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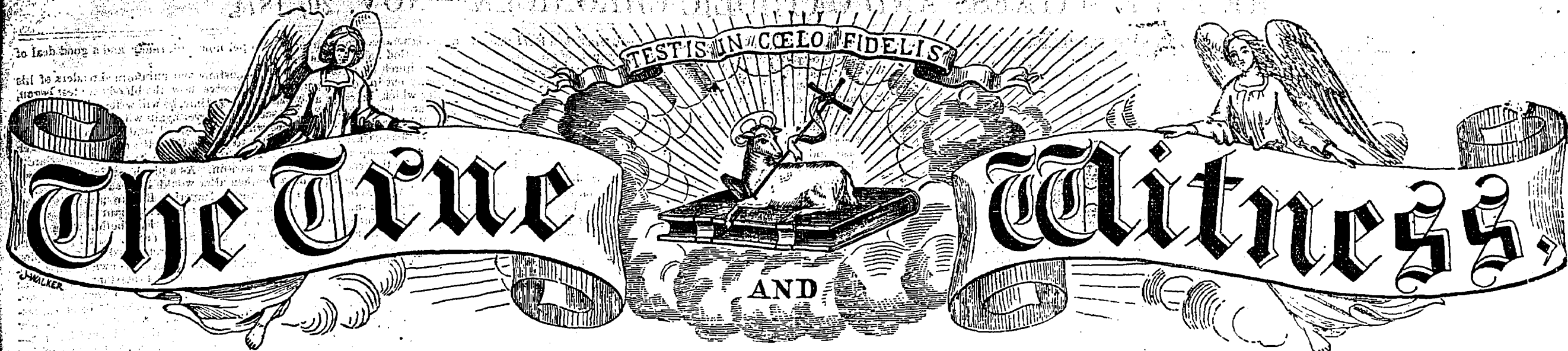
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXV.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOV. 20, 1874.

NO. 14.

D. & J. SADLER & CO., CATHOLIC PUBLISHERS, 275, NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

Will send, with pleasure, to any address, their 1875 School Book Catalogue, and Classified List of Catholic School Books and School Requisites, used in the different Colleges, Convents, Separate Schools, and Catholic Private Schools in the Dominion.

FINE ENGRAVING OF FATHER MATHEW. We take great pleasure in announcing the publication of a beautiful portrait of the GREAT APOSTLE OF TEMPERANCE. It represents him as he appears giving the TEMPERANCE FLUDGE; and below the Engraving is a facsimile of his handwriting endorsing this likeness of himself as "A CORRECT ONE."

LORD DACRE OF GILSLAND; OR, THE RISING IN THE NORTH. AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE DAYS OF ELIZABETH.

By E. M. Stewart.

CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED.) The extreme lassitude which had been caused by the violence of the fever under which Lucy had suffered for the last fortnight, soon compelled her, though unwillingly, to comply with the recommendation of Cicely. Yet, ere she yielded to the heavy torpor which subdued her senses, she caught the low tones of a man's voice conversing with her hostess in the adjoining room. The voice was not Walter's—that she knew—for its sounds were musical and melancholy; besides she heard Cicely term the speaker, "Her heart's own treasure—her darling boy!"

Could this person so affectionately addressed be the same whom, on the first night of her abode at the cottage, she had seen brought there so desperately wounded? Lucy remembered the despair which was then expressed by Cicely, and did not doubt that such was the case, or that this young man was the person on whose account she was so anxious and alarmed.

As Lucy became convalescent she was convinced that her surmises were in this particular correct. On the first day that, with Cicely's assistance, she was able to creep into the outer apartment, she found, sitting by the fire, and propped up with cushions, that young man whom she had seen on the night of her arrival. His handsome countenance was yet pale with the loss of blood; but on Lucy's appearance he rose, saying he would give place to the fairer invalid. Of this she would not hear; but sensibly affected by discovering that Cicely had attended to her in her sickness, even though harassed at the time by apprehensions for one so much dearer, she repeated her thanks to that good woman for her kindness, and her regret for the trouble which she had occasioned.

"And this is the way that my boy, too, molests me with his thanks," said Cicely. "Be but submissive, my children, to the instructions of your nurse, and she will warrant that you shall not long stand in need of her cares. Be but quiet and happy, and ye shall be soon in health. Now I will put the maiden, Hubert, under your charge. Let her not sink into melancholy, but even cheer her with some of those fine tales which you have told me of your travels."

was, however, dispelled by a knock at the cottage door, which, on being opened by Cicely, who had been engaged in the adjoining room, admitted her husband, Walter, with a gay-looking, handsome youth, whom the invalid saluted as his dear and faithful Layton. This Layton, however, looked at the damsel in a manner which convinced her that her absence would be agreeable both to him and to his friends, and, ever sensitive with regard to the inconvenience which she might occasion to her hosts, she immediately withdrew to her own apartment. The stay of Master Layton at the cottage was not long; but while he stayed, an earnest conversation was carried on between him and his friend. Cicely after awhile joined Lucy in the inner apartment, and kept her in converse, as though she feared that a word of the discussion in the outer room should meet her ears. After the departure of that cavalier, Hubert appeared to be in high spirits, and his animation gave to his fair and finely moulded features a brilliancy of beauty which Lucy had never witnessed before; his strength, too, seemed to rally with his spirits, and within two days after the visit of his friend, he was able to traverse the copse in the neighborhood of the cottage. Thus matters went on for a fortnight after Lucy left her chamber, and so much was her own strength renovated, that the day was appointed on which Walter was to conduct her back to her father's house; but she was still very weak, and had been so animated throughout the day, by the expectation of again embracing her friends, that towards evening her strength suddenly failed, and she was seized with a faintness, the effect, Cicely decided, of her excessive excitement. Being persuaded of this, the good dame insisted that the damsel should immediately retire to bed, giving her at the same time one of the opiates which the simplicity of her medical art prescribed. This opiate was, however, much stronger than Cicely had probably imagined, and it was long past noon on the following day when Lucy awoke. A confused recollection she had of troubled dreams, and she had some idea of having once been partially awake and of seeing some strange faces in the room.

This recollection was however confused, and she was only distinctly sensible that her sleep had been unusually torpid and long. She now rose and hastily began to hurry on her clothes, but was surprised that she did not hear any voice or foot in the outer apartment; still, however, too, was her surprise to perceive that rude feet had been evidently trampling among the fresh rushes which Cicely had strewed on the preceding evening, over the floor of her little chamber. With a nervous tremor, she now put on her garments, for her heart began to throb with the apprehension of some new and dreadful evil—evil to her kind hosts—indeed, she felt that this was too probable; their mode of living, their refusal, even with all their kindness, to summon her relatives round what might have proved her deathbed—all betokened some mystery in which their well being, if not even their lives, was involved; and the terrible Government of Queen Elizabeth, that was ever present to the mind of Lucy.

Scarcely waiting even to fasten her bodice, she now opened the door that led to the outer room; and here her fears received their first confirmation. All within was silent and deserted; the ashes from the fire of the preceding night lay white and cold upon the hearth; the oaken chair in which the wounded youth had been accustomed to recline was thrown down. The bed upon the floor of this room, which Cicely had made up for herself and her husband since their cottage had sheltered two sick guests, had evidently never been entered. One desperate hope yet remained, and Lucy, in compliance with its suggestions, threw open the door of the little closet in which Hubert slept—it was untenanted like the other apartments. A mantle which the young man had worn the day before was thrown over the bed; and his sword lay unheathed upon the ground. Mechanically, Lucy lifted it, and there perceived gravely on the upper part of the blade the letters A. B., apparently the initials of the owner's name. He had indeed always been styled Hubert by Cicely and her husband; but Lucy had reason to believe that the appellation was merely an assumed one, for on more than one occasion Cicely had hesitated in addressing him, as though another name had been about, from mere habit, to escape her lips. To Lucy it was now evident that some misfortune had in the course of the past night overtaken her kind protectors; and this misfortune, too, probably was their arrest on some suspicions of the Government, by the ministers of which they had no doubt been hurried at a brief notice from their retreat; and while she still slept under the effects of the opiate which Cicely had administered. She could not believe that either that benevolent woman or her husband would willingly have abandoned her in so strange a manner. The evident lowliness of their own station in life might indeed have availed to secure them from danger, even in that troublesome age; but the youth Hubert, to whom they appeared heart and soul devoted, was manifestly a youth of education and of birth, and it was, Lucy did not doubt, on his behalf that those kind creatures had subjected themselves to the most terrible misfortunes.

Meanwhile, as we have said, the lengthening shadows warned her that the hour of noon was now past, and the fogs of a winter day came creeping over the cottage casements. She felt that, deserted as the habitation now was, it would be dangerous long to remain its inmate, and that, though still feeble from illness, she must forthwith set out for London. A brown cloth hood and cloak, which Cicely had been for the last two days employed in trimming with cherry-colored ribbons, for the damsel to wear on her return home, still hung upon the hook in her chamber where it had been placed; and in this Lucy now invested herself, tears falling from her eyes as she thought on the probable fate of the donor. Her heart, too, now that she was prepared to leave the cottage, sunk when she remembered that she was wholly destitute of money, for how could she calculate what mischance might possibly befall her even in her short journey to London. The oaken press in the sitting apartment was, she knew, the depository of her owner's little store of money; and could she find any there, she would not hesitate to supply herself with the small sum necessary for her present comfort, and security. On examining the chest she found that its doors had been burst open and its contents thrown into dis-

order, as though they had been tumbled over in search, she concluded, of papers or documents which might help to criminate the owners of the cottage; but no money could she find there, and returning in despair to her little chamber, she sunk in a musing attitude upon the bed. Her action dislodged the pillow, and a small bag immediately fell from beneath it on the floor. The sound discovered that it contained the money, by the want of which Lucy was so much distressed, and hastily picking it up, she found in it two rose nobles and some silver coins. Her heart throbbed with gratitude and affection, for she did not doubt that even amid the hurry and distress of probably compelled departure, the excellent Cicely had been so mindful of her distress, as to slip the purse beneath her pillow.—There was now no cause for more delay on Lucy's part in a place where she was perhaps surrounded by many dangers, and casting her swimming eyes sorrowfully at the desolate hearth of the kind beings who had cheered her with every attention, she hastened with a timid hand to unlatch the cottage door, closing it carefully after her. All was silent as she passed through the copse that surrounded it, and the vapors of the season floated among the naked twigs of the hazel and the Hawthorn. As Lucy approached the pond, with its over-hanging oak, which marked the entrance of the thicket, her heart throbbed with a yet more painful apprehension for her kind friends; for she remembered the forlorn and desolate condition in which she had approached their hospitable door but a few weeks before, and it was grievous to think that those charitable beings were now, perhaps, suffering under calamities even more hopeless than those from which they had rescued her.

The pond was frozen now, and the branches of the decayed oak hung black and bleak above it.—Lucy remembered the story of the murder beneath that aged oak, and involuntarily quickening her step hurried past it into the open road. Arrived there, as she more slowly pursued her escape from the way her thoughts recurred to her house of Sir Philip Wyndham, and the mysterious mode in which it had been effected. Euphrasia, she did not doubt, was that concealed friend; and who was Euphrasia? What record of misery and guilt was hidden, with an agony that almost burst its sad receptacle, in the heart of that extraordinary woman? But from such thoughts, and from sorrow for the fate of the kind Cicely and her husband, and of the youthful and accomplished Hubert, Lucy was diverted by her own present distresses. She had not proceeded a quarter of a mile from the copse when she found that her limbs, enfeebled by illness, were ill calculated to bear her unassisted to London. She now loitered along the road in the hope of being overtaken by some wayfarer, who might direct her where to procure a horse. In this hope she was not disappointed. When she had advanced about a mile on her way, she heard a horse's hoofs sharply approaching, and presently she was hailed by a rosy, burly-looking man, mounted on a strong grey horse, and who, compassionating the condition of a lonely damsel traversing the way to London on foot, offered to take her behind him. This offer was most gladly accepted by the weak and tottering Lucy, and the stout steed soon set off under his double load with a briskness that raised the spirits of the forlorn girl with the hope of soon beholding the relations from whom she had been so long and so strangely separated.

The good man who had thus kindly proffered to make her the companion of his journey, was, she found, a Kentish farmer, bound on a visit to a married daughter who lived in the borough of Southwark. Lucy had designed, on reaching Greenwich, to take a boat which might convey her to London Bridge; but the farmer would not hear of any such proposal. She might as well ride with him upon his horse, and it was hard if his daughter could not give her a wing of a fowl and a mallet, with a good cup of spiced ale. "For truth to say, poor thing," said the old man, "these lookst but weak and sickly."

The hamlet of Deptford had long been passed, and Lucy and her companion travelled amid the marshes and the fields which at that time extended from thence to London, interrupted only here and there by a house of some pretensions or a few straggling cottages. At length, to her great delight, they entered the main street of Southwark, and she beheld not only the tall, overhanging houses of that borough, but, joy of joys, she could catch through the fog a glimpse of the dusky tenements which nodded on either side of the bridge. The residence of the farmer's daughter was a little past the famed inn of the Tabard, and fair indeed the honest man on assisting Lucy to alight, had persuaded her to pause and partake of his sister's hospitality. This the latter, in her eagerness to reach home, most positively declined, but promised that she would visit her some other day, and named to the old man the residence of her father and her uncle, begging that he would come and see them before he left London.

Insenible was poor Lucy to the effects of her late illness now, and with a foot as fleet as the fawn's she hurried first to Grass street, fondly picturing the delight and the surprise which would be testified both by her uncle and Gertrude on her unexpected appearance. What, however, was her consternation and disappointment, when on reaching the house she perceived its doors and windows closed, the furniture and merchandise within having been apparently removed, and the whole dwelling bearing an aspect of desolation, as though its tenants were departed or dead. Lucy's heart sunk, and she leaned for support against the doorway. London was not then what it has since become the huge reservoir into which poured all the life and the streams of the country, all its wealth and population; and two hours after noon on a foggy day in December, even Grass street was comparatively silent and deserted. Tears were now streaming fast down Lucy's face; she knew well in what daily danger her family were involved, merely by their adherence to the ancient faith. Might it not at least have brought them under the pains and penalties of those cruel laws which it had pleased Queen Elizabeth to impose upon all who added by the religion of her own fathers. Impressed with this dread, Lucy almost trembled to enquire the fate of those whom she loved so well; for were they really in prison, she knew that it might be of some consequence to them that one in whose heart they

were cherished should be free. Drawing her hood therefore, cautiously over her face, she first took her way to the street of the Lombards, to examine the dwelling of her father. There her worst suspicions were confirmed, for that too was silent and solitary. To her still greater surprise she perceived that the house of Master Allen, the goldsmith, was also closed. Lucy now hesitated, for she knew not where she might venture, to ask for intelligence respecting her friends; for so black a treachery unhappily pervaded society, that had her relations indeed fallen under suspicion, she felt that nothing was more probable than that the persons to whom she applied for information might immediately hasten to denounce herself to the Government. Actuated by this feeling Lucy sunk in tears upon the threshold of her father's door, which now, alas, inhospitable, opened not to receive her, who, weary, wandering, and faint, had reached it once more and in vain. She recognized the faces of the few passengers, and there was not a house on the spot whose inmates she had not known from her childhood. Any danger, however, was preferable to such horrible suspense, and springing forward in a kind of desperation, Lucy ventured to intercept a portly citizen, who arrayed in a furred mantle, and wearing a gold chain, was with a stately air taking his way down the street of the Lombards.

"Good sir," said Lucy beseechingly, "will it please you to tell me what has become of Master Richard Fenton, the goldsmith, and his brother-in-law, John Harding, the mercer of Grass street?"

"Out, out, woman!" said the city dignitary, with an air of wounded consequence, "think you that I, Michael Wicksteed, alderman of Candlewick Ward, a true and loyal servant of our most gracious Queen Elizabeth, know aught of such men? Woman, woman, being as I am, what should I know about fellows, traitors! who have fallen under the displeasure of her Grace?"

Poor Lucy sunk back; she had ventured to accost the worshipful Master Wicksteed, because, though his portly person was well extremely known to her she believed him in the magnitude of his dignities to be without any knowledge of herself.

"Then you cannot tell me what has become of the late owner of these houses?" she said, as she drew back despondingly.

"Why?" said Master Wicksteed, in a chuckling tone, and with a rough kind of twinkle dancing in his little grey eyes, "woman, I do not exactly tell thee that. The house yonder, next Master Fenton's was, till late, the habitation of one Allen, a well intentioned citizen, troubled with the sore affliction of a scolding wife. But the dame it seems, has fallen under the displeasure of the Queen's grace, and, ha! ha! here the old fellow crowed with as much delight as though the case had been his own."

"They have clapped the jade in prison, a marvelous school for correcting the tongue; but they may let her out again, and oh, good Master Allen, may and worthy Allen, ha! ha! he will trust in no evil chances, he has packed up his chattels and his gold and betaken him to a secure retreat, safe from the tongue of Mistress Bertha. Truly a wise expedient, a very proper proceeding, one which I will even take into mine own serious consideration; for those who cannot fight, 'tis surely best to fly."

