

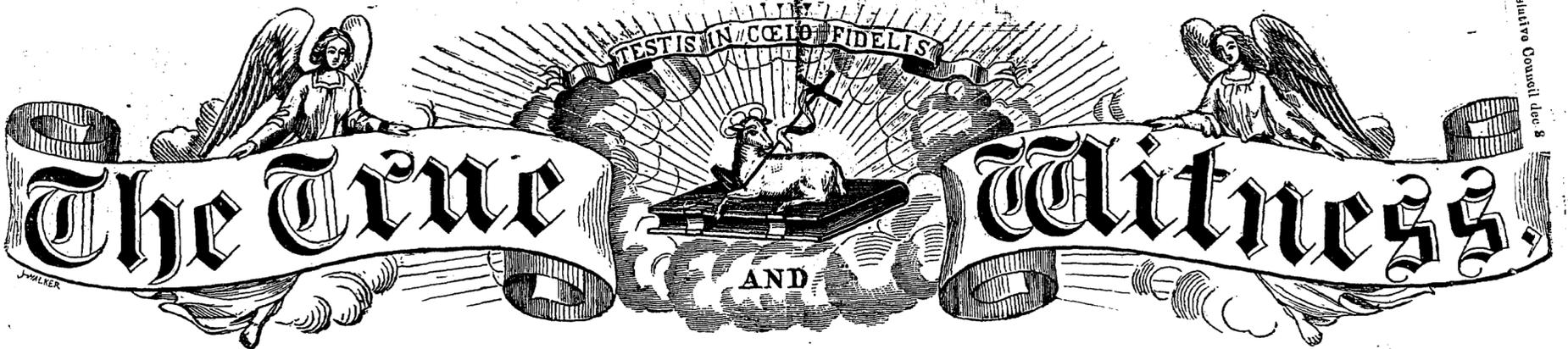
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXX.—NO. 28.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1880.

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A FAMISHED CHILD'S APPEAL.

O brothers and sisters of happier lands! Who do not see the weight of misery know, O children of comfort! I lift up my hands Above the dread torrent of famine and woe, I lift up my hands, and oh! list to my call, O listen! and God will be pleased, I am sure— The great God above, who created us all, The happy, the wretched, the rich and the poor.

across towards the stairs and got out and followed her; the people were in the kitchen; I saw her run from the kitchen; she was at the stair door when I saw her; I could only see the front of the stairs from where I lay when in bed; I could see a couple of the steps, but no more; I first saw her at the door of the stairway; after I got to the door she shut it and I ran back; the light of the candle showed light in the front room; the candle was in the kitchen; Tom ran out of the front door and I got under the bed again, and then they caught him there and hammered him with sticks; I don't know how many followed him outside, but heard them.

the front room, and the old man said, "Hold the light here while I dress;" he did not call him by name; I heard Tom talking to Mrs. Donnelly in the kitchen at the same time; I could not hear what they were talking about; Mrs. Donnelly got up to start the fire, I think, for she called to Bridget to get up and help light the fire; I think it was the Donnellys who lit the candles; the candles were on the kitchen table; I only think it was one of the Donnellys who lit the candle; I saw the light in the front room from the kitchen; when the old man got up he stayed in the door to dress himself, and did not go out to put on his clothes; I did not know all the Carrolls in that neighborhood; I know James Carroll very well, and saw him at the door; I don't know where Carol got the candle; the old man never asked me to get up and dress; I never said the old man asked me to get up and dress; I do not remember telling the Coroner and the jury so at Lucan; when the old man got up he threw the clothes on me; I looked right at Carol and recognized him; he was at the door when the old man asked for his coat; he called out, "Does any one know where my coat is," and Mrs. Donnelly answered, "That she did not;" I rose up and found that the coat was under my head.

It will be remembered that on the 24th of May, 1876, Mr. Kent was attacked in his own yard by several men hailing from Biddulph, on account of his having interfered to stop a fight in which they were engaged with one of his workmen. One of the men was Michael Howe, who, in the melee which followed, received a blow which terminated his life six weeks afterwards. Another of the Biddulph party was a man named Kennedy, who is involved in the Donnelly tragedy. Mr. Kent was arrested, but the Grand Jury found no true bill, and he was discharged. An action of damages was then brought on by Howe's widow, and a verdict for a large sum obtained. Kent applied for a fresh trial, which was granted. The case has since been lost sight of. This explanation is necessary to outsiders to understand the letter Kent received this morning, as follows:—Lucan, Ont., Mr. C. Kent, Sir—I suppose you have heard of the taking away of the Donnellys and reason why men commit crimes and use their influence to escape punishment then it is the duty of the public to take the law in their hands and punish the guilty. The Donnellys murdered and robbed and burned and still managed to escape justice. You murdered poor Howie. It was a cool blooded murder your bribed lawyers and doctors and jurismen and by them means escaped the Gallas which you well deserved but we have our eyes upon you and your dome is fixed sooner or later there is no escape for you but there is one way in which you may lengthen your days a little turn out that old man and her daughter that are living with and give a hundred dollars to Bishop Welsh for the repose of the Soul of poor Howie and prepare for your end which must come before long. Do this before the 24th of May poor Howie's death or your will join the Donnellys before a month and stood before a court where money would bribe doctors and jurismen blood for blood do this now or you will be found sum morn with a pistol ball in you and no one will care to put it there. Their will be no arrests this time we will do things better next time. Prætere improves; we have work to do and we intend to do it; when we have settled you we intend to go for Drought, another murderer—blood for blood. Remember before the 24th May or you are dead in a month—Sgd—Vigilance.

LETTER FROM LACHINE. THE OPINIONS OF MR. MYLES O'REGAN, ESQUIRE. Mr. Editor.—After the grand dinner party at which I played such a prominent part last week, I felt a little indisposed. I am not accustomed to champagne, and consequently had such a pain in the head next morning that I concluded to lie over for a day or two. While in this frame of mind a friend of mine suggested that the two of us should go to Ottawa (at his proper expense) and make an effort to procure Government situations. The idea was an excellent one, and I cheerfully consented. It is true, my political influence is very small, having only voted once for the Grit and once for the Tory candidate, but I trusted that a little effort, and the chapter of accidents which follow it, might pull me through and enable me to bid a long farewell to the pick and likewise the shovel. We arrived in Ottawa the morning after the opening of Parliament, that is to say we arrived in Hull and had to walk across several bridges in the grey of the morning before we entered the Capitol. Ottawa is by no means remarkable for its size and grandeur. Its public buildings did not strike me as being as magnificent as those of Paris, and its population is chiefly composed of contractors, civil service employees and those, like myself, wishing to become employees. I felt, therefore, quite at home in the metropolis of Canada. It would make an excellent suburb to Lachine. The Parliament buildings are not a bad looking pile but are as much out of place as would be the pyramids of Egypt. I understand the Government intends transferring the Montreal Geological Survey to this renowned village. This I take to be a step in the right direction, as giving employment to a few more of the inhabitants. I observe that the people here carry a profoundly scientific, intellectual expression around with them, and I am sure they will be delighted with the stones and fossils of the Geological Survey, as an addition to the rare collection of fossils they have in the Senate already. After taking breakfast I went straight to the buildings, determined to see some of the ministers and get my place immediately. Parliament was in session, as I could judge by the drawing of corks in the saloon. The lobbies were crowded with men, looking anxiously here and there until they managed to get hold of their patron. The poor members dodged round in all directions to avoid their friends from the country, but that was simply impossible, the men who did the State some service being just as artful dodgers as the successful candidates whom they had returned. I could not help hearing such expressions as the following: "All right, Mac, come to-morrow, I've been speaking to Sir Charles." "Yes, yes, your name is on the list." "There is no vacancy on the customs, but—" "I have been promised a place in the Inland Revenue for your nephew, Mr. Smith," and so on. I noticed that the members were well served. There are two janitors at each door, one to open, and one to close, and the doors are, I fancy, innumerable. There is a man for each clothes peg, two healthy boys to each wash stand, a small army round the bath-house. If a member want a piece of soap, three or four able-bodied maids are ready to spring forward and lift it up to his hands. Just fancy Myles O'Regan delving away at Lachine ten hours every day with his spade and mattock for the consideration of one dollar, while that old sinner in yonder corner gets \$300 for the session sleeping and opening a door occasionally with his little finger to let Senators pass. "Friend," said I, good naturedly, "I don't like to have the sleep of an old cuss like you disturbed so often during the day. I would suggest that you go home, capture a mouse, train it to open doors, and then you can slumber away your five senses without interruption. See here." I blew my breath, and behold the green balze-covered door flew open and revealed my friend, Sir John A. Macdonald. I say my friend advisedly, for does he not serve, aid and assist (as well as govern) every man in Canada? The old janitor lisped forth "Sir John," opened both his eyes, and fell off to sleep again, while I followed the renowned author of the National policy, K. C. B. "Sir John," said I, "pardon me for interrupting you, but the fact is I want a situation in the Inland Revenue." The prototype of Lord Beaconsfield threw a sharp glance at me, and seeing the fire of genius burning in my left eye, stayed his forward step. "And pray, who are you?" asked Sir John, whereupon I presented him with my card. "Hem, Myles O'Regan, Esquire, shoveller, correspondent, etc. Mr. Regan, what countryman may you be?" "Well, Sir John, I passed a few years of my life in the West of England (which is true, you know), but I have lived at Lachine a number of years past dedicating my whole abilities to the great Conservative cause." Sir John paused. "Well, Mr. O'Regan, I don't know of any position I could offer you that would be worth your acceptance. I can appoint no more emigration agents at present. But if you know any vacant situation, just say the word and I will go." I deliberated with myself for a moment or so but could think of nothing, and was about giving up in despair when an inspiration of genius seized me like a flash. "Sir John," I answered, "make me a Montreal Catholic School Commissioner?" The Conservative leader knit his eyebrows, "Come, Mr. O'Regan, what are your qualifications?" "It is true I ain't much of a scholar, but I can superintend contracts, sell debentures, manipulate City Councils, dine and wine members of Parliament, respect the rich, grind the poor—" "That is quite enough, I shall write to my friend Chapple about you; you may go home and rest content till you hear from me. Au revoir."

I did not like this business of my life at all, and so made a last effort for a present and permanent sit, more especially as you, Mr. Editor, are about to knock the Commissioners into a cocked hat and dry up their resources. "Sir John," said I, grasping his hand, "illustrious Canadian Chief, I am not ambitious, give me the place of your sleeping janitor, and superannuate him. What I want is a rest, and time to think." "Oh," exclaimed Sir John, "there's Tilley entering the saloon; wait a moment, business you know," and off he started. It was now growing late, and I went to my boarding house, determined to renew the attack in the morning. While at dinner I was considerably annoyed by the bold, disjointed chat of a man on my right, who kept continually harping on the awful effects of intemperance. He took away my appetite altogether. He told us that three thousand of the most eminent physicians in Europe were of the opinion that liquor taken even in moderation was injurious in its effects. "I," he said, "was at one time a drunkard myself, and know the difference. I was shunned by my fellow men; I lay in the gutter; I was an outcast from society, while now I am respected." I turned round in my chair to take a good look at this great temperance reformer and observe the change his fierce principles had wrought in him. After the inspection the conclusion I came to was that if he had ever been any uglier than he was just then Nature had performed a miracle in moulding him. Three hairs and a half garnished the top of his head, and these were almost colorless. One of his eyes was what is commonly called "swivel;" his face was thin and wizened; his mouth was straight across, never curving either one way or the other, just as if nature had framed him in a hurry, and when she saw his mouth had been forgotten, just made a gash across with a sharp knife, as a shoemaker makes a slit in a piece of leather he is working up. His chin and nose jutted out in parallel lines, one almost as far to the front as the other, and taken altogether, this apostle of temperance was not as handsome as the statue of Apollo, Belvidere. When he saw me looking at him he said—"Young man, I hope you are not addicted to the vice of intemperance. I see by the Montreal Hypocrite that your countrymen consume a terrible amount of liquor, and I am greatly afraid you are not an exceptional case. Liquor is the ruin of mankind. If you take a drop of brandy—a single drop—and put it in your eye you become blind. If you—" "Look here, my fine fellow," said I, "you are going too fast. There may be excess in eating as well as drinking, in sleeping as well as working, in blinking as well as thinking. My countrymen, it is true, have the credit of drinking more than their share; if it is correct, which I doubt, it is a shame for them, but they don't eat five times a day like you Englishmen, and gluttonize themselves till they burst. You say a drop of brandy hurts one's eye. It will certainly never hurt yours, but you just put a loaf of bread in your eye, or swallow a barrel of water at a draught, and you will see the results. Why don't you go out and preach to the drunkards, my emaciated friend, instead of lecturing people here who have never been dragged out of the gutter." "Missionary Society, whose members sneak into Catholic religion with impunity, and bark the Catholics' ears, but take care knowing they're subjects of Getaway or to give the subject, 'ho would give them other savage tribes, w. asterisks, a wide heavy blows and small 'votest of mine berth." At this indignant p. 'ignant, and declared his feelings were outraged, w. flying colors. I went next day to the Parliament buildings, and called upon my friend Sir John, who received me cordially, and said he would advise me if anything turned up that suited me. So here I am, Mr. Editor, at Lachine safe and sound, and hopeful of my future political prospects. I herewith enclose another dollar for the Relief Fund. Yours, respectfully, MYLES O'REGAN, ESQUIRE.

THE LUCAN TRAGEDY.

The Preliminary Examination.

LONDON, February 21.—The prisoners under arrest for the Donnelly massacre were brought before Squires Peters and Fisher for preliminary examination. The proceedings were held in the Court House, which was well filled by people from the neighborhood of the tragedy and citizens. This examination was resolved on by the Crown in justice to the prisoners as well as to bring the case to a speedy focus, and so avoid the uncertainties attending the inquest held on the spot. Patrick and Robert Donnelly were in attendance. Messrs. G. Hutchinson, Crown Attorney, and E. Meredith are associated in the prosecution, and Mr. MacMahon appeared for the defence. The first witness called was the boy, John O'Connor, who testified as follows:—I live with my father and mother; my father's name is Michael O'Connor; I was acquainted with James Donnelly and his family, who lived in Biddulph; went to Mr. James Donnelly's house on the eve of the murder; went with Mr. Donnelly and Thos. Donnelly, and went there for the purpose of minding the pigs while they were in Granton; Mr. Donnelly and Thomas came for me and I went with them; John and Thomas put the horse in; after I came in they came into the house, sat down, ate a few apples, talked for a while, and then, after supper, John put the harness on the horse and went to Whalen's to get a cutter to go to Granton next day; then we went out to feed the pigs; Tom gave me a blanket to put on the horse and a whip to keep the pigs away; then we fed the horse, done up the chores and went into the house; then we got a few more apples, and the old man and I went to bed in the front room; Bridget and the old woman were in the house, besides Tom and I; they stayed in the kitchen; after that we went to bed, and I think Jim Freely came in; I heard his voice; the old man and I went to bed together; Bridget and the old woman slept in the middle room next to us; Tom slept in the kitchen, where there was a bedroom; went to sleep after hours; Freely; Tom wanted me to go to bed with him, but the old man said "Come to bed with me;" went to bed with the old man; went to sleep; I waked up between 12 and 2 o'clock; knew it was 2 o'clock when I went over to Whalen's; the old man waked me when he was getting up; I saw Jim Carroll standing in the room door holding a candle for the old man to get up; the old man asked what he had against him now, and he (Carroll) said he had another charge against him; then, when the old man got dressed, he was looking for his great coat; it was under my head, and I said "here it is," and he took it; then the old man went out in the kitchen and asked him if he was handcuffed, and Tom said "Yes, he thinks he is smart;" Tom said, "Read the warrant," and in a minute a crowd rushed in and started hammering him with sticks; I was still lying in bed; they came in and then I jumped out and crawled under the bed, but when I saw Bridget run upstairs I ran after her; when they rushed in I got under the bed; from where I was lying under the bed I could see out into the front room; the bed was near the end of the room opposite the door. Mr. MacMahon suggested to Hutchinson to indicate where the bed was. A diagram was produced and the witness pointed out the respective positions of the bed and himself, the stairs and where Bridget ran from.

when the old man came to get his coat; I did not see him put on his coat in the bedroom; I saw Carroll walking around the room with his cap on; it was a black felt hat; I don't know if he had an overcoat on or not; he had a black coat, but I don't know if it was an overcoat; he had on grey pants; they were made of flannel; I only said he had on grey pants at the inquest; I often saw them on him and know them to be the same; they were like the trousers young Mr. Maher has on now; when the old man got up Tom and the old woman were talking in the kitchen; I don't know if anyone tied the old man; I never remember telling anyone that they tied the old man's hands, but a couple of days after the murder some one told me so; I did not say it was the case; was told it out of my father's house; I could not say who it was told me so; they were talking in our house, and some one asked me whether it was true they had tied the old man's hands; I don't know who it was told me; I don't know whether my father was there, but think my sisters were; it was in the day time, but am not certain; it was not my mother who mentioned it to me, nor was it on the day of the murder; it was not one of our own family; when the old man left the bedroom I heard him say "TOM, ARE YOU HANDCUFFED?" and Tom said "Yes, he thinks he's smart;" I had often heard them talk about handcuffs at home; I had never seen a pair; I heard the old man say "Jim, what have you got against me now?" and Carroll said "I have another charge against you;" I don't know what that meant; Tom said "Read the warrant," but I did not know what that meant; my sister got one once; when the conversation took place in our place about the old man's hands being tied, I don't remember anything being said about the warrant; I had just gone into the house, and went out again; I don't know who was in besides our family; when I lifted up my head to get the old man's coat I could see into the front room; I don't think I saw Carroll there; he could have seen me; I don't know if Carroll knew me; I knew he was a constable, because I heard about him arresting people; did not see him the day he went with a warrant for my sister; I was awake in bed at this time, but the candle was not in the front room; I think there were about twenty of them ran into the house; I saw them from under the bed when they were looking at Tom; I don't know how many came in after; I only saw one of them dressed in woman's clothes; I had just got under the bed, and ran out when Bridget came to the stairs; the old man and woman, Tom and Bridget, were all in the kitchen; Bridget came from the kitchen to run up stairs; there was no one in the front room when Bridget ran up stairs; I went back into the room and got under the bed behind the clothes-basket; it was one of these big baskets, a little lower than the bed-cords; there was about half a foot between the bed and the basket; when I ran back there was no lamp in the front bedroom; they had a candle lit in the kitchen; the Donnellys had two glass lamps, but none of them were lit the night before; I could see Tom's feet at the door and heard him groaning; I don't know how many ran after him; they knocked him down outside, and, after carrying him, threw him on the floor; I could not see whether it was a candle or a lamp they had; they had a candle when Tom was thrown down; I could not see up high enough to see the candle unless I got from under the bed; I saw John Partell and Thos. Ryder there; I have no doubt about it being them; I think they were taking off the handcuffs when they were around him; I could see the light shining, but cannot say how high they were holding it; THE DAY AFTER THE MURDER, when I went to Lucan, no one spoke to me about handcuffs; nothing was said about taking handcuffs off; Tom Partell was standing right beside Tom's body there; he was standing up straight; knew Partell and Ryder very well; knew them as well as I did Carroll; Partell was dressed in black clothes, but I did not notice what kind of cap he had on; Tom Ryder had on a peaked cap; well, I did not notice his clothes; it was a cloth cap; I did not notice the color, the lugs or ear lugs around it were cloth, but I do not know whether the rest of it was cloth; the ear-lugs were up, not down over his ears; they were tied up over the top of the cap, and he wore it just the same as he had worn it before at Lucan, where I had seen him have it on before; the lugs went from the peak around behind the ears; it was not cold in bed that night that I knew. The Free Press this evening publishes the following letter verbatim et literatim, received this morning by Mr. Chas. Kent, from an anonymous source, through the post-office.

