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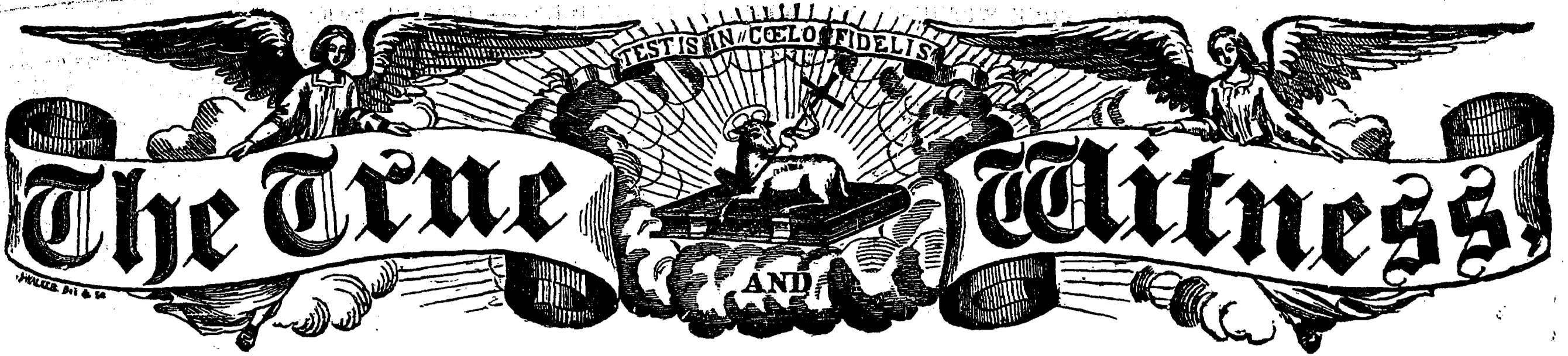
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(From the Catholic Mirror.)

AURELIA;

THE JEWS OF CAPEA GATE.

Freely Translated from the French of M. A. Quinton

PART THIRD.—THE VESTAL.

CHAPTER XIII.—(CONTINUED.)

Albeit, the Grand-Vestal found a singular pleasure in Cecilia's conversation. Several motives revived continually the interest and sympathy by which she felt drawn towards the humble young matron who had given such an example of generosity and greatness of soul.

Cornelia preserved a vivid remembrance of the compassion shown her by the pontiff Clemens, when he had met her at Aurelia's house, still crushed under the shameful punishment inflicted by Helvius Agrippa, for having allowed the sacred fire to burn out. The words of the pontiff of the Christians had made a deep impression on her mind; and she could not forget the look of pity which accompanied the priest's condolence for the victim condemned by a barbarous creed to an immolation imposed by force and perpetuated by terror.

The Grand Vestal felt a longing desire to know better the religion she had often heard ascribed, but which had appeared so beautiful to her as described by the eloquent voice of the chief of the Christians.

Chastity was also one of the virtues of this new creed; Clemens had celebrated it in two magnificent epistles which the Grand Vestal, urged by a singular curiosity, had wanted to read. She had learned from them that a large number of Christian young girls held it a glory to remain the spotless brides of the divine Lamb; but she had not understood the figurative sense of this expression; from the want of proper interpretation, what she had read and heard had left in her mind a confusion which she eagerly wished to have unravelled.

Who better than Cecilia could dissipate this darkness, substitute calmness to this trouble, and satisfy this ardent curiosity? A few conversations with this young woman filled Cornelia with astonishment and revealed to her a new field of thought. On one occasion she had questioned her on Christian celibacy, and asked her if there was any similarity between the Vestals and those young girls who, for Christ's sake, condemned themselves to the same duties.

'Christ,' replied Cecilia, 'does not demand that we should select Him for our only spouse; but when we have made this sacrifice, He requires that it shall be complete.'

'In what manner?' asked the Grand-Vestal. 'It does not suffice that the chastity of the body should be preserved; but the soul must keep inviolate the pledged faith, and its purity must not be soiled even by a sinful desire.'

Cornelia remained silent, weighing mentally these simple words in which she found the condemnation of her secret sentiments.

'I can understand,' she remarked at last, 'that a sacrifice freely consented should be made without reservation; it becomes easy when one is not compelled to make it.'

'God sustains and strengthens the courage of His servants; He fills the heart with immense joy.'

'The Vestals know nothing of these consolations of the soul,' said the priestess bitterly. 'Nothing has been left them but sadness and regret. How can they help cursing their obligations?'

'There is doubtless this great difference between you and our virgins,' resumed Cecilia, 'that they bear with joy the yoke they voluntarily accepted, and you submit to a necessity which provokes your legitimate complaints. However,' she added, smiling, 'the Vestals otherwise much resemble our young girls, and it would not be difficult to show that their duties are the same and they can find consolation in their fulfilment.'

'Indeed!' exclaimed the Grand-Vestal, with some irony, 'I curious to see how you will prove to me that I am happy.'

'Madam,' said Cecilia, 'one of the great precepts of our religion is that we must confide in God's will and submit to His designs. He alone disposes of blessings and trials, and we must accept what it pleases Him to send us.—The most perfect among us ask as a favor, to receive sufferings and sorrow rather than joy and happiness; the others must resign themselves up to affliction: Providence so wills it, and this resignation soon becomes an immense consolation. You see that abnegation may transform our unhappiest condition.'

'This is all very well, my dear child,' said the

Grand-Vestal pensively, 'but I am not a Christian, and I have not the resource of your virtues.'

'No, madam, it is true that you are not a Christian, but if virtue is good and may make you happier, why not try it?'

The Grand Vestal smiled at the amiable young woman's frankness.

'My dear child,' she resumed, 'you have told me that compulsion is not admitted among you. Has not one the right to try to escape from the restraint imposed against one's will? . . . Is not thought free in one who obeys a compulsory power? . . . What is your opinion?'

Cecilia understood easily the allusion to the Grand Vestal's own situation. She suspected the secret sentiments which had dictated this question whose importance was betrayed by the anxiety depicted on the questioner's features.

'Madam,' replied the young woman seriously, 'duty, whatever be the conditions upon which we assume its fulfilment, is duty still. . . . Voluntary or not, our law forbids its violation.'

Cornelia, started at these words. She remained silent a few moments, collecting her thoughts, and when at last she spoke her face was bathed with tears.

'Cecilia,' she exclaimed, 'you do not know all I have suffered and still suffer. Your religion cannot condemn complaint. . . . Listen to my story. It is only when you will have learned how I was made a Vestal, that you can comprehend my misfortune, and know the bitter anguish that fills my soul and which I have tried, so far, to conceal from you.'

These last words of the Grand-Vestal need some explanation.

Metellus Celer's letters, frequent at first, had suddenly stopped, and the Vestal was at loss to explain this silence. She questioned Cecilia who knew no more than that the mysterious messenger had ceased coming. We know the reason of this, but Cornelia could not be aware that this interruption was due to the discovery of the conspiracy, and much less that the letter conveying to her the anxiously wished for assurance of Metellus Celer's love had been placed under the Emperor's eyes, and was now in the hands of the pontiff of the Christians.

If the Grand-Vestal, unable to control her growing anxiety, longed to confide her torments to some faithful and discreet heart, Cecilia had no greater desire than to possess the confidence and friendship of the priestess whom she hoped to convert to Christianity. She had not concealed this hope, and Cornelia had replied: 'I do not believe it possible to go from the Atrium Regium to the Capena-gate.'

'Madam,' Cecilia replied, 'you are so near it by your chastity that but a step remains to be made.'

Another motive, besides the laudable one already mentioned, attracted Cecilia towards the Grand-Vestal. She felt the liveliest curiosity to learn something of the private life of the Vestals whose only apparent duty was to feed the sacred fire. It was therefore with undisguised satisfaction that she prepared to listen to Cornelia's story.

'You are going to hear some strange things,' said the latter. 'But you will know the full extent of a Vestal's misfortune, and you will tell me whether I am not right when I revolt against a yoke whose weight you cannot even suspect.'

CHAPTER XIV.—HISTORY OF A VESTAL.

The Grand-Vestal commenced as follows:— 'I was born amidst all the advantages of rank and wealth. My family was looked upon as the first in Rome, for what other race can boast of such illustrious men as the Scipios, the Scillas, the Lantulus, the Cinnas and others which I count among my ancestors! Oh, why was I not, like you, my dear Cecilia, the daughter of a freedman! This humble origin would have saved me from the dreadful fate which has made my life one of sorrow and will end—I have had fearful presentiment—only when I descend into the living tomb of the Campus Sceleratus!'

'Madam,' remarked Cecilia, interrupting her, 'it is only the virgins who have broken their vows who are committed to that horrible doom. It cannot, therefore, threaten you.'

A slight blush spread over the pale face of the Grand-Vestal; she overcame her emotion, however, and resumed her narrative:

'I shall pass rapidly,' she said, 'over the first joys of my infancy; happy and too short period, alas! which I remember incessantly after thirty years of sufferings, regrets and tears! Methinks I see the fatal day which ended the happy dreams of my childhood. My mother had taken me, for the first time, in her soft and rich litter to the magnificent porticoes of Rome. We had received the flattering homage of the crowd; my pride was moved by the exclamations of praise I heard around us; young as I was, I commenced to understand the privileges of rank and wealth. This popular demonstration filled me with delight.

'When we returned home, we found my father sitting in the middle of the Atrium, and plunged in the deepest sadness. Upon seeing me, he started, and bitter tears descended slowly down his pallid cheeks. I rushed into his arms, as was my wont, and while he held me passionately clasped, as though I were threatened by some pressing danger, I heard him say to my mother in a voice choked by emotion: 'Lælia is dead!'

'Dead!' exclaimed my mother, as faintly, and her face, but now so joyous, became as deadly pale as my father's.

'She died last night,' continued Cornelia in the same tone. 'I heard it at the Forum. . . . Here is an empty place in the Atrium-Regium. . . . Who will fill it?'

I felt my father's arms clasp me tighter to his heart, and I saw my mother kneel silently and mingle her tears with those of Cornelia and mine, for I wept to see them weep. The slaves who accompanied us seemed to share the sorrow of their master, and many sobbed aloud. I could hear also, proceeding from another part of the Atrium, the shrieks of despair of my poor nurse, as she lay an inert mass on the marble pavement.

Then, my mother tried to recall her courage, and asked:

'Cornelius, are we indeed threatened with this dreadful misfortune?'

'The pitiless goddess asks for another virgin to replace the one she has lost,' replied my father, 'and what other will be more agreeable to her than this child? All my friends share the forebodings which besiege my heart, and they have not concealed this from me. . . . Fabia, our daughter will be taken away from us! Believe me, we shall lose her soon!'

'Cornelius, the gods will make your forebodings false. No later than yesterday, I consulted the augurs on our daughter's future. . . . they replied that they saw nothing but happiness in store for her, for a long time to come.'

'Fabia,' said my father, gazing at her with emotion, 'the augurs always flatter our desires. . . . Dear wife, if you fear nothing, why is it that you weep?'

The groan which escaped from my mother's heaving chest proved but too well that she was vainly endeavoring to disguise to herself the grave causes of anxiety which tormented her as cruelly as they did Cornelius.

My father then related what he had heard in the Forum, where the necessity of selecting another vestal had been eagerly discussed by the patricians. They had reckoned the number of young girls that presented the required conditions for this choice, and my father saw with terror that it would be difficult to complete the legal number—twenty girls, from six to ten years old—which should be presented to the pontiff.

There were many causes of exemption, which protected this or that family; some could claim the privilege of the three children (jus trium liberorum) here the father was a flamine, an augur, a quincecennarius, an epulo or a salenus; there the child had lost one of its parents, and the law designated only such as had their father and mother living. Finally, it became evident that while a large number of families were shielded by these and like causes, mine was among the very few threatened. I must be one of the twenty from among which chance (skillfully guided) would designate the victim.

'Fabia,' exclaimed my father, sorrowfully, when he had finished these details, 'a simple flutist at the sacrifices would save his daughter! This obscure title has never been denied! . . . But I, a consul, shall see my child torn from me! . . . What Vesta, the implacable goddess, wants for her temple is illustrious and beautiful virgins. Am I not the first patrician of Rome, and is not Cornelia the most graceful among the children of her age?'

A few days after this, a herald brought an order from the pontiffs to my parents, to conduct me to their presence on the next day, when the solemn ceremony would take place which filled the hearts of Roman mothers with fear and hope. My parents obliged to be present at the election which was to decide my whole life, accompanied me to the place where the Emperor, in his capacity of High Pontiff, would seize upon the virgin claimed by Vesta. They went without any escort; that would have increased the peril by calling to mind our rank and fortune. For, since the time of Augustus, the priestesses of the Atrium Regium have always been chosen among the noblest patricians. High birth, far from being a cause of exemption, was but another title to the sacrifice imposed by a religion which counts ambition and pride among its greatest virtues.

When we penetrated into the Atrium through the compact ranks of the tumultuous assemblage, the young girls designated by the pontiffs had already been presented. They were nineteen in number, and I was the twentieth. A herald conducted me to a place in their

midst. It seemed to me that this first separation from my family was a cause of joy for the parents of the other children, whose anxious faces brightened up as if I were a victim selected in advance by an inexorable fate. Strange to relate, I heard the people around me affirm that chance would designate Cornelia.

Suddenly, the serrated ranks of the multitude opened to make way for a cortege which was advancing silently towards the Area. It was the Emperor Nero, in his costume of High Priest and escorted by the sacerdotal college.—Every voice was hushed and the awe-stricken crowd waited in breathless anxiety the result of the solemn ceremony.

An augur approached the Emperor, and informed him that he had consulted the auspices and no bad omens had been observed. The herald then proclaimed the names of the young girls presented. When mine was called I heard behind me the smothered sobs of my parents.

