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THE Monthly Rose:

A Literary and Religious Magazine
FOR CHRISTIAN FAMILIES.

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OCTOBER, 1869.

Murus aeneus conscientia sana.

ST. JOHN, N. B.,
DOMINION OF CANADA:

Printed at the "Morning News" Office.
1869.

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THE MONTHLY ROSE.

VOL. II.

OCTOBER, 1869.

NO. 10.

ORANGE EXCURSION FROM TORONTO TO PORT HOPE.

On the 6th of September last we had the pleasure of attending the Orange excursion from the City of Toronto to Port Hope. The weather was all that could be desired, and the excursion itself was a most successful affair, and passed off in a most pleasant and harmonious manner. At 7 o'clock in the morning, in company with ex-Mayor Medcalf and about six hundred others, we left on the steamer "Norseman," which had been chartered for the Toronto brethren. The band of the 10th Royal Regiment being secured for the occasion, discoursed very solemn music, which reminded us more of our *Christmas* celebrations than of an Orange excursion. We should judge the musical performance to be of the first order for Sunday celebrations.

On arriving at Port Hope we beheld a glorious sight. Hundreds of loyal men dressed in or-

ange, purple and scarlet, with their band of music, were on the wharf to receive us; and we can assure our readers that the reception was most cordial and hearty. Carriages were secured by our Port Hope friends for the ladies and women, and the Lodges formed in procession, and headed by the splendid band of the 46th Volunteer regiment, marched to the beautiful grounds of Mr. Seymour, where the festivities of the day were enjoyed. Refreshments had been bountifully provided by our valued friend and brother Mr. John Reynolds, and after we had been abundantly satisfied with the good things provided for the occasion the assembly was called to order by Lieut. Col. Smart, District Master, who in a neat and very appropriate speech, in which he warmly welcomed the Toronto brethren to the town, introduced the Mayor of Port Hope to the audience.

His Worship, Mayor Beamish, alluded to the pleasure it gave them to meet their Toronto friends, and said that although not an Orangeman he was always glad to associate himself with men who stood firm to the cause of British connection and true Protestantism. He hoped that the present happy re-union was only the first of many that would take place between the people of Toronto and Port Hope.

Mr. James Bennet, the District Master of Toronto, was next introduced and referred to the pleasure the Toronto brethren had in coming to Port Hope. He only wished that their local meetings would take place oftener, for by them good feeling was evinced, and the ties which bound them together were made stronger. He said that the Orangemen of Canada on one occasion had their metal tested, and should ever danger arise to the standard of Britain the people would find that the Canadian Orangemen would not be found wanting. Mr. Bennett was loudly applauded in the course of his remarks.

F. H. Medcalf, Esq., the ex-Mayor of Toronto, on being called made a most eloquent speech of a lengthy character which was well received by the audience, after which Mr. David Marshall of Port Hope and a few others addressed the assembly. The speaking being over, the party amused themselves with games, dancing, &c., and at one o'clock the next morning the friends arrived safe at Toronto, evidently pleased that they had visited their brethren at Port Hope.

Col. Ogle R. Gowan, the hero

of 1837-8, and the father and founder of the Orange Institution in British North America, had been expected, but by unavoidable circumstances was detained in Toronto. This, the assembled hundreds very much regretted, and none more than ourselves; for we had expected an intellectual treat from our eloquent and honored friend. On Saturday the 4th of September, we received the following note from the gallant Colonel, which when called upon to speak we took occasion to read to the audience assembled on the occasion referred to:

TORONTO, 4th August, 1869.

MY DEAR BROTHER HUTCHINSON,— I must ask you to take my place at the Excursion to Port Hope on Monday, as I have an appointment for that day which will render my absence from this city nearly impossible.

Will you be good enough, then, to apologise for me, and to say how much pleasure I should have had at being present with my brethren had circumstances allowed of my going.

Port Hope has for me many old and pleasing reminiscences, and while I should have rejoiced much in accompanying my Toronto friends to and from Port Hope, that pleasure would have been greatly enhanced by the old associations and recollections of the first planting of the good seed of Orangism out through what was then "the Bush" lands of Cavan, Emily, Hope, Monaghan and other townships, aided by such tried and trusty friends as Major Elliott, the Graham's, Henderson's, Houston's, Lynn's, Hatton's, Follis', &c., &c. Wishing you all a pleasant passage, much enjoyment and safe return, I remain, my dear brother Hutchinson, faithfully always,

OGLE R. GOWAN.

REV. D. F. HUTCHINSON, &c.

