Twenty Seventh day of January, Instant, (A.D. 1874) at the hour of three of the Clock in the afternoon, to receive Statements of his affairs and to appoint an Assignee.

A. B. STEWART, Interim Assignee.

Montreal 7th January 1873. 22-2

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

VERSAILLES, JAN. 8.—The Assembly has resumed its sittings; the motion to postpone the bill concerning the nominations of Mayors, after a violent debate, was carried against the Government by a majority of 42 votes.

Jan. 9.—A special from Paris to the London morning journals states that the vote in the Assembly yesterday on the bill in relation to the appointment of Mayors by the Government, is not regarded as important. A vote of confidence in the Government will be asked at the session to-day and is certain to be carried.

The *Journal Official* announces that the members of the Cabinet have resigned in consequence of the absence from the Assembly yesterday of a large number of their supporters, which resulted in the defeat of the Government. President MacMahon begs the Ministers not to retire, but to await a vote of confidence, which will be passed by the Assembly to-day.

President MacMahon to-day performed the ceremony of delivering hats to the newly appointed French Cardinals. In his speech on the occasion, he thanked the Pope for conferring the honor on citizens of France, and added: "The Holy Father knows our filial attachment and our admiration at the manner in which he supports his trials; his sympathies were with us in our misfortunes and ours are with him."

A CATHOLIC BISHOP ON "MODERN CESARISM."—Monsignor Plantier, Bishop of Nîmes, has issued a pastoral letter upon "Modern Cesarism," particularly directed against the German, Italian, and Swiss Governments. He points out that pagan monarchs were Pontiffs, and says their modern successors usurp their right of defining dogma and moral law, of conferring and withdrawing ecclesiastical education. Monsignor Plantier further accuses them of refusing justice to Catholics, and of aggravating guilt by ingratitude, forgetting that society owes everything to the Church. They allege lying pretences, he continues, "and Protestants absurdly claim to rule the Catholic Church. Let us be patient," concludes Monsignor Plantier, "and the providential hour will speedily sound. Let us be proud of the glory of martyrs, increased by the hatred of our persecutors."

TWO MEASURES FOR PROTESTANTS AND CATHOLICS.—We (*Tablet*) should like to know in what the conduct of the Church—in defining her doctrines and excluding from her communion those who contradict her definitions—differs from that of the French Protestant Synod, which last week implicitly sanctioned a declaration that "those persons who do not recognize its doctrines, morally cease, by that fact, to form part of the Church." We will venture to say that no one will make such a decision a pretext for wholesale persecution, yet the same act on the part of the Catholic Church is quoted to excuse the complete usurpation by the State of her internal spiritual government, and the obliteration of her organization from the land. In the last Ministerial regulation issued at Berlin, it is laid down that, while every priest not approved by the State shall be fined and imprisoned if he exercises any "official function," every act relating to the performance of divine service is to be regarded as an "official function," and that the prohibition covers even the giving of religious instruction in the schools or preparing children for confirmation. At the same time we learn that the preparations for the "deposition" of Archbishop Ledochowski are being actively pushed forward, and that his coadjutor or auxiliary is the object of separate prosecutions, so that even this mode of supplying the void will be impossible; and, if the correspondent of the *Daily News* is correctly informed, the Government has resolved to exact from every Bishop Elect in future the same heretical and schismatical oath which was taken by the unfortunate Dr. Reinkeens—a decision which is tantamount to a decree that for the future Catholic Sees shall be filled by none but Neo-Protestant Bishops.

The committee formed for the propagation of horse-flesh has forwarded the following statements to *Galignani* for publication:—The consumption of this article of food is making continual progress in France. During the third quarter of 1873, in Paris alone 1,548 horses, 140 donkeys, and 15 mules were killed, yielding 303,970 kilos of meat. In 1872 the figures were 1,046, 95, and 3 respectively. In the capital there are forty butchers for this article inspected by veterinary surgeons. The price is about half that of beef. As it has been shown that horse-flesh is a wholesome and nutritious article of food, and moreover economical, we see no reason why it should not form a substitute in this country for the flesh of beefs and sheep. The prejudice against it being once overcome, and culinary preparation properly carried out, it would be a great boon not only to the poor, but to thousands of the struggling middle class.—*Medical Times and Gazette*.

A correspondent of the *London Times* called attention recently to the extraordinary development of the beet sugar production in France, and expressed surprise at the neglect of this industry in England. The figures given by the writer are remarkable. In 1856-7, the production in France was 80,000 tons of sugar by 283 factories. Last year it was 409,000 tons of sugar by 520 factories. Belgium, Germany, Austria and Russia also participate in this industry, these countries with France having last year produced over 1,100,000 tons of sugar, worth fully £25,000,000.

