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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XV.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1864.

No. 17.

AILEY MOORE;

A TALE OF THE TIMES.

CHAPTER XX—THE DREADFUL STORY CECILY HAD TO TELL.

Grosvenor-square keeps its own—that is, in the vicissitudes of fortune and taste Grosvenor-square has felt very little the changes of the last ten years. Hence Grosvenor-square is now what it was then, one of the patronised *locales* of gentle blood and perennial purses, of muscogenders, monkeys, and dancing poodles. An Italian with a trained tortoise, attempted some time ago to introduce that species among the foreign animals that vegetated in Grosvenor-square: but an old gentleman was persuaded that the tame tortoise was a satire upon his third wife, who had grown blind from fatness, and with becoming spirit he drove the Italian boy away with his stick, and with threats of the police.

‘*Deh! ma, detemi qual che cosa, signore!*’
‘No cause at all—be off!’
‘*Ma! ma! signore!*’
‘What do I care for your *mamma*,’ asked the insulted Grosvenorian; ‘be off, I say.’ And by way of assisting him in the operation, he poked him in the back with his stick, so that the stranger was fain to take his poor pet in his little arms, and turning his large dark, melancholy eyes on the Englishman to move on. But the Italian boy talked about ‘rich’ people of England not being ‘Christian,’ and said Piedmont without wealth was much happier, and in this way was muttering hard, when the surly Englishman again addressed him.

‘You, sir!’
‘Signore!’
‘Here, I say, you talked of your *mamma*.’
‘*Ah, signore, non capisco niente!*’
‘Ah, yes, to be sure—but your *mamma*. Here,’ said the big tyrant, ‘here,’ and the Italian boy’s eyes brightened like his own skies, for he found a golden sovereign in his hand.

‘Confound the rascal and his *mamma*,’ the big Anglican muttered to himself. ‘Heh!’ he continued. ‘But I certainly understood that Italian,’ he went on. And this idea evidently pleased him greatly, for he kicked several things smartly before him as he went, and he looked from one side of the flags to the other, to show any one who came the way that he ‘was not the man they took him for.’
There are many beautiful houses in Grosvenor-square, but on the left hand as you come from the park, if you have an eye to taste, and therefore can value even external arrangement, there is one which will strike you as peculiarly noble-looking. The majestic spread of the steps, the proud elevation of the entrance, the rich silk hangings, which in half-veiled luxury look down upon you, the freshness, order, symmetry of every thing, even to the parrot-cage which you behold on a pedestal inside one of the drawing-room windows, every thing bespeaks wealth and intellect at No. —, Grosvenor-square, in Nov., 1844.

This is Frank Tyrrell’s house, and with him lives the rich and beautiful Cecily, his sister.—Frank and Cecily had lost their parents some two years and a half before: but their independence only made them love one another more dearly. For the vindication of Lord Kinacarra’s lady-sister, we must say that many a one besides her ladyship remarked that their attachment was ‘truly absurd.’

Cecily is at home to-day. She is sitting at a mosaic table, a handsome round mosaic, with golden frame, and giving a charming view of the Roman capitol. She is a few yards behind the parrot’s cage, of which we have apprised the reader; for though apparently in the drawing-room, Poll is really in a beautiful *boudoir*, conveniently upon the more august apartments.—Cecily is surrounded by everything rich and *recherché*, and beautiful, and suggestive: but to-day (every day, but to-day particularly) Cecily far outshines them all. She is dressed in dark, rich Irish tulle, with the daintiest little collar or Limerick lace; through her raven hair there look out a few, very few, shining pearls: and the transparent fairness of her cheek is relieved by a rose tint, so soft, so faint, that it looks the reflection of the damask couch beside her. Cecily has attempted to improve a pencil-sketch, and she has spoiled it: she has opened a volume of Macaulay, and thought it ‘insipid;’ a volume of Thackeray, and pronounced it ‘nonsense;’ she read a few lines of Hugo, and a page or two of Baudrand’s ascetic writings: but it was no use; nothing fixed Cecily Tyrrell’s attention to-day. Yes, we should say one thing astonished her, that is to say, the length of the interval between breakfast and noon. She first thought her watch had stopped, and then she thought the house-clock had conspired with her watch, and finally, when beaten out of the chronometer-theory, she had sense enough to laugh at herself, and courage enough to ask herself the meaning of her impatience.

That plague of all sentiment, a barrel-organ, put a momentary end to her disposition. One of them came under the window playing ‘Strike the light guitar;’ and the parrot, who seemed to have been roused to a sense of its own rights by the call thus made for music, commenced to sing out most lustily. A parrot’s screech is not a melodious thing.

‘Poll, Poll! oh, Poll!’
‘Play for Poll,’ replied the parrot.
‘Silence, Poll! silence!’
‘Play for Poll,’ repeated the impatient bird. There was silence for a minute, and the plague of musicians moved off. Then Poll commenced grunting and chattering, and crying, ‘Play for Paul;’ so that she effectually drowned every noise. A door opened on the left of Cecily, and a servant—white coat, silver-heraldry buttons, white stockings, red vest, black velvet shorts, and powdered hair—all made a low bow.

‘The gentleman is in the drawing-room, Miss.’
‘Mr. Moore?’ half exclaimed Cecily.
‘The handsome gentleman as was here yesterday, and brought the handsome lady with ’em,’ answered the servant.
Cecily was all fire—and the servant at once saw the affair to the end. He went down, and informed all in the kitchen in strict confidence that Miss Tyrrell was to be married in a week or two, and that the ‘handsome gentleman’ was the same who nearly lost his life in saving her from falling over a precipice, and had shot two men, and wounded another for saying she was not as handsome as ‘Cleopatra’—a most wonderful young gentleman of £16,000 a-year.

Before he went down, however, he told the ‘handsome gentleman’ that Miss Tyrrell would be forthcoming in a moment; and according to the law in that case made to him, he told ‘a knock at the door’ that his ‘missus’ would not be home ‘for the day.’

‘Cecily, on opening the entrance to the drawing-room, found Gerald Moore gazing earnestly on a picture over the mantelpiece. It was a noble water-color drawing of a lady in full ball costume. At her feet was a young girl who has just stopped to pick up a *bouquet* of flowers which seemingly had fallen from the hand of the lady. Beside her, on a pedestal, was a parrot’s cage and a parrot, which was easily recognised as ‘Poll;’ and on the left-hand side of the apartment in which she stood, there opened a light terrace glass door, that looked out on a landscape such as only a southern clime could furnish.

‘Welcome!’ cried Cecily, rapidly walking over, and presenting her hand. ‘Welcome! a thousand times.’

Gerald for a moment—just for a moment—was off his guard; but do not blame him. The idea of a ‘vision’ really crossed his mind—a vision of beauty—peerless beauty and power irresistible. Gerald had been sketching a ‘Judith,’ and partly coloring it—a creature from whom beamed forth the spirited charm which the hand of Heaven had flung around the heroine of Israel; he had thought upon it until the ‘ideal’ used to make his heart throb and his eye moisten; every one that shadowed forth any of its perfections had an inexplicable interest for him; he had an artist’s ethereal though impassioned love for the creation of his fancy; she stood before him embodied.

Cecily saw in a moment that she had made an impression; but she felt convinced that much of the effect she had produced was owing to association.

‘Come now, Mr. Moore. Mamma’s picture—poor mamma! Mamma’s picture has brought some one to your mind—is it not so?’
‘Quite true. Mamma was very, very beautiful.’

‘And the little girl?’
‘Is the growing bud of a fair flower too?’
‘Who is it?’
Gerald only looked at Cecily, and smiled ever so gently.

‘Yes, but you thought of some one else since you came into the room.’
Gerald looked a little surprised, and he frankly answered,
‘Yes.’

‘Do not compliment my sagacity,’ she said, blushing a little more deeply, ‘for surprise was eminently depicted on your countenance.’

Cecily did not add, ‘admiration,’ but she spoke of his countenance; she looked into a face ingenious as spring, and indexing a spirit like her own.

There was a minute’s silence. In fact, Gerald began to think he might make a little coquettish complication; a man coquette is hideous; Gerald Moore contemned such a character supremely.
‘In fact,’ he said, ‘I was reminded of an ideal—more, however, than a dream—and I was training the features of my thought in that splendid picture, when you entered—’
‘And spoiled the illusion!’
‘No; gave the picture its last light!’ And

Gerald looked down—not embarrassed, but thoughtful; he had gone a little in another extreme, and his soul was rigidly true.

‘Judith,’ he continued, without any affectation of carelessness, or of deep feeling, ‘Judith is a favorite character of mine, and I have seen a picture of her that singularly resembles your mother, and would almost make a portrait for you.’

The labyrinth of feeling! We find ourselves descending, and the ordinary world disappearing; and bonds entwining us and our power of returning every moment growing less, and less, and less,—and yet we have not the courage to fly. A species of curiosity deepens our interest, and opposes the resolution of reason, and we proceed on, on, on, from twilight to darkness. Light shines at length; we are in a world far from our own, and the flowers are blooming in the sunshine, while the fountain of immortality flows in through gardens that are never to wither! Poor dreamer—you will wake in the region from which you descended, and memory will mock you with the creations which experience will not permit you to resist. Pause!—proceed not farther.

The parrot in the boudoir began to admire herself in a very subdued tone—the bass voice of that singular mimic—and said ‘Pretty Poll! pretty Poll!’

‘You have got a parrot.’
‘Yes, come and see; we shall be free from intrusion, and I want to have some serious conversation with you; in truth, I want to unfold a tale. I wearied you about Ailey the last evening.’

‘Certainly not.’
‘Pretty Poll,’ cried out the parrot as they entered the boudoir. And then immediately, ‘Play for Poll,’ he grated out hoarsely, ‘Play for Poll!’

‘What shall I play?’ asked Cecily, going over to the cage.

‘Hurra!’ cried the parrot.
‘What shall I play?’ again demanded Cecily, ‘What shall I play, Poll?’
Poll got on her perch, and looked very wise; flapped her wings two or three times, and then to Gerald’s utter amazement, sang out, ‘Did you ne’er hear of our own Ailey Moore?’

‘Is that the tune?’ said Cecily.
‘That’s the tune,’ answered Poll; ‘that’s the tune; that’s the tune.’
Poll murmured.

‘Hurra, Ailey M-o-o-r-e-!’ cried the bird; and then it laughed and clapped its wings, and swung round on its perch.

‘You see Frank has not been idle,’ said Cecily. ‘Only I would not tell Frank’s secrets,’ said Cecily, ‘I could guess something. And Mr. Moore,’ she continued after a pause, ‘very gravely she spoke—“I would lay down my life to see Frank—happy.”’

Gerald made no observation, but sat down upon the sofa, to which Cecily pointed, while she sat in her former seat, near the mosaic table, and beat her dark eyes upon the capitol.

‘Your friend, the poor soldier?’
‘In joy and gratitude he leaves to-night for Ireland, and bears your presents to the banks of the Shannon—to Ailey.’

‘You found no difficulty in purchasing him out.’
‘Only with himself, for he feared any one should say he went over to the trial to do justice for pay.’

‘Your meeting with him saved the life of Lucy.’
‘It is incredible with what patience he watched the door. But the whole succession of events has been quite providential. His meeting that monster of a man and woman in an omnibus; his overhearing their intention to victimise a young girl; his passing by while their cab stood for a moment at a shop door, two days after, and seeing poor Lucy inside, and the villain sitting with the driver; his pursuing the cab, and watching the house for so many hours, for the chance of something to compel the attendance of the police; and his meeting me as I passed by the house, to my hotel, at the moment of the shrieking, and recognising me as I ordered the cabman to draw up—all is most wonderful. And, indeed, I may add, meeting you and Baron St. John, at a moment when you were so much needed, both to me and the poor girl.’

‘She is nearly quite restored, and you must see her,’ said Cecily, looking fixedly at Gerald.
‘Assuredly, if she wish it,’ answered Gerald quite composed.
‘She is very handsome,’ said Cecily.
‘I dare say, poor thing. Better for her to have been born a cripple than have ever run through such a danger.’
Cecily acquired no information by her ‘probing’—that is, she knew perfectly well what Gerald Moore was, and was likely to answer, yet she had a secret satisfaction in hearing him speak unimpassionedly of a handsome woman.

‘Lucy shall take Emma’s place. I am quite

satisfied Lucy is respectable, and she shall be my companion, more than my maid.’
‘God will bless you!’

‘And now of poor Emma. I am afraid to speak of her. See is not mad. I cannot, and I will not,’ she added, with energy, ‘I will not believe Emma an impostor; and yet what am I to believe.’

‘How, Miss Tyrrell?’
‘Well, really, I cannot proceed, unless “Miss Tyrrell” and “Mr. Moore” be given up. I am forward, I suppose; but there is a pleasure in being true as well as in appearing proper. I want, Gerald; she said, and her voice softened as she pronounced the word, “I want a—will you call me Cecily?” she asked.’

‘Assuredly.’
‘Well, I want you to be my friend—like Frank in some way,—yet I do not know what way. Could you think of me in any such way as you think of Ailey? I love her, dear Ailey, and I would like to please you, Gerald, as she does.’

Gerald Moore was touched, deeply touched. He felt he was in danger, and that she, without knowing it, was floating on to ‘the course’ which ‘never doth run smooth.’ But the rational soul rose up and seized the growing feeling, and there was a struggle—strong but delicate; Gerald shook for a minute—it was only for a minute—the sensitive was crushed.

