

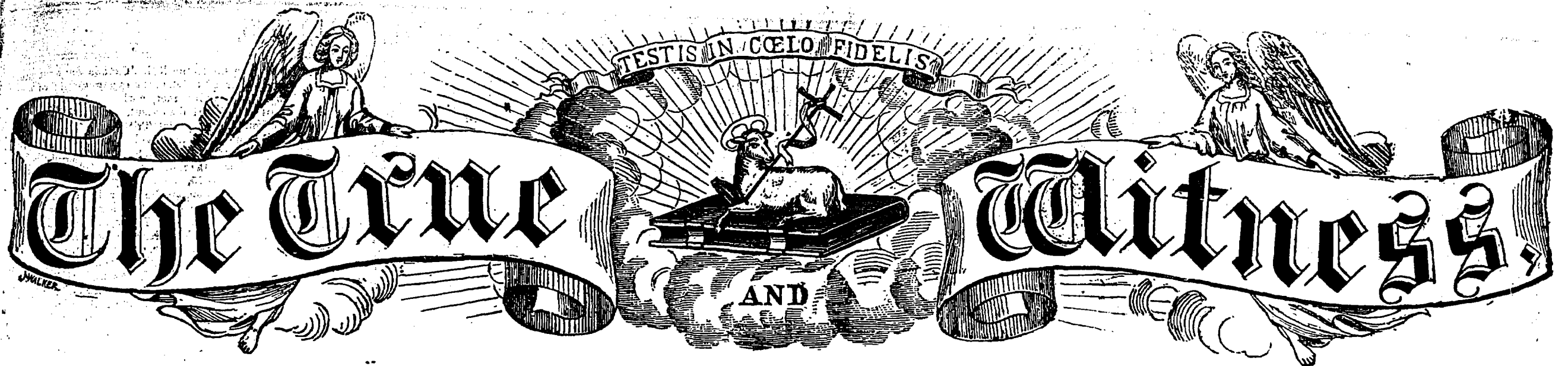
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXVI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1875.

NO. 19.

JUBILEE BOOK, CONTAINING INSTRUCTION ON THE JUBILEE, AND PRAYERS RECOMMENDED TO BE SAID IN THE STATION CHURCHES; To which is prefixed the Encyclical of His Holiness POPE PIUS IX.,

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CHRISTMAS MORN.

Up, Christian! Hark! the crowing cock Proclaims the break of day! Up! light the lamp, undo the lock, And take the well-known way. Already through the painted glass Streams forth the light of early Mass!

Our altar! oh, how fair it shows Unto the night-dim'd eyes! Oh! surely yonder leaf that glows Was pluck'd in Paradise! Without, it snows; the wind is loud; Earth sleeps, wrapp'd in her yearly shroud.

Within, the organ's soaring peal, The choir's sweet chant, the bells, The surging crowd that stands or kneels, The glorious errand tells. Rejoice! rejoice! ye sons of men, For man may hope for heaven again!

'Tis but a step, a threshold cross'd, Yet such a change we find; Without, the wandering worldling toss'd By every gust of wind; Within, there reigns a holy calm. For here abides the dread "I AM!"

T. D. McGee.

CHRISTMAS STORY.

A STORY WITH A HAPPY ENDING.

CHAPTER I.

It was Christmas Eve. The snowy valleys of Concomara lay smooth and serene in the shadows that were just beginning to make mystery in hollow places, though the after-glow of an angry sunset had not yet died along the ridges of the eastern hills. Very quietly the night came down, the stars blazed out with frosty brilliance above the white crowns of the tall mountains, and a red large moon came up between two peaks of the twelve Bens, and gaz'd at its own solemn face in the broad Glenmore Lake.

As the night darkened the lights from Glenmore Castle shone more steadily down through a clearing in the crowd of pine trees that separated its cultivated grounds from the wild path above the lake. Along this path a little band of figures was moving, men, a woman and children. They walked slowly, for the woman carried a baby wrapped in her cloak, and her broken steps did not betoken health, or strength. The children clung to the men's hands, and cried, for the cold pinched their bare toes. Some of the men bent their heads and looked on the ground, others fixed their gaze on the warm glare streaming from every window in the castle, and thought of the luxury within, and festive preparations of which these comfortable lights were the signal. They were bound for that castle in search of mercy, and perhaps they thought they should be likely to find it at the hands of Sir Miles Darcy, now, at this season of lavish hospitality and general rejoicing.

chiselled them to well nigh the perfection of grimness.

Sir Miles writes; and stops and thinks; and writes on. Suddenly a hand upon the door interrupts the silence. Sir Miles looks up with a disturbed eye.

"Sir, there's a man out abroad that'd be wanting to spake a word to yer honor."

"Who is he?" "He didn't give any name, yer honor, an' it's mortal dark outley, but he said if it'd be a thing that yer honor'd give him the speech o' yew, he wouldn't bother yew more nor wan couple o' minutes."

"Let him come in," said Sir Miles, and Pat vanished. In a few seconds the library door opened again, and a group, strangely out of keeping with the handsome room into which they seemed afraid to step, appeared in the doorway. Foremost, there was a gaunt, hungry-looking man, with a strong frame, brawny hands clutching his dingy cap, and with a craving fire smouldering in his sunken eyes. By his side was a pretty woman in a red petticoat, and a handkerchief tied under her chin, just such a pretty, dark-haired, dark-eyed woman as, under more happy circumstances, must have been the admiration of every tourist, and a goddess to every wandering artist who might chance to pass her cottage door. But now the merry, mischievous eyes were unnaturally large, and heavily dull, the mouth was wan and drawn, the cheeks were hollow; every feature was pinched with want and sickness. A baby was wrapt in the skirt of her scanty gown and held close to her bosom; but there was a pallor on her face, and a wandering dimness in her eyes that seemed to warn that the wasted arms must soon relax their eager clasp. Three or four little frightened children clung about her skirts, with cold blue faces, and red bare feet and legs.

Sir Miles started at the picture thus suddenly thrust before his eyes, and a flush overspread his face.

"What is your business?" he asked, harshly and hurriedly. "What brings you here?"

The gaunt man shivered at the sharp tone; a tremor runs through his frame. He lifts his voice to speak, but the sounds that come are very husky. Another shock passes over him, and the cap in his hand is convulsively twitched. He clears his throat, and speaks again.

"Master, for forty long years my father was a faithful servant to yer honor's father. God rest them both! nor iver wint agin him or giv him a minute's trouble to the day of his death. Master, yourself was but small when I was a little boy climbin' the rocks, and findin' the nest that used to plase yew, and many's the time I risked my neck for the givin' o' yew pleasure, not that it fits the likes o' me to be reminding your honor of such things, and to keep my bones out of the grave I wouldn't do it; but mather, the thought of the childer, my nine helpless little waecens, makes me bold for to mention it. Since the day I got the bit o' land, and took the rint on my own shoulders, with Maury here, I always paid yew faithful, an' niver was the shadow on your honor's path. An' if I swore agin yer that day in court, how could I help it, yer honor? What for did they bring up a poor man that was minding his business, and niver thinkin' on them, and put him on his oath? Sure I couldn't swear the lie? An' if yer honor has for me, there's them other poor fellows as niver crossed you anyhow, ten o' them yer honor, with long, wack families, with weenie girlsens, and on d' fathers and ould mothers that isn't fit to put the foot under them. Sure if it was only the young 'tise!'. And now, mather, if y'e'll be pleased to think on my hard case, an' not take the root from over our heads, an' the bit out of our mouths, an' the snow fallin'. Maury kneel down, childer kneel down, down on yer knees, an' ask his honor to have mercy on yew."

There was a silence broken only by the sobbing of the woman, and the whimpering of the children. If the lamp-light that gazed on Sir Miles Darcy's face had been anything human it might have told that for a moment there was a look upon it that was something like relenting. But it vanished, and the storm gathered in his eyes, and burst over the heads of the wretched suppliants.

"All that I have to say to you," he cried, "I said long ago. I will have no more dealings with you. I have passed my word, and I not for hundreds like you will I break it. Monday morning shall rid me of your whining and snivellings. Begone!"

The gaunt man rose from his knees, and looking wonderingly round the room, as if he strove to realize what was passing. Mechanically he took a child's hand in each of his, and followed his wife and her little brood from the room. The door was closed once more, and Sir Miles was left to himself.

As the dreary little band passed out from the shadow of the castle into the moonlight, a number of dark figures emerged from the shadow of a wall and joined them. They were gloomy-faced men, and walked with a kind of spiritless doggedness.

"Well?" asked the oldest and gloomiest of the band.

The gaunt man shook his head in silence, and no more words were spoken.

In silence the mournful party went on, winding along by the pine trees. The children cried again with the cold, and the men took them in their arms and soothed them roughly. There were tracks of blood upon the snow; but what of that? Little the children could care for this, when they were under shelter again, and at rest in their little poor beds. The shelter, and the corner to cover themselves up and sleep, were still left to them for three days to come. They are well off as yet—After Monday night it will be time enough to commiserate them.

The children were soothed, and moved the little crowd by the dark lake and bright mountains, till Mary, the mother of the little ones, grew faint and dizzy, and began to strike her feet painfully against the stones, and to clasp her baby in a blind reckless way to her chilled bosom. One of the men took the child from her arms, and the next moment the woman fell, with a moan, and lay, the full length of her dark figure, stretched on the snow, under the moonlight.

Her husband stared round on his companions like a madman, and then dropped on his knees, beside her.

"Mary avourneen!" he murmured, bending over her, touching her face, and feeling her hands. Then a horrible conviction seized him.

"She's gone!" he shrieked, "she's gone. And by the Blessed Saviour this night I'll have the blood of her murderer!"

"Whist, whist! Ned Mangan," said one of the men. "Sorra wan o' her's dead at all, but only wake she is, an' tired out with the cold and the frostin'. Hould aisy a bit, man, an' I'll git her in my arms, and we'll have her at home, an' in her bed, and the dhrop of something warm to her in less than no time. Whist, whist, man, an' be aisy!"

"Stand by, Mick Coyne!" cried the desperate man, "it's well you mane, but niver a man shall lift her but the husband she shruv for an' died for. Come, Maury ashore, lay your cold head on my shoulder, and short be the time till my coffin is laid beside yours—but not till I have revenged you, Maury, a scushie machree!"

Mick fell back, Ned strode on with his burden, and the gloomy procession moved forward as before, and passed away into the shadows of more pine trees.

CHAPTER II.

While Mary Mangan fell in the snow, Kate Darcy, the landlord's only child, stood before the glass in her dressing room, preparing for the ball which always celebrated Christmas Eve at Glenmore Castle. The blood flowed rapidly in her young veins, and her heart beat glad time to the music of her thoughts. No nipping frost had ever pinched her soft cheek, no rough encounter with hardship had ever chilled the generous impulses of her kindly nature. She was very fair to see, a creature richly gifted, and very sweet to dwell beside, she seemed created to dispense with lavish land the gentle charities of life. No wonder if she was the idol of her father's heart.

The firelight crept with a rosy blush over her own pure hair. Her eyes were dark and blue like the spring violets, and the golden hair which hung upon her neck seemed to have stolen its lustrous sheen from the summer sun, to gladden the dull sight of the dreary old man, Winter.

Kate's little maid stood at the window, holding the shining wreath of holly which was to crown her beautiful mistress as queen of the Christmas festival.

"Brideen," said Kate, "I cannot get this bracelet to fasten. Will you try it—closer to the light or it will not do."

Brideen, who had been keeping as much as possible behind her mistress's back while she dressed her, approached reluctantly and bent her face very low over the young lady's hand while she performed the required service.

"There, that will do," said Kate, and Brideen raised her head. "Why, child, you have been crying," exclaimed Kate in surprise. "Crying to night! What can be the matter?"

"Oh, sorra, haporth's the matter with me, Miss Kate, nothin' in the world, only a little somethin' that vexed me."

"Crying again, Brideen! surely that something must be a good deal that sits so heavily on your merry heart. Why, Brideen, I never saw you cry before. I shall not enjoy this evening at all if you do not tell me what is the matter. Come, Brideen, tell me what ails you."

"No, no, no," gasped Brideen, who was by this time sobbing bitterly; and throwing her apron over her face she darted from the room.

After her went Kate, along the corridor and half down the stairs, where glancing over the balustrade she caught sight of Brideen's swift retreat, and heard the voices of two other servants who had stopped on the stairs as the little maid ran past.

"No wonder," said one, "it's a sorrowful heart she has this night, an' small blame to her."

"Aye, aye," said the other, "Ned Mangan was here but a bit ago, with Maury, an' four or five of Brideen's little sisters. Och! och! but it's the long wake family he has, the poor man! Sure it was to myself that Pat came in the pantry, an' says he, 'Norah,' says he, 'Ned has got word of the mather at last, says he, 'an' sur's I am that he'll forgive him the blissid night that it is!'"

"Not so sure, Pat agin," says I; "the mather's good to the likes o' you an' me as does his bidden, but he's hard an' bit-her to them that crosses his will. An' thrue were the words I spoke, for they woriat out to my mouth whin witra! we hears the mather's voice phillilughin up to the ceilin', and usin' goes the library door, an' out comes Ned an' his wife, poor soul, but it's sick my heart was from her, an' the weenie waecun in her arms, an' the wee bits o' girlsens rummin' among her feet."

"Och! for's this? let's this? But it's many's the sore heart Monday night'll see, and many's the cold heartstone. Sure if myself could help them I wouldn't be long doin' it. But as that's not to be, sorra bit o' use in you an' me, Norah, standin' preachin' colliogin' here, and sich a power o' work to be got under afore to-morrow night."

"It's thrue for you."

"Faith it is."

And bringing this conversation abruptly to a close, the two wiped away the genuine tear, from their eyes, and went on their separate errands.

Kate left her retreat, and, swift as an arrow, sped down the staircase, nor paused until her hand was on the library door. Sir Miles sought the intruder with an angry eye, and no gentle greeting on the tip of his tongue, but the change that passed over his countenance was wonderful when his daughter entered the room. To no other visitor on earth could he have given a smile at that moment, but while the smiles lingers he will look and acknowledge that that face can look pleasant and genial; and speculate on the possibility of that iron firmness of character outstretching its strong arm to uphold the right cause of humanity.

"Well," he says, with light still lingering in his eyes, "is 'my time up, darling? Are our guests beginning to arrive?"

Kate has crossed the room with a quick step, and kneeling down by his chair, takes his hand, and caressingly between hers.

"No, papa; it is not that. Papa, I want to speak to you, but I am afraid of making you angry."

Sir Miles's face is grave now.

"Why, my child, when was I angry with you? Am I ever harsh to you, Kate?"

"No, no, dear papa; never indeed, but I never have anything to do with your business affairs, and now I am going to speak on a subject which I fear will vex you."

Sir Miles's face is growing very firm, but he does not interrupt.

"Isn't it true that you have threatened to turn out some of the tenants on Monday night? I only heard it by accident a few minutes ago. Oh! father, you surely are not in earnest. You could not send the poor creatures out on the snow without food and shelter and we in the midst of feasting and rejoicing?"

"Kate," and Sir Miles's face is very dark, and there is a storm rising. "I will not suffer any one, not even you, to call me to account for what I think right to do. I am responsible for my action and will not tolerate interference. Say no more, lest you have just cause to feel my anger."

"O father, I implore you to hear me. For Christ's sake, who comes on this holy eve to bring peace and charity among men, be merciful and spare these poor people. Papa, I am your only child, and the only one you have to care for. In the whole world there is not one who loves you as I do, and I tell you you will break my heart, crush all my life with misery if you do this cruel thing."

The storm is risen, but still Sir Miles listens and is silent. Strange gusts of anger sweep his face, strange lightnings are in his eyes, but still he is silent and listens.

"Father, when my mother lived you did none of these cruel things. She loved these poor people, and you loved her, and you were both honored and blessed by the poor on every side. If she were here now she would plead as I do, and you could not refuse her prayer. Look at me, father, I am her child, you say I am like her, I am on my knees before you, you will not hear me? I am pleading for yourself, for your own soul. How awful on your deathbed, when this dear hand (passionately kissing it again and again) shall be growing cold, shall be unable to do one more good deed in this world, think how terrible then the memory of these poor shivering creatures turned adrift by you at the very season when he was born who urged us to love and cherish the poor. Think of them crowding around your bedside, laying their loads upon your soul, the loads of their suffering, perhaps death, their sins of hate and resentment and revenge. What, oh! what will it be to you then that you have enriched your lands, or swelled your purse, or gratified your pride? O father!"

She pauses, but still he does not speak. His face is turned away, but his hand is trembling. She is afraid he is terribly angry, but she dashes on with desperate courage.

"I know there are many who will applaud this deed for which the angels are weeping. They will sneer at your mercy, I know, and affect to think you weak minded and faint hearted, and afraid to do what you please with your own. But, dear father, though their destiny has been cast among the high places, the censure of such people is not equal to a just man's praise. Some of them will be here to-night, selfish, avaricious and cold hearted. You are too clear-sighted not to see that they are, even while the world is trying to throw dust in your eyes. They are the only class who will condemn you. The whole world of right-thinking, God-fearing men, will bless and applaud your charity."