GUILLOTINED—EXPIATION AFTER TWENTY YEARS.—On the 9th of November the people of La Chenette, in the French Department of La Gironde, witnessed the execution of Valentine Foulouir, for the murder of his sister, Annie Marie Foulouir, killed in 1852. Foulouir lived with her at La Chenette for twenty-five years. Quite wealthy she had been carried by him, as he was of dissipated habits. One day, being under the influence of liquor, he beat her until she seemed dead, and then, appropriating what money and valuables he found in the house, he ran away to South America. His victim, however, told before expiring who her assassin was. The assassin went to Rio Janeiro, thence to Valparaiso where under an assumed name, he opened a dry goods store. In 1865 he was worth several hundred thousand dollars. He married a beautiful Peruvian lady, and was naturalized. In 1872, Foulouir, who then called himself Irnoix, felt a desire to revisit France. He took his young wife and child to Paris, where he remained for several months. He then went to Bordeaux, where he was recognized by an old acquaintance. When Foulouir pretended not to know him he informed the police. Foulouir was taken in chains to La Chenette, where he was identified by a large number of those who had formerly known him. His means however, enabled him to stave off his trial until the 4th of June last. On that day he was sentenced to be guillotined. Foulouir died like a child, and that night made an unsuccessful attempt at self-destruction. At 7 o'clock in the morning Foulouir was led out to the scaffold. Among the spectators was his young wife. Foulouir begged permission to embrace his wife a last time. "No, no," said the headman gruffly, "you can do nothing of the kind. You must die now. Step upon the plank." Foulouir shrieked "My poor wife! My poor wife!" The executioner cursed him aloud, and had considerable difficulty in tying him to the plank. He then turned it over, and lowered, the oblique knife, which struck the neck of the doomed man with a dull thud. At the same time Foulouir's wife uttered a terrible shriek and fainted away. The tragedy was over.

SPAIN.

The Madrid Ministry has issued a long manifesto,

addressed to the nation, declaring their objects to be identical with the revolution of 1868. A decree was promulgated to-day dissolving the Cortes, and elections for the new body will be held as soon as order is rendered secure, and freedom and universal suffrage are unhindered.

ITALY.

A ROYAL SHUABLE.—A correspondent, writing from Rome, says:—"I will give you a piece of startling gossip. I do not vouch for its truth, although it must have some foundation. The King and his heir, Prince Humbert, it is whispered, are at open war. The Prince refuses to come to Rome, gives his reasons, refuses to allow the Princess Marguerite to come, and the King in reply threatens to send a guard and bring Prince Humbert *per forza*. He is Commandant of Rome, and Rome must be his residence in the Parliament season, no matter what may be his objections. My news came from Papalina sources, and, of course, must be taken with the necessary grains of difference required by party spirit and the good reasons of the Prince. The Palazzina, a building at the end of the Quirinale, near the Quatre Fontane, has been fitted up at great expense and with much splendour; so it has been supposed that it was for the King's own residence. Now it is said that he intends to place Rosina, the Countess Mirafori, in it. Prince Humbert has never acknowledged the marriage of his father to this notorious woman, which took place five years ago, nor will he allow her or hers to appear at Court. It is well known that the King wishes to have her acknowledged publicly as his wife, and this establishing her at the Palazzina of the Quirinale is regarded as the first step towards that end."

The view which actual events now passing in Rome compels us to take may appear to many of our readers unnecessarily alarming. With every hope that we may prove to have been in error, we cannot forbear urging that the aspect of affairs is calculated to alarm every Catholic who has followed the march of the revolution in Rome. We must reiterate that, while the personal safety of the Holy Father is insufficiently protected, and while such threats as preceded the encyclical—threats hitherto unexampled in connection with the Pope—are allowed in the unprincipled journals of Rome, Catholics have the most serious reasons for apprehension. The Holy Father is courageous; courage is the characteristic of martyrs; but therein is a graver motive for our anxiety. Step by step, so gradually that no single advance has aroused sufficient attention of Catholics, the revolution has reached its present pitch of audacity. The Church is despoiled, the religious are plundered, the Pope is a prisoner, listening to the ribald curses which are shrieked, as we last week recounted, beneath his windows. The cry is now to strip him of all which remains, to open the gates of the Vatican to the pack which Victor Emmanuel's Government holds in cash. What comes next? For even thus Catholicism would not be "decapitated" nor "stabbed to the heart."—*Catholic Times*.