The nearly vain man would pursue this conversation to its last word, and this state to its ultimate development; but the merely vain man Cecily would have known only to pity. The merely selfish man would have worked the growing regard into profit, and only weigh what it was worth. The man of honor would fix his eye upon the far issue, and ask himself was he prepared; he would examine every step of the way, and demand of himself whether he was a legitimate traveller. The ultimate honorable issue Gerald looked upon as impossible; the road, even the spot of it he stood upon, forbidden ground for such a journey; he therefore answered—

‘Certainly, I shall call you Cecily, and place you with my sister before my mind.’

It was all Cecily Tyrrell asked. Yet Cecily Tyrrell was not satisfied. Gerald said too little for her—he was reserved. He ought to feel more, and he was a man of deep feeling. But perhaps he did feel. Aye, perhaps, he asked himself what Frank Tyrrell would expect from Ailey’s brother. Well done, Cecily. She has done him justice. He is in her brother’s house, paying a visit of the extremest confidence on both sides; and he is—poor.

Cecily rose, and walked over to where Gerald Moore sat, she gave him her hand. He rose, looking quite perplexed. Cecily saw his heart with a glance.

‘Gerald,’ she said, ‘do not be alarmed;’ and she smiled angelically. ‘I want to pledge and seal the sisterhood with Ailey. Heaven has sent you and Ailey in my path—and now of Emma. Do you believe in spirits?’

‘Spirits?’
‘Oh, well, Gerald, I mean in spirits—bad spirits assuming bodily shape and form?’ Cecily was pale and grave.

‘I have never seen an example, but I have no reason for disbelief.’
‘No?’
‘By no means. In the time of our divine Lord, such manifestations were frequently permitted, and in the unbaptised countries they are by no means unfrequent. But whence or how are you interested?’

‘Poor Emma Crane, my maid, seems—nay, I believe, she is a victim.’

‘How?’
‘She came to me only on Monday, and her melancholy look interested me in her behalf.—Her testimonials were admirable; and one day—just in one day, she convinced me that she had had a fine education, and possessed the kind of soul I love. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, yesterday passed; and I was quite in raptures with my little Irish maid. Last night she was discovered lying on the floor, torn and bleeding, head, face, and neck, and shoulders; and for a long while after the discovery scarcely able to explain her sad fate.’

‘But—’
‘I was about to say, she believes she is “obsessed” by a devil.’
‘Oh, a vain fear. She is epileptic, and having fallen, has injured her person on the floor.’

‘No, no, no—by no means—no, no,’ said Cecily, with her usual ardour. ‘No fall, and no scraping could inflict the kind of wounds which she carries.’

‘How did it happen, does she say?’
‘You can see her—but listen. On a calm summer evening, just the 20th of last May, she sat in an arbor, which belonged to the garden of a dwelling, in which she had been employed. Poor Emma had a mind to see the delicate

beauties of the fresh young leaves, and her eyes wandered from her work, and traversed the garden, enjoying the munificence of God, in blossom and velvet green—tree, flower, and fountain, when her heart began to beat, and she became alarmed. She called back her thoughts, and forcing her looks on the path before her, she saw crouched with bared teeth and blazing eye, a huge greyish rat. She screamed, called upon God, and she adds, the Virgin Mary, and fainted. The poor girl heard and felt no more till she found herself in bed. With various application to her head and neck, and weltering in her blood. Oh, my God.

‘*Freddo d’alle vene—*
‘*Fuge il mio sangue al cor!*’
‘Gold from my veins,
The icy blood rushes to my heart!’

What think you?’

‘Well, I am really interested.’
‘I thought you would. Poor Emma had only “her two hands,” she says, “to earn a living;” and even her own story was sufficient to turn her out. She was mad or “haunted,” the good folk remarked, and neither quality of servant would answer their purpose. But she says they were kind to her, and relieved her wants, and never spoke to her of going to the “poor-house,” as she calls the workhouse.’

‘The Irish have a horror of the workhouse. Our girls cannot bear the thought of mixing with those whom they find there. But,’ continued Gerald, ‘in six months she should exhibit much more numerous traces of those assaults than would have been a recommendation to your confidence, Cecily.’

‘Now, that is kind, Gerald, though you nearly failed in courage. Well, I made the same remark, and I did feel a little dissatisfied with the explanation; but she cannot—she cannot be an impostor.’

‘What account does she give, then, of these six months?’
‘She will only say, that I could not understand her.’

‘Understand her?’
‘Yes.’

Gerald began to think. After a few seconds he said—

‘Can I see her, Cecily?’
‘Oh, poor Emma will be so glad,’ answered the warm-hearted girl.

Cecily rang—and the white coat, buttons, and powdered hair, appeared.
‘Is Miss Crane in her room?’
‘I think so, ma’am.’

‘Well, beg of her to come to the boudoir.’

In a quarter of an hour or less Emma Crane presented herself in the boudoir. She was an interesting young woman of one-and-twenty.—She was above the middle height, with large blue eyes and sharply-defined mouth, and well-formed nose. Emma was deadly pale, and her neck was all swathed with lincens. She stopped short on seeing a gentleman before her in the boudoir, but Cecily prayed her to enter. Having had a seat beside her mistress, she was informed by her that Mr. Moore had a deep interest in her case and condition, and was a gentleman who did not disbelieve her, and wished to do her a service.

Poor Emma wept. It was like saying ‘who can do me a service.’

‘But,’ continued Cecily, ‘he is just as desirous as I am to know how the six months, from May until this time, have been spent; you will surely gratify him.’

Emma looked doubtfully at Gerald and shook her head.

The young man slipped his watch-guard from his neck, and approaching Emma he showed her a silver medal of the Immaculate Conception, which, in presenting to her he kissed; he wore it just over her heart.

‘*Dolcisima Madre!*’ ejaculated Cecily.—‘How they love our Lady!’ thought she.

‘My dear Emma,’ said Cecily, ‘I have a medal of our Lady—look.’ She continued undoing the cameo which she always wore. ‘See here, Emma,’ said the young lady.

This time Emma presented her lips to the Madonna; and Cecily felt the hot tears falling on her hands.

Cecily wept for company, with the unfortunate; and she thought again this is religion at all events.

‘Ah, Miss Tyrrell, what an angel you would be, if you were a daughter of Mary.’
‘And how shall I become one, Emma—how?’ asked Cecily, in her earnest way.

‘Ah!’ sighed Emma—and she shook her head.

‘Perhaps you would speak to Mr. Moore with more freedom, were I away, Emma.’
‘I’ll tell everything as well before you, Miss Tyrrell—he will understand—and he can explain.’

‘Poor Emma,’ murmured Cecily.
(To be Continued.)

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF IRELAND—OPENING OF WINTER SESSION.

We extract the following from the Very Rev. Dr. Woodlock's address, at the opening last week of the winter session of the Catholic University...

genius—such men as these can alone raise a protestant nation... one such man sometimes suffices to work this miracle. Now the general rule is that only in a Catholic university can such men be prepared for a country like ours...

The White Abbey of Kildare.—There are few persons—be they English, or foreigners—who have been whelmed along the Great Southern and Western Railway who have not, even in the momentary glimpse permitted by the speed of the train, been struck with admiration of the ruins of the White Abbey, near the Kildare station...

A fatal accident occurred near Killorglin on Friday night, Oct. 28, under the following circumstances: A man named Dan Sullivan, returned to Killorglin from Kilmoney with a horse and cart at about seven o'clock in the evening, and was proceeding in a little time after to the house of his brother-in-law...

The circumstances in which we live are a perpetual outrage upon the national feeling; they tend to cramp the national character; they deny it some of its natural development, and keep it in a state of disease...

You come and offer learning—A mighty gift, 'tis true; Perchance the greatest blessing That now is known to you—But not to see the wonders Sees of old beheld, Oan they peril a priceless treasure, The faith their fathers held!

What folly it is that those who have the power will not use the materials given to them for a great national university? National because Catholic; Catholic because Irish! What gratitude would be due to the man who would solve this great problem...

IRISH INTELLIGENCE. DUNDALK: YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.—This body is progressing very satisfactorily. The number of members enrolled is 260, and the honorable members amount to 40. Mr. P. Morgan has been elected president in the room of Mr. Moley, who resigned...

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT has offered £100 reward for the apprehension of the person or persons who fired at Robert Wilson, on the 12th ult.; and £50 further for arrest of any one harboring said murderer.

THE COUNTY DUBLIN Grand Jury found true bills against the Rev. W. S. Kennedy, rector, and H. Rutherford, churchwarden, of St. Douglough's, charging them with carrying away a portion of the soil of the parish church-yard, including human remains...

A railway accident, one of the most serious that has occurred in Ireland for many years, took place on Saturday evening, Oct. 29th, about two and a-half miles from Ballinasloe. The parliamentary train, which left Dublin at one o'clock that day, had reached that place shortly before five o'clock, when from some cause not yet satisfactorily ascertained, a third class carriage in immediate connexion with the engine ran off the rails, and was propelled down the embankment, throwing the tender off the rails and breaking the coupling between the tender and the train. The train consisted of the engine, a carriage-truck, a third-class carriage, two composite carriages, and a break van. There were thirty-five passengers in the carriages. Two named George Glanville, a contractor, of Ballinasloe, and Thomas Henry, a mason, from Galway, were killed. Nine others, mostly harvestmen, suffered severe injuries, and were taken, for surgical treatment, to the Railway Hotel in Ballinasloe. Their names are:—John Hynes, Barradarrig Edward Glanville, Moate; John Dempsey, Gorralline; Patrick Rush, Tuam; Edward Jones, Nenagh; Pat Mahon, Austin Fleming; Roger Walsh, Co. Wick; John Lysney, Tuam. An inquest was held over the bodies of the dead, at which a verdict was rendered that the deaths were caused by excessive driving over a bad line of railway.

A melancholy occurrence took place at Athy on Saturday night, which resulted in the death by fire of three persons, and the serious, if not fatal, injury of two others. A cabin in the outskirts of the town, containing seven persons, took fire about midnight. As the roof was thatched with straw, it was soon a mass of flames. A brave fellow named Curry rushed into the house, and with the aid of his sons, rescued five of the inmates. The other two escaped. Of the five saved three died before morning. Their bodies presented a terrible spectacle.

UNREGISTERED ARMS.—At the Charles Quarter Sessions, a man named John Connors pleaded guilty to the charge of having seven percussion caps in his possession, found in old boxes. He was sentenced to three days' imprisonment. Seven percussion caps! For the possession of these, a man has been sentenced to incarceration for three days! A man of good character, too, and to whose good character testimony has been borne by the Constabulary themselves.—*Nation*.

GREAT BRITAIN.

We (Tablet) are authorized to state that the Very Rev. Canon McDonnell, of St. Mary's Catholic Chapel, Bath, has written to the Secretary of the Association for Promoting the Unity of Christendom withdrawing his name from all connection with that Society, into which, like many other Catholics, he was entrapped without being aware of its true nature and tendencies.

PROPOSED CATHOLIC COLLEGE AT OXFORD.—Although various statements have been made by the press in reference to the site of the old Oxford Workhouse, we understand there is now no doubt of the use for which it is intended, as Dr. Newman has become its purchaser, and a Roman Catholic college and establishment will shortly be erected thereon. When the workhouse land was bought a few weeks ago, by the late Mr. Ambrose Smith, it was currently rumored it was intended for a Roman Catholic college, but such was not really the case at that time, although the matter was subsequently taken up by influential parties, and negotiations have resulted in the site being transferred to Dr. Newman, for 8,400*l.*, being an advance of 400*l.* upon the original purchase money. Dr. Newman, who was formerly fellow of Oriel College and Vicar of St. Mary's Oxford, was closely identified with "Tracts of the Times," and was one of the earliest converts of his party from the Church of England. It is stated this eminent scholar will be at the head of affairs, at Oxford. The site of the old workhouse comprises upwards of five acres situated in a central and healthy part of Oxford—viz., between Walton-place and St. Giles. Several Roman Catholics have been in residence at Oxford, and the son of Mr. Serjeant Shee has only this term commenced a course of study at Christ Church. There are six other Roman Catholics also in residence at Oxford.—*Daily News*.

PRISON REFORMS ACT.—It was scarcely to be expected that the administration of the Prison Ministers Act would take place without some of that bitterness which belongs to all polemical discussions. But, on the whole, we think we may fairly say that that element has been introduced, bearing in mind that there were on the one side strong feelings and prejudices to be overcome, and on the other some inducement at least to induce in a sort of triumph. Generally speaking this Act has been carried into effect by the local bodies entrusted with its administration in the fair spirit in which it was passed by the Legislature. Reformation is one of the prominent features of our present system of prison discipline; the teachings of any Christian religion tend to their reformation, for honesty and charity belong to all, and it was but right that the country should give to all evil doers of the Roman Catholic faith the same opportunities and even inducements to repentance and reform which are open to criminals of other denominations. In this spirit the Act was passed, and in this spirit it has been in the main administered. But while we may feel satisfaction at this, we have here and there reasons for qualifying the feeling, and it is to be regretted that in the metropolitan country, where a large-minded enlightenment might be peculiarly expected to prevail, a tendency the other way has been shown. The Middlesex magistrates would appear to have accepted the measure in a sullen and reluctant manner. On the different occasions on which the application of the Act to the prisons within their jurisdiction has been mooted, a spirit by no means harmonising with the liberality and wisdom of the Legislature has been shown, and, judging by the proceedings at Olerkenwell on Thursday, that spirit does not seem likely to be softened by time. Great anxiety was manifested lest the Act might have been carried out 'with dagger to the national faith of the country,' and a very special solicitude was expressed lest the country funds might have been devoted to the purchase of articles employed in the celebration of the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church. As if the national faith rested upon such an unsubstantial foundation as to be affected by the mode of communication permitted between any minister and those of his own persuasion, or as if any religious principle were invaded by the employment of the public funds in what are the usual appliances of Roman Catholic worship. The Prison Ministers Act would appear to be little more than a dead letter so far as Middlesex is concerned. It was stated on Thursday that the Roman Catholic Priest had access only to those prisoners of his own sect who desire to see him, and that one in three had expressed this desire. It may fairly be assumed that the remaining two-thirds were those who were in most need of his exhortations, whose hearts were the hardest, and upon whom the chastening influence which belongs to every form of Christianity might have been employed with most advantage to themselves and to the community amongst which they must one day or other return, expressed great satisfaction at the restrictions imposed; and Sergt. Payne made a speech, the tone of which seemed almost to indicate his pleasure that two-thirds of the Roman Catholics chose to remain isolated from all religious ministrations rather than hold communion with the minister of their own religion. We could understand all this jealousy if the Act gave opportunities of proselytism. But all it prescribed is that had Roman Catholics, who rob and commit violence, should have an opportunity of becoming good Roman Catholics, who do not molest society. In seeking to procure the salutary operation in this respect, Sergeant Payne and his associates have certainly not intended to raise the reputation of their

own church for that charity and toleration which are among its most prominent distinctions, and without which it would become like the sect of whose approaches they profess such jealousy and alarm.