Just one month previous to the excursion to Port Hope, viz: on the 5th of August last we were in the

city of Chicago, where the celebrated battle of the Windmill, near Prescott, was fought over again by some quack general and colonel belonging to the Fenian persuasion. We really did not know that the Fenians had sense enough to do this; for the very celebration of the victory of Col. Gowan and his brave men,—whom he delights to speak of with just pride and loyal satisfaction,—was calculated to teach those low, contemptible miscreants a lesson which their own sham-fight will prevent them speedily forgetting. And it is just as well for them to remember that should they ever attempt to visit any part of our great Dominion that the gallant hero is alive still; and that he has nearly 500,000 followers in these united Provinces, men whose motto is still "No Surrender," and who are as loyal as their fathers were some thirty years ago.

Colonel Gowan, our great Orange Chief, will carry to his grave the certificates that his loyalty consists in more than empty words,—the scars which he received from rebel bullets and even bayonets in 1838. No wonder that every man worthy the name of an Orangeman delights

to do him honor, and his name will be emblazoned in Orange and Canadian history while those of his enemies will be buried in oblivion. Col. Gowan, notwithstanding the honors that have been heaped upon him from time to time from the very highest in authority in Great Britain and these colonies, is yet proud of the Orange name, and to be associated with his Orange brothers, of every rank and grade. Never yet did this great man skulk away in darkness when he heard the notes of the 'Protestant Boys' on the glorious old 12th of July. No wonder then that his presence was greatly desired by all the excursionists lately assembled at Port Hope.

We regret exceedingly that with the exception of Messrs. Medcalf, Bennet, and a few others the engagements of the leading Orangemen of Toronto prevented them of the great pleasure it would have given them of meeting their brethren of Port Hope on the 6th of September last. Long live the Orangemen! down with the robbers Gladstone, Bright and company, and

GOD SAVE THE DOMINION!

"THE ROSE."

From the *Orange Gazette*, St. Mary's, Ontario, of Sept. 2d.

"Yesterday we had the pleasure of a visit from our esteemed old friend the Editor of the *Monthly Rose Magazine*, of St. John, N. B. Our excellent brother, we are glad to see, has all the evidence of

health and prosperity about him. The *Rose* is a thoroughly Protestant serial, and has a wide circulation, not only in British America, but also the United States. We wish him long life and prosperity.

THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH'S SPEECH.

The most brilliant speech made in the House of Lords upon the Irish Church bill, was that of the young Bishop of Peterborough, Dr. Magee, a son of the famous Archbishop Magee, of Dublin—the worthy son of a worthy sire.

We append some extracts, which are too good to be passed over, to give our readers a taste of its quality:—

We are told that the Irish Church is a great injustice, because the funds which should be the property of the whole nation—the national State Fund—is the property only of a minority. Well, I would ask, if that is the case, why not endow the majority? If the minority is wrongfully possessed of this fund, why not hand it over to the majority at once? Do noble lords suppose that until they have done this the majority will really be satisfied? (Cheers.) But I deny that the funds of the majority of the nation are in the possession of the minority. I deny that the Church of the minority possesses funds which ever did belong to the majority. I do not believe that one shilling of tithe rent-charge or that one acre of glebe land in Ireland ever belonged to the Church of the majority. Tithe was paid for the first time within the pale after the Synod of Cashel, when the Church of Ireland, though the Roman Catholic Church, was the Church of the Anglican minority, and the Ulster glebes were given to the Protestants of Ulster surely at a time when it was distinctly

known that the Protestant Church was the Church of the minority. My lords, I contend, that the Church of the minority, paid by the minority, standing on the land of the minority, teaching the faith of the minority to the minority, is not guilty of that misappropriation of the funds of the majority with which it is charged. (Cheers.)

How came it that the land itself was in the possession of the minority? For a very simple reason, that he had not yet heard alluded to in the course of this debate:

Because the majority of the Irish people, the Celtic population, took the losing side in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in the great struggle between Protestant England and the Romish League of Europe. That was a life and death struggle for the religious liberty and the freedom of England and of Europe. Most unhappily for themselves, the Celtic population sided with Romanism against the Protestants. The battle was fought out between England and the Romish League in the terrible manner in which contests were fought in those days. On the one hand there was the penal laws—those infernal penal laws, as I will join in calling them; but be it remembered that it was with these detestable penal laws that England fought the Bulls of Popes that encouraged the assassination of Princes. (Cheers.) These penal laws were not, as some noble lords seemed to think, used in defence of the Church of Ireland. They

were passed by the English Parliament in defence of English rule in Ireland, and they would have been passed as penal laws with equal harshness and severity whatever had been the religion of the Celtic population, if only that population had risen against the authority of England.

