

peal, there is left no alternative betwixt accepting either the slavish doctrine of "non-resistance" preached by the silly son of Mary Stuart, or the socially destructive theory of the "right of revolt" preached by modern revolutionists.—The Catholic alone can reconcile the right of resisting tyrants, with the duty of obedience to lawful authority; for he has in the Church, speaking by the mouth of the Sovereign Pontiff, an infallible tribunal, competent to pass judgment on Princes, and on their subjects. Not that we claim for the Pope a deposing power, or the power to absolve from allegiance; but simply the power to declare judicially, when and under what circumstances, the Prince by his own misconduct has already absolved his subjects from the allegiance which they once owed to him.—This act of the Pope, as between Sovereigns and people, is declaratory not enacting; it is a judgment, not a sentence; and it is the misconduct of the Prince, not the finding of the Court, which absolves the people from their obligation to obey tyrannical and unjust rulers. The Pope merely asserts a matter of fact, or *un fait accompli*, to wit—That the said wicked Prince has actually forfeited his right to govern.

If it be urged that an absolute "deposing power" was often claimed and exercised by the Popes in the Middle Ages, we admit the fact, but not the implied inference therefrom. That absolute deposing power was indeed claimed and exercised by the Popes—not however as successors of St. Peter, but as the feudal superiors of the sovereigns whom they deposed; and in virtue, not of the Christian, but of the feudal law, which as temporal sovereigns they were often called upon to administer and apply. Many medieval princes held their States as fiefs of the Holy See; and failing in obedience to their feudal superiors, were by the latter rightfully deposed. We must distinguish betwixt acts done by the Popes in their purely spiritual capacity, and their acts as feudal suzerains, and in virtue of universally admitted European international law, which they were called upon to administer. As a feudal chief the Pope deposed his refractory vassals; as Supreme Pontiff, and infallible judge in faith and morals, he declared when and how princes forfeited their right to command, and subjects were absolved from the obligation to obey.

In this sense, but in no other, do we admit the right of revolt which the Rev. M. Lavelle claims for the oppressed; and if he means more than this, if he means to advocate the theory laid down by Lord John Russell as to the relative rights of rulers and ruled, we for one respectfully, but broadly, dissent from him. Indeed we will go so far as to lay down as a general thesis that, since it is always better to suffer wrong than to do wrong, so it is better to submit even to tyranny than to take up arms against a tyrant, unless the Church shall first have clearly spoken out on the subject. No one will be damned because he has been wronged upon earth by unjust rulers; but the Church teaches that rebellion is a sin against God Himself; and therefore, until fully assured of his moral right to revolt, the prudent Catholic, who prefers his soul to his body, and the kingdom of heaven to the goods of this world, will certainly neither himself take up arms against his government, nor induce others to do so. He who resists authority resists the ordinance of God, and by so doing provokes against himself the wrath of God, and incurs the danger of eternal damnation.

ITALIAN LIBERALS.—We would invite the attention of our readers to some extracts which we give on our sixth page, from the Revelations of a "Secret Agent of Cavour." These "Revelations" are most edifying; and it is quite appalling to read of the cool rascality, the venality, and sordid knavery of the regenerators of Italy. Farini—one of the "purest of European Statesmen"—occupies a prominent place in these Revelations; and the reader will find it difficult to restrain his laughter as the page is unrolled before him, and he sees the patriotic Dictator filling his pockets with stolen spoons and silver plate—dressing his wife and daughters out in the finery stolen from the Duchess—and himself striving to array himself in coats and breeches by him stolen from the Duke of Modena—but unable to accomplish the latter feat, because of his "corpulence." These, and such as these, are the men by whom the cause of Italian Unity has been promoted, and the political and religious regeneration of Italy has been accomplished! These are the men whom the *Montreal Herald* delights to honor!

There is no end in short to the damaging revelations which from the most unexpected quarter are being made as to the moral worth of the leaders of the Italian Revolution. In the seething caldron of democracy, of course, the scum or filth always and inevitably comes to the surface; but, we avow it, we were scarce prepared for such a quantity of moral filth as that whose existence and fetid properties have been revealed to us by lately published documents.