The capture of the Florida by the Wachusett in Brazilian waters, was reported by telegraph from Lisbon some days ago, but it was not until yesterday that the flagrantly lawless nature of this proceeding could be appreciated. The story, as it has now reached us from authentic sources, bears those related of Paul Jones, and carries us back to the time when the Spanish Main was made infamous by the practical deeds of civilized nations. Most aggressions on neutral rights, such as the pursuit of a flying enemy within the jurisdiction of a neutral State, have some kind of excuse, whether in authority or usage, but we cannot even conjecture what defence can be set up for this. The United States have invariably claimed the absolute inviolability of neutral territory, and the American text books of international law are full of the most dogmatic assertions of this principle. One of the most recent of these, which bears the name of Halleck on its title page, recapitulates the law on this subject with great force and clearness. "The armed cruisers of belligerents, while within the jurisdiction of a neutral State, are bound to abstain from any acts of hostility towards the subjects, vessels, or other property of their enemies; they cannot increase their guns or military stores, or augment their crews, not even by the enrolment of their own countrymen; they can employ neither force nor stratagem to recover prizes, or to rescue prisoners in the possession of the enemy; nor can they use a neutral port or waters within neutral jurisdiction, either for the purpose of hindering the approach of vessels of any nation whatever, or for the purpose of attacking those which depart from the ports or shores of neutral Powers. No proximate acts of war, such as a ship stationing herself within the neutral line, and sending out her boats on hostile enterprises, can, in any manner, be allowed to originate on neutral territory; nor can any measure be taken that will lead to immediate violence." We owe our readers an apology for re-entering upon ground already familiar to most in connexion with the Alexandria case, but this summary may at least serve to remind them how far beyond the extreme pale of international law the Wachusett placed herself by cutting an enemy's ship out of a neutral port. Had the Florida, for instance, actually sailed from Bahia, the Wachusett could not have followed her till after the lapse of twenty-four hours without infringing the law of nations. To attack her by night in the harbor, and that after a solemn pledge had been given that neutral rights should be respected, was neither more nor less illegal than it would have been to kidnap Mr. Mason in the streets of London. The plea that was urged by Lord Ashburton and admitted by Mr. Webster in the very similar case of the Caroline—that of a necessity of self-defence, instant, overwhelming, leaving no choice of means, and no moment for deliberation, was here conspicuously wanting, and we cannot believe that the Federal Government will condescend to make use of it. It may possibly be alleged that the Consul was carried off against his will by the captain of the Wachusett, who is likely enough to claim the whole credit and responsibility of the exploit, and it is to be feared that some of Mr. Barnum's countrymen may chuckle over its shameless audacity. But the New York Chamber of Commerce has a character to lose, and, unless we are greatly deceived, will scruple to forfeit it by rewarding or justifying a crime so utterly subversive of confidence between neutrals and belligerents.—*Times*.

Within the last few days a story has been set afloat, which some people fancy may have had some connexion with the murder of Mr. Briggs. It is to this effect, without in any way vouching for its truth. About two o'clock, it is said, on the morning of the 10th of July last, a few hours after the murder, a Mr. Poole, who resides at Edmonton, was in his bedroom, when something, which afterwards proved to be a parcel, was thrown against his house and broke one of the windows. This parcel, it is alleged had been thrown from a cab, which was passing along the main road, away from London.—Mr. Poole, with the view of getting some payment for the damage done—so the story runs—immediately followed the cab, which after a long chase he overtook. There were four men inside, about whom there was an appearance of considerable disorder.—One of them was without a hat, and with a handkerchief bound round his head. Mr. Poole was told the bundle was thrown for a lark, but that he would be paid, and the cab drove on. The parcel which had been thrown against his window was found, on being examined, to contain a pair of trousers. Later on the same (Sunday) morning, about eleven o'clock Mr. Poole saw the same cab returning towards London, and noticed that there were then two of the same men in it, and this time Mr. Poole was accompanied by one or two respectable inhabitants of the neighborhood. The sequel to the story is, that the German society had succeeded in discovering three, if not all four, of the men, and that they are in possession of the trousers, which are found to be stained with human blood. On the other hand, an attempt has been made to connect Muller with the murder of the young woman Emma Jackson, which took place in a house of ill-fame in George street, St. Giles's, on the 9th of April 1863, from some alleged similarity in personal appearance between him and the man, a foreigner, who had accompanied her to the house, and who was last seen in her company. At first it was said that a handkerchief had been found in Muller's box, which it supposed to have belonged to the murdered woman. We believe there is not the slightest foundation for the story about the handkerchief. Certainly no such handkerchief was shown at the trial, and Inspector Tanner at one part of the proceedings, at the request of the Solicitor-General, produced the box of the prisoner, with the whole of its contents, just as it was found on board the Victoria as the vessel was approaching New York. With respect to the alleged similarity of personal appearance, it is said that both the shoemaker boy who cleaned the alleged murderer's boots previous to his entering the house in George street, and the girl who was a servant there; have seen Muller and they declare he is not the same man.—This is not the first time a convict under sentence of death has had other murders laid to his charge. It is a somewhat common practice in the case of noted criminals.—*Times*.

THE TOMB OF AN ANCIENT BRITON.—On Tuesday last a barrow was opened near to Seale-house, Rye-stone, under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Greenwell an antiquary of great experience, and in the presence of a great number of persons. The tumulus was 3ft in diameter and about 7ft. high, and situated in a meadow. It was opened from the south-east, and immediately under the sod was found to consist of yellow clay to a considerable depth; then come layers of blue clay, which had evidently been puddled, or worked to a finer consistency, doubtless to keep out the water. Exactly in the centre of the tumulus at a depth of 7ft. and on a level with the plane of the field, was found an oak coffin formed out of a tree which had been split and hollowed out, and placed due north and south, the head being placed to the south, as that was the larger part of the tree. When completely divested of the surrounding earth it was considered desirable to lift it out, so that it might be examined with greater care, but after being exposed to the air for about ten minutes it parted at the sides and it was found impossible to move it except by detached pieces. The body had been wrapped in a cloth of fine texture resembling wool coarsely woven of which there was a considerable quantity remaining, but the body itself was dissolved by the action of the water which had gained access to the interior of the coffin. Mr. Greenwell considered the interment to have been that of an ancient Briton, and decidedly pre-Roman, and that it was doubtless 2,000 years

since.—He said it was the only instance (with one exception, found at Grinstead, near Scarborough, where an interment in an oak tree hollowed out had had a tumulus placed over it, and that it was a very remarkable one, and worthy of being placed on the records of the Archaeological Society. The coffin was more than 6ft. in length inside, and about 1ft. 6in. outside. The remains were carefully collected and replaced, and the mound restored to its former shape, a small leaden tablet being placed within stating that it had been opened A. D. 1864.

MR. FARADAY AND SPIRITUALISM.—Mr. Faraday, in answer to a spiritual invitation, has sent the following characteristic reply:—"Gentlemen, I am obliged by your courteous invitation, but really I have been so disappointed by the 'manifestations' to which my notice has at different times been called that I am not encouraged to give any more attention to them, and I therefore leave those to which you refer in the hands of the professors of 'legerdemain.' If spirit communications not utterly worthless should happen to start into activity, I will trust the spirits to find out for themselves how they can move my attention. With thanks, I am very truly yours, M. FARADAY. Royal Institution, Oct. 8."

A CURIOUS WEDDING SCENE.—The Bristol (England) Post tells the following story: On Monday morning a youthful couple with attendant groomsman and bridesmaid, set out together for the Register office at Merthyr, to be united in the holy bond of matrimony. On the way, however, it was deemed necessary to screw their courage to the sticking point to brave the trying ordeal, by a draught of some stimulant. For the purpose of accomplishing this, the whole party turned into an inn, and called for the necessary liquor. Whilst musing on the approach of the end of his bachelorhood, the bridegroom suddenly got up and swore that he would not be a fool or a deluded victim that day. The bride demanded an explanation, and her beloved informed her that, after giving the matter due consideration, he had come to the conclusion that the sacrifice was greater than he could bear, and he could not—nay, would not—marry her. The ladies were in a fix, when the groomsman hit on a plan, and told the ladies to go and walk boldly into the register office.—They did so. Having persuaded his friend that he had got rid of them, he got the reluctant bridegroom to walk into the street with him, and cautiously led him towards the dreaded goal. When close to it the faithless swain rushed into a public house, but was promptly stopped by his 'best man' who, on this occasion proved the better man, and seizing him with a firm grasp, carried him across the road and thrust him into the office, where he was confronted by his trembling spouse and awed into obedience by the presence of the registrar, who speedily bound them 'indissolubly firm.' Some time ago a couple went from Puertheolgeric to be married, but the bridegroom walked off with the money which the bride had given him to pay the registrar, and lost it in playing pitch and toss with his companions. The wedding had thus to be put off till the next day, when the young woman kept a sharp look out on her lord, nor left him until she had secured his person, if not his allegiance.

UNITED STATES.

A PROTESTANT ON MARTIN LUTHER AT HOME.—But I could not bring up my conception of Luther in Germany to the idea I had of him before. I saw his manuscripts, collections of his works, portraits; but his big drinking-cups were, after all, the most prominent memorials he left behind him. He was a jolly old soul, hearty and honest, I dare say, and banged away at the Pope and the devil with good will and good effect. But there was nothing high and grand about him. I want to see the place where the devil is said to have helped him over the walls of Augsburg; but, even there, not a gleam of poetry associated itself with his name. The huge drinking-cup seemed to swallow up everything, and the couple, said to be his, appeared to tell the whole story:

'Who loves not wine, women, and song,
Remains a fool all his life long.'

In short, his burly face and figure, and the goblets that testify to his powers, made it absolutely impossible for me to connect any heroic idea with the man.—*Prof. Feltou*.

AFTER 'SLAVERY' COMES 'POPERY.'—The Catholic part of these Northern communities have been fully warned by Puritan papers, that so soon as 'slavery' is done with, 'Popery,' or the Catholic religion, must take its turn of purification or extinction. It is just possible that all of us Catholics who have been born on the soil, if we learn to talk through the nose, may be let off. As to you others—you Irish, above all—God help you!—*N. Y. Freeman*.