"And father, dear father, have patience with me a little longer; think of your dying day to have the memory of this good action to smooth your pillow, of this conquest of your pride, of this rescuing your fellow creatures from suffering, perhaps crime, of this fit-birth-offering to Jesus, more precious than gold, than frankincense, than myrrh! Think of this good deed standing like an angel by your side! O father, for my mother's sake; she would plead, she is pleading with me—you must feel her in your heart—oh, will you not hear our prayer?"

Her tears wet the hand she clasps, and it is not withdrawn, but the face is still turned from her. A deep silence reigns through the room. Kate can think of nothing more to say, and is quite still. The spent ashes fell in the grate, the lamp burns with its steadfast light, the busts that crown from the cornices, of great men who died centuries ago, gaze on with their white stare, as though the hidden workings of earthly things had not long since been made clear to their dissolved spirits.

Kate arose and stole nearer to her father, put her arms softly round his neck, and laid her cheek against his.

Sir Miles pressed his darling in his arms, and his voice was husky with emotion when he spoke.

"My child, my good angel, you have conquered me. Let it be as you say."

But Kate is on her knees again.

"O father, pardon me if I have pained you, forgive me for ever distrusting your generous heart."

"Hush, my child, I do not deserve your praise," and Sir Miles, the harsh, the inexorable Sir Miles, rose to his feet, and with wet eyes and faltering voice, prayed aloud:

"Great God, I have sinned; I acknowledge it before the face of the angel Thron hast sent to save me. In her presence I promise to obey the promptings of that better nature which she has awakened within me."

Sir Miles sat down at the table awhile, and shaded his face with his hand. Presently he looked up.

"Kate, said he, "the rod of power is in your hands; make what use of it you please."

Kate took his hand again and kissed it, and laid her cheek against it.

"Dear papa: And will you then listen to my little tiny bit of advice? Let us try to conciliate these poor people; they are wonderful creatures for forgiving and forgetting. Indeed I know them better than you do. I go more amongst them, and see many things you overlook. Grant them all a free pardon now for whatever offence they have given. Let them know that you wish their welfare. Go a little more amongst them, invite their confidence and awaken their trust. If you do this all will be well, for they have quick hearts to feel, and eloquent tongues to utter blessings that will echo at the judgment seat of God."

In ten minutes after this Kate sprang briskly through her chamber door.

"Brideen! Brideen! Where is my cloak? Run to the pantry, and fill a large basket with every eat-

able thing you can find, and follow me to the valley to your father's house!" And flashing a bright look into Brideen's bewildered eyes, the "beautiful and accomplished Miss Darcy" tucked up her white skirts, threw her cloak over her head, and vanished from the little maid's vision like a winter sunbeam.

CHAPTER III.

In distant cities the clocks were striking nine, but on the lonesome moors the hours come and go unannounced. In Ned Mangan's cabin eight men had gathered together. They sat in the dark, for the embers had burnt low, and were dying on the hearth, and they had furnished themselves with no other light. The moon edged the rude window-pane, with a binding of silver, and this was the only Christmas decoration about the place. Within the walls all was in deep shadow. No man could see his neighbor's face, nor did any man wish for light. The last ray of hope was extinct in their hearts, and the prince of darkness himself was doing his foul work within them. Why make visible the utter darkness of their souls by the flicker of a rushlight while they sat in kindled gloom, and held the dread counsel of desperate men?

One amongst them was addressing the rest. It was hard to recognize Ned Mangan's voice, a cheery voice in good times, in the phrenzied, shrieking tones of the speaker; yet it was Ned Mangan who spoke.

"Boys!" he cried, "we have thrived our last chance. We have knelt like slaves, only to be spurned like dogs. We have been called whiners, an' snivellers, and we will whine an' snivel no longer!"

"Boys! I tell ye that the heart o' the rich man is harder than the rock, and colder than the ice to the poor titan that stands in his road. I tell ye that he will walk o'er the dead bodies o' our childer, an' o'er the gray heads o' our people; he will let the strongest o' us waste to the slow hungry death, that his fat cattle may graze in our bits o' gardens. Boys, there is only wan course for us now. The bullet that goes through the tyrant's body will free the lan', will give life to the dyin', and warmth o' the livin' hearthstone to the frozein', an' the bit to the cravin' mouth. Boys, is there any man that will dare call us murderers? Is there wan amongst us that hasn't a wife, or a child, or a sister, or an ould father or mother, an' would we spake the foul word to them? But work an' toil for them, an' be good husbands an' fathers, an' brothers an' sons while the breath was in us? If the tyrant thrusted us with his chistful o' gold, is there wan o' us here would touch an unlawful penny?"

A groan ran through the assembly, and seemed to give answer in the negative.

"Boys, there's not wan amongst us but has an inimy o' some time or another, an' if he had wrought us all the uneasiness he could, an' if he came to the door o' the wild night, is there wan amongst us would refuse him the honorable shelter o' the roof or harm a hair o' his head? No, boys; but this is not the inimy of wan, or two, or three, or a dozen o' us, but o' the whole downtrampled, starvin' country? Did yew niver hear o' the brave woman Judith, that with the strength o' fifty in her wan heart, killed the cruel king, an' how God Almighty put it in her heart, an' all good men praised her, an' glorified her—an' why? Because he was the inimy o' her country, an' was bringin' blackness an' desolation on her people. Boys, it must be done. It's not blood we thirst for, Christ himself was to send an angel o' light!"

The door opened wide, and a slender white figure appeared upon the threshold.

Every man fell on his knees as with one consent.

"Just God of Heaven!" murmured Ned, and a rush of smothered ejaculations followed this. Then a terrible spell fell upon the group. Every man's tongue clove to his mouth with awe.

"Is Ned Mangan here?" asked a fresh voice that entered the gloomy walls as an errant summer beam might strike to the heart of a sunless forest.

There was no answer. The spell remained unbroken. Again the question was repeated.

"If Ned Mangan is here let him speak, for I am the bearer of good things."

This time Ned found courage to answer, and Kate advanced into the cabin.

"Will you please get a light?" she said.

Some one blew a flame from the embers, lit a candle, one stuck it in a sconce against the wall. The feeble flame revealed a crowd of desperate looking men with gloomy brows and silent tongues; some sat on a bench, with folded arms and eyes sullenly bent on the ground, others half knelt and shaded their dark faces from the unwelcome light, each man avoiding his fellow's eye.

If Kate thought it an odd state of things she did not seem surprised. Possibly she thought they had been praying. She walked up to where Ned stood, with nervous arms hanging by his side, with haggard cheeks, and loose hanging under jaw, and with eyes that were fixed on the opposite wall with a blank, idiotic stare.

"Ned Mangan," said she, gently laying her hand on his arm, "I am sorry that you have been in trouble, but thank God your trouble may be at an end. My father has repented of his rash anger, and wishes to deal kindly with you all on this eve. He tells me that not one of you will be disturbed on Monday, and if all goes well I trust you will soon have good leases. All your offence against him, whatever it may be, is forgiven, and he asks you in Christ's name to forget any harshness he has shown towards you. He invites you all, with your wives and children, to spend to-morrow at the Castle, and have a dance in the large hall. I hope you will all come, dear friends, and taste the plum pudding and mince pies that are getting ready for you, and down care and old quarrels in a draught of good wine. And now, dear friends, will you shake hands with me all round in token of good will, that I may carry your friendship back with me to Sir Miles?"

The rough mountaineers glanced at the generous, beaming face, and the little fair hand, so frankly extended towards them, and were conquered. As each advanced to offer his hand, brown hand, the tears that dropped on his face washed away all traces of bitterness from his heart.

As for poor Ned, he caught in both his the soft







and Honorary Member of the Societe des Sciences Physiques et Naturelles de Bordeaux, Bishop Law's Mathematical Prize...

While some workmen were recently employed in excavating part of the Cathedral Church of St. Nicholas, Galway, one of them found embedded in the soil at considerable depth, a massive silver ring of solid silver...

JUDICIAL REFORM IN IRELAND.—Mr. Mitchell Henry, M.P., writing to the Dublin Daily Express with reference to the appointment of the second judge in the Landed Estates Court...

The following sales were made in the Landed Estates Court, Dublin, on the 19th ult.—Estate of Catherine Keane, now Catherine Donagan, widow, and others, owners and petitioners...

quenched the fire, and went through some legal form of taking possession, winding up by pulling the corpse out of the bed, placing it on a car, and taking it to their own house in the neighborhood...

THE O'CONNELL CENTENARY COMMITTEE.—The following letter has been addressed to the Editor of the Freeman. Professor Kavanagh will, of course, explain it:—

Belfast, Nov. 25, 1875. DEAR SIR,—In a recent issue of your paper it was stated in a letter under the signature of "J. W. Kavanagh" that the publication of a Centenary Record was approved or desired by me...

In reply to Dr. Dorrian's letter, Mr. J. W. Kavanagh, in a letter to the Freeman, says:—The Lord Mayor had been absent in London for some days, from which he returned only on the 3rd August...

"Professor Kavanagh read the list of subscriptions since the last meeting. The total amount, including £185 transmitted by the Most Rev. Dr. Dorrian Lord Bishop of Down and Connor, was £936 6s. 8d." (Applause.)

This subscription of £185 was thus publicly acknowledged in the metropolitan Press, 4th August. It was again publicly acknowledged, together with a second subscription of £59, in the same journal, 19th August, while in every case in which detailed parochial lists reached the committee they have been published.

GREAT BRITAIN.

SABBATHARIAN STRICTNESS.—A memorial signed by 129 clergy and 16 magistrates of the county of Derby has been forwarded to the Home Secretary praying that in any Bill which the Government may introduce relating to the observance of Sunday no permission may be given for the opening of aquaria or other places of amusement or of secular instruction on that day for money payment.

A strange occurrence is reported from Inverness. A blacksmith named Murray ran into a house in Shore-street, with a deep cut across his throat. He stated that while proceeding home along the quay side a man whom he did not recognise, with the expression, "You, blackguard, I have got you now," caught hold of him, drew a knife or razor across his throat, and then made off. No trace has been obtained of the assailant.

BRUTAL ASSAULT UPON A WIFE.—John Grimshaw has been charged at the Town Hall, Blackburn, with attempting to murder his wife. The prosecutrix proved that she had been savagely kicked, knocked down, and rendered insensible for four hours. The Bench dealt with the case under the Aggravated Assaults Act, and sent the prisoner to goal for six months with hard labor, ordering him to find sureties at the close of his sentence.

"OUR" DEFENCES.—Mr. E. J. Reed, in a long letter to the Times, comments on the present condition of the English Navy, in a manner which will not tend to restore that confidence which the events of the past six months have done so much to shake. He charges the Government with never having given Parliament an opportunity of discussing naval matters, and poor Mr. Ward Hunt is blamed for having "deferred the interests of the Navy day after day, and week after week, to discussions on guano."

The question of calling Parliament together specially to sanction the purchase of the Khedive's shares is not quite definitely set at rest. It is said that there will be no difficulty in providing the first instalment, which must be paid immediately, even without the formal approval of the Legislature, and all turns on the necessity of making the second payment before the ordinary beginning of the Parliamentary session. In addressing a meeting in the Shoreditch Town Hall, Mr. Fawcett, M.P., said Parliament should at once be summoned to discuss the action of the Government with respect to the purchase of the Suez Canal shares.

DARING HIGHWAY ROBBERIES.—Two tough looking men, named Scadding, brothers, one of whom has only recently been set at liberty on a ticket-of-leave, were committed for trial by the magistrates at Canterbury, on two separate charges of highway robbery accompanied in each case with violence. The first case investigated was one in which a maid to a lady living in the neighbourhood of Canterbury was the prosecutrix. On Sunday afternoon, 21st ult, at dusk, she left church, and was on her way home, when the two prisoners rushed out from behind a hedge and, seizing her by the throat, demanded her money. She said she had not got any. On this the men almost strangled her, and fearing that they would murder her she then handed over her purse, which was emptied of its contents and returned to her. The other case, in which a woman was also the victim, occurred on Saturday night just outside the city, under precisely similar circumstances.

RELICS OF SS. MOODY AND SANKEY.—Those distinguished gospel-adventurers, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, have left behind them a fine crop of "religious excitement" which is producing fruit in the shape of lunacy, suicide, and crime. The latest instance occurred in Glasgow, and is well worth notice. One of their "evangelists," named Robinson, went "to convert" the denizens of a house whose nature need not be for her specified, and during the process he called for a glass of water, and was drugged and robbed. That was Robinson's story, but as afterward appeared, he had not heard Moody's romance in vain, but had caught up the mantle of his departed "master" and was doing a little lying on his own account. For the case came before the police-courts, and there it appeared that

Mr. Robinson had gone to the house to procure drink; and that, not content with the drink and robbery of the first disreputable den, he had subsequently gone on to another, where he offered to sell his clothes for more liquor. The "converting" and "glass of water" theory was not accepted by the magistrates except with derision, but the woman who had robbed Mr. Robinson was punished all the same. It is a pity the "Evangelists" in chief, Moody and Sankey, did not take the interesting "convert" Robinson to America with them—they might have tried his hand on Beecher and Tilton and the other cleanly members of the "Church" in Brooklyn, and who knows but that he would have had as great a success as that achieved amongst the Glasgow ladies?—Catholic Times.

INHUMAN NEGLECT OF A CHILD IN LIVERPOOL.—A DRUNKEN MOTHER.—At the Dale-street Police Court before Mr. Raffles, the stipendiary magistrate, Margaret Pinnall, a middle-aged woman, was brought up on a charge with having wilfully neglected her infant child. Mr. Hagger the clerk to the Select Vestry, prosecuted on behalf of the parish authorities. The evidence showed that on the night of the 25th Oct. Police-constable 862, from information he received, went to the house of the prisoner, No. 11, in Court, Rathbone-street. He found the prisoner's baby aged about three months, lying on some old bedclothes in a room, its only covering being a piece of dirty calico, over its shoulder. The prisoner, who during the hearing of the case cried bitterly, and loudly protested her innocence, when asked what she had to say, replied, "It was too much that I gave it to eat. (Laughter.) This will be a lesson to me while I live. I'll be a new mother and new housekeeper." Continuing, she said she had always been attentive to her children, and it "stood to reason" that her husband would not have given her money week by week if she were not. The prisoner, it was stated, had been four times before the court on charges of drunkenness.—Mr. Raffles: This is a most lamentable case. You are liable to be imprisoned for six months for this offence. You have, however, been one month in goal already; and the sentence that I, therefore, pass upon you is that you be imprisoned for five months. The prisoner was then removed.

EARLY SCOTCH HISTORY.—LECTURE BY THE MARQUIS OF BUTE.—Last week the Marquis of Bute delivered the first of a series of lectures which are to be given in the Kingarth public school during the present winter. Kingarth, as our Glasgow correspondent writes to us, is not far from Mount Stewart house, Bute, the residence of the Marquis, one of whose titles is Viscount Kingarth. The school-room was crowded on the occasion, and the chair was taken by Mr. W. Barr, of Killyland.

In his preliminary remarks the Marquis said in the course of the Christian centuries, which now amount to 18, there were some which stood out as particularly distinguished. Although we lived in the nineteenth century without any parallel in mechanical works and discoveries. Probably it had done so much in that way as to make a mark upon the face of the world which would not be effaced as long as civilization existed. If they looked back for three centuries, they came to the 16th, marked, if not actually by the discovery, at any rate by the general dissemination of printing, which had changed the whole social order, and perhaps the moral order also, by the great commotion of which the chief outcome in this country was the Reformation. Again, if they took the same interval of three centuries they came upon the 13th, an age whose work and institutions had, as far as time had yet allowed of a comparison, been more enduring than those of any other country; particularly of that country, where we had escaped being swept by the storm of the great French Revolution; it might almost be said that in some matters which surrounded us most closely, we live in the work of the 13th century more than in our own. It was in that century that the first House of Commons was assembled at Westminster. It was in that century in which there was aroused throughout the whole of Europe the study of the Greek philosophy which was brought in by the extraordinary intellectual brilliance of that time. Even in mechanical matters, it was admitted that the thirteenth century was that which attained the very highest excellence in art which had ever existed in the West. Of the immense activity which was displayed, and the stronghold which both in Christian and non-Christian bodies it works still retained, it was unnecessary to speak further. That great age was marked in Scotland by an amount of prosperity, which, according to Burton, the latest of our historians, was probably never enjoyed from that time until the present century; and the close of the thirteenth century was characterized in the history of Scotland by the most stirring events which their history afforded. The death of Alexander III. in 1284 ushered in the period of the war of independence, which was closed by the battle of Bannockburn in 1314. The noble marquis then entered into a minute survey of the grounds upon which the various claimants to the throne—who came to the front on the death of Alexander III.—rested their cause, giving the genealogy of the chief competitors, and reading some interesting translations from a number of old documents which had never been previously translated; documents which, it came to be acknowledged more and more every day, constituted the true basis upon which all history rested. He described more particularly the competition which took place between John Balliol and Bruce for the Crown, and pointed out that there was one feature which was characteristic of all their claims—they were quite willing, if Edward declared in their favor to hold Scotland as fief from the King of England. He showed, however, that but little blame attached to the majority of the claimants on this ground, on account of the fact that they were either of French, English, or Irish extraction. Coming to the interesting scene which took place at Berwick-on-Tweed, at which the contest was decided in favor of Balliol, the noble lecturer read a translation of a document giving an official narrative of the proceedings, and an elaborate series of reasons for the preference which was given to Balliol's claims, as compared chiefly with the grounds on which Bruce urged his pretensions to the kingdom. This document brought out the fact that the chief objection to Bruce's claim was his application, made shortly previous to this occasion, for a third of the kingdom. As, however, the King of England considered that it would not be conducive to the prosperity of the people to apportion out the kingdom into three parts, Bruce's application was rejected, and Balliol was declared the successful competitor as the most direct heir to the throne. The Marquis then briefly alluded to the enthronement of Balliol, at Stone He concluded by describing the steps which Edward took to secure the dependency of Scotland, and the readiness which Balliol displayed to satisfy his aims in that respect.