Our readers are of course familiar with the name of Edwin James, whose alliance with, and warmth of affection for, Garibaldi are strikingly illustrative of the truth of the homely distich—"Birds of a feather, flock together." "I tell me what company a man keeps," says the old saw, "and I will tell you what he is"; and by applying this infallible rule of *nosctur a sociis* in the case of Edwin James and his friends and companions, Garibaldi and Co.—we shall incur no risk, no possibility even of error, in estimating the moral worth of the latter. Mr. Edwin James' revolutionary associates in Italy were, we may be sure, the appropriate associates, or rather accomplices, of Mr. Edwin James, Garibaldi, blackleg and swindler. We must be guarded in our language, however, for Mr. Edwin James is one of those kindred spirits for whom the editor of the *Montreal Herald* entertains a special regard, and whom, like that honorable man Count Cavour, he takes under his eperical protection.

To return, however, to our black mutton—that is to say, to Mr. Edwin James. We find in the English Protestant press very copious, and

very edifying revelations concerning the public and private career of this champion of Liberalism; and of this brother-in-arms of Garibaldi. The *Law Magazine* especially, devotes an article to the memory of this bright particular star of the Liberal firmament.

We cannot go into all the details; suffice it to say that never has a more revolting record of treachery, fraud, and heartless swindling been laid before the public. Shortly after his memorable campaign with his worthy brother in arms Garibaldi, Mr. Edwin James announced to the electors of Marylebone that he should be obliged to resign the honor of representing them in Parliament; and about the same time it was hinted that the name of the gallant champion of Italian freedom had been erased from the books of the *Reform and Brooks Clubs*. The attention of the public was aroused, investigation ensued, and the rascality—alas! that we should have to speak in such terms of the friend of Garibaldi—of the fellows' life was divulged. A disgraced man, he fled from England to the United States, where he was welcomed by the Bar of New York, and where, no doubt, he finds the moral standard more suited to his peculiar moral temperament than that by which his merits were tested in the ungrateful Old World. Such is the story, and such the finale of another leading Italian Liberal.

It is a pleasant relief to turn from these depraved wretches, and the Old Bailey school of literature in which their histories are recorded, to the Queen of Naples, and the Ladies of Great Britain. The latter, comprising all that is best and purest in Queen Victoria's dominions, the elite of Britain's aristocracy, the worthiest and most illustrious matrons of the land, have presented the Queen of Naples with a testimonial of their love and admiration. The particulars, together with Her Majesty's reply, will be found on our sixth page; and after sojourning amongst the rabble of the Italian Revolution, after having been compelled to do penance with the Farinis, the Gavazzis, the Carours, the Edwin James, the Garibaldis, and all that unclean tribe; after having been well nigh poisoned with their stinking breath, it is a consolation indeed to listen to the heart-thrilling accents of the noblest matrons of England—as illustrious by their virtues, as by their birth and exalted social position—wherein they, the loyal subjects of a Queen herself the model of every royal and domestic virtue, express their sympathy with another Queen, less fortunate indeed in some respects; but one who as a wife, and as a Sovereign, is as much entitled as is our own Victoria, to the love, sympathy, and admiration of every generous and chivalrous heart; and one whose name deserves to be handed down to posterity in company with that of Marie Antoinette, the lion-hearted daughter of Austria.—Greater praise than this cannot be awarded to any woman.