A Richmond paper suggests that in retaliation for the devastation ordered by General Grant and committed by General Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley it would be easy for the South to employ '20 or 30 trusty friends in the North to set New York or Boston on fire in as many different places simultaneously,' on some dry windy night, and publicly recommend the Confederate Legislature to vote a million dollars for the purpose. "The men," it adds, are already there, and New York would be worth 20 Richmonds." It is evident, not only from this passage but from the whole tenor of many recent articles in the Southern and Northern press that the war has lost its original character, and is fast degenerating into a savage contest. The North more than the South is to blame. The North is the invader. The North first commenced hostilities against women and children, and forgot the decencies and amenities of civilization in its treatment of the helpless inhabitants of conquered cities. The North first appointed 'rowdies,' pig-drivers, mule-breeders, and habitual drunkards to high command, making choice of ruffians who did not look upon war as at the best an unhappy necessity, but who loved it for its own sake, and considered it a glorious opportunity for unlimited indulgence in the most brutal passions. It was the North, through its press, its politicians, and, worse than all, through its pulpit, that first broached the idea of 'exterminating' the whole of the white male population of the South, in preference to the acknowledgment of their right of self-government. The coolness with which this idea is advocated is enough to make the blood of the unimpassioned bystander curdle with horror. A quiet thoughtful man, filling an official position in connexion with the library of a Legislative Assembly in a Northern State, a person of culture and refinement, who has made himself a name in American literature, undertook some days ago to prove to me that the Southern people were wicked rebels against the best Government in the world, and that if they did not immediately lay down their arms there was nothing left for the Federal authority but to exterminate them. On this being asked what he meant by 'extermination,' he replied that he would not leave a single male inhabitant alive in the whole South except the negroes, and that from the newborn boy to the old man of three score and ten, he would put them all to the sword. "And what then?" "Colonize the country with Northern people," he replied, "and develop its resources to such an extent that it shall become the garden and the Paradise of the world." "And what would you do with the negroes?" "We shall prepare them for ultimate freedom by establishing a system of serfage, to be followed by a period of apprenticeship." "And you would deliberately slaughter the whole white male population to attain a result which had not the Northern people interfered with the question of slavery, the South would in all probability have accomplished *ex proprio motu*." I would, he replied. "We have got to do this thing, and by God we'll do it." Another educated man, educated at Americans' are up to the age of 14, and then thrust into the business of life in a

counting house, a store, or a workshop, expressed in still more forcible terms his approval of the policy of exterminating the Southern people. On being asked whether the public opinion of the world would permit the perpetration of such a stupendous atrocity as the slaughter of a whole people, he replied with the greatest unconcern, "Why not? Did not the British Government authorize the massacre of Glencoe?" "But that," said I, "was a small matter, even if the Government of King William were guilty of it." "Great or small, it was all the same in principle. Besides, there is a more recent case in India, when the British Government blew a whole nation of Sepoys from their guns." "Do you know what a Sepoy means?" I enquired. "Yes, a native of India, which the British Government holds by military force against the will of the people. And by the same kind of force we will hold the South, if need be. They must give up the struggle, or be driven out, till not a ————— be left, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande." There is no necessity to fill up the hiatus. Any one at all conversant with the habitual profanity of the American multitude can supply it without difficulty. Were persons such as these alone in the expression of such sentiments their words might pass for nothing better or worse than the frenzy of lunatics; but, unhappily, the same sentiments are entertained by thousands of blood-thirsty doctrinaires, who have convinced themselves that the restoration of the Union will make the Americans the masters of the world—and that Union, in this sense, is worth more than the liberty of the white race, or than the lives of any number of millions, who may oppose it by force of arms. "Unconditional submission, or extermination, these are the sole alternatives which they hold out to the South. The New Englanders, or the 'Yankees,' properly so called, are the persons who most commonly give utterance to these extreme opinions. They do not lose temper in expressing them, but are as cool and quiet in tone and manner as if they were discussing the most ordinary business of life. They snivel and drawl in preaching extermination just as much as they would snivel and drawl if they were selling 'dry goods' behind a counter, or interchanging a casual remark with an acquaintance about the weather or the crops. They leave, however, upon the mind of the listener the impression that they are thoroughly in earnest, and that when they threaten murder and extermination they mean what they say and would be as ruthless in act as they are reckless in assertion.—*Times* N. Y. Cor.

A sharper took passage in an emigrant ship from Bremen to Baltimore, and, convincing the emigrants that gold was not current in the United States, succeeded in buying with greenbacks nearly all the gold in the possession of the passengers, at a discount of 30 per cent. The sharper cleared upwards of 3,000 dollars by his rascality.—*Guardian*.

The midnight telegram in our last impression gave us (Montreal Gazette) an account of another raid at Rouses Point in the shape of a report from Boston which we subjoin:

Boston, Nov. 22.—A gang of rebel raiders, on horseback, are reported to have made their appearance at Rouses Point on Saturday night. On being challenged, they fired on the picket guard. Their fire was promptly returned, and one of them fell from his horse. The raiders immediately fled, taking the wounded man with them.

This dreadful affair, so like in the exactitude of its recital, to many which the war of sections has furnished, is thus described by the St. Albans Messenger which we received yesterday, and which is, no doubt, a most reliable authority for an event happening so near its office of publication:

We have heard the following explanation given of the origin of the alarm at Rouses Point. A sentinel, whose fears of the enemy were not sufficient to keep him awake, fell asleep, and wrapped in slumber's strong but soft embrace, was approached by a fun-loving comrade, who, with a view of rousing him to a sense that 'this cruel war was not yet over,' snatched a percussion cap in his ear. The sleeping hero awoke, thought his bright dream was to be his last, became excessively demoralized, and told a story big enough to scare the whole community. The mysterious horsemen who lingered near Champlain are said to have been peaceful hunters'.—*St. Albans Messenger*.

WILL THE FLORIDA BE RESTORED.—There appears to be no doubt that the Florida was captured by the Wachusett in neutral waters, and therefore in violation of the laws of nations. It is expected as a matter of course that Brazil will demand the restoration of the vessel with damages. Will the administration give her up and foot the bills? Probably. It seems that Capt. Collins of the Wachusett has before performed a similar exploit of making a capture in neutral waters. This occurred December 21st 1863, while in command of the Octorara, when he seized the British schooner, Mont Blanc, a small craft of 9 tons, while she was lying at anchor within a mile of Bahama Banks and took her to Key West. The Prize Court at that place soon released her, on the ground that she was clearly within British waters at the time of capture. Lord Lyons brought the matter to the attention of our Government, and, after a full examination, Mr. Seward acknowledged the error of Capt. Collins, admitted the right of the owner of the schooner to damages, and that Captain Collins would be notified that he had incurred the disapprobation of the President.—*Portland Argus*.

OUR DESSERT INTO BARRARIUM.—The brutalities of the Kansas-Missouri conflict under the old Union have characterized, from the beginning of the war of the sections, the conflict in Missouri. That fierce "guerilla," Quantrell, has been goaded to his desperate revenge by outrages in that quarter, and the same causes have, it appears, directed the bloody knife of "Bill Anderson." His father and brothers' says the St. Louis Republican, speaking of that fierce man, 'have been killed in the rebel service. Anderson, it is also said, has stated that his mother and two sisters were killed a year or two ago at Kansas City, by the fall of a building in which they were confined, with others, as prisoners, and charged that the fall of the building was intentionally produced by the criminal acts of the Federals having them in custody for the purpose of destroying the inmates.' This set fire to the man's passions, and his hand became red with the blood of an indiscriminating vengeance.

The army came one day, said a man from Missouri to a clergyman of Baltimore, and tried to force my noble boys into the racks, and because they refused to go, shot out both their brains before my eyes; burned, sacked and destroyed everything I possessed in the world in a few hours. Then my angel wife and I had to flee for our lives to the woods, where we existed for three months; and from thence I came here; and, as hell means a place of torment, I say I am a refugee from hell. These barbarities appear to have fallen upon their survivors in despondent madness!

Atrocities have moved toward the Atlantic beyond the Mississippi. Having commenced in Missouri, it has broken out in fearful fatality in Kentucky. The bloody monster under whose jurisdiction it ruined and murdered so recently at Paducah, does not appear to have taken with him to his retirement in despondent madness!

A trocity in Kentucky survives this rules. The Cincinnati Enquirer illustrates that truth in the following narration:—
"An eye-witness informs the writer that the prisoners, thinly clad, were taken into a lot just on the edge of the town, and there kept waiting for some time, in a cold, damp atmosphere, for the captain charged with the duty of killing them. A humane citizen asked the soldiers if they might talk to the prisoners a moment, and they said no, he could not. The captain came, pulled out his piece of paper, and commanded the prisoners whose names he should call to step to the front. He attempted to read the order, but could not. The gentleman alluded to

read it. The order was to take the first four on the list to Frankfort, and to shoot them to death in the vicinity of that town. The order did not state for what. . . . While he was praying, an old man, said to be from Kenton County, slipped the irons from him and started to run. The soldiers, without order, began to fire on the other three, as well as on the old man. One of the three fell dead—the other two fell over, but were not killed. The captain made them stand up, cursing and damning the soldiers for firing without orders. They requested to be allowed to turn their backs, and were so allowed. A volley was fired and both fell. One groaned after he fell, when a soldier put a pistol to his head and fired into his brain. . . . What motive there was, except a refinement of cruelty, to take the other four to witness the death in store for them, no one can tell!

The explosion of thousands of women and children from Atlanta shows that even the genius of Sherman cannot save the war in Georgia from utter barbarity. Speaking of 'foraging' around Atlanta, a correspondent of the Chicago Tribune holds the following language: "Extraordinary booty is any mortal thing, from a library of books to a woman's underclothing or a child's dress!" In enumerating the articles plundered on these occasions, he includes 'one hundred and fifty vehicles, such as buggies, carriages etc. Officers and men, the narrative states, participate in these robberies. 'Some soldiers,' says the account in Chicago Tribune, 'stole a masonic apron and emblems from the house of a lady whose husband was in the rebel army. She had previously been deprived of nearly everything else, and seemed heart-broken as she implored pity and protection. At another house it was ascertained that the family had not eaten anything for 36 hours. Their clock was gutted and their children's clothes stolen.' And these horrors have been perpetrated by men whom we must receive by and by into the bosom of civil society! The curses we have thus heaped upon innocent women and children may, we fear thus come home to rest.

There is, however, another bloody side to the picture we have been drawing of crime. The reverse is flaring with the lurid light of retaliation. Speaking of the barbarity of placing inoffensive non-combatants on trains exposed to attack in Western Virginia, the Richmond Examiner recommends that Mosby "reduces his efforts to capture, overturn and blow up the trains running on that road, with the special object of striking and capturing those particular trains which contain some of these hostages. But, having brought down and captured the trains thus hideously defended, what remains to be done? To kill without sparing one, and without delaying an instant every living thing on board except the Confederate citizens exposed thereon." And thus the tragedy goes on, deepening into atrocity, until men and angels must turn from its bloody spectacles with a thrill of horror.—*N. Y. News*.

The Indianapolis Journal of a recent past says:—"Yesterday afternoon Colonel Warner treated our citizens to another of his rare and unique entertainments, in the shape of a dress parade of bounty jumpers. The vaulting scoundrels were lashed two and two to a long rope, with a herculean African heading the column, and ringing the bell. Each jumper carried a large placard upon his back, as an advertisement of his profession. A line of friendly bayonets on each side kept off the curious crowd, and the soul-stirring notes of the 'Rogue's March' kept time to their tramping feet. The material of this batch was better looking than that which composed the other, and some of them, who were well dressed, sported fierce sorrel moustaches, with curly hair, and were decidedly distinguished in appearance. Of agents and jumpers there were something over a hundred in all. We presume they are now on their way to the front, and may they have a happy time.

NEW YORK IMMIGRATION.—The New York Commissioners of Immigration report that in the year 1864, up to October 5, 153,393 immigrants had arrived; in the corresponding period of 1863, the number was only 119,512.

THE DETERMINATION OF THE NORTH.—Lincoln is elected. The great Yankee nation, numbering 20,000,000 of souls, or of creatures who are supposed to have souls have decreed by large majorities that this war, infernal in its conception, infernal in its execution, infernal in all its aspects and details, is to be prosecuted on the same bloody and barbarous plan for four years longer. That whole people have voted themselves out remorseless and determined enemies—have put upon record their determination to reduce us to the condition of serfs, or to exterminate us entirely. There is no middle ground for us to occupy, if we were so disposed. It is fight, be enslaved, or die; and we feel no hesitation in deciding what to do. The first question which now occurs is, when will the attack on our lines be renewed? We have no hesitation in expressing the belief that it will be done before this month shall have passed away. As for supposing it possible that Grant will throw away all the fine weather yet to come this autumn, that is folly. He will fight again, as soon as he shall have received reinforcements sufficiently numerous, as he conceives, to accomplish his purpose. With his present force he is well aware he can accomplish nothing. He has never yet accomplished anything without the use of overwhelming numerical superiority, and he will not attempt it now. But when he shall have received all the men he expects, when his cannon shall have been completed, and his fleet assembled—we may then expect a grand assault, military and marine. For the army we fear nothing. We are disposed to think, in its present position, unless its character has undergone a most unaccountable change, it would be able to repel the attack of a force doubly or trebly as large as any that Grant can possibly bring against it. Our only apprehension is from the water, and that arises, probably, from our total ignorance of the character and ability of the obstructions in the river. We learn that they are too formidable to be overcome by the Yankee fleet, and we hope it is so; for we are as confident that an attack will be made before Grant goes into winter-quarters as we are that the sun will set to-day and rise again to-morrow.—*From Richmond Whig*, Nov. 12.

SUFFERINGS IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.—Heroism of the Rebel Women.—The Valley is still quiet. The enemy are so glutted with the fruits of their last victory that they seem to be completely enervated. A private letter from a lady in Clark county gives a sad account of the sufferings of the people from the vandals, and the heroism of our Southern ladies. The letter says that they had left desolation in their track. Many persons are kept away all luxuries, destroyed all grain, and killed or carried off stock of all kinds. At the house of the writer they killed all the sheep but six, took the only horse on the place; killed twenty hogs and fifty turkeys; broke open the meat house and took all the meat; destroyed all the fruit trees; tore the carriage to pieces, and carried away all the hay, oats and corn. The lady told them to take all, for it would not subdue her spirit, and that she would not shed one tear over the loss of anything but friends.

They went to the house of one old lady, nearly 80 years old, and robbed her of everything. For three days she had nothing to eat, but green corn, and said:

Three ladies had kept forty of the brutes, from entering the house by stationing themselves in the door, with knives in their hands, and telling them that they would stab the first man that entered. They, before resorting to these measures, appealed to their humanity, asking if there were none present who had brothers and sisters. They only laughed and said they never heard of such things. The bravery of these ladies saved them, and the Yankees did not enter.

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

At No. 223, Notre Dame Street, by

J. GILLIES,

G. E. OLBRECK, Editor.

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The True Witness can be had at the News Depots, Single copy 3d.

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

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2.

NOTICE.

We request all our subscribers in Quebec and vicinity, who are in arrears, to hand in the amounts due to our agent, MR. JEREMIAH O'BRIEN, 18 BUADE STREET, Quebec.

ECOLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

Friday, 2—FAST, Ste. Bibiana, V.M.
Saturday, 3—St. Francis Xavier, O.
Sunday, 4—Second Sunday of Advent.
Monday, 5—St. P. Chrysologus, B.D.
Tuesday, 6—St. Nicholas, B.O.
Wednesday, 7—FAST, St. Ambrose, B.D.
Thursday, 8—IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.
The "Forty Hours" Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament will commence as follows:—
Monday, 9—St. Francis Xavier, Sault St. Louis.
Tuesday, 10—St. John.
Wednesday, 11—Notre Dame de Toutes Graces.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

By the *Asa* we learn that the piratical seizure of the Confederate man-of-war steamer *Florida* in the port of Bahia by the Federal war steamer *Wachusett* has created quite a sensation in England, as an outrage upon a neutral power and the laws of civilized warfare without a parallel in modern history. Accordingly we are not surprised to learn that the British Government proposes to the other Great Powers a joint protest against the action of the Federal Government. The Brazilians have broken off intercourse with the latter, and a declaration of war may be expected; this would afford a very profitable diversion to the Confederates. The other European news is scanty; we learn however that Captain Semmes of the Confederate Navy is again afloat, having hoisted his pennant aboard of the *Sea King* commissioned for that purpose.

We are still in much darkness as to the whereabouts, the condition, and ultimate designs of General Sherman and the force under his command. A rumor has reached us to the effect that his right wing had met with a serious repulse at Augusta, and that the Confederate Generals Hood and Forrest are about falling with their conjoined forces upon General Thomas. It is also reported by telegram that the *Florida* has been run into and sunk by a Federal war steamer, no doubt with the object of evading the expected demand from the Brazilian Government for her surrender.

THE "GLOBE" AND ITS SLANDERS.—With reference to the formal accusations against the Catholics of Toronto generally, and more particularly against the Catholic clergy of Toronto, and Catholics holding situations in the Customs Department throughout the Province, preferred in the *Globe* of the 19th ult.—the following letter has been published by Mr. Allan Mc'Donnell, a well known and deservedly respected gentleman of Toronto:—

(To the Editor of the *Globe*.)

SIR.—In your issue of this day is published a communication over the signature "Not a Fenian." It is my present intention to offer any remarks upon the tone or tenor of the communication, or even to question whether the stupidity or the wickedness of your anonymous correspondent most predominates; for though wilful in his malevolence or sincere in his ignorance, his communication is unworthy of notice when he thus makes grave and criminal charges against a large and respectable body of his fellow citizens, and to which he dares not attach his name.

But as you have published to the world that which only the intemperate spirit of Oates or Bedloe, of times long past, could have concocted, be not surprised that a Catholic now demands that you will designate or specify in what Roman Catholic Church has been stored pikes, guns, pistols, and ammunition or weapons of any kind; and also that you will give the names of those Roman Catholic Custom House officials who have connived at the introduction into this Province of the offensive weapons, as is alleged in the communication referred to.

If the statements thus made in your columns had had a shadow of foundation, it is a duty which you owe to your country and to the community at large, to have at once given information to the authorities, and thus brought to justice those parties who are plotting sedition and treason, and the butchery of your own fellow-citizens. Your concealment from the authorities of the necessary information makes you a participator in the crime.

If you fail to accede to the demand which I make, it will be an acknowledgment that you have aided to fabricate and herald to the world a most atrocious calumny, calculated to excite the worst of passions, fanaticism, and bigotry, twin sisters of bloodshed, and to excite thoughtless, reckless men to deeds of violence against Roman Catholic Churches, and thus to produce those very evils (a collision between Protestant and Roman Catholics) which the hypocrisy of your correspondent affects to deplore.

None knows better than you do, that in our mixed

community of Protestants and Roman Catholics, there are men so bigoted or so prejudiced, as to make them the dupes of exaggerations, however gross, or delusions, however apparent.

I am not a member of the Hibernian Society, and it is scarcely necessary to add I am not a Fenian, nor have I the slightest acquaintance with any one who is. If there are any Fenians amongst us, I am convinced that they are very few in number, and that the whole organization, taken on the aggregate, foreign as well as domestic, are as impotent to harm, as they are disloyal to the Crown. A raid by them upon Canadian soil is just about as likely to occur, as that you, Sir, will head a raid to be made from Canada by the Southern patriots upon Buffalo or elsewhere.

I am, Sir, yours, truly,

ALLAN McDONNELL.

Toronto, Nov. 19.

With the reasonable request of the writer of the above, the Toronto *Globe*, faithful to its antecedents as the organ of Mr. George Brown, refuses to comply; publishing a long rigmarole about Ireland, the Fenians, and again accusing the Bishop of Toronto of disloyalty, and complicity with traitors. But the name of his informant, his authority for publishing that a general massacre of the Protestants of Toronto is in contemplation; that for this purpose arms and ammunition have been clandestinely conveyed into the Province with the connivance of the Roman Catholic Custom House officers; and that these arms and ammunition are actually stored in great quantities in the Roman Catholic Churches—the editor of the *Globe*, though called upon, and in honor bound, to do so, does not give.

It is of no use saying anything more on the subject. If a man is so destitute of all moral sense, so insensible to the requirements of truth and justice, as not to perceive that he who either originates, or gives circulation to, an accusation injuriously affecting his neighbors, is bound—first to be reasonably convinced himself of the truth of that injurious accusation before making, or aiding in circulating, it; and secondly, when called upon to do so, either to publish his proofs or else to retract and make the *amende honorable*, it is no use arguing with him. As foolish would it be to discuss the beauties of Beethoven with a deaf man, or to endeavor to give an accurate idea to one born blind, of the marvellous coloring of a Titian or a Rubens. We must deal with him as one of detective moral organization; as one incapable of discriminating between right and wrong, truth and falsehood; and as one therefore who, according to the laws of Christian charity, and what Mr. Kingsley would call "hault courage," is rather the meet object of our contemptuous compassion, than of our virtuous indignation. You cannot scrub the black-moor white, or make a silk purse out of a sow's ear; so neither can you expect by any amount of argument, or labored reasoning to persuade the writers in the Toronto *Globe*, to think, speak, or act like Christian gentlemen. Whether the editor himself, or Mr. George Brown was the writer of the letter signed "Not a Fenian"—or whether that letter were written for them by a third party, we know not, neither does it matter one straw. By publishing it, anonymously, the editor of the *Globe* became morally and legally, responsible for the literal truth of its contents; and by refusing, when called upon to do so, to make good its allegations, or else retract them, he forfeits for ever all claim to be treated with more consideration than that which according to the laws of charity and courtesy we are bound to bestow upon the convicted liar and slanderer; upon him who states that which he knows to be false, but who afraid of the consequences of his mendacities, like the coward sneak seeks shelter beneath the unclean gaberdine of an anonymous, and very probably fictitious correspondent.

We say "knows to be false," and we say so advisedly; because the editor of the *Globe* when he published the statements to which we refer, did not himself believe them to be true. This we will undertake to prove.

(1). He published a positive statement (not a mere rumor) to the effect that a general massacre of the Protestants of Toronto was in preparation, and that means had been taken to carry this iniquitous plot into immediate execution. The editor of the *Globe* did not believe this statement to be true; for had he believed it, he would have put himself in communication with the legal authorities, laying before them the proofs of the imminent danger to which Her Majesty's Protestant subjects in Canada were exposed, and calling upon them to take immediate and efficient measures to prevent the intended massacre, and to bring the guilty parties to justice.

(2). He published a positive statement (not a mere rumor) to the effect that in the Roman Catholic Churches of Toronto were stored, arms, and ammunition "in great quantities" in anticipation of the projected Protestant massacre.—This statement, if true, was susceptible of easy and immediate verification; and had the editor of the *Globe* believed it to have been true, or even partially true, he would have taken steps to procure a visit of inspection from the Police to the said Catholic churches, as was done in the case of the man McGuire suspected of having arms stored away in his house. The editor of the *Globe* did not do this; therefore we are certain that he did not believe the story which he published to be true—nay, that he was morally convinced that it was false.

(3). He published a positive statement, not a

mere rumor, to the effect that "these offensive weapons had been distributed through the connivance of Roman Catholic Custom House officers wherever these are placed." Again we say the editor of the *Globe* did not believe this statement to be true when he published it; for otherwise he would have denounced, by name, to the Heads of the Customs Department, the officers, their subordinates, who had been guilty of conniving at the clandestine introduction of offensive weapons, with the express object of promoting a rebellion against the Queen, and a general massacre of the Protestants of the Province.—From this dilemma there is no possibility of escape for the editor of the *Globe*; on one horn of it or the other he must be impaled. Either he believed the story to be true or he did not so believe. If he believed it to be true, he, the editor of the *Globe*, was guilty of misprision of treason, in that he did not immediately put himself in communication on the subject with the proper legal authorities; and if he did not believe it to be true, in that he published a most serious accusation against the Catholic Clergy of Toronto, and the handful of Catholic employees in the Custom House, he approved himself to be . . . Our readers will have no difficulty in judging the appropriate words. We need not soil our paper with them.

But for the danger of an attack upon the Catholic churches and convents of Toronto—which no doubt the article in the Toronto *Globe* was intended to provoke, by representing those buildings as arsenals in which offensive weapons designed for a general massacre of Protestants were stored up in great quantities—we should find only reasons for congratulation in the calumnious attacks of Mr. George Brown's organ and mouth-piece upon our Clergy and our co-religionists—for they clearly establish three things upon which the TRUE WITNESS has ever insisted.

In the first place they prove—and must do so even to the satisfaction of Protestants, that the *Globe* is utterly unworthy of credit; and that henceforward no intelligent person need trouble himself to refute any accusation, however serious, that may appear in that slanderous and unprincipled sheet.

In the second place they prove how reckless and regardless, not only of the true, but of the probable, are a certain class of Protestant journalists—(God forbid that we should conclude all under one condemnation)—in their attacks upon Popery and Papiets. If—so the question naturally suggests itself—if these anti-Catholic writers scruple not to publish in Toronto, and on the spot where the truth or falsity of their allegations can be easily and immediately established, such monstrous accusations against Papiets, how great must be their reliance on the gullibility of their Protestant readers? and how reckless of truth must they not be, when treating of events of which the scene is laid far away—as at Palermo, Madrid, or Valparaiso—so that it is difficult to convict them of distortion of facts?

And in the third place these slanders of the *Globe* clearly establish that the *Globe* is still the *Globe*; that it is to-day what it has been for years, the reckless and unprincipled slanderer of our priests and of our people; and that consequently the man Mr. George Brown, and the party, that is to say the Clear Grits and Protestant Reformers of whom it is the organ and the faithful representative, are our irreconcilable enemies, with whom we, Catholics, cannot upon any pretence or plea whatsoever, contract any alliance, or hold any terms, without dereliction of principle, loss of honor, and abandonment of self-respect.

If there be any to whom the above remarks may seem unnecessarily harsh, we would beg of them to consider the nature, the extent, the malice, and probable consequences of the formal charges preferred in the Toronto *Globe* against the Catholic Clergy of Toronto, and the malignéd Catholic employees in the Custom House, whom Mr. George Brown's organ deliberately accuses of intended rebellion and meditated murder. If it be said that, not the editor, but a correspondent of the paper, is the accuser—we reply that, morally as well as legally, by the laws of honor as well as by the laws of the land, if an editor publishes, anonymously, anything injuriously affecting the reputation of his neighbors, he is bound to give up the name of his correspondent, or else to assume the whole and undivided responsibility of the truth or falsity of every line that appears in the columns of his paper. This is a canon which we think no one will have the impudence to impugn; and upon this point we are sure of a verdict in our favor from every intelligent and impartial man, be he Protestant, or be he Catholic.

A CARD.—We beg to return our thanks to F. Tyrrell, Esq., Att. at Law, &c., Morrisburg, C. W., for his prompt and efficacious services, in compelling payment by delinquent subscribers to this paper.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—Since the Christmas Brothers have opened their School about five hundred pupils are already in attendance.—*Ottawa Tribune.*

A correspondent submits to us the following questions:—

1st. Will you allow me to ask your opinion on the two following propositions, viz:—
1st. "The Pope and majority of Bishops can have been wrong in believing from a false interpretation of a passage of Holy Scripture that the sun goes round the earth?"
2nd. "We cannot say that all that is contained in Scripture is revealed."

Your humble servant,

J. B.

In our humble opinion—and we beg of our correspondent to remember that we only offer our private opinion for what it is worth—the first proposition might be maintained without any positive infraction of the doctrines of the Catholic Church, and without impugning the infallibility either of the Pope or of a General Council. Whether the proposition is historically correct is another question.

Infallibility is predicated of the Pope only when addressing the Universal Church, in the name of that Church, and on questions of faith and morals. As simple Doctors, the Pope and his brethren of the episcopacy, are not necessarily infallible, but are liable to err. Much more then are they fallible on questions not of faith and morals, but of pure physics, which it is not the function of the Church to teach. Therefore, we opine, that the first given proposition might be maintained without actual heresy.

With respect to the second proposition, we are also of opinion that it is one which not only may, but must be maintained—if we would avoid falling into a vicious circle, and asserting with Hume and other rationalists, that it requires a miracle to prove a miracle—or in other words, that it is impossible to establish a miracle by the evidence of an honest and intelligent witness, but competent in the natural order only.

