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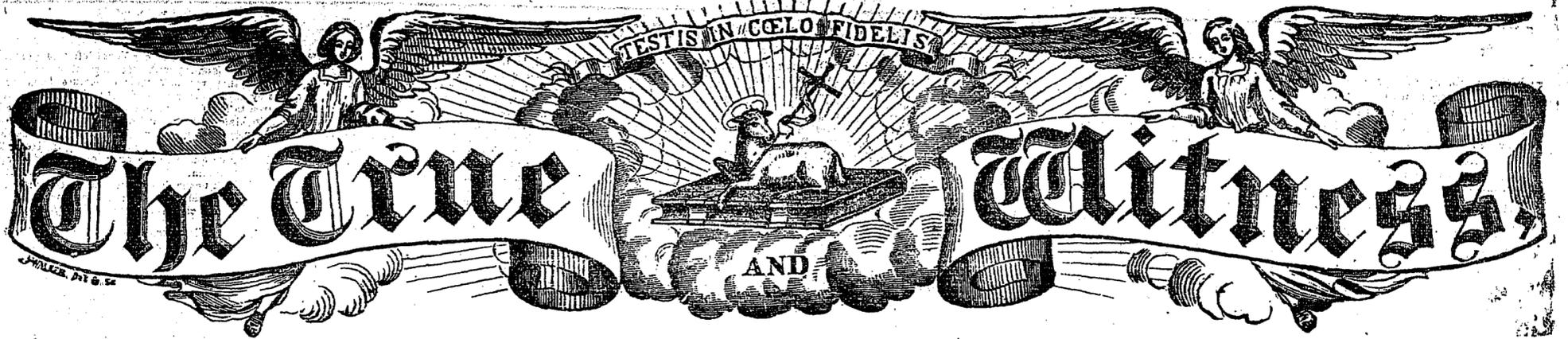
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ROSE LEBLANC; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF SINCERITY.

CHAPTER VIII.

For several days running it rained in torrents. The roads into the mountains became almost impassable, and the excursion to Betharam had in consequence to be put off. At last the sunshine forth again in all its southern glory, and on a fine Sunday morning, at break of day, Rose was seated on Fanchette, Henri's handsome Spanish mule, herself dressed in her best clothes, and looking as pretty, though somewhat paler and thinner than she used to do. Henri, with his oaken stick in his hand, walked by her side, occasionally having hold of her bridle, if there was a brook or a difficult bit of road to cross.

'O dear, how beautiful those mountains are; and those great tall fir-trees, that look as if they were lifting their heads up to the skies.'

Henri shrugged his shoulders. He fancied that must be one of Andre's fine sentences.

'They are not half so pretty,' he answered, 'as the farm where we stopped just now to look at the cows. That's what I like to see, a lot of fine cows that must produce ever so much butter and cheese; nice well-cultivated fields. I don't know how many haystacks.'

'And such a number of trees in the orchard. I counted as many as thirty-two pear trees and eighteen plum-trees,' said Rose, quite ready to give up her admiration for wild scenery and mountain passes.

'I suppose you were counting them just now as you went along with your eyes half shut, and your bridle hanging on Fanchette's neck,' answered Henri. 'No wonder the old girl stumbled.'

'No, I was thinking of something quite different,' ejaculated Rose, in a sentimental manner.

'Thinking! dreaming you mean. That's always the way women dream and donkeys stumble.'

'Don't pull the bridle so hard, you will hurt Fanchette. Gently, Henri, gently.'

'It is very well to say gently; but when a man is fooled to the top of his bent...'

'What do you mean, Henri? what have I said to make you angry?'

'Oh, nothing; nothing. I am not angry; I was only talking nonsense. No, there is only one thing I can't get over.'

'What is it?' asked Rose.

'That you were fond of me when you were little.'

'Why does that vex you?'

'Why, because it must have been my own fault that you left off caring for me. I see it now that it is too late; and that thought drives me almost wild.'

'Why you see you were so very cross.'

'I know it. I was a fool, a beast,' cried Henri, striking his forehead.

'Oh, I don't say that.'

'No, but I feel it. Only, Rose, I did love you so dearly.'

'Did you really? well I should never have thought so.'

'What, you did not believe I loved you?'

'Well, you were always grumbling and scolding.'

'But I loved you so much,' he again faintly uttered.

'And now that you are grown so kind and so obliging, it is a proof, I suppose, that you have left off caring for me, which is very lucky, as I am engaged to M. Andre. But it is really very funny about people who fall in love; they show it in such different ways. It made you cross and disagreeable; and Andre says it makes him like to go by himself into the fields and woods, and carve my name upon the trees.'

'And you call that love?' Henri exclaimed, with a bitter sneer. 'Would that man give up friends, fortune, life for you? and bless God that he was allowed to do so?'

'Well, I dare say he would,' answered Rose; 'for he wrote some verses which ended in this way,—'

'I saw thee, lovely Rose, the fairest in the glade; I watched thee, sweetest Rose, in sunshine and in shade; I loved thee, brightest Rose, ere I could read or spell; I've loved thee, dearest Rose, far more than words can tell; I'll love thee, precious Rose, up to my dying hour, And loving thee, I'll die, O my beloved flower!'

Henri bit his lip and muttered something very like an anathema against poetry and poets.

'Oh, do not spoil those pretty flowers,' Rose cried out, as he plucked and then tore to pieces the Spanish pinks and wild geraniums which studded the mossy banks on each side of the road. 'Give them to me,' she said, 'and as I go along I will make a nosegay for our Lady's altar at Betharam.'

During the remainder of the journey Henri

often stepped aside to gather branches of sweet-briar, or of honeysuckle, or of the beautiful alpine rose; anemones also, and as they advanced into the mountains the bright blossoms of the red and blue gentian, and large handfuls of thyme. He tied up these treasures with the blades of the willow grass, and handed them to Rose, whose lap was soon all full of flowers.

At nine o'clock they stopped at the pretty church of the village of Choroaze to hear Mass, and afterwards breakfasted under the trees of the little inn, where they had put up the mule.— Then, as they proceeded toward Betharam, the road grew more and more picturesque and the scenery more imposing. They ascended the hills, from whose heights a torrent came foaming and dashing down like a steed let loose in 'its speed, its fury, and its joy.' The air was perfectly still, the azure of the sky unclouded and bright. Towards twelve o'clock they drew near to the fair valley of Betharam, and the time-honored sanctuary where so many generations have knelt and so many prayers been offered up. The church, with its beautiful portal and graceful facade, met their eyes and they entered the village of Estelle. It stands at the foot of a mountain which overlooks a whole world of mountains, some of them majestically grand and drearily barren, and others covered with Spanish chestnuts and alders.

'We are arrived,' said Henri; 'jump off, Rose, and take care of your nosegays. Go into the church and pray, as that is what you have come here for. I must first see to Fanchette, and then I will follow you.'

Rose accordingly hastened to the church, where a great many pilgrims were kneeling before the altar of our Lady of Sorrows, and praying with more or less fervor. She took her nosegays out of her apron and laid them at the feet of Mary's image. She also lighted two tapers which she had bought at the door. Then on her knees with clasped hands and uplifted eyes she began to repeat the litany of the Blessed Virgin. When she came to the words, 'Comforter of the afflicted, pray for us,' she perceived that some one was kneeling by her side and joining in the same prayer. Turning round to see who it was, she recognised the lovely face and graceful figure of the young stranger whom she had met on the market-place of Pau, on the eventful day of the ballot. She wore the same black gauze bonnet and light muslin shawl. Her very fair hair, her delicate features, the snow whiteness of her thin transparent hands, gave her a likeness to the angels that Perugini loved to paint, or the pictures of the royal saints of the middle ages. When the litany was ended she withdrew in silence.— Her noiseless footsteps were not heard as she glided away over the time-worn pavement which so many tears have watered, and on which so many pilgrims have knelt, since the day that a mother brought her dying children to the ruins of what was once a venerated sanctuary; and, like that glorious Canaanitish woman in the Gospel, found the reward of her great faith.'

Rose looked round and suddenly missed from her side the gentle Alice. 'I declare I think it is a vision,' she inwardly exclaimed, glancing at the same time round the church in the hopes of seeing her again. 'I always think of her when I pray for Andre, and to-day I have actually seen her. Perhaps it is his guardian angel.'

These reflections occasioned her some distractions, and not being used to very long prayers, after having repeated the few she knew by heart, and added to them a short but fervent petition, for Andre's welfare and his speedy return, she left the church.

A mountain rises on the left side of the sanctuary, and on the road that leads to its summit the stations of the cross are erected. A Calvary with an immense crucifix stands in the centre of the platform of this hill, and the most different traveller can hardly help bending the knee as he arrives at the foot of that solitary rock. The view from the height is wild in the extreme. Mountain over mountain stretches in the distance, and not a trace of human habitations or human labor is to be seen in any direction, save the sign of man's redemption, and the rude stone well nigh worn out by the pilgrims' knees at its foot. Rose knelt down at the first chapel near the foot of the hill. A little further up Henri was slowly ascending the winding pathway, and stopping to pray at every station on his way. What was he so fervently seeking to obtain, that strong, true-hearted man, whose rough visage and stalwart form seemed to set at defiance all human weakness? He was praying that God would give him strength to bear the heavy weight of sorrow at his heart; strength to forgive, to love, and to endure; strength to hide his sufferings and the tears which anguish was wringing from his manly soul at the foot of the cross, 'our only hope'—' spes unica,' as the Church sings in her days of mingled mourning and exultation. He was weeping for the first time since his childhood. He had fought a fierce battle with himself, and those burning tears were as the

raundrops which fell on the scorched ground after the lightning has scathed it. The strong struggles of years found a vent in those tears.

And that fair girl whose angel face was haunting Rose as a celestial vision, what was she doing on the Way of Sorrows, on the road to Calvary; she whose eyes beamed with the azure light of a summer sky, and on whose lips hovered a smile bright as the opening dawn? She had nearly reached the top of the mountain and was leaning against a rock, her rosary in her hand, her slight tall figure gilded by the rays of the noon-day sun; the mountain breeze waving the curls of her golden hair; faith, hope and charity guiding her steps; the Christian motto, 'Excelsior,' stamped on her virgin brow.

Alice first, then Henri, and lastly Rose, reached the platform where the Calvary stands. The three pilgrims knelt together at the foot of the crucifix. Henri kissed the foot of our Lord and went away. The two girls prayed for a few moments, and when they rose, Alice smiled and saluted Rose. They soon entered into conversation, and descended the hill together.

'We made acquaintance,' Alice said, 'in a market-place, midst the noise and the confusion of a busy town, and to-day we meet again at the foot of a solitary cross in a desert.'

'It is very true,' Rose answered. 'Nothing can be more unlike than Pau and this mountain. But shall we see you again in Pau, Mademoiselle?'

'We are birds of passage, Madlle. Rose. You see I learnt and have remembered your name;— and to-morrow, alas! the odious railway train will carry me away from your beautiful Preennees.'

'Oh, how sorry I should be to think that I should never see you again! But you are very lucky, Mademoiselle; to be allowed to travel. I should like so much to see a large town; like Bordeaux, for instance.'

'Oh, don't wish any such thing,' exclaimed Alice. 'For those who are born and have lived amidst the hills and rocks, a city is a prison. It is like shutting up a bird in a cage.'

'Do you really think so?' Rose asked somewhat incredulously.

'Oh, yes; are not these great trees which God has made, these flowers with their delicious perfume, and Alice stooped to gather a handful of the fragrant mountain thyme, 'a thousand times pleasanter than streets and houses?'

'Well, you may be right,' Mademoiselle. Your home is in the country. Jules Bertrand told us that you lived in a fine chateau, a great way off from Pau.'

'And who may Jules Bertrand be?'

'He is the nephew of Madame Bertrand, the milliner in the High street; the youth who showed you the way that day to the Convent of the Ursulines.'

'True; I remember him very well. He would not take the money which my grandfather offered him. Do you think you could prevail upon him to accept one of these rosaries, Madlle. Rose?— We have just had them blessed at the altar of the Blessed Virgin.'

'Won't he be proud, Jules,' cried Rose, taking the rosary which Alice was holding out.

'And you, Madlle. Rose, might I venture to ask you to wear this medal in remembrance of the pilgrimage we have made to-day to our dear Lady's shrine?'

'Ah,' said Rose, coloring with pleasure, 'if I only knew your name, I would always mention it in my prayers.'

'Alice,' said the young stranger, as she smiled and walked away.

'I am not quite sure yet that she is not an angel,' ejaculated Rose, as she followed her with her eyes along the road to the village. 'In any case, I am glad she gave me a medal. I am sure it will bring me a blessing,' and she placed it in her bosom after kissing it several times.

An hour later she was dining with her cousin at a little table before the inn, under the shade of the acacia-trees, when a caleche walt by. It was Alice and her grandfather who were driving away. 'Can you tell me the name of those travellers, sir?' she said to the waiter who had just set down the soup.

'I don't know anything about them,' he answered in a contemptuous manner; 'they put up at the Lion d'Or. A sorry idea they will have of the hotels of Betharam.'

A commercial traveller, who was smoking at the next table, took his pipe of his mouth, and said in a consequential manner, 'It is the Baron de Vidal and his granddaughter, Madlle. de Morlaix.'

'The Baron de Vidal!' exclaimed Rose with astonishment. 'Is it possible?' and she fell into a deep brown study.

'Come, it is time to be off,' said Henri, and he went to the stable to saddle the mule.

CHAPTER IX.

'How very much obliged I am to you, Henri, for having brought me to Betharam,' said Rose,

as once more seated on the mule she rode off from the inn door.

'Nonsense,' answered Henri. 'Take care of the loose stones,' and he whistled as he went along, as if to drown his own thoughts.'

For an hour they proceeded on their way home without speaking. The high rocks on each side of the road sheltered them from the ardent sun. The tinkling of the donkey's bells kept time with the rushing sound of the torrents, which in many places were so increased by the recent rains that the road was covered with water. In the morning, Rose had crossed these little brooks with a smile, and been amused to see Henri wading through them in his thick boots while she gathered up her little feet not to wet her ribboned shoes. But now, whether it was that the emotions of the day had reacted on her spirits, or that the falling shades of evening cast a gloom on the narrow ravines they were passing through, she felt anxious and depressed, and kept shutting her eyes in order not to look at the precipices.

As they were descending the hill from Iron to Choroaze, Henri made a sudden exclamation, and turned as pale as death. 'For heaven's sake, jump off this moment!' he cried, and Rose felt herself lifted off the saddle, and placed on a bank on the side of the road. A dreadful landslide was taking place. The road gave way completely. The stones of the causeway and large heaps of earth were falling into the torrent with a horrible noise. The mule disappeared amidst the fragments of loose earth, and the two travellers stood transfixed for a few moments, but feeling as if the ground was giving way under their feet. In another instant it became evident that this was really the case. The bank on which they were standing began to rock. There was not a second to lose. 'Put your arms round my neck,' Henri cried, 'say as many Hail Marys as you can, and take care not to lose your hold.'

The laden with his precious burden, like a father who in sport carries his child on his back, he sprang forward and scaled the nearly perpendicular side of the mountain amidst rolling stones, uprooted trees, and showers of earth, which impeded his steps and often obscured his sight. The torrent, checked in its course by the heavy masses of rock which had fallen into its bed, was roaring in his ears like a wild beast struggling for freedom.

How he made his way up that steep acclivity, how he broke through the manifold obstacles in his path, God only knows, or what silent and intense prayers rose from his throbbing heart during that perilous ascent. At last by a desperate effort he reached a spot where the ground was secure, and quite overcome by this exertion he laid Rose down on the turf, and was almost stupefied with terror when he saw that she was as pale as a corpse, and that her face was covered with blood: having been torn by the brambles and the branches of the pine trees. He threw himself on his knees beside her, repeating her name in a loud voice, and using every means he could think of to recall her to her senses, which were paralyzed by fear. Rose heard him, but had not strength to answer, nor even to make a sign.

'My God,' cried Henri, while tears fell from his eyes on the young girl's forehead, 'my God let her come back to life again. I promise not to torment her any more, and to make her happy whatever it may cost me. Yes, Lord, I will do whatever is Thy, holy will, and whatever she wishes, if Thou wilt only grant her life, and not let her die on the mountain without help and without sacraments.'

Rose here opened her eyes like a child awakening from sleep, and held out her hand to him.— 'I am not going to die,' she murmured.

'Ah, God has heard me,' cried Henri, in a voice that was half joyful and half sad. 'He has taken me at my word; there can be no drawing back now.'

'Rose however, understood not a word that he was saying, and again lost all consciousness.— Meanwhile their present position was a very perilous one, and Henri began debating in his mind how they were to get out of it. Rose would have needed all her strength and agility at any time to make her way through the brushwood to the road, and Henri would not risk carrying her in her present weak state among the shrubs and brambles where a single false step would have been fatal. He was, therefore, obliged to content himself with tying her red handkerchief to a tree; by way of a signal, and rapping round her throat one which he took from his own neck: for a heavy dew was beginning to fall and poor Rose, though she was now gradually recovering her consciousness, was shaking with cold and extreme exhaustion. Henri hoped that by waving his banner he might succeed in attracting the attention of some of the people who had gathered round the place of the accident, and accordingly after a few seconds, which seemed to him like hours, several of the peasants perceived the signal, and two of them,

by means of a winding path, reached the platform, where Rose was shivering as she leaned against a tree for support. They placed her on a litter which they constructed hastily, and one of the peasants helped Henri to carry it while the other acted as guide. After a long and very laborious walk they regained the road and went into a house, where Henri left Rose while he went to look for a carriage at Choroaze.— The kind offices of the woman of the house soon revived the girl a little, for she had only been overpowered by fear and agitation, but she still wept, and lamented the loss of the mule, which she said, must assuredly have perished in the Gave.