The names had been written on small tablets and deposited in an urn. The Emperor plunged his hand in the vessel and read aloud from the tablet which he drew forth the name of Cornelia—my name, whispered in advance by so many lips!

The exclamations of the people drowned the heart-rending cries of my mother, and the imprecations which my father in despair addressed to the gods.

The Emperor came up to where I stood, and putting his hand on me, as it is done when one takes possession of a slave, pronounced the consecrated words:

'Amata,'—(Amata was the name of the first Vestal taken in this manner, and in imitation of the ancient religious traditions, it was preserved in the formula subsequently adopted)—'I take thee. . . .'

The enthusiastic clamors of the people and the pontiffs became so loud as to interrupt the Emperor; when, at last, they had subsided, he resumed:

'Amata,' said he, 'I take thee to be a priestess of Vesta and to perform the sacred rites; to do, according to the rights of the Vestals, all that is for the interest of the Roman people and of the Quirites. May a favorable law consecrate this election!'

So, I was a Vestal! My father and mother were now nothing to me, for a Vestal has no family! I must lose forever all I had known and loved! A child scarcely six years old, I could not comprehend the fatal consequences of the pompous ceremony, and yet, I wept bitterly, for I saw my young companions throw themselves in their mother's arms, whilst mine called me in vain! . . . I was in the hands of the pontiffs who dragged me towards a closed litter, into which they made me enter despite my cries and supplications!

A few moments later, I was in the Atrium Regium; my curls fell under the scissors of the priests, and I was dressed in the garb of a Vestal. It is now near thirty years since I entered this despair which, by a bitter irony, they have sought to transform into a voluptuous and charming retreat; as if a sumptuous life and material enjoyments could prevent regrets, replace the joys of the family, and console us for the void in our affections.

I never saw again my parents. They died broken-hearted during the first year of my ministry. The better to consummate a separation destined to be eternal, the pontiffs had not permitted us to meet a single instant.

The impressions of our childhood are so transient, that the life of the Atrium Regium pleased me at first. How could it be otherwise? However wealthy my family, I had never been accustomed to such splendor as now surrounded me. Then, could I remain insensible to the public homage, the enthusiastic exclamations which greet us wherever we go? The young girls who live here are all of illustrious birth, and their intercourse is of the most charming. I became intimate with the youngest, between whose age and mine there was less disparity, and I loved them with all the ardor of a heart who knows no other affections.

Friends of my childhood, you are no more. . . . It is long since death parted us. . . . What a void you have left here. What cruel memories torture my heart when I look back to the fatal day which robbed me of the only beings whose existence, completely blended with mine, gave me the most precious joys I have ever tasted. . . .'

The Grand-Vestal's voice had become tremulous, and her tears flew faster. She resumed, after a short pause:

'It was a horrible day which saw the death of Varonilla and the two sisters Ocellates. . . . From that time I looked upon life with fear, and the future appeared to me gloomy and desolate. It is ten years since that event happened, my dear Cecilia, for it was in the beginning of Domitian's reign, and each of my days, during that period has been marked with so much anguish, that I know not how it is I have not succumbed?'

'Until that time I had lived peaceful, if not happy. I feel, it is true, a vague sadness, but I could not have explained its cause. It is said that migratory birds, when held captive, becomes restless when the season comes for them to seek more genial climes. In like manner I was agitated and troubled during the transition from infancy to womanhood, and when, seized with the vague desire of a different fate, I saw the horizon of my life bounded by the gloomy wall of this narrow precinct.

'However, I swear it by Vesta, my life was so pure and my heart so candid, that I could not understand what I felt. My soul remained in this sort of torpid state until I was twenty-five years old. The Vestals are initiated from the first day, into the practice of Vesta's worship and its mysteries; but, outside of these material duties, they are never told anything of the closer and more fearful obligations of the soul. It is left to time to instruct them; to their hearts to comprehend; to circumstances to enlighten them suddenly.

'This is what happened to me. 'One morning I awoke, frightened by moans and shrieks, and the tumultuous noise made by our slaves as they ran to and fro in the Atrium Regium. I listened and heard a voice exclaim: 'They are dead! . . . Their bodies are already cold!'

'Who is dead?' I cried, as the woman who generally attended me entered my room, all in tears.

'Varonilla and the sisters Ocellates! . . . We have just discovered the fact.'

'Varonilla and the sisters Ocellates?' I repeated, with stupor. I had left them in all the bloom of health the evening before; I could not understand what I heard.

'It is impossible!' said I to the woman. 'What! all three dead at the same time? Who can have said this absurdity?'

'I had jumped out of bed, however, and was rushing towards the apartments of those three young Vestals. I scarcely heard the answer made by my slave: 'They have been killed.'

'Oh, my dear Cecilia, what a terrible sight met my eyes as I opened the door of the room where our servants were crowding around three youthful forms stretched in all the rigidity of death. With a single glance I recognized the pale features of my young companions, of those those I loved as sisters. I fell, senseless.

'I was told that I remained several days in a state of stupor, bereft of reason, of the very sentiment of my existence. When I recovered my senses, I was lying in my bed, and seated near me was a pontiff—Helvius Agrippa. I started with fright, and yet I remembered nothing.—Agrippa said to me in a grave and severe tone: 'Cornelia, the death of Varonilla and the sisters Ocellates changes your position here. You are now the Grand-Vestal.'

'My sobs interrupted him. Memory was returning and with it the dreadful sight of the blood-stained remains of my three friends. 'Great gods!' I cried. 'It was then true. They are no more.'

'Thus die the virgins who break their vows,' said Agrippa with awful solemnity. 'Do not forget it Cornelia. . . .'

'What do you mean?' I asked, looking up at the pontiff who in his turn gazed at me with astonishment.

'It is strange,' he murmured. 'What! he resumed, after a short pause, 'can it be possible you are not aware that Varonilla and the sisters Ocellates have been convicted of incest, and their corrupters banished? . . . Cornelia, Cornelia! . . . you have been accused of the same crime, and if you do not sleep now in the Campus Sceleratus, near these unworthy Vestals, you may thank the clemency of the Emperor. . . . whose niece is confided to your care. . . . That child has saved your life. . . .'

'Having uttered these threatening and mysterious words, Helvius Agrippa left me to study their impenetrable sense.

'What! my young companions had succumbed under an accusation of incest! . . . What! I had come near perishing under the same charge. Upon what grounds had this abominable denunciation been made? Who had tried us? Why had we not been arraigned and our defence heard?'

'Here is what was related to me: 'Late in the evening, and but a few moments after I had bidden good-night to my young companions, a centurion, accompanied by a pontiff, penetrated into the Atrium Regium. They went straightway to the room where Varonilla and the two Ocellates were still gaily engaged in conversation.

'You must die!' said the pontiff, entering abruptly, and addressing those three young virgins, who grew deathly pale and could not restrain a cry of terror. 'You have broken your vows,' continued the pontiff with implacable composure. 'You must die! such is the order of the Emperor who, as

High Pontiff, has pronounced your sentence... The centurion, drawing his broad, short sword, presented it to the unfortunate victims.

'They fell on their knees,' said to me the young Vestal, Antonia, from whom I learned these details—being in an adjoining room, she had crept to the door and had seen a silent and terrified witness of the horrible scene—

'No,' said the pontiff, 'the slaves of your corruptors have been subjected to the torture, and they have confessed the crimes of their masters... Even at this moment, the latter are suffering the punishment of flagellation, after which they will be banished from Rome.'

'But this is impossible... We are innocent... We cannot be killed without a hearing... Those unhappy maidens, wild with despair, prostrated themselves at the feet of their torturers who looked on unmoved.'

'Here is the sword,' said the centurion. 'Or the poison,' added the pontiff, presenting them a phial. 'Choose.'

'And as the victims still begged for mercy: 'Do you prefer,' he exclaimed, 'the vault in the Campus Scleratus, which the Emperor, in his goodness, permits you to avoid?... Take care, if the light of to-morrow's sun finds you alive, the whole Roman people will witness your execution... Listen... Do you hear that noise outside?...'

'The three Vestals listened, shuddering. A confused rumor like that of many voices reached their ears.'

'There is a cohort at the gate,' resumed the pontiff, 'of which this centurion is the chief, and which awaits your decision... If you do not choose to die now, this escort will take you away, and to-morrow you will descend alive into the abyss where hunger will bring you a lingering death in atonement for your crimes.'

'This terrible threat was too much for our young companions. The anguish of despair is sometimes so great as to silence even the prayer of the victim.'

'Then, all hope being lost, something dreadful took place.'

Varonilla seized the centurion's sword and dealt herself a blow, but her hand was not firm enough and she had neither the courage nor the strength to strike a second time... she presented her bosom to the soldier who plunged in it the blade already reeking with the blood of the fainting maids.'

'The two sisters Ocellates clasped in each other's arms, to meet a common death, were writhing in the most terrible convulsions. They had shared between them the pontiff's poison. Their dying agonies were so dreadful to behold, and death so slow coming, that through compassion, or perhaps impatience, the centurion put them to death as he had done Varonilla.'

'Their murderous task accomplished, the two men retired, and it was not until the next morning that the slaves of the Atrium Regium discovered the three bodies lying in their gore... They found also Antonia, senseless at the foot of the column from behind which she had witnessed this tragical scene. This poor child succumbed a few months later, to the shock she had received; fearful visions disturbed her sleep, and she was frequently seized with paroxysms of delirium which finally ended in her death.'

'Thus perished those young maidens whose virgin chastity was never tarnished by an impure breath. If I did not share their fate, it was, as Helvius Azrippa had told me, only because the divine Aurelia had been placed in my care some time previous.'

'She saved my life, but what a life, alas! how can I help trembling when the mere denunciation of a slave, the secret enmity of a pontiff may at any time secure my condemnation. The most doubtful proof is deemed sufficient against a Vestal—we must not be even suspected.'

'Oh! what a fearful light those events have shed into my soul. I had never reflected upon our duties and those pretended promises which our lips never pronounced. I understood now how terrible they were, and I saw an inexorable fate pushing us towards the abyss in which the hands of the pontiffs will entomb me some day—for this horrible presentiment has never left me. Unless they should come to me also, in the dead of night, and say to me: Cornelia, you may choose between the sword and the poison.'

'May the gods forgive me, my dear child. But what a religion is this which will have us remain pure, under fearful penalties, and in serving which we are compelled to witness the most frightful disorders. You have heard of the mysteries of the Good-Goddess, over which the Grand-Vestal must preside in person? Ah, when the pontiff of the Christians came with the young Cæsar Vespasian, to claim you from the divine Aurelia, he exclaimed before me that the Vestals fled, horrified, from those infamous mysteries. He spoke truly.'

'I cannot lift the veil entirely from this hideous picture. Duty forbids me to say many things, and many others I must omit lest they should call the blush of shame to your cheeks.'

'At this juncture in Cornelia's narrative, a venerable old man, drawing aside the heavy curtain of the door, appeared on the threshold.—The two young women had not heard him approach, and they continued their conversation. Some words which reached the stranger's ears, made him start. He stopped and listened.'

'You know, my dear Cæcilia,' Cornelia went on to say, 'that the mysteries of the Good-Goddess are celebrated on the Kalends of May, in the night-time. Matrons are alone admitted. On the eve of that day, the Grand-Vestal, taking with her the sacred objects from the temple, proceeds to the house of the pretor, or of the consul, who must vacate instantly the premises and not return until the mysteries are over. I do not know if, as alleged by a poet [Juvenal, vi.—Lines 334 and 335] who in our days has justly denounced the frightful license of those mysteries, they were formerly accompanied with

some decency; but to day, with what forgetfulness of all shame, with what ardor of insane debauchery and incredible frenzy these matrons are seized, who congregate under the pretext of honoring the conjugal chastity of Fauna.

'The first time that I was called upon as Grand-Vestal to preside over these mysteries, I suspected nothing wrong. The preparations were made with due decorum, and the matrons even covered with thick veils the family pictures of the consul, Petilius Rufus—in whose house we had assembled—in order to carry out to the letter the precept of the rites which demands the absolute exclusion of men from the assemblage.'

'I was not long, however, in discovering my error and the moral corruption of these women. But I must stop here; I cannot even recite for you the verses of the poet I alluded to just now, although his description is far below the scandalous truth.'

'It was some years later, that returning from one of these ceremonies, I had occasion to save Metellus Celer. Cecilia I cannot tell you how dear this young man has become to me. You know him and you have been able to judge whether he is worthy of the affection which fills my heart. Is this affection then a crime? Your religion forbids complaint in suffering and would have one rejoice at sorrow, you said; would it condemn my sentiments? Shall I not be free soon?... And then...'

'But what do I say? Why these hopes?' exclaimed the Grand-Vestal, rising suddenly in an extraordinary state of excitement. 'Metellus Celer is banished. He has fled from the denunciations of Regulus, and yet, I feel it, the fearful anger of the pontiffs still threatens us. What has become of him? What has happened? Why is it that you receive no more letters for me? In the last, he spoke hopefully, he gave me to understand, for the first time, that he loved me; he said he would soon be able to tell me more... This was three months ago... and that letter which was so soon to bring me happiness, has not yet come.'

'Cecilia... Great misfortunes are preparing... the future is gloomy, and threatening. I see Metellus expiring under the blows of their bloody lash, and I... horror!... I descend alive in that vault of the Campus Scleratus which has never given up its victims... Great gods!... Who will save me? Who will shield me from this horrible fate?...'

'I will!' said in a grave and solemn voice, the old man who has listened unsee to Cornelia's last remarks, and who now advanced.

The Grand-Vestal and Cecilia could not restrain a cry of surprise. They had recognized in this old man, the pontiff of the Christians.

