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# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

VOL. XIX.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1868.

No. 19.

NELLIE NETTerville;  
OR,  
ONE OF THE TRANSPLANTED.

By the author of 'Wild Times,' 'Blind Agnes,' etc.

## CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

He was clad in a garb which might have belonged to the native fishermen of the coast, yet no one could have mistaken him for other than a gentleman and soldier, as he stood there holding back the screen of matting, and gazing, with a look curiously compounded of amusement and annoyance, at the scene presented by the interior of the cottage. The latter feeling, however, was evidently in the ascendant—so much so, indeed, that he had actually made a half movement as if to retreat and leave the but to its unwelcome occupants, when something—a but a glimpse of Nellie's delicate profile, as she stooped over the glowing embers?—induced him to change his mind, and stepping quietly over the threshold, he dropped the curtain behind him with an energy and good will which seemed to indicate that, instead of his premeditated flight, he had made up his mind to accept with a good grace, and perhaps even to enjoy, this unexpected addition to his society. The sound of the falling mat warned Nellie of the advent of a stranger, and, crimson with shame and fear, she stood up to receive him. He gazed upon her steadily, the half feeling of annoyance still visible on his clouded brow, yielding gradually to a look of intense but reverent admiration, and removing his fisherman's cap from his head, he bowed courteously, and said in English:

'God save all here, and a hundred thousand welcomes also, if, as I apprehend, you are fugitives like myself from tyranny and injustice.'

There was an indescribable tact and courtesy in the way in which he combined this announcement of his being the master of the hut with a frank and ready welcome to his unknown visitors, which made Nellie feel at once that she had to do, not only with a man of gentle birth but of high and polished breeding also. Yet this fact seemed for the moment rather to add to her difficulty than to decrease it, and secretly wishing that the fish could be made, by some magical process, to disappear from the embers upon which it was comfortably broiling, she placed herself as much as she could between it and the stranger as she stammered out her apology for intrusion. Did he see the fish? and did he guess at the petty larceny she had just committed?—Nellie fancied she saw something like an amused look in his eye, which made her feel hot and cold by turns with the consciousness of discovered guilt; but the rest of his features wore no smile, nothing but an expression of kind and courteous sympathy, as he eagerly interrupted her excuses:

'Say no more, dear lady, say no more, trust me I have not now to learn for the first time to what dire straits the sad necessity of these days may bring us. And, therefore, to all who come to this poor hut, but more especially to those who, for honor and for conscience sake, have laid down wealth and power elsewhere, I have but one word—one greeting, and that is the old Irish one, of a hundred thousand welcomes.'

'A hundred thousand welcomes!' repeated a feeble, quivering voice close to the stranger's elbow. He turned and looked for the first time steadily at Lord Netterville, of whose presence up to that moment he had been barely conscious. The old man had risen from his seat, and stood smiling and bowing courteously, evidently thinking he was doing the honors of a home, of which—however humble—he was yet the undoubted master.

'Our house is poor, sir,' he went on, 'once indeed we boasted of a better; but let that pass. Such as it is—such as our enemies have made it—you may reckon assuredly upon meeting an Irish welcome in it.'

'Sir,' whispered Nellie through her tears, fearing lest the stranger might break in too rudely on the old man's delusion, 'he is old—he has been ill—he fancies he has reached his home; you must excuse him.'

The unknown turned his eyes upon the girl with a look so full of reverent sympathy that it went straight to her heart, never afterwards to be effaced from thence. She felt that her grand father would be safe in such kindly hands, and was turning quietly away when Lord Netterville, still enacting his fancied character of host, threw a handful of dry wood upon the fire, and the blaze that instantly ensued fell full upon his features, which had hitherto been barely visible in the gloom. The stranger started violently.

'Good God!' he cried, in a tone of irrepressible astonishment. 'Is it possible that I see Lord Netterville, and in such a plight?'

'You know my grandfather, then?' cried Nellie joyously, feeling as if the stranger must have been sent by Providence especially to help

her in the hour of her utmost need. 'You know my grandfather?'

'I ought, at any rate,' he answered, with a sad smile, as he took Lord Netterville's proffered hand. 'For we fought together and were beaten at Kilrush; my first battle, and, as I suppose, his last.'

'Ha,' cried the old man, 'Kilrush, Kilrush! who speaks of Kilrush? Were you there, sir? Time must have played sad tricks upon my memory then; for truth to say, I do not recognise you.'

'Nay, my good lord,' said the stranger soothingly, 'it would be stranger still if you had done so, for I was but a beardless boy in those days. Nevertheless, I remember you, Lord Netterville, and surely you cannot have altogether forgotten the cheer we gave when you, a tried and veteran soldier, rode up to serve with us as a volunteer in the regiment of your gallant son.'

'I remember! I remember!' cried the old man eagerly. 'It was a bright and glorious morning, and we charged them gallantly—a bright and glorious morning but with a sad and bloody ending. Alas, alas!' he added, his voice falling suddenly from its trumpet-like tone of exultation to an old man's wail of sorrow. 'Alas, alas! how many of the best and bravest that we had among us lay dead and trampled in the dust, as we withdrew from that fatal field.'

He bowed his head upon his breast, and remained for a little while absorbed in thought, and Nellie took advantage of the pause to say:

'You knew my father, sir? You must have known him if you were near Lord Netterville at Kilrush; for father and son charged side by side, and were seldom, as I have since been told, ten minutes out of each other's sight during the whole of that bloody battle.'

'Knew your father? Yes, dear lady—if your father was, as I suppose, Colonel Netterville—I knew him well. He was the bosom friend of my uncle and namesake, Roger Moore of Leix, who placed me in his regiment when I joined the Irish army.'

'Roger Moore of Leix,' cried Nellie, a flash of enthusiasm lighting up her face; 'Roger Moore—the brave—the gifted—the first leader in a noble cause, whose very name was a battle cry, and whose followers rushed into fight, shouting for "God—our Lady—and Roger Moore!" Yes, yes; he was my father's friend. I remember even when I was a child how he used to talk about him. And you,' she added with a sudden change of voice and manner; and placing both her hands in his, 'you, then, are that Roger Moore, the younger, in whose arms my poor father died?'

'At the battle of Benburb,' said Moore, in a low voice; 'a glorious battle—well fought, and well won, and yet for ever to be regretted, for the loss of one of Ireland's bravest and most faithful soldiers.'

'Grandfather,' said Nellie, suddenly withdrawing her hands from Roger, and blushing scarlet at the inadvertence of her own action which had placed them in his, 'this is Captain Moore who bore my wounded father out of the press of battle, and to whom we are indebted for that last and loving farewell which he sent to us in dying.'

But instead of replying with an anger corresponding to her own, Lord Netterville gazed vacantly upon the stranger, evidently without the slightest recollection of his name or person, and repeated, in a low, mechanical voice, his previously muttered welcome.

'He does not remember!' said Roger. 'Alas, alas! for that bright intellect, once cloudless as a summer's noon.'

'Hush, hush!' whispered Nellie. 'Recollection is beginning to return.' And Lord Netterville did in fact seem to be making a languid effort at gathering up his scattered thoughts; for he looked at Roger, and said feebly:

'You knew my son, sir?—you knew my son?—then, indeed, you are very welcome. He was a brave boy, and fought for his king and country—fought and fell—on the field of—the field of—the name—which I thought never to forget—has almost escaped me.'

'Benburb,' Roger ventured to interpose.

'Benburb! Ay, that was the very name—Benburb—my memory does not fail me, sir; but I have been much tried of late—or we rode too far this morning—for I feel very faint.'

He tried to draw back from the fire as he spoke, but he tottered, and would have fallen if Roger had not caught him by the arm, and made him sit down upon the settle.

He is faint for want of food,' said Nellie hastily; 'we have been wandering all day among the hills, and he has not broken his fast since morning.'

Roger did not answer, but signing to her to support Lord Netterville, he went straight to some invisible cranny in the walls of the hut, and drew thence a bottle of strong cordial. Pouring a little of this into a broken mug, he made the old man swallow it, and then stood beside him,

anxiously watching the result. Happily it was favorable—in a few minutes Lord Netterville revived, the color returned to his wan cheek, and turning to Nellie, he asked her, in a half whisper, 'if supper would soon be ready?' Shyly, and blushing scarlet, Nellie nodded an affirmative, and forgetting all her previous shame in anxiety for her grandfather, she was about to resume her office as cook, when, with a half smile on his face Roger Moore put her quietly aside.

'Nay Mistress Netterville, remember that I am master here, and that I forbid you to lay hands upon that fish! I have always been cook in my own proper person to the establishment, and I cannot allow you to supersede me in the office.'

'Forgive me!' said Nellie, tears starting to her eyes, and half fancying in her confusion that he was angry in earnest. 'I could not help it, for he was starving.'

Do not misunderstand me, I entreat you,' said Roger, in a voice of deep and real feeling; 'I should be a brute if I objected to anything you have or could have done; I only meant that I objected to your continuing in that office; for so long as the daughter of my old colonel is under my roof, (even though it be but a poor mud sheeling,) she shall do no work, with my good will, unfit for the hands of a princess.' He busied himself while speaking in drawing forth from that same recess in which he had found the cordial some thin oaken cakes, a few wooden platters and one or two knives or spoons of such massive silver that Nellie could not help thinking they were as much out of keeping with the rest of the furniture as Roger himself appeared to be with the hut, of which he was doing the honors in such simple and yet such courtly fashion. He would not even let her hold the platter upon which he placed the fish as he took it from the embers, and he himself then brought it to Lord Netterville, and pressed him, as tenderly as if he had been a child, to partake of this impromptu supper.

The old man yielded, nothing loath, and so, indeed, did his grandchild, for, though very fair to look at, no goddess was poor Nellie, but a young and growing girl with the healthy appetite of sixteen. She accepted, therefore, Roger's invitation without the smallest affectation of reluctance, and sitting down on the floor beside her grandfather, shared the contents of his platter with innocent and undisguised enjoyment. With all her sense and courage she was as yet in many things a perfect child, yielding as easily as a child might do to the first ray of sunshine that brightened on her path, and accepting the happiness of the present moment as unrestrainedly as if never even suspecting the shadows that were lurking in her future. Now, therefore, that she felt her grandfather was in safe and helpful keeping, she threw off the sense of responsibility which had weighed her down for months, and became almost gay. Color rose to her wasted cheek, light sparkled in her eyes, and she responded to Roger's efforts to make her feel comfortable and at home, with such innocent and unbounded faith in his wish and power to befriend them, that he vowed an inward vow never to forsake her, but to guard her, as if she had been in very deed his sister, through the trials and dangers of her unprotected exile.—When their meal was over, and while her grandfather slumbered in the quiet warmth of the nestfire, she told Roger her story, simply and briefly, as she might have told it to a brother, beginning at her departure from her ancestral home, and ending with her encounter with the English strangers among the mountains.

'It is Major Hewitson,' said Roger, 'in whose favor I have been despoiled of my old home. Major Hewitson and his pretty daughter "Ruth," as he chooses to call her, in order to blot out the fact that her name is Henrietta, and that she had a popish queen for her godmother. She forgets it not herself, however,' he added, with a smile; 'for her mother was of noble race, and they say that she is a true cavalier at heart, and nines like a caged bird in the network of demure fanaticism which her father has twined around her.'

'She has a lovely face and a kind and honest heart for certain,' said Nellie. 'She knows you also, now I think of it, for she is who directed me to this hut, with a hint that I should here find a friend.'

'D-d she?' said Roger, with genuine fervor. 'Nay, then, for that one good deed I needs must pardon her, that she, or her father for her, have robbed me of my inheritance. And now I think of it,' he added, with a touch of sly malice in his smile, 'you also, if you came hither to seek land, must have been bound on the same errand; for both these baronies, "Umball augh-tragh" and "Umball ough-tragh," is the country of the O'Maillys, and, in right of my grandmother, my own.'

Nellie blushed scarlet. 'Alas!' she said, 'I knew not whether or to whom they sent us; but sure am I, at all events, that we never would

have accepted of any home at the expense of its rightful owners.'

'Nay,' said Roger, 'I did but jest. Would indeed that it was to you I had been compelled to yield it! In spite of that fact you should have had, I promise you, a right royal welcome. And now I must needs explain. This sheeling, you must know, is not really my home. It is but a temporary refuge, of which I have two or three along the coast; for I have fought battles enough against England's new-fangled government to have deserved the honors of outlawry at her hands. My life consequently has been none too safe at any time these six months past; and now that yonder gray-haired fanatic, who would ask nothing better than to seal his title in my blood, has got possession of these lands, it is of course less secure than ever. My most permanent home, however, is on an island, facing the bay on this side, and washed by the waters of the Atlantic on the other. It is poor enough, God knows, yet capable of giving better accommodation than such a hut as this is. Will you and your grandfather be content to share it with me?'

Tears rushed into the dark eyes of Nellie. 'Providence is good,' she answered simply—'Providence is very good, and gives us friends when we least expect them.'