'You must not make yourself so miserable, child,' said the peasant woman, 'for you have had a narrow escape you two, and if I were you I should consider that I had come off cheap with only the loss of a mule; it is very lucky that the poor beast did not take you with him when he fell. The Blessed Virgin must have come to your assistance.'

'It must have been because I begged of her so hard to help me this morning,' replied Rose, thoughtfully. 'It was about something else though.'

'Ah, but you see Almighty God can make the Blessed Virgin understand all our wishes and our needs; we ask for one thing, and she gives us another; and whatever happens it always for the best.'

'But Henri was so fond of his mule.'

'It is all very well to be fond of animals; but we should not weep for them as if they were Christians,' said the good woman, seeing that Rose was beginning to sob again. 'My boy, who saw the catastrophe, said it was quite a miracle that the young man was able to climb straight up the mountain side with a girl hanging to his neck; he says it made him quite giddy to look at it.'

'My God,' exclaimed Rose, turning very pale; 'then we were indeed near death; it makes one shudder to think of it!' She closed her eyes, and did not open them again till Henri returned from Choroaze with a car and a boy to drive. Having taken an affectionate leave of their kind hostess, they started on their homeward journey. Rose could scarcely hold up her aching head, so she laid it on her cousin's shoulder, and ended by falling asleep. Every now and then she opened her eyes and cast a bewildered glance at the mountain tops, the forests of black pine-trees, and the broken reflections of the moon on the waters of the torrent. Then Henri would tell her to calm herself and go to sleep, just as if he had been hushing a frightened child. It was a cold night, and a deep stillness, unbroken save by the noise of the torrent, reigned throughout those valleys which linked one to the other, widen by degrees, and end by spreading out into the plain of Pau. Henri could scarcely endure the slow pace of the horse and the length of the road. At last the lights in the old tower of Henri IV and the turrets of the castle came in sight, and further off the church steeple of Juraneon.

'We are almost there,' he said, and Rose tried to smile.

'Here you are at last,' cried aunt Babet, coming out on the doorstep with a lantern in her hand.

'Thank God!' answered Henri; 'we have been very near losing her,' added he, lowering his voice as he helped Rose to alight. He thought no more of his own danger than of the loss of his mule.

'Holy Virgin!' cried Babet; 'and where is Fanchette?'

'At the bottom of the Gave, poor beast! We had enough to do to save ourselves, and we two escaped almost by a miracle. Why, Rose, how flushed you are, just now you were shaking with cold.'

'Her hands are burning,' said Babet; 'the child is feverish.'

Yes, Rose was feverish; Rose was ill; Rose was delirious. All night long she muttered things which had no common sense in them, as Babet, who watched beside her, pronounced. 'Twice in her sleep she called Henri, who was anxiously watching at the door of her room, so as to be ready to go for the doctor, if necessary. She whispered in his ear and held his hand between hers.'

'She takes me for Andre,' he said to himself in a low voice, and drawing away his hand he went and leaned against the wall on the other side of the bed.

Towards morning the fever increased and the doctor was summoned. For several days Rose was seriously ill. Babet hovered round her. M. Dumont went up to her room every five minutes, Henri spoke to no one! worked harder than ever, and towards evening would go into the church and kneel down in a dark corner. The house seemed very dismal now that it was no longer enlivened by the songs and merry laugh of the little fruit-seller, the grumblings of Babet,

and the warbling of her canary-birds, whose cage, now covered with their mistress's great shawl, was as silent by day as by night. Even Henri's dog would scarcely wag his tail when his master called him. Every day Jules came softly to ask after the health of the invalid and carried the news to the frequenters of the bridge whose meetings were no longer merry.

'It is sorrow that is killing her,' exclaimed one. 'It is the fright she got the day that the road crumbled from under her,' asserted another. 'It is very sad in any case,' sighed M. Charles.

'You should say rather that it is tragical,' cried M. Firmin; 'I always promised that our Rose would wither away like a true rose.'

'Do have done with your verses, M. Firmin,' said Jules angrily; 'do you consider it a time to be making fine speeches when the poor girl is dying, perhaps?'

Madame Vidal was much grieved when she heard of Rose's illness she longed to see her, but was withheld from going by a fear of the reception she might expect to receive from Babet. Rose, meanwhile, lay prostrate with fever; she constantly fancied herself on the brink of a precipice, and would cry out that her feet were slipping and that she should fall over. Then she would implore Henri to come and help her, and could not be calmed unless he held her hand or supported her head; once she looked at him fixedly, and then burst into tears. The Cure and Sister Theresa came to see her; their visits did her good, and very slowly she began to recover. Sleep returned to her, and by degrees her strength also. One beautiful morning in autumn they carried her into the garden; she was still very weak, but the air seemed to revive her. Henri brought her some flowers, a beautiful crested hen, and a bullfinch in a cage. As she was caressing the bird with her little hand, the thought of the mule came across her again. She turned quite white and shuddered.

'I was thinking of that poor beast that is dead,' she said, 'and how you saved my life that terrible day.'

'Life,' said Henri, but not loud enough for her to hear, 'life is not worth much without happiness.'

'There is the postman,' exclaimed Rose, suddenly.

Henri got up and went to meet him. 'Look,' said he, as he came back to her, 'here is some happiness for you, perhaps,' and he put a letter into her hands. A feeling of delicacy made him withdraw to a little distance while she read it, and when he returned to her side he saw that she had been weeping.

'Don't cry,' said he, rather sharply. 'In a few days you shall be happy, Rose!'

'Oh, no,' answered Rose; 'I feel that I shall never be happy again.'

'Do not talk such nonsense. When at the top of the mountain, in the face of death, I promised God that I would make you happy, do not think I did not mean it.'

'Oh, no, I know how good you are, there is no body in the world so good,' cried Rose.

'Well, be merry then. Laugh as you laughed a month ago, and sing as you used to sing to put me in a rage when I scolded you.'

'Oh, if you would but scold me again, only for once,' said Rose, hiding her face in her hands.

'Well, then, let me see you open this directly,' replied he, taking Rose's money-box out of her basket.

'What for?'

'To obey me.'

'Oh, in that case I will. Give me your knife.' She made a slit at the bottom of the box and widened it with her fingers. The contents rolled out upon the table; no less than forty-five pieces of gold.

'It is for a substitute,' said Henri coldly, as Rose looked up at him quite bewildered.

'For Andre?' asked she, almost breathless.

'Yes, for Andre,' he repeated in a constrained voice.

'Oh, what do you mean?'

'To-morrow morning I start for Bordeaux, and I shall take this money to Andre, and shall tell him at the same time of a man I know who will take his place, and in a few days he will come back to marry you.'

'No, no, Henri; I entreat you to take back the money. I will earn enough to set him free myself. I cannot and will not owe it to your generosity and goodness of heart.'

'And then what becomes of my promise, the promise I made to God; do you think I do not care about fulfilling it? Who knows, Rose, whether you or I or Andre have long to live? Twice within the last month you have been very near death, my poor child. I swore to make you happy, and I must do it as I value my salvation. God only knows what I suffered during those days when you was at the point of death. And now let nothing more be said. You shall marry Andre and be happy; you will forgive me for what I have made you suffer, and not be angry with me any more.'

'Angry with you! oh, Henri!'

'And whenever you may feel inclined to resent my past roughness and unkindness, perhaps you will try to think leniently of me, remembering the sacrifice I have made.'

'Henri, dear Henri!'

'Come, do not cry; that will do no good either to you or to me. We will never speak of what is past; and will be friends whether we are near each other or far apart.'

'Far apart! what do you mean, Henri? she cried.'

'I mean to say that you may always reckon on my affection.'

He paused, and passed his hand across his forehead; and, after a moment's hesitation added—

'On the affection of a brother—who loves you.'

The following day Henri started for Bordeaux and Rose returned to her daily occupations in her uncle's house. But while Babet went about as usual, and the sun shone, and the birds sang

and the dog snored, and the children sported on the village green, and the insects on the banks of the stream, Rose, the merriest of all the maidens of Pau and its environs, was silent, and often heaved a deep sigh; the uncertainty of the future seemed to weigh heavily on her spirits.—Six times in an hour she would read Andre's letter, which certainly, was not the way to get on with her work; she seemed to be learning it by heart. But whether it pleased her, or the reverse, remained a mystery which she revealed neither to Babet nor any one else. It would appear, however, that she had confided the secret to Henri's old dog; for twice she took his rough head between her hands and pressed it to her heart.

CHAPTER X.

Alice de Morlaix lived with her grandfather in the old castle of La Roche Vidal. Her childhood had passed calmly and peacefully in the midst of the old family pictures, the dismantled halls, and the stately enclosures of the ancient building, whose foundation and part of the walls dated from the middle ages. Among the flowers, the birds, the green hills, and the rural scenes of her native country, she had grown up surrounded by noble traditions, and in the midst of scenery that was imposing without being gloomy. Her heart was full of the love of God, and she had a passionate admiration for the good and the beautiful, and an enthusiastic reverence for the faith of her fathers. Her life was not spent in idleness: prayer, study, work, and the service of the poor and the sick, to which she devoted herself with all the ardor of a young and fervent mind, divided the day, which she always found too short for the sacred duties and the innocent pleasures of her untroubled existence.—An expression of peace and serene happiness shone in her face, and there was a wonderful tenderness in her voice, whether she spoke, or sang, or prayed. When she sat reading at her turret window, or at the foot of a spreading oak, her whole soul engrossed by the words which riveted her eyes, she might have been taken for Vittoria Colonna; but when kneeling at the bedside of some dying man, or strewn with white roses the cradle that had been visited by death, while she gently raised the thoughts of the agonised mother to Heaven, she seemed more like the angel whom God sends to His elect in the hour of anguish. She wandered alone over desolate heath and forests, following the course of the rivulets, or climbing the mountain sides, strong in her innocence, fearless in her simplicity; like Dryden's milk-white Hind,

'She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin.'

Alice had friends in every cottage, and every hut. The little shepherd boys saluted her when they saw her in the distance. When she went into the village, the children greeted her with shouts of joy; and the very dogs would run to meet her. The love which overflowed her heart was extended even to animals. She might have said, with St. Francis of Assisi: My brothers the birds, my sisters the bees. Neither were inanimate objects excluded from a place in her affections. She had an almost passionate attachment for the home of her ancestors, the old feudal castle of La Roche Vidal, with its walls cleft by time, and threatening to crumble away; and for the garden where the roses bloomed amid the yews and cypresses, and where the lilacs and snow-berries mingled in the spring with the white hawthorn blossoms, and the long clusters of laboers. There was music for her in every stone, in every tree, in every shrub, and a crowd of childish recollections was attached to each and all of them; to the bench where she made her morning meditation, seated at the foot of a broken statue, to the arbor where she mused in the evening as she watched the setting sun. From thence she would gaze lovingly on the old porch where the poor came every day for bread, on the church steeple and the cross of the burying ground, on the valley where the breeze swept the undulating corn, and the vines bent under their rich burdens, and on the sea which bounded the view with a shining line, even as life is bounded by eternity.

(To be Continued.)

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DEDICATION OF KILMACNOGUE CHURCH.—This church, situated at the base of the Sugar-loaf Mountain county of Wicklow, and about five miles from Bray, was solemnly dedicated on Sunday, to the service of God, by his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin in the presence of a crowded congregation. The church of Kilmacnogue, or, as the word implies, 'The Church of the Son of the Virgin,' is generally called 'Kilmacnick.' Though built many years since it had never been dedicated, owing to the influence of the penal laws and other causes. It is a district church of the parish of Baniskerry, and has been lately enlarged and decorated by the revered pastor, the Rev. T. O'Dwyer, who, it is deeply to be regretted, is confined to his bed, in consequence of severe injuries which he received some days since by a horse taking flight and throwing him out of the vehicle in which he was driving, but it is most gratifying to know that he is progressing favourably.

THE PENAL LAWS AGAINST THE DOMINICAN FATHERS.—The subscriptions to make up the £500, of which the Fathers were unjustly deprived by the existing state of the law, progresses steadily, and already approaches £400. The parish of Blarney made a timely and admirable initiative of country subscriptions—its respected clergymen having made up and handed in the sum of £15. A few other parishes following this example would soon realize the proposed sum.—Cork Examiner.

Not one among us desires to ignore the anomalous character of the Irish Church. It is the onerous inheritance bequeathed to us by our forefathers. If the members of the House of Commons were privately examined, it would be found that there is not one of them which does not regret that the Irishmen of two centuries ago were not as vigorous and united as Scotchmen in resisting the imposition of a religious establishment repugnant to our wishes. But they were disintegrated then as they always are, and we are cursed by the success of their ancestors. The difficulty is before us, and it is not very easily managed. If it has not been more vigorously dealt with, it is because no one knows what would be carried away by the momentum of its downfall.

The Cork Constitution states that the mere rumour that the American Government is about to impose an export duty on cotton has caused a rise in the price of wool in that city; and it will also operate in favour of fax.

THE COLONIAL DEPARTMENT OF THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION.—We learn from the Dublin Evening Mail that on the 2nd of June His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant and Lady Wodehouse paid a special visit to the Colonial Department of the Exhibition, and first visited the Canadian Court, where they were received by the Rev. Dr. Adamson and Mr. Thomas Devine, F.R.G.S., two of the Commissioners sent over by the Canadian Government. Lord Wodehouse remained for half an hour, entering into a full inspection of the products of the province, making minute enquiries with respect to its manufactures, minerals, geology, and general resources. The beautiful photographs of the scenery and buildings in the different parts of Canada attracted his especial attention, and his Excellency put several questions with respect to the percentage of the various mineral products of the country, and examined with attention the skins of its animals, manufactured into furs, comparing them with the skins of other surrounding countries, with which he showed a remarkable acquaintance. Lord Wodehouse, after expressing great interest in the province, parted with the Commissioners in the most cordial manner.

The most prominent figure in the Dublin Exhibition is a large statue of the Pope in the act of penning the famous dogma of the Immaculate Conception. It is the property of a Roman hospital, but is understood to be for sale if a purchaser can be found. The Irish people are so grateful to the Roman Court for its generous assistance to the Exhibition that a subscription has been started by the principal citizens of Dublin to purchase the statue as a memorial of it.

TENURE OF LAND IN IRELAND.—The Select Committee appointed by the House of Commons to consider the subject of the improvement and tenure of land in Ireland has examined Judge Longfield and Lord Dufferin, and the enquiry still continues.

Judge Longfield's evidence was that the chief drawback to the progress of Ireland is the absence of manufacturing industry in the greater part of the country, and the consequent dependence of the population upon agriculture alone. The general result of his experience is, that no adequate capital is expended in permanent improvements either by landlord or tenant. Such improvements as are made, are made by the tenant, and the tenant is prevented from making improvements by the feeling that if he expends his capital on the land the landlord will reap the benefit without contributing towards the improvement. Judge Longfield thought that legislation on the subject was necessary. He did not propose an extension of the Ulster Tenant Right. Judge Longfield's recommendations are, leases for twenty-one years with good covenants and compensation. But he does not recommend a lease for holdings under twenty acres, unless the holding be close to a town. If the tenant makes no permanent improvements he ought to get nothing. If he makes permanent improvements he ought to have the full value of them in hard cash when the lease expires. Judge Longfield would not allow the tenant to claim compensation for improvements made of his own motion without notice to his landlord, but if the landlord were to object to any proposed improvement Judge Longfield would give the tenant the right of proving before the Court of Quarter Sessions that the improvement would benefit the estate. A further recommendation of Judge Longfield was, to take from the landlord the power of distraining for rent, and in return to shorten the time in which the landlord can recover possession of his land by ejecting the tenant. The advantage of these changes in Judge Longfield's eyes is that landlords, knowing their inability to recover arrears of rent, would be careful to select none but good tenants.

In defending his opinions under examination, Judge Longfield insisted that in the Landlord and Tenant Question, there is no complaint made that the law in England and Scotland is more favorable to the tenant than in Ireland; on the contrary, he said, it might be laid down, that in one respect the law is more favorable to the tenant in Ireland.—But he did not think that the same system which prevailed in England and Scotland ought to be applied to Ireland, where the character of the people was different. The farming classes were not so frugal and industrious in Ireland and although an Act of Parliament cannot make a people frugal and industrious, still frugality and industry may be encouraged by Act of Parliament.

Lord Dufferin's evidence is, that as compared with other parts of Ireland, the counties of Down, Armagh, Monaghan, part of Londonderry, part of Tyrone and part of Donegal, are less backward in agriculture, that the inhabitants are more industrious, that the relation between the tenantry and the landlords are on the whole better, and that the custom of tenant right exists there, but he says, 'I think it right to state that I should not be disposed to attribute those good relations subsisting between the tenantry and landlords in the north of Ireland to the existence of tenant right, but should rather say that what is called the custom of tenant right has been the consequence of those good relations.'

He defined the custom of Tenant Right as follows:—'Tenant right is a custom under which the tenant farmers in the North of Ireland, in those districts where the custom prevails, are under the belief that when the occasion shall arise for them to give up possession of their farms, their landlords will facilitate their obtaining such a sum as shall remunerate them for their improvements upon their farms. But at the same time, though that is a perfectly legitimate definition of the custom now understood, there is undoubtedly another element which exists and influences the operation. But that element is a very impalpable one; because although, particularly of late, since the question has been agitated and the real elements of tenant right have been analysed by public discussion, even the farmers themselves will refer their claims to a claim for improvements, there can be no doubt that the sums which have been in the habit of being paid by the incoming to the outgoing tenant very often have no relation whatever to the real valuation of those improvements; and instead of being called tenant right of the farm, which is now the term, it used, until very recently, to be called the goodwill of the farm, and under that designation a different thing would be understood. Under the first (tenant right) the sum would be paid for the value of improvements into which the incoming tenant is about to come. Under the other term of goodwill it would almost approach to 'black mail' paid by the incoming to the outgoing tenant, in order to induce the outgoing tenant not to interfere with his quiet possession of the farm.'