when the old man came to get his coat; I did not see him put on his coat in the bedroom; I saw Carroll walking around the room with his cap on; it was a black felt hat; I don't know if he had an overcoat on or not; he had a black coat, but I don't know if it was an overcoat; he had on grey pants; they were made of flannel; I only said he had on grey pants at the inquest; I often saw them on him and know them to be the same; they were like the trousers young Mr. Maher has on now; when the old man got up Tom and the old woman were talking in the kitchen; I don't know if anyone tied the old man; I never remember telling anyone that they tied the old man's hands, but a couple of days after the murder some one told me so; I did not say it was the case; was told it out of my father's house; I could not say who it was told me so; they were talking in our house, and some one asked me whether it was true they had tied the old man's hands; I don't know who it was told me; I don't know whether my father was there, but think my sisters were; it was in the day time, but am not certain; it was not my mother who mentioned it to me, nor was it on the day of the murder; it was not one of our own family; when the old man left the bedroom I heard him say "TOM, ARE YOU HANDCUFFED?" and Tom said "Yes, he thinks he's smart;" I had often heard them talk about handcuffs at home; I had never seen a pair; I heard the old man say "Jim, what have you got against me now?" and Carroll said "I have another charge against you;" I don't know what that meant; Tom said "Read the warrant," but I did not know what that meant; my sister got one once; when the conversation took place in our place about the old man's hands being tied, I don't remember anything being said about the warrant; I had just gone into the house, and went out again; I don't know who was in besides our family; when I lifted up my head to get the old man's coat I could see into the front room; I don't think I saw Carroll there; he could have seen me; I don't know if Carroll knew me; I knew he was a constable, because I heard about him arresting people; did not see him the day he went with a warrant for my sister; I was awake in bed at this time, but the candle was not in the front room; I think there were about twenty of them ran into the house; I saw them from under the bed when they were looking at Tom; I don't know how many came in after; I only saw one of them dressed in woman's clothes; I had just got under the bed, and ran out when Bridget came to the stairs; the old man and woman, Tom and Bridget, were all in the kitchen; Bridget came from the kitchen to run up stairs; there was no one in the front room when Bridget ran up stairs; I went back into the room and got under the bed behind the clothes-basket; it was one of these big baskets, a little lower than the bed-cords; there was about half a foot between the bed and the basket; when I ran back there was no lamp in the front bedroom; they had a candle lit in the kitchen; the Donnellys had two glass lamps, but none of them were lit the night before; I could see Tom's feet at the door and heard him groaning; I don't know how many ran after him; they knocked him down outside, and, after carrying him, threw him on the floor; I could not see whether it was a candle or a lamp they had; they had a candle when Tom was thrown down; I could not see up high enough to see the candle unless I got from under the bed; I saw John Partell and Thos. Ryder there; I have no doubt about it being them; I think they were taking off the handcuffs when they were around him; I could see the light shining, but cannot say how high they were holding it; THE DAY AFTER THE MURDER, when I went to Lucan, no one spoke to me about handcuffs; nothing was said about taking handcuffs off; Tom Partell was standing right beside Tom's body there; he was standing up straight; knew Partell and Ryder very well; knew them as well as I did Carroll; Partell was dressed in black clothes, but I did not notice what kind of cap he had on; Tom Ryder had on a peaked cap; well, I did not notice his clothes; it was a cloth cap; I did not notice the color, the lugs or ear lugs around it were cloth, but I do not know whether the rest of it was cloth; the ear-lugs were up, not down over his ears; they were tied up over the top of the cap, and he wore it just the same as he had worn it before at Lucan, where I had seen him have it on before; the lugs went from the peak around behind the ears; it was not cold in bed that night that I knew. The Free Press this evening publishes the following letter verbatim et literatim, received this morning by Mr. Chas. Kent, from an anonymous source, through the post-office.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. OTTAWA, February 20. Sir J. A. MACDONALD moved the House into Committee to take into consideration the gracious message of His Excellency the Governor-General on the subject of the relief of the distress in Ireland. The House went into Committee, Mr. CAROL being the chair. Sir J. A. MACDONALD said the Government thought that the amount named in the resolution would be a substantial recognition of the distress in Ireland, and would not press heavily upon the resources of the country. He then moved the resolution, seconded by Hon. Mr. Mackenzie. The intention of the Government was to forward the money to the Right Honorable Secretary of the Colonies, to apply it to the object named in the resolution. Hon. Mr. ANGLEN hoped that a larger amount would have been granted. It was to be the gift of a great nation, and to be given out of the abundance of the country. He would have been pleased had the amount been fifty thousand pounds, which would have been commensurate with the needs of the distressed people. The amount proposed was a handsome and generous gift, but he would rather it had been greater. He was sorry that the Government did not see its way clear to send the amount to the Mansion House Committee of Dublin, as it was the body that possessed the confidence of the larger portion of the people of that country. The English Government had not moved with that alacrity that the circumstances demanded. It was for that reason that he regretted the sum was not to be sent to the destination he had indicated. He returned his thanks to the House on behalf of his fellow-countrymen for the sum the Government had shown their disposition to grant. Mr. WRIGHT thought that, under the circumstances, the Government had done a wise and generous act. The committee reported the resolution as adopted, and the report was then concurred in. Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD moved, seconded by Hon. Mr. Mackenzie, an address to His Excellency on the subject. Carried. Hon. Mr. BLAKE suggested that the amount should be accompanied by a request that the money should be applied for the immediate relief of the sufferers. Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD said the Government would do so. A Dublin paper publishes a cable despatch that American contributions will now probably cease, because it is reported from Dublin that there is sufficient to prevent further suffering. Mr. Redpath says no such fund exists in Dublin, and unless liberal contributions continue, he believes that hundreds, probably thousands, of families will perish. Priests and prominent laymen from different districts of the west of Ireland, whom Mr. Redpath met in Dublin, confirm the statements in letters.

Public Speakers and Singers will find "Brown's Bronchial Trochans" beneficial in clearing the voice before speaking or singing, and relieving the throat after any exertion of the vocal organs. For Coughs and Colds the Trochans are effectual. MUCH SICKNESS, UNDOUBTEDLY, with Children, attributed to other causes, is occasioned by Worms. BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS or Worm Lozenges, although effectual in destroying worms, can do no possible injury to the most delicate child. This valuable combination has been successfully used by physicians, and found to be absolutely sure in eradicating worms, so hurtful to children. Sold by all druggists. 25 cents a box. A NEVER-FAILING REMEDY FOR Bilious and Liver complaints, Indigestion, Wind, Spasms, Giddiness of the eyes, Habitual Costiveness &c., is Dr. HARVEY'S ANTI-BILIOUS and PURGATIVE PILLS containing neither mercury or calomel in any form, mild in their operation, they create appetite; and strengthen the whole nervous system. DEPEND UPON IT, MOTHERS, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP, for all diseases of children, is a sure remedy. It has stood the test of thirty years, and never known to fail. It regulates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and cures wind colic; produces natural, quiet sleep; by relieving the child from pain. BOWEL COMPLAINTS ARE MOST DANGEROUS, and frequently fatal. They pull a man down sooner than any other disease. Buy a bottle of BROWN'S HOARSEHOLD PAIN-EXCER and Family Liniment, and follow directions. The derangement causing the discharges is removed, and the patient is saved pain and danger.

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GIVE ME THREE GRAINS OF CORN, MOTHER.

This powerful and pathetic piece was suggested by one of the many painful incidents of the memorable Irish famine of 1846. The title was the last request of an Irish lad to his mother, as he lay dying in a corner of his jacket, and gave them to him. It was all she had. The whole family were perishing from famine.

Give me three grains of corn, mother— Only three grains of corn! I will keep the little I have Till the coming of the morn; I am dying of hunger and cold, mother— Dying of hunger and cold— And half the agony of such a death My lips have never told.

It has gnawed like a wolf at my heart, mother. A wolf that is fierce for blood. All the living day, and the night beside, Gaining for lack of food. I dreamed of bread in my sleep, mother. And the night was heaven to me. I broke with my mother's milk, But you had no bread for me.

How could I look to you, mother— How could I look to you? For bread to give to your starving boy. When you were starving, too? For I read the famine in your cheek, There are you and your mother, And I felt in your body hand As you laid it on your child.

The queen has lands and gold, mother. The queen has lands and gold. While you are asked to your empty breast. A babe that is lying of want, mother. As I am lying, now. With a ghastly look in its sunken eye. And famine upon its brow.

What has poor Ireland done, mother. What has poor Ireland done. That the world looks on and sees us starve. Perishing, one by one? Do the men of England care not, mother. The great men and the high. For the suffering sons of Erin's Isle. Whether they live or die?

There is many a brave heart here, mother. Dying of want and cold. While only across the channel, mother. Are many that roll in gold. There are rich and proud men there, mother. With wondrous wealth to view. And the bread they fling to their dogs to-night. Would give life to me and you.

Come nearer to my side, mother. Come nearer to my side. And hold me fondly as you held My father when he died. Quick, for I cannot see you, mother. My breath is almost gone. Mother dear, mother dear, Give me three grains of corn.

HENRIETTA TEMPLE

At length they arrived at his palace. A venerable Italian received them. They passed through a vast hall, in which were statues, ascended a magnificent double staircase, and entered a range of saloons. One of them was furnished with more attention to comfort than an Italian cares for, and herein was the cabinet of urns and vases his lordship had mentioned.

'This is little more than a barrack,' said Lord Montfort; 'but I can find a sofa for Miss Temple.' So saying, he arranged with great care the cushions of the couch, and, when she sat herself, placed a footstool near her. 'I wish you would allow me some day to welcome you at Rome,' said the young marquis. 'It is there that I indeed reside.'

Lord Montfort and Mr. Temple examined the contents of the cabinet. There was one vase which Mr. Temple greatly admired for the elegance of its form. His host immediately brought it and placed it on a small pedestal near Miss Temple. Yet he scarcely addressed himself to her, and Henrietta experienced none of that troublesome attention from which, in the present state of her health and mind, she shrank. While Mr. Temple was interested with his pursuit Lord Montfort went to a small cabinet opposite, and brought forth a curious casket of antique gems. 'Perhaps,' he said, placing it by Miss Temple, 'the contents of this casket might amuse you, and he walked away to her father.

In the course of an hour a servant brought in some fruit and wine. The grapes are from my villa,' said Lord Montfort. 'I ventured to order them, because I have heard their salutary effects have been marvellous. Besides, at this season, even in Italy they are rare. At least you can not accuse me of prescribing a disagreeable remedy; he added with a slight smile, as he handed a plate to Miss Temple. She moved to receive them. Her cushion slipped from behind her, Lord Montfort immediately arranged them with skill and care. He was so kind that she really wished to thank him; but before she could utter a word he was again conversing with her father.

At length Mr. Temple indicated his intention to retire, and spoke to his daughter. 'This has been a great exertion for you, Henrietta,' he said; 'this has indeed been a busy day.' 'I am not wearied; and we have been much pleased.' It was the firmest tone in which she had spoken for a long time. There was something in her manner which recalled to Mr. Temple her vanished animation. The affectionate father looked for a moment happy. The sweet music of these simple words dwelt on his ear.

He went forward and assisted Henrietta to rise. She closed the casket with care, and delivered it herself to her considerate host. Mr. Temple bade him adieu; Henrietta bowed, and nearly extended her hand. Lord Montfort attended them to the gate; a carriage was waiting there. 'Ah! we have kept your lordship at home,' said Mr. Temple. 'I took the liberty of ordering the carriage for Miss Temple,' he replied. 'I feel a little responsible for her kind exertion to-day.'

'And how do you like my friend, Henrietta?' said Mr. Temple, as they drove home. 'I like your friend much, papa. He is quite as quiet as you said; he is almost the only person I have seen since I quitted England who has not jaded my nerves. I felt quite sorry that I had so long prevented you both from cultivating each other's acquaintance. He does not interfere with me in the least.'

'I wish I had asked him to look in upon us in the evening,' said Mr. Temple, rather enquiringly. 'Not to-day,' said Henrietta. 'Another day dearest papa.' The next day Lord Montfort sent a note to Mr. Temple to enquire after his daughter, and to impress upon him the importance of her eating his grapes. His servant left a basket. The rest of the note was about cicerony urns. Mr. Temple, while he thanked him, assured him of the pleasure it would give both his daughter and himself to see him in the evening. 'This was the first invitation to his house that Mr. Temple had ventured to give him, though they had now known each other some time.

In the evening Lord Montfort appeared. Henrietta was lying on her sofa, and her father would not let her rise. Lord Montfort had brought Mr. Temple some English journals, which he had received from Leghorn. The gentlemen talked a little on foreign politics; and discussed the character of several of the most celebrated foreign ministers. Lord Montfort gave an account of his visit to

Prince Esterhazy. Henrietta was amused. German politics and society led to German literature. Lord Montfort, on this subject, seemed completely informed. Henrietta could not refrain from joining in a conversation for which she was fully qualified. She happened to deplore her want of books. Lord Montfort had a library; but it was at Rome; no matter; it seemed that he thought nothing of sending to Rome. He made a note very quietly of some books that Henrietta expressed a wish to see, and begged that Mr. Temple would send the memorandum to his servant. 'But surely to-morrow will do,' said Mr. Temple. 'Rome is too far to send to this evening.'

'That is an additional reason for instant departure,' said his lordship calmly. Mr. Temple summoned a servant. 'Send this note to my house,' said his lordship. 'My courier will bring us the books in four days, he added, turning to Miss Temple. 'I am sorry you should have to wait, out at Pisa, I really have nothing.'

From this day Lord Montfort passed every evening at Mr. Temple's house. His arrival never disturbed Miss Temple; she remained on the sofa. If she spoke to him he was always ready to converse with her, yet he never intruded his society. He seemed perfectly contented with the company of her father. Yet with all this calmness and reserve, there was no air of affected indifference, no intolerable nonchalance; he was always attentive, always considerate, often kind. However apparently engaged with her father, it seemed that his vigilance anticipated all her wants. If she moved, he was at her side; if she required anything it would appear that he had her thoughts, for it was always offered. She found her sofa arranged as if by magic. And if a shawl were for a moment missing, Lord Montfort always knew where it had been placed. In the meantime, every morning brought something for the amusement of Mr. Temple and his daughter; books, prints, drawings, newspapers, journals of all countries, and caricatures from Paris and London, were mingled with engravings of Henrietta's favorite Campo Santo.

One evening Mr. Temple and his guest were speaking of a celebrated Professor of the University. Lord Montfort described his extraordinary acquirements and discoveries, and his rare simplicity. He was one of those eccentric geniuses that are sometimes found in decayed cities with ancient institutions of learning. Henrietta was interested in his description. Almost without thought she expressed a wish to see him.

'He shall come to-morrow,' said Lord Montfort, 'if you please. Believe me, he will, in a few of great kindness, that if you could permit yourself to cultivate Italian society a little, it would repay you.'

The Professor was brought. Miss Temple was much entertained. In a few days he came again, and introduced a friend scarcely less distinguished. The society was so easy, that even Henrietta found it no burden. She remained upon her sofa; the gentlemen drank their coffee and conversed. One morning Lord Montfort had prevailed upon her to visit the studio of a celebrated sculptor. The artist was full of enthusiasm for his pursuit, and showed them with pride his great work, a Diana that might have made one envy Eudymion. The sculptor declared it was the perfect resemblance of Miss Temple, and appealed to her father. Mr. Temple could not deny the striking likeness. Miss Temple smiled; she looked almost herself again; even the reserved Lord Montfort was in raptures.

'Oh! it is very like,' said his lordship. 'Yes! now it is exactly like. Miss Temple does not often smile; but now one would believe she really was the model.'

They were bidding the sculptor farewell. 'Do you like him?' whispered Lord Montfort to Miss Temple. 'Extremely; he is full of ideas.' 'Shall I ask him to come to you this evening?' 'Yes, do!'

And so it turned out that in time Henrietta found herself the centre of a little circle of eminent and accomplished men. Her health improved as she brooded less over her sorrows. It gratified her to witness the pleasure of her father. She was not absent on her sofa now. Lord Montfort had sent her an English chair, which suited her delightfully.

They even began to take drives with him in the country an hour or so before sunset. The country around Pisa is rich as well as picturesque; and their companion always contrived that there should be an object in their brief excursions. He spoke, too, the dialect of the country; and they paid, under his auspices, a visit to a Tuscan farmer. All this was agreeable; even Henrietta was persuaded that it was better than staying at home. The variety of pleasing objects diverted her mind in spite of herself. She had some duties to perform in this world yet remaining. There was her father; her father who had been so devoted to her, who had never uttered a single reproach to her for all her faults and follies, and who, in her hour of tribulation, had clung to her with such fidelity. Was it not source of satisfaction to see him again comparatively happy? How selfish for her to mar the peaceful and innocent enjoyment! She extended herself to contribute to the amusement of her father and his kind friend, as well as to share it. The color returned a little to her cheek; sometimes she burst for a moment into something like her old gaiety; and though these ebullitions were often followed by a gloom and moodiness, against which she found it in vain to contend, still, on the whole, the change for the better, was decided, and Mr. Temple yet hoped that in time his sight might again be blessed and his life illustrated by his own brilliant Henrietta.

One delicious morning, remarkable even in the south, Lord Montfort called upon them in his carriage, and proposed a little excursion. Mr. Temple looked at his daughter, and was charmed that Henrietta consented. She rose from her seat, indeed, with unwonted animation, and the three friends then quitted the city and entered its agreeable environs. 'It was wise to pass the winter in Italy,' said Lord Montfort; 'but to see Tuscany in perfection I should choose the autumn. I know nothing more picturesque than the cuts laden with grapes, and drawn by milk-white steers.'

They drove gaily along at the foot of green hills, crowned ever and anon by a convent or a beautiful stone-pine. The landscape attracted the admiration of Miss Temple. A palladian villa rose from the bosom of a gentle elevation, crowned with these picturesque trees. A broad terrace of marble extended in front of the villa, on which were ranged orange trees. On either side spread an olive-grove. The sky was without a cloud, and deeply blue; bright beams of the sun illuminated the building. The road had wound so curiously into this last branch of the Apennines, that the party found themselves in a circus of hills, clothed with Spanish chestnuts and olive trees, from which there was apparently no outlet. A soft breeze, which it was evident had passed over the wild flowers of the mountains, refreshed and charmed their senses.

'Could you believe we were only two hours' drive from a city?' said Lord Montfort. 'Indeed,' said Henrietta, 'if there be peace in this world, one would think that the dweller in that beautiful villa enjoyed it.'

'He has little to disturb him,' said Lord Montfort; 'thanks to his destiny and his temper.'

'I believe we make our miseries,' said Henrietta, with a sigh. 'After all, nature always offers us consolation. But who lives here?' 'I sometimes steal to this spot,' replied his lordship.

'Oh! this, then, is your villa? Ah! you have surprised us!' 'I only aimed to amuse you,' said Mr. Temple, 'and we owe you much.'

They stopped, they ascended the terrace they entered the villa. A few rooms were furnished, but their appearance indicated the taste and pursuits of its occupier. Busts and books were scattered about; a table was covered with the implements of art; and the principal apartment opened into an English garden.

'This is one of my native tastes,' said Lord Montfort, 'that will, I think, never desert me.' The memory of Henrietta was recalled to the flowers of Ducie and of Arminie. Amid all the sweets and sunshine she looked sad. She walked away from her companions; she seated herself on the terrace; her eyes were suffused with tears. Lord Montfort took the arm of Mr. Temple, and led him away to a bust of Germanicus.

'Let me show it to Henrietta,' said Mr. Temple; 'I must fetch her.' Lord Montfort laid his hand gently on his companion. The emotion of Henrietta had not escaped his quick eye.

'Miss Temple has made a great exertion,' he said. 'Do not think me pedantic, but I am something of a physician. I have long perceived that, although Miss Temple should be amused, she must sometimes be left alone.'

Mr. Temple looked at his companion, but the countenance of Lord Montfort was inscrutable. His lordship offered him a medal and then opened a portfolio of Marc Antonios. 'These are very rare,' said Lord Montfort; 'I bring them into the country with me, for really at Rome there is no time to study them. By the bye, I have a plan, continued his lordship, in a somewhat hesitating tone; I wish I could induce you and Miss Temple to visit me at Rome.'

Mr. Temple shrugged his shoulders, and sighed. 'I feel confident that a residence at Rome would benefit Miss Temple,' said his lordship in a voice a little less calm than usual. 'There is much to see, and I would take care that she should see it in a manner which would not exhaust her. It is the most delightful climate, too, at this period. The sun shines here to-day, but the air of these hills at this season is sometimes treacherous. A calm life, with a variety of objects, is what she requires. Pisa is calm, but for her it is too dull. Believe me, there is something in the blended refinement and interest of Rome that she would find exceedingly beneficial. She would see no one but ourselves; society shall be at her command and to her desire.'

'My dear lord,' said Mr. Temple, 'I thank you from the bottom of my heart for all your considerate sympathy; but I cannot flatter myself that Henrietta could avail herself of your really friendly offer. My daughter is a great invalid. She—'

'We have a relic of a delicate temple here,' said Lord Montfort, directing her gaze to another window. 'You see it now to advantage; the columns glitter in the sun. There, perhaps, was worshipped some wood-nymph, or some river-god.' The first classic ruin that she had yet beheld attracted the attention of Miss Temple. It was not far, and she sneaked to the proposition of Lord Montfort to visit it. That little ramble was delightful. The novelty and the beauty of the object greatly interested her. It was charming also to view it under the auspices of a guide so full of information and feeling.

'Ah! said Lord Montfort, 'if I might only be your cicerone at Rome!'

'What say you, Henrietta?' said Mr. Temple, with a smile. 'Shall we go to Rome?' The proposition did not alarm Miss Temple as much as her father anticipated. Lord Montfort pressed the suggestion with delicacy; he hinted at some expedient by which the journey might be rendered not very laborious. But as she did not reply, his lordship did not press the subject; sufficiently pleased, perhaps, that she had not met it with an immediate and decided negative.

When they returned to the villa they found a collation prepared for them worthy of so elegant an abode. In his capacity of a host, Lord Montfort departed a little from that placid and even constrained demeanor which generally characterised him. His manner was gay and flowing; and he poured out a goblet of Monte Pulciano and presented it to Miss Temple.

'You must pour a libation,' he said; 'to the nymph of the fane.'