If the confiscation of the property of the rebel land-owners was unjust, undo it all—(cheers):

If, in the name of justice, you are to trace back so far the roots of things in Irish history—if you are to make one revolution in the sacred name of justice—then in the name of justice also give back to the descendants of the owners of these confiscated estates what you took from them. (Cheers.) But do not mock them by telling them, “Protestant ascendancy in land is an evil thing in Ireland, and how shall we deal with it? Why, nine-tenths of the land being in the hands of the Protestant landlord and one-tenth in the hands of the clergyman, we will satisfy your demand for justice by ousting from his possession that one proprietor who is most popular, most constantly resident, and least offensive, and we will retain in all the bitter tenacity of his original tenure the proprietor who is most offensive to you, and whose possessions you most covet.” (Cheers.) Do noble lords imagine that the Irish people will be satisfied with that? Do you, having to deal with the most quickwitted people in Europe—people whose eyes are very closely fixed on this question—do you believe that they will be anything but bitterly disappointed

when you tell them, “We are about to tear down this flaunting flag of Protestant ascendancy,” and then tear off no more than the least corner of it? (Cheers.)

The Irish peasant had been taught that murder and outrage were necessary to stimulate the conscience of English statesmen, and his answer to such promises as this bill appeared in a handwriting, which had so often made English statesmen tremble, though it needed no Daniel to interpret it—he said he would be satisfied with no less than the possession of this land, which her Majesty’s government had no intention of giving him. (Cheers and counter-cheers.) But was the bill a politic one? How should we judge of the policy of any measure affecting Ireland? Surely it should be a healing, an alleviating, a civilizing measure? Let us apply these tests:

The noble Earl who introduced this subject last evening asked us if we ought not to deal with Ireland as we would that we should be done by; and had I had the honor to follow the noble Earl I should have ventured to ask the question, “Which Ireland do you mean?” (Cheers.) There is the Ireland of the north and the Ireland of the south. Those are two and very different Irelands; but in my judgment there are three. There is Protestant Ireland, there are the Roman Catholic peasantry of Ireland, and distinct from both—a nation within a nation, with a separate allegiance—is the Roman Catholic priesthood. You have to consider each of these three parties when you are about to carry

out a measure of great State policy in Ireland.

The bill would certainly not have a healing effect upon the first:

It is not only in their judgment a harsh and an unjust measure, but it has been accompanied by harsh and cruel words. One member of the government has thought it decent and becoming to tell those Irish Protestants in the hour of their dismay and of their suffering, when they are reeling under a blow inflicted by the hand of England upon our most faithful and loyal fellow-subjects—I say one member of the government has thought it decent and becoming under those circumstances to tell us that he is offending a clique, but has conciliated a nation. (Cheers.) These words, my lords, will rankle long in the hearts of these people. They say that, having long been your faithful and devoted servants in upholding the authority of this country, at a time when she sorely needed it, you are now about to cast them off without even a kind word of gratitude in return for their devoted loyalty.

But it was said that their irritation was but momentary:

We are told we are assisting at something like a launch of the Irish Church, and not its wreck, and that a number of affectionate, faithful, and earnest volunteers are engaged in knocking away its shores to let the ship out on the open sea. Foremost among these volunteers on this occasion are some of the English members of the English Church, admirable vicars and other dignitaries, all full of generous anxiety to bestow on

their reverend brethren in Ireland that measure of apostolic poverty for which they have exhibited no particular affection themselves. (Cheers and laughter.) If these reverend and very reverend clergymen and gentlemen who are so generously exhorting the Irish clergy to swallow, even without a wry face, the potion prepared for them by Her Majesty's government, would have the kindness to do what nurses do to children, and just take the least sip of the potion, their views on the subject, I cannot help thinking, may undergo some change. (Laughter.) He confessed that on simple disestablishment it had gone against the Irish Church; but not as to endowment. The measures instead of being "gracious and generous," as promised on the hustings, had been declared in the House of Commons to be "sweeping and severe." In the magnificent peroration to the speech by which the bill was introduced in the other house—a peroration which must still ring in the ears of those who heard it—its distinguished author spoke of the spectacle which England would present to the civilized world when she came to perform this magnanimous act of justice and penitence:

What a magnanimous sight! The first thing that this magnanimous British nation does in the performance of this act of justice and penitence is to put into her pocket the annual sum she has been in the habit of paying Maynooth, and to compensate Maynooth out of the funds of the Irish Church. (A laugh.) The Presbyterian mem-

bers for Scotland, while joining in this exercise of magnanimity, forget that horror of Popery which was so largely relied on and so loudly expressed at the last elections in Scotland. They have changed their mind on a theory that a bribe to Popery is nothing if preceded by plunder of the Protestant Episcopacy. (Renewed laughter.) Putting two sins together, they make one good action. (Laughter and cheers.) Throughout its provisions this bill is characterized by a hard and niggardly spirit. I am surprised by the injustice and impolicy of the mea-

sure, but I am still more astonished at its intense shabbiness. It is a small and pitiful bill. It is not worthy of a great nation. This great nation, in its act of magnanimity and penitence, has done the talking, but has put the sackcloth and ashes on the Irish Church, and made the fasting be performed by the poor vergers and organists. (Much laughter and cheers.) I object to this change altogether; but if it was to be made, there could have been a more statesman-like and generous mode of making it. (Cheers.)

GONE WEST.