This custom, he said, 'on the whole and in a certain sense' had been a benefit to the North, and had given the farmer a sense of security. But he distinguished, and said—'So far as tenant right represents a custom under which the landlords of the north of Ireland have been in the habit of allowing facilities to the outgoing tenant to receive from the incoming tenant fair compensation for permanent improvements which he may have effected on the farm during the term of the tenancy, and for which he may not have to recoup himself for the money expended and a fair interest on it—that custom has been an excellent one. But so far as tenant right is a custom under which, without any reference whatever to improvements, the incoming tenant has been in the habit of paying to the outgoing tenant an enormous sum of money, amounting in many cases to ten and twenty years' purchase of the rent, the custom is a most unfortunate one.'

That an industrious tenant should receive compensation for his improvements he thought most desirable. If a tenant had built a house without the sanction of the landlord of any objection he would give the tenant the full value of the house at the determination of his tenancy. But with regard to improvements of a different description which may be repaid to the tenant, capital and interest, within a

certain period, he thought the compensation ought to be regulated by such a custom as is adopted in England and Scotland under similar circumstances.

Lord Dufferin would wish that throughout Ireland the tenant might receive compensation for his improvements. That would be his best inducement to invest his capital in the soil. The best way of arriving at an estimation of the value of the improvements would, he thought, be by the decision of some professional man totally unconnected with the neighborhood. He would give the value of the improvements in a lump sum. In counties where the custom of Tenant Right existed, he thought that an Act of Parliament containing such provisions would work rather to the disadvantage than the advantage of the tenant; but in other parts of Ireland he thought it would be beneficial to provide for compensation, though he did not see how the result was to be arrived at and thought Judge Longfield's suggestion of an appeal to the Quarter Sessions bad in principle and not practicable. Lord Dufferin thought that the farmers in Ulster, generally speaking, are rather prosperous than otherwise, and that as a general rule the sum given for the tenant right of small farms is higher in proportion than that given for large farms. But, he said, in many instances one of the original causes of the decline of small farmers is the enormous price they have to pay before they can enter into possession of their farms, and he gave a discouraging description of the prospects of the small farmer, even when the custom of Tenant Right was established. He said:—'During the last few years especially, I think it is very evident that the small farmers of 15 acres or so, are going to the bad. They are struggling men, and I do not think they will be able to survive for many years. The career of the tenant is this:—He has a large family in the first place—if his sons grow up they do not like to grow up as labourers, and prefer to assist him on the farm. He is unable to keep a sufficient number of cattle, his rent grows into arrears, and at last he comes and says he wishes to give up his farm.'

We confess that as far as the evidence of these two authorities are concerned, we do not see much ground for hopefulness. The proposal to abolish the landlord's power to distrain for rent, that he may be careful to select solvent tenants, appears to us the most powerful incentive to consolidation and extermination that can be suggested. The class of small holders, the occupiers of less than twenty acres, are the class in whose behalf the Tenant movement was principally begun, and seem to be the class on whose behalf nobody has any suggestion to make that can ever be made to look like an advantage. As far as the country at large is concerned, there is no doubt that anything which would cause tenants with good holdings, with some skill and a little money, to put their capital and labor into the land would be a boon. Whatever may be the reasons why this class require more inducements to do so, and more protection after having done so, in Ireland than elsewhere, let the inducements and the protection by all means be provided. They will become richer, and the country more prosperous, and their interests are worthy of the State's best solicitude. But they are not the class whose trials, sufferings, and danger, gave the Land Question in Ireland that importance which caused its settlement to be considered the country's highest object and chief interest.—Tablet.

THE FENIAN BROTHERHOOD IN IRELAND.—The following is from the London Globe of the 9th May:—A meeting of the 'Fenian Brotherhood' was held in Clontarf on Sunday. About three o'clock a crowd of men and boys, to the number of 1500, assembled at Dollymount, and proceeded in procession to the plains of Clontarf, where they were joined by a large body of their confederates. Inflammatory addresses were delivered by a Mr. Doyle, who appeared to be the leader in the proceedings. The ostensible object of the demonstration was to express sympathy with the people of the United States, but the real purpose seems to have been to give vent to a quantity of sedition, and to advise the working classes not to join their countrymen in giving a loyal welcome to the Prince of Wales. The advertisement calling the meeting was as follows:

'Sic semper tyrannis' 1865 versus 1172

'Irishmen!—63 years of bloody extermination and rapacious plunder by British butchers (countrymen of the Queen of England's son) demand of you silence and contempt, and not even by your outward appearance show the slightest participation in the hollow rejoicings that will be paraded before you on the 9th by the descendants of Strongbow and Cromwell who happen to be born in Ireland, but avow their allegiance to England. Irishmen! testify your loyalty and devotion to Ireland by uniting in the bonds of brotherhood to have Ireland for the Irish! By order of the Vigilance Committee. God save the people! the speakers talked of planting the green flag and the stars and stripes on the Irish soil, with the help of the Americans.

SISTER ERIN.—Ireland is a truly wonderful place! It may rain there as if the Collector of the Clouds had mislaid the key of the celestial water plug after turning it on; but it also shines there as if the sun had bought property in the Encumbered Estates Court, and meant to be residential landlord. The Irish girls, too, are like the Irish weather—their sadness just as dark as their black hair, their joy just as radiant as their blue eyes; and whose else in the world, except in a land of Celtic contraries, does one see blue eyes and black hair together? When they weep it is like the rain of Slieve-na-moon; when they laugh it is like the orb of day rising on the Hill of Howth, 'half sunshine, half tears.' The puzzled world, all history through, has been constantly breaking its heart for or with them; and Erin, green Erin, the Irish girl par excellence, with the harp that was touched so sweetly by the fingers of Tom Moore and Tighe—with the mouth that has often been so passionately eloquent when Curran and Grattan and Sheridan spoke—with the heart that has given us half our heroes, and with the blarney and the brogue that made us laugh at them—Erin is, of course, the type and brief epitome of her daughters. When she rushes into the House of Commons, between Scully and Mr. Pope Hennessy, with her beautiful black hair down and her blue eyes streaming with weep or un-speakable, because the pig didn't fetch a good price or the potato has failed, or shillelals have been put down at Belfast—that is Erin the Rainy. When she entertains visitors at Dublin, proud of herself and her handsome capital, does it like a lady as she really is, then that is Erin the Sunshine—Erin that laughs more wonderfully than she weeps—Erin, the dear, the delightful, the abnormal, who fights at a christening, and who gets shockingly jolly at a funeral, generous and absurd, faithful and furious, radiant and despairing, clever and inconsequent, the mother of heroes and of bulls—a Celt in fact, of Celts, and therefore dowered with all the good qualities and half the foibles of every other race of mankind.—London Daily Telegraph.

GROSS ORANGE OUTRAGE.—A Man Shot and Two Wounded.—Armagh, Sunday.—At half-past two this morning three men were fired at as they were passing through Gallan-street. One of them, it is said, was shot in the back, and it is thought he cannot recover; his whole back has been frightfully cut up from below his shoulders to his head. Another of them has received several slugs in his back, and so did the third. Gallan street is one of the Orange quarters of this town. A person—a well-known Orangeman—is charged with being principal in the outrage, and informations have been sworn against several others.—Irishman.

The Sligo Champion says:—The number of emigrants who left this port en route to America, during the past week, was 170; besides 40 who were dispatched by the Derry route. They were principally young men and women of between 16 and 25 years of age.

THE EXODUS.—The steamer Vesta left this port for Liverpool on Monday with the largest number of emigrants that yet took their departure from our quays by one boat for a length of time. They all appeared to be of the middle class, respectable and good looking, and included a number of young women. Every day the exodus assumes more formidable and alarming dimensions, every county in Ireland contributing its quota to the ever outward flowing and tideless stream. Even the proverbial fecundity of the Irish can never keep pace with this arterial drainage of life and youth from the country, and its future portends a civilized waste.—Waterford Mail.

The Limerick Reporter of May 26, says:—For the last two or three mornings whole caravals of emigrants of both sexes of the agricultural class have passed from the Clare side of the Shannon through Limerick, to take their passages at the terminus for Queenstown, preparatory to expatriating themselves to the United States of America. Each set was accompanied by a musician, who played in lively airs, the company all keeping chorus. There is no new feature in emigration from Clare. The regrets and lamentations are reserved for the moment of parting.

The local press are all complaining of the exodus of the Irish to America. The Mayo Constitution says:—'Those who believe that emigration to any extent will tend to the mutual advantage of those who go and those who remain, may have their theory gratified this season, at least so far as the departures are concerned. The numbers of our peasantry who weekly leave our shores are in excess of any former years, especially since the news of the termination of the war. The steamers from Cork, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Derry are not able to afford accommodation to the emigrants, passages being actually engaged weeks in advance, and passages running up from five guineas to £7 and £8 by some lines.'

At the meeting of the Cork Agricultural Society held on Saturday, Mr. N. Dunscombe in the chair, Mr. Egan directed attention to extensive frauds in the Cork butter trade, which seriously affect the character of the Cork brand. He asked why the committee and merchants did not exclude from the market all fraudulently made up butter. They should brand it, and then people would know what they were buying. Mr. Sarsfield said that the fraud was widespread over the whole country, and Mr. Meade said that most of the butter that came from the west was fraudulently made up. The following resolution on the subject was passed unanimously:—

'That the attention of the Cork Agricultural Society having been called to the quantity of fraudulently made up butter introduced into the Cork market, we recommend the committee of merchants to add to their rules one declaring that no member of their body shall be concerned directly or indirectly in its manufacture, or shall knowingly receive it from the makers, and we recommend them to make such further regulations as will prevent the Cork brand from being affixed to fraudulently made up butter.'

TYRANNICAL AND CORRUPT.—There is no necessity to tell any thinking politician that the fate of the Irish Church does not depend on the retention of a form of words in the Catholic Oath, which would never prevent a single member of Parliament from voting on a division whenever the fate of that much-assailed institution shall be in question. If the Irish Church fall, it will fall through the agitation of the Roman Catholic population of Ireland, who are not bound by an Oath; it will fall by their alliance with the English Dissenters and Liberals, who are equally untrammelled by any form of words; and, finally, it will fall by the deliberate judgment of a Protestant House of Commons, the members of which, whether Anglican or Dissenters, are perfectly free from any obligation to maintain it. To suppose that in a country where 'Liberation Society' exists, directed against all ecclesiastical establishments, and where not a Session passes without Protestant members of Parliament denouncing this very Irish Church as the chief iniquity of the age, any advantage can accrue to the Church from the conscientious scruples of a few Catholics, is a delusion so complete that we cannot believe any man entertains it. In fact, no people would be more ready than the Conservative leaders to admit that the Irish Establishment must maintain itself by its own strength, and not exist by the forbearance of its adversaries.—Times.

The report which has been published by Sir Robert Kane, as President of the Cork Queen's College, does not present a very gratifying picture of progress in that institution, and will scarcely give satisfaction to its supporters. The most remarkable feature in the report is the apparent absence of material advance either in the number of students attending the College or the educational standard maintained amongst them. The report extends from the beginning of the Session 1863-64 to the opening of the present Session. It appears that the number of matriculated students at the commencement of the last Session was 241, the number of non-matriculated students being 19. In the present Session the number of matriculated students is 249, and 14 non-matriculated students are attending lectures besides. This shows a numerical increase utterly insignificant when we regard the great inducements which the College is able to hold out. In a young institution too, we might fairly expect steady, if not rapid, progress for years to come, and when we find the annual increase consisting of no more than three students we certainly are entitled to doubt the glowing accounts we occasionally hear of the complete success of these Colleges. But when we examine the statistics of the several faculties we discover not only no advance, but even a falling off in the most important of them—the faculty of arts. In the Session of 1863-4 there were 68 matriculated students in this faculty; in the present Session the number has fallen to 65. In the department of engineering also there has been a decrease, the number being 46 in the Session 1863-64, and only 41 in the present Session. There were beside five non-matriculated students in arts in the former period, and none in the latter. In engineering there were two non-matriculated students in the year 1863-64, and none in 1864-65. The total falling off, therefore, has been, in arts, four matriculated, and five non-matriculated students; in engineering, five matriculated and two non-matriculated students.

FORGERY ON THE BANK OF IRELAND.—A few days since a cheque for £3,000, bearing the name of Sir Robert Peel, was received from a London bank by the officials at the Bank of Ireland. The cheque was at once fortunately discovered to be a forgery. On enquiries being made it appeared that a person supposed to be one who had been employed as a clerk in the Bank of Ireland got an introduction to a London bank and presented the cheque above mentioned. It was forwarded to Dublin in the usual course for advice, and the fraud sought to be effected was discovered. The presenter of the cheque, consulting his experience, suspected that his plans had been frustrated, and very wisely absconded. He has not been since heard of.

The Ulster Observer says:—Amongst the noticed motions on the table of the House of Commons, the following important one stands for debate at the call of Major O'Reilly, M.P., for the 18th of June:—'That, in the opinion of this house, the evidence taken by Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Belfast riots, and laid upon the table of this House, contains statements so seriously impugning the official conduct of certain magistrates named therein, that equity to the magistrates so accused, and a due regard to the vindication of the impartiality of the administration of justice, require that a full inquiry into the truth of these charges should be instituted by the authorities intrusted with the supervision of the magistracy of Ireland.'

REJOICINGS AT BANSHA.—On receipt of the Dublin papers in Bansha on Saturday, containing a report of the proceedings before Judge Hargrave the day before, by which it appears he refused to set aside the lease made to the parish priest, the Rev. Mr. O'Connell, all the people became greatly excited, with delight, and in the evening repaired to the hills where they lit several large fires—an example which people in the valleys at once followed, and for hours the hills and valleys were one blaze of fire. Every one, including our Protestant neighbors, by whom the excellent parish priest of Bansha is much and deservedly respected, was well pleased at the result.—Lincolnton Reporter.

At the quarterly meeting of Dublin Municipal Council, held yesterday, a communication was read from the Mayor of Cork, enclosing a form of petition to Parliament praying the grant of a charter to the Roman Catholics, and asking for the co-operation of the Dublin Corporation in obtaining it. Sir John Gray moved that a petition, according to the form enclosed, be prepared, the city seal attached to it, and that it be forwarded to Mr. Monsell for presentation in the House of Commons. The resolution was seconded, and a warm discussion ensued, in which several members explained their reasons for voting for and against it. The resolution was, however, carried by a majority of 18, the numbers being 28 for and 10 against.

The construction of the Royal Docks in Cork harbor will commence on the 1st of July, when 500 convicts are to be employed in the preliminary labor. The establishment is to occupy, on the whole, space of more than twenty acres, and is to adjoin the island of Haulbowline in an easterly direction.—Twelve acres of the space mentioned are to constitute a dock or basin capable of accommodating five large ships lying alongside its quays or wharves. The official report of Captain Clarke, R. N., says:—'Adopting the site of the 'Split Bank,' in close proximity to Spike Island, where there is convict labor, the plan is to extend the existing dockyards on Haulbowline. This design consists of a basin of 62 acres, with 30 feet over the sill at the entrance at high water neaps, with 2,000 feet of wharf accommodation, and with space for two docks leading out of the basin. I propose, however, that the construction of only one of these docks should at present be undertaken. The design includes a small factory.—The approximate estimate, on the supposition that the largest proportion of the work is to be executed by convict labor, I have taken at £150,000, and the whole should be completed in six years.'

On Wednesday was issued the report for the year 1864 of the commissioners for administering the Laws relating to the Deep-sea and Coast Fisheries in Ireland. The commissioners report that the conduct of the fishermen has been marked by good order and forbearance; but in many districts their success has not been commensurate with their efforts, and great privation has been suffered, either from scarcity of fish or want of the necessary means to procure suitable boats and gear. The herring fishery on the east coast has been still more productive than the preceding year, which was an unprecedentedly prosperous season; and the native fishermen of Dublin, Howth, Skerries, and Arklow have continued to maintain a praiseworthy and successful competition with their English and Scotch fellow-laborers in energy and skill, and in the number and character of their boats. The fishing and coasting trade of Arklow has continued to make great progress. It is stated on competent authority that in the year 1825 there was only one two-masted vessel belonging to that port, and now there are eighty large vessels of from sixty to one hundred and twenty tons, and one hundred and fifty herring and oyster boats proportionally improved in size and gear, and employing one thousand six hundred able-bodied men. The price of oysters there has greatly increased of late years, in consequence of the improvement in the quality of the oyster and the almost unlimited demand by English and French purchasers. This has had the effect of stimulating a more energetic action than is consistent with the future prosperity of the great natural banks on the south east coast; and the commissioners, upon a memorial from the fishermen themselves for a limitation of the open time, and after a public inquiry, have constituted the close time for the oyster fishery upon that part of the coast to be between the 30th April and the 1st October. The subject of increasing or diminishing restraints upon trawling still occupies their attention. The question is very complicated, as the utmost diversity of opinion exists.—The commissioners think it proper to defer their decision until they have received the report of the Royal Commissioners, who were specially appointed to consider this and other matters connected with the sea fisheries in Ireland as well as in Great Britain.