About a week after this visit to the villa, Mr. Temple and his daughter were absolutely induced to accompany Lord Montfort to Rome. It is impossible to do justice to the tender solitude with which he made all the arrangements for the journey. Wherever they halted they found preparations for their reception; and so admirably had everything been concerted, that Miss Temple at length found herself in the Eternal City with almost as little fatigue as she had reached the Tuscan villa.

The palace of Lord Montfort was in the most distinguished quarter of the city, and situated in the midst of vast gardens full of walls of laurel, arches of ilex, and fountains of fions. They arrived at twilight, and the shadowy hour lent even additional space to the huge halls and galleries. Yet in the suite of rooms intended for Mr. Temple and his daughter, every source of comfort seemed to have been collected. The marble floors were covered with Indian mats and carpets, the windows were well secured from the air, which might have proved fatal to an invalid, while every species of chair and couch, and sofa, covered the languid or capricious form of Miss Temple, and she was even favored with an English stove, and guarded by an Indian screen. The apartments were supplied with every book which it could have been supposed might amuse her; there were guitars of the city and of Florence, and even an English piano; a library of the choicest music; and all the materials of art. The air of elegance and cheerful comfort that pervaded these apartments, so unusual in this land, the bright blaze of the fire, even the pleasant wa-lights, all combined to deprive the moment of that feeling of gloom and exhaustion which attends an arrival at a strange place at a late hour, and Henrietta looked around her, and almost fancied she was once more at Dniele. Lord Montfort introduced his fellow-travellers to their apartments, presented to them the servant who was to assume the management of their little household, and then reminding them of their mutual promises that they were to be entirely

their own masters, and not trouble themselves about him any more than if they were at Pisa, he shook them by the hand, and bade them good-night.

It must be confessed that the acquaintance of Lord Montfort had afforded consolation to Henrietta Temple. It was impossible to be insensible to the sympathy and solicitude of one so highly gifted and so very amiable. Nor should it be denied that this homage, from one of his distinguished rank, was entirely without its charm. To find ourselves, when deceived and deserted, unexpectedly an object of regard and consideration, will bring balm to most bosoms; but to attract in such a situation the friendship of an individual whose deferential notice under any circumstances must be flattering, and to be admired by one whom all admire, these are accidents of fortune which few could venture to despise. And Henrietta had now few opportunities to brood over the past; a stream of beautiful and sublime objects passed unceasingly before her vision. Her lively and refined taste, and her highly cultivated mind, could not refrain from responding to these glorious spectacles. She saw before her all that she had long read of, all that she had long missed over. Her mind became each day more serene and harmonious as she gazed on these ideal creations, and dwelt on their beautiful repose. Her companion, too, exerted every art to prevent these amusements from degenerating into fatiguing expeditions. The Vatican was open to none others. Short visits, but numerous ones, was his system. Sometimes they entered merely to see a statue or a picture they were reading or conversing about the preceding eve; and then they repaired to some modern studio, where their entrance made the sculptor's eyes sparkle. At quest there was always some distinguished artist whom Henrietta wished to see; and as she thoroughly understood the language and spoke with fluency and grace, she was tempted to enter into conversations, where all seemed delighted that she played her part. Sometimes indeed, Henrietta would fly to her chamber to sigh, but suddenly the palace resounded with tones of the finest harmony, or the human voice, with its most felicitous skill, stole upon her from the distant galleries. Although Lord Montfort was not himself a musician, and his voice could not pour forth those fatal sounds that had ravished her soul from the lips of Ferdinand Armine, he was well acquainted with the magic of music; and while he lacked a formal concert, the most eminent performers were often at hand in his palace, to contribute at the fitting moment to the delight of his guests.

Who could withstand the soft influence of a life so elegant and serene, or refuse to yield up the spirit to its gentle excitement and its mild distraction? The color returned to Henrietta's cheek and the lustre to her languid eye: her form regained its airy spring of health; the sunshine of her smile burst forth once more.

It would have been impossible for an indifferent person not to perceive that Lord Montfort witnessed these changes with feelings of no slight emotion. Perhaps he prided himself upon his skill as a physician, but he certainly watched the apparent convalescence of his friend's daughter with zealous interest. And yet Henrietta herself was not aware that Lord Montfort's demeanor to her differed in any degree from what it was at Pisa. She had never been alone with him in her life; she certainly spoke more to him than she used, but then, she spoke more to everybody; and Lord Montfort certainly seemed to think of nothing but her pleasure and convenience and comfort; but he did and said everything so quietly, that all this kindness and solicitude appeared to be the habitual impulse of his generous nature. He certainly was more intimate, much more intimate, than during the first week of their acquaintance; but scarcely more kind; for she remembered he had arranged her sofa the very first day they met, though he did not even remain to receive her thanks.

One day a discussion rose about Italian society between Mr. Temple and his host. His lordship was a great admirer of the domestic character and private life of the Italians. He maintained that there was no existing people who more completely fulfilled the social duties than this much scandalised nation, respecting whom so many silly prejudices are entertained by the English, whose travelling fellow-countrymen, by the bye, seldom enter into any society but that tainted circle that must exist in all capitals.

'You have no idea,' he said, turning to Henrietta, 'what amiable and accomplished people are the better order of Italians. I wish you would let me light up this dark house some night, and give you an Italian party.'

'I should like it very much,' said Mr. Temple. Whenever Henrietta did not enter her negative Lord Montfort always implied her assent, and it was resolved that the Italian party should be given.

All the best families in Rome were present, and not a single English person. There were some, perhaps, whom Lord Montfort might have wished to have invited, but Miss Temple had chanced to express a wish that no English might be there, and he instantly acted upon her suggestion.

The palace was magnificently illuminated. Henrietta had scarcely seen before its splendid treasures of art. Lord Montfort, in answer to her curiosity, had always playfully depreciated them, and said that they must be left for rainy days. The most splendid pictures and long rows of graceful or solemn statues were suddenly revealed to her; rooms and galleries were opened that had never been observed before; on all sides cabinets of vases, groups of imperial busts, rare bronzes, and vivid masses of tesselated pavement. On these were choice and beautiful objects of clear yet soft light was diffused, and Henrietta never recollected a spectacle more complete and effective.

These rooms and galleries were soon filled with guests, and Henrietta could not be insensible to the graceful and engaging dignity with which Lord Montfort received the Roman world of fashion. That constraint which at first she had attributed to modesty, now entirely quieted him. Frank, yet always dignified, smiling, apt, and ever felicitous, it seemed that he had a pleasing word for every ear, and a particular smile for every face. She stood at some distance leading on her father's arm, and watching him. Suddenly he turned and looked around. It was whom he wished to catch. He came up to Henrietta and said, 'I wish to introduce you to the Princess—' She is an old lady, but of the first distinction here. I would not ask this favor of you unless I thought you would be pleased.'

Henrietta could not refuse his request. Lord Montfort presented her and her father to the princess, the most agreeable and important person in Rome; and having now provided for their immediate amusement, he had time to attend to his guests in general. An admirable concert now, in some degree, hushed the general conversation. The voices of the most beautiful women in Rome echoed in those apartments. When the music ceased, the guests wandered about the galleries, and at length the principal saloons were

filled with dancers. Lord Montfort approached Miss Temple. 'There is one room in the palace you have never yet visited,' he said; 'my tribune; its open to-night for the first time.'

Henrietta accepted his proffered arm. 'And how do you like the princess?' he said, as they walked along. 'It is agreeable to live in a country where your guests amuse themselves.'

'At the end of the principal gallery, Henrietta perceived an open door which admitted them into a small octagon chamber, of Ionic architecture. The walls were not hung with pictures, and one work of art alone solicited their attention. Elevated on a pedestal of porphyry, surrounded by a rail of bronze arrows of the lightest workmanship, was the statue of Diana which they had so much admired at Pisa. The cheek, by an ancient process, the secret of which has been recently regained at Rome, was tinted with a delicious glow.'

'Do you approve of it?' said Lord Montfort to the admiring Henrietta. 'Ah, dearest Miss Temple,' he continued, 'it is my happiness that the rose has also returned to a fairer cheek than this.'

The reader will not perhaps be much surprised that the Marquis of Montfort soon became the declared admirer of Miss Temple. He made the important declaration after a very different fashion from the unhappy Ferdinand Armine; he made it to the lady's father. Long persuaded that Miss Temple's illness had its origin in the pain of a personal affection, Lord Montfort resolved to spare her feelings, unprepared, the pain of a personal appeal. The beauty, the talent, the engaging disposition, and the languid melancholy of Miss Temple, had excited his admiration and deep affection, but he did not conceal from Mr. Temple the conviction that impelled him to the course which he had thought proper to pursue, and this delicate conduct relieved Mr. Temple greatly from the unavoidable embarrassment of his position. Mr. Temple contented himself with communicating to Lord Montfort that his daughter had indeed entered into an engagement with one who was not worthy of her affections, and that the moment her father had been convinced of the character of the individual, he had quitted England with his daughter. He expressed his unqualified approbation of the overture of Lord Montfort, to whom he was indeed sincerely attached, and which gratified all those worthy feelings from which Mr. Temple was naturally not exempt. In such an alliance Mr. Temple recognized the only mode by which his daughter's complete recovery could be secured. Lord Montfort in himself offered everything which it would seem that the reasonable fancy of woman could desire. He was young, handsome, amiable, accomplished, sincere, and exceedingly clever; while, at the same time, as Mr. Temple was well aware, his great position would ensure that reasonable gratification of vanity from which none are free, which is a fertile source of happiness, and which would, at all times, subdue any bitter recollections which might occasionally arise to cloud the retrospect of his daughter.

It was Mr. Temple, who, exerting all the arts of his abandoned profession, now indulging in intimations and now in pang-rytic, conveying to his daughter, with admirable skill, how much the intimate acquaintance with Lord Montfort contributed to his happiness, gradually fanning the feeling of gratitude to so kind a friend, which already had been excited in his daughter's heart, into one of zealous regard and finally seizing his opportunity with practised felicity, it was Mr. Temple who at length ventured to communicate to his daughter the overture which had been confided to him.

Henrietta shook her head. 'I have too great a regard for Lord Montfort to accede to his wishes,' said Miss Temple. 'He deserves something better than a bruised spirit, if not a broken heart.'

'But, my dearest Henrietta, you take a wrong, an impracticable view of affairs. Lord Montfort must be the best judge of what will contribute to his own happiness.'

'Lord Montfort is acting under a delusion,' replied Miss Temple. 'If he knew all that had occurred he would shrink from blending his life with mine.'

'Lord Montfort knows everything,' said the father, 'that is, everything he should know.'

'Indeed!' said Miss Temple. 'I wonder he does not look upon me with contempt, at the least, with pity.'

'He loves you, Henrietta,' said her father. 'Ah! love, love, love! name not love to me. No, Lord Montfort cannot love me. It is not love that he feels.'

'You have gained his heart, and he offers you his hand. Are not these proofs of love?' 'Generous, good young man!' exclaimed Henrietta; 'I respect, I admire him; I might have loved him. But it is too late.'

'My beloved daughter, oh! do not say so! For my sake, do not say so,' exclaimed Mr. Temple. 'I have no wish, I have had no wish, my child, but for your happiness. Lean upon your father, listen to him, be guided by his advice. Lord Montfort possesses every quality which can contribute to the happiness of woman. A man so rarely gifted I never met. There is not a woman in the world, however exalted her rank, however admirable her beauty, however gifted her being, who might not feel happy and honored in the homage of such a man. Believe me, which must lead to happiness. Indeed, were it to occur, I could die content. I should have no more cares, no more hopes. All would then have happened that the most sanguine parent, even with such a child as you, could wish or imagine. We should be so happy! For his sake, for my sake, for all our sakes, dearest Henrietta, grant his wish. Believe me, believe me, it is indeed worthy of you.'

'I am not worthy of him,' said Henrietta, in a melancholy voice.

'Ah, Henrietta, who is like you!' exclaimed the fond and excited father. At this moment a servant announced that Lord Montfort would, with their permission, wait upon them. Henrietta seemed plunged in thought. Suddenly she said, 'I cannot rest until this is settled. Papa, leave me with him a few moments alone.' Mr. Temple retired.

A faint blush rose to the cheek of her visitor when he perceived that Miss Temple was alone. He seated himself at her side, but he was unusually constrained.

'My dear Lord Montfort,' said Miss Temple calmly, 'I have to speak upon a painful subject, but I have undergone so much suffering, that I shall not shrink from you. Papa has informed me this morning that you have been pleased to pay me the highest compliment that a man can pay a woman. I wish to thank you for it. I wish to acknowledge it in terms the strongest and the warmest I can use. I am sensible of the honor, the high honor that you have intended me. It is indeed an honor of which any woman might be

proud. You have offered me a heart of which I know the worth. No one can appreciate the value of your character better than myself. I do justice, full justice, to your virtues, your accomplishments, your commanding talents, and your generous soul. Except my father, there is no one who holds so high a place in my affection as yourself. You have been my kind and true friend; and a kind and true friendship, faithful and sincere, I return you. More than friends we never can be, for I have no heart to give.'

'Ah, dearest Miss Temple,' said Lord Montfort, agitated, 'I ask nothing but that friendship; but let me enjoy it in your constant society; let the world recognise my right to be your confidant.'

'You deserve a better and a brighter fate. I should not be your friend if I could enter into such an engagement.'

'The only aim of my life is to make you happy,' said Lord Montfort.

'I am sure that I ought to be happy with such a friend,' said Henrietta Temple, 'and I am happy. How different is the world to me from what it was before I knew you! Ah, why will you disturb this life of consolation? Why will you call me back to recollection that I would fain banish? Why—'

'Dearest Miss Temple,' said Lord Montfort, 'do not reproach me! You make me wretched. Remember, dear lady, that I have not sought this conversation; that if I were presumptuous in my plans and hopes, I at least took precautions that I should be the only sufferer by their non-fulfilment.'

'Best and most generous of men! I would not for the world be unkind to you. Pardon my distracted words. But you know all! His Papa told you all! It is my wish.'

'It is not mine,' replied Lord Montfort; 'I wish not to penetrate your sorrows, but only to soothe them.'

'Oh, if we had but met earlier,' said Henrietta Temple; 'if we had but known each other a year ago! when I was, not worthy of you, but more worthy of you. But now, with health shattered, the lightness of my spirit vanished, the freshness of my feelings gone, no, my kind friend, my dear and gentle friend; my affection for you is too sincere to accede to your request; and a year hence Lord Montfort will thank me for my denial.'

'I scarcely dare to speak,' said Lord Montfort, in a low tone, 'as if suppressing his emotion. If I were to express my feelings, I might grieve you. I will not then venture to reply to what you have urged; to tell you I think you the most beautiful and engaging being that ever breathed; or how I do adore upon your persuasive spirit, and can sit for hours together gazing on the language of those dark eyes. Miss Temple, to me you never could have been more beautiful, more fascinating. Alas! I may not even breathe my love; I am unfortunate. And yet, sweet lady, pardon this agitation I have occasioned you; try to love me yet; endure at least my presence; and let me continue to cherish that intimacy that has thrown over my existence a charm so inexpressible. So saying, he ventured to take her hand, and pressed it with devotion to his lips.'

Lord Montfort was scarcely disheartened by this interview with Miss Temple. His lordship a devout believer in the influence of time. It was unnatural to suppose that one so young and so gifted as Henrietta could ultimately maintain that her career was terminated because her affections had been disapproved by an intimacy which was confessedly of so recent an origin as the fatal one in question. Lord Montfort differed from most men in this respect, that the consciousness of this intimacy did not cost him even a pang. He preferred indeed to gain the heart of a woman like Miss Temple, who, without having in the least degree forfeited the innate purity of her nature and the native freshness of her feelings, had yet learnt in some degree to penetrate the mystery of the passions, to one so untutored in the world's ways, that she might have bestowed him a heart less experienced indeed, but not more innocent. He was convinced that the affection of Henrietta, if once obtained, might be relied on, and that the painful past would only make her more fully appreciate the high-minded devotion, and amid all the dazzling characters and seducing spectacles of the world, cling to him with a firmer gratitude and a more faithful fondness.

And yet Lord Montfort was a man of deep emotions, and a very fastidious taste. He was a man of so romantic a temperament as Ferdinand Armine; but with Lord Montfort, life was the romance of reason; with Ferdinand, and the romance of imagination. The first was keenly alive to all the imperfections of our nature, but he also gave that nature credit for all its excellencies. He observed finely, he calculated nicely, and his result was generally happiness. Ferdinand, on the contrary, neither observed nor calculated. His imagination created fantasies, and his impetuous passions struggled to realise them.

Although Lord Montfort carefully abstained from pursuing the subject which nevertheless expressed his thoughts, he had a vigilant and skillful ally in Mr. Temple. That gentleman lost no opportunity of pleading his lordship's cause, while he appeared only to advocate his own; and this was the most skillful mode of controlling the judgment of his daughter.

Henrietta Temple, the most affectionate and dutiful of children, left to reflect, sometimes asked herself whether she were justified, from what she endeavored to believe was a mere morbid feeling, in not accomplishing the happiness of that parent who loved her so well? There had been no concealment of her situation, or of her sentiments. There had been no deception as to the past. Lord Montfort knew all. She told him that she could only bestow a broken spirit. Lord Montfort aspired only to console it. She was young. It was not probable that her death which she had once sighed for would be accorded to her. Was she always to lead this life? Was her father to press the still longer career which probably awaited him in ministering to the wearisome caprices of a querulous invalid? This was a sad return for all his goodness; a gloomy catastrophe to all his bright hopes. And if she could ever consent to blend her life with another's what individual could offer pretensions which might ensure her tranquillity, or even happiness, equal to those proffered by Lord Montfort? Ah! who was equal to him? so amiable, so generous, so interesting!

It was in such a mood of mind that Henrietta would sometimes turn with a glance of tenderness to that being who seemed to breathe only for her solace and gratification. If it be agonizing to be deserted, there is at least consolation in being cherished. And who cherished her? One whom all admired; one, to gain whose admiration, or even attention, every woman sighed. What was she before she knew Montfort? If she had not known Montfort, what would she have been even at this present? She recalled the hours of anguish, the long days of bitter mortification, the dull, the wearisome hours that were her lot when lying on her solitary sofa at Pisa, brooding over the romance of Armine and all its passions; the catastrophe of Ducie, and all its baseness. And now there was not

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a moment without kindness, without sympathy, without considerate attention and innocent amusement. If she were querulous, no one murmured; if she were capricious, everyone yielded to her fancies; but if she smiled, everyone was happy.

ALTHOUGH Lord Montfort was now the received and recognized admirer of Miss Temple, their intended union was not immediate. Henrietta was herself averse from such an arrangement.

It was in this fulness of happiness that destiny, with its usual wild caprice, resolved to gild refined gold, and put the lily; and it was determined that Mr. Temple should wake one morning among the wealthiest commoners of England.

This was a great event. Mr. Temple had the most profound respect for property. It was impossible for the baronet to have left his estates to an individual who could more thoroughly appreciate its possession.

POSTERS.

A telegram from Brazil states that the new coffee or p. is good and abundant: that of cotton is estimated at \$50,000,000.

It is estimated that nearly \$30,000,000 were paid during the year 1878 through the twenty-two clearing houses of the United States.

South American newspapers are started by rich old chaps who want to hit the Government a lick. They therefore contain nothing but politics and denunciations of the Government.

Ten pounds of powder and four pounds of lead were squandered in fighting duels in France last year. The powder and lead business was not augmented a single cent.

A Chicago clergyman found fault in an irritated manner with some of his co-religionists who had a habit of coming late.

Mr. Rankin is quoted as saying: "You fancy you are a sufferer. New York is just this, that if the usual course of war, instead of unroofing peasants' houses and ravaging peasants' fields, merely broke the china upon your own dining-room table, no war in civilized countries would last a week."

A clergyman recently said that many a one, while apparently singing with all his might the lines, "Were the whole realm of nature mine, that were a present far too small."

It is notoriously true that the black laborers are preferred in the South by the white laborers; that in Tennessee and some other Southern States it is not a "race issue" for a black man to work on the plantation.

THE PRINTER TO HIS RAID.

"Come to my arms, you lovely 'quid," My charming little Nell! My bride, I'll 'set 'em 'bout you, Trimmed around with 'nonpareil."

WEDNESDAY.

10,000 Persian troops are approaching. A Hamilton hotel-keeper is wanted for forger.

Three of the five children born at Egypt, N. S., have died. Citizens' rights are demanded by the Miami Indians of Kansas.

German protectionists are agitating a further increase of duties. The Russian fleet at Cronstadt has been ordered to the Pacific.

The proposed demonstration at Phoenix Park has been postponed. Fifty persons were injured by a railway collision near San Miguel, Cuba.

The controversy between Dr. Russell, war correspondent, and Sir Garnet Wolsey waxed warmer daily. At a debate in the Cortes it was shown that Cuba's revenues sufficed for everything except war expenses.

Lieutenant-Colonel Marino and Mariano Torres, two hated insurgents, have surrendered to the Cubans. Frost and Wood's agricultural works at Smith's Falls had a narrow escape from being burned yesterday.