On the motion of Mr. J. McDougall, farmer, Kerytonia, a cordial vote of thanks was awarded to the Marquis for his lecture. A similar compliment having been awarded to the chairman, the proceedings terminated.—Catholic Times, Nov. 26.

THE RUGBY POISONER.—Lord Selborne has addressed the following letter to the Editor of the Liverpool Courier:—"Sir, My attention has been directed to a paragraph in your paper of the 22nd inst. headed 'The Walworth Trial,' and purporting to be supplied by your 'London' correspondent, in which reference is made to 'Palmer, the Rugby poisoner, and brother of an ex-Lord Chancellor.' As I am the only person named Palmer who had the honour to fill the office of Lord Chancellor, I am compelled—indeed, as it would have seemed if the point had not been actually under

my eyes—to suppose that your correspondent believes the Rugeley (not Rugby) poisoner to have been my brother, for which supposition there is I can assure you, no foundation whatever. The name Palmer is not a very uncommon one, and it no more implies relationship between all who bear it than does 'Smith' or 'Jones.' I had not the misfortune of being even remotely related to that notorious criminal. Will you excuse the liberty I take in suggesting that even the authority of a London correspondent ought not to be accepted without inquiry for statements of this nature, especially when correct information as to the family of the person affected by them might have been most easily obtained.—Yours, &c, SELBORNE, London, Nov. 24."

FOREIGN OPINIONS OF THE SUEZ CANAL PURCHASE.—The London Standard of Dec. 1st has the following:—All sorts of rumors and speculations continue to prevail in the continental capitals respecting what led to the purchase by England of the Kedive's shares in the Suez Canal, and the ultimate object of the purchase. Our Paris correspondent telegraphs that England has incurred the displeasure of Edmond About, and that the French papers approve of the opinion he has expressed, which may be summed up in the assertion that if France had been in her normal condition England would never have dared to purchase the Kedive's shares. From our Berlin correspondent come the principal points in an article published in the National Zeitung, which accuses England of an immediate design against the independence of Egypt, but indulges in gloomy prospects as to the result of the purchase. At last, some of the Hungarian papers have commenced to discuss the subject, and so far all of them display unfriendliness towards Russia. Our Vienna correspondent's surmise that the Austrian Foreign Office was disagreeably surprised at the purchase has been confirmed by a statement from Count Beust to the effect that down to the last moment the transaction was kept a profound secret, and that it even surprised every body in London. In most of the Austrian journals pleasure is expressed at Russia's discomfiture, and a few speak unfavourably of France. Our Vienna correspondent also mentions that so great has been the consternation in Constantinople caused by the news of the purchase, that a committee has been appointed to make great defensive preparations in case of war.

UNITED STATES.

The value of the stock which passed through the East Buffalo cattle yards last year is estimated at \$3,613,790.

A valuable deposit of fine red and white granite has been developed in Stearns Co., Minnesota. It is considered a bonanza.

The Grangers of California are circulating a petition asking the State Legislature to fix the fees of attorneys in all cases where no special contract is made.

The Gold Hill, Cal., News of the 20th ult., announces the development of another producing mine. The mining estimate is "not less than \$50 to the ton."

The Arkansas Legislature has passed a Bill creating the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction; hitherto the Secretary of the State has been ex-officio Superintendent.

It is proposed to unite the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis. The proximal lines of the two cities are about 4 miles apart, and their extreme boundaries about twelve miles long.

Joyce, the convicted whiskey ring conspirator, is writing in his cell a story in imitation of "David Copperfield," entitled "Life and Adventures of David Copperfield." The last chapters are to be devoted to the whiskey ring war. It will be published this winter.

A "high-toned" elopement at Oil City was managed in the following luxurious manner—it is said: "An engine with a single car attached was run down the track to a point near the young lady's house. She was quickly taken aboard and the train proceeded to Titusville, where the marriage ceremony was performed, after which the young couple left on their wedding tour."

A young man named Patrick Wheelahan was murdered in a low saloon and sailors' boarding-house in Detroit last Friday afternoon. The murderer, who is known as "Black" or "Plug" Campbell, deliberately walked up to his victim, striking him two blows with the fist, the first being from behind. The second blow knocked Wheelahan down, after which Campbell kicked him once in the stomach, then walked quietly to the door and escaped. Wheelahan died within fifteen minutes.

The Anderson (S.C.) Sun says: From all we can gather, it is estimated that the cotton crop of this country will be one-fourth short. Some portions have made full crops, while in others the drought has cut it off considerably. We have the consolation that the farmers have made enough corn for their own use and to spare, and we anticipate very little of the article will be imported into the country this fiscal year.

Governor Garland, of Arkansas, in a proclamation appointing Thursday, the 23rd of December, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, refers gratefully to the fact that during the last year the State has "passed from under a Constitution that has caused dissatisfaction and dissemination into the light of a new Constitution, which promises to harmonize the conflicting elements of population and to maintain civil and religious liberty."

An embarrassing incident happened to a Whitehall, N.Y., clergyman recently. He married a couple, and when he examined the fee found it was a \$100 bill. The next day the bridegroom telegraphed that it was a mistake—he meant to have handed him a \$10 bill. The clergyman replied that it was too late to rectify the mistake, as he had joyfully used the money to liquidate a long-standing debt.

The following notice is conspicuously posted in the reading room of the Young Men's Christian Association in San Francisco:—Notice.—Gentlemen will do well to keep an eye on their hats while in this room, as some visitors are afflicted with shortsightedness which often results in their leaving the room with a better hat than they brought.

The lawyers say that Tweed's property has been so skillfully transferred from his control that it is impossible through any process of law for the prosecution to get hold of it. The police of Brooklyn have been actively searching for Tweed, and the house of a prominent official in Henry street has been under close surveillance in the belief that Tweed was concealed there. It is said the house to be a arched to-day, but the police refuse any information on the subject.

Rabbits are so abundant in Kentucky as to be a positive nuisance, and the fashionable amusement is hunting them down on horse-back. Ten or dozen horsemen form in line and beat the fields, uttering fearful cries and blowing horns the while. The rabbits start up, run hither and thither in confusion, and finally just down in terror and allow themselves to be taken alive, by hand. From fifty to seventy a day have been captured by some parties.

A grey horse, which in a lifetime of twenty-eight years had travelled with a circus, had been mortgaged four times, served in the rebellion, and been less gloriously useful in his old age: at farm work, died recently at Oconto, Wisconsin. His name was Robinson Orms, and he was called Bob for short by familiar acquaintances. His owner had a coffin made of black walnut, handsomely finished, and bearing a plate inscribed with the name and age.

The funeral was attended by two hundred villagers. This CROPS IN THE UNITED STATES.—From the last monthly report of the U. S. Department of Agriculture we learn that the corn crop of 1875 has been one of the largest ever grown in the country—a general increase on last year's crop all over the country of from 10 to 60 per cent. The quality of the crop was not so good as that of 1874. The potato crop has been extraordinary, both in quality and quantity—fully 25 per cent. above that of last year, in some cases nearly 400 bushels to the acre; selling in many places at from 15 to 20 cents a bushel. Cotton—About 4,000,000 bales. Tobacco.—Seventy-four per cent. over that of last year. Fruits—Generally a poor year, especially in apples. Hay—A small percentage above last year over the whole country. Generally the return is very satisfactory.

On Tuesday, 6th inst., a family named Walker moved into a house in Rochester, N. Y., which house had been unoccupied for ten months. Next morning, at five o'clock, city physician Baker was called to the place and found the premises full of gas, and the family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Walker, their child, another lady and her child, in a state of insensibility. An examination revealed the fact that the sewer had been left open, as well as all the gas jets. Proper remedies were applied and the family brought around. It seems that Mrs. Walker was awakened early in the morning with an aching sensation and an alarming smell of gas. She had strength and presence of mind to crawl to the window and knock on it until she attracted the attention of some passer by, whom she requested to call Dr. Baker. She then became insensible. Had she not been able to attract attention the probabilities are that the whole family would have died.

A CHRISTMAS REVERIE.

Three score and ten—could I miss the years? Three score and ten, and I not dead; Well, God is good, and perhaps he spares My helpless frame and my old grey hairs, That prayers for the children may still be said.

Forty long years this blessed night, Forty long years since we left the strand; Mother of God! if my aching sight— But no, 'twas a start; sure my head is light— I must die like the rest in the stranger's land.

No, never again shall I see your shore, Home of my heart! and God's will be done; But sometimes I think—I was told before 'Twas an old man's fancy, and they knew more Than one with a lease of a long life run—

But sometimes I think, as I'm thinking now, Sitting alone by the Christmas fire, That there in the light of the embers' glow— There where the tall shadows come and go— I see them again till my eyeballs tire.

I see the faces I know are dead— I see the friends that are far away; I see the field I shall never tread— The old grey church, where we two were wed, Mary and I, on that happy day.

And there, far away from the smoky town, With its warm thatched roof and its earthen floor, And its ivied walls, and its chimneys brown— Your heart broke, again, when they tore it down— But the law was hard on the weak and poor—

There, in that nook, the old homestead stands; But it fades, and the grave my dim vision fills, Where we laid you, love, with despairing hands, When your poor soul left for the happier lands, Where no roof-tree place and no faintest kills.

And Willy and Pat, they, too, are dead; And Eddy, the fearless, his mother's pride; And golden-haired Katie, her spirit fled On the day that, for letting the Saxon red, They murdered her boy on the green hill side.

But I see them again in the flickering light— And many a scene from the buried past Steals dimly back on my falling sight, And the old man's prayer this Christmas night— Heaven, O God! to that prayer at last!

Is, that I who came upon earth to save— Who died on the Cross to set mortals free— May smile on you, Ireland, beyond the wave, And gladden the hearts of the true and brave With plenty and peace and liberty.

Journalistic rivalries are sharp and decisive in Chicago. A young man acting as a reporter of the Chicago Journal called to see Mr. Story, of the Times the other day, and asked him if he had shot Dr. Johnson, as was rumored. The old man immediately pulled off his spectacles, squinted round to the reporter, and replied: "Young man, do you think I am fool enough to do it in time for the evening papers?"

"Well, doctor," said a chap just from the dentist's chair, "how much do you ask for the job? Guy! but you did it quick, though!" "My terms," replied the dentist, "are one dollar." "A dollar for a half minute's work! One dollar—thunder! Why a doctor down 'er place drew a tooth for me two year ago, and it took him two hours. He dragged me all around the room, and lost his grip half a dozen times. I never seed such hard work. And he only charged me twenty-five cents. A dollar for a minute's work! You must be jokin'."

A gentleman in a conservatory with a lady picked up a blue bell, and taking out his pencil, wrote the following lines, which, with the flower, he presented to the lady:

"This pretty flowers of heavenly hue Must surely be allied to you, For you, dear girl, are heavenly too."

To which the lady replied, thinking of the cold weather and the snow all around: "If, sir, your compliment be true, I'm sorry that I look so blue."

THE MEX OF THE PAST.—The Bulletin Francaise publishes some rather interesting information concerning the various predilections of eminent persons and the tastes of the last epoch in reference to the subject. We learn that the Great Frederick affected particularly the Imperial growth of Tokay; Napoleon the First preferred Chambertin to all others; Peter the Great held Madeira in the first esteem; Cardinal Richelieu, admitted no other wine in his glass but Roman wine; his nephew the Marshal Richelieu was partial to Medoc; Rubens loved above all others the wine of Marsala; while Jean Bart considered the wines of Beauvois the best of all; Rabelais thought no pleasures on earth more enjoyable than a full bottle of old Chablis; but the victor of Fontenoy was an enthusiast about Champagne; Cromwell loved Malvoisie better than the charity which becometh a Christian; Talleyrand affected Chateau Margaux; Humboldt, Sueterne; Balzac, wine of Vouvray; Goethe nourished his genius in Johannesberg; Lord Byron drank Port; Charles V. wine of Alicante; Francis I., Sherry; Henry IV., wine of Surannes. The predilection of the Bernais for the Surannes was shared by all gourmets at that time. This was the aristocratic wine, in fact, the drink of nobles and financiers of the wealthy and the fashionable. Though society in that day knew and used the produce of the best growth of Burgundy and Champagne, they preferred the wines of Surannes which in those days had no rival save in the neighborhood of that of Argenteuil.



The True Witness

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, Dec. 24, 1875.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

DECEMBER, 1875.

Friday, 24.—Fest. Vigil of Christmas. Saturday, 25.—NATIVITY OF OUR LORD. CHRISTMAS DAY. OBL. Sunday, 26.—ST. STEPHEN, FIRST MARTYR. Monday, 27.—ST. JOHN, APOSTLE AND EVANGELIST. Tuesday, 28.—THE HOLY INNOCENTS. Wednesday, 29.—St. Thomas of Canterbury, Bishop and Martyr. Thursday, 30.—Of the Sunday within the Octave.

CHRISTMAS.

Christmas-tide is again with us, but in such guise that for some its merriment is sensibly marred. Whilst in the traditional season of festivity there is joy as a general rule, there are large numbers who have no heart to be gay about anything. To many the return of the happy season will but call up the bitter remembrance, with still greater intensity, of the loved and lost since the last anniversary; and we within our own professional circle have had visitations fresh and full enough to qualify the enjoyment which is the compliment and complement of the festival. The True Witness has had to deplore the loss of its founder, after a career of usefulness and honor—and the still newer loss, under still more grief-inspiring circumstances, of him who had worthily taken the vacated chair with high hope and promise of filling it with its old time consistency, imparting to it new and brilliant attributes. But God's will be done. The general loss to a society—the individual bereavement to us—and compensation in the acknowledgement of Divine Wisdom. Again, we have interfering with the heart-whole enjoyment of the Christmas time the appeals of poverty and the cries of distress—the plain and palpable fact that the times are not good—that business is terribly slow and scarce—that money is not being made just now in Montreal—that this feeling spreads from high to low; and though public griefs were never known to diminish the consumption of "good things" at Christmas, there really is a sense of the horrors of the present distress pervading all minds which it is impossible to get rid of; it oppresses people terribly, and no one knows where to find any one who takes a lively or hopeful view of the matter. It is certainly not the poor ill-clad, badly-housed and not half-fed mechanic and laborer, with those terrible appeals to their manhood, a starving wife and children.—Whether a man take a social or religious view of Christmas, it is impossible to be otherwise than miserable when scenes of such a saddening character as our city presents are being enacted on such a scale as to plunge thousands in sympathetic grief, and thousands more in the actuality of physical want. It is sad when the Christmas carol has to be turned into the cry of starvation.

But, for all these drawbacks, we cannot withhold from our friends and readers the accustomed "compliments of the season." This phrase is on every tongue. It is not too much to hope that it finds its origin or its echo in every heart. From the olden days long ago, when the waking thought of childhood was to examine what Santa Claus had given over night, to modern manhood when, for a few days, at least, troubles and strifes and animosities are thrown aside, if not forgotten, in the general idea of "peace" and "good will," the Christmas times have been regarded with social enjoyment and religious observance. Christmas comes to us with associations of Divine import—the record of Redemption is the compliment of the anniversary—atonement for man's transgression by the Man God is the lesson taught to all time—affection for His fellow-man is the loving bequest given by the incarnate God. We do not mean to sentimentalize, nor do we look to the press to usurp the functions of the pulpit; but if we do not counsel Christmas charities, it will give us pride to record their exercise. In the festive approaching we hope to see the holy influences of the Christmas-tide made apparent by promoting munificence and public benevolence—setting to work to mitigate the sorrows and sufferings of the poor. We want to see, for one day at least, a recognition of the fact that the poor we have always with us. And the rich will feel richer, and the favored of humanity more blessed by the proud consciousness that out of their abundance they had not only the means, but the will to make the poor and the suffering and sorrowful feel that they were not excluded from the great family of men at this holy time, and not shut out from a distributive share of "the compliments of the season." Amidst all the losses and privations of the past there is much to be thankful for in blessings bestowed; present immunity from ill with hope for a future. Let us be thankful, each in our sphere, for these blessings; and certainly, as we have suggested, not the least of these is the self-approving opportunity of giving from wealth to want, and from abundance to the afflicted. With all heartiness we wish all the compliments of the season to the men of "peace" and to the men of "good will" many happy returns of the holy season.