Arrived at this conclusion Master Wicksteed suddenly found that his auditor had departed, he just perceived the border of her brown mantle as she turned towards the Chepe, and muttering to himself, "what a most perverse and unmanly girl," he betook him on his way. Lucy who, as the alderman spoke, had suddenly resolved at once to seek the house of her lover at Charing, passed rapidly on, unheeding that as she hurried up the Chepe, a squeaking, tremulous voice cried to her to stop. As for Lucy, the distress of her mind had for the time nerved her frame, and in her long walk from the Chepe to Charing she neither flagged nor staid. The leaden twilight of the season was closing round the village when she reached it; but what was her dismay when on gaining the dwelling of her lover, she discovered the garden gate torn from its hinges, and the garden itself laid waste. The dwelling, too, was in no better condition, the doors had been pulled down, the casements beaten in; on approaching it more nearly, too, she discovered that it had been the prey of fire, which had reduced it to little more than a mere shell. Mechanically the unhappy girl stole round to the little casement of the library where she had so often sat with her lover; that also had been beaten in, but as Lucy leaned despondingly on that sill and looked into the room, she perceived that it had been apparently less devastated by the flames than the other parts of the house; a low garden door, too, which led to this apartment, had been like the rest torn down. Lucy approached this door, yet she hesitated upon its threshold, for all was dim and silent within, and the rising wind swept with a melancholy sound through the dismantled casements. The walls of this apartment were constructed of stone and it was partly detached from the main body of the building, hence it had so far escaped the fire.

the next moment she was locked in the embrace of Henry Willoughton. The bliss of that moment did not seem too dearly bought by all the perils which she had passed.

CHAPTER XII. "Then news into leave London came In all the speed that ever may be, And word is brought to our royal Queen Of the rising in the north country. Her Grace she turned her round about, And like a royal Queen she swore, I will ordaine them such a breakfast As never was in the north before. She caused thirty thousand men be raised, With horse and harness fit to see She caused thirty thousand men be raised, To take the Earls in the north country." *Rising in the North—Percy's Reliques.*

Away from the dim and desolate abodes, from the bitter moaning of the night wind, and more bitter lamentation of all that humanity may claim of noble and of good plunged into all that it knows of suffering—away from the dark prison, from the roofless hut, to the regal splendours of the Council Chamber at Whitehall.

The chief of Elizabeth's famed advisers were there. To the right of the throne sat the gay and profligate Leicester, and opposite to him was seated Cecil, with Walsingham, his rival in cruelty and in deceit.

Meanwhile the Queen had not yet taken her seat at the council table. Walsingham and Cecil were discussing in low tones the merits of a pile of papers which lay before them. Leicester sat lost apparently in a reverie.

Suddenly the door of Elizabeth's closet opened, and with all the fury of her race blazing in her flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes she sent herself upon the throne. Her first words were those of bitter reproach to her ministers, for it was a custom of the Queen, when the affairs of State crossed her inclination, to impose all blame upon the shoulders of advisers. She burst into a volley of oaths and vituperation, observing in conclusion—

"Truly, our sage and far-seeing councillors, ye have done well. That while ye infected our peace of mind, and broke even our nightly repose, with whispering imaginary plots and daggers lurking in the dark—ye have done well. I say, while your busy brains were employed in combatting these monsters of their own invention, to suffer rebellion to unfurl her broad banner in the blaze of day."

"Had it pleased your Grace," said Leicester, "to have hearkened somewhat sooner to those suspicions which your faithful servants suggested of Leonard Dacre and the two Earls, their arrest had been surety for their loyalty."

"Ah, your are wise, my Lord," said Elizabeth; but when our ears were so assailed with foul charges that we might well believe that we governed only a nation of traitors, please you to compound for some womanly weakness on our part, which is slow to look for treachery in all."

"It was to be wished," said Walsingham, "that the other treason to which your Grace alludes were, indeed, as it hath pleased you to term it, a mere invention of the brain."

"We will see to these plots anon," replied Elizabeth. "Fear us not, our good councillors, not again will we err on the side of a womanish mercy. Heaven's truth! those traitor Earls have had some secret warning. Some spy escaping from our Court warned them of our intents, and urged them on to brave our power."

"The damsel Gertrude Harding, had not been found, Madame," said Cecil; yet it were a sore trial for a young maid's courage to travel to the north alone."

"Yet her courage would have dared such trial," answered the Queen. "Oh! 'twas a brave damsel we could have loved her for her gallant spirit. But attend, Cecil," she added in a sharper tone, "attend that we have no more delays. By the soul of our father, they may look well to their own heads who let the Earls escape. We like not this loitering of Sussex, who lies like a sluggard with his men at York, while the audacious rebels to our authority march at their pleasure over our fair counties of the north."

"I meant not," said Walsingham, "I meant not to imply that your Grace should not expect with all confidence, the duty and loving services of all your subjects—be they of the ancient faith or not."

"You meant not to say so, Walsingham," returned the Queen, fixing her eyes upon him with a piercing expression; but we know that, did we know less the spirit which animates our Catholic subjects, we should not expect loving services from them. No no, Walsingham, thou needst not palter so with us; we expect not the loyalty of Catholics for love, but we will compel them to be loyal in their fears. There is a divided house—and, lo, it shall not stand! Read that!"

The Secretary unfolded the parcel. It proved to be a letter from the Earl of Derby to Elizabeth; she had received it but an hour before the meeting of the Council. This letter enclosed another which had been sent by the confederated noblemen—Percy and Nevill—to the Earl, pressing him as a brother in that faith which had been so long trampled down by Elizabeth, to take arms with them in their defence.

"What think you of our loyal Catholic subjects, my lieges," said Elizabeth, in a tone of sarcasm, as her ministers finished the perusal of the missive. "We dared not hope for so much loyalty," answered Cecil.

"Be not surprised, my Lords," replied the Queen. "Oh, we shall have more such testimonies! Now that our stout cousin of Hunsdon is marching to the North, demonstrations of Catholic loyalty will abound. Now, by our eternal soul!" continued Elizabeth, striking her clenched hand upon the council table, "we do despise the cringing recreants! More do we honor even black treason's self, in the poor damsel of Grass street, than such a lip-deep loyalty in Knights and Earls! Oh, oh, we will reward them for such loyalty! The block and the halter, my Lords, for the poor romantic few, who splinter lances for the ancient faith—the many will crouch without a murmur at our feet!"

"It was ever my opinion," remarked Walsingham, "that but slender mercy should be shown to the followers of the ancient religion."

"Believe, our good Walsingham," said Elizabeth, "you shall never upbraid us with having yielded mercy to them more!"

"Might it please your Grace," said Leicester, "to allow me also to march with my Lord of Hunsdon against these rebels to your rule?"

Elizabeth hesitated for a moment, and then replied with some sharpness in her tone, "I pray you trouble us with that request no more; in sooth, my good Lord, we need your counsel at the present time. And now, Walsingham, what more of these pleasant matters of treason have we to discuss?"

"Alas, most gracious Queen," answered Walsingham, "the rank plant treason will still put forth new blossoms and new leaves while your royal hand pours waters on its root!"

"Ah," said Elizabeth, her lip quivering for a moment, and her distended eye sparkling on the Secretary, "ever the same theme! Oh, it needs not to be thrust upon us! Are we blinder than the mole, that we see not the cause whence spring the rebellions, the conspiracies, which stalk for ever over the fair land of our inheritance? Ah, do not speak her name—it is a burthen to our waking, no less than a night-mare to our sleeping thoughts! Why is our existence thus embittered? Would it be if we had but one right faithful servant?"

"And there are many among the servants of your Grace," replied Walsingham, "who would fain free the heart of their royal mistress of this load. To the world they are willing to testify their devotion. What! are the servants of Elizabeth to behold unmoved the attempts of Mary on her sacred life?"

"Our life!" said Elizabeth, starting. "Much wrong hath been wrought in our kingdom by our cousin's hand, yet think we not she would attempt our life?"

"But if we," returned Walsingham, "have papers in our hands which seem to imply in her such awful guilt, who would gainsay the decree that asketh life for life? Her partisans, at least, have thirsted for your Grace's blood. Shall we suffer her who is even the polar star of their hopes still to scatter that baleful radiance which we could so easily extinguish forever?"

"Ah," said Elizabeth, "but our hand, our name, Oh, have a care for them, my Walsingham, let them not be stained with a sister's blood."

"Said I not, gracious Sovereign," answered Walsingham, "even ere these rash lords broke out into rebellion, which shall surely be visited on their own heads, said I not that the hunters were abroad, and the lioness well-entangled in their toils? And now the snare is tightened round the victim—the arrow which bears death just parting from the bow. Those foolish youths have now wrought enough to compass their own destruction and that of her whom they sought to save."

"But the world—the world, how look we to the world!" exclaimed Elizabeth, gasping from the eagerness with which she spoke. "And our precious conscience too—our conscience, which has a price above our crown?"

"Will the world's laws spare a murderer?" interposed Burleigh, "or the conscience of your Grace stand free, if from a weak yearning to the side of mercy, a woman's terror at the name of blood, you compromise your servant's safety with your own?"

"Ha! ha! our servant's safety, too," cried Elizabeth, clasping her hands with a bitter laugh. "Well said—our honest, honest Burleigh, keep yourselves safe, and we will, out of pure love and gratitude, bear all the odium of these bloody deeds."

"It shall not need," said Walsingham, passing for obvious reasons the sarcasm of the Queen's speech, "it shall not need, so plain is the guilt of the Scottish Queen—so plain, at least, shall it appear, that the voice of English law shall to the world proclaim that guilt; to the strong arm and gripping sentence of that law will her frantic partisans be committed to-morrow."

"Oh, fools, fools!" said Elizabeth. "alas, our poor cousin, his friends are even more baneful to her than her foes. But see you, my Lords, if this black conspiracy of Mary be ripe even for her conviction, then must we be prompt indeed to quell these troubles in the north. Who knows what desperate plot may be formed for her deliverance?"

"Fear we that?" cried Burleigh. "Is it not easy to strangle the bird which is encaged?"

"Be of good heart, most beloved Queen," said Walsingham, for all your foes are at once encircled in our net. This outbreak in the North must needs ruin the madmen who are engaged in it; the foreigner, Vitelli, has found it expedient to depart, and Rudolph is in our good keeping. And more than all, and apart from these follies of the Nevill and the Percy, the victim is surely stricken down, and the safety of the true religion established in your well-being."

"And when 'tis all done," said Elizabeth, "when the Peers have decided, and the law pronounced, then, my Walsingham, what then?"

"What then," returned the Secretary, "what then remains but that the sentence be conducted to their doom."

THE SCHOOL THE BATTLE-GROUND OF FAITH.

THE COADJUTOR-BISHOP OF ACHONRY AT ST. ANTHONY'S, LIVERPOOL.

On Sunday, 18th Oct., the annual sermons in aid of the poor schools attached to St. Anthony's Church, Liverpool, were preached before crowded congregations. Solemn High Mass was sung by his Lordship the Bishop of Liverpool.

The morning sermon was preached by the Right Rev. Dr. MacCormack, Coadjutor-Bishop of Achonry, who took for his text: "Rejoice not in ungodly children if they are multiplied, neither be delighted with them if the fear of God be not with them; for better one that feareth God than a thousand ungodly children"—Ecclesiasticus, xvi., 1. His Lordship said that those words were of deep meaning for all who were concerned in the education of children, words of special significance for parents to whom they were specially addressed, for they pointed to a very grave obligation. Divine wisdom warned parents not to rejoice in the multiplication of ungodly children, for they were not blessings; not to rejoice in the multiplication of evils—for evils they were—unless the fear of God were with them. Such children were rather the source of woe and misery, than of congratulation and joy; for, "better," said the sacred text, "is one child that feareth God than a thousand ungodly ones." Nay, the inspired writer went further. He adds, "Better die without children than leave ungodly children." His lordship proceeded to ask the Catholic parents of Liverpool to imagine that those words were specially addressed to them that day, and to weigh them fully and entirely. He pointed out, and dwelt upon the fact, that children, to become good men and women, must receive early religious teaching; for as the sapling easily yielded to the guiding hand of the planter, and bent according to his will, so youth was the time when the mind received impressions and formed habits which in manhood developed into character. Thus, then, it seemed that youth was a kind of mirror in which man's life was seen reflected; for they had the old saying that "the child is father to the man." True it was that God's efficacious grace might bring one to a good end notwithstanding the errors of youth. There were examples of this, but those examples were exceptional, and the good old rule, the proverb of Solomon, still stands good: "A young man according to his way, even when he is old he will not depart from it." It followed, then, that man's eternal destiny turned much upon the training of youth. It followed, therefore, that education was a matter of supreme importance. The proverb of Solomon was to be met with in another form in the writings of a Christian philosopher: "I have always thought," says a great writer of the last century, "that we could reform the education of youth." And he adds: "The good education of youth, is the foundation of human felicity." His lordship asked them to consider the deep Christian philosophy of these words. Was not youth the source, the rising generation? Was not that the source of much future misery or happiness? Was not the youth of the world the source from which the great human sea of life was renewed and perpetuated? And they knew that it was only the good tree that gave the good fruit, and if false principles once took root in the human mind, its life and strength were weakened and poisoned. It gives no good fruit. God gives a child certain mental and intellectual faculties which exalt and dignify man's nature. The integrity of man's nature required that these faculties be properly cultivated. For, if a child was abandoned to the brutalising effects of ignorance and neglect, how could it be said of him what David proclaims of man—"Little less than angels." Education was the leading forth the mental faculties upon the path of knowledge—the path traced by God; and we must trace that path, for the clay cannot dictate to the potter. Hence they took education in its comprehensive sense—embracing not merely the development of the mind and the intellect, but the training of the heart to the service of God. That education which merely formed a man to take a position in society and discharge his social functions, was not worthy having. True education was that which formed the heart to render faithful service to God Almighty, and to pass to the crown of eternal glory. Any other education was destructive to the interests of society, to the soul of the child, and to the eternal glory of God. Education of the true type was one of the noblest works of God which man could engage in. It seemed to be little less than the Divine work itself, for the moral and religious elevation of man's character seemed to be a kind of second creation of the mind. Let them look at the action of the educator, upon the mind. He educates the mind in its rough rude state. He breathes over it the form, and beauty, and light and strength of intelligence. The sculptor gives form and shape, and polish, to the cold marble. The rough block assumes the angelic form. He gives it seeming grace and animation. But the educator does more; his moral creation of mind is instinct with life and reality. Its substance and form are not representative, such as the work of the sculptor, because he impresses on the mind the lessons of wisdom and knowledge. The preacher then very strongly denounced the folly of mothers spoiling their children, and reminded them that experience had almost in every instance shown that such a course of maternal training ended woefully to the mother and calamitously to the child. He dwelt on the supreme importance of a child receiving a good education at the mother's knee. From the moment the child left the mother's care and crossed the threshold of the school, there was the watchful and the jealous eye of the spiritual mother—the Church—over that child, and hence the teacher became, as it were, the delegate of the Church. The Christian school was the battle-ground upon which the battle of God and of religion was to be fought. "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not." The Christian pastor endeavored to bring them to God, the spirit of the world strove to keep them back. The strong advocate of secularism strove to keep them away. Satan, who knew the value of a soul, and the ways of perverting it—Satan, who knew the value of a well trained youth, and who knew its influence upon after life—multiplied the agencies of evil. But God was Master in His own creation; God had left on earth a power to represent Him, and had left in His own place a general educator of mankind—the Church. Dare the powers of the world stand between the children of the Church and the Church itself? Dare any power of the world keep the children of God from God? O, but a day would come when God would vindicate His position and the power of the Church, and punish the injury done to His little children! For they knew that any injury done to them was done to God Himself. His lordship asked his hearers to realise from this the importance of early training. They would then see what a blessing was a good early education—how supreme, how sublime was the work of Christian teachers. No wonder that their distinguished bishops and their pastors had devoted their best energies to this great work. No wonder that the illustrious Metropolitan of this country had given his whole soul, his great-gifted mind to that which he himself called "This great work, this first of all works, the great work of the schools." They knew the power of the school. They knew that the mind may be moulded while it is plastic, and moulded to the proper form. They knew that it was in the school rather than in the church, must the work be done. They knew that a power was education—what a bulwark was the school against the corruption of the world—corrupt literature; that literature that sneers at the most sacred doctrines of our Faith that scoffs at the idea and folly of Christian restraint, and that is the enemy of authority. They knew that in the school

must the youth be prepared to rise above that deluge of corruption—those fifteen thousand corrupted publications which flood this kingdom from end to end every week. The young mind must be prepared, or else the poison would drop in gradually, but fatally. These bishops knew that it was in the schools the preparation was made to resist the great heresy of our own time—wholesale disregard of authority, the spirit of license, and the rejection of the eternal principles of order and of justice. Yes, the school was the great battle-ground where the work was done. It appeared to be the great holy, reforming power of the world. Give him (the preacher) but one generation of well-trained youths—male and female—and they were sure to have a God-fearing people. He asked them to look back at the time when the world was steeped in corruption. How was it that the world was saved? Was it not by education? By educating one family—the family of Noah—the world was reformed and saved. That family, taught from the lips of God Himself, became the instruments of salvation to mankind. Hand over, therefore, the rising generation to the Church, the lawfully constituted educator of mankind. She would take them to her bosom, nurse them tenderly, and take them into the ark of safety. She would prepare them by her precepts and her training, and send them forth in good time on the world, the apostles of a better state of things when, perhaps—and let them hope—the olive branch of peace, of religious harmony, should have been borne from end to end of that land. Yes, let them keep that one grand weapon of education furnished and brightened, and with it they would do the work and win the battle. Let them heed not the indignant scowl of a powerful Press that appears now so menacing, now so powerful, now such an arch-fiend. Heed it not. Let it waste its energies. It told the world that the Catholic Church was the enemy of science, a bar to education. They knew as well as we that the Church had always been the mistress of civilization, and of science as well as of salvation. History testified to the action of the Church in what they called the "dark ages." History tells the story of the Church as the mistress of science. O, if they wanted testimony upon it, let the echoes of the silent cloisters, amid the halls of our glorious old English monasteries—let them be awakened to give testimony, and they would tell the part our Church played in the civilization of mankind; or let the records of his native country and its ruins let them be referred to. Let the homes of learning led of science, let Armagh, Mayo, and Achonry, be referred to, and they would testify to what had been done ages ago for the civilization of mankind. Yes, time was when those homes of literature and of science in Ireland were thronged with scholars from all Europe. Time was when even they in England sent their young Alfred, and their thousands of others, to the bosom of Ireland; and they were taken to the heart by the Irish doctors of the time, and sent back well trained. The time had now come when it was the lot of Irish children to come from Ireland to England, and to fill their schools. Care for them (continued the right rev. preacher) was the Irish care for yours in time gone by. It was the lot of hundreds of thousands of Irish children—if not by birth Irish, with Irish blood careering in their veins—now to fill our schools: English people, and priests, care for these children. Take those youth in time. Care for the descendants of a noble race who are worth caring for. Care for them, for their inheritance of Faith has been handed down by the ancestors of those children through a sea of persecution. And has that sea of persecution emptied itself? No! No! We know not what is before us. Possibly our lot is cast upon critical times. We have gained no educational freedom. No! no! every effort for encouragement is kept from us.—Every encouragement is, indeed, given to godless education. Still, though our lot may be critical, we are prepared to fight the battle of education. Perhaps, but God forbid, that lot is foreshadowed in the insolent words of a degenerate Irishman, who had the bad taste, not many days ago, to select that spot of earth as the place to ventilate his theories of evolution and materialism. That learned man, that startling professor, sighs for the day "when the light of science," as he calls it, "shall break in on the young minds of Ireland." O God forbid! May that day never dawn when that darksome light of Darwinism or Tyndalism, or whatever it may be called, shall ever darken the youth of Ireland—shall ever flood the religion of St. Patrick. His lordship concluded with an eloquent appeal for the schools.—Catholic Times.