We must distinguish sharply between what some seem to confound—viz., Inspiration and Revelation. All canonical Scriptures are divinely inspired—an inspiration which extends, *saltem ad res atque sententias in eis contentas*, but needs not be carried to the extent of a verbal inspiration as some contend. But Inspiration is one thing, Revelation another; the latter implying a miraculous or supernatural communication to the sacred historians of facts or things of which otherwise they could not have had cognisance. On this point we quote the learned Jesuit Perrone, whose opinion may be safely followed:

"Discimus aliud esse inspirationem divinam, aliud autem revelationem. Inspiratio enim latius patet quam revelatio que scilicet est patefactio rei antea non perceptæ nec animo infusæ. . . . Quare revelatio habet pro objecto rei prius ignota patefactionem, inspiratio vero præterea habet pro objecto suo res etiam aliunde cognitias, seu que saltem cognoscio naturaliter possunt industria."—*Tract. de Locis Theol. p. ii, c. ii, de Divin. can. libr. inspir.*

Of many things recorded in Holy Writ, the sacred historians must have had cognisance through their natural faculties; and they are valuable as witnesses to these facts, only because they testify to things made known to them, not by any supernatural process, but by their senses, by their eyes, their ears, and their touch. When the Apostles testified to the truth of Our Lord's Resurrection they relied upon the evidence of those natural senses as the basis of their own belief in the matter; and they cited that evidence as the reason why others to whom they preached should also believe in that great central fact of Christianity. They preached a risen Christ Whom they had seen, heard, and Whose body they had handled, not a Christ Whose resurrection had been revealed, or supernaturally made known to them; and their bearers believed them, as honest and intelligent witnesses, who could not deceive, or have been themselves deceived, with regard to the fact by them—the Apostles—testified to. Had the Apostles appealed to revelation as the source of their knowledge of their Master's resurrection, they would have been obliged to prove the fact of that supernatural revelation, before they could have established the fact of the resurrection, or of any other supernatural facts by them alleged to have occurred. In other words they would have been obliged to appeal to a miracle, before they could have proved a miracle; and into this vicious circle we must fall if we assert that "all that is contained in Scripture has been revealed."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—Amongst the many names suggested for the new political organism to be formed from the union of all the British North American Provinces, we wonder that the most appropriate name of all—"UTOPIA"—has not yet been brought forward. We merely throw this out as a hint to the writers in the public journals.

But is not all this discussion as to the name of the about to be created Empire superlatively silly? as if it were in the power of man to give it a name. If ever it see the light, if ever it come to maturity—it will of itself, take its appropriate name, if name it be entitled to at all. When a political entity is identical or contemporaneous with a geographical entity, as is the case with France and Spain, for instance—one name will suffice for both; but when there is no geographical expression for the political entity, containing and limiting it—as is the case with the United States of North America—it is in vain

for man to attempt to give it a name, for the name so given will not stick.

It is for this reason, and not from any desire or intention to give offence, that the terms "Yankees" and "Yankee Colors" are so often applied to the people and the national flag of the great North American Republic. By what other appropriate name indeed can you designate them? It is absurd to apply to them the geographical term or expression Americans, because the term American is not conterminous with the political entity which it is sought to distinguish. Mexicans, Brazilians, Canadians are all as much Americans as are the citizens of the United States; and the latter have therefore no more right to a monopoly of the name "Americans" than have Englishmen to a monopoly of the name "Europeans."

To speak of them as "North American Republicans" would be cumbersome; and besides Mexicans were till lately, and will probably soon be again, Republicans on the North American Continent; and therefore the political is as incorrect as the geographical expression, for neither contains and at the same time limits the people or nationality to which we seek to apply a distinctive name. This we say can only be done when the limits of the political, coincide with those of the geographical expression, and this will not be the case with the United Provinces of British North America. A name they will probably in time obtain; but it will be a nick-name, as is that of "Yankees" when for want of a better and more concise term, that name is applied to the people of the United States of North America.

It has been discussed whether an action for libel against the editor of the Toronto *Globe* on the part of any Roman Catholic Custom House officer in the Province, would not lie, seeing that he has accused them of breach of duty, and of treasonable acts—in that they have connived at the introduction of arms into the Province with the intent of thereby encouraging a rebellion against the Queen, and the massacre of all Her Majesty's Protestant subjects? On this point we would strongly recommend the aggrieved persons to take legal advice. At the same time, since the *Globe* is circulated in Montreal; and since the honor, the integrity and loyalty of the Roman Catholic Custom House officers of Montreal are seriously impugned by the *Globe*, seeing that its accusation though positive, is couched in general terms, so as to include all the Roman Catholic Custom House officers in the Province, "wherever these are placed"—it seems to us that an action might be brought against the scurrilous slanderer in this City by any person who may feel himself aggrieved. It is an experiment at all events worth trying; and it has been hinted to us as one which would certainly be tried, but for the following consideration. The *Globe* as the organ of Mr. George Brown is in a certain sense a Ministerial organ; and were an unfortunate office-holder to take legal proceedings against the editor of the *Globe*, it might by the Brown-Carter Ministry be considered as an attack upon one of its members, and be punished accordingly.

In consequence of information or rumors that have reached our Canadian Government, to the effect that in parts of Western Canada, arms, and munitions of war are being prepared with a design hostile to the Federal Government, an extra of the *Official Gazette* has been issued, in accordance with an Act passed last year, prohibiting the exportation, and the carrying coastwise or by inland navigation, of arms and ammunition.

This is no doubt a very laudable precaution, whether the information that has reached the ears of the authorities be well or ill founded.—No matter what may be our sympathies with the Confederates as contending for the great and important principle of State-Rights, that is to say of decentralisation and constitutional liberty, against the centralising instincts of the democratic despotism of the North—we must protest against Canada being in any sense made a place of arms for the Southerners; and against any act direct or indirect that may give our neighbors the shadow of a pretext for complaining of our infidelity to the principles of a strict neutrality which we have professed. True, those principles have been constantly violated in favor of the Federal Government, to whom a free traffic in arms and munitions of war with Great Britain has been permitted since the commencement of hostilities; but we trust now that it is intended to treat both belligerents with rigid impartiality, and to refuse to both that which hitherto has been prohibited to the Confederates alone.

HEAVY DAMAGE BY WATER.—On Tuesday night the occupants over the bookstore of Messrs. D. & J. Sadler neglected to turn off the water tap before they retired to rest, and the water being put on during the night on an alarm of fire, the premises were flooded, the water penetrating the floor to Messrs. Sadler's shop and doing serious damage to a large portion of the stock of books, stationary, engravings, &c. The damage is estimated at not less than \$1,000.

Catholics not conversant with evangelical literature can not conceive, even, what stuff is spoken of them, and their religion by Protestants of a certain class.

Romish Heathenism.—The horrible barbarities of heathenism are paralleled by some of the practices of the Romish Church.

The principal part of the solemnity consists in the procession of a huge engine, certain parts of which, representing the sun, the moon, the planets, &c., are in continual rotation.

When the festival or rather the sacrifice is ended, the mothers press forward, hussling in the crowd to see what has become of their little ones.

Those who have lost their babes console themselves with the persuasion that the Virgin, in love for the children, has taken them to her bosom in Paradise.

Are Protestant editors such idiots as to believe these monstrous stories? or are they simply knaves who publish them upon the principle, that if they throw dirt enough some of it is sure to stick.

MY CAVE LIFE IN VICKSBURG. — Dawson, Bros. Montreal.

A very amusing little work for sale by the Messrs. Dawson of this city. It contains the personal recollections of the siege of Vicksburg, and the heroism and the sufferings of its garrison, by a lady the wife of an officer in the Confederate army.

FROM DAN TO BEERSHEBA.—By the Rev. J. P. Newman, D.D. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

This, as its name implies, is the narrative of a tour in the Holy Land by a Protestant minister of—so we suspect—the Methodist persuasion, handsomely embellished with illustrations and maps of the several districts visited.

Three lamps were burning on the table, and as many were suspended from the ceiling directly above—symbols of the Trinity.—p. 168.

That the Rev. Parish Priest be requested to celebrate a solemn High Mass for the repose of the soul of the late George Desbarats, Esq.,

The decision in the pike action was given by Judge Harrison on Wednesday at a quarter past 12 o'clock. There appeared for Mr. Maguire Mr. Blevius, of the firm of O'Connor & Blevius, and for the defendants Robinson & McBride.

ARIZONA AND SONORA, BY MOWRY.—New York, Harper Brothers. Montreal, Dawson Bros.

The Messrs. Dawson of Montreal have kindly sent us a copy of this useful and very entertaining work on the geography, history and resources of the silver region of North America.

APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA, by Dr. Newman, Dawson Bros., Montreal.

This is an American reprint of this new famous work, for which we are indebted to the Messrs. Dawson of Montreal. Praise from us would be superfluous; suffice it to say that it is a work which has attracted the attention of all denominations of Christians: one of such importance that all the leading British Reviews have felt called upon to discuss its contents, and probable effects upon the religious condition of thinking men: and a work therefore which commends itself to every reader of the English language no less by its intrinsic merits, than by the peculiar relation that it bears to the actual state of parties in the Protestant world generally, and in the Anglican communion more especially.

The subjunctive was received too late for insertion in our last issue.

To the Editor of the True Witness. ST. ANDREWS, Nov. 21, 1864.

Sir,—One of our most prominent fellow-citizens having died on the 5th inst. after a painful malady of three months, and seeing no mention made of such in the TRUE WITNESS, I feel it my duty, in respect to his memory, to transmit to you this short sketch of his life for insertion therein.

The Parishioners of St. Andrews see a blank in their congregation when on each Sunday and holyday they meet to assist at the holy sacrifice of the Mass: the venerable and dignified form of their departed brother, the sincere Catholic and exemplary Christian is wanting; but they are cheered with the hope that he has gone to receive the reward his labors merit.

I have the honor to subscribe myself, A ST. ANDREWS PARISHIONER.

At a general meeting of the inhabitants of the Parish of St. Edwards of Frampton, County of Dorchester, held on the 20th November, 1864, the Rev. Mr. Paradis, Parish Priest, was called to the Chair, and John Duff, Esq., J.P., acted as Secretary.

The Rev. President, in heartfelt words, told that the object of the meeting was to give a public testimony of the grief the whole Parish feels for the demise of George Desbarats, Esq., the constant benefactor of this place, and whose liberal and benevolent behavior towards his tenants, has won the esteem, respect, love, and gratitude of all who knew him.

It was then proposed by Michael Fitzgerald, Esq., J.P., seconded by Thomas Hodgson, Esq., J.P. —

“That the warmest and most sincere feelings of sympathy be expressed to the family of the late George Desbarats, Esq., for the loss they have sustained by the death of such a deservedly loved father and consort.”

Proposed by Mr. Abraham Lapointe, acting Churchwarden, seconded by Mr. Thomas Duff, Churchwarden:—

“That our Rev. Parish Priest be requested to celebrate a solemn High Mass for the repose of the soul of the late George Desbarats, Esq.”

Proposed by Mr. Joseph Audibert, seconded by Mr. Michael Conroy:—

“That the Rev. President be requested to transmit the said Resolutions of the Parish to the family of the lamented deceased, and to the TRUE WITNESS for insertion.”

Moved by Mr. Miles Foley, and seconded by Mr. James Quigley:—

“That a vote of thanks be tendered to the Revd. President and Secretary.”

The meeting was then closed. O. A. PARADIS, P.P. President. JOHN DUFF, Secretary.

His Honor Judge Harrison said—In this case Maguire had a legal right to the writ of replevin on his own affidavit. But special circumstances were alleged as a reason why that writ should not issue; and the defendants had a right to show these. But there were no reasons of any kind shown by you (Mr. McBride.)

Mr. Blevius then called for an order, which was made out, and the pikes have, ere this, been given up to the Sheriff.

It appears that the writ gave Mr. Maguire the right to at once enter into possession of his property; and the bail bonds having been signed for three times the value by Messrs. O'Neill and McDowd, the Sheriff ordered the pikes to be given back to Mr. Maguire.

Mr. Boomer was so ill that the doctor would not carry a message to him, and Sergeant McDowell was not in, so that I cannot say till tomorrow what they will do in the writ of replevin.

H. SKINNER, Deputy Sheriff.

DR. CASHILL.—On Monday last a solemn Mass of requiem was celebrated in the Cathedral for the repose of the soul of the Rev. Dr. Cahill. The Rev. Father McGrath officiated. His Lordship and several of the Rev. Clergy of the city were present.—Ottawa Tribune.

The majority of our readers, when they see how great and comprehensive are to be the powers of the General Government, how circumscribed, and limited, and trifling the real power of the local Legislature; when they observe that the General Government is to take even the management of immigration into its own hands, and to provide for assimilating through the General Legislature, the civil laws of all the Provinces except Lower Canada; that it is to assume the appointment of the Judges, the virtual control of the Courts, as well as the making of all laws, criminal, commercial and civil—the majority of our readers, when they see all this, will, we believe, conclude that no statesmen amongst the Delegates imagined that the local Legislatures are to be maintained for many years after such a Union, and that the only reason why they are not instantly abolished is that the honest avowal of the intention to get rid of them may provoke opposition to the scheme which the schemers—we do not use the word in its offensive meaning—would fain avoid.

The Delegates who represented this Island in the Quebec Conference have, with one exception, returned home. Their stay in Canada was, we understand, an exceedingly pleasant and agreeable one; but it is said that some of them are in high dudgeon because of the supineness of our citizens in not greeting their return by a public demonstration.

There is reason to believe, much feeling excited in a neighboring district by the operation of a School Law with respect to taxes on Protestants for the support of Catholic Schools; and we hear that the feeling is so great that attempts will be made to resist the law.

There is reason to believe, much feeling excited in a neighboring district by the operation of a School Law with respect to taxes on Protestants for the support of Catholic Schools; and we hear that the feeling is so great that attempts will be made to resist the law.