'Well, then, it is a bargain,' cried Roger gayly; 'and now, Mistress Netterville, come and see the craft in which you will have to make the voyage.'

He pulled down the 'mysterious mantle' as he spoke, and Nellie saw that, instead of covering the bare wall as she had imagined, it merely concealed an opening into an inner and smaller portion of the hut, built right over the creek, and made to answer the purpose of a boat-house. Into this the water rushed, so as to form a basin deep enough for the floating of a boat, and one accordingly lay safe within it, concealed by the overhanging roof from observation on the outside.

It was not flat bottomed, like the native craft, but had been evidently built both for strength and speed by one who understood his business, and its chief cargo at this particular moment seemed to be a quantity of luxurious beather.

To this Roger pointed with a smile: 'If I were a Highlander,' he said, 'you might suspect me of second-sight; for I have gathered, without thinking of it, double the usual quantity of beather, that which we outlaws perforce use for bedding. I hope you will not mind roughing it a little.'

'I have roughed it a good deal within the last few months,' said Nellie, 'and I do not think you will find me difficult to please. Is the boat quite safe? I have never been out on the real sea before.'

'Safe,' said the young man, with a little pardonable pride in his dark eyes. 'I built her myself, and she has weathered more than one bad storm since the first day that I sailed her. I call her the "Grana Uaille," after the stout old chiefness whose island kingdom I inhabit, and which, with the other lands of which Major Hewitson has robbed me, I inherit from my grandmother. But the sun is getting low. Do you not think we had better start at once, and get the voyage over before night-fall?'

To this Nellie gladly assented, and between them they conducted Lord Netterville to the boat. Roger arranged the beather so as to form a sort of couch, and with the mantle thrown over him to protect him from the damp, the old man found himself so comfortable that he settled himself quietly for slumber. Then Roger put up his sail, and with a fresh and favorable wind they glided down the creek.

Nellie would not lie down, but she sat back in the boat with a lazy kind of gladness in her heart, which, rightly interpreted, would probably have been found to mean perfect rest of body and mind. Such rest as she had not felt for months! The waters widened as they approached the bay, and Nellie marked each new feature in the scene with an interest all the keener and more enjoyable, that everything she saw was so unlike anything she had ever seen before. Accustomed as she had been to the tamer cultivation of her native country, the savage grandeur of that wild west, with its poverty in human life, its wealth in that which was merely animal, took her completely by surprise, and she gazed with unwearied interest, now on the undulating ranges of blue mountains which crossed and recrossed each other like network against the sky, then on the broad, black tracts of peat and bog land which covered the country at their feet like a pall; listened now to the biter and plover as they answered each other from the marshes, then to the shrill screams of the curlews as they rose before the boat, darkening the air with their uncounted numbers; or she watched a heron sweeping slowly homeward from its distant fishing ground—or a grand old eagle soaring solemnly upward, as if bent on a visit to the departing sun; and her delight

and astonishment at last reached their climax in the apparition of a seal, which, just as they cleared the creek, popped its head up above the waves, leaving her, in spite of Roger's laughing assurances to the contrary, well nigh persuaded that she had seen a mermaid. The wind continuing steady, Roger shook out his last remaining reef, and, responding gaily to the fresh impulse, the boat sprang forward at a racing pace. They were in Clew Bay at last, and Nellie uttered a cry of joy—never had she seen anything so beautiful before. Masses of clouds, with tints just caught from the presence of the sun, soft greens and lilacs, and pale primrose and delicate pearly white, so clear and filmy that the evening star could be seen glancing through them, hung right over-head, shedding a thousand hues, each more beautiful than the other, upon the bay beneath, until it flowed like a liquid opal round its multitude of tribute isles. Opposite, right in the very mouth of the harbor, stood Clare Island, all a light and glowing, as if it were in very deed the pavilion of the setting sun, which, as it sank into the waves beyond it, wrapped tower, and church, and slanting cliff, and winding shore-line, in such a glory of gold and purple as made the old king-lom of Grana Uaille look for the moment like a palace of the fairies. Nellie was still straining her eyes for a glimpse of the Atlantic on the other side, when the deep baying of a hound came like sad, sweet music over the waters, and Roger slightly touched her shoulder. They were close to the island; in another moment he had run his boat cleverly into the little harbor and laid her alongside the pier. A huge wolf-dog, of the old Irish breed, instantly bounded in, nearly oversetting Nellie in his eagerness to greet his master.

Roger laid one restraining hand on the dog's massive head, and removing his cap with the other, said, smiling courteously:

'You must not be afraid of Maida, Mistress Netterville. She is as gentle as she is strong, and has only come to add her voice to her master's, and to bid you welcome to the outlaw's home.'

## CHAPTER VIII.

Nellie slept that night the peaceful slumbers of a child; but the habits of long weeks of care were not to be so easily shaken off, and the first ray of sunshine that found its way through the narrow window of her chamber roused her from her well earned repose. Her first impulse was, as it had ever been of late, to spring from her couch with a painful sense of hard duty to be accomplished that very day; her next was to thank God with all the fervor of a young and innocent heart for the haven of safety into which He had guided her at last. Then she lay back upon her pillow, and, yielding to the delightful consciousness that there was no immediate call upon her for exertion either of body or mind, glanced languidly round the dimly-lighted room, and endeavored to make a mental inventory of its contents. It was a square chamber, forming the second story of the old tower in which Roger had taken up his abode, and which was all that was yet remaining of the old strong hold of Grana Uaille. The apartment had evidently no furniture of its own to boast of, but, having been used as a sort of lumber room, was abundantly supplied with articles brought hither from more favored mansions. Nellie soon perceived that much of this so called lumber was of the costliest description, and represented probably the sum total of all that had been saved from the wreck of Roger's fortune. There were cabinets of curious workmanship, a table carved in oak as black as ebony, a few high backed chairs of the same material, ornaments in gold and silver, some of ancient Celtic manufacture, others in their more delicate workmanship bearing marks of artistic handling, which, even to Nellie's unaccustomed eye, betrayed their foreign origin.—There were pictures, too, most of them with the dark shadow of a Spanish hand upon them, and swords, bucklers, weapons, and armor of all kinds, old and new, defensive and offensive, piled up here and there in picturesque confusion in the corners of the turret. Nellie had been amusing herself for some minutes scanning all these treasures over and over, and guessing at their various uses, when her attention became suddenly riveted upon a huge coffer with bands and mouldings of curiously-wrought brass, which stood against the wall exactly opposite to the foot of her bed. She was still quite a girl enough to be willing to amuse herself by imagining all sorts of impossibilities respecting the contents of this mysterious looking piece of furniture, and she was watching it as anxiously as if she half-expected it to open of itself, when the door of the chamber was cautiously unlocked, and the old woman, who represented the office of cook, valet, and everything else in Roger's establishment, crept up to her bedside as quietly as if she fancied her to be sleeping still.

'God's blessing and the light of heaven be on your sweet, smiling face,' she ejaculated, as

Nellie turned her bright, wide-open eyes with a grateful smile upon the old bag. "Lie still a bit, a-lannab! lie still, and take a sup of this fresh...

"Nellie took the tempting beverage, which Nora presented to her in an old fashioned silver goblet, readily enough; but checking herself just as she was about to put it to her lips, she said gaily:

"Thanks, a thousand times, my dear old woman, but I do not feel that I need it much, and this would be the very thing for my poor old grandfather. He was always accustomed to something of the sort in the days when we were able to indulge ourselves in such luxuries."

"Lord bless the child!" said the delighted Nora. "It she isn't as gay as a bird in its mother's nest this morning, for all the weary worry of her last night's travels. But there's no need to be sparing of the wiley, my honey, for sure I've a good sup of it left on purpose for the old lord as soon as ever he awakens. So drink up every drop of this, if you wouldn't have the master scold me; for he sent it up himself, he did, and it's downright mad he'd be if it came back to him and it not empty."

Something in this speech, or in old Nora's way of making it, caused the blood, the absence of which she had been just deploring, to rush once more into Nellie's cheek; and perhaps it was partly to hide this weakness that she took the goblet without another word, and drained it to the dregs, playfully turning its wrong side up as she gave it back to Nora, in order to show her how thoroughly her directions had been complied with. Made happy on this important point, the old woman trotted gaily out of the room, and then Nellie rose, half-reluctantly, it must be confessed, and commenced the duties of the toilet. They were simple enough in her case, yet difficult also from their very simplicity. Her hair, long and smooth and shining, was easily enough disposed in braids, which, folded tightly round her head, gave a grace and elegance to her appearance none of the fantastic head-gear then in vogue could possibly have imparted; but when she came to inspect the habiliments she had worn the day before, and which perforce she must wear again that day, she became painfully, and perhaps for the first time, fully conscious of the dilapidations which time and travel had wrought upon them. In vain she rubbed out mud and grass stains, in vain she pined her needle. The garment absolutely defied her skill, and, painfully conscious of the fact, she was about perforce to don them as they were, when Nora burst into the room with a look of gladness on her face, which vanished, however, to do her justice, as completely as if it had never been, at the sight of poor Nellie, shamed and sad, vainly trying to smooth her rags into something like decent poverty around her.

"God help you, a cushla!" she cried, in a tone of unfeigned compassion, laying at the same time her withered hand upon the tattered kerchief which Nellie was trying to fold round her stately shoulders. "God help ye! and is this all that them black scum of Saxon robbers left ye when they turned ye out upon the wide world to seek your fortune?"

"It cannot be helped," said Nellie, with a little choking in her voice, though she tried hard to veil it beneath an assumption of indifference. "And after all, these rags do but make me seem what in fact I am—a beggar. Only I hope," she added, with a little nervous laugh, "I hope that Colonel O'More (she had learned his military rank and his real name, Moore being only its Saxon rendering, the night before from Nora) will not be utterly disgusted this morning when he finds out to what a pauper he extended his hospitality last night."

"The colonel? Is it the master that you mean? The master be disgusted! Ah! now, steen to me, asthore, and don't be filling your head with them ugly fancies; for you may just take my word for it, and don't I know every turn of his mind as well as if I was inside of it? You may just take old Nora's word for it, that he worships the very ground you tread on, and would too, all the same, if you had never a brogue to the foot or a kirtle to the back. Beggar, indeed! Why, could not he see for himself last night that you had been just robbed and murdered like out of your own by them thieving Saxons, and wasn't it for that very reason that, before he went off to his fishing this blessed morning, he gave me the key of that big black box, and says—says he, 'Nora, my old woman, I have been thinking that the young lady upstairs has been so long on the road that may be she'll be in want of a new dress like; so, as there is nothing like decent woman-tailoring to be found in the island, may be she'll condescend to see if there's anything in my poor mother's box that would suit her for the present.' And troth, my darling, old Nora went on, exultingly, 'it's you that are going to have the pick and choice of hne things; for she was a grand Spanish lady, she was, and always went about among us dressed like a princess.'"

"Nora had opened the box at the beginning of this speech, and with every fresh word she uttered, she flung out such treasures of finery on the floor as fully justified her panegyric on the deceased lady's wardrobe. Nellie soon found herself the centre of a heap of thick silks and shiny satins, and three piled velvets and brocaded stuffs, standing upright by virtue of their own rich material, and of laces so delicate and fine, that they looked as if she had only to breathe upon them in order to make them float away upon the air like cobwebs. "She was quite too much of a girl as yet to be able to resist a close and curious examination of such treasures; nevertheless, her instinct of the fitness of things was stronger than her vanity, and there was an incongruity between these courtly habiliments and her broken fortunes, which made her feel that it would be an absolute impossibility to wear them. Selecting, therefore,

a few articles of linen clothing, she told old Nora that everything else was far too fine for daily wear, and began, of her own accord, to restore them to their coffer. Not so, however, the good old Nora. That any thing could be too fine for the adornment of any one whom 'the master' delighted to honor, was a simple absurdity in her mind, and she became so clamorous in her remonstrances, that Nellie was fain to shift her ground, and to explain that she was bent at that moment upon 'taking a long ramble by the sea-shore, for which anything like a dress of silk or satin (Nora's own good sense must tell her) would be, to say the least of it, exceedingly inappropriate."

At these words a new light seemed to dawn upon the old woman's mind, and, plunging almost bodily down into the deep coffer in her eagerness to gratify her protégée, she exclaimed, "So it's for a walk you'd be going this morning, is it? and after all your bother last night! Well, well, you are young still, and would rather I dare say, be skipping about like a young kid among the rocks than sitting up in silks and satins as grave and stately as if you were a princess in earnest. Something plain and strong? That's what you'll be wanting, isn't it, a-lannab? Wait a bit, will you?—for I mind me now of a dress the old mistress made when she was young, for a frolic like, that she might go with me unnoticed to a 'pattern.' And may I never sin if I haven't got it," she cried, diving down once more into the coffer, and bringing up from its shining chaos a dress which, consisting as it did simply of a madder-colored petticoat and short over-skirt of russet brown, was not by any means very dissimilar to the habitual costume of a peasant girl of the west at the present hour. — Nora was right. It was, as ladies have it, 'the very thing.' Stout enough and plain enough to meet all Nellie's ideas of propriety, and yet presenting a sharp contrast of coloring which (forgive her, my reader, she was only sixteen) she was by no means sorry to reflect would be exceedingly becoming to her clear, pale complexion and the blue-black tresses of her hair. It was with a little blush of pleasure, therefore, that she took it from the old woman's hand, exclaiming, "Oh, thank you, dear Nora. It is exactly what I was wishing for—so strong and pretty. It will make me feel just as I want to feel, like a good strong peasant girl, able and willing to work for her living; and, to say the truth, moreover," she added, somewhat confidentially, "I should not at all have liked making my appearance in those fine Spanish garments. I should have been so much afraid of the O'More taking me for his mother."