MR. GLADSTONE AND BONN.

(To the Editor of the London Tablet.)

Sir,—Mr. Gladstone has done to the cause of Almighty God in England the most valuable service, but one, which was in his power. He might have quitted here and followed his betters in intellect and in rank, and the multitudes who are inferior to him in both, and like them might have surrendered his place in the infidel heresy of England. He has not done this, but he has written the article on "Ritualism and Ritual" in the Contemporary Review, the popularity of which may be estimated from the fact that it is the sixth edition which I have lying before me. It is a great gain that he should have at last declared himself. Mr. Disraeli some years ago, at the time of the passing of the Irish Protestant Disestablishment Bill, described the signatures of Irish Catholics of all ranks, which covered one page of the Times, as the signatures of "Irish Romanists." He has frequently expressed himself with equal impudence, and with a malevolence which is always concealed or disclosed by such expressions. Mr. Gladstone, his rival, now bids against him, and let us admit, with great success. This is the service which he has done. We know him now. The professed subject of his paper is so utterly despicable to all Christendom, that, even here in England, where the fooleries of which he talks are going on before our eyes, it is not, for itself, worth notice.—But it raises in the minds of Catholics the most painful emotions, when we reflect for what purpose the glorious buildings were built, in which this Simia Dei now plays the fool. The cathedrals and churches of England were built under the authority of the Holy See, which erected the English bishops, and made England Christian. They were built by private munificence, to be for ever subject to the Holy See and the Catholic Hierarchy; for the worship of God as taught by the Catholic Church; for the Cultus of Saints; for Seven Sacraments.—And now a man of Mr. Gladstone's place in literature prints a long treatise on the mountebank performances by which the true religion of God and its outward form are aped and scandalized. Could the man who understands Homer so well give us nothing better than this tumult of verbosity covering indistinctness and want of precision? These faults have drawn complaints from his Protestant readers. Catholics, insolently mentioned by him, have to remark them also. On page 674 Mr. Gladstone says that a question exists "whether a handful of the clergy are or not engaged in an utterly hopeless and visionary effort to Romanize the Church and people of England. At no time since the bloody reign of Mary has such a scheme been possible." What scheme? Mr. Gladstone has not explained the meaning of "Romanize." It might either be taken to mean the absurd treatises, about which he proposes to talk, or it might mean the re-conversion of England to Christianity, which Protestantism, under the guidance of the Establishment, has suppressed for three hundred years, as far as its detestable power has prevailed. I will take the last sense. Mr. Gladstone therefore interposes between England and Christianity the obstacle of the bloody reign of Mary. Let it be understood that I am not speaking here of the silly chatter about corporate union, and "concessions" to be made. There is only one way of return to the Catholic Church for individuals or nations, absolute submission. This being understood, I ask Mr. Gladstone why he did not tell the truth, and say that the human hatred felt by Catholics for the pretended Reformers is justified by a bloody reign preceding Mary's—the reign of her infamous father. Protestants, whether statesmen or not, will have to be taught that the question of conciliation belongs to two sides. If the bloody reign of Mary has made conciliation impossible to Protestants, the scene of blood, sacrifice, havoc, and desolation begun by Henry the VIIIth, and continued by his children Edward and Elizabeth, has never passed, and never will pass, from the recollection of Christendom, especially not from the recollection of us who live surrounded by the results of those disastrous memories. I will give him and your readers one specimen, of which I have spoken before in The Tablet, but not so fully as now.—Henry the VIIIth invented the lying and blasphemous tenet of royal supremacy over the Church. Dr. Forest, Observant Friar, Confessor to the Queen, Katherine of Aragon, denied the sacrilegious falsehood. But the King, having by his authority raised it into a new article of faith, Dr. Forest was actually condemned for heresy, and to the penalty of heresy. And here I open Halle's Chronicle, with its villainous English, and more villainous matter, and extract the account which he has bequeathed to the admiration of Protestants.—"The xxxv. year, in Maye, there was a freer called freer Forest . . . Justly he was condemned and after for him was prepared in Smithfelde in London a gallows on the which he was hanged in chains by the middle and armpoles all quick and under the gallows was made a fire and he so consumed and Brent to death. At his comyng to the place of execution, there was prepared a greates skafolde, on which sat the nobles of the Realme and the kynges Majesties Moost honorable counsaile, only to have granted pardon to that wretched creature, if any spark of repentence would have happened in him. 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The Feast of St. Teresa was observed at the Carmelite church, Kensington, London, on the 16th ult. with great solemnity. At the High Mass, which was sung by the very rev. prior and assistant clergy of the church of St. Simon Stock was crowded, and at the conclusion of the Holy Sacrifice the Right Rev. Monsignor Capel preached on the beautiful virtue of virginity, so well exemplified in the life of the great foundress of the Carmelite order, St. Teresa. He also alluded to what was termed the "rights of women." Of the dignity of virgins, that bright army of those who were rewarded with the privilege of following the Lamb of God whithersoever He goeth, the right rev. preacher said—"The Church always proclaimed that there is something more glorious than sensuality here on earth, that there are objects to be arrived at which rise superior to the mere comforts of the world, and to those pleasures which, though even good in themselves and not marred by sin, are yet in some sense obstacles to perfection. Everything in relation to the dignity of virginity was specially applied by the Church to her whom we have gathered together to honour—to St. Teresa the reformer of a great Order—to St. Teresa, the originator of a new series of thoughts which she impressed on the practical life of the Church—to St. Teresa, of whom the Church says in the Collect of today, 'her doctrines are heavenly.' While the Church so honours this mighty army of heroines chosen from among the weaker sex, it is well for us to look steadily at our position in these days; to realize and understand how we are placed with reference to the outer world, and study the maxims which the world propounds. We are beset by a surging sea that is ever talking of woman's rights and woman's dignity. We are reminded from time to time of what they are pleased to call the equality of the sexes, but which really means their separation. We see schemes after scheme put forward for raising the moral culture or intellectual training, or to give character to those who have been spoken of heretofore as being oppressed. Schemes of this kind as assertions made in this way, have some kind of sympathetic chord in the souls of men; there creeps over the whole being a kind of sense that 'well after all a wrong has been done' that what has been regarded as weakness should be looked upon as strength; or it is asserted that the delicate perception of the mind of woman, its readiness and increased power of penetrating into matter which elude the observation of man—all such considerations argue that an injustice has been done, and it is alleged that woman can stand on an higher pedestal, were she not held not alone her own, but the superior in certain matters to man. Those who live in the world—we who talk its language—we who use its organs, are imperceptibly influenced by such assertions. We are Catholics, it is true, but we live in an atmosphere of Protestantism or of Rationalism. A whole pile of theories, a whole series of assertions are made on this important subject, and the responsibility devolved on Catholics of defending the principles of the Gospel of Christ. By the teaching of God Almighty's Church we can point out to men what their duties are, and from such teaching

will irradiate a light that will dispel ignorance from the minds of all. Now the Church of God has raised woman to a high position; the Church of God has proclaimed not merely practically but in dogmatic fact the glory and the dignity which belong to her of the weaker sex. The Church has taken her by the hand and used her for all kinds of purposes that are glorious in the work of Jesus Christ; for he will remember that when the Gospel of God was first proclaimed on earth—when the teaching of Jesus Christ started from Palestine and spread on every side, woman was the slave of man—she was looked on as his tool—she was the mere object of his sensual desire. She was in bondage, and the power of him who called himself husband extended over her life and death. Woman was degraded in her position, but when the Gospel was proclaimed there came one ray of light from the Divine sun that scattered on every side the false theories that existed. He came as the brother of all, knowing no distinction either of Jew or Gentile, nor separating man from woman, but uniting all in one mighty brotherhood. That fraternity established by Christ raised woman at once from her dependent and abject position, not alone of being the companion of him as her husband, but placed her in joint responsibility with him, and imparted to her a share in the duty which God has laid on man and woman—a duty as regarded the bringing up of their children.—The Universe.

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phenomenal gospel now with safety and a good deal of laughter.

"But Mr. Gladstone and uninformed readers of his paper will perceive how the bloody contest began, and, perhaps, next time, he will write more honestly. Such a scene was never again witnessed. Even the wretches who misgoverned and pillaged England did not dare to pursue Catholics on accusations such as this. They turned the profession of Christianity into a new treason. As a pinch of incense thrown upon a heathen altar would have saved the lives of Christians under Imperial Roman persecutions, so the voluntary hearing of a Protestant sermon would have saved those who in Elizabeth's reign were guilty of the new State crime. And when the Saturday Review recently remarked that Campian might be said to have caused his own death by refusing to be present at a Protestant sermon, the writer kept out of sight that to have heard that sermon was intended by the heretics to be an expression of his assent to it and to them. But the new treason was visited with the old punishments—hanging, cutting down half alive, disembowelling half alive, and other mutilations which I cannot describe. These were the soothing measures with which the anger of an outraged people was met and quelled. Does any one, after reading Halle's account, carry on any feeling for the fate of such a miscreant as Latimer? When he and Ridley, and the still more execrable Cranmer, met their just fate in Candonch at Oxford, there was no such scene of studied and ingenious cruelty as the murder of Forest. There may perhaps have occurred to Latimer at that dreadful moment a recollection of the scene in Smithfield, of his own villainous heresy screamed out to the dying saint, of Forest's constancy, and the probability that Forest's soul was already with God. I hope some such thoughts, attended by a late contrition, entered into his mind.

But, says Mr. Gladstone, if even what he calls "Romanizing" was possible, it is now impossible, when Rome has substituted for the proud boast of *semper eadem* a policy of violence and change in faith, when she has refurbished and paraded anew every rusty tool she was fondly thought to have disused; when no one can become her convert without renouncing his moral and mental freedom, and placing his civil loyalty and duty at the mercy of another."

That such poor nonsense as this should have come from the pen of the man who wrote *Juventus Mundi* can only be accounted for by motives not made apparent in print. This is not the language of scholars and educated gentlemen. It belongs to the rabble of Exeter Hall, or to the country meetings of stupid squires and ignorant ministers. A "proud boast" is an expression of vestries and city councillors. In literature it belongs to the writers who wave flags, display banners, and continue to post sentinels. "Rome," as Mr. Gladstone, using the heretical formula, calls the Christian Church, has made no change in Faith. But I will not take the trouble to fix a meaning upon such language as "refurbish," and "paraded," and "rusty tool." Mr. Gladstone will, perhaps, live long enough to be aware of the indecency of his abuse. Great names, greater than his—if that is saying anything—in England and abroad would have made a man of higher modesty pause before he accused them of "renouncing moral and mental freedom," and of "placing their civil loyalty at the mercy of another." He does not explain who the "another" is, but there can be no doubt that he means the Holy See. I make no apology for saying flatly that each of these statements is a direct falsehood, the result either of a want of knowledge or willful malignity—in either case, but in different degrees, a surprise.

I will ask your leave to continue what I have to say in the next Tablet.—Your faithful servant, October 9, 1874. AN ENGLISH CATHOLIC.

"IRELAND UNDER GEORGE IV."

Tuesday evening, Oct. 27th, Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M.P., taking the above as his theme, delivered a very eloquent address at the Young Men's Society Rooms, Cork.

Mr. J. G. McCarthy, President of the Society, was in the chair, and he was supported by Messrs. O'Neill Daunt, and T. Crosbie. Among the audience were a large number of ladies, and Messrs. P. J. Madden, T. C.; A. McCarthy, J. P.; P. Hegarty, T. C.; Rev. B. A. Sheehan, St. Patrick's; M. D. Daly, J. Banks, W. Morgan, W. Haly, J. W. Bourke, D. O'Sullivan, Ald. Dwyer, M. O'Keefe, C. E.; C. Keller, J. Hayes, E. Harding, J. A. Hamnan, &c., &c.

Mr. A. M. Sullivan, who was very warmly received, said he was about to deliver a lecture, if such it might be called, upon a chapter of Irish history which although very near our own time was singularly enough, rather less familiar to Irishmen of our own generation, even than the events which transpired a century ago. Most histories of the country left off about the period of the Union, and those events that had transpired since left a gap, which was supplied only by the memory of our fathers or by the pens of a few great and illustrious men of the period who still lived amongst us (cheers for O'Neill Daunt). He was about to lecture on the general evidence of George IV's reign, and chiefly in our own country during the period, incidentally glancing, as far as might be necessary to illustrate the progress of this evidence, at some matters which occurred in England. The period to which he referred—the past thirty years of the present century—was most remarkable for this fact, that it was in that period for the first time, for at all events 140 years, the Irish people—the masses of the Irish people—appeared upon the scene, moving and acting as a great and intelligent political party (cheers). To be sure, there was a history of Ireland in the seventeenth century, and great and stirring were the events of that time; to be sure, between the year 1700 and the last year of that century, events that stirred the heart and soul of an Irishman were passing through the land; but in all that time they were the events and incidents of a section of the Irish nation, while the Irish people as a people were outside the pale of the law, were dead in the eyes of the law, and did not exist in the history of these events. Anything that was done for the Irish people, on their behalf or in their name, in the eighteenth century was done by the class of men that had never been wanting—the patriotic Protestants of our country (cheers). During that hundred years they who belonged to nine-tenths of the people were civilly dead, and they had to trust to the generous advocacy of men outside their own body for the defence of their rights and religion (cheers). But in the period to which he would refer quite a different state of things arose, and the down-trodden millions of Irish people at last arose to the daring effort of speaking for themselves. And in the beginning of the present century the novel and startling doctrines were proclaimed that the Catholics in Ireland were not merely like the Ethiopian slaves in America, to be talked of in an elevated strain, but wonderful to relate were entitled to some of the rights of humanity (laughter and cheers). At the commencement of the century the country was in a woful extreme; the previous century had dislocated society, and it presented a condition and plight more mournful than that which the eye of the historian, no matter how inquisitive could discover in the pages of history, even during the Saracenic and Moorish occupation of Spain. Yet they would see this disarmed, landless, unfranchised, scourged, stricken, desolate people. They would watch them through the wanderings in the desert sighting the promised land. They would see this weak and trembling nation that often tried and manfully tried the arbitrament of the sword and borne themselves throughout with heroism and unconquerable courage (cheers). They would see this people engaged with the most powerful nation of the world, and they

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

Q. E. D.—"Mamma!" "Yes, darling." "Am I a big girl?" "No, darling." "Then carry me!" "Punch."

REGISTRATION.—Registrar—"The child, of course, was born in wedlock." Parent—"Doose a bit, sur! He was born in Brumpton."—Fun.

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE. PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

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

G. E. CLERK, Editor.

TERMS YEARLY IN ADVANCE:

To all country Subscribers, Two Dollars. If the Subscription is not renewed at the expiration of the year, then, in case the paper be continued, the terms shall be Two Dollars and a half.

The TRUE WITNESS can be had at the News Depots. Single copies, 5 cts.

To all Subscribers whose papers are delivered by carriers, Two Dollars and a half, in advance; and if not renewed at the end of the year, then, if we continue sending the paper, the Subscription shall be Three Dollars.

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

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

MONTEAL, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1874.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

NOVEMBER—1874.

Friday, 20—St. Felix of Valois, C. Saturday, 21—Presentation of the B. V. M. Sunday, 22—Twenty-sixth after Pentecost. Monday, 23—St. Clement, P. M. Tuesday, 24—St. John of the Cross. Wednesday, 25—St. Catherine, V. Thursday, 26—Of the Blessed Sacrament.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A false report of the sudden death, at Balmoral, of the Queen was flashed across the wires of the telegraph cable about the middle of last week. Soon, however, the report was contradicted; and Her Majesty, whom may God long preserve to reign over us, was by latest accounts in perfect health.