FATHER MURPHY'S PHOTOGRAPHS.—Several of our subscribers in the country having written to us asking us to send them photographs of the lamented Father Murphy, we would direct their attention to Mr. Henderson's advertisement to be found on our sixth page; his photographs of Father Murphy (by Ingles) are, we consider, true likenesses.

ARE FREEMASONS LOYAL?—A DILEMMA.

The attention of the world having been unpleasantly drawn to Freemasonry by the recent assassination of the President of the Republic of Ecuador, the English Masons are trying to vindicate their claim to loyalty. "The connection of the Society with many of the crowned heads of Europe is enough to satisfy the most sceptical that the Society is essentially a loyal one," wrote a Conservative paper in England the other day. For our own part, this fact, though it may satisfy the most sceptical, by no means satisfies us. We do not see any guarantee of loyalty in this fact of the connection of the Society with crowned heads, simply because it is just possible that this connection of crowned heads with the Society may have taken place as much with a view to overthrow the institutions of the country as to insure them. Let us look to Italy, Victor Emmanuel is a Freemason, and a crowned head. Now, Victor Emmanuel, a crowned head and a Mason, has overthrown certain other crowned heads in order to become head of an United Italy. Was this loyalty? Certainly not to those other crowned heads. Was it loyalty to the institutions of the country? Certainly not to the institutions of that country whose institutions he overthrew. Was it loyalty to the people? Again certainly not, as the Italian people, if their voice was heard, no more desire Victor Emmanuel for their King than the Frogs wished for King Log or King Stork. Where then the guarantee of loyalty?

But it is not to discuss the loyalty of Freemasonry that we commenced this article, but rather to place Freemasonry in a dilemma. Masons are a united body. Go where you will—in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia—masons are all the same—brothers united in bonds of one common society. If there is one boast more than another which Masons parade before the world, it is this boast of "Unity." Now if Masons are so united—so one—how does it happen, that our English Masons are so unlike their Continental brethren. No one pretends as yet to accuse English Masons of plotting to overturn our British institutions; nor as far as we know are our English Masons as yet accused of plotting against the institutions of neighboring countries. But can the same be said of French, or Italian, or Ecuadorian Masons? We fear not, if the words of a certain English nobleman, a Pro-Grand Master of English Masons, are to be held of any account. At the recent installation of the Prince of Wales as Grand Master, the Earl of Carnarvon let fall certain notable words. Endeavoring to vindicate the loyalty of Masons he most effectually destroyed their unity. "In some other countries it has been unfortunately the lot of Freemasonry to find itself allied with faction and intrigue; with what he might call the dark side of politics." Now this is an important admission; important as coming from a Pro-Grand Master; and important for what it admits. "In some other countries." Then all Masons are not alike. There goes unity! "It has unfortunately been the lot of Freemasonry to find itself allied with faction and intrigue." Then all Masons are not loyal. There goes loyalty! Certes! Freemasonry is in a parlous state!

But beyond these two conclusions, which are certainly damaging enough to Freemasonry, there is another which more immediately comes home to us. If Continental Freemasonry has unfortunately "found itself allied with faction and intrigue"—what is to prevent its English brother under similar circumstances becoming the same? If the loyalty of Continental Freemasonry could not stand the strain of existing circumstances, what is to guarantee our English Masons against a similar strain? This is worthy of a passing thought, Horatio.

"MY OX AND YOUR COW."

The important distinction between my "ox" and your "cow" is oftener made than men wot of.—The Mail, on all disinterested subjects a sufficiently shrewd observer,—treats us to a specimen when, perhaps, he is least aware of it. Deacon West and Mrs. Moulton have been struck off the rolls of Plymouth Church for non-attendance. To many it may appear a work of supererogation to strike off men with the pen who have already struck themselves off by deed; but so it is; Deacon West and Mrs. Moulton have been formally struck off the spiritual roll-call of Plymouth Church; and, strange to say, Deacon West and Mrs. Moulton are indignant at the process. Like the dog in the manger—they will neither attend nor let others attend; and they ask to be heard by counsel in the matter. Now, whether Plymouth Church will hear them or not, matters little. People who will neither go nor stay; can only be reckoned amongst the irreconcilables, and are best left alone to their sulks and their suds. The Mail is more or less of this opinion, and thinks that in the "City of the Churches" surely Deacon West and Mrs. Moulton might accommodate themselves according to their tastes in the matter of churches and preachers. "When Mrs. Moulton and Mr. West," quoth the Mail, "both avowed enemies of the pastor seek for admission or recognized position in the membership of Plymouth Church can we blame the congregation, if, living in harmony amongst themselves as they certainly appear to do, they refuse to admit a Trojan horse within their gates?" Exactly, friend Mail. But what about that other "Trojan horse," the unregenerated Guibord and his enormous sarcophagus? If Guibord an avowed enemy of his church and its pastors sought admission into consecrated ground against every feeling of Catholicity, can we blame the authorities, if they refuse to admit a Trojan horse within their gates? And yet the Privy Council has mulcted them in thousands of dollars of costs; and you applaud it therefor. Surely this is a decided case of my ox and your cow. Guibord who desired neither the rites nor sacraments of the Catholic Church could surely in the land of 360 separate creeds have found one single sect to suit him. But we beg pardon; we do Guibord an injustice since he is no party to the suit, nay, the strangest part of this strange story is, that Guibord of all men would be the last, to wish for catholic burial would be the last to ask; that that vast sarcophagus which was prepared for his remains, should rest on catholic ground—would be the last to ask; a Catholic Cure to read the service over him. It is

the Institute that might surely have found a funeral service to suit it from amongst the 360 different sect into which this happy land of ours is so accidentally divided. To the mind of the uninitiated it does seem strange, that a learned body like the Privy Council should insist, that a non-Catholic at the instance of non-Catholics should receive Catholic burial with all the rites and ceremonies of the Church. We suppose when the Institute brings a dog to be buried the Cure of Notre Dame will have next to perform the rites or be mulcted in costs. Mr. Beecher's plea against a similar hardship, the admittance of Mrs. Moulton who would attend, may very well be urged in favour of the Fabrique. "He demanded," says the Mail, that, "himself and his congregation should be let alone and that people who did not like Plymouth Church or its pastor should content themselves with staying away." This is a simple and reasonable demand, as the Mail acknowledges; and yet, when urged on behalf of the Fabrique, the Mail, the Privy Council, and the whole host of Protestant bigots throughout the country, fail to discover in it aught that is reasonable, or to see that their disapproval is a most decided case of "my ox" and "your cow."

SUCH MUMMERY.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum is a Christian as well as a Pagan axiom, and yet when a man in life strikes at Christian observances, he has in death no right to exemption from that criticism which would warn others against his follies. When Vice-President Wilson left the Church, after witnessing the installation of Cardinal McCloskey, he is reported to have exclaimed, "My God! can it be possible that in this 19th century there can be practised such mummery?" All men, even the most learned and refined, are apt to be egotistic. "What appears right to me, is right," "What appears wrong to me, is wrong," "What appears mummery to me, is mummery," are sentiments which self-esteem and self-love (both essential parts of our nature) are continually instilling into the soul if not provided against by the greatest circumspection and the most constant self-culture. When Vice-President Wilson denounced the ceremonies at Cardinal McCloskey's installation as mummery he forgot that they might be mummeries only to Vice-President Wilson. It used to be considered the peculiar privilege of Englishmen to be insular. Vice-President Wilson, who, as an American citizen, ought to have been above such littleness, was encroaching on that privilege when he could see in those religious ceremonies naught but mummery. Mummery to Vice-President Wilson—Yes; to those who can rise from signs to the things signified—No. The signs in the sign-language of deaf mutes to Vice-President Wilson may be mummery, but to the deaf mute they are language, and language, mind you, of the very swiftest and most comprehensive kind. We who speak are obliged to arrive at our ideas by the slow process of syllable by syllable—word upon word—clause upon clause. The deaf mute jumps at a whole idea from a single sign. The hand writing upon the wall was "mummery" to a certain President Baltazar; to Daniel it expressed in three words, three most awful and comprehensive truths. So with the ceremonies of the Catholic Church; they express by one simple act a whole volume of religious sentiment or a whole history of religious truth. Take the sign of the Cross for instance; what a history it unfolds, and how that history crowds in one huge wave of commingled emotions upon the mind the moment that sign is made; to Vice-President Wilson, mummery; to the Catholic, a history which volumes would not contain, and thousands of thousands of words could not relate. And this installation of Cardinal McCloskey, what did it express? To Vice-President Wilson, mummery; to the Catholic it spoke what, if written, would fill volumes of which the all-pervading idea would be religious fealty to that universal Pontiff who, from the chair of Peter, has ruled the Church of God for upwards of 1800 years. Mummery? friend! Alas, Vice-President Wilson thou art in a parlous state. But what is the moral of all this? That we too are too egotistic. Secure ourselves we care too little for the safety of our Protestant friends. Had some preacher at the installation of Cardinal McCloskey been sent into the pulpit before the ceremony, to explain that installation—to point out that its general meaning was an act of submission on the part of American Catholics through Cardinal McCloskey to Peter's chair, and through Peter's chair, to Christ, we should have saved Vice-President Wilson his taint of Mummery and perchance also have saved his soul. SACERDOS.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

The publisher has received the following letter from a priest, an old friend, on the mission in Ontario:—

DEAR MR. GILLES, When you announced a few short weeks ago that you had great hopes of being able to secure a successor in the person of Rev. Father Murphy to the late lamented Mr. Clerk as Editor of the True Witness, I felt that should your hopes be realized the old cause would continue to find a powerful and fearless champion in the old paper, and I resolved to do all in my power to extend its sphere of usefulness. Well, poor Father Murphy became Editor, and we were all beginning to admire as a journalist whom we had long admired as an orator and theologian when the sad news of the terrible catastrophe at Sault-au-Roccollet on that ever to be remembered Saturday night, Dec. 4th, came upon us like a thunderbolt filling every Catholic heart with grief, and every Catholic household with sorrowing. Alas! he is dead in whom we so much trusted—he is gone on whom we so much relied. May God have mercy on his soul, and that of his friend and companion, Father Lynch—united in death as in life—whose last moments were given to Faith and fatherland. Great as is the loss of the general Catholic community in the death of Father Murphy your loss, dear Sir, is most severe. Succeeding so soon to that of Mr. Clerk it is almost sufficient to discourage and stagger you. But you know the True Witness must not be abandoned. We need it now more than ever, and God will in his own good time point out to you another good man worthy to carry out the splendid programme and grand Catholic principles of its founder. Such a man cannot be found in a day, and your readers, sympathizing with you in your double bereavement, and trusting in your honesty, ability and enterprise, will in patience await your arrangements, and bear with whatever shortcomings there must necessarily be in intervening issues. Praying that God may guide you through present difficulties, I am, dear Sir, Yours faithfully in Christ.

NEW AGENTS.—We would inform our subscribers in Carleton, New Brunswick, that Mr. Thomas McCaffrey is our duly authorized Agent in that locality.

Our indefatigable Agent in Escott, Ont., Mr. P. Lynch, who is ever ready to advance the interests of the True Witness, being unable to call at all the places in his Agency, has sent us the name of a gentleman—Mr. O. V. Goulette—who has kindly consented to take his (Mr. Lynch's) place as Agent in Gananoque. Mr. Goulette is therefore authorized to receive subscriptions for the True Witness and grant receipts therefor.

THE LATE FATHER MURPHY.

To the Proprietor of the True Witness.

DEAR SIR,—I cannot allow the unhappy circumstances which has so suddenly and unexpectedly deprived you of a masterly contributor—the Church to which he belonged of a modest but shining light—and Ireland of one of her noblest sons, without turning aside to cast a flower, however humble, upon a grave that must be ever green in the memory of his countrymen and his admirers. We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a good and great man without gain. Such men are living light fountains which it is pleasant to be near; not shining merely as a kindled lamp, but rather as some bright particular star shining by the gift of heaven, or as an electric or lime-light on the rocky strand casting its illumining ray far out upon the dark and stormy deep. Such an one appeared to be him that is gone. His was no sordid soul, but one full of manly and generous sentiment. We mourn him for his talents (his virtues we could not know), for he bore the heaven-born impress of one of Nature's noblemen. Some are born to greatness, some become great, and some have it thrust upon them. But in him we recognized one of earth's great by reason of the imperial gifts which Nature had so lavishly bestowed. "All is not gold that shines," says one, "but all that is gold should shine," and so it was with him—shining by reason of a lustre that could not be concealed. All this did not betoken the precocious, for Nature does not scatter capriciously her secrets as golden gifts to lazy pets and luxurious darlings, says one, but imposes tasks when she presents opportunities, and though gifted to a degree by Nature, he had been a life of study of which his few efforts in our midst I take to have been but a few feeble scintillations. No one can predicate what the measure of his ability would have been had all his latent powers been kindled into action. Like some bright meteor flashing across the midnight sky he has come and gone, but enough has been seen of him to place his name amid the galaxy of stars that bedeck the coronet of his country's fame. Had he lived it might have been that his physical powers should be consumed by the fires of his genius, but fate has otherwise decreed. I cannot better conclude this brief memorandum than by quoting from the immortal Dreamer the following passage:— "Now, I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate; and, lo! as they entered they were transfigured, and they had raiment put upon them that shone like gold. There was also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave to them of honor. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the city rang again for joy, and that it was said unto them, Enter ye into the joy of your Lord. Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold, the city shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold, and in them walked many men, with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and harps to sing praises withal. After that they shut up the gates, which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them.—Requiescat in Pace. ONE OF HIS PROTESTANT ADMIRERS. Montreal, Dec. 11, 1875.

To the Proprietor of the True Witness.

SIR,—I am well aware that the sad news of Father Murphy's tragic death, will at present make the number of your correspondents unusually numerous, each paying his tribute of love and admiration to the memory of the illustrious dead, nevertheless I hope you will find space for the voice of the Parish of St. Joseph, of Huntingdon, which has united its most fervent prayers with the universal supplication that ascends heavenwards for the Eternal happiness of one whom the Irish Catholics of the Dominion fondly hoped would one day become for them the "Chariot of Israel and the driver thereof." And when we consider the many extraordinary qualities with which God had gifted him, his vast erudition, his lofty enlightened patriotism, his matchless eloquence, his exalted piety, his zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, we cannot see that the expectations founded on his future career were exaggerated. But, "O how incomprehensible are the judgments, and how unsearchable the ways" of him who leaves the earth combered and cursed with the presence of thousands, whose tongues are red with blasphemy, whose mouths are feted with obscenity and whose hearts are the garisons of unclean spirits, while he calls away a man who found his delights only in those things that elevate human beings to the ineffable dignity of the children of God. However, of the millions who mourn his premature death, there is perhaps not one who can say with more perfect resignation than he would himself have said, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven;" his career was short and brilliant as the blazing comet that sweeps its fiery course across the firmament leaving the spectators in astonishment at the splendor of its appearance and the rapidity of its movement. In the month of June last our own good pastor, Rev. Father Woods, induced Father Murphy to come to Huntingdon for the purpose of preaching a retreat in connection with the exercises of the holy jubilee, it is needless to say that eloquence such as his has never before been heard by our rural congregation. On Thursday within the octave of the immaculate conception, a solemn requiem mass was celebrated in the Church of St. Joseph, Father Woods officiating, the attendance was numerous, nearly the entire congregation received Holy Communion. The church which was deeply draped in mourning presented a sombre funeral appearance deeply suggestive of the melancholy occasion. The awe-stricken worshippers moving in or out passed along with moistened eyes and a slow muffled tread, even outside the sacred edifice speaking to each other only in trembling whispers; indeed, it is wonderful considering that he had made only a few short visits to Huntingdon, how deeply Father Murphy had rooted himself in the affections of the people, and it is only due to truth to add that the Protestants of this locality sincerely regret his unexpected death. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, from henceforth with the Spirit for their works do follow them." HUNTINGDON, Dec. 13th, 1875.

(From the Ottawa Citizen.)