GERMANY.

PERSECUTION OF PRIESTS.—A newly appointed vicar of Hinzendorf, in Posen, has been already arrested. With another priest they proceeded in a different manner, from threats to force. At Meuselen, in the district of Dusseldorf, the parish-priest was expelled from his presbytery, and the keys of the house were forcibly taken from his pocket. The police official was obliged to bring the furniture out of the house by himself, for no helping hand could be found in the whole place to act against the parish-priest. But no sooner was the property out of the house than there were more hands to carry than goods to be carried; all were ready to take the priest's property in safety to his new dwelling. In Schomburg, in the district of Coblenz, in the Diocese of Treves, the Catholics prevented in a more ingenious fashion the closing of the parish church. Hardly was the news arrived that the mayor was approaching, than the inhabitants of Schomburg set to work to take out the church door, and carry it to a place of safety. This Herculean labour was just finished, as the functionary arrived; and he had to content himself with a peep into the empty church.

THE LIBERAL JOURNALS.—The liberal papers feel that, in spite of all these laws, and their ruthless execution, the Catholic mind of the people cannot be forced. This is declared by the *National Zeitung* in an article full of violent attacks against the "clericals." It sees that "civil marriage," "civil burial laws," and the like, are not sufficient; it is necessary, so it advises, to loose the bonds in which the Church has held the spirit of the people, by a salutary deliverance; and to awaken another passion, the desire for enlightenment, education, and civilization. "This aim," it adds, "must be kept well in view and striven for, setting aside all timid consideration for ruling prejudices, if we would not be found incompetent for the real war of civilization, which we have undertaken." These are plain and deeply-rooted plans for war against the Church; but that this entire party will finally be found incompetent, may be expected; inasmuch as our Lord threatens to strike down and crush the enemies of His Church: *Whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken.* (Matt. xxi. 44.)

INDIA.

THE BENGAL FAMINE.—The latest intelligence concerning the Bengal Famine extends to an area containing a population of nearly thirty millions, the tract of country in which "entire failure of crops" has taken place. Meantime though the Government is reported in evidently semi-official telegrams to be storing rice and conducting relief works, it appears that more rice is being exported from India than the Government has, as yet at any rate, stored in India. The *Globe* has calculated that the daily drain of rice by exportation equals the daily consumption of two millions of Bengalees. In fact, the rich merchants know that at present prices throughout Asia they can obtain a good profit on exported rice, while by diminishing the supply in India they hope to exact ten-fold or hundred-fold profits in the coming time when starving women will strip themselves of their last trinkets for a single handful of food. The foreign markets which are now being supplied at the expense of India, though the Indian food-supply is most convenient to them, would—being mountain countries like the Mauritius, Java, &c.—be able in case of necessity to obtain food elsewhere by incomparably greater ease than India can hope to do when once the vast interior of Bengal, so ill provided with means of communication, is drained of food. Major Harris, late Superintendent Engineer in Orissa, writes to the *Times* with the estimate that the Bengal Famine is certain to kill ten millions and may kill twenty-five millions. Beyond all doubt if grain is not conveniently stored in every district in Bengal before two months, it will be too late to store it afterwards, since the bullocks to draw it will be by that time starved for want of the fodder which the drought has made almost as scarce as rice.

THE GERMAN PERSECUTIONS AND ENGLISH SYMPATHIES.

Lord Russell has always had a genius for expressing the inconsiderate superficial impulses of the English public with an unhappy skill of which he afterwards had to repent. Everyone knows how, on the occasion of the Durham Letters, he chafed up "No Popery" on the door, and then ran away. The running away was not the most unwise part of the business, though it would have been much wiser, if he had wiped out the vulgar inscription before running away. We have some hopes, in spite of the reiterated announcement that he is to preside at the meeting of the 27th January in St. James' Hall to express sympathy with the action of the German Government in its struggle with the Pope, that he