Rev. Mr. McMahon, the liberated Fenian, accompanied by Bishop Horan of Kingston, passed west on Friday per Grand Trunk evening express. His incarceration does not seem to have produced any bad effects on his personal appearance, for a member of the Queen's Own who assisted at his arrest, on recognizing him in the cars, said he looked much better now than he did when captured. It is to be hoped Mr. McMahon will not fail to visit the graves of the murdered heroes of Ridgeway in the Toronto Cemetery, when he passes through that city. It might be well, too, to stop at the Burlington Cemetery at Hamilton, where he could see further evidence of the bloody work done by the Fenian marauders. When he comes to settle down in his western home, it might possibly afford food for reflection, although the remi-

niscences would not be of the most pleasant character.

The fact that this priest, whose case, in the language of Sir John A. Macdonald, "presents no redeeming features," and who is therefore as guilty in the eyes of God and man as any of the rank and file now within the Penitentiary dungeon, is allowed to celebrate mass in a public church in Kingston the day after he obtained his freedom, and the fact that he is accompanied by distinguished prelates in his journey through the Province, are suggestive. It certainly is not very encouraging to those young men who went out in 1866 and saw their comrades shot down in cold blood by a body of men of whom McMahon was one, and who are expected at any moment to be called out again to meet a similar band of marauders. It does not tend to fire their patriot-

ism or increase their loyalty but we are much afraid that it will have a very disheartening effect upon the volunteer movement. Volunteers are but human beings, and if they are trifled with after this fashion, the Government which thus trifles with them, cannot find fault if they display an apathy and an indifference in strange contrast with the spirit exhibited in 1866.

The press have said very little about the liberation of McMahan. Some few have commended the pardon, while they have condemned the manner in which it has been done, and others have taken strong ground against the release. The Cornwall *Freemholder*, John Sandfield Macdonald's organ, in an article on this question uses the following language:—

“A case that on its own merits pre-

sents no redeeming features and affords no reason for the exercise of the royal clemency, is precisely the case that should undergo the penalty which the law has assigned it. McMahan it will be remembered, was sentenced with others, all for the same offence. If his case presented no redeeming features, then his associates were in no worse position than he, and equally entitled with him to the exercise in their behalf of that mercy which has been extended to him alone. Until a general pardon has been projected we could not see any justification of the course pursued by the Minister of Justice in the case of McMahan—a case which, in his own words, ‘presents no redeeming features.’ This obeisance to national distinctions and sectarian jealousy is the meanest characteristic of our Government. When will it rise above that sort of thing? When shall we abandon our wretched peddling, jobbing, big-gling practice of striving to please everybody, and take our stand on the broad and dignified ground that our administration is based upon the eternal principle of right.”

CONVENT REVELATIONS.

The Judicial Commission appointed to investigate the case of the imprisoned nun at Cracow commenced their researches on July 28, by going over the convent in company with an escort of police. In passing through the refectory they discovered, according to the *Kraj*, of Cracow, a secret chamber containing a whole collection of mediæval instruments of torture. Among these are two huge crosses weighing eighty pounds each, which guilty nuns had to wear on their backs as a punishment, two heavy stones of marble to be placed on the chest, and a number of ‘crowns of thorns’ with long and sharp iron nails. There were also several

girdles, also fitted with nails pointed inwards, which it is said were worn next the skin by penitents, and there was a sort of knout for flogging the refractory. The Commissioners next proceeded to the chapel, and found in the choir four coffins containing the bodies of four abbesses. The corpses are well preserved and can be seen through the upper surfaces of the coffins, which are of glass.

Later advices say that the enquiry is still going on, and several of the persons compromised, among them the confessor of the convent, have been taken into custody. The body of the former confessor, who gave the first intimation of the ex-

istence of the immured nun, and died suddenly, had been exhumed, and the news from Cracow is that traces of poison have been discovered in the body.

An address is circulating at Lemberg (Galicia), demanding the expulsion from that town of the Jesuits and of the Dames du Sacre-Cœur.

The Austrian correspondent of the London *Times* writes as follows in relation to the case of the imprisoned nun at Cracow :

“ While the enquiry into the nunnery case in Cracow is being continued dribblets of information only here and there ooze out. As for the immured nun herself, since she has been removed to the lunatic asylum she seems to recover gradually from that state of almost savageness in which she was at first. She has ceased to talk in obscure language, as she did at first, and now that she is in a clean apartment, that constant complaint about bad smells to which she gave vent at first is never heard of. She has become quite a pattern of cleanliness, and as for tearing her dress or the bed clothes, which was alleged as the cause of her being without clothing, she never once attempted to do it. The brother of the ex-confessor of the convent writes to the Cracow papers that his brother, who, as you remember, died suddenly when the whole story got abroad, died a natural death, having been ill for several weeks before. The depositions of the nuns, which are being taken, seem rather calculated to indispose public feeling against them, for they all go to show that they took in

earnest the vow of banishing all human emotions from the sisterhood. One of the nuns, who has been repeatedly superior of the convent, let out that Barbara Ubryk was not taken to the lunatic asylum because the general of the Order in Rome forbade it, and because she herself thought that, after passing her fiftieth year, Barbara would become calm and more composed.