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We regret that there seems to be an impression that the law or no law opinions of the Police Magistrate may prevail in the Sheriff's office. But we do not believe that the impression is the correct one.

THE RAIDERS AND THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT.—The Quebec correspondent of the Toronto Globe says:—“The application of the St. Albans raiders to our Government to despatch a messenger to Richmond, to obtain evidence alleged by them to be material in their defence, has been rejected.

EXISTING MEN FOR THE ARMY OF THE FEDERAL STATES.—Two other cases of this nature came up for investigation before the Judge of the Sessions on Saturday afternoon.

The men-stealers in the other case were not quite so successful. On the 25th November, one James Champ, encountered a certain person, whose name it is prudent to withhold, who entered into conversation with him, in the course of which Champ told him he wanted to go the United States for the purpose of enlisting in the American army, but that he had no money to pay his expenses.

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MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS

Flour—Pollards, \$2.90 to \$3.00; Middlings, \$3.30 to \$3.50; Fine, \$3.70 to \$3.85; Super, No. 2 \$3.90 to \$4.05; Superfine \$4.15 to \$4.30; Fancy \$4.42; Extra, \$4.50 to \$4.60; Superior Extra \$4.75 to \$4.90; Bag Flour, \$2.37 to \$2.41.

Flour, extra Superior per barrel, \$4.55 to 4.65; Fancy, \$4.25 to 4.35; Superfine, 3.85 to 3.95;... Wheat, Fall, per bushel, 90c to 93c; Spring, 80c to 82c. Oats, do, 42c to 45c. Potatoes, do, 30c to 40c.

TORONTO MARKETS—Oct. 23.

Flour, extra Superior per barrel, \$4.55 to 4.65; Fancy, \$4.25 to 4.35; Superfine, 3.85 to 3.95;... Wheat, Fall, per bushel, 90c to 93c; Spring, 80c to 82c.

St. Patrick's Society Montreal. The Regular MONTHLY MEETING of the above Corporation will take place in NORDHEIMER'S HALL, on MONDAY EVENING next, the 5th Dec. Chair to be taken at Eight o'clock.

MR. F. TYRRELL, JUN., Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, CONVEYANCER, &c., MORRISBURG, C. W. Nov. 29, 1864.

WANTED, FOR the Perth Separate School, a MALE and FEMALE TEACHER for the year 1865. Applicants to have good moral character and first-class certificates.

BAZAAR. THE LADIES OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH, WILLIAMSTOWN, BEG leave to inform their friends and the public generally, that they intend holding a BAZAAR of useful and fancy articles on MONDAY, THE 2nd OF JANUARY, 1865, and the four following days of the week.

COLLEGE OF REGIOPOLIS KINGSTON, C.W., Under the Immediate Supervision of the Right Rev. E. J. Horan, Bishop of Kingston.

THE above Institution, situated in one of the most agreeable and healthful parts of Kingston, is now completely organized. Able Teachers have been provided for the various departments.

FARM TO LET. THAT well-known FARM, situated in the PARISH of St. LAURENT, containing 170 ACRENS, is now LEASED for a term of years.

DALTON'S NEWS DEPOT: Newspapers, Periodicals, Magazines, Fashionable Books, Stationery, School Books, Children's Books, Song Books, Almanacs, Diaries and Postage Stamp for sale at DALTON'S News Depot, Corner of Craig and St. Lawrence Streets, Montreal, 3177.

St. LAZARE DE BELLECHASSE, District of
Montreal, O.E., 13th Aug. 1864.
Mr. Edmund Giroux, Druggist, No. 47 St. Peter
Street, corner of Vieux Marche, Lower Town,
Quebec.

Dear Sir—This is to certify that I have been, during
eighteen months, sick and obliged to keep my
bed, unable to walk a single step. After having
tried the remedies prescribed by physicians, and
many others, without success, I decided to try
BRISTOL'S SARSAPILLA, and took five bottles.
To-day I walk perfectly well, and I am able to at-
tend to my business. One of the most able physi-
cians, after bleeding me, declared that my sickness
was severe Rheumatic affection.
I am, respectfully yours,
JOHN RUEL.

Sworn before the undersigned, one of her Majesty's
Justices of the Peace for the District of Montre-
al, Aug. 13, 1864.

J. RUEL Justice of the Peace.
Agents for Montreal, Devins & Bolton, Lamplough
& Campbell, A. G. Davidson, K. Campbell & Co.,
J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, R. E. Gray and Picault &
Son.

GREAT TRUTHS IN A SMALL COMPASS.—The sub-
stance of volumes of medical advice may be
compressed into a sentence, thus: Keep the digestive
organs in a vigorous condition, the bowels regular
and the liver fairly up to its work. But how to do
this is the question. Puzzling as it may seem, every
man and woman who is acquainted with the virtues
of BRISTOL'S SUGAR-COATED PILLS, can an-
swer the query promptly. Their extraordinary prop-
erties cover the whole ground. Is the stomach
weak and apathetic?—They give it vigor and ac-
tivity. Are the bowels constructed?—They relax
and regulate them. Is the liver sluggish or con-
gested?—They bring it back to its duty. It is their
office to restore the system to a natural condition,
without undue force, without suffering, without any
revolving nausea, and they do it. Many complaints
of the organs referred to are complicated with dis-
orders that affect the skin, the muscles, the flesh,
and the glands. They are put up glass vials, and
will keep in any climate. In all cases arising
from or aggravated by impure blood, BRISTOL'S
SARSAPILLA should be used in connection
with the Pills. 433

J. F. Henry & Co. Montreal, General agents for
Canada. For sale in Montreal by Devins & Bolton,
Lamplough & Campbell, A. J. Davidson, K. Camp-
bell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, Picault & Son,
H. R. Gray and by all prominent Druggists.

REMOVATION.—How often do we come in contact
with persons who are always complaining of ill-
health! They never feel well; are either weak, de-
bilitated, nervous, or have no appetite. We would
say to this class, procure a bottle of HOOFLAND'S
GERMAN BITTERS, use it according to the direc-
tions, and you will soon be restored to health and
vigor. For sale by all druggists and dealers in me-
dicines everywhere.

John F. Henry & Co., General Agents for Canada
303 St. Paul St., Montreal, O.E.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER.—The
test of the genuineness and purity of a floral per-
fume, is its duration when exposed to the air. The
aroma derived from chemical oils soon dies out, and
leaves behind it an odor which is anything but
agreeable; but that which is anything but agree-
able; but that which is obtained by distillation from
fresh and odoriferous flowers and blossoms, improves
by contact with the air and lasts a great length of
time. Hence Murray & Lanman's Florida Water,
the concentrated product of rare Southern flowers
gathered in the zenith of their bloom and fragrance
has not only the freshness of an unwithered bouquet
but is indestructible except by the washing of the
article moistened with it. 188

Agents for Montreal—Devins & Bolton, Lamplough
& Campbell, A. G. Davidson, K. Campbell & Co.,
J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, Picault & Son, and H.
R. Gray.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL,
FOR THE RAPID CURE OF
Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis,
Incipient Consumption, and for the relief
of Consumptive Patients in advanced stages of
the disease.

R So wide is the field of its usefulness
and so numerous are the cases of its
cures, that almost every section of
country abounds in persons publicly
known, who have been restored from
alarming and even desperate diseases
of the lungs by its use. When once tried, its su-
periority over every other expectorant is too apparent
to escape observation, and where its virtues are
known, the public no longer hesitate what antidote
to employ for the distressing and dangerous affec-
tions of the pulmonary organs that are incident to
our climate. While many inferior remedies thrust
upon the community have failed and been discarded,
this has gained friends by every trial, conferred ben-
efits on the afflicted they can never forget, and pro-
duced cures too numerous and too remarkable to be
forgotten.

We can only assure the public, that its quality is
carefully kept up to the best it ever has been, and
that it may be relied on to do for their relief all that
it has ever done.

Great numbers of Clergymen, Physicians, States-
men, and eminent personages, have lent their names
to certify the unparalleled usefulness of our reme-
dies, but space here would not permit the insertion of
them. The Agents below named furnish gratis our
AMERICAN ALMANAC in which they are given;
with also full descriptions of the complaints they
cure.

Those who require an *alterative medicine* to pu-
rify the blood will find AYER'S COMP. EXT. SAR-
SAPARILLA the remedy to use. Try it once, and
you will know its value.
Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass.,
and sold by all druggists and dealers in medicine.
J. F. Henry & Co. Montreal, General Agents for
Canada East.

SEEDS! SEEDS!!
FRESH FLOWER and GARDEN SEEDS just re-
ceived at the
GLASGOW DRUG HALL,
268 Notre Dame Street.

CAMPBOR.
1000 lbs. finest ENGLISH CAMPBOR, for SALE
at the
GLASGOW DRUG HALL.

HORSFORD'S
AMERICAN YEAST POWDER.
THE Genuine Article may be had at the following
places:—Messrs. McGibbon's, English, Backhouse &
McCarthy's, McLeod's, McLaren's, Perry's, Blacklock's,
Bennell's, Douglas's, Wellington Street, Mullin &
Realy's, Flynn's, Bonaventure Building.
Finest KEROSENE OIL, 3s 6d per gallon.
" COAL OIL, 2s and 2s 6d do.

J. A. HARTE, Druggist.
Montreal, April 21.

RICHELIEU COMPANY
DAILY ROYAL MAIL LINE OF STEAMERS,
RUNNING BETWEEN
MONTREAL & QUEBEC,
AND THE
Regular Line of Steamers,
BETWEEN
MONTREAL AND THE PORTS OF THREE
RIVERS, SOREL, BERTHIER, CHAMBLY,
TERREBONNE, L'ASSOMPTION, AND
OTHER INTERMEDIATE PORTS.
ON and after MONDAY, the 5th September, and un-
til further notice, the RICHELIEU COMPANY'S
STEAMERS will leave their respective Wharves as
follows:—

STEAMER MONTREAL,
Capt. P. E. COFFEY,
Will leave the Richelieu Pier, opposite the Jacques
Cartier Square, for QUEBEC, every Monday, Wed-
nesday, and Friday, at FIVE o'clock P.M., stopping,
going and returning, at the Ports of Sorel, Three
Rivers, and Batiscau. Parties desirous of taking
Passage on board the Ocean Steamers from Quebec
may depend upon having a regular connection by
taking their passage on board the Steamer Montreal,
as a Tender will come alongside to convey Passen-
gers without any extra charge.

STEAMER EUROPA,
Capt. J. B. LABELLE,
Will leave for QUEBEC every Tuesday, Thursday,
and Saturday, at FIVE o'clock P.M., stopping,
going and returning, at the Ports of Sorel, Three
Rivers, and Batiscau.

STEAMER THREE RIVERS
Capt. Jos. DUVAL,
Will leave the Jacques Cartier Wharf for Three
Rivers every Tuesday and Friday, at TWO
o'clock P.M., stopping, going and returning, at
Berthier, Maskinonge, Riviere du Loup (en haut),
Yamachiche, Port St. Francis, and leaving Three
Rivers for Montreal every Sunday and Wednesday,
at TWO o'clock P.M.

STEAMER NAPOLEON,
Capt. ROBT. NELSON,
Will leave the Jacques Cartier Wharf for Three
Rivers every Tuesday and Friday, at THREE
o'clock P.M., stopping going and returning, at
Sorel, Port St. Francis, and leaving Three Rivers
for Montreal every Sunday and Wednesday at Three
o'clock P.M.

STEAMER VICTORIA,
Capt. CHS. DAYLNEY,
Will leave the Jacques Cartier Wharf for Sorel every
Tuesday and Friday, at TWO o'clock P.M., stop-
ping, going and returning, at St. Sulpice, Repentiny,
L'Assomption, Lanoraie, and Berthier; and will leave
Sorel for Montreal every Sunday and Wednesday at
FOUR o'clock P.M.

STEAMER CHAMBLY,
Capt. FRS. LAMOUREUX,
Will leave the Jacques Cartier Wharf for Chamby
every Tuesday and Friday at TWO o'clock P.M.,
stopping, going and returning, at Vercheres, Cou-
tra-cour, Sorel, St. Ours, St. Denis, St. Antoine, St.
Charles, St. Maro, Belœil, St. Hilarie, and St. Mat-
thias; and will leave Chamby every Saturday at
Two o'clock P.M., for St. Denis, leaving St. Denis
for Montreal on Monday, at Four o'clock A.M., and
Wednesday at Eleven o'clock A.M.

STEAMER TERREBONNE,
Capt. L. H. ROY,
Will leave Jacques Cartier Wharf for Terrebonne
as follows:—On Monday, Saturday, Tuesday and
Friday, at THREE o'clock P.M.; stopping, going
and returning, at Berthier, Vercheres, Lache-
naie, and leaving Terrebonne for Montreal, on Mon-
day, at SEVEN o'clock A.M.; Tuesday, at FIVE
o'clock A.M., Thursday, at EIGHT o'clock A.M.;
and Saturday at SIX o'clock A.M.

STEAMER L'ETOILE
Captain P. E. MALHOIT,
Will leave the Jacques Cartier Wharf, for L'Assomption,
at follows:—On Monday, Saturday, Tuesday
and Friday, at THREE o'clock P.M., stopping, going
and returning, at St. Paul L'Eau-de-vie; returning will
leave L'Assomption for Montreal on Monday at
SEVEN, Tuesday at FIVE, Thursday at EIGHT,
and Saturday at SIX o'clock A.M.