'You here, my lord,' exclaimed Cornelia, and she looked at Clemens with mingled astonishment and anxiety; 'what motive can have led you to this place?'

'Madam,' said the old man, 'I have taken charge of an important mission near you, and I hold in my hands an answer to some of the questions I have heard you propound to this young woman... But at the same time, I have to speak to you on serious matters. Can you grant me this interview?'

The Grand-Vestal acquiesced with a gesture of respectful deference, and motioned to the pontiff to take a seat.

'My daughter,' said Clemens, turning to Cecilia, 'you may retire... Your presence here is no longer necessary. It remains with me to continue the work commenced by you, and to reply to the questions asked of you as I came in.'

Cecilia kissed the Grand-Vestal's hand, and having made a low obeisance to the venerable old man, left Cornelia and Clemens together.

The Christian priest and the heathen virgin looked at each other in silence; Cornelia with her heart beating with strange anxiety, Clemens with sadness, as he thought of the sufferings of the young woman and the dangers that threatened her.

(To be Continued.)

THE LAND QUESTION OF IRELAND.

(FROM TIMES SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.)

No. 16.

WATERFORD, Sept. 30.

The road from Wexford to New Ross ascends from the estuary of the Slaney, and traverses a series of light uplands, laid out evidently in small holdings, with here and there some fine country seats. You leave to the left the range of hills, notched and jagged like a Spanish sierra, that cuts off the communities of Bargy and Forth from the inhabitants of the rest of the county, and that doubtless, contributed to shape their destiny in the distant age of their colonization. After passing the village of Tighamon you reach a country rather more fertile, yet in which the peasantry appeared to me rather less prosperous than those near Wexford, though I could not trace a very marked distinction. Some miles further on you descend suddenly by a steep incline to the valley of the Barrow, and light on the little town of New Ross, hanging on the slope of a hollowed eminence, and thence slanting down to the side of the river. New Ross, though a stirring and busy place, has not flourished as you might have expected from its extraordinary natural advantages; it is still only a small seat of trade, though ships of a thousand tons burden can discharge their cargoes upon its quay at a distance of 20 miles from the sea, and though the Barrow is navigable a long way upwards. From New Ross I went by steamer to Wexford, and dull is the mind that is not touched by the beautiful scene of richly-wooded lowland, dotted in many places by fine mansions, and over topped by picturesque hills, through which the stately stream glides down to the ocean. A student of the social state of Ireland will not fail to notice that this landscape, too, presents the marked varieties of culture to which I have already adverted—the large parks and farms, of the wealthy below; above, the little homes of a peasantry that has gradually encircled the whole mountain-side; and as he will observe, with a feeling of regret, that hardly a sail appears on the watery expanse, and that life is not quick and stirring upon it. After rounding Cheek Point, where the Barrow and the Suir unite in their onward course to the sea, the signs of industry suddenly increase; craft of all kinds often meet the eye, and you feel yourself on a highway of commerce. Having hastened by a beautiful succession of villas, ke boats and trim enclosures, divided by the now animated river, you see the roofs and spires of a large town open from a fine and broad reach, and you are soon landed on the magnificent quay that skirts the whole length of the city of Waterford.

Waterford has not many features of interest. The ruins of its feudal walls and bastions and of its once celebrated religious houses have been effaced by the hand of time; and, strange to say, its most venerable structures, perhaps the oldest stone building in the Kingdom, is not, even at this day, a ruin. This is the round tower of Beginglad the Dane, said to have been the first year of the eleventh century, and to have been the place where Eva, the daughter of the O'Neil chief of Leinster, gave her hand to Earl Strongbow, the Norman conqueror, a marriage intended, in good faith, to have been the pledge of a union of races, but that, in its policy and its results, reminds the student of history and of the pupils in a subsequent age, of the Indian Princess and the Virginia settler. The existing town is beautifully situated on a strip of land on the right bank of the Suir, here flowing grandly between shelving cliffs, but, with the exception of its fine quay and of a combat, though heavy looking, of a cathedral church, it has few objects to attract a stranger. Though it is the terminus of two long lines of railway, and its noble roadstead seems to invite commerce, Waterford is not a particularly thriving place; its feeble manufactures have disappeared, its population has rather diminished, and its exports, imports, and even shipping, have not increased rapidly of late years. It is not my purpose to dwell at length on the general state of the adjoining county. In outline and the quality of its soil it bears a certain resemblance to Wexford, but its boundaries are not so boldly defined; it is more divided by mountain ranges, and the land is, on the whole, poorer. The material condition of the inhabitants resembles that of the greater part of this Nation—that is, since the last 20 years remarkable progress has been made; nothing like general distress exists, and there is a fair amount of social prosperity. Discontent, however, is not wanting; a good deal of agitation prevails for fixity of tenure and a maximum of rent; and though agrarian crime is at present unknown, the Fenian movement was in places active. The landed system of the county, on the whole, presents the phenomena I have repeatedly noticed—the same separation of classes into sects, the same clashing of law and fact, the same monopoly of rights by the landlords, the same want of protection for the rights of the tenants; and the results are, essentially, the same—that is, the landlords as a body respect the usages which alone defend the tenant, but occasionally harsh men disregard them. Those who have read De Tocqueville's account of France before 1789 will easily understand how, in this state of things, the gradual increase of prosperity itself will quicken the elements of dissatisfaction; how, as the peasantry rise in the social scale, they feel more acutely the injustice to which they are exposed by the law as it stands. Not, however, that Waterford relatively to others, can be pronounced a progressive county. The value of its live stock has advanced at the rate of 44 per cent. only between 1811 and 1861, its agricultural area having lessened more than a tenth from 1855 to 1868, and this certainly will not bear a comparison with the state of Wexford. It is noticeable too, that the population of Waterford has as to that of Wexford decreased in the proportion of 86 to 84, a circumstance not without significance, regard being had to the above figures.

What I wish to examine in this letter are the circumstances of a single estate, which suggest reflections of an interesting kind to every student of the land question of Ireland. About ten miles to the north-west of Waterford the traveller reaches a deep broad valley, almost closed in by hills in the near distance, through which the Suir winds its silvery way along luxuriant spaces of pastures, rich cornlands with their yellow sheaves, green masses of wood crowned with fair houses, towns, villages, arns, and peaceful homesteads. Two centuries ago a Cromwellian soldier, of ancient and noble descent however, settled on a nook of this fertile tract, at a place where the valley, forming a curve, seems like a gem set in the surrounding mountains. He became the ancestor of a family which, emerging gradually from mere local rank, mingled its blood with that of the highest in the land, grew into one of those patrician houses which have so powerfully affected the empire, and gave to the State a worthy succession of gallant soldiers and not unknown statesmen. The family seems from an early time to have remembered in the expressive phrase of Burke, that in Ireland it possessed a country, and in the last century to have put off the evil associations of Protestant ascendancy, and it has been long distinguished for liberal sentiments and kindly and genuine sympathy with the people. Its members, however, were usually absentees until a comparatively recent period; but after the events of 1846 the head of the House has lived regularly on his Irish estate some months in each year, and has devoted peculiar attention to it. I drove over a large part of the property, and was greatly pleased with much that I saw. From a gray square mansion with the adjoining park, a scene of cultivated taste and refinement, I passed into a village close by, a special object of the care of the proprietor. The neat houses and cleanly street had a look of thriving ease and comfort; but what struck me most were the dense rows of well-built and well-located labourers' cottages, tokens of abundant and constant employment. From the village I went, by roads smooth as a floor, along a succession of trim farms, all in a state of admirable cultivation, until I reached a higher tract of land, where you met repeatedly the little homestead and plot of ground of the humble peasant, each, nevertheless, improved and in order. At last, from the top of a swelling eminence, commanding a prospect of rare beauty, the estate lay as in a map before me, and the view of the numerous rustic homes dotted thickly over the slope below, and clustering near the principal mansion as it rose from the midst of rich wood and lawn, was like an idyl of country happiness. The character of the husbandry was seen at a glance. It was a property of small holdings, kept, however, in a state of rare perfection, and evidencing no common or transient care.

Such is the tract which during six generations has been under the control of the house of Bessborough. Lord Bessborough's agent courteously gave me much information upon the manner in which this fair creation of industry and skill has been gradually brought into its present condition. Before 1846 the estate, though under gentle superiors, had been, comparatively, rather neglected. Part of it had fallen into the hands of middlemen, who had recklessly subdivided the lands, with no thought but to make profit from them, and there had been, accordingly, a great deal of poverty and a dense accumulation of population. I remember having casually paid a visit in those days to the place, and I recollect distinctly that at several spots you met whole villages of mud cabins, and that many of these habitations were wretched. The famine came, and Lord Bessborough solved the stern problem suddenly set before him, or adjusting the property to the new state of things, not, as was the case with too many landlords, by inhuman 'clearances' and forced emigration, but by a happier and more natural process, which fortunately proved completely successful. Taking the population as he found it, he fostered it during the terrible crisis by liberal and judicious employment, and though he did not discourage emigration, and many of his dependents quitted their homes, not a single notice to quit was served; and 'not one family' was compulsorily evicted. By these means his poorer tenants were preserved from the stock of the great revolution, and as the middlemen's leases dropped in he dealt directly with the sub-tenants, and treated them in the same gentle manner. The mould and organization of society were thus never radically broken up, but they were slowly transformed to a better type, and placed upon a more sound basis. The Bessborough estate is still one of small holdings, there being on an area of some 20,000 acres, two farms only rented over 2000, and 437 tenancies rented at from 20s. to 2s., and 170 little crofts remain at a nominal rent of 1s. only. The whole community, however, is evidently flourishing, and, instead

of presenting, as some persons would insist, that it would inevitably present, an appearance of backwardness and decline, it displays all the marks of thriving prosperity. This result must, in the main, be ascribed to the management of the present proprietor. The mud cabins have disappeared, and have been replaced by excellent cottages, built wholly at the expense of the landlord; the dense population, in a great measure, has been kept together by productive employment; the little farmsteads have been gradually re-formed by the judicious expenditure of the owner, encouraging the efforts of the occupiers; and though the outlay has been very great, I believe it has been fairly remunerative, while it is unnecessary to dwell on the good social consequences. At this moment the Bessborough estate is a beautiful specimen of small farm husbandry promoted, and stimulated by the proprietor, and of industry well directed and generously compensated. Lord Bessborough spends every year large sums in improving farm houses, fences and drains, in selling seed and manure at low prices to the occupiers in want of such aids, and in keeping his noble demesne in fine order. As I saw the results of this assiduous care in garden-like fields and happy homes, in the signs of comfort and triumphant industry, spreading from the valley to the high hill-top, I could not help thinking how different might have been the fate of this property in different hands, and how different at this moment would be the position of the land question of Ireland had all landlords followed a like course.

As Lord Bessborough manages his estate for the most part upon the English plan, so he does not permit the Irish custom of the sale of the goodwill of farms to grow up, and he retains dominion over his property. What are the lessons which a reflecting mind will derive from observing this prosperous scene? In the first place, it will be noticed how, by a singularly humane process, a landlord has been gradually enabled to change the character of his estate, and to transform it from one of an Irish type to one, to a great extent at least, modelled on a modern English pattern. Lord Bessborough has not expatriated his tenantry; he has retained the system of small holdings; yet he has preserved his property without serious loss through the ordeal of a social revolution, and he has largely added to its essential value. In the second place, as during the last 20 years he has, either by direct expenditure or by liberal allowances for them, effected most of the improvements on his estate, he has in a great measure, at least, excluded the equity in this respect which his tenants otherwise would have in his lands, and he has not permitted his freehold ownership to be eaten away by a tenant-right which practically would leave him only a rentcharge. He has thus not only, with infinite pains, put his property into good order, but he has a fair right to call it his own in an exact and legitimate sense, disencumbered, certainly in a great degree, from most of those indefinite claims which form the great difficulty of the Irish Land Question. In this state of things I would ask Mr. Mill or any fair advocate of 'fixity of tenure' at a rent to be adjusted by the Government, whether he would think his proposed scheme advantageous to such a property as this, even from the point of view of the tenantry. I will concede, for the sake of mere argument, that 'fixity of tenure' could exist without encouraging subdivision, and that, as certainly would be the case if a fair calculation were made of the rental Lord Bessborough's income would not be diminished. Assuming, however, all this, what chance would there be that this estate would continue in its present state of prosperity under the new conditions imposed on it? Deprived, as they assuredly would be, of the liberal aid extended to them, the very small tenants would sink down into hopeless poverty after a brief struggle, and all the cottagers would disappear, as their nominal rents would inevitably be raised, and they could hardly hope to find constant employment. The severance, too, of the proprietor from the soil, and from all immediate interest in the occupiers, would be mischievous in a hundred ways. Mr. Mill, indeed, with logical candour, admits that this would be the result, in all instances of this kind, and I venture to think it would prove most hurtful to the little community. Society, therefore, on this estate would be rudely disturbed—perhaps broken up; and what, looking beyond supposed expediency, would be the justice of the projected revolution? Would it be commonly honest to convert Lord Bessborough from what he is, in a real sense, a landowner, into a pensioner, with even an increasing rent charge? Would it be fair to deprive him of the happiness of discharging honourably the duties of property, an incident of the ownership of land which every liberal mind values, and which revolutionaries folly alone resolves, in every case, into the mere love of power?