“ The Austrian Minister of Public Worship, *ad interim*, has sent a dispatch to the Governor of Lemberg on the subject, in which he says : ‘ The revolting facts which have occurred, and the legitimate indignation aroused against the nuns by the discovery, impose on the imperial government the duty of most seriously considering what measures ought to be taken. First of all arises the question whether that community can continue to receive the annual subvention of one thousand eight hundred florins which has hitherto been paid to it in virtue of an imperial decision of the 5th of June, 1867, and which is principally taken from the resources of the state. But the government cannot confine itself to that point. In consequence of the natural excitement everywhere produced by this affair of the Carmelites, the Cabinet is compelled to consider whether the continuation of the existence of this convent—from which, under the most favorable hypothesis, no good work can be expected for many years—is reconcilable with the public interest. On this subject I request you to place yourself in immediate communication with the diocesan, Bishop Galecki, in order that he

may give his opinion as to whether the maintenance of the Carmelite nunnery is desirable, even on behalf of the Church itself. You will be pleased to inform me as soon as possible of the prelate's reply as well as your own views. But first of all I desire to know at

once if, in your judgment, any reasons can be urged against the immediate withdrawal of the allowance. In case none such exist the imperial government believes itself bound to stop the payment forthwith."

TO PIUS THE NINTH—BISHOP OF ROME.

In your Encyclical Letter, dated Sept. 13, 1868, you invite "all Protestants" to "embrace the opportunity" presented by the Council summoned to meet in the city of Rome during the month of December of the current year, to "return to the only fold," intending thereby, as the connection implies, the Roman Catholic Church. That letter has been brought to the notice of the two General Assemblies of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America. Those Assemblies represent nearly five thousand ministers of the gospel, and a still larger number of Christian congregations.

Believing, as we do, that it is the will of Christ that His Church on earth should be one; and recognizing the duty of doing all we consistently can to promote Christian charity and fellowship, we deem it right to say in few words why we cannot comply with your invitation, or participate in the deliberations of the approaching Council.

It is not because we reject any article of the Catholic faith. We are not heretics; we receive all the doctrines contained in the ancient symbol known as the Apostles'

Creed; we regard as consistent with Scripture the doctrinal decisions of the first six Ecumenical Councils; and because of that consistency we receive those decisions as expressing our own faith. We believe the doctrines of the Trinity and person of Christ, as those doctrines are set forth by the Council of Nice, A. D. 325; by that of Chalcedon, A. D. 451; and by that of Constantinople, A. D. 680.

With the whole Catholic Church, therefore, we believe that there are three persons in the Godhead, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and that these three are one God, the same in substance and equal in power and glory.

We believe that the Eternal Son of God became man, by taking to himself a true body and a reasonable soul; and so was, and continues to be both God and man, in two distinct natures, and one person forever. We believe that our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ is the Prophet of God, whose teachings we are bound to receive, and in whose promises we confide. He is the High Priest of our profession, whose infinitely meritorious satisfaction to divine justice, and whose ever-prevalent intercession

is the only ground of our justification and acceptance before God. He is our King, to whom our allegiance is due, not only as His creature, but as the purchase of His blood. To His authority we submit; in His care we trust; and to His service we and all creatures in heaven and earth should be devoted.

We believe, moreover, all those doctrines concerning sin, grace and predestination, known in history as Augustinian. These doctrines were sanctioned by the Council of Carthage, A. D. 416; by a more general Council in the same place, A. D. 418; by Zosimus, Bishop of Rome, A. D. 418; and by the third Œcumenical Council at Ephesus, A. D. 418. It is impossible, therefore, that we should be pronounced heretical without including the whole ancient church in the same condemnation. We not only glory in the name of Christians, but protest the true faith of Christ, and follow the communion of the Catholic Church. Still further to quote your own words, "Truth must continue ever stable and not subject to any change."

Neither are we schismatics. We believe in true "Catholic unity." We cordially recognize as members of Christ's visible Church on earth all who profess the true religion, together with their children. We are not only willing, but earnestly desire, to maintain Christian communion with them, provided they do not prescribe as a condition of such communion, that we should profess what the Word forbids. If any Church prescribes unscriptural conditions of fellowship, the

error and the fault are with such Church, and not with us.

But although neither heretics nor schismatics; we cannot accept your invitation; because we still hold the principles which prompted our "ancestors," in the name of primitive Christianity and in defence of the "true faith," bravely to protest against the errors and abuses which had been foisted upon the Church—principles for which our fathers were by the Council of Trent, representing the Church over which you preside; excommunicated and pronounced accursed. The most important of those principles are the following:—

First:—That the Word of God, as contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, is the only infallible rule of faith and practice. The Council of Trent, however, demands that we receive, *pari pietatis affectu* the teachings of tradition as supplementing and interpreting the written Word of God. This we cannot do without incurring the condemnation which our Lord pronounced on the Pharisees when He said, "Ye make void the Word of God by your traditions."