The announcement of this grave anxiety set off old Nora in a fit of laughing, under cover of which Nellie contrived to complete her toilet.—Madder dyed petticoat, and russet skirt, and long dark mantle, she donned them all; but the effect, though exceedingly pretty, was by no means exactly what she had expected; for Nora, turning her round and round for closer inspection, declared, with many an Irish expletive, which we willingly spare our readers, "That dress herself how she might, no one could ever mistake her for anything but what she really was, viz., a born lady, and perhaps even, moreover, a princess in disguise." With a smile and a curtsy Nellie accepted of the compliment, and then tripped down the winding staircase of her turret, took one peep at Lord Netterville as he lay in the room below, in the 'callagh' or nook by the hearth, which, screened off by a bent matting, had been allotted to him as the warmest and most comfortable accommodation the tower afforded, and having satisfied herself that he was still fast asleep, stepped out gaily into the open air.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DEAN CLOSE ON THE IRISH CHURCH.

Dean Close, setting an example to that Episcopal Bench which he doubtless one day hopes to adorn, recently issued an address to the electors of Carlisle, paternally and patriotically admonishing them of the obligation imposed upon them by the British Constitution of returning members to Parliament pledged to maintain the existing legal ascendancy of the Established Church in Ireland. The good Dean's strength is in the fervency of his appeals to the prejudices and passions of the least informed of the people. Upon matters of fact, contemporaneous or historical he has never racked as a very high authority; and there is much in his address to the electors of Carlisle to awaken a distrust of his testimony in support of the Irish Church Establishment. One point only we propose to examine, and that merely embraces the vindication of the zeal and perseverance with which the Government of this country, for nearly three hundred years, tried every means, and exhausted every device and contrivance in the vain endeavour to make Protestants of the people of Ireland.

While admitting that the Established Church in Ireland is the Church of the minority, the Dean of Carlisle accounts for this by the assertion, "If she has not enlarged her borders the British Government is chiefly to blame, for it has always frowned on proselytizing in every shape." This from a champion of the Irish Church Establishment is most ungrateful towards all the administrations and civil rulers of this country, from the accession of Queen Elizabeth to the death of George III. Not only did the British Government not frown on proselytism as carried on by the Protestant clergy for the extinction of Catholicity in Ireland, but it co-operated with them in that work by offering the highest inducements to Irish Catholics to renounce their faith, and visiting with the heaviest penalties and severest punishments all who adhered to the religion of their fathers. The British Government can honestly claim to have exhausted the whole armoury of persecution, and all the blandishment of court favour and worldly prosperity in what proved to be a vain endeavour 'to enlarge' even to the remotest corner of Ireland, 'the borders' of the Established Church; and even admit that it was only when Catholics seemed to multiply, and Protestants to decrease under the influence of this system, that recourse was had to conceding to Catholics legal permission to build churches and open schools, and practice so much of the external rites of religion as did not offend the jealous susceptibilities of their Protestant neighbors. What Dean Close would have the Government attempt to do now, has been sought to be done unsuccessfully for centuries; with such results as the whole world is witnessing in the hopeless condition of the State Church of Ireland. The incontrovertible evidences of this are to be found in the statute book, and more especially in the period subsequent to the Revolution of 1689, to which all English historians prefix the descriptive epithet of 'glorious,' on account of the civil and religious liberty which it secured to the

English people! Here are the proofs of this statement.

In 1695, and the years immediately following, an Irish Parliament, sitting in Dublin, enacted several penal laws against Catholics. One act was for 'dismarking' them; another for restraining their foreign education; another for banishing all Popish clergy out of the kingdom; another for preventing them from exercising the profession of the law by 'becoming attorneys.' The statute for the banishment of the Clergy enacted that 'all Popish archbishops, bishops, vicars-general, deans, monks, friars, priests, and all Popists exercising any ecclesiastical jurisdiction, should depart the kingdom before the 1st of May, 1698.' Those neglecting, or unable to depart, were to be imprisoned till they could be transported beyond the seas; and if they returned, they were to suffer the then fearful penalty of high treason. Any persons found guilty of having thrice concealed a priest, or other Catholic ecclesiastic, were to suffer death and forfeiture of all their possessions. Whatever Dean Close may think of this mode of making converts to the Protestant Church, it certainly met with a cordial approval of English Deans and Chapters in the reign of William III., as most efficient in the removal of the greatest obstacles to Protestant preaching and teaching in Ireland. But these statutes not diminishing the Catholic population, in the reign of Anne others were passed still more oppressive. Any child of a Catholic, however young, professing to be a Protestant, passed from under the guardianship of his father, and became entitled to an annuity and the inheritance of such portion of his estate as the Chancellor might determine. Catholics were prohibited from purchasing any landed property for a longer period than thirty-one years; and should farms held by them produce profits exceeding one-third the amount of the rents, Protestants choosing to claim them might do so, and the sheriff would out their Catholic cultivators, and put them in possession. No Catholic was allowed to teach a school of his own, or to act as an usher in a Protestant school; no Catholic could serve as a juror, or vote for a member of Parliament. For the discovery of Catholic bishops the reward was £50; for a priest or friar, £20; and for a schoolmaster, £10. Priests conforming were to be paid an annuity of £30; and married Catholic women conforming were to have secured to them an annuity out of the property of their Catholic husbands. These latter Acts were passed in the eighteenth century, so that it is not so very long since all the power of the Legislature was exercised to no purpose in the way which Dean Close regards as likely to be entirely efficacious.

When proselytizing legislation ceased, Irish landlords, Irish preys and presses, Irish Protestant bishops, and Kildare Street Irish Church Missionary and other evangelizing societies, entered upon the work of Protestantizing Ireland, with the tacit approval of almost every succeeding Government in this country. There was a new Reformation, and the Achil Mission, and the West Connaught Mission, and later still the aviaries for fidejuncts supposed to inherit a taste for Popish pap, and a latent predilection for beads, medals and the sign of the cross. How it has fared with all these Governments-approved proselytizing agencies is known to every statesman in Europe and America—is confessed with feelings of shame and with a desire for reparation by a great majority of the people of England—is not denied by any member of the Disraeli Administration, and so far as we know, has only failed to reach the usually not inattentive missionary ear of the Dean of Carlisle.

From the accession of Elizabeth, then, to the present time, the English Government has either directly or indirectly countenanced and encouraged proselytism in Ireland. No doubt several individual Premiers did not approve of the system; and if such men as the late Lord Melbourne, Earl Grey, and Lord Palmerston had been in a position to disregard public opinion out of doors, such disturbers of the religious peace of Ireland as the late Peer Bishop of Tuam and the members of his family would have had an official intimation given them of the inconvenience to the State of zeal so ill-directed. But successive Governments bowed before the influence of proselytizing societies; and it is only when every conceivable contrivance for Protestantizing Ireland has utterly and hopelessly failed, or rather has had the effect of making Ireland more Catholic, that the greatest statesman of our day has recourse to the adoption of the principle of perfect religious equality. We urge this the more emphatically in order to impress upon the mind of Dean Close, and upon the minds of all who may be disposed to agree in opinion with him, that if blame be attributable in any quarter for the failure of the so-called Reformation in Ireland, none is attributable to the Government. But it is hard kicking against the goad. It is to receive wounds, not to inflict them; and there is no doubt that the persecution of the Catholic Church in Ireland contributed to send forth clouds of Catholic witnesses, whose labours as missionaries in all lands, and more especially in every region of the New World, arrested the growth and diffusion of Protestantism everywhere. The devastating and persistent storm of the persecution of Catholics in Ireland only carried the seed of faith to distant regions, there to take root and flourish in increased fertility. All that is at an end. The day has dawned upon us when Protestants in Ireland must descend from the pedestal of a dominating and insulting ascendancy, and take their places on a common level with their Catholic and Dissenting fellow-countrymen; and no terrors awakened among the electors of Carlisle by the prophetic warnings of one so ignorant of the past history of the Established Church in Ireland as Dean Close, will delay but one hour the consummation of this great, just, and salutary work.—[London Tablet.]

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Corporation of Dublin met on Saturday, and adopted a petition to Parliament praying for an amnesty for the political prisoners.

The house of Mr. Johnson, Sub Sheriff, Cork, was attacked by a party of (supposed) Fenians to-day, during his absence. They entered disguised, and presented revolvers, demanding arms. Mrs. Johnson and some lady visitors were terrified. Two of the men guarded the house, while two others ransacked the dwelling, and taking a gun and a sword, withdrew. No clue has been got to the offenders.—[Daily Express.]

A serious affray has taken place between the police and the people at Kibbrittain, Cork. A fair was held there and a disturbance took place arising out of the Bandon election. The police endeavoured to eject the people from a public-house and were resisted and assaulted. A riot followed, and stones were thrown. The police fired, shooting a man named Donovan dead. The spectators allege that the man was shot while in custody.

A curious example of the uncertainty of pledges given by electors in small boroughs is furnished by the Curlew Sentinel, which publishes the names of 22 voters who signed a requisition to Mr. Rochfort pledging themselves to give their 'undivided and unqualified support.' Nine of them kept their promise, four abstained from voting, and nine voted against him.

man, the Rev. Mr. Ryan (though the moral presence of the parties was quite sufficient).

DUBLIN, Nov. 18.—The scene at Belfast yesterday was most extraordinary. The approaches to the Court-house were occupied from daybreak by motley groups of the lowest classes. Mr. Johnston's supporters mustered in great force around the door of the Court house, and succeeded in obtaining almost exclusive occupation of the building. The mob danced, shouted, and yelled, and brandished sticks at those on the platform. A stone was thrown through one of the windows and in a trice the mob demolished every fragment of glass it contained. Those outside then clambered into the building through the aperture. Another window was quickly subjected to a similar process, and used for a like purpose. A third was protected by an iron grating, but even this was obliged to succumb to the blows of a ponderous hammer. A nomination was attempted, but not a word of what was said could be heard even by the speaker's nearest neighbour. The uproar continued, and the climax was reached when, through a chance word the mob made a raid on the reporters' box. From this time until the proceedings terminated it was really a struggle for life. The candidates and their supporters and every one else, made the best of their way out of the Court-house, and the Mayor adjourned the nomination until to-day.

The nomination at Belfast, which was interrupted by the riotous conduct of the Orange mob on Tuesday, was resumed yesterday. Bitter arrangements for preserving order were made by the authorities, and the presence of a sufficiently strong force of constabulary in and around the Court House repressed the violent tendencies of Mr. Johnston's friends. Mr. Rea renewed his attempts to address the electors, although his face bore evidence that he had received very rough usage at their hands. They were as obstinate as himself, however, and expressed in unmistakable terms their determination not to hear him. He stood wildly gesticulating for over half an hour, and complaining that Mr. Johnston ought to have interfered to obtain a hearing for him. Several of the electors called upon the Mayor to proceed with the business, and the crowd threatened a renewal of their violence towards Mr. Rea, but he remained unmoved. The Mayor insisted that he should either retire or propose a candidate, and he removed the formal objection by proposing John Stuart Mill, General Osborne, Stewart Blackie, Sir John Kettlewell, and Lieutenant-General Chambers, of the Italian army, and he offered to pay the expenses of any of those whom the electors might choose. The Mayor again interferred, and requested that Mr. Rea would resume his seat. He refused to do so, and challenged the Mayor to put him out. At length his Worship ignored his presence, and called on Sir O. Lanyon to address the electors. The two speakers simultaneously competed in vain for the attention of the assembly, in congruous fragments of each speech occasionally rising with ridiculous effect above the uproar. Finally, Sir O. Lanyon abandoned the attempt to speak, and handed his address to the reporters. Mr. Mulholland and Mr. McClure also tried to speak, but shared the same fate. Mr. Johnston alone was listened to, and when he rose the audience cheered with enthusiasm. A show of hands was taken, which the Mayor declared to be in favour of Johnston and Lanyon. A poll was demanded for the other candidates.