A number of Turcomans, believed to be under Abdul Kishman, have penetrated into Afghan Turkestan. Book and paper men in the United States oppose the bill asking for the decrease of the duty on their goods.

The general feeling among the operatives at Burnley, Eng., is that the difference is not sufficient to warrant a strike. Bla-khurn operatives have accepted a conditional advance of 10 per cent by instalments, as offered by the masters.

The British authorities at Larnaca, Cyprus, have detained the Austrian mail steamer, on account of the captain having resisted arrest. Lord Beaconsfield stated in the Upper House last night, in answer to a question from Lord Granville, that the tripartite treaty of 1856, guaranteeing the independence and autonomy of Belgium, had ceased to operate.

THURSDAY.

The "Blue Noses" are emigrating to Manitoba. Spain wants free trade with the United States. A Dairyman's Convention is sitting in Kingston.

One thousand four hundred and seventy-three arrests in St. John, N. B., last year. The steamer Canopus, from Boston, lost 247 head of cattle on the voyage to Liverpool.

Three persons were arrested in Prescott yesterday for the "Sickle grinding machine" swindle. Cuba has paid to the United States \$967,000 out of \$26,300,000 claims of American citizens for damages sustained during the insurrection.

The Turcomans have resolved to strenuously oppose the Russian expedition; a levy of 60,000 men has been ordered, and aid will be asked from Persia and India. Probably the heaviest freight train that ever passed over the Grand Trunk arrived at Belleville on Wednesday morning from Toronto. It consisted of twenty-seven loaded cars, drawn by one of the new six-wheeled locomotives.

FRIDAY.

Lieut.-Governor Wilnot has arrived at Fredericton. Grand Duke Nicholas leaves Paris to-day for St. Peterburg. St. Gothard tunnel will probably be finished in ten days.

Thirty-two thousand Turcomans await the Russians at Gheok-tepe. Ottawa has a Mr. Adams, who has not slept a wink for eight months. A Battery will be removed to Quebec on or about the 10th of February.

Russian agents are looking in the United States for counterfeiters of the rouble. Capt. Labelle has been a pointed General Passenger Agent of the Q., M., O. & O. Railway. Sir G. Colley has been appointed to succeed Sir Garnet Wolsey in the command of the troops in South Africa.

A number of sewer pipes, seized by the Customs authorities at Saratoga for undervaluation, have been sold by auction for \$1,500. Hon. Frank Smith has declined to appear before the Public Accounts Committee of Ontario, on the ground that he is a Dominion Senator.

In the French Chamber of Deputies the Minister of Agriculture, speaking against the tax on wheat, said the importation of foreign breadstuffs had proved a failure in France.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

OTTAWA, February 17.

RELIEF FOR IRELAND. A message was read from the Governor-General, recommending the propriety of granting \$100,000 for the relief of the present great distress in Ireland.

Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD gave notice of motion that on Thursday next he would move that the House do resolve itself into Committee of the Whole on Friday next to reply to the message of His Excellency. The House then adjourned at 4 p. m.

CANADIAN CONVENT SCHOOLS.

"I am more especially pleased with what I saw at two of the most aristocratic educational establishments of Canada—Hochelaga Convent, some three miles north of Montreal, and the Villa Maria, just south of it. The direction of Mother Scholastique, Lady Superior. She has some three hundred pupils of all ages under her care, and is a real mother to them all. They are educated in all branches and accomplishments, and for all necessities. Each branch of the school is in perfect discipline. Some of the most wonderful specimens of ladies' handiwork were shown me. In one circular music-room were five pianos ranged around it, and the pupils played upon them with such perfect harmony that it seemed as if I heard but one. The Villa Maria is in charge of the Sisters of Notre Dame. One of the buildings was the former residence of Governor-General Monk. The institution could not be more favorably or elegantly situated, overlooking Lacuis Rapids on the west, and looking down upon a beautiful city seat. Immense additions are being made to it, as it is to be the 'Mother House'—the home of those Sisters who have distinguished themselves by long lives of devotion and sacrifices, and at last become incapacitated for more severe labor."—Chicago Tribune Letter.

TELEGRAPHIC SPARKS.

MR. PARNELL AND HIS FORE-FATHERS.

Though the contest for Dublin county was from the first a hopeless one on the Home Rule side, it was nevertheless deemed judicious to hold a public meeting in Dublin in support of Mr. Parnell's candidature. If such a meeting could attain no other useful purpose it would at least introduce the young and unknown politician to the people he was so eager to serve. Accordingly the council of the Home Rule League convened a meeting in the Rotunda, for the afternoon of the 9th of March, 1874. On the occasion the room was filled, early as was the hour, the platform was thronged with an influential and representative assemblage, including many members of Parliament.

C. S. PARNELL'S FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE.

At this meeting Mr. Parnell made his first appearance before the public, it is worthy of some notice in this narrative. Among the M. P.'s present the most prominent were Hon. John Martin; Isaac Butt, then in reality as well as in name the trusted leader of the Irish people; A. M. Sullivan, Mitchell Henry, and Richard O'Shaughnessy. It was pretty generally known by that Charles Stewart Parnell was a scion of the family which had produced Sir John, the stout and self-sacrificing foe of the Union, and Sir Henry, the life-long advocate of Catholic equality; so there was great enthusiasm among those assembled on that day in the Rotunda in favor of the relative of those two worthies, who had come forward to identify himself with the people and their cause. The popular instinct, which is so seldom wrong in public affairs, had seized on the fact that the young man was the inheritor of great reputations and unullied memories, and that, in whatever else he might fail, he might be relied on for honesty of purpose. This was the reason why the room was thronged at an hour when men in the city are usually minding their private business, as well as why so deep an interest was taken in the object of the meeting.

To Mr. A. M. Sullivan was committed the duty of proposing the first resolution, which warmly approved of the candidature of Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell. The speaker had uttered but a few sentences when there occurred one of those striking coincidences, dramatic in their effect, which dwell forever in the memory of beholders. Mr. Sullivan was expressing the delight that should be felt and the hope that should be inspired by seeing the bearers of historic names like that of Parnell thrust back into the ranks of the people, when, just as the sentence was finished, a tall, slender young man came through the doorway, and, looking neither to the right nor the left, began quietly making his way through the crowd towards the platform. Of those in the room probably not a score had ever seen him before, nor ever heard his personal appearance described; yet, by some subtle process of intuition characteristic of the Irish mind, it at once became known among the mass of the large gathering that the new arrival, so unostentatiously moving up the room, was the very bearer of a historic name to whom Mr. Sullivan had just referred. It was like the work of magic in his wonderful suddenness. Every eye was fixed on the young man; he stood on tiptoe, and craned their necks to get a view of him; while cheer after cheer rang through the spacious hall, loud and long-extended, and threatening, if not to raise the roof of all the place, at least to split the ears of all in the assembly. Such a scene of enthusiasm but not disorderly animation is but rarely witnessed. Eyes brightened, faces beamed, hats and handkerchiefs waved in the air, voices were making themselves heard, yet all the while the object of the demonstration, with bent head and downcast eyes, quietly pursued his way, as if unconscious of the honor paid him; or, if conscious, as though he felt it unfitting to receive popular rewards before he had done enough to deserve them. Yet it was plain that his feelings were deeply moved by his reception; for when he stepped on to the platform he was pale, and indeed exhibited the appearance of agitation. When, after the last burst of cheering, Mr. Sullivan, resuming his interrupted speech, confirmed the instinct of the audience by saying that literally as well as figuratively his friend Mr. Parnell had come among them, there was another enthusiastic outburst, prolonged and deafening; and before it was over some of the thoughtful present were asking themselves if a great public career lay not before this modest-looking, youthful politician, whose very presence, unheralded, unannounced, could take captivate public confidence in a manner so remarkable. As for the mass, they waited with impatience for the speech they expected him to deliver.

The time came for him to speak, and he rose to his feet to make his first public delivery, amid a tempest of cheers. All present saw that he was laboring under strong emotion, for his color came and went, and his breath heaved perceptibly. We can fancy the thoughts which stirred the fountains of feeling within him to their veriest depths. He had resolved to devote himself to his people, to work for them with all his might; and here, at the very outset of his career—before, as it were, he had yet actually put his hand to the plough—he was receiving an earnest of the gratitude which the Irish people are ever ready to lavish on all who have even tried honestly to serve them. No doubt he knew the good deeds of Sir John and Sir Henry Parnell had paved the way for him to the core of the people's hearts; and no doubt, also, he only resolved at that moment that he would leave behind him at least the repute of being as much "a man of integrity" as any one of his forefathers. At all events, whatever his thoughts may have been, he was considerably unprepared; for when he began to speak it was in broken sentences, and in a voice that faltered with excess of feeling.

There, on the front of the platform, by the chairman's side, he stood, tall, slender, pale, lofty of forehead, his lips unquivering, his chin firm and resolute-looking, his bosom laboring, his brown eyes flashing over the through, his back well set up, and indeed with a carriage that suggested a military training. And while in the excitement of that moment—an excitement the exact like of which he could never again know—his tongue grew unwilling to express his thoughts, and forced him to hesitate and to pause, a painfully intense silence fell on the anxious audience. In the chair was O'Gorman Malon, sitting with soldierly erectness in spite of his advanced years, with a piercing gaze fixed on the faltering novice. From the right of the platform kindly as well as "honest" John Martin surveyed the young Protestant patriot, with a benignant smile illuminating his grave, sweet countenance; the homely genial face of Isaac Butt beamed with overflowing good nature; the grey eyes of Alexander Sullivan glowed in eager sympathy, while his whole air indicated to observers a powerful desire to spring to the aid of the speaker, and to invest him with his own power of apt and

MR. PARNELL AND HIS FORE-FATHERS.

uent expression; Mitchell Henry, too, from the left of the platform, exhibited an unmistakably kindly interest in the young speaker, whose native modesty and excited feelings combined to impair his delivery of the thoughts surging in his brain. Indeed, every eye was riveted on him, both from the platform and the floor of the hall, and though a great many were criticizing unfavorably his first efforts as a public speaker, it must be admitted that there was something in his appearance which impressed every one favorably, for every one, undoubtedly, cheered him without stint.

When the meeting broke up there was a good deal of discussion among groups of the assemblage concerning the chances of the candidate's success in public life. The verdict of many, who had noted only his faltering utterance and his broken sentences, was, "That young man will be a failure. He can't speak." But the shrewder, who had noted the firm set-up of his back and the resolute firmness of mouth and chin, more sagely observed, "There is something in that young man. It will come out in time. Wait and see." Which section was right all know now.

The Dublin county election at which Mr. Parnell was a candidate is hardly worth referring to further now than to say that, as was expected, he was beaten. The Tories of that county look carefully after the Parliamentary register, year by year; while, on the other hand, hundreds on hundreds of men possessing popular sympathies, and having the needful electoral qualifications, are too apathetic to take the trouble to attend at revision sessions to secure their undoubted right to vote. It must suffice to say that when the polling day had come and gone, and the votes cast had been counted, it was found that Colonel Taylor had received 2,122; that Mr. Parnell's tally was only 1,141; and consequently that the former had been returned by a majority of 981.

One feature of this contested election must still retain a strong interest for the reader. We allude to Mr. Parnell's candidatorial address to the constituency. Few people have ever dreamt of referring to it since his defeat, and yet it cannot but be important to know what publicly announced principles he began his political career. They furnish a safe test both of his honesty in adopting them and his consistency in adhering to them. We have pleasure therefore in reproducing the main portions of this address:—

"Upon the great question of Home Rule I will by all means seek the restoration to Ireland of our domestic Parliament, upon the basis of the resolutions passed at the National Conference last November, and the principles of the Home Rule League, of which I am a member.

"If elected to Parliament I will give my cordial adherence to the resolutions adopted at the recent conference of Irish members, and will act independently alike of all English parties.

"I will earnestly endeavor to obtain for Ireland a system of education in all its branches—university, intermediate, and primary—which will deal impartially with all religious denominations, by affording to every parent the opportunity of obtaining for his child an education combined with that religious teaching of which his conscience approves.

"I believe security for his tenure and the fruits of his industry to be equally necessary to do justice to the tenant, and to promote the prosperity of the whole community. I will therefore support such an extension of the ancient and tenant-right of Ulster in all its integrity, to the other parts of Ireland, as will secure to the tenant continuous occupation at fair rents."

In addition he promised to work for "a complete and unconditional amnesty" for all, and after a graceful reference to the efforts made by his relatives, Sir John and Sir Henry, for the good of the Irish people, he concluded:—

"If you elect me I will endeavor, and think I can promise, that no act of mine will ever discredit the name which has been associated with these resolutions."

No need to ask now whether any act of his has since discredited that name. He has fulfilled since in letter and spirit those early pledges given when a young, untried man. He has sought the restoration of Ireland's domestic Parliament "by all means." He has acted "independently alike of all English parties." He has not been idle in reference to the land question, nor is he "behind the door" in regard to the amnesty. He neglected not the cause of religious equality in education.

After the Dublin election nothing was heard of Mr. Parnell by the public till John Mitchell came over from America, after his long exile, to board the British lion in his den by seeking the representation of Tipperary county. Two circumstances in connection with the event roused Charles Parnell to active sympathy on the rebel candidate's behalf. One was the opportunity given of striking a resounding blow against British domination in Ireland; the other was the indomitable unconquerable spirit of Mitchell himself, so near akin to Mr. Parnell's own. On this occasion he merged from the privacy into which he had retired after the Dublin county election, in an admirably written letter to the papers, announcing his hearty approbation of Mitchell's course, and giving £25 towards the expenses of the contest which Mr. Stephen Moore of Barna forced on "the premier county."

Tipperary put Mitchell at the head of the poll by an immense majority, but he died, alas! in the arms of victory. At his funeral his brother-in-law, political colleague, and fellow-convict, John Martin, was seized with a mortal illness, and within a week followed him to the grave. John Martin's death took place on the 29th of March, 1875. Ireland was stricken with sorrow; for in gentle John bewailed a special loss, for in gentle John Martin she had a representative as honest and earnest as upright and firm, as ever championed the cause of "Ireland a nation" in the London House of Commons. To find a fitting successor for such a man was no easy task; and by a happy stroke of fortune Charles Stewart Parnell, having been recommended by the council of the Home Rule League, was adopted as the popular candidate by a large representative meeting of the electorate. Another Home Ruler, a solicitor of much local influence, opposed him; and a Tory gentleman of the county, beholding a prospect of division in the national ranks, and fancying that he might be able to slip into the seat through the split, also took the field. When, on the 18th of April, 1875, the votes having been counted, the declaration of the poll was made, it was found that the members were—Charles Stewart Parnell, Home Ruler, 1,771; J. L. Naper, Tory, 902; J. T. Hinds, Home Ruler, 138, from which figures it will be seen that the mass of the electors refused to play the game of the common enemy by fighting among themselves.

There was tremendous rejoicing in Royal Meath over the victory. Enthusiastic crowds assembled in thousands to give vent to a common feeling of delight; bonfires blazed in many quarters; and the populace of Trim, in which town the declaration of the poll had been made, having discovered Mr. Par-

MR. PARNELL AND HIS FORE-FATHERS.

nell walking down from the parochial house to his hotel, laid lovingly violent hands on him, carried him in triumph round their own special bonfire in the Market square, and finally set him on the head of a cask to speak a few words to them. To those acquainted with the Irish nature it is unnecessary to say that no such wild familiarity would have been taken with him if, during the course of his canvass, he had not become a popular darling. Mr. Parnell did not delay to receive congratulations on his success. Parliament was in session at the period of his election, and, moreover, the Government had just then in hands a Coercion Bill for Ireland. Mr. Joseph Gillis Biggar had determined that this proposed tyrannical enactment should be met with a stiff resistance. Therefore the new member for Meath, who meant work, not pleasure, hurried over to London, formally took his seat, and was in good time to record his first vote against the Coercion Bill on the 22nd of April, 1875. As he was in Trim on the night of the 19th, it is plain that he did not let the grass grow under his feet, to use an expressive Irish phrase.

The struggle over the Coercion Bill was stout and prolonged. Mr. Biggar began it with the famous four hours' speech which drove the assembled Commons at Westminster into alternate dushes of rage and despair. That struggle was the first taste they had got of what has since been called "Obstruction"—a word which merely expresses briefly that it is within the power of even a few resolute Irish members of Parliament to prevent any Administration from having everything its own way. That struggle further showed that even a score of resolute Irish members could at least prevent anything approaching to bad measures for their country. It remained for Mr. Parnell afterwards to prove that good measures could also be obtained by a continued persistence of the same method.

Only on the 11th of April did the bill get through the House of Commons, after a consumption of Government time which caused in Great Britain a feeling of positive dismay. There were, of course, a large number of divisions over the various amendments proposed; and it is to be recorded to the credit of Charles Stewart Parnell that, even at the very outset of his parliamentary career, he was present, and took the Irish side in every one of those divisions. Others there were of his colleagues, much more advanced in years, infinitely better known to the public, and possessing the full confidence of too coalding constituencies, who were absent again and again with no better cause than a desire to take their pleasure in London drawing-rooms. But he stood up to his work with a diligence from which they might have taken example. The rest of the session passed over without anything remarkable being done by the "Irish party" in Parliament; and during that period Mr. Parnell was by far more constant in his attendance than the majority of his fellow members. He did not address the House, but employed himself much in mastering its complex and intricate forms, and the rules which guide its course of procedure.

Now there was a representative of Cork city, who, having been a revolutionist in '48, had taken refuge under the stars and stripes, and worked in America for many years, in the practice of his profession of civil engineer. Having amassed a fortune, he returned to his native land, and set up his habitation on the banks of the beautiful Lee. He had profited by contact with the shrewd American mind; and when he had observed the London Commons for some time, he came to a conclusion which he expressed in pretty much the following fashion:—

"You will never get them to listen to you until you begin to take as active an interest in English affairs as they take in Irish ones. I am too old to have the necessary energy for the work. Why don't some of you young fellows try it?"

The man who said this was generally spoken of with affectionate familiarity as "Honest Joe Bonayne." Peace to his ashes! He died in the spring of 1876. He loved Ireland well, and served her well too, and will be long borne in her grateful memory.

Charles Parnell heard the saying, and pondered deeply on it. The more he thought of it the more it appeared like a revelation, until at length he determined that, since the practised speakers among the Irish members seemed to shrink from the labor involved, he himself would test the wisdom of Joe Bonayne's dictum. And with this view he set himself to looking out for some Government measure in which he could take a tremendous interest. He selected the English Prisons Bill, which proposed to hand over the management of local prisons to the executive; and he made the selection with a view to first modifying it to his desire, and afterwards insisting that the Irish Prisons Bill which was to follow should be modelled on the precedent thus afforded. For it occurred to Mr. Parnell that the time of prosecutions for sedition in Ireland had not yet passed away, and that it would be wise to prepare for occurrences of the kind, to the extent at least of saving those convicted of sedition from the indignities and maltreatment to which heretofore they had been invariably subjected in Ireland.—Pilot.

IRISHMAN TRADE.

LONDON, February 17.—The Mark Lane Express in its review of the British grain trade for the past week says:—"The weather during the past week has been so favorable that the market has been active, and although the supply has not exceeded demand, it has not been so active as it has been in previous weeks. It is still feared that some autumn-sown wheat has been sown, as many fields where it should have been sown have not been sown. There is a strong probability that the wheat crop will be a good one, which has taken place only upon dry samples. Last season's crop is so deficient that already in some parts of the country the stocks of home-grown wheat were falling very low. Foreign arrivals were somewhat more freely, both at London and Liverpool. Nevertheless there has been a dearth of wheat for some time past, particularly last Monday, when a brisk and healthy demand was experienced for all varieties at an advance of sixpence to a shilling per quarter on the week. This improvement was due to the legitimate effect of small imports, a diminution of stocks and an acknowledged scarcity of wheat in France. Toward the close of the week there was a lack of animation, both in London and in the provinces, in consequence of the extreme demands of the holders, but Monday's prices were revived, and wheat was fully maintained. Malze on the spot, owing to its extreme scarcity, improving slightly. The arrivals at ports of call have been very light. There was great firmness in the early part of the week, a large cargo of red winter wheat for the continent. There has been a quietness in the market, owing to the fact that Malze has been in steady demand at 28s. 8d. for mixed American, and the market was cleared of it at that price. What for shipment and business was done in it than for some time past, particularly in Australia. The quotations in America for red winter wheat are at the level of 10s. 6d. There was an active inquiry for malze at about 25s. The sales of English wheat last week were 30,000 qrs at 4s. 7d. per sack, and 2,200 qrs at 4s. 7d. per sack for the corresponding week last year. The imports into the United Kingdom during the week ending February 7th were 854,132 cwt of wheat, and 137,321 cwt of flour.

—The total number of immigrants landed at Castle Garden, New York, during the past week was 1,742, of which 1,440 arrived Saturday; 320 on the Frigate from Havre, 245 on the Westphalia, from Hamburg, and 75 on the Abyssinia, from Liverpool.

The True Witness

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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 25.