Second:—The right of private judgment. When we open the Scriptures we find them addressed to the people. They speak to us; they command us to search their sacred pages; they require us to believe what they teach; and to do what they enjoin; they hold us personally responsible for our faith and conduct. The promise of the inward teaching of the Spirit to guide men into the knowledge of the truth is made to the people of

God; not to the clergy exclusively; much less to any special order of the clergy alone. The Apostle John says to believers, "Ye have an unction from the Holy One, and know all things; and the anointing which ye have received of Him abideth with you, and ye have not need that any man teach you."—1 John ii. 20 and 27. The Apostle Paul commands us (the people) to pronounce accursed the Apostle, or an angel from heaven, who teaches anything contrary to the divinely authenticated Word of God.—Gal. i. 8. He makes the people the judges of truth and error as accountable to God only; he places the rule of judgment in their hands, and holds them responsible for their decisions. Private judgment, therefore, is not only right, but a duty, from which no man can exonerate himself, or be exonerated by others.

Third.—We believe in the universal priesthood of believers; that is, that all men have, through Christ, access by one Spirit unto the Father.—Eph. ii. 18. They need no human priest to secure their access to God. Every man for himself may come with boldness to the throne of Grace to obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need.—Heb. iv. 16. "Having, therefore, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way . . . and having an High Priest over the house of God, we may all draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water."—Heb. x. 19, 22. To admit,

therefore, the priesthood of the clergy, whose intervention is necessary to secure for the people the remission of sins and other benefits of redeeming grace, we regard as involving either the rejection of the priesthood of Christ, or a denial of its sufficiency.

Fourth.—We deny the perpetuity of the apostleship. As no man can be a prophet without the spirit of prophecy, so no man can be an apostle without the gifts of an apostle. Those gifts, as we learn from Scripture, are plenary knowledge of the Gospel, derived by immediate revelation from Christ (Gal. i. 12); and personal infallibility in teaching and ruling. What are the seals of the apostleship we learn from what St. Paul says to the Corinthians: "Truly the signs of an apostle were wrought among you in all patience, in signs, and wonders, and mighty deeds."—2 Cor. xii. 12. Modern prelates, although they claim apostolic authority, do not pretend to possess the gifts on which that authority is founded, nor do they venture to exhibit "signs" by which the commission of the messengers of Christ was authenticated. We cannot, therefore, recognize them, either individually or collectively, as the infallible teachers and rulers of the Church.

Much less can we acknowledge the Bishop of Rome to be Christ's Vicar upon earth, possessing "supreme rule." We acknowledge our adorable Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ to be the only head of the Church, which is His body. We believe that, although now enthroned at the right hand of the

Majesty on high, He is still present with His people on earth, whom He governs by His Word, Providence and Spirit. We cannot, therefore, put any creature in his place, or render to a man the obedience which is due to Christ alone.

As the Church of Rome excommunicates all those who profess the principles above enumerated; as we regard these principles to be of vital importance, and intend to assert them more earnestly than ever; as God appears to have given His seal and sanction to these principles by making the countries where they are held the leaders in civilization—the most eminent for liberty, order, intelligence, and all forms of private and social prosperity—it is evident that the barrier between us and you is, at present, insurmountable.

Although this letter is not intended to be either objurgatory, or controversial, it is known to all the world that there are doctrines and usages of the Church over which you preside which Protestants believe to be not only unscriptural, but contrary to the faith and practice of the early Church. Some of these doctrines and usages are the following, viz: The doctrine of transubstantiation and the sacrifice of the mass; the adoration of the host; the power of judicial absolution (which places the salvation of the people in the hands of the priests); the doctrine of the grace of orders, that is, that supernatural power and influence are conferred in ordination by the imposition of

hands; the doctrine of purgatory; the worship of the Virgin Mary; the invocation of saints; the worship of images; the doctrine of reserve and of implicit faith, and the consequent withholding the scriptures from the people, &c.

So long as the profession of such doctrines and submission to such usages are required, it is obvious that there is an impassable gulf between us and the church by which such demands are made.

While loyalty to Christ; obedience to the Holy Scriptures; consistent respect for the early councils of the Church, and the firm belief that pure "religion is the foundation of all human society," compel us to withdraw from fellowship with the Church of Rome; we, nevertheless, desire to live in charity with all men. We love all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. We cordially recognize as Christian brethren all who worship, trust, and serve Him as their God and Saviour according to the inspired Word. And we hope to be united in heaven with all who unite with us on earth, in saying, "Unto Him who loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God; to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen."—Rev. i. 56.