DUBLIN (City).—The nomination took place on Tuesday. There were four candidates in the field, Messrs Guinness (C), Pim (L), Plunkett (C), and Corrigan (L). The proceedings were attended with considerable uproar and confusion. Mr. Pim obtained a fragmentary hearing from the mob; Sir A. Guinness made several ineffectual attempts to speak, and was finally booed down. Sir Dominic Corrigan was well received on presenting himself. He strongly advised his Tory opponents to accept the liberal terms which were offered by Mr. Gladstone for the settlement of the Church Question, and gave them the following warning:—"In the words of Gladstone, 'We will treat you not only with justice, but with more than justice—with liberality. You shall have more than even what we consider your rights. Your life interest shall be preserved. No private property shall be interfered with.' These are our terms now. Let them be rejected, and what may our terms be? Gentlemen, the storming party does not always give the same mercy to the conquered that the beleaguering army offered. Let them bear that in mind.—'What we say is, 'We smart under wrong and insult, and we will no longer bear it.' It is felt from the kitchen to the ballroom-hall. It pervades the atmosphere from the peasant's hut to the palace. We see it in the streets, and everywhere. To take a simile from my own profession, it is like a malarial fever, which has spread its poisonous mist over our whole country and tainted everything like social and national life; and out of it we cannot rise till we have destroyed it. I have said that we can have no nationality as long as this incubus rests upon us. Condescension and pride can never interchange hands, and we can never meet as United Irishmen, and feel proud of our country, and demand, as the Scotchman do, rights for our country, till we meet on the platform of equality. He asked did the defenders of the Church expect that the House of Commons would reverse its decision of last session, or that, if they held out any longer, English bayonets would be sent over to form a fence around the church? He asked, did they suppose that England would fight for the Alabama of the State Church when she shrank from fighting about the American Alabama? He added, amid cheers:—"I have said we are willing still to hold out the hand of peace. Don't go too far. We are gentle, but we must have religious equality.—We shall, keeping within the law, gain all we desire. Do you dare to talk of going beyond it? All of you know what the motto on the artillery was—'Free trade or else.' Don't force us to raise our motto—'Religious equality or else.'"

The contest was closed on Wednesday with the following result: Guinness, 5,588; Pim, 5,573; Plunkett, 5,442; Corrigan, 5,382. The city was greatly excited. A sheriff's deputy bringing the poll books on a cart from Green street, with a constable, was assaulted by the mob. They took refuge in a house in Mary street, and mounted police charged the crowd, but were received with stones, bricks, and bottles, and obliged to retreat. A division of foot police dispersed the people with difficulty, receiving some injuries. About twenty persons were arrested.

Galway presented no exception to the scene of tumultuous uproar which has characterized the nominations in contested boroughs. It appears from an account in the Express that when the Court-house was opened yesterday morning, a half-drunk mob headed by a set of desperate ruffians, called in the locality 'bottlen boys,' who are distinguished by a very limited costume, rushed forward to take possession of the table in front of the bench, which is the usual battle-ground on such occasions. A body of police had been stationed to prevent their further advance, and, foiled in their attempt, they gave expression to their mortification in terrific yells, accompanied by the brandishing of sticks and the waving of caps in the air. Those in front were driven by the pressure of the crowd behind upon the ranks of the police, who drove them back again with the points of their rifles. On the table was a shifting mass of people who were unable to stand upon so small an area, and, forced in their struggles for a footing too near the edge, were split over into the passages below, where they sprawled in heaps. Some of them attempted to wreat the rifles from the hands of the police, and to climb up again by their side, but had reason to regret their temerity, and were flung back into the mob again. The reading of the writ and the speeches of the proposers and secondors of the candidate, as well as the addresses of those gentlemen, were totally inaudible to the unwearied. Sir R. Blennerhasset was nominated by Mr. Valentine Blake, J. P., and Mr. Thomas Kyte; Lord

St. Lawrence, Captain Lynch, J. P., and Captain Foster, Captain O'Hara, (the Conservative candidate) by Mr. Thomas Perse, J. P., D. L., and Mr. James Campbell, J. P.; and Mr. Martin O'Flaherty (an Independent Liberal) by Mr. Isaac Comerford and Mr. Joseph Semple. The proceedings were all conducted in dumb show, intelligible communication being only possible by means of notes which were interchanged. A show of hands was then called for and declared to be in favour of Sir R. Blennerhasset and Lord St. Lawrence. A poll was demanded for the other candidates. The police were at length directed to clear the table, which they succeeded in doing after a hard fight. The friends of the candidates were abused by the mob as they left the court. The town is much excited, but there is a large force of military and police to maintain order.—[Times Correspondent.]

Last evening the return of Messrs. Maguire and Murphy was celebrated by great rejoicings all over the city. Several five-and-seven bands paraded the streets, followed by thousands of enthusiastic persons, carrying lighted tarrarrels, and using their lungs after the most approved fashion. The utmost enthusiasm pervaded their displays and cheers for Mr. Maguire with a zeal which offered a strange contrast to the sympathetic hisses that greeted every mention of Mr. Abbot's name. Unfortunately several acts of violence on property have been committed, but there is every reason to believe that these were the acts of isolated persons and did not gain the sanction of the crowd. As the tar-barrels were conveyed through the streets some cold disposed persons amused themselves by throwing stones at the windows of those whom they considered, perhaps, politically opposed to them. The house of Mr. Richardson, gun-maker, Patrick-street, was selected, in common with others, for an assault. Several stones had been thrown, and many panes of glass were broken, when shots were heard proceeding from the windows. No less than seven or eight shots were discharged from the windows of Mr. Richardson's house, and nothing could exceed the consternation caused by this act of reprisal on the part of the owner of the house attacked. A woman shrieked that she was shot, and others also complained of having been wounded. The scene was one of wild confusion, and but for the timely interference of the constabulary and military it is not known what may have been the result. An account of the occurrence was at once communicated to the headquarters of the constabulary, and Mr. Hamilton, R. M., who was in readiness, proceeded at once to the spot, with a large body of police reinforced by a detachment of military, both infantry and cavalry. The streets were immediately cleared, and the disturbances, which at one time threatened to be very serious, were happily obviated. Anne Dwyer, of Paul street is the name of the woman who was wounded. She was taken to the North Lincum to receive medical aid, and it was ascertained that she had been struck by pellets or slugs in the face and about the eye. The poor creature is at present in a very bad condition, and it was feared she will lose her sight. A man whose name we were unable to ascertain was wounded in the shoulder, and several other persons sustained slight flesh wounds. In Slandon-street, a mob bearing lighted tar-barrel, halted shortly after eight o'clock opposite the police-station, which they pelted with stones, demolishing nearly all the glass in the building.—[Cork Herald.]

THE "LONDON TIMES" ON THE IRISH CHURCH.—The Irish Church will be made a subject of declamation at almost every borough hustings, but it will generally be regarded only from an English point of view. Now, we may think what we please about the Irish people, but they can themselves have only one opinion about it, and that is that England has taken away the revenues of their Church, and given them to her own Church for her pleasure. There are nearly five millions of Roman Catholic Irish, most of these of the old Celtic race; and there is probably not one of them who does not believe himself robbed, oppressed and insulted by the Establishment. If the Irish possessed one-tenth part of the worldly wisdom of the Scotch, they would long since have got back every sixpence of their Church revenues. But unfortunately, they have pursued their interests by the most foolish course, prosecuted their quarrels by the most violent means, and thus have been perpetually thrown out of court by their own rashness. That, however, is not a defence for us, and the Irish if they have not succeeded, manage to keep the quarrel well open, to make Ireland very uncomfortable, and their treatment a reproach to England all over the world. No body can dispute their right to do this. But England thus secures against herself the active services of many hundred thousand advocates, some at home, others scattered over the world, saying a good deal that is true, and not the strength of it, a great deal more that is not. No establishments, no laws, no money, not all the Protestant preachers or professional pleaders in the world would be a match for foes whose name is a hundred Legions, who have their hearts in the cause, and whose brief is always at the tips of their tongues. The English cannot pretend to say that they would not do for they would long ago have put a final stop to the nuisance by driving their oppressors into the sea. It was not quite three hundred years since the Catholic Powers of Europe were combining to force us to return to the religion of our forefathers. Let us suppose they had succeeded, with the aid of the Irish, and had planted in the island half a million Spanish, French, and Flemish gentlemen and bangers on, well marshalled, strongly garrisoned, and promptly putting down any attempt at resistance. Of course they would have put a priest of their own into every church in the kingdom, and given him the tithes, parsonage and glebe. In the event of their success, it is possible that England, by this time would have found itself the present position of Ireland, only that the Roman Catholic would have been the Established Church. Out of every eight persons six might have been very good Protestants, calling the Pope Antichrist, and thinking the Established religion a base superstition. One might have been something else, and the remaining one might have been a Roman Catholic of Spanish, French, or Flemish extraction, set up over the other seven, lording it over them all and having a monopoly of the whole Church property. Let the English people think how they would have liked this. It is impossible to conceive the English people enduring such an insult and oppression. It is not impossible to conceive them vanquished by force, or by policy, or both. But it is quite impossible to conceive six or seven Englishmen out of every eight letting the eighth enjoy the provision they had set apart for religion, letting him set up a religion actively opposed to their own, paying him tithes or rentcharge for perpetually stigmatizing them as fools, and allowing him to take upon himself all the pomp and glory of the land. Englishmen would not endure this. At no time in their history would they have endured it, and they are not nearer spirited than their forefathers. They would have gone to work very differently indeed from the Irish; but they would have made short work of it, and that state of things would have passed off so quickly as hardly to appear in history. Englishmen know this. They know also that they despise the Irish for enduring so long what they would never have endured themselves; and that they set it down to the inferiority of the Irish nature. Men are apt to recognize the maxim that if people are oppressed it is because they are proper subjects for oppression. When a man persists in doing to others that which he would allow nobody to do to himself, and professes all the time to be a very good Christian, we must do our best to understand how such religion can go with such practice, and the only way to understand it is to suppose that the Englishmen who act thus do not regard the Irishman quite as their 'neighbor.' As to the Scotch, it is unnecessary to ask what they



The True Witness

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY. At No. 696 Craig Street, by J. GILLIES, G. E. OLIER, Editor.

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

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

The True Witness can be had at the News Depot. Single copies 3d.

The figures after each Subscriber's Address every week shows the date to which he has paid up. Thus "John Jones, August '63," shows that he has paid up to August '63, and owes his subscription from that date.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DEC. 18, 1866.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR. DECEMBER—1866.

Friday, 18—Ember Day. Expectation of the B. V. M. Saturday, 19—Ember Day Fast. Of the Feria. Sunday, 20—Ember Day. Fourth of Advent. Monday, 21—St. Thomas, Ap. Tuesday, 22—Of the Feria. Wednesday, 23—Fast. Of the Feria. Thursday, 24—Fast. Vigil of Christmas.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The elections being now over, and the result being an overwhelming majority in favor of Mr. Gladstone's Irish Church policy—whatever that may be—the question now is "What will be done with it?"—to what end will be devoted the powerful machinery at his command? To disestablish and even disendow the Protestant Church in Ireland will, with the actual composition of the House of Commons, be easy: but the great difficulty will be to find an appropriate and satisfactory plan for disposing of the funds which disendowment will leave in the hands of the State. If, as some think will be the case, these funds be devoted to the purpose of extending and strengthening the National or Mixed system of Education in Ireland, the Catholic cause will not have gained by the change. The Godless school will be more dangerous to the faith than ever the Protestant Church by Law Established has proved itself to be. Earl Spencer has been appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland by the new Ministry. The arrival of Donagel of one of the boats of the steamer Hibernia with the second mate of the ill-fated vessel and two other persons, is announced. Of the 28 persons who got on board of the boat, the above are the sole survivors. Mr. G. Tran has been discharged from prison, suits against him having been withdrawn.

The new Parliament was opened on the 10th inst. by the Royal Commission. The Right Hon. Evelyn Denison was elected Speaker.

There is nothing new from France. Rumors of the failing health of the Emperor are still in circulation.

In Spain the Revolution progresses the "usual way." The army is the sole constituted authority that has survived the shock, and it needs no prophet to tell what must follow. At Cadiz there is civil war, but what the designs of the insurgents, whether republican or reactionary, it is not easy to say. By latest accounts they still held out, and a bombardment was spoken of. The late King of Naples will have plenty of imitators it appears; but these if Liberals and Revolutionists will be applauded rather than branded with an offensive name. In short the condition seems to be this—That there is nothing to save Spain from anarchy, but the army; and the Times' correspondent thus sums up:—"Revolution in other countries has often been described as 'an unnatural mother devouring her children'; but in Spain it is the children of the Revolution who unduly eat up their mother."

The two Garibaldi ruffians who attempted to blow up the barracks at Rome last year, with the intention of destroying the lives of the Papal soldiers therein lodged, having been tried, convicted, and sentenced to death, were duly executed a few days ago. Amongst British subjects who entertain a profound horror for the Camberwell explosion of last year, and who of course, justify the execution of the leader in the last named exploit—of which the main object however was not murder, but the liberation of certain prisoners—one would think that the action of the Pontifical Government would find none to censure it: yet the correspondent of the London Times speaking of the debates in the Piedmontese Legislature, characterises it as an "unjustifiable act." What then shall we say of the hanging of the man Barrett? Of course the Piedmontese authorities are very indignant at the execution of fellows who, whatever their crimes, were their own suborned agents; and acting, if not in virtue of positive instructions, at all events with the full assurance that their crimes and murders at Rome would be accepted at Turin as good and faithful services; but it is hard to see how British subjects, who approved of the action of their Government in the Camberwell affair, can find fault with the similar action of the

Pontifical Government towards the convicted agents in the brutal and cowardly attempt upon the lives of its soldiers.