What occurred some quarter of a century ago in Ireland, is now taking place in England, and Scotland. The people are flying from the country at the rate of about a thousand a day, and the emigration from Great Britain actually far exceeds that from Ireland. A duel between two Irish members of Parliament, in the course of which one was seriously wounded, is reported. His Grace the Archbishop of Westminster has published a reply to Mr. Gladstone's attacks on the Catholic Church.

From the Continent of Europe we learn that the Carlists have abandoned the siege of Irun, carrying off all their guns. The Republicans are perpetrating the most fearful atrocities on men, women, and children suspected of attachment to their legitimate King, Charles VII.—burning and destroying everything they can lay their hands on. "The country which is under snow"—says the telegrams—"is covered with homeless women and children, burnt out by the victorious troops." This, of course, being done in the sacred name of Liberalism, and by Republicans, is looked upon by liberals as a highly meritorious mode of carrying on war.

From Russia we learn of an unsuccessful attempt to assassinate the Czar. Particulars are not given, but it seems that many arrests have been made at Moscow.

The triumph of the Democrats, or Conservative party at the late elections in the United States is complete, and their majority in the House of Representatives will be very great. In the Senate, however, they will still be in a minority. Whether under these circumstances they will be able to reverse the anti-Constitutional legislation of their opponents is doubtful; but it is to be supposed that the attempt will be made, since every act of the Republican party since the close of the war betwixt the Northern and Southern States has been in direct violation of the written Constitution.

The triumph of the Serranists in compelling the Carlists to raise the siege of Irun, seems to have been of very short duration; for in Tuesday's telegrams, we read that the defeated Carlists had again taken up their original position. Garibaldi has been elected a deputy to the Italian Parliament. Ex-Marshal Bazaine is about to take up his residence in Madrid.

Nothing positive is yet known as to how the government will act in the case of Lepine, but the probabilities are that, before the day named for his execution, the Imperial government will have proclaimed an amnesty. Though this may not have been formally promised, in so many words, by the late Canadian Ministry it cannot be doubted but that they so spoke as to leave on the mind of Mgr. Tache the impression that they would procure from the proper, that is to say, the Imperial authorities, a general amnesty for all the Red River offences. Acting in good faith and under this impression, Mgr. Tache assured the people that an amnesty was promised; and the Ministry in whose name he made that assurance did not contradict him. Virtually therefore the promise was made in their name, and the present Ministry are bound by that promise to do deal with the Imperial authorities as to procure its fulfilment.

MARIA MONK'S DAUGHTER.

An Autobiography, by Mrs. L. St. John Eckel. Published for the Author by The United States Publishing Company, New York; for sale by Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier, Montreal, who will remit the same by mail, postage free, on the receipt of the sum of \$3.50.

In the October number of his Quarterly Review Dr. Brownson speaks of this book, as a "remarkable book," as one that may "prove to be the most famous of the season." We herein agree with the learned Doctor; it is a very remarkable book, smartly not to say slipantly written, and showing on the part of the writer much keenness of observation, great powers of description, combined with most revolting egotism, and disregard for decency.

Something in this favor we would say if we could,

but we confess that honestly we cannot do so. We regret that it was ever published, and we hope that it may soon be forgotten.

If the book be a remarkable book, what shall we say of the author. In all the romances we have ever read, we never came across anything so sensational, so incredible as the story she tells us of her life and adventures. One day an outcast in the streets of New York, sitting desolate on a little trunk which contained all her worldly effects, c. xviii., p. 60; the next day we find her, p. 61, the petted inmate of a luxurious home, having in a manner been adopted by Judge —, and about to be married to a wealthy gentleman from Chili—a Mr. Eckel. The marriage was not very happy; Mr. Eckel lost his fortune, but through the talent for intrigue of his wife got a situation in the Custom House which he also lost, and died utterly destitute. Whereupon, though we are not told whence she obtained the funds, the widow started for Paris, and at once took a prominent position there, in the fashionable world. In a word, in the record of her life, as laid before the public herself, we meet with changes of fortune and strange vicissitudes such as we remember to have read of in the wonderful story of Gil Blas. And yet, and here is the mystery, the story is in its main features true. Yes; the salons of the most opulent, of the most extravagant, the most exclusive aristocracy in the world, were thrown open to a daughter of Maria Monk, a drunken prostitute, who died the victim of debauchery, a raving maniac, in the cells of a convict prison in the United States.—There is the fact, and the nineteenth century has no more startling and inexplicable fact to show. How the high born ladies and gentlemen in whose salons she was a favored guest; how a Comtesse de Montalembert and others will relish the publication to the world of this fact; how far M. Le Comte de Laferriers will feel flattered by the publication of his confidential and affectionate correspondence—the effusions of a gushing heart—with the daughter of Maria Monk, we have yet to learn.—The book, if admitted within the precincts of the faubourg St. Germain, will create a sensation; for Mrs. Eckel whilst in Paris, always carefully concealed her origin from the world; and when about, as she expected to be married to an old nobleman whom her charms had smitten—and it being necessary for her to produce a certificate of birth, before the marriage would be valid according to French law, she scrupled not to give a false name to her mother, so as to hide her true origin. To us it seems that, unless the author had the permission of Mde. de Montalembert, of the Comte de La Ferriere, and others whose letters she produces, to publish their correspondence, she has sinned most grievously against the laws of hospitality. But we will pass from the author's social, to her religious, experiences.

These also are varied and startling. Our author was an infidel, believing in nothing except spiritism, and mediums whom it was her habit to consult in all emergencies. For the Catholic religion she had a great antipathy. She resolved however to give it a trial, and to test some of its doctrines—the "Invocation of Saints" in particular. So one day she knelt before a statue of St. Genevieve and prayed,—

"I will try you good saint. . . . I knelt down by the railing and implored Saint Genevieve to intercede for me, that I might be presented at court, that I might have plenty of money, and that the first men of the empire might be at my feet."—p. 94.

After this she forms an acquaintance with some Religious; is much impressed by what she saw and heard amongst them; and finally at Christmas of 1867, was received into the Church, and made her first Communion, when she again prayed for the conversion of relatives; that a Mr. Dix might be her friend; that a Mr. Reynolds might stop abusing her; for future happiness, and that she might have it in her power to help the poor. She implored also the B. Virgin to procure for her that she might marry Laferriere, who, it seems, had a daughter by a first marriage, living, and who was not willing to contract a fresh union during his daughter's life time. Our author has visions and dreams, in one of which strange figures of arithmetic were shown to her, bearing some mystic allusion to the desired marriage with Laferriere. For some time longer Mrs. Eckel remained in Paris, visiting hospitals, and nursing the poor of a morning, and in the evening assisting at balls, and the opera. Finally she returned to the United States, and there carried out a long and cherished project of building a chapel to St. Genevieve.—Here we must stop, and refer our readers to the book itself for further information. Lest however Protestants from its perusal, should be led to believe that Mrs. Eckel's favorite method of learning God's will, is approved of by the Church and is common amongst Catholics, we must notice with strong reprobation a practise in which she commonly indulges—that of divination by means of the Bible. This practise, like that of the *Sortes Virgilianae*, consists in opening the Bible at random, and taking the first words which meet the eye as expressing the divine will; and to this practise it seems that in all emergencies Mrs. Eckel still resorts. For instance; having set her heart on having her chapel opened on the 17th of July, and Father Bapst preferring to postpone the ceremony until the 21st, she was in distress and sought to know what was God's will in the matter. So opening her Bible, the first verse on which her eye fell was—*Haggai II.*

"In the seventh month, the one and twentieth day of the month, came the word of the Lord."

From whence she concluded that it was God's will that the first Mass should be said in the new chapel, not on the 17th, but on the 21st of the month.

We regret that we cannot speak in terms of laudation of the work of a lady, and above all of a convert to the Catholic Church. Still we feel that we only give utterance to our honest and deliberate convictions, when we repeat that its perusal has inspired us with a strong feeling of repugnance to the book, and great regret that it should ever have been published by one calling herself a Catholic. It is in short a book which we cannot recommend any father of a Catholic family to admit within his house.

A WINDFALL FOR PROTESTANTISM.

As a set-off to the conversion of Lord Ripon, Protestants can now boast of a signal triumph of divine grace in their favor, in the case of a *quondam* Romish priest, the Rev. Mr. Gerdemann, lately pastor of a Catholic church in Philadelphia. This precious convert by ways inscrutable, has been brought to a "knowledge of the truth," &c., &c., and his eyes have been opened to the corruptions of Rome, more especially in the matter of Papal Infallibility. In this doctrine he could not believe so he Protested, and at once ran away with a pretty girl, organist of the church, swindling his people; who had been unfortunate enough to trust him out of a large sum of money, variously estimated at from \$40,000 to \$50,000. Of such stuff are all your converts from the Romish priesthood to the Holy Protecting Faith. *Ex uno disce omnes.*

The singular thing is that the discovery of the falsity of the doctrine of Papal Infallibility should have brought about the immediate elopement of the interesting convert with a good looking Protestant girl; but as to the swindling transactions, it would appear that he had long carried on the game, whilst still outwardly professing belief in the corrupt doctrines of the Papal Church, from whose yoke he has been at last delivered by the Gospel truth. The man it seems was engaged in building a new church; and so got his parishioners to deposit their savings with him at interest, to be employed for that purpose. With the funds so obtained he speculated in rail-road stocks, and real estate, till the "truth as it is," &c., burst upon him; when he ran away, as stated above, with the pretty organist, leaving his parishioners to whistle for their money, and many of them spoiled of the earnings of years of toil. The Bishop of the diocese has, however, it is said, undertaken to see them reimbursed.

There will be rejoicing in Exeter Hall over this blow to Rome—a blow from which the Scarlet Woman of Babylon can never expect to recover.—At the next meeting of the *French Canadian Missionary Society* also, we may expect to hear this triumph of the true faith, and joyful delivery of a soul from the snares of the same unmentionable female who sits on seven hills, celebrated with all the pomp of that maudlin eloquence for which its orators are so famous. We can only offer our sincere congratulations to our friends on the precious catch they have made of a convert worthy of a place alongside of the other converted priests of whom they are so proud.

Already we see that the evangelical Protestants of Philadelphia have taken their interesting convert from Romanism by the hand, and acknowledged him as one of their own; for Gerdemann having been arrested on the charge of embezzlement, the leading members of the Young Men's Christian Association at once came forward to bail him out in the sum of \$10,000.

FREEMASONRY.

A great meeting of Freemasons was held the other day in England, whereat of course the Marquis of Ripon was dealt some hard blows. The intolerance of Popery was of course denounced; and it was, though perhaps unintentionally, clearly shown that Freemasonry is not only incompatible with Romanism, but with Christianity, considered as a supernatural revelation, binding on all men, and outside of whose pale there can be no salvation.

Freemasonry is, and by its supporters it boasts, that it is, "a religion"—different from, therefore hostile to, the Christian religion. Its mission is, so avows the *Pall Mall Gazette*, one of its apologetists—"To erect a new state of things on the broad basis of humanity, overriding all barriers of religion, nation, and society."

A religion in which Jew, Mahomedan, and Pagan may all take part; but in which, therefore, Christians whose religion is essentially an exclusive and intolerant religion, can take no part. The Christian God is a jealous God, and can brook no rival.

"Freemasonry was of itself a religion of good works, and asked for no priestly intermediary between a man and his Maker."

Thus was it defined by a high authority calling himself Grand Deacon in the craft, at the meeting above alluded to. Freemasonry is a religion which, unlike the Christian religion, acknowledges no mediator betwixt God and man, but opens its arms in comprehensive embrace to all men: to Hindoo and Parsee; to Jew and Mahomedan; to infidels and Freethinkers: to the Indians of North America, who worshipped the Great Spirit on their native prairie; to all the enemies of Christianity who spurn the Cross, and special work of Christ, as an interposing of a third party betwixt man and his Maker. This, according to Lord Leigh, is the Freemason religion.

And it is just because of this, because Freemasonry is, or at all events professes to be a religion, that no Catholic, that no true Christian who holds that there is no salvation except in the name of Christ, and who therefore must deem it sacrilege to hold any semblance of religious communication with men who reject that name, can be a Freemason. Christianity and Freemasonry are incompatible by the showing of the friends of the latter; by the simple fact that Freemasonry calls itself a religion, and that every religion which is not distinctively Christian, is anti-Christian.

HOW RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IS VINDICATED IN SWITZERLAND.

Our readers know that from Switzerland the Catholic clergy have been expelled, and their churches handed over to Protestants, and apostates from the Church. The people, however, remain firmly attached to their true pastors, and reject with scorn the services of the wretches who have been obtruded upon them; and the consequences are thus described in a paragraph which we clip from the *Toronto Globe*—

"Nevertheless, he retains his love for his priest, and sends for him whenever a child is to be baptised or a person wishes the last offices of the church. He regards the new priest as an ashiatic, unable to administer these sacraments."

"The expelled clergy hover around the frontier in order to readily respond to such calls. They answer them, however, with some risk. The frontier is studded with Swiss gendarmes, who have

orders to arrest any banished priest who returns. The result is that the ex-vicars skulk into and out of Berne in disguise. Occasionally they are recognized and pursued. Recently one of them, attired in straw hat and rough blouse, visited an old parishioner upon his death bed, administered the sacraments, and started home. Two gendarmes recognized him. The chase began. The priest made good time, but the bullets of the gendarmes were too quick for him. Fear of being hit made him stop on the very bank of the river Doubs, which forms the frontier. The officers came up and seized him. He broke away and plunged into the stream. It was deep and he could not swim. He was drowning in a very matter of fact way when the gendarmes fished him out and carried him, damp and dripping to the Prefect. It happened, however, that the part of the Doubs whence he was taken is French waters. He was therefore restored to French soil. So the case stands to-day. The new priests are ministering to their turbulent flocks with revolvers, and the old ones are scurrying through the Canton with gendarmes at their heels."

A FRANK CONFESSION.

The Naples correspondent of the *London Times*, under date Oct. 7, frankly admits that, "as at present administered, justice in Italy is a farce, and encouragement of crime."

When to this we add the heavy and ever increasing load of taxation beneath which the people of Italian Peninsula groan, and a fast accumulating national debt which promises to culminate in national bankruptcy, we shall have summed up the blessings which the Revolution, and the rule of Victor Emmanuel have conferred upon a united and regenerated Italy.

DEATH OF MDE. ELIZABETH BOOTH.

We find announced in our French contemporaries, the death, at St. Anne Bout de l'ise, of a good Christian wife and mother, Mde. Elizabeth Booth, wife of M. Joseph Lamarche, and mother of the Rev. Chanoine Lamarche, of the Cathedral of Montreal. The deceased was in her 68th year, and is sincerely regretted by all who knew her.—R. I. P.

ROSA D'ERINA, (ROSE OF ERIN), "IRELAND'S QUEEN OF SONG."

SHORT SKETCH OF THE ARTISTIC CAREER OF THIS HIGHLY GIFTED ARTISTE.

The Irish race at home and abroad have good reason to be proud of the highly gifted and versatile young Lady who is so well entitled to be called Erin's Prima Donna. It is no exaggeration to state, that, for great versatility of talent, and genuine musical genius, no Musical *Artiste* on this Continent can at all compete with Mlle. Rosa D'Erina. Born in the city of St. Patrick, Armagh, Ireland, on the feast of the great St. Laurence O'Toole (her illustrious namesake) in 1850, we find our young musician at the early age of 12 years appointed Organist and principal *Vocaliste* of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Armagh, by the illustrious Joseph Dixon, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland. His Grace took the deepest interest in the education and musical training of "Rose of Erin," who had the great happiness of being six years a child of the Sacred Heart and of Mary at Mount St. Catherine's Convent, Armagh. Remaining attached to the Cathedral of Armagh for a few years during which time she received musical instruction from the best Professors, we find her in 1865 performing the music of Ireland in the Dublin Exhibition that year to thousands of delighted listeners. An incident occurred on the great festival, 15th August of that year, when the young Prima Donna attracted such immense numbers by her exquisite rendition of Moore's *Immortal Melodies*, that several valuable instruments which stood in the great Music Hall were much injured, and which caused an *Ulake* to be issued by Brady, the Chancellor's son, that the glorious voice of the young Prima Donna should be silent, and only with Piano or Organ would she be allowed to give the gay or sad music of her native Land.

Rosa D'Erina's fame was now so great that the late Very Rev. Dr. Spratt, successor to Father Mathew, appointed her Organist and principal Soprano *Vocaliste* of the Carmelite Church, Dublin, the first and most celebrated for Music in Ireland's Capital, and whilst here she taught and trained that great Choir which included Fathers Doyle and Moore, in the sublime compositions of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Gounod, and numerous other great composers, and at intervals gave Grand Concerts in various parts of Ireland. Her name and fame had now reached to "La Belle France" and Rosa D'Erina was invited by a Committee of French gentlemen of Irish descent headed by the late illustrious Count O'Kelly of La Reole, Bordeaux, to represent the music of Ireland at the great Paris Exposition in the same way as Patti was to represent Italy. Here at the greatest World's fair perhaps ever seen on this earth, our young Irish Prima Donna during upwards of 200 days performed the Music and Melodies of Ireland to immense audiences and before the peoples of all every nation in the world. Rosa D'Erina had the distinguished honor of receiving the marked compliments of the Empress Eugenie whilst at Paris and of being invited as a guest to the Tuilleries.

We must not omit to record the very early manifestations of talent exhibited by the young Prima Donna. When not more than ten years of age her lamented father (a sterling patriot and a true Irishman) laid a wager with a friend that "Rosa" could not be puzzled in the entire School Dictionary, the little dark-eyed daughter, nobly won the wager for her father. Whilst an *enfant du Sacre Cœur* she was three consecutive years *head of the school*, always elected by the pupils and approved by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart.