will again run away, and this time before he has deliberately chafed up his childish denunciations. But anyhow, he has in his not very successful correspondence with Sir George Bowyer, already thrown his moral influence into the scale of sympathy with Germany, and in this relation to what we believe to be the most unworthy and reactionary legislation of modern times. The resolutions of the meeting at St. James' Hall will pledge those present to three propositions:—(1) That the meeting desires to express to His Majesty the Emperor a deep sense of its admiration of his Majesty's letter to the Pope, bearing date September 3, 1873; (2) that this meeting unreservedly recognizes it to be the duty and right of nations to uphold civil and religious liberty, and therefore [note the 'therefore'] deeply sympathizes with the people of Germany in their determination to resist the doctrines of the Ultramontane section of the Church of Rome; (3) that the chairman, in the name of the meeting, be requested to communicate these resolutions to his Majesty the Emperor of Germany and to the German people. Now we have ourselves expressed, and are quite ready to express again, our admiration of the stately tone of the Emperor's reply to the Pope's not less stately appeal to him on behalf of the German Catholics; but we suspect that when the people of St. James' Hall are asked to express their admiration of the letter itself, few of them will know that what they are really doing is to endorse the charge deliberately made in that letter against the Catholic subjects of the Emperor, that they have been guilty of treasonable plots against the unity of the Empire, which plots the Catholics have strenuously denied, and challenged proof of them, without receiving either proof, or apology for withholding it. Now, we say, that the English people cannot do a more mischievous thing than to imply in this way their complete belief in a most serious accusation made by the Prussian Government against a great class of its subjects, that accusation having been vehemently repudiated by the accused and never supported by a particle of evidence. We by no means say that the Catholics of Prussia are innocent. But we do say it was the business of the Prussian Government to bring proof of their case before asking the world to believe their guilt, and that if we are to take part in the matter at all it would be more generous to incline to the belief in an innocence which has never been disproved than in a guilt which has only been asserted. If Lord Russell and the fanatics of St. James' Hall declare their admiration for a letter which launches this grave and vague accusation against some twelve or thirteen millions of the Prussian people, they will be guilty of bearing witness which, because they have no means at all of knowing it to be true, will certainly be false witness against a great section of their Prussian neighbours, and that simply on the strength of their Protestant sympathies in a controversy of which none of us can possibly know the rights. As to the second resolution, anything more incongruous than the attempt to base upon a declaration of the duty of upholding civil and religious liberty, a resolution of sympathy with the people of Germany in their struggle with the Ultramontanes at the present moment, we never read. There has been no legislation in Europe more destructive of civil and religious liberty than the Prussian ecclesiastical laws of the last year—laws which apply, remember, to all Churches, whether receiving or not receiving State aid, with equal force—laws which, if they were enacted in this country, would deprive the Dissenters of all their hard-earned freedom, and reduce the Roman Catholics to a spiritual bondage far more galling than that which they endured in England before the Emancipation Act. For though Catholics were then deprived of political privileges, there was no limitation at all on the freedom of their worship; while the Prussian laws are already actually rendering the administration of the religious rites of the Roman Church impossible in hundreds, it is said, of Prussian parishes and if the policy goes on, will practically strip the Roman Catholic subjects of Prussia of Roman Catholic ministrations altogether. Surely Lord Russell and his foolish friends are acting simply in the dark, and in their No-Popery spasm are not in the least aware what it is to which they are giving their rash and uninformed approbation.

Let us point out distinctly the gross injustice of these laws. We maintain, and have always maintained, that a State which pays a clergy may make its own conditions as to the terms of that support. If Prussia has said, "Those Roman Catholics who cannot submit to the new ecclesiastical laws are at perfect liberty to administer their religion after their own fashion, but we withdraw their State pay," we should see no grievance at all of which any well-advised Catholic could complain. What Prussia does say is something very different. It reserves to the Minister of State an absolute veto on any ecclesiastical appointment, and practically refuses to admit any Catholic priest to administer in any parish unless he has been appointed with the sanction of the State. In this way it has happened, according to the *Times*, that there are already hundreds of Roman Catholic parishes without any priest, because the priest appointed by the Bishop without the sanction of the State is not allowed to say mass or receive confessions there. Now, this is pure persecution of a very bad kind. And the matter is going from bad to worse. The new oath which is to be enforced on every Catholic Bishop in Prussia requires them to swear obedience to the laws of their country, and to these laws, of course, amongst the others—i.e., to swear to appoint no priest who shall not be approved by the State to any cure of souls in Prussia, and also to swear "not to permit the clergy under their control to teach or act in opposition to these principles." Now, if England were to pass a law that every Roman Catholic priest must be educated at Oxford or Cambridge, and then be approved by the State, and if it were notorious that the State would not approve any who taught (say) Archbishop Manning's views as to the infallibility of the Pope and the principles of the Syllabus; and if, further, we required every Roman Catholic Bishop to swear obedience to this law amongst others, and to swear to enforce the duty of not permitting the clergy under his control to attack the injustice of this law—we should simply be making rebels of all the regular Roman Catholics in England, and should be openly defying the spirit of all the best and most liberal legislation of the last century. Yet this is the kind of policy with which Earl Russell and his friends at St. James' Hall propose to ask the meeting to express sympathy. Let us hope that in the mouth which must intervene before this silly meeting is to come off, some one may publish a literal translation, with a simple exposition, of the recent ecclesiastical laws in Prussia, to which it will be possible for the speakers at that meeting to refer. If that is done, we do not believe that English folly will go the length of attempting to stultify the lovers of "civil and religious liberty," by getting them to express sympathy with the greatest attack on their principles of which, in recent times, any Protestant State has been guilty.