Father Murphy par excellence the foremost and promising divine connected with the Roman Catholic Church in Montreal; as a speaker he had no equals, as a writer he was terse, vigorous and logical. A scholar of advanced attainments he drew around him a circle of friends and admirers seldom vouchsafed one to young—his age not being over 32 years. Father Murphy lectured in Ottawa last winter on "Patriotism," expressing his conviction that all classes who lived in Canada should exert themselves in building up and advancing the interests of the Dominion; that whilst they remembered the country whence they came, still the land of their adoption was the land to which they owed allegiance. In Montreal he delivered a clever lecture on the "Irish Race," and afterwards was chosen as the orator of the day upon the celebration of the O'Connell Centennial. On that occasion Father Murphy's deliverance was a most exhaustive, polished and stirring address, placing him at once in the front ranks of Irish speakers. Shortly after that he was appointed editor of the True Witness; his pen maintaining the reputation as a writer which his tongue had won for him as an orator. His last lectures were upon "Papal Infallibility," and drew very large audiences. Throughout his dis-

courses, Father Murphy ever spoke in favor of harmony, unity and good feeling amongst all classes, creeds and denominations; and we cannot do better than to quote the following sentiments with which he closed one of his last lectures:—

"It is to me a sore surprise to be even suspected of those narrow prejudices and those little animosities that embitter man; and I often wonder whether they who suspect me can really remember that we are in Canada, that majestic land where if men were little, Nature, who is here so great would, with one glance from her glorious eye, bring them to eternal shame. But, whatever be the judgment of his critics, one must be loyal to faith and fatherland; and therefore it is that I proclaim myself first a Catholic and then an Irishman! Nor when I feel that my countrymen or my co-religionists are dealt with unfairly, shall I hesitate at whatever hazard to raise my voice for the dear Old Land which gave me birth and the dear Old Church in which I hope to find salvation." "That voice is now, hushed in death, but few who ever heard it will forget the eloquence and sincerity stamped on every word uttered, and many a heart will ache to-day at the tragic end of Father JAMES J. MURPHY.

IN MEMORIUM.

Rev. J. J. Murphy.

The last requiem is sung,  
The "De Profundis" said,  
A last look given to the tomb  
That holds our honored dead.  
We saw his relics borne away,  
His charged remains depart;  
And a long, low wail of Irish grief  
Broke from each Irish heart—  
As if their very souls were loath  
To give to Heaven its own—  
As if the weak cries could recall  
The cherished spirit flown.  
Ay, weep! The human heart would break  
If dry the eyes remain.  
Ah, weep! For here no more we'll meet  
Our patriot priest again,  
Nor see that gentle one whose voice  
In hut and hall was known—  
"The hero of all circles, and  
The idol of his own."  
'Tis hard to think of him as dead,  
To realize our loss;  
And harder to accept with love  
This new and heavy cross.  
Yet there's one drop in our bitter cup,  
By God's sweet mercy given;  
We'll hope, tho' parted here below,  
To meet once more in Heaven.  
And we'll know him 'mongst the thousands there,  
In God's own mansion blest,  
"Where the sorrowing cease from trouble  
And the weary are at rest."  
MARIE.

IN MEMORIUM.

Rev. D. J. Lynch.

Our nation well may mourn in tears,  
The bright young spirit fled,  
And count amongst her saddest days  
The day that saw him dead.  
But while we grieve for him we knew,  
And loved so true and well,  
We'll not forget the stranger friend,  
Who with him sadly fell.  
For both were great, and worthy too  
Each, of the other's love  
And hand in hand they met their doom,  
And parted here: to meet above.  
Ah stranger! for thy words of counsel,  
For thy zeal, our souls to save,  
For thy kind and fervent prayers,  
Must we give thee but a grave?  
And yet the truest friends surround thee,  
Mournful voices chant thy praise,  
And all regret the bright young victim  
Cut down in his sunn'y days.  
Yes, ye, ye friends who still survive him  
In this Canada of ours,  
Kindly hands will strew his coffin  
Daily with Earth's choicest flowers.  
Kindly souls, still share your sorrow  
For the one you held so dear,  
And when you mourn, be sure that strangers  
In Ville Marie, give tear for tear.  
MARIE.

ADDRESS TO THE REV FATHER DOWD.

On last Friday afternoon a large number of influential Irish Catholic gentlemen forming deputations from St. Patrick's, St. Ann's and St. Bridget's congregations, waited on the Rev. Father Dowd, the respected pastor of St. Patrick's Church, and presented him with an address. The deputations were headed by the Hon. Thomas Ryan, Senator, who acted as spokesman; Anthony Brogan, Esq., N. P., being the Secretary. Before reading the Address Hon. Mr. Ryan stated that the matter was a spontaneous one on the part of the people—in a few hours over a thousand signatures had been obtained; he hoped this manifestation would be pleasing to the Rev. Pastor, who was so widely esteemed and so sincerely beloved. He then read the Address as follows:— To the Reverend Father Dowd:— REVEREND FATHER DOWD,—We the undersigned members of the congregations of St. Patrick's, St. Ann's and St. Bridget's hereby express our sincere sorrow at, and disapproval of, the action lately taken by the St. Patrick's Society of Montreal, in relation to the obsequies of the late lamented Fathers Murphy and Lynch. Mindful of the inestimable blessings that have accrued to the Irish people of this city through your indefatigable and self-sacrificing ministrations, we deeply deplore that any Society, claiming to represent the sentiment of the Irish Catholic population of Montreal, should be found unwilling to accept the explanation made by you, in connection with a matter exclusively ecclesiastical, and affecting the discipline of the Church, in Montreal. For our part, we desire to express our humble approval of that explanation, which we think ought to be satisfactory to every well-wisher of our respective congregations, and is endorsed almost without exception by the Catholics of this city. The Rev. Father Dowd, who was visibly affected, replied as follows:— GENTLEMEN,—Your declaration so promptly affirmed by the signature of hundreds of our representative Irish Catholics of St. Patrick's, St. Ann's, and St. Bridget's congregation, consoles me more than I can express. In thus disavowing and condemning the un-Catholic action of the St. Patrick's Society in relation to the truly mischievous Notice I found it my duty to reprobate on last Sunday, you have vindicated the honor and religious character of the Irish Catholics of Montreal, and have prevented a deep and humiliating stain being impressed in their hitherto fair name throughout the Dominion of Canada. You will believe me when I say that in this painful matter I did not consult my own feelings. During over thirty-eight years of ministry, I never be-



fore had occasion to mention for the purpose of censure and correction the name of a Catholic in the House of God. The exception of last Sunday was forced upon me by a clear conviction of duty which it would be a crime on my part to resist.

The unfortunate Notice assailed in the most public manner religious interests of the gravest importance. It threatened the peace of our Catholic body in Montreal with the introduction of division and rancour; it threatened to disturb the very happy relations that have always existed between the pastors and their flocks in the different congregations in the city; and, as a crowning wickedness, it stepped into the sanctuary and directly attacked the liberty of our Holy Church to carry out her own laws and her own discipline, with the entire independence of lay dictation, whether that dictation came from a government or from a mob, from an individual or from a society.

I examined no man's motives, and I would be happy to believe that the author of the Notice was in a position to justify his motives before the Searcher of hearts. But I must deal with a public document on its own merits. It is self-evident that the Notice in question is chargeable with, and carefully arranged to produce, all the grave evils I have pointed out. What, then, was I to do? Could I remain silent without betraying some of the most sacred duties of a faithful pastor—the maintaining of a holy peace, and the repelling of any profane invasion of God's Sanctuary?

I am blamed for not having given advice in private. But the offence was public, and the evils that menaced could not be reached and prevented, except by public warning.

I am also blamed, though in a passing way, for not allowing more liberty to those over whom it is my happiness to have pastoral charge. I scarcely know how to view the charge. It is so general that it evades refutation on any given point. Yet it seems to be malicious, and intended to make an injurious and, I claim, an unjust impression.

In what have I, during my long career amongst you, interfered with any man's rightful liberty? I have always ignored politics, not only in my official relations with you as your pastor, but even in my private intercourse.

I could not, if I would, interfere unduly with your religious liberty, for I have no control or discretion over the rules and laws that govern and secure that liberty. If you claim liberty to violate the laws of God and the precepts and rules of His Holy Church, I cannot give you that liberty. I cannot allow you to deny your faith for any worldly purpose or advantage inadmissible, because God forbids you to do so; neither can I allow you to sow discord among brethren, for the same reason. In all such matters affecting your religious liberty, I am but the guardian and not the legislator. Could my acting the part of the unfaithful guardian profit in any way either my accuser or any body else.

I desire to say but little on the part taken by the St. Patrick's Society in this sad proceeding. The Notice was published without any requisition. This is now admitted. So far the Society had no responsibility. But the Society sustained the action of its President in having published the Notice. Here the responsibility of the Society begins. It takes upon itself all the culpability of that unhappy Notice, and consequently all that I have said of the Notice has to be put down to the count of the Society.

I wish to spare the St. Patrick's Society, as far as the interests of justice will permit, were it only on account of the good old name it bears. Were Montreal alone concerned I would not think it necessary to take the slightest notice of anything coming from it; for you know as well as I do how that poor Society has fallen. For some years past it has ceased to represent us in any respect. It is the smallest of all our Irish societies, and the few respectable men who still leave their names on its roll seldom or never attend its meetings. They cling to it in hopes of its reformation, and through love for the venerable old name. The St. Patrick's Society at the present time is and has been for some years, the fiction of a national society, which selfish and unpatriotic men have used for their own miserable purposes.

Gentlemen, I state this to you on this occasion not to inform you of something you did not know, but to guard those who do not live in our city against the error of supposing that the St. Patrick's Society of Montreal represented in any way the sentiments of the Irish Catholics of Montreal.

A remedy for this uncreditable state of things is called for, but this is not the occasion to suggest what that remedy should be. Take the matter into your own serious consideration for the honor of St. Patrick and the credit and peace of his children in Montreal.

In conclusion, gentlemen, I need hardly assure you that throughout this painful business I have been actuated by a single desire of discharging my duty. That duty has been a trying one, for in causing, though unavoidably, others to suffer, I suffer much more myself. My whole pastoral charge is dear to me—very dear indeed; but the erring have the largest share in my thoughts, in my solicitude and in my poor prayers. The evil attempted to be done in my midst is now exposed and prevented; let us hope that they who have offended, I trust unwittingly, are sorry, and that a repetition of the past will be spared us in the future.

I thank you gentlemen, for having so promptly and so wisely vindicated the good name of the Irish Catholics of Montreal; and I thank you again, and from my heart, for your great kindness to myself on this as on every former occasion when, in a passing dark hour, I needed your affectionate sympathy.

IRISH HOME RULE.

The monthly meeting of the Montreal Branch of the Irish Home Rule League was held on Tuesday evening, the 7th inst., in the hall of St. Patrick's Society, Edward Murphy Esq, President, in the Chair.

The minutes of last meeting were read and confirmed.

The President on opening the meeting referred in a tone of deep feeling and at some length, to the late disaster, which deprived our Citizens, Religion and the Irish race generally, of the services of the eloquent and learned Father Murphy and his friend Father Lynch. That dreadful calamity had created a most profound feeling of sorrow in the breasts of all the citizens of Montreal, irrespective of creed. He said he did not remember any misfortune that was so deeply felt, that in the streets and business places of the city, he was personally condoled with by merchants and other gentlemen in the loss the community had sustained by the death of the gifted and lamented Father Murphy; many of these though Protestants, had attended his lectures and learned to appreciate his gentlemanly style, for though firm and unflinching, he never said anything to offend those differing from him; they might not agree with some of his conclusions but they admired his wonderful eloquence, learning and ability. It was a source, he might say, of melancholy satisfaction to think that neither of the two Rev. gentlemen could have suffered long as from all he was able to gather they were suffocated almost instantaneously.

Mr. Murphy then reviewed the Home Rule news since the October meeting, (there was none in November); he congratulated them on the great progress Home Rule was making in England and Ireland. The fall campaign in Ireland had been most successful; no less than twelve public meetings had been held in different parts of the country during the last two months, all of which were largely and influentially attended, spirited resolutions were adopted at all of them affirming the National demand for Home Rule, Amnesty, &c. Some of these meetings were held in Dungannon, Lurgan and other places in the North, clearly proving that the spirit of '82 is reviving in Ireland. The Home Rule League in Dublin has also been doing good practical work, having held weekly meetings during the fall, he mentioned a couple of cases;—on the 26th Oct., Mr. Mitchell Henry, M.P., in a speech of great power and research on "the financial injustice done Ireland by England" proved beyond a shadow of doubt, that Ireland is annually robbed of three and a half millions of pounds sterling, all of which goes to enrich the English Exchequer. Dr. Ward, M.P., at the meeting of 16 Nov., exposed the injustice done Irish Fisheries by the Government, in consequence of whose neglect the number of men engaged in the Irish Fisheries was reduced from 113,000 in 1846 to 27,000 in 1874! and the fishing Bots reduced from 20,000 in 1846 to 7,000 in 1874! these will suffice to show that the leading men of the Home Rule party are working up their case for the next meeting of Parliament.

To give some idea of the great progress national opinion was making in Ireland, he referred to the visit lately made by Mr. Butt to Trinity College, when the students gave him an ovation, and on leaving the College they (the students) took the horses from a carriage and themselves drew the Home Rule leader through the streets to his home. When it is recollected that the "Trinity Boys" were wont in days past to take King William's statue under their special protection and decorate it every 12th of July, their action in the present case is very significant.

He said he was happy to state that Isaac Butt is now recognized as the Home Rule leader. In Tuam, at the great Home Rule meeting held there on the 21st Oct., over which His Grace Archbishop McHale presided, that great and venerable prelate proclaimed Isaac Butt the Home Rule leader, declaring that "the mantle of O'Connell" had descended on his (Mr. Butt's) shoulders, and this has been ratified by the Irish people.

Another cause for congratulation was the election of a town councillor for Liverpool on the Home Rule ticket, Mr. Connolly having beaten his English opponent by an overwhelming majority, though Liberals and Conservatives leagued against the Home Ruler. Taking all these facts into consideration, they had much to cheer and encourage them to persevere in the work.

Mr. Murphy concluded by saying that it would be their duty to pass a resolution expressive of their profound sorrow at the late calamity which deprived them of Father Murphy and his companion, Father Lynch, and he believed that his friend, Mr. Curran, would present such a resolution for adoption.

Mr. J. J. Curran said his emotions were too deep for utterance on such a solemn occasion, and his hearers would readily understand the reason why. As the President had remarked with feeling and truth, it was long since a misfortune causing such gloom and sorrow had occurred in the city of Montreal. He could scarcely yet realize the full force of that misfortune, which snatched from their midst the gifted and eloquent clergyman, such an able defender of the Church, and such an ardent lover of his country, both of which mourned the almost irreparable loss they sustained in his death.

[The resolution of sympathy was published last week with the resolutions of the other societies.]

Out of respect for the memory of the deceased gentlemen, on motion the meeting then adjourned without any further business being transacted.

The following communication has been in type for two weeks past, but owing to our columns being taken up with the circumstances attending the sad death of our late Editor, the lamented Father Murphy, it was unable to appear:—

THE LATE MR. JAMES LYONS.

ONSLOW, Nov. 30th 1875.

To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS.

Sir,—Your issue of the past week brought the sad tidings of the death of a young gentleman named James Lyons, connected with the Gazette.

The late Mr. Lyons was a youth who at a very young age (before his teens) became connected with the *Limerick Reporter and Tipperary Indicator* published in the city of the "Violated Treaty." He felt compelled at this very early age to apply for employment to minister to the wants of a Mother and young and helpless family. Having lost a respectable Father, and being the eldest he called himself, childlike, unaccompanied by any person, and got employment and thereby became the chief support of a Mother and a young family.

Mr. Lyons, though little known in your City has a large circle of respectable friends in the country of his birth. His Uncles were the late Revs. Thomas and Jeremiah Clancy of the Parish of Kilworth, County of Cork. Both these Revd. gentlemen were educated in the College of Maynooth, where they rose to distinction for many ennobling qualities; the former by his great piety and talent, being placed in the Dunboyo Establishment.

Unfortunately for both, these Revd. gentlemen, they completed their education at a very inauspicious period in the history of their Country, in the memorable year, of 1847; when famine, fever, and the Whig Administration under Russell, strenuously competed to decimate and exterminate the brave Irish people. Both these Revd. gentlemen, obeying the call of duty and fearless and indifferent of the consequences, launched themselves into the abyss of death, and soon fell victims, both within a short time of each other. The late Mr. Lyons had still another relative and not the least in distinction, a grand uncle; the late Revd. W. Casey, P.P., of Marnhull, Dorset, who died only a short time since. This Revd. Gentleman's panegyric appeared a short time since in the *London Tablet*.

Immediately after leaving the College of Waterford where he completed his education, he was appointed chaplain to one of England's Noble Dukes, one of the Talbot family, long since dead. He subsequently got charge of the parish of Marnhull, Dorset, where he lived nearly a half century, was the associate of a numerous circle of the English nobility, particularly the families of Arundell and Norfolk.

The late Mr. Lyons was young and had not got time to make his mark as a journalist. Had he been spared to enjoy life to an average period, I have no doubt he would do honor alike to the Country of his birth as well as to that of his adoption.