A remarkable incident occurred illustrating the early taste and talent evinced by Ireland's Prima Donna for the Musical and Dramatic Art. One day she was left in charge of the school whilst the Sisters were at Devotions, and all the pupils with one voice cried out "Oh! Rosa sing and Act for us," after a careful guard had been placed to look out for the approach of the Ladies, Rosa mounted the platform of the school, and gave a grand operatic scene with appropriate gestures, and the whole school children were transfixed with astonishment even to the "Watchful Guard," who forgetting her duty for a moment, was surprised by the sudden entrance of the good nuns who found our young Prima Donna enacting "*Joan of Arc*."

But "Rosheen na nann" (Rose of the songs) as some of the good old Irish people loved to call her, was too great a favorite with the Nuns and the pupils to be chided for this exhibition of musical and dramatic talent, on the contrary so great a favorite was she that every one vied with each other to encourage the great gifts and talents she so pre-eminently possessed.

During Rosa's stay in Paris she had a busy and anxious student life of it. Studying from six in the morning till twelve, then off to the French Conservatory of Music till six in the evening, all day studying diction &c., to the various masters who trained for the operatic stage. But her great favorite master was Duprez, he was well known and recognized twenty years ago as the greatest Tenor in the World. Under the guidance of this great and

good man Rosa's progress was truly wonderful, and at her Concert, in the Grand Hotel, under the patronage of the English and American Ambassadors so delighted was he with his favorite pupil's performance that, he gave audible expression to his delight even with tears in his eyes. Such is the intensity of feeling of the true Master towards his worthy pupil.

After a nearly two year's residence in the then capital of the civilized world, Paris, she took her "*nom de chanoine*," (Rosa D'Erina) instead of her natal name, Rose O'Toole, and accepted an engagement at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, Regent St., London. Here Mlle. Rosa performed during the theatrical year of 40 weeks winning the highest encomiums not only for her rare musical attainments, but also for her admirable representation of the various characters entrusted to her in the Opera. At the Christmas of '70, Mlle. Rosa took her departure from London, and made a Concert Tour of Ireland. She was truly described by the *Dublin Freeman* (the first Musical Authority in Ireland "as the truest and best living interpreter of the Magic Music of her own native land."

"Rose of Erin" was everywhere received with the utmost enthusiasm, and in her own native city of Armagh she was literally taken up on the peoples shoulders and carried in triumph through the streets from the Cathedral. In the autumn of '70, Mlle. Rosa sailed for America accompanied by her guardian and manager, Mr. P. C. MacCourt, who for more than a dozen years has guided and cared her every movement, and who has devoted all his time and talents during this long period to the Education and training of one who is at once an honor to him and to Ireland.

Mlle. Rosa gave a series of Grand Concerts at Steinway Hall New York in conjunction with various local Churches, and charities, and on the National Festival, 17th March, '71, gave "An Irish Evening with the Poets and Bards of Erin," for the Benefit of the National Cathedral of St. Patrick, Armagh, Ireland. This performance was pronounced by the *New York Herald* as the most appropriate and excellent performance ever given in that city on Ireland's Patron Saint's Day."

The great success attending this performance induced Mlle. Rosa to project her now celebrated "Musical Evenings," which she has given in the States and Canada for the last three years with the most magnificent success, *musically, artistically and monetarily.*

The charm of this entertainment consists in the fact of its great originality and marvellous musical illustrations, embracing every style from Sacred to Serio-Comic, and including the greatest names of our musical composers.

FATHER TOM BURKE'S GREAT LECTURE ON THE NATIONAL MUSIC OF IRELAND.—But it is in her latest *Role* that "Rose of Erin" has given the most indisputable proofs of her varied talents in the recent production of her great speciality, viz.: Father Burke's Lecture, read and illustrated by her in the most magnificent style ever given by any Lady *Artiste* in this city. The enthusiastic audiences that greeted her first performances, testified that their hearts had been moved by the exquisite rendition of the gifted child of song, in her wonderfully majestic interpretation of the grand old melodies of Ireland, or in the moving pathos of the sad and sorrowful airs of the "Dear Old Land." As one of our contemporaries truly stated "Father Tom Burke's Great Lecture on the National Music of Ireland as read and illustrated by Rosa D'Erina, is one of the grandest pieces yet put before the public," and with her splendid majestic appearance, and magnificent green and gold Irish Poplin robe, "looked, as the *New York Herald* described her, like an allegory of her country."

Possessing a most agreeable and thorough Celtic face and of fine conversational powers, Rosa D'Erina may be described as a universal favorite, and as a Lady is unsurpassed for her sterling accomplishments, and genuine common sense. During her residence in London, England, she was honoured by H. R. H. the Princess of Wales at Marlboro House by a "Command" (the highest honour given to an *Artiste* by royalty) to give one of her MATINEE'S MUSICALS in presence of the *elite* of English society. Mlle. Rosa was honored similarly at Dublin by the Lord and Lady Lieutenant, also by the Duke of Leinster, the Marquis of Kildare, the Earl of Kenmare, Lord O'Neill, and more recently at Ottawa by Lord and Lady Dufferin.

Of easy and winning manner and without that hauteur which so many *Artistes* put on; "Rosa D'Erina may be justly described as a *genuine Irish Lady*, gifted with the most delightful talents ready witted and above all an honor to her race at home and abroad.

Mlle Rosa is about to leave for a grand Tour of the States, and we can heartily commend her to our brethren of the press as a great *Artiste*—indeed without a compeer, and as a Lady who everywhere has been delighted to honour the House of God by her presence there and in singing the glorious music of the Catholic Church, in the grandest style we have ever heard. Both as Organist & Vocalist she may be truly described as a "Musical Miracle."

We may state in conclusion Rosa D'Erina is entitled to the greatest respect for her numerous charities, for whenever opportunity offers she is only too happy to give one of her grand "Musical Evenings" for any church requiring aid, or any charitable Institution requiring help. We wish her every success, and God's blessing on her journeyings.

ROSA D'ERINA AT THE MECHANICS' HALL.

On Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of last week very enthusiastic audiences greeted Erin's Prima Donna at the Mechanics' Hall. The occasion being the re-delivery by Rosa D'Erina of Father Tom Burke's great lecture on the "National Music of Ireland."

The announcement of such an entertainment should ensure a crowded house in any part of the civilized world, and more especially so, when such an *artiste* as Mlle. D'Erina was the fair lecturer. If the great Dominican himself had been present at the Mechanics Hall last week we have no doubt he would have been delighted to hear one of Erin's daughters received with such enthusiasm, as only he himself had before been the recipient of, from an Irish-American audience. One could hardly tell which to admire most—music, singing or reading, as Mlle. D'Erina is so perfectly *au fait* with any and all of them. Moore's Irish Melodies have never been rendered in more exquisite style than they were on this occasion. "When through life unluckiest we rove," "Dear harp of my country" and "Rich and Rare" were sung at intervals during the first part of the lecture in such a manner that those only who have heard the fair singer can form the remotest idea of the grandeur of their delivery. In the second and concluding portion of the lecture, "The valley lay smiling before me," "The Minstrel Boy" and "The Harp that once" were exquisitely delivered; but it was in the singing of that grand martial air "O'Donnell Aboo" that Mlle. D'Erina brought down the house, the applause continuing for several minutes.

Mlle D'Erina also played several Irish airs on the organ and on the pianoforte, arranged by herself, which were exceedingly good.

On the second night the audience were if possible more enthusiastic than on the previous evening, and all were of one opinion that this lecture, illustrated by Mlle. D'Erina, is one of the grandest pieces yet put on the stage. The dress worn by the prima donna on this occasion was of green Irish poplin; trimmed with lace, and was specially manufactured for her by Messrs. Pim Bros. of Dublin. The *Hibernian Independent* Band attended

both evenings at the Hall, and played a choice selection of Irish National airs...

DARING ROBBERY.

Yesterday evening the city was thrown into a state of intense excitement by a report that a robbery—the most daring and successful ever perpetrated in Canada—had been committed on the Great Western Railway.

Such was the account given by the two men, when, upon the train reaching the Queen's Wharf, they were discovered bound and gagged, lying on their backs.

When the train arrived at Union Station the excitement among the passengers, when the facts became known, was very great, and several gentlemen proposed to back along the track and institute a search for the robbers.

There are some portions of the account as stated above which might be more fully explained. The car in which the robbery was effected is one of the ordinary baggage and express cars, placed next to the engine.

During the evening various rumours were current in the city, some to the effect that a clue had been obtained to the guilty parties, but this, unfortunately proved to be untrue.

The surprise which this deed will cause throughout Canada will be such as few events have caused for many years, this having been the first crime of this description ever known in this country.

Valparaiso and Santiago have experienced a somewhat severe earthquake.

LITERARY NOTICE.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.—November 1874.—Hardy & Mahony, Philadelphia. We give below the contents of the current number:—

1. The Necessity for an Educated Priesthood: an Appeal for the more Generous Support of Theological Seminaries by the Laity; 2. Love; 3. The Truth of it—Chapters 1, 2, 3, 4; 4. The Sanctity and Honour of the Roman Pontificate Demonstrated; 5. Two Scenes from the Life of Haydn; 6. A Glean of Light from the "Dark Ages"; 7. Letters to a Protestant Friend; 8. A Flattering Reminiscence; 9. To the Sad Hour of Yesterday; 10. Xavier de Merode; 11. Editorial Notes; 12. News Publications.

We may observe that this number of the Catholic Record appears in a complete new dress of type, which adds very much to the typographical neatness of the magazine.

These changes, remark the Publishers, both of the new dress and the new department, have been made for the benefit of the reader, by whom, it is hoped they will be appreciated.

This Magazine has the approbation of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Philadelphia, and is deserving of the patronage of the Catholic public. Terms, \$2.50 per Annum, in advance; Single Copies, 25cts.

CANADIAN ITEMS.

A DESERVING CHARITY.—Among the many deserving charities in this city, none is doing, in its special department, a better work than the St. Bridget's Night Refuge.

The Confidence Game Again.—A day or two ago a gentleman at the Benevolent station gave the following account of how he had just been "gulled." He said that he came to Montreal on the Western train, and on the way made the acquaintance of a nice looking gentleman dressed in black.

ATTEMPT TO DEFRAUD.—A strange case of attempting to defraud creditors has just come to light. A young widow named Mrs. Gresham, who has kept a fancy store at No 11 Bleury Street, made complaint to the police that her premises had been broken into and about a thousand dollars' worth of goods stolen.

A CLUE TO THE ST. JOSEPH STREET THIEVES.—For some time past several robberies have been committed in St. Joseph Street, but no trace could be found of who the thieves were until last night, when a daring thief was captured.

SMALL-POX.—From the mortality returns of the past week it will be seen that 38 persons whose deaths were caused by small-pox were interred in the city cemeteries.

CAUTION TO GROCERS.—A case came on at the Recorder's Court yesterday, which should serve as a caution to grocers. It appears a Mrs. Ryan, a labourer's wife, cautioned a grocer's wife in McCord street, not to give her husband liquor or she would be sorry.

every night and abusing her; and to stop this, she went to this grocer's house, got liquor and paid for it, and instituted proceedings, on which the grocer was fined \$50 and costs yesterday.—Gazette, 14th inst.

ROWDYISM OF THE WORST TYPE.—A number of Craig street rowdies were observed the other evening watching the young women and girls passing along that thoroughfare. The game was to run across the street, walk rapidly down the other side and, crossing over again ahead of any particular lady, to run against her and act in the most indecent manner.

The Conservatives of Montreal West have chosen Mr. Thos. White, of the Gazette, to contest that Division with Mr. Frederick Mackenzie, their former nominee, Colonel Stevenson, having been compelled to retire through sickness.

NOT CAUGHT YET.—No trace has been found of Davis, the Montreal Bank clerk, who absconded some days ago. Detective Cullen, who has been in search of the defaulter, has returned from New York, and, though at present unsuccessful, has great hope of ultimately attaining his object.

The return is gazetted of the following members to serve in the present Parliament.—William McGregor, Essex; Schuyler Shibley, Addington; William Murray, North Renfrew

Toronto, November 16.—On Saturday night while J. L. Thompson yard master at the Toronto, Grey & Bruce Railway, was coupling two cars, he was crushed between them and seriously injured.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

Stella, P M, \$4.50; Fort William, Rev D D, 2; St. Valler, Rev L A P, 2; Hereford, Mrs M J W, 1.25; Antigonish, N S, J M, 2; Springfield, Mass, Rev L J G, 7.75; Barriefield, J R, 2; Port Louis, J F, 1.50; St. Hyppolite de Kilkenny, Rev T G, 2; St. Raphael, Rev J M, 2; Dundee, J T, 2.35; Lennoxville, C G, 2; Orillia, J W S, 4; La Guerre, Mrs Q, 1.50.

Per J M, Quebec—M M, 4; Rev B M, 2; P H, 2; R W B, 2; H M, 2; L A, 2; E C, 2.50; Rev M H, 2.

Per J L, Perth—Tennyson, A M, 2; J M, 2. Per P K, Springtown—High Fall, J B, 3. Per M O'N, Downeyville—P M, 1.50; E M, 1.50. Per J T, Arnprior—W M, 2.

DIED.

On Monday, Nov. 2nd in the Township of Godmanchester, County of Huntingdon, Province of Quebec, Peter Brady, Esq., a native of the County Fermanagh, Ireland, aged 58 years.

As a loving and affectionate husband and father of a family, we hope he has had equals, but none could be his superior in that sphere; as a friend, none could breathe from a more noble, generous, sin cere and warm sympathetic heart.

As a Christian and Catholic his sincere devotion to his Father in Heaven and Holy Mother Church on earth was always fervent as was his faith and hope in the tender love and mild mercy of the blessed Redeemer.

As a citizen and Magistrate his conduct and bearing to all those with whom he came in contact was most esteemed.

Amongst his friends, neighbours, and acquaintances, he has left a void which can never be filled again. His demise is regretted by a very wide and extensive circle of friends whose ardent and devoted supplications are now poured to the throne of grace for the eternal repose and felicity of his soul.

At Cory Hill, on the 11th inst., Joseph John McUllin, son of Daniel McUllin, and grandson of Edward Curran, aged ten years ten months and nine days.—May his soul rest in peace.

BRKFAST—EPPE'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills.

The Ancient Egyptians learned the art of preserving their bodies for many generations, but all the world have not been able to discover an infallible preventive that will stop the hair from falling off.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.—(Gazette) Flour of 196 lb.—Pollards...\$3.00 @ \$3.25 Superior Extra...5.50 @ 5.65 Extra Superfine...5.90 @ 5.00 Fine...4.50 @ 4.60 Strong Bakers'...4.10 @ 5.30 Middlings...4.00 @ 4.25 U. C. bag flour, per 100 lbs...2.30 @ 2.50 City bags, [delivered]...2.55 @ 2.55 Oatmeal, per bushel of 200 lbs...5.10 @ 5.35 Corn, per bushel of 56 lbs...0.85 @ 0.90 Pease, per bushel of 66 lbs...0.90 @ 0.95 Barley, per bushel of 48 lbs...0.90 @ 0.95 Lard, per lbs...0.14 @ 0.15 Cheese, per lbs...0.13 @ 0.14 do do do Finest new...0.00 @ 0.00 Pork—New Mess...22.00 @ 22.00 Ashes—Pots...0.80 @ 0.00 Firsts...6.20 @ 6.25 Pearls—Firsts...7.00 @ 7.00

TORONTO FARMERS' MARKET.—(Globe.) Wheat, fall, per bush...\$0.98 1.03 do spring do...0.92 0.94 Barley do...1.15 1.18 Oats do...0.48 0.48 Peas do...0.80 0.82 Rye do...0.00 0.70 Dressed hogs per 100 lbs...7.00 7.25 Potatoes, per bus...0.60 0.65 Butter, lb. rolls...0.30 0.31 do large rolls...0.27 0.28 do tub dairy...0.27 0.28 Eggs, fresh, per doz...0.23 0.25 do packed...0.20 0.21 Apples, per bu...1.75 2.26 Geese, each...0.50 0.60 Turkeys...0.50 1.00 Cabbage, per doz...0.50 0.60 Onions, per bush...0.75 1.40 Hay...17.00 24.00 Straw...10.00 15.00

THE KINGSTON MARKET.—(British Whig.)

Table with market prices for flour, grain, meat, hides, and other goods. Columns include item name and price per unit.

J. H. SEMPLE, IMPORTER AND WHOLESALE GROCER, 53 ST. PETER STREET, (Corner of Foundling), MONTREAL. May 1st, 1874. 37-52

BAZAAR.

THE Ladies of St. Mary's Church, Williamstown, have the honor to announce a Grand Bazaar, to come off in January, 1875, for the benefit of the New Church about to be erected at Lancaster.

- List of names and addresses of donors and organizers for the bazaar, including Mrs. Angus T'Obin, Lancaster, and Mrs. Wm. McPherson, Montreal.

MONTREAL CENTRE.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE ELECTORAL DISTRICT OF MONTREAL CENTRE.

GENTLEMEN,—The Election for this District having been set aside by the Court of Review, I again offer myself as a Candidate for re-election to represent this important Division in the Commons of Canada.

Advertisement for 'The Great Lyric Star' featuring a portrait of a woman and the text 'IRELAND'S QUEEN OF SONG' and 'ROSA D'ERINA'.

THE GREAT LYRIC STAR ROSA D'ERINA IN HER CHARMING, ORIGINAL AND INSTRUCTIVE MUSICAL EVENINGS.