LANDLORD AND TENANT COMMITTEE.—The examination of Alderman Dillon before the Committee on the relations between landlord and tenant was resumed and concluded on Thursday. Alderman Dillon was questioned minutely on the several branches of the subject by Sir E. Grogan, Lord Naas, Sir C. O'Loughlin, the O'Donoghue, Lord Dunellin, and other members of the committee. He had in his suggestions attributed the present state of things to "very recent confiscation," but in reply to Sir Edward Grogan he admitted that the confiscations to which he referred were so old as the time of Cromwell. He stated that the class of persons now emigrating was rising; that formerly the poor people emigrated, but now a superior class was leaving the country. If there was a danger of a wholesale emigration of the Irish people, he thought extreme measures would be justifiable on the part of the government to put a stop to such a drain; and he was convinced that the emigration from Ireland would prove as injurious to England, as a power, as it was to Ireland herself. In his opinion nothing would be better calculated than a good measure of compensation for improvements in land. As a proof of the strong feeling which existed on the subject in this country he referred to the fact that candidates for Parliament generally found it necessary to promise that they would support such a measure. He thought the Scotch Act, by which limited owners in Scotland could grant agricultural leases for twenty-one years and building leases for ninety-nine years, would be useful in Ireland. He preferred Lord Dufferin's plan of a paid arbitrator to the suggestion of Judge Longfield of making the Quarter Sessions the tribunal of appeal between landlord and tenant in compensation cases. At the conclusion of Alderman Dillon's evidence, the committee adjourned till Monday, June 10, when Mr. McCarthy Downing will be examined.

A shocking murder of a wife by her husband has just been brought to light near Parsonstown, in the King's County. A woman named Ann Hayes had mysteriously disappeared, and her husband, Thomas Hayes, stated that she had gone to America with another man; but his story varied so much that he was arrested on suspicion. The evidence against him, however, was very slight, as repeated searches on the part of the constabulary failed to detect any traces of the body of the missing woman; nor is it likely that it would ever have been discovered if the conscience of the murderer had not so troubled him that he felt constrained to confess his guilt. Accordingly, on Thursday last he sent for the Rev. Mr. Willis, and, being duly cautioned, freely acknowledged that he had killed his wife and wished to be hanged. He made a similar confession to Mr. Curran, the stipendiary magistrate. He stated that he had buried the body in a bog at a place called Galros. It being impossible from his description to find the exact spot he was taken to the place in a covered cart, accompanied by the clergyman, the magistrate, and a body of police. He said, '20,000 men could not find it unless he went himself, and might dig millions of acres before they found it.' It had been buried three or four feet under the peat

mould, at a considerable distance from the road, where there was much broken ground. When the prisoner arrived at the spot he exclaimed, 'Before God, Mr. Curran, there she is!' The police, having procured spades and shovels, set to work, and in a short time laid bare a bed tick, which contained a large quantity of wearing apparel, with other articles belonging to the murdered woman, such as she would be likely to take with her as an emigrant. The police next came upon a sack with the mouth bound up, into which the body of the deceased had been thrust head foremost. The sack was ripped open when a horrid sight was presented. The head was terribly battered, the right eye closed with a cut, and there was another cut on the left temple; the nose was also broken. An inquest was held yesterday. Dr. Woods, who made a post mortem examination, was examined, and described the wounds which he believed to have been the cause of death. In his opinion, they were inflicted by some heavy instrument, such as a smoothing iron, found with the body in the sack. This smoothing iron was identified as having been borrowed by the deceased from a neighbor. The prisoner had stated in his confession that he gave his wife a kick, in consequence of which she fell out of bed, and that he subsequently found her dead on the floor. He attempted to account for the wounds on the skull by saying that the corpse fell off the car, and that the wheel passed over the head, but Dr. Woods stated that the wounds could not possibly have been caused in that manner. The verdict of the coroner's jury was, 'That on the night of the 15th day of May, 1865, at Galros, in the King's County, Anne Hayes was, by her husband, Thomas Hayes, wilfully, maliciously, and with malice aforethought, killed and murdered.'

The King's County Chronicle says:—It is most extraordinary the distance which he brought the body, the place where it was found being about 1,000 yards from the high road, which had to be crossed, and on the other side of the road, where his residence lay, he had to bring the body 500 yards more. The house itself is a wretched old farmhouse, fast falling to decay, and the place has a most desolate and uninviting appearance, situated in the midst of a bog, on a poor and sterile soil, that would seem to be unable to give nourishment to a tree, the bushes appearing to have a struggle for existence. Having brought the body to the house, it was left in charge of the police. The murdered woman is the second wife of the prisoner, and they appear to have led a most unhappy life, being continually quarrelling, she often receiving the most brutal usage at his hands.

GREAT BRITAIN.

PASTORAL LETTER.—The following Pastoral Letter has been

Addressed to the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese of Newport, &c., on occasion of the Jubilee, by the Right Rev. Thomas Joseph, D.D., O.S.B., Bishop of Newport and Monavia.

THOMAS JOSEPH, O.S.B., by the Grace of God, and favor of the Apostolic See, Bishop of Newport and Monavia, to Our Very Reverend and Reverend Brethren, the Clergy Secular and Regular, of the United Diocese of Newport and Monavia, and to Our Beloved Children in Jesus Christ, the Faithful Laity of the said Diocese, Health and Benediction.

Dear! Beloved in Jesus Christ!—And I say to thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this Rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed also in heaven.—Matt. xv., 18, 19. There is no dispute that these words were addressed to Peter by our Almighty Lawgiver; nor has the Anglican version ventured to tamper with them. Shall men accept them therefore in their literal sense? Why should they hesitate? He knew what He meant to utter: He spoke to instruct, not to mislead; He had power to realize His institutions. If these premises be admitted, then no one believing in the Divinity of Our Lord can consistently question that upon Peter, and not upon him only, but upon them who, by lawful succession in the see which he held at the close of life, must each in turn be the foundation rock of the never-failing Church, was conferred the authority of granting what we mean by Indulgences. To the other Apostles also was given the power to bind and loose; but not to them was made the promise whereon rests the singular pre-eminence of Peter, and the prerogatives of his successors.

Other and no less conclusive arguments may be adduced to establish the power of the Supreme Pontiff, as successor to St. Peter, to loose by Indulgences; but one single testimony of Divine revelation affords no less security, than would be derived from any amount of Scripture evidence.

The usual weapon of our adversaries is misrepresentation of our doctrine; and they employ it against Indulgences. But we need not tell you, dearly beloved, that an Indulgence is not a loosing from sin, still less a warrant to commit it with impunity; for sin is not remitted except to the truly penitent, although absolution should be received in the Sacrament of Penance; nor need we add, that the effect of an Indulgence is the relaxation, by power received from our Divine Lord, of only the temporal punishment due for sin, after its guilt and its eternal punishment have been remitted. When, however, we reflect upon the extreme disproportion between all our satisfactory works, and the just claims of God, terrible in His judgments, we are sadly wanting in love for Him, and regard for ourselves, if we are not earnest in substituting, for the deficiency of our personal satisfactions, the merits of our Redeemer applied to us by Indulgences; though their conditions were more trying than those which the Holy See imposes. Where now shall be sought, there will hereafter be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

A Jubilee differs from an ordinary Plenary Indulgence in these particulars: First, it is granted only on certain important occurrences, or crises, of the Church, when the full exercise of the power of loosing is specially warranted. Secondly, it unites the whole body of the Faithful, commonly throughout the world, in general supplication for the purpose solicited by their supreme visible head. Thirdly, it delegates to the lawful Ministers of the Sacrament of Penance, more extensive jurisdiction.

At this time the Church is passing through an alarming crisis, when injustice is triumphant over right in the temporal dominions of the Holy See, also of other lawful sovereigns, and when the pride of intellect is in fierce combat with the doctrines of revealed truth. Now the weapons of the Church are prayer, from humble and contrite hearts; and to render the more efficacious, the Holy Father promulgates a Jubilee, which the Bishops of the Catholic Church, in their several sees, are employed to communicate to their spiritual children.

Since, writes the Holy Father in an Apostolical Letter whereby he announced the Jubilee at the commencement of his Pontificate, and to which he now refers us, 'what is for the welfare of all ought to be solicited by the suffrages of all. We have resolved to enkindle the piety of the whole body of the Faithful, in order that by the union of their prayers with ours may be more earnestly implored the aid of the right hand of the Omnipotent. And, since it is beyond doubt, that the prayers of men will be more acceptable to God, when they ascend from souls cleansed from all defilements, We have resolved to unlock the treasure of indulgences, entrusted to Our disposition, in favor of the Faithful, that so, glowing with piety, and purified from the stains of sin by the Sacrament of Penance, they may approach the throne of God with greater confidence, may obtain mercy, and find grace in seasonable aid.' The special faculties to confessors, in this Jubilee,

beyond those of an ordinary Plenary Indulgence, consist of more extensive powers for absolving such as are truly penitent, from censures of communication, suspension, and other ecclesiastical penalties, also from certain crimes of greater enormity, which are usually reserved to the authority of the Bishops, or of the Sovereign Pontiff himself; with a few exceptions which your Pastors will be instructed upon by the Apostolical Letters, of which we send copies to each.

The conditions for gaining the Jubilee are printed on a separate sheet, which we direct shall be placed in some conspicuous part of each public church and chapel. And by virtue of power received by us from the Holy See, we hereby appoint, as the period within which the Jubilee may be gained in our diocese, the month commencing on May 21, and concluding on June 18, inclusive.

We transmit to our Very Reverend and Reverend Brethren of our diocese a printed list of errors in doctrine upon which the Holy See has recently set the seal of its condemnation. In our Pastoral Letter for Lent we stated that having weighed the several propositions, in the Syllabus Abstract, received from the Holy Father, we accepted in its literal sense the condemnation of each and all. Nor, indeed, were we wholly strangers to those dangerous and unlawful doctrines, having had an opportunity of weighing them substantially, long before their formal condemnation. To you, dearly beloved, it is unnecessary that we enter upon any formed justification of the course adopted by the Supreme Pontiff. Suffice it to observe; First, that all the propositions had been put forward, in our own times, by men whose reputation might give them dangerous influence, if the authority of the Holy See did not interpose. Secondly, that the list of proscribed errors was designed for the guidance of the Catholic Bishops, not for the discussion amongst the Faithful, still less amongst those who are not of the household of the faith. Thirdly, that from our habit of theological study we are far better able than the bulk of the laity, especially those who are not of our communion, to discern the danger of the condemned doctrines, also in what sense they are censured. It may be that not every portion of a proscribed proposition is noted for censure, though as a whole, it must be rejected; and the ground of condemnation varies with the characters of error conveyed therein. Hence the outcry of sensible men, amongst the adversaries of the Catholic Church, would be far less than it is, or perhaps checked altogether, if they understood that the contrary to a condemned proposition is not necessarily a part of our Divine faith. A proposition may be censured, because it is in contradiction with a Divine doctrine of Divine revelation, or because it approaches error, in a matter of Divine faith, or because it is scandalous, or rash, or incorrect, or seditious, or blasphemous, or simply dangerous. Yet, clearly, whatever may be the character of censure, the doctrine which is formally condemned by the Holy See must be rejected at once by all true believers: since Christ has promised, and His promise cannot fail, that the gates of hell, which must include all errors in doctrine, shall never prevail against His Church; nor consequently, as we set before you in our Pastoral Letter for Lent, against the rock whereon it is erected, Peter and his successors, in the centre of Catholic Unity.

Another formal notice from us will not be necessary, if we now remind you that the 30th of next month is the day appointed for a general annual collection throughout England in aid of our Poor Schools; nor need we repeat what we have often set before you, that the establishment and maintenance of Catholic schools for our poor children is in the first rank of words of mercy. It was highly gratifying last year to see that the amount collected in this diocese exceeded considerably that of former years; with only the Chaplaincy of Broxwood, and Swansea, being the largest contributors. Likewise we must not forget urging upon your duty and charity, assistance to the Holy Father, amidst his difficulties, and in token of your gratitude for his watchful care of all the churches—by Peter Pence.

THOMAS JOSEPH, O.S.B., Bishop of Newport and Monavia.

WHALLEY AT BRIGHTON.—On Friday night a meeting was held at the Town-hall, Brighton, for the purpose of petitioning Parliament 'on the subject of auricular confession in the Church of England.' The meeting was called together by an association styled the 'Brighton Protestant Association,' and Mr. Paul Foskett, chairman of the society, presided on the occasion. The persons on the platform comprised Mr. Whalley, M. P., and Colonel Brockman. Letters of apology were read from members for the borough, the Marquis of Westminster, and Mr. Newdegate, M. P. Owing to the late disclosures in the Road Murder case unusual interest was taken in the meeting, and the large room of the Town-hall was by far too small to accommodate the crowds who wished to gain admission. The proceedings were of the most uproarious character, and at times the women present—and there were many—were in considerable danger. As the excitement and noise grew, persons at the back of the room pressed forward, and the light chairs, so well known to those who have attended Brighton meetings, were passed over the heads of the crowd; by the room thus gained many outside youths and 'roughs' obtained entrance, and the usual assemblage packed in a dense mass round the platform, every inch of which bore more than its fair share of humanity. A 'Puseyite' clergyman, named Perry, attached to the church of St. Michael's and All Angels, endeavored to address the meeting in answer to the remarks of Mr. Whalley, M. P., but he could not be heard, and such was the noise and confusion that the repeated proposals of the chairman, asking the meeting to signify whether or not they wished the reverend gentleman to go on, producing either diverse or unintelligible votes. Under these circumstances Mr. Perry refused to give way until, at last, a rush was made to drag him from the platform, and had it not been for the protection of some sympathizers and the exertions and appeals of some of the persons on the platform, serious violence would, no doubt, have been inflicted on him. He was pushed to the back of the platform and kept there while succeeding speakers addressed the meeting. Towards the close of the proceedings Mr. Whalley alluded to this episode, and said the meeting would not hear Mr. Perry because he had no answer to make to what he (Mr. Whalley) had said respecting the Rev. A. D. Wagner. On this Mr. Perry pressed forward again and said he could answer. Mr. Whalley begged the meeting to grant a hearing, and, having mounted the chairman's table, the Rev. Mr. Perry began to speak. Had he possessed the lungs of Hector he could not have made himself heard in the now thoroughly excited throng. He had spoken but a few words when simultaneously the table was tipped over and his legs were seized. He fell on the table, the latter gave way, and inkstands, candlesticks, documents, water-bottles, tumbler, &c., came pouring on to the heads of the reporters, who were sitting just beneath. The majority of the meeting rushed, with various intents, to the platform, and for a time even Mr. Whalley, the chairman, and Colonel Brockman were nowhere to be seen in the struggling mass of humanity. After some time, however, the chairman's table was got into its place. A hymn was given out, but the attempt broke down, and the meeting was abruptly brought to an end. The Rev. Mr. Perry appeared with his coat torn almost off his back, and was taken into an ante-room. The crowd pressed in with those who sought to shelter him; and it was only by main force, and standing 'shoulder to shoulder' (the Rev. Gentleman being in an extreme corner and against the wall), that a few of the more respectable and determined bystanders were enabled to keep off the yelling and struggling crowd. The entreaties of the chairman and Mr. Whalley for peace and order were unheeded, and the aspect of affairs was really very serious, when Superintendent Barnden and a file of the borough police

opportune made their appearance, and, closing round the reverend gentleman, got him to the police office, and thence to his home. The 'Puseyite' churches and institutions were guarded throughout the night by policemen. Before the more serious disturbance arose Mr. Whalley delivered a lengthy speech, in the course of which he said it was a matter of business to every one interested in Brighton—to those who let lodgings and others—to see that the practices of these Puseyite sisterhoods and brotherhoods should be brought to the light of day, as many persons were deterred from visiting the town because of the dangers to which their families would be exposed. He thought it was the duty of the Mayor, as a public man, to have called a meeting with all his official authority, and he could not but regret that the Mayor had refused to comply with a petition requesting him to do so. This was not the first time he had the pleasure of addressing the people of Brighton, and on every successive occasion he came before them still more bespattered with abuse, vilification, and slander, and everything possible to discourage a man, to depress him, and to deprive him of the ability and the means to exercise to the best of his power the faculties which God had given him. He was not going to accept the position of defence against Mr. Wagner, or against Mr. Anybody else; but what he had said before he now repeated—that it would ill-befit the day for England when a man was to be estimated either in public or in Parliament, or in such assemblies as this, by the abilities he could manifest. It was not the power of speaking that influenced political England, or mental ability. Those faculties were sometimes prostituted to the vilest purposes. What we owed our greatness to was that quality which he possessed second to no one there and second to no one in Parliament; it was not ability and power of speaking, but honesty of heart and earnest, loving charity for his countrymen and countrywomen, including all, whatever might be their opinions or creeds. (Cheers.) For nearly 14 years, on and off, he had occupied a seat in the House of Commons: through many contests he had gone, and much had he endeavored to do his duty, and never by any chance had met with any difficulty in being listened to, or in carrying, so far as he could reasonably expect, the feelings of the House of Commons with him on every other subject but this. Then why should he be laughed at when he rose on this? (Cheers and uproar.) He was not here to say he was a proper advocate for Protestantism; and if they thought not, let them be the advocates themselves, and let those who were opposed to it correct him, and show him where he was wrong. Let them go into these things in a manly, straightforward, English way and not attempt by clamor and outrage to put down the cause in hand. But that would be a sufficient reason—the very impossibility of getting a hearing, the organized clamor, and now that particular cry they had heard of 'Sing! sing!' (laughter)—the most complimentary to him. Just observe how things go! 'Sing! sing!' What did it mean? There was an organized arrangement in the House by which a few men were able to prevent discussion, so that it happened when he rose and was expected to speak on these matters there was generally a violent burst of laughter. But laughter could not be sustained on nothing. They could not laugh at him. They were too familiar with his appearance, which might be ever so ridiculous, and so, before he spoke, the laughter came to an end. Then they invented this incongruous suggestion that he should 'sing.' [laughter.] That created laughter on its own account, and so it went on, rendering it impossible for the reporters in gallery, however much disposed, to give a fair report of what he was endeavoring to say; that therefore was the position of the Parliamentary question, they had, in fact no Parliament in which these matters could be discussed in the fair and legitimate manner in which other subjects were. According to the statement of Cardinal Wiseman lately at Malines there was in every constituency an organization for keeping down speakers and influencing the votes in the House.—That was how the game was worked. And until the Protestants of this country organized in a similar manner it would be difficult to say what disasters and violence may not happen.—Times.