Far be it from us to commend the almost obsolete custom of duelling; and yet, divested of its religious aspect, it was not certainly without its usefulness in society. As a check upon the too rolubile tongue of every upstart popinjay, it was most salutary—making him to carefully pick his words, lest these might unwittingly lead to a quarrel with some of the hot-headed fire eaters of the nation. That the O'Donoghue did wrong in a moral point of view in challenging Sir Robert Peel is certain; but he did more; he was guilty of a grievous error of judgment in supposing for a single moment that the brainless puppy, who with heartless levity and pampered obesity rode 300 miles upon an outside car to mock the sufferings of a famishing people, would have the spirit to meet their champion in fair and open warfare. Your brave heart is always compassionate, and a very coward in presence of the sufferings of others. It is your Quilps and Mr. Dennis alone, that have the courage to contemplate unflinchingly the sufferings of others. We are told great things of "Anglo-Saxon pluck," but in the cotton spinners knighted grandchild it appears to have quailed before the slightest spark of Celtic chivalry. It could behold undauntedly the dying throes of the stalwart sons of famishing Ireland, because those throes were not its own; it could contemplate unmoved the silent agony of tender women dying inch by inch of stern starvation; it could smoke its cigars, and draw out its cockney accents amidst this "dance of death"—but when the massive came that brought a challenge unto death to the scoffer, Anglo-Saxon pluck was found unequal to the emergency, and shrunk behind Parliamentary etiquette for a shield. However we may reprobate, from a religious point of view, the challenge of The O'Donoghue, we cannot but admire his "pluck," and commend the spirit that is ready to defend its honor with its life; nor can we ever sufficiently despise the recreant coward, who when he has insulted a fellow-man has neither the *physical* courage to uphold it to the death, nor the *moral* courage to acknowledge the wrong. If Sir Robert Peel considered The O'Donoghue's conduct disloyal to his royal Mistress, he should at least have tested his own courage to prove it equal to the task he was about to impose upon it, before he constituted himself her champion; for we will venture to say that the Royal honor has been a thousand times more foully blotted by the craven conduct of its knight, than by the aspersions of its enemy. It was no doubt an opportune law for an errant knight, that Parliamentary law of breach of privilege; and Sir Robert may congratulate himself that he had so kind a friend in Parliament as Lord Palmerston to enforce it so kindly; but we have heard before now of so many hostile rencontres being carried on in spite of this Parliamentary law, that we fear the Sir Lucius O'Trigger of the code d'honneur school will hardly deem this affair carried out according to "your special rules—your punto, your reverso, your stoccato"—as Captain Bobadil expresses it—"by fair and discreet manhood: that is civilly by the sword."

It will certainly be taken in after-times as strong evidence of the perfection to which this age of ours had arrived, that a stalwart knight, and an Englishman withal, when buffeted on the right cheek should turn the left; but however this may be in accordance with true Christian perfection, it has been want to be so seldom practised by Mr. M.P.'s and Knights in general, that it looks almost out of place. It may, for aught we know, be in strictest accordance with the code of modern carpe-knight errantry—with which we confess we are little acquainted—but it certainly is not "en regle" as far as ancient chivalry is concerned; and The O'Donoghue must be excused, if not having attained the perfectibility of modern knighthood, he allowed his ancient Celtic chivalry to get the better of him. What those mailed warriors who repose in all the grandeur of sculptured marble in that Gothic Abbey hard by St. Stephen's, thought of the craven conduct of their brother knight, we know not; but if it were not profane, we dare wager any sum within our means that they slept easily on their Marble-beds that night. One thing however, The O'Donoghue's challenge will have proved to a demonstration the flimsy materials of which your modern Liberalism is composed. However fast we may be tending to perfection, we certainly are not returning to a golden age of chivalry, unless it is to be appointed through an age of tanking tin. Sir Robert (that modern knight *sans peur et sans reproche*) was, if we remember right, a very busy body amongst the Swiss Liberals some few years ago, urging them on, and all together, making believe ("more" the ass with the lions skin,) that he was a very *Cœur de Lion* or *Front du Beuf* of modern prowess. This little affair of the O'Donoghue will, we fear, have somewhat disarranged the skin, and damaged his reputation. If your modern Liberals are not ashamed of their English patron, the fault is theirs, not his.

DE WOOLTON.

On Wednesday afternoon His Lordship the Bishop of Montreal started for Rome. At St. Hyacinthe he was to be joined by Mgr. Larocque, the Bishop of that Diocese, and on Saturday they will sail by steamer for England. The earnest prayers of their faithful flocks are offered up for their prosperous voyage.

RECEPTION AT THE GREY NUNNERY.—On the 19th inst., Feast of St. Joseph, Miss Ann Jane Moffitt assumed the Religious Habit, and made her profession as member of this Sisterhood.