Hail to thee, matchless Queen of Song, Worthy the mantle of famed Catherine Hayes, Thy memory will be cherished long, By those who listened to thy glorious lays; Thy country's genius is enthroned in thee, Exponent of the world's best minstrelsy.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE WESTERN DIVISION

GENTLEMEN,—Having been requested by a large number of the Electors of the Western Division of Montreal to present myself as a candidate at the approaching election for the House of Commons, and having accepted the nomination, I beg most respectfully to solicit your suffrages.

I have had, during the last four years such frequent opportunities of expressing my views on public questions, that they are well known to you.

Should I be honored with your support, it will be my earnest endeavor so to act that my conduct may justify your selection of me as the representative of this important constituency.

I have the honor to be, Gentlemen, Your obedient servant, THOS. WHITE, Jr. Montreal, 17th November, 1874.

WANTED.—A situation as GOVERNESS in a Catholic family, by a lady who can produce satisfactory testimonials, and give unexceptionable references.—Address "Governess," True Witness Office.

WANTED.—For Union School, Section No. 6, Ellice and Logan, A FEMALE TEACHER with first or second class certificate; must be able and willing to take charge of the choir in a Country Church. A liberal salary will be given. Apply, enclosing testimonials, by the 1st December, to the Trustee, Kinkora P.O.

Duties will commence on the 4th January. Nov. 6th 1874. 14-3

WANTED.—A good MALE TEACHER, with the necessary recommendations, to whom a liberal Salary will be given.

D. J. M'LACHLAN, A. N. McDONALD, ANGUS R. McLEOD, Trustees. Glennevis, Oct. 26, 1874. 11-3

WANTED.—A Situation as TEACHER by a Young Lady, holding a Normal School Diploma, and with several years experience in Teaching. Address, stating terms, "K," True Witness Office. [10-9in

TO BUILDERS!

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Rev. Father MacCarthy, will be received till the 8th day of December next, for the erection of a BRICK CHURCH at Lancaster, Glengarry, Ont. Plans and Specifications can be seen at the Presbytery, Williamstown.

The lowest, or any tender will not necessarily be accepted. Williamstown, Nov. 5th, 1874. 13-4

"FITS and EPILEPSY" POSITIVELY CURED. The worst cases of the longest standing, by using Dr. Hebbard's Cure. A bottle sent Free to all addressing J. E. DIBBLEE, Druggist, 814 Sixth Avenue, New York. [10-13t.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that at the next Session of the Quebec Parliament, a Bill will be introduced to allow the Provincial Board of Notaries to admit ALEXIS OLYMPE MARIEN to the profession of a Notary.

Montreal, 28th October, 1874. 12-5

Advertisement for 'CURRAN & COYE, ADVOCATES, 212 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.' Includes a decorative border and the text 'THE MONTH AND CATHOLIC REVIEW'.

THE MONTH AND CATHOLIC REVIEW. NOVEMBER, 1874.—CONTENTS ARTICLES, &c.—1. Mr. Gladstone's Durham Letter 2. Dies Ira: Translated by C. Kent. 3. Chapters from Contemporary History. V. The Persecution in Switzerland.—Part II. 4. The preparations for the Transit of Venus: By the Rev. S. Ferry, F.R.S. 5. St. Jerome and his Correspondence.—Part II: By the Rev. J. McSwiny. 6. Bourbons and Bonapartes. 7. Structure and Origin of the Athanasian Creed.—Part II; The "Fides Occidentalis": By the Rev. J. Jones.

CATHOLIC REVIEW.—I. Reviews and Notices. II. The Quarterly Review and the Society of Jesus. Cases for Binding the 1st and 2nd Vols. of the New Series (20, 21) may be had at the Publishers. All advertisements to be sent to Messrs. BURNS & OATES, 17, Portman Street, W., London, Eng. Subscriptions may be paid at the office of this Paper.

QUARTERLY SERIES. NOTICE TO PURCHASERS OF COMPLETE SETS. All the volumes of the Quarterly Series being now again in print, Messrs. BURNS & OATES are able to offer complete sets, consisting of the ten volumes hitherto published, at a reduction of one-third of the published price. Single volumes as before.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of JEAN BAPTISTE BOLDUC, Trader of the village of St. Henri, Parish and District of Montreal.

An Insolvent. The Insolvent has made an assignment of his Estate to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at his place of business, at the aforesaid village, on the thirtieth day of November instant, at three o'clock P.M., to receive statement of his affairs and to appoint an Assignee. Montreal, 9th November 1874. CHS. ALB. VILBON, Interim Assignee. 14-2

NOTICE. IS HEREBY GIVEN that an application will be made at the approaching Session of the Legislature of Quebec, for an Act to Incorporate the Society entitled "LA COMPAGNIE D'EMPRUNT DES PROPRIETAIRES FONCIERS DU CANADA," to enable them to borrow, at a moderate rate, Foreign Capital, on good security, for the purpose of ameliorating property and the development of Agricultural Industry in this Province. Montreal, 6th Nov., 1874.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

MGR. DUPANLOUP AND ITALIAN SPOILATION.—The Under-Secretary of State for the Bishop of Orleans to M. Minghetti on the spoliation of the Church in Italy, hopes that it will have the effect of rousing "Liberal" Catholics to see the iniquity of these robberies and to compel its organs to denounce them. The following outline of the letter itself, is from the Times correspondent in Paris:—Monsieur Dupanloup quotes the promises made by the Italian Government, both before and after the occupation of Rome, to respect ecclesiastical corporations and property, urging that they have been grossly violated. He describes the Pope as occupying the position of a tenant and stranger in the palace built by his predecessors, and maintains that all the Roman clergy, from the Pope to the humblest parish priest, being at the mercy of the Government and its finances, they may at any moment by a war, a revolution, or a Parliamentary caprice be reduced to poverty. He animadverts warmly on the abolition of Religious Orders and the compulsory conversion of ecclesiastical property, laying special stress on the ancient origin and international character of most of the possessions of the Church, and urging that Italy has no right to them. The Papacy and Italy, he insists, were not meant to be enemies. History, or rather Providence, has inseparably united their destinies, and the present rupture is a deplorable aberration which would in the end be more fatal to Italy than to the Church. Europe will hereafter remember its duties to the Pope, and if Italy leaves things in their present position, she will then reap the bitter fruits of her policy. The longer the problem remains unsolved, the more complicated will it become. Italy herself suggested the principle of a diplomatic understanding with the Powers having Catholic subjects. This might furnish a solution if prudent counsels prevailed and if Italy and Europe displayed any foresight. Whatever happens, Catholics have faith in the future. The peaceful triumph of the Church they firmly trust will come, but God only knows when and how and after what misfortunes. If men refuse to assist Providence in this matter, Providence *faça de se*. The suggestion of a convention between Italy and the Catholic Powers and the desire he shows for a reconciliation between Italy and the Papacy indicate that the Bishop does not expect the restoration of the Temporal Power. In an early part of his letter he mentions France as still suffering from her reverses and as still on the slope of the abyss, so that she can only sigh over the disasters which have befallen the Church.

THE POPE, ITALY, AND FRANCE.—The *Opinion Nationale* having stated that Victor Emmanuel will probably demand that an Ambassador be accredited to him as well as to the Holy Father by the French Government, the *Univers* thus comments upon the information:—"We do not know if the news is exact, but it is at least probable. It will be with Italy as it has been with Spain. Our concessions have no other effect than to call forth new requirements, and we shall, one of these days, see a demand sent us for the suppression of the Embassy to the Holy See. Then, perhaps, M. de Corcelle will understand that he has nothing to oppose to these novel undertakings but the suspected lamentations of the *Francisks*."

SPAIN.

THE WAR.—FRONTIER FIGHTING.—A FALSE ALARM.—FUENTARRABIA IN A STATE OF SIEGE.—BAYONNE, October 19.—On the 17th I left again for the frontier to see what had taken place at Behobia, and my first attack on the 19th. When I arrived at Hendaye I could hear the guns from Irun carrying on a pretty continual firing. They are still aiming at Fort St. Marcial, which is a considerable eminence, and should the Carlists succeed in getting guns there it will be a great advantage to them, as great havoc could be made in Irun from that position. I understand that the guns have been aiming at this little fort for the last eight months, but all attempts are unsuccessful, and the Carlists firmly believe that St. Marcial is present in the fort, and when a shell comes unpleasantly close causes the construction to bob, and so escape all harm. I did not wait long enough to see this little performance, but hurried on to Behobia. I must explain that at this point the river Bidassoa is about eighty yards in breadth, and a bridge runs across, half of which belongs to the Spanish and the other half to the French. I found things pretty lively at this point. The Custom-house, which is the stronghold of the Republicans, is at the right-hand side of the bridge, and at the very bank of the river. Only four houses remained standing in the village itself, and these are in possession of the Republicans, but there are houses all about the neighborhood inhabited by Carlists. Three houses in the village were in flames when I arrived, and occasionally a great crash could be heard when part of a roof gave way. The Spanish sentry-boxes on the bridge were surrounded with a substantial stone barricade. Shots were flying about in all directions, and while I was standing on the bridge with my friend the Special Correspondent of the *New York Times*, a bullet whistled between us and struck the French Custom-house; several bullets came in that direction; soldiers were placed all about on the French side, and the officers were very uncertain as to what proceedings they would take. The unfortunate little French guard, who was stationed almost in the centre of the bridge, was mightily afraid. I crossed hurriedly with my friend, and our appearance was a signal for more firing, and several bullets came most unpleasantly near. However, directly on reaching the other side, we found the Republican soldiers very snugly eating bread and cheese outside the Custom-house. The whole space round was well fortified, so that they were in no danger whatever from the Carlist bullets. They were occasionally firing from loopholes. There were about fifty soldiers here, and a few were outside pulling down the walls of the burnt houses so as to prevent them being a protection to the Carlists. They are perfectly safe in this little fort unless the Carlists can bring cannon to play upon them, and they can easily procure provision from the French side, and have full liberty to walk about the French town unharmed. A Republican soldier let us through an opening in this little fortification, and we crawled cautiously along under the protection of the ruins towards the bank of the river. Shot after shot came from the Carlist houses, as of course they did not know what we were doing there; and when we had got about 300 yards from the Custom-house the Republicans opened a gentle fire upon us, which became pretty hot, as I am since informed they got the idea that we were going to the Carlists to tell them how things stood. We put on speed, and fortunately found a little boat, which took us across the river. The French soldiers saw the first part of this proceeding, and as they did not see us get into the boat, and we did not come back to the village somebody there telegraphed to Bayonne that we had been shot by the Republicans. Of course, we knew nothing about this; so imagine our surprise on our return to Bayonne (where we were well known), when people looked round us in a most excited state, and accompanied us to our hotel, where it took some time before we could convince the gossamer and other household servants that we were really in existence. We were then informed that information of our death had been telegraphed to Paris and London, which, of course, we ordered immediately to be contradicted.

Almost at the mouth of the Bidassoa is the little Spanish town of "Fuentarrabia." M. Dupressoir from Baden-Baden has started his casino and gambling establishment in a plot of ground on the bank of the river, and he has boats which convey people free of charge from Hendaye, the town on the opposite side. I must leave the interesting place for another letter. The town of Fuentarrabia itself is in a state of siege, as Carlists occupy the mountains and all the houses round the town; and an occasional shell from the Fort of Guadalupe frequently reminds the inhabitants of this fact. The gates leading from the casino grounds to the town are guarded by Republican soldiers, I managed to pass them and found myself in the most interesting town it has ever been my lot to inhabit. The principal street leading to the market-place was full of soldiers and numbers of Basque and Spanish women; all the ramparts round were lined with soldiers and every place well guarded. I should think there were at least 600 soldiers in the town. As I was passing along the street they commenced to dance the *bolero*. More than fifty soldiers and fifty Spanish girls were merrily dancing in the street. I cannot attempt to describe this; it is a riotous dance. The booming of the guns in the distance and the good humor and mirth of every one present is beyond description. It is a simple and fascinating dance. I could not resist it, and your special correspondent might be seen in top boots, riding trousers, and velvet jacket attempting to imitate the graceful movements of the soldiers. It has never been my lot to have been at such a merry hop. After strolling round the town I went through a narrow space into the cathedral. This was strongly fortified, and a construction with stones and mortar formed a barrier round the door entering to the tower. I went up the tower. The sight here was truly wonderful. From the belfry you could see all over the town, the Carlist out-posts and houses, the Republican soldiers on the town fortifications, and from a neighbouring eminence an officer was observing through a glass the proceedings of the Carlists. On the landing on which I stood was a heap of large stones and barrels of tar, which were for the purpose of giving a warm reception to any intruders below. I afterwards walked through a little village joining Fuentarrabia, called Emmanuelleita, groups of men and women are here gathered together, and many in the middle of the street playing cards. The inhabitants of this place are called "Contrabanda," and are prepared to smuggle for either party. Before concluding my letter I must mention a little incident that happened while I was at Behobia. A French soldier suddenly jumped into the river by the side of the bridge and began to swim to the other side; the guard fired at him, but missed. He cried out "I am in neutral water and you cannot touch me." He arrived safely at the other side and joined the Republicans, and from that side of the bridge grinned at his late "confederates." There have been no military executions, as reported, at Estella. Don Carlos is in excellent health, and a few days ago he attended High Mass at Notre-Dame du Puig; there were also a general communion for his soldiers. The fighting upon the frontier from Fuentarrabia and Behobia is likely to go on for some time. It appears to me almost impossible for the Carlists to take the bridge at Behobia unless they can bring a cannon into play. Their only other chance would be to attack with the bayonet, which would be attended with great loss of life. By-the-by in these engagements no quarter whatever is given. During the first engagement I saw a Carlist, wounded slightly in the leg, being dragged across the bridge to the French side; as he passed the Republican guard he was killed by a crack from the butt end of a rifle. I have also the authority of the ambulance doctor, who was present during the whole of the engagement, to state that he saw the Republican soldiers deliberately cut to pieces a man in a Carlist house; and also the woman's hands behind her back, put her on a heap of straw, and were about to set fire to it when her husband bought her off for fifteen francs.—From *London Tablet Special Correspondent*.

SERRANET LIES AND MURDERS.—The following has appeared in the *Liberte*, and is well authenticated:—"It is false that nineteen Carlists have been shot at Estella for insubordination; the discipline of the Royal Army is excellent, and its enthusiasm has been much augmented by the return of Elio, Minister-of-War. It is false that Dorregaray has entered France, he is at Elorrio (Blizondo, as has been stated) where great attention is being paid to the re-opened wound on his arm. It is false that Cabrera has refused his assistance to Don Carlos; it has not been asked of him. Before the frightful massacre at Casino de Fortillon, the Republicans shot a French surgeon-major who was attending on some wounded Carlists, and they also slaughtered at the same time and place two volunteers (of the Pontifical Zouaves) whose wounds placed them *hors de combat*."

ITALY.

The Correspondent of the *London Tablet* writing from Rome under date Oct. 17th, says:—"Fear is entertained that the Government meditates the tyrannical step of suppressing and dispersing the Catholic associations and preventing the meeting together of Catholics for religious or charitable purposes. The property of such societies will be it is rumored, converted or changed from real into paper value. The residence of Commendatore Giacchino Monari, Vice President of the Catholic Society of Reduci Pontifici, was visited on the afternoon of the 14th Oct. by a Delegate and Inspector of Public Security, who were accompanied by policemen, some in uniform and some in plain clothes. They examined the apartments carefully, and took possession of several papers belonging to the Society, which they carried away. They conducted themselves with much civility and politeness during the discharge of their task. The *Papale Romano*, announcing this domiciliary requisition, added the information, which was totally false, that pistols, daggers, and other arms were found in the house."

DUNNING.

[An irate American editor thus parodies a passage from Longfellow's "Hiawatha."] Should you ask us why this dunning, Why these sad complaints and murmurs, Murmurs loud about delinquents Who have read the paper weekly, Read what they have never paid for, Read with pleasure and with profit, Read of church affairs and prospects, Read of news, both home and foreign, Read the essays and the poems, Full of wisdom and instructions; Should you ask us why this dunning, We should answer, we should tell you, From the printer, from the mailer, From the kind old paper maker, From the landlord, from the carrier, From the man who taxes letters With a stamp from Uncle Samuel— Uncle Sam the rowdies call him; From them all there comes a message, Message kind, but firmly spoken, "Please to pay us what you owe us." Would you lift a burden from us? Would you drive a spectre from you? Would you taste a pleasant slumber? Would you have a quiet conscience? Would you read a paper paid for? Send us money—send us money, Send us money—send us money: Send the money that you owe us! "We would call the attention of the delinquent subscribers of the *True Witness* to the above, that having read it, they may guess what is required of them.]

For the TRUE WITNESS.

THE SYLLABUS.

An approved English text with notes compiled from the Dublin Review.

By M. J. W.

III.—ERRORS CONCERNING CIVIL SOCIETY, CONSIDERED BOTH IN ITSELF AND IN ITS RELATIONS TO THE CHURCH.

Prop. XXXIX.—The State, as being the origin and fountain of all rights, possesses a certain right of its own, circumscribed by no limits.

Prop. XL.—The doctrine of the Catholic Church is opposed to the good and benefit of human society.

Prop. XLI.—The civil power, even when exercised by a non-Catholic ruler, has an indirect negative power over all things sacred; it has consequently not only the right which they call *coaequatur*, but that right also which they call *appel comme d'abus*.

Prop. XLII.—In the case of a conflict between laws of the two powers, civil law prevails.

Prop. XLIII.—The lay power has the authority of rescinding, of declaring null, and of voiding solemn conventions (commonly called Concordats), concerning the exercise of rights appertaining to ecclesiastical immunity, which have been entered into with the Apostolic See, without this See's consent, and even against its protest.