ENLISTING FOR GARIBALDI.—At the Oxford Police-court yesterday, Mr. Joseph Plowman called the attention of the bench to the fact that a gentleman of military appearance, and who represented himself to be in the service of General Garibaldi, had been staying in Oxford, and had induced a number of young men to enlist in Garibaldi's service. A lad named George Darling, who had been living with him (Mr. Plowman) for nearly two years, left without any notice whatever on Wednesday last, beyond a few lines saying that he was off for Italy, the military officer having supplied him with the necessary means. He (Mr. Plowman) had this day been informed that no less than sixteen went off the same day, and their destination is Venice. The bench thanked Mr. Plowman for his communication, and suggested that he should call the attention of Government to it.

The London Gazette contains the following: Foreign Office, June 6.—Copy of a letter from Earl Russell to the Lords' Commissioners of the Admiralty:—Foreign Office, June 2nd, 1865. My Lords—I have the honor to state to your Lordships that, since the date of my letter of the 11th ult., intelligence has reached this country that the late President of the so-called Confederate States has been captured by the forces of the United States, and has been transported as a prisoner to Port Monroe; and that the armistice hitherto kept in the field of the Confederate States have for the most part surrendered or dispersed. In this position of affairs, Her Majesty's Government are of opinion that neutral nations cannot but consider the civil war in North America as at an end. In conformity with this opinion, Her Majesty's Government recognize that peace has been restored within the whole territory, of which the United States of North America, before the commencement of the civil war, were in undisputed possession. As a necessary consequence of such recognition on the part of H. M. Government, Her Majesty's several authorities in all ports, harbors and waters belonging to Her Majesty, whether in the United Kingdom or beyond the seas, must henceforth refuse permission to any vessel of war carrying a Confederate flag, to enter any such ports, harbors and waters, and must require any Confederate vessels of war which at the time when these orders reach Her Majesty's authorities in such ports, harbors and waters, may have already entered therein in the fact of proclamations heretofore issued by Her Majesty, and which having complied with the provisions of such proclamations, may be actually within such ports, harbors and waters, forthwith to depart from them. But H. M. Government consider that a due regard for national good faith and honor requires that Her Majesty's authorities should be instructed as regards any such Confederate vessels so departing, that they should have the benefit of the prohibition heretofore enforced against pursuit of them within 24 hours by a cruiser of the United States lying at the time within any such ports, harbors and waters, and that such prohibition should be then and for the last time maintained in their favor. If, however, the commander of any Confederate vessel of war which may be found in any port, harbor or waters of Her Majesty's dominions at the time these new orders are received by H. M. authorities, or may enter such port, harbor, or waters within a month after these new orders are received, should, without delay, divest his vessel of her warlike character, and after disarming her, to remain without a Confederate flag within British waters, H. M. authorities may allow the commander of such vessel to do so at his own risk in all respects, in which case he should be distinctly apprised that he is to expect no further protection from Her Majesty's government receipt, such as he may be entitled to in the ordinary

course of the administration of the law, in time of peace. The rule as to 24 hours would of course not be applicable to the case of such vessel. I have addressed a similar letter to the Secretaries of State, for the Home Colonial, India and war offices, and also to the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, requesting them as I do your Lordships, to issue instructions in conformity with the decision of Her Majesty's government, to the several British authorities at home or abroad, who may be called upon to act in the matter.

I am, &c., (Signed), RUSSELL.

EXTRAORDINARY SCENE IN A PLACE OF WORSHIP.—The Scotsman describes an extraordinary scene which occurred in the Huntly Free Church on Sunday evening. The Rev. Donald Grant was acting for the regular minister, who was absent in Edinburgh. Some minutes before the hour fixed for commencing the service, Mr. Grant suddenly ascended the pulpit, and without waiting for the church officer to bring up the bible and psalm-book, leaped over the pulpit and asked a psalm-book from the choir [who sit around the precentor in a large pew in front of the pulpit]. One of the singers handed a book up to him, and he immediately read out the whole of the 118th Psalm, which consists of twenty-nine verses. Before he had finished the psalm, the officer made his appearance with the bible and psalm-book, and seemed considerably surprised that the reverend gentleman had ensconced himself in the pulpit without being ushered in as usual. Mr. Grant, without waiting for the choir to sing, proceeded to pray at length, making some pointed references to the choir before him as being not exactly to his mind. He then gave out the 65th Psalm, but before he allowed the choir to sing, he began to 'expound' the psalm, in the course of which he condemned the choir as an innovation that ought to be put down. They were worse than an organ he said, which was disallowed in all the Free Churches of Scotland—the organ being only dead to good, but the choir was worse than that, being alive to evil. To allow them to sing would be worse than Episcopalianism, Puseyism, &c., and he concluded by saying, 'I say that a child of God ought to lead the singing; no unconverted man ought to lead the singing; I must have a child of God to lead the singing.' Mr. Grant called upon an elder or a deacon to lead the singing, but failed in getting any one to make a response. He then singled out the 'ruling' elder in the congregation, and called upon him by name to lead the singing. That gentleman went up to the pulpit and told the preacher that there was a precentor appointed for the purpose of leading the psalmody. Then turning to Mr. Forrest the leader said, in a tone generally audible, 'That Mr. Forrest would please lead the singing.' The precentor along with the choir began, and all went smoothly for a little. After reading a chapter in his own way, Mr. Grant said, 'I believe some people in this congregation are fond of read sermons. Well, I rather like them myself, and I will read you one.' He then read for about five minutes from a sermon by Richard Baxter, it is supposed, but suddenly stopped short, and looking down at the female singers sitting in their usual place, he told them emphatically, 'You ought not to be there—I say you ought not to be there—that is the seat for the elders and deacons.' The excitement of the congregation was greater than ever. The female singers quitted before his searching glance, and made for the vestry. The preacher closed up his sermon, and harangued the people extemporaneously, in a very excited manner. He said he had been all over this country, and many other countries besides, but Huntly carried off the palm for wickedness. A single pew in the Free Church would hold all the converted people before him. The people of Huntly were going to hell, he was quite certain about that—so certain in fact, that he said 'he almost fancied he heard them singing at the bottom of it.'

A BRAND.—At a first diet of comparance before the Sheriff's Court, held yesterday, Sheriff Gordon presiding, Henry Albert Seiser Oppenheim, alias Julius Oppenheimer, some time resident in Robertson's lodgings, Salisbury street, Edinburgh, was placed at the bar on a charge of falsehoof, fraud, and wilful imposition. The indictment set forth that, on the 4th of March, 1865, at the house in East Claremont street, Edinburgh, occupied by George Gibb Stark, a corn factor, he did falsely and fraudulently pretend and represent to the said George Gibb Stark, and make him believe that he was a minister of the Gospel, that he had been converted from Judaism to Christianity, that in consequence thereof he had been discovered or cast off by his friends, that he was a foreigner, that he was or recently had been a minister of a Christian German congregation of Sunderland in England, that he was well known there to the Christian people as a clergyman of great respectability and trustworthiness, that his name was Henry Seiser, that he was an ordained Lutheran minister and a doctor of divinity, that he was desirous to go to British Columbia, or some other place abroad, in order to preach the Gospel to his countrymen resident there, and that he was desirous to raise money to enable him to defray, for that purpose, the expenses of his journey to such foreign place; and that he repeated this fraudulent statement to Mr. Stark on the 6th of March following, and did, by means of a document conceived in false and fraudulent terms, setting forth the claims of his scheme for the conversion of his fellow-countrymen in British Columbia, obtain from Mr. Stark the sum of £1, which he appropriated to his own use. The libel set forth nine further fraudulent acts of the same nature, by all of which the prisoner obtained in all a sum of £8. The panel pleaded Guilty, and was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment with hard labor.—Scotsman.

AN INDISCREET APOSTROPH.—Last Friday eight days, at our cattle market, large printed placards were posted up in the vicinity of the tents where drink was to be had.—No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven; and similar texts. On Friday last, these were exhibited on the top of a pole, and tied to the railing at the west end of the parish church. Several respectable citizens complained, and we are informed, to the Provost and magistrates about the unseemliness of this display, and the superintendent of police was despatched to ask Major Conran, who had ordered them to be put up, to remove them. This the gallant officer declined to do. Superintendent MacLennan then untied the pole, and handed the rope to the major, stating at the same time that he acted by instructions of the magistrates. The major only remarked in solemn tone to the official, 'That bill will be a witness against you at the Day of Judgment.' Meantime, a middle aged man, who was with the major at the time, and who turned out to be a lay preacher, commenced to pray for the 'unconverted drunken magistrates of Elgin, who were on the broad road to perdition.' On the prayer being concluded, the superintendent was directed to ask the gentleman's card, and on his doing so the reply was, 'Oh, I have no card.' 'Well, then,' said the policeman, 'I wish to have your name and address.' He replied, 'My name is Duncan Campbell, and I have no particular place of abode, but am, like the Apostle Paul, going about from place to place endeavoring to do good.' On the evening of Monday last this same man was addressing a crowd at Gallow-green, and again made an onslaught on the authorities in nearly the terms already noticed, and in prayer made fervent allusion to them, adding that 'if they had the power they would drag people to the stake, as was done in this country many years ago.'—Forris Gazette.

The Cork Reporter mentions that the Evelyn, belonging to Sir John Arnott, of Cork, has a second time run the blockade with a cargo of cotton. She escaped from Wilmington, through the daring of her captain, a few hours previous to his capture; and she has succeeded in getting out of Galveston and reaching Havana in safety. The Evelyn has realised a large sum for her owner.

The True Witness.

AND
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G. E. OLERK, Editor.

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We beg to remind our Correspondents that no letters will be taken out of the Post-Office, unless prepaid.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JUNE 23.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

JUNE—1865

Friday, 30—Commemoration of St. Paul.

JULY—1865.

Saturday, 1—Octave of St. John the Baptist.
Sunday, 2—Fourth after Pentecost, Visitation of B. Virgin.

Monday, 3—Precious Blood.

Tuesday, 4—St. Francois Carrace, C.

Wednesday, 5—St. Norbert, B. C.

Thursday, 6—Oct. of SS. Peter and Paul.

The "Forty Hours" Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament will commence as follows:—

JUNE.

Friday, 30—St. Anne, Montreal.

JULY.

Sunday, 2—St. Esprit.

Tuesday, 4—Visitation, Salet au Recollet.

Thursday, 6—St. Remi.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

The Paris correspondent of the London Times makes a most important assertion, which has at all events a strong flavor of probability about it—it is to this effect: that the French Government has notified the authorities at Washington that Mexico is under French protection, and that any attack upon the first named will be treated by the latter as an act of hostility directed against itself.

That Signor Vegezzi has returned to Rome, and that negotiations have been resumed through him betwixt the King of Sardinia and the Sovereign Pontiff are the only facts about which anything can be asserted positively. The actual results of the negotiations are not known; but as they certainly do not give satisfaction to Mazzini, Garibaldi and the unclean hordes of Liberalism, they may naturally be supposed to be favorable to the dignity and independence of the Catholic Church. According to the *Nazione* the Pope will name to all vacant sees, and the Prelate so named will be presented by the King, whom the Bishops will recognise as King of Italy. The correspondent of the *Union*, whose information may generally be relied upon, assures us, that the negotiations, which are strictly ecclesiastical in their object, have been highly favorable to the Holy See; and that Victor Emmanuel, moved by the exhortations of his ancient preceptor, the Archbishop of Genoa, has manifested throughout an accommodating disposition.

To English speaking Catholics the great event of the week has been the consecration of the Most Rev. Dr. Manning as Archbishop of Westminster. This great and glorious event occurred on Thursday, the 5th instant, in the Chapel at Moorfields, and was celebrated with all the pomp and majesty of our holy religion.—The Bishop of Birmingham was the Consecrator upon the occasion; and all the Hierarchy of England with the exceptions of the Bishop of Liverpool, Shrewsbury, and Hexham were present, as were also the representatives of all the Catholic Powers of Europe, and the most illustrious members of England's time honored Catholic nobility and gentry.

The interior of the chapel or pro-Cathedral was magnificently decorated for the occasion, and the *Times* waxed eloquent as it descends upon the massive plate on the altars, the colossal candlesticks, and the chalice, profusely enriched with brilliants, emeralds, rubies and pearls, a rare work of art, originally from Mexico whence it was sent several centuries ago to the reigning Pope. The religious ceremonies concluded there was a *dejeuner*, at which a large number of guests assisted.

Our latest intelligence from Europe are by the Steamer City of Boston, from Liverpool, 12th inst. Her political news is of but small importance. Our relations with the United States form the subject of frequent discussion in both Houses of Parliament; and in the House of Commons Mr. Layard complained that all representations to the Government at Washington to obtain compensation for the cowardly and wanton murder of Mr. Grey, the mate of an English merchant ship, by Lieutenant Donovan of the United States Navy, had proved unavailing. It was expected that Parliament would be dissolved about the 10th of July.

From the United States there is nothing new to report. The prisoners on trial before the

military tribunal at Washington are being heard in their defence.

According to the *Morning Post* the following is the substance of the arrangements agreed upon for the defence of Canada, betwixt our delegates and the British Government:—

"Canada is expected to undertake the whole of the western defence; the canal will be deepened, and efficient militia maintained. The Imperial Government will furnish the entire necessary armament, and guarantee a loan to construct the Intercolonial Railway."

EMIGRATION OF FRENCH CANADIANS TO THE NORTHERN STATES.—To the patriot and the Catholic, to the Catholic priest above all other men, must the spectacle of the emigration of French Canadians to the neighboring republic be most painful, and the subject of much bitter reflection. To the Canadian patriot, because therein he sees the loss to his country of so many stout arms who in the hour of her need, would be of incalculable service to her in protecting her from the inroads of the enemy; but to the Catholic, and to the Catholic priest above all, because therein he sees the loss of so many immortal souls to God, and to the Church which He founded with His blood. It is true, that as compared with the climate of the United States, that of Lower Canada may be somewhat cold and inhospitable; that the soil of the latter is inferior in fertility; and that in consequence manual labor is not so valuable as, and therefore less handsomely remunerated on the Northern than, on the Southern side of the Lines. These are, and ever will be, strong material motives, or temptations to emigration from Lower Canada to the United States, so long as our winters continue of undiminished length and severity; so long as for many months of the year, all out of door labor is suspended, and so many thousands of mechanics are in consequence thrown out of employment, precisely at that rigorous season of the year when employment is most necessary.—But these material conditions cannot blind the Catholic, or make him indifferent to the fearful moral and religious disadvantages which are almost invariably the concomitants of the emigration to which we are alluding; cannot reconcile the patriot and the Christian to the awful and almost inevitable corruption of faith and morals which that emigration entails upon all therein engaged.

The Yankeeised French Canadian! Is there upon the face of the earth a more pitiful, a more revolting spectacle than is presented by this unhappy and degraded creature? Even in his fall, according to Milton, Satan retained some traces of his primal state, and glory; signs of his former beauty and of his original grandeur still clung to him, even in the abyss into which his rebellion and his apostasy had plunged him, and even then he seemed not less than Archangel ruined. But the Yankee French Canadian! False to his country, false to his Church—as in the great majority of cases these wretched and fallen creatures are,—he retains not one trace, however faint or remote, of his former excellence, of those virtues which characterise his countrymen still faithful to God and to their native land, all whose worst qualities however are in him not only preserved but exaggerated; whilst superadded to these are all the worst and meanest vices of the Yankee, without any single one of the latter's good qualities. Nor is this the language and opinion of Catholics alone. We have heard these sentiments expressed scores of times by Protestants, who not understanding from what a height of moral elevation the subjects of his remarks, once Catholics, had fallen, marvelled at the depth of degradation to which they had sunk. When the Catholic throws off his religion—and this remark, as the history of the French Revolution abundantly proves, is especially applicable to French Catholics—he almost invariably throws off with it all the restraints of natural morality, of honor, and common decency, and becomes more filthy in his manners and conversation than the lowest of savage races on whom the light of truth never dawned. So with the French Canadian emigrant to the United States, who subjected to the deleterious moral influences of a Yankee anti-Catholic atmosphere—and yielding to the corrupting and contagious examples of those by whom he is surrounded, casts away that precious pearl of the faith, the possession of which made him richer, even in his own ungenial clime, and on his own ungrateful soil—than ever he will become without it, in the United States. He sinks, and sinks, lower still and lower, till he becomes himself an object of scorn, of loathing and derision even to his corrupt associates, who have not sunk so low, because never having been Catholics, they have not fallen from so high a level.