Yet, however pleasing at this time is the condition of the Bessborough estate, a thoughtful person will not forecast its future without some degree of misgiving. It is unquestionably in part an artificial growth, the result of the care of the proprietor; and the civilization that comes from above is not likely to be so permanent as that which increases from below, from the industry of generation of occupiers. The prosperity of the baronies of Bargy and Forth springs from the soil and is rooted in it; the prosperity of the Bessborough estate is the gift of one man, and may perish with him. Furthermore, it is in a special manner depends largely upon the proprietor; for, though Lord Bessborough has given leases freely, is willing and anxious to give more, and has thus created security of tenure on a considerable portion of his estate his very small tenants hold all at will, and it is difficult to contend that in these cases leases ought to be universally conceded. It is possible, therefore, that a new landlord might sectionally interfere with the state of things that now exists upon this property; it is probable that, if he were harsh or illiberal, the prosperity, due to fostering care would rapidly fade away and disappear; and though it is not likely that this would be the case during the continuance of the House of Pembury, it is, of course, a contingency that may happen. Nevertheless, taking the very worst chance, a bad proprietor would hardly meddle with the order of things on these lands on the lowest grounds of the mere selfishness. It would cost any one an enormous sum to change the character of the husbandry on this estate and to enlarge the small into extensive holdings; and having regard to their present condition, and to the rents they readily yield, the experiment could not possibly pay. This, therefore, though not as great as one could wish, is a real security that the form of society that prevails on this tract will not be rudely altered or even injured; not to say that, after all, it is reasonable to suppose that few men would resort to mere wanton destruction.

ANGLICAN CATHOLIC TENDENCIES.

From the Catholic Opinion.

In several articles lately we have laid before our readers what may be called a hopeful view of the Anglican, or as it is some times termed, the Ritualistic movement. We have done this, because we think it a view which may fairly be held, and which we hold ourselves. We are sure many Catholics take little interest in the movement, either because they know little about it, or are impressed with a conviction that it is in no sense the work of God, but rather a cunning device of the devil to keep those who are yearning for the truth from the one true Home of Souls, the Catholic Church, by means of a spurious imitation of Catholicity. Thus, many Anglican unworkmen, and so, feel little more interest in its details than in those of any other of the two or three hundred varieties of Protestantism.

Some, as we have intimated, cannot be said to have any view on the subject, for they know next to nothing about it. They have seen, indeed, that certain Protestant clergymen have taken to dress themselves so as to be mistaken for Catholic priests in the streets; and they have heard that in certain Churches

they have begun to light candles, wear vestments, and imitate Catholic services. Others take their notions of the Ritualists from those Protestant and playing at Popery, who have taken up with ceremonial as a mere piece of antiquarianism or 'inner meaning'; or, if they have taken up with Catholic doctrine to a certain point, consider them as manifestly dishonest, and consciously untruthful, because they do not at once accept all other doctrines which, naturally, if these men believe as they say, in the Supremacy, the evidence for which is no less clear in Scripture and the tradition of the Church? The instant doctrine is not unnatural, that they do not accept their position as Anglicans,—to break many ties of friendship and worldly interest,—and if they are Clergy, to resign their livings and all that gives them influence and importance, and enter as simple laymen into the Catholic Church.

Our Anglian friends must admit that, from the Catholic point of view, there is a *prima facie* case against them. Mr. Cobb has shown that the claims of the Visible Church are so clear that nothing but a supposed exceptional dispensation can justify Anglicans in remaining, as he says, outside the visible unity.

Now, though it is very difficult for old Catholics to understand the position of the advanced Anglicans, those who are converts can account for it from their own experience. Many of them will remember that the divine constitution of the Visible Church, in its indivisible unity under its visible head, only broke upon them gradually. Though logically it comes first, yet historically it came to them last in the order of doctrines. We do not pretend to explain why this is; but it is a fact of the experience of many who are now Catholics and who were once Anglicans or Ritualists. If it is a fact, as we think of wide experience, we make take it as a providential order and it may account for the fact, which we think quite as certain, that great numbers of Anglicans approach so near the Church, but do not enter it, who are yet learned and conscientious. We believe they have not as yet come to see the true doctrine of the indivisibility of the Visible Church. They think themselves Catholics, a branch, as they say, of the Church because they do not see that the Church is a tree, its branches must form with it one visible organic unity. Being, as they think, Catholic, they try to hold and carry out all they know of Catholic doctrine and practice; and in this we think their example most profitable for Catholics to study. If these schematisers, these Samaritans, do so much for God, what ought not we to do who are citizens of the true Jerusalem?

Two weeks since we endeavoured to draw the attention of such of our readers as know but little of the interior of the so-called Ritualistic movement, to the deep reality which pervades it, the actual progress of Catholic doctrine in the Anglican Church, and the unmistakable devotedness, earnest preaching, prayer, and works of mercy and self-sacrifice, which distinguish the Ritualists as a body. The remarkable Mission which is now being conducted by the Clergy of this school in London, and of which we give the *Times* report in another column, is to us a strong confirmation of this view.

A small penny book which we have before us, entitled 'A Guide to the Mission Services' gives a list of more than sixty Churches in London and the suburbs, in which this Mission is being conducted. We have looked in at several of these Churches in order to gain a fair notion of what was going on. We have heard enough ourselves personally, or through others, of the sermons and services generally, to be able to say that this movement is in all respects modelled on such missions as are frequently being preached in our own Churches here, and in all Catholic countries, by the various Mission Orders. The earnestness of the preaching is unmistakable so, also, the plain inculcation of the great truths of religion,—not merely those in which all Christians believe, but the doctrines of the Real Presence, the Sacrifice of the Mass, Confession and Absolution, as the means of pardon and grace from God. The services begin before daylight, and are continued, even on week-days, at intervals during the day, for those who have leisure to attend; but especially in the evening, the Churches are well filled, some of them thronged like our own churches during a Mission, and confessions are heard up to midnight, or even later. The preachers are, of course, of different degrees of power, but what they say is for the most part calculated to arrest attention and go home. One we noted, who had evidently studied, and reproduced, though indifferently, the gestures of French or Italian preachers, which rarely come natural to Englishmen; and, so it happened, that not instinctively 'sitting the action to the word,' a certain grotesqueness was the result, and an air of unreality, but when he became natural he was evidently real, and in earnest.

It may be new to many Catholics to be informed that, in all the Churches we entered, the whole semblance was that of a Catholic Church in all there was a regular Altar, with Cross or Crucifix, and candlesticks,—either two or six, in some cases more,—lighted as if for Mass or Vespers. The singing was admirable, executed by full choirs of boys and men in surplices within the chancel, leading the congregation, or by the whole congregation trained to sing in unison, with a heartiness that had a thrilling effect. We may add that several of the Churches were of singular beauty and magnificent dimensions,—the Sanctuaries, in several cases, enclosed with marble or alabaster ballustrades, or ornate screens of elaborate iron or wood-work, richly gilt. The reredos behind the Altar was either covered with rich hangings, embroidered in needle work, or painted in fresco on gold ground, and showing always a Cross or Crucifix, in painting or in carved alabaster. The Clergy of several of these Churches live together in a College, and are unmarried men; many of them are young men of good family and some private fortune, which they have freely dedicated to works of charity, the support of schools and convents, and of such of their brother Clergy as have no private means. The seats in the Churches are generally free and unappropriated—the man seated on one side, the women on the other, according to old Catholic practice. The offertory collections of the free gifts of the people are often munificent, and generally speaking, are equal to those given by our own Catholic congregations. These are expended, where it is needed, for the support of the Clergy, but chiefly in works of charity, the support of schools, and relief of the destitute.

The Catholic vestments and incense are used as what is called High Celebration, and to those unaccustomed to the calm beauty, and harmony of the Mass, and who believe in Anglican orders, it must be very imposing. To a Catholic it is, of course, most painful. It looks like a Mass said, and seems a travesty of the holiest act on earth. We must judge of it not from our own point of view, but according to the intention of those who engage in it; and there is no question that the validity of Anglican orders is believed in by thousands, who say they have anxiously examined the question, and tell us (as it may appear) that they have no practical doubts on the matter. These and many more are the outward manifestations of the so-called Ritualistic movement, which has its ramifications in all directions through the country. It is a fact which cannot be ignored. Its signs and tendency may be fair matter for difference of opinion amongst Catholics.

We can understand many Catholics taking a different view from our own, and believe it to be the work of the devil, a mere imitation of Catholicity; a

* They hold all Catholic doctrine except that of the Papal Supremacy.

The True Witness.

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,
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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DEC. 24, 1869.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

DECEMBER—1869.
Friday, 24. Fast Vigil of Christmas.
Saturday, 25. Christmas.
Sunday, 26—St. Stephen M.
Monday, 27. St. John, Ev.
Tuesday, 28. Holy Innocents.
Wednesday, 29. St. Thomas, B. M.
Thursday, 30—Oft. Sunday within the Octave.

TO OUR DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS.

We take this opportunity of informing all Subscribers in arrears to this Office, that, wearied out with reiterated and fruitless appeals to their sense of justice and common honesty, we have commenced handing over their accounts to a lawyer for collection; and shall for the future continue so to deal with all those who will not, except on compulsion, pay their just debts.

A Registered Envelope, posted by some one in the district of Port Hope, and addressed to this Office, when opened contained neither letter nor money.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The next, or second Session of the Council will, we are told, be held on Thursday, the Sixth of January, Feast of the Epiphany. The Protestant papers amuse their readers by telling all kinds of stories about what the Pope intends to do, and what the Bishop's intend to do, and how the latter protest against what the former has done, and so on. We need scarce remind our readers that these stories are all inventions; that "Our Own Correspondents" know nothing of what takes place amongst the Fathers, and that no reliance is to be placed on any of their statements. The utmost they can do is to guess.—All was quiet in Rome, from which City also we receive the most satisfactory accounts as to the state of the health of the Holy Father.

Again we are assured that Louis Napoleon has entirely recovered from his late indisposition. For the sake of Europe, and in the interests of peace, we trust that it may be so; but this incessant anxiety to assure the world that the French Emperor is in good health is ominous.—M. Rochefort has started a new journal under the significant title of the *Marsellaise*; as yet the authorities have not interfered with it. All Spanish refugees in Paris, who in any way may have been implicated in the late republican revolution, have been ordered to leave the City.

The condition of Ireland is still such as to inspire great uneasiness. Disturbances at Londonderry on the occasion of the anniversary of the siege were apprehended on the 18th, and troops were forwarded to the city in case of a riot. The clergy and laity of the late Established Church do not seem to be working very harmoniously together, in the way of settling their new creed, and new organisation.

From the Red River country reports are contradictory, but we fear that matters are really getting serious. In so far as we can gather from the various telegrams, a proclamation from Mr. McDougall calling upon the Queen's subjects to rally for the support of legitimate authority, has been seized and suppressed by the insurgents.—Men on both sides are said to be arming for the expected conflict. In the meantime, cut off geographically as we are from the district which we have to rule, we must idly look on, impotent to interfere effectively.

We have been honored with instructions to publish the subjoined,—

CIRCULAR

TO THE CLERGY OF THE DIOCESE OF MONTREAL.
Montreal, 30th November, 1869. Forty-Seventh Anniversary of the Elevation of Mgr. Ignace Bourget to the Priesthood.

Sir,—My purpose, in addressing to you this Circular, is to speak to you of the reconstruction of the Cathedral, which as you are aware, was destroyed by the great fire of the 8th of July, 1852. You no doubt remember that in 1857, His Lordship the Bishop of Montreal announced to his Diocese his resolution to begin the restoration of the ruins of that building, and that for the accomplishment of so praiseworthy a design, he

hesitated not to impose on himself the painful task of going in person round his episcopal city, in order to solicit subscriptions in favor of the work. These subscriptions reached a pretty high figure, and several subscribers then began to pay in whole, or in part, the sums by them subscribed for; but the bad years that followed having determined *Monseigneur* to suspend the work, the payment of subscriptions was not called for; and on several occasions sums tendered were refused, seeing that the execution of the project had been postponed indefinitely. The money actually received was employed for digging the foundations of the Cathedral, and for the purchase of the necessary materials.

I have since repeatedly heard it regretted that *Monseigneur* had no Cathedral, but with this all stopped. However during the Pastoral Retreat in the month of August last, MM. the Parish Priests who were met together for its religious exercises, resolved of their own accord, to open a subscription to enable *Monseigneur* to resume his project; and in order that their subscriptions might be relied upon, they declared themselves ready to grant their promissory notes for the several amounts by them subscribed for—adding that they would all do their utmost with their several parishioners, to engage them to contribute, according to their means, for so honorable a work. This subscription amounted to about \$30,000; and from the reports which have since reached me, I am convinced that they who were unable to take part in the Retreat will subscribe with equal generosity; indeed several amongst them seem to complain that the priests charged with asking for subscriptions had, hitherto, applied to them, to associate them in an undertaking worthy of the greatest sacrifices.

A conduct so noble could not be concealed from His Lordship the Bishop of Montreal; therefore I made it my duty, and my pleasure, to make it known to His Lordship who, as I was convinced, could not be but very sensible of the attention on the part of his Clergy to whom he is so warmly attached. The following extract from a letter which he wrote me in reply, under date 25th September last, shows that in this I was not mistaken:

"M. l'Administrateur, the subscription of the Clergy, of which in your last, you inform me, for the rebuilding of the Cathedral, appears to me in the actual circumstances to be really providential. Indeed it would be difficult not to recognise therein the hand of God which declares to us, that it is His will that we set to work to put the crown upon the many works undertaken at Montreal since it has had a Bishop. This last enterprise will be proceeded with during the Jubilee, and during the sitting of the (Ecumenical) Council, that is to say whilst the hearts of all the faithful, excited by the voice and the example of their pastors, are animated by all those sentiments which faith and piety inspire. It is a favourable moment which we must not lose, for surely in the future no other will present itself, and will offer so many chances of success. Montreal cannot dispense with a Cathedral Church, and it requires one that shall correspond with its present importance, and its future wants. As you represent me in the affairs of the Diocese, place yourself at the head of this movement as if you were indeed myself."