CALENDAR. FEBRUARY. THURSDAY, 26—Feast of St. Valentine and St. Agnes. FRIDAY, 27—The Holy Land and Nails. SATURDAY, 28—Feast of St. Valentine. SUNDAY, 29—Third Sunday in Lent. Epist. Eph. v. 1-9; Gosp. Luke xi. 14-23.

NOTICE. Subscribers should notice the date on the label attached to their paper, as it marks the expiration of their term of subscription. Subscribers who do not receive the TRUE WITNESS regularly should complain direct to our Office. By so doing the postal authorities can be the sooner notified, and the error, if there be any, rectified at once. See to it that the paper bears your proper address.

Mr. M. H. O'RYAN, as our authorized agent, is prepared to receive subscriptions for the EVENING POST and TRUE WITNESS for Sillery Cove, Que., and vicinity.

GENERAL ROBERTS is making another attempt to make peace with the Afghans, but with little prospect of success. Peace with the Afghans can be only of a precarious nature, but it may afford the British a chance to retire from the country without loss of prestige.

On Sunday, February 15th, in compliance with a circular issued by His Lordship the Bishop of Ottawa, the sum of \$82 was collected in the parish of Vanhook Hill, towards relieving the distress in Ireland.

The City Council of Montreal is growing tired of its princely generosity, and is determined to vote no more money away. It is perhaps just as well it came to this conclusion, which is equivalent to saying Montreal shall be laughed at no more for its magnificent intentions.

INTELLIGENCE of increasing distress comes once more from Ireland, and also of evictions and attempts at eviction. Those best acquainted with the state of the country say the distress and the disease brought on by unwholesome food, or the lack of food altogether, will be most severely felt in May and June, and we learn by mail accounts that the landlords are preparing for wholesale evictions also in those months.

The sum of money voted by the Canadian Parliament for the relief of the Irish sufferers by the famine will be of great benefit to those it is intended to succor. It is a large sum of money, and will go a great way. Ireland will have reason to think of Canada with gratitude for ever more, and whatever the faults of the Irish people may be, ingratitude cannot be reckoned among them.

They are at present having lively times in the Ontario Legislature discussing the estimates. One item of \$450 spent by the Lieutenant-Governor on his trip west on duty is the subject of hot debate, though His Honor offered his own cheque for the amount.

wants to know if the Province is going to pay His Honor's "whiskey bill." The Honorable Mr. Fraser, in defending the Government, administered a scathing rebuke to Mr. McMaster, who finds, able and all that he is, that the Provincial Secretary is still his master in sarcasm and force of eloquence. Truly, our legislators and newspapers are growing more vulgar each day.

The British Government has been given a chance to show what justice they are about to deal out to Ireland. This time the Irish members have not asked money to stay the march of an artificial famine; they have not requested measures of Home Rule; they simply moved, from their places in Parliament, that the franchise in Ireland would be assimilated to that of England and Scotland. Nothing, one would think, could be more just, nothing more simple and in accordance with the ideas of "British fair play" we hear so much dejected talk about, more especially when the world is so persistently informed that Ireland is really an integral part of the British Empire.

At a meeting of the Irish Societies, held in New York on Wednesday night, it was decided, after a stormy discussion, that the usual parade would take place on St. Patrick's Day by a vote of 71 to 28. It is noticeable that the most prominent Irishmen were against the parade, among them being Richard O'Gorman, General Thomas F. Bourke, Dr. McLeahy, Eugene Kelly, Judge Quinn, Thomas Clarke Luby, and others. The 68th Regiment has also resolved to abstain. It is possible those who went in for the procession may have substantial reasons, but until they are known the general public will think it strange that while Ireland is starving, her children abroad are rejoicing in all the pride, pomp and circumstance of a glorious procession.

Seed Potatoes. We do not know the exact meaning of Major Nolan's Seed Potatoes bill which has been read a third time in the British House of Commons and become law (except the Lords throw it out), but suspect that it relates to the granting of potatoes for seed by the Government to the tenants of Ireland. Tradition has it that it was the great Sir Walter Raleigh who first introduced potatoes into Ireland, and only they would, we suppose, have come anyway, we could wish, both for the sake of Sir Walter and Ireland, that the ship that brought him and them across would have sunk to the bottom of the sea. This would have certainly saved Sir Walter a disgraceful death on the block, and perhaps millions of Irishmen, women and children death from famine, which is still worse, because more painful with prolonged agonies. It is, of course, possible that the diabolical land laws would have produced great distress no matter what formed the staple food of the Irish people, but it is improbable that famines like those of 1819, 1822, and the terrible famine of 1848 could have occurred under any other than that which may be appropriately termed the potato-landlord system. The British conquered Ireland, and took possession of the lands after a struggle which lasted uninterruptedly for five hundred years, but fortunately, (or unfortunately) they did not succeed in exterminating the ancient race. As this race did not consent to die it follows that it had to live, but how was the problem to be solved. Manufactures or commerce there were none; the alien Government took particular care of that, so they had to confine themselves solely to agriculture. This would have been all well and good, for there are less profitable occupations than that of farmer, but as has been seen they had no lands to cultivate, the conquerors had monopolized them. There was, therefore, nothing left for them to do, seeing they persisted in desiring to live, than to resolve themselves into a pauper peasantry and till the soil for the new masters they had received, on condition that they obtained enough to eat and something to wear. These, in fact, were all they were entitled to, according to the penal laws, which did not permit them to own a horse worth more than five pounds, which prevented them going to school or to church, which, in fact, made them slaves. They rented pieces of land from the lords, and, as potatoes went a good way, they raised them and lived upon them almost altogether, dedicating the bulk of the land to pasturage, hay, wheat, oats and other cereals, which they sold to pay the rent. It would be exaggeration to say that they did not save something themselves all this time. The landlords were not such a bad kind of people then

as they are now; they lived on their property for the most part and spent money in the districts, some of which crept into the pockets of the tenants. It was when the Irish emerged from the state of helotry and became freedmen, and had votes and talked of emancipation and repeal of the union that the landlords became thoroughly disgusted, rack-rented and went to live abroad. It was then that the tuber became the staple food of the people altogether, not through choice, for they are as partial to good beef and mutton, and oat and wheat bread as their neighbors, but through sheer necessity, as being the only root which would bring such a large return in a limited space, as would enable them to pay the ever-increasing rents, which had now to sustain agents in a style befitting gentlemen, and at the same time the landlords proper, who abroad had contracted princely habits. The failure of the potato crop, therefore, meant a famine for the people, while not materially affecting what might be called the landlords' crop. Hence it stands to reason that if potatoes had not become the staple food of the peasantry, the Irish historians would not have to record so many famines in one of the most fertile countries in the world.

Ireland contained a large population in the time of Brian Boru, but we hear of no famine in those days; on the contrary, we are told that a beautiful lady went through the island on foot with a gold ring on top of a white wand without molestation. She would not go so far now; the landlords would rob her! After King Brian's time came the English, the Reformation, potatoes and famines. France has no famines to record in our days; and why? Simply because she has abolished the feudal system, has a French Government, trade, commerce and prosperity. France, fair and fertile as she is, would see her children die, as she saw them die before the Revolution, if the same system prevailed as in Ireland. Why should the man that tills the soil give three-fourths of the produce thereof to a man in London whom he has never seen, while his children are dying of hunger? "It is the law," it may be said. Well, it is a bad one, and should be abolished. The owner can be compensated as were the slave owners of the West Indies. Either the landlords or the people will have to quit when the struggle now going on is over. In either case let us hope that we shall hear no more of Government granting money for seed potatoes.

tion, almost without difficulty, in order to drown the voices of the Obstructionists. Indeed, one member was so enthusiastically obstructive towards the Obstructionists that he (according to the English papers) turned his stomach and had to leave the House. The clubs were made too hot for the Irish members, and a Home Ruler was sure to be excluded. If they were savage, or even semi-barbarians like most of the members composing the new Bulgarian Parliament, they might be excused; but when it is understood and acknowledged by such papers as the London Daily Telegraph that the Home Rulers are, as a body, the most brilliant party in the House, one is at a loss to account for the hostility of the Englishman except it is the ancient hatred and prejudice which he cannot restrain. He finds that the Irishman is superior to him in manners and in debate, and it angers him, and in his anger he insults him, and has very often to apologize. We presume the quarrel which has led to the present challenge was somewhat of this nature, and that the Irish gentleman, seeing he could not obtain Parliamentary protection, has decided to resort to the ancient method of adjusting differences. As a rule, the English members are not fortunate in their quarrels with the Irishmen. The last little excitement of a belligerent nature arose from the quarrel between The O'Donoghue and Sir Robert Peel during the American war. There was a meeting held in the Rotunda, Dublin, to sympathize with the North, at which O'Donoghue spoke and used words which displeased the baronet, who was then, we believe, Chief Secretary for Ireland. This position is of course filled by an Englishman, and formerly a talent for fighting and playing on the fiddle was the chief qualifications, as the duello was then the rage, and an Irish lawyer would ask no better start in life than the honor of winging an English Irish Secretary. Sir Robert Peel called the O'Donoghue a mannikin traitor and deprived him of the commission of the peace; the O'Donoghue challenged him and Sir Robert accepted. All went lovely for a while, and it was understood the duel was to be fought in Belgium. But Sir Robert destroyed everything by his awkwardness. Whom of all the world did he ask to be his second, but Lord Palmerston, his chief who prevented him fighting, and thus saved him from the pistol of the Irish member. A discussion arose on the matter in Parliament, in which The O'Donoghue pictures Robert as seeking protection behind the petticoats of Lord Palmerston. He also said in answer to the taunt that duelling had gone out of fashion, that the acts which provoked them should also have gone. There is no doubt duelling is a bad practice, but that if there be an excuse for it at all, it is that there are some people so thick-skinned, and at the same time so insulting that nothing else will tend to make them change their conduct, and this applies more particularly to the English county members.

Correspondence. Parnell's Land League Fund. To the Editor of the True Witness and Post. Sir,—To allay the sufferings and remove the twinges of hunger from which my fellow-countrymen and kinsmen are now suffering, I have quietly given my mite. But this does not satisfy my Irish conscience; I would do my share towards removing the cause that so long, and with such death-dealing effect, oppresses the national heart.

I have for some time been studying the subject and making a diagnosis of the disease. Into my laboratory have I taken the different remedies from time to time prescribed by the doctors, who for years—I might add—waited on the patient, and the analysis proves, at least to my own satisfaction, that either the case has not been thoroughly understood, or that the faculty which administered the medicine was composed chiefly of quacks, or that the text-books were from the London College—the British Parliament. The doses given were mere narcotics, superinducing a restless slumber, and the fearful cancer that gnaws her very vitals, the land laws and absentee landlord system—remained untouched.

Now, sir, to my mind a surgeon capable and willing to grapple with the difficulty has taken her case in hand. He is a son of the soil, loves his dear mother, Ireland, and will not, if his filial hand can sustain, allow her to perish. With lancet in hand he is prepared to risk his reputation, his all, on the operation. Should he not then be supported in his mission of love for fatherland by every Irishman in Dominion; yea, in every quarter of the globe? The very life of Ireland is the question of the moment, and will not her children uphold the hand raised to save her? Away with the base idea of such ingratitude to our national mother! Forbid its Irish instincts and Irish love of country! Her cherished son, who now appeals to us, studied her case from his childhood under her own eyes, from her has he his diploma, and save her he will if Irishmen are but faithful to him.

I am happy to know, sir, that you are proving true to the cause for which your paper was established; that Montreal, notwithstanding the back-sliding of a degenerate descendant of France who happens to occupy the civic chair, is preparing for him. *Ceud mille fadhla.* May the reception be worthy of him, and of the Irishmen of your city.

I enclose \$10 for the "Parnell Land League Fund," and hope that many of the cloth will go and do likewise. The lady, I am confident, will be to the fore. By a united effort we can effect wonders, and our cause is a holy one. You will likely hear from me again. In the meantime I am yours, AN ONTARIO PRIEST. Ontario, February 20th, 1880.

John of Tuam's Receipt for Our First Installment. ST. JARLATH'S TUAM, } February 2nd, 1880. } My DEAR SIR—Allow me to acknowledge with gratitude the receipt of £100 (one hundred pounds) through the Montreal Bank in London, on the part of the "Post Printing and Publishing Co. of Montreal," in behalf of our afflicted people. The receipt of this large contribution has been publicly acknowledged, in conjunction with another contribution of £150 from the Parish of St. Bridgid's, in the Dublin Freeman's Journal of 26th of January, 1880.

In return, I beg you and the members of the "Post Printing Co." to accept my warm acknowledgments, and believe me, your faithful servant, J. J. O'NEILL, Archbishop of Tuam.

John P. Whelan Esq., Manager. There is a disease now very prevalent among horses in Inverness Co. (I.R.), supposed to be a virulent form of strangles. Several valuable horses have been lost by it.

"True Witness" Irish Relief Fund.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes Edward Crowe, Peterboro, Ont. (\$1.00), Robert Richardson (\$1.00), Chinaman (\$2.00), James Mack (\$50), Myles O'Regan, Lachine (\$1.00), Peter Brady, Merrickville (\$1.00), Patk McCabe, Jr. (\$1.00), John Brislan (\$1.00), Francis D. Lisson (\$25), Harry Reynolds (\$1.00), Edward Wynne (\$1.00), Will McCarney (\$1.00), John Mills (\$1.00), Robert Bates (\$1.00), Patk O'Hara, Sr. (\$75), Samuel Jakes (\$1.00), John Gill (\$1.00), Jas McKibbin (\$25), Edward Brennan (\$1.00), Thos Murphy, Bartabee River, N.B. (\$1.00), Wm O'Brien (\$1.00), Mrs Wm Minister, Point St Charles (\$1.00), Treasurer of the Irish Annual Ball (\$65.65), Joseph Dunn, Cote St Paul (per Wm Wilson, Esq.) (\$10.00).

PARNELL LAND LEAGUE FUND.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes M. Mullin, lumberman (\$5.00), M. Fitzgibbon (\$5.00), Thomas Foy (\$1.00), Thomas O'Keefe (\$5.00), John White (\$5.00), Montrealer, from Portland (\$4.00), Henry Sheehan (\$1.00), F. W. (\$5.00), James Allen (second subscription) (\$5.00), An Ontario Priest (\$10.00).

City Council Meeting.

IRISH RELIEF FUND. When this order of the day was taken up for discussion, Ald. GREENE arose to a point of order. He wished to explain to the members present how, through a misunderstanding, Ald. DONOVAN had left his seat before this important question. The absent gentleman before leaving had enquired if the report was adopted, and was answered in the affirmative. Ald. McSHANE did not desire to oppose any report of the Finance Committee, but he thought that Montreal as a city should do something worthy of her name. If a grant was made he did not think a single ratepayer would murmur.

Ald. McMULLIN regretted that the Council could not appropriate a small sum. He was informed that the city charter would not allow of any such means of relief. They had on many occasions infringed it, and for precedents he would point to Chicago, where \$50,000 was paid, \$5,000 to St. Hyacinthe, and a grant to Chief Penton. Ald. NELSON stated that in the case of Chief Penton a medical certificate had been produced to prove that the Chief's death was experienced by extra labor in the service of the city. In the present instance there could not be a case of more alarming symptoms to appeal to the charitable; but the city must stop somewhere, and the present was the time to ignore former precedents. The Chicago fire fund had been thrown up to them on every possible occasion, and now he would advise them to "take the bull by the horns." He continued in the same strain, remarking that the close alliance existing between Montreal and Chicago would be sufficient apology for any measures, no matter how strong they were. He was sorry that any money had been granted St. Hyacinthe, but still he favored the St. John appropriation of \$10,000. He concluded by hoping the Council would take the present opportunity to check the practice.

Ald. McSHANE could not conceive the idea of any one reproaching the Chairman of the Finance Committee with ameliorating the sufferings of the distressed. The Dominion Parliament had set a good example by voting \$100,000 of the country's money. He would move that the motion now before the Council be referred back to the Finance Committee with instructions to report to this Council that a certain sum be voted to the relief of the people suffering in Ireland. Ald. HOLLAND was happy to state that the suffering had greatly diminished since their last meeting, and the necessity of assistance not being so great, he would oppose the amendment. The motion, being put to the members, was defeated by a vote of 6 to 10.

ATTEMPT ON THE CZAR'S LIFE.

The Czar Again Escapes by Almost Miraculous Dispensation. ST. PETERSBURG, February 17.—There has been an abortive attempt to kill the Imperial family by laying a mine in the winter palace. Five soldiers were killed and 25 wounded. The mine was laid under the guard room of the winter palace, which is immediately under the dining hall. Owing to accidental delay the Imperial family had not entered the latter at the usual time. The explosion made a hole in the floor of the dining hall 10 feet long and six wide.

VIENNA, February 18.—A cipher despatch received here from St. Petersburg says that as the details of yesterday's attempt upon the life of the Czar are more fully made public, the escape of the Emperor and entire Imperial family from instant death seems the more remarkable. The force of the explosion tore up a larger hole in the floor of the dining-room than was at first stated, the wrecked portion being not less than 15 feet in length by 12 in width; fragments of timbers were thrown all over the hall, and had the Czar and his family been seated in their accustomed places at the time, they must have been destroyed. There is a great deal of comment and surprise over the fact that despite the supposed vigilance of the guard around the Imperial Palace, the mine was laid. Since the receipt by the Emperor of warnings that, after the failure of the attempt upon his life on the railway near Moscow on the 6th of December, the Winter Palace and himself would yet be blown up into the air, the palace has been

GUARDED BY THE POLICE, the adjoining streets patrolled night and day by a picked force, the grounds brilliantly illuminated at night by electric light, and all persons found wandering in the vicinity and unable to give a satisfactory account of themselves have immediately been placed under arrest. Owing to the seeming absolute impossibility of outside parties placing a mine within the palace without detection, it is generally believed that persons high in authority and in the Czar's confidence were concerned in the conspiracy. Attempts are now being made to trace the course of the electric wires by which the dynamite was

exploded, and the opinion prevails in official circles that they will be found not to extend beyond the walls of the palace. The addition of this fresh shock, following so swiftly upon the trying experiences through which he has passed, is said to have made a profound impression upon the Czar, who was already HALF CRAZED WITH FEAR AND APPREHENSION. It is believed that within a very short time the Czar will either announce his abdication in favor of the Czarewitch, or issue a proclamation convening an assembly of the notables of the empire, for the purpose of framing a constitutional form of government. In official circles it is believed that the former alternative is the more probable.

ST. PETERSBURG, February 19.—Official inquiry into the cause of the explosion at the Winter Palace developed the fact that the mine was composed of dynamite and gun cotton, and has been traced to the fuel cellar in the inner court. Since the official inquiry commenced the workmen who were engaged in the room immediately beneath the guard room, the scene of the explosion, have fled.

THE CAUSE OF THE DELAY OF THE CZAR in entering the dining hall was owing to his reception of Prince Hesse, who had just arrived to take part in the 25th anniversary of the Czar's accession to the throne. Enormous and enthusiastic crowds surround the palace, and cheer lustily for the Czar, and the city is gaily decorated in honor of his escape from death. Thanksgiving services were held in all of the churches, which were crowded.

LONDON, February 18.—No fresh details of the plot for the destruction of the Emperor and his family have been obtained. The police pretend they have plenty of clues, but despatches from St. Petersburg say that the event has thrown the whole court party into consternation, and that it is universally believed that the conspirators are at this moment inside the palace. A person has been arrested in Paris who is suspected of having been connected with

THE ATTEMPT UPON THE CZAR'S LIFE on the railway near Moscow. The feeling at St. Petersburg, excited by the attempt in the Winter Palace, is strongly conflicting. People are in a state of great excitement, and asking each other what is to come next. ST. PETERSBURG, February 18.—During all the excitement consequent upon the explosion the Czar and the Duchess of Edinburgh remained remarkably self-possessed. All the members of the diplomatic corps in this city have suitably congratulated the Czar upon his narrow escape from instant death. Congratulations from all parts of Europe continue to be received, and indicate that the excitement through Europe at the dastardly attempt upon the life of the Czar is intense. No arrests have been made thus far. The Russian press have been permitted to publish official news only of the explosion.

ST. PETERSBURG, February 19.—During the investigation now in progress in connection with the explosion at the Winter Palace it has been found that several household servants are missing, which fact is regarded by the police as prima facie evidence against them. The police are sparing no efforts to capture these servants, as it is not doubted that a clue to the plot may be obtained through them. Many arrests have been made, including several of the persons who are suspected of having perpetrated the explosion, and of keeping them in hiding. The whole basement in which the mine was laid is undergoing a thorough examination with a view of discovering some clue to the perpetrators on or about the fragments of the mechanical portion of the mine. No facts have thus far been ascertained to direct suspicions against any person living outside the palace. The Czar is much more calm than at any time since the explosion. The Czarina, who was sleeping at the time of the explosion, is quiet, efforts having been successfully made to keep her in ignorance of the occurrence and the proceedings resulting from it.