Prop. XLIV.—The civil authority may mix itself up in matters which appertain to religion, morals, and spiritual rule. Hence it can exercise judgment concerning those instructions which the Church's pastors issue according to their offices for the guidance of consciences; nay, it may even decree concerning the administration of the holy sacraments, and concerning the dispositions necessary for their reception.

Prop. XLV.—The whole governance of public schools wherein the youth of any Christian state is educated, episcopal seminaries only being in some degree, excepted, may and should be given to the civil power; and in such sense be given, that no right be recognised in any other authority of mixing itself up in the management of the schools, the direction of the studies, the conferring of degrees, the choice or approbation of teachers.

Prop. XLVI.—Nay, in the very ecclesiastical seminaries, the method of study to be adopted is subject to the civil authority.

Prop. XLVII.—The best constitution of civil society requires that popular schools which are open to children of every class, and that public institutions generally which are devoted to teaching literature and science, and providing for the education of youth, be exempted from all authority of the Church, from all her moderating influence and interference, and subjected to the absolute will of the civil and political authority (so as to be conducted) in accordance with the tenets of civil rulers, and the standard of the common opinions of the age.

Prop. XLVIII.—That method of instructing youth can be approved by Catholic men, which is disjoined from the Catholic faith and the Church's power, and which regards exclusively, or at least principally, knowledge of the natural order alone, and the ends of social life on earth.

Prop. XLIX.—The civil authority may prevent the Bishops and faithful from free and mutual communication with the Roman Pontiff.

Prop. L.—The lay authority has of itself the right of presenting bishops, and may require of them that they enter on the management of their dioceses before they receive from the Holy See canonical institution and apostolical letters.

Prop. LI.—Nay, the lay government has the right of deposing bishops from exercise of their pastoral ministry; nor is it bound to obey the Roman Pontiff in those things which regard the establishment of bishoprics and the appointment of bishops.

Prop. LII.—The government may, in its own rights, change the age prescribed by the Church for the religious profession of men and women, and may require religious orders to admit no one to solemn vows without its permission.

Prop. LIII.—Those laws should be abrogated which relate to protecting the condition of religious orders and their rights and duties; nay, the civil government may give assistance to all those who may wish to quit the religious life which they have undertaken, and to break their solemn vows; and in like manner it may altogether abolish the said religious orders, and also collegiate churches and simple benefices, even those under the right of a patron, and subject and assign their goods and revenues to the administration and free disposal of the civil power.

Prop. LIV.—Kings and Princes are not only exempted from the Church's jurisdiction, but also are superior to the Church in deciding questions of jurisdiction.

Prop. LV.—The Church should be separated from the State, and the State from the Church.

In Prop. XXXIX. is condemned that view so dear to the revolutionists, which would exalt the State into an unlimited and irresponsible power; which would maintain, that not merely ecclesiastical rights, but those also of family and property, derive their origin therefrom.

Prop. XL. would divorce the interests of this world and the next, and represent true theological doctrine as adverse in tendency to man's temporal good.

The next four (XLI.-XLIV.) propound tenets adverse to the very notion of the Church's spiritual independence, as is evident on a single perusal.

The four which follow (XLV.-XLVIII.) concern education: they defend on principle that line of policy—the most appalling peril which now threatens the Church—the removal of education from Church control, and the limiting it (at least chiefly) to purely secular studies. Then comes another batch of four (XLIX.-

LII.), so intolerably Erastian as to need no comment of our's.

By his censure of Prop. LIII. the Holy Father teaches, in addition to more obvious truths, that the civil power cannot lawfully give assistance to those unhappy religious who may wish sacrilegiously to violate their solemn vows.

Prop. LIV. again is openly and intolerably Erastian; while Prop. LV. renews an error already condemned in Lamennais.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE TESTOTAL CARRIER AND HIS ASS.—The ass sometimes combines a laughable obstinacy with intelligence. A recent writer tells the following story of a Lancashire donkey belonging to a carrier. The master was accustomed to stop at a public-house for ale, a little of which was always given to his quadded companion and fellow-worker. Matters went on nicely for some time, but when whether politicians, theologians, or carriers, are liable to change opinions and habits. The owner of the donkey became a teetotaler—a conversion which the animal would have tolerated had it not diminished his own enjoyment. The carrier could no longer call for ale, therefore had no further occasion to call at the public-house. But there were two opinions on this point. When the carrier came to this well-known spot, "Forward" was his motto, but the donkey drew up deliberately, as of old, not being aware of any change in his master's mind. The carrier applied the usual arguments to the animal's skin in vain, to the intense delight of the publican, who held teetotalism to be the eighth deadly sin. "What was to be done? Budge a foot the donkey would not without his usual sip of ale, and the carrier was too kind-hearted to belabour his old friend when he saw the state of the case. But it was provoking that he, a conscientious and determined teetotaler, must actually purchase ale to please his own ass. The man has also the additional mortification of remembering that he had formed the habit of the animal by his own act and deed. The dispute ended by the donkey getting the ale whenever he passed that way. It was a sad case of degradation doubtless; but though the ass sunk as a moralist; he rose as a genius.

THE OLD BRIDWELL.—The new City police station about to be constructed by the Corporation in Bride Lane, Fleet Street, will be erected on a portion of one of the old historical sites of the City of London. The Saxons Kings built a palace here before the Conquest on the remains of a building supposed to be of Roman origin, and Henry VIII. erected a stately and beautiful house, and called it Bridewell, from a celebrated well near Bride Church. King Edward VI. granted the site to the City for a workhouse for the poor and a house of correction for sturdy rogues. The proposed police station will only provide accommodation for a limited number of prisoners, certainly not so many as the old prison, which contained in 1842 1324 persons, including 466 known thieves. The name of Bridewell Police Station will probably be adopted for the new building. The old prison, erected about 1560, and demolished in 1862 being the first of its kind, all other buildings constructed on the same principle have been called Bridewells.

In the days of the old volunteers a respected inhabitant of Greenock commanded a company, which he duly drilled and paraded, though his recruits were but an awkward squad. They never would draw up in a straight line do what he might. "Oh," he said one day, holding up his hands in horror as he looked along the front rank—"Oh, what a bent row! Just come out, lads, and look at it yourselves!"

The following advertisement appeared in the *Salisbury and Winchester Journal* of last week:—"Wanted a rattling good carter and shepherd, who know what to do and tell his master what he don't know." We are told that this was inserted by a man who has thrown up a government clerkship and £2600 a year to take to farming.

OUTBREAK OF FEBRIL.—Fever has broken out rather extensively in the lower part of Nottingham, and one or two cases of small pox have been discovered.

There were 103 deaths from diphtheria in New York during the last two weeks in October.

The handsomest men in the Union are Kentuckians, and the preservation of their good looks is said to be due to the fact that while all Bourbon whiskey is manufactured in Kentucky. The great bulk of it is consumed elsewhere.

A Western man set fire to the prairie for fun, but after he had run seven miles and climbed a tree with his pants about all burned off, he concluded the sport was a little too violent exercise to be indulged in more than once in a lifetime.

The *Richmond (Va.) Dispatch* says:—"On All Saints' Day, the Catholics of Richmond joined in a grand demonstration on the occasion of the consecration of the two Catholic cemeteries near the city. A grand procession escorted Right Rev. Bishop Gibbons and attendant clergy to the Bishop's and the St. Mary's German cemetery, both of which were blessed in the presence of a large assemblage."

ECONOMY IN FUNERALS.—The *Providence Journal* says:—"The Catholics of Valley Falls, R. I., have done a sensible thing in resolving to restrict the present useless and expensive display of carriages at funerals. Father Kane made a most cogent appeal to his parishioners which was responded to readily and it is to be hoped effectually."

At a meeting of the boss cooper in New York City, a large number of factories reported that so far the opposition to the society man was being successfully sustained; that a number of men had left the society and returned to work; that efficient labor was plentiful, and that ample funds were on hand to compel the men to abandon the society rules. It was resolved to firmly insist on all men leaving the cooper's union, before being employed in any cooperation in the city.

SAWDUST BRANDY.—We are sorry to learn that a German chemist has succeeded in making a first-rate brandy out of sawdust. We are a friend of the temperance movement, and we want it to succeed, but what chance will it have when a man can take a rip-saw and go out and get drunk with a fence rail? What is the use of a prohibitory liquor law if a man is able to make brandy smashes out of the shingles on his roof, or if he can get *delirium tremens* by drinking the legs of his kitchen chairs? You may shut an inebriate out of a gin-shop, and keep him away from taverns, but if he can become uproarious on boiled sawdust and desiccated window sills, any effort at reform must necessarily be a failure. It will be wise, therefore, if temperance societies will butcher the German chemist before he goes any further.—*Dunn County (Tenn.) News*.

The *N. O. Times*, of the 2nd instant, says:—"All Saints' Day, opened with unclouded skies and a crisp, cool atmosphere. The sacred duties of the day, enhanced from the fact that it fell on Sunday, were most religiously observed, and a large number of devout Christians made pilgrimage to the silent cities of the dead. Notably was this the case in the Ridge Cemeteries at the terminus of Canal street. Notwithstanding the City Railroad Company put forth its best effort in the supply of cars, it fell far short of meeting the demand for seats, or even car accommodation on the straps. The cars were completely stuffed with humanity, wreaths, crosses and emblems, of one sort or another, that it would have puzzled the most inquiring mind to discover where one began or the other ended. Under the pressure of two on each knee, the outsider representing a fulcrum for the support of the middlemen,

seats were graciously and cheerfully resigned, and on no occasion within our remembrance has car etiquette as between man and man been more religiously observed. It was truly edifying and consoling to the weary and heavy laden.

ALLIGATOR VS. RAT.—A wholesale drug-store in Magazine street, New York, says the *Scientific American*, is the happy possessor of a young and domesticated alligator, now about three years old. As alligators are known to have a great objection to rats, some of the members of the establishment, with a view of seeing how each would conduct himself towards the other, put a rat into a large box with the young saurian. "The rat safely and snugly ensconced himself in a corner. The alligator, hesitated a second, and then advanced slowly towards the rat with wide open jaws. The rat trembled; there was no escape, nothing but the wide open mouth of the alligator before him. Without hesitation he jumped straight into the yawning gulf, and, getting a good hold on the lower lip of the alligator, swung himself to the ground. The saurian gave a squeak, and swung himself around, the rat finally letting go, victor in the first round. The alligator, however, was not daunted, and advanced with the same tactics. The rat this time, by a most agile movement, leaped entirely over the alligator. Getting behind him, he proceeded to chew and gnaw away. The unwieldy animal could not get around to defend his hind legs. By a good use of his tail, the alligator again got free, and advanced desperately, though with flagging courage, at the daring rodent. With equal success the rat sprang into the air, alighting on the alligator's back. The fight was over then. The alligator could not shake his enemy off, could not dislodge him; and finally gave up the fight, laying himself down on his belly in a submissive attitude, and the rat was set at liberty."

BEARINE

OR REAL BEAR'S GREASE, A Hair Beautifier, Preserver and Dressing.

This elegant preparation named from the Canada Bear, from which its most essential element is obtained, is a scientific compound of Real Bear's Grease, and other ingredients, so combined as to retain for a great length of time, its original fragrance and purity.

As a dressing for the Hair, nothing can be more beautiful or agreeable. It is elegantly perfumed, and renders the hair soft, pliant and glossy. It serves to give it that peculiar richness and color, which is so essential to a complete toilet. It is the cheapest, most harmless, and best Dressing in the world.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Price, 50 cts., per Package.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Sole Proprietors.—[Nov. 6

EAST INDIA HEMP.

And What We Know About It. Instead of devoting a column to the merits of this strange and wonderful plant, we remain silent and let it speak for itself through other lips than ours, believing that those who have suffered most can better tell the story. We will here quote word for word from letters recently received, simply adding our testimony to the rest, in saying that when this plant is properly prepared, we know that it positively cures consumption, and will break up a fresh cold in twenty-four hours.

Liverpool, Beach Meadows, Queens }
Co., Nova Scotia, Aug. 27, 1874. }
Please send \$29 worth of India Hemp. I can not tell you with pen the great good this has done me. I was as weak as a cat; could hardly stand on my legs; no appetite; constant pain in my lungs; the doctor had given me up, and I saw death before my eyes. But this medicine has raised me to the enjoyment of life and health. I can now walk two and three miles without fatigue; have a good appetite; am free from pain; sleep soundly, and am doing well. I have no fears of consumption now.
ISAAC J. GARRETT.
Thorntown, Boone Co., Ind., }
1st Month 20, 1867. }

Friends Craddock & Co. }
Mr. Findley Barker, who was so low with Consumption, and only weighed one hundred and twenty-five pounds when he commenced to take your medicine, now weighs one hundred and eighty-four pounds, and says he feels as well as ever he did in his life.
Yours truly,
ROBERT COX.

THE FOLLOWING CONFIRMS THE ABOVE, SEVEN YEARS LATER:

Thorntown, Boone Co., Ind., }
Jan. 30, 1874. }
I have tried so much that I have lost all confidence in Patent Medicines, and would not have sent for your remedy, only I saw in your testimonials that of Robt. Cox, in the case of Findley Barker, with whom I am personally acquainted, and know that Mr. Barker was cured of Consumption, and is now well and hearty. I am also acquainted with Robert Cox, and feel that Cannabiss ought to do as much for me as it did for Barker.
Yours in faith,
JOHN B. WETTERALD.
Sweet Valley, Luzerne Co., Pa., }
April 20, 1874. }

I have used your Cannabiss Indica Syrup for the last ten years with astonishing success in acute and chronic Pulmonary Affections, and I believe it has no equal for such diseases.
DREW J. N. DAVENPORT.
Deep River, Poweshick, Iowa, }
Jan. 3, 1874. }

I have just seen your advertisement in my paper I know all about the Cannabiss Indica. Fifteen years ago it cured my daughter of the *Asmatia*; she had it very bad for several years, but was perfectly cured.
JACOB TROTT.
Montezuma, Tenn.

My daughter (Miss Crowder) has gotten entirely well of Consumption. Her's was a case of fifteen years standing. So you see we have tested the virtues of India Hemp, and now have no doubts as to what it will do.
Truly yours,
CROWDER & MRS.

Lovelsville, Ballard Co., Ky. }
Mother has been suffering with *Bronchitis* for twenty years, and tried most all kinds of medicine, and says the *Cannabiss Indica* is the only thing that gives her relief.
JANE A. ASHBOOK.
N. B.—This Remedy speaks for itself. A single bottle will satisfy the most skeptical \$2.50 per bottle, or three bottles for \$6.50. Pills and Ointment \$1.25 each. Sent at our risk. Address
CRADDOCK & CO., 1032 Race Street, Philadelphia.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of J. P. MICHAUD, of the City of Montreal, Shoe-Maker and Trader, Insolvent. I, the Undersigned, L. JOS. LAJOIE, 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. 97, St. James Street, in the City of Montreal, on Monday, the 21st day of December, 1874, at 3 o'clock p.m., for the examination of the Insolvent, and for the ordering of the affairs of the Estate generally. L. JOS. LAJOIE, Assignee. Montreal 11th Nov. 1874.

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., 10 State St. Boston...

Le CREDIT-FONCIER DU BAS CANADA, Capital, \$1,000,000.

It advances money only on first mortgage and only to the extent of half of the value of the property mortgaged.

The longest term granted for the repayment of its loans is twenty years, and the shortest is one month.

It lends to Fabriques, Municipalities and Corporations, according to the laws by which they are governed.

The Company is authorized to receive funds on deposit. Interest at the rate of six per cent. is allowed on deposits of six months, and seven per cent. for deposits of twelve months.

For the transaction of business, apply directly to the Cashier.

Office open daily from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m., No 13 St. LAMBERT St., MONTREAL.

COSTELLO BROTHERS, COMMISSION AND WHOLESALE PRODUCE AND PROVISION MERCHANTS,

49 St. Peter Street, Montreal, Have now and will continue to receive large lots of Choice Dairy Butter, Milwaukee and Cincinnati Sugar-Cured Hams, Cheese, Lard, &c., &c., which they will dispose of in lots to suit purchasers.

Liberal cash advances will be made on receipt of goods consigned to us. Butter and Cheese made a speciality. [July 24, 1874.]

P. N. LECLAIR, (Late of Alexandria), PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, AND OBSTETRICIAN,

615 CRAIG STREET. CONSULTATION HOURS—8 to 10 A.M.; 12 to 2 P.M.—[4]

T. J. DOHERTY, B.C.L., ADVOCATE, &c., &c., No. 50 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. [Feb. '74]

Wm. E. DORAN, ARCHITECT, 191 St. James Street, 191 MONTREAL.

MEASUREMENTS AND VALUATIONS ATTENDED TO.

THOMAS H. COX, IMPORTER AND GENERAL DEALER IN GROCERIES, WINES, &c., &c., MOLSON'S BUILDING (NEAR G. T. R. DEPOT), No. 181 BONAVENTURE STREET.

July 24, '74] MONTREAL 49-52

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Plans of Buildings prepared and Superintendence at Moderate Charges. Measurements and Valuations Promptly Attended to

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177 & 179 St. Lawrence Main Str., (One door South of Market, between Blacklock's and Goulet's), MONTREAL.

JOHN CROWE, BLACK AND WHITE SMITH, LOCK-SMITH, BELL-HANGER, SAFE-MAKER AND GENERAL JOBBER

Has Removed from 37 Bonaventure Street, to ST. GEORGE, First Door off Craig Street. Montreal.

ALL ORDERS CAREFULLY AND PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO

JOHN BURNS, PLUMBER, GAS & STEAM FITTER, TIN & SHEET IRON WORKER, &c.