As you see, *Monseigneur de Montreal* gratefully accepts the aid proffered by his Clergy for the rebuilding of his Cathedral, and looks upon this step as a sign that it is God's will that he should commence the work of its restoration; and to show how warmly I for my part applaud the act of the Clergy, I cheerfully accept the order given me by his Lordship to put myself at the head of the movement, as if I were indeed himself; for with the powerful help promised by the Clergy, whom no doubt the faithful will also strive to rival in generosity, I feel assured of success. And here is my opinion as to the steps to be taken, so that all the faithful may with ease contribute towards the execution of the projected work. I say all the faithful, for the Cathedral being the Church of all the Diocesans, no matter in what part of the Diocese they may reside, it is but proper that all should contribute towards its construction. It is therefore a *Diocesan* work; it will remain also a monument of the Ecumenical Council of the Vatican, since it is in the year of its opening that the Diocese has taxed itself for the purpose.

It is usual in the rural parishes to make about Christmas time a collection called the collection of the *Infant Jesus*. Well, this is the contribution that I ask for from the faithful of the rural districts whilst we are building the Cathedral, since that contribution appears to me to bear the least heavily on them, seeing that they are accustomed to make it every year, and that the Parochial Clergy will not be obliged to impose a new burden on themselves, since every year they visit each family in their several parishes, whilst the Church-wardens take up the collection.

As to the collection to be made in the City parishes, and those of the *Banlieu*, I will arrange as to time and mode with the MM. the *Cures* and the members of the Committee formed in 1857 to accompany *Mgr. de Montreal*

in his visits throughout the City, and to assist him in the means to be taken for rebuilding the Cathedral: in due time I will have announced these particulars at the *Fronces* of the several churches. In the meantime any offerings that may be sent here will be thankfully received.

As I said above this is a *Diocesan* work, one in which all should take part, poor and rich, young and old alike. In our Colleges therefore, in our Convents, in our Schools and even in private families, the children I feel sure, will make it their pleasure to put aside every year, some few pence from their New Year's gifts, in order to contribute to a work whose necessity and importance they will when older better understand.

And what young man is there who will not be glad to make once a year the sacrifice of some pleasure trip, concert, or kindred amusement, to give the cost thereof to the work of rebuilding the Cathedral?

What young girl is there who will not take a pride in stinting herself in some ornaments of her dress, so that she may throw the price thereof into the treasury of so honorable a work?

In the old Testament, in the Book of Exodus, we see how, at the voice of Moses, the people of God with hearty good will, promptly offered for the construction of the tabernacle the first fruits of their goods. Men and women brought forth their earrings, their ear-rings, their rings and their bracelets; all the vessels of gold were put on one side to be presented to the Lord; with cheerful hearts, men and women made their offerings to complete the work which by Moses, the Lord had ordered. I dare not ask such precious gifts from you; but what I do desire is that you make those which I ask for with cheerfulness and love, remembering that the Lord loves the cheerful giver.

By these means, means within the reach of all we shall surely succeed in the execution of a project which at first sight may appear strange, but which we shall be agreeably surprised to see accomplished as if by magic. When a man wills a thing in earnest, he is indeed powerful. I reckon then upon all the members of the Clergy, upon the Superiors and Directors of our Colleges, Convents, Schools, and upon every head of a family, for the realisation of a project so worthy of the faith of a people such as is that of this Diocese.

And in conclusion I have but to express to you a wish which I hope may please you all, and may encourage you to contribute freely to the work which occupies us, especially during the next three years.

It is needless for me to sing the praises of our Venerable Bishop. You all know as well as I know, how blessed we are in having such a Pastor.

We must all pray God to spare him to us for many years to come, to consolidate all the works which he has commenced. It was under the inspiration of this sentiment that some one wrote to him at Rome last summer, to acquaint him with the desire of several priests and laymen that he would allow the rebuilding of the Cathedral to be commenced next Spring; so that, if as it was hoped, he should live long enough to celebrate his fiftieth year of priesthood, he might have a fitting and sufficiently spacious place to celebrate it—in the presence of his Clergy, the Religious Communities, and of numbers of his Diocesans. To this His Lordship replied: "It seems to me that my life is strangely calculated upon. But never mind, even though the Cathedral should but suffice for my burial, I willingly agree that the work be commenced. I think that God will bless us, and that we shall succeed. I will invoke all the Saints of Rome who dwell in so magnificent temples that they help us, to find worthy lodging for our great St. James, and his beloved brother St. John."

Now it will be on the 30th November 1872, that *Monseigneur de Montreal* will attain his fiftieth year of priesthood. Of course we do not expect by that time to be able to offer him a Cathedral completed; that would I fear be exacting too much. But by that date let us be content to have the walls, the roof, and the planking. For this we have three summers before us; time will not be wanting—shall we then fail in the means? I should but insult you to suppose so. Let us then set seriously to work, and to console our dear Bishop for his long absence, let us prepare everything so as to let him have the pleasure of blessing the first stone of his Cathedral on his return amongst his dearly loved children; this I am sure will be the best proof of our attachment to his sacred person, and of our gratitude for all that he has done for the temporal and spiritual welfare of his diocesans.

I beg of you to publish from the pulpit of your Church this Circular, and so to comment thereon as to make the faithful understand, both the high importance of the work, and the ease with which it may be accomplished.

I remain very respectfully, Sir,
Your very humble obedient servant,
A. F. TRUTEAU, Vic. Gen.,
Administrator.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*Jubilee* only received as we were about to put to press; shall appear in our next.

A correspondent of the *Montreal Gazette* over the signature *To-morrow*, describes the effect produced upon him by hearing sung for the first time, the Litany in the Anglican Prayer Book. "It is true indeed," he says, "that the Litany of the Anglican Church is so perfect in its form, and so pure in spirit, as to need no aid from art. . . . How proud I felt of the Anglican ritual. Its capacity and comprehensiveness were more than ever marvels to my mind."

The writer seems not to be aware that the Litany whose perfection of form, and purity of spirit he admires—of whose comprehensiveness and capacity he feels so proud, is no more entitled to be called "the Litany of the Anglican Church," or to be spoken of as part of the "Anglican ritual," than has the Lord's Prayer to be so designated. The so-called Anglican Liturgy is but a translation—a beautiful one, all will admit—of part of the *Romish* Litany: the invocations to the Saints in heaven, to aid with their prayers their fellow-worshippers on earth in their common adoration of the Tri-une God, being omitted; and the supplications for the "Lords of the Council, and all the Nobility," for Magistrates, for our most Gracious Queen and Governor, for the Prince of Wales and the rest of the Royal Family, being thereunto added, and the only portions thereof which are truly "Anglican." All the rest is *Romish* in form and spirit, and was borrowed by the modern Anglican, from the old *Roman Catholic* Church, which gave to it that perfection of form, and that purity of spirit which *To-morrow* so justly admires. Again then we say, *Honor Qui Honor*.

AN APOLOGY FOR THE FRENCH CANADIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

In the *Montreal Daily News* of Saturday last, we find the following excellent, indeed unanswerable, argument, though unintentional—for the existence of the above-named Society formed for the purpose of rescuing French Canadians from their thralldom to the "French Canadian clergy," to whom the country is indebted "for the order and morality they enforce," and which qualities are so conspicuous in the rural districts of Lower Canada. Unintentionally—for the matter treated of by our respected contemporary is a proposed Police Bill—the *Daily News* has given us a most excellent apology for the *F. C. M. Society*.—Who indeed can doubt its utility, the consistency, and the pure intentions of its members, when they realize the following facts?—

"It is but a simple truth to affirm that in no other land can there be found a larger measure of security for life and property than in the rural parishes of Lower Canada. We know how deeply we are indebted to the French Canadian clergy for the order and morality they enforce, but we cannot, at the same time, be insensible to the mobile elements out of which they have moulded harmony and repose. We rarely if ever hear of any grave crime being perpetrated in the parishes. Exceptions affright society and send a thrill of horror through the country; but their rarity only establish the more conclusively the prevailing love of law and order. One can travel for hundreds of miles in this Province without finding lock or bolt on a door, such is the perfect confidence of the people in each others integrity and honesty, and if any outrage occurs, the entire community turns out to ferret out the offender. There is no sympathy with the criminal class; no one harbours or abets a thief or murderer. We speak now of the long established parishes and townships of Lower Canada. We are aware that loafers, vagabonds, thieves and drunkards flock to our cities or are bred in them; but the absence of a criminal class in the country has been noticed and lauded by every intelligent traveller.—*Daily News*."

We can safely venture to promise that when the French Canadians shall have been converted to what the *Witness* calls "the truth as it is Jesus:" when they shall have thrown off the corruptions of Popery, and shall have been brought to the religious condition of the people of the neighboring States—then also will Lower Canada closely resemble in its moral features, in its integrity, honesty, immunity from outrage, in its respect for the marriage tie, and in security for life and property, those of that noted Republic where a Reverend Mr. Beecher stands up to invoke publicly the blessing of God upon murder, lust, and adultery.

The *Daily News* contrasts the alacrity of the Police to pounce upon and send to the police station, there to herd for the night with unclean knaves, drunkards and prostitutes, any unfortunate little fellow guilty of the monstrous crime of sliding or skating on a side walk—with their apathy with respect to the continual infraction of other City Laws, such as those about cleaning the snow off the roofs, and cleaning the side walks. These laws are never enforced; in practice they are a dead letter, and in consequence for a great part of the year, the streets are almost impracticable for people on foot. Why are not the laws enforced against all those proprietors and householders who violate them constantly, and with impunity, as well as against little boys who skate and slide? Justice is very indifferently administered indeed in Montreal.

THE MAYORALTY.—We are happy to learn that Mr. Workman yielding to the desire of his fellow-citizens, expressed to him through a deputation of our prominent men, has consented to allow himself to be nominated for the Mayoralty of Montreal for the coming municipal year.

In a late number, Dec. 4th, of the *Dublin Irishman* we find published a correspondence on the subject of the late Tipperary election, from which we make some extracts illustrative of the spirit of hostility to the Catholic clergy which certain politicians are doing their best to excite: "Of course you know before this that Ross is the member for Tipperary. We fought a great battle for him, and it was not Heron alone we had to contend with, our good priests (confound them) went in for Heron, they threatened and abused us in an awful manner; but it was no use, thank goodness. I think their power is over after this, and 'tis time."

The evangelicals of England will no doubt rejoice at this, and hail it as a proof of the dying out of Popery; but we do not believe that the hostile sentiments of the writers in the *Dublin Irishman* are generally entertained by the people of Ireland.

Before his departure for Rome, His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin issued another Pastoral, from which, in another column, we give some extracts, which set forth in clear and forcible language the sentiments of the Catholic Church, upon the great social and political events of the day. We bespeak for these extracts a careful perusal.

It is a highly significant fact that at the late Tipperary election only 2,162 votes in all were polled, of which 1,132 were cast for O'Donovan Rossa. This is highly significant, for the constituency of the county is by some reckoned as about 10,000. At the election four years ago no less than 6,282 votes were polled, of which the successful candidate, Mr. Moore, received 2,622, or more than twice as many as were given the other day for Rossa. The fact is the great majority of the respectable tenant farmers either took little interest in the proceedings, or else were prevented by intimidation, and threats of violence from attending at the polls.

The special correspondent of the *London Times*, so we learn, has been refused admittance to the Papal Territory, there to report the proceedings at the Council. When we add that this correspondent is the infamous Gallenga, the hireling assassin whom Mazzini engaged some years ago to murder King Charles Albert, furnishing him with funds and a dagger with a lapis lazuli handle, to carry out his bloody design, wonder at the action of the Pontifical government will cease. Mazzini the apostle of the dagger, and Gallenga, are together with Garibaldi, the special pets of the Liberal world, and are therefore not in good odor at Rome.

WELL DESERVED.—We see by a report of our City Council proceedings that a motion for considering the expediency of awarding the sum of \$2,000 to Mr. Alfred Perry as an acknowledgment of his services in saving life and property at fires, has been carried. We are glad of it, and congratulate Mr. Perry on this public recognition of his services. No one can call in question his intelligence, his zeal and his pluck, by the exercise of which facilities he has been the means of saving much property, and many lives. For the sake of the City we trust that we may long have the benefit of his services.

NICE PORK.—The French papers contain a curious story about pork, which will prove interesting to eaters of the flesh of the unclean beast. It seems that Tropmann, the hero of the Pantin murders, has a brother living in Prussia, who is sexton of the village where he resides. Being of an enterprising turn of mind, he availed himself of the facilities which his profession of gravedigger afforded him, by digging up at night the corpses of those whom he had buried during the day, and feeding his pigs on them. This story we find in the *Minerve* of the 16th inst.

AN ANGLICAN GENTLEMAN, Mr. Cobb, of some notoriety for his high literary attainments, and his position amongst the High Churchmen, writes to the *London Tablet* defining the position of the Unionists, that is of those amongst his brethren who desire and believe that the Church is or should be one. Mr. Cobb thus writes:—"We hold the Catholic Faith as summed up in the Creed of Pope Pius IV., and as expounded under express Papal sanction, by Bossuet and Veronius; and we hold it too as Anglicans; that is to say, we believe that it is perfectly reconcilable with Anglican Formularies."

LINDSAY CATHOLIC SCHOOL HOUSE.—We understand that the ladies of Lindsay are organizing a Bazaar, the proceeds of which will be devoted to paying off the outstanding debt on the new Catholic School House of that district. The sum of \$3,500 has already been paid thereon, but \$1,500 are still owing, and the Bazaar aided by a Prize Drawing which the Trustees are getting up, will it is hoped raise funds sufficient to meet the debt which falls due in March next.