LONDON, February 19.—Forty officials of the Imperial Court at St. Petersburg were arrested at the Winter Palace on Monday night, soon after the explosion took place, but notwithstanding the extent of the plan for the plot, it was carried out so nearly to success that the greatest difficulty is experienced in obtaining trustworthy details respecting not only the explosion itself, but the events which have followed after it. The Russian telegraphs are at present practically shut for all news purposes, and the European Embassies are kept as much as possible in the dark. The most trustworthy information respecting the plot and the events which followed its developments have come through certain cipher despatches which the Austrian Ambassador sent to his Government early on Tuesday, and later on during Wednesday. There can be, from these reports and such other information as has been obtained, no doubt that the plot was contrived by persons residing in the palace, and up to that time high in the confidence of the Emperor. The mechanical work of excavating for the men laying the wires connected with it and arranging the electrical battery which discharged it, is said to have been accomplished by five or six workmen, who were introduced into the palace by one of the subordinate officials, under a pretence of repairing a sewerage drain, and of laying some new gas pipes. These men have not been seen since the explosion, and there is no reason to suppose they were sent away early in the morning of the day when the explosion took place. They have, in all probability, by this time crossed the frontier, and are hiding either in Switzerland or Germany.

LONDON, February 23. Reports from St. Petersburg say the Czar for the past two days has refused to see any callers. It is believed that the exciting events through which he has just passed have brought on another attack of nervous prostration, from which he recently suffered so severely. He still receives hourly reports of the progress of the investigations, and issues orders respecting the search for and arrest of suspected parties. Speculations are revived concerning the probable early accession of the Czarewitch to the throne.

The present state of things in Ireland, says the Chicago Tribune, presents some strange anomalies. One-third of the island is in the jaws of famine, and the people of the United States are publicly and privately contributing not less than \$200,000 per week to assuage hunger and prevent starvation to death of the landless tenant farmers. And, while this inflow of American charity is going on to alleviate distress and avert death, there is an outflow week of \$1,000,000 worth of animal and vegetable food of Irish production to pay landlords' rents on the farms equitably and rightfully belonging to the tenants. The Irish farmers are actually selling \$1,000,000 worth of food per week to pay such rents to merciless English landlords, while the benevolent people of America are sending over there \$100,000 per week to keep these same farmers from eviction and out of the poor-houses or paupers' graves! Such is the land-system of Ireland. Stop this outflow of \$1,000,000 a week of Irish agricultural products to pay absentee landlords for the privilege of living in their own country, and the Irish people would want no charity from this or any other country. They would have the money themselves to lend or donate to the needy.

J. McVet & Co. are our authorized agents for Post and True Witness in Valleyfield, Que.

IRELAND!

Hears are falling, mothers waiting, Hope is drooping o'er the land; God of mercy! Erine's children, Stay the famine with thy hand. Clouds are gathering, darkly gathering, Feast the tide of woe roll on; Help dear Erin, oh thy people! All the woe of want is gone. Help us! help us! or we perish, Is the cry from o'er the deep; And the billows of the ocean Chant a lonely dirge and weep. Help dear Erin! help dear Erin! Sounds a tocsin from the dead, Sounds the voice of armed martyrs That a nation's glory led. They are dying! they are dying! Sighs the breeze upon the stream; They are dying! Erine's children, Oh my God! is this a dream? In the midst of wealth and plenty, Hunger knocking at the door, Shrouds of plucking at the land; Wrap the dead forever more! Cold the night and chill the morning, Dies the fire upon the hearth; Paint each ember quenched by death, Woe is Erin! woe the people! Famine and sorrow o'er the land; Tears of sorrow bathe the nation— Suffering Erin—faithful band! They are dying! they are dying! Sighs the harp across the deep, They are dying! Erine's children, Chant the psalm of death in sleep, Tears and sorrow o'er the morrow— Seal of woe in silence told— God of Erin! God of mercy! Take the dying to thy fold. They are dying! they are dying! Oh affliction! can it be That the homes of happy childhood Sink beneath the woe of death? They are dying! De Profundis! Lay them gently 'neath the sod, Merciful! faithful! Erin! Live forever with thy God! T. O'HAGAN. Belleisle, Feb. 11th, 1880.

CARDINAL NEWMAN

A Lecture on the Catholics of England.

The Catholics of Birmingham held their twenty-sixth annual reunion in the Town Hall on Tuesday evening. Usually the proceedings commence with tea, but on this occasion the tea was dispensed with. There was, however, an excellent concert, which was thoroughly enjoyed. We need hardly say that the attendance was vast. The great hall—galleries and floor—was crammed, and those who sat on the lofty platform surveyed a perfect sea of faces. To the inexpressible delight of all present, His Eminence Cardinal Newman presided. With him were the Earls of Denbigh and Gainsborough, Count Metternich, Right Rev Dr Halsey, Very Rev Canon Longman, O'Sullivan, O'Hanlon and Northcote; Right Rev Abbot Smith, O.S.B., Revs W P Neville, the Oratory; T A Pope, the Oratory; H I Ryder, the Oratory; W A Hutton, the Oratory; H A Mills, the Oratory; Very Rev Bernardine Caroli, O.S.P.C.; Fathers Seraphin, Edward, Leo, Bede, Jerome and Idephonous, O.S.P.C.; Rev E J Stutter, Stratford-on-Avon; J Robinson, Bishop's House; E F Fenn, St. Catharine's; J Hawkeford, D.D., Oscott College; W Greaney, Oscott College; J H Walker, Kentwell; G Duckett, Wolverhampton; J. Abbott, Handsworth; J P A Davies, Blaxwick; J Sweeney, D.D.; S Johnson, Wednesbury; J W Boulton, Bishop's House; J Caswell, Oscott College; A L Chantavay, Bishop's House; J Nock, Nechells; H J Taylor, Spetchley; G Sainsbury, St. Peter's; P Holden, Walsall; A B Crane, Birmingham; C A Wheatley, St. Peter's; J Keating, Cannon; A Hall, Staff; W Hall, Wolverhampton; T Keates, Mary's; J Sherlock, St. Michael's; P Fogarty, J Fox, J Delerue, L Torond, J Hughes, A Calman, J Rigby, A Platzer, T Dickinson, J Parker, V Holcroft, G Ryder, T Whelan, H Norris, Messrs Basil Fitzherbert, W Acton, Newdegate, Perry, J Powell, J B Hardman, E Wilson, Haigh, J Buggins, Dr Quirk, B Wareing, F Wareing, G Hardman, W Bowen, J B Lucy, Baker, Brunner, Willm, Skill, &c.

Cardinal Newman, who was greeted with loud applause, addressed the meeting as follows:—It was natural, my dear friends, when I found myself honored by your request to preside at this great annual meeting of Catholics, being aware that, according to custom, I should address them, that I should be anxious to find some subject which was both reasonable in itself and interesting to my hearers. But how could I hope to hit upon any topic which had not been anticipated by those who had preceded me in this chair? It has for more than twenty years been filled successively by men conspicuous in various lines of eminence—by great ecclesiastics, by noblemen and statesmen, by men of high position and distinguished name, by country gentlemen, by men of high talent or wide experience, who have made this one of the most remarkable Catholic gatherings in the country. And these former presidents have had the pick of all subjects, and the judgment and tact to select those which were most suitable to the occasion. This reflection came to me with great force, and I felt that it would serve as my apology if I failed in finding a subject equal to the duty which lay upon me. However, I am not so badly off as it may appear at first sight. The lapse of time is itself a subject, and I shall find one to-night far larger than I need—nay, one which rather is embarrassing from its very largeness, in that I remind you of the circumstances under which you began these social meetings, and the great change which has taken place in our condition as Catholics since then. Not long before these annual gatherings commenced, and close upon thirty years ago, Catholics had suddenly become very unpopular both in Birmingham and through the whole country. I am not proposing to enter into the history of an unhappy time. The misfortune to us arose from a singular misunderstanding which Catholics would have been hindered by anticipation could they have conjectured that it would take place. It was generally fancied that in some way or other our authorities at Rome were conspiring together against the religious liberties of England, and that by appointing an English Cardinal and English Bishop they intended to propagate in some unjustifiable way or other, in this country the Catholic religion. It was thought also to be a great insult to the dignity of the country not to recognize that there was established here already a Christian hierarchy, and a great offence. And when the Government of the day, or at least some very distinguished statesman, took the same view, the excitement became extreme. We were thought very ill of, and very unkindly, the tolerance already extended to us; and then, as it will happen at such a time, all the old stories against us were brought out anew and put into circulation, and as we have lived 1,800 years, and the Protestant sects found us only 300, it need not surprise anyone if more could be said by our enemies against us—truths or falsehoods, exaggerations or misstatements—than could be said against them, if we tried, especially since our very greatness, we have vastly more

temptations and opportunities to act wrongly than they had had. And since (bad luck for us) we have never kept a register of Protestant scandals, as our enemies had kept of ours, and in consequence were in no condition to show that what there had been evil or faulty in times past in our body was to be laid to the charge, not of our religion, but of depraved human nature, we were at a great disadvantage; and even good and well meaning Protestants got to entertain a bad opinion of us, and a great prejudice, distrust and dislike of us was diffused through the country, and an animosity, leading in many cases to cruel and to violent acts. Things are very different now with us, and we have cause to be grateful to the inhabitants of this great town that so it is. Not that the ill opinion of those among whom one lives is the worst of trials; there are others far worse than it; but words break no bones, and calumny is generally short-lived; but, though popular disfavour, if it does not go further, is not an extraordinary trial, the good opinion of others—their respect, their sympathy, their sympathy, their kindness—is a very great pleasure, a very great gain; and therefore I think it quite a point to be remembered and recorded—a matter for congratulating each other upon, and rejoicing in, so far as we have it. And certainly there is a very striking contrast in the sort of welcome, given by Englishmen to the late Cardinal Wiseman when he came as Cardinal to England in Michaelmas, 1850, and their conduct towards us at the present time. The contrast is striking, and I may be allowed, perhaps, to set before you one or two causes of the change of which that contrast is the evidence; and in the remarks which I am about to make, and especially in any criticism I may incidentally pass on some acts of my countrymen, I hope I may say nothing which can be taken as inconsistent with the true affection and esteem which I feel for them, or with my gratitude to that great aggregate of ranks and classes which constitute what is called the public, from whom, though sometimes unfair to me, I have of late years, and now again recently, received such amounting marks of good will. First, the adverse sentiment was too violent, too unjust, sometimes too extravagant, to last. No wonder there was so widespread an alarm, and no wonder again it was of such short continuance, when we recollect what it was that was said about us. For instance, in a village which I happen to know it had been prophesied, even at an earlier date, that if the Papists got the upper hand the streets of the village would flow with blood. A statement of a less prodigious character, but one far more cruel in its action on an unoffending and defenceless class, came from a high ecclesiastical quarter in the Establishment, and was to the effect that Protestant families would do well to be on their guard against Catholic servants, for these were spies on their masters and mistresses, and told all that happened indoors to their priest. Such extreme sayings—and they were not few—would necessarily lead to a reaction, and thereby do us a service, though not so intended; and, in fact, in a little time the public heart began to be ashamed of saying them and hearing them. Englishmen are a kind-hearted people at bottom, when they have not gone mad, which, alas! they do every now and then. Accordingly, in a little time, after passing an act of Parliament against us, and against the Catholics of Ireland—who had nothing to do with the cause of the quarrel, for they had no need of a hierarchy of bishops, having had one from time immemorial—after the act of Parliament, I say, they felt a satisfaction and relief, and calmed down. An then a general feeling came over them, that perhaps they had been hard upon us. This is the first cause how we come to be in happier relations with our countrymen now than we were thirty years ago. It is an instance of the operation of the psychological law that reaction of mind follows on great excitement. There was a second reason for a change, which followed close upon the first, and that was the experience which came to the nations that time went on that, after all, their alarm somehow had been unnecessary. Their Act of Parliament did not hinder us having Diocesan Bishops and Chapters, Cardinals and orders of religious men. How could it? It could only hinder us using certain names, calling our bishops bishops, and carrying out the duties of our religion with certain solemnities. But Holy Church is intangible; nor could they touch her children, unless, indeed, they meant to proceed to actual prosecution. This they did not dream of; and soon they made the second discovery that, as they could not touch us, neither could we touch them; that we and they belong to different spheres of life, that their objects were secular and ours religious. I don't mean to say that there could not be usurpations on our side or on theirs; but while what might be called a concordat was observed between temporals and spirituals, there might indeed be small collisions between the regale and pontificale; they might injure us indirectly, as by now and then troubling us by their legislation; and we might employ our civil rights in a way they did not like, in the interest of the rights of conscience as other religious bodies do. But this was all; there was no reason for the grave prophecies of danger, and the panic fright, and the stringent measures on the part of the Executive of the country, of which we had been the subjects and the victims. We wished to live in peace with our countrymen, and there was no reason why they, too, should not be friendly, and cherish good will and act charitably towards us. As time went on, this was felt more and more by candid minds, and even those who had been prejudiced against us began to see that there was no reason why the Church of Rome should not have clergy for its people in England any more than the Protestant missionary bodies of England should refrain from sending their clergy and ministers to Africa or New Zealand, which is sometimes a great offence to the English Establishment in foreign parts, and causes great quarrels, as in Ceylon now. But you may say that in thus speaking I am not mending matters, because this was just one of our great offences in the eyes of our countrymen thirty years ago;—the insult of proposing to convert Englishmen as if they were heathen, and such intention was a great source of irritation. This was, I need hardly say, a great misunderstanding, and thus I am brought to what I consider to be a third and most remarkable instrument in the change of feeling in our favor which has taken place of late years among Protestants. That change has risen in good part from that very consequence which they anticipated and so much dreaded, and which has actually taken place—the conversions—which have not been few. Of course it would be very absurd in us, and I may say, very wicked, if we said that this was a heathen country, and needed conversion as a heathen country needs it. There is a widespread knowledge of Christianity among us, a love of its main truths, a zeal in their behalf, and an admirable prodigality, as if they could, of contributions in furthering them. There are great many religious, a great many actively benevolent men among Protestants. This is not inconsistent

with our holding that they only know half the Gospel; and, as we are sure that we know the whole, not merely the half, this is a good reason why we should wish to make them Catholics, even though they be not heathen. We never conceal that we would make them Catholics, if we could by fair and honest means. On the other hand, it is but natural that they should oppose us, be angry with us, and be afraid of us. True, but what I wish to show, and what I believe to be the remarkable fact, is that, whereas there have been many conversions to the Catholic Church during the last thirty years, and a great deal of ill-will felt towards us in consequence, nevertheless that ill-will has been overcome, and a feeling of positive good-will has been created instead in the minds of our very enemies by means of these conversions, which they feared from their hatred of us; and I will say how. The Catholics in England fifty years ago were an unknown sect among us. Now there is hardly a family but has brothers, or sisters, or cousins, or connections, or friends and acquaintances, or associates in business or works of that religion; not to mention the large influx of population from the sister island, and such an interpenetration of Catholics with Protestants, especially in our great cities, could not take place without there being a gradual accumulation of experience, slow, indeed, but therefore the more sure, about individual Catholics, and what they really are in character, and whether or not they can be trusted in the concerns and intercourse of life. And I fancy that Protestants, spontaneously and before setting about to form a judgment, have found them to be men whom they could be drawn to like and to love quite as much as their fellow Protestants might be—as human beings in whom they could be interested and sympathize with, and interchange good offices with, before the question of religion came into consideration. Perhaps they even got into intimacy and fellowship with some one of them before they knew he was a Catholic, for religious convictions in this day do not show themselves in a man's exterior; and then, when their minds turned back on their existing prejudices against the Catholic religion, it would be forced on them that that hated creed at least had not destroyed what was estimable and agreeable in him, or at least that he was a being with human affections and human tastes, whatever might be his inner religious convictions. Perhaps the particular specimen of a Catholic which I have supposed might only go half way in possessing this sort of ethical appeal to the good will of others, or a quarter way, but he would have enough to destroy their imaginary notions of what a Catholic, and much more, a priest must be, and to make short work of all, or of all of that Guy Faux or Duke of Alva sort of Papist who hitherto stood in their minds for the normal representative of a Roman Catholic. I have been speaking of those ordinary and visible traits of character, of what is human merely, which is social in imperious bearing, which, as a moral magnetism, unites man to each other—of those qualities which are the basis, the sine qua non of a political community—of those qualities which may be expressed by the word "neighborly"; and I say that Catholics, as a body, are, to say the least, quite as neighborly as Protestants, as attractive, as capable of uniting in civil society; and I say that in consequence their multiplication in England, by making them visible, tangible, sensible, must, as an inevitable consequence, create a more kindly feeling to them than has existed hitherto; and it has. I have not spoken of social virtues such as make a man respected and honored, for that was not necessary for my purpose, though, whatever our failings may be as sons of Adam, I trust that at least we do not fall below that standard which is received in our country as the condition of a good name. And I might have enlarged on this—that, much as members of a Protestant country may dislike their relations being converted to a religion not their own, and angry as they may be with them at first, yet, as time goes on, they take their part when others speak against them, and anyhow feel their cruelty as well as the baseness of the slanders circulated against Catholics, when those slanders include those dear to them, and they are indignant at the slanderer, and feel tender towards the slandered, from the very fact that among the subjects of such calumnious treatment are persons who, as their experience tells them, so little deserve it. And now, had time admitted, I might have gone on to the other distinct causes of that change which I have taken for my subject; but, since this cannot be, I will content myself with referring to another kind of knowledge of Catholics, which has operated in their favor—a knowledge not to any great extent experimental and personal, but public, coming to the population at large from special witnesses—perhaps few and only on special occasions—and by means of the periodical press and the trustworthy informants of whose testimony it is the vehicle. And as an instance of what I mean, I will notice the great figure presented in this way to the whole world by the late Pope Pius IX., and its effect in favour of Catholics. This surely is a fair and striking instance of knowledge of Catholics, telling in their favour. If there is any representative of the Roman Church from whom Protestants ought to shrink, it is her head. In their theory, in their controversial publications, in their traditions, the Pope is all that is bad. You know the atrocious name they give him; he is the embodiment of evil and worst foe of the Gospel. Then, as to Pope Pius, no one could, both by his words and by his deeds, offend them more. He claimed, he exercised larger powers than any other Pope ever did; he committed himself to ecclesiastical acts bolder than those of any other Pope; his secular policy was especially distasteful to Englishmen; he had some near him who put into print that kind of gossip concerning him which would put an Englishman's teeth on edge; lastly, he it was who, in the beginning of his reign, was the author of that very measure which raised such a commotion among us, yet his personal presence was of a kind which no one could withstand. I believe one special cause of the abatement of the animosity felt towards us by our countrymen was the series of tableaux, as I may call them, brought before them in the newspapers, of his receptions of visitors in the Vatican. His mistresses, indeed, had something to do with his popularity. The whole world felt that he was shamefully used as regards his temporal possessions; no foreign Power had a right to seize upon his palaces, churches and other possessions; and the justice shown him excited a wide interest in him; but the main cause of his popularity was the magic of his presence, which was such as to dissipate and utterly destroy the fog of which the image of a Pope looms to the ordinary Englishman. His uncompromising faith, his courage, the graceful intermingling in him of the human and the divine, the humour, the wit, the playfulness with which he tempered his severity; his naturalness, and then his true eloquence, and the resources he had at command for meeting with appropriate

words the circumstances of the moment, overcame those who were the least likely to be overcome. A friend of mine, a Protestant, a man of practiced intellect and mature mind, told me, to my surprise, that at one of the Pope's receptions at the Vatican, he was so touched by the discourse made by His Holiness to his visitors that he burst into tears, and this was the experience of hundreds; how could they think ill of him or of his children when his very look and voice were so ethical, so eloquent, so persuasive? Yet, I believe, wonderful as was the mode and the effect with which Pius preached our holy religion, we have not lost by his being taken away. It is not decorous to praise the living; it is not modest to panegyricise those whom rather one should obey; but in the successor of Pius I recognise a depth of thought, a tenderness of heart, a winning simplicity, a power answering to his name, which keeps me from lamenting that Pope Pius is no longer here. But I must cut short what has been already too long, though I have not reached the end. I will only say, in conclusion, that, though Englishmen are more friendly to us as individuals, I see nothing to make me think that they are more friendly to our religion. They do not, indeed, believe, as they once believed, that our religion is so irrational that a man who professes it must be wanting either in honesty or in wit; but this is not much to grant, for the great question remains to decide whether it is possible for a country to continue any long time in the unnatural position of thinking ill of a religion and thinking well of believers in it. One would expect that either dislike of the religion would create an unfriendly feeling towards its followers, or friendliness towards its followers would ensure good will towards the religion. How this problem will be solved is one of the secrets of the future. Cardinal Newman was frequently applauded during the delivery of his address.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Mr. Meldon (Home Ruler) introduced a motion in favor of the equalizing of the franchise in Ireland with that in England and Scotland. He said the existing inequality was distinctly a breach of the Act of Union. Mr. Gray (Home Ruler) seconded the motion. Mr. Lewis (Conservative) moved an amendment that it is inexpedient to deal with the question. In the course of his speech he charged Mr. Parnell with inciting the people to break the law. The Speaker called Mr. Lewis to order. Resuming his remarks, Mr. Lewis said the House knew his meaning. The Home Ruler, once a harmless snake was now a poisonous serpent. The House ought to hesitate before granting the extension of the franchise among a class holding Home Rule views. Mr. Justin McCarthy (Home Ruler), and various Irish members, supported Mr. Meldon's motion. Mr. Lowther, Chief Secretary for Ireland, said it was inopportune to re-open the question of Parliamentary reform. Mr. Shaw (Home Ruler) pointed out that Government, by refusing reasonable demands, were playing into the hands of the extreme party in Ireland. Mr. Meldon charged Mr. Lowther with neglecting his duties to attend races. Mr. Waddy (Liberal) said if they desired to avoid Home Rule, they could only do so by granting such a legitimate demand. Sir William Harcourt declared the motion only set forth the principle of equality on which the union of the two countries was based. When that ceased to be the principle he should cease to be in favor of union. Mr. Gibson, Attorney-General for Ireland, sought to show it was impossible to deal with the franchise before legislation was had on the redistribution of seats. Mr. John Bright supported the motion. He pointed to the treatment of Ireland in other matters. He said the Chief Secretaryship was held by a man who was steeped with Tory prejudices against freedom. Mr. Meldon's motion was finally rejected, by 242 to 198.