The amount of the collection taken up at St. Patrick's Church, on St. Patrick's Day, amounted to the sum of Two hundred and fifty dollars.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.—This entertainment, given by the St. Patrick's Literary Association, took place on Monday evening in the Bonaventure Hall. Like the Concert at the City Hall, it was a complete success, numbers having been obliged to leave without obtaining admittance. The President, T. J. Walsh, Esq., opened the proceedings in a very happy and appropriate address, which was loudly applauded. A Prologue, written by Mr. T. D. McGee, M.P.P., was repeated by Mr. J. P. Kelly; and then the Drama of "St. Patrick at Tara," and the Comedy of "The Duel"—both pieces written by the Rev. Mr. Bentley, Director of the Association—were gone through. The stage, the scenery, and costumes, were perfect; and all the characters were sustained with remarkable ability. Indeed the audience was agreeably surprised to witness so much dramatic talent in amateurs. The singing by the Lady Amateurs was in like manner all that could be desired, and elicited much applause. The Pianoforte Solo, by a Lady Amateur, was excellent, and the proficiency of the young performer took the house by surprise. Only one wish pervaded the whole assembly at parting—that the St. Patrick's Literary Association might be induced to repeat so pleasing and successful an entertainment.

An *Inquirer* concerning the obligation which the law of abstinence imposes upon Catholics, is respectfully referred to his confessor, or spiritual director, for the solution of his difficulties.—When in doubt, the Catholic should not listen either to the promptings of his appetites, or to the often dangerous counsels of his neighbors, but should at once address himself to the priest, who alone is competent to speak with authority.

We may however be permitted to say that the law of abstinence as laid down by the Church for the Catholics of this Diocese is clear. All flesh meat, i.e. the flesh of warm-blooded animals in any form, and no matter how prepared, is prohibited on days of abstinence; and it therefore cannot but be a gross violation of that law, to use soups, or other dishes, prepared in any manner from flesh meat, on days of abstinence. On these days we are bound to restrict ourselves to a vegetable diet, and to the flesh of fish or cold-blooded animals. Under the term "fish," mollusca and crustacea, such as oysters and lobsters, are ecclesiastically, if not scientifically, included; and the use of these therefore is prohibited on those days of Lent, on which we avail ourselves of the permission to eat "flesh meat."

In the *Connaught Patriot* of the 22nd ult., we find the following notice of the collection made in Canada in aid of the sufferers by the Irish famine:—

The response from the pious and learned Mayo Priest, the Very Rev. J. H. MacDonagh, V. G., is an honor alike to Catholicity and his native country. Last week he forwarded his mite to Tam. This week his generous aid has reached the loved and venerated Archbishop Browne, Cashelmore. Nor has our Very Rev. friend forgotten our appeal for funds to raise a monument to the memory of the late Rev. Thomas Kiddy, who whilst Professor of St. Jarlath's was affectionately attentive to the every want of the Students. To this laudable fund, Father MacDonagh has sent the Archbishop, £1.

My dear Doctor O'Brien,—Enclosed you will find £8, which I transmit as my humble contribution to the relief of the sufferings of the poor of the West. The warning cry of distress from the ever vigilant sentinel on the watch-towers of St. Jarlath's, while it has put to flight the Goliath Sinon, who would "cry peace" when there is no peace, cannot fail to

rouse to the rescue, the friends of Ireland's suffering poor. Already it has awakened an echo in the hearts of the true Irish of Montreal, "ever faithful found," under the guidance of B. Devlin Esq, himself a child of the Archdiocese. They have already taken the lead in what I trust, will be, as far as Irishmen in Canada are concerned, a National one.

Did there linger in our minds one doubt, not yet dispelled by the assurances of the contrary of the lying Peel of the sufferings of Christ's poor, in that most cherished portion of his vineyard, it had quickly disappeared at the bidding of the "Lion of the fold."

Is it not sad to think that while Irish Catholics here are rallying round the throne of their sovereign their fellow-subjects and co-religionist in Ireland should be banished over to the tender mercies of Sir Robert Peel, whose hands are still red with the blood of their murdered brethren in Switzerland. Inheriting all his father's hatred of everything Irish and everything Catholic, and none of that father's talent as a statesman devoted to the service of an unscrupulous chief, who seems to breathe, and move, and lived only for the persecution of Christ's Church and its Visible Head. This scourge of God having failed in his godless scheme of poisoning the mental aliment of the Irish Catholic would deprive him of corporal nourishment. Unable to fill the vacant halls of his father's godless Irish colleges with Catholic Irish Students, he would fill the Catholic Irish grave-yards with the famished corpses of the faithful, unpurchasable Irish Catholics.