The few productions from him which appeared in the press, breathed an ardent love of Country, rarely found in any but those who are thoroughly reliable and honorable.

In another column will be found the monthly statement of circulation of the *Evening Star*. At present the Weekly edition exceeds all other papers in Canada, being 28,000 a week, and is 2,000 ahead of the *Toronto Globe*. Taking five readers as the general average in each family, the weekly and daily editions together has an average of two hundred thousand readers. The Government receives from the *Star* a larger amount for postage than any other paper in Canada.

THE TORONTO GLOBE.—The *Weekly Globe* in its new shape is a paper of 20 large pages, nearly all filled with interesting matter. On the first page of the first number is a good likeness of the Governor General.

ADDRESS.

TO HIS LORDSHIP THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP O'BRIEN.

May it please your Lordship,—We the undersigned, members of the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul of Notre Dame, Lindsay, beg to approach your Lordship with sentiments of dutiful obedience and filial affection as the Chief Shepherd which our Holy Father the Sovereign Pontiff, has in his clemency and care chosen to preside over the flock of which we have the happiness of forming a part.

For your Lordship's information we beg to state that our Conference was first aggregated in 1871, commencing with twelve members, and although during the four years of our existence we have not increased our numbers very materially, yet we believe we can conscientiously say that our humble endeavours to relieve the needy and distressed poor, have been proportionably appreciated, still we are obliged to confess that the aid we have rendered to such, has fallen far short of what we desired.

From such information as we have casually gathered the calls upon us for relief up to the present time have not been so numerous as has been the case on similar institutions in other towns in the Province having corresponding populations to that of Lindsay; but we are constrained to say that our judgment at present leads us to believe that we shall have to provide for a greater amount of poverty during the approaching winter (and which portion of the year is the greatest season of want) than in any previous one, and therefore humbly and prayerfully solicit your Lordship's Episcopal benediction upon our feeble endeavours to relieve the distress which we expect to have to encounter; and also most respectfully ask your Lordship for such advice and suggestions as may seem to your Lordship advisable.

Shortly after our organization we had the happiness of waiting upon your late lamented and worthy predecessor, and although his paternal instructions and kind words of encouragement have not been forgotten, we still feel the necessity of the guidance of those invested with authority in the Church.

The Divine Head of the Church has assured us that "the poor we shall have always with us," and these words coming from such authority leads us to see how much it behoves us as members of the Society to which we have attached ourselves, to be vigilant in our vocation with firm faith in the promises of Him who has also said, "he that giveth a cup of cold water in my name shall not lose his reward," therefore knowing that if we truly seek for the grace that cometh from above and study closely the life of that great friend of humanity, the Holy founder of our Society, and delightfully act up to his rules and maxims, together with the valuable assistance which our much beloved Pastor, Father Stafford, is ever ready to afford us, and these coupled with your Lordship's prayerful aid, we see no reason why we should faint by the way, but rather take Courage, Prudence and Perseverance for our motto; although we have to confess that our present pecuniary resources are very low and that we cannot avoid realizing the fact that unless we adopt some scheme aside from our ordinary weekly collections our Conference would fail to be true to its mission: upon any feasible and legitimate scheme or plan that may be devised for adding to our resources we humbly beg your Lordship's blessing and also your prayers for our mutual and united co-operation, and that the Almighty may give us the light, the zeal and the prudence needed to accomplish the task, and the best means of promoting the work generally in which the goodness of Providence has permitted us each to have a humble part.

Being desirous of increasing our membership we are prompted to take a further liberty with your Lordship and respectfully ask you while here amongst us to publicly invite from the Altar some additional recruits to join us, either as active or honorary members feeling assured that your Lordship will appreciate the sentiment that guides us in addressing you this humble request and in the hope that you will favourably receive it.

In offering you the homage of our gratitude and profound respect we joyfully congratulate your Lordship upon your elevation to the Episcopal Chair of this extensive Diocese, and in entering upon the Administration of its temporal affairs your Lordship has found that any heavy burden, pecuniary or otherwise, has been laid upon your shoulders, we sincerely and prayerfully trust that the same may be speedily removed through the liberal and timely contributions and aid of your spiritual children.

Whenever your Lordship may have occasion to visit the parish of our highly beloved and cherished Pastor, it will afford us unspeakable happiness to meet and welcome you, feeling assured that your salutary counsels will be freely imparted to us, and which we trust the giver of all good will give us grace to act up to and to feel sincerely thankful for.

That your Lordship may be long spared to exercise your Episcopal functions over the Diocese of Kingston is the united prayer of us your dutiful and affectionate children as well as the obedient and devoted children of St. Vincent de Paul.

We beg to annex hereto for your Lordship's inspection a summary statement of the work of our Conference up to the 31st of December last; and should you desire to examine the book containing minutes of our meetings we shall be happy to lay it before you.

Lindsay, Feast of St. Stanislaw, Kostka, 1875. Signed on behalf of the Conference.

JOHN KNOWLSON, President. CHARLES L. BAKER, } Vice Presidents. WILLIAM DEFFIS, } THOMAS W. POOLE, Secretary.

To which His Lordship made a pleasing reply.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUE WITNESS.

DEAR SIR,—On Tuesday Confirmation in Tyendinaga the 14th inst, the Right Revd. Dr. O'Brien, Bishop of Kingston, administered confirmation to eighty children and adults in St. Mary's Church, Tyendinaga. B-side the esteemed Pastor of the Mission, the Rev. Father Mackey, there were also present the Very Rev. V. G. Farrelly of Belleville, and the Rev. Fathers Davis of Hungerford, Toomey of Camden and McDonough of Napanee. At the conclusion of the ceremony, his Lordship addressed a very lucid and impressive discourse to those whom he had confirmed in which he graphically portrayed the life of the christian as one of constant struggle against the arch enemy of man's salvation, and exhorted all to persevere unceasingly in the path of virtue that hereafter they might enjoy the reward which the Almighty has prepared for all who served him. The same evening his Lordship lectured to a numerous audience on the Sacraments of the Catholic Church. Of this admirable discourse it is sufficient to say that it was a worthy effort of the learned and eloquent Prelate.

The people of the mission, acting on the suggestion and encouragement of their zealous Pastor, raised by subscription four hundred and fifty dollars to aid in enabling their beloved Bishop to liquidate the debt on the diocese of Kingston. The next day His Lordship was escorted from St. Mary's to St. Charles' Church by a very numerous and respectable cortege composed of conveyances from both congregations, the members of which seemed to feel peculiar pride in showing respect to the Right Revd. Prelate.—Yours, &c., ANTOCCA.

MARYVILLE, Dec., 1875.

WOLVES.—The Belleville *Intelligencer* states that on the 27th of November the wolves destroyed a hound of Mr. George W. Bleeker, of Marmora. Some of our young bloods ought to go for those wolves.

CIRCULAR TO THE CLERGY.

REV. SIR,—I think I did not overrate the deep interest felt by the Irish Catholics of Canada in the revival of Irish sacred literature, when I assured the Rev. Dr. O'Hanlon that he could at least on one hundred subscribers to his "Lives of Irish Saints for every day in the year," now published by him in Dublin. It is the greatest compendium of Irish hagiology, history, antiquities and archeology of modern times.

Every Irish Catholic will find in it the history of the sacred ruins that hold the ashes of his ancestors, and which spread a halo of sanctity over every town land.

The work is also interspersed with numerous engravings, which will evoke sacred emotions and will remind you of the glorious deeds of your ancestors, and will tell you of the history of those ruins that lay at your doors.

The children born in this country should be taught the true history of one of the most ancient and religious nations of Europe, and one of the most celebrated for its long martyrdoms, and for its present triumphs in spreading religious truth. The work of Dr. O'Hanlon brings to light, after years of darkness, the particular religious history of Ireland, during what is called the "dark ages" of other countries. I have taken a special interest in this book, in view of the bright examples that it will set before the rising generation. It is sold cheap, for a work of such great research and labour and outlay. It is only 25 cents a number. You will be kind enough to recommend it to your people.

Your faithful servant, JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH, Archbishop of Toronto.

The numbers can be had and mailed free of charge from Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Catholic Publishers, 275 Notre Dame St., Montreal.

AT VESPER.

Lo! through the misty trembles of pure flame That glowed, upon the altar, marble white, I saw dream-shadowed faces sadly gaze, And vanish, then, amid the purple night!

The mount of vision I that day had climbed, And viewed the realm ideal spread below, Amid whose golden borders dimly glides, The river of Existence, sad and slow.

And now, alas! that I had once more come Within the boundaries of the narrow Real, Dim faces gleamed amid the altar-smoke, Their foreheads stamped with God's high spirit seal!

And sadly beckoning me with ghostly hands, Where perfumed censors idly swung in tune, My soul its golden shackles would have burst, And roamed as free as twilight winds in June.

Ay, mounting o'er the stately Convent roof, Its vesper-song hymn thro' the aisles of Heaven; But ah! it could not be, and till this day Its galling bondage chain remains unripen.

Yet soon, I know, will come the blessed hour, When life shall realize its high ideal, And in another sphere fruition find, Of those great things I now but dimly feel.

St. Joseph's, Flushing, L.I.

THE ST. PATRICK'S ORPHAN BAZAAR.

The Ladies who conducted the St. Patrick's Orphan Bazaar are happy to announce that the net proceeds of the Bazaar amount to five thousand two hundred and sixty-four dollars and twenty-eight cents, (\$5,264.28), and beg to express their very sincere thanks to all the friends of the orphans, and of the poor, whose great liberality produced, under the pressure of hard times this most satisfactory result.

As usual the little orphans had their generous friends amongst all classes without distinction of nation or religion; and all seemed animated with the same conviction that the hardness of the times was a reason for increasing rather than curtailing their donations to the helpless and distressed members of Jesus Christ. Such truly Christian charity, opening its hand with ready cheerfulness, consoled and sweetened the labours of the Ladies, and placed them under a special debt of gratitude to their good patrons. The Ladies have not failed to engage their little innocent proteges to ask, especially this trying year, a rich blessing from their Heavenly Father on their constant and noble benefactors.

The Ladies present their warmest acknowledgments to the young men who kindly gave a literary entertainment at the close of the Bazaar, which added \$142 to the proceeds. They also express their great indebtedness to the gentlemen of the Hibernian Band for their exceeding kindness in attending every evening during the Bazaar, to cheer its labors by their excellent music. The Ladies are under special obligations to the members of the St. Patrick's Temperance and the Catholic Young Men's Societies, through whose efficient attention such admirable order was maintained throughout the Hall.

THE JUBILEE.—The Jubilee exercises at St. Patrick's Church, Raitton, Loughboro, last week, were well attended. The Rev. Father McWilliams, Incumbent, was assisted by his Lordship Bishop O'Brien and the Rev. Fathers Twomey, of Centreville, and McDonough, of Napanee. High Mass was sung each morning, followed by a sermon from one of the Fathers. The organ was one of Bell & Co's, procured through Mr. S. Black. The choir never shone to better advantage; they were under the able direction of Miss A. McRae, of Wolfe Island, who kindly tendered her services. On Thursday morning and evening his Lordship preached, after which the Diocesan collection was taken up, amounting from the people to \$225, and from Father McWilliams \$75—making in all the handsome sum of \$300, which, as his Lordship announced on Sunday, was the largest yet received, considering the numbers and size of the parish, it being one of the poorest in the Diocese. This is a splendid example set to those larger and richer parishes yet to be visited, but Loughboro was never behind when a call was made.—*British Whig*, Dec. 8th.

WORK FOR THE POOR.—Alderman David, Chairman of the Road Committee, has seen Mr. Whalen, contractor for the reservoir excavation, who has decided, in view of so many men without work, to employ about 250 at breaking stone work, to commence on Monday morning. It will be some days before Mr. Hefferan can do anything. The Road Department is preparing a plan for the extension of Sherbrooke street east, and work will likely commence next week. Probably 600 men will be given employment within the next 10 days. In the meantime charitable organizations are perfecting their arrangements for the systematic relief of the poor; a Help Association has been formed at the West End, Mr. L. Z. Mallette, President, and Mr. Antoine Hamilton, Vice do, with a Committee of fifteen well known citizens. Considerable money has already been collected, and the Committee has decided to provide soup every day, Mr. L. Z. Mallette placing a hall at their disposal for that purpose.—*Witness*, 18th.

EMPLOYMENT.—The laborers, located in Longueuil are better off than their neighbours in Montreal as they are busily employed in making excavations and building wooden and brick houses.

The Montreal stonecutters brought to work on the Welland Canal have published the following

protest:—We, the undersigned committee of twenty-four stonecutters from the city of Montreal, have been brought to this Welland Canal under promises of steady work at piece prices at which we could average 30 cents per hour and three dollars per day, also that the men who have been working here had all been discharged, and there was no strike or reason why we could not go to work at once. And now, being here, we find the whole statement false, that the wages cannot be made, that the men are on strike, and consequently as mechanics and union men we cannot work. We are here strangers in a strange place, finding that our necessities are counted upon to force us to work against our trade principles, and we are lured from our homes by false statements to gratify the mercenary views of those gentlemen, and to-day we stand the dupes of men who have acted in violation of truth and honor. Under these circumstances we wish to enter our most solemn protest against this cowardly conduct on the part of the contractor on this Welland Canal, and pledge ourselves to do all in our power to prevent other men from coming here to be duped. (Signed), Joseph Souci, S. Lamilles, Henry Reims, Committee Montreal Stonecutters.

The treasurer of Ontario has brought down the public accounts for the nine months ending September 30th. His last financial statement estimated the revenue for 1875 at \$2,500,000. By the nine months statement brought down it appears that the gross receipts for the nine months have reached \$2,610,460, but as this includes \$593,286 realized from sale of debentures, the net receipts from all ordinary sources may be reckoned for the three quarters at \$2,100,000. Appropriations for the year amounted to \$2,225,598, besides \$100,000 annually charged on account of railway subsidy fund. Notwithstanding the falling off in the Crown Lands Department receipts, owing to the depression in the lumber trade and general financial stringency, there will be a surplus on the year's transactions of from \$300,000 to \$400,000, bringing up the surplus assets of the Province to nearly five and a half millions.

OUR POPULAR GOVERNOR.—Lord Dufferin has consented to become a patron of the Dominion Artillery Association of Quebec, and has offered a handsome gold medal for competition at artillery practice.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

Aurora, J. T. \$2; Woonsocket, Rev. O. K. 3; Maynooth, J. L. 2; Lower Ireland, P. McC. 1; Barrington, E. T. 1.50; Savage's Mills, P. M. 2; St. John, Rt. Rev. J. S. 4; East Hawkesbury, J. H. 2; Pictou, Mrs. P. L. 2; Markham, J. B. 1; Almonte, T. R. 2; St. Sophia, Rev. T. G. 2.25; Franklin Centre, R. B. 2.16; Shawville, P. S. 2; Norwood, T. S. sr, 2; St. Valier, Rev. I. A. P. 2; Jarvis, G. E. F. 2; L'Orignal, Miss O'G. 1.50; Hawkesbury Mills, A. McD. 2; Fredericton, F. & O. McG. 2; Coteau Landing, J. McD. 2; Bath, D. J. C. 2.50; Raitton, P. C. 2; North Easton, Rev. T. J. C. 2; New York, J. F. 2; Baraboo, P. J. 2; West Osquode, J. M. McE. 2; St. Sylvestre, C. McC. 4; Roxton Falls, P. K. 2; Ste. Anne de la Perade, J. R. 1; Bay St. George, Rev. T. S. 2; Godrich, J. L. 1; St. Athanasie, Rev. M. St. G. S.

Per W. C. Cornwall—Self, 2; St. Andrew's, F. McR. 2; Vy Rev G. A. H. 2.

Per J. G. Lindsay—Reborn, P. B. 2; Per M. A. H. Ottawa—Self, 2; P. L. 1; J. G. M. 2; A. G. 2; M. O'H. 2.

Per Rev. M. S. Lindsay—J. T. 2; Per M. H. G. R. Silvery—J. O. 2; P. K. 2; Per D. W. Lindsay—J. K. 2.

Per J. McC. Springtown—Self, 2; Mrs. C. 1; Per R. McD. Goldenville—Self, 2; J. C. 2; D. McJ. 2; A. McN. 2.

Per P. L. Escott—McIntosh Mill, J. F. 1.50; Gananoque, P. O'B. 1.50.

Per J. C. H. Reid—D. H. 2; J. N. 2.

Per D. O'S. Pictou—Waupos, A. S. 2.

Per A. R. C. Totonog—Self, 2; W. S. 2.

Per Rev. A. W. S. Rockburn—Self, 1.50; J. D. 1.50; H. D. 1.50; J. H. 1.50; A. T. 1.50; J. O'S. 1.50; Anderson's Corners, H. M. 1.50.

Per F. J. E. Kingsbridge—D. S. 2; M. McN. 1.

Per S. L. St. Eugene—J. M. 1.50; D. H. 1.50; T. H. 1.50.