But then, these zealous gentlemen who have imposed on Lord Russell, are so thoroughly horrified at "the Syllabus" and the "decrees of the Vatican Council" that they want to express the hearty sympathy of England with the resistance opposed to these monstrous doctrines. Very well, so do we. Is it to resist them to be Ultramontane in our attacks on Ultramontanism, to act on the principles of a Protestant Syllabus in order to defeat the teaching of a Roman Catholic Syllabus? The whole thing is childish. Germany must come to England to learn what civil and religious liberty really means, not we go to Germany. Germany is not a land, and has never been a land, where the true relation of

the State to religion has been thoroughly discussed and understood. For us to express admiration of what the Germans are now doing is much what it would be for English naval engineers to express admiration for the canoes of the South Sea Islanders, or Sheffield cutlers to initiate a movement for going back to the flint implements of the Stone age. Lord Russell does not know what he is about. If he will take our advice, he will try and turn the meeting at St. James' Hall into a meeting for expressing the conviction that the time is come when Prussia should disestablish all Churches in Prussia which do not approve the recent ecclesiastical legislation, but give full power to all such disestablished churches to govern themselves with absolute freedom. If Lord Russell can persuade his admirers to take that line, he will be doing nothing inconsistent with his old and noble battles for religious freedom. If he does what it is now proposed to do, he will carelessly stain a great, though, no doubt, not quite immaculate reputation, by one of the worst and most wilful blunders of his life. The English people are too apt to choose to be ignorant on this sort of matter and so are guilty of acts which, with their eyes wide open, it would simply be impossible for them to commit. But for great statesmen to encourage them in that wilful ignorance is culpable in no small degree, and we hope Lord Russell will change his mind while there is yet time.—*London Spectator*.

A ROMANCE OF CRIME.—The following document was given to me by a man now living in Missouri, who is a native of Maine, who was perfectly familiar with the circumstances of the murder therein detailed, who was a gallant Federal officer in a Maine regiment during the war, and who, since the war, removed to Western Missouri and engaged in a profitable and extensive business.—"More than twenty years ago V. P. Coolidge a young physician of excellent standing in the City of Augusta, Me., murdered Edward Matthews, a rich cattle drover, by enticing him alone into his office to take a drink of brandy, which he had mixed with prussic acid, and then, to make sure work of the man who had befriended him on many occasions, he beat him on the head with a hatchet until life was extinct. The body was discovered, and Coolidge was arrested on suspicion, and after a long and exciting trial, and upon the direct evidence of a young student of his by the name of Flint he was convicted and sentenced to a year's solitary confinement and then to be hung. During his confinement his sister, a young and beautiful girl, was permitted to visit him, but his health gradually gave way, and before the year expired his death was announced; he was buried, and for the time forgotten. The warden of the prison resigned his position, married the young lady above referred to, and moved to parts unknown. Not long after the gold excitement opened in California, a gentleman who was conversant with the case, and who had followed others to the gold regions, sent back his deposition that he had seen and conversed with V. P. Coolidge. This caused considerable excitement, and the body supposed to be his was exhumed, and his own father testified that it was not his son. Officers were at once put upon his track by Matthews' friends, but were unsuccessful, and until a few days since nothing has ever been heard of the murderer. Recently a party travelling through the States met a gentleman who knew the early history of the matter, and was at the trial, and he stated he had met Coolidge frequently within the last two years, travelling under an assumed name; that he recognized him at sight, and charged him with being the man; that he at first denied it, but finally acknowledged his identity, and informed him of all the important facts connected with the escape as follows: He ate very sparingly, feigned sickness, and finally a body was procured from Portland, interred as his remains, and he was furnished with money and started for New Orleans, where he remained but a short time and left, and since that time has been travelling almost constantly, never stopping long in any one place; and the gentleman referred to as having met him in the northern part of this State gave it as his positive belief that, from the description of the leader of the Iowa train robbers it was no other than the escaped murderer, V. P. Coolidge."