CHRISTMAS ORDINATION.—Impressive and beautiful ceremonies of our Church are not rare in our midst. It is seldom, however, we had the good luck of witnessing a more solemn and imposing one than that of Saturday morning last, 18th inst. It was then that took place the semi-annual Ordination at the Grand Seminary of St. Sulpice of this City—His Lordship Bishop Pinnoneault being the officiating Prelate on the occasion.

In the ordination of her ministers, the Church employs an external pomp and grandeur really magnificent in itself and in its meaning, as well as instructive and edifying to the faithful to behold. Therein everything appears, as it were measured out, to produce the most lively religious impression on the one and on the other—the recipient and on the bystander.

At the conclusion of the interesting ceremony, which occupied upwards of three hours, His Lordship delivered a short address appropriate to the occasion, exhorting all who had participated therein to an unremitting zeal in the discharge of the functions imposed on them.

The subjoined is a list of the names of those who participated in the Ordination:—

Tonsure.—Messrs. F. X. Darragh, Diocese of Montreal; D. C. Levesque, do; P. Poissant, do; J. D. Dapont, do; T. J. Glordier, do; J. DeRepenigny, do; M. Kane, Diocese of Albany; M. A. Nolan, Diocese of New York; A. O. Sures, do; D. Filion, do; W. Berrigan, Toronto; H. F. Kiersey, Hartford; H. Lynch, do; D. Desmond, do; P. P. A. McMahon, Alton; H. McGaule, Chicago; F. X. Cormier, St John, N. B.; A. Guy, Religious of the Holy Cross.

Minor Orders.—Messrs. T. M. Carroll, Montreal; T. A. Thibault, do; F. L. Ordeus, do; L. Campeau, do; A. Prevost, do; A. O. Sures, do; D. Filion, do; W. Berrigan, Toronto; H. F. Kiersey, Hartford; H. Lynch, do; D. Desmond, do; P. P. A. McMahon, Alton; H. McGaule, Chicago; F. X. Cormier, St John, N. B.; A. Guy, Religious of the Holy Cross; F. X. Collettero, do do.

BIBLE HISTORY.—Benziger Bros., Cincinnati and New York.

This is a well printed and neatly illustrated little volume designed for the use of Catholic schools in the United States, and containing the most remarkable events recorded in the Old and New Testaments. It has the formal approbation of the Most Reverend the Archbishop of Cincinnati, and is no doubt well qualified to affect its object—that of making the great events of our religion intelligible, and familiar to the rising generation. It has, we see, been adopted in some of the schools in the U. States under the control of the Jesuits, and this speaks highly for its merits.

At the earnest request of many friends, we reproduce the obituary notice of the late Father Bakewell, whose memory is so dear to the Catholics of Montreal:—

There were many sad hearts amongst the Catholics of this City, and those of them especially who are members of the St. Patrick's Congregation, when on Sunday, 12th inst., they heard the tolling of the bell which announced the death of their well loved friend and pastor, the Rev. Frederick Bakewell, of the Seminary of St. Sulpice. For some days his life had been despaired of, as it was known that he was suffering under a serious malady contracted in the performance of his sacred duties as a priest, and in his attendance at the bed-sides of the afflicted; yet hoping as it were against hope, we still trusted that God would spare him to us. But his heavenly Father, Who does all things well, saw fit to summon His servant to the enjoyment of that exceeding great reward which He has promised to those who love Him, and do His will on earth. What then shall we say? God's holy will be done; and so resigning ourselves to the loss, we will cherish his memory in our inmost hearts.

The deceased was a young man who was early converted to the Catholic faith, which he ever after ardently cherished. An accomplished gentleman, a ripe and elegant scholar as well as a fervent Christian, and a laborious, self denying priest, he won the respect and love of all who had the happiness of knowing him; and in losing him, the Seminary of St. Sulpice has lost a member who was well fitted by his learning and virtues to confer lustre even on that illustrious Society, whose labors in the cause of science and Christianity, in Europe as well as in America, are matters of history.

The deceased Rev. Frederick Bakewell was only 32 years of age at the time of his death, having been born in England, at Norwich, in the year 1837. When about eleven years of age, he came with his family to the United States, where, having embraced the Catholic faith, he was called to the religious life. In 1857, he entered the Seminary of St. Sulpice, of which body he remained a member to the day of his death, exercising his sacred ministry amongst the Irish, and English speaking portion of the population of Montreal, as one of the clergy attached to the St. Patrick's Church. During

the late Jubilee his labors were great, his zeal indefatigable. It was thus that he contracted the disease, inflammation of the lungs, complicated with typhoid fever, which, after five days of severe suffering, terminated his short, but glorious existence.

His mortal remains were committed to the earth on Wednesday, 15th inst., after a solemn service in the Parish Church of Notre Dame.—R. I. P.

THE LATE FATHER BAKEWELL.

At the meeting of the St. Bridget's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society, held at their rooms on Sunday, the 12th Dec., 1869, the sudden demise of the Rev. Father Bakewell was announced to the Society by the Rev. President, who eulogised the late priest in the following terms:—The Rev. Father Bakewell, of whose death you have just heard, cannot easily be forgotten by us. His impressive sermons, delivered in that meek spirit of kindness, during the Jubilee, edified the congregation of St. Bridget's Church, the last one particularly, on Wednesday, the 1st inst., on the suddenness of death. The good priest was called from amongst us, through the wisdom of God, as if to demonstrate the text he so beautifully portrayed. Truly it may be said of him that he died a martyr in the exercise of that charity which he so eloquently recommended to his hearers.

The following resolutions were then carried unanimously:—

Resolved,—That in the death of the Rev. Father Bakewell our Society has lost a sincere friend, and a firm advocate of the Temperance cause; and further, that the Society attend in a body at the funeral obsequies to be held in the Church of Notre Dame, on Wednesday morning, 15th inst.

Resolved,—That the foregoing be inserted in all the City newspapers, English and French and a copy be transmitted to the relatives of the deceased, and to the priests of the St. Patrick's Church.

(By order) CHARLES SHEA, Secretary.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY, MONTREAL.

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY ON THE DEATH OF FATHER BAKEWELL.

At a meeting of the St. Patrick's Society of this city, held in the St. Patrick's Hall on Monday evening, the 13th inst., it was—

Proposed by Mr. Patrick Carroll, seconded by Mr. Daniel Lyons, and unanimously resolved,—That this Society has heard, with the deepest regret, of the demise of the Rev. Frederick Bakewell, a Priest of the Order of St. Sulpice, for many years attached to St. Patrick's Church of this city, and one of the Chaplains of this Society; who, by his Apostolic zeal, profound learning, and ardent charity, rendered lasting services to those to whom he was appointed to minister—such as must ever remain enshrined in affectionate memory.

Proposed by Mr. Martin Tracy, seconded by Mr. Nicholas Kinsella, and resolved,—That in token of the esteem of this Society, for the memory of Father Bakewell, and in gratitude for his unvarying kindness as their friend and Chaplain, the members of the Society agree to walk in procession at his funeral on Wednesday morning, 15th inst.—the procession to form at 8:30 a.m. in this Hall, and proceed thence to the Seminary of St. Sulpice, on Notre Dame Street where the remains of the Reverend Father are now lying in state.

Proposed by Mr. Richard Burke, seconded by Mr. John O'Reilly, and resolved,—That a copy of these resolutions be enclosed to Mr. Bakewell, brother of the deceased, now in this city, with a respectful expression of the condolence of the Society.

F. B. McNAMEE, President. WM. J. WALSH, Secretary.

CATHOLIC TEACHERS AND THE NORMAL SCHOOL.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Why are there no Roman Catholic young men under training at the Normal School in Toronto? There are three or four Roman Catholic ladies, but not so much as one solitary man. What is the matter? We see by the last Annual Report that there are 563 Catholic Teachers employed—327 of these in the Public Common Schools in Ontario—that is about one-tenth of the whole number of teachers employed in all the schools, and yet not one in training in the Normal School. It is generally known that Roman Catholics have as good a right to the advantages of the Normal School as Protestants have? They contribute equally to its support. The gentlemen presiding over the Normal School have just as kindly a welcome for Catholics as for any others, and hold the doors of the Normal School as widely open to receive them. It is known that a first class certificate enabling its holder to command a salary of from \$400 to \$1,000 a year—excepting him for life from the annoyance of county Board examinations—and securing to him the interest and influence of Dr. Sangster and the other gentlemen of the Department, may be obtained in one session at an expense of from \$50 to \$75—barely what it costs for board and books? If those 563 teachers would wake up and ask themselves why they are content with standing on the lowest rung of the ladder and living on starvation allowance in the poorer schools, I think they would get tired of it, turn over a new leaf, and try a little higher up. I almost forgot to mention the fact that the rules of the Normal School require its students to attend religious instruction, each at his respective place. I think on Fridays Roman Catholics have to go to the Cathedral, where they are received by the Very Rev. Father Jamot, now Administrator of the Diocese of Toronto.

HONOR OBI HOMOR.

Lindsay, Nov. 25, 1869

L'INSTITUT CANADIEN AND THE CLEBOY.—Mr. Louis Orléan, a Clerk who resided in St. Margaret street and was a member of L'Institut Canadien, died a few days ago and was buried in the Cote des Neiges Cemetery with the usual ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church, but La Minerve taken care to explain that he was buried in his resignation, copies of which were duly placed in the hands of the gentlemen of the Bueche, the Cure of the Parish, and the President of L'Institut.

TELEGRAPHIC CORRESPONDENCE.—The following has been sent to us Montreal Herald, for insertion:—Telegraphic correspondence between Sir John A. McDonald, Premier of the Dominion, and Geo. Francis Train the Federal Candidate for the White House, on a Lecture Invasion of Canada.

(G. F. Train to Sir John A. McDonald.)

Detroit, 11th Dec., 1869.

Sir John A. McDonald, Premier of the Dominion, Ottawa, Canada:

Presuming on old acquaintance I ask if Government objects to my lecturing in Canada, against Reciprocity, Annexation, or Fenian Invasion?

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

(Sir John A. McDonald to G. F. Train.)

Ottawa, Canada, Dec. 12, 1869.

G. F. Train, Detroit, U. S. A.:

Canada is a free country, and lectures can be delivered on any subject. The Lecturer is of course responsible for his statements.

JOHN A. McDONALD

Lansing, Mich, Dec 13 1869.

Sir John A. McDonald, Ottawa, Canada: Thanks. Shall lecture Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton, London—January.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

Bishop de Charbonnel, has received another step in the hierarchy. He was created Bishop of Szegopolis a few weeks ago, and has since been raised to the honorary Archbishopric of Sasopolis, in partibus infidelium, as auxiliary of De Bonald, the Cardinal-Archbishop of Lyons.

GOING ABROAD.—Having happily recovered from his late severe illness, Reverend Mr. Toppin is now about to proceed to Europe for the benefit of his health, accompanied by his brother.

ST. ANTOINE'S WARD.—Mr. G. Weaver, as well as Mr. O'Brien, is spoken of in connection with the reorganisation of this ward, Alderman MacFarlan having finally determined to retire.

Recent advices from England state that the Lieutenant-General commanding the troops in the Dominion, has strongly protested against the disbandment of the Royal Canadian Rifles.

In addition to the account we read in American newspapers of the distress which prevails in the United States, and the great difficulty there is in obtaining a living, even among the class most available, our attention is frequently drawn to individual cases, where men have either incautiously left Canada for the States and regretting their folly, desire to return, or to those of men who tried the States and finding they cannot succeed, are anxious to come North to Canada. Another of these instances is brought to our knowledge. A man writes from Kentucky to say that he came out to that State from Scotland two years ago and having, we suppose, given it a fair trial, desires to settle in Canada. He writes for information as to acquiring land &c., which has been furnished him, and says that in his neighborhood there is another man who, with his wife and family, is desirous of migrating to Ontario. These men are, apparently, not altogether destitute of capital, and if such people find that they cannot get on in Kentucky but are anxious to remove to Canada, we may assume that the chances for others going there without money are poor.—Toronto Globe.

THE LATE MRS. HENRY STUART.—We have already informed our readers of the painful event which within the last few days has thrown one of the most influential families of our city into profound grief. On the 2nd December, the wife of Henry Stuart Q. C. of this city terminated a career only filled up with acts of devotion and sacrifices of charity. Daughter of the Hon. William Smith formerly a member of the Executive Council, and author of our first History of Canada and grand daughter of the third Chief Justice of the Province of Quebec, she had inherited through a long line of distinguished ancestors, qualities which were appreciated by all who knew her. Her charity did not rest satisfied with administering comforts in the homes of poor families, but she followed the unfortunate into the wards of the hospitals, into asylums and wherever there were unfortunate ones to relieve. We have often seen her without distinction of race or religion accompany the sisters of charity in their visits from house to house, and never was relief refused to any one who addressed her. The good which she did in her life-time is a great consolation for her family.—La Minerve.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.—The congregation of St. Patrick's must have felt proud of the religious ceremonies which, within the walls of their Church yesterday evening, closed the exercises of the Jubilee. All combined to inspire the soul with the grandest and most consoling ideas of religion—sacred eloquence, grandeur of the ceremonies, the resplendent decorations of the altar, and not least the music directed by the choir under the direction of Mr. Hamel. The Rev. F. Merrick, S.J., whose eloquence attracted vast crowds, not only of Catholics but even numbers of Protestants, urged his hearers to continue in the path of virtue on which they entered during the Jubilee. Father Merrick's oratorical powers carry away his audience, and every one who has had the pleasure of hearing him confesses that he is one of the best orators who has ascended the pulpit of St. Patrick's. During his short stay in Quebec Father Merrick has done a vast amount of good, and gained the admiration and affection of those who had the good fortune to meet him. The Administrator of the Diocese, assisted by Fathers O'Connell and Maguire, as deacon and sub-deacon, gave the solemn benediction, and intoned the Te Deum. The altar decorations by a reverend gentleman of the Church, whose taste and skill are already known, never looked better. He who was not touched by the music executed at St. Patrick's, on yesterday evening, must have a heart of stone. The most unmusical ear felt its beauty and harmony, while those who are skilled in music declare that nowhere could the pieces chosen be rendered with such effect and such perfection. The 'Magnificat' sung by a double choir, was most imposing, and the solo by Mr. Herwood, M.P.P. was delivered with his usual and brilliant style. Many thanks are due to the ladies and gentlemen of the choir, to Mr. Hamel the able organist, who devoted so much time to maintain the choir at the height it has attained. Miss Lee and Miss Ardoin also merit great praise. But we must not forget to mention the name of Mr. Herwood, who so kindly consented to assist the choir with his rich, melodious and thrice powerful voice. The congregation must indeed be very grateful to that gentleman for the services he has so often and so politely rendered. We hope to hear him often in St. Patrick's. The closing of the Jubilee was a *fele brillante*, such a one as was never before witnessed not only in St. Patrick's but in any other church of this city. We are sure that the Rev. Pastor and his congregation feel a legitimate pride in the manner in which all passed off.—Quebec Mercury.