The President's last Message to Congress was not well received. It told some home truths about the Southern States which were not palatable: and contained some very injudicious, to say the least, hints as to the propriety and expediency of repudiation, and cheating the national creditors. Much to the credit of the body to whom this extraordinary recommendation from the Chief of the State, was communicated, the proposal was indignantly rejected.—The press throughout the country, generally, condemn the Message.

By latest accounts from Spain the insurgents at Cadiz had surrendered. The state of the country is described as being distracted—the agricultural classes being ruined, and capitalists expecting a general assault upon property, were fleeing from the country. Already the Revolution has passed through its dynastic and political phases, and is entering upon its social phase.

THE COMPULSORY ver. THE VOLUNTARY SYSTEM.—The Legislature of the Province of Ontario is about to deal roundly with the School question; and is evidently bent upon establishing within its borders a system of State-Schoolism, compared with which the moribund Church Establishment of Ireland appears almost a beneficent institution. If Catholics are taxed for the latter they are not at all events by law any longer compelled to attend its ministrations.

The Toronto Globe the advocate—as becomes a Liberal organ—of every oppressive and iniquitous scheme, and the champion of Absolutism, is our informant upon these matters. From him we learn that acting under the advice of the Rev. Mr. Ryerson, the Committee of the Ontario Legislature appointed to discuss and report upon the school laws, has agreed to recommend certain changes in the existing law: amongst others, the introduction of a "compulsory" clause—or clause to compel parents under pains and penalties to send their children to the State School. This infamous tyranny, this outrage upon the rights of the Family—rights anterior to, and far more sacred than those of the State—the Globe announces, and defends in the following terms:—

"The most important change recommended by the Committee is the adoption of the principle of compulsory education. Dr. Ryerson has advocated this principle for a number of years; and has succeeded where we are told, in getting the committee to be nearly or quite unanimous and tolerably enthusiastic in its favour. While we have no strong faith in the practical success of any scheme of compulsory education in this country, we are at the same time free from that horror of it which some people profess. We have no sentimental objections to it on the score of the right of the parent to control the child—or in plain English bring it up in gross ignorance if he pleases. The State interferes in many ways already to protect children against wrong-doing at the hands of parents; and if good can be done by interfering to prevent parents from depriving their children of education furnished for them—not at the expense of the parent, but that of the public—it ought to be done.

And thus it is that, regardless of justice, honor and consistency, our Liberals in one instant cry out for the "Voluntary Principle" as the only just, and as the most efficacious; and in the next, with an impudence which would astonish us if any amount of cant or inconsistency in a Liberal could astonish—advocate the adoption of the "Compulsory Principle."

And yet if we analyze the motives of the men, we shall see that in their very inconsistency they are strictly consistent. For what is Liberalism? as understood by modern democracy. It is war to the Catholic Church as the uncompromising opponent of Absolutism, as the ever vigilant guardian of the rights of the Individual and of the Family. To weaken by all means the power and influence of that Church, and to confirm the supremacy of the temporal over the spiritual Order is the mission, or rather the chosen task of all your modern Liberals. Other objects they may have: but first and foremost their object is to undermine the power of the Catholic Church.

They have therefore no scruples about carrying out in so far as the Church is concerned, the Voluntary principle: not because they believe that under the operation of that principle the interests of religion will be best promoted, and the influence of Christianity confirmed and extended: but because they flatter themselves that its adoption will in time lead to the starving out of the Catholic Church; and by placing the clergy in pecuniary matters at the mercy of the laity, will enable the latter to dictate to the former what they shall teach, and so modify the Catholic religion itself, till it assume a form and consistency in harmony with their own passions, and prejudices—or what the Liberal press calls, the enlightenment of the age. This is the reason why, generally, the Liberal advocates the Voluntary Principle in religion, and boasts of its efficacy in assuring the sound religious training of the community. The truth is he cares not a straw for religion of any kind.

But for the very reason that, in so far as regards the Church, the Liberal is a Voluntary, an advocate of the "Voluntary Principle" and the eloquent denouncer of State-Churchism—in so far as regards the School he is altogether for the "Compulsory Principle," and the earnest pleader

in behalf of State-Schoolism. He knows that mixed education is dangerous to Catholic faith and Christiana morality: he fears that were he to leave Education free, and in the hands to which God Himself has entrusted it—to wit, in the hands of the parent—the latter in the exercise of his discretion, and under the sense of the solemn obligations which the parental relations impose upon him, would invoke the aid of the Church to enable him best to discharge his duties: for the parent's rights as against the State, are but the co-relative of his duties as towards God. The one expression is the logical equivalent of the other: and it is because "Compulsory State-Schoolism," such as the Rev. Mr. Ryerson insidiously advocates, as the Ontario Legislature tyrannically contemplates, and the Toronto Globe, blindly applauds, interferes not merely with the parent's rights—but opposes impediments to the discharge of his duties, that the Catholic parent will not, no matter what the cost, or penalties ever submit to it. His answer to the Liberal legislator will still be this:—"We will never allow you to drive us into one of your conventicles, or our children into one of your schools.—So help us God."

The Globe—and in this he approves himself a Liberal indeed, in whom there is no sense of right—cynically boasts that he has no respect for the right of the parent to control the child. Nor is it wonderful that men who by their "marriage and divorce" laws have practically, and in so far as in them lies the power to do so, set at naught, and abrogated the 7th commandment as it is given in the Protestant version of the decalogue—"thou shalt not commit adultery"—should also entertain a profound contempt for a preceding command, which, whilst explicitly assering the duty of the child to honor its parents, by implication asserts the right of the parent to control the child. But it would be wonderful, if it would indeed be monstrous, if in a society which still calls itself Christian: which does indeed, as we firmly believe, include even amongst its non-Catholic members, numbers who are sincere in their Christian profession according to their teeble lights, and who in their hearts still acknowledge the great God Who of old spake from Sinai in cloud, as their supreme Lord and Master—there were to be found many to accept and submit to the tyrannical, anti-Christian, and God-defying legislation which this Ryerson and his tools in the Legislature propose to impose upon the Province. We adjure them to resist it, by any means, by every means which present themselves; not merely as freemen, and as the sons of freemen, but as Christians, but in virtue of the supreme allegiance that they owe to the Living God.

We subjoin an extract from the Montreal Gazette of the 9th instant, which fully corroborates what we said in our last, as to the light in which the existing Union betwixt the several Provinces of the Dominion, is viewed by our contemporary, and by those in whose name he speaks. We must premise that the article in the Gazette, from which we quote, is a criticism upon an article in Le Canadien of Quebec; in which the last named journal gave its appreciation of the political regime, under which we live, and of the significance of the Act which imposed it on us. The Italics are our own:—

Our contemporary, after again censuring La Merve and its friends for consenting to so much centralization as it is sanctioned by our constitution, and for not securing greater strength to the local governments, whose battle Le Canadien boasts that it nobly fought—proceeds:—"When one observes coolly even the immediate effects of the present confederation, it is evident that it is nothing more than a system of fusion or confusion of all the interests of the diverse provinces." Again, we take note of this very nearly correct appreciation of what our constitution is. "It is true certain powers are defined that have not been directly taken away from the Province of Quebec, but the greater part of these privileges are secondary, and controlled by the federal government in virtue of its right of concurrence or of veto, which the latter possesses over all our legislation." It is clear that the editor of Le Canadien has read and understands clearly enough what is the real meaning and intent of our constitutional Act. It talks no nonsense about "co-ordination" rather than "subordination" like the Quebec Treasurer. The question before the rulers and people of the Dominion now is, really, whether they are ready loyally to maintain the constitution as we have it, or to allow it to be undermined by false interpretations and glosses, or overturned by agitation raised by demagogues.—Gazette 9th inst.

From the lines which we have ventured to italicize, it is clear that in the eyes of the Gazette, our Constitution is but little "more than a system of fusion, or confusion of all the interests of the diverse provinces;" and that its main feature, its chief excellence, consists in the complete "subordination" of the Provincial Governments to the Federal, or Central Government.

Without expressing any opinion as to the fidelity with which the Gazette interprets the Constitutional Act which gave us our present political system, we may safely say this:—That it is the interpretation which he and his friends desire to see put upon it, and for which they will work: or, in other words, that the end which they propose to themselves, and which already they flatter themselves they have gained—is a centralized form of Government, which, under the name, and with some of the outward trappings of a Confederation, is simply a Legislative Union with "Representation by Population."

The subjoined is from the Evening Telegraph of the 10th inst. It confirms, if confirmation be needed, the correctness of the estimate that we have formed of the ends proposed to themselves by one section of those who in L. Canada enthusiastically supported Confederation. They did so by their own avowal, because they believed, as from the first we feared, that the so called local governments would be thereby degraded to the position of "merely municipal bodies." It is for the friends of local self-government, and therefore of all true Conservatives, who if true Conservatives, who if true to their fundamental principles are the enemies of centralisation, to resist to the last the design of depriving Lower Canada, or the Province of Quebec, as it is styled, of that autonomy which some expected would be confirmed to it by Confederation. They must rally round and support their local authorities, and thus make the best of a bargain which is now irrevocable. We have ventured to italicize one or two phrases in the article from the Evening Telegraph which we subjoin, and which certainly has the merit of being lucid and to the point:

A correspondent of the Quebec Chronicle signing himself 'As you were,' cannot understand why military honours are not due to the Lieutenant Governors in Canada because he finds in the Queen's Regulations and Orders for the Army that certain military honours are to be paid to Lieutenant Governors. The reason is very clear for all those who have not made up their minds to misunderstand the Confederation Act. The local governments are not governments in the sense that Canada or Nova Scotia was a government prior to Confederation. The matter and turn it as you will, the so-called local governments are merely municipal bodies, to which special and not general powers alone are granted. The Queen forms no part of their legislative organization, and their Chief Magistrate, the Lieutenant Governor, is named as the representative of the government of Canada, itself a dependency. That any person in good faith can misunderstand this position of matters is impossible, for it was fully insisted upon prior to confederation, and was the basis of the resolutions of the Quebec conference. Therefore it is that the Colonial Secretary wrote a despatch to say that the Lieutenant Governors of Canada were not entitled to the honours and salutes to which 'As you were' refers. Were it otherwise, you would have officers holding commissions from the Queen, attending on an officer who holds his commission from the Queen's commissioned officer.

The Daily News has an amusing sketch, by no means a caricature, of the Yankeeified Canadian who, from time to time, returns to his native land to corrupt the faith and morals of those whom he astounds by his bogus fluery, his coarse snobbish manners picked up in New York grogeries, by his oaths and foul conversation, his scorn for decency, and by his ostentatious contempt for the religion in which he was brought up. Who has not met some of these gentry! who has not on such occasions shrunk from them with loathing! Ashamed of their Church, of the land of their birth, of the language which in their infancy they first learnt to lip, of the fathers who toiled for them in homespun, of the mothers who bore them, of the very names which in their baptism were given to them—so that you shall find one of these gentry, whose real Christian name is plain "Jean Baptiste" in the register, styling himself, after a short sojourn in Yankee land, "John"—they are a moral and a social pest. They have caught all the vices of the stranger; and without having contracted any of his good points, they in their persons exaggerate all the worst features of the worst and lowest classes of Yankee society.\* Exceptions there may be of course; but of the majority of them our description is, we fear, too true, and so true, that for the best interest of our pure and undefiled Canadian habitans it is almost to be hoped, that the emigrants from amongst them to the United States may never return. At all events, they should not be allowed to recross the frontier without having first been subjected to a strict moral quarantine, and until they can produce a satisfactory "Clean bill of health."

"The question which the Daily News discusses is: To what are we to attribute the growth of luxury amongst, and consequent moral deterioration, of our Lower Canadian population?—Amongst other causes our contemporary assigns the following—which, because of its truth, and of the excellent sketch which it contains of the Yankeeified French Canadian, we lay before our readers:—

"An analogous system of investigating the causes why luxury and a love of expenditure, reckless and improvident habits, have crept in among the French Canadian farmers, is a study worthy the ablest political economist in the land. Political and social relations interweave our national life with another race; our interests are so identified and so intermingled with theirs, that we share in their progress or decline, and it concerns the British as the true friends of the French Canadians to recall the rural population to those maxims of temperance, economy and patient industry, without which prosperity cannot be commanded. The great disturbing element, that which first broke the quiet of parish life, was the railway; but even then it would have failed to exercise the influence over the manners and habits of the agriculturalist or laborer which a rapid intercourse with the restless and ambitious spirits of the United States fostered. Who that has traveled much on our railways but must have witnessed the return to his native village of some youth after a sojourn of a few years in the United States? You may know him at a glance; his dress a flashy imitation of the American laborer's on an outing, with his showy jewellery and his effort to appear at ease. The train approaches his native village; he then tugs out from a bright coloured carpet bag, some special article of finery provided for the purpose of astounding his former companions; the train reaches the station, and he disembarks in all the pride of new toggery. The most curious incident in the scene is when some la-

\* We speak of course, not of the emigrants in general, but of one class in particular—the Yankeeified and de-Catholicized emigrants.

borer, who never dreamt of leaving his native village suddenly confronts an old comrade fresh from the United States, decked out in all the grandeur of a shoinig hat and a suit of black cloth, patent leather boots, and flash jewellery. The face and voice are familiar to him, but his old companion is so metamorphosed that he approaches him half-deferentially, and half feeling his equality, while the returned rover is patronizing and slightly inclined to swagger."