No wonder then that the patriot Canadian priest, knowing these things, knowing too to what his apostate countrymen in the United States have been reduced, should, whenever the opportunity presents itself to him, utter words of exhortation to his fellow countrymen still at home, against the moral dangers of emigration. This was what, on a recent occasion, was done by that zealous priest the Rev. M. Beaudry, the Cure of St. Constant; and for so doing he has been taken to task not only the *Witness*, but by

some correspondents of an anti-Catholic paper printed in the French language under the title of the *Moniteur*, and who profess to be Yankee French Canadians. Unwittingly, no doubt, but most clearly do the comments of the *Witness* and the language of the correspondents of the *Moniteur* bear out the assertions of the Rev. M. Beaudry; and most fully do they justify his eloquent denunciation of the moral evils of French Canadian emigration.

The Rev. M. Beaudry asserted in substance that, only too often, the French Canadian emigrant to the United States becomes an apostate. The correspondents of the *Moniteur* justify this assertion by the very fact that they select as the medium of their rejoinder, a virulent anti-Catholic journal such as the *Moniteur*, which is professedly published under the auspices of members of our French Canadian "Swaddling Societies," whose antecedents and real reasons for abjuring the Catholic faith, are so well known to the Catholic public of Canada that we need not refer to them more particularly. No Catholic would write in the *Moniteur*; and thus by selecting that particular journal as their medium of addressing their countrymen, the defendants admit the fact of their own apostasy, and by implication recognise the fact, that only amongst the enemies of the faith of their fathers can they expect sympathy with their new sentiments.

The Rev. Mr. Beaudry lamented the loss to Canada of so many of her children, of whom some 40,000, it is said, were fighting in a cause not only foreign to, but hostile to the best interests of, their native land: in a cause which every lover of freedom must abhor, since it had for its avowed object the subjugation of a gallant people who demanded only to be allowed to govern themselves, and to manage their own affairs. The writers in the *Moniteur* by their reply betray clearly what the spirit is by which they are actuated, the spirit which inspires all the sympathisers with the North; and that is simply a spirit of bitter hatred to British rule, thanks to which the Catholic Church in Canada is free and prosperous. No—say the writers in the *Moniteur* in reply to the Rev. M. Beaudry—the blood of French Canadians shed in subjugating the Confederates was not shed in vain; "it was the blood of our fellow-countrymen shed in 1775 and in the war of 1812 against the Americans . . . that was shed in vain;" and these unpertinent libellers of Great Britain, these traitors to their own country, have the impudence to attribute to the vicinity and protection of the United States, the fair treatment that the French Canadian Catholics of Canada have experienced at the hands of the Protestant Government of England. Do these fellows then forget, or think they that we will ever forget, that one of the chief grievances urged by the revolted Colonies against the mother country was the favor and encouragement shown by the latter to French Canadian Papists; and that the founders of the Yankee republic justified their rebellion, by citing the liberality of the English Government towards the Catholics of Canada whom the Puritans hated!

But, add the writers in the *Moniteur*, we have received from the United States "bread—liberty, happiness"—things which we could not find in Canada. We know not about the "bread"—though we more than suspect that the bread that French Canadians in the United States eat, is very dirty bread, such as is cast to dogs, and as requires a very strong stomach to digest—or the "happiness;" but this we know that even the material condition of French Canadians in the United States is often so wretched as to necessitate public appeals in our Canadian Churches, to Canadian charity. Why this incessant whining for Canadian "bread" then, if indeed the United States give the French Canadian emigrants a sufficiency of "bread"—of such "bread" even as dogs not too proud to eat dirty puddings, are content to eat?

We will admit the "liberty" of the United States, if by the word be meant license, and deliverance from the moral restraints which public opinion in Catholic Lower Canada imposes. In the United States a man can do many nasty things, which he could not do in Canada without outraging the moral sense of the community, without making himself infamous amongst his neighbors. In the United States he can enjoy the benefit of that peculiar marriage code which degrades the unions of baptised men and women to the level of those which obtain amongst the beasts of the field; and in this sense, but in no other can the United States boast of their superior liberty—unless indeed liberty consist in arbitrary arrests, imprisonments without term of trial, and the suppression of all individual freedom. Such too was the liberty inaugurated by the Liberals of '89, consummated and brought to perfection by their legitimate successors, the Terrorists of '93.

Our readers will comprehend now how it is that the cause of the North has such charms for all who hate the Catholic Church, and desire her humiliation in Canada. They know that that Church is, under God, protected by the British flag, and therefore they desire to see that flag superseded by that of the "Stars and Stripes."

They know that the triumph of the North bodes evil to British rule in North America, and therefore they rejoice over it. In vain the *Witness* hypocritically deprecates the hostile tone of the writers in the *Moniteur*, and their mendacious attacks upon the Government of which he calls himself a subject. It is because they are on his side in religion, that they are filled with deadly hatred to the Government under which the Catholic Church is free and prosperous; and it is because when treating of that Church they despise the obligations of truth and honesty, that they are equally oblivious of those obligations in their dealings with the Government of England.

We beg to remind our readers that the St. Patrick's Society's Annual Pic-Nic will come off on Wednesday next, 5th July. The proceeds to be devoted to charitable purposes.

THE ST. JEAN BAPTISTE.—The festival falling on Saturday, its public celebration by our French Canadian fellow-citizens was postponed till Monday. On that day they marched in the usual order to the Parish Church where High Mass was sung, and an eloquent and appropriate discourse was delivered by the Rev. M. Giband. After Mass the Procession reformed, and passed along the principal streets of the City, which were tastefully decorated with flags, and arches of evergreens in honor of the occasion. Arrived at Viger Square, addresses were delivered by M. M. Chauveau, the Mayor, by the Rev. M. Perreault, Chaplain of the St. John the Baptist Society, who was loudly called for—by M. M. Valois, Oumet, and Plinguet. In the evening there was a Promenade Concert at the City Hall.

We read in our exchanges that the Catholic Church of St. Patrick, Toronto, with parsonage thereunto attached, was destroyed by fire on the 22nd instant. The buildings were only partially insured. "There is scarcely a doubt," says the *Witness*, "that the fire was the work of an incendiary."

This is the natural result of the *Globe's* mendacious appeals to the passions of the Toronto rabble. Our readers will remember how on a late occasion Mr. George Brown's organ published a statement to the effect that the Catholic churches and chapels in Toronto were filled with pikes destined for a general massacre of the Protestant population—a statement evidently intended to incite to the destruction of the buildings thus pointed out to the fury of an unreasoning and easily deceived mob. The *Globe* then morally is as guilty as the scoundrel who actually applied the match; for the latter was but doing the villainous work to which the other had deliberately incited him.

The following are the particulars of the destruction of the St. Patrick's Church, as we find them published in the *Montreal Herald*:—

This morning, shortly after 6 o'clock, a fire was discovered breaking out of the north side of St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Church, on Sanner Street. It was first seen by a woman residing in the Roman Catholic Parsonage, next door, when she entered the building for the purpose of ringing the 5:30 bell. The alarm was immediately given but it was fully twenty minutes before the engines arrived, and when they did the whole church was in flames, and no water could be obtained closer than the corner of East William and Queen streets, and although the hose of both engines was laid it was not long enough to reach the scene of the conflagration. Water was then obtained from a pond opposite the church, and an attempt made to save the parsonage, a small, rough-cast building, but from the delay the flames gained the mastery, and the building was reduced to ashes, notwithstanding the strenuous exertions of the firemen. If it had been known in time, any quantity of water could have been obtained from Aldwell's brewery vat; but even then the church being wooden structure, and the fixtures being of light inflammable materials, was easy prey for the fiery element. The church is insured in the Western Company for \$2,000 and the parsonage for \$500. A portion of the furniture in the latter was saved; in the church was an organ costing \$500, which is cracked by the heat, and therefore useless. Two suspicious characters were seen looking at the fire in front of the parsonage at five o'clock in the morning by the gardener, and a full description of them has been reported to Captain Prince. It must have been the work of an incendiary; as no fire has been used in the furnaces of the church since the warm weather set in and no lights have been in the building for at least three days. One of the firemen named Pettigrew, was attacked with stones by about twenty women and some men, for making a remark which did not suit them, as they are Roman Catholics. The Chief Engineer of the Fire Brigade, Mr. Ashfield, and Mr. Oclater, of the Water Works Company, had a slight dispute on the ground, at which the former indulged in language far from complimentary. The Chief was injured on the neck from a falling beam, but it is not very serious. The priest of the church, Mr. Wey, is in Barrie, but will be in the city to-night. Every effort will be made to terret out the incendiaries.

During the past week an investigation has been held as to the conduct of our City Police accused of several very serious breaches of discipline and good conduct. The affair is not yet terminated, and we therefore refrain from all comments thereon; besides as the details are not the most edifying we think that our readers will appreciate and approve our reticence in this respect.

We are happy to say that this year the Feast of Corpus Christi at Toronto passed off without any disturbance. The Catholics of that City had a Procession, but it was strictly confined within the limits of their own property, and this year the Protestants did not offer any violence to their fellow-citizens. This indicates a somewhat improved tone of public morality in the Western Capital.

LE CERCLE DE L'UNION CATHOLIQUE.—A centre of union for the Catholic population of this city has long been wanted, and this want has been well supplied by the institution whose name we have given above. It is in fact a kind of Catholic Club, wherein the members may meet to converse, amuse themselves, read and study, for the building comprises ample accommodation for all these pursuits.

The site is at No. 106 St. Alexander Street, in a commodious house to which is attached a very excellent garden, well stocked with fruit, flowers and trees. It contains reading rooms well furnished with all the best periodicals, French and English, of the day—a Library—a billiard room, with every thing complete; rooms for the amateurs of chess and other games, refreshment rooms, bath-rooms—and, in a word, everything that can be conceived of as necessary to contribute to the intellectual profit, and rational entertainment of the inmates.

The institution is essentially Catholic, and is under the patronage of his Lordship the Bishop of the Diocese. It is governed by a body of laymen chosen from the members, and upon the same principles as those which preside over the management of the affairs of kindred institutions elsewhere. The terms of admission are moderate; and all, without distinction of nationality, are invited to avail themselves of the advantages which it holds out. Of this invitation we trust that the English speaking portion of the Catholic community of Montreal will hasten to avail themselves; and that the *Cercle de L'Union Catholique* may thus be the means of making better acquainted with one another two races who, the more frequently and closely they are brought in contact with one another, will the better appreciate one another's excellent qualities.

THE YEAR OF MARY—Messrs. Sadliers, New York and Montreal.

This work is translated from the French of the Rev. M. D'Arville, by Mrs. J. Sadlier, and is given to the world with the approbation of the Archbishops of Baltimore and New York, and of the Bishop of Philadelphia. It contains suitable meditations on the glories, privileges and powerful intercession of the Blessed Virgin, of her whom Jesus dying on the Cross gave to us as our Mother, for all the festivals of the Christian year, and will, we doubt not, prove acceptable to all sincere and fervent Catholics.

HYMNS AND MELODIES FOR THE YEAR, with an Introduction of Easy Melodies, edited by Frederick Westlake, Associate of the Royal Academy of Music. London, Lambert & Company.

The Messrs. Sadliers have a have on hand for sale a copy of this collection of hymns well suited for use of schools, or missions.

HISTORY OF THE BIBLE—For the Use of Catholic Schools. By Rev. Theo. Noethen, New York. S. Tickle, New York.

This little compendium of sacred history enjoys the formal approbation of His Grace Archbishop McCloskey, and is admirably adapted to instruct youth in the history of their holy religion, and the great central facts on which that religion depends. We can heartily commend it, therefore, to all Catholic school teachers.

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW—April 1865.—Dawson Brothers, Montreal.

The current number contains articles on the following subjects:—Galleries of the Louvre; 2 Classical learning in France; The Great Printer Stephens; 3 Sir E. B. Lytton's Later Novels and Collected Poems; 4 French Education; 5 Our Ships and Guns; their Defects and the Remedy; 6 Bishop of London's Fund; 7 Clerical Subscription; 8 Travels in Central Asia; 9 Libels and the Freedom of the Press; 10 Parliamentary Reform.

NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH BLOWN DOWN.

The readers of the *True Witness* are earnestly solicited to lend a helping hand to the ladies of the Catholic congregation of Cornwall, who intend holding a Bazaar, on the 26th Dec. next, and three following days, in aid of the funds for the reconstruction of their beautiful new church, which was leveled with the ground during that fearful hurricane which swept over the country on Wednesday in Holy Week—12th April last. Thus, in less than thirty minutes, that dreadful tornado, which did so much damage throughout the length and breadth of Canada, deprived the Catholics of Cornwall—(the majority of whom are in slender circumstances)—of the fruit of their struggles for years past.—Meekly bowing to the dispensation of Divine Providence, those good ladies have put their heads together and resolved upon getting up a Bazaar to aid in putting their church once more in the condition it was in before that memorable wind storm. Surely they deserve assistance under the circumstances! and so surely, please God, will many a generous heart, after reading these lines, resolve upon sending them a contribution, either in material or money, and immediately thereafter reduce this resolve to practice.—The contributions may be forwarded to the address of Mrs. Dr. Macdonald, Mrs. Angus Macdonnell, Mrs. D. McMillan, Mrs. J. S. Macdonnell, Mrs. Angus McPhail, Miss M. E. Campbell, or the Rev. J. S. O'Connor, P. P. Cornwall, 19th June, 1865.

THE FRONTIER FORCE.—We lately stated that the men of the frontier force, many of whom served in the Guards, were to be dressed in a dark uniform...

During the fearful storm on Sunday night, a Mrs Smith, residing in St. Adolphus street, had her arm cut by the glass from a window, which was broken by lightning.—1b.

On Sunday a young man was drowned at the Quarry at the Mile End whilst washing his carriage, owing to the horse backing the carriage into the water...

DROWNED.—On Saturday afternoon a young man named Olement Voligny fell from a raft at Cote St. Paul and was drowned.

FOUND DROWNED.—The body of a young woman named Bridget Power, was found in the canal near the Wellington Bridge on Sunday morning...

A boy about 17 years of age, named Dinwoodie, employed by the Ontario Bank as a messenger, was sent to the American Express Company's office about 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon with a package containing \$9000 in Bank Bills for Quebec.

It can scarcely be doubted that a confederate of more mature age and older in crime is engaged with this youth in the theft; and if so, the chance of obtaining the money is very remote.

In the course of the afternoon the Chief of Police (Mr. Penton) started for Chambly, and last night a telegram was received by the Policeman on duty at the Bonaventure Station, from Chambly, that Dinwoodie had been arrested there.—Gazette, 24th inst.

Three pints of London, C.W., whiskey will kill a dog. The experiment has been tried according to the prototype, and from this it is thought that the liquor may be put down as sure death to all who use it.

We hear of late especially long and bitter complaints that our young men, the bone and sinew of the country, are constantly leaving the country and seeking a livelihood elsewhere, more particularly in the United States.

A PROMINENT CANADIAN IN TROUBLE.—On Saturday Mr. Wm. Richardson, cashier of a branch of the Bank of Montreal, at Stratford, C.W., arrived in this city and gave information at the police headquarters...

Fishleigh has for years past been a successful merchant at Mitchell, and up to the time of his mysterious flight was Reeve of the town. Since 1854, he has been in the habit of forging drafts, checks, etc., on the before mentioned bank for sums ranging in amount from \$100 to \$1500 and \$2,000.

ANTICIPATED RAID ON THE BANKS.—The close of the war in the United States has thrown upon society as worthless a lot of vagabonds as could be found anywhere.

THEFTS AND BURGLARS.—The Kingston Whig says that the police authorities of that city have positive information of a gang of thieves and burglars being in that city awaiting an opportunity of perpetrating their nefarious designs.

DEATH OF A VETERAN.—An old man, named Jose Morais, died in the parish of Ste. Pie a day or two ago at the advanced age of 104 years.

EMIGRATION.—Since our contemporaries have been harping upon the string of emigration, we have been trying to investigate the matter in our own locality and we find that Waterloo instead of decreasing in population is steadily on the increase.

FORTIFICATIONS AT SOUTH QUEBEC.—The Mercury contains the following:—The holders of the property at Levis required for the construction of the new defences, have been notified of the assumption of the same by the Military Government.

We learn that Thomas Butler, the notorious slanderer of our venerable Bishop and Clergy, and author of the infamous pamphlet entitled "Structures of Verax," which was printed at Halifax last Fall, has been tried before the preme Court at Supreme Court at Sydney, convicted of libel, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment in the County Jail, and also to pay a fine of \$100.

THE TRIAL OF MR. THOMAS BUTLER, the author of a book called "Verax," for a libel on the Right Rev. Dr. MacKinnon, Roman Catholic Bishop of Ariclat, was begun and concluded on Thursday last. A verdict of Guilty was returned by the Petit Jury.

WHEAT FLY.—We hear from Toronto that the wheat fly is exceedingly virulent in that part of the country, and that the finer descriptions of wheat, such as used to be grown, would in all probability be completely destroyed.

On Monday last Gen. Dix paid a visit to the Montreal Seminary, of which he was a pupil many years ago. An address was presented to him by the pupils.

DREADFUL AFFAIR.—Last week, in the township of Otonabee, John Crowley, Patrick Crowley, Mich. Crowley and Patrick Murry, came to their death by inhaling foul air in a well which they were cleaning out at the time.

THE ALLEGED ANNEXATION MOVEMENT.—Respecting the statement of the Leader's correspondent that the annexation movement is making considerable headway in Montreal the Quebec Chronicle says:—It is possible that there are merchants in Montreal favourable to annexation inasmuch as there are some who are hostile to British rule; but that they are numerous we deny; and, as speaking of the population of Lower Canada, nothing can be farther from the truth.