May God in his mercy, to our own dear Island of sorrow long preserve the illustrious Archbishop, to watch over the spiritual and temporal interests of his children.

Accept, my dear Dr. O'Brien, my best wishes for the success of your truly independent paper, the *CONNAUGHT PATRIOT*,—may you long continue to wield your pen in defending the poor against the rapacity of the rich.

I am truly yours,
J. H. MacDONAGH.

IRISH RELIEF FUND IN SOREL.

The following is a list of subscribers, in the town of Sorel, towards the fund for the relief of the paucity of Ireland, now in a state of destitution from the failure of their crops, supply of fuel, &c:—

James Kelly, \$20; D. J. McCarth, & Co., \$40; Thomas N. Begir, \$10; James Morgan, \$5; Wm. McCallan, \$5; Patrick Tobin, \$1.50; D. McEwan, \$1.50; Robert Kitten, \$1.50; A. Conlin, \$1.50; Cash E. A. \$1; W. McNaughton, \$5; T. M. Dunn, \$2; M. McNaughton, \$2; E. O'Heire, \$1; G. Hunt, \$1; A. M. Goin, \$2; C. Armstrong, \$1; Henry Hart, \$1.50; James Hunter, \$1; Wm. Saxon, \$1; M. Burgess, \$1; J. McQuillan, \$2; R. Hunt, \$1; W. Smith, \$2; W. Baker, \$1; M. Morrissey, \$2; J. P. Sincennes, \$2; W. Pearce, \$1; M. Martin, \$2; T. Wiley, \$1; G. Brumley, \$1; Ralph Fish, \$2; Donald Finlay, \$1; W. McCarly, \$2.—Total \$125.50c

From want of space we have been obliged to leave several communications over to next week.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

Rev. Mr. Blouin, \$2; Chatham, P. Baxter, \$2; Westport, P. Donnelly, \$1; St. Athanasia, Rev. A. O'Donnell, \$2; Toronto, P. O'Brien, \$4; Rev. Mr. Souleuvre, \$1.25; Blenheim, P. Maguire, \$2; Halifax, N. S. Hal. Cath. Inst. \$8; Pilkington, J. Green, \$2; Vespere, J. McGaffrey, \$1; St. Columban, J. Power, \$1; Keenanville, J. Colgan, \$1; Jordan, J. W. Keating, \$2; Senforth, J. McQuaid, \$1; London, Sergt. T. Hogan, \$2; Shawbridge, J. McLaughlin, \$1; Isle Perault, Rev. Mr. Aubrey, \$4; Arthur, J. Daniels, \$2; Carrillon, S. Brewster, \$2; Madoc, F. Martin, \$2; Hawkesbury Mills, P. Rodgers, \$1; Cobden, D. Gorman, \$2; Leeds, T. Scallan, \$1; Rawdon, W. Whitaker, \$2.
Per D. Hanley, Blessington—Self, \$2; M. Hart, \$2.
Per Messrs. Sadler & Co. Montreal—Lloydtown, B. Fanning, \$6.
Per Rev. L. A. Bourne—St. Andre, Rev. N. Donnet, \$2.
Per J. Hackett—Waterloo, C. Moran, \$2.
Per Rev. J. Rosier—U. Brewers Mills, P. Dougherty, \$2.
Per R. McCormack, Peterboro—T. Hoolahan, \$2; D. O'Brien, \$2; R. B. McDougall, \$2; J. W. Fanning, \$2; Donor, R. Moloney, \$2; Otonabee, J. Doras, \$1; J. Caranagh, \$2.
Per J. Kennedy, Lindsay—T. Ward, \$1; Downeyville, P. Molloy, \$1.
Per W. Chisholm, Dathousie Mills—T. O'Caranagh, \$1.
Per R. Henry, London—Rev. J. Murphy, \$2.
Per P. P. Lynch, Madoc—T. Martin, \$4.
Per A. Donnelly, Richmond—Self, \$2; J. Mulreana, \$2.
Per H. Girou, Arichat, N. S.—Self \$2.50; D. O. Madden, \$2.50.
Per J. Doyan, Perth—J. Dowdall, \$1; Almonte, Rev. E. Vaughan, \$2; Franktown, R. McDonald, \$5.
Per Rev. J. J. Chisholm, Alexandria—Mrs. A. Chisholm, \$2; A. Williams, \$1; J. McIntosh, \$4; Lochgarry, J. McDonald, \$1; Louisa, Dan McDonald, \$2; D. McDonell, \$2; J. McDonald, \$3.
Per Rev. J. S. O'Connor, Cornwall—J. S. McDougall, \$2.
Per C. F. Fraser, Brockville—J. Brady, \$3; Greenbush, J. Burke, \$2.50.
Per H. B. Brattargh, Trenton—D. O'Neil, \$1.
Per Rev. Mr. Wardy—Sharon, M. Fitzgibbon, \$1.