CATHOLIC MISSIONS IN CHINA.—We find a very conclusive testimony as to the progress of these missions, in the published report of a voyage lately accomplished by the Rev. Messrs Griffith and Wiley of the London Wesleyan mission Society. These gentlemen have travelled through the greater part of the Western provinces of China to the confines of Thibet, in all a distance of over three thousand miles. 'Catholic Missions' so they report "were very numerous throughout the country, clergymen were found in small villages, and converts to that faith were numbered by hundreds of thousands."

DIVORCE LAWS.—In the Montreal Witness of the 8th inst., we find a paragraph with the caption, "Vital Statistics of Vermont." In this we read as follows:—

"The divorces for five years numbered one to every twenty marriages. The chief causes are intolerable severity and wilful desertion."

RETREAT AT THE GESU.—On Wednesday last the 16th inst., was commenced at the Gesu, a Spiritual Retreat preparatory for the great Feast of Christmas. There is Mass with an English sermon every day at 9 a. m.; and in the evening at 8 p. m. there is again an English instruction, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The Retreat lasts till Christmas Eve, on Thursday next.

We are happy to learn, from the New York Tablet that Dr. O. Brownson who for some time past has been seriously ill, is now convalescent. We trust he may long be spared to his friends.

Whelan has been respited to the 29th inst., when, we suppose, if the points of law raised in his behalf by his learned and indefatigable counsel, are ruled against him, sentence of death will be carried into execution.

The story of the assassination of Louis Napoleon, which so startled the community a short time ago, is said to have originated with some scoundrelly Wall Street brokers in New York, whose interest it was to cause a rise in the price of gold.

We are happy to learn from the Gazette de Sorel that the Convent lately erected there by the Ladies of the Congregation is in a flourishing condition. The building is spacious and elegant; and the internal arrangements for heating it by warm water, the work of Mr. F. M. Greene, of Montreal, are spoken of in the highest terms by our contemporary.

SORIBES AND THEIR VAGARIES.

There is a class of paid hirelings of the European press that influences, to a great extent, the political views of many in America. They are generally men of no principle; men whose ambition is to pander to the stupid prejudices of the mob: men, in fact, whose natural qualities would adapt them to the anti-chamber of Nero, or the shady nooks of the Roman Thermæ: men—if we may term them so,—who would play pander to the principles of Sporus; and praise, with a sickly, obscene grin, the beastly filth of a Turkish harem.

The London Times has ever been noted for its possession of men (correspondents) of this stamp. That journal bears the same relation to common decency, that the edicts of Eastern Satraps bore to justice and humanity. They are a venal tribe, born of the prejudices which govern modern English thought. A heartless tribe, stopping at nothing when interest is at stake: trampling madly over every principle of honor: corrupting, in short, the very first laws upon which our pretended enlightenment stands.—They are liars, who love to gain a smile from the scoffing infidelity of Europe, by joining in the savage howls with which the demon of Revolution makes the serene edifice of Catholic unity and truth resound.

We do not for a moment pretend to say that all who are connected with the press of England are of this class. But, it is certain that no class in the world exhibits such an utter dereliction of decency and honorable criticism as do the Jenkuses of modern Saxon journalism.

Lately a correspondent of the Times grew "disheartened" at the difficulty which attended the solution of the religious question in Spain. For the love of common sense, listen to the man:

"The religion, the abuse of which has been the ruin of his country, is with him,—the Spaniard—if a believer, a subject of national pride; if a sceptic or arrant infidel, a kind of irresistible fatality."

"The religion, the abuse of which has been the ruin of his country," &c. Now, just place this blatant ass before you, and judge this assertion by his context. His chief object is to

show that the Catholicity of Spain has been, and is the greatest enemy to the real advancement of the country. According to him, that pure revelation of God induced a state of things utterly unworthy of the "head-over-heels" enlightenment of these beautiful sceptical times.

But listen further, and stand abashed, Oh! offspring of God's Church! "For us in Spain there is no midway between the sheer unbelief which befits a man, and the grovelling superstition which is good for a woman."

But there be something more in the bag—"There is nothing," quoth our correspondent, "so poor or so scanty as the theological literature of Italy and Spain since the Council of Trent."

Now this blockhead of the Times ought to know that if theology is not what it was prior to the Council of Trent, it is not because we have not men in our Church, but because the developments of Heresy are less obvious.

The fellow says that Spain and Italy are intellectually effete. Now, let us ask him: can the intelligence of England be compared with that of Spain for the last fifty years?

show that the Catholicity of Spain has been, and is the greatest enemy to the real advancement of the country. According to him, that pure revelation of God induced a state of things utterly unworthy of the "head-over-heels" enlightenment of these beautiful sceptical times.

Catholic, such an assertion may seem trite; to a Protestant it is an enigma. Such a man as Donoso was a possibility to Catholicity. He was impossible to Protestantism; for the great tendencies of his mind were too just to be disobedient—too true to be Protestant.

But our remarks have been carried farther than we intended. In our next we shall briefly refer to a few of the great men of a nation now cruelly misrepresented by the Revolution; and to its flunkies, the correspondents of such journals as the Times.

We cannot conclude this article without reference to the assertion of the Times' correspondent that Catholicity, South of the Pyrenees, does not appeal to the understanding!

The clergy of the city, indeed we may say of the Diocese of Kingston, have experienced a sad loss in the death, on the afternoon of Friday last, the 11th instant, after a long and painful illness, of the Rev. Mr. Walter Barrett, at the early age of 34.

It is our painful task to record this week the death of the Rev. Julius Larocque, which took place on Thursday last, at the Hotel Dieu, after a brief illness of three weeks, of typhus fever, caused by an inflammation of the lungs.

He was "cut down in the noon of his day," at the early age of 23 years, ten of which he spent in the Montreal College and Grand Seminary preparing himself for the ecclesiastical state.

From his infancy his thoughts were directed towards Heaven, and his first and fondest aspirations were to serve God in the Sacred Ministry, if called thereto. With that view he entered the Grand Seminary of this city in the fall of 1865, in which he remained for two years, when owing to some indisposition he was obliged to leave it for a time.

But God, whose just decrees are to us unsearchable, was pleased with what his servant had already done for Him, and with the good intention he had, if spared, of doing more, and so He called him to Himself.

The deceased was a nephew to Bishop Larocque of St. Hyacinthe. He has left behind two sisters in Religion—one of them at the Hotel Dieu, and the other in the Congregation of Notre Dame.

On Saturday morning a Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated at the Hotel Dieu, by Bishop La-

roque, for the repose of his soul. A large number of the priests of the city, the ecclesiastics of the Grand Seminary, and several of his relatives and friends were present thereat.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW—October, 1868. Messrs. Dawson Bros., Montreal:

The current number is very readable. Its contents are as under:—1. The Great Railway Monopoly. 2. Lady Minto's Memoirs of the Rt. Hon. Hugh Elliot.

ST. PATRICK'S BENEVOLENT SOCIETY. The following are the office bearers for the coming half year: President, Edward Spellman.

The following are the office bearers for the coming half year: President, Edward Spellman re-elected; 1st Vice, Denis Murney; 2d Vice, Martin Burke. Secretary, James F. Gannon; Assistant Secretary, Martin Newall.

CITY COUNCIL.—The next quarterly meeting of the City Council will be held on Monday next. The following are the names of the Councilors whose term of office expires this year.

ROBBERY AND FIRE AT THE EXAMINING WAREHOUSE.—Yesterday morning, about six o'clock, a fire was discovered in the Examining Warehouse, Common street. The alarm was given, and the firemen were quickly on the spot, and the flames extinguished before they had made any considerable progress.

THE EXAMINING WAREHOUSE ROBBERY.—Duncan has been committed to stand his trial at the next term of the Court of Queen's Bench, for breaking into the Examining Warehouse and stealing a number of gold watches, also with setting fire to the building.

When arrested Duncan was in a tavern kept by one Duggan, in St. Paul street, and, while on his way to the Station threw away a gold watch, which was immediately picked up and handed to his captor by a soldier.

Tax Siderwalk.—In order to save the Corporation from actions of damages, the City Surveyor has detailed policemen and special duty men in plain clothes to enforce the by-laws in reference to cleaning the sidewalks.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—On Saturday afternoon, about half-past five o'clock, a little boy named Narcisse Bedard, aged 11 years, was playing near his father's house, close by the corner of St. Joseph and St. Martin streets, when heavily loaded sleigh, belonging to the Grand Trunk Railway Company's carriers, coming along at a rather rapid rate of speed, the boy was knocked down by the horse, the sleigh passing over his body.

leg considerably lacerated. The wounds were dressed the boy displaying admirable fortitude. Last night he was doing as well as could be expected though still in a most precarious condition.

Fire.—Last night about 8.30 a fire occurred in a small dry goods store at the corner of St. Catherine and Sanguinet streets, occupied by Louis Robton. It appears the mistress of the house had closed the shop and gone up stairs, when she perceived a smell of fire, and on coming down she found that a box of odds and ends was on fire under the counter.

DEATH UNDER SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES.—The following item is from the *Megantic Argus*—Mrs. Thompson, died on Friday last under very peculiar and suspicious circumstances. The opinion is last gaining ground that foul play, by means of poison, was resorted to by some person who for the present shall be nameless.

A recent despatch from Halifax says: 'There is a rumour in Repeal circles that Mr. Rose's communication to Mr. Howe is an offer to increase the subsidy to Nova Scotia 50 cents, giving \$1.30 instead of 80 cents. Should this prove correct, it will give \$165,000 more for local purposes—no small aid to a poor treasury.'

Mr. Carmichael, member for Pictou county, N. S., has written a letter to his constituents strongly in favour of repeal. He denounces Mr. Howe's present course, and thinks that Nova Scotians members ought to follow his (Mr. Carmichael's) example, and, when elected to the Commons, refuse to go to Ottawa.

YIELD OF GOLD IN NOVA SCOTIA.—The yield of gold from the Nova Scotia gold mines for the month of November was 1090 ounces.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED. Muddy Branch, Rev Mr Mancip, \$7.50; Pembroke, J. Kennedy Jr, 2; Starnesboro, E. Cassidy, 6;

Per Rev J J Schmitz Formosa, sal 2; Prof Dorwood, 3; Per E McGovern, Danville, P Coakley jr, 2; J Slattery, 1.

Per Rev H Gilla, P P Antigonish, Rev J Fraser, P 4; Per J McCarthy, Williamstown, A McLennan 10; Per J Garbery, Grand River, D Abern, 4.

Per P Pennock, P M Elgie, M Dunne, 4; Per J McGuire, Oubourg W Kirk, 1; Quebec—Eon Judas Taschereau, 2.50; Patrick Lawlor, 6; Thomas Delage Taschereau, 2.50;

Died, In this city, on the 10th inst. Mary O'Neal, aged 73 years, widow of the late Thomas Burns, in his life time of the Co. Down Ireland. May her soul rest in peace.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS. Montreal, Dec 14, 1868. Flour—Pollards, \$0.00 to \$0.00; Middlings \$3.75 \$4.00; Fine, \$4.65 to \$4.40; Super... No. 2 \$4.50 to 4.60; Superior \$4.90 \$5.00; Fancy \$5.00 to \$5.10; Extra, \$5.50 to \$5.75; Superior Extra \$0 to \$0.00; Bag Flour, \$2.47 to \$2.50 per 100 lbs.

Barley per 48 lbs.—Prices nominal,—worth about \$1.20 to \$1.30. Ashes per 100 lbs.—First Pots \$5.06 to \$5.65 Seconds, \$4.75 to \$4.80; Thirds, \$4.40 to 0.00.—First Peats, 5.70. Pork per brl. of 200 lbs.—Mess, 22.00 to 23.50; Prime Mess \$0.00; Prime, \$13.00 to 13.25.

Table with 4 columns: Commodity, Unit, Price Range, and Date. Includes items like Flour, country, per quintal, Indian Meal, Peas, do., Oats, do., Butter, fresh, per lb, etc.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864.