THE ACTION OF THE GOVERNMENT in favoring the holding of a convention for the consideration of the question of a Legislative Union of the Maritime Provinces, in the face of the facts that must certainly be in their possession, is really absurd.

A NEW BOTANY BAY.—One of the latest developments of English humanitarianism consists in sending convicts to Canada by way of getting rid of them.

COAL OIL DISCOVERIES.—Whether influenced by the example of the St. Mary's Coal Oil Company, or the success of late prospecting operations, we will not say, but oil speculators have leased, we learn, nearly all the land on both sides of river Thames from London to within a few miles from this town, the consideration being every tenth barrel of the oil which men of experience feel assured can be had in large quantities for the boring.

STARTLING—IF TRUE.—Le Courier gives currency to a statement that Messrs. Baring Brothers, the great London capitalists, who are creditors of the Corporation of Quebec to a very large amount, have sent out a petition to the Provincial Legislature, praying for the abolition of the present municipal system and the appointment of Commissioners.

MISS LAWLOR'S DAY SCHOOL.—MISS LAWLOR respectfully informs the public that she still continues her SCHOOL on the Corner of M'CORD and WILLIAM STREETS.

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ENCOURAGING IMMORALITY.—The publisher of the Brockville Monitor has announced that he will not hereafter insert advertisements of questionable character. In reference to this a western exchange says:—Such a refusal shows the moral character of this public organ.

RATHER A DROUTHY PLACE.—A correspondent of the Belleville Intelligencer spent the Queen's Birthday in Brockville, and furnishes the following calculation to exemplify the heat of the day and the dryness of the people.

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Birth. In this city, on the 22nd instant, Mrs. P. P. Phelan, of a daughter.

Married. On the 19th instant, at the Church of the Nativity of the B. V. Mary, Williamstown, by the Rev. J. J. McCarthy, brother to the bride, Alexander Shannon, Esq., of Montreal, to Mary Jane, daughter of the late John McCarthy, Esq.

Died. Lost his life on the 5th instant, while in the act of trying to save James, aged 16 years nearly, the son of Mr. James Agnew, who was drowned in the Mill Pond at the village of Lloydtown, in the Township of King, James Joseph, aged 18 years, 3 months and 8 days, the son of Robert Walsh, P.L.L. May his soul rest in peace.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS. Montreal, June 27, 1865. Flour—Pollards, \$3.25 to \$3.90; Middlings, \$4.00 to \$4.20; Fine, \$4.25 to \$4.50; Super, No. 2 \$4.50 to \$4.75; Superfine \$5.00 to \$5.25; Fancy \$5.50 to \$5.70; Extra, \$5.80 to \$5.90; Superior Extra \$6.10 to \$6.20; Bag Flour, \$3.00 to \$3.00.

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ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY'S ANNUAL GRAND PICNIC, WILL BE HELD IN GUILBAULT'S GARDENS (Head of St. Lawrence Main Street), ON WEDNESDAY NEXT, 5th JULY.



THE Regular MONTHLY MEETING of the above Corporation will take place in NORDBRIMERS HALL, on MONDAY EVENING next, 3rd of July.

OPENING OF THE NEW HALL OF ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, BLEURY STREET, SECOND DAY, TUESDAY, JULY 11th, A MUSICAL & DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.

THE MEMBERS of the English Academy will repeat, by request, "THE HIDDEN GEM," a Drama in two Acts by H. E. the late Cardinal Wiseman.

JOSEPH J. MURPHY, Attorney at Law, Solicitor in-Chancery, CONVEYANCER, &c., OTTAWA, O.W.

THE SUBSCRIBER begs leave to inform his Customers and the Public that he has just received, a CHOICE LOT of TEAS, consisting in part of—YOUNG HUNSON, GUNPOWDER, Colored and ENGLISH JAPANS, OOLONG & SOUCHONG.

Province of Canada, in the Superior Court, District of Richelieu, Dame MATHILDA CELINA DEROUIN, Plaintiff;

WILLIAM McNICHOLS, alias WILLIAM KELLY, Defendant. PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that an action for Separation as to Property (ex separation de biens) has been this day instituted in the name of Dame Mathilda Celina Derouin, of the Town of Sorel, in the District of Richelieu, wife of William McNichols, alias William Kelly, Trader, of the same place, against her said husband, under No. 593, and will be returnable before this Court on the TWENTY-SECOND of June instant.

BONDY FAUTEUX & GAGNON, Attorneys for Plaintiff, Mathilda Celina Derouin.

COLLEGE OF REGIOPOLIS KINGSTON, C.W. 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 healthful 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 the First Thursday of July, July 21st, 1861.

GOVERNNESS. AN Officer's daughter wishes to meet with an engagement as resident GOVERNNESS in a private Family or School. Acquirements—English, French, Drawing, Music (Vocal and Instrumental.) Address—Gamma, Box 52, Brampton, C.W. April 30, 1865.

DALTON'S NEWS DEPOT. Newspapers, Periodicals, Magazines, Fashion Books Novels, Stationery, School Books, Children's Books, Song Books, Almanacs, Diaries and Postage Stamps for sale at DALTON'S News Depot, Corner of Craig and St. Lawrence Streets, Montreal, Jan. 17, 1864.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The Emperor of France had returned to Paris. He is within our own knowledge that among the Catholics of France there has been a very strong impression that Prince Napoleon's vehement attacks in the Senate upon the Holy See, the Pontifical Government and the Temporal Power, were but the unstrained expression of the Emperor's feelings and sentiments; and whenever a doubt was thrown out as to the justice of this inference, the answer was ready, "Would the Prince have dared to say so-and-so, if he did not know that the Emperor would not be offended, or if the Emperor had not told him to do so?" Even the suppression of the speech at Ajaccio by the *Moniteur* was not sufficient to expiate the Emperor from complicity in its extravagances.

It is stated that Pien-Pien means to quit France, at all events, for the present, and to seek a home in Italy. Wherever he goes he cannot embarrass the Emperor much more than he has done any day these seven years. He has been always getting himself and the Government into hot water; and as the Emperor, with great truth, observes, his political programme in Corsica could please none so much as the deadliest enemies of the Empire. The Princess Clotilde is said to be afflicted by the mischievous clutches of her husband, and we can readily believe it. The Princess's letter to the Emperor was published in *La Presse* alone, his friend Emile de Girardin not having committed himself by any praise upon the Corsican speech, and being thus more free than the Prince's protegee, the infidel Guerot, of the anarchical *Opinion Nationale*, whose inflated panegyrics upon the imperial oration which he published in jail, had so irritated the Emperor's Regent that she ordered the suppression of the paper, which it escaped only by a flimsy profession of loyalty by Guerot before the decree could have been prepared. The letter given to that infidel print and its revolutionary ally, the equally infidel *Stecie*, while Catholic journals have been suppressed or only allowed to breathe, has been one of the scandals of the Ministry of the Interior under the Duc de Fersigny and his successors.

The *Independence Belge* writes in the following terms of the Emperor's letter to the Prince Napoleon: "It is a disavowal as complete in spirit and as clear and precise in form as could be desired by the most ardent adversaries of the ideas of the Vice President of the Privy Council, those who, in the government, the senate, and the press, have been excited by his words as though by an ultra-demagogical and revolutionary manifesto. The Chief of the State takes the opportunity of recalling the severe discipline established by Napoleon I. in his family in order to prevent divergence of will and action, and of declaring that henceforth he himself does not intend to deviate from the rule of conduct adopted in this respect by the founder of his dynasty. It is easy to understand the impression that must have been made on the Prince by the terms of the imperial missive, the warning it communicates with, and the official publicity given to it. He at once replied in a letter of a few lines, announcing, in the simplest and most laconic terms, his resignation as President of the Privy Council, and as President of the Commission of the Universal Exhibition of 1867. This incident is the event of the day, and we need not say it has caused an immense sensation in Paris. No trace of this should, however, be looked for in the French journals, which prudently abstain from all reflections upon such a delicate matter. Without wishing to occupy ourselves more than they do with certain aspects of the fresh misunderstanding between the Emperor and his cousin, we cannot refrain from expressing, from a general point of view, our regret that a political programme which limits itself to praise of the liberty of the press and the right of public meeting should be regulated by the sovereign of France, and regarded by him as serving only the enemies of his government. Yesterday (Saturday), at the sitting of the Corps Legislatif, where, naturally enough, the incident which has just taken place in the highest regions of power was the one subject thought of, several deputies among those who are always ready to parade their zeal, talked of making a demonstration, either collectively or individually, to the Emperor, in order to show their approval of the condemnation of Prince Napoleon. But the majority thought it would be a misplaced interference, and no proposal was made.

The *Nord* takes a very different view of the matter. It says: "After the almost universally unfavourable emotion produced both in France and abroad by the speech at Ajaccio, the Emperor Napoleon's letter is sure beforehand to be everywhere welcomed with the utmost satisfaction. The Paris papers are very chary of their comments. The *Union* says that 'the letter of the Chief of the State appears to be one of the most important signs of the present political situation.' The *Avenir National* says:— 'We might vainly seek, even in the history of the first empire, such an admonition addressed to a personage of such elevated rank in the State as Prince Napoleon. Never has a master spoken in louder tones or more authoritatively made a subject return to the path of duty and hierarchical subordination. Nevertheless it must be admitted that though the letter is severe it is just, and in complete conformity with the logic of the imperial regime. In that regime there is 'only one will and one action,' that of the Emperor; by the side of that will every other will is inadmissible; by the side of that action all other action is unconstitutional. Prince Napoleon forgot when he spoke the Napoleonic tradition.— That tradition the Emperor knows, understands, and practises better than the Prince; he recalls it to him, he leads him back to it, and intimates to him that henceforth he will not deviate from it. Before the letter of the Emperor, Prince Napoleon, placed between his clearly defined duty and his very vague aspirations had a strange bearing, an inexplicable language, a false position. The letter of the Emperor simplifies everything; the moral position of Prince Napoleon is changed; his attitude and his language will also change. By signifying that there are in his family but one will and one action the Emperor traces out for all their rule of conduct, and as first prince of the empire Prince Napoleon has

to give to all the example of submission. In this he certainly will not fail. Paris *Journal*.—The *Patrie* of this evening says:— 'We are authorised to deny the statement that General Bourbaki would be sent to Mexico with 10,000 men.' La *France* of this evening says that the mission of M. Eloi was to acquaint the King of the Belgians with the sad affair of Teccambaro, and to give precise information to the Emperor Napoleon, King Leopold; and the Emperor of Austria as to the real state of Mexico. M. Eloi was also directed to assure President Johnson that it is the sincere desire of the Emperor Maximilian to maintain friendly relations with the United States. It is said that M. Eloi had occasion to congratulate himself on the reception he had experienced from President Johnson.

The Paris correspondent of the *London Times* under the date of June 8th, writes as follows:—It is certain that the Mexican agent who arrived in Paris was sent by Maximilian for the express purpose of explaining the critical state of affairs in Mexico. The menacing attitude of the Americans and the fear of his Majesty that war would be declared by the United States, now that the war with the South is over. The French Government has therefore, given the Washington Cabinet to understand very plainly, that Mexico is under the protection of France. That France will not allow any power to attack it. The filibusters and adventurers entering Mexican territory with hostile designs will, if taken, be hanged or shot, without mercy, and the United States government, whose good faith France of course does not doubt, will not wisely as well as humanely, by doing all in its power to keep her subjects from injuring her protegee. The Washington Cabinet, probably has no desire at this time to be on bad terms with this country, and will no doubt, act prudently in this affair. The language and tone of France is what may be called decidedly energetic. It may not be literally correct, as I mentioned, but is substantially so.

PRINCESS OF ANHANGOR.—A case of a rather serious nature has occurred in Paris, and may lead to a very awkward complication. An Attaché of the Russian Embassy was stabbed some little time ago in his office, and the French and Russian Governments both claim the right of trying the criminal—the former on the ground that the assault having been committed in Paris comes naturally under French law, and the latter that, inasmuch as the crime was committed by a Russian subject upon another Russian subject, within the privileged precincts of the Embassy the case ought to be sent to St. Petersburg for trial. The French Government having refused the extradition demanded, the Attaché of the Embassy who witnessed the attempt announce their intention not to appear at the trial. The difficulty thus raised is a serious one. The members of the legation cannot be arrested, and if the Russian authorities persist in the course they have commenced the assassin will have to be discharged—unless, indeed, he can be induced to criminate himself after the manner of French law. A similar case a short time ago occurred in London. A summons was applied for against a servant of the French Ambassador for an assault, but the police magistrate, to whom the application was made was compelled to refuse it, on the ground that he had no jurisdiction over the servants of the Embassy, and also because the house of the Ambassador is regarded as the territory of the country which he represents.

IGNOMINIOUS INVENTION.—The French journals are all repeating a story about an Englishman who has gone over to Paris to get a patent for a new pickpocket trap—a false pocket made on the plan of an ear-bucket. Dishonesty can slip in its hand, but cannot draw it back, and so is caught in *flagrante delicto*. The inventor caught one thief, a young woman, in an omnibus, but he let her off.

France has issued similar instructions to those given by the English Government for the withdrawal of protection from Confederate ships of war. In French political circles the latest news from America is considered very serious. The policy to which President Johnson appears to be pledged with respect to the late leaders of the Confederates is regarded as affording but little hope that his foreign relations will be managed with more discretion than has been shown in the conduct of the internal affairs of the States. Recent arrests of officers of the Confederate army have created a painful impression in France, and the Paris correspondent of the *Morning Herald* says that the course adopted by the United States Government strengthens the belief that the civil war will be followed by a reign of terror in the States.

ITALY.

PRINCE OF SALERNO.—The Piedmontese party are seeking to extract political capital from it by representing the Pope as desirous to compromise with the Revolution, and accept the *status quo* as a definitive solution of the Italian difficulty, and without reference to the interests or counsel of the great Catholic Powers. This is the tone taken within the last three weeks by the *Italia*, the *Alpi*, and several other of the more moderate journals, and the National Committee of Rome have actually had the impudence to circulate a sort of complimentary address to His Holiness, claiming him as an advocate of Italian Unity! Happily the Pope cares as little for the 'Eosanna' as for the 'Crucifix' of these worthies, having had ample experience of both, and will seek first the Kingdom of God and His glory, knowing that all the rest will follow in God's time, and that the Church's triumph is a matter so certain that it may safely be left to Providence; and to the Catholic Reaction, which is everywhere in Italy setting strongly in, and calling for fosterage and organisation from the head-quarters of the faith. The Mazzinian press knows better to believe in a conciliation between the Pope and the Revolution, and most of its organs are violently opposed to the negotiations which they justly consider as a concession, not of Rome but of Italy. The *Diritto* and the *Popolo d'Italia* are violent in their denunciations of the treason to the National cause involved in the accrediting an envoy to the Pope, and are doing everything they can by a systematic misrepresentation of the aim and scope of their being brought to any satisfactory conclusion. Therefore they represent the Pope as a Liberal, to detach the Legationists, among whom are his warmest and staunchest supporters, or as opposed to all conciliation to prevent any reaction in favour of the Church among the honest supporters of the Dynasty of Savoy in Upper Italy, or the many Italians who cling to the programme of a Confederation as the only one fulfilling the exigencies of Unity and Autonomy at the same time.

The accounts of Sicily are such as to make every thinking man question himself as to whether that programme must not soon be carried out by the forcible disruption of the Southern provinces, and at least of the Island. Florence Wednesday, June 7.—The *Aurora* of today denies the rumours of changes in the ministry. The same journal publishes details of the negotiations with the Papal court. The Pope, it is stated, will appoint bishops to the vacant sees, but they will be presented by King Victor Emmanuel, and will make a declaration acknowledging him as their Sovereign and recognising the kingdom of Italy. The Pope has consented to the suppression of some bishoprics, and the Italian Government will have the right to prevent the return of those prelates whose presence it may consider prejudicial to public safety. The *Nazione* believes these engagements will be verbal, and that no conventions will be signed either by Rome or Italy with the other Catholic powers.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: It is generally believed at Vienna that Garibaldi and his friends are preparing to attack Venetia and Tyrol. The news of the existence of recruiting-offices for Garibaldians, at Brescia and Bergamo appears to be confirmed. The bounty offered is twenty lire, together with an allowance for arms and ammunition. Several bands,

consisting of Venetian emigrants, have appeared on the frontier, and are being chased by the Italian troops. SARDINIA.—At Parma, a few nights back, some impious persons carried off one of the figures of the Madonna exposed in the streets of that city, plundered two others, and profaned three more. The Bishop of the diocese ordered Masses for three days as a reparation, in which the population took part. Rome.—The great musician, Liszt, now that he has entered the ecclesiastical state, is about to be appointed Maestro di Capella of the Sixtine Chapel choir, Rome, whom it is to be hoped he will restore to their ancient fame.—*Weekly Register*.

At last the Vegeszi question is reported on good authority to be settled, and the aforesaid diplomatist is to come to Rome with what he considers to be an official character, a point however which will be ignored here, as an envoy from such a personage as 'the King of Italy' can only be held as coming *ex partibus infidelium*. I am told that the Holy Father showed to Count Andrea Albergotti the autograph letter he received from Victor Emmanuel in answer to his fatherly appeal. This interesting document, which extends over four pages of closely written letter-paper, will be a great acquisition for the 'Colletanea' of some future Father Theiner, if only as a specimen of the crude polyglotism of 'the King of Italy,' who it seems unbosomed himself to the Pope in Italian, French, and Piedmontese according to the shape his ideas took best in these three modes of expression. I believe he tried first to write in Italian, as befitting his newly assumed title; then went off into French, in which he received what education he was susceptible of, and finished off in Piedmontese, which is after all his ordinary language.—However, the poor man's good intentions may be taken for what they are worth in any form. May he only find at last sufficient manly spirit to carry them out! It will require immense perseverance on his part to combat the raging opposition of the depraved men with whom he has shared his power, if he has not even almost entirely yielded it.—*Cor. of Weekly Register*.