Importer and Dealer in all kinds of WOOD AND COAL STOVES AND STOVE FITTINGS.

675 CRAIG STREET (TWO DOORS WEST OF BERRY), MONTREAL.

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REMOVAL. JONES & TOOMEY, PAINTERS,

HAVE REMOVED TO 28 St. JOHN STREET (Corner of Notre Dame Street.)

Where they are prepared to receive orders for HOUSE PAINTING, GRADING, DECORATING, GLAZING, SIGN WRITING,

WINDOW-SHADES, WIRE-SCREENS, GLASS-GILDING, ORNAMENTAL PAINTING, &c. Sign Writing a Speciality.

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OFFICE AND YARD: 135 ST. BONAVENTURE STREET, MONTREAL.

All kinds of Upper Canada Fire-Wood always on hand. English, Scotch and American Coals. Orders promptly attended to, and weight and measure guaranteed. Post Office Address Box 85. [Jan. 27]

JOHN HATCHETTE & CO., LATE MOORE, SEMPLE & HATCHETTE, (SUCCESSORS TO FITZPATRICK & MOORE), IMPORTERS AND GENERAL WHOLESALE GROCERS,

WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS, DOMINION BUILDINGS, MCGILL ST., MONTREAL. [37-52]

T. CULLEN, WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER, 101 St. Joseph Street,

WATCHES, CLOCKS, and JEWELRY Repaired with Despatch. All work warranted. [10-4]

AGENTS WANTED. \$5 TO \$20 PER DAY. All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, making more money at work for us in their spare moments or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Post card to States costs but two cents. Address G. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. [30th Oct. '74, 11-52]

WHOEVER Wants a good salary, an independent business, an agreeable occupation, should not fail to send to John Church & Co., Cincinnati, for their circular and terms to agents for Church's Musical Visitor. For a business which can be started without capital, it is the most profitable occupation in the land, requiring only intelligence, activity, and perseverance—qualities that many a young man and woman can bring to bear when they cannot command money. Try it; send for terms and circulars and see—Address JOHN CHURCH & CO., Cincinnati, Ohio. 10-8

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J. D. LAWLOR, MANUFACTURER OF FIRST CLASS SEWING MACHINES,

BOTH FOR FAMILY AND MANUFACTURING PURPOSES.

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"THE ONTARIO TRIBUNE," Established specially to defend the interests of the Catholic people of Canada,

With the Approbation and under the patronage of HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP AND REVEREND CLERGY OF ONTARIO.

"THE TRIBUNE" IS CATHOLIC IN CREED, INDEPENDENT IN POLITICS, AND LIBERAL IN SPIRIT.

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LIABILITY OF SHAREHOLDERS UNLIMITED. FIRE DEPARTMENT. All classes of Risks Insured at favorable rates. LIFE DEPARTMENT. Security should be the primary consideration, which is afforded by the large accumulated funds and the unlimited liability of Shareholders.

Accounts kept distinct from those of Fire Department. W. E. SCOTT, M.D., Medical Referee. H. J. MUDGE, Inspector. Montreal, 1st May, 1874.

H. L. ROUTH, W. TATLEY, Chief Agents. 37-52

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HOMOEOPATHIC MEDICINES—A full line of Homoeopathic Medicines carefully prepared, and put up for family use, by Ashton & Parsons, Homoeopathic Chemists, London.

COD-LIVER OIL—A first supply of Newfoundland Cod-Liver Oil, pure, and nearly tasteless.

PERFUMERY—Lubin's, Atkinson's, Coudray's, Piver's Standard Perfumes, Faria's Cologne, and a complete stock of English and French Toilet articles.

B. B. MCGALE, Dispensing and Family Chemist, 301 St. Joseph Street, Montreal. (Between Murray and Mountain Streets), Montreal. N.B.—Parcels forwarded to all parts of the City. Orders by Post promptly attended to.

MARCY'S SCIOPTICON. WITH IMPROVED LENSES. SELF CONDENSING LENSES. NEW SLIDES & EFFECTS. CIRCULAR FREE. MANUAL DESCRIBING ALL 50 CENTS.

FOR GOLD RINGS, FROM \$3.50 TO \$100, AND UPWARDS, GO TO WILLIAM MURRAY'S, 87 & 89 ST. JOSEPH STREET.

FOR FINE GOLD SETS; FROM \$15 TO \$500 AND UPWARDS, GO TO WILLIAM MURRAY'S, 87 & 89 ST. JOSEPH STREET.

D. BARRY, B. C. L., ADVOCATE, 110 St. James Street, MONTREAL. JANUARY 30, 1874. 24-17

FOR GENTLEMEN AND THEIR SONS. J. G. KENNEDY AND COMPANY, 31 St. Lawrence Street,

SUPPLY EVERY DESCRIPTION OF ATTIRE, READY-MADE, or to MEASURE, at a few hours' notice. The Material, Fit, Fashion and Workmanship are of the most superior description, and legitimate economy is adhered to in the prices charged.

BOYS' SUITS.....\$2 to 12 PARISIAN, BERLIN, BRUSSELS, LORNE, SWISS, TUNIC, SAILOR. NEW STYLES. J. G. KENNEDY & CO., 31 ST. LAWRENCE STREET,

beg to draw attention to their Home-Spun Fabrics, which are especially manufactured in every variety of color and design, twisted in warp and weft so as to make them extremely durable. This material can be strongly recommended for Tourists, Sea-side, and Lounging Suits—Prices from \$10 50.

J. G. KENNEDY & CO., 31 ST. LAWRENCE STREET, Display the Largest and Most Varied Stock in the Dominion.

COMPLETE OUTFIT—INSPECTION INVITED

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM FOR COUGHS, COLDS, LOSS OF VOICE, HOARSENESS, BRONCHIAL AND THROAT AFFECTIONS.

THE GUM which exudes from the Red Spruce tree is, without doubt, the most valuable native Gum for medicinal purposes.

Its remarkable power in relieving certain severe forms of Bronchitis and its almost specific effect in curing obstinate hacking Coughs, is now well known to the public at large. In this Syrup (carefully prepared at low temperature), containing a large quantity of the finest picked Gum in complete solution all the Tonic, Expectoant, Balsamic and Anti-spasmodic effects of the Red Spruce Gum are fully preserved. For sale at all Drug Stores. Price, 25 cents per bottle. Sole manufacturer, HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist, Montreal, 1872.

OWEN M'GARVEY, MANUFACTURER OF EVERY STYLE OF PLAIN AND FANCY FURNITURE, Nos. 7, 9, and 11, St. Joseph Street, (and Door from McGill Str.) Montreal.

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

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Is widely known as one of the most effectual remedies ever discovered for cleansing the system and purifying the blood. It has stood the test of years, with a constantly growing reputation, based on its intrinsic virtues, and sustained by its remarkable cures. So mild as to be safe and beneficial to children, and yet so searching as to effectually purge out the great corruptions of the blood, such as the scrofulous and syphilitic contamination. Impurities, or diseases that have lurked in the system for years, soon yield to this powerful antidote, and disappear. Hence its wonderful cures, many of which are publicly known, of Scrofula, and all scrofulous diseases, Ulcers, Eruptions, and eruptive disorders of the skin, Tumors, Blisters, Boils, Pimples, Pustules, Sores, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, and internal Ulcerations of the Uterus, Stomach, and Liver. It also cures other complaints, to which it would not seem especially adapted, such as Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Fits, Neuralgia, Heart Disease, Female Weakness, Debility, and Leucorrhoea, when they are manifestations of the scrofulous poisons. It is an excellent restorer of health and strength in the Spring. By renewing the appetite and vigor of the digestive organs, it dissipates the depression and listless languor of the season. Even where no disorder appears, people feel better, and live longer, for cleansing the blood. The system moves on with renewed vigor and a new lease of life.

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., Practical and Analytical Chemists. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

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MANUFACTURERS OF every kind of Marble and Stone Monuments. A large assortment of which will be found constantly on hand at the above address, as also a large number of Mantel Pieces from the plainest style up to the most perfect in Beauty and grandeur not to be surpassed either in variety of design or perfection of finish.

IMPORTERS OF Scotch Granite Monuments, Manufacturers of Altars, Baptismal Fonts, Mural Tablets, Furniture Tops, Plumbers Marbles, Busts, AND FIGURES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. B. TANSY, M. J. O'BRIEN.

PAY NO MORE FEES.

QUACKS CONFOUNDED. Rheumatism and Gout have heretofore been considered by the ordinary practicing physicians as incurable diseases, and the query has often been propounded, of what benefit to the helpless sufferer is all their pretended science; and what do it avail, their long and tedious course of study—if they are obliged to acknowledge that all their resources are to no account when called upon to prescribe for a patient suffering from chronic rheumatism. The great trouble lies in the fact that the mode of investigation is prescribed within certain boundaries and limitations compelling the student to tread in certain well-worn paths, or suffer disgrace and excommunication from that highly respectable order of mortals known as the Medical Faculty. How often genius has been curbed in its flights of investigation can easily be imagined. And often really grand and beneficial discoveries have been placed under the ban of censure by those self-constituted censors, for no reason whatever, but that they are innovations upon a stereotyped and time honored prescription. It was not so, however, with the proprietor of the

Diamond Rheumatic Cure, for his high standing in the profession, and the learning and science of an able mind, quickly compelled the censor to succumb, and now physicians generally, all over the world, where this medicine is introduced, admit of its wonderful efficacy, and often prescribe it for their patients. Of course the use of the DIAMOND RHEUMATIC CURE, without the aid of a physician, is a saving in fees to the sufferer, but the really conscientious physician should rejoice at this, for the reason of the general benefits arising to mankind from its use.

READ WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY. MONTREAL, 21st March, 1871.

Messrs. DEVINS & BOLTON: Dear Sirs—I with pleasure concede to the Agents wish that I give my endorsement to the immediate relief I experienced from a few doses of Dr. Miller's Diamond Rheumatic Cure, having been a sufferer from the effects of Rheumatism, I am now after taking two bottles of this medicine, entirely free from pain. You are at liberty to use this letter, if you deem it advisable to do so.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully, JOHN HELDER ISAACSON, N.E. MONTREAL, 17th March, 1874.

Messrs. DEVINS & BOLTON: Gentlemen—I have suffered much with rheumatism, so much so that I was obliged to stay at home a certain time. I heard Mr. O'Neill, of the St. Lawrence Hall, speaking of your remedy. I asked him to get me a bottle immediately, which he did with great kindness. To my great surprise that bottle has cured me entirely, and I never felt better in my life. I attribute the use of my limbs to the "Diamond Rheumatic Cure."

JAMES GALLAGHER, 58 Juror Street, Corner of Hermine. A BLESSING TO THE POLICE. MONTREAL, 18th June, 1874.

DEVINS & BOLTON: Gentlemen—Having been one of the many martyrs of rheumatism that I met on my every day rounds, I was induced to try the celebrated DIAMOND RHEUMATIC CURE. I had suffered the last five or six weeks the most terrible acute pains across my loins and back, so severe indeed that I could hardly walk with the help of a stick. I commenced the Diamond remedy, following the directions carefully,—relief came immediately with the first bottle; improved rapidly with the second, and completely cured and free from pain after finishing my fifth small bottle. You are at perfect liberty either to refer to me privately or publicly, as I feel very thankful for the relief, and sympathize with my fellow-sufferers from Rheumatism.

Yours respectfully, J. B. CORDINOE, Sanitary Police Officer, 51 Labelle Street.

FURTHER PROOF. Toronto, March 30, 1874.

Dear Sir—After suffering for the past two years with Rheumatism, I can truly say that, after using two bottles of the DIAMOND RHEUMATIC CURE, I find myself free from that terrible disease. I have used all kinds of remedies and Doctor's prescriptions without end, but your simple remedy surpasses all. The effect upon me was like magic. I take great pleasure in recommending your medicine to all.

I remain, MARGARET CONROY, 127 Sumach Street.

This medicine is prepared by a careful experienced and conscientious physician, in obedience to the desire of numberless friends in the profession, in the trade and among the people. Every bottle is warranted to contain the full strength of the medicine in its highest state of purity and development, and is superior to any medicine ever compounded for this terrible complaint.

In simple cases sometimes one or two doses suffice. In the most chronic case it is sure to give way by the use of two or three bottles. By this efficient and simple remedy hundreds of dollars are saved to those who can least afford to throw it away, as surely it is by the purchase of useless prescriptions.

This medicine is for sale at all druggists throughout the Province. If it happens that your Druggist has not got it in stock, ask him to send for it to

DEVINS & BOLTON, NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL, General Agents for Province of Quebec. Or to NORTHROP & LYMAN, 32 SCOTT STREET, TORONTO, General Agents for Ontario. [2208 St. Joseph Street, Montreal, 22nd Nov. 1874.]

NOTICE OF PRIVATE BILL. PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec at its next Session by Dame Marie Louise Panet, widow of the late Arthur Lamotte, Esq., to obtain an Act authorizing her to sell, exchange, or alienate the immovable property, situated in the Districts of Joliette and Montreal, which has been bequeathed to her by the late Dame Louise Amelie Panet, wife of the late Wm. Bercey, charged with substitution, by the terms of the will of the late Dame Bercey.

Montreal, 3rd November, 1874. 13-5

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869, AND ITS AMENDMENTS. CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } In the SUPERIOR COURT District of Montreal.

In the matter of PIERRE GRAVEL, of the Village of St. Jean Baptiste, in the District of Montreal, Trader, An Insolvent.

The undersigned has filed in the office of this Court a consent by his Creditors to his discharge, and on the seventeenth day of December next, he will apply to the said Court for a confirmation of the Discharge thereby effected.

PIERRE GRAVEL, By LACOSTE & DRUMMOND, His Attorneys ad litem. Montreal, 6th November, 1874. 13-5

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869, AND ITS AMENDMENTS. In the matter of WALTER DUFOUR, of the Village of Hochelaga, in the District of Montreal, Trader, An Insolvent.

I, the undersigned, Andrew B. Stewart, of the City and District of Montreal, Official Assignee, 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, Merchants' Exchange Building, in the said City of Montreal, on Tuesday, the eighth day of December next, (A. D. 1874), at the hour of Three of the Clock, in the afternoon, for the public examination of the Insolvent, and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally.

The Insolvent is hereby notified to attend. A. B. STEWART, Assignee. Montreal, 4th Nov., 1874. 13-2

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of LOUIS HART, of the City of Montreal, carrying on business there, under name of LOUIS HART, An Insolvent.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the under-mentioned immovable will be sold at the times and places mentioned below. All persons having claims on the same which the registrar is not bound to include in his certificate under article 700 of the Code of Civil Procedure of Lower Canada, are hereby required to make them known according to law; all oppositions *afin d'annuler, afin de distraire or afin de charges*, or other oppositions to the same are required to be filed with the undersigned at his office, previous to the fifteen days next preceding the day of sale; oppositions *afin de conserver* may be filed at any time within six days next after the day of sale, to wit:

All that certain lot of land, or emplacement, in the St. Louis Suburbs, of the City of Montreal, being lot 112, upon the official Plan and books of reference for Saint Louis Ward of said City, with a two story brick dwelling, and other buildings thereon erected, with right of *mitoyennete* in the South-West gable, and wall of the house of Madame Corderre, and adjoining said property.

To be SOLD at the COURT HOUSE, in the Room reserved for proceedings in Insolvency, in the City of Montreal, on SATURDAY, the NINE TEENTH DAY OF DECEMBER next, at ELEVEN o'clock in the forenoon.

ARTHUR M. PERKINS, Assignee. Montreal, 5th November, 1874. 13-6

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of ROBERT BENNETT, of the City of Montreal, Trader, Insolvent.

I, the undersigned, L. Jos. Lajoie, 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. 37 St. James Street, in the City of Montreal, on Monday, the 14th day of December, 1874, at 3 o'clock p.m., for the examination of the Insolvent, and for the ordering of the affairs of the Estate generally.

L. JOS. LAJOIE, Assignee. Montreal, 3rd November, 1874. 13-2

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. DOMINION OF CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } SUPERIOR COURT, District of Montreal.

In the matter of WILLIAM J. CRAVEN, individually, as also of the late firm of CRAVEN & FORBARR, of Montreal, Province of Quebec; Trader, An Insolvent.

On the seventeenth day of December next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act.

WILLIAM J. CRAVEN, By GILMAN & HOLTON, His Attorneys ad litem. Montreal, 10th November, 1874. 13-6

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } SUPERIOR COURT, District of Montreal. No. 1071.

ADELINE GAUTHIER, of the City and of the District of Montreal, wife of CELESTIN VALIN, Stone-Cutter, of the same place, duly authorized to appear in judicial proceedings, Plaintiff,

vs. The said CELESTIN VALIN, Defendant.

An action for separation as to property has been instituted in this cause, on the ninth day of October, instant.

CORBEIL & CORBEIL, Attorneys for Plaintiff. Montreal, 15th October, 1874. 10-5in

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of THEOPHILE PREFONTAINE & ROBERT PETTIGREW, both Traders, heretofore residing in the Town of Sorel; District of Richelieu, now of the City and District of Montreal, as well individually, as having carried on business together in Partnership in the said place of Sorel, under the name, and style of PREFONTAINE & PETTIGREW, Brewers and Traders, Insolvents.

The Insolvents have made an assignment of their estate and effects to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at the Court House, in the Room appropriated to matters in Insolvency, in Montreal, on Monday, the 23rd day of November, 1874, at Eleven o'clock a. m. to receive statements of their claims and to appoint an Assignee.

L. JOS. LAJOIE, Interim Assignee. Montreal, 2nd November, 1874. 13-4