INJUSTICE OF THE IRISH PRESS TO IRISH-CANADIANS.—A Portion of the Irish Press, deriving their views and news of everything Canadian from U. States sources, have been guilty of gross and repeated injustice to Canada and Irish-Canadians. We are quite willing to admit that the wrong thus done was unintentional, but it is not less a wrong on that account, and calls no less loudly for reparation. Most not the journals to which we refer—the *Dublin Irishman* and *Dundalk Democrat* for example—feel that it is even more wicked and cruel on their part to malign the motives and conduct of their own kith and kin settled in this Province, than for the London journals to slander Ireland and the Irish? Must they not admit that they were bound in honor and in patriotism to inform themselves somewhat more fully than they have hitherto done as to our position in Canada, before they dared hold up half a million of their own race as apocryphal and time-servers? Let them answer these queries satisfactorily if they can; and if they cannot answer them, let them do the next best thing—offer such public apology for their indecent and undeserved censure of Irish-Canadians as we have a right to expect at their hands. Instead of being selfishly indifferent to the fate of Ireland, what is the conduct of the Irish-Canadians at this moment, as compared with that of our more vociferous friends on the other side of the line? During the last fortnight the Irish in Quebec and Montreal have sent above \$5,000 to the illustrious Archbishop of Tuam for the alleviation of distress in the Connaught Counties while the Irish in the diocese of Kingston, and elsewhere in Upper Canada, will have sent as much more before Patrick's Day. This voluntary aid of \$10,000, contributed in the depth of winter—when there is much distress calling for daily relief at our own doors—ought to shame and silence those unjust and ill-formed journals, which pretend that we in Canada are, or ever were, or ever can be indifferent to the fate of our Fatherland. Let them just compare these stubborn facts with what has been done, in the United States. A buncombe motion made at Washington and another at Albany, dropped as soon as made, is all that those who are held up as our expense as the only transatlantic friends of Ireland, have as yet shown in proof of their friendship. Is it to be ever thus? Are loud professions to be loudly trumpeted through Ireland, and modest, practical, real service to be forgotten

or treated with contempt? We speak to our Irish confederates in all sincerity, but not, we confess, without some feeling of indignation. We ask them, why do you bear false testimony against us? Why do you deal out injustice to us? Other wrongs we could have better borne; for, however undeserved, their authors did not violate all natural ties of duty and affection; but this tone of reviling adopted by a portion of the popular press in Ireland towards the Irish inhabitants of this country—adopted, too, in the quarrel of another power, and that power one that despises all Irishmen, uses all she can, and honors as few as she can help—this is a tone hard to be tolerated, and impossible to be defended. We hope we have heard the last of it for all time to come.—*Toronto Mirror*.

AN EPISODE.—We are informed, that while the men of the Royal Engineer Corps were quartered in the School House attached to St. Mary's Church in this city, a small boy entered the building, and asked the sergeant to be allowed to do some work, that he might earn something to eat. On questioning him, and making enquiry, it was found that he had neither father or mother, or any relative to take care of him—that he earned a precarious livelihood by running errands, sometimes begging, and slept where he could, having no fixed home. The men of the Company at once resolved to adopt him as their "pet," and to carry him away with them, as something by which to remember the kindness and hospitality they had received in St. John. They immediately made up among themselves a sufficient sum to fit him out with new and warm clothing. The boy's unkempt hair was hanging down his back, and the first thing done was to place him on a bench when one of the men trimmed his locks in military fashion—a person who was present, tells us, that the little fellow enjoyed this very much, but not more than the bath which followed. He was stripped of his miserable rags, and had a thorough ablution in a tub of lukewarm water; then he was dressed in his new and comfortable clothing, and made so different an appearance that he could scarcely be recognized. The sergeant drew a ration for him, and the men seemed to delight in their "pet." When they left for Fredericton, he was noticed sitting on the sled between two soldiers, rolled up in a buffalo skin, with only his little face visible, looking as contented and as happy as possible. All honor to the brave soldiers for this act of kindness and good feeling! The boy has thus become connected with an excellent corps, and if he conducts himself well we may expect to hear a good account of him in after life.—*Colonial Empire, St. John, N. B.*