The prohibitory law of Massachusetts is getting some rough handling. The *Boston Advertiser* says the manner in which it is enforced makes it a "wretched and contemptible thing, somewhere between an outrage and a farce." In regard to the working of the law, it makes these revelations:—"What is the lesson that this generation in Massachusetts is learning in regard to the prohibitory law, for instance? Why, simply this,—that the oldest, richest, most influential violators of the law have never been seen in the Court-house; that since we have had a prohibitory law and a State constabulary, there has not been at the State-house nor at the Chief's office in Pemberton-square a show of power or disposition to enforce the law impartially; that a poor Irishman, or an unsuccessful politician, just after a defeat at the polls—or a foreigner presumably without friends—is fair game for the constables; but that the great body of the liquor dealers, including all the hotel-keepers and those who are among the 'first people' are as free from complaint or seizure as though they were dealers in butter and eggs."

Some of the female Boston school-teachers are very much opposed to the appointment of ladies upon the school committee. They say: "From their own sex the teachers can do and expect nothing but snubbing." They profess themselves "willing to remain under masculine government." "Odd, isn't it?" Connecticut continues the land of steady habits. Statistics lately collected show that fifteen out of every forty-five deaths of adults that have occurred during the past five years were the result of steady drinking.

LITTLE BARE OF BETHLEHEM.—What a multitude of thoughts are suggested by these four words! The world little teaches us the lesson of humility, that we may know our nothingness in the sight of God; babe evinces the tenderness and helplessness of the God-Man; while Bethlehem, which signifies house of bread, is typical of the house wherein rests the bread of heaven, the tabernacle of the altar. Our God, our Creator, lays aside the splendor of the Divinity to assume the infirmities of man's nature; born in affliction, He suddenly appears in an obscure corner of Galilee as our Saviour. The God Infant Envoy of the Divinity! Behold our sweet Jesus in swaddling clothes, deserted in a manger on a little straw, between Joseph and Mary, with the ox and ass as His companions. Seeing Him in this desertion and poverty, we are taught how He trampled upon worldly grandeur from the very outset of His earthly career preferring the unsightly stable to the palaces on the highway. Those at the inn who refused Mary and Joseph entrance were not unlike some of to-day who close their doors and turn a deaf ear to the poor, forgetting the words of our Lord: "The least you do unto any of my little ones is done unto me." Let us prepare ourselves for the great Feast of Christmas to exclaim with St. Leo: "A Saviour is this day born to us; let us rejoice; can there be room for sorrow on the birthday of life? While we prostrate ourselves before the God Infant in adoration, love and praise, we cannot fail to remember the stupendous benefits conferred upon mankind by the Incarnation, coming at a period when the world was in deplorable blindness; but the name of Christ silenced those of a Zeno and Epicurus while the false systems of philosophy gave place to the immutable Gospel. We will therefore supplicate the Aurora of Truth to come again and dissipate the moral darkness which envelops the

present state of society, and dispel the gloom which hangs over the world as a consequence of the fallacious reasonings of modern philosophers. May the Divine Infant be born anew in our hearts, cancel our offences, and subject our nature to the laws of its Lord.

CATHOLIC MIRROR.

WHAT BROOMS OF OLD SHOES.—Many people wonder where the old shoes go. It is hard for large families to get rid of them. But few are well-informed enough to know that what they send away as so much trash often comes back again in the shape of ornamental or useful articles. Old shoes are cut up in small pieces, and these are put, for a couple of days, in chloride of sulphur, which makes the leather very hard and brittle. After this is effected, the material is washed in water, dried, ground to powder, and mixed with some substance which makes the particles adhere together, as shellac, good glue or thick solution of gum. It is then pressed into moulds, and shaped into combs, buttons, knife-handles, and many other articles.—"Young ladies' boots, we believe, are changed into chewing gum."

A good mother was trying to explain to a young hopeful the other day about fighting against the devil. After telling the little fellow who the devil was, and how hard he was to resist, he turned around and said: "Mamma, I fear the old devil, but if I was to come across one of his little devils, I'd knock the stuffing out of him."

A gentleman remarks:—"If in our school days, the Rule of Three was proverbially trying, how much harder in after-life do we find the Rule of One? He has been married only fourteen months."

"James," said a young wife to her husband a few days after marriage, "you were honest enough to tell me that the chimney smoked, but why didn't you tell me that you smoked yourself?"

An Altoona youth, to conceal it from his mother, put a lighted cigar in his pocket, which contained some loose gun-powder. His clothes needed considerable patching, but he has no more appetite for cigars.

BREASTFAST—EPPS'S COCOA—GRAEFUL 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., Homoeopathic Chemists, London."