In the matter of JOSEPH OOTAYE MEROIEE, of Montreal,

Insolvent. NOTICE is hereby given that the Insolvent has filed in my Office a deed of composition and discharge, executed by the proportion of his creditors as required by law, and that if no opposition is made to said deed of composition and discharge within six judicial days after the last publication of this notice, said six days expiring on Monday the fourth day of January next the undersigned Assignee will act upon said deed of composition and discharge according to the terms thereof.

T. SAUVAGEAU, Official Assignee. Montreal, 9 Dec. 1868.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, SUPERIOR COURT. District of Montreal.

In the matter of LOUIS G. ST. JEAN, Trader, of the City of Montreal,

Insolvent. Notice is hereby given that on Monday, the twenty second day of February next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, or as soon as Counsel can be heard the undersigned will apply to the said Court for discharge under the said act.

LOUIS G. ST. JEAN, By RIVARD & TAILLON, His Attorneys ad litem. Montreal, Nov 22, 1868.

BAZAAR.

The Ladies of St. Mary's Church, Williamstown, respectfully inform their friends and the public generally that they intend holding a Bazaar of useful and fancy articles, on MONDAY, 4th January, 1869, and the four following days of the week; the proceeds to liquidate the debt upon the Church.

WANTED TO BUY, A COPY OF KEATING'S HISTORY OF IRELAND, folio edition.

ALSO, SIR WILLIAM PETTY'S DOWN SURVEY, Edited by Sir Thomas Larcom. Apply at this Office. Montreal, Dec. 9th, 1868.

FOUND.

A LADY'S GOLD CHAIN at the Private Assembly, given at the Cosmopolitan Hotel, on Friday evening, November the 27th inst. Apply to, D. & J. SAILLIER & CO.

WANTED

For the Roman Catholic Separate School at Prescott, Ont., a first class Male Teacher, one holding a Normal School certificate preferred; application by letter prepaid will be received by the undersigned up to January 1st prox.

FRANCIS FORD, Secretary. Roman C. S. School. Prescott, Ont. Dec. 1st 1868.

TEACHERS WANTED.

Wanted for R. C. separate School, Lindsay, to e on his duties 1st January next, a male teacher with a first class certificate also a first class assistant female teacher. Application (with testimonials) prepaid, stating salary, will be received up to 15th December next.

A. CADOTTE, Secretary School Board. P. S. A male teacher capable of teaching classics and an assistant qualified to take charge of a school preferred. Lindsay 20th Nov. 1868.

TEACHERS WANTED.

TWO Teachers Wanted in the Parish of St. Sophia, county Terrebonne, capable of teaching the French and English languages. Liberal salary will be given. Please address, Patrick Carey, Secretary, Treasurer, School Commissioners St. Sophia Terrebonne Co. P.Q.

SITUATION WANTED.

A YOUNG MAN, a First class Teacher, for the past six years, is now open to an engagement. Can be communicated with any time prior to 1st November. Would prefer a Catholic Separate school, and can be well recommended. A liberal salary required. Address: P. B. Teacher, office of this paper. Sept. 17.

COLLEGE OF REGIOPOLIS, KINGSTON, Ont.

Under the Immediate Supervision of the Right Rev E. J. Horan, Bishop of Kingston.

THE above Institution, situated in one of the most agreeable and beautiful parts of Kingston, is now completely organized. Able Teachers have been provided for the various departments. The object of the institution is to impart a good and solid education in the fullest sense of the word.

TERMS: Board and Tuition, \$100 per Annum (payable half yearly in Advance). Use of Library during stay, \$2. The Annual Session commences on the 1st September, and ends on first Thursday of July.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE.

PARIS, Nov. 23.—The Government met with a signal defeat in the imprudent campaign against the newspapers which published the subscription lists for the Baudin monument.

Dec. 4.—The *Moniteur* gives an account of the attempted demonstration at Montmartre Cemetery, on the anniversary of Baudin's death, fully confirming the reports previously received from Paris.

La *Liberte*, M. Emile Girardin's paper, has carefully abstained from inserting any list of subscribers. M. Girardin says:— 'I place the coup d'etat of the 2nd of December, 1851, on the same line as the revolution of the 24th of February, 1848.

Frenchmen are accustomed to turn fanerals to political account, and many a eulogy pronounced at the grave side has been as purely a political speech as any of the election addresses delivered yesterday.

The French laws against sedition have been purposely framed in such vague and yet sweeping terms as to cover almost every act which may be displeasing to the authorities in power, and we cannot disguise from ourselves the fact that this demonstration and these subscriptions were really intended to effect a purpose not unlike that of exciting hatred against the Government.

Several of the Paris papers have noticed Lord Stanley's speech to his constituents at Lynn, and generally in the most favourable terms of the moderation and practical good sense which characterized it.

The Minister of Justice has sent a circular to the Procureurs instructing them to take proceedings against any persons or any journals that shall make the 2d of December (the Coup d'Etat) a subject of manifestation.

ter it would have been for Frenchmen to see from the first that Prussian pretension to the establishment of an absolute control over German nationality was impossible.

We have alluded to the reports which have lately been promulgated with reference to the health of the Emperor Napoleon, and expressed opinion that they were not worthy of credence. We are now able to give the views of the Parisian papers on this subject.

SPAIN. The Spanish Bishops are appealing energetically against the wholesale spoliation of the Revolutionary Government. It remains to be seen if their eloquent protestations will obtain a more favourable result than the numerous petitions of the Spanish ladies; but at any rate they will remain on record as the earnest protest of the people of Spain against the spirit of revolution and liberalism, manifested not in deceptive words, but unmistakable deeds.

MADRID, Dec. 10, evening.—The insurgents in Cadix have demanded terms of capitulation which it is understood the government is disposed to grant.

MADRID, Dec. 11.—Proposals of capitulation made by the insurgents in Cadix have been rejected. At the expiration of the armistice hostilities recommenced, and a desperate conflict took place in which artillery was used by the troops and insurgents.

PARIS, Dec. 11.—The Gaulois asserts that the insurrectionary movement at Cadix is instigated by the agents of ex-Queen Isabella.

ITALY

PIEDMONT.—The latest accounts received from Italy represent the popular newspaper press of Florence, Milan, and Turin, as utterly disgraced, and unworthy of a free and educated people.

The Italian debt is now nearly £300,000,000 sterling on which the annual interest is over £14,000,000. At the time Piedmont began to usurp the Papal Provinces the total debt in all the various States now forming the Kingdom of Italy did not exceed £35,000,000.

FLORENCE.—The hopes of the Italian Opposition in the approaching Session seem based chiefly upon the anticipated breakdown of Cambray Digny's financial measures.

The frontiers of the patrimony of St. Peter remain perfectly tranquil, and there is not the slightest alarm at present. There is very little brigandage, and the hands take excellent care to keep to the Italian side of the line.

That Mazzini has every confidence of success is certain. He is still as Luciano, and has been visited last week by Ricciotti Garibaldi, who has just returned from one of his expeditions in search of funds, and who declared himself highly satisfied at the result of his quiet life in Florence where he is now organizing. Enrolments are also taking place in Milan, nominally, of course for America, and the police have been warned of illegal offices having been opened, as in 1857.

retaining his throne. Like all men of more bright courage, however, he is very undecided in difficult moments, and he alternately consults Mazzini and Rattazzi, the chiefs of the aristocratic and popular parties, and as yet seems to have arrived at no conclusion. His personal popularity, such as it was, is entirely gone. He is no longer the Zouave of Palermo, the Re Galantuomo, but King Papposo (Re Guasto), and other sobriquets even less polite, for which I refer your readers to the *Asino* and *Lanterna*.

Brothers true are they who hold The doctrine as we teach it; To him who to dissent makes bold, Jack Ketch is the man to preach it.

The words and the spirit carry us back to the days of Pere Duchene, of whose pages they are worthy.

ROME.—The Holy See having desired the English Bishops to elect a theologian to go to Rome to take part in the preparations for the General Council, the choice has fallen upon the Right Rev. Dr. Weathers.

The Greek Synod of Constantinople is preparing an answer in a very hostile sense to the Holy Father's invitation, pushed on as a matter of course by Russian influences. The Italian press is of course exulting in this, and in the reply of the Prussian Hohenkirkowath, as a defeat to the Holy See.

Kingdom of Naples.—An address to the army has been published at Naples, setting before it the honor with which the glorious Spanish army has covered itself, and inciting it to imitation. 'In Spain' it goes on to say, 'because the army has spilled its blood, three days have sufficed to overturn a monarchy of three centuries.'

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER.—The introduction of this beautiful and delicate perfume must inevitably render the inferior scented waters, manufactured from strong and impure essential oils, a drug in the market.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, 'I have never changed my mind respecting them from the first, expecting to think yet better of that which I began thinking well of.'

Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER. 'For Throat Troubles they are a specific.'

N. P. WILLIS. 'Contain no opium or anything injurious.'

Dr. A. A. HAZES, Chemist, Boston. 'An elegant combination for Coughs.'

Dr. G. F. BIGELOW, Boston. 'I recommend their use to Public Speakers.'

Rev. E. H. CHAPIN. 'Most salutary relief in Bronchitis.'

Rev. S. ENGLISH, Morristown, Ohio. 'Very beneficial when suffering from Colds.'

Rev. S. J. P. ANDERSON, St. Louis. 'Almost instant relief in the distressing labor of breathing peculiar to Asthma.'

Rev. A. O. EGLESTON, New York. 'They have suited my case exactly—relieving my throat so that I could sing with ease.'

T. DUCHARME, Chorister French Parish Church, Montreal. As there are imitations, be sure to obtain the genuine.

Naples are now in a worse condition than they were when the Bombons were in power.

AUSTRIA.

MARRIAGE LAW IN AUSTRIA.—A pamphlet, written in the Bohemian language, has been published at the cost of the Government, under the title, 'What are the advantages which the new Marriage Law offers us?' This pamphlet is full of false, calumnious, and Catholic assertions, having for its object to prove to the people that the new Marriage Law is superior to the Ecclesiastical Law, being better, more reasonable, and more moral.

PERSECUTION OF BISHOPS.—Notwithstanding the haughty expressions which M. Giakra and Herbet gave vent to the other day in the Reichrath against the adversaries of the constitution, with an evident allusion to the bishops (says the correspondent of the *Univers*) I do not think they would have the audacity to drag a Catholic bishop before a civil tribunal for having defended the doctrines of the Gospel and the decrees of the Council of Trent.

THE AMERICAN WORKING MAN.—The average life of labourers in the United States is estimated at 46½ years; the average number of days of work in this climate, 250 in each year. The average expenses of an adult for board and clothing in this city are calculated at about \$300 a year.

LARGE INCREASE OF PUBLIC DEBT.—New York, Dec. 7.—The *World's* special says: The report of the Secretary of Treasury, shows an increase, instead of a decrease, of the public debt of \$35,000,000.

One of the editors in Reading had a clean shirt, about which he made a brag, and abused his contemporaries for having none. It afterward appeared that he had stole it off a pole from a brother editor, who was in bed waiting for it to dry.

THE MEMORIALS OF THE PACIFIC.—The real estate assessment of San Francisco city and county for 1868-9, according to the San Francisco *Bulletin*, foots up a total of \$85,452,965; the assessment for 1867-9 was \$57,882,113, showing an increase during last year of \$27,570,852, or over 12 per cent.

THOUSANDS OF PERSONS

Regard aperient pills as a species of medicine that destroy their own efficacy by repetition. In other words, they suppose that, however moderate may be the number taken at first, there is no escape from wholesale doses in the end.

J. F. Henry & Co Montreal, General Agents for Canada. For sale in Montreal by Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, Davidson & Co, K. Campbell & Co, J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, Picault & Son, J. Goulden, R. S. Latham and all Dealers in Medicine.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER.—The introduction of this beautiful and delicate perfume must inevitably render the inferior scented waters, manufactured from strong and impure essential oils, a drug in the market.

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Rev. A. O. EGLESTON, New York. 'They have suited my case exactly—relieving my throat so that I could sing with ease.'

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. Rev. Sylvanus Cobb thus writes in the Boston Christian Freeman:—'We would by no means recommend any kind of medicine which we do not know to be good—particularly for infants. But of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup we can speak from knowledge; in our own family it has proved a blessing indeed, by giving an infant troubled with colic pains quiet sleep, and its parents unbroken rest at night. Most parents can appreciate the blessings. Here is an article which works to perfection, and which is harmless; for the sleep which it affords the infant is perfectly natural, and the little cherub awakes as bright as a button. And during the process of teething its value is incalculable. We have frequently heard mothers say they would not be without it from the birth of the child till it had finished with the teething siege, on any consideration whatever.'

Sold by all Druggists. 25 cents a bottle. Be sure and call for 'MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP,' Having the fac-simile of 'OURTS & PEARINE' on the outside wrapper. All others are base imitations. December, 1868. 2m.

OPEN SORES HEALED!

Ascor, August 3, 1866. Messrs S. J. Foss & Co., Druggists, Sherbrooke:

Gentlemen—In hopes that it may be of service to others, I wish to certify to the great efficacy of Bristol's Sarasparilla.