LONDON, February 19.

The Bill authorizing the purchase of seed potatoes for the Irish tenant farmers at cost or under, or credit, was read a first time. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has given notice that he will move on Monday for the appointment of a Committee to enquire into loans for Public Works from the Consolidated Fund. The Under-Secretary for India admitted that a confidential report was made in 1876 by the Indian Assistant Quartermaster-General concerning the despatch of troops to Armenia. The House went into committee on the Irish Relief Bill. An amendment to the third clause was moved by Mr. Shaw (Home Ruler) for the purpose of permitting Boards of guardians to execute under the loan, and with the sanction of the local Government Board, works of drainage, improvement of waste lands, widening and deepening rivers, &c., was negatived by 189 to 89.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

LONDON, February 20.

The Duke of Argyll moved for the correspondence found at Cabul between Shere Ali and the Russian authorities. Lord Cranbrook, Secretary of State for India, refused to produce the papers. A debate ensued. Earl Beaconsfield said the British Government considered the time had arrived when they should settle forever who should possess the great gates of India. The policy of the Government, distinctly and repeatedly declared, had not swerved for a moment. Complete command of the great gates of the Indian Empire had been obtained with absolute success. Many things had occurred which Government had not contemplated, but nothing had occurred which for a moment could induce them to modify or change their policy. They had been asked why, if they had completed that policy, they had not withdrawn from Afghanistan, but they could not leave people in a state of comparative anarchy. That, however, was not the condition of the whole of Afghanistan. Parts thereof, and notably the district of Candahar, were in a state of absolute peace and great prosperity. Lord Beaconsfield said, in conclusion:—"Let us be firm, resolute and determined. Let the people know this country is ready to be just, but that it has resolved to be obeyed, and the difficulties of complications will immediately disappear." The Duke of Argyll then withdrew his motion for the production of the Afghan correspondence.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

LONDON, February 20. Mr. Plimsoll read an apology for the lan-

guage in his handbill reflecting on Sir W Russell and Mr. Onslow. He said he had convinced himself that Sir W Russell and Mr. Onslow had acted from no wish to obstruct his Bill for loading grain in bags. Sir W Russell said since it was no longer a personal question but one affecting the privileges of the House, he placed himself in the hands of the House. Mr. Onslow asked the House to accept the apology. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, while accepting the apology, thought the House should take notice of the matter as a question of privilege.

The debate then proceeded. The Chancellor moved that the publishing of printed placards denouncing two members in the House was a breach of privilege, but that in consideration of Mr. Plimsoll's apology further action was unnecessary.

Sir Vernon Harcourt, supported by John Bright and others, held the House ought not to create a weapon for stifling free discussion. He moved the previous question, which, in British Parliamentary practice, is equivalent to an indefinite postponement of the subject. Sir Stafford Northcote's motion was adopted by 182 to 116. Sir S. Northcote will move on Monday a resolution regarding obstruction. The House went into Committee on the Irish Relief Bill. The remaining clauses were agreed to. The Government has decided strenuously to oppose the amendment to the British Relief Bill, by which Mr. Biggar proposes that no person receiving out-door relief shall forfeit any franchise he may possess. It is calculated that as the Bill at present stands several thousand voters would be disqualified by accepting relief.

LONDON, February 23.

Earl Cairns, Lord High Chancellor, introduced bills simplifying conveyancing, and facilitating sales and leases of lands and generally increasing the powers of owners for life to improve the land. The principal one of these bills passed its first reading. The Seed and Potato Bill passed in the Commons.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Sir Stafford Northcote gave notice that on Thursday he would move a resolution that whenever any member was named by the Speaker or Chairman of Committees as disregarding the authority of the Chair, or abusing the rules of the House by persistently obstructing business, the Speaker shall put the question, without debate, amendment, or adjournment, that such member be suspended during the business of that day's sitting. Subsequently Mr. Sullivan (Home Ruler) moved that Earl Cadogan, for speaking at an electoral meeting at Chelsea, be summoned before the Bar of the House for a breach of privilege, as no Peer is allowed to interfere with the elections, and that Major Jocelyn be also summoned to the Bar, as he, at the same meeting, characterized the Home Rulers as a despicable band of Irish rebels. Sir Stafford Northcote pointed out that the meeting was an ordinary meeting of the Conservative Association.

Sir Vernon Harcourt opposed the motion by moving the previous question, but said the Chancellor of the Exchequer had to thank himself for it by his course in the Plimsoll affair.

The previous question was adopted by 229 to 15.

Mr. O'Donnell (Home Ruler) proceeded to raise another question of breach of privilege. Mr. Sullivan, in his speech on his motion, incidentally expressed his intention of raising the question of breach of privilege by newspapers. (These proceedings are, doubtless, in retaliation for the motion against obstruction.)

Mr. O'Donnell, in raising the question of breach of privilege, brought under notice a number of newspaper articles which he complained contained a series of gross, scandalous libels upon the Irish members. He read from the World, Advertiser, Daily Telegraph, Pall Mall Gazette and Liverpool Courier, and interpreted their denunciations as part of the conspiracy to fasten on the Liberal leaders a charge of complicity with the obstruction of the privileges of the House, and handed in the newspapers mentioned for the passages to which he had made reference to be read by the Clerk.

TELEGRAMS.

LONDON, February 19.—The publisher and J. & E. Judd, printers of the Sporting and Dramatic News, appeared in Court to-day to answer a charge of libel preferred by Mr. Gray, Lord Mayor of Dublin, in publishing the following:—"How that mischievous, ill-conditioned burlesque of legislator Gray is descended, we don't know, nor seeing his character so apparent does it much matter. Guests, who had been obliged to accept his invitation to the Mansion House, are to be warmly congratulated on their escape from such a humiliating business as this dinner must have been." The article insinuated that fear existed the Mansion House Relief Fund would be misapplied.

New York, February 22.—The Herald's special cable from Dublin says:—"The distress in Ireland grows more widespread every day; it is only through the admirable machinery of distribution organized by the Mansion House and Marlborough committees that actual starvation is checked. The famine will probably intensify during the coming fortnight, after which for short periods it will probably be less severe, in consequence of employment of labor in the sowing of crops. This done, the worst crisis will follow. Jonathan Peil, who is famous for his labors in 1847, says that the worst time would be the last fortnight in May till through June and the first fortnight in July. This is confirmed by experience; it is also the opinion of every authority on the subject. Charles Kennedy, an active member of the Mansion House Committee, says that he believes the present committee could manage the distress for a considerable time, but their funds would be nearly if not quite exhausted when the most crushing crisis arrived. He would advise that the Herald's American fund be made as large as it could, and then husbanded as far as possible, so as to step in when other funds were low. America would then be the actual saviour and mainstay of the people."

CATHOLIC NEWS.

His Lordship Bishop Cameron recently dedicated a chapel at Arichat, N.B., when he was presented with a purse of \$100 towards defraying his expenses to Rome.

The Irish College and the French Seminary at Rome are preparing to take a great part in the solemn act of homage which will be made to His Holiness the Pope on the 7th of March next. Several distinguished persons, including many eminent philosophers and theologians from Spain, are expected to be present on the occasion.

MEMORIAL WINDOW.—The Roman Catholic Literary Association of Brockville gave a successful entertainment at the Opera House there, the proceeds to be devoted to the erection of a memorial window to the late Bishop O'Brien. This, so far as we have heard, is the first step towards the erection of any monument to the memory of the good Bishop. There is a rumor afloat, says St. Luke, that a movement is taking place among the converts to the Church of Rome in this country for the purpose of erecting a large Catholic cathedral, at a cost of a quarter of a million of money, on the banks of the Thames, not unworthy of such ecclesiastical structures as St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, in the immediate neighborhood.

A Rome despatch says the Papal Encyclical against divorce favors the removal of the rite of marriage from all civil jurisdiction whatsoever. It traces the history of marriage from the patriarchal to Catholic times, and declares that Christ elevated it to a sacrament, which only His Church can admin-

ister. The attempt under various guises by the modern spirit of irreligion to rob the church of her right, either to bind or loose marriage ties, must be resisted by the whole Catholic world.

Miss Gladstone, like Miss Stanley, another distinguished lady convert who died a few weeks ago, expired far from the home of her childhood, and desired that her body might be taken there for its last rest. The funeral of each lady—the one at Alderley and the other at Faque—was attended by the brother who in each case has made the name borne by the deceased lady famous. And Mr. Gladstone, like Dean Stanley, was united to his Catholic sister by ties of very close affection. Having resided for some years at Cologne, she was less known in English Catholic circles to-day than during the rule of Cardinal Wiseman, whose great friend she was, and under whom she laboured in the cause of charity and of religion with a zeal in which worldly prudence had no part.

One of the last straws on the back of Cardinal Newman's Anglicanism in old days was the appointment of a Protestant Bishop of Jerusalem, when that city was already an orthodox see. And the same difficulty in another form appears to have presented itself to the Duke of Norfolk the other day. The Right Rev. Dr. Barclay, accompanied by his wife and family, has just left England to rule the heretically created diocese of Jerusalem; and before he left he made an application, if the Record may be believed, to the Herald's College for the coat-of-arms of the Bishop of Jerusalem. To this request the Duke of Norfolk, as Earl Marshal and head of the College, has declined to accede, alleging that there is already a Bishop (a Catholic one) in possession of that see, and that to him alone belongs the right of using the immemorial arms attached to his office.

Great crowds of people continue to frequent the chapel at Knock. On Monday and on yesterday the gathering was exceedingly great. The piety of the Catholics of this province appears to be awakened by the event and by the circumstances narrated in connection with it. It is not the province of any public writer to state more than that which is told as news, and which is generally attested as true by those living in the district where the events occur. As mere news we state that we have been assured by the best authority, that the apparition of the 21st August last has been attested by fifteen different witnesses. Regarding the miracles that have been reported by those who visit the place of the apparition, if one out of every twenty were true and real, it would amply suffice to show that the source of such surprising events is really supernatural. The subject regarding the miracles said to be wrought has not been brought under the notice of any ecclesiastical authority; all that is known regarding them is, that the people who visit the place say that they have witnessed what to their eyes and ears appear miraculous in their character. It is quite certain that mendicants and tramps, who wish to turn a penny on everything that turns up, will strive to make a few shillings by their visit to Knock, and report themselves that they have been cured of lameness that they never had, or of blindness that never came over their bodily eyes. It would be a miracle if such impostors had not a good deal to do at public gatherings at Knock, or any other place. The best way to deal with such pretended pious pilgrims is, not to give a penny to any such characters. Not one of that class should receive money at Knock, because if it is found that money is given, impostors, like flies in the summer, are sure to spring up. All well instructed Catholics do not require the evidence of modern miracles to know that in the Church of God the power which Christ gave her has not ceased; and that from time to time such power will, when required, be always manifested. The Irish faithful, like Louis IX. of France, the sainted son of a saintly mother, do not stand in need of miracles to confirm their faith. The monarch replied when, on one occasion, he was asked to see the infant Saviour visible in a consecrated host—"Let those," said he, "go to see it whose faith in the mystery of the Eucharist require it; as for me, my faith could not be made firmer by such a proof of the reality of His Divine presence there."—Times News.

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POND'S EXTRACT. THE GREAT VEGETABLE PAIN DESTROYER AND SPECIFIC FOR INFLAMMATION AND HEMORRHAGES.

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Bleeding from the nose, or from any part of the body, is speedily controlled and stopped.

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Use the Extract promptly. It is a sure cure. Destroy the diphtheria.

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The Extract is the only specific for this disease. Cold in the head, or in the throat, is speedily cured.

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Use the Extract in connection with the other remedies, and it will aid in healing, and in preventing the return of the disease.

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For allaying heat and pain, and should be kept in every family ready for use.

Inflamed or Sore Eyes.

It can be used without the slightest fear of injury, and quickly allaying all inflammation and redness.

Earache, Toothache and Faceache.

When the Extract is used according to directions, its effect is simply wonderful.

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It is the greatest remedy for this complaint, and is used with the most successful results.

For Broken Breast and Sore Nipples.

The Extract is a sure cure for this complaint, and is used with the most successful results.

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It can be used without the slightest fear of injury, and quickly allaying all inflammation and redness.

CAUTION.

Pond's Extract has been imitated. The words "Pond's Extract" are on the wrapper.

Price of Pond's Extract, Toilet Articles and Specialties.

POND'S EXTRACT, 50 CENTS. TOILET CREAM, 50 CENTS. TOILET SOAP, 50 CENTS.

MILK OF MAGNESIA

Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion Sour Stomach and Sick Headache.

Immediately corrects bad taste in the mouth and renders the future breath sweet and agreeable.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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There are persons who, having made use of various preparations without obtaining any satisfactory results, will be inclined to condemn the use of LUBY'S FASHION HAIR RESTORER.

Used as an ordinary dressing for the hair, its valuable properties are to restore gray hair to its natural color.

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY. Will promptly cure any and every case of Nervous Debility and Weakness, result of Indigestion, excess or overwork of the brain, and nervous system.

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Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one.

Wholesale by Lyman Sons & Co.; Retail by all Druggists.

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WARRANTED. Catalogue sent Free. VANDUZEN & TIFT, Cincinnati, O.

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MANTLES AND PLUMBERS' SLAES, &c. MADE TO ORDER.

Musical Instruments.

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SPRINGWAY, CHECKERING, DUNHAM, HAINS, SQUARES, UPRIGHTS, GRANDS.

A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF PIANOS by the above makers are offered by us on the most liberal terms.

NEW AND SECOND-HAND PIANOS FOR HIRE.

Orders for TUNING and REPAIRING will receive prompt attention.

Domestic Agents for the Above Pianos: A. & S. NORDHEIMER, MONTREAL.

JOSEPH GOULD HAS REMOVED HIS PIANO WAREROOMS TO No. 1 Beaver Hall Square.

BEATTY

Pianos Another battle on high priced Raging War in the musical world.

Beatty's Pianos are the most reliable and durable.

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HOP BITTERS.

(A Medicine, not a Drink.) CONTAINS HOPS, RUCHU, MANDIARKE, DANDELION.

THEY CURE All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nerveless, bloatedness, and especially Female Complaints.

STOCK IN GOLD. Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything injurious or injurious found in them.

The Hop Bitters is the sweetest, safest and best. Ask Children.

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A Cross Baby.

Nothing is so conducive to a man's remaining a bachelor as stopping for one night at the house of a married friend and being kept awake for five or six hours by the crying of a cross baby.

Dr. Newman on Images. A Protestant blames Catholics for doing honor to images, yet he does it himself.

There are societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals. But men and women grow pig-headed when their stomachs are demoralized.

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LIES WHOSE DIGESTIVE ORGANS ARE OUT OF ORDER.

order will find in MILK OF MAGNESIA a source of relief, most acceptable to the palate and no same time effectual.

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Persons answering advertisements.

Persons answering advertisements, or purchasing from those who advertise with us, will please mention the True Witness.

AGE OF ENLIGHTENMENT.—In an age of enlightenment like the present, the value of electric principle as remedial agents is widely appreciated.

FINANCE & COMMERCE.

TRUE WITNESS OFFICE, Tuesday, February 23, 1920.

The Montreal Herald publishes to-day the statement of the banks acting under charter in Canada for the months of January and December last, showing a still further reduction of \$1,500,000 in the most important account, that of "discounts" during the past month.

At the annual meeting of the Bank of Nova Scotia, held at Halifax yesterday, the following were re-elected, and John S. MacLean President.

The traffic receipts of the Great Western Railway for the week ending February 13, 1920, were \$8,490,433, compared with \$8,918,433 for the corresponding week last year, a decrease of \$427,994.

The rate of discount at the Bank of England remains at 3 per cent for the year to have been 5 per cent, and the proportion of reserve to liabilities is now 37 1/2 per cent, against 37 1/8 per cent last week.

The profits of the Commercial Bank, Windsor, N. S., last year were \$19,573.14; \$20,500 was paid in dividends; the reserve fund amounts to \$70,000; capital, \$200,000; bills in circulation, \$1,217,571; total liabilities, \$200,530.57.

The Canadian imports for January were: Total dutiable goods \$3,866,733; coin and bullion, except U. S. silver coin, \$41,000; free goods all other, \$1,812,000; total, \$5,720,733.

An Ottawa despatch says:—The Bank statement for January shows the subscribed capital of the chartered banks to be \$62,883,883; paid-up capital, \$60,288,838; notes in circulation, \$2,836,801; total liabilities, \$104,251,520; total assets, \$176,254,067.

The statement submitted at the annual meeting of the Bank of Nova Scotia at Halifax shows the net profits for the year to have been \$190,284; \$70,000 was paid in dividends and \$10,000 carried to reserve fund, which now amounts to \$1,000,000. Liabilities to the public, \$74,500; immediately available assets, \$753,341; amount of current notes and bills discounted was \$1,748,491.35.

The traffic receipts of the Grand Trunk Railway for the week ending February 13, 1920, inst., compared with the corresponding week of 1919, were:—

Table with 2 columns: Item, 1920, 1919. Includes Freight and live stock, Total, Increase.

The River-du-Loup line receipts are included in 1919 and not 1920, omitting them, the week's increase would be \$2,822. Miles open, 1,272.70.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE CITY WHOLESALE TRADE.

The weather here has been more seasonable and more favorable to wholesale trade during the past week, but on the whole, there is not much activity noticeable.

Dry goods dealers are also busy, and hardware merchants report a fairly active business at very firm prices; boot and shoe manufacturers are also pretty well satisfied, but groceries, provisions, leather, hides, wool, etc., have continued dull, with prices nominally unchanged.

The local flour market is rather more active this week, at higher prices for the principal grades, but the local grain market rules quiet and unchanged.

Canada spring is quoted at \$1.38 to 1.40 per bushel of 60 lbs. Corn, 70c per bushel of 56 lbs, duty paid. Peas quoted at 77c per 60 lbs. Oats, the market is somewhat stronger, holders asking 32c per 32 lbs. Barley and rye nominal.

The following are the city wholesale prices for flour:—

Table with 2 columns: Flour type, Price per 100 lbs.

ABSIES.—The local market for pot ashes has improved since our last report, owing, doubtless, to a small American demand. We hear of sales to-day of pots at about \$4.15 per barrel, which is a marked advance on yesterday's prices, sales having been made yesterday at \$3.95.

There is no demand for pearls; the market rules dull and nominal. Receipts for the week comprise about 300 bris. potash; no pearls.

DRUGS AND CHEMICALS.—Trade here remains steady, the demand being confined to sorting-up orders from country druggists. Business is usually quiet at this season of the year. Prices remain firm but unchanged.

Remittances during last week were very fair. Latest mail advices from Liverpool received here yesterday state:—The general tone of the market has improved, and some fairly large operations have been concluded.

Expectations for the future still indicate advanced figures, and as prices are hardening all round before commencement of the spring demand, increased values seem probable.

FISH.—The demand continues fair, and sales of Labrador Herring are reported regularly at \$5.25 to \$6.37 1/2 per cwt. Prices for other kinds remain firm but unchanged. Stocks have been reduced to unusually small proportions for this season of the year.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—The travelers for our large manufacturing houses having got pretty well through with the work of their spring trip, are now returning home. They still out on the road are doing well, and report that the volume of sales for this spring will be greater than for the corresponding period of last year.

Table with 2 columns: Item, Price. Includes Men's Stoga Boots, do Split, do Kip Boots, etc.

DRY GOODS.—The prospect of an advance in values soon for all kinds of dry goods is no doubt inducing many just now to purchase for future requirements.

Our wholesale dealers are busy, without exception we may state, in filling orders and taking care of the western buyers from Manitoba being in the city, and from the promised improvement, thanks to the Council of our Board of Trade, in the means of delivery between this port and the far-west, we expect our trade with the prairie province to considerably increase.

Remittances show a slight improvement compared with the week previous. The city retail trade continues to do a larger business than usual at this advanced season of the year, in disposing of winter goods.