Per Mrs. E. McI. Port Hawkesbury—M. D. 2; Dr. H. B. 2; F. McI. 2.

Per J. M. H. Marysville—D. H. 2.

Per J. K. Fredericton—M. M. 2; J. H. 2; D. B. 2; J. McD. 2; J. B. 2.50.

Per J. Q. Hamilton—M. D. 2.

Per A. B. Mayo—Buckingham, M. A. R. 1.50.

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

May 1st, 1874. 37-52

Circulation of the "Evening Star" for the Month ending December 7th, 1875:—

Table with 4 columns: Date, City, Country, Totals. Rows for Nov. 8-30 and Dec. 1-7.

Average Daily City Circulation..... 8,492 Average Daily Country Circulation..... 2,280

Total Daily Average..... 10,772

The books showing more minute details of circulation are always open for inspection by advertisers and the general public.

December 17. 19-1.

THE YOUNG CRUSADER, Edited by Rev. Wm. Byrne.

A Catholic Monthly Magazine of Forty Pages. Good Reading for Winter Evenings for Young and Old.

The first number for 1876 is now ready. A copy of The Catholic Family Almanac, for 1876, will be sent free to all who forward their annual subscription of \$1.50 before the 15th of January, 1876.

Special terms to Canvassers, who will please write to us. Send for a specimen copy, giving club rates and club premiums. Address, J. CASHMAN & CO., 19-3 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.



THE MIDNIGHT MASS.

Where the mountains gray and weary, Watch above the valley pass, Come the freeze-clad upland people, To the Midnight Mass;

No moon walks heaven's high hall as mistress, No stars pierce the drifting rocks, Only wind-gusts try back, whining Like dogs on a dubious track.

Shines a light; it is the Chapel— Softly 'tis the hour of God; Poor and small, yet far more lowly Was the infant Christ's abode;

Conficor! God of ages, Mercy's everlasting source! I have sinned, Oh! Thou give me Strength to stem my passion's force!

Gloria in excelsis Deo! About the pean to the sky! Eyes of faith, in you poor stable, See disguised Divinity.

Praise to God, the Eternal Father Who of clay created man! Praise to Christ, who trod the wine-press Till the atonement o'er ran!

T. D. McGEH.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

SENATORIAL ELECTIONS.—PARIS, Dec. 14.—In the Assembly to-day M. Fourchard, Deputy for Girond and Member of the Left, was the only person elected Senator; all other candidates failed to obtain the requisite majorities.

ELECTIONS TO THE FRENCH ACADEMY.—PARIS, Dec. 16.—Jean Baptiste Dumas, Professor of Chemistry, and Jules Simon, statesmen, were to-day elected members of the French Academy, to fill the chairs left vacant by the deaths of M. Guizot and Count Charles de Remusat.

In consequence of the recent Bonapartist meeting at Belleville, the Governor of Paris, by the advice of the Ministers, has resolved to exercise the powers conferred on him by the state of siege, and to prohibit in future any political meeting of a kind likely to excite disorder.

PARIS, Dec. 16.—Billeting for Senators continued in the Assembly to-day. The Right Centre withdrew from the struggle, and the Left alone presented a list of candidates. The following were elected:—M. Berenger, Deputy for Drome, of the Left Centre; M. Magnin, Deputy for Cote d'Or; M. Jules Simon, Deputy for Marne; Gen. Billot, Deputy for Corfiza, and Gen. Charlot, Deputy from Drome, all of the Left; M. Cazot, Pichat, Schoelcher and Adam, Radicals; and M. Normand, of the Lavegnist faction.

MURDERS IN FRANCE.—A married woman named Boyon has been condemned to death at the Lot Assizes for murdering her seven children and a grandchild by pushing needles into their bodies. She had ten children, seven of whom died under twelve months old, but it was not till the death of her granddaughter that an investigation was made. Her apparent motive for this last crime was that the child might die before its father, who was in a desperate condition, and that she might thus secure part of his property, to the prejudice of her daughter-in-law, whom she detested. When asked how she came to think of sticking needles into her children's bodies, she said that at the public-house she kept there was one day a conversation on infanticide, and it was said babies did not suffer when murdered in this way. The jury in this case could discover no extenuating circumstances.

ACTION AGAINST PRINCE NAPOLÉON.—The Civil Tribunal of the Seine has just given judgment in a suit brought by M. Dardel, a forage dealer, against the Prince Napoleon for 7,934fr. due for oats, hay, &c., supplied for the horses of his highness during the siege of Paris. The decision of the court was that, seeing that the goods were sent to Hubert, head of the Prince's stables, and that regular receipts were given; that no proof was furnished that Hubert had ceased to be in the Prince's employment on the 15th September, 1870, but, in fact, that the contrary appears from the document produced—this having been the case, as he received certain sums after the siege, either as salary or gratification, and was afterwards charged to sell the horses on behalf of the Prince; that as the prices charged are not excessive, the offer of 1,100fr. as a settlement of all claims was insufficient, and in consequence the defendant was condemned to pay the whole sum claimed and all the costs.

CONDEMNATION OF A FRENCH MURDERER.—The Daily News correspondent writes:—Sophia Gautier, a wealthy innkeeper at Bourg, has been condemned to death at the Cahors Assizes for having successfully murdered seven of her own children and a grandchild, by sticking darning needles into their intestines. In trying to kill the grandchild to prevent its mother inheriting from her husband's fortune, she drove a long needle into his heart, but she had already driven three others some hours previously into its abdomen. The suddenness of the unfortunate infant's death in the grandmother's arms arousing suspicion, a post-mortem examination was held, and the crime was discovered and confessed. In prison the woman stuck three threaded needles into her breast, one of them was extracted with difficulty. She says that there are yet in her body. The murderer is described as a thin, viperish little woman of forty-two, expressing herself with a certain elegance of diction. Though rich, belonging to a good family, and attentive to her business, she led a scandalously licentious life.

THE MILITARY STRENGTH OF FRANCE.—THE LAND FORCES.—The field force (les troupes de campagne) of the army consist of 19 army corps, including that of Algeria, which is mobilised in the event of a great Continental war. The army corps are supplied with men in virtue of the recruiting law of July 27, 1872, which makes all Frenchmen amenable to 20 years' military service, where 5 are to be in the active army, 4 in the reserve of the active

army, 5 in the territorial army, and 6 in the reserve of the territorial army. The first category, comprising the men between 20 and 25 years of age, gives a supply of 700,000 men; the second category includes the men from 26 to 29 years, and numbers 510,000 men; the third category (territorial army) is composed of men ranging from 30 to 44, and is estimated at 580,000 men; thus giving an aggregate of 1,790,000 soldiers. I mention only as a matter of form (pour mémoire) the 625,000 men of the reserve of the territorial army which corresponds to the German Landström, and is only mobilised at the last extremity. This category has as yet neither organization nor cadres of any kind, nothing has been done save to take down the names of the men between 35 and 40 years of age.

The forces ready to take the field in a space of from eight to ten days consist of 144 regiments of infantry of the line, 4 regiments of Zouaves, 3 regiments of Turcos, and one foreign regiment—each three battalions strong—plus 19 battalions of foot chasseurs, giving for the infantry an aggregate of 475 battalions of 1,000 men, or 475,000 men in all. Then we have 74 regiments of cavalry, viz.: 12 of cuirassiers, 26 of dragons, 32 of chasseurs and hussars, 4 of Chasseurs d'Afrique, each regiment consisting of 4 squadrons, plus 19 squadrons of volunteer scouts (cavaliers volontaires), in all, 315 squadrons of 120 horses each—or in round numbers a total of 37,000 sabres. As regards the artillery, there are 38 regiments, forming 19 brigades. The first regiment of each brigade consists of six field and three horse batteries—i.e., 15 batteries or 90 guns for each brigade, or for the whole army 2,850 batteries with 1,710 guns, and 42,000 gunners and drivers; 19 pontoon companies, in all 2,800 men; 19 battalions of engineers, each three companies strong. Counting the battalions at 500 men, this gives a total of 9,500 sappers and miners. Adding up these figures we see that the active force ready to take the field at the outset of hostilities amounts to 566,000 men, with 1,710 guns and 37,000 cavalry horses.

The second army is as yet unprovided with artillery and the pontoon train, the want of cadres having compelled General de Cissey to leave, even in the 19th Corps d'Armée, four field batteries unemployed. In spite of this the Second Army gives an active force of 159,000 foot and 10,000 horse, which represents a total of 731,000 men, with 1710 guns and 47,000 sabres, able to fight at a week's notice.

TROUPES DE REMPLACEMENTS (RESERVE). So numerous an army in the field requires a large reserve of men to keep them effective. With that object there has been constituted in each regiment of infantry, cavalry, artillery, and engineers, as also in each battalion of foot chasseurs, a depot consisting of two companies and one cadre of officers in the regiments of infantry; two batteries and one cadre of officers in the regiment of artillery; one company and one cadre of officers in the engineers and chasseurs, and so on. In all, 318 companies of infantry, 76 batteries of artillery, 70 squadrons of cavalry, and four companies of engineers, which are to receive (en cadre) 159,000 foot, 10,000 horse, 15,000 gunners and 2,000 sappers and miners; total, 186,000 men. Adding these to the 731,330 men of the armies in the field, we arrive at an aggregate of 817,000 soldiers. Now as the recruiting law provides for the army and its reserve a little over 1,200,000 men, it follows that, in addition to the above, there are nearly 300,000 men available for the 57 batteries of dismounted artillerymen, and the 57 companies of the artillery train, and these are exclusive of the Algerian troops, consisting of 25,900 soldiers.

The naval army comprises the crews of the fleet, and the marine artillery and infantry. In the preface to the naval estimates the Minister states that in 1876 there will be 97 vessels in commission manned by 23,000 seamen and marines, and that there will remain available a spare force of 18 vessels fitted out but not commissioned, and 78 vessels in the reserve. In case of war the French navy can take the sea with a fleet of 28 ironclads, 52 coast-guard ships, 34 cruisers, &c., with 45,000 seaman, recruited by the Inscription Maritime and by the unfortunate conscripts who draw low numbers, in case of need. This naval force is commanded by 1,600 highly-trained officers, ranging from the full admiral to the midshipman.—French Military Contributor to the London Daily News.

BELGIUM.

TERRIBLE EXPLOSION.—BRUSSELS, Dec. 16.—A terrible explosion occurred to-day in a coal mine at Fraireres, near Mons. It is reported that 110 miners were killed; eleven have been taken out injured. The accident was caused by firedamp.

GERMANY.

THE PENAL CODE BILL.—BERLIN, December 14.—In the Reichstag to-day, the clauses of the Penal Code Amendment Bill directed against offences such as Von Armin's passed a second hearing.

THE MOSEL EXPLOSION.—DRESDEN, Dec. 14.—The police have made a domiciliary visit to the abode of Thomas in Strehlen, but failed to discover anything throwing light on the terrible crime in which the man is implicated. His wife has gone to Bremerhaven.

THE BREMERHAVEN DISASTER.—BRESEN, December 14.—The man Thomas who is supposed to have owned the case of dynamite which exploded at Bremerhaven, is an American; he has been residing for some months at Strehlen, Saxony.

GOVERNMENT MEASURES THROWN OUT.—BERLIN, December 16.—The Reichstag, to-day, rejected the new taxes and increased army estimates proposed by the Government.

THE BREMERHAVEN EXPLOSION.—REVELATION OF A COLD-BLOODED VILAINY.—BRESEN, Dec. 15.—It is now ascertained that the passenger who owned the case of dynamite which exploded at Bremerhaven is named Thomassen, and not Thomas, as has been given heretofore. He has confessed to the authorities that he constructed the chest which exploded, and arranged a clock work attachment to cause the explosion after a certain time had elapsed. He was occupied for a fortnight in filling the chest, and worked in a couch house in one of the most frequented parts of Bremen. The police have examined the house alluded to, and found some of the packing material, but no explosive of any kind.

THOMASSEN.—LONDON, Dec. 16, 5 a.m.—A special from Berlin says Thomassen has repeatedly torn bandages from the wounds he inflicted in his attempt at suicide, and is now securely bound. He seems to be a Swabian by birth, but has been naturalized in the United States. He was a week last October in Liverpool, apparently trying to ascertain whether it would be best for him to put his infernal machine on board the steamer there or in Bremerhaven. The number of killed by the explosion already reaches eighty, and others of the injured are not expected to recover. Forty corpses were buried on Tuesday, together with some chests filled with unidentified fragments of bodies. The total number of killed and wounded is now estimated at 180.

DEATH OF THOMASSEN.—BRESEN, December 16.—Thomassen died to-day from the effects of the injuries inflicted by himself. He stated that his true name was William King Thompson, and that he was a naturalized citizen of Brooklyn, N.Y.; he is believed to be about 35 years of age. He confessed he was once captain of the vessel Old Dominion, and that he changed his name to avoid being prosecuted for running the blockade during the civil war in America; that he bought the explosive material in America, and that the clock-work attachment was manufactured in Germany, and was set to explode the charge in 8 days.

MADEIRA, December 16.—It is stated here that Thompson, alias Thomassen, had his clock-work made by a mechanic named Fuchs, residing at

Beinburg, 23 miles from this city. The apparatus was constructed to run noiselessly for ten days; when it caused a fever to act and strike with a force of thirty pounds. Twenty similar machines had been ordered. Negotiations between Thompson and Fuchs have been carried on since 1873. When Fuchs visited Thompson in Leipzig, he was told by the latter that machines were required for a manufactory in the United States. Thompson has not revealed the names of his accomplices.

ITALY.

BOMB—HIS PRESENT CONDITION.—A correspondent of the Liverpool Catholic Times writes as follows to that Journal:—Having recently returned from a pilgrimage to the Eternal City, and having had the privilege of passing a month there some fourteen years ago, and being now able to judge for oneself, I deem it to the interest of your readers to endeavour to enlighten them on the present condition of Italy, but especially of Rome.

In 1861 the Holy Father still held possession of a considerable portion of the States of the Church. He had been despoiled of the eastern part, bordered by the Adriatic, but the western portion of the Mediterranean still remained to him. Then Rome drew tens of thousands from all quarters of the globe to witness those magnificent ceremonies, which the Church then held, especially at Easter time.

St. Peter's is now, alas, shorn of all these grand solemnities—the silver trumpets are now silent within its dome—the lamps which formed the celebrated illuminations of the Basilica are extinguished—the Porta Santa of Jubilee is now closed—the august Head of the Church is simply a prisoner in his own palace of the Vatican, the Italian Bersaglieri are quartered under the very shadow of the Piazza of St. Peter's. The religious houses throughout Italy are suppressed, and the priests are condemned to pay one franc per day to the government for offering up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and are only exempted from this iniquitous tax on producing a medical certificate that sickness (and this alone) prevented them so doing. The poor monks are despoiled of their lands, and are allowed a miserable pittance quite inadequate to their support. The name of God is prohibited to be mentioned in the public schools, and blasphemy in the public press reigns supreme. Some idea may be formed of the state of Rome from the fact that the paper, La Capitale, which is howled nightly along the Corso, and eagerly bought by thousands, recently drew a comparison between our Divine Lord and Garibaldi, and gave the preference to the latter. A short time ago, also, in Milan, there was exhibited a travesty of Guido's "Ecce Homo," when, in place of our suffering Lord, Italy was depicted, crowned with thorns, and thus blasphemously appealing to the sympathies of those whose motto is "Death to the Church!" The very stations of the Cross are now blasphemous and Victor Emmanuel in these pictures takes the place of our Divine Lord, and is represented as undergoing the horrors of the Passion by the hands of the priesthood. The Church is undergoing a persecution, the like of which has never been seen—the blood of martyrs has ere now flowed in torrents, but the aim of her enemies is now not to kill the body, but the soul!

I paint no fancy picture—these are facts which I myself have seen, or gathered from the most reliable authorities. Italy is now simply a dependency of Germany—Berlin inspires her actions—she is but one of the *Fantocini* which dance to the strings which are held by Germany. I know from undoubted authority, that the question of the seizure of the catacombs by the Italian Government, was referred to Berlin, and the reply was "not to interfere with the existing state of things." The result of the meeting lately at Milan of the Emperor William and Victor Emmanuel, was the announcement by Minghetti (the former Minister of the Holy Father) that he was about to bring before the Italian Parliament a Bill, whereby the inferior clergy might bring actions against their superiors, and the people have the appointment of their own clergy. I may have occasion in another paper to refer to the grievous taxation which weighs down so heavily upon the people, and to the financial condition of the country—these are matters of the greatest importance.

But the moral that we may deduce from this deplorable condition of our poor persecuted Church is the necessity to show ourselves now more Catholic, more Roman Catholic than before—to petition, to memorialise; but, above all to pray that the clouds which darken the horizon, may be speedily dispelled, and that the Church may shine out brighter and more glorious than before.