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

MOTHERS, MOTHERS, MOTHERS.

Don't fail to procure MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for all diseases incident to the period of teething in children. It relieves the child from pain, cures wind colic, regulates the bowels, and by giving relief and health to the child, gives rest to the mother.

Be sure and call for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." For sale by all druggists.

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

CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869
Dist. of Montreal.
In the SUPERIOR COURT,
In the matter of GEORGE HENSHAW, Junior,
an Insolvent.
On Thursday, the Nineteenth day of February next, the Undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act.
GEORGE HENSHAW, Jr.,
by J. S. ARCHIBALD,
Attorney at law.
Montreal, 19th December, 1873. 10-5

TEACHER WANTED.
Wanted for the Cobourg Separate School, a FEMALE TEACHER, holding a First Class Certificate, and competent to teach music. Must be well recommended. Apply, stating salary, to
JOHN M'GUIRE,
Sec. B. S. S. T.
Cobourg, 15th Dec. 1873. 19-3

WANTED.
A TEACHER holding a second or third class certificate to teach the Common School in S. S. No. 1 West in the Township of Brudenell. Apply to
BERNARD R. BOONER,
Or, JAMES COSTELLO,
Trustees.
17-4w

200 PIANOS AND ORGANS NEW AND SECOND-HAND, OF FIRST-CLASS MAKERS will be sold at LOWER PRICES for cash, or on INSTALLMENTS, in CITY or COUNTRY, during this Financial Crisis and the Holidays, by HORACE WATERS & SON, 481 Broadway, than ever before offered in New York. AGENTS WANTED to sell WATERS' CELEBRATED PIANOS, CONCERTO and ORCHESTRAL ORGANS, ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES mailed. Great Inducements to the Trade. A large discount to Ministers, Churches, Sunday-Schools, etc. 4ins-19

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.
In the Matter of ALPHONSE LACOSTE,
Insolvent.
I the Undersigned, GEORGES HYACINTHE DUMESNIL, of the City of Montreal, have been appointed Assignee in this matter.
Creditors are requested to file their claims before me within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at my office No. 531 1/2 Craig Street, on the 30th day of January next, at 3 o'clock, p.m., for the examination of the Insolvent and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally.
The Insolvent is hereby notified to attend said meeting.
G. E. DUMESNIL,
Official Assignee.
Montreal, 26th December, 1873. 21-2

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.
In the Matter of CHARLES ROCH,
Insolvent.
Notice is hereby given, that the Insolvent has deposited in my office a deed of Composition and discharge, purporting to be executed by a majority in number of his Creditors, representing three-fourths in value of his liabilities, subject to be computed in ascertaining such proportion; and if no opposition to said deed be made to me within three judicial days from Saturday the 17th day of December instant, the last appearance of this advertisement, I shall act upon the said Deed according to its terms.
G. E. DUMESNIL,
Assignee.
Montreal, 31st December, 1873. 21-3

WANTED.
For the Roman Catholic Separate School, Eganville, a qualified Male Teacher for the year A.D. 1874. Applications stating Salary, &c., to be made to
Jas. McDERMOTT,
M. J. KEARNEY,
Trustees.
or to
S. HOWARD,
Sec.-Treasurer.

TEACHER WANTED.
WANTED, for the COMMON SCHOOL of LAFONTAINE, in the Township of King, Co. North Simcoe, Ont., a MALE TEACHER, holding a second class certificate, good references, able to teach FRENCH and ENGLISH, to a teacher of long experience, a liberal salary will be given. In making application please send references from the last trustees and from the pastor, and state the salary. Address to JOSEPH MARCHIDON, Trustee, Lafontaine P.O., Ont.

WANTED
For Roman Catholic Separate School, Brockville, a MALE TEACHER, holding a First or Second Class Certificate, to enter on duty on 7th January next.—Good testimonials as to moral character required.—Application, stating salary, to be made to
REV. JOHN O'BRIEN.
19-3

REMOVAL.
JOHN CROWE,
BLACK AND WHITE SMITH,
LOCK-SMITH,
BELL-HANGER, SAFE-MAKER
AND
GENERAL JOBBER
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JACK and other stories.....\$1 75
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Dec. 12, 1874. 17-3m

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CANADA PROVINCE OF QUEBEC
DAME MATHILDE LANDE, of the Parish and District of Montreal, wife of SOLOMON ERIGE DELAPLANTE, of the same place, Shoemaker, duly authorized in justice to the effect of these presents, Plaintiff.
vs.
The said SOLOMON ERIGE DELAPLANTE, Defendant.
An action en separation de biens has been instituted in this cause, returnable on the Thirtieth of August last.
TRUDEL & TAILLON,
Plaintiff's Attorneys.
16-6