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Flour—Fine, \$4 to \$4.30; Super No. 2, \$4.60 to \$4.80; Superior, \$4.90 to \$5; Fancy, \$5.15 to \$5.25; Extra, \$5.40 to \$5.50; Superior Extra, \$5.60 to \$6. Bag Flour, \$2.65 to \$2.75; per 112 lbs. Onward per bbl. of 200 lbs.—\$3.80 to \$4.
Wheat there have been sales of car-loads at \$1.05. Peas, Barley, Oats, and Corn.—No transactions to report.
Ashes, per 112 lbs. Potte, \$6.70; Inferiors 10c more; Pearls, \$6.50 to \$6.52.
Butter—Store-packed, 11c to 12½c Dairy, 13c to 14c.
Cheese is very dull at 5c to 7c.
Pork—Mess, \$12 to \$13.50; Prime Mess, \$11 to \$12; Prime, \$9.50 to \$10.50.
Dressed Hogs are in very small supply, and sell at \$3.75 to \$4.40 according to quality and condition.
Lard—7½c to 7½c.
Tallow—8½c to 9c.
Eggs—17 cents.
Seeds—Clover Seed, \$3.75 to \$4.25, for common to good; Timothy, \$1.75 to \$2.—*Montreal Witness*.

TORONTO MARKET.

The *Globe* of the 15th says:—Prices are without change. Fall Wheat ranging from 97c to \$1.07. Wheat by rail is in fair offering at 88c to 89c for prime samples; inferior to medium ranges from 75c to 85c. Barley is scarce and in demand at 57c to 58c. Peas at 48c to 49c. Oats at 40c to 41c. Hogs, a desirable lot brings \$4.50 per 100 lbs; heavy at \$4.25 to 100 lbs. Flour, sales of Superfine at \$4.25 other grades are inactive; quotations nominal.

Births.

In this city, on the 14th instant, Mrs. Patk. Kerby, of a daughter.
In this city, on the 14th instant, the wife of Mr. Daniel Sexton, of a daughter.
In this city, on the 15th inst., Mrs. Wm. F. Ross, of a son.

Deaths.

In this city, on the 17th instant, Emmeline Jane, beloved daughter of Alexander G. Grant, aged 17 years and 10 months. May her soul rest in peace.

MR. CUSACK,
PROFESSOR OF FRENCH,
71 German Street.

FRENCH TAUGHT by the easiest and most rapid methods, on moderate terms, at Pupils' or Professor's residence.
March 14.

SEEDS—SEEDS—SEEDS.

R. J. DEVINS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,

NEXT THE COURT-HOUSE, MONTREAL.
(Premises formerly occupied by Alfred Savage & Co.)

JUST Received direct from
FRANCE AND GREAT BRITAIN,
A large assortment of the finest fresh
GARDEN, FIELD,
POT HERB and
FLOWER SEEDS.
—ALSO—
FOR SALE, all kinds of CLOVER and TIMOTHY SEED.
Feb. 17.

HERRINGS.

75 BARRELS, and HALF-BARRELS for Sale by
J. McDONALD & CO.,
Corner of McGill and St. Paul Streets.
Montreal, March 13, 1862. 3t.

PRIME MACKEREL.

Nos. 1, 2, and 3 Barrels and Halves.
RYAN, BROTHERS & CO.,
St. Peter Street.
Montreal, Feb. 27, 1862.

NOTICE.

Newspapers, Periodicals, Magazines, Fashion Books, Novels, Stationery, School Books, Children's Books, Song Books, Almanacs, Diaries and Postage Stamps, for sale at DALTON'S News Depot, Corner of Craig and St. Lawrence Streets, Montreal.
Jan. 17, 1862.