And how should I speak of that sainted head, who though despoiled of his temporalities, is yet the greatest monarch of the world. Our supreme Pastor Pope Pius IX? As I gazed upon Him and thought of the heavy weight of sorrows which he had to bear, the words of Shakespeare, puts into the mouth of the Duke of York, when describing to his Duchess the griefs of King Richard came before me—

"No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home: But dust was thrown upon his sacred head; Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off— His face still combating with tears and smiles, The badges of his grief and patience." "That had not God, for some strong purpose, steeled the hearts of men, they must perform have melted, And barbarism itself have pitied him."

France, I believe, will yet show her right to the title of the "eldest daughter of the Church," and to her I confidently look, when she has once more recovered her strength and her former piety (which she is now rapidly doing), to come to the rescue of the Church—to no other nation can we at present look for ultimate support.

SAULT-AU-RECOLLET TRAGEDY.

THE VERDICT.

The jurors empanelled to enquire into the origin of the fire, which destroyed Lajeunesse's hotel, and was attended with such sad results, met Friday afternoon, 17th inst., towards four o'clock, and signed their verdict.

The address which Mr. Mousseau, Q.C., made to the jury on the day preceding, was as follows:—

Mr. Coroner, Mr. Foreman, and Gentlemen of the Jury: You have devoted four days to the discovery of the causes that led to the sad catastrophe which occurred at Sault-au-Recollet. The proof, which is very simple and very clear, establishes the following facts:—1st. That Lajeunesse had on the second story of his hotel a machine producing gas for lighting purposes by means of an oil called gasoline, an explosive material, also very inflammable and extremely dangerous in its properties, owing to the vapor which escapes from it constantly, as the explanations and experiments given and made by Messrs. Aubin and Lyman have incontrovertibly shown. 2ndly.—This apparatus was placed in a room above the kitchen, in which there was a large stove almost continually burning, and in which particularly there was a good fire on the evening of this disaster; the flooring of this room was of wood, thin, and shrunken, owing to the heat coming from the kitchen stove, while the hole through which passed the pipe supplying the kitchen with gas, was larger than this pipe. 3rdly.—That the apparatus in question was erected by Mr. Young, who is the proprietor or agent of these patented machines,—who was acquainted with all the surroundings,—who neglected to leave with Lajeunesse written instructions regarding the manner of using this apparatus, and who even, on one occasion, subsequent

to its being placed in position, told Lajeunesse to fill, and assisted him in filling the receptacle of the machine with gasoline, the hour being at night, by means of a light, precisely in the same way as Napoleon Lajeunesse and Menard were filling it on the evening and at the time of the fire; he further took such precautions to prevent his system acquiring the reputation of being too dangerous, that he informed Lajeunesse that they could enter the room where the apparatus was kept with a light, provided that it was held high in the air. 4th.—That on the evening and at the moment of the fire, Napoleon Lajeunesse and Elie Menard filled this apparatus, carrying the gasoline from the hotel yard in open pails, and passing moreover through the kitchen while Napoleon had in one hand a pail and in the other a lighted coal oil lantern which Menard held during the time Napoleon was emptying the pail filled with gasoline into the apparatus. 5th.—That the fire originated in the room where this apparatus was placed, and through the gasoline. The fire was discovered by Napoleon Lajeunesse on reaching the door of the room with his light and his pail three-quarters full of gasoline; he left at the very door both the pail and the light, and ran to give the alarm and ask his father to endeavor to extinguish the flames; the latter, however, was too late. The destroying element, fed by the gasoline contained in the pail mentioned, spread as rapidly as lightning—as a "tongue of flame," to use the very correct expression of one witness—Tessier. Napoleon, driven back by the fire, ran down stairs, in order to save his wife; the fire had preceded him, and was met in every part of the same time. 6th.—That the fire could only have broken out in the room where the apparatus in question was placed and could not have been caused otherwise than by the ignited gasoline; every person in the hotel—the guests as well as the members of the household—was perfectly sober; there were no lights on the second story, and the gas was completely shut off by Napoleon before he began to fill the receptacle with gasoline; several persons had retired to bed—the two priests, besides Mme. Champagne, Mme and Mlle. Lajeunesse, and Hormidas Lajeunesse. These are all the facts, grouped together briefly and as faithfully as possible—now where lies the blame? to whose imprudence, and to whose negligence, do we owe this fire, so disastrous in its results?—the blame rests no where in particular, because a portion falls everywhere. The law prohibits under certain circumstances, and regulates the sale and storage of gunpowder; gasoline certainly requires in a greater attention of our legislators; and the storage of gasoline in such considerable quantities—as the evidence has revealed in connection with this fire—in private houses, and still more strictly with regard to hotels, should have been long since prohibited. The trade in, the use, and the storage of gasoline, being neither forbidden, nor properly regulated, we find that one Mr. Young, who either in consequence of ignorance, or in consequence of a desire to vaunt the excellence of his words, has represented it to be slightly dangerous, and resembling coal oil in its character, telling Lajeunesse, Sr., that he could enter the room where the machine was kept, with a light; and these circumstances, it is not astonishing that Napoleon Lajeunesse is found to have carried gasoline as if it was water; but all this is simply monstrous, and deserves on your part energetic remonstrances; while the motives for your interference in this matter are particularly urgent. Not alone has this fire cost Lajeunesse a very considerable sum, but, moreover, an old lady, the mother of Mme. Narcisse Lajeunesse, whom the devotion of her grandson, H. Lajeunesse, could not snatch from death, and three lives have in consequence been sacrificed—two priests, young and talented—one of whom had already made his mark in the literary world, and in the rank of clerical orator, having met premature death by instantaneous suffocation. The extremely painful circumstances connected with these tragic deaths, so precisely related by H. Lajeunesse, explain this deplorable calamity, rendering unnecessary a defence of the pure and unsullied (or blameless) characters, as well as the sobriety of these two illustrious priests, who had retired about half an hour, sleeping their first and last sleep, when the fire broke out, leaving the door of their room open. They were first immediately suffocated by the flame and smoke suddenly entering the room through the bar kept on the second story, and open on both sides, on two passages, receiving on the one side, belching volumes of flame, coming from the room in which had been kept the gas machine, and communicating them on the other side to the passage leading to the open door of the room occupied by the two unfortunate deceased gentlemen.

Such are the facts, and such the appreciation of the facts, which it is your duty to examine carefully before making your report.

The verdict is appended:— We the undersigned jurors, convened by Joseph Jones, Coroner for the District of Montreal, for the object of inquiring into the origin of the fire which burned and destroyed, on the fourth day of the month of December, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five, a building the property of Narcisse Antoine Raymond dit Lajeunesse, and occupied as an hotel, being and situate in the Parish of Sault au Recollet, in the District of Montreal, do respectfully report:— That Narcisse Antoine Raymond dit Lajeunesse had on the second flat of his house and hotel, an apparatus for preparing an illuminating gas from a certain fluid called gasoline, of an explosive character, very inflammable, and extremely dangerous from its volatile nature, as explained and illustrated by experiments made before us by Messrs. Aubin and Lyman.

2nd. This apparatus was in a room immediately above the kitchen, where a large cooking stove, almost constantly hot, and in which there was a large fire on the night of the conflagration; that had wood was used for this cooking stove; that the flooring of this room was of board, which had shrunk by the excessive heat of this cooking stove, and had an opening through which passed a gas pipe for lighting the kitchen, which opening was larger than the gas pipe.

3rd. This gas apparatus had been put up by Mr. Young, who is the proprietor or agent of these machines, who was cognizant of the locality of the room in which he placed this apparatus, and as to the mode of using this apparatus, and who himself on a certain day, after having put up this apparatus assisted Narcisse Lajeunesse in filling the carbonizer with gasoline, during a certain evening, with a light, precisely in the manner as that followed by Napoleon Lajeunesse and Elie Menard on the night in question and at the time of the fire, and who neglected to give Mr. Lajeunesse, senior, written instructions as to the mode of using the apparatus. So confident was Mr. Young in the safety of his apparatus for lighting, that he told Mr. Lajeunesse that the room containing the gas apparatus could be visited with a light, if it was held up high in the air.

4th. That this night, and at the time of the fire, Napoleon Lajeunesse and Elie Menard filled the carbonizer of the apparatus, Lajeunesse carrying the gasoline from the yard of the hotel in an open bucket in one hand and a lighted coal oil lamp in the other, passing through the kitchen, which lighted lamp was held by Menard whilst Lajeunesse was emptying the bucket into the apparatus.

5th. The fire originated in the room in which was placed this apparatus, and took from the gas. It was discovered by Napoleon Lajeunesse on his arrival at the door of this room, with a

lighted lamp and bucket three-quarters full of gasoline. He left at the same door both lamp and bucket, and ran to give the alarm. Asked his father for assistance in putting out the fire, it was too late; the destructive element, evidently fed by this bucket of gasoline, spread like lightning, or as a tongue of fire, according to the expressions of the witness Tessier, Napoleon Lajeunesse, was driven back by the fire. He ran down stairs to save his wife; the fire had already preceded him, and was instantly throughout the building.

6th. The fire could not have originated elsewhere than in this room, containing the apparatus, and cannot have been caused otherwise than by the burning of gasoline. The inmates were all perfectly sober. There was no light in the second story, and the gas had been turned off by Napoleon Lajeunesse before he began to fill the apparatus.

The guests, that is the priests were in bed on the second flat, in a room in which they perished. Madame Lajeunesse, senior, was sleeping in a room adjoining that of her son Hormidas, and facing the room containing the gas apparatus. Her mother, the aged Mrs. Champagne, was sleeping in a room on the third flat, where she also perished; and Mrs. Napoleon Lajeunesse was sleeping in a room on the ground floor. Hormidas Lajeunesse was also asleep in his room.

These are the facts, as faithfully described as possible. Now, where is guilt? To whose imprudence and negligence must we attribute this disastrous conflagration? Where so many were guilty it is difficult to specify the party to whom we can alone impute guilt. The State prohibits in certain cases, and regulates the sale and storage of gunpowder. Gasoline certainly requires more strict attention. Such large storage of gasoline in dwelling-houses, and more especially in hotels, ought to have been prohibited long ago. The sale, use and storage of this gasoline has not been prohibited or properly regulated.

We express the strongest censure upon the placing by Mr. J. B. Young of a gasoline apparatus in such close proximity to a large cooking stove, separated by a thin flooring of boards, which had shrunk by the excessive heat, besides having openings in the floor.

That this state of things existing is surprising, and demands at our hands the strongest censure and our earnest representations to the proper authorities for immediate intervention.

Not only does this conflagration cost Narcisse Lajeunesse a large sum of money, but the loss of three human lives was the result of it; two young and distinguished priests, one of whom had already attained a well renowned fame in the world of letters and as a pulpit orator, were prematurely cut off by instantaneous suffocation.

The painful circumstances attending this tragical death, so correctly described by Hormidas Lajeunesse, explain this lamented catastrophe, without any defence being needed at our hands as to their sobriety and character. They had been in bed for about half an hour, and were in their first and last sleep.

Having left their bedroom door open, they were the first who were immediately suffocated by the dense smoke pouring into their room. The bar on the second flat opened on the two passages, receiving from one side the volumes of flames and smoke emitted from the room containing the apparatus, and driving it to the other side into the passage leading into the open bed-room of these two unfortunate gentlemen.

We are of opinion that the proprietors of the hotel did all they could to save life under the circumstances; and considering the fearful rapidity of the conflagration, it was impossible to save the Revd. Fathers Murphy and Lynch, and the old lady, Madame Champagne.

Before closing the report the attention of the jury has been called to a statement of the *Hamilton Times* relative to the reverend gentlemen who perished in this disastrous fire, connecting them with gross impropriety on the occasion. The concurrent and unanimous testimony of the witnesses examined proves such charges to have no foundation whatever, and the jury take this opportunity to condemn in the strongest manner possible the publication by the *Hamilton Times* of a charge so utterly at variance with the facts, and so calculated to wound the feelings of relatives and of the community, amongst whom the deceased reverend gentlemen were held in the highest respect and esteem.

JOSEPH JONES, Coroner. T. SIMARD, Chairman. JAMES B. M. CHIRMAN, S. J. LYMAN, J. FOGARTY, JAMES M. CLEARY, DOMINIQUE ROSAIRE, C. F. VINET, JOS. BROUSSEAU.

The Coroner then thanked the jury as follows:— For the care and attention which you have devoted to this enquiry I beg to tender you my sincere acknowledgements, and I trust that the able and voluminous report which you just presented will be appreciated by a discerning public.

Mr. W. D. Drummond, on behalf of the North British and Mercantile Insurance Company, thanked the jury for the care, zeal, time and attention they had devoted to this enquiry.

The jury were then discharged.

The Soft Side.—A lady correspondent, who is evidently a tender-hearted schoolmarm, writes a letter to the *San Francisco Advertiser* on the training of children. In her florid and gushing style, she says: "Mothers should hunt out the soft, tender, genial side of their child's nature." The editor says: "Such advice is entirely unnecessary, as every mother in San Francisco does it with an old shoe or some other equally hard or forcible means."

FATHER MURPHY.

The Subscriber is now prepared to fill orders for PHOTOGRAPHS (taken by Inelis of this city), of the late lamented REV. FATHER MURPHY (late editor of this paper). The peculiar sad accident which was the means of his death, together with his celebrity as an Orator and Divine, has rendered the sale of these immense. Every Catholic family should possess a copy. Orders from a distance promptly filled. Remittances by either stamps or P. O. Order. Prices—Cards de Visite, 15 cts; Cabinet Size, 30; large, 5x10, for framing, \$1.50. J. T. HENDERSON, Bookseller, 187 St. Peter St. Montreal—(P.O. Box 522).

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GRAND BAZAAR.

To be held on the 23rd JANUARY NEXT, for the benefit of the POOR of the INSTITUTE of the SISTERS OF MERCY, Montreal. Being their first Bazaar, they hope to meet with the same oblation and sympathy, that they always met in their yearly collection.



MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKET.—(Gazette)

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

TORONTO FARMERS MARKET.—(Globe)

Table listing market prices for various agricultural products like wheat, corn, and livestock.

THE KINGSTON MARKET.—(British Whig)

Table listing market prices for various goods including flour, grain, and meat.

THE SUCCESSFUL PHYSICIAN.

There is probably no man to whom the community owe so much as to the honest, fair-spoken physician, who does his actual duty both to himself and to his patients.

INCOMPARABLE.

BUFFALO, N.Y., February, 1873. JAMES I. FELLOWS, Esq.—Dear Sir: Please forward another lot of your Syrup of Hypophosphites.

CAUTION TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Owing to the increasing cost of vanilla beans used in the manufacture of Extract Vanilla, spurious compounds are being thrown upon the market.

CATHOLIC TEACHER: WANTED.

MALE OR FEMALE—A young person possessing either a first or second class certificate, capable of playing an organ and conducting a choir, will find employment at School Section, No. 2, Township of Ashfield, Co. Huron.

"I have come for my umbrella," said a lender of it on a rainy day to a friend. "Can't help that," said the borrower, "don't you see that I am going out with it?"

"A nervous man, whose life was made miserable by the clattering of two blacksmiths, prevailed on both of them to remove by the offer of a liberal compensation. When the money was paid down he kindly inquired what neighborhood they intended to remove to.

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

WANTED.—A gentleman, English Professor in one of the first Catholic Colleges of Ireland for three years and a half, and lately Professor of Mathematics in a well known Academy in Dublin, would take charge of a first class Separate or Public School in a good locality.

WANTED.—A MALE TEACHER Holding a first or second Class Certificate for Roman Catholic Separate School Village Alexandria, Ont. Address with testimonials stating Salary.—A. D. MCPHEE, Sects, Alexandria. 17-3

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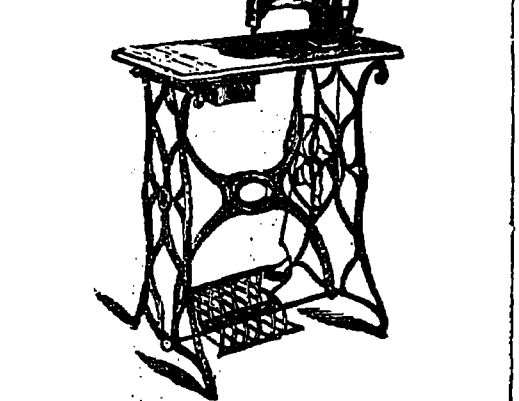
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NOTICE. An application will be made at the approaching session of the Legislature of Quebec, on the part of THE CATHOLIC EPISCOPAL CORPORATION of MONTREAL, to obtain a Private Bill for the purpose of authorising the said Corporation to sell an immovable property situate in the Parish of St. Genevieve, District of Montreal, to her given by the Testament of the late Messire Louis Marie Lefebvre, late Curate of that Parish, for the purpose of constructing an Hospital.

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D. BARRY, B. C. L., ADVOCATE, 12 St. JAMES STREET MONTREAL. 34-1 January 30, 1874.

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COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

SECOND CLASS.

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HAIR DRESSING,

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