Signed in behalf of the two General Assemblies of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America.

M. W. JACOBUS,

PH. H. FOWLER,

Moderators.

A TAX on bachelors from thirty years old is proposed in Paris.

A WARNING TO ALL OLD BACHELORS.

(Concluded.)

ALMOST HEART-BROKEN.

CINCINNATI, December 6th, 1865.

MY DEAREST AND BEST LOVED: My dear love, yesterday morning brought to me your anxiously looked for letter of last Saturday afternoon last—the messenger of tidings which has caused me pain and disappointment. My heart seems so sad and discouraged at having its fondly cherished hopes of seeing you ere another dreary week had sped by, thus cruelly blighted, that I scarcely feel capable of penning you an answering missive this morning. It is needless for me to tell you of my disappointment and sorrow when I read your letter, and found that you cannot come “home,” according to promise. I cannot express to you in words my feelings. I had clung to, and nurtured, the hope that you would come in spite of an ever-intruding presentiment to the contrary, and the bitter announcement of your inability to keep your half-made promise almost broke my already unhappy heart. But, my darling; I will try and not murmur. I will endeavor to be patient, and await the appointed time. I will not complain, nor chide you in my letters. But oh! love, the time that you have been detained has been so long and dreary to me, and fraught with so much sorrow (that I would I could bury in oblivion, but can never forget while my sad and worthless life may last), that when I look into the uncertain future, I almost despair of its having any peace or happiness in store for me. I do so much want to see you once more that at times it seems impossible for me to wait, and I feel almost as if I must seek you if you cannot come to me.

But I will still love and trust you, my dearest one, and try to think that when the hurry and annoyance of completing your business is ended your “heart” which I still flatter myself loves me as tenderly and fondly as in the days of the past, when I was so blissfully and unspeakably happy. I presume my love that considering the state of your business it would be inconvenient and

unadvisable for you to absent yourself at this particular time, so I must try and quell my sorrow at this great disappointment, and cheer my despondent heart by thinking and believing that when you are free to return it will not be to be snatched away ere I have scarce felt the joy of your dear presence.

I will endeavor not to blame you for your seeming coldness and indifference, for I suppose you cannot help it, and if I could be permitted to read the sentiments of your soul, I trust I should find them to accord with my own. Truth and fidelity, while one pulse of life remains, I hope is written there.

So, my darling, I'll be happy, if heaven upon my path
Will scatter all the treasures affection's
garner hath.

If the sweet and thrilling music that I
best love to hear;
The tones of love and tenderness sound
again upon my ear.

O, my love, I'll be so happy when your
dark and earnest eye,
Whose glance to me seems brighter
than a star beam from on high,
When those eyes are resting ever, oh,
so tenderly on me,
And I shall never look in vain the love-
light there to see.

Yes, my loved one, I'll be happy, tho'
you are so far away.

When the mingled lights and shadows
on Lake Michigan doth play.

And although in thy dear presence I
often long to be;

I know that in your distant home you'll
fondly think of me.

So, my darling, I'll be hopeful, though
I very often fear

Lest my heart should cling too fondly
to its precious treasure dear.

And my prayer ascendeth daily to Him
who reigns above,

Keep me from making idol, O God! of
you, my love.

When I wrote you last, dearest, the

weather was so delightful. The beautiful Sabbath day was followed by one of incessant rain, and ever since, the weather has been exceedingly gloomy and disagreeable. To-day it is raining, a cold and steady patter; patter upon the window panes, enough to give one, so predisposed, a violent and lasting attack of the blues. My dearest, I pray you, as you can't come home at present, to write me more frequently than you have of late. It seems so long and weary to receive but one letter a week. Wishing you every prosperity and happiness, I am ever devotedly your own loving

AMANDA.

A LOVING EPISTLE.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 19, 1865.

My ever remembered and best loved: My dearest love, I am again the happy recipient of your kind but tardy favor of Thursday last. I received your welcome letter early yesterday morning, and it was such a relief to hear from you after the anxiety and suspense that I have endured since receiving your previous letter. I felt very deeply troubled and disturbed, My Love, when you wrote to me you had been so sick, and when the usual length of time had elapsed, and I failed to receive my customary letter from you, I knew that my dear one must be suffering, for naught else, I felt assured, would deprive me of the consolation of hearing from you as usual. My dearest, I feel truly thankful to know that you feel some better, and earnestly trust that you may feel the necessity of exercising great prudence and caution as to the amount of exposure, and not only exposure but fatigue and mental excitement you are capable of enduring, and avoid as much as possible engaging in things and fretting over disappointments and annoyances that tend to unnerve and make you sick. I am very sad and unhappy, my darling, when I know that you are not well, especially since you are stopping at the hotel. I feel that you must frequently suffer for many little attentions that are absolutely necessary for the comfort of a sick person, and then I think, dearest, of the many uncomfortable and lonely hours that must be passed by you, with none to cheer your drooping spirits and beguile the dreary monotonous time. I