KINGDOM OF NAPLES.—The ceremonies with which the miraculous liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius is attended have just been concluded at Naples. They were celebrated with great pomp. A large concourse of people, whose recollections and orderly demeanour attested their piety, were present on the occasion.

At Palermo a serious emeute has taken place, and the National Guard and the troops with great difficulty succeeded in restoring tranquillity. At Corleone there was a great Royalist meeting on the 11th of May, and on the 12th, at break of day, the town was surrounded by the military, and three hundred of the principal inhabitants arrested, put in irons, and carried off to the dungeons of Palermo, already swarming with the arrests consequent on the previous emeute, and with the prisoners who have been there two, three, four and even five years on accusation of Reaction. Outside Palermo no one dares stir out of town. Men go armed to the teeth to their farm or cottage-house. Priests are shot at the altar, merchants at their desks, workmen in the fields, and no one seems able to devise a remedy. The military authorities accuse the Prefects of inertia, and of favouring Reaction. The Prefects say that the hatred excited by the generals is alienating all population; and the *Dovera*, a Mazzinian paper of Genoa, says this morning—'The recent excesses of General Fallaricio in the Calabria carried out by order of the Minister and based on the Legge Pica, would be simply impossible under the worst of despotisms. Justice, honour and humanity are daily trodden under foot by him.'

This is a fair quotation, coming, not from a clerical journal, but from one whose devotion to the Italian cause is above suspicion.

The judges at instruction have sent 57 of the guilty men accused of the Cosenza process for trial before the high court of Naples at the coming assizes. At the head of the list stand four excellent priests—two Commandators Talos and Colonel Prati. Against these unhappy men there is no proof save a few insignificant letters, written in cypher, unsigned, unaddressed, and in printed characters so that identification of handwriting is impossible, which were stolen by the accomplices of Filippico last year from the lodgings of Baron Cosenza in Rome. The letters referred to private affairs and were in no way connected with politics. But forgery is never wanting when a conviction is wished for. The dispositions of Ottavio Taglietti who, poor old wretch, gave it under torture in 1861, will probably be brought forward. I shall keep your readers *au courant* of the proceedings when they take place, as they threaten to be a worthy parallel to those of the great crisis trial in 1862.

The *Arca di Noe* (Respolitan Punch) was a capital caricature of America in a very dishevelled state, weeping over the body of Lincoln. Italy looks on and says, pointing to Garibaldi, who is represented as perfectly imbecile, 'You weep for your dead man! you are welcome to mine!' I am, however, happy to say that Garibaldi is not only alive but intends (says the *Diritto*), to favour us with an early return to the stage. In the mean time he is indulging in domestic felicity to a most praiseworthy extent at Caprera, and has been visited by His Grace of Sutherland, who imparted to him the melancholy intelligence of President Lincoln's murder, which greatly affected him. He has consoled himself, however, by giving the wretched name to Teresita's last baby, as is duly chronicled in the *Independente*; and as I know how welcome all details regarding the hero are to English readers, (especially the *grandes dames*), I transcribe the above very touching particulars. His brother Michele, a Captain of a Genoese merchantman, his sons, daughters and daughter-in-law; with him, and the English commission is buying out an old lady who has lived 25 years in Caprera that he may be 'marchant of all he surveys.'—*Weekly Register*.

POLAND.

EXECUTIONS AT WARSAW.—The Warsaw official journal of the 25th inst. states that the Abbe Brzozko, who had at the commencement of the Polish insurrection joined the insurgents as their chaplain, and who subsequently commanded a band of 1,000 insurgents, at the head of whom he fought eight battles with the troops of the Emperor, was lately captured with arms in his hands. He was tried by court-martial at Warsaw, sentenced to death and executed. The official paper adds that another insurgent named Wilczyński, the intimate and devoted friend of the Abbe Brzozko, and who acted with him among the insurgents, was captured at the same time, sentenced to death, and executed on the 24th May, in the town of Jokolowa in Podlachia.—*Times*.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—Yesterday the last mile of this great cable was completed, and wound through the last of the covering machines, in the presence of a large number of distinguished visitors who had assembled to do honour to the occasion.—Beyond recording the fact of its completion, very little took place at the works of the Telegraph Company yesterday to call for special remark. All the most distinguished electricians and engineers, and all the leading scientific gentlemen who have so long watched and aided to the utmost of their power the promotion of this great scheme, were present, together with all, or nearly all, the directors of the Telegraph Maintenance Company, Mr. Glass, as usual, receiving the visitors. After going all over the works yesterday, and inspecting all the apparatus, the visitors left the buildings shortly before 6 o'clock, and were entertained by the directors of the Telegraph Company at a banquet at the Ship at Greenwich, when 'Success to the Atlantic Telegraph' was drunk with the utmost enthusiasm.—*Times*, May 30th.

The mystery of the Road murder is thus explained.—The confession of Constance Kent, and the other circumstances brought to light in connection with this extraordinary case, leave the mystery still in a great measure unexplained. There is an explanation current in the locality, which certainly gives a more consistent account of the painful delicacy of the disclosures it makes. As the story is sure, however to get abroad sooner or later, we can find no reason for longer withholding it. The circumstances, as they are reported to us, are these: Mr. Kent, who is an illegitimate son of H. R. H. the late Duke of Kent, was provided for by an appointment as Inspector of Factories. While going his rounds he formed an intimacy with a factory girl of singular personal attractions, and having her educated as a governess for his children, he made her Mrs. Kent after the death of his first wife. The step-mother, it is said exhibited even less consideration for the children of his first wife than is ordinarily required in like circumstances, humiliating them by re-queing of them the most menial domestic duties. Miss Kent was of a most stubborn spirit and rebelled against the regimen prescribed for her. The conflict came to a crisis on the day preceding the murder, when, it is said, Mrs. Kent whipped her severely, and it was while smarting under the pain and indignity thus inflicted, that she conceived the full revenge of murdering her step-mother's darling child. As the story goes, a domestic, to whom local suspicion has all along been attached, met the frightful crime and then became aware of what had been done.—She was induced to keep the secret, and the father and mother had each, of course, their own reasons for adopting the same course. It is frightful to think that the self-accused murderer, known to be such by her own father, and two other members of his household should have been living in the family with them, so long after, her presence at table constantly reminding them of the awful secret they held in common; and if this account be true, it can scarcely be wondered at that they took the earliest opportunity of getting her removed out of their sight.—*English paper*.

The Army and Navy Gazette, referring to the surrender of the last Confederate General, says that, by this event, the Federal troops have been brought face to face with the French outposts on the Rio Grande. The same paper denounces what it terms the bloodthirsty designs of President Johnson, but thinks he will shrink from the horrid prescription he threatens to carry out when the lists of Southern men are made out. The punishment of the Southern leaders is already terrible enough with failure, ruin and exile. An old veteran, Duncan Wallace, has died in the Currier workshop. He was born in 1769, and while master of a merchant vessel was taken prisoner by the French. He escaped in the following year, and was returning home to be married when he was pressed and sent on board Nelson's ship, by whom he was made quartermaster. He was present in forty actions, including St. Vincent, Copenhagen, Trafalgar, and Algiers; and was wounded thirteen times. Being discharged at his own request in 1816 he was refused a pension.—*Guardian*.

THE REV. ILLUMINATED.—Some time ago the Rev. Canon McNeill was charged by the editor of the *Church Review* with having written an anonymous letter to him in which he dubbed himself 'a great and good man.' The charge created a great sensation among the Rev. Canon's friends; but it remained unchallenged until the recent meeting of the Church Mission Society at Liverpool, when the Rev. Canon volunteered the following explanation:—'Sir, it will be in the recollection of some of our friends that two or three months ago I made a speech on the open church movement, which had been so pressed on the public, in which I took the liberty to contrast the practice and the theory of his Grace the Archbishop of York. That speech of mine was assailed by two editors of Tractarian newspapers, the *Church Review* and the *Church Times*. They knew themselves their motives; I only know their language. (Applause.) Their language was nothing short of abusive. Sir, I got those papers sent to me, and I do not know; but they were sent to me, and it so happened that, just when I had read them and was wondering at the amount of abuse that could be heaped into the leader, a messenger came from the printers with a whole parcel of the Christian Ministry. There were newspapers on my table, and there were the tracts just come in. I had read the article, and I folded up two tracts and enclosed them to each of the editors, with, as nearly as possible, these words: 'The editor of the *Church Review* having manifested his appreciation of a good man, the sender of this tract thinks it a pity that he should not be supplied with materials for another eulogium; with a note of admiration. The thing was done impromptu and *instantane*. I kept no copy, and cannot be sure of the exact words; but they were to this effect, and no more. I challenge the publication of them. I do justify the writing of them. (Applause.) That is the mouse. Now you have heard the mountain. (Laughter.) Now, what more shall I say? I think I may say this—that a polished scribe provokes a splenetic viper, and when the two come together it is very easy to know which of them will suffer by the gnawing. (Loud laughter.)'

The charge it will be seen, is thus virtually admitted.—*Western Morning News*.

UNITED STATES.

A SECTARIAN WAR ON THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.—Opening of Hostilities.—We have observed for some time past, that the Protestant Churches of the country, as well as the sectarian newspapers in their interests, have been endeavoring to get up a crusade against the Catholics. The affair is fast verging to the culminating point. The Old and New Presbyterian General Assemblies, in session at Pittsburgh and Brooklyn, are considerably exercised in mind on the subject. They are both full of fight, and now that the war is over with the rebels, they evidently want to kill somebody, and the Catholics particularly. As an indication of what is going on, we give place to the following report of the proceedings of a 'mass meeting' held in Pittsburgh last week, in which the principal actors and speakers were delegates to the Old School Assembly, holding its session in that smoky city. We have no doubt it will be peculiarly edifying to Archbishop Purcell, of this Diocese, who is regarded as an 'excessively' loyal man, and who has from the first been closely identified with the warlike parsons of other denominations, who now express such a holy horror at the 'fearful growth of the Papacy.' It would be exceedingly refreshing to hear the Archbishop's views on the formation of a great *National Protestant League*. We copy from the *Pittsburg Chronicle*: The mass meeting of Protestant Christians at the First Church, last evening, was attended by a very large audience. Hon. H. H. Leavitt, of Cincinnati, presided. After devotional exercises, Judge Leavitt introduced the Rev. N. West, D. D., of Brooklyn, who presented the following resolutions: Resolved, That the widespread influence of Infidelity, in its various phases of bold Atheism and Rationalistic Philosophy, which is now putting forth redoubled energies for its dissemination throughout every section of our land, calls for the prompt and united action of Evangelical Christians, in a clear, honest and uncompromising denunciation of the great cardinal doctrines of grace, and a bold defense of the truth as it is in Jesus. Resolved, That in the providence of God, we believe a solemn responsibility is now laid upon the Church of our Lord Jesus Christ, in this country, to manifest her loyalty to the Great King, by maintaining in violation and steadfast, both by the enunciation of the pulpit and the issues of the press the great

principles of the Gospel, which are designed to elevate the Cross, establish the Kingdom of Christ, and ultimately to overthrow the whole system of error. Resolved, That the fearful growth of the Papacy, both as an ecclesiastical and civil power in this land, as well as calculated to awaken the fears and arouse the mighty energies of the entire Protestant community and calls imperiously for the adoption of measures at once timely and adequate to the emergency, so that we may, under the Divine blessing be enabled to counteract the secret and malign influence of the men of sin, and present an unbroken front of the army of truth against this system of corruption which is hourly grinding itself for the approaching conflict.

Resolved, That it is our candid judgment that the present is our auspicious moment to inaugurate such a measure, and that while we would not presume to dictate, we would most respectfully request the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, now in session in this city to put forth a suitable deliverance upon these important subjects; and to take steps to have such action concurred in by other branches of our American Protestant Church, so as to bring about the formation of a great *National Protestant League*, which by its constitution, shall be fully up to the urgent demands and necessities of time.

Resolved, That a committee, consisting of four ministers and three laymen, be appointed by this meeting to present this subject to the General Assembly and to be associated with a similar committee, to be appointed by that body, in devising plans by which a general and concerted movement of all the Protestant forces of the land may be brought about, and a bold vigorous and continuous protest, by word and act shall be denounced against both infidelity and Roman Catholicism, the arch enemies of truth in the midst of the professing Church of God, and architects to civil and religious freedom throughout the world.

Appropriate addresses were delivered by Rev. T. C. Strong, of New York; Rev. P. Breed, of Philadelphia; Rev. S. J. Wilson, of the Allegheny Theological Seminary, and Rev. Dr. N. West, of Brooklyn. The resolutions were Unanimously adopted. On motion of Rev. Dr. Paxton, the following gentlemen were chosen as the above committee: Rev. Dr. N. West, Rev. Dr. Breed, Rev. Dr. Green, Rev. Dr. S. J. Nichols, Hon. Robert McKnight, Hon. H. H. Leavitt, and Hon. A. E. Chamberlain.—*Boston Empire*.

A Correspondent of the *Boston Journal* says:—The minister of the Second Congregational (Unitarian) Society in Concord, N. H., Rev. J. L. Hatch, having ventured boldly to advocate negro suffrage in his pulpit last Sunday, as a measure absolutely necessary, in order to complete the emancipation of the slaves and enable them to protect their own rights and interests, prominent members of the society have called a meeting of the parish, with the determination to shut him out of the pulpit hereafter. The clergyman had been previously warned by these men not to preach any more anti-slavery sermons, or there would be trouble. Rev. Mr. Stewart, of the Unitarian Society in Nashua, N. H., was recently dismissed in a very summary manner for the same offence.

YANKEE OFFENCES.—A prominent eastern newspaper charges that our officers at Charleston have been guilty of robbery, in taking plate, books, furniture, and so forth, from private houses. It is too late in the day to enter complaint in this matter. The evil has been done, and it is now past remedy. There are men in Chicago who have been three years in the field, and who, on salaries of from \$100 to \$500 per month, have been able to erect brick blocks costing from thirty to fifty thousand dollars. There are families in this city who, before the war, were in straitened circumstances, and who, during the war, have been the unsalaried officials of great charitable organizations, but who now are living surrounded by every luxury, and enjoying, if not a fortune, at least a competence.

It is so in Chicago, and it is probably so in other places. Some of our gallant patriots both male and female, have made a good thing out of the war and its charities; and it is entirely useless now for our well meaning contemporaries to set up the cry of 'stop, thief!'—*Chicago Times*.

Alluding to the Convention to be held in Detroit next July, the *Economist* says that the invitation has been accepted by upwards of thirty Boards of Commerce, including those of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and the second Tuesday of July has been agreed upon as the time for meeting. The British provinces are expected to be fully and ably represented on the occasion. We are glad to witness a movement that will afford an opportunity for remedying the unwise course of Congress in voting the repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty. How far this convention may be intended to correct that blunder we are not informed; but this much is certain, that it indicates a disposition to continue a reciprocal commerce with our Provincial neighbors.

The only fault in the existing treaty is that, on both sides, it excludes too many articles from free interchange. The true interest of both countries lies in admitting all the products of each other entirely free of duties; but unfortunately both Governments have based their revenue largely upon customs duties, which on both sides give rise to difficulties in making the reciprocity equal. We trust our boards of trade will be represented by men who understand that the advantages to the United States are not confined to our export to the Provinces. That is one of the exploded errors of a false economy. It is as important to us that the provinces should be open to sell us anything as it is to our interest to purchase as it is that they should be free to buy anything we can offer them cheaper than others. If there be anything Canada can sell to us cheaper than we can produce the same commodities ourselves, let nothing limit our freedom to buy it; for by such purchase we effect a saving of both labour and money and economic wealth. The same view too should control the representatives of the Provinces. Really, the great point for both parties to aim at, is to secure a market in which they can purchase cheaper than at home. That being secured, there need be no fear about the exports; for our economy in buying in the cheapest market will enable us all the better to compete as sellers. We buy but to sell again; and the only way by which we can be enabled to sell commodities cheap is to procure them cheap. There are certain things which Canada can produce cheaper than ourselves, and others which the United States can produce cheaper than Canada; and the main purpose of a treaty of commerce between the two countries should be to admit of the unrestricted interchange of such commodities. As, however, it is impossible to say, definitely, what such commodities are, and as there are constant changes in the relative prices of all the products, as between the two countries, it becomes necessary in order to ensure the fullest possible advantage, that all products should be admitted to free interchange. Nothing is more certain than that neither party will either buy from or sell to the other, except for an advantage; so that only good could result from unrestricted intercourse. These are the views that will prevail in the coming Convention, if it be composed of the simplest judgments of political economy.—*N. Y. Economist*.

While the great elephant Hannibal was passing through Maryland, an ancient colored lady, who had never seen an elephant, met him on the road, and throwing up her hands in admiration, exclaimed, 'Bress de Lord, what things they do get up fur dis war!' The old lady took him for a new Yankee invention.

WASHINGTON, May 21.—Edmund Ruffin, of Virginia, who fired the first gun on Fort Sumpter, is dead.—He committed suicide near Richmond on Saturday last by blowing his head off with a gun. A memorandum was found among his papers, says the Richmond Republican, stating that he could not live under the Government of the United States—that he preferred death to doing so.

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Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass., and sold by all druggists and dealers in medicine. J. F. Henry & Co. Montreal, General Agents for Canada East. June, 1865.

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