FURS.—There are scarcely any raw furs being offered in this market just now; occasionally a few skins are bought at our outside quotations, but it is presumed by dealers here that the "runners" for United States dealers, now going through the country, are buying up all the good skins, which they state, would bring higher prices in this city than what are now being paid to trappers in the country.

A good class of Beaver is in good demand here at \$1.75 to 2.25, and for really fine skins even \$2.50 would be paid. Mink is also in fair request, and the qualities would bring as high as \$1.75.

The skins from some sections are reported to be much superior to those from other sections; those procured from the north shores of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers are pronounced much better than those from the south shores. Muskrats are not wanted, and it is not probable that the price will exceed 18c this season.

The result of the London sales, which are taking place to-day and tomorrow, will not be known for a few days yet, but higher prices are anticipated.

HARDWARE AND IRON.—The travelers are now all out, and forwarding shipping orders freely from country dealers. These orders are not generally large, although there are here and there some few exceptionally large orders of bar iron and steel goods at firm prices during the week.

The demand for window glass has been stimulated by some large purchases having been made here from stocks for shipment to New York. Prices remain very firm, and we revise our quotations this week for steel and tin plates. Steel is quoted on an average 50c in advance of former prices.

Remittances fairly satisfactory, while trade generally is reported moderately active.

PIG IRON, per ton:—

Table with 2 columns: Item, Price. Includes Gartshorpe, Sumnerlee, etc.

BAR, per 100 lbs:—

Table with 2 columns: Item, Price. Includes Scotch and Staffordshire, etc.

CANADA PLATES, per box:—

Table with 2 columns: Item, Price. Includes Charcoal, I.C., Bradley, etc.

STEEL:—

Table with 2 columns: Item, Price. Includes Cast, 1/2 in., 1/4 in., etc.

IRON:—

Table with 2 columns: Item, Price. Includes Pig, per 100, Sheet, etc.

LEATHER:—

Table with 2 columns: Item, Price. Includes Sole, No. 1, 2, 3, etc.

PETROLEUM.—Refined is easier, car lots in store having been bought at 15 1/2c; broken lots at 16c, and single bris at 17c per gallon, wine measure.

PROVISIONS.—The city wholesale provision market remains quiet, business in nearly all the leading staples being confined to supplying the wants of the retail trade.

There is a fair demand from grocers and others for butter, but shippers have ceased operations, mainly because there are no stocks of fine butter here, and the large holder of cheese in this market has for some time past been shipping it to Liverpool on

consignment. We quote wholesale prices as follows, an advance of 1c to 2c being charged generally to retailers. Eastern—Creamery, nominal at 26c to 28c; Butter—Townships, 19c to 22c; Morrisburg 18c to 21c; Brockville, 18c to 20c; Western 15c to 18c; Kamouraska, 16c to 18c; 17c to 18c; Cheese inactive at 14c to 15 1/2c. Sales of hogs in car lots have been made at prices ranging from \$5.25 to 5.60. We quote:—\$5.40 to 5.70 for fresh and \$5.15 to 5.40 for slightly damaged. Pork, Canada thick mess, mess, \$17.00 per barrel; thin mess, \$16 to 16.50. Canada Lard, in pails and tubs, 10 1/2c to 11 1/2c. Bacon, 9c to 10c. Hams, 11c to 12c. Eggs, in cases, per doz, 16c to 16 1/2c; lined, 13c. Poultry very inactive. Dressed turkeys, 7c to 7 1/2c per lb; geese, 3c to 4c do; chickens, 5c to 7c; ducks, 6c to 7c; partridges, 60c to 65c per brace.

THE FARMERS' MARKETS.

Now that the sleighing throughout the surrounding country is tolerably good, the farmers are availing themselves of the favorable opportunity for marketing their produce, and this forenoon Jacques Cartier Square was completely filled up with sleighs, double and single, loaded with the usual kinds of grain, potatoes, etc.

Prices, however, were nominally unchanged, at the figures quoted below. Peas sold at 85c to 90c per bushel, white corn at \$1.60 do, and barley at 70c do. Frozen country beef was plentiful at 3 1/2c to 5c per lb, as to cut and quality. Mutton, dressed, sells at 6c per lb. Dressed hogs were rather scarce, and \$7 per cwt was asked for single carcasses. Poultry was scarce and dull; farmers' prices are quoted at 7c to 8c for turkeys, or \$1.50 to \$1.80 per pair; 4c to 5c for chickens, or 50c to 75c per pair; 4c to 5c for geese, and 12 1/2c for ducks. Fresh butter and eggs were in very limited supply, at 25c to 30c for butter, and 23c to 28c for new-laid eggs, but 25c was the popular price for each. Eastern Townships butter in tubs sold at 19c. Fish and vegetables of all kinds unchanged.

In fruit there are not many changes to note in the retail trade. It will be interesting to some householders, no doubt, to learn that Mr. Denis McCarthy, of this market, has just imported a crate of fresh, ripe Savannah strawberries, of large size, from New York; they arrived here only this morning, and before noon 16 quarts were sold at \$1.25 per quart. California green peas are also offering at \$5 per bushel crate; sweet potatoes at \$2 per bush; spinach \$2 do; Bermuda tomatoes \$2.25 per small crate, and Boston cranberries have been selling here at \$11 per lb. Lettuce and green mint are also in the market.

The following are the prices, corrected up to date:—

VEGETABLES.—Potatoes, 45c to 50c per bag; carrots, 25c to 30c per bushel; choice onions \$2.00 to 2.50 per barrel, or 60c to 70c per bushel; parsnips, 50c per bushel; beets, 35c to 40c per bushel; turnips, 25c to 30c per bushel; celery, 25c to 30c per dozen; cabbage, 15c to 20c per dozen, or 70c to 75c per lb; American lettuce, \$1.20 per dozen heads; artichokes, 75c per bush.

FRUIT.—Apples, \$2.00 to \$3.50 per barrel; lemons, 25c to 30c per dozen, or \$7.50 to \$8.00 per case; Valencia oranges, \$9 to \$9.50 per case or 25c to 30c per dozen; Florida oranges, 40c per gallon; California winter pears at \$4.00 per box; grapes, Malaga, \$6.50 to 7.50 per keg of 50 lbs.

WHEAT, ETC.—Oats, 70c to 75c per bush; buckwheat, 45c to 50c per bushel; peas, 80c to 90c per bushel; soybean, 90c to \$1.00 per bushel; barley, 50c to 60c per bushel; corn, 1.25 to 1.35 per bush; Canadian corn, \$1.50 do; moulie, \$1.00 to 1.20 per bush; buckwheat flour, \$1.50 to \$1.60 per cwt; oatmeal, \$2.50 to 3.00 per bag.

FARM PRODUCE.—Butter—Prints, 25c to 30c per lb; lump, 10c to 20c per lb; Eastern Townships, 10c to 22c. Fresh eggs, 25c to 30c per dozen; hatched, 10c to 12c per dozen; maple sugar, 8c to 9c per lb. Lard, 9c to 10c.

POULTRY AND GAME.—Turkeys, \$1.60 to \$2.00 per pair; geese, \$1.50 to \$1.75 per pair; ducks, 1.00 to 1.50 per dozen, or 20c to 25c per pair; chickens, 1.00 to 1.50 per dozen, or 12c to 15c per lb; hens, 80c to \$9.00 per pair; snipe, \$2.50 per dozen; plovers, \$2.00 per dozen; partridges, 75c to 90c per pair; black ducks, 90c to 75c per pair; Canada geese, 1.00 to 1.50 per pair.

MEAT.—Beef—Roast beef (trimmed), 10c to 12c; sirloin steaks, 12c to 15c; mutton, 8c to 10c; veal, 8c to 12c; pork, 8c to 10c; ham, 10c to 12c; Bologna sausages, 12c to 15c; dressed hogs, \$8.25 to 8.50 per 100 pounds. Dressed beef, fore-quarters, \$3.00 to \$4.00; hind-quarters, \$4.50 to \$5.50; venison, 8c to 10c.

FISH.—Haddock, 7c; codfish, 7c; mackerel, 2 1/2c; bass and dory, 4c to 10c per bunch; olive, 10c per bushel; herring, 12c to 15c per bushel; rock bass, 15c per bunch; smoked eels, 25c to 40c per couple; fresh salmon, 25c; tommycods, 20c per peck, or 65c to 70c per bush.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

The local cattle markets were again oversupplied with fat cows, but as the butter and beefs, but as is to be expected during Lent, the demand is lighter than at any time previous during the season, and, besides, the local market is not so active, the offerings are holding off somewhat for lower prices, consequently the drovers and traders complain of a lean market, all things considered, probably the week would be more profitable, if the buyers remain in the hands of the farmers for a while longer, as, doubtless, the demand will be firmer and the price distributed towards the opening of navigation.

All the distillery fed cattle in Ontario, in all between 7,000 and 8,000 head, have been bought and are being driven to this market, and the buyers pay the owners of the cattle a certain percentage on the lot, and the latter agree to turn them over either in May or June, when they will be in good condition for the market.

At St. Gabriel Market this forenoon, trade was very quiet, but a few private lots of cattle, nearly all of which seemed to have been driven down to Viger Market, to find buyers, as the local butchers scarcely ever frequent the eastern market, and the offerings were:—R. J. Hopper, of this city, 1 car cattle from Belleville, H. Gould, Ottawa; J. Howden, of Port Hope, G. Van-Alan, Morrisburg, W. Johnson, of St. Gabriel, and Robert Cochran, of Thomas Down, Graton, R. Jones, Mitchell, M. Laporte, Midway, each one load; also W. Carnegie, Midway, 50 head of calves, and H. Hopper, of this city, 100 head of calves, and also sold 4 head of heavy cattle for shipment, for \$215. The same dealer had the only lot of live hogs on the market and he disposed of a few at 4c. W. Morgan & Co. had a good lot of hogs from Waterloo for their own use. W. J. McClelland sold 4 head of cattle to a leading exporter at \$58, one cow bull at \$30, live weight, and Hugh Kelly, Toronto, sold 2 head of cattle to Mr. Kelly. The receipts of live stock at Point St. Charles by rail during the past week include 30 cars of cattle, 1 car of hogs and 1 of horses.

AT VIGER MARKET

to-day the offerings comprised about 200 head of cattle, of which 120 were from St. Gabriel Market, and 80 from other sources. The quality of the beefs was very fair, and there was a fair attendance of butchers, but, like last week, the supply was largely in excess of the demand, which, however, seemed lighter than usual, and accordingly sales were slow, and at prices which some of the drovers claimed would not pay for the cost of the cattle, to say nothing of freight charges and other expenses. The range of prices paid for cattle at this market to-day was from \$6 to \$10 per lb, live weight, only one car of hogs being offered, and sold at \$10 per head. Waterford had 22 head of cattle from Compton, under offer; they sold 7 head at from \$22 to \$46 each. James Eakins, of this city, had 10 head of cattle, and sold 4 head at \$15 to \$20 each. Robert Cochran, of Thomas Down, had 4 head of cattle and three horses down from Midway, Ont., and had about half of the cattle at about \$10 per head, and sold only 5 head, but at about \$10 each. Robert Cochran, of Guelp, had a carload of 20 head of very fair cattle, and up till noon he had received no bids. The cattle in the country, to say nothing of freight charges and other expenses, the range of prices paid for cattle at this market to-day was from \$6 to \$10 per lb, live weight, only one car of hogs being offered, and sold at \$10 per head. Waterford had 22 head of cattle from Compton, under offer; they sold 7 head at from \$22 to \$46 each. James Eakins, of this city, had 10 head of cattle, and sold 4 head at \$15 to \$20 each. Robert Cochran, of Thomas Down, had 4 head of cattle and three horses down from Midway, Ont., and had about half of the cattle at about \$10 per head, and sold only 5 head, but at about \$10 each. Robert Cochran, of Guelp, had a carload of 20 head of very fair cattle, and up till noon he had received no bids. The cattle in the country, to say nothing of freight charges and other expenses, the range of prices paid for cattle at this market to-day was from \$6 to \$10 per lb, live weight, only one car of hogs being offered, and sold at \$10 per head.

head of oxen he refused \$120. N. Tallafair had 20 head of cattle, which he bought at the Point, and sold 10 head at \$10 per head, but he refused \$100. Heifer at 4c. Mr. Benoit also brought 22 head down from the Point, and sold only 1 heifer at 4c. Mr. Thomas Down, of Graton, Ont., had 10 head of cattle, and sold 4 head at \$10 per head. The sheep were of very medium quality, and sold at about \$4 to \$5 each. The calves were small, and brought \$2 to \$4 each.

British Cattle Markets.

LONDON, Monday, February 22.—Cattle at market, 8,800; sheep at market, 10,600. Best beef, 8 1/2d to 9d per lb; inferior and second quality, 7d to 7 1/2d. Best mutton, 9d to 9 1/2d per lb; inferior and second quality, 7d to 8d per lb. The cattle trade was dull in tone to-day. Business was in a measure hindered by the fact that which enveloped the market. Supplies were about the same as regards numbers, without anything special in quality or condition. The demand for the best quality of beef was quiet at the rates previously current. In the sheep pen there was a fair supply, and although not active, the market was fairly steady at full prices.

Liverpool, Monday, February 22.—Cattle at market, 1,000; sheep at market, 6,300. Best beef, 6d to 8d per lb; mutton, 7d to 8d. The supply of stock was much less than last week, and the market was correspondingly lower for cattle; no material change in the value of sheep.

GLASGOW, Thursday, February 6.—Cattle at market, 1,200; sheep at market, 5,500. Best beef, 6d to 8d per lb; mutton, 7d to 8d. The supply of stock was much less than last week, and the market was correspondingly lower for cattle; no material change in the value of sheep.

Montreal Horse Market.

The activity of the American demand for Canadian horses is unabated, and a larger trade has been done in horses here this week than during any preceding week for a long time past. There were over 30 American buyers in this city last Thursday, and the supply of all kinds of serviceable animals, chiefly roadsters and farmers' working horses, however, was large, they having been brought into the city to meet the unusually active demand. For the week ending to-day the total number of horses shipped from this city to the United States is 329, at a total value of \$23,929.25, being an increase of 111 horses and of \$5,404.25, compared with the shipments of last week. The great majority of these horses were purchased at the American Horse yards, and they include 20 brood mares, shipped to Sussex, Virginia. Altogether there have been 10 or 11 car loads bought and shipped from these yards this week, including the following:—Messrs. Noyes, of Lowell, Mass. 2 loads; Whitehead, of Biddeford, Me. 1 car; Dean, for Snow, of Boston, 1 car; Hawkins, and Richards & Co. of Rome, N. Y., each 1 car; Carpenter, of North Adams, Mass., and Cook & Co. of Mass., each 1 car; one car to Worcester, Mass; half a car load to Island Pond, Vt., and Mason & Leonard, of Attleboro, Mass., are shipping a car load between them this afternoon. The American Horse stables now contain about 60 good looking horses ready for shipment and some 20 American buyers are registered for over Sunday at the hotel. The following are among the reported sales made during the week:—One brown mare weighing 1,000 lbs, 4 years old, \$55; one bay mare 1,100 lbs, 5 years, \$60; 1 bay do, 6 years, 1,050 lbs, \$75; one horse \$80 and 1 do \$85; one horse, \$100; one black carriage horse, 5 years, 1,250 lbs, 16 hands, \$150; this was purchased for a private family in the city. Mr. Arthur Ryan sold 7 nice bays, 5 to 6 years, averaging \$75 each. The average range of prices paid this week would be from \$75 to \$85 each.

The American buyers have been operating also on the Corporation market on College street during the week, they having purchased 11 finely built Canadian bay horses, raised in the vicinity of Vankeek Hill, Ont., at an average of \$85 each. A bay carriage mare, 16 hands high and weighing 1,200 lbs., was also sold on this market to a local buyer for \$110.

Following is the list of shipments of horses from this city to the United States during the week ending to-day, 21st inst.:—February 14, 18 horses, \$1,038.50; February 18th, 15 horses, \$1,160.00; February 19th, 4 horses, \$200.00; February 20th, 18 horses, \$1,200.00; February 21st, 10 horses, \$1,000.00; February 22nd, 10 horses, \$1,000.00; total, 76 horses, \$7,600.00.

Montreal Hay Market.

Receipts of hay at the College street market during the week ending to-day have been large; the total offerings are estimated at about 2,000 loads, of which only about 250 or 300 loads were straw. Notwithstanding the increased supply, prices, under a good demand, have remained firm for hay, and we now quote first-class timothy at \$7.50 to \$8 per 100 bundles, and common qualities at \$5 to \$6.50 do, according to the quantity of weeds, dirt, etc., found in the load. Of this last named kind there is plenty offering, but real good timothy continues somewhat scarce, and for only exceptional lots is \$9 per 100 bundles paid; the bulk of transactions are made at \$7 to \$7.75. There was a good supply on the market this forenoon, over 100 loads, and for a couple of loads of fine dry and clean timothy \$7.75 was asked. Straw continues dull, at \$2 to \$4 per 100 bundles, and very little of choice quality appears on the market. There is a good demand reported for good pressed hay, which readily commands \$10 per ton, while the range is from \$7.50 to \$10. Pressed straw is dull, however, at from about \$5 to \$6 per ton.

Montreal Fuel Market.

The demand for anthracite coal in this city is restricted just now by the continued mildness of the weather.

COAL.—Retail prices per ton, delivered, for cash: Stoves, \$7.25 to \$7.50; chestnut, \$6.75 to \$7.25; egg, \$7 to \$7.50; furnace, \$7 to \$7.50; Scotch (1900), \$5.50; St. Charles, \$5.50 to \$5.25; Sydney, \$5.50; Pictou, \$4.10 to \$5.10; coke per chaldron, \$3; charcoal, 15c to 20c per bushel.

WOOD.—Retail prices per cord, delivered from the yard: Long made, \$4.00 to \$4.50; short made, \$3.50 to \$4.00; long made, \$3.50 to \$4.00; short made, \$3.00 to \$3.50; short hemlock, 2 1/2 to 3 feet, \$3.

LIVERPOOL PROVISION TRADE.—The market is very firm. There is a good supply of flour, and the price is steady. The price of sugar is also firm, and the price of coffee is steady. The price of tea is also firm, and the price of spices is steady.

New York Cattle Market.

Trade in livestock generally yesterday forenoon was slow, although the arrivals were moderate. The market was quiet, and the price of cattle was steady. The price of sheep was also steady, and the price of hogs was steady.

Mechanics' Bank.

At a largely-attended meeting of the creditors and shareholders of this bank, held at 37, St. James' Hall, Thursday afternoon, with Mr. Ingram, of the Merchants' Bank, in the chair, the following resolutions were adopted:—

Resolved, That with a view of arriving at an amicable settlement between the creditors and shareholders of the Mechanics' Bank, and for the purpose of having litigation, this meeting is of the opinion that by the appointment of a committee composed jointly of creditors and stockholders, to examine and report on the assets and liabilities of the said bank, such information will be obtained as will enable the meeting of creditors, which is to be held on the 22d of March next, to arrive at a decision in the interest of all concerned.

Mr. BURLAND moved, seconded by Mr. Weir, that in accordance with the foregoing resolution the following gentlemen be named a committee for the purpose therein stated, viz: For the creditors, Messrs. W. I. Ingram, Somerville, A. Joyce and C. Stevenson; for the shareholders, Chas. Garth, Wm. Weir and Wm. Norris; and that the assigns and inspectors be respectfully requested to furnish the said committee with every possible facility to carry out the objects of the committee, and to report to an adjourned meeting to be held at three o'clock p.m. on Monday, the 1st March.

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Business Troubles.

Alphonse Prout has been attached by Jean Baptiste Renaud for \$250. A Bourbonniere, assignee.

B. Lasselie has issued a writ of attachment against Gregoire Chapleau for \$212. L. A. Globensky, assignee.

A writ of attachment has been issued against Jules Leger, alias J. B. Leger, dit Parisien, for \$240, at the instance of Ovide Brunel. A. Bourbonniere, assignee.

A writ of attachment has been issued against Frank H. Burnett at the instance of William J. Turpin, for \$1,200. A. Moffatt, assignee.

Dame Julia Moss, Moses Steinberg and Joseph Steinberg have been attached by Robert J. Logan for \$530. Alfred Lionais, assignee.

Mose Delima Lebrun has been attached by Paul Thorn for \$500. A. Bourbonniere, assignee.

A writ of attachment has been issued against Julien Dubuc, dit Jean, Etie. Thesquin for \$200. A. Bourbonniere, assignee.

Abel Fafard has taken out a writ of attachment against Norbert Fafard, druggist, for \$200. A. Bourbonniere, assignee.

A writ of attachment has been issued against Jean Bte. Cantin at the instance of Alphonse Levart for \$300. F. X. Cochu, assignee.

The Jacques Cartier Bank has made a deal for assigning to Joseph A. Gravel, salo in keeper, for \$500. C. Beausoleil, assignee.

This afternoon a writ was served upon A. Bourbonniere, assignee, against Charles M. Desjardins, at the suit of Alexander Deslauriers. The amount involved is \$250.

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