Notice is given in the Ottawa papers that application will be made to Parliament next Session for an Act of Incorporation for a Company for the construction of a Railway from Ottawa, to Fort Garry, and from thence to the confines of British Columbia. Also, for the construction of a Branch from Fort Garry, to the most convenient point on the frontier of the United States, with power to build, launch, equip and navigate Steamers and other vessels upon the Saskatchewan and its branches, and upon Rivers and Lakes in the District to be traversed by the said Railway. Also, that the monetary credit of the Dominion may be extended in aid of such Company by the granting of mortgages on the Wild Lands of the Crown adjoining such Railways in certain due proportions as the works proceed. Also, that Free Grants of the Wild Lands of the Crown may be made to approved Immigrant and Native

Settlers on their performing certain settlement duties to be agreed upon, the said Free Grants to be in regular alternate sections along the line of the said Railway with the mortgaged Lands aforesaid, and the said section of the Free Grant Lands differ, so far as effected by such Act, only in size or quantity from the sections of the aforesaid mortgaged Lands. The said Act of Incorporation will be assented for the name of the Canadian Pacific Railway and Navigation Company.

The news from the Red River is of very great importance, and somewhat startling. We sincerely hope that the news of the shooting of Capt. Cameron is not true, though the rashness which he had already shown was such as to render that result only too likely. We hope too, that, however this may be, further bloodshed may be avoided. It would have been much better, as it seems to us, to have waited patiently through the winter, than to have entered upon any rash enterprise now. To succeed now is but little better than success later. To fail now is, perchance, to fail altogether; for, of course, our American neighbors will not allow any expedition to set forth from their territory. We ought not to expect or ask it of them. If then our friends are driven out of our territory into theirs, we must wait till Spring to effect an entrance through Canadian territory at every disadvantage, and meantime the Metis insurrection will work their will upon the Canadian settlers and partisans at Winnipeg and elsewhere in the territory. It is not without grave apprehension, therefore, that we publish the news which appears elsewhere. If the Indians can be reached, and made properly to understand the merits of the case, we do not doubt they will side with the Government; but if they should be divided the war entered on may be such as to be regretted by all civilized men. But we have hope nevertheless, that all these considerations have been duly weighed, and that the expedition has not been entered upon without something like a certainty of success. With such certainty and the hearty support of the Hudson's Bay Company and the Indians it may prove to be the wisest, as it would then be the speediest way of ending the difficulty. Mont Gazette.

The Richmond Guardian says: For the first time since the organization of our County Municipality no lands have been offered for sale for taxes this year.

The St. Lawrence is still open opposite Brockville, and yesterday morning the writer described a solitary boatman in the midst of the cold sleet and rain crossing the stormy water. There has been little or no sleighing yet in this neighborhood, and business is duller than usual at this time of the year.—Brockville Monitor, Dec. 17th.

FOUL.—The poor have a sad prospect of suffering from that dread enemy of theirs, the cold this season, for dealers say that fuel of all kinds will be very dear. It is already high in price.

JUST IN SEASON How to TAKE A FLIGHT RIDES. Many people can't afford to take a sleigh ride; can't afford to pay three dollars for a sleigh and prancing horses for an hour, and may be twice that. Here's a substitute that answers every purpose. Seek a bed room without fire; next prepare a tub of water and the colder the better. Buffaloes will next be used, then a whip and string of sleigh-bells. Lock the door—proceed to pleasure. Place a chair before the water; pull your boots off and your cap on. All this time be gay and happy! In your chair then snugly settle; plunge your feet into the water; draw the buffaloes around you; seize the whip and snap it gaily while your left hand shakes the sleigh bells. All this time be gay and happy! Keep this up an hour or longer as may suit your inclination. Thus you see, you'll save your money, and enjoy with much less trouble all the pleasures of a sleigh ride. All the time be gay and happy!

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

St Raphael, Rev Mr Materson, \$2; Lyndhurst, D O'Connor, 2; Three Rivers, Rev O O Connor, 4.50; Melbourne, E Lamb, 5; Mill Haven, J Barton, 2; Picton P Manning, 2.50; Moses Coum, M O'Carthy, 3.12; St John T R Johnson, 4; Alexandria, L McCormick, 2; Rockton M O'Connor, 2; St Edward de Frampton, Rev Mr Kelly, 2; Balie St Paul, Rev H Gingras, 2; St Joseph Beauce, P Belanger, 2; Molesworth, J J Gardner, 2; Lindsay, Rev Mr St-Ford, 2; Per J O'Reilly, Hastings—J McGillen, 2; P Conlin, 2; D Smith, 2.

Per Rev H Brettagh, Trenton—T Hollerin, 2. Per Miss M A Hitchcock, Muskegon, U S—Self, 2.50; Rev F-Rivers Trenton, 2.50.

Per J Heenan, Pembroke—Self, 2; J McCarthy, Point Alexander, 2. Per P P Lynch Belleville—D Koefe, 3.

Died.

At Montreal, on the 17th inst., at his late residence, 185 St. Antoine street, Mr. James Brennan, aged 76 years.—R.I.P.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS

Montreal, Dec. 20, 1869. Flour—Pollards, \$2.75 to \$2.90; Middlings \$3.20 to \$3.25; Fine \$3.40 to \$3.50; Super. No. 2 \$3.70 to \$3.75; Superfine \$4.12 to \$4.20; Fancy \$4.30 to \$4.35; Extra, \$4.60 to \$4.65; Superior Extra \$0 to 00.00; Bag Flour, \$2.10 to \$2.17 per 100 lbs. Castmeal per brl of 200 lbs.—\$4.15 to 4.20. Wheat per bush. of 60 lbs.—U. C. Spring, \$0.00 to \$0.01. Ashes per 100 lbs.—First Pots \$5.10 to \$5.15 Seconds, \$4.70 to \$4.75; Thirds, \$3.80 to 3.90.—First Peas, 5.80 to 5.65.

Perk per brl of 200 lbs.—Meas, 27.00 to 27.50; Prime Meas \$00.00; Prime, \$18.50 to 19.00. Burren, per lb.—More inquiry, with latest sales of common to medium at 17c to 19c—good per choice Western bringing 19c to 20c.

Cheeses, per lb.—12 to 13c. Lard, per lb.—16c. Barley per 48 lbs.—Prices nominal,—worth about \$0.50 to \$0.60. PRASE, per 60 lbs.—\$0.70.

MONTREAL RETAIL MARKET PRICES.

Dec. 17, 1869.

Flour, country, per quintal ... 11 9 to 12 0
Oatmeal, do ... 10 0 to 12 0
Indian Meal, do ... 8 9 to 10 0
Rye-Flour, do ... 00 0 to 00 0

BAILEY PRODUCE.

Batter, fresh, per lb. ... 1 6 to 1 8
Lo, salt do (inferior) ... 0 11 to 1 0

FOWLS AND GAME

Turkeys (old), per couple ... 10 0 to 12 0
Do (young), do ... 0 0 to 0 0
Geese, do ... 5 0 to 10 0
Ducks, do ... 5 0 to 8 0
Do (wild), do ... 2 6 to 3 0
Fowls, do ... 4 0 to 5 0
Chickens, do ... 4 0 to 5 6
Pigeons (tame), do ... 1 C to 1 3
Partridges, do ... 4 0 to 4 3
Hares, do ... 1 9 to 2 0
Rabbits (live), do ... 0 0 to 0 0
Woodcock, do ... 0 0 to 0 0
Snipe, do ... 0 0 to 0 0
Plover, do ... 0 0 to 0 0

MEATS.

Beef, per lb ... 0 4 to 0 7
Pork, do ... 0 7 to 0 8
Mutton, do ... 0 5 to 0 6
Lamb, do ... 0 5 to 0 6
Veal, per lb ... 0 6 to 0 8
Beef, per 100 lbs ... \$5.00 to \$6.00

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Items include Pork, fresh do; Money; Cheese, do; Wheat, per minot; Barley, do; Peas, do; Oats, do; Buckwheat, do; Indian Corn, do; Rye, do; Flax Seed, do; Timothy, do.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Items include Potatoes per bag; Card, per lb; Eggs, fresh, per dozen; Haddock; Maple Sugar, per lb; Apples, per barrel; Hay, per 100 bundles; Straw.

H. E. DOHERTY, Graduate of Maynooth College, Ireland, Teacher Latin, English, French, Short-Hand and Music. Enquire for terms at 498, William Street, Montreal.

GRAND ANNUAL CLEARING SALE

OF FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS, AT THE INTERNATIONAL.

GOODS ALL MARKED DOWN! PRICES LOWER THAN EVER!

And yet we will give a discount of Ten per Cent. on all purchases, except Kid Gloves, from this date, until the 1st of January, 1870.

Call and examine the stock, and compare prices with those who advertise to sell at and below cost. BROWN, FLAGGETT & McCARVILLE, (A few doors from McGill Street,) 463 NOTRE DAME STREET.

A BAZAAR

AND GRAND DRAWING OF PRIZES!

ON THE PRINCIPLE OF THE ART UNION

IN THE MUSIC HALL, TORONTO,

ON Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 8th, 9th and 10th February, 1870,

To raise funds for the building of the new Church of St. Patrick, Toronto, of which REV. J. M. LAURENT is Pastor.

The old Church was some years since totally destroyed by fire, since which time the services have been conducted in a school room which is now found quite inadequate to the accommodation of the congregation. The new Church is therefore very urgently needed.

THE PRIZES: 1st Prize—A fine Game, presented by His Holiness, Pope Pius IX.

2nd Prize—A collection of Roman Views, presented by the right Rev. Dr. Lynch, Bishop of Toronto.

3rd Prize—A handsome Clock, encased in marble surmounted by a bust of the Prince Imperial, the special gift of their Imperial Majesties the Emperor and Empress of the French.

4th Prize—The gift of His Excellency W. P. Howland, C.E., Lieut.-Governor of Ontario.

5th—A splendid Piano from Messrs. Nordheimer's Music Warehouses Toronto.

6th—A fine Painting by Berthon, presented by the Artist.

7th—A sewing Machine.

8th—A Cup of solid Silver.

9th—A rich Poplin Dress.

10th—A Bouquet of Wax Flowers, with stand and glass shade valued at \$40.

11th—A set of Books from P. Donahoe, Esq., Editor of the Boston Pilot.

12th—A Chair by Jacques and Hay's employees.

13th—A handsome piece of Embroidery, valued at \$50.

14th—A Lady's Work-box, velvet finish.

15th—A valuable Silk Dress.

16th—A Doll magnificently dressed, of large value.

17th—A Suit of Scotch Tweed.

18th—A Sofa Cushion, worked in wool.

19th—A Case of Finesse's best Brandy, (old).

20th—A beautifully embroidered Portmanteau.

21st—A Fancy Table.

22nd—A Medalion of the Holy Family after Raphael, on marble.

Together with a large assortment of other valuable Prizes, which will be added to from time to time up to the date of the drawing.

The Prizes will be on exhibition at the Bazaar on the Tuesday and Wednesday. On the Thursday evening at eight o'clock, a Grand Concert, under the direction of Father Laurent, be given, at which the drawing of the Prizes will take place.

As a guarantee that this undertaking—the most important of the kind ever submitted to the Canadian public—is done *à bon fide* and will be perfectly and impartially conducted so as to insure to every ticket a fair and equal chance, the following well known gentlemen will superintend the drawing, and form (with others) the HONORARY COMMITTEE.

S. B. Harman, Esq., Mayor of Toronto. John Crawford, Esq., M.P. for South Leeds. John Wallis, M.P.P. for West Toronto. W. J. Macdonell, Esq., French Consul, Toronto. Frank Smith, Esq., Toronto. Michael Lawlor Esq., M. D. Toronto.

The winning numbers will be published in two papers. Lists of winning numbers will be forwarded on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.

The Prizes can be obtained on production of the winning tickets, either personally or by letter.

Parties residing out of Toronto can have their prizes forwarded to any Railway or Express Station if required.

To everyone who takes or disposes of a book of ten tickets, a special (free) ticket is presented.

Parties desiring to purchase or act as agents for the sale of tickets can obtain them either singly or in books on application.

Tickets for the Drawing, one dollar each.

All communications and remittances and demands for tickets to be sent (postage paid) to Rev. J. M. Laurent P. P. St. Patrick's Church, Toronto, Ontario, to whom all drafts and Post Office Orders are to be made payable. Tickets are also for sale by Messrs. D. & J. Sadler & Co., Montreal.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The report that the French Government had sent a note to the Holy See declaring that the proclamation of the Dogma of Papal infallibility would release France from the political obligations of the concordat, is a fabrication.