For further information, apply at the Richelieu
Company's Office—
No. 29 Commissioners Street.
J. B. LAMERE,
General Manager.

ROYAL
INSURANCE COMPANY.
FIRE and LIFE.
Capital, TWO MILLIONS Sterling.
FIRE DEPARTMENT.
Advantages to Fire Insurers.
The Company is Enabled to Direct the Attention of
the Public to the Advantages Afforded in this
branch:
1st. Security unquestionable.
2nd. Revenue of almost unexampled magnitude.
3rd. Every description of property insured at mo-
derate rates.
4th. Promptitude and Liberality of Settlement.
5th. A liberal reduction made for Insurances ef-
fected for a term of years.

The Directors invite Attention to a few of the Advan-
tages the "Royal" offers to its Life Assurers:—
1st. The Guarantee of an ample Capital, and
Exemption of the Assured from Liability of Partner-
ship.
2nd. Moderate Premiums.
3rd. Small Charge for Management.
4th. Prompt Settlement of Claims.
5th. Days of Grace allowed with the most liberal
interpretation.
6th. Large Participation of Profits by the Assured
amounting to TWO-THIRDS of their net amount,
every five years; to Policies then: two entire years in
advance.

H. L. ROUTH,
Agent, Montreal.
February 1, 1864.
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
12m.

N. H. DOWNS'
VEGETABLE BALSAMIC
ELIXIR.

A CERTIFICATE
worth
A MILLION.
—
An Old Physician's
Testimony.
—
READ:
Waterbury, Vt.
Nov. 24, 1858.
Although I do not
like the practice of
Physicians recom-
mending, indiscrimi-
nately, the patent
medicines of the
day, yet after a
trial of ten years, I
am free to admit that
there is one medicine
before the public that
every Physician can use
with perfect confi-
dence; that medicine
is Rev. N. H. Down's
Vegetable Balsamic Elix-
ir.

I have used it my-
self with the very best
success, and now when
ever I am troubled with
a Cough or Cold, I in-
variably use it. I can
cheerfully recommend
it to all who are suf-
fering from a Cough or
a Cold, for the Croup,
Whooping-Cough, &
all diseases tending to
Consumption, and to
the Profession as a re-
liable article.

I am satisfied of its
excellence beyond a
doubt, having conversed
personally with the
Rev. N. H. Down's about
it. He informed me of
the principal ingredi-
ents of which the Elix-
ir is composed, all of
which are Purely Vege-
table and perfectly
safe.
J. B. WOODWARD,
M.D.,
(Now Brigade Surgeon
U. S. Army.)

Sold at every Drug and Country Store throughout
Canada.
PRICE—25 Cents, 50 Cents, and \$1 per Bottle.
JOHN F. HENRY & Co.,
Proprietors.
303 St. Paul Street, Montreal, C.E., and Main
Street, Waterbury, Vt.

HENRY'S
VERMONT
LINIMENT.

READ
These Certificates:
Montreal,
April 8th, 1860
Messrs. Henry & Co.
Your Vermont Liniment
has cured me of a
Rheumatism which
had settled in my limbs
and for which blessing
you may well suppose
I feel grateful.
T. QUESNEL.

South Granby, C. W.
Mr. Henry R. Gray,
Chimist, Montreal.
Sir—I am most hap-
py to state that my
wife used Henry's Ver-
mont Liniment, having
accidentally got a needle
run under her finger
nail. The pain was
most intense; but by
using the Liniment, the
pain was gone in a few
minutes.
Yours very respect-
fully,
W. GIBSON.

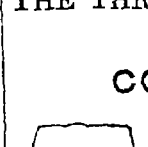
Montreal,
Dec. 12th, 1860.
Messrs. Henry & Co.
Having, on various
occasions, used your
Liniment, I am happy
to say that I have al-
ways found it benefi-
cial. I have frequently
used it for Bowel Com-
plaint, and have never
known it to fail in ef-
fecting a cure. I think
it the best medicine I
ever used for Diar-
rhoea summer com-
plaint, and disorders of
a similar character. I
have also found it a
never failing specific
for COLDS, and for af-
fections of the head.—
I always recommend it
to my friends, and
would not be without
it in the house for any
contingency.
W. BALDWIN.

Testimony from Hon.
Judge Smith:
Montreal,
Feb. 5th, 1862.
I have used Henry's
Vermont Liniment, and
have found great re-
lief from it.
SMITH.
Sole in every Drug and Country Store throughout
Canada.
PRICE—25 Cents per Bottle.
JOHN F. HENRY & CO.,
Proprietors,
303 St. Paul Street, Montreal, C.E., and Main Street,
Waterbury, Vt.
Jan. 22, 1864.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY
ALTERATION OF TRAINS.
ON and after MONDAY, the 31st October, TRAINS
will LEAVE BONAVENTURE STREET STATION
as follows:

CENTRAL & WESTERN DISTRICTS.	
Day Express for Ogdensburg, Brock-ville, Kingston, Belleville, Toronto, Guelph, London, Brantford, Goderich, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, and all points West, at	8.00 A.M.
Night do do do do do	8.15 P.M.
Mixed Train for Kingston and inter-mediate Stations, at	9.45 A.M.
EASTERN DISTRICT.	
Mixed Train for Island Pond and inter-mediate Stations, at	8.00 A.M.
Express for Island Pond and inter-mediate Stations, at	2.00 P.M.
Night Express for Quebec & Portland at	10.10 P.M.
Express Trains to Rouse's Point, con-necting with Trains of the Vermont Central Railway for all places in the Eastern States at	5.30 A.M. 8.20 A.M. 3.15 P.M.

WISTAR'S BALSAM
— OF —
WILD CHERRY
— OF —
HALF A CENTURY,
Has been used for nearly
With the most astonishing success in Curing
Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Influenza,
Whooping Cough, Croup, Liver Complaint,
Bronchitis, Difficulty of Breathing,
Asthma, and every affection of
THE THROAT, LUNGS AND CHEST,
Including even
CONSUMPTION.



There is scarcely one individual in
the community who wholly escapes,
during a season, from some one, how-
ever slightly developed, of the above
symptoms—a neglect of which might
lead to the last named, and most to be
dreaded disease in the whole catalogue
The power of the 'medicinal gum' of
the Wild Cherry Tree over this class of
complaints is well known; so great is
the good it has performed, and so great
the popularity it has acquired.
In this preparation, besides the vir-
tues of the Cherry, there are combin-
gled with it other ingredients of like
value, thus increasing its value ten
fold, and forming a Remedy whose power to soothe
to heal, to relieve, and to cure disease, exists in no
other medicine yet discovered.

**CERTIFICATE FROM L. J. RACINE, Esq., of the
Meruve:—**
Montreal, C.E., Oct. 20, 1858.

S. W. Fowle & Co., Boston—Gentlemen,—Having
experienced the most gratifying results from the use
of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, I am induced
to express the great confidence which I have in its
efficacy. For nine months I was most cruelly affec-
ted with a severe and obstinate cough, accompanied
with acute pain in the side, which did not leave me,
summer or winter. In October the symptoms im-
proved alarmingly, and so reduced was I that I
could walk but a few steps without resting to recov-
er from the pain and fatigue which so slight an ex-
ercision occasioned. At this juncture I commenced
taking the Balsam, from which I found immediate
relief, and after having used four bottles I was com-
pletely restored to health. I have used the Balsam
in my family and administered it to my children with
the happiest results. I am sure that such Canadians as
use the Balsam can but speak in its favor. It is a
preparation which has only to be tried to be acknowl-
edged as the remedy par excellence.

Your obedient servant, L. J. RACINE.
CURE FOR WHOOPING COUGH.

St. Hyacinthe, C.E., Aug. 21, 1856.
Messrs. Seth W. Fowle & Co., Gentlemen—Several
months since a little daughter of mine, ten years
of age, was taken with Whooping Cough in a very
aggravated form, and nothing we could do for her
seemed in any way to relieve her suffering. We at
length decided to try a bottle of your Dr. Wistar's
Balsam of Wild Cherry. In three hours after she
had commenced using it, she was greatly relieved,
and in less than three days was entirely cured, and
is now well. I have since recommended the Bal-
sam to many of my neighbors, who have used it, and
in no case have I known it fail of effecting a speedy
cure.

You are at liberty to make any use of the above
you think proper. If it shall induce any body to use
your Balsam I shall be glad, for I have great confi-
dence in it.—Yours,
P. GUITTE.

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severe coughs and colds, I unhesitatingly give you
my testimony, believing it to be the remedy 'par ex-
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would sincerely recommend it as such.—Yours, &c.,
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uniform and unexceptionable success, I unhesitat-
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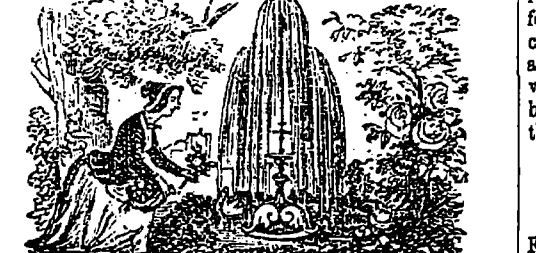
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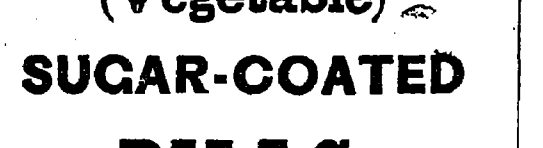
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M. J. HICKEY, Barrister and Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c., &c. OFFICE—IN THOMPSON'S BUILDING, (Corner of Sussex and York Streets) OTTAWA, C. W. August 3, 1864. 12m.

C. F. FRASER, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &c., BROOKVILLE, O. W. Collections made in all parts of Western Canada. REFERENCES—Messrs. Fitzpatrick & Moore, Montreal. M. P. Ryan, Esq., James O'Brien, Esq., " "

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HOUSE FOR SALE, On very reasonable Terms. Apply to FABREN PAINHOUD, No. 16, Little St. Antoine Street. August 4, 1864.

COE'S SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME. MR. COE has received the following letter from the Reverend Mr. Papineau, of the Bishop's Palace, Montreal:— Montreal, March 2nd, 1864.

Sir.—Having been appointed Superintendent, last Spring, of the garden attached to the Bishop's Palace Montreal, I applied to our esteemed Seedsman, Mr. Evans, for a few pounds of Coe's Super-Phosphate of Lime, in order to judge personally of its fertilizing effects as a manure, and to satisfy myself whether it really deserved the high reputation in which it was commonly held. [I generally distrust the reliability of widely advertised articles.] But now, Sir, I deem it my duty to assure you that the success of the Super-phosphate greatly exceeded my anticipations, and that I believe it to be superior even to its reputation. I planted a piece of very dry, hard and barren land with potatoes and Indian corn, manuring a portion with stable compost, another portion with common kitchen salt, and the remainder with the Super-Phosphate of Lime. The crop gathered from the plot manured with this latter substance was far more abundant, and was taken out of the ground fully ten days earlier than the crops manured with compost and salt. I have used the Super-Phosphate with equal success on onions, cabbages, beans and peas. The Super-Phosphate of Lime, in my opinion, is one of the most powerful and economical fertilizers known for the cultivation of gardens. It does not force all sorts of noxious weeds into existence like stable manure, but on the contrary, imparts rapidity of growth and vigor to the useful herbs. I cannot recommend it too highly to gardeners and others, convinced as I am that they will be well pleased with it. Allow me to thank you, Sir, for the powerful fertilizer you sent me, and believe me to be, Sir, Your very humble servant, T. V. PAPINEAU, Priest. For sale by Law, Young & Co., Lyman, Clare & Co., and Wm. Evans, Montreal.

BRISTOL'S SALSAPARILLA IN LARGE QUART BOTTLES.



The Great Purifier of the Blood, Is particularly recommended for use during SPRING AND SUMMER, when the blood is thick, the circulation clogged and the humors of the body rendered unhealthy by the heavy and greasy secretions of the winter months. This safe, though powerful, detergent cleanses every portion of the system, and should be used daily as A DIET DRINK, by all who are sick, or who wish to prevent sickness. It is the only genuine and original preparation for THE PERMANENT CURE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS AND CONFIRMED CASES OF Scrofula, or King's Evil, Old Sores, Boils, Tumors, Abscesses, Ulcers, And every kind of Scrofulous and Scabious eruptions: It is also a sure and reliable remedy for SALT RHEUM, RING WORM, TETTER, SCALD HEAD, SOREY, White Swellings and Neuralgic Affections, Nervous and General Debility of the system, Loss of Appetite, Languor, Dizziness and all Affections of the Liver, Fever and Ague, Bilious Fevers, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague and Jaundice. It is guaranteed to be the PUREST and most powerful Preparation of GENUINE HONDURAS SALSAPARILLA, and is the only true and reliable CURE for SYPHILIS, even in its worst forms. It is the very best medicine for the cure of all diseases arising from a vitiated or impure state of the blood. The afflicted may rest assured that there is not the least particle of MINERAL MERCURIAL, or any other poisonous substance in this medicine. It is perfectly harmless, and may be administered to persons in the very weakest stages of sickness, or to the most helpless infants without doing the least injury. Full directions how to take this most valuable medicine will be found around each bottle: and to guard against counterfeits, see that the written signature of LANMAN & KEMP is upon the blue label. Devins & Bolton, Druggists, (next the Court House) Montreal, General Agents for Canada—Also, sold at Wholesale by J. F. Henry & Co. Montreal. Agents for Montreal, Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, A. G. Davidson, K. Campbell & Co. J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, H. R. Gray, and Picault & Bon.

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