I have been suffering for many years with an open sore on one of my legs. I had tried a great many things without any good effect, until I commenced using Bristol's Sarasparilla, six bottles of which have made me to all appearance, as sound and well as ever I was.

H. PEASE, the Particulars of this cure and can vouch for its truthfulness.

Agents for Montreal—Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, Davidson & Co., K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, H. R. Gray, Picault & Son, J. Goulden, R. S. Latham and all Dealers in Medicine.

WHAT CAN AIL THAT CHILD?

How many thousands of parents ask themselves this question, as they see their children becoming more emaciated and miserable every day, while neither their physician nor themselves can assign any cause. In ten of every twelve such cases, a correct reply to the question would be Worms; but they are seldom thought of, and the little sufferer is allowed to go on without relief until it is too late.

Parents you can save your children. Devins' Vegetable Worm Pastilles are a safe and certain cure; they not only destroy the worms, but they neutralize the vitiated mucus in which the vermin breed. Do not delay! Try them! Prepared only by Devins & Bolton, Chemists, next the Court House, Montreal.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864.

CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, IN THE SUPERIOR COURT District of Montreal. In the matter of LOUIS RAYMOND PLESSIS dit BELAIR, of the City and District of Montreal, Trader, Insolvent.

AND ANDREW B. STEWART, Official Assignee. NOTICE is hereby given that said Insolvent by the undersigned, his Attorneys ad litem, will, on the Twenty-Sixth Day of the Month of December, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty-Eight, at half-past Ten of the Clock in the forenoon, make application to the said Court, sitting at Montreal in the said District, for the confirmation of the deed of composition and discharge to him granted by his creditors, and now filed at the office of the said Court.

LOUIS RAYMOND PLESSIS dit BELAIR. By his Attorneys, LEBLANC & CASSIDY, Advocates. Montreal 19th October, 1868. 2m-11

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864.

CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, IN THE SUPERIOR COURT District of Montreal. In the matter of WILLIAM HENDERSON and ROBERT HENDERSON, Traders, and Copartners, and of the said WILLIAM HENDERSON individually, Insolvents.

AND ANDREW B. STEWART, Official Assignee. PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the said Insolvents, by the undersigned their Attorneys ad litem, will on the twenty-sixth day of the month of December, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, at half past ten of the clock in the forenoon, apply to the Superior Court for Lower Canada, sitting at Montreal, in the said District, for their discharge, respectively, under the said Act and the amendments thereto.

WILLIAM HENDERSON and ROBERT HENDERSON, as copartners, and the said WILLIAM HENDERSON individually, by the undersigned, their Attorneys, LEBLANC & CASSIDY, Advocates. Montreal 19th October 1868. 2m-11

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, IN THE SUPERIOR COURT. Dist. of Montreal. In the matter of JOSEPH POITRAS and HENRI GAUTHIER hereinafter co-partners with the late Jean Bte. Brousseau as lime makers, at Montreal under the name and firm of Brousseau Poitras and Gauthier, and the said Joseph Poitras as well as co-partner aforesaid as personally and individually, Insolvents.

ON the twenty sixth day of December next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court, for a discharge under the said act.

JOSEPH POITRAS & HENRI GAUTHIER. By their Attorneys ad litem. BONDY & FAUTEUX. Montreal 23rd October, 1868. 2m-11

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, IN THE SUPERIOR COURT. Dist. of Montreal. In the matter of LOUIS GAUTHIER and HENRI GAUTHIER of the city of Montreal, Merchants, as well personally and individually, as heretofore copartners with the late Jean Bte. Brousseau, under the name and firm of GAUTHIER BROTHERS & Co., Insolvents.

ON the twenty sixth day of December next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act.

LOUIS GAUTHIER & HENRI GAUTHIER. By their Attorneys ad litem. BONDY & FAUTEUX. Montreal 23rd of October 1868. 2m-11

CIRCULAR.

MONTREAL, May, 1867. The Subscriber, in withdrawing from the late firm of Messrs. A. & D. Shannon, Grocers, of this city...

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864. In the matter of FRANCIS REMI TRANCHONTE-MONTAGNE, of the Town of Berthier, Merchant, an Insolvent.

JOHN ROONEY, IMPORTER OF PIANOS. 359, NOTRE DAME STREET, 359 (Gibb's New Buildings) MONTREAL.

ROBERT B. MAY, PLAIN AND FANCY JOB PRINTER. CARDS, CIRCULARS, HAND-BILLS, BILL HEADS, LABELS, &c., &c.

JOHN LILLY, AUCTIONEER, 18, RUADE STREET, UPPER TOWN, (OPPOSITE THE FRENCH CATHEDRAL), QUEBEC.

F. W. J. ERLY, M.D., L.R.C.P.S., OFFICE - 29 M'CORD STREET, MONTREAL. October, 1868.

CANADA HOTEL, (Opposite the Grand Trunk Railway Station), SHERBROOKE O.E., D. BRODERICK, PROPRIETOR.

M. O'GORMAN, Successor to the late D. O'Gorman, BOAT BUILDER, SIMCO STREET, KINGSTON.

SARSFIELD B. NAGLE, ADVOCATE, &c., No. 50 Little St. James Street. Montreal, September 6, 1867.

BELLS! BELLS! BELLS! THE Old Established TROY BELL FOUNDRY, Established 1852.

WARRANTED ONE YEAR, to prove satisfactory, or subject to be returned and exchanged. All orders addressed to the undersigned, or to J. HENRY BYANS, Sole Agent for the Canada, 463 St. Paul Street, Montreal, Q., will have prompt attention...

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IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

TREMENDOUS REDUCTIONS AT THIS SEASON. In every description of READY MADE CLOTHING ALL MADE FROM THE NEWEST AND CHOICEST MATERIALS, AT NO. 60 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET

ACKNOWLEDGED BY ALL TO BE The Cheapest House in the City. NOTE THE PRICES OF GOOD JACKETS! Pea Jackets at \$5, Pea Jackets at \$6 50, Pea Jackets at \$8

CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC! THE BOLIPSE PANTS AT \$4 EACH, READY MADE or to MEASURE are only to be obtained at NO. 60 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET.

Juvenile Department. BOYS' and YOUTHS' OVERCOATS in great variety, at \$4, \$5 and \$6, in every style. BOYS' and YOUTHS' SKATING JACKETS at \$3, \$4 and \$5

G. & J. MOORE, IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF HATS, CAPS, AND FURS CATHEDRAL LOCK, NO. 269 NOTRE DAME STREET MONTREAL.

THE MONTREAL TEA COMPANY. The Whole Dominion should buy their Teas of the Importers, THE MONTREAL TEA COMPANY, 6 Hospital Street, Montreal.

Our Teas, after the most severe tests by the best medical authorities and judges of Tea, have been pronounced to be quite pure and free from any artificial coloring or poisonous substances so often used to improve the appearance of Tea. They are unequalled for strength and flavour.

BLACK TEA. English Breakfast, Broken Leaf, Strong Tea, 45c, 50; Fine Flavoured New Season, do, 55c, 60c 65c; Very Best Full Flavoured do, 75c; Second Oolong, 45c; Rich Flavoured do, 60c; Very Fine do do, 75c; Japan, Good, 50c, 55c, Fine, 60c, Very Fine, 65c, Finest, 75c.

Montreal Tea Co.: GENTLEMEN - The Tea I purchased of you in March has given great satisfaction, and the flavor of it is very fine. It is very strange, but since I have been drinking your Tea I have been quite free from heartburn, which would always pain me after breakfast.

Montreal, April, 1868. - To the Montreal Tea Company, 6 Hospital Street, Montreal: We notice with pleasure the large amount of Tea that we have forwarded for you to different parts of the Dominion, and we are glad to find your business so rapidly increasing.

C. F. FRASER, Barrister and Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &c., BROOKVILLE, C. W. Collections made in all parts of Western Canada.

Physicians' Prescriptions prepared with Fresh and Pure Drugs and Chemicals. Physicians' Prescriptions prepared with Accuracy and Dispatch. Physicians' Preparations scientifically dispensed and forwarded to all parts of the city.

HOUSEKEEPERS SAVE YOUR MONEY - MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP. By using Hart's celebrated CONCENTRATED LYE you can make capital Soft Soap for one cent per gallon, or a proportionate quality of hard Soap, of a much superior quality to what is usually sold in the shops.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills, For all the purposes of a Laxative Medicine. Perhaps no one medicine is so universally required by everybody as a cathartic, nor was ever any before so universally adopted into use.

For Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Palpitation of the Heart, Dropsy, &c. For Back and Loins, they should be continuously taken, as required, to change the diseased action of the system. With such change those complaints disappear.

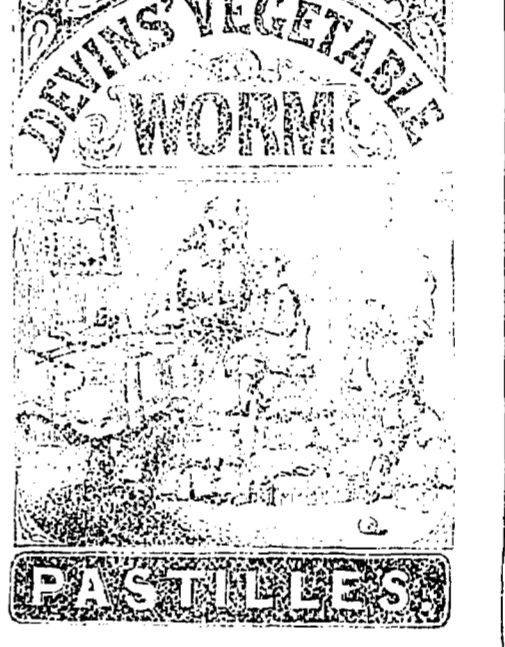
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption. Probably never before in the whole history of medicine, has anything been so widely and so deeply upon the confidence of mankind, as this excellent remedy for pulmonary complaints.

KEARNEY & BRO., PLUMBERS, GAS & STEAMFITTERS, TIN AND SHEET IRON WORKERS, ETC., 675 ORAIG STREET, (Two doors West of Bleury) MONTREAL.

FRANCIS GREENE, 54 St. John Street, between Great St. James and Notre Dame Streets, STEAMFITTER, PLUMBER AND GASFITTER.

VARENNES MINERAL WATERS VARENNES SELTZER. 1st Prize and Medal at the Industrial Exhibition of Canada 1868.

DEVINS' VEGETABLE WORM PASTILLES. Are now acknowledged to be the safest, simplest, and most effectual preparation for the destruction of worms in the human system.



J. D. LAWLOR, MANUFACTURER OF SEWING MACHINES FOR Family and Manufacturing purposes, would most respectfully invite the public to examine his great variety of First class Sewing Machines, before purchasing elsewhere.

SEWING MACHINES. A Button Hole and Lock-Stitch Machine, combined. Wax Thread Machines, which possess many advantages over all others.

J. D. LAWLOR, MANUFACTURER OF SEWING MACHINES FOR Family and Manufacturing purposes, would most respectfully invite the public to examine his great variety of First class Sewing Machines, before purchasing elsewhere.

STOVES. COLE & BROTHER, HAVE opened with a splendid lot of COAL and WOOD COOK STOVES, from \$6.00 up, warranted from the best makers in Canada.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS. Recently Published and for Sale by MURPHY & CO., PUBLISHERS AND BOOKSELLERS, 182, Baltimore Street, Baltimore.

THE CHOICE OF A STATE OF LIFE, by Father Rossignoli, S. J. Reputable, with the approbation of the Most Rev. Arch. bishop Spalding. This little work is dedicated, under the auspices of the B. V. Mary, to Catholic Youth.

THE STUDENT OF BLENHEIM FOREST; or, the Trials of a Convert by Mrs. Dorsey. This little narrative illustrates, in a happy manner, some of the difficulties and trials which those who become converts to the True Faith are frequently destined to encounter.

THE MANUAL OF LIVES OF THE POPES, from St. Peter to Pius IX. The Dublin Review says: "We notice with great pleasure the appearance of this valuable Manual. It meets a want long felt in English Catholic Literature and will be exceedingly useful in our Colleges and Schools."

THE PURGATORIAN CONSOLER. A Manual of Prayers and Devotional Exercises, for use of the members of the Purgatorian Arch-Confraternity. By Rev. Michael Muller, O.S.S.B. With the approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop Spalding.

RENEWAL OF THE BAPTISMAL PROMISES on the occasion of FIRST COMMUNION and CONFIRMATION, illustrated with neat and appropriate Engravings, printed on Fine Paper, 9 x 12 inches. - First Communion Certificates, per doz, 50 cts.; per 100, \$3 50.

THE FORM OF CONSORATION OF A BISHOP OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, According to Latin Rite. With explanations. By Francis Patrick Keirick, D. D. Archbishop of Baltimore. 180. paper, 25 cents.

BOOKS SUITABLE FOR PREMIUMS. M. & Co. desire to invite the attention of Colleges, Academies, Schools, &c., to their Extensive Stock of Books suitable for premiums, and for Parochial and Sunday School Libraries, &c.