Mrs. DUPANLOUP.—The late unhappy letter is generally attributed to well informed quarters to an interview Mgr Dupanloup had with the Emperor Napoleon at Compiègne, a few days before, in which his Majesty offered to present Mgr Dupanloup to the see of Lyons in consideration of his taking the lead of the Gallican party.

INTERESTING ANECDOTE OF THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.—The special correspondent of the Figaro writes from Constantinople that when the Empress was leaving, one of her maids was attacked with typhus fever and that a bed was made up for her in the saloon of the Aigle.

The 'Figaro' says that Count Daru has held a conversation with the Emperor on the subject of his entering the Cabinet. He made as a condition of receiving the appointment that the Orleans Princes should be permitted to enter France.

A French writer, summing up the blessings of Christianity, upon the Sandwich Islanders, says that a century ago they were naked cannibals, while now they wear paper collars and carry umbrellas.

SPAIN.

Advices from Madrid represent that the question of the Sovereignty is rapidly approaching a definite and satisfactory solution. It is asserted that all the necessary measures have been taken to proclaim the Duke of Genoa, King of Spain, and that the proclamation will be made soon after Christmas.

The Carlist insurrection continues quite active on the French border. Yesterday several cases of arms, supposed to belong to them were seized at Bayonne and other places in that neighborhood.

PARIS, Dec. 17th.—Queen Isabella in answer to the resolution of investigation adopted by the Cortes denies that she carried away the crown jewels when she left Spain.

MADRID, Dec. 17th.—The Cortes has adopted a resolution instructing the committee on the constitution to prepare a bill providing for the election of a monarch.

NERONIAN CRUELTY OF GENERAL PRIM.—The whole country is burning with holy indignation to see the difference of treatment to which Carlist and Republican prisoners are subjected. While so many thousands of the late Radical insurgents, who were so deservedly imprisoned for their complicity in the innumerable murders, in carnages, and criminal ravages which accompanied their late rebellion, are being set at full liberty, and even their most guilty leaders treated with marked indulgence, the comparatively innocent Carlists continue to be the victims of Ministerial cruelty and injustice.

It is reported that Archduke Victor, brother of the Emperor of Austria, has refused the overture made to him by Spain in connection with the throne.

ITALY.

PEDIMONT.—It is rumored that the King of Italy recently told the Spanish Ambassador at Florence that he would refuse his consent to the coronation of the Duke of Genoa.

THE REVOLUTION.—The crisis at Florence continues and seems certain to end either in a Garibaldian Chamber, which will infallibly be returned on the new elections, or in a coup d'etat. The great obstacle to the latter course is that the army is corrupted by the seat, is officered by ex-Garibaldians, and is ready to join in proclaiming a republic.

ROME.—PARIS, Dec. 17.—The apprehensions in regard to the health of the Pope were caused by a report which was circulated throughout Europe that he had an apoplectic attack and remained incapable of motion.

ROME, Dec. 16.—There was a brilliant review of Pontifical Zouaves in this city yesterday by General Kankeor, Minister of War.

THE POPE'S SUCCESSOR.—No uneasiness exists in regard to the health of the Pope. The recent decree providing for the election of a successor, should the Pope die during the session of the Council, was formally addressed to all the members of the Council.

An important Papal Bull has been issued under the seal of strict secrecy, establishing regulations for the Oeconomical Council.

1st. That the proposition be made in writing, and submitted privately to a council of bishops named by the Pope.

2nd. That the proposition have for its object the general interests of the Church, not of a particular diocese.

3rd. That it be accompanied by a statement of the motives which have led to its presentation.

4th. That it be conformable to the spirit and traditions of the Roman Catholic Church.

His Holiness imposes secrecy on every condition of the conciliary labors. The order of precedence is fixed as follows:—Cardinal bishops, cardinal priests, cardinal deacons, patriarchs, primates, archbishops, bishops, abbots, and generals of monastic orders.

A private letter from Rome (the writer is an Anglican gentleman) says that the union in that city of bishops speaking all tongues, and born of all races under the sun, is one of the most wonderful sights it is possible to imagine.

GERMANY.

It is reported that Archduke Victor, brother of the Emperor of Austria, has refused the overture made to him by Spain in connection with the throne.

THE ORACOV CONVENT.—The preliminary examination of the nuns of the Carmelite convent at Oracov has been concluded, but no decision has yet been arrived at by the authorities as to what further proceedings are to be taken in the matter.

injured by the calamities which were so industriously circulated respecting them.

AMERICANS IN DRESDEN.—The ill feeling between the Americans residing in Dresden and the society of that city continues. The customs habits, amenities and proprieties of that old-established community are set at defiance, it is alleged, by the rapidity, loudness and license of the Americans.

LONDON, Dec. 15.—News has been received from St. Petersburg that secret political societies have been discovered at Moscow, and in the interior Provinces of European Russia, and that they were plotting an insurrection to take place on the 15th of February, the anniversary of the emancipation of the Serfs.

The Russian papers are beginning to talk again about an alliance of Austria, Russia, and France, against Prussia. The cause of this sudden awakening is the alliance of Prince Charles of Romania with a German Princess, which Russia chooses to regard as a blow to Russian influence upon the Lower Danube.

THE SUZUK CANAL.—We ('Montreal Gazette') take the following interesting particulars of the Suzuk Canal and its probable uses from an English paper. A great deal has been recently published about it, but nothing so clear as the narrative which follows:—The Suzuk Canal is nearly 100 miles in length.

One pleasant Sunday morning in the City of New York, a boy neatly dressed with books in hand, was seen walking briskly along the avenue on his way to Sunday-school.

Two old gentlemen recently were complimenting each other upon their habits of temperance. 'Did you ever, neighbor,' said one, 'see me with more than I could carry?' 'No, indeed,' was the reply; 'but I have seen you when I thought you had better go twice for it.'

A Scotchman and an Irishman had only one baked chicken between them which was not enough for both, so they agreed to go to bed, and the one who had the most pleasant dream should have the chicken in the morning.

REMITTENT FEVER.—No medicine that does not operate specifically upon the liver is of any real use in bilious remittent fevers. The old practice was to give large doses of calomel; but a safer and surer remedy has been discovered.

THE BIRTH OF LIVING BLOSSOMS.—Photography can give us only the images of the flowers, but in Murray & Lanman's Florida Water chemistry has preserved their aromatic essence.

MERCURY IS A FAILURE.—Physicians admit this fact at last; but their medical offers no efficient substitute for the discarded mineral. No single root or plant comprises all the properties required to cure the malignant disorders for which mercury at one time was universally prescribed.

FOUND AT LAST! A remedy that not only relieves, but cures that enemy of mankind, Consumption, as

well as the numerous satellites which revolve around it in the shape of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, &c. The remedy we allude to is Seth W. Fowle & Son, Boston.

CIRCULAR.

THE Subscriber, in withdrawing from the late firm of Messrs. A. & D. Shannon, Grocers, of this city, or the purpose of commencing the Provision and Produce business would respectfully inform his late patrons and the public that he has opened the Store, No. 443 Commissioners Street, opposite St. Ann's general stock of provisions suitable to this market, comprising in part of FLOUR, OATMEAL, CORNMEAL, BUTTER, CHEESE, POAK, HAMS, LARD, BEER, SALES, FISH, DRIED APPLES, SHIP BREAD, and every article connected with the provision trade, &c. &c.

MONTECAL, May, 1867.

As Count Montholon was about to depart, he called out, 'No, General; you have many enemies. The people will say you gave these orders without my knowledge. I shall order it myself.' The General retired to his room and threw himself, dressed as he was, upon his couch. A loud noise awoke him, and starting up he saw Bertrand enter, who rudely asked, 'How is this, an altar near the Emperor, and the Abbe and his ceremonies never ending?' 'You can ask himself,' calmly responded Montholon.

D. SHANNON,

Commission Merchant, And Wholesale Dealer in Produce and Provisions, 443 Commissioners Street opposite St. Ann's Market, June 14th, 1868.

AFRICAN WINES.

It is not generally known that Cape Colony produces the most delicious wines grown on the face of the earth. A cargo received as a remittance by our neighbors Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co. contains several varieties raised there, among which the Constantia commands the highest price of any wine in the world.

TEACHERS WANTED.

TWO TEACHERS WANTED in the Parish of St. Sophia, County Terrebonne, one capable of teaching French and English, and one the English language only. Female Teachers preferred.

INFORMATION WANTED.

OF John Graham, or of any of his sons, Peter, Michael, or Patrick, who emigrated from County Wicklow, Ireland, in 1851, and when last heard of as being at Montreal. Any information will be thankfully received at this office, by the daughter of the said John Graham—Dolly Graham, now Mrs. John Ferguson, Galveston, Texas, U. S.

TEACHERS WANTED.

WANTED for the Roman Catholic Separate School at Lindsay, a Head Master. One holding a First Class Normal School certificate preferred. Applications, with Testimonials, addressed to the undersigned, will be received until first of January next.

COLLEGE OF OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART.

The Rev. Fathers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, have the pleasure of being able to inform the parents of their pupils, and friends of Education in general, that the commencement of the different Classes, in the College of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Côte des Neiges, will take place on Thursday next, 26th November, Festival of St. Catherine, and anniversary of the opening of the first school in Montreal by the venerable Sister Bourgeois.

JUST PUBLISHED

BY BENZIGER BROTHERS, Cincinnati and New York: BIBLE HISTORY, Containing the most remarkable events of the OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT. Prepared for the use of the CATHOLIC SCHOOLS IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY REV. RICHARD GILMOUR.

Approved by the Most Rev. J. B. Purcell, D. D., Archbishop of Cincinnati. 8. 346 Pages. Beautifully illustrated with 140 cuts and a map of the Holy Land, printed from electrotype, on excellent paper, substantially bound. PRICE—Free by Mail—70c.

APPROBATION.

The Illustrated History of the Bible, Old and New Testaments, compiled by a priest of the diocese of Basel, translated into French by Rev. Dr. Bourquard, of Paris approved by many Bishops in Europe, and reproduced in many languages, is presented, with our approbation to the reverend clergy, school teachers, parents, and youths of this diocese, by all of whom we desire it to be extensively used and circulated. Never was the thorough and intelligent teaching of the Catechism more needed than at the present day, and the Catechism of Christian Doctrine can neither be well taught, nor properly understood without the Catechism of the Bible.

J. B. FURELL,

Archbishop of Cincinnati. Cincinnati, August 5, 1869.

Messrs. Benziger Brothers.

I find your Bible History exceedingly well adapted to the object for which it is designed, a school book. The style is so purely English, that it has not even the semblance of a translation. It is evident that the translator aimed to use Saxon words, where it was possible. While his language is elegant, it is at the same time fitted to the comprehension of children. The moral reflections, the allusions to the mysteries of the New Testament, combined with the well executed illustrations of the work, render the book a valuable acquisition, both for teachers and for school-children. We will adopt it in our school.

Rev. W. H. HILL, S. J.,

President of St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, Aug. 10, 1869.

HIGH COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.

MASSON COLLEGE, TERREBONNE (NEAR MONTREAL). THE RE-OPENING of the CLASSES of this grand and popular Institution, will take place on WEDNESDAY, FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

PROGRAMME OF STUDIES. 1ST SECTION OF THE COMMERCIAL COURSE. 1st and 2nd years.—Grammar Classes.

MATTERS: 1st Simple reading, accentuation and declension; 2nd An equal and solid study of French and English syntax; 3rd Arithmetic in all its branches; Mental calculation;

This department is provided with all the mechanism necessary or initiating the business students to the practice of the various branches—counting and exchange office—banking department—telegraph office—fac-similes of notes, bills, drafts, &c., in use in all kinds of commercial transactions—News department, comprising the leading journals of the day in English and French. The reading room is furnished at the expense of the college, and is chiefly intended to post the pupils of the "Business Class" on current events, commerce, &c.

MATTERS: 1st Book-keeping in its various systems; the most simple as well as the most complicated; 2nd Commercial arithmetic;

3rd Commercial correspondence; 4th Calligraphy; 5th A treatise on commercial law; 6th Telegraphy; 7th Banking (exchange, discount, custom commissions);

8th Insurance; 9th Stenography; 10th History of Canada (for students who follow the entire course).

2nd AND LAST SECTION. 4th year.—Class of Polite Literature. MATTERS: 1st Belles Lettres—Rhetoric; Literary Composition;

2nd Contemporary History; 3rd Commercial and historical Geography; 4th Natural History; 5th Horticulture (flowers, trees, &c.); 6th Architecture; 7th A treatise on domestic and political Economy

LIBERAL ARTS. Drawing—Academic and Linear. Vocal and Instrumental Music. TERMS: Board and Instruction.....\$100.00 per annum Half Boarders..... 20.00 Day-Scholars..... 10.00 Bed and Bedding..... 6.00 Washing and Mending of Linen..... 8.00 Use of Library..... 1.00

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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC } SUPERIOR COURT District of Montreal. DAME FRANCOIS E. CARLISLE, Plaintiff.

SAMUEL McCONKEY, vs. Defendant. Notice is hereby given that the above named Plaintiff has instituted an action en separation de biens against her husband the above named Defendant.

QUARTER & HATTON Attorneys for Plaintiff Montreal, 26th October, 1869.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. PROVINCE OF QUEBEC } SUPERIOR COURT. Dist. of Montreal. In the matter of GEORGE WILSON of the City of Montreal, Shoemaker, An Insolvent.

On Monday, the twenty-seventh day of December next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act. Montreal, 24th Nov., 1869.

GEORGE WILSON, By G. P. DAVID N., His Attorney ad litem. 4115.

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