ENGLISH CATHOLIC PRAYER BOOKS.
The subscribers have just received, FROM DUBLIN, a very fine assortment of ENGLISH CATHOLIC PRAYER BOOKS with a great variety of bindings and AT VERY LOW PRICES; amongst them will be found the cheapest book, bound in cloth, at 13 cts, to the very finest, bound in morocco, velvet, and ivory, with clasps, at 35 cents to \$7.50 PLEASE CALL AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELF.
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Dec 1st 1873. 16-3m

PROSPECTUS FOR 1874. — SEVENTH YEAR, "THE ALDINE,"
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ART DEPARTMENT, 1874.
The illustrations of THE ALDINE have won a world-wide reputation, and in the art centres of Europe it is an admitted fact that its wood cuts are examples of the highest perfection ever attained.—The common prejudice in favor of "steel plates," is rapidly yielding to a more educated and discriminating taste which recognizes the advantages of superior artistic quality with greater facility of production. The wood-cuts of THE ALDINE possess all the delicacy and elaborate finish of the most costly steel plate, while they afford a better rendering of the artist's original.
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In addition to designs by the members of the National Academy, and other noted American artists, THE ALDINE will reproduce examples of the best foreign masters, selected with a view to the highest artistic success and greatest general interest. Thus the subscriber to THE ALDINE will, at a trifling cost, enjoy in his own home the pleasures and refining influences of true art.
The quarterly tinted plates for 1874 will be by Thos. Moran and J. D. Woodward.
The Christmas issue for 1874 will contain special designs appropriate to the season, by our best artists, and will surpass in attractions any of its predecessors.

PREMIUM FOR 1874.
Every subscriber to THE ALDINE for the year 1874 will receive a pair of chromos. The original pictures were printed in oil for the publishers of THE ALDINE, by Thomas Moran, whose great Colorado picture was purchased by Congress for ten thousand dollars. The subjects were chosen to represent "The East" and "The West." One is a view in the White Mountains, New Hampshire; the other gives The Cliffs of Green River, Wyoming Territory. The difference in the nature of the scenes themselves is a pleasing contrast, and affords a good display of the artist's scope and coloring. The chromos are each worked from thirty distinct plates, and are in size (12 x 16) and appearance exact facsimiles of the originals. The presentation of a worthy example of America's greatest landscape painter to the subscribers of THE ALDINE was a bold but peculiarly happy idea, and its successful realization is attested by the following testimonial, over the signature of Mr. Moran himself.
NEWARK, N. J., Sept 20th, 1873.
Messrs. JAMES SUTTON & Co.
Gentlemen,—I am delighted with the proofs in color of your chromos. They are wonderfully successful representations by mechanical process of the original paintings.
Very respectfully,
(Signed) THOS. MORAN.
These chromos are in every sense American. They are by an original American process, with material of American manufacture, from designs of American scenery by an American painter, and presented to subscribers to the first successful American Art Journal. If no better because of all this, they will certainly possess an interest no foreign production can inspire, and neither are they any the worse if by reason of peculiar facilities of production they cost the publishers only a trifle, while equal in every respect to other chromos that are sold single for double the subscription price of THE ALDINE. Persons of taste will prize these pictures for themselves—not for the price they did or did not cost, and will appreciate the enterprise that renders their distribution possible.
If any subscriber should indicate a preference for a figure subject, the publishers will send "Thoughts of Home," a new and beautiful chromo, 14 x 20 inches, representing a little Italian exile whose speaking eyes betray the longings of his heart.

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Any person wishing to act permanently as a local canvasser will receive full and prompt information by applying to
JAMES SUTTON & CO., Publishers,
58 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.
In the matter of CHARLES ROCH, Insolvent.
I the Undersigned, GEORGES HYACINTHE DUMESNIL, of the City of Montreal, have been appointed assignee in this matter.
Creditors are requested to file their claims, before me within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at my office No. 581 1/2 Craig Street, on the 8th day of January next, at 3 o'clock P. M., for the examination of the Insolvent and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally.
The insolvent is hereby notified to attend said meeting.
G. H. DUMESNIL,
Official Assignee.
Montreal, 4th December 1873. 17-2

Working Class, Male or Female
\$30 a week; employment at home, day or evening no capital; instructions and valuable package of goods sent free by mail. Address, with six cent return stamp, M. YOUNG & CO., 173 Greenwick St., N.Y. 13w-8

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