would, my own love, that it could be my privilege to be with, to wait upon, to cheer, soothe and love you in your hours of pain. Oh, my love, you do not know how happy and what a comfort I should esteem it to be near you in hours like these, for it is at such times we feel the need of a loving, willing hand that would gently and tenderly minister to our slightest wants. My love for you dearest is so deep that I am afraid I would pet and indulge you until I spoiled you, were I your nurse. You must try and mind me for this time about taking care of your dear self; or I am afraid I shall scold you in earnest. Your letter, my love, was so truly kind and loving, that I have felt so happy since receiving it. You have no idea, dear idol, of my worshipping heart—how I appreciate one little loving sentence from your dear finger. I treasure it up in my bosom, and ponder and dream over every kind word and thought for days, yes, and nights together. And when you write me, my dear love, that you wish to see me and be with me again, I seem to live my past happiness over again. I once disbelieved that any mortal being ever could possess the power of rendering me so perfectly happy, or so infinitely miserable. I did not think that our Creator ever endowed his beings with such sensitive and passionate affections. Such feeling existed for me only in tales of romance and dreams of love, until I learned the depth of your love for me, and having probed my own during these many weeks of separation and suffering. I feel so much gratified, my love, to have you tell me that your greatest pleasure lies in receiving letters from me, and in looking at my miniature. My dearest and only real happiness is derived from the same two sources. Your valued gift and your affectionate lines are the companions of many, many lonely hours. Your dear face I never tire of looking at and loving when I am alone and it is ever my constant companion. I sleep at night with it clasped close to my heart; and so much have I caressed and loved it that I almost deem it a part of my existence. I could not bear to part with it, and pray that it may never be my painful duty to return it to you, my loved one, while life con-

times. The days are still beautiful, love, and each one that passes I wish the next may be the same, for I would have many so that you may be able to complete your buildings, and be permitted to come again to me, for oh! I weary so with the long and dreary separation from you, my adored one. Our good mother has recovered from the severe cold she has had. She sends her love to you, and also desires, if possible, that you may be here to dine with us on Thanksgiving Day, which is fast approaching. Do, love, try and be one of us on that day. It would be truly a thanksgiving day to me. I wait with forced patience the happy

day of your return. I am entirely well now, and am looking well—at least, so my friends tell me. I am afraid you will not recognize in me the thin little mortal to whom you bade adieu some three months ago. My dear, you must try and write me an answer sooner this time; and try and promise me when you can return. I must close this letter, for mother has called me to supper, and I feel amply able to do it justice. I wish you could sup with me this evening. I have thought of you this entire day. So, now, hoping to hear from you very soon, I am, as ever, your own true, faithful and loving

AMANDA.

A Nashville druggist has invented a rat paint made of preparation of phosphorus. You first catch the rat and then paint him. After dark he looks like a ball of fire, and going among his

fellow rats, they get scared to death at the "light of his countenance," and vacate the premises, the "bright, particular" rat following and hurrying up the rear.

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MORNING STAR L. O. L., No. 135, meets at Lewis' Mountain, N. B., on the 1st and 3rd Monday, at 7.30 p. m.

PRINCE OF WALES L. O. L., No. 180, meets at Hopewell Cape, N. B., on the 1st and 3rd Saturday, at 7.30 p. m.

ROYAL BLUE L. O. L., No. 87, meets at Salisbury, N. B., on the 1st Monday, at 7.30 p. m.

THE BRANCH G. O. L., No. 39, on the 1st Thursday, at 8 p. m.

ROYAL SCARLET CHAPTER will meet on the 14th day of every month, at 8 p. m., at Orange Hall, Newtown, King's Co., N. B.

LONDONDERRY HEROES' LODGE, No. 91, will meet every 2nd and 4th Wednesday, at Orange Hall, Londonderry, Hammond, King's Co., N. B., at 8 p. m.

VICTORIA LODGE; No. 6, meets at Golden Grove, on the 2nd Wednesday of every month, at 7 p. m.

BALMORAL L. O. L., No. 30, meets at Waverley, N. S., on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of every month, at 7.30 p. m.

ROYAL SCARLET CHAPTER, No. 2, meets at Waverley, N. S., on the 14th day of every month, at 7.30 p. m.

DERRY L. O. L., No. 25, meets in Truro, N. S., every 1st and 3rd Wednesday of the month, at 8 p. m.

ARGYLE L. O. L., No. 40, meets at Orange Hall, Mount Uniacke, N. S., on the 1st and 3rd Saturdays of every month, at 7 p. m.

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NASSAU L. O. L., No. 27, meets in Lunenburg, N. S., on the 1st and 3rd Wednesdays of every month, at 7 p. m.

NO SURRENDER L. O. L., No. 26, meets at Mahone Bay, on the 1st and 3rd Saturdays of the month, at 7 p. m.

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